Paddy's Lament

Sinéad O'connor

Well it's by the hush, me boys, and sure that's to hold your noise And listen to poor Paddy's sad narration I was by hunger stressed, and in poverty distressed So I took a thought I'd leave the Irish nation

Well I sold me ass and cow, my little pigs and sow
My little plot of land I soon did part with
And me sweetheart Bid McGee, I'm afraid I'll never see
For I left her there that morning broken-hearted

Here's you boys, now take my advice To America I'll have ye's not be going There is nothing here but war, where the murderin' cannons roar And I wish I was at home in dear old Dublin

Well meself and a hundred more, to America sailed o'er Our fortunes to be making we were thinkin' When we got to Yankee land, they put guns into our hands "Paddy, you must go and fight for Lincoln"

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General Meagher to us he said, if you get shot or lose your head Every murdered soul of you'se will get a pension Well in the war lost me leg, they gave me a wooden peg And by soul it is the truth to you I mention

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Well I think meself in luck, if I get fed on Indianbuck And old Ireland is the country I delight in To the devil, I would say, it's curse Americay For the truth I've had enough of your hard fightin

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And I wish I was at home in dear old Dublin
I wish I was at home
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