

# Irish Song Lyrics

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Mick McGuire  
Traditional

Oh, me name is Mick McGuire and I'll quickly tell to you  
Of a young girl I admired called Katy Donahue  
She was fair and fat and forty and believe me when I say  
That whenever I came in at the door you could hear her mammy say:

"Johnny, get up from the fire, get up and give the man a sate  
Can't you see it's Mr McGuire and he's courting your sister Kate  
Ah, you know very well he owns a farm a wee bit out of the town  
Arragh, get up out of that, you impudent brat, and let Mr McGuire sit down"

Diddle e dowdle-owdle-owdle diddle e dowdle-owdle-ow  
Diddle e dowdle-owdle-owdle diddle e dowdle-owdle-ow  
"Ah, you know very well he owns that farm a wee bit out of the town  
Arragh, get up out of that, you impudent brat, and let Mr McGuire sit down"  
Now, the first time that I met her was at a dance at Tarmagee  
And I very kindly asked her if she'd dance a step with me  
Then I asked if I could see her home if I'd be going her way  
And whenever I come in at the door you could hear her mammy say:

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Ah, but now that we are married, sure her mother's changed her mind  
Just because I spent the legacy her father left behind  
She hasn't got the decency to bid me time of day  
Now whenever I come in at the door you'd hear the old one say:

"Johnny, come up to the fire, come up, you're sitting in the draft  
Can't you see it's old McGuire and he nearly drives me daft  
Ah, I don't know what gets into him, for he's always on the tare  
Arragh, just sit where you are and never you dare to give old McGuire the chair"

Diddle e dowdle-owdle-owdle diddle e dowdle-owdle-ow  
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