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| <b>Title:</b>         | Crambambuli, bright source of pleasure, glee  |
| <b>Resource Type:</b> | notated music   |
| <b>Note(s):</b>       | From: Music Copyright Deposits, 1820-1860 (Microfilm M 3106)<br>In bound volumes: Copyright Deposits 1820-1860                    |
| <b>Subject(s):</b>    | Glees<br>Songs with piano<br>Choruses, Secular, with piano<br>Glees   |
| <b>URL</b>            | <a href="http://lcweb2.loc.gov/diglib/ihms/loc.music.sm1845.401850">http://lcweb2.loc.gov/diglib/ihms/loc.music.sm1845.401850</a> |

*N<sup>o</sup> 199*  
*Reprinted May 26. 1845*  
*R. Klemm & Brother*  
*as Propy*

**CRAMBAMBULI, BRIGHT SOURCE OF PLEASURE**  
A NEW  
**SONG AND CHORUS**

*Adapted to*  
**A German Glee**

*Philadelphia KLEMM & BROTHER, 275 Market St!*

*SPERITOSO*

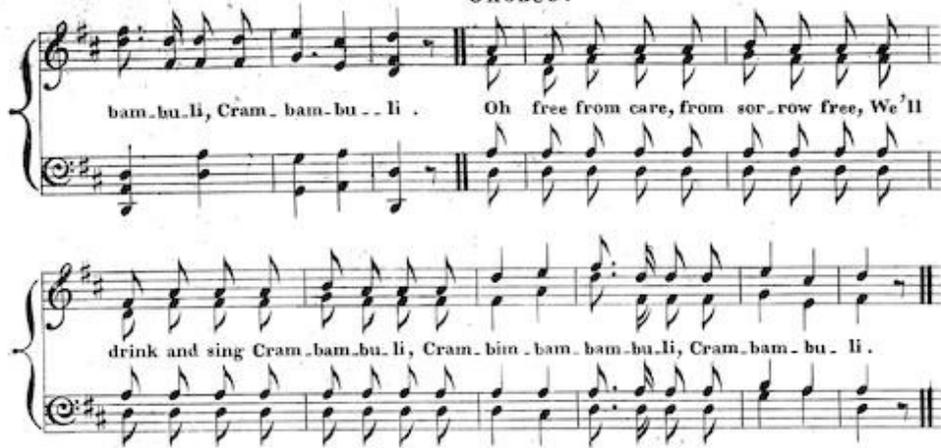
Cram\_bam\_bu . li ! Bright source of pleasure! Full many joys we owe to thee! Then

fill, boys fill, and join the measure, A Song un.to Cram\_bam\_bu.li! Oh

free from care, from sor\_row free, We'll drink and sing Cram\_bam\_bu.li, Cram\_bim\_bam.

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## CHORUS.



bam-bu.li, Cram-bam-bu-li. Oh free from care, from sor-row free, We'll

drink and sing Cram-bam-bu-li, Cram-bin-bam-bam-bu-li, Cram-bam-bu-li.

2  
Oh life has many a heavy hour,  
When weary seems the way and long;  
Oh then, - would'st laugh at Fortune's power?  
Fill high the bowl, and join the Song  
And while the wit and wine flash free,  
We'll joyful sing Crambambuli.

3  
Fill high! The winter cloud is darkling!  
Hear ye the storm-king's angry cry?  
Fill high! - nor heed, while wine is sparkling,  
The tempest idly rolling by!  
For storm or storm-king what care we,  
While here we quaff Crambambuli?

4  
Fill high! The gems of night are streaming  
In distant glory, - pure, but drear. -  
Fill high! but leave their hollow gleaming,  
And seize the cup that mantles near.  
The stars shine chill, - to that, turn we,  
Which warms and shines, - Crambambuli!

5  
Fill high! Whene'er we meet together,  
An hour of life, to joy to spare,  
We'll sing, - nor reck of wind or weather,  
"Still faithful all and free from care."  
"Toujours fiddle et sans souci,  
C'est l'ordre du Crambambuli."

6  
Fill high! Old Time on lusty pinion  
Still bears our Youth and joys away;  
Then wrest that hour from his dominion,  
And quaff of pleasure while you may;  
Since Time with Youth and Strength would flee,  
We'll chain him with Crambambuli.

7  
Fill high! When musing with delight  
On those bright days of Auld Lang Syne,  
Like peaks, that in the evening light,  
Though furthest off, the brighter shine,  
Oh then we'll drain a health with thee,  
To OLD FRIENDS ALL - Crambambuli!

8  
Crambambuli! Bright source of pleasure!  
Thus many a joy we owe to thee;  
Then fill, boys, fill, and drain the measure,  
And sing unto Crambambuli.  
Oh free from care, from sorrow free,  
We'll drink and sing Crambambuli.