Mrs McGrath

The Dubliners

"Ahhhhh, Mrs. McGrath," the sergeant said
"Would you like to make a soldier out of your son Ted
With a scarlett coat and a big cocked hat
Oh, Mrs. McGrath, wouldn't you like that?"

With your too-ri-a, fol-di-diddle-da, too-ri, oor-ri, oor-ri-a
With your too-ri-a, fol-di-diddle-da, too-ri, oor-ri, oor-ri-a

Now, Mrs. McGrath lived by the sea shore
For the space of seven long years or more
`till she saw a big ship sailing into the bay
"Here's my son Ted, wisha clear the way"

"Oh captain dear, where have you been
Or have you been in the Meditereen
Will you tell me the news of my son Ted
Is the poor boy living or is he dead?"

Well up comes Ted without any legs
And in their place, he had two wooden pegs
Well she kissed him a dozen times or two
Sayin`:" Glory by the God, sure it couldn`t be you?"

"Ah then were you drunk, or were you blind
When you left your two fine legs behind?
Or was it while walking on the sea
A big fish ate your legs from the knees away?"

"No, I wasn't drunk and I wasn't blind
When I left my two fine legs behind
But a big cannon ball on the fifth of May
Tore my two fine legs from the knees away"

"Oh, Teddy my boy," the widow cried
"Your two fine legs were your mammy's pride
Them old stumps of a tree wouldn't do at all
Why didn't you run from the big cannon ball?"

"Well 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 shoot the legs from the child of mine”

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