Paddy Loves A Shamrock - song lyrics

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PADDY LOVES A SHAMROCK

Paddy loves a shamrock, Johnny Bull a rose;
Sandy loves a thistle; and Taffy, we suppose,
Cot bless her, loves a leek; and yet, the truth to speak,
Our honor and a pretty girl we all love more than those.
Fol lol de rol de lol de fol de rol de ra.

Show us but the spalpeen would our rights oppose,
Johnny, Sandy, Pat And Taff would take him by the nose;
Together in a lump, we the universe would thump,
Should they venture to cadoodle us, as ev'rybody knows.
Fol lol de rol de lol de fol de rol de ra.

Crowdy, beef and whiskey, buttermilk and cheese,
Make a body frisky, like a bag of fleas;
And if for these we fight, how much greater the delight
To stick up for a petticoat, whoever may say please.
Fol lol de rol de lol de fol de rol de ra.