Quick! We have but a second

Quick! We have but a second, Fill round the cup while you may:
For the glass how it flush-es, Like some young He-be's lip, And

Time, the churl, hath beck-on'd, And we must a-way, a-way!
Half meets thine, and blush-es That thou should de-lay, to sip.

Grasp the pleasure, Oh! Not Orpheus' strain could
could
Grasp the pleasure that's fly-ing, For Oh! Not Orpheus' strain could

Shame, Oh shame, If e'er thou see that day When a
un-to thee If e'er thou see that day When a

keep sweet hours, Or charm them to life a-gain. Then
Or charm them to life a-gain. Then

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