

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 fallas 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 Bonafy
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 Bonafy

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 Bonafy

Now, the wedding's on a Wednesday and everything's arranged
Her name will soon be changed to mine unless her mind be changed
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't 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