

The wedding of Larry Magee

Packie Manus Byrne

'Twas in Wicklow there once lived an ould man called Larry
A donkey and a pig but he hadn't a wife
He lived all alone in an ould dirty barn
In a hell of a dungeon the whole of his life.

He was courtin' a lady her name was Kate Brady
For Larry himself was the devil for a spree
Now supposing said Larry that we two should marry
You'd have your name changed to be Mrs Magee.

'Twas in Wicklow we had a great wedding bedad
There was eating and drinking a chuisle mo chroí
And the neighbours came flocking and pulled up their stockings
To dance at the wedding of Larry Magee.

When Larry came home and went out to the barn
He wasn't alone for the donkey was there
And he was so drunk he did not know the donkey
That he used to ride into Ballykeen fair.

As Larry was speaking the donkey was kicking
To be sure on his master was making so free
Ah ye blackguard says Larry is this what I've married
He thought all the time it was Mrs Magee.

When Mrs Magee got home to the spree
She got up on the floor for to dance a round jig
And her head was so friskey from drinking strong whiskey
That we threw her outside on the straw with the pig.

She laid there contented she never lamented
She though t'would be nice for to have her own spree
Well you should see the sport of her hugging the pork
For she thought all the time it was Larry Magee.

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