

## The Rankin Family

### "Mull River Shuffle"

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Here comes Mister MacNeil  
The fine shape that he is  
in  
There is no telling which way he'll feel  
After his twister  
around the beinn  
Raisin' the jar an raisin' hell  
There's  
plenty of stories that they will tell  
Some are born of true  
detail  
Some are purely fiction  
Look up yonder it's old  
MacPhee  
He's having a few he can hardly see  
Wrapped  
his buggy around a tree  
Someone call the  
Mounties  
Raisin't the jar and raisin' hell  
There's plenty of  
stories that they will tell  
Some are born of true  
detail  
Some are purely fiction  
Up spoke fine young  
Cameron  
At the dance got a fearful hammerin'  
Today I'll  
stutter and stammer in  
There'll be hell to pay come  
Saturday  
Raisin' the jar and raisin' hell  
There's plenty of  
stories that they will tell  
Some are born of true  
detail  
Some are purely fiction  
There they stand by the  
door  
Selling bush by the score  
Asking you to buy some  
more  
Along the shores of 'Cocomagh  
Raisin' the jar and  
raisin' hell  
There's plenty of stories that they will  
tell  
Some are born of true detail  
Some are purely  
fiction  
I'll go home, I'll go home  
Full of the devil and full  
of the rum  
I'll go home, I'll go home  
We'll all go home in  
the morning

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