

# Diabolical Things

## The Irish Rovers

There was a rich widow from Donaghadee  
With heavenly looks but a devil was she  
She buried her husbands, one two and three  
And all of them died quite mysteriously

Well the first was the farmer ol' Willy Mcvee  
Who owned all the land around Tandragee  
He was cutting the hay the last he was seen  
And he ended up baled by his threshing machine

Oh isn't it funny what money can do?  
The root of all evil is said to be true  
Tell me what would you do to be rich as a king?  
Would you do diabolical things?

The next was a gentleman scholar of note  
Famous and rich from the words that he wrote  
But a book from the shelf fell down on his head  
A right heavy tome made sure he was dead

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Tell me what would you do to be rich as a king?  
Would you do diabolical things?

And then she was wed to a singer of fame  
The idol of millions and worth quite the same  
'Till sadly his favorite new toy failed to brake  
But the poor grieving widow put on a great wake

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Now only she knows if it's lies or the truth  
For if it was murder, there was never no proof  
But there's devious things that can happen, you see  
If you marry the widow of Donaghadee

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