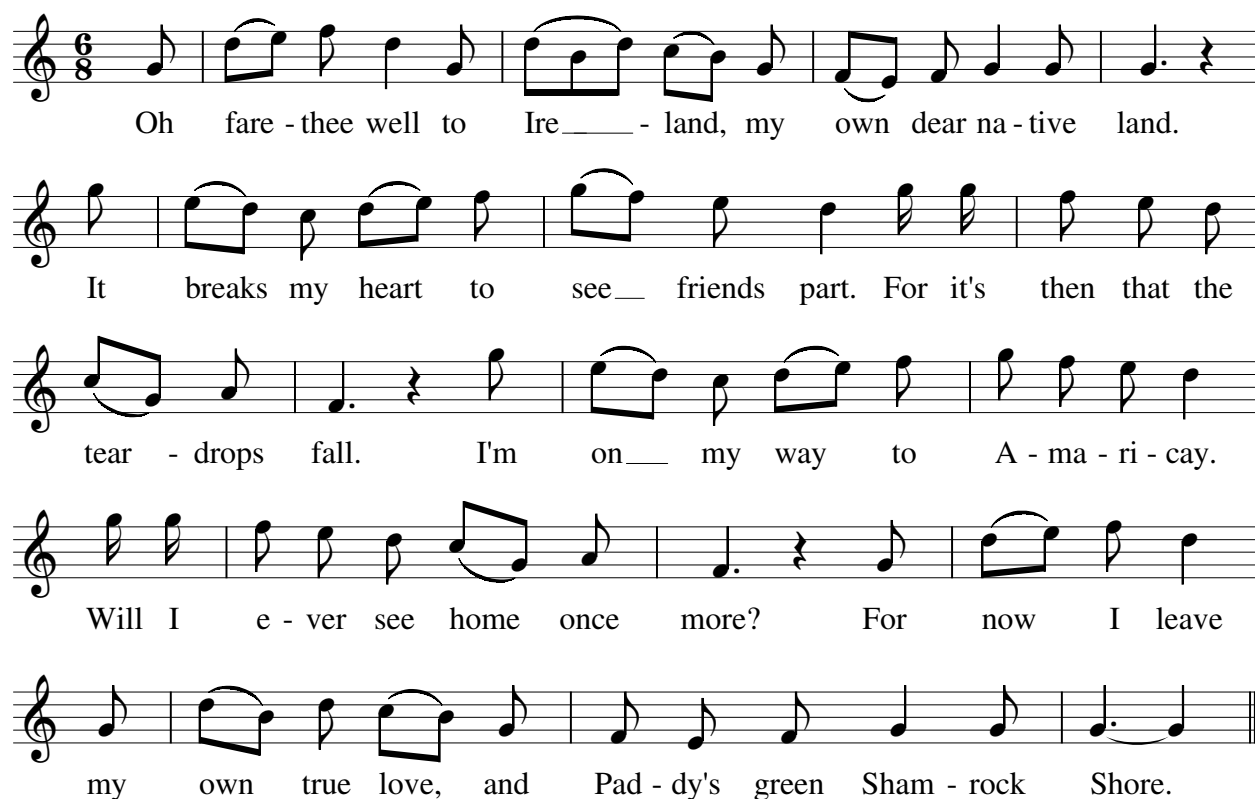


# Paddy's Green Shamrock Shore

Traditional, Irland/USA



Oh fare - thee well to Ire - land, my own dear na - tive land.  
It breaks my heart to see friends part. For it's then that the  
tear - drops fall. I'm on my way to A - ma - ri - cay.  
Will I e - ver see home once more? For now I leave  
my own true love, and Pad - dy's green Sham - rock Shore.

2. From Derry quay we sailed away on the 23rd of May.  
We were taken on board by a pleasant crew bound for Americay.  
Fresh water we did take on five thousand gallons more,  
in case we'd run short going for New York, far away from the Shamrock Shore.
3. We sailed three days and were all sea sick; not a man on the board was free.  
We were alle confined unto our bunks, and no one to pity for me.  
No father kind or mother dear to lift up my head, it was sore;  
which makes me think more on the lassy I left on Paddy's green Shamrock Shore.
4. So fare thee well sweet Liza dear, likewise unto Derry town,  
and twice farewell to my comrades brave who do well on that sainted ground.  
If fame and fortune shall favor me and I have money in store,  
I'll go back and I'll wed the wee lassy I left on Paddy's green Shamrock Shore.
5. We saftly reached the other side after fifteen and twenty days.  
We were taken as passengers by y man and led round in six different ways,  
so each of us drunk a parting glass, in case we'd never meet more,  
and we bad farewell to old Ireland and Paddy's green Shamrock Shore.
6. So fare thee well sweet Liza dear, likewise unto Derry town,  
and twice farewell to my comrades brave who do well on that sainted ground.  
If fame and fortune shall favor me and I have money in store,  
I'll go back and I'll wed the wee lassy I left on Paddy's green Shamrock Shore.