

Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

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Red Haired Mary

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As I was going to the fair at Dingle
One fine morning last July
When going down the road before me,
A red haired girl I chanced to spy.

Well I went up to her, says I, "Young lady,
Me donkey, he will carry two."
And she looked at me, her eyes a-twinkle,
And cheeks they were a rosey hue.

"Well I thank you kindly, sir," she answered,
And then she tossed her bright hair,
"Now seein' that you've got your donkey,
I will ride with you to the Dingle fair."

But when we reached the fair at Dingle,
I took her hand for to say good-bye,
When a tinkerman stepped up beside me,
And he struck me in my right eye!

cho: "Keep your hands off red-haired Mary,
Her and I are to be wed.
We're seein' the priest this very morning,
And tonight we'll lie in a marriage bed."

Now I was feeling kind of peevish,
And my poor old eye was sad and sore,
So I tapped him lightly with me hobnails,
And he flew back through Tim Murphy's door!

Then a policeman, he came round the corner,
And he told me I had broke the law,
Then me donkey kicked him in the ankle,
And he fell down and broke his jaw!

Now he went off to find his brother;
The biggest man you ever did meet.
He 'gently' tapped me with his knuckles,
And I was minus two front teeth.

Now this red haired girl, she kept on smiling.

She said, "Young sir, I'll go with you instead.
We'll forget the priest this very morning,
And tonight we'll lie in Murphy's shed!

Through the Dingle Fair we rode together,
My black eye and her red hair.
Smilin' gaily at the tinkers,
By God we were a handsome pair.

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