

In whose praise in golden nectarous numbers
did thy tones harmoniously ring.
For young Eros' shafts thou wast a shining
mark: on thee his choicest gifts he shed;
Fare thee well, O vanished in the darkness,
dwell forever with the deathless dead!

II

(From the Same)

Lo! stranger, veiled in sunless gloom
Lies blithe Anacreon. If to thee my lyre
Has aught of pleasure given, I desire
That thou in passing by my simple tomb
Wilt pour upon mine ashes here
Libations of sheer wine I loved in life,
That glowing dreams may in my soul be rife,
And with the joys on earth I held so dear

My very bones may thrill, and so
I who when quick in Bacchus took delight
May find less sad the sombre cheerless night
Of Hades' realm, where all at last must go.