

Pat And The Priest - song lyrics

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

PAT AND THE PRIEST.

Tune- "Vilikins and His Dinah."

Pat fell sick on a time, and he sent for the priest,
That, dying, he might have his blessing, at least;
And to come with all speed did humbly implore him,
To fit him out right for the journey before him.
Sing tu ral, li tu ral, li tu ral li day.

The good father the summons did quickly obey,
And found Paddy, alas! in a terrible way;
Fixed and wild were his looks, and his nose cold and blue,
And his countenance wore a cold churchyard-like hue.
Sing tu ral, li tu ral, li tu ral li day.

The good father bid Pat confess all his crimes,
To think of his sins, and forsake them betimes;
Or his fate else would be, like other vile souls,
To be flayed and be salted, then roasted on coals!
Sing tu ral, li tu ral, li tu ral li day.

"Oh! think, my dear Pat, on that beautiful place,
Where you'll visit St. Patrick, and see his sweet face;
'Tis a country, my jewel, so charming and swate,
Where you'll never want praties, nor brogues to your fate."
Sing tu ral, li tu ral, li tu ral li day.

"Well, well, then," says Pat, with inquisitive face,
"That country must sure be a beautiful place;
St. Patrick, no doubt, will give us good cheer,
But d'ye think he has got any ould whiskey there?"
Sing tu ral, li tu ral, li tu ral li day.

The good father with wonder, amaze and surprise,
Clasped his hands and next turned up the whites of his eyes;
"Oh! vile sinner," says he, "can you hope to be forgiven,
If you think there is carousing and drinking in heaven?"
Sing tu ral, li tu ral, li tu ral li day.

"Well, well, then," says Pat, "though I cannot help thinking,
If in heaven they can do without eating or drinking,
(Though I don't mean to say what you tell is a fable.)
'Twould be dacent, you know, to see a drop on the table."
Sing tu ral, li tu ral, li tu ral li day.

-Twiffkins: What's the reason they always have rocky passes
and all that kind of thing in Irish plays? Bliffkins: Because
nothing could be more appropriate for Ireland than sham-rocks.

-Stern Papa (hiding a stout cane behind his back, under a tree
on which his young hopeful has been foraging among the apples):
Charley, dear, come down; it is beginning to thunder. Charley:
All right, pa; I can listen to it up here!-Kladderadatech.