

Than the grandest strains of masters.
Dull ascetics may be moping
And contemn joys temulentive,
We enjoy life as it fleeteth,
Carpe diem is our motto.

We will not, methinks, come sooner
To Persephone's dark chamber,
And old Charon's Stygian ferry,
That with wine our clay we moisten,
And are jovial *in loco*.
Then with free mirth and light laughter
Let us drain the sparkling beaker;
And may wit and friendship flourish.