

IV

ON ARISTOCLIDES

THEE I mourn, Aristoclides, first of that heroic
band

Who so bravely fought and fell for freedom
and the father-land.

V

ON THREE BACCHANTES

SHE with a thyrsus Heliconias

Is called, Xantippe follows, and behind

Them both is Glauca; down the mountain-
pass

Dancing they come; their wide-flung tresses
float

In streaming waves upon the wanton wind.

Dithyramps they sing,

And to Bacchus bring

Ivy, grape clusters, and a fatted goat.