

WIDOW MACHREE.

Widow Machree, it's no wonder you frown,
Och hone, Widow Machree.
Faith, it ruins your looks that same dirty black gown,
Och hone, Widow Machree,
How altered your air,
With that close cap you wear—
It's destroying your hair,
Which should be flowing free;
Be no longer a churl,
Of its black silken curl,
Och hone, Widow Machree.

Widow, &c.

Widow Machree, the summer is come,
Och hone, Widow Machree,
When every thing smiles, should a beauty look glum,
Och hone, Widow Machree,
See the birds go in pairs,
And the rabbits and hares—
Why even the bears,
Now in couples agree,
And the mute little fish,
Though they can't speak, they wish,
Och hone, Widow Machree!

Widow, &c.

Widow Machree, and when winter comes in
Och hone, widow Machree,
To be poking the fire all alone is a sin,
Och hone, Widow Machree,
Why the shovel and tongs,
To each other belongs,
And the kittle sings songs,
Full of family glee,
While alone with your cup,
Like a hermit you sup,
Och hone! Widow Machree.

Widow, &c.

And how do you know with the comforts I've told?
Och hone, Widow Machree,
But your'e keeping some poor devil out in the cold?
Och hone, Widow Machree,
With such sins on your head,
Sure your peace will be fled,
Could you sleep in your bed,
Without thinking to see,
Some Ghost or sprite,
That would wake you each night,
Crying, och hone, Widow Machree.

Widow, &c.

Then take my advice, darling Widow Machree,
Och hone, Widow Machree,
And with my advice, faith I wish you'd take me,
Och hone, Widow Machree
You'd have me to desire,
Then stir up the fire,
And sure hope is no liar,
In whispering to me,
That the ghosts would depart,
When you'd me near your heart,
Och hone, Widow Machree!

Widow Machree, it's no wonder you frown,
Och hone, Widow Machree,
Faith it ruins your looks, that same dirty black gown.
Och hone, Widow Machree.

2005 March 21 AMT1