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Voice



If the trea-sured gold could give Man a long-er time to live,
 But since rich-es can not save Mor-tals from the gloo-y grave,
 Give me free-ly while I live Gen'rous wine in pleny-ty give,

Piano



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I'd em ploy my ut-most care still to keep and still to spare,
 Why should I my slef de-ceive, Vain ly sigh and vain-ly grieve?
 Sooth-ing joys my life to cheer, Beau-ty kind and friend sin-cere.

