The Moonshine Can

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Come all ye moonshine drinkers and ye will quickly see,
The work of the Beaudin farmers and the way they served me.
I'll tell of the Beaudin farmers and how they cowed aloud.
They jealously could not agree, they turned me moonshine down.

It been on Easter Sunday morn when down the road I see,
Old Mickey wavin' both his arms and headin' straight for me.
He waved his arms and cowed aloud as down the road he ran,
Sayin' ""Pat, me B'y, there's an awful kick about your moonshine can.""

Then next there came the magistrate to tell me I must go.
They made me walk that lonesome trail up to me knees in snow.
They made me walk that lonesome trail and put me on the stand.
Sayin' ""Patty B'y, you'll have to pay for havin' a moonshine can.""

""I'd like to know how moonshine's made,"" the Magistrate did say.
""Of yeast cake and molasses, sure that's the proper way.
""Of yeast cake and molasses, sure that's the cutest plan.""
And the Magistrate was happy then, he took me moonshine can.

The Magistrate was happy then, God bless his eyes of blue.
He sent me home with a Constabule and told him what to do.
To hear them break me moonshine can, it nearly burst me heart,
But when they threw it into the bay, it tore me soul apart.

Then here's to that good Magistrate, ""May the Lord receive me friend.""
When he dies we'll bury him and he'll go to the other end.
Saint Peter then will greet him and the gates he'll then unlock,
Sayin', ""Come right in, Dear Magistrate, and welcome to the flock.""

Now, here's to the man who wrote this song, I'm sure he was not lyin'
And if you wants to know his name, his name be Patty Ryan.
His name be Patty Ryan, me B'y, from Goose Town he belong.
And when moonshine time comes 'round again, he'll make 'er twice as strong.

(Newfoundland - Traditional or by Paddy Ryan if the lyrics ring true)
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