

# WHEN I HEARD HE WAS MARRIED. PADDY WILL YOU NOW.



WHEN I heard he was married, I stood not alone,  
The eyes of all around me were fixed on my own,  
I knew that they watched me my grief to deride,  
And the smile on my cheek was an effort of pride:  
That night at the banquet, few lingered so long,  
Few seemed so entranced by the dance and the song;  
I dreaded to go to the home where I dwelt,  
All thought me unfeeling, none knew what I felt,  
When I heard he was married,  
When I heard he was married.

Oh! I knew he was married my last hope was gone,  
I rushed to my chamber deserted alone,  
I tore the bright circle of gems from my hair;  
I wept not, I sank down in tearless despair.  
For the ball and the banquet again I have sought  
I have tried to escape from the anguish of thought,  
None knew for his welfare in prayer I had knelt,  
All thought me unfeeling none knew what I felt,  
When I heard he was married,  
When I heard he was married.

## Paddy will you now.

COME list to me both young and old  
While I tell you of a jolly spree,  
Concerning of one Judy Cann,  
Who lives in St. Giles Rookery.  
She bawled aloud in accents strong,  
I have too long single tarried I vow,  
My age last Sunday was twenty one,  
And I am determined for to have it now.

### CHORUS.

Tow, Row, Row, Paddy will you now  
Take me now I am in the humor

She declared a husband she would have,  
Matrimonial pleasures she would feel,  
To Denny Connor she went straightway,  
Her mind to him she did then reveal.  
Arrah Paddy Honey she then did say,  
I dearly love you that you know,  
When Paddy bawled arrah Judy dear,  
Don't I love your—

Tow, Row, Row.



Then Paddy jump'd about for joy,  
And with Judy they went hand in hand,  
Invited all the Irish boys,  
To come to their wedding so grand,  
There was Paddy Flyn and Patrick Gya,  
Mister Donovan and his brotner Joe,  
All swore they'd go with Mister Donough,  
To the wedding of Paddy tow, row, row  
Tow, row, &c

The day arrived they were all alive,  
When they all flew like bogtrotters wild  
With Denny Connor one after the othea,  
To the church of famed St. Giles's.  
The clergyman soon joined their hands,  
When to their homes they then did go,  
Paddy swore he would enjoy that night,  
Judy and her—

Tow, row, &c.

To dinner then they all sit down,  
And swore that nothing should them balk,  
There was poraties cabbage and pigsheads,  
With nineteen gallons of butter-milk.  
Dinner being done the lush began,  
When the fidler began to scratch his brow,  
And Judy so drunk fell over a trunk,  
And nearly showed her—  
Tow, row, &c.

The lush went round they swigh'd it down,  
And Donough tumbled over the cat,  
And Bidy Flin's little spalpeen,  
Dirted in Denny Connor's hat.  
The fidler began to scrape away,  
While some to the back yard did go,  
Snoring on the floor some then did lay,  
While Judy bawl'd out,  
Tow, row, &c.

The morning after caused much laughter  
To see poor Connor sprawling on the floor,  
But where Judy laid, she with her hand,  
Split open the cupboard door.  
But in less then nine months time,  
Her belly it began to grow,  
And Connor had to crown his joys,  
With two little darlings.  
Tow, row, &c.