

Classic Poetry Series

Agathias

- poems -

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Agathias()

Bacchanal Eurynome

I, BACCHANAL Eurynome, to roam
The mountain wont, and bulls to overcome,
Who rent the lion, and with wild delight
Tossed the fierce head that could no more affright,
Now to thee, Bacchus (pardon!), all on fire
With Venus, and forsaking thy desire,
Suspend my clubs, and ivy-wreaths that graced
My wrists resign, with gold to be replaced.

Agathias

Be Not Too Timorous

Be not too timorous, youth, nor strive to merit
Thy mistress' favour by a broken spirit;
Lift up thine eyes, boldly thy fair survey;
Yea, turn them, now and then, the other way:
For woman, though with glee abashing pride,
Delights not less the abject to deride;
And best may he subdue her to his bent
Who is both humble and impertinent.

Agathias

My Partridge

My partridge, wand'rer from the hills forlorn,
Thy house, light-woven of the willow-bough
No more, thou patient one, shall know thee now;
And in the radiance of the bright-eyed morn

Agathias

No Wine For Me

No wine for me!-Nay, an it be thy will,
Kiss first the goblet-I will drink my fill:
How may I, when thy lips have touched it, dare
Be sober still, and that sweet draught forswear:
For the cup steers the kiss from thee to me,
And tells me all the bliss it won of thee.

Agathias

Not Such Your Burden

Not such your burden, happy youths, as ours
Poor women-children nurtured daintily
For ye have comrades when ill-fortune lours,
To hearten you with talk and company;
And ye have games for solace, and may roam
Along the streets and see the painters' shows.
But woe betide us if we stir from home
And there our thoughts are dull enough, God knows!

Agathias

Plutarch

CHAERONEAN Plutarch, to thy deathless praise
Does martial Rome this grateful statue raise;
Because both Greece and she thy fame have shared,
(Their heroes written and their lives compared;)
But thou thyself could'st never write thine own;
Their lives have parallels, but thine has none.

Agathias

Rhodanthe

Weeping and wakeful all the night I lie,
And with the dawn the grace of sleep is near,
But swallows flit about me with their cry,
And banish drowsihead and bring the tear.
Mine eyes must still be weeping, for the dear
Thought of Rhodanthe stirs in memory;
Ye chattering foes have done! it was not I
Who silenced Philomel: go, seek the sheer

Clefts of the hills, and wail for Itylus
Or clamour from the hoopoe's craggy nest,
But let sweet sleep an hour abide with us,
Perchance a dream may come, and we be blest,
A dream may make Rhodanthe piteous,
And bring us to that haven of her breast.

Agathias

Satyr

Agathias

She

Agathias

Since She Was Watched

Agathias

To A Cat Which Had Killed A Favorite Bird

O CAT in semblance, but in heart akin
To canine raveners, whose ways are sin;
Still at my hearth a guest thou dar'st to be?
Unwhipt of Justice, hast no dread of me?
Or deem'st the sly allurements shall avail
Of purring throat and undulating tail?
No! as to pacify Patroclus dead
Twelve Trojans by Pelides' sentence bled,
So shall thy blood appease the feathery shade,
And for one guiltless life shall nine be paid.

Agathias

Vintage Song

Agathias

Why Sad?

Agathias

Why Shrink From Death?

Agathias