

But why blame poor old Paddy
For living at his ease?
Why not vote for the working man
And own the whole darn cheese.
Then farmers will get prices fair
And bacon will be low.
And no more hired warriors
Across the sea will go!

DON'T BE TAZING ME.

I'm after axin' Biddy dear,
And then he stopped awhile
To fringe his words the merest mite,
With something of a smile,
A smile that found its image
In a face of beauteous mould,
Whose liquid eyes were peeping
From a broidery of gold.

I come to ax ye, Biddy dear,
If, — then he stopped awhile, —
As if his heart had bubbled o'er
And overflowed his brain.
His lips were twitching nervously
O'er what he had to tell,
And timed the quavers with the eyes
That gently rose and fell.

"I've come" — and then he took her hands
And held them in his own,