

The Pride of Sweet Clogheen

Mary Bowels the noble lass, she played a heroes part
When cruel tyrants tried to crush a generous irish heart
Never yet was known a lady, nor likewise near a queen
Who would match the deeds of mary bowels, The pride of Sweet clogheen

*And its hands up Hands up mary Bowels you'll hear the children sing
All along the streets of poker town as she rides through sweet clogheen*

With Blakcened stick she sketched and drew upon her prison wall
But true as steel to gallant friends she would not talk at all
They took her to the bridewell and then to sundays well
But freedom song bloomed in her breast, and never would she tell

I pray to heaven that every maid like mary would be true
To comrads brave to Irelands cause to God and Riosin Dubh
then we would boast a patriot Host, from whence to pick a queen
Who would match the deeds of mary Bowels, the pride of sweet clogheen

A heart that swelled with pride and joy, and longed for Irelands cause
And with the volunteers she pledges to scuttle Englands laws
She tried to hide a Lewis gun, and she's scarcely seventeen
While bullets flew around her path, the pride of sweet clogheen

Mary Bowels the noble lass, she rode up Blarney lane,
astride her mare no one would dare, to she to her disdain
Hands up Hands up mary bowels you hear the children say
She was a freedom fighter, they heard there parents say