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London, UK: Duff & Hodgson, 65 Oxford St., 1841

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WIDOW MACHREE.

SUNG BY

THE AUTHOR

IN HIS

Irish Evenings:

ALSO BY

Mr. H. PHILLIPS, Mr. J. RUSSELL, Mr. DELAVANTI, &c.

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY

SAMUEL LOVER, ESQ.

ENT. AT STATIONERS' HALL.

PRICE TWO SHILLINGS.

THIS IS No. 8 OF THE SONGS OF HANDY ANDY, see below.

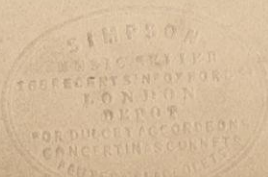
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WIDOW MACHREE!



Written and Composed by S. LOVER Esq^r

SPORTIVELY BUT NOT TOO FAST.

PIANO-
FORTE.

Widow Machree 'tis no wonder you frown, Och hone!

Ritard.
Widow Machree! Faith it ruins your looks that same dirty black gown.

Och hone! Wi-dow Machree! How al-ter'd your air, With that

close cap you wear, 'Tis de-stroying your hair That should be flowing free, Be no

Rallen.
longer a churl Of its black silken curl, Och hone!

colla voce.

Wi-dow Machree.

Widow Machree now the sum-mer is come Och hone!

Wi-dow Machree! When ev'-ry thing smiles should a

beau-ty look glum? Och hone! Wi-dow Machree: See the

birds go in pairs And the rab-bits and hares — Why

4

e - ven the bears now in cou - ples a - - gree, And the

Rallent.

mute lit - tle fish Tho' they can't spake, they wish

colla voce.

Och hone! Wi - dow Machree.

Final piano accompaniment system.

WIDOW MACHREE.

—000—

I.

“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—
'Tis destroying your hair,
Which should be flowing free;
Be no longer a churl
Of its black silken curl,
Och hone! Widow *Machree*.”

II.

“Widow *Machree*, now 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 spake, they wish,
Och hone! Widow *Machree*.”

III.

“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*.
Sure the shovel and tongs
To each other belongs,
While the kittle sings songs
Full of family glee;
Yet alone with your cup,
Like a hermit *you* sup,
Och hone! Widow *Machree*.”

IV.

“And how do you know, with the comforts I've towld,
Och hone! Widow *Machree*,
But you're keeping some poor fellow out in the cowld,
Och hone! Widow *Machree*.
With such sins on your head,
Sure your peace would be fled,
Could you sleep in your bed,
Without thinking to see
Some ghost or some sprite,
That would wake you each night,
Crying, 'Och hone! Widow *Machree*.'”

V.

“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 to 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*.”