

## PADDY'S LAMENT

Traditional c.1870's

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

Well meself and a hundred more, to America sailed o'er  
Our fortunes to be made we were thinking  
When we got to Yankee land, they shoved a gun into our hands  
Sayin' "Paddy, you must go and fight for Lincoln"

Here's to you boys, now take my advice  
To America I'll have you'll not be coming  
There is nothing here but war, where the murderin' cannons roar  
And I wish I was at home in dear old Ireland (2. Dublin)

General Moore to us he said, if you get shot or lose your head  
Every murdering soul of use will get a pension  
Well meself I lost a leg and they gave me a wooden peg,  
And begar this is the truth to you I mention

Well I sold my horse and cow, my little pig and sow  
My little plot of land I soon did part with  
And me sweetheart Peg McGee, I'm afraid I'll never see  
For I left her there that morning broken-hearted