

Drink Me a Drink

Words: Conn MacNeil

Music: Music: Karelea's Song by David R. Watson (Iolo Fitz Owen)

The musical score is written on four staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and a 3/4 time signature. The melody consists of quarter and eighth notes. The lyrics are printed below the notes.

I once loved a lad-y, bright eyed and bon-ny, a love be-yond rea-son, to the depth of my soul.
'Til one day she came to me, said she loved me no long-er In pain be-yond bear-ing, I ride on a - lone.
So drink me a drink, lads, to la-dies and bat-tles, I'll drink you a drink, lads, to pain and dead friends.
And wine is my re-fuge, from tor-ment and sor-row, those things you find joy-ous, in woe sure shall end.

I once loved a lady, bright eyed and bonny,
a love beyond reason, to the depth of my soul.
'Till one day she came to me, said she loved me no longer,
in pain beyond bearing, I ride on alone.

*So drink me a drink, lads, to ladies and battles.
I'll drink you a drink, lads, to pain and dead friends.
And wine is my refuge, from torment and sorrow,
those things you find joyous, in woe sure shall end.*

I once had a fair friend, a sweet friend and merry,
skilled with his weapons, and quick with a jest.
One fine summer's evening, 'neath the far walls of Acre,
he died on a spear point, that was meant for my breast.

Chorus

Three things seeks a soldier, a true bonny lady,
a battle with honor, and a sweet cup of wine.
But you'll find that in solace, the two are unsteady,
the third that is drink lad's, brings peace every time!

*So drink me a drink, lads, to ladies and battles.
I'll drink you a drink, lads, to pain and dead friends.
And wine is my refuge, from torment and sorrow,
those things you find joyous, in woe sure shall end.
So I'll drink you a drink lads!*

Two additional verses (not often sung)

My Lord lives in Scotland, my brother in England,
and feelings between them, run hot as a fire.
Once met in a tourney, and honor it fled them,
now all that is left me, is their funeral pyre.

I once was a farmer, a grower of saffron,
my old family holdings, twixt two castle's lay.
But war changes all things, my life's no exception,
the killing of men is, my job to this day.