

McCarthy's Mare - song lyrics

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MCCARTHY'S MARE.

We started for the fair,
With spirits light and hearty,
Behind McCarthy's mare;
Oh! it was a lively party I
You never saw the likes of it.
Believe me what I say I
Sure we had a roaring racket,
But the mare she ran away.

Chorus.
Off she wint off she wint
Be gob I was not worth a cint;
The sate was just as hard as flint,
Behind McCarthy's mare.

"Hould her in!" McCarthy cried;
"Stop her!" says McCue,
I tho't I'd shake to pieces,
As along the road we flew;
Me head was swimming like a top,
My heart was in despair;
The divil himself was in the wheels
Behind McCarthy's mare.-Chorus

McCarthy held the reins,
And Murphy held McCarthy,
But whisky tilled their brains,
And made them wild and hearty;
Maloney tumbled out behind,
And there we let him lay-
Sure I offered to assist him-
But the mare she ran away!-Chorus.

Me dacent coat was tore,
Me hat was left behind me;
I rattled and I swore,
And I thought the dust would blind me.
In holes and ditches wint the wheels;
Oh I murther what a day!
Sure myself was kilt entirely,
With the mare that run away.-Chorus.