



You may travel from Clare, to the County Kildare; From Francis Street



down to the Coombe; But where would you see a fine widow like me? Bid-dy



Mulligan, the pride of the Coombe, my boys, Bid-dy Mulligan the pride of the Coombe.



I'm a bux-om fine widow, I live in a spot In Dublin, they call it the Coombe. Me



shops and me stalls are laid out in the street; and me palace consists of one room. I sell



apples and oranges, nuts and sweet peas, bananas and sugar sticks sweet; On a



Saturday night I sell second hand clothes, from the floor of my stall in the street.

Biddy Mulligan

Traditional

Chorus:

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.