

Oh!\_ comrades, fill no glass for me To drown my soul in li- quid flame, For\_ I\_ know a breast that once was light Whose pa- tient suff-'rings need my care, I\_

if I drank, the toast should be To blight-ed for -tune, health and fame. Yet, know a hearth that once was bright, But drooping hopes have nest-led there. Then

though I long to quell the strife That pas-sion holds a - gainst my life, Still, \_ while the tear-drops nightl -y steal From wound-ed hearts that I should heal, Though \_

boon companions may ye be, But comrades, fill no glass for me. Still, boon companions boon companions ye maybe Oh! comrades fill no glass for me. Though boon companions

may ye be, But comrades fill \_ no \_ glass for me. When \_ I was young I

felt the tide Of as - pi - ra - tions un - de - filed, But \_ manhood's years have wronged the pride My

par - ents centered in their child. Then, by a moth - er's sac - red tear, By all that mem - 'ry

should re - vere, Though \_ boon compan - ions ye maybe Oh! comrades, fill no

glass for me. Though boon compan - ions may ye be Oh! comrades fill \_ no \_ glass for me.