

# Paddy's Land - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

PADDY'S LAND.

One morning, very early, while sitting in my easy chair,  
In a cottage of my own, that was free from both strife and care,  
A pretty maid come up to me, and took me gently by the hand,  
And begged for a verse or two in praise of Paddy's land.

The people of this nation is of a free and open mind,  
And always unto strangers, it's well known, they do prove kind;  
But if any dare impose on them, such orders they'd soon countermand.  
They would make him smell shillalie, it's a plant that grows in Paddy's land.

There is nothing there that's venomous, but all of the sweetest scent,  
The air is pure and healthy, and the girls are shining with content.  
For virtue and beauty bright, no nation can them withstand,  
They're the roses of all Europe and the pretty girls of Paddy's land.

There is some will contradict this, and say they're of another race.  
And ask what is the reason so many leave so fine a place;  
But I will quickly give to them the answer that I have at hand,  
'Tis because they took the trade from that lovely place called Paddy's land.

So come all my jovial country-men, and let us fill a flowing quart.  
And drink to old Washington, and all of such a noble heart;  
Likewise old Carroll of Carrollton, and all of the signing band,  
That signed the "Declaration" for a refuge from Paddy's land.