

# Sinead O'Connor, Paddy's Lament

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

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 McGee  
I'm afraid I'll never see  
For I left her there that morning  
Broken-hearted

Here ye boys  
Now take my advice  
To America I'll have ye  
Not be coming  
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  
Saying "Paddy, you must go  
And fight for Lincoln"

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Now take my advice  
To America I'll have ye  
Not be coming  
There is nothing here but war  
Where the murderin' cannons roar  
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 mother's son of youse  
Will get a pension  
Well in the war I lost me leg  
And all I've now's a wooden peg  
And by soul it is the truth  
To you I mention

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Where the murderin' cannons roar  
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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  
God curse Americay  
For in truth I've had enough  
Of your hard fightin

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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

I wish I was at home  
I wish I was at home  
I wish I was at home  
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