

The wisest of mankind, why hast thou
Devoted thy life to Lyæus,
And to the Erotes, why dost thou
Sing ever the kiss of Kythera,
And the mirth-kindling cups of Lyæus,
Not teaching my laws and not winning
My precious gifts as a guerdon ? ”

Ar ’ the Teian singer made answer :
“ Be not displeased, gracious goddess,
That apart from thee I am regarded
By the wise the wisest of all men.
I love, I drink wine, and the Muses
I court with ardent devotion,
And with fair women I revel
In simple delight, and my lute breathes
Only love like my harp-strings :
Thus above all things prizing
The calm of life, tell me, I pray thee,
Am I not a wise singer,
Who, troth, of mortals is wiser ? ”