

Star of the court of King Polycrates,
The banquet saw thy mirth and gaiety;
And in the goblet emptied to the lees
Forgotten were the ills of life with thee
Mid light and laughter, warmth and luxury.
Poor heart so pierced with Parthian shafts of
love,
Sweet lips that mocked Age to his wrinkled
face,
Still through the mist of centuries dost move
Most musically, with inimitable grace;
Thy muse no jovial souls wax weary of.
To thee nought was the praise of men or gold,
Or Apollo's gift, the laurel wreath of fame
That ripens tardily but to enfold
A hoary head or grace a grave when shame
And honour to the sleeper are the same.
Strike with thy plectrum, let us hear again
Voluptuous joy-notes of thy harp divine,
Breathing the Bacchic dances' fervent strain,
The bousing bout, pain's subtle anodyne,
The teeming vat, the wine-press' rose-red rain.