

# Paddy's Pastoral Rhapsody - song lyrics

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

PADDY'S PASTORAL RHAPSODY.

As Molly the other day, sir,  
Was making of the hay, sir,  
I asked her for to be my bride;  
When Molly she began to chide.  
Says she, " You are too young, dear Pat;"  
Says I, "My jewel, I'll mend o' that."  
"You are too poor," says she, "beside."  
When to convince her then I tried-  
That wealth is an invintion.  
Which the wise should never mintion;  
For flesh is grass and flow'rs will fade;  
Oh 'tis better to wed than to die an owld maid.

The purty little sparrows  
Have neither ploughs nor harrows.  
Yet they live at ease and are contint,  
Bekase, you see, they pay no rint;  
They have no care or flusterin'  
About diggin' or industherin'.  
No foolish pride their comfort hurts.  
For they eat the flax and wear no shirts.  
For wealth is an invintion, etc.

Sure nature clothes the hills, dear,  
Without any tailors' bills, dear;  
And the bees they sip their sweets, my sow!,  
Though they never had a sugar bowl;  
The dew it feeds the rose of June,  
But 'tis not from a silver spoon.  
Then let us pattern take from those,  
The birds and bees and lovely rose.  
For wealth is an invintion, etc.

Here's a cup to you, my darlin',  
Tho' I'm not worth a farthin',  
I'll pledge my coat to drink your health,  
And then I'll envy no man's wealth:  
For when I'm drunk I think I'm rich,  
I've a feather bed in every ditch:  
I dhrame O' you my heart's delight,  
And how could I pass a pleasanter night.  
For wealth is an invintion, etc.