

# Patrick Sheehan

DAD

D A D

My name is Pat - rick Shee - han and my years are for - ty four. Tip-pe -

	0	0	0	0	1	1	0
	0	5	5	5	0	0	2
0	2	3	4	4	7	5	4

A E A

ra - ry is my na - tiveplace, not far from Gal - ti - more I

	0	0	0	4	5	4	
	5	7	5	4	4	6+	4
7	8	9	8	7	7	6+	7

D G A

come of ho - nest par - ents, but now they're ly - ing low And

	0	0	0	0	0	4	
	5	7	5	5	6	6	6+
7	8	9	8	7	6+	7	6+

D A D

Ma-ny's the hap - py hour I spent in the Glen of A - her - low.

	0	2	0	0	1	1	2
	0	3	5	5	0	0	2
2	2	3	4	4	7	5	4

My father died, I closed his eyes, outside the cabin door  
The landlord and the sheriff too, were there the day before  
And then my poor old mother, and my sisters three, also  
Were forced to go with broken hearts, from the Glen of Aherlow

For six long weeks, in search of work, I wandered far and near;  
I then went to the poor house to see my mother dear;  
The news I heard near broke my heart, but still in all my woe  
I blesses the friends who dug her grave in the Glen of Aherlow

Bereft of friends, of kith and kin, and plenty all around  
I slept outside that cabin, and I slept upon the ground  
But cruel as my lot it was, I ne'er did hardship know  
Till I joined the English army, far away from Aherlow

"Wake up there" says the corporal, "you lazy Irish hound!  
Why don't you hear, you sleepy dog, the call to alarum's sound?"  
Alas, I had been dreaming of days long, long ago,  
I woke before Sebastopol, and not in Aherlow.

I groped to find my musket, oh how dark I thought the night!  
O blessed God? It was not dark, but in the broad daylight!  
And when I foud that I was blind, oh, my tears began to flow,  
And I longed for even a pauper's grave in the Glen of Aherlow.

Now Irish boys, dear countrymen, take heed to what I say;  
If you ever join the English ranks, you will surely rue the day  
And if ever you are tempted, a slodiering to go,  
Remember Patrick Sheehan from the Glen of Aherlow