

# Paddy's Lamentation (A Capella Version)

[Linda Thompson](#)

Well it's by the hush, me boys, and sure that's to hold your noise  
And listen to poor Paddy's sad narration  
I was by hunger pressed, and in poverty distressed  
So I took a thought I'd leave the Irish nation Here's to you boys, now take my advice  
To America I'll have ye's not be going  
There is nothing here but war, where the murderin' cannons roar  
And I wish I was at home in dear old Dublin Well I sold me ass and cow, my little pigs and sow  
My little plot of land I soon did part with  
And me sweetheart Bid McGee, I'm afraid I'll never see  
For I left her there that morning broken-hearted Well meself and a hundred more, to America sailed o'er  
Our fortunes to be made [sic] we were thinkin'  
When we got to Yankee land, they shoved a gun into our hands  
Saying "Paddy, you must go and fight for Lincoln" General Meagher to us he said, if you get shot or lose your  
head  
Every murdered soul 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 Well I think meself in luck, if I get fed on Indian buck  
And old Ireland is the country I delight in  
With the devil, I do say, it's curse Americay  
For I think I've had enough of your hard fightin'

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