

Strike with thy plectrum, Teian master, shape
In light foam-crests of song the revel's
glare;

And sing the glowing glories of the grape—
Not the shrill-shouting Mænad with wind-
toss'd hair,
But the bowl's charms, and conquests of the
fair.

Ere, as old records tell, the height-watched
wave

That washes yet white-hilled Leucadian
land

Granted lorn Sappho an unhappy grave,
For Phaon sighing on the sounding strand,
Didst thou her ardent kisses win and crave?

When Arctos and Boötes gleam on high,
And summer winds blow soft in drowsy
wise,

I'll fancy that in dreamful calm I lie
At ease beneath the blue Ionian skies,
Where the cicada sings, the nymph replies: