

Whom winter's frosts chill and summer suns tan.  
Does his poor father know what his boy is about?  
Does his poor mother know little Johnny is out?



And if she should not, then pity her son,  
With no one to show him what things he should  
shun.

Cheer up, little sonny, I'll try, if I can,  
To keep you in sight, you mischievous wee man.  
"Paddy Whack may go trudge it with Murtoch  
O'Blany,"

But I will look out for this poor little zany.  
This poor little fellow, this "Mr. John Shaw,"  
Whose picture or portrait I've promised to draw.  
Without it my ballad would not be complete,  
And I will try hard to accomplish this feat.  
With a pen for a pencil endeavour to sketch  
This "Mr. John Shaw" (not Mr. Jack Ketch)