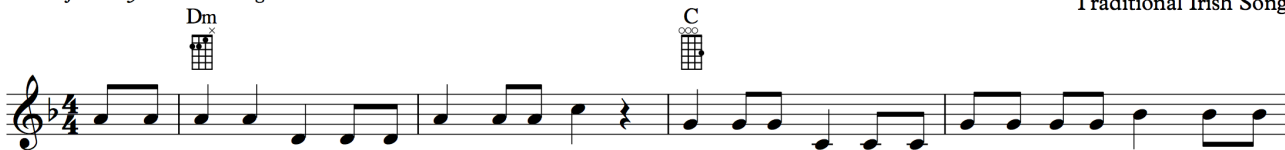


# Mary Mac

*As fast as you can manage*

Traditional Irish Song

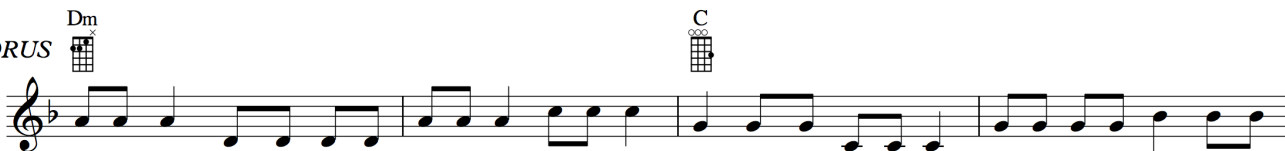


There's a nice wee lass and her name's Ma-ry Mac. Make no mis-take she's the miss I'm gon-na take. There's a



lot of oth-er chaps that would get up on her track, but I'm think-in that they'd have to get up ear - ly.

**CHORUS**



Ma-ry Mac's moth-er's mak-in' Ma-ry Mac mar-ry me. My moth-er's mak-in' me mar-ry Ma-ry Mac, and I'm



go-ing to get mar-ried to get Ma-ry to take care of me. We'll all be mak-in' mer-ry when I mar-ry Ma-ry Mac!

*Interlude: Kaiyut-little-ottle-eettle-ottle-eettle-um!*

Now Mary and her mother gang an awful lot together.  
In fact you hardly ever see the one without the other.  
And people often wonder if it's Mary or her mother  
Or the both of them together that I'm courtin'.  
*Chorus...*

I said, well bonnie lass, where you gonna spend the day?  
She said, among the heather and the hills of Banoffee,  
Where all the boys and girls are makin' it for free,  
Up among the heather and the hills of Banoffee.  
*Chorus...*

The wedding's on Wednesday. Everything's arranged.  
Soon her name will change to mine unless her mind be changed.  
We're makin' the arrangements and I'm just a bit deranged.  
For marriage is an awful undertakin'.  
*Chorus...*

It's sure to be a grand affair and grander than a fair.  
There's gonna be a coach and pair for every couple there.  
We'll dine upon the finest fare. I'm sure to get my share.  
If I don't we'll all be very much mistaken.  
*Chorus...*

There's a nice wee little lass and her name is Mary Mac  
Make no mistake, she's the girl I'm gonna track.  
There's a lot of other fellas tryin' to get up on her back,  
But I think they're gonna have to get up early.  
*Chorus...*