

## *The JUICE OF THE BARLEY*

**IN THE SWEET COUNTY LIMERICK ONE COLD WINTER'S NIGHT  
ALL THE TURF FIRES WERE BURNING WHEN I FIRST SAW THE LIGHT  
AND A DRUNKEN OLD MIDWIFE WENT TIPSY WITH JOY  
AS SHE DANCED ROUND THE FLOOR WITH HER SLIP OF A BOY**

***SINGING "BÁINNE NA MBO IS AN GABHNA  
AND THE JUICE OF THE BARLEY FOR ME!"***

**WELL WHEN I WAS A GOSsoon OF EIGHT YEARS OLD OR SO  
WITH ME TURF AND ME PRIMER TO SCHOOL I DID GO  
TO A DUSTY OLD SCHOOL-HOUSE WITHOUT ANY DOOR  
WHERE LAY THE SCHOOL MASTER BLIND DRUNK ON THE FLOOR**

**AT THE LEARNING I WASN'T SUCH A GENIUS, I'M THINKING  
BUT I SOON BET THE MASTER ENTIRELY AT DRINKING  
NOT A WAKE OR A WEDDING FOR FIVE MILES AROUND  
BUT MESELF IN THE CORNER WAS SURE TO BE FOUND!**

**ONE SUNDAY THE PRIEST READ ME OUR FROM THE ALTAR  
SAYING, "YOU'LL END UP YOUR DAYS WITH YOUR NECK IN A HALTER  
AND YOU'LL DANCE A FINE JIG BETWEEN HEAVEN AND HELL!"  
AND HIS WORDS THEY DID SCARE ME, THE TRUTH FOR TO TELL.**

**SO THE VERY NEXT MORNING AS THE DAWN IT DID BREAK  
I WENT DOWN TO THE VESTRY THE PLEDGE FOR TO TAKE,  
AND THERE IN THAT ROOM SAT THE PRIESTS IN A BUNCH  
'ROUND A BIG ROARING FIRE DRINKING TUMBLERS OF PUNCH.**

**WELL FROM THAT DAY TO THIS I HAVE WANDERED ALONE  
I'M JACK OF ALL TRADES AND A MASTER OF NONE  
WITH THE SKY FOR ME ROOF AND THE EARTH FOR ME FLOOR  
AND I'LL DANCE OUT ME DAYS DRINKING WHISKEY GALORE!**