

Keg of Brandy

Cherish the Ladies

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

Chorus:

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.

2. The ripest apple is the soonest rotten
And the warmest love is the soonest cold
And a young man's fancies are soon forgotten
So beware, young maids, and don't make so bold.

3. It's youth and folly makes young men marry
It makes them tarry a long, long day
What can't be cured, love, must be endured, love
So farewell, darling, I'm going away.