

And where the shepherd's reed among the hills,
Vine-braided, laden with the ripening fruit,
Sounds silver-sweet with all love's passionate
thrills,

Borne on spiced breezes when loud winds
are mute,
Mixed with wild murmur of far mountain rills.

And in the satyr-haunted woods I'll tread
The grassy paths thine own dear feet have
pressed,

With green umbrageous boughs above my
head,

And fancy in the glamour of my rest
Thou art not with death's cheerless gloom
oppressed.

Dead art thou? Nay! for thou art with us yet
Light-hearted as in old Hellenic hours;
Thy lively lyre no frosts of time can fret:
Time chilling hearts and overturning powers
Falls on thee like a storm on sheltered
flowers.