

Lull in gracious wise to sleep.
Comrades, let our draughts be deep,
Ere the phantom death draws nigh,
And within cold graves we lie.

II

COMRADES, joyous be to-night;
After death is no delight.
Life no pleasure so divine
Holds as those of wit and wine;
When blithe Bacchus rules the roast,
Care in rosy depths is lost.
Wine will kindle light in eyes
Dull with many miseries.
Let our brows with flowers be crowned,
And delicious music sound.
Live as lived Anacreon
In the merry years ago,
Laugh as laughed the Abderan
At the frailties of man.
In a little while the end,
But while have we wine to friend