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 nation
Well, 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-hearted
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 Dublin
Well, 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 Dublin
General 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 mention
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 Dublin
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, 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 Dublin
I 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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