

Unknown

"Down Among The Dead Men"

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Down Among the Dead Men

Here's a health to the King, and a lasting peace
May faction end and wealth increase.
Come, let us drink it while we have breath,
For there's no drinking after death.
And he who would this toast deny,
Down among the dead men, down among the dead
men,
Down, down, down, down;
Down among the dead men let him lie!

Let charming beauty's health go round,
With whom celestial joys are found.
And may confusion yet pursue
That selfish woman-hating crew.
And he who'd woman's health deny,
Down among the dead men, down among the dead
men,
Down, down, down, down;
Down among the dead men let him lie!
In smiling Bacchus' joys I'll roll,
Deny no pleasures to my soul.
Let Bacchus' health round briskly move,
For Bacchus is the friend of love.
And he that would this health deny,
Down among the dead men, down among the dead
men,
Down, down, down, down;
Down among the dead men let him lie!

May love and wine their rights maintain,
And their united pleasures reign.
While Bacchus' treasure crowns the board,
We'll sing the joy that both afford.
And they that won't with us comply,
Down among the dead men, down among the dead
men,
Down, down, down, down;
Down among the dead men let them lie!

Attributed to John Dyer (1700-1758). Dead men, or
dead soldiers,
are empties, usually adorning the floor under a festive
table.

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