FATHER O'FLYNN
Old Irish Melody

THE WORDS BY
A.P. Graves

THE MUSIC ARRANGED
BY
C. Villiers Stanford

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Boosey & Hawkes
FATHER O'FLYNN

Allegro leggero e parlante.

Of priests we can offer a charmin'vari-ety, For renowned for

la-ryn' and pi-e-ty; Still, I'd advance ye wid-out im-pro-pri-e-ty,

Fa-ther O'Flynn as the flow'r of them all, Here's a health to you

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Father O'Flynn,* Slainté and slainté and slainté again,

Pow'r'ful'est preacher, and tìnder'est teacher, And kind-li'est creature in

ould Don.e-gal... Don't talk of your Provost and

Fellows of Trinity, Famous for ev'er at Greek and Latin-ty,

Father O'Flynn * Pronounced, "Slainté," meaning, "Your health!"
Dad, and the devils and all at Divinity,

Father O'Flynn'd make hares of them all! Come, I venture to give ye my word, Ne- ver the likes of his log- ic was heard,

Down from my tho- lo- gy in- to thay- o- lo- gy,

Father O'Flynn
Truth! and con-chology if he'd the call. Here's a health to you,

Father O'Flynn, Slainte and slainte and slainte again,

Powerful'est preacher, and tender'est teacher, And kindlest creature in

ould Donegal...

Father O'Flynn
Father O'Flynn you've a wonderful way wid you. All old sinners are wishful to pray wid you. All the young childer are wild for to play wid you,

You've such a way wid you, Father a-vick. Still for all you've so gentle a soul,

Gad, you've your flock in the grandest control; Cheeking the crazy ones,

Father O'Flynn
coax-in' on-ai-sy ones, Lifting the la-zy ones on wid the stick.

Here's a health to you, Fa-ther O'Flynn, Slainte and slainté and slainté a-gin, Pow'rful-est preacher, and tin-der-est teacher, and 

kind-li-est creature in ould Don-e-gil...

And

Fa-ther O'Flynn.
the quite avoidin' all foolish frivolity, Still at all seasons of

innocent jollity, Where was the play-boy could claim an equality

At comicality, Father, wid you? Once the Bishop look'd grave at your jest,

Till this remark set him off wid the rest: 'Is it love gaiety

Father O'Byrne
all to the la - i - ty? Cannot the Cler - gy be I - rish - men too?"

Here's a health to you, Fa - ther O' Flynn, Slain - té and slain - té and

slain - té a - gin, Pow-er - est preacher, and tin - der - est teacher, And

kind - li - est creature in all Don - e-gal!

Father O' Flynn
FATHER O'FLYNN

Of priests we can offer a charmin' variety.
Far renown'd for larnin' and piety:
Still, I'd advance ye without impropriety,
Father O'Flynn as the fruit of them all.
Here's a health to you, Father O'Flynn,
*shanté and slánité and slánité again;
Pow'fuldest preacher, and tindrest teacher,
And kindliest creature in old Donegal.

Don't talk of your Provost and Fellows of Trinity,
Famous for ever at Greek and Latinity,
Dad and the devils and all at Divinity.
Father O'Flynn'd make hares of thera all!
Come, I venture to give ye my word,
Never the likes of his logic was heard,
Down from mythology into theology,
Truth ! and conchology if he'd the call.

Here's a health to you, etc.

Och, Father O'Flynn you've a wonderful way wid you.
All ould sinners are wishful to pray wid you,
All the young cholder are wild for to play wid you.
You've such a way wid you, Father avick-
Still for all you've so gentle a soul,
Gad, you've your flock in the grandest control;
Checking the crazy ones, coaxin' the aisy ones.
Lifting the lazy ones on wid the stick.

Here's a health to you, etc.

And tho' quite avoidin' all foolish frivolity,
Still at all seasons of innocent jollity,
Where was the play-boy could claim an equality,
At comicality. Father, wid you?
Once the Bishop look'd grave at your jest,
Till this remark set him off wid the rest:
"Is it have gaiety all to the laity ;
Cannot the Clergy be Irishmen too?"

Here's a health to you, etc.

A. P. Graves,

*Pronounced; "Slavenia," meaning, "Your Health."