

## THERE'S THE DAY

A fitful sleep the landlord had,  
Mid din an' chattin' not of his choosin'.  
His daughter Ætil the mornin' light  
Abusin' those who sat there boozin'.

Chorus: There's the day, it's not the day,  
It is the day, the night is over.  
It's not the day what e're you say.  
And it's only the moon to guide the rover.

Come landlord join us in the snug,  
All drowsy thoughts of slumber scornin'.  
There's not one drop in jar or jug,  
That we won't drain before the mornin'.

### Chorus

I'll stay in bed the landlord said,  
For if I'll get up you'll go out quicker.  
So drink your fill of swipes and swill,  
But not one drop of my good liquor.

### Chorus

This tavern has my socks and shoes,  
The landlord has my coat and britches.  
By mornin' I've no more to lose,  
And I'll go snooze amongst the ditches.

### Chorus

But I've money left to treat a friend,  
Here's my last guinea upon the table.  
Let's tilt the barrel on its end,  
And let's be playin whilst we're able.

### Chorus

The fiddle still has got some bow  
The carp is still up there swimmin  
And we'll be back here don't ya know  
To play some tunes, and do some grinnin