

Brian O'Lynn

Brian O'Lynn was a gentleman born,
His hair it was long and his beard was unshorn,
His teeth were far out and his eyes were far in,
I'm a wonderful beauty says Brian O'Lynn.

Brian O'Lynn had no britches to wear,
So he got an old sheepskin to make him a pair,
With the fleshy side out and the woolly side in,
Sure they're there pleasant and cool says Brian O'Lynn.

Brian O'Lynn had no shirt to his back,
So he went to a neighbour to borrow a sack,
He puckered the meal bag in under his chin.
Sure they'll take them for ruffles says Brian O'Lynn.

Brian O'Lynn had no shoes at all,
So he bought an old pair at the cobbler's stall,
The uppers were broke and the soles were in
Sure they'll do me for dancing says Brian O'Lynn.

Brian O'Lynn had no back to coat,
So he borrowed a skin from a neighbouring goat,
With the horns sticking out from his oxers and then
Sure they'll take them for pistols says Brian O'Lynn.

Brian O'Lynn to his house had no door,
He'd the sky for a roof and the bog for a floor,
He'd a way to jump out and a way to swim in,
Sure 'tis fine habitation said Brian O'Lynn.