## When Pat Came Over the Hill

When Pat Came Over the Hill
(Samuel Lover, 1839)

When Pat came over the hill, his colleen fair to see,
His whistle low but shrill the signal was to be;
"Oh, Mary," the mother cried, "there is someone whistling sure"
"Oh, mother, it is the wind you know, that's whistling through
the door."

cho: With my fol-diddle-laddle-la
My fol-diddle-laddle-lee
With my fol-diddle-laddle-la
Hey fal-da-lol lol-da-la-lee.

"I've lived a long time, Mary, in this wide world, my dear,
But the door to whistle like that I never yet did hear";
"But, mother, you know the fiddle hangs close beside the chink
And the wind upon the strings is playing a tune, I think "

"The dog is barking now; the fiddle can't play the tune."
"But, mother, you know they say dogs bark when they see the
moon."
"But how can he see the moon, when he is old and blind,
Blind dogs don't bark at the moon, my dear, nor fiddles don't
play with the wind."

"And now I hear the pig, uneasy in his mind,"
"But mother, you know they say that pigs can see the wind";
"That's all very true, my dear, but I think you may remark.
That pigs no more than we can see anything in the dark."

"I'm not such a fool as you think; I know very well 'tis Pat;
Go home you whistlin' thief and do get away out o' that;
And you go into bed, don't play upon me your jeers;
For although I've lost my sight, I haven't lost my ears!"

And you lads when courting going, for your sweethearts' sake,
Take care not to whistle too loud in ease the old woman might
wake;
From the days when I was young, forget it I never can.
I knew the difference between a fiddle, a dog, and a man.

from Folksongs of England, Ireland, Scotland & Wales, Cole