

They chatted and mused o'er the sorrowful story,  
Pitied Biddy's sad fate, crowned bold Patrick with glory ;  
They praised the brave boys and bespoke them success,  
If the dear holy Prastes the good cause would but bless.

As they tasted, and talked of the ould country's wrongs,  
To freedom, the right, to herself that belongs,  
The door gently opened, and who should be there,  
But Biddy's own darling, lost Patrick McClear.

There was fainting and screaming and kissing galore,  
And Patrick explained why he'd not been before ;  
Says Biddy—dear Patrick, what will you do, then,  
Och ! says Patrick, I think I'll not try it again.