

## 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