

# MRS. McGRATH

Irish (19th Century)

Composer of melody and lyrics unknown

TabEdited by James Kuder

Oh Miss-us Mc- Grath the ser- geant said, Woulyou like to makæ sol- dier out of

your son Ted? With a scar- let coat and a big cocked hat, Now

Miss-us Mc- Grath wouldn't you like that? Wid yer too- ri- aa,

fol- de- did- dle- aa, Too- ri- oo- ri oo- ri- aa.

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,  
Says here's my son Ted, wisha, clear the way!  
Wid yer too-ri-aa...

Oh captain, dear, where have you been,  
Have you been sailing in the Meditereen?  
Have you any news of my son Ted?  
Is the poor boy livin' or is he dead?  
Wid yer too-ri-aa...

Well, up comes Ted without any legs  
And in their place he's got two wooden pegs.  
She kissed him a dozen times or two,  
Saying Holy Moses it isn't you.  
Wid yer too-ri-aa...

Oh then were you drunk or were you blind  
That you left your two fine legs behind?  
Or was it walkin' upon the sea  
Wore your two fine legs from the knees away?  
Wid yer too-ri-aa...

No, I wasn't drunk and I wasn't blind  
When I left my two fine legs behind.  
But a big cannon ball on the fifth of May  
Took my two fine legs from the knees away.  
Wid yer too-ri-aa...

Oh, Teddy, me boy, the old widow cried,  
Your two fine legs were your mammy's pride.  
Those stumps of a tree won't do at all,  
Why didn't you run from that cannon ball?  
Wid yer too-ri-aa...

All foreign wars I do proclaim  
Between Don Juan and the King of Spain,  
And by herrins I'll make them rue the time  
They took the two legs from a child of mine.  
Wid yer too-ri-aa...