

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

Em **Em -** **Am**
FILL THE BUMPER FAIR, EVERY DROP WE SPRINKLE
Em **D**
O'ER THE BROW OF CARE SMOOTHS AWAY A WRINKLE.

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

Em **Em -** **Am**
FILL THE BUMPER FAIR, EVERY DROP WE SPRINKLE
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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FILL THE BUMPER FAIR, EVERY DROP WE SPRINKLE
Em **D**
O'ER THE BROW OF CARE SMOOTHS AWAY A WRINKLE.

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

