

## Patsy Fagan

Derek Ryan

I'm workin' here in Glasgow, I've got a dacent job  
Carrying bricks and mortar and me pay is fifteen bob  
I rise up in the mornin', I get up with the lark  
And as I'm walkin' down the street, you can hear the girls remark

"Hello Patsy Fagan", you can hear the girls all cry  
Hello Patsy Fagan, you're the apple of my eye  
You're a dacent boy from Ireland, there's no one can deny  
You're a rarem tarem divil may carem, dacent Irish boy

Now if there's one among you who would like to marry me  
I'll take her to a little home across the Irish Sea  
I'll dress her up in satin and I'll please her all I can  
And let her people see that I'm a dacent Irishman

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The day that I left Ireland, 'twas many years ago  
I left me home in Antrim where the pigs and praties grow  
But since I left auld Ireland, it's always been my plan  
To let you people see that I'm a dacent Irishman

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