

Paddy's Revenge

Words: Andrixos Seljukroctonis

Music: In the Garden Where the Praties Grow

I beg of you, my au-di-ence, pray lis-ten to my song. The tune may seem fa - mi-liar but the words are ver-y wrong. But when I've fi-nished sing-ing it you'll know just why I say, "I'm sick and tired of sing - ing 'Pad - dy's Not at Work To - day'"

I beg of you, my audience, pray listen to my song.
The tune may seem familiar but the words are very wrong.
But when I've finished singing it you'll know just why I say,
"I'm sick and tired of singing 'Paddy's Not at Work Today'"

I've written many different songs, of which I'm justly proud,
Of battle, love and honor that I'll sing for any crowd,
In revel gay or campfire light, or in the King's Great Hall.
But all they want to hear about is Paddy's clumsy fall.

The first time that I sang it was up north in Couer d'Ennui
The gentle folk all loved the song and laughed aloud with glee.
But you can guess the shock I got at what did happen then,
For half an hour later they begged hear that song again.

The next time that I sang it was out at the Pennsic War.
Before I'd finished my next beer, they called for it once more.
And with the armies all arrayed, before they'd call "Lay on!"
The kings demanded then and there to hear that bloody song.

I was reveling by campfire on a warm and starry night.
And courting there a lady fair by fires dancing light.
But when she asked me to her tent to take her evening's sleep,
She asked me to sing "Paddy" in my tones so rich and deep.

The Revel done I headed home and Monday went to work.
The Boss, they said, had summoned me. I sat up with a jerk.
And when he asked for "Paddy", I just had to make it plain,
I'd rather do what Paddy did, than sing that song again.

Rule Number One:

As the author of this work does not wish this piece sung from a lyrics-sheet, please do not print it in a font larger than 10 point. Please ensure that this statement accompanies all copies of these lyrics that you make.