

MOLLY O'MALLEY'S

tuning: ebbf#be

Molly O'Malley's is not too far from here
Where not a soul, the story goes, ever pays for beer
At Molly O'Malley's the patrons understand
That the player's fee is a pint or three
So everyone's in the band
Everybody's in the band

Some join in with voices, some with pipes or reeds
Some in the band clap their hands or laugh and slap their knees
Some are still and listen with attentive eyes and ears
And it's always strange how the music changes
When they disappear
When they disappear

CHORUS:

Over the doorway, painted bold
A question begs your pardon
"Is this a place of many souls
Or just one very large one?"
Over the bar, another reads
"Are there many songs
Or just one that goes on and on?"

At Molly O'Malley's they go chair to chair
And each one croons a little tune they would like to share
Some are sad, some happy, and singing has its rules
That you can't be shy and you cannot lie
But you sing a song that's true
Sing a song that's true

CHORUS:

When the night is over, before the last farewell
They find the jar on the bar and kindly tip themselves
At Molly O'Malley's, the patrons understand
That the player's fee is a pint or three
So everyone's in the band
Everybody's in the band