

FILL THE BUMPER FAIR

Thomas Moore  
b 1779

**Em** **Em -** **Am**  
FILL THE BUMPER FAIR, EVERY DROP WE SPRINKLE  
**Em** **D**  
O'ER THE BROW OF CARE SMOOTHS AWAY A WRINKLE.  
**G** **G**  
WIT'S ELECTRIC FLAME NE'ER SO SWIFTLY PASSES  
**F#7** **D**  
AS WHEN THROUGH THE FRAME IT SHOOTS FROM BRIMMING GLASSES

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FILL THE BUMPER FAIR, EVERY DROP WE SPRINKLE  
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**Em** **Em -** **Am**  
SAGES CAN, THEY SAY, GRASP THE LIGHTNING'S PINIONS  
**Em** **D**  
AND BRING DOWN ITS RAY FROM THE STARRED DOMINIONS  
**G** **G**  
SO WE SAGES SIT, AND 'MID BUMPERS BRIGHTNING  
**F#7** **D**  
FROM THE HEAVEN OF WIT DRAW DOWN ALL IT'S LIGHTNING

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**Em** **D**  
O'ER THE BROW OF CARE SMOOTHS AWAY A WRINKLE.

**Em** **Em -** **Am**  
WOULDST THOU KNOW, WHAT FIRST MADE OUR SOULS INHERIT  
**Em** **D**  
THIS ENNOBLING THIRST FOR WINES CELESTIAL SPIRIT?  
**G** **G**  
IT CHANCED UPON THAT DAY WHEN AS BARDS INFORM US,  
**F#7** **D**  
PROMETHEUS STOLE AWAY THE LIVING FIRES THAT WARM US

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**Em** **Em -** **Am**  
THE CARELESS YOUTH, WHEN UP TO GLORY'S FOUND ASPIRING  
**Em** **D**  
TOOK NOR URN NOR CUP TO HIDE THE PILFERED SPIRE IN  
**G** **G**  
BUT OH, HIS JOY WHEN 'ROUND THE HALLS OF HEAVEN SPYING  
**F#7** **D**  
AMONGST THE STARS HE FOUND A BOWL OF BACCHUS LYING

**Em**                                      **Em -**                                      **Am**  
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**Em**    **D**  
O'ER THE BROW OF CARE SMOOTHS AWAY A WRINKLE.

**Em**    **Em -**    **Am**  
SOME DROPS WERE IN THE BOWL, REMAINS OF LAST NIGHT'S PLEASURE  
**Em**    **D**  
WITH WHICH THE SPARK OF SOUL MIXED THEIR BURNING TREASURE!  
**G**    **G**  
HENCE THE GOBLET'S SHOWER HATH SUCH SPELLS TO WIN US  
**F#7**    **D**  
HENCE ITS MIGHTY POWER O'ER THAT FLAME WITHIN US

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**Em**    **D**  
O'ER THE BROW OF CARE SMOOTHS AWAY A WRINKLE.