

Judy McCarty - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

Judy McCarty.

Come, all my hearty roving blades,
Some fun you are expecting,
And I will prove without any noise
That I am not neglecting;
You've heard the song of Biddy McGee,
And how she coaxed poor Paddy,
But another one you'll get from me
About charming Judy McCarty.
Whack fid la, &c.

At Donnybrook fair I met her,
Along with Michael McCarty,
He handed her into a seat with care,
Then soon I followed after;
I asked her up to dance a jig.
She danced it nate and hearty,
It was then with love I felt quite big
For charming Judy McCarty.
Whack fal la, &c.

I asked her would she be my wife,
Or, would she be my darling?
The best of husbands I would make,
And plaze her night and morning;
She said she would, and glad she was
I took her from the party.
That night was spent in devilment
Hugging Judy McCarty.
Whack fal la, &c.

To go home then we did prepare,
We jogged it all the way, sir;
We slept together that very night
Until the break of day, sir;
Next morning to the priest we went,
Who tied us nate and hearty,
That night was spent in devilment
Hugging Judy McCarty.
Whack fal la, &c

Twelve months after we were wed,
What do you think she brought, sir?
But a pair of twins as like their dad,
As ever soup's like broth, sir;
And now I'll finish my little song,
My song so gay and hearty;
The Irish boys such devils are
For getting the young McCartysl .
Whack fal la, &c.