

My Irish Molly O

Celtic Thunder

Molly dear now did you hear, the news that's goin' round?
Down in a corner of my heart, a love is what you've found.
And every time I look into your eyes of Irish blue.
You seem to whisper in my ear 'My love is all for you.' Oh,

Molly, my Irish Molly, my sweet acushla dear,
I'm fairly off my trolley, my Irish Molly, When you are near.
Springtime, is only 'ringtime', Come dear now don't be slow,
Change your name, go on your game, Begora wouldn't I do the same
My Irish Molly O!

Molly dear now did you hear I furnished up the flat.
Three little cosy rooms 'n a bed 'n a 'welcome' on the mat.
It's five pounds down and two a week, she'll soon be out of debt.
It's all complete except, they haven't brought the cradle yet.

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Molly dear, and did you hear what all the neighbours say.
About those hundred sovereigns you have safely stowed away.
They say that's why I love you. Ah but Molly, that's a shame,
If you had only ninety-nine I'd love you just the same.

Ohhhh!

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