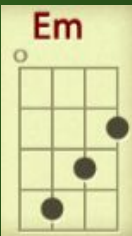
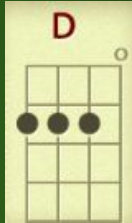
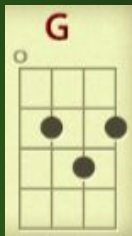


Red-Haired Mary is a popular Irish bar band song from Sean McCarthy (1923-1990) in 1950s



As [G] I was going to the Faire in [D7] Dingle,
[G] One fine morning [C] last July,
[G] Walking down the road [D7] before me,
A [G] red-haired girl I [D7] chanced to [G] spy.

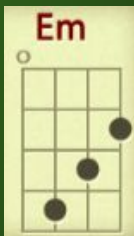
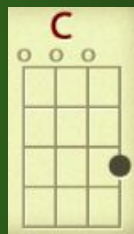
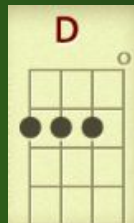
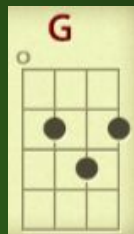


I stepped [G] up to her, says [D7] I, "Young lady,
My [G] donkey, he can [C] carry two."

She [G] looked at me, her [D7] eyes a-twinkling
And her [G] cheeks they were a [D7] rosy [G] hue.

[G] "Thank you kindly, sir," she [D7] answered
And [G] then she shook her [C] bright red hair.

[G] "Seeing as how you've [D7] got your donkey,
I'll [G] ride with you to the [D7] Dingle [G] Faire."



But [G] when we reached the [D7] faire in Dingle,
I [G] took her hand for to [C] say goodbye.

When a [G] tinker man stepped up [D7] close beside
And [G] hit me right in [D7] my left [G] eye.

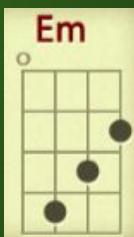
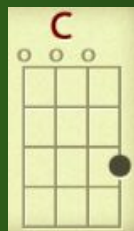
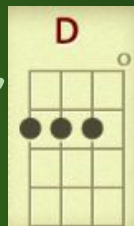
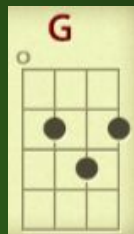
CHORUS

[G] Take your hands off [Em] Red Haired Mary,

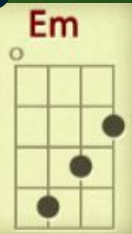
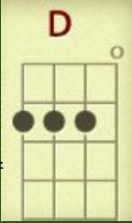
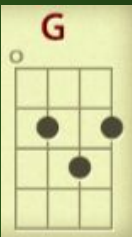
[G] Her and I are [C] to be wed.

We're [G] seein' the priest this [Em] very morning,

And [G] tonight we'll lie in a [D7] marriage [G] bed.



Well, [G] I was feelin [D7] kinda peevish,
My [G] poor old eye felt [C] sad and sore,
And so I [G] tapped him gently
with me [D7] hobnail,
And he [G] flew back through
[D7] Murphy's [G] door!



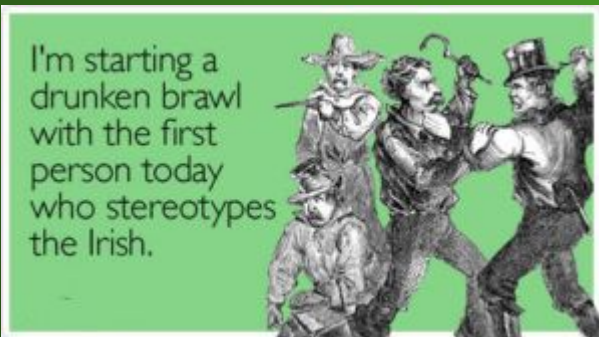
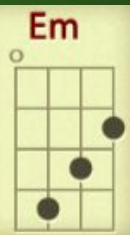
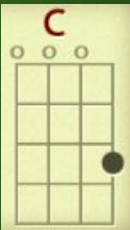
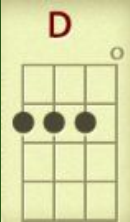
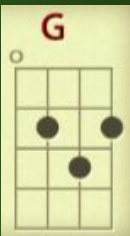
CHORUS

[G] Keep your hands off [Em] Red Haired Mary,

[G] Her and I are [C] to be wed.

We're [G] seein' the priest this [Em] very morning,

And [G] tonight we'll lie in a [D7] marriage [G] bed.

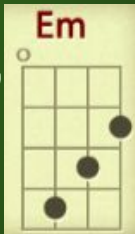
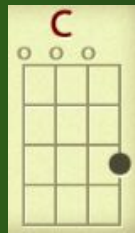
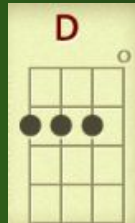
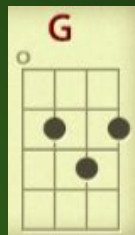


Then he [G] ran off to find his [D7] brother,
The [G] biggest man I [C] ever did see.

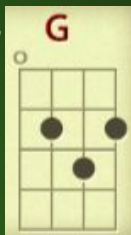
He [G] tapped me hard with his [D7] knuckles,
And [G] I was minus [D7] two front [G] teeth.

[G] When the police came [D7] round the corner,
[G] He said, "Son, you [C] broke the law."

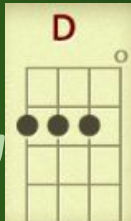
But my [G] donkey kicked him in the [D7] kneecaps,
[G] And he fell down and [D7] smashed his [G] jaw!



The [G] red-haired girl just [D7] stood there smilin'
"I'll [G] come with you, young [C] man," she said.



We'll [G] skip the priest this [D7] very morning,
And [G] tonight we'll lie in [D7] Murphy's [G] shed."



LAST CHORUS!

Oh, [G] Keep your hands off [Em] Red Haired Mary,
[G] Her and I are [C] to be wed.



We're [G] seeing the priest [Em] tomorrow morning,
[G] At night we'll lie in [D7] a marriage [G] bed.

