

Samuel Lover (1797-1868)

1 *Molly Carew*

Och hone! and what will I do?
Sure my love is all crost
Like a bud in the frost;
And there's no use at all in my going to bed,
For 'tis *dhrames* and not sleep comes into my head, 5
And 'tis all about you,
My sweet Molly Carew —
And indeed 'tis a sin and a shame!
You're complater than Nature
In every feature, 10
The snow can't compare
With your forehead so fair,
And I rather would see just one blink of your eye
Than the prettiest star that shines out of the sky,
And by this and by that, 15
For the matter o' that,
You're more distant by far than that same
Och hone! *weirasthru!*
I'm alone in this world without you.

Och hone! but why should I spake 20
Of your forehead and eyes,
When your nose it defies
Paddy Blake, the schoolmaster, to put it in rhyme?
Tho' there's one Burke, he says, that would call it *snu*blime,
And then for your cheek! 25
Troth, 'twould take him a week
Its beauties to tell, as he'd rather.
Then your lips! oh, *machree!*
In their beautiful glow,
They a pattern might be 30
For the cherries to grow.
'Twas an apple that tempted our mother, we know,
For apples were *scarce*, I suppose, long ago,
But at this time o' day,

'Pon my conscience I'll say 35
 Such cherries might tempt a man's father!
 Och hone! *weirasthru!*
 I'm alone in this world without you.

Och hone! by the man in the moon,
 You *taze* me all ways 40
 That a woman can plaze,
 For you dance twice as high with that thief, Pat Magee,
 As when you take share of a jig, dear, with me,
 Tho' the piper I bate,
 For fear the owld chate 45
 Wouldn't play you your favourite tune;
 And when you're at mass
 My devotion you crass,
 For 'tis thinking of you
 I am, Molly Carew, 50

While you wear, on purpose, a bonnet so deep,
 That I can't at your sweet purty face get a peep,
 Oh! lave off that bonnet,
 Or else I'll lave on it
 The loss of my wandherin sowl! 55
 Och hone! *weirasthru!*
 Och hone! like an owl,
 Day is night, dear, to me, without you!

Och hone! don't provoke me to do it;
 For there's girls by the score 60
 That loves me — and more,
 And you'd look very quare if some morning you'd meet
 My wedding all marching in pride down the street,
 Troth, you'd open your eyes,
 And you'd die with surprise, 65
 To think 'twasn't you was come to it!
 And faith Katty Naile,
 And her cow, I go bail,
 Would jump if I'd say,
 "Katty Naile, name the day." 70

And tho' you're fair and fresh as a morning in May,
 While she's short and dark like a cold winter's day,
 Yet if you don't repent

Before Easter, when Lent
Is over I'll marry for spite!
Och hone! *weirasthru!*
And when I die for you,
My ghost will haunt you every night.

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