

Irish Washerwoman

Oh and Irish wash woman has not an equal
she rubs better, scrubs better than other people
she jigs a bit, sings a bit all the day long and her heart's like a
shamrock it sings a gay song,

Oh the neighbors all listen to Mrs. McCleary
- and vow that an wash woman's life is not dreary
- she jiggles and wiggles an eyeful of Ireland, the pride of the Irish, the
wash woman queen.

And if I could just sing this song a bit faster
I might impress ole Molly McMaster
but then she might sing it right back even faster, and I would be left where
I had begun.