

# Irish Song Lyrics

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Red Hair Mary  
Traditional

As I was going to the Faire in Dingle,  
One fine morning last July,  
Walking down the road before me,  
A red-haired girl I chanced to spy.

I stepped up to her, says I "Young Lady,  
My donkey, he can carry two."  
She looked at me, her eyes a-twinkle  
And her cheeks they were a rosy hue.

"Thank you kindly, sir," she answered  
And then she shook her bright red hair  
"Seeing as how you've got your donkey,  
I'll ride with you to the Dingle Faire."

But when we reached the faire in Dingle,  
I took her hand for to say goodbye.  
When a tinker man stepped up close beside me,  
And hit me right in my left eye.

Keep your hands off Red Haired Mary,  
Her and I are to be wed.  
We're seein' the priest this very morning,  
And tonight we'll lie in the marriage bed.

Well I was feelin kinda peevish,  
My poor old eye felt sad and sore,  
An' so I tapped him gently with my hobnails  
And he flew back through Tim Murphy's door.

Keep your hands off Red Haired Mary,  
Her and I are to be wed.  
We're seein' the priest this very morning,  
And tonight we'll lie in the marriage bed.

Now a policeman he came round the corner,  
Told me I had broke the law.  
But my donkey kicked him in the ankle,  
And he fell down and smashed his jaw.

Keep your hands off Red Haired Mary,  
Her and I are to be wed.  
We're seein' the priest this very morning,  
And tonight we'll lie in the marriage bed.

Well the red hair girl, she kept a'smiling,  
"Young man, I'll come with you," she said.  
We'll forget the priest this very morning,  
Tonight we'll lie in Murphy's shed.

Keep your hands off Red Haired Mary,  
Her and I will soon be wed.  
We'll forget the priest this very morning,  
Tonight we'll lie in Murphy's shed.