

PRAISE OF WINE

(*From* BACCHYLIDES OF CEOS)

WHEN rosy wine is freely flowing
Love holdeth sway within the soul;
And hope and joy, a glamour throwing
O'er life, rise radiant from the bowl.

Entrancing visions fair and glorious
Are ours; straight vanish grief and pain:
And we exalted and victorious
As great as kings in fancy reign.

Mavortial ardors, too, enflame us,
And the red battle's fiery ways
Then seek we, or with valiance famous
The walls of populous cities raze.

With gold and ivory are resplendent
Our homes; ships bring us from far shores
Vast wealth, on our desires attendant—
'Tis thus the quaffer's spirit soars.