

# Paddy's Lament

Sinead O'Connor

Well, it's by the hushc me boys and that's to mind 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 nationWell, I sold me horse and cow, my little pigs and sow  
My father's farm of land, I then departed  
And me sweetheart Bid McGee, I'm afraid, I'll never see  
For I left her there that morning broken-heartedHear me, boys, now take my advice  
To America I'll have yous not be coming  
There is nothing here but war  
Where the murderin' cannons roar  
And I wish, I was at home in dear old DublinWell, myself and a hundred more, to America sailed over  
Our fortunes to be making we were thinkin'  
When we got to Yankee land, they put guns into our hands  
Saying, "Paddy, you must go and fight for Lincoln"Hear me, boys, now take my advice  
To America I'll have yous not be coming  
There is nothing here but war  
Where the murderin' cannons roar  
And I wish, I was at home in dear old DublinGeneral Meagher to us he said, "If you get shot or lose your Head  
Every mother's son of yous will get a pension"  
Well, in the war I lost me leg and all I've now's a wooden peg  
By my soul it is the truth to you I mentionHear me, boys, now take my advice  
To America I'll have yous not be coming  
There is nothing here but war  
Where the murderin' cannons roar  
And I wish, I was at home in dear old DublinWell, 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, God curse Americay  
For in truth I've had enough of their hard fightin'Hear me, boys, now take my advice  
To America I'll have yous not be coming  
There is nothing here but war  
Where the murderin' cannons roar  
And I wish, I was at home in dear old DublinI wish, I was at home, I wish, I was at home  
I wish, I was at home in dear old Dublin

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