

Hurry Home

Paddy and the Rats

We ran outta beer, rum kept us alive
Killed all the english, did not fear to fight
Now we have to come, hurry, hurry home
To fill up the portion, that will make us strong
Sail with the wind, not far away
Our dear Irish land for that we pray
We dont have a rest even at night
Serve us the beer or we will fight
Home! Hurry home! Hurry home!
Hurry home! Home! Home! Home!