

Sinead O' Connor, Paddy's Lament

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 stressed, 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 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 making we were thinkin'
When we got to Yankee land, they put guns into our hands
"Paddy, you must go and fight for Lincoln"

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And I wish I was at home in dear old Dublin

General Meagher to us he said, if you get shot or lose your head
Every murdered soul of youse will get a pension
Well in the war lost me leg, they gave me a wooden peg
And by soul it is the truth to you I mention

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

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