

Black 47

"San Patricio Brigade"

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I came to this country an innocent boy
From the green fields of Galway
When the hunger was clawin' at me
Came for redemption, respect and regard
All I got was new masters
And a kick up the arse

Oh, they beat me and robbed me
On the streets of New York
When all that I wanted
Was an honest day's work
Saying "get up now, Paddy,
You're an ignorant sort
Far worse than a beast
You won't do what you're told"

Oh, they spat at my crucifix
Laughed at my church
They called me a papist
And many things worse
I soaked up their insults
And I swore revenge
Send them Know-Nothing bastards
Straight back to hell

I joined up their army,
My fortune to make
But my captain was just another
Nativist snake
He beat me and starved me
Insulted my Race
By the time I hit Texas
I was ready to break

Hiya, le hiya
Oh, hey San Patricio
So far from your homeland
Carinos we miss you oh
Hiya, le hiya
Oh, hey San Patricio
We'll never forget you
We'll always remember

The San Patricio Brigade...

The Mexican people
They treated us great
We danced at their weddings
And sang at their wakes
We fought in their battles
And where'er we'd go
Hiya le mad Irish
San Patricio

Oh, we fought the invader
And held him at bay
At the battle of San Angel
And Buena Vista
If Santa Anna had not fled Churabasco
We'd be chasing Know-Nothings
Up past Ohio

Hiya, le hiya
Oh, hey San Patricio...

They took us prisoner
When our bullets ran out
And they tried us in
Their military court
Not a word 'bout oppression
Or baiting our Race
My captain passed sentence
His eyes filled with hate

To death on the gallows
We would not bend our knee
So they murdered us
Far from Galway's green fields
We fought for liberty
Defense of our creed
So to hell with Know-Nothings
Their kith, kin and seed

Hiya, le hiya
Oh, hey San Patricio...

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