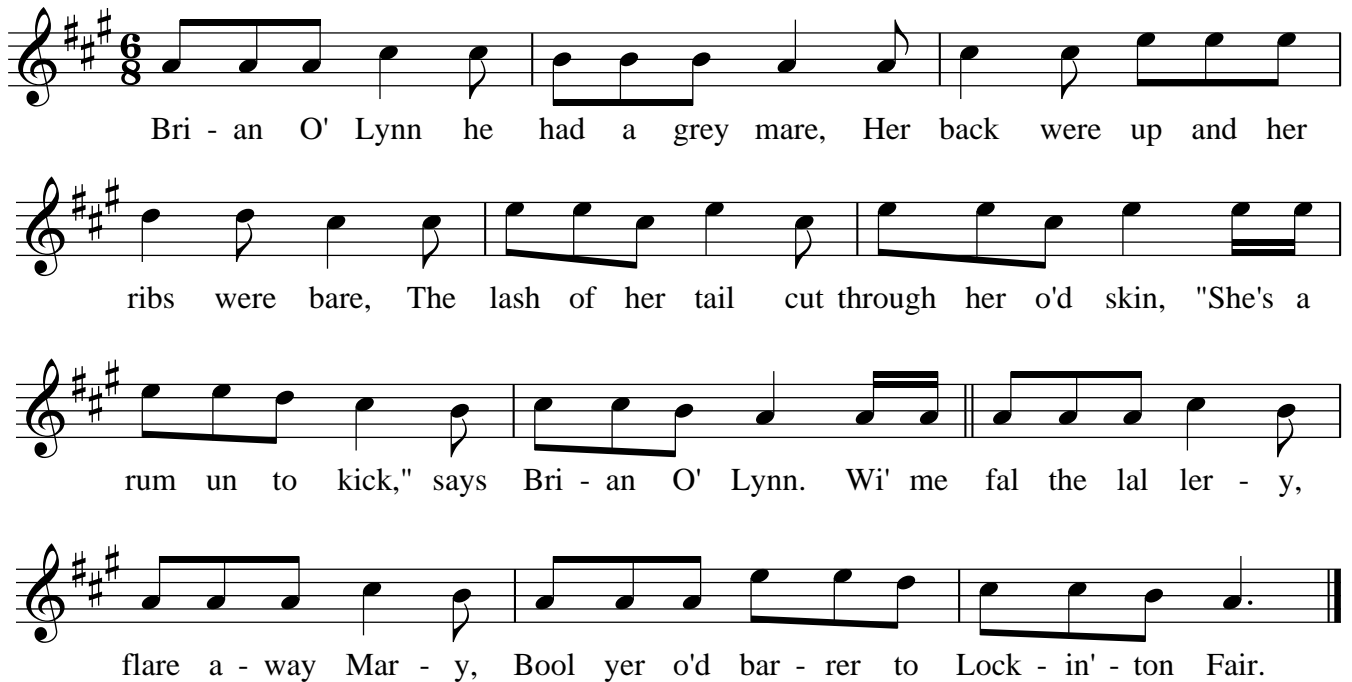


Brian O'Lynn

TYG 27



Bri - an O' Lynn he had a grey mare, Her back were up and her
ribs were bare, The lash of her tail cut through her o'd skin, "She's a
rum un to kick," says Bri - an O' Lynn. Wi' me fal the lal ler - y,
flare a - way Mar - y, Bool yer o'd bar - rer to Lock - in' - ton Fair.

1. Brian O'Lynn he had a grey mare,
Her back were up and her ribs were bare,
The lash of her tail cut through her o'd skin,
"She's a rum un to kick," says Brian O'Lynn.

CHORUS:- Wi' me fal the lal lery, flare away Mary,
Bool yer o'd barrer to Lockin'ton Fair.

2. Brian O'Lynn ha'n't a jacket to put on,
The' made him one from a cauf-skin,
He buckled the horns tight under his chin,
"Hey up, or I'll stick yer!" says Brian O'Lynn.

CHORUS

3. Brian O'Lynn had no trousers to put on,
The' made him a pair from a sheepskin,
The woolly side out and the fleshy side in,
"It sticks to me behind," said Brian O'Lynn.

CHORUS