

# Molly Maguires

(Bill Martin/Phil Coulter)

*Make way for the Molly Maguires  
They're drinkers, they're liars but they're men  
Make way for the Molly Maguires  
You'll never see the likes of them again*

1. Down the mines no sunlight shines  
Those pits they're black as hell  
In modest style they do their time  
It's Paddy's prison cell  
And they curse the day they've travelled far  
Then drown their tears with a jar

$\frac{4}{4}$  [omkv.] | F - - - | C - - - | B<sub>b</sub> - - - | F - - - |  
| F - - - | C - - - | B<sub>b</sub>- C- | F - - <sup>(e)</sup> |

*So, make way for  
the Molly Maguires.....* [Vers] | D<sub>m</sub>- - - | F - - - | F - - - | D<sub>m</sub>- - - |  
| F - - - | B<sub>b</sub> - - - | C - - - | F - - <sup>(e)</sup> |  
| D<sub>m</sub>- - - | A<sub>m</sub>- - - | D<sub>m</sub>- - - | C<sup>7</sup> || z ||

2. Backs will break and muscles ache  
Down there there's no time to dream  
Of fields and farms, of woman's arms  
Just dig that bloody seam  
Though they drain their bodies underground  
Who'll dare to push them around

*So, make way for the Molly Maguires...*

*Solo*

*So, make way for the Molly Maguires.....  
So, make way for the Molly Maguires...*