Mary Martindale

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(Jez Lowe)

In every street where young lads meet, the talk is all the same,
It's of a bonny lassie that's got every heart a-flame.
Like flies they swarm about her and they court her night and day.
She's pretty Mary Martindale, so bonny fair and neat,
Pretty Mary Martindale, from Carlisle Street.

For looks they'd never win prizes, but they swear their hearts are true,
They come in shapes and sizes, in every shade and hue.
Some fat, some thin, some in between, some rich and some so poor,
And such a sight, by day and night, they hang around the door.

They send her gifts and tokens, and to look upon them all,
They look just like a treasure or a kind of market stall;
There's golden rings and chains, and things to wear and things to eat,
There's jars to smell and books as well, and things that's got me beat.

Mr. Charles the banker, he's never short of cash,
So he buys her books of poetry that he reads with such panache,
And Joe Divine the milkman brings here clotted cream and cheese,
Dennis Brown the builder never lets her from his site,
While Mr. Black the coalman wants to keep her warm at night
Mr. Ives the Baker, well he keeps her pantry full,
While Jones the draper does his bit with cotton, silk and wool.

A dreadful fight occurred one night between two of the best
They both had brought her roses, and neither saw the jest,
The next we knew the fists they flew, they were rolling over the ground.
We had to fetch the policeman, you can guess where he was found.

The lad that finally gets her, he'll thank the stars above,
Or maybe pray and bless the day he finally won her love,
It really makes you wonder how she casts her loving spell,
But now my friends I must be gone, I'm courting her myself.

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