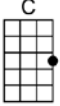
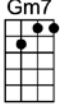
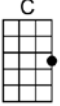
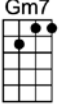
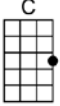
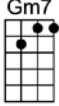
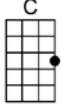
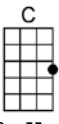
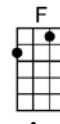
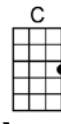
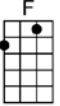
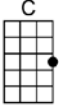
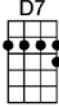
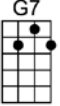


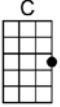
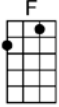
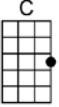
AGRICULTURAL IRISH GIRL - J. F. Mitchell

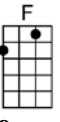
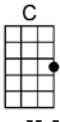
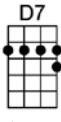
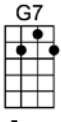
4/4 1...2...123 (without intro)

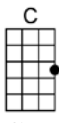
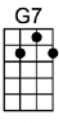
Intro: |    |     |

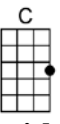
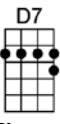
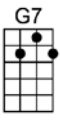
  
 Now if all the women in the town were bundled up together

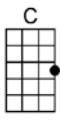
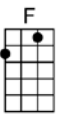
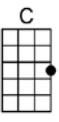
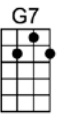
   
 The girl I love could beat them all in any kind of weather

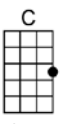
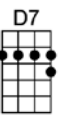
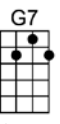
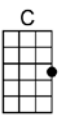
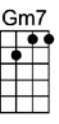
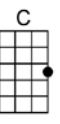
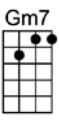
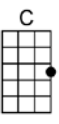
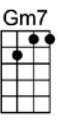
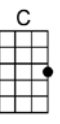
  
 She doesn't wash the powder off be-cause she doesn't wear it

   
 Her face and figure are all her own, it's true for I de-clare

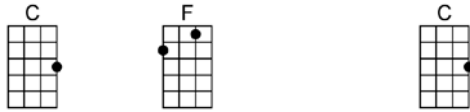
 
 That she's a fine big strong lump of an agricultural Irish girl

  
 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 Ma-lone

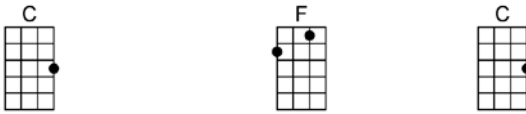
p.2. Agricultural Irish Girl



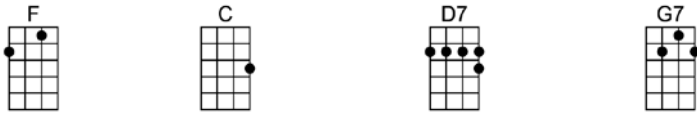
Now she was only seven-teen last grass, and still improving greatly



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

4/4 1...2...123 (without intro)

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 be-cause she doesn't wear it

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

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 Ma-lone

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

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

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

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