

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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How Happy is the Man!

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How happy is the man that is free from all care,
That loves to make merry o'er a pot of strong beer;
With his pipe and his friend passing hours away
Singing song after song, till he hail the new day!

How happy the this isle, that is doubly blest
With meat that's delightful and drink of the best!
We live free from control, and are blest with great store,
For we have what we want. What can mortals have more?

Our soldiers are bold, they fear not the foe;
Our sailors are valiant, which our enemies know;
They are feared in each clime, they're the dread of each shore
When the trumpets shall sound and the loud cannons roar.

But since we enjoy such blessings divine,
We'll throw off all discord and to mirth incline;
We'll drink and we'll sing, passing hours away
And sing song after song, till we hail the new say.

(c) Heirs of Alfred Williams, collected circa 1914-16

Singer, James Midwinter

Version on "Morris On" by John Kirkpatrick et al

DMcG

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