Patsy, Be Aisy - song lyrics

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PATSY, BE AISY.
Written by T. H. looker.

I'm living in a boarding house that's kept by a Mrs. Slattery,
Whose husband wuz a sailor and they say wuz lost at sea.
Now the widow is a lady and her temper's very mild.
Whin ye consider she's the mother or a very noisy child.
This spalpeen's a howly terror, he crys most all night long;
There's no mistake about it, his lungs are good and strong;
And whin us boarders try to sleep it's a pleasure for to hear
The widow rock that blessed child and whisper in its ear:

Chorus.
Arrah, Patsy, be aisy, I'll try hard to plaze ye;
What the divil's the matter, are ye going wild?
Arrah, Patsy, be aisy, sure don't set me crazy;
Arrah, Patsy, be aisy, be alsy, me child.

Mrs. Slattery has twinty boarders and faith ivery one's a gintleman,
Wid the exception ov a blackguard by the name ov Mike McCann;
He's all the time complaining and sez that he does think
It's the noise ov Mrs. Slattery's child that's driving him to drink.
But whin he pays his board-bill on the coming Saturday night
He'll ayther change his residence or there'll be a bloody fight;
For we'll have no "kickers" in the house-oh-, that's a sure thing-
To growl about the baby's noise whin the widow has to sing:- chor.

There is a folne ould rich contractor by the name ov McNulty,
He is a smart little bit ov a man and wears a red goatee:
He calls upon the widow, yis, nearly ivery Sunday afternoon-
It is a case ov love I'm told, they're going to marry soon.
He treats the boarders to mixed ale whiniver he comes around.
He buys the baby sugar plums And candles by the pound;
And if the little rascal should begin to bawl and cry
McNulty joins in wid the widow, and they sing this lullaby -Chorus.

Last Sunday ould McNulty gave the widow a gold wedding ring-
They're going to tackle matrimony, yis, early in the spring;
If all McNulty sez is true 'twill be a happy marriage.
He's going to hire a nagur coachman and buy a horse and carriage.
He'll take his wife to live uptown, yis, in a brown-stone flat:
She'll wear silk dresses and big diamonds-ochone just think ov that!
A French nurse she'll have for Patsy, and servant girls galore,
So she can take things aisy and have to holler out no more:- Chorus.