

CROOSKEEN LAWN.

Sing with Unbounded applause by

Mr. Matthews

Arranged by

P. K. MORAN.

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LARGHETTO

Let the Farmer praise his grounds, As the Huntsman does his hounds And the

Shepherd his sweet scented lawn. While I more blest than they spend each

dolce

hap-py night and day with my smiling little *Croos-keen lawn lawn lawn with my

*White Pitcher.

lit - tle smiling Crooskeen lawn Leante ru - ma croos - keen Sleante gar ma

PLAYFULLY

vourneen a - gus gramachree da Coo - leen ban ban ban a - gus gramachree da

croos - keen lawn.

2 3

In court with manly grace,
Should Sir Toby* plade his case,
And the merits of his cause make known,
Without his cheerful glass,
He'd be stupid as an ass,
So he takes a little crooskeen lawn,
Leante ruma &c.

Then fill your glasses high,
Let's not part with lips so dry,
Though the Lark should proclaim it is dawn,
But if we can't remain,
May we shortly meet again,
To fill another crooskeen lawn,
Leante ruma &c.

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And when grim death appears,
After few but happy years,
And tells me my glass it is run,
I'll say begone you slave,
For great Bacchus gives me lave,
Just to fill another crooskeen lawn,
Leante ruma &c.

* Sir TOBIAS BUTLER was a lawyer of great eminence at the Irish Bar, his usual Breakfast was toast and Sack. He was engaged as leading Counsel in a Case of considerable importance, And his Client fearing his taking too much of his favorite beverage made him pledge his honor not to drink any the morning of the trial. Sir T. went to Court, but his spirits were so depress'd for the want of his customary liquor that he was unable to proceed. He left the Court, got a loaf of Bread and pour'd a bottle of Sack on it, Eat it. He then pleaded with his usual Elloquence and gained his Suit.