

# Molly Maguire, Make Way For The Molly Maguire

Make way for the Molly Maguires  
They're drinkers, they're liars, but they're men  
Make way for the Molly Maguires  
You'll never see the likes of them again

Down the mines no sunlight shines  
Those pits they're black as hell  
In modest style they do their time  
It's Paddy's prison cell  
And they curse the day they travelled far  
And drown their tears with a jar

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Backs will break and the muscles ache  
Down there there's four times to three  
Of fields afar of a womans arm  
Just dig that bloody seam  
Though they drain their bodies and their brow  
Who dare to push them around.