

Clan Of Xymox

"Biddy Mulligan The Pride Of The Coombe"

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Biddy Mulligan, The Pride of the Coombe

Cho:

You may travel from Clare to the county Kildare

From Francis Street back to the Coombe;

But where would you see a fine widow like me?

Biddy Mulligan the pride of the Coombe, me boys,

Biddy Mulligan the pride of the Coombe.

I'm a buxom fine widow, I live in a spot

In Dublin, they call it the Coombe.

Me shops and me stalls are laid out on the street,

And me palace consists of one room.

I sell apples and oranges, nuts and sweet peas,

Bananas and sugar stick sweet.

On a Saturday night I sell second-hand clothes,

From the floor of me stall in the street.

Cho:

I sell fish on a Friday, spread out on a board;

The finest you'll find in the sea.

But the best is my herrings, fine Dublin Bay herrings,

There's herrings for dinner and tea.

I have a son, Mick, he's great on the flute,

He plays in the Longford Street band;

It would do your heart good for to see him march out

On a Sunday for Dollymount Strand.

Cho:

In the park, on a Sunday, I make quite a dash;

The neighbors look on in surprise.

With my Aberdeen shawlie thrown over my head,

I dazzle the sight of their eyes.

At Patrick Street corner, for sixty-four years,

I've stood, and no one can deny

That while I stood there, nobody could dare

To say black was the white of my eye.

Cho:

Recorded Clancys (I think) RG

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