

Brian O'Linn

Brian O'Linn had no breeches to wear
He got him a sheepskin to make him a pair
With the fleshy side out and the woolly side in
"They'll be pleasant and cool," says Brian O'Linn

Brian O'Linn had no shirt to his back
So he went to a neighbour and borrowed a sack
He puckered the meal-bag up under his chin
"Sure they'll take them for ruffles," says Brian O'Linn

Brian O'Linn was hard up for a coat
So he borrowed the skin of a neighbouring goat
With the horns sticking out from his oxters and then
"Sure they'll take them for pistols" says Brian O'Linn

Brian O'Linn had no hat to put on
So he got an old beaver to make him a one
There was none of the crown left and less of the brim
"Sure there's fine ventilation" says Brian O'Linn

Brian O'Linn to his house had no door
He'd sky for a roof and the bog for a floor
He'd a way to jump out and a way to swim in
"Tis a fine habitation," says Brian O'Linn

Brian O'Linn went a courtin' one night
And he set both the mother and daughter to fight
To fight for his hand they both stripped to the skin
"Sure I'll marry yis both," says Brian O'Linn

Arranged by B.McVittie for the Mourne Community Choir