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Red-Haired Mary

Red-Haired Mary
(Sean McCarthy)

O, 'twas going to the fair in Dingle one fine morning last July
And walking down the road before me a red-haired girl I chanced to spy.

cho: Keep your hands off red-haired Mary
Her and I are to be wed,
We're seein' the priest this very morning
Tonight we'll lie in the marriage bed.

"Come ride with me my red-haired maiden, the donkey he will carry two,"
She looked at me with eyes atwinkle, her cheeks a lovely rosy hue.

"Thank you kindly, sir," she answered, then she tossed her bright red hair,
"Seeing as you have the donkey I'll ride with you to the Dingle Fair."

When we reached the town of Dingle, I took her hand to say goodbye,
But a tinker he stepped up behind me and hit me right in my left eye.

Now I was feeling kind of peevish, my poor old eye felt sad and sore
I tapped him gently with my hobnails, and he flew back through
Tim Murphy's door.

He galloped off to find his father, the tallest man I e'er did meet
He tapped me gently with his knuckles, now I am minus two front teeth.

Round the corner came a peeler, told me that I'd broke the law
The donkey kicked him in the kneecap, he fell down and broke his jaw.

Now the red-haired girl she kept on smiling, "Young man I'll come with you,
she said,
"We'll forget the priest this very morning, and tonight we'll sleep
in Murphy's bed."

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Apr98