

## Molly Brannigan

Am Em B7 Em  
Ma'am dear, did ye never hear of pretty Molly Brannigan  
G Am B7 Em  
In throth, then, she's left me and I'll never be a man again  
Am Em B7 Em  
Not a spot on my hide will a summer's sun e'er tan again  
G D7 G  
Since Molly's gone and left me here alone for to die  
C G  
The place where my heart was you'd aisy rowl a turnip in  
Am Em  
'Tis as large as all Dublin,  
Am Em  
and from Dublin to the Divil's glen;  
Am G  
If she wish'd to take another,  
Am B7 Em  
sure she might have left mine back again,  
G D7 G  
And not have gone and left me here alone for to die

Ma'am dear, I remember  
when the milking time was past and gone,  
We strolled thro' the meadow,  
and she swore I was the only one  
That ever she could love, but oh! the base and cruel one  
For all that she's left me here alone for to die.  
Ma'am dear, I remember  
when coming home the rain began,  
I wrapt my frieze-coat round her  
and ne'er a waistcoat had I on;  
And my shirt was rather fine-drawn,  
but oh! the false and cruel one,  
For all that she's left me here alone for to die.

The left side of my carcase '  
is as weak as water gruel, ma'am,  
There's not a pick upon my bones,  
since Molly's proved so cruel, ma'am;  
Oh! if I had a blunder gun, I'd go and fight a duel. madam  
For sure I'd better shoot myself than live here to die  
I'm cool and determined as any salamander, ma'am  
Won't you come to my wake  
when I go the long meander, ma'am?  
I'll think myself as valiant  
as the famous Alexander, ma'am,  
When I hear ye cryin' o'er me, "Arrah! why did ye die