

SONG,

FOR THE MILLIONS.

OCHONE PADDY M'KEW.

AIR—"Widow Machree."

Paddy M'Kew, you look sad and cast down,
Ochone, Paddy M'Kew.
 Your trade was so bad both in country and town,
Ochone, Paddy M'Kew.
 There's the grass in our gaols,
 That were cramm'd by your tales,
 Whilst the convict-ship sails
 Bore your cargoes from view;
 O those were the times,
 When you manag'd the crimes!
Ochone, Paddy M'Kew.

Paddy M'Kew, get your handcuffs and chains,
Ochone, Paddy M'Kew.
 You've got a good friend in the Lord St. Germain's,
Ochone, Paddy M'Kew.
 Through thin and through thick,
 Clanricarde's a brick,
 And *ould Broom* is a Sikh
 That will stick to you true;
 Then don't be afraid
 Of *Stag*-nation in trade,
Ochone, Paddy M'Kew.

Paddy M'Kew, spread your passwords with care,
Ochone, Paddy M'Kew.
 And drop the black list, like your list of Adare, (1)
Ochone, Paddy M'Kew,
 And—cat after kind—
 Some *Detective* will find,
 What you thus leave behind,
 And your victims pursue;
 'Till by you and Germain's
 They are loaded with chains!
Ochone, Paddy M'Kew.

Faith, Paddy M'Kew, 'twould be capital fun,
Ochone, Paddy M'Kew,
 To catch a poor peasant asleep in the sun,
Ochone, Paddy M'Kew;
 And to creep on his rest,
 And slip into his breast—(2)
 Just before his arrest—
 A nice billet or two,
 That would widow his wife,
 Or transport him for life,
Ochone, Paddy M'Kew.

Paddy, my boy, when the curfew law comes,
Ochone, Paddy M'Kew,
 You can shut up the Celts in their comfortless homes,
Ochone, Paddy M'Kew.
 One lucifer match,
 You could stick in the thatch,
 Though *Detectives* might watch—
 Aye—and wink at you, too—
 Would raise such a flame, (3)
 And a county proclaim—
Ochone, Paddy M'Kew.

Arrah Paddy, *agra*, there was news from the east,
Ochone, Paddy M'Kew,
 And that spot, far away, where the sun goes to rest,
Ochone, Paddy M'Kew;
 Troth, some were afraid,
 'Twould put damp on your trade,
 The same talk that was made
 Of affairs—rather blue;
 And that tyrants (4) and spies,
 Might be caught by surprise—
Ochone, Paddy M'Kew.

SHEMUS OF ULLINA.

For references 1, 2, 3, see Mr. Ray's most valuable Report; section, *Spy-system*.

- (4) "The oppressive, sturdy, man-destroying villains,
 Who, in a cruel wantonness of power,
 Thinn'd plains of half their people, and gave up
 To want the rest."

