

THE FOURTH ODE.

Leads off the dance; and comely Graces trol
With laughing Nymphs, and beat delicious tune
With dainty feet upon the yielding ground;
While glowing Vulcan hurries, all too soon,
To fill the air with thunderous echoing sound
Of his laborious fires. 'Tis fitting now,
The radiant head of youth be lightly bound,
Either with myrtle verdant from the bough,
Or those sweet blushing flowers, all pink and white,
That with rich favour doth the earth endow.
And it is fitting Faunus to delight
With solemn sacrifice of lamb or kid:
He guards the flocks upon the hills at night.
Alas! pale Death, from whom no one is hid,
Knocks at the cottage of the frugal poor
And at kings' palaces, a guest unbid—
Yet each shall open unto him the door,
And give him of their all, or soon, or late.
O happy Sextius! We ought not to store
Far distant hopes. For presently shall fate
Bind you with darkness and seal up the breath
Forever, and the unreal ghosts shall wait