

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## Here's to the Morning Glory

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At the end of the day, I like a little drink to raise up me voice and sing  
And an hour or two with a fine, brown brew and I'm ready for anything  
At the Cross Keys Inn there were sisters four, the landlord's daughters fair  
And every night when they'd turn out the light I would tiptoe up the stair  
...singin'

cho: One for the morning glory, two for the early dew  
Three for the man who will stand his round  
And four for the love of you, me girl,  
Four for the love of you

I got the call from a foreign shore to go and fight the foe  
And I thought no more of the sisters four, but still I was sad to go  
I sailed away on a ship, the Morning Glory was her name  
And we'd all fall down when the rum went 'round, then get up and start again

I bore once more for my native shore, farewell to the raging seas  
And the Cross Keys Inn, it was beckonin', and me heart was filled with glee  
For there on the shore were the sisters four with a bundle upon each knee  
There were three little girls and a bouncing boy, and they all looked  
just like me...

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