

Biddy Mulligan - Verses

I sell fish on a Friday, spread out on a board;
The finest you'll find in the sea.
But the best is my herrings, fine Dublin Bay herrings,
There's herrings for dinner and tea.
I have a son, Rick, he's great on the flute,
He plays in the Longford Street band;
It would do your heart good for to see him march out
On a Sunday for Dollymount Strand.

In the park, on a Sunday, I make quite a dash;
The neighbors look on in surprise.
With my Aberdeen shawlie thrown over my head,
I dazzle the sight of their eyes.
At Patrick Street corner, for sixty-four years,
I've stood, and no one can deny
That while I stood there, nobody could dare
To say black was the white of my eye.