

Biddy Mulligan The Pride Of The Coombe

The Clancy Brothers

Biddy Mulligan, The Pride of the Coombe
You may travel from Clare to the county Kildare
From Francis Street back to the Coombe;
But where would you see a fine widow like me?
Biddy Mulligan the pride of the Coombe, me boys,
Biddy Mulligan the pride of the Coombe.
I'm a buxom fine widow, I live in a spot
In Dublin, they call it the Coombe.
Me shops and me stalls are laid out on the street,
And me palace consists of one room.
I sell apples and oranges, nuts and sweet peas,
Bananas and sugar stick sweet.
On a Saturday night I sell second-hand clothes,
From the floor of me stall in the street.

I sell fish on a Friday, spread out on a board;
The finest you'll find in the sea.
But the best is my herrings, fine Dublin Bay herrings,
There's herrings for dinner and tea.
I have a son, Mick, he's great on the flute,
He plays in the Longford Street band;
It would do your heart good for to see him march out
On a Sunday for Dollymount Strand.

In the park, on a Sunday, I make quite a dash;
The neighbors look on in surprise.
With my Aberdeen shawlie thrown over my head,
I dazzle the sight of their eyes.
At Patrick Street corner, for sixty-four years,
I've stood, and no one can deny
That while I stood there, nobody could dare
To say black was the white of my eye.