

THE ANCIENT FEAST.

Before me dismal shades of darkness creep,
Imprisoned by great mansion halls of flint,
Which tell a lord hath reigned, and grandeur,
once

A charm, hath met a woeful death; for, mark
Yon marble board, that fallen in decay,
Shows workmanship divine, a spirit breathed
In stone. Seats for a hundred creatures round
It stand in mockery of the past, when many
A gallant to the festive feast did lead
His lady blushing amid the merry throng
Of eager worshippers; when glances flew
From eye to eye, heralds of thought from heart
To heart, of love; when lord and lady of
Those ancient days did magnify the gods
Of Epicurean birth and bend their heads
To Bacchus; while, around the mirthful board,
The ivy clings in garlands beautiful,