

The Parting Glass

We Are Messengers

I'm not a perfect man
Not even a good man
But I'm not the sum of my mistakes
Or the sum of all the good things I have done
The truth lies somewhere between the two
But I am a man who has been loved well
Both by God and by his family
And I'm a grateful man
So friends
Walk slow
Go easy
And love well

Of all the money that I had
I spent it in good company
And all the harm I ever did
Alas it was to none but me
And all I've done for want of wit
To memory now I can't recall
So fill to me the parting glass
Goodnight and joy be with you all

Of all the comrades that I had
They're sorry for my going away
And all the sweethearts that I had
They'd wish me one more day to stay
But since it fell into 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
I'll gently rise and softly call
Good night and joy be with you all