

# The Wren in the Furze

## The Chieftains

The wren, oh the wren; he's the king of all birds,  
On St. Stevens day he got caught in the furze,  
So it's up with the kettle and it's down with the pan,  
Won't you give us a penny for to bury the wren! Chorus:  
Hup-bup-biddley-dah, diddle-daddle diddle-dah,  
Doo-dah diddley-dah di-diddley diddle-um!  
Hup-bum, diddle-ah, diddley-daddle doodle-dah  
Diddley-dah do biddle-bah, ba-dum daddle diddle-um! Well it's Christmas time; that's why we're here,  
Please be good enough to give us an ear,  
For we'll sing and we'll dance if you give us a chance,  
And we won't be comin' back for another whole year! CHORUS We'll play Kerry polkas; they're real hot stuff,  
We'll play the Masons Apron and the Pinch of Snuff,  
Jon Maronley's jig and the Donegal reel,  
Music made to put a spring in your heel! CHORUS If there's a drink in the house, would it make itself known,  
Before I sing a song called "The Banks of the Lowne",  
And I'll drink with you with occasion in it,  
For me poor dry throat and I'll sing like a linnet! CHORUS Oh please give us something for the little birds wake,  
A big lump of pudding or some Christmas cake,  
A fist full o' goose and a hot cup o' tay (Tea),  
And then we'll all be goin' on our way! CHORUS The wren, oh the wren; he's the king of all birds,  
On St. Stevens day he got caught in the furze,  
So it's up with the kettle and it's down with the pan,  
Won't you give us a penny for to bury the wren!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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