Now is the season of sailing; for already the chattering swallow is come and the pleasant westwind; the meadows flower, and the sea tossed up with waves and rough blasts has sunk to silence. Weigh thine anchors and unloose thy hawser, O mariner, and sail with all thy canvas set: this Priapus of the harbor bid thee, O man, that thou mayest sail forth to all thy trafficking.

Greek Anthology
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