

The Parting Glass

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

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