

Paddy Carey - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

PADDY CAREY.

Sung by Johnny Roach.

'Twas at the town of nate Clogheen,
That Sergeant Snapp met Paddy Carey;
A claner bey was never seen.
Brisk as a bee, light as a fairy;
His brawny shoulders, four feet square.
His cheeks like thumping red potatoes;
His legs would make a chairman stare,
And Pat was loved by all the ladies;
Old and young, grave and sad.
Deaf and dumb, dull or mad;
Waddling, twaddling, limping, squinting,
Light, brisk and airy.

Chorus.

All the sweet faces at Limerick races,
From Nullinavelt to Magherafelt,
At Paddy's beautiful name would melt.
The sowl would cry, and look so shy.
Ooh! Cushlamachree did you ever see
The jolly boy, the darling joy, the ladies' toy;
Nimble-footed' black-eyed, rosy-cheeked,
Cairly-headed Paddy Carey!
O, sweet Paddy, beautiful Paddy!
Nate little, tight little Paddy Carey!

His heart was made of Irish oak,
Yet. soft as streams from sweet Killarney;
His tongue was tipped with a bit of the brogue.
But the deuce a bit at all of the blarney.
Now Sergeant Snapp, so sly and keen-
While Pat was coaxing duck-legged Mary-
A shilling slipped so nate and clane.
By the powers! he listed Paddy Carey;
Tight and sound, strong and light,
Cheek so round, eyes so bright;
Whistling, humming, drinking, drumming,
Light, tight and airy.-Chorus.