

Home By Barna

Teresa Doyle

In Scartaglen there lived a lass
And every Sunday after mass
She would go and take a glass
Before going home by Barna
We won't go home along the road
For fear that you might act the rogue
Won't go home along the road
But we'll go home by Barna
We won't go home across the fields
The big thornins will stick in your heels
We won't go home across the fields
But we'll go home by BarnaWe won't go home around the glen
For fear your blood might rise again
Won't go home around the glen
But we'll go home by Barna
We won't go down the milk boreen
The night is bright, we might be seen
We won't go down the milk boreen
But we'll go home by BarnaWe won't go home across the bog
For fear we might meet Kearney's dog
We won't go home across the bog
But we'll go home by Barna
In Scartaglen there lived a lassAnd every Sunday after mass
She would go and take a glass
Before going home by Barna
We won't go home along the road
For fear that you might act the rogue
Won't go home along the road
But we'll go home by Barna

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

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