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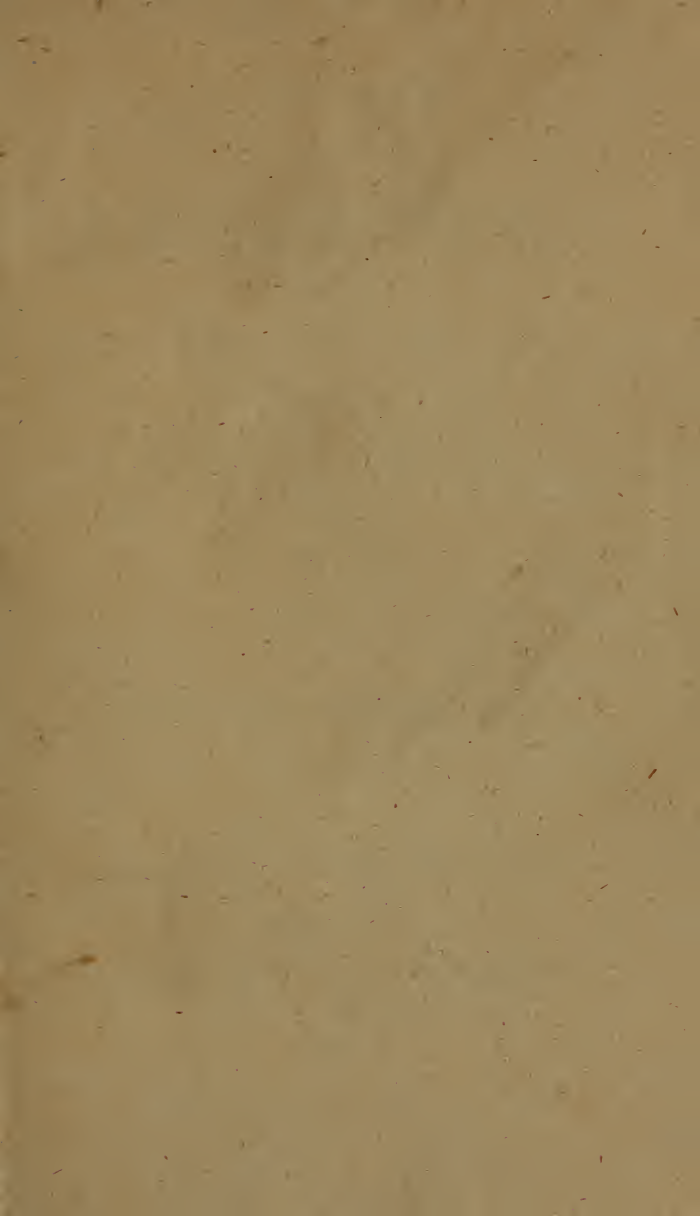
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THE ODES
OF
ANACREON,

TRANSLATED
FROM THE GREEK
INTO
ENGLISH VERSE,

WITH
NOTES.

BY
THOMAS GIRDLESTONE, M. D.

SECOND EDITION.

Darmouth:

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AND CO. LONDON.

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WITHOUT their consent or knowledge the following work is dedicated to CHARLES STUART, Esq. and JOHN STUART, Esq. Capt. in the Royal Navy, the SONS of the late HON. SIR CHARLES STUART, Knight of the Bath, &c. &c. The translator of these Odes had the good fortune, many years ago, to serve in the army in a medical capacity, under the command of the late Sir Charles Stuart, and to the friendship of that General he attributes all his after-success in life. The sons of Sir Charles Stuart must therefore pardon the offer of the following EPITAPH, which no person, who had the honour of knowing their excellent father, will say is flattery

From their obedient

And faithful servant,

THOS. GIRDLESTONE.

YARMOUTH, JULY 11, 1803.

TO the memory of the 4th Son of JOHN EARL OF BUTE, the HON. SIR CHARLES STUART, Knight of the Bath, whose knowledge, zeal, and magnanimity led on the British troops to victory in Corsica and Minorca; and under whose training many of the distinguished Heroes of our Egyptian Army were formed: Worn out with the fatigues of a very active military life in various climates, he died, at Richmond, on the 25th of March, 1801, a Member of Parliament for Poole, Colonel of the 26th regiment of Foot, Lieutenant-General in the Army, and Governor of Minorca, regretted, as a public loss, by his Sovereign, the British Army, and his Country.—

Here reader, with the tribute of a sigh,
Pause o'er this spot where Stuart's ashes lie!
Here with our state, our army blend thy tear!
A statesman, warrior, soldier's friend lies here.
Such worth, by Providence, is only given,
To glance on earth, and point the way to heaven.

PREFACE.

IT has often been observed, that the idle hours of literary men are accidentally directed to some particular study. It is natural enough to read the publications of those, who reside in a place where a person himself has some thoughts of becoming an inhabitant. A residence in Yarmouth occasioned a comparison of Mr. Urquhart's Anacreon with the original, and the translation of those Odes which are now submitted to the public. They have been withheld from the press for near eleven years, and how little they have profited by the delay, the reader perhaps will



be too soon convinced. Indeed there are many difficulties in reconciling the opinions of the different readers of a work of this kind. Those scholars, who have felt the expressive harmony of the Greek language, will be apt to exclaim with Laharpe,* that we shall never see Anacreon translated. Might not these learned gentlemen have added nor Homer, nor Pindar, nor any poem of extraordinary merit into another language? Some are critics only by the writings of acknowledged critics, whose opinions they have treasured up but never examined; hence “*ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss.*” That the opinions of such great men as Dr. Johnson and Mr. Pope, though always deserving of consideration, are some-

* *Lycee ou cours de Litterature, par le Citoyen Laharpe.*



times adopted too hastily may be proved from their own works. Dr. Johnson says a line beginning with *Oh* always offends:* yet in the few verses which he has left behind him, there are thirty excellent lines that begin with this offensive particle.

In his life of Gray he says, “there has
“of late arisen a practice of giving to
“adjectives derived from substantives the
“termination of participles; such as the
“*cultured* plain, the *daisied* bank; but I
“was very sorry to see in the lines of a
“scholar like Gray, the *honied* spring.” Yet
honied is retained in Dr. Johnson’s dictionary with one citation from Shakespear and two from Milton.

* See the latter part of Dr. Johnson’s *Life of Pope*.

To steal the sweet and *honied* sentences.

Shakespear.

The bee with *honied* thigh.

The bait of *honied* words.

Milton.

Mr. Chalmers* says that the number of alterations which Dr. Johnson made in his second and third edition of the Rambler far exceeds six thousand. Perhaps had Dr. Johnson lived to give a new edition of his lives of the poets, he would have corrected many of those opinions which are now to be met with in that great work.

No part of Mr. Pope's Essay on Cri-

* The British Essayists with prefaces by Alexander Chalmers.—Printer Johnson.



ticism has been oftener repeated than the following couplet :

“ *While expletives their feeble aid do join,*
“ *And ten low words oft creep in one dull line.*”

From these lines many seem to have supposed, that every line with monosyllables, and especially with *do* or *did*, must necessarily be a bad line. Yet some of the best lines of Mr. Pope are monosyllables, and no poet has so many heroic lines with monosyllables as he has. Mr. Gray also has many lines with monosyllables. Indeed it may be doubted whether the energy of a line does not oftener depend upon the number of verbs, than the number of polysyllables which it contains?



* *Thoughts that breathe & words that burn.***
“*Seas roll to waft me, Suns to light me rise.*”

And many other lines might be quoted in support of this opinion. In the composition of short measure, it will be found that polysyllables are more unmanageable than monosyllables.

Mr. Pope has avoided the too frequent use of *do, did, &c.* which often enfeebled the lines of Dryden and the preceding poets. Yet there are lines where the whole strength seems to depend upon one of these supposed feeble expletives. Professor Carlyle's translation of Abou Mohammed's

* This line contains a greater number of consonants than is usually met with in a line of seven syllables.



Adieu is a beautiful specimen of Arabian poetry. But it may be questioned whether the last line might not have been improved by an auxillary verb.

THE boatmen shout—'tis time to part,
No longer we must stay ;—
'Twas then Maimuna taught my heart
How much a glance could say.

With trembling steps to me she came,
“ Farewell” she would have cried,
But ere her lips the word could frame
In half-form'd sounds it died.

Then bending down with lips of love,
Her arms she round me flung ;
And as the gale hangs on the grove,
Upon my breast she hung.



O D E V.



ON THE ROSE.

LET us mix with wine the rose,
As the flower of Love it blows;
Whilst its wreaths our temples twine,
Blend the frolick, laugh, and wine.

The Grecians esteemed the rose more than any other flower, and admitted it to all their entertainments, as this Ode and the 53d evince. They used wreaths of flowers and perfumes not only for pleasure, but because they imagined that odours prevented the wine from intoxicating them.

Rose the sweetest flower I sing!
Favorite of the budding spring!
E'en the rulers of the skies
Lovely rose thy beauties prize!
When the dance gay Cupid leads
With the Graces o'er the meads,
Each flow'ry tresse most warmly glows
With thy bright buds delicious rose!
Me with rosy crown attire,
Then I'll wake to life the lyre;
Then O Bacchus! at thy shrine,
Whilst around me roses twine,
With the youthful-bosom'd fair,
Roses, Wine, and Love, I'll share.

But true expression like the unchanging sun.
True ease in writing comes from art not chance.

Mr. Pope has in the above essay about sixty lines with open vowels even tho' it be admitted that the final *e* in such words as *breathe*, *those*, *these*, is as much shut up as in *little*, *able*, *acquiesce*,* &c. Mr. Pope took the objection to open vowels

* It is by anatomical accuracy, that the deaf are taught to speak. And if the question were to be examined anatomically, why a different sound is given to *breathe*, *those*, *these*, than to *breath*, *thos*, *thes*, it would prove to be, because the vocal breathing is continued beyond the final consonant; and that therefore the silent *e* is not quite so common in our language as it is generally imagined. Dr. Johnson suspected, that in adopting the terms of former grammarians, he had betrayed more of reverence than of judgement.—See his grammar (in his dictionary) on the vowels.

from Quintilian. But the number of open vowels in the Italian poetry, and the smoothness of verses in that language proves that Quintilian's objection to a number of open vowels is an unnecessary caution to the writers of Dutch, German, or English verse. His caution against a plurality of consonants is much more worthy of the consideration of writers in any of these languages. There is hardly a page of Mr. Pope's poetry where there are not open vowels.

There are many scholars and mathematicians, who derive no satisfaction from the perusal of the finest poetry that the English language has produced: and even those who have a taste for poetic productions must confess, that the same lines are read



by them with very different sensations at different times; so necessary is it for the enjoyment of this sort of reading, that the mind, to a certain degree, be disengaged. An indifferent translation perhaps is often preferred to a better, from the circumstance of the worst having been familiar to a person at that early period of youth, when the commonest rhymes and pictures give more delight than the most finished productions can ever after produce.

As more ears are tuned to iambic verse of four, and five feet, than to any other, a different measure may be recited by such readers with more difficulty, and of course with less satisfaction.

Nor is it likely, that every line of any writer can accord with the ears of the rea-

ders of different counties, since the pronouncing accent of words, which is the basis of all our English prosody, is not yet brought to a standard by the labours of Sheridan, Johnson, Nares, and Walker; who are not agreed on the accentuation of above nine hundred* words. Indeed from the number of misplaced accents in the editions of Dr. Johnson's dictionary, it is impossible to know how he intended to accent any word, except where he proves the accentuation by a poetical citation. By the authority of some of our best poets, many words may be said to be com-

* See *A vocabulary of such words in the English language as are of dubious or unsettled accentuation.*—Printed in 1797, at London, for Rivington, &c. &c. This vocabulary has above nine hundred words.



mon, as *confessor*, *perfume*, *record*,* *midnight*, &c. Dr. Darwin and Mr. Wordsworth, accent *toward*† on the last syllable, which will probably not appear to be a wrong accentuation to the inhabitants of the northern parts of England.

Words that are decidedly difficult to pronounce are not calculated to give strength or harmony either to prose or verse. But

* Oh that *record* is lively in my soul.

SHAKESPEARE.

The lawyers, who are the best preservers of accent, still retain this accentuation on *record*.

† And stole a guilty glance *toward* the bed.

DARWIN.

Is slow *toward* the sympathies of them.

WORDSWORTH'S LYRICAL BALLADS.



some minds can no more account for their dislike to particular words, than others can for their antipathies to any particular animal, fruit, or cookery.

It is therefore impossible for any writer to avoid words which shall not be objectionable to the caprice of a reader, however such words may be sanctioned by authority in a similar sense. And as some spectators associate the ideas of rascality or generosity with the real moral characters of those players, whom they have once seen perform rascally, or benevolent parts on the stage; so some readers may expect that every part of a translation should be equally spirited, without considering that the original may be very unequal, and that the translator, like the actor, may be on-



ly repeating what are not his own, but his author's defects. No person, in translating the dull parts of an author, can find that amusement which he found in translating the favorite parts: but what he has nearly finished he may wish to complete. The selected parts of an author are therefore more apt to be better received than the translation of his whole work. It is to be presumed, that no reader would wish to see the blemishes of an author retained with the fidelity of a Chinese tailor, who in making a coat from an European pattern, is said to take particular care to copy the patches, where the unfortunate original happened to have been torn and mended. Some deep scholars may be disappointed in seeing no attempt made to settle the criticisms of Stephens, Faber, Da-



cier, Longepierre, Baxter, Barnes, Boyer, Maittaire, Pawe, D'Orville, Fischer, Brunk, &c. on particular passages, which are often very trifling and fanciful differences, and have little to do with the unity of any one of these odes.

But for such explanations and the life of the author, the reader is referred to the above learned commentators, to Mr. Dalzel's *Analecta*, and the translations of Citizen Gail and Mr. Moore.

The English translations of Anacreon are Stanley's, Addison's, Fawkes', Urquhart's, and Moore's, besides Cowley's, Young's, and many other partial translations and imitations.

To judge by the specimen which Sir John Hawkins has given in his edition of Dr.



Johnson, (under the life of Cowley) Stanley has entered very much into the spirit and preserved the conciseness of his author. The translation of Mr. John Addison is, as Mr. Fawkes has observed, with the exception of a few odes, harsh and prosaic. The odes by Mr. Fawkes are very spirited, and from being free translations, are perhaps more beautiful to an English reader than any faithful translator will ever turn them. But many of the odes of his edition are done by Dr. Broome, and they are very different both in accuracy and spirit.

Were it as easy to correct as to discern the faults in every translation of this author, a more perfect English Anacreon might be soon expected.

But as the correction of one defect is



very apt to create another, whoever will try his own powers at translating a single ode of this poet, may find the undertaking more difficult than he at first imagined it to be.

For though mirthful subjects will admit of more familiarity of language than any other species of poetry, yet it would be desirable in a translation of Anacreon, that no particular beauty should be overlooked; that the unity of each ode should be preserved in that measure which approaches nearest the most prevailing measure of the original; that the language should neither be composed of low nor unpoetic words; and that the epigrammatic conciseness of the Greek be as much as possible preserved.



These are excellencies which no translation of this author has ever yet attained, and all that can be hoped for from the present attempt is, to rouse the genius of some more successful candidate.

As it was impossible to translate these odes without bestowing a thought on the moral tendency of the original, it may be necessary for those admirers of Anacreon who are still young, to consider that the indulging in a life of ebriety and voluptuousness must be always of a miserable tendency. For however desirable hilarity of temper may be, yet it never can be lasting without perseverance in a life of temperance, and the exercise of many virtues.

An Italian Poet, in some latin verses which Mr. Moore has elegantly translated, says



“ *To love and Bacchus ever young,*
“ *While sage Anacreon touch'd the lyre;*
“ *He neither felt the loves he sung,*
“ *Nor fill'd his bowl to Bacchus higher,*” &c.

But even if Anacreon did feel as he wrote, and did outlive two generations of his companions, as a drunkard now and then may do; yet there can be no doubt but that the abuse of wine or other stimulating potations, whether inebriation be or be not the effect, brings on in most men a premature old age, with the horrid train of bodily and mental infirmities, and is too often the source of all the misfortunes of our British youth. If the duration of pleasure be the wish of the Epicurean, how can that wish be so certainly attained as by preserving the integrity of his mind,



and the duration of his health, by that forbearance which moderates his immediate pleasure? The practical physician has many more opportunities than the theologian of seeing the miserable effects of an ill-spent life.

The following elegant translation, by professor Carlyle, of Abou Alcassim Ebn Tataba, may prevent the necessity of a sermon on the moderation of our pleasures.

How oft does passion's grasp destroy
The pleasure that it strives to gain?
How soon the thoughtless course of joy
Is doom'd to terminate in pain?
When prudence wou'd thy steps delay,
She but restrains to make thee blest;
Whate'er from joy she takes away,
But heightens and secure the rest.



Would'st thou a trembling flame expand,
That hastens in the lamp to die!
With careful touch, with sparing hand,
The feeding stream of life supply.

But if thy flask profusely sheds
A rushing torrent o'er the blaze,
Swift round the sinking flame it spreads
And kills the fire it fain would raise.

YARMOUTH, July 11, 1804.



ERRATA.

Page 15, line 3d, of the preface, for *proves*
read *prove*.

Page 9, line 5th, of the note, for *breath* read
breathe.

ANACREON.



ODE I.



ON HIS LYRE.

THOUGH of Atreus' sons I sing,
Or to Cadmus touch the string;

To those who are able to read the Latin notes of the different Editors of Anacreon, notes must be quite unnecessary: therefore only a few for the English reader are selected.

This Ode is commonly the first in the Editions of Anacreon as *Love* is one of the most prevailing subjects of his Odes.

Still my lyre the theme confounds,
Still with notes of love resounds.
Late I strung anew my shell,
Toils of Hercules to tell;
Still the chords rebellious prove,
Trilling only strains of love.
Farewell then ye heroes dire!
Love alone attunes my lyre.

Atreus' sons.) Agamemnon and Menelaus the chief commanders at the siege of Troy. By the Atridae the poet means the Trojan, and by Cadmus the Theban, war.

Late I strung anew my shell) It is a common phrase with the antient poets to say that *they had new-strung their lyre* when they meant to celebrate any extraordinary subject. The lyre is said to have been formed of the entire shell of a tortoise.



O D E II.



ON WOMEN.

NATURE horns on bulls bestows,
Guards with hoofs the horse from foes;
Hares with swiftest feet befriends,
Lions' horrid jaws distends;
Fishes through the floods she guides,
Birds with rapid wings provides;
Man her nobler aid receives,
Mental force to him she gives.



Nature thus of gifts bereft,
What for women has she left?
What but beauty's matchless charms,
Stronger far than warriors' arms?
Nought with beauty's armour vies,
Beauty fire and sword defies!

O D E III.

O N C U P I D.

IN a pitchy midnight air,
When Böötes guides the Bear;

When Bootes guides the Bear.) Constellations near the northern Pole. Bootes is called the Bear Keeper.

Through my liver wing'd it flies.) Many passages from the Greek and Latin poets might be cited to prove that they transferred the effects of love to the liver, and that the sympathy between the liver and brain, was as familiar to them, as it is to modern physicians.



When oppress'd by toils of day
Men the call of sleep obey ;
Love my humble home explores
Thund'ring loud against my doors.
“ Whence, I cry, and why this noise ?
“ Who my door and rest annoys ?
Lo the voice of Love I hear !
“ Ope your door dismiss your fear ;
“ Drooping wet 'tis I, a child,
“ By this moonless night beguil'd !”
At this melting tale of woe,
Pity's tear begins to flow ;
Up I rise and strike a light,
Put my bars and locks to flight.



Then with quiver bow and wings,
In the boy equipped springs!
By the fire I him recline
And his hands rub warm with mine;
Then from each depending tresse,
I the limpid water press.
Soon as he began to glow,
“Now, says he, let’s try my bow,
“Whether still the strings remain,
“Quite uninjur’d by the rain?”
Quick he then an arrow tries,
Through my liver wing’d it flies;
Then exulting, leaps the boy,
“Host says he, I give thee joy,



“Sound I find my bow indeed,

“But thy heart with pain must bleed!”



O D E IV.



ON HIMSELF.

STRETCH'D on tender myrtle leaves,
Where the spreading lotus cleaves;
Where sweet gales around me fly,
Still for rosy wine I sigh.

The first lines of this Ode seem to refer to the common luxury of Eastern countries, of having a sort of vegetable tent made beside some beautiful shrubs, or river. Sometimes, parts of these shrubs are so enclosed that they may be said to breath

Thy fair crest come Love then trim!
Fill for me the goblet's brim!
For as the chariot's wheel is spun,
So the round of life is run.
Then away as dust we fly,
Or as mould'ring bones we lie!
Why on tombs sweet odours show'r?
Why o'er the dead libations pour?

their fragrance beneath the couch. The sides of these tents are made of braids of different shrubs, which are daily renewed, for the winds to blow thro' them: and when the winds are too hot, water poured on the outside leaves renders the breeze thro' the tent delightfully cool, as I myself have experienced when encamped in some parts of India.



Rather while with life I glow
Fragrance sweet on me bestow;
Rosy wreaths around me twine;
Hither call the nymph divine;
Ere I to the shades go down,
I with love my cares will drown.



O D E V.



ON THE ROSE.

LET us mix with wine the rose,
As the flower of Love it blows;
Whilst its wreaths our temples twine,
Blend the frolick, laugh, and wine.

The Grecians esteemed the rose more than any other flower, and admitted it to all their entertainments, as this Ode and the 53d evince. They used wreaths of flowers and perfumes not only for pleasure, but because they imagined that odours prevented the wine from intoxicating them.



Rose the sweetest flower I sing!
Favorite of the budding spring!
E'en the rulers of the skies
Lovely rose thy beauties prize!
When the dance gay Cupid leads
With the Graces o'er the meads,
Each flow'ry tresse most warmly glows
With thy bright buds delicious rose!
Me with rosy crown attire,
Then I'll wake to life the lyre;
Then O Bacchus! at thy shrine,
Whilst around me roses twine,
With the youthful-bosom'd fair,
Roses, Wine, and Love, I'll share.

ODE VI.

ON FESTIVITY.

ROUND our brows while roses twine,
Blend the joys of mirth and wine.
Down the dance with taper limbs,
See the graceful virgin swims;
To the lute, in rustling lays,
Ivy-wreath'd her Thyrsus plays:

Ivy-wreath'd her Thyrsus plays.) The Thyrsus was a spear encircled with wreaths of Ivy, and sometimes Vine leaves: it was used as a weapon by those who attended the revels of Bacchus.



Breathing odours breathing joy,
Here too plays a soft-hair'd boy;
Here he fills his pipe with sound,
Pouring melting music round:
Love too comes with golden hair,
Bacchus gay and Venus fair,
Joyful join the festive dance,
And with frolicks age entrance.



O D E VII.



O N L O V E.

With his hyacinthine wand
Love does my tardy steps command ;
Thus through woods, o'er rocks I roam'd,
And where rapid torrents foam'd ;
'Till a serpent's venom'd bite,
Put my very heart to flight.
Terror-struck stretch'd out I lay,
'Till I breathless faint away ;



Quick then Love around me springs,
Fans my face with his soft wings;
Whispers in my trembling ear
'Love you never yet could bear!—

ODE VIII.

THE DREAM.

I one night, with drinking gay,
On a purple carpet lay ;
Dreaming with swift feet I fled,
As the rapid race I led ;
And with virgins fair and young,
Had to frolick freedom sprung ;
While soft youths with jealous stare,
Than Lyæus self more fair,

Than Lyæus self more fair.) Lyæus was a name



With the charms of beauty stung,
At me pointed satire flung.
But as I to kisses flew,
Sleep and visions bade adieu!
Then I wretch alone in vain,
Sigh'd to catch my dream again!

given to Bacchus from his freeing the mind from care: and Bacchus is generally described by the poets as being fair and ever young.

O D E IX.

TO THE DOVE.

LOVELY bird oh whither say!
Dost thou wing thy airy way?
Whence dost thou the odours bring
Quiv'ring from thy rapid wing?

To understand this Ode, it is necessary to remember that it was a custom among the Ancients when they undertook long journies, and were desirous of sending back news with uncommon expedition, to take tame pigeons along with them :



With what master dost thou dwell?

Hither come thy secrets tell?

“ Forward I, (replies the dove)

“ Speed to court Anacreon’s love;

“ She with blended grace and art,

“ Plays the tyrant o’er each heart;

“ Venus for a sonnet’s charm,

“ Perch’d me on Anacreon’s arm;

“ With his letters, I his slave,

“ At his will my pinions wave;

when they thought proper to write to their friends, they let one of the birds loose with letters fastened to its neck: the bird once released would never cease to fly till it arrived at its nest and young ones. The same custom still prevails among the Turks and several Eastern countries.

-
- “ Soon he vows to set me free,
“ But I scorn from him to flee ;
“ For with freedom where 'could I,
“ E'er so well my wants supply ?
“ Ranging mountain, plain and wood,
“ Pecking, scanty-self-sown food ;
“ Shiv'ring in the wintry breeze,
“ 'Midst the forest's leafless trees.
“ Now by fond Anacreon fed,
“ Snatching from his fingers bread ;
“ Now the sparkling wine I sip,
“ Bubbling from his rosy lip :
“ Or with flutt'ring wings I prance,
“ Wreathing him with frolick dance,



- “ Joyful thus to rest retire,
“ Roosting on his tuneful lyre.
“ Now my friend—away—I’ve done,—
“ Like a jay’s my tongue has run!”



O D E X.



ON A WAXEN IMAGE.

WHILST a youth advancing cries,
' Who a waxen Cupid buys?'
Standing near, I ask, " what price
" For that very neat device?"
' Tis at what you will your own,
(He replies in doric tone)
' Do not prythee me mistake,
' No such images I make;



‘ But with love that greedy guest,
‘ I can neither dwell nor rest!
“ Then, say I, that money take,
“ This gay spright my chum I’ll make;
“ Now O Cupid warm up me!
“ Or I’ll to a flame melt Thee!



O D E XI.



ON HIMSELF.

ALL thy youth, the women say,
Is Anacreon flown away;
In thy glass thy features view,
See thy locks alas how few!
Those, which once were there, are fled!
Lo how bald, and smooth thy head!
Whether thick, or thin my hair,
I nor know nor do I care;



This indeed full well I know,
That the older still I grow;
I more vivid joys should crave,
As I near approach the grave.



O D E XII.



ON A SWALLOW.

TWITT'RING Swallow how shall I,
Torture for thy crime supply?
Shall the scissars end my spite,
Clip thy wings, and stop thy flight?
Or like Tereus fury-stung,
Shall I crop away thy tongue?
Why hast thou, with morning noise,
Robb'd me of my sleeping joys?



Banish'd dreams of beauty's charms,
Torn me from her circling arms?

ODE XIII.

ON HIMSELF.

Some say, moaning with despair
Loud to Cybele the fair,
Mad unmanly Atys grew
As o'er hills and rocks he flew:

Mad unmanly Atys.) A young Phrygian of great beauty beloved by Cybele, who made him her priest on certain conditions. He broke his terms, and Cybele punished him with madness, but afterwards converted him into a pine tree.

Others who to Claros stray,
Where Phœbean fountains play,
From these streams prophetic quaff,
'Till struck mad they rave and laugh.
I say, waft around perfume
While my cheeks with Bacchus bloom;
And my arms the nymph entwine,
These shall be mad-fits of mine.

Others who to Claros stray.) Claros was a city of Ionia rendered famous for a fountain consecrated to Apollo.



O D E XIV.



ON CUPID.

Now I'll bend unto thy shrine,
Now I will O love be thine!
Lately with persuasive meed,
Love attempted me to lead.
But I in a careless mood,
All his eloquence withstood.
Instantly, with raging glow,
Then he forceful bent his bow;



Drew an arrow, gilded bright,
And provok'd me to the fight.
I with warlike spirit stung,
O'er my shoulders armour slung;
Like Achilles bold to start,
Grasp my shield and point my dart;
Thus equipped to contend,
And with love my battles end.
Fast as love his arrows threw,
I with rapid steps withdrew:
But when all his darts were flown,
He so full with rage was grown,
Chang'd himself into a dart,
Flew and pierc'd me to the heart;



All his force within me flung,
Nerves and sinews all unstrung.
Vainly then a shield have I;
Vainly then I fortify!
What are outward shields or deeds
When within the battle bleeds?

ODE XV.

THAT WE OUGHT TO LIVE FREELY.

FAR from Gyges' cares I fly

What for Cræsus' wealth care I?

Far from Gyges' cares I fly.) Gyges was the favorite of Candaules King of Lydia whose Queen was remarkably beautiful, and passionately admired by her husband. But he was not contented with loving her himself till he had taught Gyges also to admire her. Gyges stabbed Candaules, married the Queen and took possession of the Kingdom.

What for Cræsus wealth care I.) Cræsus, King of Lydia, the richest man then living.



Gold in me no wish creates,
I ne'er envy kings or states.
Odours sweet around me strew!
With perfumes my beard bedew!
Round my head fresh roses twine!
These these cares are cares of mine.
Pleasure flies on this day's wings,
Who knows what to-morrow brings?
While the days serenely glide,
Sport the dice throw cares aside;
Let's enjoy with Bacchus these,
And the flying moments seize;
Lest disease shou'd haste and cry,
'Thou must these libations fly!'



O D E XVI.



O N H I M S E L F.

SOME the Theban wars enjoy,
Some the battle sing of Troy;
I can too recount my wars,
Sieges, toils, and wounds and scars;
Not from horse nor infantry,
Nor from fleets I'm forc'd to fly;
From strange armies I retire,
Darting through bright eyes their fire.



O D E XVII.



ON A SILVER BOWL.

Now O Vulcan show thy skill!

With thy art that silver fill!

Let no armour meet my view,

What with fights have I to do?

Make what better suits my soul,

Make a wide capacious bowl;

Deck it not with twinkling stars,

Nor with rapid rolling cars;

Nor Orion's hateful face
Nor the Pleiads there have place,
What should I in Bóotes see?
The Pleiads what are they to me?
Bacchus and the branching vine,
Cupid and the *Graces* join,
Circling gilded grapes around,
As they from the clusters bound.

Nor Orion's hateful face, &c.) Anacreon calls Orion *odious* because he is the forerunner of Tempests: and seems to hate the Pleiads and all the other Constellations which were described on the shield of Achilles.—See Homer's *Iliad* book 18.



O D E XVIII.



ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

THE powers hither artist bring!
Consecrate a cup to spring!
That gay season first compose,
Draw for spring the lovely rose.
Simple tales on silver tell,
With enchantment let it swell.
Add not any foreign rite,
Mystics ne'er give me delight;



Nor with execrable deed,
Let the tale my fancy feed ;
But paint Jove's delightful boy,
Bacchus fraught with wine and joy ;
Let bright Venus too be there,
Hymen's joys to her are dear ;
Cupid too unarmed place,
And each laughter loving Grace ;
While the fruitful clust'ring vine,
Round in playful tendrils twine ;
Add of youths a comely group,
But keep Apollo from the troop.

But keep Apollo from the troop.) The poet desires that Apollo may not be described on his bowl because he was so unfortunate as to kill his favorite Hyacinthus, as he was playing with him at quoits.

ODE XIX.

THAT WE OUGHT TO DRINK.

ALL her melancholy frowns,
Earth by daily drinking drowns;
From the earth too drink the trees,
From the breezes drink the seas;

From the breezes drink the seas.) The literal English is *the sea drinks up the air*, which has been supposed a mistake in the text. But as modern chemistry teaches that water is only a component part of air, a disciple of Dutens might



From the seas in mighty draughts,
Sol his glitt'ring glory quaffs ;
And from Sol, Lucina bright,
Drinks and silvers o'er the night ;
Friends why then do you repine,
I'll regale myself with wine ?

cite this line to prove that the present ideas of chemistry were not unknown to the ancients, especially as the scholiast on Nicander attributes a medical treatise to Anacreon.



O D E XX.



ON HIS MISTRESS.

CHANG'D to rock in Phrygian lands,
Tantalus's daughter stands ;
Wing'd Pandion's daughter grew,
And a rapid swallow flew.
To be gaz'd upon by Thee,
Fain would I a mirror be ;

Tantalus's daughter stands.) Tantalus's daughter was Niobe who was turned into a rock.—See the 6th book of Ovid's Metamorphoses.



Moving with each graceful limb,
As thy vest thy form I'd trim ;
Or to wash thy skin by day,
I'd to water melt away ;
Round thy locks perfume to fling,
I would to an odour wing ;
As a necklace I'd appear,
Circling what I hold so dear ;
Glad would I thy bosom veil,
Trembling with each passion's gale ;
Nay with thy fair foot to range,
I would to thy slipper change.



O D E XXI.



ON HIMSELF.

HERE ye lovely fair so gay!
While with heat I melt away;
While with parching thirst I sigh,
Brimful draughts of wine supply!
Wreath with flow'rets fresh my brow!
See those now which round me flow;
Sear'd by heat of this poor head,
Scorching 'till their colors fade!



But my heart, oh how shall I,
Shade for flames of love supply!



O D E XXII.



TO HIS MISTRESS.

IN the shade my love with me,
Sit beneath this beauteous tree;
Wide its leafy tresses spread,
Quiv'ring from its branching head:
And inviting soft repose,
Here persuasion's fountain flows.
Such allurements when so nigh,
Who can see and pass them by!—



ODE XXIII.



ON GOLD.

If by hoards of gold a man,
Could prolong his vital span;
I'd exert the utmost pain,
Still to save and still to gain;
And wou'd say when death drew nigh,
Take this gold and from me fly!
But if offer'd heaps of gold,
Cannot gloomy death withhold!



Why then foolishly shou'd I,
Idly grieve and vainly sigh?
Since whate'er of wealth we have,
All are victims for the grave!
Grant me but the gen'rous bowl,
Social friends to glad the soul!
While my limbs on down recline
Let the joys of love be mine!



O D E XXIV.



ON HIMSELF.

SINCE to mortal lot I'm bound,
Born to pace life's journey round;
What is past too well I know;
What is future who can shew!
Fly then anxious care from me,
I have nought to do with thee.
I'll laugh and sing, ere death advance,
And with rosy Bacchus dance.

ODE XXV.

ON HIMSELF.

WHEN the rosy wine I quaff,
All the cares to rest I laugh.
What to me are grief's dull fears,
Anxious toils or carking cares?
Since to life these nothing give,
Why mid sorrows shou'd I live?
Let us wine's rich treasure drain,
Beauteous Bacchus' gift for pain;



For while rosy wine we quaff,
All the cares to rest we laugh.

ODE XXVI.

ON HIMSELF.

WHEN within me Bacchus thrills,
All the cares to rest he stills;
Rich as Cræsus then seem I,
Then to tuneful song I fly.
While with ivy-wreathed head,
I the world beneath me tread;
You to the post of honour wing,
I to drink—the goblet bring;



Fill it brimful high my blade,

Drunk I'd rather lie than dead!



ODE XXVII.



ON BACCHUS.

BACCHUS boy of Jove divine!
Gay Lyæus god of wine!
Merry-maker of the soul!
Festive-filler of the bowl!
When with thee my vitals glow,
Down the dance I briskly go:
Then with delicate delight,
I festivities unite:



Timbrels sweet and sonnets smooth,
Me with charms of beauty sooth.
Thus the frolick dance I'll greet,
I'll the sprightly joys repeat.



O D E XXVIII.



ON HIS MISTRESS.

BEST of painters now attend,
Now thy many colors blend;
Noblest of the Rhodian art,
Draw the mistress of my heart!
Quick with my description wing,
Back her absent image bring;
First with softest sable die,
Graceful let the ringlets fly;



And if art possess the skill
Them with breathing odour fill,
Next the forehead's iv'ry blend,
Then the rounded cheeks extend.
And beneath the sable hair,
Let the jetty brows appear ;
Let the space that lies between,
Shaded like her own be seen ;
And the brows but just divide,
As they nicely curving glide.
Rich in silky sable tinge,
Let the arching eyelids fringe ;
Next the azure eye inspire,
Like Minerva's fill'd with fire :



And as from gay Venus' eye,
Let the liquid light'ning fly.
Then to paint the cheeks and nose,
Blend the milk with damask rose;
And as soft Persuasion's spell,
Let the lips with kisses swell;
Next below the polish'd chin,
Lead the hovering Graces in;
All the parts with life bedeck,
Round the alabaster neck.
Then with thin, transparent vest,
Let the limbs and shape be drest;
Just enough the skin to view
Shaded by a purple hue.



Now to life her image flies!—

Voice is all thy art denies!

Mr. Addison and Mr. Fawkes have adopted the translation, which is published in the Guardian, of this Ode.

But spirited as that translation may be thought, no painter could make a beautiful picture from a description which leaves out the nose. And as there is not a single feature left out in the original, that translation must be considered as very defective.



O D E XXIX.

As. this Ode resembles the preceding Ode in those parts which are worth translating; and as the other parts of it can only be done in a paraphrastic manner, it is altogether omitted.



O D E XXX.



O N C U P I D.

LOVE the muses lately caught,
And round him wreaths of flow'rs wrought;
Thus within their power confin'd,
He to Beauty was consign'd.
Venus anxious, watchful, wild,
Offer'd ransome for her child;
But shou'd any him unloose,
He wou'd liberty refuse;



For to Beauty now a slave
Love his freedom scorns to have!



O D E XXXI.



ON HIMSELF.

WINE on me ye Powers bestow!

Let my cups all brimful flow!

Gvie me wine's delightful fire!

I to this mad fit aspire.

Madness seiz'd Alcmaeon's head,

Bare-foot fierce Orestes fled,

Madness seized Alcmaeon's head, &c.) Alcmaeon's father had been put to death by his mother's



When with rapid steps they flew,
'Till they each a mother slew.
I with no such rage to kill,
Only grapes' red juices spill;
Joyous with the wine to rave,
This the madness that I crave.
Hercules with rageful look,
As he heavy arrows shook:
Bending th' Iphitean bow,
Did with sudden madness glow.

contrivance, whom on that account he slew. Orestes slew his mother Clytemnestra to revenge the death of his father Agamemnon, who at his return from the Trojan war had been murdered by her and her lover Ægisthus.



Mad too shielded Ajax rav'd,
 And the sword of Hector wav'd.
 No such raving fits have I,
 Nor for bow nor sword I sigh.
 I'll my locks with garlands crown,
 In the bowl my cares I'll drown ;
 These shall be mad fits of mine,
 I'll be gaily mad with wine !

Bending th' Iphitean bow.) Iphitus was slain by Hercules who carried off his bow.

Mad too shielded Ajax rav'd.) When the armour of Achilles was adjudged to Ulysses, Ajax was so enraged at the affront that he went mad ; and falling on a flock of sheep, whom he took for Grecians, he first slew them and then himself.

And the sword of Hector wav'd.) Hector and Ajax made an exchange of presents, which gave birth to a proverb, 'that the presents of enemies are generally fatal.' For with this sword Ajax killed himself.

ODE XXXII.

ON HIS MISTRESSES.

CAN you count the leaves of trees?
Count the waves that swell the seas?
Then 'tis only you can know,
All the loves for whom I glow.
Put at Athens down a score,
Nay you may add fifteen more.
Corynth blazes with my flames,
Rais'd by beauteous swarms of dames.



Corynth with its troops of belles,
Every part of Greece excels.
Count the nymphs from Lesbos o'er,
Far as soft Ionia's shore:
Rhodes and Caria combine,
There two thousand loves are mine.
What say you? not yet each flame,
Not yet Syrian nymphs I name!
Nor the flock that still remains,
Round Canopus' happy plains:
Nor of Crete's all fertile skies,
Where a hundred cities rise!

Corinth blazes with my flames.) Corinth the metropolis of Achaia was famous for beautiful women.



There love every where invites,
There he celebrates his rites!
Would you count what still remain,
Loves of Persia and of Spain;
These with Indian loves enrol
All enchanters of my soul.

Nor of Crete's all fertile skies.) Anacreon
calls it abounding in all things to express its fer-
tility. Virgil says it had an hundred cities.



O D E XXXIII.



ON THE SWALLOW.

You dear swallow once a year,
Build your nest to summer here,
Then to shun the wintry sky,
To the Nile or Memphis fly.

You dear Swallow once a year, &c.) It was the opinion generally received among the ancients that Swallows and other birds crossed the sea on the approach of winter, in search of warmer climates.

To the Nile or Memphis fly.) Memphis was a city situated on the Nile.

But within my restless breast,
Love for ever builds his nest.
As one brood extends the wing,
Others from their ova spring ;
Half-hatch'd loves from loves arise,
Thus to fill my breast with cries !
Loves that long have caus'd my pains,
Teach the one the others strains.
Each love ere his flight he takes,
Nestlings in my bosom makes.
How such countless loves can I,
Either bear or from them fly ?

Love for ever builds his nest.) Anacreon is not singular in representing Cupid as a bird, furnished with wings for rapid flight. Bion speaks of love as a bird.—See the 2nd Idyllium.

ODE XXXIV.

TO HIS MISTRESS.

FLY me not oh lovely fair,
Though thou see'st my whit'ned hair!
Though thou bloom'st in rosy pride
Turn not from my charms aside!
In yon chaplet see the rose
Brighten'd by the lily's snows!

ODE XXXV.

ON EUROPA.

THIS oh boy no bull can be!
Jove himself in him I see!
Forceful he his back uprears,
Off the nymph Sidonian bears,
O'er the foaming ocean rides,
And with hoofs the waves divides.

This Ode was composed on a picture representing the rape of Europa. Moschus has an Idyllium on the same subject.



Not so easy 'tis to find,
Other bulls of this bold kind,
Who leave the heifers and the shore,
Steering pathless ocean o'er.



O D E XXXVI.



ON THE ENJOYMENT OF LIFE.

WHY the laws and tricks of speech,
Wherefore oratory teach?
Disputations what are they?
Fruitless feats of mere display.
Rather bumpers teach to quaff,
And with Bacchus let me laugh;
Or teach me to sing and play,
And with golden Venus stray.



Grey locks crown this head of mine,
 Boy the water mix with wine;
 Brimful fill the flowing bowl,
 Come and tranquillize my soul;
 Lifeless me thou soon may'st shade,
 He wants nothing that is dead!

Some criticks have supposed that there is no authority for *ade* rhyming with *ead*. There are many examples in Gray, and more in Mason, besides the following from Pope and Darwin.

To all beside as much an empty <i>shade</i> ,	}	POPE.
An Eugene living as a Cæsar <i>dead</i> .		
A hundred snakes her gloomy visage <i>shade</i> ,	}	POPE.
A hundred serpents guard her horrid <i>bead</i> .		
All wan and shiv'ring in the leafless <i>glade</i> ,	}	DARWIN.
The sad Anemone reclin'd her <i>bead</i> .		

O D E XXXVII.

ON THE SPRING.

SEE the spring now glows anew,
See the Graces roses strew!
Tranquillizing foaming tides,
Softer see the ocean glides!
In the streams see ducks delight,
While the crane renews his flight!
And the sun's resplendent ray,
Gilds and gems the face of day!



Shades of clouds all fly from sight,
Works of men are brought to light.
Earth bursts forth with bud and shoot,
Olives bend with swelling fruit.
Bacchus' trees with streams of wine,
Rich in playful plenty twine;
Boughs and buds so full declare,
The promise of the riper year.

ODE XXXVIII.

ON HIMSELF.

OLD I am indeed, yet I,
Still with festive youth can vie;
Still the flowing bowl can drain,
Or can lead the dancing train.
A flask I for a sceptre rear,
This the only staff I bear:

A flask I for a sceptre rear.) In the Bacchanalian dances among the ancients, the leader of them bore a rod or sceptre.



He who for the fight may sigh,
Let him to the battle fly.
With the sweet delicious wine,
Boy the honey'd-cup combine;
Old I am indeed, yet I,
Still with feats of drink will vie;
Like Silenus, brisk in age,
I'll with dancing sets engage.

Like Silenus brisk in age.) Silenus was the Foster-Father of Bacchus and tutor to Bacchus, represented by a little flat-nosed, bald, fat, round-made, old, drunken fellow, riding on an ass.



O D E XXXIX.



ON HIMSELF.

WHEN of wine I drink my fill,
Round my heart new pleasures thrill;
Loudly then with voice elate,
I the muses celebrate.
When I drink the rosy streams,
Care and all his fretful dreams,

I the Muses celebrate.) Anacreon and Horace both seem to think that Bacchus was a friend to the muses.



Far away I drive from me,
To the winds that wave the sea.
When the sparkling wine I quaff,
Bacchus then inspires the laugh,
Leading me to lovely bowers,
Scented with delicious flowers.
When the sparkling wine goes round,
And with flow'ry wreaths I'm crown'd,
Then I sit in thought serene,
Then I praise life's quiet scene.
When with rosy wine I glow,
And my limbs with fragrance flow,
Round the nymph my arms I twine,
Then the songs of love are mine.



With the goblet's flowing brim,
When my head begins to swim,
Then my feeling soul unbends,
Then I fly to youthful friends.
When I quaff the sparkling wine,
Then the best of gifts are mine;
With this gift away I'll fly,
Drunk or sober all must die!



O D E XL.



ON CUPID.

CUPID while he idly stray'd,
Through the rose's lovely shade,
Hapless felt his finger stung,
As a slumb'ring bee he sprung :
Screaming, flutt'ring off he goes,
And to Venus vents his woes.

Theocritus has imitated this beautiful Ode in his nineteenth Idyllium.

“ I’m undone mamma, he cries,

“ I’m undone thy Cupid dies ;

“ Wing’d a little serpent vile,

“ Which a bee the rustics style,

“ With his poison-pointed dart,

“ Oh has stung me to the heart!”

Venus to her son replies,

“ If a bee can so surprise,

“ Make poor Cupid thus complain,

“ Thus give him tormenting pain ;

“ Think how much more rack’d is he,

“ Who my son is pierc’d by Thee!”

Wing’d a little serpent vile.) In order to make Cupid describe his fright and pain more strongly, Anacreon has made him persist in calling the bee a serpent.



O D E X L I.



THE BANQUET OF WINE.

LET us merrily drink wine,
Shouting round gay Bacchus' shrine!
Sprightly dance to him belongs,
He delights in mirthful songs;
Nurse to Love's soft sweet desires,
Beauty's self 'tis he inspires;
Birth to Jollity he gives,
Grace from him her life receives;



Sighs of grief away he speeds,
Sadness soon to sleep he leads.
Here fair youths, in bowl profound,
Hand the happy mixture round ;
Far away hence sorrow flies,
Blending with the stormy skies.
Let us then take up the bowl,
And drive sorrow from the soul ;
For of gain what will be thine,
With anxieties to pine ?
Future how can we secure,
Who of life are never sure ?

Grace from him her life receives.) The Greek for *Grace* is in the singular number, but the commentators have all agreed to construe it as if it had been in the plural number, the GRACES.



Reeling with delicious draughts,
While sweet odour round me wafts,
I will dance, and sing, and play,
With the graceful, fair, and gay.
As for those, who covet care,
May they all its troubles share.
Let us merrily drink wine,
Shouting round gay Bacchus' shrine!



O D E XLII.



ON HIMSELF.

I round Bacchus' playful shrine,
Love the frolic dance to join;
I rejoice when the sweet lyre,
And gay youth and wine inspire.
While from hyacinthine wreath,
Odours round the temples breathe,
Far far better still I love,
With the frisky fair to rove.



My heart 'is from envy free,
Envy's bites are nought to me.
From the shafts of calumny,
From the venom'd tongue I fly.
Battles feasts but brutalize,
Jars I o'er the bowl despise.
Bounding to the lute's sweet air,
With the lovely blooming fair,
Let us here serenely gay
Sport the passing hours away!



O D E XLIII.



ON THE GRASSHOPPER.

HAPPIEST insect that we meet,
Thee sweet Grasshopper we greet!
Mounted on the tops of trees,
Where dew-drops thy wants appease,
Thou can'st sip, and skip, and sing,
And be merry as a king.
All is thine, thou see'st in fields,
All is thine, each season yields!



Tillers of the fertile earth,
Hail thy friendly harmless mirth.
Prophet sweet of summers ray,
Mortals thee their homage pay!
Thee the muses too revere;
Thou to Phœbus' self art dear.
He the shrillest voice gives thee,
Thou from age itself art free.
All thy self-taught skill, and song,
To thy native taste belong;
From flesh, blood, and passion free,
Thou must more than mortal be!

From flesh, blood, and passion free.) Homer represents the gods as free from blood. Speaking of Venus wounded book 5th he says,

ODE XLIV.

ON HIS DREAM.

WING'D, I dreamt, my shoulders grew,
And with rapid speed I flew;
While with little feet of lead,
Love me chac'd and captive made.

From the clear vein a stream immortal flow'd,
Such stream as issues from a wounded god;
Pure emanation! uncorrupted flood,
Unlike our gross, diseas'd, terrestrial blood:
(For not the bread of man their life sustains,
Nor wines inflaming juice supplies their veins.)

POPE.



What's the meaning of this dream?

This solution true I deem;

I who hitherto did prove,

All varieties in Love,

Am by Cupid caught at last,

And to one love fetter'd fast.

ODE XLV.

ON CUPID.

AT his furnaces of late,
Toiling Vulcan, Venus' mate,
Forg'd at Lemnos lovers darts,
Steel for penetrating hearts.

Forg'd at Lemnos lovers darts.) Lemnos was an Island in the Ægean sea sacred to Vulcan, who in the first book of the Iliad, gives an account of Jupiter's throwing him down from heaven, and his fall upon that island.

Once in your cause I felt his matchless might
Hurl'd headlong downward from the ætherial height;



As each arrow pointed grew,
Venus it through honey drew ;
But with bitter bitter gall,
Roguish Cupid tipp'd them all.
Mars now come from fighting fields
Here his mighty armour wields ;
Seizing Cupid's slender shafts,
He with scornful speeches laughs.
Cupid then to Mars replies,
“ This you'll find of stronger size.”

Tost all the day in rapid circles round ;
Nor till the sun descended touch'd the ground :
Breathless I fell, in giddy motion lost ;
The *Sinthians* rais'd me on the *Lemnian* coast.

POPE.



Mars the stronger arrow takes,
Venus sly with laughter shakes.
Mars most vehemently sighs,
Then pathetically cries ;
' Strong indeed, take it away,'
' No, says Cupid, keep it pray.'—



O D E XLVI.



ON MERCENARY LOVE.

HARD it is no love to know!
Harder still the lover's woe!
But the hardest is to burn,
Where our love meets no return!
What to love is noble race,
Wisdom, virtue, manly grace?
Love in these no merit spies,
Nought but gold attracts her eyes.



Curses be for him in store,
Who first lov'd the glitt'ring ore!
Gold the brother's ties destroys,
Father's hopes and mother's joys.
War's and murder's bleeding throng,
All to rage of gold belong!
But the worst of all its ills,
Gold 'tis gold the lover kills!



O D E XLVII.



ON AN OLD MAN.

I love the old whom Genius fires,
I love the young whom dance inspires;
He who brisk can dance and play,
Is not aged though he's grey;
Though his head be crown'd with snows
Youthful still his spirit flows.



O D E XLVIII.



ON HIMSELF.

GIVE me Homer's tuneful lyre,
Stripp'd of strings of warlike ire!
Bring me cups of rosy wine!
I'll the laws of feasts refine;

I'll the laws of feasts refine.) It was customary with the ancients at their entertainments to chuse a king or master of the revels, who regulated the size of the cups, and the quantity each person was to drink: he was generally chosen by the cast of a die.



Thus while force of laws I feel,
I with drink may nobly reel ;
Gayly frantic lightly bound,
Down the dance to music's sound ;
Then the lyre with voice unite,
And with tipsy song delight.



O D E XLIX.



TO A PAINTER.

BEST of Painters now prepare,
Deign the lyric muse to hear!
First a nation blithe portray,
Sprightly laughing life away!
Let the double flutes resound,
While the playful Bacchants bound!
And if art such powers possess,
Crown with love their happiness!

O D E L.

ON BACCHUS.

Now to banish human cares,
Lo the festive god appears!
He the toil-worn youth restores,
Dauntless makes him in amours;
Kindling in his cup gay fires,
He the graceful dance inspires;
And for men a philter brings,
Grateful and devoid of stings;



From the fresh autumnal fruits,
Of the vines luxuriant shoots,
He preserving brisk and fine,
Rich exhilarating wine.
That when grapes we cut anew,
To disease we bid adieu ;
Vigour fresh on limbs bestow,
Minds with spirits fresh o'erflow ;
And keep health and spirits sound,
Till again the year comes round.



O D E LI.



ON A DISK REPRESENTING VENUS.

SOME rare artist here has stray'd,
Here has he the sea portray'd.
In this disk some art divine,
Fills with waves the foaming brine.
Soaring most divinely high,
Here the powers of genius fly:
Rich with flights of fancy fraught,
On the sea is Venus brought;



All that's decent is express'd,
And the waves conceal the rest :
On the smoothed calm she rides,
Like a fair sea flower she glides ;
While the billows high she lifts
She the swelling current drifts ;
As her rosy breasts she laves,
Her soft bosom cuts the waves ;
Like a lily's snowy hue,
Peeping through the violet's blue,
Then amidst the furrow'd lines,
Through the calm the goddess shines.
Love with countenance of fire,
Laughing sly with young desire,



Rais'd above the silver tides,
On the sportive dolphins rides.
Glitt'ring through the lucid flood
Shoals of bounding fishes scud;
Playful round the goddess beam,
As she laughing leads the stream.

ODE LII.

ON THE VINTAGE.

MEN and virgins briskly spring,
O'er their shoulders baskets fling;
Fill'd with grapes of purple glow,
To the wine press swift they go:
Men alone with frolic feet,
On the swelling clusters meet;
Dancing crush the juices out,
And the song to Bacchus shout;



They beholding new the wine,
In the vats fermenting fine;
Fraught with whose delicious draughts,
Age enchanting pleasure quaffs,

At the Cape of Good Hope the Constantia wine used to be made according to this description. The grapes were not gathered till they were almost shrunk into a state of raisin. Men and women then carried them in baskets to the vessel, where a circle of men shouting festive songs, danced, hand in hand, on the fruit: and as the juice was crushed out of the grapes, it was put into vats to ferment itself fine, before it was removed to those vessels which were afterwards to keep it from the external air. But of late years it is said that wine presses are substituted for this ancient method. The reader who wishes to extend his enquiries on the subject of wine, will find Sir Edward Barry's *observations on the wines of the ancients*, a very instructive and amusing work.



Dances then with tip-toe air,
Graceful shaking his white hair.
But with love-inflaming trills,
Wine the youth's warm bosom fills;
If beneath the shade reclin'd,
He the sleepy nymph shou'd find;
While beneath the wide-spread leaves,
Her all lovely figure heaves;
He'd with soft persuasive charm,
Her unwilling soul disarm;
Or if eloquence shou'd fail,
He'd by dint of force prevail.
When wine flows in youthful veins,
Drunken Bacchus lawless reigns!



O D E LIII.



ON THE ROSE.

HERE my friend thy music bring,
Hail the flow'ry-crowned spring ;
Let us celebrate the rose,
Whilst its blushing lustre glows.
Wafting round a breath divine,
Roses joys of men refine.

This Ode will be understood by supposing that Anacreon celebrates a rose, and requests a Lyrist to play to his voice.



Roses gay the Graces wear,
Through the love-inspiring year.
Rosy ornaments invite,
And fair Venus self delight.
Grateful to the muses flows,
Song, or sonnet, on the rose.
Oh how sweet o'er spots to rove,
Through the rose embow'ring grove!
What delightful joys are those,
From the thorns to pluck the rose!
Whilst around the hands exhale,
Odours of the rosy gale!
Mirth with double rapture glows,
When festooned by the rose.



Bacchanals with roses bloom,
What does not the rose illumine?
Bards the lovely rose adore,
And on rosy figures soar:
Rosy-finger'd is the morn,
Rosy arms the nymphs adorn;
And Venus's poetic name,
Is the rosy-skinned dame.
Sighs of sickness roses calm,
Rosy scents the dead embalm.

Rosy finger'd is the morn.) *Rosy finger'd* is an epithet frequently used by Homer and applied to the morning.

Sighs of sickness roses calm.) Roses were used medicinally in Anacreon's time.

Rosy scents the dead embalm.) The ancients used



Grateful as in youthful bloom,
Roses in decay perfume.
Come then let it next be sung,
Whence and how this treasure sprung!
When from his deep tranquil heaves,
Ocean foam'd his briny waves;
And from spray-besprinkled dew
Brought fair Venus self to view:

roses in embalming their dead. Venus anointed with unguent of roses the body of Hector to prevent it from corruption.

Celestial Venus hover'd o'er his head,
And roseate unguents, heavenly fragrance shed.

POPE.

They also crown'd the tombs of their friends with roses and other flowers.



When Jove ruler of the sky,
Caused from his head to fly,
Pallas skill'd in noisy war,
(Whom with dread Olympus saw)
'Twas in that terrific hour,
Earth produc'd this lovely flower ;
This the gods with rapture view'd,
And with nectar it bedew'd ;
Till the stem to vigour sprung,
And its thorns with roses hung ;
Then to Bacchus rightful power
Gave the never-dying flower.



O D E L I V.



O N H I M S E L F.

WHEN I see the youthful train,
I become a youth again;
For though old I brisk advance,
To the light fantastic dance.
Come Cybeba with me go,
With gay roses wreathe my brow!

Come Cybeba with me go.) Cybeba seems to be the name of a female attendant, taken from Cybele the mother of the gods.



Youthful thus with youth I'll play,
Chasing hoary age away.
Wine then hither, hither bring,
I though old can drink and sing ;
Graceful still with youth can shine,
And be gaily mad with wine.



O D E LV.



ON LOVERS.

BRANDED mark on horses thighs,
Oft the owners name supplies ;
And we all the Parthian know,
By the turban round his brow ;
So when lovers by me go,
Quick the signs of them I know.
For in them we surely find,
Something branded on the mind.



As the five following odes have formed a part of these translations, and the originals of them are admitted in Barnes' and other editions, among the fragments of Anacreon, they are here added. But all the odes, which have come down to us as the certain productions of Anacreon, are thought to end with the 55th ode.



O D E LVI.



ON HIS OLD AGE.

YOUTHFUL graces all are fled!
Age has silver'd o'er my head!
Bald my temples quite are grown!
Few are now the teeth I own!
Joys of life no more remain!
All hereafter must be pain!
Fears infernal these create
Wretched is a future state!



Horror chills the gloomy grave

Pluto's is a dreary cave :

Once embarked for his shore

Back we can return no more!



O D E LVII.

THAT WE OUGHT TO DRINK
MODERATELY.

BRING the bowl—be quick my boy!
Let us brimful draughts enjoy!
With five cups of sparkling wine,
Ten of water pure combine.
We'll the madd'ning powers restrain,
Of gay Bacchus o'er the brain.

With five cups, &c.) The ancients usually drank



Like the sots of Scythia's shore,
Let us not, drink, rant, and roar ;
But let us our joys refine,
Wise and merry be with wine.

their wine mixed with water. Hesiod prescribes three parts water to one of wine in summer.

Like the sots of Scythia's shore.) The Scythians were remarkable for drunkenness and quarrelling over their cups.



O D E L I X.



AN ANACREONTIC.

As a flow'ry wreath I wrought,
'Midst the roses love I caught:
By the pinions him I bound,
And in streams of Bacchus drown'd:
Then with rapture-swelling draught,
From the goblet love I quaff'd:

This ode is ascribed to Julian a king of Egypt who wrote several other things with elegance. Its



E'er since I his flutt'rings feel
Through my very vitals steal.

beauty has procured it a place in most of the editions of Anacreon.

ODE LXIII.

ON ANACREON.

I, in sleep's delightful trance,
Saw Anacreon on me glance,
That lov'd Teian ever gay—
Bard of sweetly flowing lay.

Many have thought that this ode is not written by Anacreon, because he himself is the subject of it: But Barnes endeavours to prove it from the ninth ode where Anacreon makes mention of himself: and from the similar liberties which other poets have taken with their own names: In the Vatican Copy this is placed as the first of Anacreon's odes.



I knew him, and with eager pace,
Hail'd him with a kind embrace.
Aged though indeed he seem'd,
He with love and beauty beam'd.
From his lips of rosy hue,
Gales of wine perfumed flew.
Much he stagger'd as he stray'd,
But was led by Cupid's aid.
As the bard his brows untwin'd,
He his wreath to me consign'd.
All Anacreon it breath'd,
And with it my brows I wreath'd.
Thoughtless thus I'm doom'd to prove
All the ceaseless powers of love!

O D E LXVI.

ON THE SPRING.

WHAT can more delight the soul,
Than through flow'ry meads to stroll:
Where with mingled sweets arise,
Zephyr's gently breathing sighs,
Wafting through the leafy shade,
By the tree of Bacchus made?

Wafting through the leafy shade,
By the tree of Bacchus made.

Madam Dacier remarks that the vines in Greece



Thus with some fair nymph conceal'd

What can greater transports yield?

were so high as to form a commodious shade.

POSTSCRIPT.

DR. JOHNSON in his grammar, has the following general rule under the vowels.

“ In monosyllables a single vowel before a single consonant is short as *stag, fog.*”

But by his ideas of English versification every monosyllable with an emphasis, or every syllable with an accent, is considered as the long part of a foot.



And that he never intended to apply the above general rule on the vowels, to English versification, his own verses will evince, where *his, yet, lad, from, can, stop, not, man, when, then, her, sit, bid, for, tis, than, bed,* are long.

His the letters that you see
 Think not *yet* my service hard.
 Come my *lad* and drink some beer.
Can a prudent dove decline.
From his fingers snatch his bread.
Drop asleep upon his lyre.
 Life to *stop* at thirty five.
 If the *man* who turnips cries
 Cry not *when* his father dies.
Then with luscious plenty gay,
 If on *her* we see display'd.

If she *sit* or if she move.
And *bid* the waking world farewell.
For howe'er we boast and thrive.
Tis a proof that we had rather
Have a turnip *than* a father.
In *bed* we laugh in *bed* we cry.

Dr. Johnson took his general rule on the vowels, as he did a great part of his grammar, from Dr. Ward's essays upon the English Language. But that Dr. Ward never intended to apply this rule to the English versification, the following citation from his book will prove. “ But in our poetry
“ a syllable naturally long, if not accented,
“ often makes part of a foot, which re-
“ quires a short syllable; and a short syl-
“ lable when accented, stands in the place
“ of a long one: which renders them ge-

“ nerally common. And it is thought suffi-
 “ cient, if the metrical accent coincides
 “ with the prosaic accent, or that which
 “ is used in speaking; and a due regard
 “ be had to the pause, or proper division
 “ of the verse.” *Dr. Ward's observations*
on Orthography, printed 1758, page 30.

The most polished versification, of ad-
 mired writers of the present times, does
 not disprove that every monosyllable is oc-
 casionally an emphatic word. Even *a* and
the are to be found with an emphasis in
 some lines: and *to, of, as, his,* and all
 other such words occur frequently as empha-
 tic words in the verses of every poet down
 to the present day.

A charm all sorrow *to* controul.

Within the bowels *of* the ground.

Dr. Aikin's Poems

The dust of *the* prophetic maid.
The pure bev'rage of the bee.

Gray.

Sunn'd by *the* meridian fire.

Moore's Anacreon.

Copy *the* refulgent die.

Turn to *the* contrasted scene.

The passions *a* relentless train.

Cunningham's Poems.

A rude bee that slept unseen.

Faake's Anacreon.

Yet with *a* resplendent ray.

Lady M—n—r's Poems.

By *his* last parting tear repaid by you.

Mr. Sheridan on the death of Garrick.



The greater number of trissyllable words which have a *pronouncing accent* on the first syllable, must have a *metrical accent* on the last syllable, as in *suddenly, poverty, panoply, sympathy, merrily, piously, luxury, liberty, &c. &c.*

Till *suddenly* some keen remorse,
My *poverty* has still denied.

Mrs. Opie's Poems.

In gorgeous *panoply* to shine.

Moore's Poems.

How *merrily* it goes.

Words worth's lyrical ballads.

Sympathy alone can cure.

They *piously* had said their prayers.

Beloe's Poems.

To taste the *luxury* of grief.

Dr. Aikin's Poems.

And mourn the fall of *liberty* and Rome.

Dr. Darwin's Poems.

By beginning an iambic line with a trochee foot, the last syllable of such trissyllable words may be found without a metrical accent, as in the following line,

Liberty chases all that gloom away.

Cooper's Poems.

All the above citations are reconcilable to Dr. Ward's and Dr. Johnson's ideas of prosody: but a line with an unauthorised pronouncing accent, by their theory of English versification, is inadmissible. Of the nine hundred and odd words which are con-

sidered as of dubious accentuation by orthoepists, *about, untaught, extent, uncharmed*, do not form a part. But these words occur with uncommon accentuation in the following lines,

Talk with church-wardens *about* pews.

Pope.

The *untaught* harmony of spring.

Gray.

Nor knows the *extent* at his latest hour.
Hadst thou who now so well deserv'st my hate,
Met in the flames fierce *uncharmed* rage my fate.

Beloe's Poems.

Mr. Nares in his second rule of quantity says,

'A vowel* which ends a syllable in an accented penultima is long; as *bacon, genus, trifle, &c.*' He then gives some hun-

* Page 216, of his Elements of Orthoepy.



dreds of exceptions to this rule without one example to prove its practical application to the making of English verses. He says ‘*their error* was double who confounded accent with quantity.*’ Mr. Nares has either changed his notions since he wrote his *Elements of Orthoepy*, or his coadjutors in the *British Critic* are of a different opinion: for in reviewing a book, which I have never been able to obtain a sight of, (Mr. Robertson’s *essay on the nature of English verse*) The *British Critic* says; “the
 “author very properly, in our opinion,
 “dismisses the consideration of long and
 “short syllables, and founds the rules of
 “our verse on the management of accent
 “alone. The regular disposition of accent

* Page 243, *Elements of Orthoepy.*

“ on the alternate syllables is first stated
 “ and exemplified, and then follow the va-
 “ rieties and exceptions.

Brit. Crit. vol. 18, p. 680.

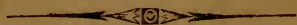
Let any one of Mr. Nares' words, which has an accent on a short syllable on the penultima, as *gamut*, *gravel*, *habit*, *havoc*, *camel*, *agate*, be substituted for one of his words of an equal number of syllables which is long and accented on the penultima, as *bacon* in the following line,

High o'er the hearth a chine of *bacon* hung.

Dryden.

Will the substitution of either *gamut*, *gravel*, *habit*, *havoc*, *camel*, or *agate*, for *bacon*, alter the euphony of the line sufficiently for any person to find out the difference between accent and quantity in English verse?

MR. MOORE in his translations of Anacreon, has adopted the arrangement of the Vatican copy, which differs from the editions of Barnes, Gail, Fawkes, &c. &c. In order, therefore, for any person to compare the translation of one of Mr. Moore's odes, either with the Greek or any translation, the following index is added.



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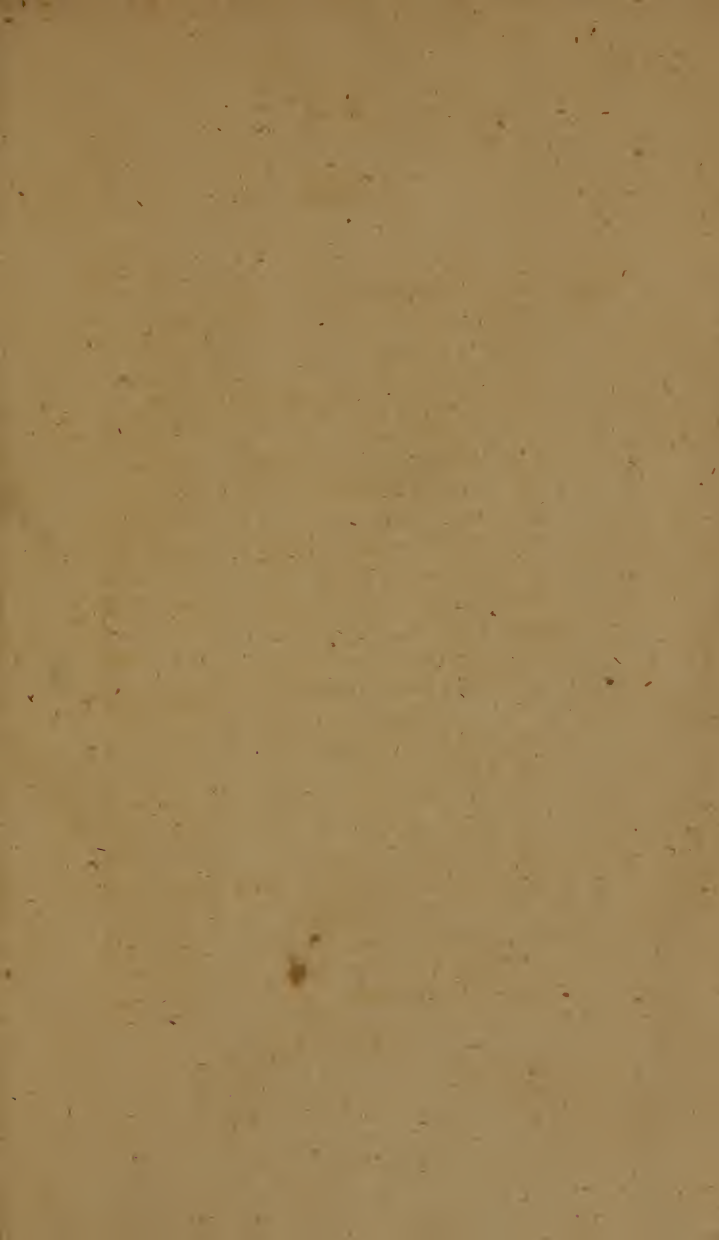
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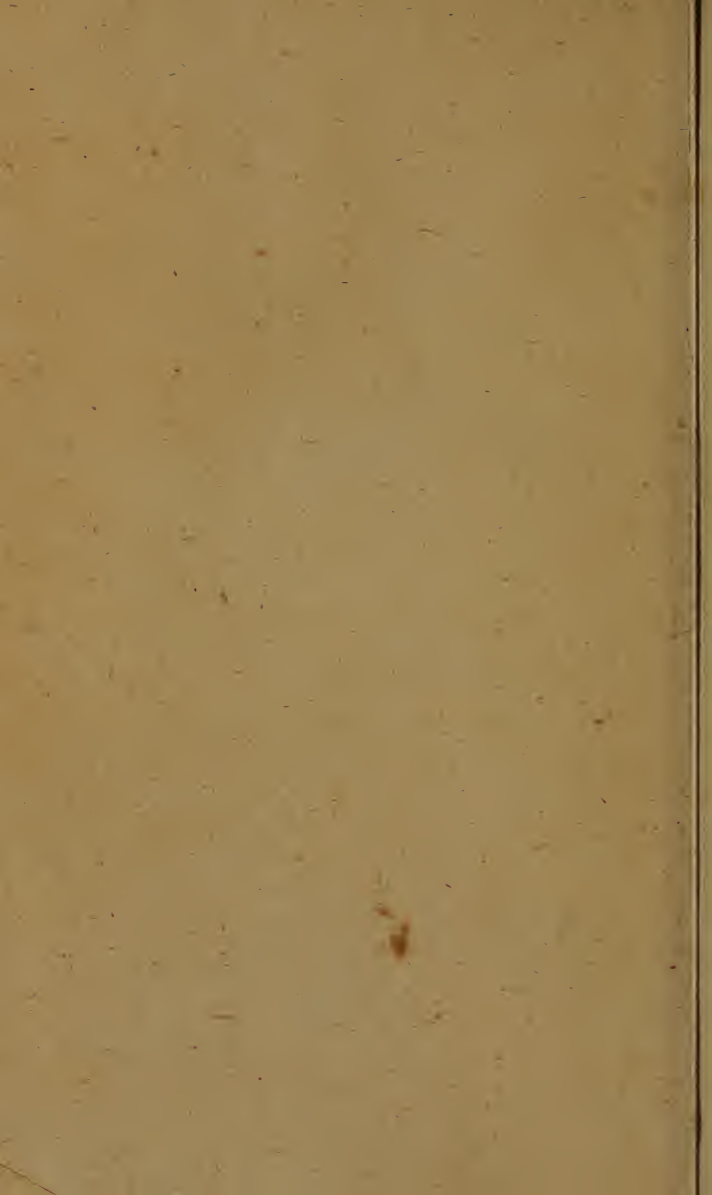
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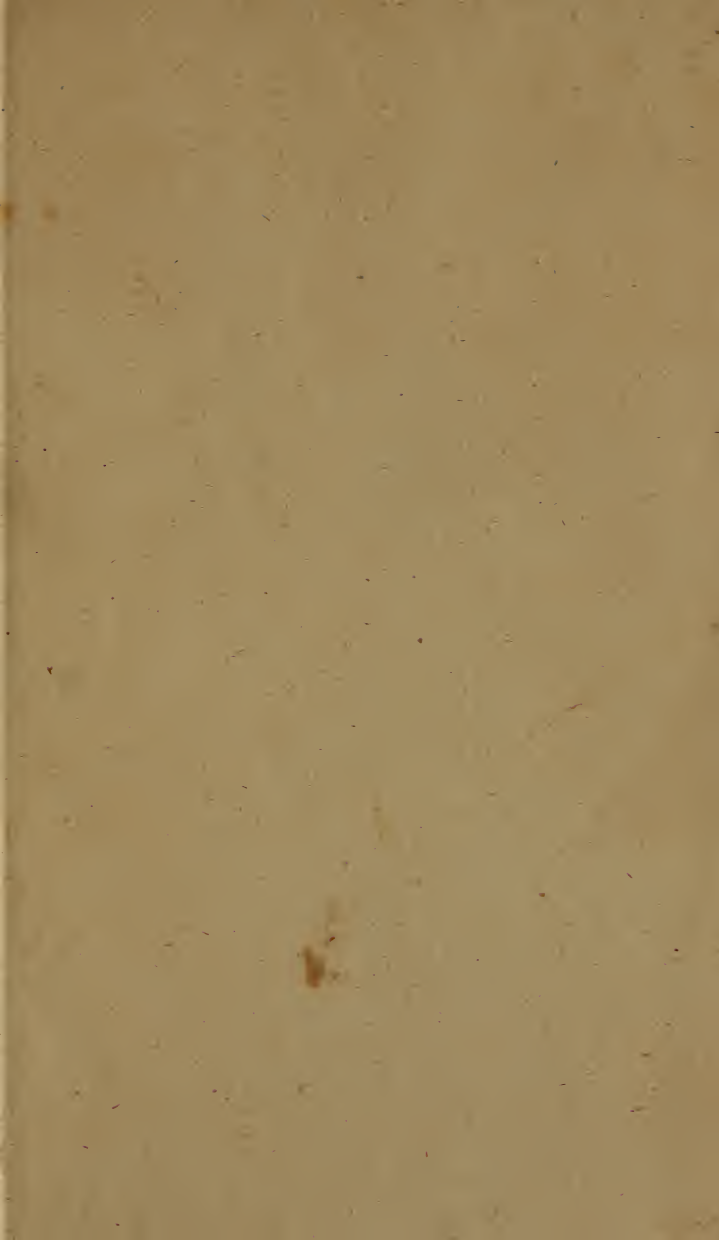
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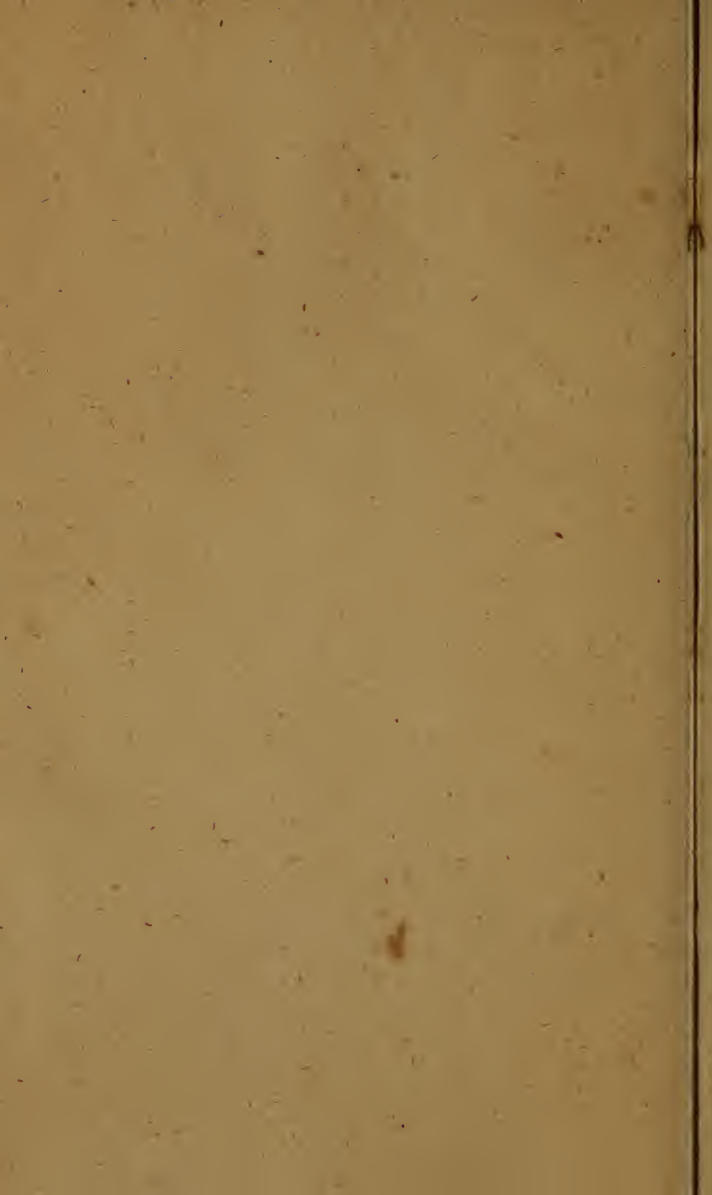
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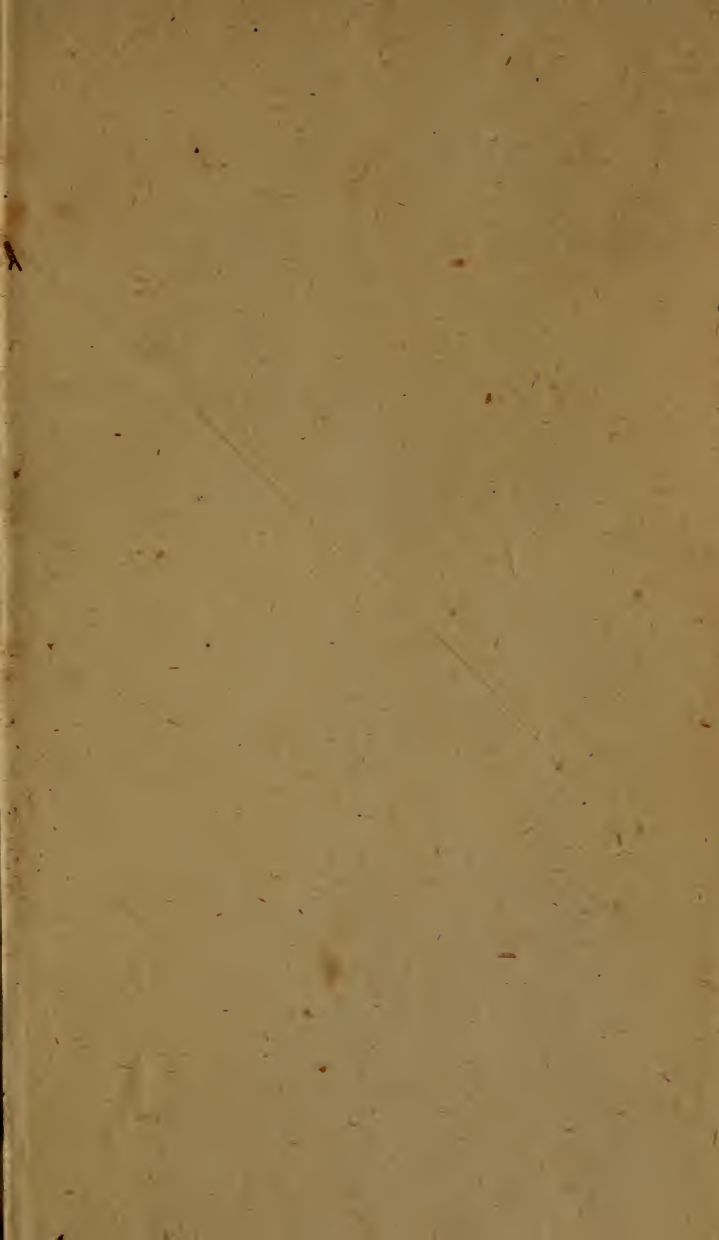
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