Quick! we have but a second, Fill round the cup while you may: For Time, the churl, hath beck on’d,
we must a way,— Grasp the pleasure, Oh! not Orpheus' strain
keep sweet hours— Or charm them to life— again. Then quick! we have but a second, Fill
keep sweet hours— from dying, Or charm them to life— again. Then quick! we have but a second, Fill
round the cup while you may, For Time, the churl, hath beck on'd,— And we must a way,— a—

round the cup while you may, For Time, the churl, hath beck on'd,— And we must a way,— a—

round the cup while you may, For Time, the churl, hath beck on'd,— And we must a way,— a—

round the cup while you may, For Time, the churl, hath beck on'd,— And we must a way,— a—

- way! See the glass, how it flush-es Like some young He be's lip, And

- way! See the glass, how it flush-es Like some young He be's lip,— And

- way! See the glass, how it flush-es Like some young He be's lip,— And

- way! See the glass, how it flush-es Like some young He be's lip,— And

half meets thine, and blush-es That thou should'st de-lay to sip. Shame,— Oh, shame If

half meets thine, and blush-es That thou should'st de-lay to sip. Shame,— Oh, shame If

half meets thine, and blush-es That thou should'st de-lay to sip. Shame,— Oh, shame un— to thee If

half meets thine, and blush-es That thou should'st delay to sip. Shame, Oh, shame un—to thee If
e'er thou see'st that day When a cup or lip, And turn un-touch'd away. Then

quick! we have but a second, Fill round the cup while you may, For

Time, the churl, hath beck-on'd, And we must away, away!

Time, the churl, hath beck-on'd, And we must away, away!