

Paddys Lamentation

Dm
Oh, it's by the hush, me boys,
C
I'm sure that's to hold your noise,
D **G A**
And listen to poor Paddy's narration.
D **C**
I was by hunger pressed and in poverty distressed,
Dm **Am** **D**
So I took a thought I'd leave the Irish nation.

Chorus:

D **D** **F**
Here's you, boys, do take my advice
A **D** **D** **G** **A**
To Americay I'd have you not be coming.
D **C**
There is nothing here but war where the murdering cannons roar,
Dm **A** **A7D**
And I wish I was at home in dear old Ereein.

Then I sold by horse and plow, me little pigs and cow,
And me little farm of land and I parted,
And me sweetheart Biddy Magee
I'm afeared I'll never see,
For I left her that morning broken-hearted.

Then meself and a hundred more to Americay sailed o'er,
Our fortune to be making we were thinking.
When we landed in Yankee land, shoved a gun into our hand,
Saying, 'Paddy, you must go and fight for Lincoln.'

General Mahar to us said, 'If you get shot or lose your head,
Every murdered soul of you will get a pension.'
In the war I lost me leg, all I've now is a wooden peg;
By my soul it is the truth to you I mention.

Now I think meself in luck to be fed upon Indian buck
In old Ireland, the country I delight in,
And with the devil I do say, 'Curse Americay,'
For I'm sure I've got enough of their hard fighting.