

Jim Douglas

"How Stands The Glass Around Why Soldiers Why"

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How Stands the Glass Around (Why, Soldiers, Why?)

How stands the glass around
for shame you take no care, my boys,
How stands the glass around
Let wine and mirth abound.
the trumpet sound
the colors they do fly my boys
To fight kill and wound
as you would be found,
Contented with hard fare, my boys
on the Cold ground
O why, soldiers why
O why should we be melancholy boys
O why soldiers why
Whose Business is to die
What sithing [sighing] fye
Let[s] not fear, Drink and be Jolly, boys
you and I through wet Cold or Dry
Our orders are to follow boys
we scorn to flye
It is in vain
I mean not to upbraid you boys
It is in vain
for a soldier to Complain
for the next Campaign
we go to him that made us boys
free from all pain
But if you should Remain
A Bottle and kind Landlady
will Cure all again
from Contentment, Jim Douglas
Collected from notebook of Thos. Fanning, 1780
According to Dolph ("Sound Off!"), appeared in a
London broadside
in 1710; was part of ballad opera The Patron, 1729.
Sometimes
called "Wolfe's Song"
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