

But he is sad that Bacchic revelries

May joy him not again, and that no one
Of his old friends and loved ones more he sees.

Natheless the strains he loved so well he sings

Though he hath done with things and times
terrene;

Still in the underworld his sweet lyre rings.

And though enshrouds his head engulfing
gloom

Fame ever keeps his glorious laurels green;
And Love's self weeps beside his silent tomb.