

Ould Paddy McCarthy

On the edge of a bog, on a splendid estate
With acres of rushes outside his grand gate
And the turf grew spontaneous – in Winter, – to hate
The shins of ould Paddy McCarthy.

Chorus: Right fol-the dol-oll the doll - oll oll-the doll-dee x 3
To hate the auld shins of McCarthy.

The children along with the pigs used to play
For Paddy loved bacon, 'twas always his way
He would not give a farthin' for coffee or tay
The "dhrop" was the stuff for McCarthy.

Chorus Right fol, the doll, oll the doll, oll the doll ee 3 times
Line 4. The dhrop was the stuff for McCarthy.

A jar of poteen was laid on the shelf
Along with the noggins and other ould delph
And whenever he drank, he drank to himself
"Here's a health to ould Paddy McCarthy"

Chorus 3 lines as before
Line 4. "Here's a health to ould Paddy Mc Carthy"

On a fine Summer's day it was always his plan
To stretch himself outside the ditch like a man
But the flies were the 'dickens,' they always began
to bite the ould nose off McCarthy

Chorus 3 lines as before
Line 4. To bite the ould nose off McCarthy.

An' when he'd go out, to a market or fair
His big brawny chest was exposed to the air.
Sorra cravat he ever could wear.
'Twould smother ould Paddy McCarthy.

Chorus 3 lines as before
Line 4. 'Twould smother ould Paddy McCarthy.

One night at a wake he got drunk as a beast
And who should he meet but his own Parish Priest
"Well Paddy," says he "you'll be damned now at least"
"I'll be damned, if I will", says Mc Carthy

Chorus: 3 lines as before and repeat
"I'll be damned if I will", says McCarthy.

