

For better or worse Packie Manus Byrne

I was once a young man disappointed in life
For I had the misfortune to invest in a wife
For that I was sorry believe me it's true
So the whole sordid story I'll now tell to you

I thought I'd be happy with a young sporting fan
I put on my new suit and I asked my best man
And I promised myself that wherever I'd roam
I would marry some damsel before I'd come home

Well I met her alright at a Ballintra fair
She was the nicest young damsel of all the girls there
So I popped her the question she quickly said yes
Oh how happy I'd be had she said the reverse

She stood at her shortest a full fathom long
Proportionately built aye and dangerously strong
The brightness of Venus it shone in her eyes
And the red on her cheeks would an angel surprise

It would delight you to see her put on when in haste
Her lipstick eyelashes paint powder and paste
When I think on that day I oft give it me curse
It was the day that I took her for better or worse

Now her skirts weren't long and I don't like to say
That her blouse it was v-necked in a bare sort of way
And her stockings were silk of the purest of white
And they shone like the stars on a clear frosty night

So the honeymoon over and back we did come
The neighbours all gathered to welcome us home
While the old ones were laughing eating and drinking
The young ones were dancing courting and winking

Now I took out the wife for a bit of a dance

Out fell her false teeth just by some evil chance
Down fell her two glass eyes right on the floor
They were smashed in a thousand of splinters or more

When I came to my senses oh what did I see
Only two wooden legs branded made by Magee
And there was me missus the once charming belle
She was eyeless and toothless and footless as well

So I sent for the guards and a big navy gang
To erect a strong scaffold me wife for to hang
When she saw me intention she soulfully cried
Dropped down at my feet and rolled over and died

A coffin of concrete we made for her bones
And we piled down upon it ten cart loads of stones
And the neighbours they say that she never can rise
For I kept her false teeth wooden legs and glass eyes

She was called away and I'm once again free
And I'm thankful to heaven for its kindness to me
Now I don't know who called her nor I don't give a whack
But of one think I'm certain I don't want her back