

Irish Paddy / Festival Reel / Rodgers Reel

Great Big Sea

Its of an Irishman I'm going to tell you
Free from Ireland sailed away
Where he was to he was not contended
Made up his mind for to go away
Early next morning the ship was sailing
Queenstown harbour, golden core
Eight long days he was sailing over
Till he landed in New York
Up the street young Paddy wandered
Each big building caught his eye
Looking up at a big shop window,
A bottle of whisky he did spy
Into the bar young Paddy entered
Called for a drink, without delay
Give me a drop of that Irish Whisky,
Four big coppers I will pay

The landlord he jumped over the counter
"Pay me down that bill", he said
Paddy up with a big shillelagh
Laid him on the floor right dead
So the Yankees they came running
When they heard about the row
Trying to kill poor Irish Paddy,
Shouting out, "Where is he now?!"
Irishmen they followed after
Following without delay
Each of them with a big shillelagh,
Made the Yankees run away
May God's success to his Irish people
Many's the country they have roamed
But their courage is far bolder
When they're far away from home

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