ROSIN THE BOW



24-Roisin the Bow

I've travelled this world all over And now to a mother I go And I know that good quarters are waiting For to welcome old Roisin the Bow

To welcome old Roisin the Bow me lad To welcome old Roisin the Bow And I know that good quarters are waiting for to welcome old Roisin the Bow

When I'm dead and laid out in the counter; A voice you will hear from below Saying, send down a hogshead of whiskey; To drink with old Roisin the Bow

To drink with old Roisin the Bow me lad To drink with old Roisin the Bow Saying, send down a hogshead of whiskey; To drink with old Roisin the Bow

And get a half dozen stout fellows; And stack them all up in a row Let them drink out of half gallon bottles To the memory of Roisin the Bow

To the memory of Roisin the Bow me lad To the memory of Roisin the Bow Let them drink out of half gallon bottles To the memory of Roisin the Bow