

Garry Owen



Let Bac- chus' sons be not dis- mayed, But join with me, each jo- vial blade, Come



drink and sing and lend your aid To help me with the cho- rus: In-



stead of spa we'll drink brown ale, And pay the reck- 'ning on the nail, No



man for debt shall go to jail, From Gar- ry- o- wen in glo- ry.