

Molly Maguires

The Dubliners

Make way for the Molly Maguires
They're drinkers, they're liars but they're men
Make way for the Molly Maguires
You'll never see the likes of them again

Down the mines no sunlight shines
Those pits they're black as hell
In modest style they do their time
It's Paddy's prison cell
And they curse the day they've travelled far
Then drown their tears with a jar

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Backs will break and muscles ache
Down there there's no time to dream
Of fields and farms, of womans arms
Just dig that bloody seam
Though they drain their bodies underground
Who'll dare to push them around

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