

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.