My Old Mother

By Nancy McCallion

My old mother she looked in my eye

Saying ‘oh, oh my darling o

Don’t you steal and don’t you lie

And don’t go with boys in the alley oh

When I was fifteen my father he left

Carrying his coat up the hill

And my old mother sat fingering her beads

And she could be there still

When I was sixteen I left my home

With Jacky I was taken

And I though it better to risk the fire

Than live a life forsaken

Oh mother may I

Your time is come

And will you be rewarded now

For things you haven’t done

When Jacky asked to marry me

I felt a kind of thrill

But then I seen him carrying his coat

A moving up the hill

Oh Jackie you hardly know me sure

And me I am so young

I’ll not be agreeing to sit by the door

While you’re off having fun

Oh mother may I

Your time is come

And will you be rewarded now

For things you haven’t done

*From Opossum and Praties and This is My Round*