

# Pitcher Of Beer - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

PITCHER OF BEER.

Words by Ed. Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

Sung by Ed. Harrigan In "The Mulligan Guard Rail."

I'm a friend to the poor man, where'er I may roam,  
No matter what countryman he;  
Come share my loaf And the meat on the bone,  
I have a gramachre welcome for thee;  
Each night in the week, and week in the year,  
With a heart and a conscience that's clear,  
I've a friend and a glass to let the toast pass,  
As they drink from my pitcher of beer.

Chorus.

Each night in the week, and week in the year,  
With a heart and a conscience that's clear,  
I've a friend and a glass to let the toast pass,  
As they drink from my pitcher of beer.

The child In the cradle, the dog at the door,  
The fireside, cheerful and bright;  
The old folks at the table, with plenty galore,  
To welcome you in with delight;  
Their blessing they give, it's long may you live,  
And merrily pass o'er each year;  
They hand you a glass to let the toast pass.  
As you drink from their pitcher of beer, Chorus.

Good health and good nature, when brought side by side,  
Are champions of real merriment;  
Any poor creature in the world, far and wide,  
Ne'er begrudges the penny well spent  
For a drop of the malt-they couldn't find fault  
With that which turns sorrow to cheer;  
Get a friend and a glass And let the toast pass.  
And drink from your pitcher of beer.-Chorus.

Be. social and merry, for life's but a day.  
We die and leave others behind;  
To fret and to worry, to sigh and to pray.  
When relief they could easy find.  
If They draw up a chair and drive away care,  
Have a friend with his pipe sitting new,  
Tell a story or two, let it be old or new,  
And drink from their pitcher of beer. --Chorus.