

Pale-visaged Age with tarnished locks of white
Plucked at thy beard, and said, "Aha!
thou art mine!"

But back into Cimmerian depths of night
Thou jeeredst him with tried comrades, song
and wine.

Thy weird was fitting end of wild delight.¹

¹ While drinking some new wine he was choked by a grape-stone and expired.