

THE READING OF GREEK.

A SONG FOR A HELLENIC CLUB.

AIR—*Lillibulero*.

THIS life is a medley of good and of ill,
 A strange alternation of joy and of grief;
 Its maladies baffle both potion and pill,
 Yet I've found out a cure that will give us relief.
 Its aid if you borrow,
 'Twill banish your sorrow,
 And brighten your path when the prospect is bleak;
 In short, it will be a
 Complete panacea—
 And it simply consists in the Reading of Greek.

The worst of our evils spring out of the mind—
 We're proud and resentful, we're sordid and vain;
 Take a course of my medicine, and quickly you'll find
 Of every such ailment you'll cease to complain.
 A winter and summer
 Of Plato and Homer

Will make you quite strong where at present you're weak.
 With you or your daughters,
 The Kissingen waters
Might well be exchanged for the Reading of Greek.

If rage and revenge are the bane of your life,
 In the wrath of Achilles a beacon you'll see;
If you'd be a good husband and cherish your wife,
 Ulysses and Hector your models may be.
 The foul-mouthed Thersites
 So brimful of spite is
That nobody here to be like him would seek ;
 While the beautiful Helen
 A story is telling
That reads us a lesson in Reading our Greek.

The truths that old Homer so gloriously sung,
 The spirit of Plato as nobly has said ;
The sweets of Hymettus distil from his tongue,
 And a half-divine halo encircles his head.
 Of love and of beauty,
 Of drinking and duty,
He makes his own Socrates worthily speak ;
 The famous old codger,
 A regular dodger,
Will teach you some tricks in your Reading of Greek.

What follies some wise-looking people commit,
Whose fault is a thickness of blood or of skull !
Impervious to laughter and proof against wit,
Their dreary existence flows ditch-like and dull.
Now there's nothing on earth, sir,
Conduces to mirth, sir,
Like the Old Comic vein of fun, frolic, and freak ;
And although to our cost, sir,
Margites is lost, sir,
Aristophanes lives for our Reading in Greek.

Then see how around us there everywhere reigns
A shopkeeping spirit so keen and intense,
That nobody's valued except for his gains,
And all things are weighed by pounds, shillings, and
pence !
With a view to abate, sir,
A nuisance so great, sir,
And Parliament purge of the huckstering clique,
I'd make every new Member,
Each month of November,
Pass through Donaldson's* hands for the Reading of
Greek.

* Dr Donaldson, at one time an Examiner for the University, now Rector of the High School of Edinburgh.

To you, my fair friends, let me now recommend
The charming example of Lady Jane Grey:
To the good of both sexes such conduct would tend,
For lovers will follow where you lead the way.

In the gaily-filled ball-room,
Or pleasanter small room,
The blush would be brought to the dandy's pale cheek,
If his partner would try him
With Paris and Priam,
And hackle him well on the Reading of Greek.

What a blest Revolution we then should behold,
When true Wisdom and Wit had enlivened us all!
When the Good and the Fair should their treasures
unfold,

And the three-volume Novel should go to the Wall.
But don't overdo it;
Bring Common-sense to it:
No pedants in petticoats here I'd bespeak:
But let household employments,
And social enjoyments,
Alternate bear sway with the Reading of Greek.