

# Molly Maguires

**Make way for the Molly Maguires, they're drinkers, they're liars but they men.**

**Make way for the Molly Maguires, you'll never see the likes of them again.**

Down the mines no sunlight shines,            those pits they're black as hell.

In modest style they do their time,            it's Paddy's prison cell.

And they curse the day they travelled far and drown their tears with a jar.

**So make way for the Molly Maguires, they're drinkers, they're liars but they men.**

**Make way for the Molly Maguires, you'll never see the likes of them again.**

Backs will break the muscles ache,            down there's four times to three.

Of fields far from a woman's arm,            just dig that bloody seam.

Though they train their bodies and their brow, who dare to push them around.

**So make way for the Molly Maguires, they're drinkers, they're liars but they men.**

**So make way for the Molly Maguires, you'll never see the likes of them again.**

Though they train their bodies and their brow, who dare to push them around.

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**(Phil Coulter)**