

# 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