

Mrs McGrath

With your toor-ri-ya fol da-diddle-ya Toor-ri toor-ri toor-ri-ya

Now, Mrs. McGrath, Dr. Tierney did brag,
Send your so up to college where he can study Ag
He'll a Volkswagen car and a tener a week flat
Mrs. McGrath wouldn't you like that
With your toor-ri-ya fol da-diddle-ya Toor-ri toor-ri toor-ri-ya

Now Mrs. McGrath came from County Clare
And for forty-seven or more years she lived there
She was a milkin' cows and a feedin' pigs
To keep ol' Ciaran in his Dublin digs
With your toor-ri-ya fol da-diddle-ya Toor-ri toor-ri toor-ri-ya

Said a friend one day, "What a terrible shame."
As she swept out the kitchen a letter came
It bore bad news which was not expected
Ciaran had failed four times and he was now rejected
With your toor-ri-ya fol da-diddle-ya Toor-ri toor-ri toor-ri-ya

So Ciaran then wrote back to daddy, he said, "Dear Daddy."
"It wasn't the work and it wasn't the strain
And wasn't on your own darling son that lay the blame."
For when I came up Clare I was an innocent lad
But the fellas in the digs they drove me to the bad
With your toor-ri-ya fol da-diddle-ya Toor-ri toor-ri toor-ri-ya

I tried to stay and work at night,
The fellas in the digs took me out on the skite
And when you sent me me fees now what do you think
Sure I spent all the money on the women and the drink
With your toor-ri-ya fol da-diddle-ya Toor-ri toor-ri toor-ri-ya

So the moral of the story is plain and clear
Stay away from the women and stay off the beer
And if you got a son on the farmer
Keep the young pup there where he'll be out of harm
With your toor-ri-ya fol da-diddle-ya Toor-ri toor-ri toor-ri-ya