Mush Mush
Oh, 'twas there I learned readin' and writin',
At Bill Brackett's where I went to school,
And 'twas there I learned howlin' and fightin'
With me schoolmaster, Mister O'Toole.
Him and me we had many a scrimmage,

An' divil a copy I wrote; There was ne'er a gossoon in the village Dared tread on the tail o' me...

Mush, mush, mush toor-i-li-ady
Mush, mush, mush toor-i-li-ay
There was ne'er a gossoon in the village
Dared tread on the tail o' me coat.
Oh, 'twas there that I learned all me courtin'
O the lessons I took in the art!
Till Cupid, the blackguard, while sportin'
An arrow drove straight through my heart.
Miss Judy, she lived just forinst me,
And tender lines to her I wrote,
If ye dare say one hard word agin her

But a blackguard called Mickey Maloney, Came an' stole her affections away
For he'd money and I hadn't any,
So I sent him a challenge next day.
In the evenin' we met at the Woodbine
The Shannon we crossed in a boat,
An' I lathered him with me shillelagh
For he trod on the tail o' me...

I'll tread on the tail o' yer...

Oh, me fame went abroad through the nation, An' folks came a-flockin' to see An' they cried out, without hesitation "You're a fightin' man, Billy McGhee!" Oh, I've cleaned out the Finnegan faction An' I've licked all the Murphys afloat, If you're in for a row or a ruction, Just tread on the tail o' me...