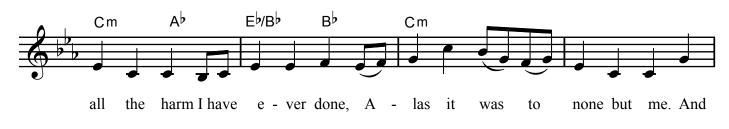
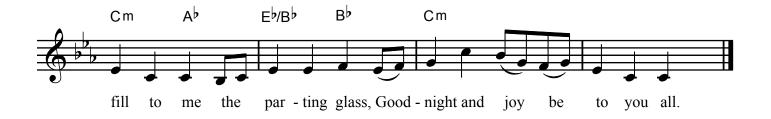
The Parting Glass

Irish Traditional









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 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.

Goodnight and joy be to you all.