

Key: F#(C/6)

The Jocose Drunkard

G-----D--G---C---G---C--G-----D-----G
There is that jo-cose drunk-ard as you may com-pre-hend,
-----D---G---C---G---C---G---D-----G
He's full of jokes and laugh-ter, and every-one's his friend;
---D-----D7-----G-----C-G
He slaps you on the back, me lads, and or-ders up a round,
-----D-G-----C---G---C-G-----D7---G
That jolly jo-cose drunk-ard's a treasure to be found.
-----D-G-----C---G---C-G-----D7---G
That jolly jo-cose drunk-ard's a treasure to be found.

One drink beyond the jocose and then it's time for tears,
For now the drunkard is morose, he's crying in his beer;
He gets so sentimental, nostalgic and depressed,
He grieves for all he might've been and wails about the rest.
He grieves for all he might've been and wails about the rest.

But when the crying ceases, let the innocent beware,
For now the drunkard's bellicose, with fighting spirit rare;
He loudly picks an argument and wildly swings his fist,
So bellicose a drunkard's a pleasure to be missed.
So bellicose a drunkard's a pleasure to be missed.

The drunkard then becomes subdued, the liquor takes its toll,
For now the drunkard's comatose, 'tis said he's passed out cold;
These are the states of drunkenness through which we all may sink,
But, before we all are comatose – there's time for one last drink!