

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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An Agricultural Girl

An Agricultural Girl
(traditional)

If all the Girls That's in the Town were Bundled up together,
The Girl I Love would beat Them All in every kind of Weather,
The Rain can't Wash the Powder off, because She because She does not Wear It,
Her Face and Figure is all Her own, that's the Truth, for I Declare It.

CHORUS:

For She's a Great Big, Stout Lump of an Agricultural Irish Girl,
She never Paints nor Powders, for Her Figure is all Her own,
She can Strike that Hard You'd Think You were Hit by the Kick of a Mule,
The Full of the House of Irish Love is Mary Ann Malone.
(or: But full of your arms with Irish love is Mary Ann Malone.)

She has no Grand Education, for She's only Passed Her Letters
But for anything like a Lady, Faith, You'll seldom find Her Betters,
She does not Speak Italian, or Read the Fashion Pages,
Whenever There's a Strike about She's the Divil to Kick for Wages.

She was only Seventeen Last Grass, and Still Improving Greatly,
I wonder what She will be Like when Her Bones have set Completely :-)
You'd Think Your Hand was in a Vice whenever She goes to Shake It,
And if There's any Free Beer about She's the Darlin' Girl to take It.....

Alternate title: AGRICULTURAL IRISH GIRL

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