

Mrs. McGrath

Oh, Missus McGrath, the sergeant said
Would you like to make a soldier out of your son Ted?
With a scarlet coat and a big cocked hat?
Now Missus McGrath wouldn't you like that?

Wid yer too-ri-aa, fol de diddle aa
Too-ri-oo-ri-oo-ri-aa

Now Missus McGrath lived on the seashore
For the space of seven long years or more,
Till she saw a big ship sail into the bay
Say's here's my son Ted, wisha, clear the way.

Wid yer too-ri-aa, fol de diddle aa
Too-ri-oo-ri-oo-ri-aa

Oh captain dear where have you been
Have you been sailing in the Mediterranean?
Have you any news of my son Ted?
Is the poor boy livin' or is he dead?

Wid yer too-ri-aa, fol de diddle aa
Too-ri-oo-ri-oo-ri-aa