

# PADDY'S RAMBLE.

J. Kendrew, Printer, Collier-Gate York.

**A**BOUT nine years ago, I was digging of land,  
With my broags on my feet, and my spade in  
my hand,  
Then I thought to myself, 'tis a pity to see,  
Such a cleaver young lad digging turf on the lee,  
Sing tuddy heigh ho, &c.

Then I threw off my broags shook hands with my  
spade,  
And I went to the fair like a dashing young blade,  
Where I met with a serjeant. he ask d me to list,  
Saying great grammaghree give us hold of your fist,  
Sing tuddy heigh ho, &c.

Then he gave me five guineas, he said he'd no more  
If I'd go to his quarters, he'd chalke up a score,  
He talk'd about quarters but no quarters for I,  
So I put on my hat, and said Serjeant good bye,  
Sing tuddy heigh ho, &c.

Then early next morning to drill I was sent,  
And it was there by my soul I began to repent,  
There was marching and drilling. just as they pleas'd,  
There was right and left wheel, and then stand at ease  
Sing tuddy heigh ho, &c.

I have been in many battles, and have had good luck,  
Both at Vinegar.hill and Ballinaghmuck.  
Where the smoke was so thick, and the fire so hot,  
By my soul I dare not fire, least I should be shot.  
Sing tuddy heigh ho, &c.

It was nine years ago, thank heaven it's not ten,  
But now I m at home, sigging murphys again,  
Success to old reland, and God save the KING,  
When the wars are all over I ll turn soldier again.  
Sing tuddy heigh ho, &c.

