

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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