

Widow Malone - song lyrics

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WIDOW MALONE.

Did you hear of the widow Malone, ohone!
Who lived in the town of Athlone, ohone!
Oh! she melted the hearts
Of the swains in them parts,
So lovely the widow Malone, ohone!
So lovely the widow Malone.

Of lovers she had a full score, or more,
And fortunes they all had galore, in store;
From the minister down
To the clerk of the crown,
All were courting the widow Malone, ohone!
All were courting the widow Malone.

But so modest was Mistress Malone, 'twas known,
That no one could see her alone, ohone!
Let them ogle and sigh,
They could ne'er catch her eye,
So bashful the widow Malone, ohone!
So bashful the widow Malone.

"Till one Mister O'Brien, from Clare- how quare!
It's little for blushing they care down there,
Put his arm round her waist-
Gave ten kisses at laste-
Oh," says he, "you're my Molly Malone, my own!
Oh," says he, "you're my Molly Malone."

And the widow they all thought so shy, my eye!
Ne'er thought of a simper or sigh, for why?
But " Lucius," says she,
"Since you've now made so free,
You may marry your Mary Malone, ohone!
You may marry your Mary Malone."