

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

They're healthy and they're strong;
At work they lilt a song,
And tell stories all day long
O'er spade and shovel.

IV.

Here's to the mountaineer!
A stranger still to fear;
Though misfortunes should draw near,
He will not heed 'em;
But with heart and arms strong,
Is prompt to right a wrong
And show the wavering throng
The path to freedom.

One song more and this concert ends
A love song to delight our friends;
Now Con McMurrough come along
And sing for us the closing song.

Phil Dwyer to His Sweetheart

I.

What ails you, Dear Polly; it seemed to me now,
As I just squeezed your hand, a dark frown lit your
brow

While my heart with affection is melting, you'd steal
To that red-headed Barrett, to dance the next reel.
While I haven't a thought but to gladden your life,
To doll you up Polly and make you my wife.

II.

For to me your arch smile is far dearer than gold,
With your soft wavy hair falling down fold on fold;
Then your lips are so rosy and tempting, you know,
And your teeth are so white, shining all in a row;