

# Paddy Magee's Dream - song lyrics

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

PADDY MAGEE'S DREAM.

John Bull he was an Englishman,  
And went on tramp one day,  
With three-pence in his pocket  
To take him a long way;  
He tramped along for miles and miles,  
Yet no one did he see,  
Till he fell in with an Irishman,  
Whose name was Paddy Magee.

Good-morning, Pat, said John to him,  
Where are you going to?  
Says Paddy: I hardy know myself,  
I want a job to do.  
Have you got any money about you?  
Said John Bull unto Pat.  
Says Pat: It's the only thing I'm wanting,  
For I haven't got a rap.

Then they overtook a Scotchman,  
Who, like them, was out of work;  
To judge by his looks, he was hard up  
And as hungry as a Turk.  
Can you lend me a shilling, Scotty?  
At last said Paddy Magee.  
I'm sorry I canna, said the Scotchman,  
For I ha'e na got ane baubee.

Said the Englishman: I three-pence have,  
What shall we do with that?  
Och! buy three-pen'orth of whisky.  
It will cheer us up, said Pat.  
Nay. dinna do that, said the Scotchman,  
I'll tell thee the best to do;  
Just buy three-pence worth of oat-meal,  
I'll make some nice burgoo.

Now I think we had better buy a loaf.  
The Englishman did say;  
And then in yonder hay-stack  
Our hunger sleep away.  
We can get a drink of water  
From yonder purling stream;  
And the loaf shall be his, in the morning,  
Who has the greatest dream.

The Englishman dreamt, by the morning,  
Ten million men had been  
For ten years digging a turnip up,  
The largest ever seen;  
At last they got the turnip up,  
By working night and day;  
Then it took five million horses;  
This turnip to pull away.

Said the Scotchman: I've been dreaming  
Fifty million men had been  
For fifty years making a boiler,  
The largest ever seen.  
What was it for? said the Englishman,  
Was it made of copper or tin?  
It was made of copper, said Scotty,  
To boil your turnip in.

Och! saia Paddy, I've been dreaming  
An awful great big dream;

From the music archive at [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

I dreamt I was in a hay-stack,  
By the side of a purling stream.  
I dreamt that you and Scotty was there,  
As true as I'm an oaf;  
By the powers! I dream't I was hungry,  
So I got up and eat the loaf.