

The careless youth, when up
 To glory's fount aspiring,
 Took nor urn nor cup
 To hide the pilfered fire in.
 But oh ! his joy, when round
 The halls of heaven spying,
 Among the stars he found
 A bowl of Bacchus lying.

Some drops were in that bowl,
 Remains of last night's pleasure,
 With which the sparks of soul
 Mix'd their burning treasure.
 Hence the goblet's show'r
 Hath such spells to win us,
 Hence its mighty power
 O'er the flame within us.

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

Fertur autem illum,
 Nulla cum adstaret,
 Urna quâ scintillam,
 Rutilam celaret.
 Jovis inter aulas,
 Circum se spexisse,
 Ibiq̃ue Bacchi mollis,
 Crateram reperisse.

Fœcibus cum meri,
 Funditur scintilla,
 Quœque cum crateræ,
 Coruscaret stilla.
 Virtus inde vino,
 Hincque dum vivamus,
 Igne hoc divino
 Semper ardeamus.

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

