

HOR. LIB. III. CARM. XXVIII.

FESTO QUID POTIUS DIE.

FITTER honour can I pay ;
 Unto Neptune's festal day.
 Lydé, with what haste you can,
 Bring your choicest Cæcuban :
 And with wit and mirth beguile
 Sober wisdom for a while.

Now the noon-tide heat is past,
 Day you see is waning fast ;
 Would you linger till 'tis o'er ?
 Haste, and from your inmost store,
 Bring a jar, which bears the date
 Of Bibulus's Consulate.