

Keg of Brandy

Robbie O'Connell

I'm always drunk and I'm seldom sober
A constant roving from town to town
Ah but I'm old now, my sporting's over
So Molly a stór won't you lay me down?

Just lay my head on a keg of brandy
It is my fancy I do declare
For while I'm drinking I'm always thinking
On lovely Molly from the County Clare

The ripest apple's the soonest rotten
And the warmest love's the soonest cold
A young man's fancy is soon forgotten
So beware young maids and don't take so bold

Just lay my head on a keg of brandy...

It's youth and folly make young men marry
And makes them tarry a long long day
What can't be cured love must be endured love
So fare well darling I'm going away

Just lay my head on a keg of brandy...