

POEMS ON ANACREON BY THE
TRANSLATOR

I

HAIL! Teian poet, who didst wage
War to the knife with hateful age.
Thou soughtst with blooming maids and boys
To grasp the present's fleeting joys;
Thy lyre melodious did praise
Love, wine and beauty all thy days;
Wisely thou urgedst the hours along
With dance and wassail, mirth and song,
Though wintry tresses crowned thy head,
Spring never in thy heart was dead.
O star of Bacchic revelries!
O master of sweet harmonies!
With thee forget we pain and care,
With thee the face of life is fair.
What time the world through space spins
round
Shall fame thy name in time's ear sound.