

The Boy From County Clare - song lyrics

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THE BOY FROM COUNTY CLARE

My name is Pat, now look at that,
I am an Irishman;
I have the stick to do the trick,
So beat me if you can.
Of all the boys that make a noise,
At wake or pattern fair,
- The divil a one so full of fun,
As the boy from County Clare.

Chorus.
For, to turn a stick, smart and quick,
Bothers them completely;
Divil a wrist can do the twist,
Roll it round so neatly.
Of all the boys that make a noise,
At wake or pattern fair,
The divil a one so full of fun,
As the boy from County Clare.

A neat colleen and sweet potheen,
Bedad! I love the two,
And to the both I took an oath,
And mean to keep it true;
For when away too long I stay,
I sigh to think of that,
And take a drain to stay the pain,
And warm the heart of Pat.-Chorus.

Nell O'Grady is a lady,
Sweet as buttermilk,
Although she wears no quality airs,
Nor yet the gown of silk,
She has no hat, but what of that
And though her arms are bare,
She is a jade to suit a blade
Like Pat from County Clare.-Chorus.

I told my love I'd weep above
A teapot full of tears,
Unless she'd say she'd come my way,
And comfort Paddy's years.
"I will," said she, and smothered me
With kisses on the nose;
"I'm fond of that," said she, "that's flat,
But not shillelagh blows." -Chorus.

So Paddy's life and Paddy's wife
Are both as bright as day;
Not anywhere in County Clare
Are two so blithe as they;
With dance and song they jog along,
In fair and stormy weather,
And when they die they mean to try,
And so do both together. -Chorus.