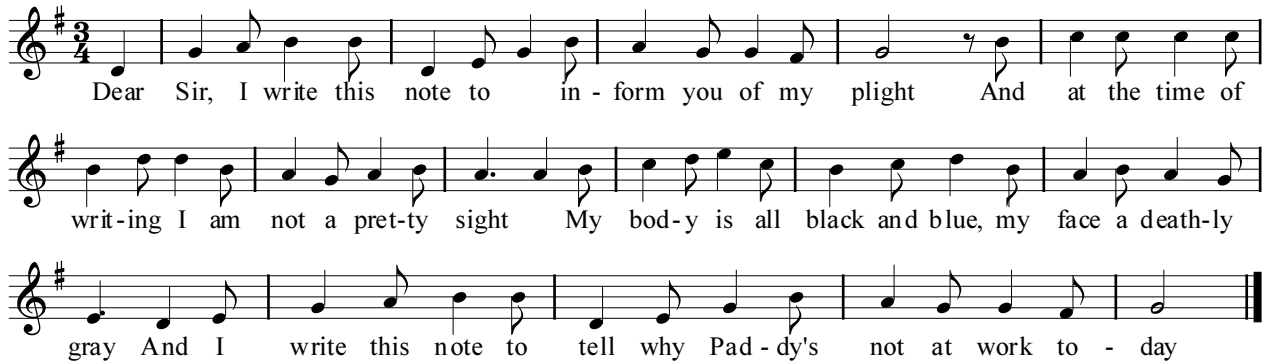


Why Paddy's Not at Work Today

Words: Pat Cooksey

Music: In the Garden Where the Praties Grow



The image shows three staves of musical notation in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. The melody is simple and folk-like. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Dear Sir, I write this note to in - form you of my plight And at the time of
writ - ing I am not a pret - ty sight My bod - y is all black and blue, my face a death - ly
gray And I write this note to tell why Pad - dy's not at work to - day

Dear Sir, I write this note to inform you of my plight
And at the time of writing I am not a pretty sight
My body is all black and blue, my face a deathly gray
And I write this note to tell why Paddy's not at work today

While working on the fourteenth floor, some bricks I had to clear
And to throw them down from off the top seemed quite a good idea
But the gaffer wasn't very pleased, he was an awful sod
He said I had to cart them down the ladder in me hod.

Well clearing all those bricks by hand, it seemed so very slow
So I hoisted up a barrel and secured the rope below
But in my haste to do the job, I was too blind to see
That a barrel full of building bricks is heavier than me.

So when I had untied the rope, the barrel fell like lead
And clinging tightly to the rope I started up instead
I took off like a rocket and to my dismay I found
That half way up I met the bloody barrel coming down.

Well the barrel broke my shoulder as on to the ground it sped
And when I reached the top I banged the pulley with me head
I held on tight, though numb with shock from this almighty blow
And the barrel spilled out half its load fourteen floors below

Now when those building bricks fell from the barrel to the floor
I then outweighed the barrel so I started down once more
I held on tightly to the rope as I flew to the ground
And I landed on those building bricks that were scattered all around.

Now as I lay there on the deck I thought I'd passed the worst
But when the barrel reached the top, that's when the bottom burst
A shower of bricks came down on me, I knew I had no hope
In all of this confusion, I let go the bloody rope.

The barrel being heavier, it started down once more
And landed right on top of me as I lay on the floor
It broke three ribs and my left arm, and I can only say
That I hope you'll understand why Paddy's not at work today.