

The Green Fields of America

Molly Brannigan
Pretty Molly Brannigan
Purty Molly Brannigan

WHISTLE D

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variations

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1. Man did you ever hear of purty Molly Brannigan?
 She stole away my heart and I'll never be a man again.
 There's not a spot on my hide will another summer tan again,
 Since Molly's gone and left me all alone for to die.
 Dee idle diddley dootle [etc]
2. There's a hole in my heart you could easy round a turnip in,
 As big as any pavin' stone from Dublin to the Devil's glen.
 If she chose to take another sure she might have left mine back again,
 And not to leave me here all alone for to die.
 Dee howdle duddeley dootle [etc]
3. Man dear I remember when milkin' time was past and gone,
 We went into the meadows where she swore I was the only one
 That ever she could love, but, oh, she proved to be the cruel one
 And left me here lamentin' all alone for to die.
 Dee idle diddley dum dowlle [etc]

Joe Holmes and Len Graham have different words to it:

1. There's a hole in my heart you could easy put a turnip in,
 As big as any pavin' stone from Dublin to the Devil's den.
 Rum diddle [etc]
2. The lassie of my heart (?)
 .. since Molly proved the cruel one
 Rum diddle [etc]

A few more verses from Tom Lenihan:

3. Ma'am dear, do you remember as we came home the rain began.
 I covered her with my coat, oh, the devil a waistcoat I had on,
 My shirt was rather fine-drawn, yet, oh, the base and cruel one!
 After all that she has left me here alone for to die.
4. I went and told my tale to Father McDonald, ma'am,
 And then I went and asked advice of Counsellor O'Connell, ma'am.
 They told me promise-breaches had ever been since the world began: Now
 I've only one pair, ma'am, and they are corduroy!
5. What would you do, ma'am, or what would you advise me to do?
 Must my corduroys to Molly go? In truth I'm bothered what I'll do. I
 can't afford to lose both my heart and my ould britches too. Sure the
 devil a hair I care when I've only to die.
6. I'm as hot and determined as a live salamander, ma'am.
 Won't ye all come in my wake when I go on my long me[a]nder, ma'am? I
 thought I was as famous as the famous Alexander, ma'am, When I hear ye
 crying around me: "Arrah, why did you die?"