

Let the Toast Go Round

The Irish Rovers

And we'll drink to good companions and Irish whiskey neat
We'll drink to wives and lovers and we hope they never meet
We'll drink to rogues like us, may good fortune on us fall
And when the toast comes round we'll drink to anything at all

Now when the day has ended and all the work is through
We gather at the alehouse and raise a glass or two
And as we set to drinkin we sing and dance and roar
And we become far merrier than we ever were before

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We'll drink to wives and lovers and we hope they never meet
We'll drink to rogues like us, may good fortune on us fall
And when the toast comes round we'll drink to anything at all

From France we get good brandy
Jamaica has fine rum
And frothy pint of porter from dear old Ireland comes
England has their cider, the Scotch their single malt
They're fine and tasty drinks my boys, with them we find no fault

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Now when the glass is empty, to another we'll agree
For the more we have to drink, sure the merrier we will be
And the merrier we become, all our troubles fade away
They'll be there tomorrow but we're happier today

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We'll drink to wives and lovers and we hope they never meet
We'll drink to rogues like us, may good fortune on us fall
And when the toast comes round we'll drink to anything at all

And when the night is over we'll go our separate ways
It's farewell to me comrades til we meet another day
The parting brings us sorrow and it leaves a heavy heart
So we'll ahve another glass, me boys, at least before we part

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