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Cruiskeen Lawn

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Let the farmer praise his grounds, let the hunter praise his hounds,
And the shepherd his sweet scented lawn;
But I, more blest than they, spend each happy night and day
With my charmin' little cruiskeen lawn, lawn, lawn
Oh, my charmin' little cruiskeen lawn.

CHO: Gra-ma-chree ma-cruiskeen, slainte geal mavoorneen
Gra-machree a cool-in bawn, bawn, bawn,
Oh! gramachree a coolin bawn

Immortal and divine, great Bacchus, god of wine
Create me by adoption your son.
In hopes that you'll comply, THat my glass shall ne'er run dry
Nor my smilin' little etc.

And when grim Death appears, in a few but pleasant years,
To tell me that my glass has run,
I'll say, "Begone, you knave! For great Bacchus gave me leave
To take another etc.

Recorded by Galvin- Irish Drinking Songs, Clancys