

III

(From the Same)

HERE lies Anacreon in this grateful shade;
Here cast on sleep, sweet poet, thou art laid.
May roses and green ivy round thy tomb
In beauty bloom.

For us on earth is hushed thy harp divine
That rang in laud of beauty, love, and wine;
But death cannot thy glory quench, and fame
Keeps fair thy name.

Still art thou dear unto the Paphian queen,
And in the mystic regions and serene
Where dwell the radiant spirits of the blest
Thou, too, hast rest.