

Paddy's Lament

Text und Musik: trad., arr. Morgain

Well it's by the hush me boys,
And that's to mind your noise,
And listen to poor Paddy's
Sad narration.

I was by hunger stressed
And in poverty distressed,
So I took a thought I'd leave
The Irish nation.

I sold me horse and cow,
My little pig and sow,
My father's farm of land
I then departed.
And me sweetheart Bid Magee,
I'm afraid I'll never see,
For I left her there that morning
Broken-hearted.

Hear me boys,
Now take my advice.
To America I'll have you
Not be coming.
There is nothing here but war
Where the murdering cannons roar
And I wish I was at home
In dear old Dublin.

Well meself and a hundred more
To America sailed o'er
Our fortunes to be making,
We were thinking.
When we got to yankee land
They put guns into our hand,
Saying "Paddy, you must go
And fight for Lincoln."

Hear me boys...

Well I think meself in luck
If I get fed on indian buck
And old Ireland is the country
I delight in.
To the devil I would say
'God curse Americay'
For in truth I've had enough
Of their hard fighting.

Hear me boys...