Paddy O'rafther - song lyrics

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PADDY O'RAFTHER
By Samuel Lover.

Paddy, in want of a dinner one day,
Credit all gone and no money to pay,
Stole from a priest a fat pullet, they say,
And went to confession just after;
"Your riv'rince," says Paddy, "I stole this fat hen."
"What, what! "says the priest, "at your owld thricks again?
Faith, you'd rather" be stalin' than sayin' amen,
Paddy O'Raflher!"

"Sure you wouldn't be angry," says Pat, "if you knew
That the best of intintions I had in my view,
For I stole it to make it a present to you,
And you can absolve me afther."
"Do you think," says the priest, "I'd partake of your theft?
Of your seven small senses you must be bereft-
You're the biggest blackguard that I know, right or left,
Paddy O'Rafther!"

"Then what shall I do with the pullet," says Pat,
"If your riv'rince won't take it?-By this and by that
I don't know no more than a dog or a cat
What your riv'rince would have me be afther."
"Why then," says his rev'rence, "you sin-blinded owl,
Give back to the man that you stole from, his fowl,
For, if you do not, 'twill be worse for your sowl,
Paddy O'Rafther."

Says Paddy, "I asked him to take it-'tis tkrue
As this minit I'm talkin', your riv'rince, to you;
But he wouldn't resaive it-so what can I do?"
Says Paddy, nigh chokin' with laughter.
"By my throth," says the priest, "but the case is absthruse;
If he won't take his hen, why the man is a goose-
Tis not the first time my advice was no use,
Paddy O'Rafther."

"But, for the sake of your sow], I would sthrongly advise
To some one in want you would give your supplies,
Some widow or orphau with tears in their eyes;
And then you may come to me afther."
So Paddy went off to the brisk Widow Hoy,
And the pullet, between them, was eaten with joy,
And, says she, "'pon my word you're the cleverest boy,
Paddy O'Rafther!"

Then Patldy went back to the priest the next day,
And told him the fowl he had given away
To a poor, lonely widow, in want and dismay.
The loss of her spouse weeping afther.
"Well, now," says the priest, "I'll absolve you, my lad,
For repentantly making the best of the bad,
In feeding the hungry And cheering the sad,
Paddy O'Rafther!"