Widow Mcgee, - song lyrics

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WIDOW McGEE

Though old Erin's oppressed, 'tis a beautiful place,
'Tis the pride of my heart And will be till I die;
It was there I last looked on your blushing young face.
And got a sweet smile from your bonnie black eye.
When you told me "farewell," how my bosom did swell
With emotions of sorrow when crossing the sea;
And I never could part with the love of the heart,
Which I brought over with me for Widow McGee.

Chorus.
Arrah! Widow McGee, are you thinking of me?
If you are, write a letter from over the sea,
And tell me you'll marry me, Widow McGee.

Do you mind the black night, when the pigs in the lane
Came grunting along to the gate where we stood?
They all scampered in to keep out of the rain,
Then I asked you to have me and you said that you would.
But I left you, you know, and I told you I'd go
To a country more beautiful, happy and free;
Where I'd buy me a lot, and build me a cot,
And send to old Erin for Widow McGee.-Chorus.

Troth, I have me the home with a big yard before,
And a cow in the stable, a pig in the sty;
And at night when I'm smoking my pipe in the door,
Och! the divil a king half so happy as I.
But what's a man's life when he's wanting a wife?
Faith! he's like an old ship with no rudder at sea;
So I'll heave out my rope with the anchor of hope,
And I'll wait 'till I'm married to Widow McGee.-Chorus.