

7—LANDLORD, FILL THE FLOWING BOWL

Come, landlord fill the flowing bowl
Until it doth run over,
Come, landlord, fill the flowing bowl
Until it doth run over.
For tonight we'll merry, merry be,
For tonight we'll merry, merry be,
For tonight we'll merry, merry be,
Tomorrow we'll get sober.

Solo—

The man who drinks good whiskey punch,
And goes to bed right mellow,
The man who drinks good whiskey punch,
And goes to bed right mellow,
Lives as he ought to live,
Lives as he ought to live,
Lives as he ought to live,
And dies a jolly good fellow.

The man who drinks cold water pure,
And goes to bed quite sober:
The man who drinks cold water pure,
And goes to bed quite sober.
Falls as the leaves do fall,
Falls as the leaves do fall,
Falls as the leaves do fall,
So early in October.

But he who drinks just what he likes,
And getteth half-seas over,
But he who drinks just what he likes,
And getteth half-seas over,
Will live until he dies, perhaps,
Will live until he dies, perhaps,
Will live until he dies, perhaps,
And then lie down in clover.

8—JOHN PEEL

D'ye ken John Peel with his coat so gay,
D'ye ken John Peel at the break of the day,
D'ye ken John Peel when he's far, far away,
With his hounds and his horn in the morning?

Chorus—

For the sound of his horn brought me from my bed,
And the cry of his hounds which he oft-times led;
Peel's view halloo would awaken the dead,
Or the fox from his lair in the morning.

Then here's to John Peel from my heart and soul,
Let's drink to his health, let's finish the bowl,
We'll follow John Peel thro' fair and thro' foul,
If we want a good hunt in the morning.

Chorus—