

## PADDY'S LAMENT

Well it's by the hush me boys, and that's to still your noise and lis-ten to poor Pad-dy's la-men-  
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 ta - tion; I was by hun-ger stressed, and in po-ver-ty distressed, so I took a thought I'd  
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 leave the I-rish na-tion. Well I sold me horse and cow, my lit-tle pigs and sow, my fa-ther's farm of  
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 land I soon de-par - ted; And mysweet-heart Bid Ma - gee, I'm a-fraid you'll ne-ver see, for I  
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 left her there that mor-ning bro-ken hear-ted. Here ye boys, now take my ad-  
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 vice: to A-me-ri-ca I'll have youse not be com - ing, there is no-thing there but  
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 war, where the thun-d'ring can - nons roar, and I wish I was at home in dear old Ire - land.

Well it's by the hush me boys, and that's to still 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.

Well I sold me horse and cow, my little pigs 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.

Chorus:  
 Here ye boys, now take my advice  
 To America I'll have youse not be coming  
 There is nothing here but war, where the thundering cannons roar  
 And I wish I was at home in dear old Ireland.

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."

Chorus

General Meagher to us he said, "If you get shot or lose your head  
Every mother's son of youse will get a pension."  
Well in the war I lost me leg, all I've now's a wooden peg  
By my soul it is the truth to you I mention.

Chorus

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 Amerikay"  
For in truth I've had enough of their hard fightin'.