

# Paddy Doyle and Biddy O'Toole

As sung by  
Charley Bowlen  
09-05-1940 Black River Falls, WI

One Pat- ty Dolye liv-ed in Kil-lar -ney, he court-ed a girl named  
Bid-dy O'Toole. Her tongue was tippt with a bit of the blar-ney, the  
same as with Pat, with the gold-en rule.

## Verse 1.

One Patty Doyle lived in Killarney  
He courted a gril named Biddy O'Toole.  
Her tongue was tipped with a bit of the Blarney,  
The same as with Pat with the golden rule.

## Verse 2.

Each day and night he'd meet his Colleen  
And often to himself he'd say  
What need care I when she's me darlin',  
Comin' for to meet me on the way?

## Verse 3.

One heavenly night in the last September  
Patty went out for to meet his love.  
Which night it was I don't remember  
But the moon shone brightly from above.

## Verse 4.

That day the boy had had some liquor  
Which made his spirits light and gay.  
Says he, "What's the use of me walking the  
quicker  
When I know she'll meet me on the way?"

## Verse 5.

Pat filled his pipe and fell to humming  
As merrily on his way he jogged  
But the kig and whiskey overcome him  
And Patty lay down upon the sod.

## Verse 6.

He'd not lay long without a comrade  
One that could kick up the hay.  
A big jackass came, smelled of Patty  
And lay down beside him on the way.

## Verse 7.

Pat hugged and smugged the hairy divil  
And threw his hat to worldly cares.  
She's mine to ----- as the heavens' blushes  
But ----- must so she's like a bear.

## Verse 8.

He stretched his hand to the donkey's nose  
At that the ass began to bray.  
Pat let the ----  
Who served his knee and ---- away.

## Verse 9.

He then ran home as fast as he could  
At a railroad speed or faster I'm sure.  
He never stopped a leg or a foot  
'Til he came to his charming Biddy's door.

## Verse 10.

By now the time was growing morning  
Upon his knees he fell to pray.  
Oh let me in, my Biddy darlin',  
I've been a-killed and a-murdered upon the way.

Verse 11.  
He told his story mighty civil  
While she prepared the whiskey glass  
How he hugged and smugged with a hairy divil  
----- Doran's ass.

Verse 12.  
I knew it was me Bidy, darlin',  
And they were wed the very next day  
But he never got back the old straw hat  
The jackass ate upon the way.

*Transcription and lyrics from the Helene Stratman-Thomas Collection.*

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## **Critical Commentary**

Transcriptions by Peters, p. 293

Alternate titles/related songs: "Doran's Ass," "Dolan's Ass."

### **Sources:**

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"Doran's Ass." From the Digital Tradition Mirror. <<http://sniff.numachi.com/~rickheit/dtrad/pages/tiDORANASS;ttDORANASS.html>> [accessed 6/8/05]. "Doran's ass" tune not so similar. Source listed at bottom of page: *Ballads and Sea Songs from Nova Scotia*, Mackenzie, Collected from Alexander Murphy.

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K.G.