

# Ragged Pat - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

RAGGED PAT.

Now all you young gents to my song lend your ear,  
Tis about a poor Irishman whose name Was Pat Clere;  
His clothes were all patches, and torn was his hat,  
So they called him the name of poor Ragged Pat.

Chorus.

Oh! boy, Paddy whack!  
A cat won't catch mice if put in a sack.

On Sunday, at church, his coat was of black,  
With a big ivory button sewed into its back,  
And his breeches were blue, the cloth very coarse,  
He'd look like a clown if he sat on a horse.-Chorus.

Now this gent, Ragged Pat, although he was poor,  
Sickness, no matter what sort, he could cure;  
With a measure of oats, another of grass,  
He could take away glanders from any jackass.-Chorus.

His eyes they were black, and his voice was so sweet,  
He stood up for the laws and on Friday eat meat;  
On the Sabbath at church he'd sure shut his eyes,  
With his big mouth wide open, as if catching flies.-Chorus.

As you gave close attention I'll here end my song,  
Although full of pathos, yet not very long;  
In the churchyard of Erin, far under the sod,  
Lies poor Ragged Pat, but trustful in God.-Chorus.