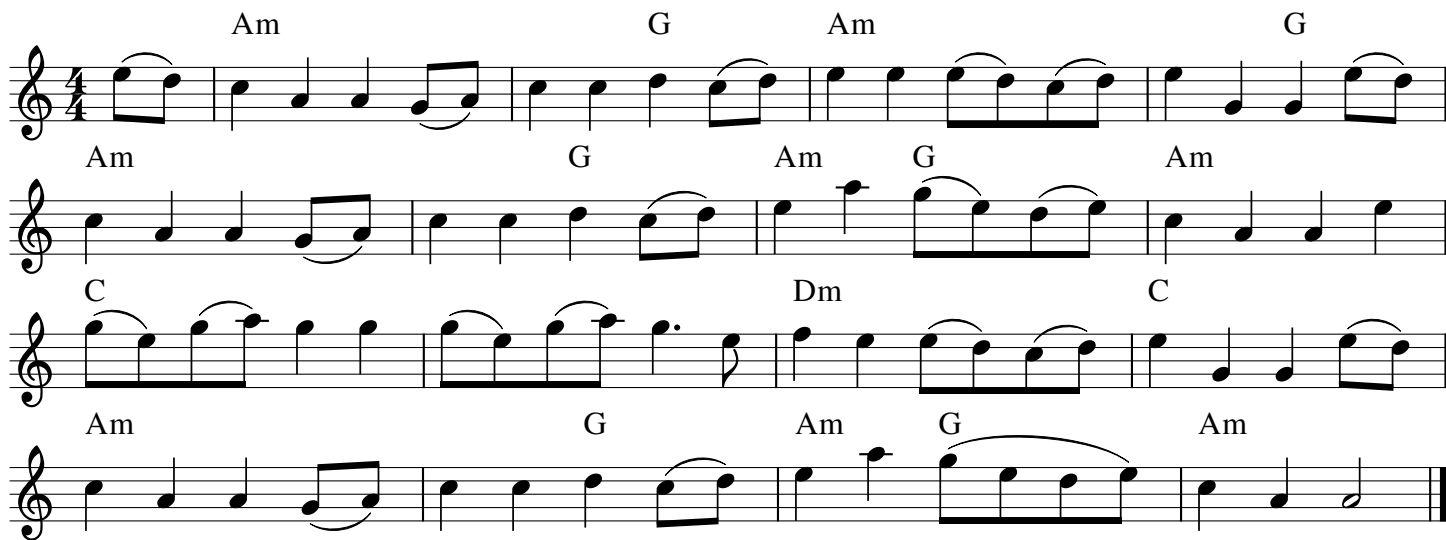


# The Parting Glass



Of all the money that e'er I had  
I've spent it in good company  
And all the harm that e'er I've done  
Alas it was to none but me  
And all I've done for want of wit  
To memory now I can't recall  
So fill to me the parting glass  
Good night and joy be with you all

Of all the comrades that e'er I had  
They are sorry for my going away  
And all the sweethearts that e'er I had  
They would wish me one more day to stay  
But since it falls unto my lot  
That I should rise and you should not  
I'll gently rise and I'll softly call  
Good night and joy be with you all

A man may drink and not be drunk  
A man may fight and not be slain  
A man may court a pretty girl  
And perhaps be welcomed back again  
But since it has so ought to be  
By a time to rise and a time to fall  
Come fill to me the parting glass  
Good night and joy be with you all  
Good night and joy be with you all