

Why spend your leisure bereft of pleasure
A massing treasure why scrape and save?
Why look so canny at ev'ry penny?
You'll take no money within the grave
Landlords and gentry with all their plenty
Must still go empty where e'er they're bound
So to my thinking we'd best be drinking
Our glasses clinking and round and round

King Solomon's glory, so famed in story
Was far outshone by the lillies guise
But hard winds harden both field and garden
Pleading for pardon, the lily dies
Life's but a bauble of toil and trouble
The feathered arrow, once shot ne'er found
So, lads and lasses, because life passes
Come fill your glasses for another round