

Widow Machree

SAMUEL LOVER

Allegretto *cresc.*

mf

1. Wid - ow Ma - chree, 'tis no won - der you frown, Och hone!
 2. Wid - ow Ma - chree, now the sum - mer is come, Och hone!

Wid - ow Ma - chree, Faith it ru - ins your looks, that same dir - ty black gown,
 Wid - ow Ma - chree, When — ev - 'ry - thing smiles should a beau - ty look glum?

dim. *mf*

Och hone! Wid - ow Ma - chree! How al - ter'd your air, With that
 Och hone! Wid - ow Ma - chree! See the birds go in pairs, And the

cresc. *dim.*

close cap you wear, 'Tis de - stroy - ing your hair That should be flow - ing free, Be no
 rab - bits and hares Why e - ven the bears Now in coup - les a - gree, And the

mf *cresc.* *f*

lon - ger a churl Of its black silk - en curl, Och hone! — Wid - ow Ma - chree!
 mute lit - tle fish Tho' they can't spake, they wish, Och hone! — Wid - ow Ma - chree!