

FRED COYNE'S CONTRARY MARY.

MOST girls, when asked to get married, say
yes,
But the one we'll mention has often confess'd,
She never would marry, so I was afraid.
This girl would live and die an old maid.
I would give anything to make that girl my wife,
Half of my fortune and part of my life,
But each time I ask her she always say nay—
And these are the words I continue to say—

Chorus,

Mary, Mary, don't be contrary,
Say you will marry your own darling,
But Mary, Mary, she was contrary,
The answer she gave me was "No No No."

Her father and mother were both on my aide,
And anxious for me to make Mary's bride;
For I was the owner of four hundreds,
And a young man so wealthy was hard to be found.

Her Mother said, Mary, don't loss such a chance:

When up to her parents she quick did advance,
Saying, "Rather than marry him I'll run away,"
I fell on my knees and continued to say.

I soon found out another young man,
Had stolen the heart of my Mary Ann;
He used to sell muffins and crumpets for tea,
I vowed when I met him what a row there should be.

I went and met him one foggy night,
Threw down my glove and challenged him to fight,

He threw his muffins in my face while the girl
punched my head,
As I lay on the ground these words I said.

Now I have throughly made up my mind,
I never will marry unless I can find,
A lady that squints, with a cast in each eye,
So those those that are handsome need not apply
For I have been told beauty's only skin deep,
Therefore after beauty I never will seek,
I'll get married at once without further delay.
And then I shall never have cause to say.

THE WEDDING OF LARRY MAGEE.

—O—X—O—

IN the county of Wicklow, lived Larry Magee
The Devil's own boy, for devartion was he;
He had a Donkey and pig, but he had not a wife
His cabin was lonely, but rich was his life,
He thought of Miss Brady, who'd been reared a lady,

Says he, by St. Patrick, she's the girl to suit me,
He blarney'd, he hoaxed her, *bedad* he soon
coaxed her,

To change her name from Brady to Mrs. Magee
Chorus:

Then at Wicklow, *bedad*, what a wedding we had
Such eating and drinking, a *Cushla-machree*;
The neighbours came flocking, to throw up the
stocking,
And dance at the wedding of Larry Magee.

Now, to keep up the wedding, the whiskey went
In hot steaming punch, you might have got
drowned, [round,
Red herrings were roasted, and praties were
And all in their jackets, for fear they'd get
spoiled; [boiled,
The neighbours all frisky, smoked and drank
whiskey,
And hung round in couples, like grapes on a tree
The married and single, together did mingle,
To dance at the wedding of Larry Magee.

Now, the piper was hired, he was ould Murphy
Swipes,

He blew out his bags, and tuned up his pipes,
And all went off well, till Pat Shandy, you-see,
He trod on the toe nail of Mrs. Magee,
Magee began snarling, in defence of his darling,
His Shillelagh in hand, less welcome than free,
Till Patrick O'Shandy, with the bed-post so
With a clout, knocked the wind out of Larry
Magee. [handy,

At the back of the house stood the stable, you
see,

And there in the dark, they laid Larry Magee,
But he was not alone, for his Donkey was there,
That Mac used to ride on, to Donnybrook Fair,
Larry dreamt of no tricking, the beast began
The neighbours they laughed, as they watched
all the spree; [kicking,

Arrah! be aisy, said Larry, arrah, why did
I marry?

Sure he fancied the Donkey, was Mrs. Magee.

Larry's wife never knew where her husband had
She drank whiskey for spite, 'cause he left her
alone, [gone,

She got awfully drunk, and fell down in a *jig*,
So the neighbours laid her in the straw, with the
pig,

But as soon as the morning, gave tokens of
dawning.

She woke and looked round, there, the grunter
saw she,

The sight was a corker, she was cuddling the
porker,

Never dreaming but what it was Mister Magee.

