



PAT MAGUIRE.

YOU Muses nine with me combine, assist me with
your skill,
Assist my wearied notion to every line I fill.
My name is Pat Maguire, and how can I console,
For the cruelty of Mary Keyes, I lay in Lifford gaol.

When I came from college, my parents for to see,
She done her best endeavours, to prove my destiny,
She says young Pat Maguire, come join in wedlock's
bands,
Agree with me and marry, or leave your native land.

The answer that I made to her, my parents would me
blame,
Besides 'twould be a great disgrace not to be ordain'd,
For it's in the holy orders, I mean to lead my life,
So Mary, dear, don't persevere, I would never wed a
wife,

It was early next morning, before the sun did rise,
The cavalry did me surround, unto my great surprise,
They said, Maguire, come rise, and do not fail,
For I am on my duty—you are bound for Lifar Goal.

When I read my committal, an answer I did send
Down to Captain Hamilton, I knew he would stand my
friend,
When he received the letter, an answer he sent down,
He says, I will bail Maguire, should it cost ten thousand
pounds.

When my aged father the letter he did receive,
He says, my child, and only son, be not the least
dismayed,
For I have money plenty, and God will be your friend,
And Sheales that noble counsellor, on him you may
depend.

Now for to finish, and let the world see,
In spite of all their interest, the jury set me free;
They sent me out of Lifar Goal, with honour I got
home,
Still I hope to be a member of the Holy Church of
Rome.



A Bachelor's WANTS:

COME all you women, if you wish to change your life,
I long for to be married, and I want to get a wife,
She must be very handsome, not short but rather tall,
I want a wife with money too, for I have none at all.

When I have got a wife my friend, as soon as we are wed,
Then I shall want a bedstead, a bolster and a bed,
And I shall want some blankets, some pillows, quilt and
sheets,
And I shall want a table, some chairs and stools for seats.

And when that I am married I shall want to take a room
And I shall want a dust pan, a shovel, and a broom,
And I shall want a kettle, a saucepan and a pot,
And a thing that's got a handle called a chamber you
know what,

Now I shall want a poker, I shall want a pair of tongs,
And I shall want a toasting fork, the handle must be long,
And I shall want a fender, and I shall want a clock,
And I shall want a cradle, the little one to rock.

I shall want some cups and saucers, some dishes and
some plates,
I shall want some wood and coal for fire in the grate,
When I am in a hurry, and the fire is getting rather low,
I shall want a pair of bellows, the fire for to blow.

And I shall want some knives and forks, some basins
and some spoons,
And I shall want a fiddle, to play some merry tunes,
And I shall want a candlestick, coffee pot and frying pan,
And I shall want a bottle too, and I shall want a can.

I shall want a lock and key, and cupboard for the grub,
And I shall want a water butt, a pail and washing tub,
And I shall want a scrubbing brush, and I shall want a
mat,
And I shall want a bit of this, and a little bit of that.

And I shall want a pegging awl, some bristles and tacks,
And I shall want a stirrup, and a ball of wax,
And I shall want a lapstone, then I shall want a job,
And I shall want some leather, for I'm by trade a snob.