

THE GLASSES SPARKLE ON THE BOARD.

A Favorite Anacreontic Song

SUNG WITH GREAT APPLAUSE BY

MR WEBSTER.

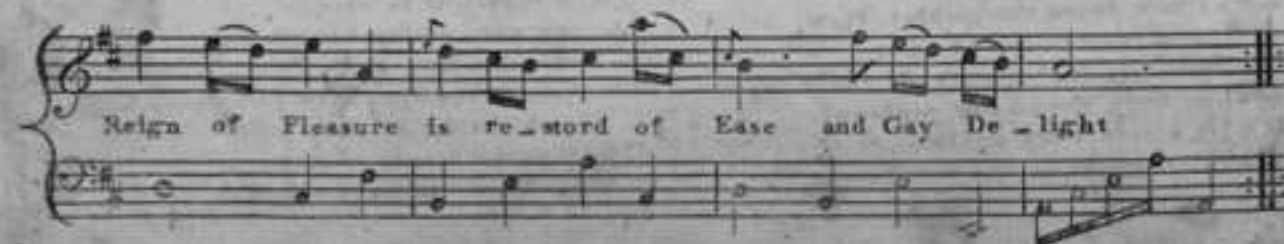
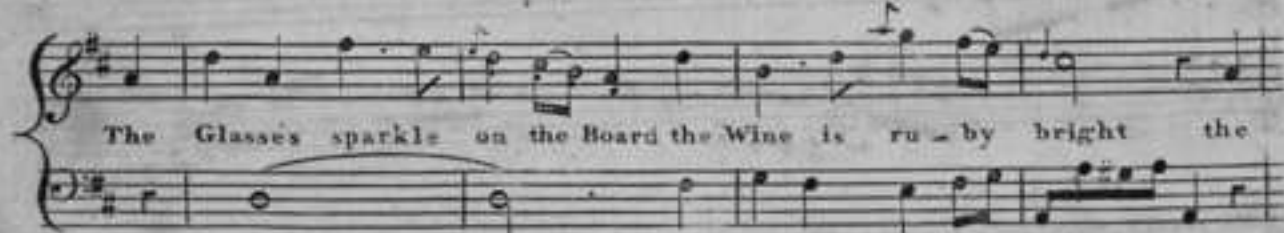
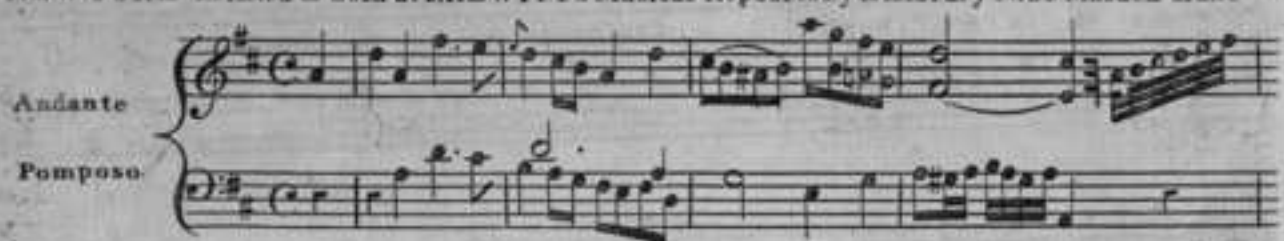
The Words by

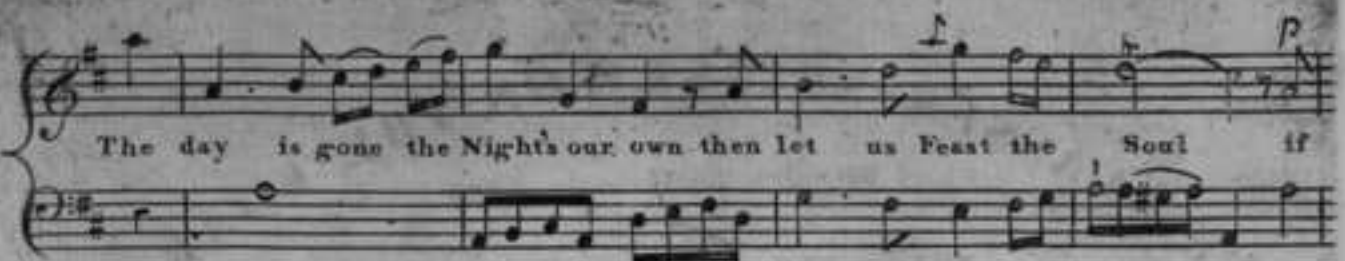
W. D. DIGGS Esq.

The Music by

T. A. GEARY.

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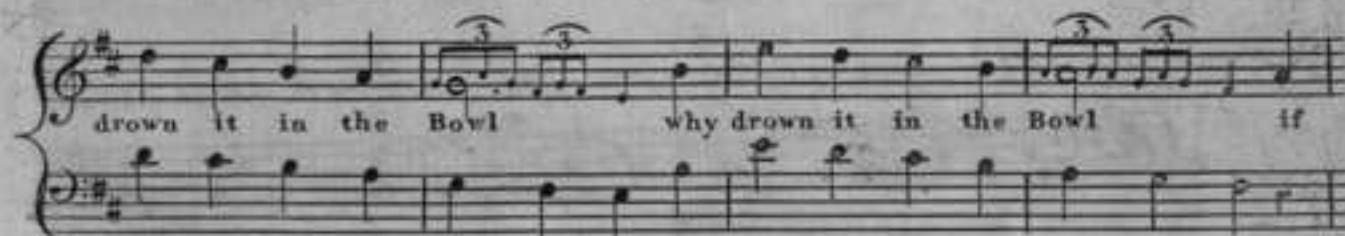




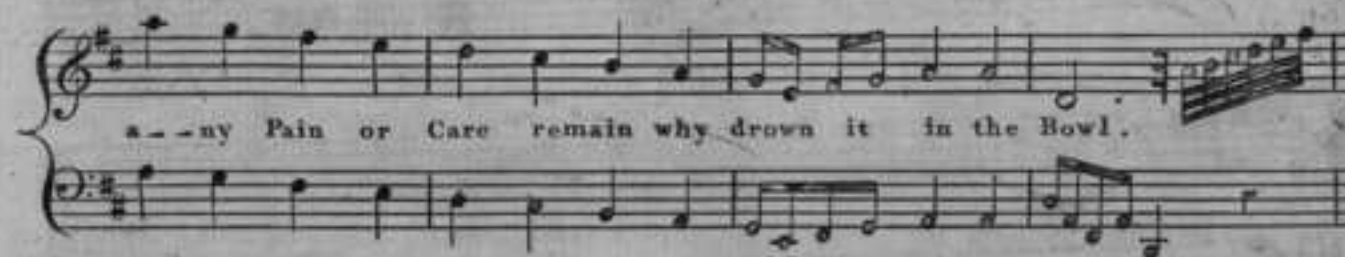
The day is gone the Night's our own then let us Feast the Soul if



a - - ny Pain a - - ny Pain a - - ny Pain or Care remain why



drown it in the Bowl why drown it in the Bowl if



a - - ny Pain or Care remain why drown it in the Bowl.



2

This world, they say's a world of woe,
But that I, do deny
Can sorrow from the goblet flow;
Or pain from beauty's eye;
The Wise are fools, with all their rules
When they would joy controul
If life's a pain I say again
Let's drown it in the bowl.

3

That time flies fast the poet sings,
Tho'surely it is wise
In rosy wine to dip his wings,
And seize him as he flies
This night is ours, then strew with flow'rs
The moments as they roll
If any pain or care remain
Why drown it in the Bowl.