

Cruiskeen Lawn - song lyrics

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

CRUISKEEN LAWN.

Let the farmer praise his grounds.
As the huntsman doth his hounds.
And the shepherd each sweet, shady grove;
But I, more blest than they,
Make each happy night and day,
With my smiling cruiskeen lawn, lawn, lawn,
With my smiling cruiskeen lawn.

Chorus.

Gramaehee ma cruiskeen, slanta gal mavourneen,
Gramachree ma cruiskeen lawn, lawn, lawn,
Gramachree ma cruiskeen, slanta gal mavourneen,
Arrab, ma colleen bawn, bawn, bawn, I
Arrab, ma colleen bawn.

Then fill your glasses high,
Let's not part with lips a-dry,
Though the lark now proclaims it is dawn;
And since we can't remain,
May we shortly meet again
To fill another cruiskeen lawn,
To fill another cruiskeen lawn.-Chorus.

And when grim death appears,
After few but happy years,
And tells me my glass is run,
I'll say, "Begone, you slave,
For great Bacchus gives us leave
To drink another cruiskeen lawn,
To drink another cruiskeen lawn." -Chorus.