

Cruiscín Lán

(pronounced kroosh - keen lawn)

Clancy Brothers & Tommy Makem

Let the farmer praise his grounds, Let the huntsman praise his hounds, Let the
Im - mortal and di - vine, Great Bacchus, got of wine, Cre -
Oh when cruel death ap - pears In a few but happy years, You'll
Then fill your glasses high; Let's not part with lips so dry, For the

shepherd praise his dewey scented lawn. Oh, but I'm more wise than
ate me by a - doption your own son, In hopes that you'll com -
say, "Oh, won't you come along with me?" I'll say "Begone you
lark now pro - claims it is the dawn. And since we can't re -

they, Spend each happy night and day With my darlin' little cruiscin
ply That my glass shall ne'er run dry Nor my darlin' little cruiscin
knave, For King Bacchus gave me lave to take another cruiscin
main, May we shortly meet a - gain to fill another cruiscin

lan, lan, lan, My darlin' little cruiscin lan. Oh,

graw moh kree moh kroosh - keen Slawn - ta gal Moh - voor - neen, graw moh kree moh

kroosh - keen lawn, lawn, lawn, Oh, graw moh kree moh kroosh - keen lawn.

Chords: 2 Dm, 3, 4 Gm, 5 A7, 6 Dm, 7, 8 A7, 9, 10 F, 11 C7, 12 Gm, 13 A7, 14 Dm, 15 A7, 16 Dm, 17 A, 18, 19 A7, 20 Dm, 21, 22 F, 23 C, 24 Gm, 25 A7, 26 Dm, 27 A7, 28 Dm, 29 A, 30 Dm, 31 A7, 32 Dm