

## Biddy Mulligan

### The Dubliners

You may travel from Clare to County Kildare,  
From Dublin right down to Macroom.  
But where would you see a fine widow like me  
Biddy Mulligan, the pride of the Coombe

I'm a scrap of a widow that lives in a place,  
In Dublin that's known as the Coombe.  
And me comfort and ease sure no king could excel  
Though me palace consists of one room  
By Patrick Street corner for thirty-five years,  
I've stood by me stall, that's no lie  
And while I stood there, there was no one would dare  
To say black was the white of me eye

I sell apples and oranges, nuts and sweet peas,  
Bulls eyes and sugar-stick sweet.  
On a Saturday night I sell second-hand clothes,  
From me stall on the floor of the street.  
Now I have a son Mick and he plays on the fife  
He belongs to the Longford street band  
It will do your heart good just to see them march out  
On a Sunday to Sandymount strand

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