

PADDY IN NEW YORK

Performed by: John Joe English

Of an elderly man I'm going to tell you, late from Ireland sailed away,
He was not contented in where he lived, made up his mind to go away.
Early next morning the ship was sailing, Queenstown Harbour quay in Cork,
In eight days she was sailing over, until she landed in New York.

Up and down the street Pat wandered, at each big building cocked an eye,
And looking up at the big shop window, 'Public House' he chanced to spy.
'Begod!' says Pat, 'I'll have refreshments, before I travel any more,
Such as rum, champagne, or whiskey, I would have on Erin's shore.'

Into the bar room Paddy entered, called for the drink without delay,
Saying, 'Give us a glass of your Irish whiskey, four big coppers I will pay.'
The landlord smiled when he heard the reckoning, 'A different country you may see,
For the whiskey here it is more dearer, why don't you pay the rights to me?'

'Go long,' says Pat, 'You dirty rascal. Are you going to rob me far from home?
For I was robbed by an Irish landlord, that's the reason I did roam.'
Success attend all Irish people, many a country they have strayed,
But their courage is more dearer, when they're far across the sea.

The landlord jumped out over the counter, 'Pay me down that bill,' he said.
Paddy up with the big shillelagh, knocked him on the floor half dead.
Two of them they fell a-boxing, rows and ructions then came on,
And the news went out among the people: Yankee killed by an Irish man.

Fifty Yankees then came running, when they heard about the row,
All running to kill poor Irish Paddy, shouting out, 'Where is he now?'
Fifty Irishmen followed after, followed him without delay,
And each of them with a big shillelagh, made the Yankees run away.

Success attend all Irish people, many a country they have roamed,
But their courage is more dearer, when they're far away from home.