

Och Paddy, Is It Yerself - song lyrics

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Och! Paddy, is it Yerself?

Tune- " Willie, We Have Missed You."

Och! Pat, is it yerself, indade, safe again to home?

Sure, Bridget told a lie, faith! she said ye wouldn't come;

I heard yerself a' comin', and it made my dander rise,

Dade I knowed yer drunken footstep and yer rummy voice,

'Twas sorrow to my ears in the avenin's awful gloom-

Och! Paddy, tell me now, where did ye get yer rum?

We's afraid yer would come nightly, but this night of all,

We let the fire go out, 'cause we's going to the ball;

The childers would set up till nine o'clock and past,

Till they would say they knowed that their papa was lost,

An' they hoped yer would be sober when yer did get home-

Och! Patrick, tell me truly, where did ye get yer rum?

The days were glad without ye, the nights were spent in revel,

And now ye have come home, Pat, ye drunken divil;

Last night I sung and danced by the moon's gentle ray,

Till I thought I heard yer voice, when I stopped right away,

But I soon resumed my sport when I found ye had not come-

Och I Paddy, yer drunken rowdy, why did yer come home?