

Home By Bearna

Am
In Scartaglen there lived a lass
G
And every Sunday after mass
Am
She would go and take a glass
G **Am**
Before goin' home by Bearna
We won't go home along the road
G
For fear that you might act the rogue
Am
We won't go home along the road
G
We'll go home by **Am**] Bearna

We won't go home across the fields
The big thornins could stick in your heels
We won't go home across the fields
We'll go home by Bearna
We won't go home around the glen
For fear your blood might rise again
We won't go home around the glen
But we'll go home by Bearna

We won't go down the milk boreen
The night is bright we might be seen
We won't go down the milk boreen
But we'll go home by Bearna
We won't go home across the bog
In fear we might meet Kearney's dog
We won't go home across the bog
But we'll go home by Bearna