Paddy Backwards

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One morning, one morning, one morning in May
I saddled my horse for to ride all the way
The horse he stood still, threw me off in the dirt
He dabbed all my body and bruised all my shirt.

cho: Singing fall diddle diddle I dey,
Singing fall diddle diddle I dey.

I had been a firm fellow I mounted again,
On all my tip-toes for to ride on the plain,
My horse he got lazy, he would not go down
For to ride on again to far London town.

Three years I was riding to far London town,
But when I got there not a soul could I see,
(But when I got there not a soul could I see),
For all the old women were gazing at me.

But when I got there not a soul could I see,
For all the old women were gazing at me,
Such darnation gazing I ne'er saw before,
My shoes were all bruised and my heels were all tore.

I sat myself down on a hot frozen stone,
Ten thousand around me but me all alone,
I called for a glass to drive madness away
To banish the dust that had rained all the day.

As I was a-walking through St. James Park
A moon had shone down although it was dark,
I saw two pretty fair maids all raking in hay
In the middle of winter one fine summer day.

I stepped up to court one of them that was there,
She was dark and no lass, I vow and declare,
She was the prettiest creature that ever I seen,
Her age it was red and her hair was nineteen.

It is home to old England I'll carry my bride,
My ship will sail over dry land and fair tide,
And won't my old mother laugh and stare

To see a coach and six horses pulled by the grey mare.

FromSongs and Ballads from Nova Scotia, Creighton

This merry story is an early form of a theme which became very popular with the minstrels. The best example is Oh, Susunna. HC

Or Nottamun Town. RG
apr97

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