

## Mary Mack

Fiddler's Green

Mary Mack

There's a neat little lass and her name is Mary Mack  
Make no mistake, she's the girl I'm gonna track  
A lot of other falla's tryin'to get her on her back  
But I think they'll have to get up early

Mary Mack's mother's making Mary Mack marry me  
My mother's making me marry Mary Mack  
Well, I'm gonna marry Mary so my Mary's taking care of me  
We'll all be feeling merry when I marry Mary Mack

Now Mary and her mother gang an awful lot together  
In fact you hardly see the one without the other  
People often wonder is it Mary or her mother  
Or both of them together I am courtin'

Well, up among the heather in the hills of Benafy  
Well, I had a bonnie lass, merry me !  
A bumble bee stung me right above the knee  
Up among the heather in the hills of Benafy

Well, I saw a bonnie lassie  
Will you go and spend a day  
Sittin'in the heather in the hills of Bonafy  
Where all the boys and girls are making out for free  
Up among the heather in the hills of Benafy

Now, the wedding's on a Wednesday and everything's arranged  
Her name will soon be changed to mine unless her mind be change  
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I'm making the arrangement, I'm feeling 'bout deranged  
Marriage is an awful undertaking

Sure to be granting it's a grand affair  
Goin' to be a fortnight if everyone is there  
And I'll be a buggar if I don'd give a share  
If I don't be very much mistaken

There's a nice wee lass and her name is Mary Mack  
Make no mistake, she's the girl I'm gonna take  
And a lot of other fella's tryin'to get her on her back  
But I think they'll have to get up early