

*How stands the Glass around.*



How stands the glass a-round? For



shame! ye take no care, my boys! How



stands the glass a - - round? Let



mirth and wine a - - bound. The



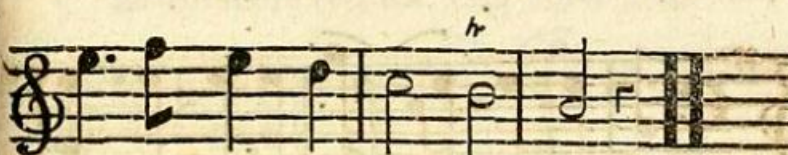
trum - pets sound, The co-lours they are



fly-ing, boys, To fight, kill, or wound; May



we still be found Con-tent with our hard



fate, my boys, On the cold ground.