

Five Irish Comic Songs.

Paddy Carey.

The Sprig of Shilelah.

With a Dozen Thirteens.

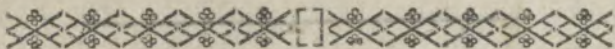
Be a Good Boy.

The Tight Irish Boy.



KILMARNOCK:

Printed for the Booksellers.



PADDY CAREY.

TWAS at the town of nate Clogheen,
 That Sergeant Snapp met Paddy Carey ;
 A claner boy was never seen,
 Brisk as a bee, and 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 lov'd by all the ladies !
 Old and young, grave or sad,
 Deaf and dumb, dull or mad,
 Waddling, twaddling, limping, squinting,
 Light, brisk and airy,—
 All the sweet faces at Limerick races,
 From Mullinovat to Maghera-felt,
 At Paddy's beautiful name would melt.
 The sows would cry, and look so shy,
 Och, cushlamachree, did you ever see
 The jolly boy, the darling boy, the ladies' toy,
 Nimble-footed, black-eyed, rosy cheek'd, curly-
 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 tipt 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 courting duck-legg'd Mary,

A shilling, slipt so nate and clean,
 By the powers he listed Paddy Carey !
 Tight and sound, strong and light,
 Cheeks so round, eyes so bright,—
 Whistling,—humming,—drinking,—drumming,—
 Light, tight, and airy,
 All the sweet faces, &c.

The sows wept loud, the crowd was great,
 When waddling forth came Widow Leary ;
 Tho' she was crippled in her gait,
 Her brawny arms clasp'd Paddy Carey ;
 "Och Pat!" she cried, "go buy the ring,
 Here's cash galliôré, my darling honey ;"
 Says Pat, 'you sowl, I'll do that thing,'
 And clapt his thumb upon the money.
 Gimlet eye—sausage nose,—
 Pat so sly,—ogle throws,—
 Leering,—tittering—jeering,—frittering,
 Sweet widow Leary.

All the sweet faces, &c.

When Pat had thus his-fortune made,
 He press'd the lips of Mistress Leary,
 And mounting straight a large cockade,
 In Captain's boots struts Paddy Carey!
 He grateful prais'd her shape, her back
 'To others like a dromedary ;
 Her eyes, that seem'd their strings to crack,
 Were Cupid's darts to Captain Carey.
 Nate and sweet,—no allby,—
 All complete,—love and joy,
 Ranting,—roaring,—soft adoring
 Dear widow Leary !

All the sweet faces at Limerick races,
 From Mullinavat to Maghera-felt,
 At Paddy's promotion sigh and melt,

The sowl's all cry as the groom struts by,
Oh cushlamachree, thou art lost to me!

The jolly boy, the darling boy,
The ladies' toy, the widow's joy,
Long sword girted, nate short skirted,
Head crop'd, whiskers chop'd,

Captain Carey!

O sweet Paddy, beautiful Paddy!

White-feather'd, boot-leather'd Paddy Carey.

THE SPRIG OF SHILELAH AND SHAM-
ROCK SO GREEN.

TUNE—*The Black Joke.*

O LOVE is the soul of a neat Irishman,
He loves all the lovely, loves all that he can,
With his sprig of shilelah and shamrock so green.
His heart is good humour'd, 'tis honest and sound,
No malice or hatred is there to be found;
He courts and he marries, he drinks and he fights,
For love, all for love, for in that he delights,
With his sprig of shilelah and shamrock so green.

Who has e'er had the luck to see Donnybrook fair,
An Irishman all in his glory was there,
With his sprig of shilelah and shamrock so green.
His clothes spruce and span new, without e'er a
speck,

A new Barcelona ty'd round his nate neck,
He goes to a tent and he spends his half crown,
He meets with a friend and for love knocks him
down,

With his sprig of shilelah and shamrock so green.

At ev'ning returning, as homeward he goes,
 His heart soft with whisky, his head soft with blows,
 With a sprig of shilelah and shamrock so green.
 He meets with his Shelah, who blushing a smile,
 Cries, "Get ye gone, Pat;" yet consents all the
 while,

To the priest then they go, and nine months after
 that,

A fine baby cries out. "How dy'e do, father Pat,
 With your sprig of shilelah and shamrock so green."

Bless the country, says I, that gave Patrick his
 birth!

Bless the land of the oak and its neighbouring earth!
 Where grow the shilelah and shamrock so green.
 May the sons of the Thames, the Tweed and the
 Shannon.

Drub the foe who dare plant on our confines a can-
 non:

United and happy at loyalty's shrine,
 May the rose and the thistle long flourish and twine
 Round a sprig of shilelah and shamrock so green.

DARBY M SHANES VISIT TO LONDON.

TUNE—'The Sprig of Shilelah.'

WITH a dozen thirteens in a nice paper bag,
 I came up to London without a diy rag,

On a fine summer's day in a shower of rain;
 But all that I saw I thought devilish queer;
 At a place call'd Cheapside they sell every thing
 dear;

I went to Cornhill, where I look'd like an ape,

And as I came over the harvest to rape,
 Och, there was no harvest for Darby M'Shane.

What a comfort it was that my patience was proof,
 When I met with a coach without ever a roof.

Full of ladies who titter'd at Darby M'Shane;
 I wanted to go to St. Giles's that day,
 So I axed the coachman to shew me the way,
 And offer'd to trate him—but sharp was the word,
 'The man on the coach-box I found was a Lord;
 There was fine botheration for Darby M'Shane.

In a shop full of pictures I stopp'd for to stare,
 When a thief pick'd my pocket, and faith he took
 care

To lave not a copper for Darby M'Shane.
 But a beautiful crature to soften my grief,
 Fell in love with my person it was my belief;
 But when she found out that my cash was all flown,
 Och hone! to be sure how she alter'd her tone,
 And swore like a trooper at Darby M'Shane.

Then a gentleman meeting a lady so gay,
 He wish'd her good morning at four in the day;
 O that can't be grammar, said Darby M'Shane.
 Talk of blunders in Ireland, its only a hum.
 When such plenty are found, if to England you
 come;
 English bulls too you'll find; but in troth to be
 brief,

They're not half so good as your English roast beef,
 Oh, that don't offend Mr. Darby M'Shane.

But tho' English fashions we don't understand,
 While pace and good harmony reigns in this land,

You'll ne'er hear a murmur from Darby M'Shane.
 May England ne'er want the brave boys of the sod,
 To carry the musket, or carry the hod;
 As for Ireland, where wholesome shilelah does
 grow,
 There the devil himself in the shape of a foe,
 Would get decently lather'd by Darby M'Shane.

BE A GOOD BOY AND TAKE CARE OF
 YOURSELF.

WHEN I was at home with my father and mother,
 I bate the old couple and Thady my brother,
 At larning I mane! for I handled my spade,
 And nately I follow'd the turf-cutting trade.
 But ould father Murphy, our parish director,
 He now and then gave me a bit of a lecture,
 "Arrah, Barney," said he, "you're a frolicksome
 elf,

But be a good boy, and take care of yourself."
 With your toorle lol, toorle lol, toorle lol loo.
 Toorle lol, toorle lol, toorle lol, toorle lol loo.
 My Judy I lov'd, and oft gave her a kiss,
 "Fie, Barney," says she, but ne'er took it amiss.
 One night I took leave, says I, "Juddy I'm off;"
 But heard, as I thought, in the closet a cough;
 So I opened the door, and I star'd like a pig,
 There stood ould father Murphy, without hat or
 wig!

"Arrah, father," says I, "you're a frolicksome
 elf,

But be a good boy, and take care of yourself."
 I was going, but ould father Murphy cried, "Stay!
 We'll settle this matter, I'll tell you the way;

I'll marry you straight, and then, Barney you know"—

"Thank'ee father," said I, "but I'd much rather go!"

So to ould Father Murphy I bade a good night,
And to Judy I said, what you'll own was quite
right,

"Arrah, Judy," says I, "you're a frolicksome
elf,

But I'll be a good boy, and take care of myself."

THE TIGHT IRISH BOY.

O! when I was christen'd, 'twas on a fair day,
And my on loving mother call'd me her dear joy;
And that I was so, why she always would say,
I was smiling, beguiling, dutiful, beautiful, rat-
tling, prattling,

O! botheration—a tight Irish boy.

But when I grew up, I was always in love—

Variety's pleasing and never can cloy:

So true to ten thousand; I constantly prove,

O! I'm a sighing, dying, kneeling, stealing,
Smiling, beguiling, dutiful, beautiful, rattling,
prattling,

O! botheration—a tight Irish boy.

FINIS.