Come, All Have A Drink With Me - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

Come, All Have a Drink with Me.
Copyright, 1893, by Francis, Day & Hunter.
Written by Harry Boden and Charles Peane. Composed by K. W. Venton.

Great Bachus, God of vintage sparkling.
The first to till for man the brimming measure,
The first to fill the bowl of friendship.
We thank thee for the boon, a priceless treasure.
Which ever since that happy day
With us has held its potent sway;
Bring drink divine, bring sparkling wine.
And this shall be our toast for aye:

Refrain.
Here's to the one you love, my boys; here's to the one that's true and free;
I'll be happy, I'll be gay; while I've the money I'll spend it to-day;
You have a drink, you have a drink; come, all have a drink with me.

Good fellowship to man is needful;
When friends are near as, then the heart rejoices;
It wakes the sweetest recollections
Whene'er we hear the old familiar voices,
And then, with jovial jest and song.
The time rolls merrily along;
To women rare, the dark, the fair.
We drink again both deep and long.-Refrain.

What need to pine, though fortune's fickle?
'Tis but the faint heart that gives way to sorrow;
To-day the angry clouds may lower.
But joyous sunshine wakes again to-morrow;
So let us all be gay and free.
Fill up again, and drink with me;
Friends true and fast, staunch to the last.
This toast our very own shall by:-Refrain.