

P A D D I E.

A New SONG. Sung at the Theatre in Dublin by Dermot O'Brien.

A RRA Dermot, dear shoy, I will tell you fine news,
Lillebulero bullenala,
Faddie F——r's gone o'er in his boots, without shoes,
Lillebulero bullenala.

He rode so swift o'er,
Without e'er an oar,
In the ship that he mounted before they set sail;
By my shoul he was witty
To march to the city
Of Eden, being after a very fresh gale.

But before he comes there, he is chose candidate,
Lillebulero bullenala,
To be after speaking of matters of state,
Lillebulero bullenala.

In the Parliament-house
He has got the voice
Of all the fine shentlemen now in the town.
He'll surely look brave,
If he don't misbehave,
Before he's hoodwink'd with a Parliament Gown.

By shaint Patrick our countrymen's all got rare heads;
Lillebulero bullenala,
By the mas's they walk wrong when they ly on their beds;
Lillebulero bullenala,

They never want wit
When once they find it,
Either when sleeping or waking agra,
For they always believe ye,
Altho' they ne'er see ye,
But fills up your wants with a *tantarara*.

By —s he'll shine like a fine blazing star;
Lillebulero bullenala:
Tho' your eyes be close shut you will see him from far;
Lillebulero bullenala.

He'll ne'er be o'ertaken
When sleeping or waking,
For he always speaks fine when his lips are close shut;
At cribbage he'll parley,
And never cry barley;
When wearied with that, then he falls on to putt.

By the Virgin so blessed, I'm after to swear,
Lillebulero bullenala,
He has a fine head tho' there's nothing in there;
Lillebulero bullenala.

He will swear the truth
And keep a close mouth,
Let it be for the right, let it be for the wrong,
He'll always be gaz'd on,
As being an amaz'd one,
Altho' there be none for to fill up the throng.

Elected he'll be with a laudable voice;
Lillebulero bullenala;
The close lipp'd mob they will make a loud noise,
Lillebulero bullenala,

When shutting their eyes,
All in a surpris'e,
They'll see him walk out carried close in a chair,
And with great hallooing,
And nothing a-doing,
With hats on their heads and their wigs being bare.

Now, Monamondieul, dear Dermot agra,
Lillebulero bullenala,
Let us sit down and dance with a *sal de ra la,*
Lillebulero bullenala.

Since Paddie's rais'd high,
Beyond all the sky,
Let's drink his good health the long journey to steer;
Tho' he never be moving,
We'll always be loving,
And after wish well to our countrymen dear.

[Price One Penny.]

