

MOORE'S GREEK ODE TRANSLATED¹

ONCE lay the Teian singer
On a couch of roses reclining,
Merrily laughing and quaffing,
And on his sweet lyre playing;
Whilst about him the tender
Erotes kept dancing in concert.
One, of Kythera was forging
The darts—those soul-piercing arrows;
Another of argent-hued lilies
And radiant roses had woven
A garland, and therewith encircling
The brows of the old man, caressed him.
Then Sophia, queen of goddesses,
From Olympus beholding Anacreon,
Beholding the graceful Erotes
Spake thus to the bard in reproof:
“Wise man, for the wise call Anacreon

¹ This ode is evidently an allegorical fiction in the manner of several poems in the *Anacreontea*. A dialogue between Wisdom personified (Athene) and the Teian poet takes place.