

Three Jolly Coachmen

The Kingston Trio

One, two, and three jolly coachmen sat at an English tavern. T
hree jolly coachmen sat at an English tavern,
And they decided, and they decided, and they decided to have an
other flagon.

Landlord, fill the flowing bowl until it doth run over. For ton
ight we merr-I be, Tomorrow we'll be sober. (What!)

Here's to the man who drinks dark ale and goes to bed quite mel
low! He lives as he ought to live He'll die a jolly good fellow
! (Ha! Ha! Ha!)

Here's to the man who drinks water pure and goes to bed quite s
ober. He falls as the leaves do fall, He'll die before October!
(Ho! Ho! Ho!)

Here's to the maid who steals a kiss and runs to tell her mothe
r. She's a foolish, foolish thing. For she'll not get another.
(Pity!)

Here's to the maid who steals a kiss and stays to steal another
. She's a boon to all man kind. For soon she'll be a mother!