

Home by Bearna

Christy Moore

In Scartaglen there lived a lass
And every Sunday after mass
She would go and take a glass
Before goin' home by Bearna
We won't go home along the road
For fear that you might act the rogue
Won't go home along the road
We'll go home by Bearna

We won't go home across the fields
The big thornins could stick in your heels
We won't go home across the fields
We'll go home by Bearna
We won't go home around the glen
For fear your blood might rise again
We won't go home around the glen
But we'll go home by Bearna

In Scartaglen there lived a lass
And every Sunday after mass
She would go and take a glass
Before goin' home by Bearna
We won't go down the milk boreen
The night is bright we might be seen
Won't go down the milk boreen
But we'll go home by Bearna