

Gaudeamus

Come hither, my lads, with your tankards of ale,
 And drink to the present before it shall fail;
 Pile each on your platter a mountain of beef,
 For 'tis eating and drinking that bring us relief:
 So fill up your glass, 5
 For life will soon pass;
 When you're dead ye'll ne'er drink to your king or your lass!

Anacreon had a red nose, so they say;
 But what's a red nose if ye're happy and gay?
 Gad split me! I'd rather be red whilst I'm here, 10
 Than white as a lily—and dead half a year!
 So Betty, my miss,
 Come give me a kiss;
 In hell there's no innkeeper's daughter like this!

Young Harry, propp'd up just as straight as he's able, 15
 Will soon lose his wig and slip under the table;
 But fill up your goblets and pass 'em around—
 Better under the table than under the ground!
 So revel and chaff
 As ye thirstily quaff;
 Under six feet of dirt 'tis less easy to laugh! 20

The fiend strike me blue! I'm scarce able to walk,
 And damn me if I can stand upright or talk!
 Here, landlord, bid Betty to summon a chair;
 I'll try home for a while, for my wife is not there!
 So lend me a hand; 25
 I'm not able to stand,
 But I'm gay whilst I linger on top of the land!