



Paddy M'Gee's Home moon.

My boys this night you've heard from me,
How I got married to Biddy M'Gee—
Now only list an' I'll tell ye,
How I was jilted by Biddy M'Gee.

We hadn't been married a month, 'tis true,
Whin she brought me twins—oh two,
Sis I, my dear, this won't agree,
Jist like their dad, sis Biddy M'Gee.

Faith, sis I, its very soon,
To bring your work from the loom,
You took a lesson from the bee,
I don't like to be idle, sis Biddy M'Gee.

Sis I, my dear, they're not like me,
Indeed they are, in troth, sis she,
Irish manufacture, true sis she,
An you the pattern, sis Biddy M'Gee.

At the childer I did look, good lack,
Like a nigger, they were all so black,
By the powers, sis I, this is a spree,
Indeed it is, sis Biddy M'Gee.

Donald M'Cree.

Long have I sighed for thee, Donald M'Cree—
Oh, I would have died for thee, Donald M'Cree
But broken-hearted you left me to pine,
When every throb of my heart was thine.
So cling to my rival false Donald M'Cree,
And come no more a roving deceiver to me.

Prove to her constant tho' faithless to me,
Oh, be her safe harbour in life's troubled sea,
Guard her from danger—defend her from wrong
Trusting and trusted in peace glide along.

