

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.



THE PRETTY PLOUGH BOY.

J, Harkness, Printer, 121, & 122, Church Street,
Office, North Road, Preston.

It's of a pretty plough boy was gazing o'er his plough,
His horses stood resting underneath the shade,
'Twas down in yonder grove he went whistling to his
And he chanced there to meet a pretty maid, [plough,
And this was the song as he walked along,
Pretty maid you are of high degree,
If I should fall in love and your parents should know,
The next thing they will send me to sea.

So when her aged parents came for to know,
The plough boy was ploughing on the plain,
A press gang they sent and press'd him away,
And sent him in the wars to be slain,
then she dress'd herself all in her best,
And her pockets wers well lined with gold,
And she trudged the streets with tears in her eyes,
In search of her jolly sailor bold.

the first that she met was a jolly sailor lad,
Have you seen my pretty plough boy, she cried,
He's just cross'd the deep and sailing for the fleet,
then he said pretty maid, will you ride,
She rode till she came to the ship her love was in,
then unto the captain did complain,
Said she I'm come to seek for my pretty plough boy,
that is sent to the wars to be slain.

A hundred bright guineas she freely pull'd out,
And gently she told them all o'er,
And when she got her pretty plough boy in her arms,
She hugg'd him till she got him safe on shore.
And when she got her pretty plough boy in her arms,
Where oftentimes he had been before,
She set the bells to ring, and sweetly she did sing,
Because she meet with the lad she did adore.