

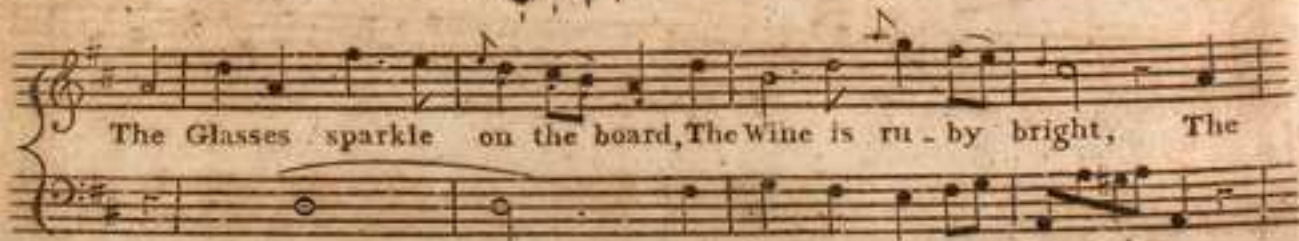
Scene set in a Tavern
THE GLASSES SPARKLE on the BOARD.
A favorite Anacreontic Song.
Sung with great applause by

Mr. Webster.

Written by W. D. DICCS — Composed by T. A. GEARY.

PHILADELPHIA. Published and Sold by G. E. BLAKE.

ANDANTE
POMPOSO.



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,
 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.