

The Glasses sparkle on the Board

An Anacreontic Song

Sung

with

the greatest Applause by

Mr. Keene,

Written by W.D. Diggs.

Composed by T. A. Geary.

25 Cents.

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ANDANTE

POMPOSO.



The



Glass--es spar--kle on the board, The Wine is ru - by bright, The



Reign of Plea-sure is re-stord, Of Ease and Gay De - - light :

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 re - main Why

drown it in the Bowl, Why drown it in the Bowl, If

a - ny Pain or Care re - main, 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 control,
 If Life's a Pain, I say again
 Let's drown it in the Bowl.

3

That Time flies fast the Poet sings,
 Then 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.