Ode to Biddy McGee

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When I was young and in me prime
I courted Biddy McGee
A fine, big, strapping lump of a woman
And she stood about two foot three
Her father was a mean old creature
He had plenty of gold and land
But he rared up dog rough
The dirty, mean, old, miserable, old devil
When I asked for his daughter's hand

I resolved there and then for Molly's sake
That the two of us would elope
I borrowed the ladder from Mickey O'Brien
And twenty yards of good, strong, strapping rope
I put the ladder up the Molly's boudoir
That's French for a woman's bed
But the ladder broke and the whole
Twenty stone fell down on me bloody head

Well I threw her into the ass and chart
And for the clergy we set out
I found father Nagle in McCarth's pub
With his head in a barrell of stout
He looked at me with his bleary old eyes
And sized Molly up and down
Oh I pity you my son, I'm dying of the thirst
Will you buy me two bottles of stout
I'll only charge you half a crown

Well, do you take this fine, big, strapping lump of woman
To be your lawful wedded wife
Will you feed her bacon and cabbage and spuds
For the rest of your natural life
And when the icy winds blow around her old legs
Will you guard her from the chill
Oh will you buy me another bottle of stout
I'm dying with the drought
Ah be Jesus father I will

Now, I've been married for twenty years
And I don't regret one day
And that was last Wednesday fortnight

She told me she was in the family way
I threw her into the ass and chart
And she landed like a sack
I brought her back to her old father
I said listen here you dirty, mean, old, rotten, old, miserable, Old devil
You can have your daughter back.

(Recorded by The Wolfe Tones)

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