

Biddy Mulligan

The Dubliners

You may travel from Clare to County Kildare,
From Dublin right down to Macroom.
But where would you see a fine widow like me
Biddy Mulligan, the pride of the Coombe

I'm a scrap of a widow that lives in a place,
In Dublin that`s known as the Coombe.
And me comfort and ease sure no king could excel
Though me palace consists of one room
By Patrick Street corner for thirty-five years,
I`ve stood by me stall, that`s no lie
And while I stood there, there was no one would dare
To say black was the white of me eye

I sell apples and oranges, nuts and sweet peas,
Bulls eyes and sugar-stick sweet.
On a Saturday night I sell second-hand clothes,
From me stall on the floor of the street.
Now I have a son Mick and he plays on the fife
He belongs to the Longford street band
It will do your heart good just to see them march out
On a Sunday to Sandymount strand

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