

# Paddy Malone

Text from AB Paterson's 'Old Bush Songs' (1905) and set to the old Irish tune 'The Stone Outside Dan Murphy's Door'.  
The term 'Ohone' is Gaelic for 'alas'. It is sometimes spelt 'Ochone' which closer approximates the pronunciation.

Och my name's Pat Ma - lone. and I'm from Tip - per - ar - y.  
Sure I don't know it now. I'm so both - ered. O - - hone!  
And the gals that I danced with, light - heart - ed and air - y,  
It's \_\_\_ scarce - ly they'd no - tice poor Pad - dy Ma - lone.  
Tis twelve months or more since our ship she cast an - chor  
In hap - py Aus - tra - lia, the Em - i - grant's home.  
And from that day to this there's been noth - ing but cank - er,  
And grate and vex - - a - tion for Pad - dy Ma - - lone.  
Oh Pad - dy Ma - - lone! Oh Pad - dy O - - hone.  
Bad luck to the a - gent that coaxed ye to roam.

Wid a man called a squatter I soon got a place, sure.  
He'd a beard like a goat, and such whiskers. Ohone!  
And he said – as he peeped through the hair on his faitures  
That he liked the appearance of Paddy Malone.  
Wid him I agreed to go up to his station.  
Saying abroad in the bush youll find yourself at home.  
I liked his proposal, and without hesitation  
Signed my name wid a X that spelt Paddy Malone.  
Oh, Paddy Malone, you're no scholar. Ohone!  
Sure. I made a cris-crass that spelt Paddy Malone.

A-herding my sheep in the bush, as they call it –  
It was no bush at all, but a mighty great wood,  
Wid all the big trees that were small bushes one time,  
Along time ago, faith! I spose 'fore the flood.  
To find out this big bush one day I went further,  
The trees grew so thick that I couldn't, Ohone!  
I tried to go back then, but that I found harder,  
And bothered and lost was poor Paddy Malone.  
Oh, Paddy Malone, through the bush he did roam  
What a Babe in the Wood was poor Paddy Malone.

I was soon o'ercome, sure, wid grafe and vexation,  
And camped, you must know, by the side of a log;  
I was found the next day by a man from the station,  
For I coo-ey'd and roared like a bull in a bog.  
The man said to me, 'Arrah. Pat! where's the sheep now?"  
Says I, "I dunno, barring one here at home,"  
And the master began and kicked up a big row too,  
And swore he'd stop the wages of Paddy Malone.  
Arrah! Paddy Malone, you're no shepherd. Ohone!  
We'll try you with bullocks now, Paddy Malone.

To see me dressed out with my team and my dray too,  
Wid a whip like a flail and such gaiters, Ohone!  
But the bullocks, as they eyed me, they seemed for to say too,  
"You may do your best, Paddy, we're blest If we go."  
"Gee whoa! Redman! come hither, Damper!  
Hoot, Magpie! Gee, Blackbird! Come hither, Whalebone!"  
But the brutes turned round sharp, and away they did scamper.  
And heels over head turned poor Paddy Malone.  
Oh, Paddy Malone! you've seen some bulls at home,  
But the bulls of Australia cows Paddy Malone.

I was found the next day where the brutes they did throw me  
By a man passing by, upon hearing me groan,  
And wiping the mud from my face said he knew me,  
Says he, "Your name's Paddy?" "Yes! Paddy Malone."  
I then says to him, "You're an angel sent down, sure!"  
"No, faith, but I'm not; but a friend of your own!"  
And by his persuasion, for home then I started.  
And you now see before you poor Paddy Malone.  
Paddy Malone! You are now safe at home.  
Bad luck to the agent that coaxed ye to roam!