

DRINKING SONG

(From THÉOPHILE GAUTIER)

LET us sing in chorus praises
Of jolly buxom Bacchus.
Long live the purple vintage,
Long live the wine-vat's treasure,
And long live we to quaff it.

We love the sparkling colours
Of wine, we love carousals.
Pale cheeks the wine-bowl flushes,
It kindles eyes with love-light,
And dullards' tongues makes witty.

Who worships not the wine-god,
And when the goblet circles
Refuses to be merry,
May he be changed by Circe
To a frog, and croak in marshes.