

## Champagne, a Neo-Grec Refrain

*With Chorus, in the Classic Vein, Translated in a Manner Free  
From BIBULUS, '19 A. D.*

### *Bibulus*

CHAMPAGNE, old Top,  
Your jovial pop  
Must stop; the Fates decree it.  
We know the worst.  
From July first  
All thirst is cursed; so be it.  
Yet shall no tear-drop trickle in the glass?  
Nor mournful requiem voice one fond alas?  
Hark from the tombs  
A doleful cry!  
Sahara looms.  
We're going dry.

### *Chorus of Men-about-Town*

Chant, now, a litany, sombre and slow.  
Thrum, now, a threnody, weighted with woe.  
Sighed to the sob of a minor refrain,  
Sung to the soul of Departed Champagne.

### *Bibulus (protesting)*

No, no! Not so  
Shall wine and I  
Thus say, today,  
A sad good-bye.  
Let there be music; ladies, too.  
And now, Champagne, a word with you.

### *Chorus*

Mark how old Bib neglects his food; forsooth  
He ponders on the pastimes of his youth.

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### *Bibulus* (soliloquizing)

Champagne, Champagne, ah, what a train  
 Of memories trickle from my brain,  
 Of groaning board, and feasts,—Oh Lord,  
 Where save for you I might have snored.  
 Have you forgotten?—say not so,—  
 That night at Newport, long ago!  
 The soft allurements of the dance,  
 The sweet come-hither in a glance.  
 That kiss, beneath the myrtle's shade!  
 Should I have dared—on lemonade?  
 Oh! Heidsieck of approved cuvée,  
 Oh! Krug, Mumm, Roederer, Moët  
 And Chandon, Perrier-Jouët,  
 Irroy and Lançon, pint or quart  
 Or magnanim of illumined sport,—  
 Farewell,—to all your jolly crew—  
 When you are gone—Good-night—I'm through.

### *Chorus*

Mark how the fickle daughter of the grape  
 Hides in the pantry her entrancing shape  
 Yet leaves behind one hope, to say the least,  
 A raisin, rising on a cake of yeast!  
 Grave now an epitaph for him we mourn,  
 Then hay-ward, Brothers, ere the dawn is born.

### *The Epitaph*

*H*IC jacet, neath this erstwhile festive table,  
 (Here write your favorite vintage brand or label.)  
 Champagne! bright comrade of a day gone by,  
 Of whom, alone, we truthfully may sigh  
 "We loved the brut the more for being dry."