

Why Paddy's Always Poor - song lyrics

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WHY PADDY'S ALWAYS POOR

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Some people oft will wonder why Paddy's always poor.
Yet happy and contented in his mind;
He'll sing for you 'till morning, he'll serve you as a friend.
No truer friend in all this world you'll find.
His door is always open, his table always free,
When trouble comes he meets it with a smile;
You'll find him brave in battle, the first to face the foe,
He'll ne'er desert a comrade, nor disown his native isle.

Chorus.

The Englishman is cautious,
The Scotchman careful, too,
The Yankee he is honest,
Still knows just what to do;
Poor Paddy he is reckless,
His money days are few,
For if he has a dollar,
He will share it all with you.

I'll tell you why he's happy, and why his wants are few.
He never grieves for what is not his own;
His motives are not selfish, he'd rather give than take,
On open heart you'll find in Paddy's home.
Go where the turf is blazing, where lads and lassies dream,
Where thrush and blackbird warble night and day;
'Tis there you'll find poor Paddy, on Ireland's mossy green,
The greenest green that ever grew, where ev'ry month is May.
The Englishman is cautious, &c.