

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.