

IV

(From the Same)

AROUND thy tomb may clustering ivy grow,
And delicate blooms of purple meads abound,
Anacreon! May white milk in fountains flow,
And streams of wine well from the sacred
ground,
So that if aught of joy reach shades below,
Some pleasure still thine ashes dear may know,
Immortal bard who soughtst life's sunny ways,
And filledst with love and song the measure of
thy days.