

MISSIS MORIARTY'S BOY

And what was I thinkin', I ask ye now, as I put
me Dinnis to bed?

Wid him ravin' and cursin' one half of the
night, as cold by his side I sat;
Was I thinkin' the poor ould woman she was wid
her Patsy slaughtered and dead?
Was I weepin' for Missis Moriarty? I'm not
so sure about that.

Missis Moriarty goes about wid a shinin' look on
her face,

Wid her grey hair under her ould black shawl,
and the eyes of her mother-mild;
Some say she's a little bit off her head, but anny-
way it's the case,

Her timper's so swate that you never would
tell she'd be losin' her only child.

And I think, as I wait up every night for me
Dinnis to come home blind,

And I'm hearin' his stumblin' foot on the stair
along about half-past three:

Sure there's many a way of breakin' a heart,—
and I haven't made up me mind:

Would I be Missis Moriarty, or Missis Moriarty
me?