

Give Paddy But A Chance, - song lyrics

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GIVE PADDY BUT a CHANCE,
by W. J. Scanlan.
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My home is a cabin, Erin is my land.
By birthplace and home forever I'll stand;
Wealth may be handy In time of worldly strife-
I could be happy with Maggie for my wife.
Aisy's the way, pleasant the travel;
Glad would my heart be, though far, far away.
Music and song will ever be my joy,
Battle and love for a true Irish boy.

Chorus.
Give Paddy but a chance and he'll show you what he's made of;
Give Paddy but a chance and you'll never find him slow.
In battle or in love you'll find him all devotion;
Give Paddy but a chance and to the front he'll go.

With an acre of bog for fire in the winter,
To warm the cabin, made cheerful and bright
By Maggie's dear face, so sweet and so rosy,
What rays from the heaven could give more delight;
No bird in the tree, nor flower in the garden.
More sweetly does sing, more pleasantly smile;
Show me the girls more purer or winsome j
Than those you'll find on Erin's green isle.-Chorus.