The Juice of the Barley

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In the sweet country Lim'rick, 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,

cho: Singing ban-ya-na mo if an-ga-na
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 out 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 frighten 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 a 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 my days drinking whiskey galore,

Recorded by Clancys