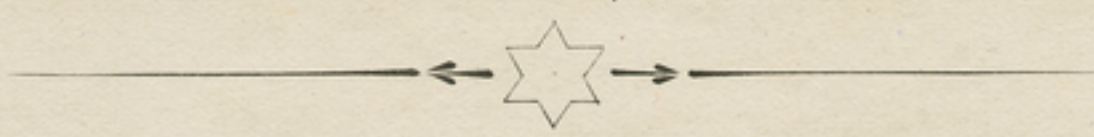


M. S. Kennedy

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Songs <sup>AND</sup> Ballads  
 (Written and Composed by)  
**SAMUEL LOVER.**



ANGELS WHISPER.....  
 FAIRY BOY.....  
 LISTEN.....  
 WIDOW MACHREE.....  
 LOW BACK'D' CAR.....  
 MARY OF TIPPERARY.....  
 MOLLY BAUN.....  
 GONDOLIER ROW.....  
 RORY O. MORE.....  
 WHERE ART THOU ROVING.....  
 O DO NOT SAY I LOVE THEE NOT.....  
 FORGIVE BUT DONT FORGET.....  
 WAR SHIP OF PEACE.....

LAND OF DREAMS.....  
 HARK TO MY LUTE.....  
 SOFT ON THE EAR FALLS THE SERENADE.....  
 WHEN FIRST I OVER THE MOUNTAIN.....  
 O WATCH YOU WELL BY DAYLIGHT.....  
 ROW FISHERMAN ROW.....  
 TIS BETTER NOT TO KNOW.....  
 MY MOTHER DEAR.....  
 MAY DEW.....  
 SWEET JESSIE WAS YOUNG.....  
 THE TWO BIRDS.....  
 SIGH NOT. LOVE NOT.....  
 WHAT WILL YOU DO LOVE.....



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 NEW YORK



# WIDOW MACHREE

New York WILLIAM HALL & SON, 239 Broadway.

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY S. LOVER, ESQ.

SPORTIVELY BUT NOT TOO FAST.

*PIANO*

*FORTE.*

The piano introduction consists of two systems of music. The first system features a treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/8 time signature. The melody is written in eighth notes with slurs. The bass clef staff provides accompaniment with chords and eighth notes. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment, ending with a double bar line.

Wid..ow Machree 'tis no won..der you frown, Och hone!

Widow Machre! Faith it ru..ins your looks that same dir..ty black gown

The vocal and piano accompaniment for the first two verses. The first system shows the vocal line on a treble clef staff and the piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass clefs). The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staff.



Och hone! Wid-ow Machree! How al-ter'd your air, With that

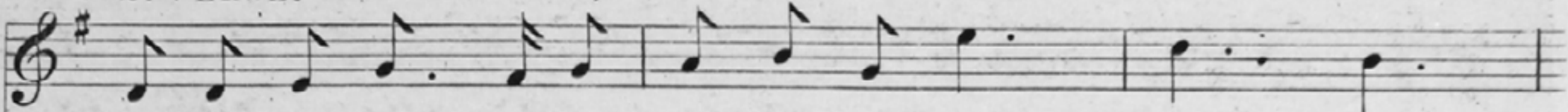
close cap you wear, 'Tis de-stroying your hair, That should be flowing free; Be no

*RALL:*  
longer a churl, Of its black silken curl, Och hone. Widow Machree.

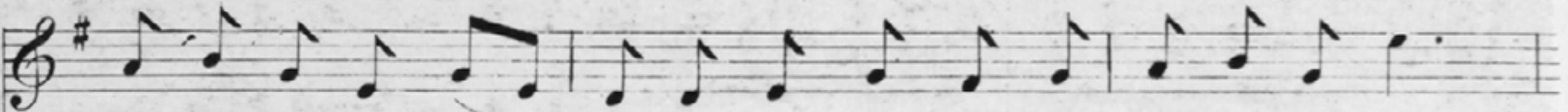
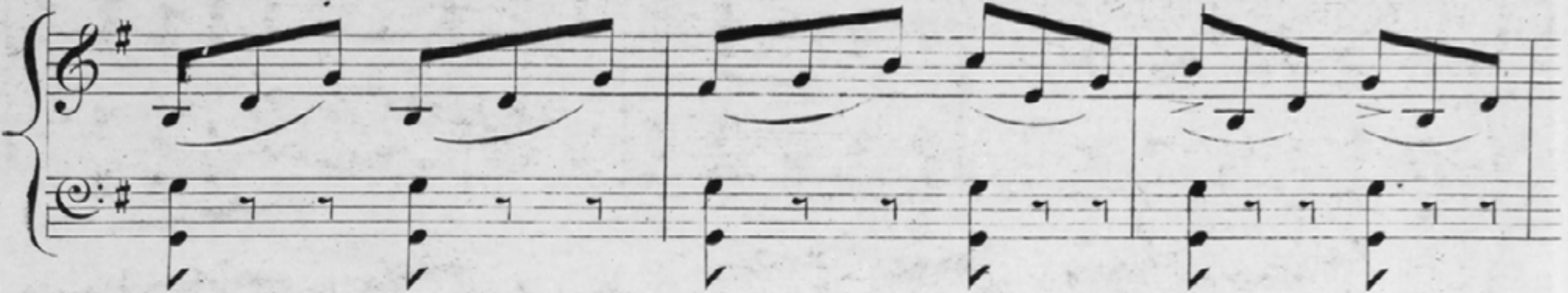
*Colla voce.*



2.<sup>d</sup> VERSE.



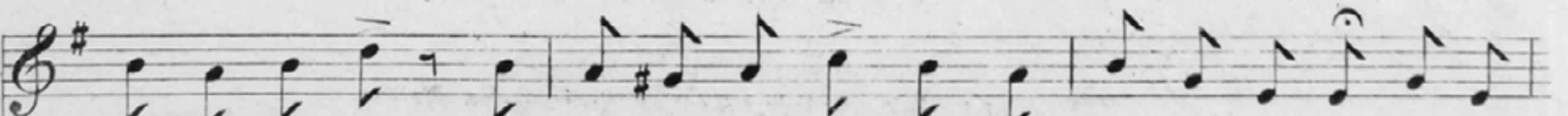
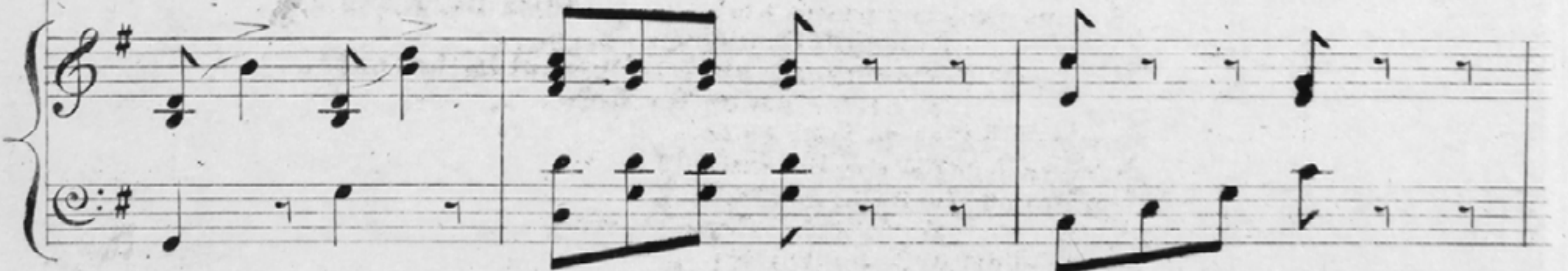
Widow Machree now the summer is come, Och hone!



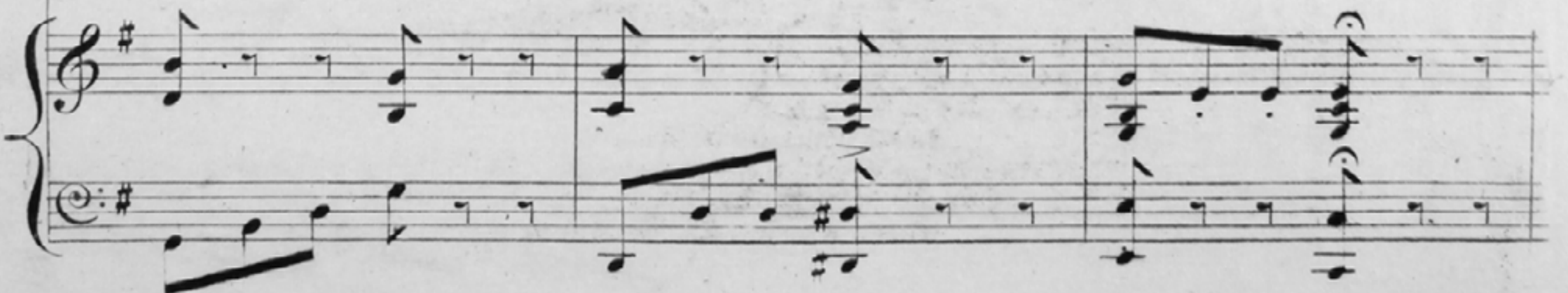
Wid-ow Machree! When ev-ry thing smiles should a beau-ty look glum,



Och hone! Widow Machree, See the birds go in pairs, And the



rabbits and hares — Why ev- - en the bears now in couples a-gree, And the





5

mute little fish Tho' they can't spake they wish, Och! hone Widow Machree.

3

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.

4

'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 cowl'd,  
 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!'

5

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 my heart.  
 Och hone! widow Machree!'