

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 inagnum 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."