

Patrick, Mind the Child

I'm the fath - er of a bounc - ing girl with cheeks like cher - ries red, The pride of all the
neigh - bor - hood when scarce - ly twelve months wed. And when I came in - to sup - per af - ter
toil - ing all the day, Me wife puts Nel - lie in me arms and un - to me would say,
Chorus
"Ar - rah Pat - rick mind the ba - by, can't you mind the child a - while? Roll her up in your
ov - er - coat I'm feared she will go wild. Ar - rah Pat - rick mind the ba - by, can't you
mind the child a - while? She bites, and fights, and cries all night, Ar - rah, Pat - rick mind the child."

We had castor oil and soothing syrup and paregoric, too,
To give the chile when she had fits, but ne'er could bring her to,
And put mustard poultice to her feet, and give her a bowl of tay.
My wife put Nellie in my arms and unto me would say,

(Chorus)

When she grew up to be a lady gay, we had no control at all;
She says, "I am no baby now, I'll march up to a ball."
When, bad luck to my joy, there came a boy all on St. Patrick's Day
My wife put Patsy in my arms and unto me would say,

"Arrah, Patrick, mind the baby. Can't you mind the chile awhile?
Roll him up in your overcoat; I'm feared he will go wild.
Arrah, Patrick, mind the baby. Can't you mind the chile awhile?
He bites and fights and cries all night.
Arrah, Patrick, mind the chile."

Note: My brother Lewis learned this song in the lumber woods about sixty years ago.
I never heard anyone else sing it.