

Wilderun, How Stands the Glass Around?

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 sounds
The colors they do fly, my boys
To fight, kill or wound
As you would be found

Connected with hard fare, my boys
On the cold ground

Why, soldiers, why?
Must we be melancholy boys
Why, soldiers, why?
Whose business is to die

What sighing? Fye!
Drink on. drown fear, be jolly, boys
Tis he, you or I
Wet, hot, cold or dry
We're always bound to follow, boys
And scorn to fly

Tis but vain
I mean not to upbraid you boys
Tis but vain
For a soldier to complain

Should next campaign
Send us to him that made us boys
We're free from pain

But should we remain
A bottle and kind landlady
Cures all again