

# Paddy Whack - song lyrics

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

PADDY WHACK.

Arrah! Paddy's my name, and a comelier lad.  
Sure, never sung whack at the end of a song;  
Then give me a buss, it will make my heart glad,  
And I'll love and sing whack, honey, all the day long.

Chorus.

Yes, whack, my dear, whack, whack, my dear, whack,  
Yes, whack, my dear, whack, all the day long,  
Love and whack is the same in an Irishman's song.

Botheration, be aisy, I'm dying for love,  
I can't sleep for grumblin' out the old song;  
I've a pain at me heart, yet that pain pleases me,  
I love, dream, and cry whack all the night long.- Chorus.

In the land of Kilkenny the hisses ran after me,  
Plaguin' and teasing me all the day long;  
And the good wives and widows were always a teasing me  
To play the last stave of my good Irish song.-Chorus.