

# “CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES”

BY

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Tim Murphy’s gon’ walkin’ wid Maggie O’Neill,

O chone!

If I was her muther, I’d frown on sich foolin’,

O chone!

I’m sure it’s unmutherlike, darin’ an’ wrong

To let a gyrul hear tell the sass an’ the song

Of every young felly that happens along,

O chone!

An’ Murphy, the things that’s be’n sed of his doin’,

O chone!

‘Tis a cud that no dacent folks wants to be chewin’,

O chone!

If he came to my door wid his cane on a twirl,

Fur to thry to make love to you, Bidy, my girl,

Ah, wouldn’t I send him away wid a whirl,

O chone!

They say the gossoon is indecent and dirty,

O chone!

In spite of his dressin' so.

O chone!

Let him dress up ez foine ez a king or a queen,  
Let him put on more wrinkles than ever was seen,  
You'll be sure he's no match for my little colleen,

O chone!

Faith the two is comin' back an' their walk is all over,

O chone!

'Twas a pretty short walk fur to take wid a lover,

O chone!

Why, I believe that Tim Murphy's a kumin' this way,  
Ah, Bidy jest look at him steppin' so gay,  
I'd niver belave what the gossipers say,

O chone!

He's turned in the gate an' he's coming a-caperin',

O chone!

Go, Biddy, go quick an' put on a clane apern,  
O chone!

Be quick as ye kin fur he's right at the dure;  
Come in, master Tim, fur ye're welcome I'm shure.  
We were talkin' o' ye jest a minute before.  
O chone!