

What Can The Matter Be - song lyrics

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WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE?

At sixteen years old, you could get little good of me,
'Twas then I saw Norah. who soon understood of me;
I was in love-but myself, for the blood of me,
Could not tell what I did all.

Chorus.

'Twas dear, dear! but what can the matter be?
Och! botheration! what can the matter be?
Och! gramachree! what can the matter be?
Bothered from head to the tail.

I went to confess me to Father Flannigan,
Told him my case-made an end-then began again;
Father, says I, make me soon my own man again,
If you can find out what I all.-Chorus.

Soon I fell sick-I did bellow and curse again,
Norah took pity to see me at nurse again;
Gave me a kiss, but och! that made me worse again,
Well she knew what I did all. - Chorus.

'Tis long ago, now, since I left Tipperary-
How strange, growing older, our nature should vary;
All symptoms are gone of my ancient quandary,
Yet I cannot tell now what I all -Chorus.