

MICK MCGUIRE

Irish

Whistle

$\text{♩} = 72$



Oh, my name it is Mick Mc - Guire and I'll - quick - ly tell to you Of a

3




young girl I ad-mir - ed called Kit - ty Don-a - hue. — She was fair and fat and for - ty and be-

6




lieve me when I say That when - ev - er I came in at the door you could hear her mam-my say:

9 Chorus




John-ny get up from the fire, get up and give the man a sate, Can't you see it's Mis-ter Mc-Gui-re and he's

12



court-ing your sis - ter Kate? Ah you know ver - y well he owns a farm a

14



wee bit out o' the town, Arr-ah get up out of that you imp-u-dent brat and let Mis-ter Mc-Guire sit down.

Now the first time that I met her was at the dance at Tarmagee,
And I asked her very kindly if she'd dance a step with me,
Then I asked if I could see her home, if I'd be going her way
And whenever I came in at the door you could hear her mammy say:

Ah, but now that we are married, sure her mother's changed her mind,
Just because I spent the legacy her father left behind,
She hasn't got the decency to bid me time of day,
Now whenever I come in at the door you'd here the auld one say:

Last chorus:
"Johnny, come up to the fire, come up you're sitting in a draft,
Can't you see it's old McGuire, and he nearly drives me daft,
Ah, I don't know what gets into him, for he's always on the tare,
Arragh, just sit where you are and never you dare to give old McGuire the chair."