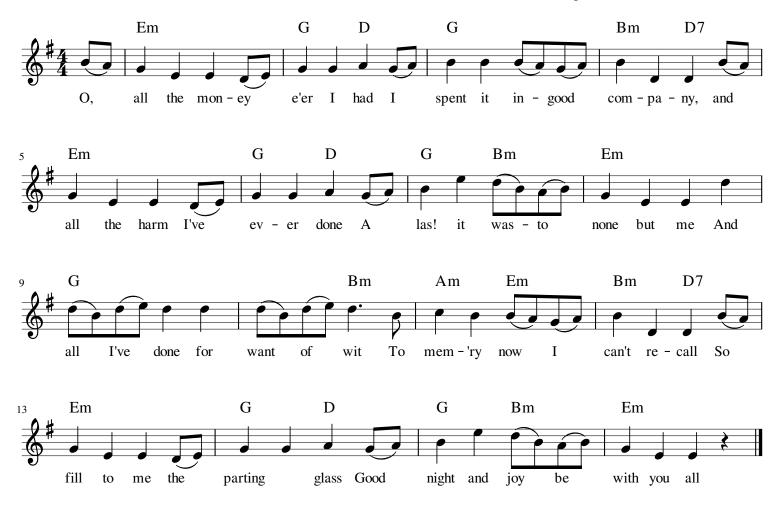
The Parting Glass

Little is known of the origins of this beautiful Irish tune



O, 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 I gently rise and softly call, That I should go and you should not, Good night and joy be with you all

If I had money enough to spend And leisure time to sit awhile There is a fair maid in this town, That sorely has my heart beguiled Her rosy cheeks and ruby lips, I own she has my heart in thrall, Then fill to me the parting glass, Good night and joy be with you all