

MRS. McGRATH

"O Mrs. McGrath," the sergeant said
"Would you like a soldier of your son, Ted?
With a scarlet coat and a big cocked hat
Now Mrs. McGrath would you like that?"

With your too-ri-aa, fold-did-dle-di-aa,
too-ri-oo-ri-oo-ri-aa, too.ri-aa,
fol-did-dle-di-aa, too-ri-oo-ri-oo-ri-aa

Now Mrs. McGrath lived on the shore
And after seven years or more
She spied a ship come into the bay
With her son from far away

"O Captain dear where have ye been?
You been sailing the Mediterranean?
Have you news of my son Ted?
Is he living or is he dead?"

With your too-ri-aa, fold-did-dle-di-aa,
too-ri-oo-ri-oo-ri-aa, too.ri-aa,
fol-did-dle-di-aa, too-ri-oo-ri-oo-ri-aa

Then came Ted without any legs
And in their place two wooden pegs
She kissed him a dozen times or two
And said "My God Ted is it you?
Now were ye drunk or were ye blind
When ye left yer two fine legs behind?
Or was it walking upon the sea
That wore your two fine legs away?"

With your too-ri-aa, fold-did-dle-di-aa,
too-ri-oo-ri-oo-ri-aa, too.ri-aa,
fol-did-dle-di-aa, too-ri-oo-ri-oo-ri-aa
With your too-ri-aa, fold-did-dle-di-aa,
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fol-did-dle-di-aa, too-ri-oo-ri-oo-ri-aa

Now I wasn't drunk and I wasn't blind
When I left my two fine legs behind
A cannonball on the fifth of May
Tore my two fine legs away

"My, Teddy boy," the widow cried
"Yer two fine legs were yer mother's pride
Stumps of a tree won't do at all
Why didn't ye run from the cannonball?"

With your too-ri-aa, fold-did-dle-di-aa,
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fol-did-dle-di-aa, too-ri-oo-ri-oo-ri-aa

"All foreign wars I do proclaim
Live on blood and a mother's pain
I'd rather have my son as he used to be
Than the King of America
And his whole Navy!"
With your too-ri-aa, fold-did-dle-di-aa,
too-ri-oo-ri-oo-ri-aa, too.ri-aa,
fol-did-dle-di-aa, too-ri-oo-ri-oo-ri-aa

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"Signora McGrath," disse il sergente
"vuole fare un soldato di suo figlio, Ted?
Con una giubba rossa e un gran cappello a punta
Signora. McGrath non le piacerebbe?"

With your too-ri-aa, fold-did-dle-di-aa,
too-ri-oo-ri-oo-ri-aa, too.ri-aa,
fol-did-dle-di-aa, too-ri-oo-ri-oo-ri-aa

La signora. McGrath visse sulla costa
E dopo sette lunghi anni o forse più
Vide una nave che entrava nella baia
Con suo figlio da tanto lontano

"Oh, caro Capitano, dove sei stato?
Hai navigato per il Mediterraneo?
Hai notizie di mio figlio Ted?
È vivo o è morto?"

With your too-ri-aa, fold-did-dle-di-aa,
too-ri-oo-ri-oo-ri-aa, too.ri-aa,
fol-did-dle-di-aa, too-ri-oo-ri-oo-ri-aa

Poi venne Ted senza gambe
Al loro posto due protesi di legno
Lo baciò una o due dozzine di volte
Dicendo "Dio mio Ted sei tu?"
Eri ubriaco o eri cieco
Quando hai perso le tue due belle gambe?
O forse era quando camminavi sopra il mare
Che hai consumato le tue due belle gambe?"

With your too-ri-aa, fold-did-dle-di-aa,
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fol-did-dle-di-aa, too-ri-oo-ri-oo-ri-aa
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Non ero ubriaco nè cieco
Quando ho perso le mie due belle gambe
Una palla di cannone il cinque maggio
Portò via le mie due belle gambe

"Teddy figlio mio" pianse la vecchia vedova
"Le due belle gambe erano l'orgoglio di tua mamma
Quei pezzi d'albero non vanno bene
Perché non sei corso via da quella grossa palla di cannone?"

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"Ogni guerra in terra straniera, io proclamo
Vive sul sangue e sul dolore di una madre
Preferirei avere mio figlio come era
Che non il Re d'America
E tutta la sua flotta!"
With your too-ri-aa, fold-did-dle-di-aa,
too-ri-oo-ri-oo-ri-aa, too.ri-aa,
fol-did-dle-di-aa, too-ri-oo-ri-oo-ri-aa