

Linda Thompson

"Paddy's Lamentation"

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

Well I sold me horse and cow, me little pigs and sow
Me little plot of land I departed
And me sweetheart Brid McGee, I'm afraid I'll never
see
For I left her there that morning broken-hearted

Oh here's you boys, now take my advice
To America I'll have you's not be coming
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 made we were thinkin'
But when we got to Yankee land, they shoved a gun
into our hands
Saying "Paddy, you must go and fight for Lincoln"

Aye, I thought myself in luck, to be fed on Indian buck
And old Ireland, the place that I delight in
But with the devil, I do say, curse Americay
For I am sick and tired of this hard fightin'

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

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