

August 2019

He Conquered Woman's Heart

Author Unknown

Follow this and additional works at: https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides_uk



Part of the [Folklore Commons](#), and the [Music Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Unknown, Author, "He Conquered Woman's Heart" (2019). *Broadside Ballads: England*. 977.
https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides_uk/977

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Kenneth S. Goldstein Collection: Broadside Ballads at eGrove. It has been accepted for inclusion in Broadside Ballads: England by an authorized administrator of eGrove. For more information, please contact egrove@olemiss.edu.

WIDOW MACHREE

HE CONQUERED Woman's Heart

Sung by Madame Thillon in the Enchantress.

A youthful knight, whose hopes were bent
On glory's high career,
Arrayed himself, and forth he went
A dauntless cavalier!
Against each foe, upon each field,
He bore a gallant part;
But there was one who would not yield,
And that was—woman's heart.

That noble youth, still undismayed,
Determined not to flee—
Though if the truth be told, afraid
That he might vanquished be.
Oh never be it said, he cried,
I bore a recreant part;
And fighting still for what he sighed,
He captured woman's heart.

WIDOW MACHREE.

Widow Machree, its no wonder you frown,
Och, hone! Widow Machree—
Faith, it ruins your looks, that same dirty black
gown,

Och, hone! Widow Machree.
How altered you are,
With that close cap you wear—
'Tis destroying your hair,
Which should be flowing free;
Be no longer a churl
Of its black silken curl,
Och, hone! Widow Machree!

Widow, etc.

Widow Machree, now the summer is come,
Och, hone! Widow Machree.
When every thing smiles, should a beauty look
glum,

Och, hone! Widow Machree.
See the birds go in pairs,
And the rabbits and the hares—
Why even the bears,
Now in couples agree,

And the mute little fish,
Though they can't speak, they wish.
Och, hone! Widow Machree!

Widow etc.

Widow Machree, and when winter comes in,
Och, hone! Widow Machree,
To be poking the fire all alone is a sin,
Och, hone! Widow Machree.

Why the shovel and tongs,
To each other belongs,
And the kittle sings songs,
Full of family glee,
While alone with your cup
Like a hermit you sup,
Och, hone! Widow Machree!

Widow, etc.

And how do you know, with the comforts I've
towld,
Och, hone! Widow Machree,
But you're keeping some poor devil out in the
cowl,

Och, hone! Widow Machree,
With such sins on your head,
Sure your peace would be fled
Could you sleep in your bed,
Without thinking to see,
Some ghost or sprite,
That would wake you each night,
Crying 'och, hone! Widow Machree.

Widow, etc.

Then take my advice, darling Widow Machree,
Och, hone! Widow Machree,
And take my advice, faith I wish you'd take me,
Och, hone! Widow Machree

You'd have me to desire
Then stir up the fire,
And sure hope is no liar
In whispering to me,
That the ghosts would depart,
When you'd me near your heart,
Och, hone! Widow Machree.

Widow Machree, it's no wonder you frown.
Och, hone! Widow Machree,
Faith, it ruins your looks, that same dirty black
gown,
Och, hone! Widow Machree!

E. M. HODGES, from Pitt's Wholesale Toy and Marble
Warehouse, 31, 2 street, Seven Mills.