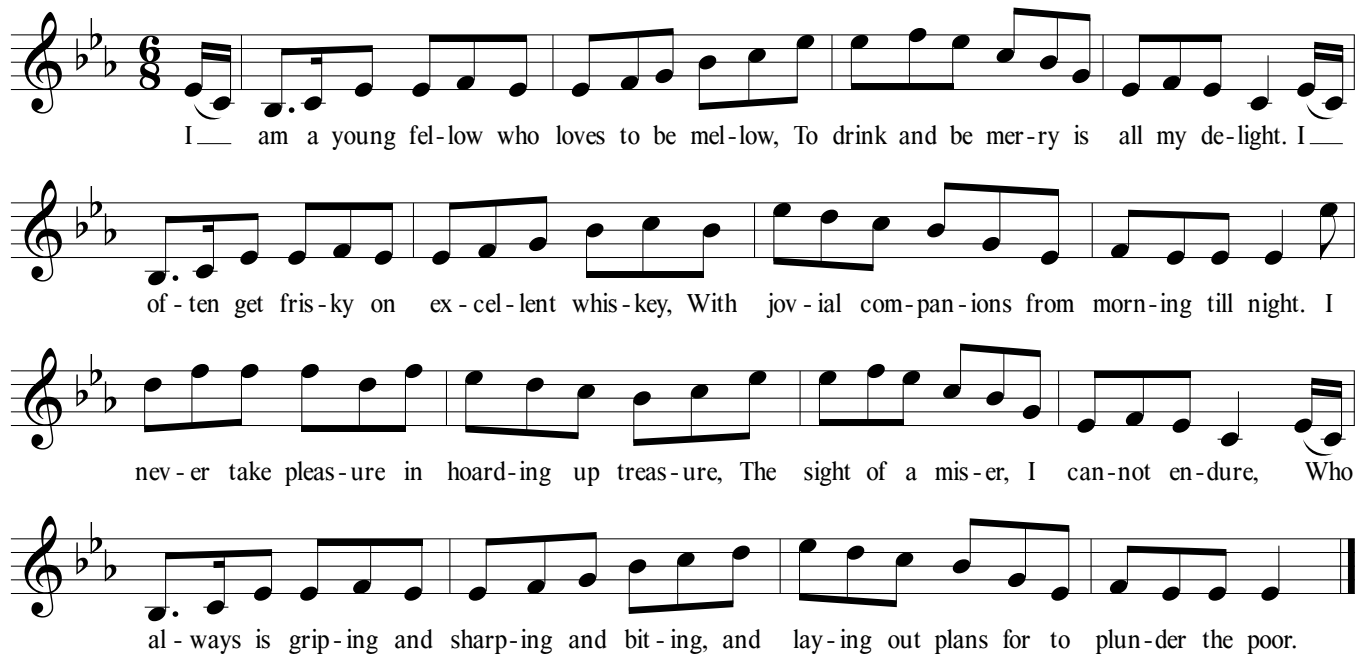


# The Merry Man



I am a young fel-low who loves to be mel-low, To drink and be mer-ry is all my de-light. I  
of - ten get fris-ky on ex - cel-lent whis-key, With jov - ial com-pan - ions from morn-ing till night. I  
nev - er take pleas-ure in hoard-ing up treas-ure, The sight of a mis-er, I can-not en-dure, Who  
al - ways is grip-ing and sharp-ing and bit - ing, and lay-ing out plans for to plun-der the poor.

Oh, the foolish old miser  
He hoards up his treasure,  
The fruit of his labor he seldom enjoys.  
His heirs they are waiting  
To spend it in pleasure  
And scarce can afford him a shirt when he dies.  
His frame is complaining  
For want of sustaining,  
His limbs are decrepit from hunger and cold.  
Instead of good liquor  
He still drinks cold water,  
And takes no delight in the full flowing bowl.

Come, landlord, be quicker  
And bring us some liquor,  
Now, piper, come squeeze up your leather and play,  
And hand him the pitcher;  
It makes music richer.  
We'll drink and carouse till the breaking of day.  
I hold them but asses  
Who wait to fill glasses,  
Such wasting of time is unworthy of man.  
It only is wasting  
The time that is hasting.  
Commend me to him who can fudge the can.

## The Merry Man

When stopped in my toddy  
By death seizing my body,  
No crocodile tears shall be shed at my wake.  
While there I am lying  
No counterfeit crying  
No moans I desire shall be made for my sake,  
But of whiskey a cruiskein  
To fill up each loose skin  
Let all have to toast to my journey up hill.  
Nor let them be downhearted  
For him that's departed,  
But end all disputes in a full flowing bowl.

Oh, the next morning early  
When daylight is dawning  
My trunk shall be nailed quite close to my back,  
With four honest fellows  
To bear it up level  
While I ride on their shoulders instead of a sack.  
The birds they will sing  
And the valleys will ring,  
They will carol their choruses gallant and brave  
While they lay me down flat  
On the broad of my back  
And away goes the merry man down to his grave.

Note: My grandfather enjoyed singing while working at his trade as a cooper. Mother said he would get up at four o'clock every morning and as soon as he had lighted the fire he would begin to pound and sing as he pounded, till he had aroused everyone in the house from the oldest to the youngest. Rollicking songs with a rousing chorus seemed to be his favorite songs to work by. I have heard mother say that he had a pile of songs almost a foot high, but in a mood of religious fervor brought about by a series of revival meetings which he attended, he threw his entire collection of songs into the fireplace and burned them.