

## Rudi Myntevik

### "Drinking Song From "the Tomb""

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Come hither, my lads, with your tankards of ale, And  
drink to the present before it shall fail; Pile each on  
your platters a mountain of beef, For 'tis eating and  
drinking that bring us relief: So fill up your glass, For  
life will soon pass; When you're dead ye'll ne'er drink  
to your king or your lass! Anacreon had a red nose, so  
they say But what's a red nose if ye're happy and gay?  
Gad split me! I'd rather be red whilst I'm here, Than  
white as a lily -and dead half a year! So Betty my miss,  
Come give me a kiss; In hell there's no inkeeper's  
daughter like this! Young Harry, propp'd up just as  
straight as he's able, Will soon lose his wig and slip  
under the table, But fill up your goblets and pass 'em  
around- Better under the table than under the ground!  
So revel and chaff As ye thirstily quaff: Under six feet  
of dirt 'tis less easy to laugh! The fiend strike me blue!  
I'm scarce able to walk, And damn me if I can't stand  
upright or talk! Here, landlord, bid Betty to summon a  
chair; I'll try home for a while, for my wife is not there!  
So lend me a hand I'm not able to stand But I'm gay  
whilst I linger on top of the land! (I spiked his drink)

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