

Cruiskeen Lawn

The Clancy Brothers

Cruiskeen Lawn

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.

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