

4 Pages

PADDY CAREY'S FORTUNE

or

Irish Promotion.

A favorite Comic Song,

Written by M^r. Cherry,

Philadelphia Published by C Taws

Composed by J Whitaker,
Pr: 25 cents.

Lively *f*

'Twas

at the Town of nate Clogheen, That sergeant Snap met Paddy Carey, A cla - ner boy was

never seen, Brisk as a bee, light as a fairy;

oboe

viola

p

brawny shoulders four feet square, His cheeks like thumping red potatoes, His legs would make a

chairman stare, And Patt was lov'd by all the ladies! Old and young, Grave and sad,

Deaf and dumb, Dull or mad, Waddling, twaddling, limping, squinting, Light, brisk and

oboe
airy—wla
hr
All the sweet faces at Limerick races, From

Mullinavat to Magherafelt,
p At Paddy's beautiful name would melt! The

sowls would cry, and look so shy, Ogh! Cushlamachree, did you never see! The Jol-ly boy, the

darling joy! The darling joy! The Ladies toy! Nimble footed, black ey'd, rosy cheek'd,

curly headed Paddy Ca-rey; O sweet Paddy! Beautiful Paddy!

Bugle Horn
Nate little, tight little Paddy Carey. Tutti

Bugle Horn
Tutti

2.

His heart was made of Irish Oak,
 Yet soft as streams from sweet Killarney,
 His tongue was tip with a bit o' th' brogue
 But the deuce a bit at all of the blarney!
 Now sergeant Snap so sly and keen,
 While Pattⁿ was coaxing duck — legg'd Mary
 A shilling slipt so neat and clean,
 By th' powers he listed Paddy Carey!
 Tight and sound — strong and light — cheeks so round — eyes so bright —
 Whistling, humming, drinking, drumming,
 Light, tight, and airy
 All the sweet faces &c:

3.

The sows wept loud the croud was great,
 When waddling forth came widow Leary;
 Tho' she was crippled in her gait,
 Her brawny arms clasp'd Paddy Carey;
 "Ogh Patt" she cry'd — go buy the ring —
 "Here's cash galliore, my darling honey"
 Says Patt, "you sowl I'll do that thing,"
 And clapt his thumb upon her money
 Gimlet eye — sausage nose — Pat so sly — ogle throws —
 Leering, titt'ring, jeering, fritt'ring,
 Sweet widow Leary!
 All the sweet faces &c

4.

When Patt had thus his fortune made,
 He press'd the lips of Mistress Leary;
 And mounting straight a large cockade;
 In Captain's boots struts Paddy Carey!
 He grateful prais'd her shape, her back,
 To others like a dromedary;
 Her eyes that seem'd their strings to crack,
 Were Cupid's darts to Captain Carey!
 Neat and sweet — no alloy — all compleat — Love and joy —
 Ranting, roaring, soft adoring,
 Dear widow Leary!
 All the sweet faces at Limrick races,
 From Mullinavat to Magherafelt,
 At Paddy's promotion sigh and melt;
 The sows all cry, as the Groom struts by
 Ogh, Cushlamacree, thou art lost to me!
 The jolly boy! the darling boy!
 The Ladies' toy! the widow's joy!
 Long sword — girted — neat short — skirted — head cropt — whiskers chopp'd —
 Captain Carey!
 O sweet Paddy!
 Beautiful Paddy!
 White feather'd — boot leather'd — Paddy Carey!

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