

## **CRUISKEEN LAWN**

LET THE FARMER PRAISE HIS GROUNDS  
LET THE HUNTER PRAISE HIS HOUNDS,  
AND THE SHEPHERD PRAISE HIS SWEETLY SCENTED LAWN;  
BUT I, MORE BLEST THAN THEY  
SPEND EACH HAPPY NIGHT AND DAY  
WITH MY CHARMIN' LITTLE CRUISCÍN LÁN, LÁN, LÁN  
OH, MY CHARMIN LITTLE CRUISCÍN LÁN!

*GRÁ MO CHROI MO CHRUISCÍN, SLAINTE GEAL MO MHUIRNÍN*  
*GRÁ MO CHROI A CUILFHIONN BÁN, BÁN, BÁN,*  
*OH! GRÁ MO CHROI A CUILFHIONN BÁN!*

IMMORTAL AND DIVINE,  
GREAT BACCHUS, GOD OF WINE  
CREATE ME BY ADOPTION YOUR OWN SON  
AND I HOPE THAT YOU'LL COMPLY  
SO 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 AT LAST HAS RUN,  
I'LL SAY, "BEGONE, YOU KNAVE!  
FOR GREAT BACCHUS GAVE ME LEAVE  
TO TAKE ANOTHER" ETC.