

Molly Maguire, Mary Mack

There's a nice wee lass and her name is Mary Mack
Make no mistake, she's the miss I'm goin' to take
There's a lot of other chaps who would get up on her track
But I'm thinking they'll have to get up early

Mary Mack's faither's makin' Mary Mack marry me
My faither's makin' me marry Mary Mack
And I'm goin' tae marry Mary tae get married an' take care of me
We'll all be making merry when I marry Mary Mack

This wee lass she has a lot of brass
She has a lot of gas, her faither thinks I'm class
And I'd be a silly ass tae let the matter pass
For her faither thinks she suits me fairly

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Noo Mary and her mither gang an awful lot together
In fact you niver see the one, or the one without the ither
And the fellow often wonder if its Mary or her mither
Or the both of them together that I'm courting

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Noo the weddin day's on Wednesday and everything's arranged
Her name will soon be changed tae mine, unless her mind be changed
And we makin' the arrangements, faith, I'm just about deranged
For marriage is an awful undertakin'

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It's sure tae be a grand affair and grander than a fair
A coach and pair for rich and poor and every pair that's there
We'll dine upon the finest fare, I'm sure tae get my share
If I don't we'll all be very much mistaken