

Cara Dillon "The Parting Glass"

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Of all the money that eÂ'er I had, I spent it in good company.
And of all the harm that eÂ'er I've done, alas it was to none but me.
And all I've done for want of wit, to memory now I canÂ't recall.
So fill to me the parting glass. Goodnight and joy be with you all.

Of all the comrades that eÂ'er I had, they're sorry for my going away,
And all the sweethearts that eÂ'er I had, they would wish me one more day to stay,
But since it falls unto my lot that I should rise and you should not,
IÂ'll gently rise and I'll softly call, "Goodnight and joy be with you all!"

A man may drink and not be drunk, a man may fight and not be slain
A man may court a pretty girl and perhaps be welcomed back again
But since it has so ordered been by a time to rise and a time to fall
Come fill to me the parting glass, good night and joy be with you all
Come fill to me the parting glass, good night and joy be with you all

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