

# The Chieftains, The Wren In The Furze

The wren oh the wren he's the king of all birds,  
On St. Stevens day he got caught in the furze,  
So its up with the kettle and its down with the pan  
Won't you give me a penny for to bury the wren.  
(Lilting)

Oh its Christmas time that's why were 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 wont be comin' back for another whole year.  
(lilting)

We'll play kerry polkas, they're real hot stuff,  
We'll play the masons apron and the pinch of snuff,  
Jon Maroney's jig and the Donegal reel,  
Music made to put a spring in your heel.  
(lilting)

If there's a drink in the house, may 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 my poor dry throat and Ill sing like a linnet.  
(lilting)

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 soon be going on our way.  
(lilting)

repeat first verse and then lilt verse twice.