

## Paddy's Lament

Sinéad O'connor

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 stressed, and in poverty distressed  
So I took a thought I'd leave the Irish nation

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

Here's 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 meself and a hundred more, to America sailed o'er  
Our fortunes to be making we were thinkin'  
When we got to Yankee land, they put guns into our hands  
"Paddy, you must go and fight for Lincoln"

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There is nothing here but war, where the murderin' cannons roar  
And I wish I was at home in dear old Dublin

General Meagher to us he said, if you get shot or lose your head  
Every murdered soul of you'se will get a pension  
Well in the war lost me leg, they gave me a wooden peg  
And by soul it is the truth to you I mention

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Well I think meself in luck, if I get fed on Indianbuck  
And old Ireland is the country I delight in  
To the devil, I would say, it's curse Americay  
For the truth I've had enough of your hard fightin

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And I wish I was at home in dear old Dublin  
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