



PADDY CARLING.

Kiss your Biddy, Paddy, Carling,
 Loan your head upon my breast,
 Put your arms around me, darling,
 I loved you, Paddy dear, the best,
 Say you love me, Paddy Carling,
 Press your ruby lips to mine ;
 Yov know I love you, Paddy Carling,
 Name the day, I will be thine,
 Paddy Carling, dearest darling,
 Tell me this, asthore machree ;
 Will you take me, Paddy Carling,
 Your loving wife for life to be.
 I'll try to please you, Paddy Carling,
 When tipsey you come home at night
 I'll run to meet you, Paddy Carling,
 And welcome you with smiles so bright,
 I'll never vex you, Paddy Carling,
 Never cause you blush or blame,
 I'll do your bidding night, and morning,
 When I bear your honoured name,
 I'll cook your victuals, Paddy Carling,
 And your table I'll attend,
 I'll never frown upon you, darling,
 If your wages all you spend,
 And if your cross, and kicks & beats me,
 I never will upon you frown,
 But bless the happy day you took me,
 I'll thank you when you knock me down
 I'll wash your face & trim your whisker,
 Nicely oil and curl your hair,
 And I'll work my hands into blisters,
 To keep you clean and descent hair,
 Soon we'll have a family round us,
 To sit and prattle on our knee,
 Oh, what pleasure will surround us,
 Happy, darling then we'll be,

