

Paddy's green shamrock shore

Corney McDaid

From Derry quay we sailed away on the twenty-third of May
We were boarded by a pleasant crew going to for America
Fresh water then we did take on five thousand gallons or more
In case we'd run short going to New York far away from the shamrock
shore.

So fare thee well, sweet Liza dear and likewise unto Derry town
And twice farewell to my comrades boys who dwell on that sainted
ground
If fortune should me favour or I to have money in store
I'll go back and I'll wed the wee lassie I left on Paddy's green
shamrock shore.

We sailed three weeks we were all seasick not a man on board was free
We were all confined unto our bunks and no-one to pity poor me
No father kind nor mother dear to lift up my head when was sore
Which made me think more on the lassie I left on Paddy's green shamrock
shore.

So fare thee well, sweet Liza dear and likewise unto Derry town
And twice farewell to my comrades boys who dwell on that sainted
ground
If fortune should me favour or I to have money in store
I'll go back and I'll wed the wee lassie I left on Paddy's green
shamrock shore.

We landed safe on the other side in three and twenty days
We were taken as passengers by a man and led round in six different
ways
Together we drank a parting glass in case we'd never meet more
And we drank a health to old Ireland and Paddy's green shamrock shore.