

## 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