

By The Hush

Andy M. Stewart

By the Hush
It's by the hush, me boys
I'm sure that's to hold your noise,
And listen to poor Paddy's narration.
For I was by hunger pressed,
And in poverty distressed,
And I took a thought I'd leave the Irish nation.

So, here's you boys,
Do take my advice;
To Americay I'd have youse not be farin'
For there's nothing here but war,
Where the murdering cannons roar,
And I wish I was at home in dear old Erin.

I sold me horse and plough,
Me little pigs and cow,
And me little farm of land and I parted.
And me sweetheart, Biddy McGhee,
I'm sure I'll never see,
For I left her there that morning, broken hearted.

Meself, and a hundred more,
To America sailed o'er,
Our fortune to be making, we was thinking;
But when we landed in Yankee land,
They shoved a gun into our hand,
Saying, " Paddy, you must go and fight for Lincoln. "

General Mahar (Meagher) to us said,
"If you get shot or lose your head,
Every murdered soul of you will get a pension."
Well, in the war I lost me leg
All I've now is a wooden peg;
I tell you, 'tis the truth to you I'll mention.

Now I think meself in luck
To be fed upon Indian buck
In old Ireland, the country I delight in;
And with the devil I do say,
"Curse Americay, "
For I'm sure I've had enough on their hard fighting