

III

O BLITHE stray spirit of the Teian muse!
Anacreon, Lyæus-loved of old,
Thou scornedst the praise of men, and
Gyges' gold,
And lotus-wreathed, rose-garlanded, didst
choose
A life of pleasure; with the hybla dew
Parnassian thy lips were flecked. Old Age
Shrank cowering from thee, care-despising
sage,
Whose songs forever joy and mirth diffuse.

With soft Ionic murmurs as a stream
Rolling persuasion through the myrtle glades,
Haunted by festive fauns and wood-
nymphs bright:
So flows thy strain. Ah! master, comes a
dream
Of Pyrrha, and the white Achæan maids
To thee in the ghost-glimmering vales of
night?