

Down Among the Dead Men

Folksong text [Br]

Set by *Ralph Vaughan Williams* (1872–1958) [Br]

Here's a health to the King and a lasting peace,
[hɪɹz ʌ hɛlθ tu ðʌ kɪŋ ænd ʌ 'læst.ɪŋ pis]¹
(RP) ['lɑst.ɪŋ]

To faction an end, to wealth increase;
[tu 'fæk.ʃən æn ɛnd tu wɛlθ ɪn.'kris]

Come, let us drink it while we have breath,
For there's no drinking after death;
And he who will this health deny,
Down among the dead men let him lie.

Let charming beauty's health go round,
In whom celestial joys are found,
And may confusion still pursue
The senseless woman-hating crew;
And they that woman's health deny,
Down among the dead men let him lie.

In smiling Bacchus'² joys I'll roll,
Deny no pleasure to my soul;
Let Bacchus' health round briskly move,
For Bacchus is a friend to love;
And he that will this health deny,
Down among the dead men let him lie.

May love and wine their rites maintain,
And their united pleasures reign...

The entire text to this title with the complete
IPA transcription is available for download.

Thank you!



¹ The IPA transcription is in Mid-Atlantic pronunciation with British Received Pronunciation (RP) alternates.

² In this British folksong text, British pronunciation of *Bacchus* ['bæk.əs] is preferable to the American ['bæk.əs].