

Irish Potheen - song lyrics

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IRISH POTHEEN.

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Let the Frenchman drink his wine, the German drink his beer,
Let every man drink what he will;
Should a friend I chance to meet, I never fail to treat,
To that sparkling drink the Irish call "potheen."
There's a relish in its sip, how 'twill color up the lip,
Like a cherry fresh and rosy from a tree;
How 'twill warm up the heart, the chords of love 'twill start,
There is no drink like the sweet potheen for me.

Chorus.

So come and fill your glass, let the toast of friendship pass,
Sing a song or dance with your colleen;
Should a friend I chance to meet, I never fail to treat,
To that sparkling drink the Irish call "potheen."

Around the hearth at night, when hearts are free and light,
When those we love are to be seen,
You'll see each smiling face fill an ever welcome place,
And imbibing in the rale ould sweet potheen.
Here and there a loving kiss, a bubbling o'er with bliss,
And a story that would make you laugh I ween;
Hand in hand you'll find us all, should you ever chance to call,
We will treat you to the rale ould sweet potheen.-Chorus.