



PADDY McGUIRE.

REVISED AND SONG BY

JAMES E. LARKIN, THE IRISH-AMERICAN.

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Some say in this country that I first saw daylight,
While others in foreign would have my first night ;
But as prophets or jugglers have all gone astray,
When I look back at myself I have something to say.
Och ! the night I was born, sure I very well know,
When the parson tumbled in, all covered with snow ;—
Grabbed me by the head—drew me around by the fire
And made a land-leaguer of Paddy McGuire.

CHORUS.

Then hurroo for ould Ireland, land of my birth ;
'Tis there where there is plenty of pleasure and mirth,
Where the real Irish lassies, they are sure to admire
Such a frolicsome gossoon as Paddy McGuire.

From christnings to weddings, what a heavenly bliss !
As I stood by the bride, I obtained the first kiss ;
Crathure looked so shy, as if nothing had occurred—
Husband looks doggish, but darn't say a word.
Its then to carving of praties and pigs,
Piper began to rattle the jigs ;
Colleen jumped up, began to perspire,
With the pleasure of dancing with Paddy McGuire.

CHORUS.

For 20 miles around, at a market or fair, I'm sure to be found, if I don't
be elsewhere ;
I'm first on the spot when a row is begun, I'm smashing away for the sake
of the fun ;
Its then you will see the big black-thorn fly, milla-murder ! you would
think its a shower from the sky ;
But who is in the battle I never inquire, sure they were aunts and cousins
to Paddy McGuire.—Cho.

But of speaking of rows, now I don't wish to offend,
Sure I am always the boy to help a poor friend,
Although first in the field, not last in the row,
Can mind number one, or look after the plow.
But some wicked spalpeen, who has envy in his face,
I hope none of that in my phisognomy they can trace ;
To see every one happy is all I desire,
Contented and jovial like Paddy McGuire.—Cho.

