

# Come fill, fill my good fellow

Ludwig van Beethoven (1770-1827)

1. Come fill, fill, my good fel - low, Fill high, high, my good fel - low, And let's be mer - ry  
2. My heart, let me but ligh - ten, And life, let me but brigh - ten, And care, let me  
3. So now here's to the las - ses! See, see, while the toast pas - ses, How it lights up our beam -

and mel - low, And let us have one bot - tle more. When warm the heart is flow - ing, And  
but frigh - ten - ing glas - ses, He'll fly us with one bot - tle more! By day, tho' he con - found me, When  
ing glas - ses, En - core- to the las - ses- en - core. We'll toast the wel - come gree - ting Of

bright the fan - cy glow - ing. Oh! shame on the dolt would be go - ing. Nor tar - ry for one bot-tle more!  
friends at night have found me, There's pa - ra - dise a-round me But let me have one bot-tle more!  
hearts in un - ion beat - ing,- And oh! for our next mer - ry mee - ting, Huz - za! then for one bot-tle more!

Come fill, fill, my good fel - low, Fill high, high, my good fel - low, And  
Come fill, fill my good fel - low, Fill high, high, my good fel - low, And

let's be mer - ry and mel - low, And let us have one bot - tle more!  
let's be mer - ry and mel - low, And let us have one bot - tle more!

William SMYTH (1765-1849)

## Come fill, fill, my good fellow

1

Come fill, fill,  
my good fellow,  
Fill high, high, my good fellow,  
And let's be merry  
and mellow,  
And let us have one bottle more.  
When warm the heart is flowing,

And bright the fancy glowing,  
Oh! shame on  
the dolt would be going,  
Nor tarry for one bottle more!

Come fill, fill, my good fellow,  
Fill high, high, my good fellow,  
And let's be merry and mellow,  
And let us have one bottle more!

2

My heart, let me but lighten,  
And life, let me but brighten,  
And care,  
let me but frighten -  
He'll fly us with one bottle more!

By day, tho' he confound me,  
When friends at night  
have found me,  
There's paradise around me  
But let me have one bottle more!

Komm, schenk ein,  
mein guter Kamerad,  
Fülle hoch,  
und lasst uns heiter  
und gelassen sein,  
und lasst uns eine weitere Flasche leeren.  
Wenn das Herz von Wärme  
[durchströmt ist,  
und die Fantasie hell erglüht,  
Oh! pfui  
dem Tölpel, der gehen will  
und nicht für eine weitere Flasche  
[bleiben.

3

So now, here's to the lasses!  
See - see,  
while the toast passes,  
How it lights up  
our beaming glasses,  
Encore – to the lasses – encore.  
We'll toast  
the welcome greeting  
Of hearts  
in union beating, -  
And oh!  
for our next merry meeting,  
Huzza! then for one bottle more!

Nun also, ein Prosit auf die Mädchen!  
sieh her,  
während der Toast umgeht,  
wie er erstrahlen lässt  
unsere glänzenden Gläser,  
Noch eins – auf die Mädchen – noch eins.  
Wir werden trinken auf  
die Willkommensgrüße  
der Herzen,  
die in Einigkeit schlagen, -  
Und ach!  
auf unser nächstes frohes Zusammentreffen,  
Hurra! dann auf eine weitere Flasche!

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