

Drink It Up Men
The Dubliners

A[D]t the pub at the crossroads there s[G] whiskey and [D]beer
[D]There s brandy, strong cognac that s [A7]aging for [D]years
[D]But for killing the thirst and f[A7]or easing [D]the gout
[D]There s nothing at all beats[G] a pint of good sto[D]ut
[D]Drink it up men it s [A7]long after [D]ten

At the pub on the crossroads I first went astray
There I drank enough drink for to fill Galway Bay
Going up in the morning I wore out me shoes
Going up to the cross for the best of good booze
Drink it up men it s long after ten

Some folk s o er the water think bitter is fine
And others the swear by the juice of the vine
But there s nothing that s squeezed from the grape or the hop
Like the black liquidation with the froth on the top
Drink it up men it s long after ten

I ve travelled in England, I ve travelled in France
At the sound of good music I ll sing or I ll dance
So hear me then mister and pour me one more
If I can t drink it up, then throw me out the door
Drink it up men it s long after ten

It s Guinness s porter that has me this way
For it s sweeter than buttermilk and stronger then tea
And when in the morning I feel kind a rough
Me curse on lord Iveagh who brews the damn stuff
[D]Drink it up [A7]men it s long after t[D]en
[D]Drink it up [A7]men it s long after t[D]en