

# The Irishman's Shanty - song lyrics

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THE IRISHMAN'S SHANTY

Sung by Mr. J. W. Florene

Did ye's ever go into an Irishman's shanty?  
Och, b'ys, that's the place where the whiskey is plenty;  
With his pipe in his mouth there sits Paddy so free;  
No king in his palace is prouder than he.  
Arrah, me honey! w-h-a-c-k! Paddy's the boy!

There's a three-legged stool, with a table to match,  
And the door of the shanty is locked wid a latch;  
There's a nate feather mattress all bustin' wid straw,  
For the want of a bedstead it lies on the floor.  
Arrah, me honey! w-h-a-c-k! Paddy's the boy!

There's a snug little bureau widout paint or gilt,  
Made of boards that was left when the shanty was built;  
. There's a three-cornered mirror hangs up on the wall,  
But niver a face has been in it at all.  
Arrah, me honey! w-h-a-c-k I Paddy's the boy!

He has pigs in the sty, and a cow in the stable,  
And he feeds thim on scraps that is left from the table;  
They'd starve if confined, so they roam at their aise,  
And come into the shanty whinever they plaise.  
Arrah, me honey! w-h-a-c-k! Paddy's the boy!

He has three rooms in one-kitchen, bedroom, and hall;  
And his chist it is three wooden pegs in the wall;  
Two suits of ould clothes makes his wardrobe complete,  
One to wear in the shanty, the same in the street.  
Arrah, me honey! w-h-a-c-k! Paddy's the boy!

There is one who partakes of his sorrows and joys,  
Attinds to the shanty, the girls and the boys;  
(The brats he thinks more of than gold that's refined,  
But Biddy's the jewel that's set in his mind.  
Arrah, me honey! w-h-a-c-k! Paddy's the boy!