

Fill the Bumper Fair.

FILL the bumper fair
 Ev'ry drop we sprinkle
 O'er the brow of care
 Smooths away a wrinkle,
 Wit's electric flame
 Ne'er so swiftly passes,
 As when thro' the flame
 It shoots from brimming glasses.

Fill the bumper fair,
 Ev'ry drop we sprinkle
 O'er the brow of care
 Smooths away a wrinkle.

Sages can, they say,
 Grasp the lightning's pinions,
 And bring down its ray
 From the starr'd dominions.
 So we sages sit,
 And 'mid bumpers bright'ning,
 From the heaven of wit
 Draw down all its lightning.

Would'st thou know what first
 Made our souls inherit
 This ennobling thirst
 For wine's celestial spirit ?
 It chanced upon one day,
 When, as bards inform us,
 Prometheus stole away
 The loving fire that warms us.

POCULA replete,
 Frons enim rugosa.
 Curæ, potu læti,
 Vini fit formosa.
 Calicis ex ore,
 Alte si potares,
 Alus lepore,
 Facile præstares.

Pocula replete,
 Frons enim rogosa,
 Curæ, potu læti,
 Vini fit formosa.

Cælo de profundo,
 Sapientes vere,
 Jovis summi mundo,
 Ignem detulère,
 Sapientiores,
 Nos, ut debacchamur,
 Cælo de leporis,
 Fulgura furamur

Velles scire quare,
 Pellimur confestim,
 Vini sic amare,
 Spiritum celestem ?
 Vates Prometheus,
 Scimus cecinisse
 Ignem æthereum,
 Olim rapuisse.