

The Parting Glass

Celtic Woman

Of all the money, that 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 cant 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 the sweethearts that e'er I had,
They'd wish me one more day to stay.

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.
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,
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