

# Paddy O'Neil



One mor-ning in May, as I tripped o'er the lea, Me heart be-ing light and me  
mind be-ing free; Me moth-er's for-ty-first cou-sin in Dub-lin did dwell, And to  
pay her a vis-it went Pad-dy O'-Neil.

A spalpeen I met as I went on my way.  
Says he, "Me fine fellow, we will take you to sea."  
He called for the press gang, they came without fail  
And they neck and heels tied me, poor Paddy O'Neil.

They took me along till we came to the shore.  
Such a monster afloat, I had ne'er seen before;  
The sticks through the ship, they grew wondrous high,  
And how large were the sheets that they hung out to dry!

For to go down below I expressed a great wish,  
Where they lived under water like so many fish;  
They put me to sup with the rest of the crew,  
When I called for banyandy, they give me burgoo .

For a bed I'd a sack hung as high as me chin.  
They called it a hammock and bade me jump in.  
I made a great leap, and my footin' being frail,  
It was slick over-canted was Paddy O'Neil.

There I lay, but for sleep I got divil a wink,  
And lower and lower my spirits did sink;  
"Up hammocks, down chests" then the bosun did bawl.  
"There's a Frenchman in sight!" and says I, "Is that all!"

I climbed to the deck with the rest of the crew.  
They then began telling us all what to do.  
Up the rigging they sent me for to reef a sail.  
Like a cat up a ladder, went Paddy O'Neil.

I let go with me hands and hung on by me toes,  
And how the thing happened, the Lord only knows;  
The ship gave a roll, I went splash like a whale,  
And pretty well-pickled was Paddy O'Neil.

They took out their fish-hooks and grappled me in  
To that huge wooden world of riot and sin;  
Some drank bladders of gin, others pitchers of ale  
And the rest sat and laughed at poor Paddy O'Neil.

Then they took me on deck, to a gun I was brought.  
They told me to shoot till the gun it got hot;  
And when I was stationed, they uncovered her tail  
And the leading strings gave to poor Paddy O'Neil.

The Captain cries, "England and Ireland, me boys"  
When he mentioned ould Ireland, me heart made a noise;  
I clapped fire on her back while I held to her tail,  
And the divil flew out and threw Paddy O'Neil.

So, we leathered away by me soul, hob or nob,  
Till the Frenchmen gave up what they thought a bad job;  
To tie him behind, a strong cord we did bring,  
And we led him along like a pig on a string.

The war being ended, and on dry land at last,  
All hazards and dangers I hope now are past;  
We were no longer needed, the ocean to sail,  
And discharged with the rest was poor Paddy O'Neil.