

# The Parting Glass

## Celtic Woman

Of all the money, e'er I had,  
I spent it in good company,  
And all the harm I have ever done,  
'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 to you all. So fill to me the parting glass,  
And drink a health whate'er befalls,  
Then gently rise and softly call,  
Goodnight and joy be to you all. Of all the comrades that e'er I had,  
They're sorry for my going away,  
And all the sweethearts that e'er 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,  
Goodnight and joy be to you all. Fill to me the parting glass,  
And drink a health whate'er befalls,  
Then gently rise and softly call,  
Goodnight and joy be to you all. But it since it fell into my lot,  
That I should rise and you should not,  
I'll gently rise and softly call,  
Goodnight and joy be to you all. So fill to me the parting glass,  
And drink a health whate'er befalls,  
Then gently rise and softly call,  
Goodnight and joy be to you all. Goodnight and joy be to you all.

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