

smiles whene'er I pass, And makes my heart go bumpety bump, A rollicking I-rish lass. . . The
fish-es in a brook, But if they havn't a mind to bite, Its divil a man will ye hook. . . First!

girls know I love her, Its my belief they re mad wid grief, They snub me now, and never bow To this
Katy she re-fused me, And Biddy McCree said shed go wid me, But Oona went wid much content Wid this

rollicking Irish boy!
rollicking Irish boy!

Dance.