

II

ON AGATHON

ROUND this funeral pyre comes all Abdera
mourning

Agathon fearless in fight, dead in the flower
of his youth;

Never before did the fell war-god delighting in
carnage

Slay in the battle-whirl a warrior so noble
and brave.

III

ON CLEËONORIDES

THEE, too, O Cleëonorides, the desire

Of thy native land has ruined in thy prime,
For thou didst rashly brave the stormy ire

Of treacherous winds and waves in winter-
time.

Thus thy young charms were whelmed in the
wild sea,

And quiring surges sang a dirge o'er thee.