

Father O'flynn - song lyrics

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FATHER O'FLYNN.

Words by A. P. Graves. Music by C. Villiers Stanford.

Of priests we can offer a charmin' variety,
Far renowned for larmin' and piety;
Still, I'd advance ye widom impropriety.
Father O'Flynn as the flower of them all.

Chorus.

Here's a health to you, Father O'Flynn,
Slainte and slainte and slainte agin;
Powerfulest preacher and tenderest teacher,
And kindest creature in ould Donegal.

Don't talk of your Provost and Fellows of Trinity,
Famous forever at Greek and Latinity,
Faix and the devils and all at divinity,
Father O'Flynn'd make hares of them all;
Come, I venture to give ye my word.
Never the likes of his logic was heard,
Down from mythology into thayology,
Troth, and conchology if he'd the call.-Chorus.

Och, Father O'Flynn, you've a wonderful way wid you,
All ould sinners are wishful to pray wid you;
All the voting childer are wild for to play wid you;
You've such a way wid you. Father, avick!
Still for all you've so gentle a soul.
Gad, you've your flock in the grandest control;
Checking the crazy ones, coaxin' on aisy ones,
Lifting the lazy ones on with the stick.-Chorus.

And tho' quite avoidin' all foolish frivolity,
Still at all seasons of innocent jollity,
Where was the play-boy could claim an equality
At comicality. Father, wid you?
Once the Bishhop looked grave at your jest,
Till this remark eat him off wid the rest:
"Is it lave gaiety all to the laity?
Cannot the clergy be Irishmen too?"-Chorus.