

# Linda Thompson, Paddy's Lamentation

Well it's by the hush, me boys, and sure that's to hold your noise  
And listen to poor Paddy's sad narration  
I was by hunger pressed, and in poverty distressed  
So I took a thought I'd leave the Irish nation

Well I sold me ass and cow, my little pigs and sow  
My little plot of land I soon did part with  
And me sweetheart Bid McGee, I'm afraid I'll never see  
For I left her there that morning broken-hearted

Here's to you boys, now take my advice  
To America I'll have ye's not be going  
There is nothing here but war, where the murderin' 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 made [sic] we were thinkin'  
When we got to Yankee land, they shoved a gun into our hands  
Saying "Paddy, you must go and fight for Lincoln"

Well I think meself in luck, if I get fed on Indian buck  
And old Ireland is the country I delight in  
With the devil, I do say, it's curse Americay  
For I think I've had enough of your hard fightin'

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