

Welcome Poor Paddy Home

I am a true born Irishman
I'll never deny what I am
I was born in sweet Tipperary town
threethousand miles away

Chorus:

Hurray me boys hurray,
no more do I wish for to roam.
For the sun it will shine in the harvest time
to welcome poor Paddy home

The girls they are gay and frisky,
they'd take you by the hand,
saying:"Jimmy mo chroi, will you come with me
to welcome poor Paddy home"

Chorus

In came the foreign nation
and scattered all over the land.
The horse, the cow, the goat, sheep and sow
Came into the stranger's hands.

Chorus

The Scotsman can boast of the thistle
and England can boast of the rose.
But Paddy can boast of the Emerald Isle
where the dear little shamrock grows.

Chorus

Traditional