

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"

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

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

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 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

Here ye boys
Now take my advice
To America I'll have ye
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
In dear old Dublin