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S OON will a shepherd  
In rugged Dacia,  
Folding his gentle  
Ewes in the twilight,  
Lifting a level  
Gaze from the sheepfold,  
Say to his fellow,  
“Lo, it is springtime.”

T HIS very hour  
In Mitylene,  
Will not a young girl  
Say to her lover,  
Lifting her moon-white  
Arms to enlace him,  
Ere the glad sigh comes,  
“Lo, it is lovetime!”