

## A



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drank from the gol-den bowl,_ They might re-mem-ber the do-nor, $\boldsymbol{p}$ And breathe a prayer for his


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beards the red wine glis-tened $\boldsymbol{p}$ Like dew - drops in the grass, Like dew-drops in____ the__


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 grass,__ff Like dew-__ drops in the grass. $\boldsymbol{f}_{2}$. They drank to the saints and


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mar-tyrs, Of the dis-_ mal days_ of yore,_ And as soon as the horn was em-pty, They re -




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mur-mur of ma-ny bees,_ The le-gend of good Saint Guth-lac, $\boldsymbol{p}$ And Saint Ba-sil's ho - mi -


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$\boldsymbol{f}_{3}$. And the yule-log cracked in the chim-ney, And the Ab-_ botbowed_ his head,_ And the


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fin-gers He clutched the gol-_ den bowl,_ In which, like a pearl dis - solv-_ ing, Had


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sunk and dis - solved his soul._ $\boldsymbol{f}$ But not_for this_their re-vels The jo - vial monks_for -

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sunk and dis-solved his soul._f $\boldsymbol{f}$ But not for this their re-vels The jo-_ vial monks_for -


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bore; - For they cried, "Fill high the gob-let! We must drink to one saint more, must drink, must


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