

Grandfather Brian - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

GRANDFATHER BRIAN.

Grandfather Brian departed this life,
It was on Saint Patrick's day.
He started off to the next world
Without ever asking the way;
Leaving me all his riches,
With a great deal of wealth, d'ye see?
With a pair of his cloth leather breeches.
That buttoned up down to the knee.

Chorus.
Hurrah, for my grandfather Brian!
I wish he was living, och, sure!
And every day he'd be dying,
To be leaving me ten times as much more.

He left me the whole two sides of bacon,
Only one half was just cut away,
With a broomstick, with the head of a rake on,
And a held full of straw to make hay;
He left me some props and some patches,
With a beautiful new smock frock;
Six beautiful hens to lay duck's eggs,
Only one turned out to be a cock.-Chorus.

He left me a well full of water,
Only some said it was dry;
Three pitfulls of sand, lime and mortar,
And a squinting Tom-cat with one eye;
He left me an old dog and kitten,
His lapstone, knife and brad-awl;
With a lump of Dutch cheese that was bitten,
And a box full of nothing at all.-Chorus.

He left me a glass that was broken,
With a pair of new boots without soles;
And, faith! if the truth must be spoken,
A kettle with fifty-five holes;
A knife board make out of leather,
A treacle pot half full of glue;
A down bed without ever a feather,
And a fine coat nigh handy in two.-Chorus.

He left me a mighty fine clock, too,
Full of brass wheels made out of wood;
A key without ever a lock, too,
A stool to sit down where I stood;
A blanket made out of cloth patches,
A bread basket made of tinware;
A window without any sashes,
And a horse collar made for a mare.-Chorus.

He left me a starling, a beauty,
But it turned out to be a thrush;
He bid me in life do my duty,
And never comb my hair with a brush;
He left me six pounds all in copper,
With a splendid straight rule double bent;
And a beautiful bacca stopper,
With a view of Blackwater, in Kent.-Chorus.

He left me some whiskey for drinking,
And a beautiful stick, look at that;
And also a she bull for milking,
And a second-hand silk beaver hat;
He left me a shirt all in tatters.

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Amongst other things, I must state;
And a rare stock of old broken platter,
And, In fact, all the family plate.-Chorus.

He left me the bog for a garden,
One night it got covered with the flood,
And when I went out in the morning,
I went up to my two eyes in mud;
He left me a fine mare for breeding,
Its age was over threescore,
And when I come here next evening,
I will tell you ten times as much more.-Chorus.