

An Irishmans Letter - song lyrics

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AN IRISHMANS LETTER

New York, July the one, 1881.

My dear Mary, the darlint of my heart and sowl, I am well,
but had the favor and ague; and I hope you are in the same
condition, thanks be to God. I wish you Many happy New
Years, and the childer, and hope you will have threescore and
ten of them. We had a Christmas here. But the Haythens don't
keep it like we used at home. Divil resave the one ivir said to
me Many happy Christmas, or Bad luck to you, or any other
Politeness. I did not get a Christmas box until i was going
home that night, and a ni^ht-walking Blackguard gave me one
on the eye, and axed me for my money. I gave him all i could,
about a score of pounds, which knocked the sinse out of him.
Dear Mary, They tell me that the Nagur is going to be the
White Man in future; and the White Nagurs in Congress, a
public house in Washington, are going to try the President for
being a white man. If they find him guilty, and there is no
doubt of It, for they arc accusers, witnesses, lawyers and judges
all in one, they are going to execute him, make a fellow called
Jimmy Blain President, and remove the state of Government to
a place called Boshton, celebrated for its republicans and sinners.
Thim is the same as the Rediculous fellows they call Ridicules,
or Radicals, saving your Prisence. They want to continue
their own Power, God Betune us and all harm. They say the
Southerners must go down on their knees to them. They for-
get that the poor divils are flat on their backs already; and they
are a mane set to kick a man whin he's down. Be jabers it
makes my Blood bile to think of it. One war is no sooner inded
then they Commence the beginning of another in Washington;
an' God knows whin it may incL I lost one fine leg in tbe last,
But i have another left for a good cause, and I'll fight for Conk-
ling, for i hear his Great Grandmother, by his forefather's side,
was an Irishman. We have snow and frost here, and is likely
to have more weather. The temperance men, God 6ave the
mark, in a place called Albany, where the people sind ripresen-
tatives to chate thim, have stopt our grog, only By Daylight.
Divil a much matter anyways, for they don t kape a dacint (Trap
of drink in the country; no raal ould Irish Poteen; nothing but
stuff that would kill a pig, if he had to live on it, much less a
Christian Baste. Remember me to Darby. Tell him he's well,
and ax him how I am. I am sorry to hear of the death of the
Bull, and hope you are likewise; her milk is a loss. Tell Teddy
McFinn if he comes out here he will see more of America in one
day than if he staid home all his life. I am glad his wife got
over the twins, and hope she'll do better the next time, there is
room for improvement. I like this country; but there is no
place like ould Ireland, where you'd get as much whiskey for a
shilling as would make tay for six people. If you get this,
write soon; if you don't, write and let me know. I may be
dead, for life is uncertain under the Radicals. But dead or
alive I'll answer your letter. Address your dear Brother
Jimmy, New York, America.
Jimmy McBride.