

The Parting Glass

Celtic Thunder

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

Oh, all the comrades ever I had
They're sorry for my going away
And all the sweethearts ever 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

If I had money enough to spend
And leisure time to sit a while
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
So fill to me the parting glass
Good night and joy be with you all