

James Magee



Oh James Ma - gee they do call me, the name I ___ won't de - ny, Though
from my na - tive coun - try I am ob - lighed to fly, To ___
leave my house - es ___ and rich lands and my three chil - dren dear, And
sail a - way to New South Wales far from Co - lum - bia's shore.

My father died, my mother died. I being the only heir,
I was brought up by my grandmother, of me she took great care.
Six years at Dublin I was taught at the best Academy,
My learning would have served a knight or lord of high degree.

My aunt she married an Orangeman; with him I could not agree.
They thought to swear my life away and hanged I would surely be.
Then she would be the only heir to my rich property,
And leave my family in distress, my wife and children three.

I have a house both long and wide, no rain can it afford,
But to entertain an Orangeman we were not in accord.
If by chance I should meet a Ribbonman, it's him I'd use right well,
But they all pass by and none call in where James Magee doth dwell.

The day of trial it came on, at the green table she stood.
"This is the man who done the deed, on him you may take hold.
Last Tuesday night at twelve o'clock my husband's gun he stole,
He thought to take my life away; no one would ever know."

The judge he turned around about and unto me did say,
"Kind sir, I can not pardon you, she swears so bitterly.
You must leave your wife and family in sorrow to bewail,
You must leave your houses and rich lands and go to New South Wales."

It is not my distant sailing nor yet my lonesome voyage,
But the leaving of my children who are not yet of age.
May the curse of me and my poor wife and my three children small
Lay down on thee, Kitty Magee, or aunt I should you call.