

*f*  
How stands the glass a-round? For shame, ye take no care, my boys! How

*p*  
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 fare, my boys, On the cold, cold ground.