

BIDDY MULLIGAN

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I'm a buxom fine widow, I live in a spot
In Dublin they call it the Coombe
Me shop and me stall are laid out on the street
And me palace consists of one room

At Patrick Street corner for thirty-five years
I've stood there, I'm tellin' no lie
And while I stood there, there's no one would dare
To say black was the white of my eye!

[CHORUS]

You may travel from Clare to the County Kildare
From Drogheda back by Macroom
But where would you find a fine widow like me
Biddy Mulligan, the pride of the Coombe?
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I sell apples and oranges, nuts and sweet peas
Bananas and sugar sticks sweet
I sell second hand clothes on a Saturday night
And the floor of me shop is the street!

I sell lovely fish all laid out on a dish
Fine mackerel and lovely sweet ray
And sweet little herrins, such fine little herrins
That once swam in dear Dublin bay!

[CHORUS]

I have a son Mick, he plays on the fife
He plays in the Longford Street Band
'Twould do your heart good to see him march out
When the band goes to Dollymount Strand

In the Park on a Sunday when I take my stroll
All the neighbours look on with surprise
With my fine paisely shawl and my bonnet so tall
Sure they'd dazzle the sight of your eyes!

[CHORUS]