

## ST. VALENTINE'S DAY, 530 B. C.\*

FROM THE GREEK OF ANACREON.

ONCE in the silent midnight hour,  
 When the great Bear, onward driven  
 By the hand of Boötes,  
 Is just turning down through heaven,  
 And the tribes of speaking mortals  
 All, o'ercome by toil and power  
 Of sleep, are lying stretched at ease,  
 LOVE stood beating at my portals  
 Fastened by strong bolts and keys.  
 "Who comes here so late now, knocking  
 Thus boldly at my door," I said,  
 "Driving my sweet dreams away?"  
 "It is Love," says he, (and mocking)  
 "I'm but a child; don't be afraid;  
 Open; let me in, I pray:  
 I'm wet; the moonless night is shocking  
 Murky, and I've gone astray!"  
 Hearing all this, I took pity,  
 And having straitway lit my lamp,  
 Went, and opening wide the door,  
 Saw a boy there, winged and pretty,  
 Bearing a bow, and the young scamp  
 At his side a quiver bore.  
 Near to my hearth I placed his chair;  
 "Twixt my own palms I warmed again  
 His hands, and from his flowing hair  
 I wrung out all the dripping rain.  
 Then, soon as his chill abated,  
 "Come," he says, "let's try this bow,  
 Whether the string, by being wetted,  
 Has got injured any now."  
 He stretches it, and shoots a dart  
 Straight at my breast: I feel a smart,

\* It is assumed that the benevolent general reader will overlook, and that the acute critic will pardon, the slight anachronism involved in this title.