

## An Cat Dubh

### "Paddy's Lamentation"

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(Alternativakkorde in Klammern)

Strophe:

h(a) A(G) f#(e)

Well it4s by the hush me boys and sure that4s to hold  
your noise,

h(a)

And listen to poor Paddy4s sad narration,

D(C) A(G) f#(e)

Well I was by hunger pressed and in poverty  
distressed,

G(F) A(G) h(a)

So I4d took a thought I4d leave the Irish nation.

Refrain:

h(a) D(C) A(G)

Here4s to you boys now take me advice,

h(a)

To America I4ll have you not be coming,

D(C)

There is nothing here but war

A(G) f#(e)

Where the murdering cannons roar,

G(F) A(G) h(a)

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

Strophe:

Well I sold me horse and cow, me little pigs and sow,

Me little plot of land I sold to part with,

And my sweetheart Bid McGee I4m afraid I4ll never  
see,

For I left her there that morning broken-hearted.

Refrain:

Strophe:

Well meself and a hundred more to America sailed  
o4er,

Our fortune to be made we were thinking,

When we got to Yankee-Land they shoved a gun into  
our hands

Saying □Paddy you must go and fight for Lincoln□.

Refrain:

Strophe:

General Meaghar to us he said "If you get shot or lose  
your head,

Each murdering son of youse will get a pension".

Well meself I lost me leg, they gave me a wooden peg,

And by God this is the truth to you I mention.

Refrain:

Strophe:

When I think meself in luck I get fed on Indian buck,

And Ireland is the country I delight in.

With the devil I did say it's curse Americay,

For I think I've had enough of your hard fighting.

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