Now if all the women in the town were bundled up together

The girl I love could beat them all in any kind of weather

She doesn't wash the powder off because she doesn't wear it

Her face and figure are all her own, it's true for I declare

That she's a fine big strong lump of an agricultural Irish girl

She neither paints nor powders, and her figure is all her own

But she can hit that hard ohh! you would think the kick of a mule you got

The full of your arms of Irish love was Mary Ann Malone
p.2. Agricultural Irish Girl

Now she was only seven-teen last grass, and still improving greatly

I wonder what she will be like when her bones are set completely

You'd think your hand was in a vice, the moment that she shakes it

And if there's any gin around, 'tis Mary Ann that takes it

'Cos she's a fine big strong lump of an agricultural Irish girl

She neither paints nor powders, and her figure is all her own

But she can hit that hard ohh! you would think the kick of a mule you got

The full of your arms of Irish love was Mary Ann Ma-lone

Yes, the full of your arms of Irish love was Mary Ann Ma-lone!
AGRICULTURAL IRISH GIRL—J. F. Mitchell

Intro: | C Gm7 C Gm7| C Gm7 C |

C                   F                             C
Now if all the women in the town were bundled up together

F                           C                       D7                G7
The girl I love could beat them all in any kind of weather

C                           F                      C
She doesn't wash the powder off because she doesn't wear it

F                          C                       D7                G7
Her face and figure are all her own, it's true for I declare

C                                      G7
That she's a fine big strong lump of an agricultural Irish girl

C                               D7                        G7
She neither paints nor powders, and her figure is all her own

C                             F   C                          G7
But she can hit that hard ohh! you would think the kick of a mule you got

C                                         D7   G7        C   Gm7  C   Gm7  C   Gm7  C
The full of your arms of Irish love was Mary Ann Malone

C                   F                             C
Now she was only seventeen last grass, and still improving greatly

F                           C                       D7                G7
I wonder what she will be like when her bones are set completely

C                           F                      C
You'd think your hand was in a vice, the moment that she shakes it

F                          C                       D7                G7
And if there's any gin around, 'tis Mary Ann that takes it

C                                      G7
'Cos she's a fine big strong lump of an agricultural Irish girl

C                               D7                        G7
She neither paints nor powders, and her figure is all her own

C                             F   C                          G7
But she can hit that hard ohh! you would think the kick of a mule you got

C                                         D7   G7        C   C
The full of your arms of Irish love was Mary Ann Malone

C                                                        D7      G7          C      C!
Yes, the full of your arms of Irish love was Mary Ann Malone!