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# Comrades, Fill no Glass for me

*"Then, by a Mother's sacred tear,  
By all that memory should revere,  
Though doom, companions ye may be—  
Oh! Comrades fill no glass for me."*

POETRY & MUSIC BY

# Stephen C. Foster.

Author of  
OLD DOG TRAY



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COMRADES FILL NO GLASS FOR ME.

POETRY AND MUSIC BY

STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

Andante mosso.

VOICE.

PIANO.

Detailed description: This block contains the first system of musical notation. It features a vocal line on a single staff and piano accompaniment on two staves. The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 3/4. The vocal line begins with a whole rest, followed by a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note B4. The piano accompaniment starts with a treble clef and a bass clef, with chords and moving lines in both hands.

Oh! comrades, fill no glass for me To drown my soul in li- quid flame, For

Detailed description: This block contains the second system of musical notation. It features a vocal line with lyrics and piano accompaniment. The key signature and time signature remain the same as in the first system. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: "Oh! comrades, fill no glass for me To drown my soul in li- quid flame, For". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines.

2862

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if I drank, the toast should be— To blighted for . . . tune,

health and fame. Yet, though I long to quell the strife, That

passion holds a - gainst my life, Still, boon compan - - - ions

may ye be, But comrades, fill no glass for me. Still,

5

boon compan - ions may ye be, But comrades, fill no glass for me.

2

I know a breast that once was light  
 Whose patient sufferings need my care,  
 I know a hearth that once was bright,  
 But drooping hopes have nestled there.  
 Then while the tear drops nightly steal  
 From wounded hearts that I should heal,  
 Though boon companions ye may be—  
 Oh! comrades, fill no glass for me.

3

When I was young I felt the tide  
 Of aspirations undefiled,  
 But manhood's years have wronged the pride  
 My parents centered in their child.  
 Then, by a mother's sacred tear,  
 By all that memory should revere,  
 Though boon companions ye may be—  
 Oh! comrades, fill no glass for me.