

Pa'

Mushadorrinanon

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Nine years ago, I was digging in the land, two boges on me feet and a
 spade in me hand. Says I to meself, "Such a pity for to see, A genius like
 I digging turf fondily. Mushadorrin a non, dor rina naddy, musha
 dor rina non. To me right hand a naddy, Musha dor rin anon!"

2) I took off me brogues, shook hands with me spade,
 And away to the fair like a dashing young blade.
 I met there the sergeant; he asked me to 'list.
 Oh, me great-grandma McFee, give me ahold of your fist,
 Chorus: Mushadorrinanon! etc.

3) He gave me half a guinea, and he said he had no more.
 If I'd go to headquarters, he'd give me half a score.
 Headquarters, headquarters, headquarters, said I.
 No, no headquarters, no, not for I.
 Chorus:

4) The first thing they gave me, it was a redcoat,
 Three straps of leather. all of the same sort,
 A sword by my side and a dagger so sliak,
 To fight in the army, indeed I was fixed.
 Chorus:

5) The next thing they gave me, it was an old gun,
 Under the trigger, a place for me thumb.
 The gun being rusty, went off with a shot,
 And gave my poor soul a damn double knock,
 Chorus:

6) The last thing they gave me, it was an old horse,
 All saddled and bridled, my two legs across.
 He kicked up his heels as I gave him the steel,
 And away to the war like a bow-handled wheel.
 Chorus:

7) Oh, we fought in many a battle, thank God we had luck!
 We fought at Nigger Hill and the Battle of the Muck,
 Where the smoke was so blue and the bullets flew so hot,
 I put my hands to me eyes, for fear of being shot.
 Chorus:

C.W.

8) It was nine years ago, thank God it isn't ten!
I'm back in old Ireland digging praties again.
Long life to the King, and success to the Queen!
And when the war is over, I'll list again.
Chorus: