

# Welcome Poor Paddy Home

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

*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 chree, will you come with me?  
To welcome the stranger home

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

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