

Paddy's Lamentation

Vorspiel: Dm/C/Am/D :II >> Dm

Dm C Dm C Am
Well it's by the hush, me boys, and sure that's to hold your noise

D Bb Am
And listen to poor Paddy's sad narration

Dm C Dm C Am
I was by hunger pressed, and in poverty distressed

Bb C Dm F/Dm/F
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 (vor Ref nur einmal F)

Dm Bb Am (Klavier geht über C aufs Bb)
Here's to you boys, now take my advice

D Bb Am
To America I'll have ye's not be going

Dm C Dm C Am
There is nothing here but war, where the murderin' cannons roar

Bb C Dm F/Dm/F
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 made [sic] we were thinkin'
When we got to Yankee land, they shoved a gun into our hands
Saying "Paddy, you must go and fight for Lincoln"

Zwischenspiel wie Vorspiel, leicht verändert, anhören

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

Ref.: Here's to you boys, now take my advice ... (Ausgangs auf Dm bleib)

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

Ref.: Doppelt, letzte Zeile wiederholen >> starkes Ritardando