Verse 1.
One Patty Doyle lived in Killarney
He courted a girl 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 streched his hand to the donkey’s nose
At that the ass began to bray.
Pat let the ----
Who served his knee ---- 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 Biddy, 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.

Critical Commentary

Transcriptions by Peters, p. 293

Alternate titles/related songs: “Doran’s Ass,” “Dolan’s Ass.”

Sources:
Mackenzie, Roy Ballads and Sea Songs From Nova Scotia, Cambridge 1928, No. 138;
O’Conor, Manus, Com-All-Ye’s and Ballads of Ireland, A Repository of Ancient Irish Songs and Ballads. Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1928.

K.G.