

# Black 47, San Patricio Brigade

I came to this country an innocent boy  
From the green fields of Galway  
When the hunger was clawin' at me  
Came for redemption, respect and regard  
All I got was new masters  
And a kick up the arse

Oh, they beat me and robbed me  
On the streets of New York  
When all that I wanted  
Was an honest day's work  
Saying "get up now, Paddy,  
You're an ignorant sort  
Far worse than a beast  
You won't do what you're told"

Oh, they spat at my crucifix  
Laughed at my church  
They called me a papist  
And many things worse  
I soaked up their insults  
And I swore revenge  
Send them Know-Nothing bastards  
Straight back to hell

I joined up their army,  
My fortune to make  
But my captain was just another  
Nativist snake  
He beat me and starved me  
Insulted my Race  
By the time I hit Texas  
I was ready to break

Hiya, le hiya  
Oh, hey San Patricio  
So far from your homeland  
Carinos we miss you oh  
Hiya, le hiya  
Oh, hey San Patricio  
We'll never forget you  
We'll always remember  
The San Patricio Brigade...

The Mexican people  
They treated us great  
We danced at their weddings  
And sang at their wakes  
We fought in their battles  
And where'er we'd go  
Hiya le mad Irish  
San Patricio

Oh, we fought the invader  
And held him at bay  
At the battle of San Angel  
And Buena Vista  
If Santa Anna had not fled Churabasco  
We'd be chasing Know-Nothings  
Up past Ohio

Hiya, le hiya  
Oh, hey San Patricio...

They took us prisoner  
When our bullets ran out  
And they tried us in  
Their military court  
Not a word 'bout oppression  
Or baiting our Race  
My captain passed sentence  
His eyes filled with hate

To death on the gallows  
We would not bend our knee  
So they murdered us  
Far from Galway's green fields  
We fought for liberty  
Defense of our creed  
So to hell with Know-Nothings  
Their kith, kin and seed

Hiya, le hiya  
Oh, hey San Patricio...