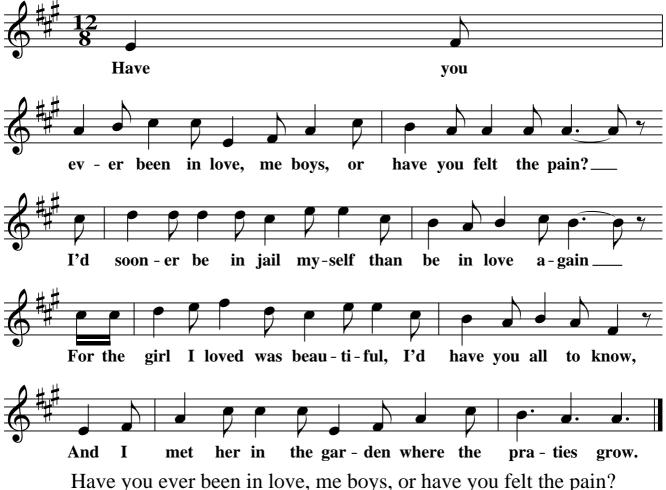
The Garden where the Praties Grow



I'd sooner be in jail myself than be in love again For the girl I loved was beautiful, I'd have you all to know, And I met her in the garden where the praties grow.

Says I, "My pretty Kathleen,I am tired of single life, And if you've no objection, sure, I'll make you my sweet wife." She answered me right modestly and curtsied very low, "O, you're welcome to the garden where the praties grow."

Says I, "My pretty Kathleen, I do hope that you'll agree." She was not like your city girls who say you're making free; Says she, "I'll ask my parents, and tomorrow I'll let you know, If you'll meet me in the garden where the praties grow."