

# Lament For The Molly Maguires

The Irish Rovers

Sucking up the coal dust into your lungs  
Underneath the hills where there is no sun  
Trying to make a living on a dollar a day  
Digging coal in Pennsylvaniay

We left old Ireland, we left our homes  
Across the ocean, we had to roam  
With five sons and a scrawny wife  
Trying to make some kind of a life

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But the Welsh and the English, the Germans, the Dutch  
Control the mines, they didn't leave much  
A tar-paper shanty, no Irish apply  
The Mollies started blowing all the mines sky-high

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A straw boss shot, and owner disappears  
Many's a Welshman lost his ears  
Company store burned to the ground  
The Molly Maguires are spreading all around

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Black Jack Kehoe looked after his pack  
Even honest Irish that wouldn't fight back  
Checking his boys, put beer in their souls  
The Molly Maguires are controlling the coal

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But terror ends as it had begun  
James McParland, he ended their run  
He left as a Molly, and he brought their fate  
After many years he ended the hate

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