

Brian O'Lin

Bri - - an O' Lin was a Scots - man born,
His head was bald and his bread was shorn,
His tem - - ples far out and his eyes were far in.
"I'm a won - der-ful beau - ty," said Bri - an O' Lin.
Oh to my tooth and my link a lum lee,
Bri - an O' Lin was a ro - - ver Brew, screw
ri- vet the tin, Oh a rare old man was Bri - an O' Lyn

Brian O'Lin was a Scotsman born,
His head was bald and his beard was shorn,
His temples far out and his eyes were far in.
I'm a wonderful beauty," said Brian O' Lin.

(Chorus)

Oh to my tooth and my link a lum lee,
Brian O' Lin was a rover
Brew, screw rivet the tin,
Oh a rare old man was Brian O' Lin.

Brian O'Lin had no breeches to wear;
He bought him a sheepskin to make a pair.
With the fleshy side out and the wooly side in.
"They're pleasant and cool," said Brian O'Lin.

Brian O'Lin his wife, and wife's mother,
They all went out a-walking together;
And all through their clothes you might see the skin.
"They're elegantly dressed," said Brian O'Lin.

Brian O'Lin his wife, and wife's mother,
They all went over the bridge together.
The bridge it broke down and they all tumbled in.
"We'll go home by water," said Brian O'Lin.