

THE PARTING GLASS

Irish

Moderato (♩ = c. 108)

Whistle

O- f all the mon-ey that e'er I- spent I've spent it in_ good_ com pan y And
5 all the harm that e'er I did A-las it was done to_ none but me And all_ I've done for
10 want of_ wit to mem-'ry now I_ can't re- call So_ fill to me the par- ting glass. Good
15 night and joy_ be_ with you all.

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

Oh, all the comrades that e'er I had
They're sorry for my going away
And all the sweethearts that 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'll gently rise and softly call
Good night and joy be with you all