

Christmas at the Ale House

The Irish Rovers

It's Christmas at the ale house
And the atmosphere is cheery
Holly boughs and candles
Brighten up the dark and dreary

We sit and crack with glass in hand
And celebrate the season
We drink to health and happiness
Or any other reason

So here's to the company
And here's to you and me
Oh, merry is the season boys
And merry we will be

There's doctor and there's farmer
There's teacher and there's sailor
There's lawyer and there's carpenter
There's soldier and there's sailor

We join with one another there
In revelry and folly
The Christmas spirit's high
For we shun all melancholy

So here's to the company
And here's to you and me
Oh, merry is the season boys
And merry we will be

All the fiddlers and the pipers
They've got the rafters ringing
With jigs and reels to make you dance
And carols for the singing

Goodwill and friendship does abound
There's love and praise aplenty
Especially for the one who buys
When the glass is empty

So here's to the company
And here's to you and me
Oh, merry is the season boys
And merry we will be, ooh

Oh well, the landlord said drink up now
For the evening's almost over
The night is cold and deep with snow
But the moon will guide the rover

Put on your coats and head for home
And come back when you're able
Says, "I will not be leaving
While there's drink upon the table"

So here's to the company
And here's to you and me

Oh, merry is the season boys
And merry we will be

Now the landlord is a fine man
We've come to that conclusion
But his old wife, she threw us out
And put an end to boozin'

So fare thee well my comrades
All these parting bring such sorrow
Well, I count each lonely hour
'Til we meet again tomorrow

So here's to the company
And here's to you and me
Oh, merry is the season boys
And merry we will be

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