

IV

BARD of the flower-sweet lyre, what life was
thine

In famous climes in times so long since fled,
Drowning thy care in bowls of Samian wine,
Armed with the thyrsus, myrtle-garlanded,
Fair worshipper at Cytherea's shrine!

How often in some cool inviting glade
Hast thou reclined with young Bathyllus
nigh;

Or in the fond arms of a Thracian maid
Dissolved in bliss didst thou delight to lie,
And let the worthless striving world pass by!

Not in thee burned the Atridæ's warlike fire,
Instead the flame of wine-inspired delight;
Of love's delicious raptures breathed thy lyre,
Of beauty's spell and amours recondite
Which smote to sweeter song the whispering
wire.