

ANACREONTICS BY THE TRANSLATOR

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To the lute's voluptuous sound
Let the rosy bowl go round.
He who drinks not, much doth miss;
Wine the true nepenthe is.
In a little while we must
Die, and moulder into dust.
Let us quaff then while we may
And in paths of pleasure stray.
There is music in the whoop
Of satyrs, and the merry cloop
Of flying corks; and glasses' clink
Makes one of the fairies think.
Wine will pallid faces brighten,
Wine will Taphian blisses heighten,
Wine a glamour bright will throw
Over life, and care and woe