**Mrs. McGrath**

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     G                              D7
"Oh, Mrs. McGrath," the sergeant said,
           G
"Would you like to make a soldier out of your son Ted ?
               D7          G          D7
With a scarlet coat and a big cocked hat;
           D7                G
Now Mrs. McGrath, wouldn't you like that?"
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**Chorus:**

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G            Em     G
Wid yer too-ri-aa, fol-the-did-dle-aa
Em      D      G
Too-ri-oo-ri-oo-ri-aa.
        Em          G
Wid yer too-ri-aa, fol-the-did-dle-aa.
Em      D      G
Too-ri-oo-ri-oo-ri-aa.
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So Mrs. McGrath lived on the seashore
For the space of seven long years or more
Till she saw a big ship sailing into the bay,
"Hullaloo, bubaloo, and I think it is he!"

"Oh, Captain dear, where have ye been?
Have you been sailing on the Mediterreen ?
Or have you any tidings of my son Ted ?
Is the poor boy living or is he dead ?"

Then up comes Ted without any legs,
And in their place two wooden pegs.
She kissed him a dozen times or two,
Saying, "Holy Moses, 'tisn't you."

"Oh then were ye drunk or were ye blind
That ye left yer two fine legs behind ?
Or was it walking up the sea
Wore yer two fine legs from the knees away?"

"Oh I wasn't drunk and I wasn't blind,
But I left my two fine legs behind;
For a cannon ball on the fifth of May
Took my two fine legs from the knees away."

"Oh, then, Teddy me boy," the widow cried,
"Yer two fine legs were yer mama's pride.
Them stumps of a tree wouldn't do at all,
Why didn't ye run from the big cannon ball ?

"All foreign wars I do proclaim
Between Don John and the King of Spain.
And by herrins I'll make them rue the time
That they swept the legs from a child of mine.

"Oh then, if I had ye back again,
I'd never let ye go to fight the King of Spain.
For I'd rather my Ted as he used to be
Than the King of France and his whole Navee."