Pat O'hara - song lyrics

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

PAT O'HARA.

I am an Irish boy, and my heart is full of joy,
I owe my breath to famous Limerick City;
I can handle well the twig, or flitter an Irish jig,
Or give you a stave of a native ditty.
My heart is seldom sad, I like to make folks glad,
And the girls' eyes a twinkling like a star, oh!
I'm always at my ease, for my friends I love to tease,
I'm the rattling, rowling, teasing Pat O'Hara.

Chorus.
Hurrah! my Irish boys, that's fond of fun and noise,
There's not from Dublin down to Connermara,
Or from Limerick to Kildare, a boy that can compare
With rattling, rowling, teasing Pat 0'IIara.

And on a pattern day my heart is light and gay,
I frisk acrosa the green sod light and gayly;
I am always up to fun, but was never known to run.
For that would be disgrace to my shillalah.
If a colleen, too, you see that's looking after me,
And fain, her name is Kitty Mcnamara;
With two eyes as black as sloes, that wherever I may go,
They are always chasing after Pat 0'IIara.-Chorus.

I love the emerald sod where in childhood first I trod,
With its hills and valleys clothed in shamrocks green;
And its colleens sweet and fair, few with them can compare.
For their equal's mighty seldom to be seen, sure.
Though the times have changed this while in dear ould Erin's isle,
And many have, had to wander near and far, oh!
Arrah! just keep up your heart, you'll find that the better part,
'Tis the style that always pleases Pat 0'IIara.-Chorus.