



A NEW SONG CALL'D
PADDY'S NOTHING
MORE

Last night while sitting on the deck
With my Colleen by the hand,
We thought I stray'd on Erin's Isle
My own dear native land,
Altho' I go on exile unto some fore-
ign shore,
My heart is still on Erin's Isle,
What Paddy can say more,

While Erin's sons and daughters
Stray to a foreign land
That is well known when mentioned,
Landlords must understand
Who would live and die a slave,
Upon his native shore,
Oh give freedom to poor Paddy,
And he'll ask for nothing more,

I thought when the great old Brian
Bore sb,
His vengeance he let fall,
On the Danes that came to crush
us,
In our old Tara hall,
He sprang like a lion on Ctene's
And set thousands in their gore,
Thro' if he had seen a leader
He'd ask for nothing more,

Why Erin's sons were always brutes
There is none can deny,
For in old Ireland's quarrels,
They have made her foes to fly,
For the faughabolas were always heard
To make the carnous roars,
Oh give them their sheilla,
And he'll ask for nothing more,

Thou art you well old Erin's Isle,
The fairest of the fair,
I shall ne'er forget the happy days
Of childhood I spent there,
Altho' my back is on the waves,
To some foreign distant shore,
May the heavens bless you y' true well
What Paddy can say more

