

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Welcome Poor Paddy Home

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I am a true born Irish man
I'll never deny what I am,
I was born in sweet Tipperary town,
Three thousand miles away.

cho: Hurray me boys hurray.
No more do I wish for to roam,
For the sun it will shine in the harvest time
To welcome poor Paddy home.

The girls they are gay and frisky,
They'd take you by the hand,
Saying Jimmy mo chroi will you come with me
To welcome poor Paddy home.

In came the foreign nation
And scattered all over our land
The horse, the cow, the goat, sheep and sow
Came into the stranger's hands.

The Scotsman can boast of the thistle,
And England can boast of the rose,
But Paddy can boast of the Emerald Isle
Where the dear little shamrock grows.

DS
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