

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Off to Philadelphia

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Oh, me name is Paddy Leary from a spot in Tipperary
The hearts of all the girls I'm a thorn in
But come the break of mornin it is they who'll be forlorn
For I'm off to Philadelpha in the morning

cho:
With me bundle on me shoulder, faith, there's no man can be bolder
I'm leaving dare old Ireland without warning
For I lately took the notion for to cross the briny ocean
And I'm off to Philadelphia in the morning

There's a girl named Kate Malone sure I'd hope to call ne own
To see my little cabin floor adornin
But my heart is sad and weary, how can she be Mrs. Leary
When I'm off to Philadelphia in the morning

When they told me I must leave the place I tried to wear a cheerful face
To show me hearts deep sorrow I was scornin
But the tears will surely blind me for the friends I leave behind me
When I'm off to Philadelphia in the morning

cho 2:
With me bundle on me shoulder sure there's no man can be bolder
I'm leaving just the spot that I was born in
But some day I'll take the notion to come back across that ocean
To me home in dear old Ireland in the morning

I believe this song is a precursor to ""Oft to Tipperary"" which depicts a emmigrant coming home."

TR
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