

II

WERE I a master of Apelles' art
I'd paint with all my skill and all my heart
Anacreon, and in this wise him would show:—
With merry sparkling eyes, and cheeks aglow,
A wine-cup in one hand, the other placed
Around gold-tressed Eurypyle's trim waist;
His lyre near by, and on his tresses white,
By his fair mistress twined, a garland bright.
Cupid should fan him with his azure wings,
And buxom Bacchus in blithe dallyings
With lovely Venus should be shewn, and, too,
Comus should revel with his roistering crew,
And Age and Care be seen passing from sight
Mid jeers and scoffs into the silent night.