

Unknown Artist, Arkys Toast

ARKY'S TOAST

We'll drink to the down fall of tyrants;
We'll drink to Christ the Lord,
We'll drink to the twelve Apostles,
Who preached his holy word.
We'll drink to the saints and martyrs,
In the dismal days of yore.
And whenever our glasses are empty,
We'll remember one saint more.
And whenever our glasses are empty,
We'll remember one saint more.
We'll drink to the king, me boys,
We'll drink a health to the queen,
And all the royal family,
Wherever they are seen.
We'll drink to the Dukes and Duchesses,
And all their loyal men.
And whenever our glasses are empty,
We will fill them up again.
And whenever our glasses are empty,
We will fill them up again.
We'll drink a heath to the ladies,
We'll drink to all their charms,
We'll drink to all the pleasures that we find,
When we are in their arms.
We'll hold them very tight, me boys,
But we'll make it clear.
It's good-by on the day that they say,
They will keep us from our beer.
It's good-by on the day that they say,
They will keep us from our beer.
We'll drink a health to the landlord,
Of this Harvest feast,
We'll raise our glasses high, me boys,
To the strength of malt and yeast.
We'll drink a health to the landlord,
With his ale strong and fine.
And we're hoping that he'll forget to shout,
When it comes to closing time.
And we're hoping that he'll forget to shout,
When it comes to closing time.
We'll drink to John O'Gaunt, me boys,
We'll drink to Jinkey Wells.
We'll drink to William Kimber,
Who was buried in his bells.
We'll drink to all the Morris folk,
Wherever they may be.
And we're hoping that they dance as well,
When they're half as drunk as we.
And we're hoping that they dance as well,
When they're half as drunk as we.
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