

Paddy's Lamentation

Traditional

And its by the hush, Me Boys
And be sure to hold your noise
And listen to poor Paddy's sad narration
I was by hunger pressed
And by poverty distressed
So I took an oath to leave the Irish nation

So I sold me horse and plow
Sold me sheep, me pigs and sow
Me little farm of land and I we parted
And me sweetheart Beth Magee
I'm afeared I'll never see
For I left her on that mornin' broken hearted

And here's you Boys, now take my advice
To Americay I'll have you not be goin'
For there's nothin' here but war
Where the murderin' cannons roar
And I wish I was back home
In dear old Ireland

So meself and a hundred more
To Americay sailed o'er
Our fortunes to be makin' we were thinkin'
But when we got to Yankee-Land
They stuck a musket in me hands
Sayin' "Paddy, you must go and fight for Lincoln"

General Meagher to us said
"If you get shot, or you lose your leg
Every mother's son of you will get a pension"
But in the war I lost my leg
And all I got's a wooden peg
Oh Me Boys, it is the truth to you I mention

Chorus

Now, I'd have thought meself in luck
To be fed an Indian buck
And in Ireland the land that I delight in

But by the Devil I do say
 Curse Americay
 For I'm sure I've had enough of your

1 Am C G Am

It's by the hush, my boys, I'm sure that's to hold your noise, And list - en now to Pad-dy's lam-en-

2 0 0 2 3 0 3 0 2 2 0 2 3 3 0 0 3 0 2 2 2 0

8 Am C Bm Am G

ta - tion. For I was by hun - ger pressed, And in pov - er - ty dis - tressed, And I

2 0 2 3 0 2 0 4 0 2 3 2 0 0 2 0 3 3 3

14 Am G Am Em

took a mind to leave the I - rish na - tion. So hear, you boys, And do take my ad -

3 3 2 0 2 2 2 0 2 0 2 0 0 2 0 2 0 2 4

20 G Am C Bm

vice, To A - mer - i - ca I'd have you not be go - ing. For there's noth - ing here but

0 3 3 0 0 3 0 2 2 2 0 2 0 2 3 0 2 0 4 0

26 Am G Am G Am

war, Where the murd'ring cann - ons roar, And I wish I were back home in dear old Er - in.

2 3 2 0 2 0 3 3 3 3 3 2 0 2 2 2 0 2 0