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LUSUS INTERCISI

*H. J. HODGSON*



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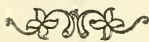


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LUSUS INTERCISI.

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# LUSUS INTERCISI.

VERSES, TRANSLATED AND

ORIGINAL,

By HENRY JOHN HODGSON, M.A.,

FORMERLY FELLOW OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

"Nec lusisse pudet sed non incidere ludum."



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THE following verses, with the exception of the earlier ones done at Cambridge, were written as an amusement in intervals of leisure afforded by more serious occupations. Several of them have already appeared in the *Arundines Cami* and *Sabrinae Corolla*, the sixth edition of the former of which publications I prepared for the press after the death of its original editor, my lamented friend ARCHDEACON DRURY.

I have been encouraged to hope that this collection may be acceptable to those who still take an interest in a kind of scholarship the taste for which is, I fear, dying out.

I trust that the errors and shortcomings which they may detect will meet with lenient criticism at their hands.

H. J. H.

85, ONSLOW GARDENS,  
SOUTH KENSINGTON.





LUSUS INTERCISI.



*Lycidas.*

ET once more, O ye laurels, and once more  
 Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never-sere,  
 I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude  
 And with forced fingers rude,

Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.  
 Bitter constraint and sad occasion dear  
 Compels me to disturb your season due :  
 For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,  
 Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.  
 Who would not sing for Lycidas? He knew  
 Himself to sing and build the lofty rhyme.  
 He must not float upon his watery bier  
 Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,  
 Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well  
 That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring,  
 Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.  
 Hence with denial vain and coy excuse :  
 So may some gentle Muse  
 With lucky words favour my destined urn,  
 And, as he passes, turn  
 And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.

For we were nursed upon the self-same hill,  
 Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade and rill ;  
 Together both, ere the high lawns appeared  
 Under the opening eyelids of the morn,  
 We drove afield, and both together heard  
 What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,  
 Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,

*Lycidas.*

OS iterum invadens, o lauri, nigraque myrte,  
 Vosque hederæ semper virides, spoliare re-  
 centum

Baccarum audebo durus, manibusque coactis

In terram frondes vestras stravisse priusquam

Serior adveniens has maturaverit annus.

Mœsta sed heu ! causa est : me non vitabile fatum

Expectare vetat præscripti temporis horam :

Nam periit Lycidas noster florente juventa,

Ante diem periit, nec par huic linquitur alter.

Quis non pro Lycida caneret ? namque ipse magister

Et canere et grandes scivit componere versus.

Non hunc æquoreo fas est innare feretro,

Jactarive cadaver iners arentibus Euris,

Indeploratum et lacrymæ sine dote canoræ.

Incipite, o sacro dictæ de fonte Sorores,

Qui Jovis e solio pura delabitur unda,

Incipite, et citharam majori verrite plectro.

Nec renovate moras nec causas fingite inanes :

Sic, ubi fatalis contexerit urna favillas

Placet carminibus manes mihi Musa secundis,

Et tumulo obveniens paullum vestigia sistat,

Ossibus ut requiem, non munera multa, precetur.

Nobis altor enim fuit idem collis, eundem

Pavimus ambo gregem prope rivum fontis et umbram,

Una ambo, cum nondum oculis Aurora reclusis

Lumine distinguens saltus patefecerit altos,

Compulimus per prata boves ; audivimus una

Implentem bombis scarabæum fervida rura,

Oft till the star that rose at evening bright  
 Towards Heaven's descent had sloped his westering wheel.  
 Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,  
 Tempered to the oaten flute ;  
 Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with cloven heel  
 From the glad sound would not be absent long ;  
 And old Damœtas loved to hear our song.

But O ! the heavy change, now thou art gone,  
 Now thou art gone, and never must return !  
 Thee, Shepherd, thee the woods and desert caves,  
 With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,  
 And all their echoes mourn.

The willows and the hazel copses green  
 Shall now no more be seen  
 Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.  
 As killing as the canker to the rose,  
 Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,  
 Or frost to flowers that their gay wardrobe wear,  
 When first the white thorn blows,  
 Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep  
 Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas ?  
 For neither were ye playing on the steep,  
 Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,  
 Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,  
 Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream ;  
 Ah me ! I fondly dream  
 Had ye been there—for what could that have done ?  
 What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,  
 The Muse herself for her enchanting son,  
 Whom universal Nature did lament,  
 When by the rout that made the hideous roar,  
 His gory visage down the stream was sent,  
 Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore.



Nonnunquam noctis saturantes rore capellas,  
 Hesperium donec cœli in declivia currum  
 Egerit exoriens quod vespere fulserat astrum.  
 Tempestate illa non rustica Musa silebat  
 Indoctum modulans silvestri carmen avena ;  
 Tunc Satyros saltare rudes Faunosque videres  
 Capripedes sonitu certatim accurrere læto,  
 Damœtasque senex dabat illis cantibus aurem.

Sed grave nunc discrimen ! abes, dulcissime frater,  
 Nunc abês heu ! nostris nunquam revocande querelis.  
 Te, pastor, silvæ desertaque lustra thymorum  
 Floribus agrestum, atque erranti consita vite,  
 Sæpe repercussis deplorant vocibus una.  
 Ah, salices lentæ et coryleta virentia non jam  
 Ad tua crispantes agitabunt carmina frondes.  
 Qualia robigo teneris fert damna rosetis,  
 Aut scabies matrum depulsis lacte capellis,  
 Floribus aut glacies nitido velamine cinctis,  
 Candidus ut primo se pandit spinus honore,  
 Sic Lycidæ vocem pastor desiderat orbis.

Quæ latebræ, o Nymphæ, quæ vos secreta tenebant,  
 Mersit ubi Lycidam maris implacabilis unda ?  
 Nam neque ludebatis apud juga celsa vetusti  
 Qua Druidæ recubant, agmen venerabile vatum,  
 Nec Mona qua scopulis hirsutis despicit æquor,  
 Nec qua Deva vagans se effundit mysticus amnis :  
 O si venissetis—inania somnia fingo—  
 Quid vestrum auxilium valuisset tempore tali ?  
 Profuit ipsa nihil genetrix Orpheia Musa,  
 Ut natum eriperet morti tam dulce loquentem,  
 Naturæque omnis defletum voce poetam,  
 Mænades horrisono ut circum clamore furentes  
 Vi misere caput fœdatum sanguine fluctus  
 Trans Hebri rapidos longinqua ad littora Lesbi.

Alas ! what boots it with incessant care  
 To tend the homely, slighted shepherd's trade,  
 And strictly meditate the thankless Muse ?  
 Were it not better done, as others use,  
 To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,  
 Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair ?

Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise,  
 (That last infirmity of noble mind)  
 To scorn delights and live laborious days ;  
 But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,  
 And think to burst out into sudden blaze,  
 Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,  
 And slits the thin-spun life : " But not the praise,"  
 Phœbus replied, and touched my trembling ears :  
 " Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil  
 " Nor in the glistening foil  
 " Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies,  
 " But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes  
 " And perfect witness of all-judging Jove,  
 " As he pronounces lastly on each deed ;  
 " Of so much fame in Heaven expect thy meed."

MILTON.

*The Minstrel's Farewell to his Harp.*

**H**ARP of the North, farewell : the hills grow dark,  
 On purple peaks a deeper shade descending ;  
 In twilight copse the glow-worm lights her spark,  
 The deer half-seen are to the covert wending.  
 Resume thy wizzard elm, the fountain lending  
 And the wild breeze thy wilder minstrelsy ;  
 Thy numbers sweet with Nature's vespers blending,  
 With distant echo from the fold and lea,  
 And cow-boy's evening pipe and hum of housing bee.

Eheu ! quid prodest nunquam cessante labore  
 Despecti tenuem pastoris ducere vitam,  
 Ingratam et justo meditari carmine Musam ?  
 Nonne foret satius, juvenum de more, sub umbra  
 Ludere festivo oblectans Amaryllida risu,  
 Aut crines teneræ fusos religare Neæræ ?

Gloria, defectus generoso in corde supremus,  
 Gloria purgatam mentem, ceu calcar, adurget  
 Spernere delicias et longos ferre labores ;  
 Præmia sed quando sperata auferre videmur,  
 Inque diem subito claramque emergere lucem,  
 Forfice tunc properans infesto cæca Megæra  
 Vitæ fila secat—" sed laus manet integra," Phœbus  
 Respondet, tremulaque manum mihi ponit in aure :  
 " Gloria mortali nescit de semine gigni,  
 " Nec par est illi speciosa aut bractea vulgi  
 " Præstringens oculos, aut late credita fama ;  
 " Nascitur at supraque viget sub lumine puro  
 " Judicio et nunquam falso Jovis omne notantis,  
 " Extremum arbitrium de factis qui facit æquus ;  
 " Tale erit in cœlo quo tu donabere nomen."

1836.

*Ad Citharam.*


COTICA chorda vale ! nigrescunt vespere colles,  
 Purpureos apices densior umbra tegit ;  
 Per silvæ tenebras fulgent lampyridos ignes,  
 Cerva petit tacitum vix bene visa nemus.  
 Præsagæ suspensa ulmo da consona fonti  
 Acribus et ventis non minus acre melos.  
 Sis vespertino Naturæ juncta canori,  
 Quosque procul mittunt rus et ovile sonis.  
 Dum puer upilio sera modulatur avena,  
 Lenius et reducum vox iteratur apum.

Yet once again farewell, thou Minstrel Harp !  
 Yet once again forgive my feeble sway ;  
 And little reck I of the censure sharp  
 May idly cavil at an idle lay.  
 Much have I owed thy strains on life's long way,  
 Through secret woes the world has never known,  
 When on the weary night dawned wearier day,  
 And bitterer was the grief devoured alone ;  
 That I o'erlive such woes, Enchantress, is thine own.

Hark ! as my lingering footsteps slow retire,  
 Some spirit of the air has waked thy string ;  
 'Tis now a Seraph bold with touch of fire,  
 'Tis now the brush of Fairy's frolic wing.  
 Receding now the dying numbers ring  
 Fainter and fainter down the rugged dell,  
 And now the mountain-breezes scarcely bring  
 A wandering witch-note of the distant spell ;  
 And now 'tis silent all : Enchantress, fare thee well.

SCOTT.

*To Mister Lawrence.*


 AWRENCE, of virtuous father virtuous son,  
 Now that the fields are dank, and ways all  
 mire,  
 Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire  
 Help waste a sullen day, what may be won  
 From the hard season gaining ? Time will run  
 On smoother, till Favonius re-inspire  
 The frozen earth, and clothe in fresh attire  
 The lily and rose that neither sowed nor spun.

Jamque iterum, Lyra cara, vale! veniamque poetæ  
 Da trepida audenti te tetigisse manu ;  
 Me piget haudquaquam risus censoris acerbi  
 Voce leves culpet si leviore modos.  
 Debita sunt longo tibi multa in tramite vitæ,  
 Quum premeret nulli cognita cura sinum ;  
 Me quoque, cum noctem pepulit lux ægrior ægram.  
 Strinxit eo gravior quod sine teste dolor.  
 Quod tales tantosque mihi est superare dolores,  
 Quod spiro et valeo, muneris omne tui est.  
 Audin' ut abscedunt lente vestigia nostra,  
 Spiritus aërio pollice fila ciet ;  
 Seu modo lasciva Lemurum gens transiit ala,  
 Seu modo Seraphica vi caluere fides.  
 Jamque recedentis morientia carmina nervi  
 Per scopulos languent usque minore sono ;  
 Vectaque montani jam vix sub murmure venti  
 Deperiens magicis it vaga chorda modis ;  
 Jamque tacent sonitus, circumque silentia regnant ;  
 O Lyra vaticinans, o Maga cara, Vale. 1836.

*Ad Laurentium.*



CASTA casti progenies patris,  
 Dum bruma campos occupat et vias,  
 Quo rure, Laurenti, reducto,  
 Quosque focos apud hospitales,  
 Longo auferemus tædia de die,  
 Quodcunque nobis hora dabit lucri  
 Morosa carpentes, ut annus  
 Prætereat leviore penna,  
 Constricta donec prata refecerint  
 Alæ Favoni, liliaque et rosas  
 Laboris expertes amictu  
 Verna novo decorarit hora.

What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,  
 Of Attic taste, with wine, whence we may rise  
 To hear the lute well touched, or artful voice  
 Warble immortal notes and Tuscan air?  
 He who of these delights can judge and spare  
 To interpose them oft, is not unwise.

MILTON.

*Bendemeer's Stream.*

HERE'S a bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream,  
 And the nightingale sings round it all the day  
 long :


In the time of my childhood 'twas like a sweet dream  
 To sit in the roses and hear the birds' song.  
 That bower and its music I never forget,  
 But oft when alone in the bloom of the year,  
 I think—is the nightingale singing there yet?  
 Are the roses still bright by the calm Bendemeer?  
 No, the roses soon withered that hung o'er the wave,  
 But some blossoms were gathered while freshly they  
 shone,  
 And a dew was distilled from the flowers that gave  
 All the fragrance of summer when summer was gone.  
 Thus Memory draws from delight ere it dies,  
 An essence that breathes of it many a year,  
 Thus, bright to my soul, as 'twas then to my eyes,  
 Is that bower on the banks of the calm Bendemeer.

MOORE.

Quæ munda nobis cœna parabitur,  
 Quæ lecta mensæ fercula? Age, Attico  
     De more promenturque vina, et  
     Post calices bene tacta noctem  
 Producet una barbitos auream,  
 Aut vox Etruscos callidior modos  
     Spirare, et effundens choreæ  
     Sidereæ propiora chordis.  
 Qui tanta callet gaudia carpere,  
 Prudensque parca mente frui sapit,  
     Scit ille, ni fallor, Deorum  
     Muneribus sapienter uti.


1837.

*Amœna Rosaria.*


 ARA mihi Tigridos sunt juncta rosaria lymphis,  
     Per longos cantat qua Philomela dies ;  
     Hos inter flores, dulci ceu vincta sopore,  
     Alitis audivi sæpe puella melos.  
 Istius sedis sum nunquam oblita canoræ,  
     Aestivo at quoties tempore sola vagor,  
 An, rogo, cantat adhuc illa Philomela sub umbra,  
     Propter aquas placidas an rosa floret adhuc?  
 Heu ! cecidere rosæ subter quas unda fluebat,  
     Lecta sed ante obitum germina pauca manent ;  
 Humor et e foliis stillans æstatis odores  
     Reddidit æstivi cum periere dies.  
 Non aliter redeunt memori oblectamina menti,  
     Quorum iterum spirat vis rediviva diu ;  
 Sic animo revocata nitet, ceu visa nitebat,  
     Hæc sedes placido quam lavat amne Tigris.


1839.

*To my Mistress' Spirit.*


 TELL me, thou soul of her I love,  
 Ah ! tell me whither art thou fled ?  
 To what delightful world above,  
 Appointed for the happy dead ?  
 Or dost thou free at pleasure roam,  
 And sometimes share thy lover's woe,  
 Where void of thee his cheerless home  
 Can now, alas ! no comfort know ?  
 Oh ! if thou hover'st round my walk,  
 While under every well-known tree  
 I to thy fancied shadow talk,  
 And every tear is full of thee ;  
 Should then the weary eye of grief,  
 Beside some sympathetic stream,  
 In slumber find a short relief,  
 Oh ! visit thou my soothing dream.

THOMSON.

*The Blind Man's Bride.*


 WHEN first, beloved, in vanished hours  
 The blind man sought thy hand to gain,  
 They said thy cheek was bright as flowers  
 New freshened by the summer's rain.  
 The beauty which made them rejoice  
 My darkened eyes might never see ;  
 But well I knew thy gentle voice,  
 And that was all in all to me.  
 At length, as years rolled swiftly on,  
 They talked to me of Time's decay,  
 Of roses from thy soft cheek gone,  
 Of ebon tresses turned to gray.



*Ad puellam mortuam.*

UMBRA exanimis meæ puellæ,  
 Quo nunc diffugiens abis locorum?  
 Quæ te vel Superum morantur aulæ,  
 Vel sedes data manibus beatis?  
 An tu forte mei, soluta vinclis,  
 Erras conscia particeps doloris,  
 Cui nullum sine te levamem ægro  
 Injucunda potest domus parare?  
 O si tu volites ubique circum  
 Gressus, dum arboreas sedens ad umbras,  
 Quæ testes veteris fuere amoris,  
 Tecum conloquar hic adesse visa,  
 Et fletus memores tui profundam—  
 Tunc, si luminibus dolore fessis,  
 Ad flumen socium meæ querelæ,  
 Concedat breve quid sopor quietis,  
 Adsis, o mihi somnium benignum.

1839.

Οὐ γάρ με λήθεις ἀλλὰ γιγνώσκω σαφῶς  
 καίπερ σκοτεινὸς τὴν γε σὴν ἀνδρῶν ὄμῳς.



TEMPORE præterito, cum te, mea vita, petebam  
 Conjugio mecum jungere cæcus ego,  
 Ridebas, sic fama tulit, pulcherrima rerum,  
 Flore prior verna qui recreatur aqua.  
 Iste decor vultus aliis, ea forma placebat,  
 Heu! oculis nunquam forma videnda meis.  
 Sed bene cognoram vocem, tua mellea verba,  
 Id fuit e votis omnibus omne mihi.  
 Interea volucris pede præterlabitur ætas—  
 Damnosi quid non imminuere dies?


I heard them, but I heeded not,  
 The withering change I could not see ;  
 Thy voice still cheered my darkened lot,  
 And that was all in all to me.

And still, beloved, till life grows cold,  
 We'll wander 'neath the genial sky,  
 And only know that we are old,  
 By counting happy years gone by.

Thy cheek may lose its blushing hue,  
 Thy brow less beautiful may be ;  
 But oh ! the voice which first I knew  
 Still keeps the same sweet tone to me.

MRS. NORTON.

*The Mad Dog.*

OOD people all, of every sort  
 Give ear unto my song,  
 And if you find it wondrous short,  
 It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there lived a man,  
 Of whom the world might say  
 That still a godly race he ran—  
 Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had  
 To comfort friends and foes,  
 The naked every day he clad—  
 When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,  
 As many dogs there be ;  
 Both mongrel, puppy, whelp and hound,  
 And curs of low degree.

Jamque susurrabant nigros albescere crines,  
 Inque genis molles deperiisse rosas :  
 Inscius audivi : nec sunt mihi talia curæ :  
 Effugiant veneres, non ego testis ero :  
 Mulsit adhuc mea me vocis dulcedine conjux ;  
 Id fuit e votis omnibus omne mihi.  
 Sic, mea lux, una sub cœlo errabimus almo,  
 Vivida dum calido sanguine vena salit ;  
 Et, nisi felices quando numerabimus annos,  
 Immemores erimus nos simul esse senes.  
 Quod si immutetur roseus color ille genarum,  
 Frons licet uxori sit minus alba meæ ;  
 Vox tua facunda me cepit imagine primum,  
 Vox tua dat liquidum quod dedit ante melos.

1839.

*Elegia in mortem Canis.*

AUDITE, o cives, quovis ex ordine nati,  
 Et patula nostros imbibite aure modos ;  
 Et si forte quibus videatur perbrevis esse,  
 Non faciet longam fabula tota moram.  
 Rure suburbano quidam vivebat, at aiunt,  
 Quo laudis nusquam dignior alter erat ;  
 Vir bonus et prudens, populo qui iudice sanctum  
 Pergebat, quoties templa petebat, iter.  
 Hostibus hic mansuetus erat, dilectus amicis,  
 In cunctos miræ sedulitatis homo ;  
 Inque dies spisso nudum cingebat amictu—  
 Cum sese ornabat vestibus ipse suis.  
 Ista forte canis sese stabulabat in urbe ;  
 Nec mirum est : multos urbs habet ista canes ;  
 Illic Spartanumque genus, fortesque Molossi,  
 Et catuli infames, squallida turba, ruunt.

The dog and man at first were friends,  
 But when a pique began,  
 The dog to gain his private ends  
 Went mad, and bit the man.

Around from all the neighbouring streets  
 The wondering neighbours ran,  
 And swore the dog had lost his wits,  
 To bite so good a man.

The wound it seemed both sore and sad  
 To every Christian eye,  
 And while they swore they dog was mad,  
 They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,  
 That shew'd the rogues they lied ;  
 The man recover'd of the bite,  
 The dog it was that died.

GOLDSMITH.

*Spring's Advent.*

**N**OW, turning from the wintry signs, the Sun  
 His course exalted through the Ram had run,  
 And, whirling up the skies, his chariot drove  
 Through Taurus and the lightsome realms of love,  
 Where Venus from her orb descends in showers,  
 To glad the ground and paint the fields with flowers :  
 When first the tender blades of grass appear,  
 And buds that yet the blasts of Eurus fear,  
 Stand at the door of life, and doubt to clothe the year,  
 Till gentle heat and soft repeated rains  
 Make the green blood to dance within their veins :  
 Then, at their call, emboldened forth they come,  
 And swell the gems, and burst the narrow room ;

Cum neuter lites indicere cœperat, arcta  
 Junctus amicitia cum cane vixit homo ;  
 Inde canis, quædam, credo, sibi commoda quærens,  
 Fit subito rabidus, dilaniatque virum.  
 Undique per plateas vicinia tota cucurrit,  
 Viditque horrendum constupuitque nefas ;  
 Delirare canem jurant qui dente maligno  
 Tam sanctum haud metuit dilacerare virum.  
 Si qua fides oculis trepidæ miserantibus urbis,  
 Vulnera solliciti plena doloris erant ;  
 Delirare canem dum jurat quisque vicissim,  
 Uno est consensu mors obeunda viro.  
 Sed nova decurrens prodit miracula tempus,  
 Mendacis vulgi garrula lingua silet ;  
 Incolumis noster superest, mirantur at omnes  
 Unum ex ambobus deperiisse canem.

1840.

*Ver.*

SIDERIBUS nunc Sol hiemalibus ante relictis  
 Finierat rapidum sublimis in Ariete cursum,  
 Corripiensque polum Tauri in confinia præpes

Egit equos, ubi regnat Amor lætabile numen,  
 Et Venus ex alto descendens imbribus orbe,  
 Gaudia fert terræ depingens floribus arva ;  
 Apparent teneri cum primæ graminis herbæ,  
 Seraque adhuc Euri metuentes flamina plantæ  
 Ante fores vitæ sistunt, ac limine in ipso  
 Hærentes dubitant annum vestire recentem,  
 Dum soles modici et repetiti leniter imbres  
 Implerint viridi salientes sanguine venas ;  
 His invitata veniunt, missoque timore,  
 Arcus exsiliunt claustris, gemmæque tumescunt :

Broader and broader yet their blooms display,  
 Salute the welcome Sun, and entertain the day.  
 Then from their breathing souls the sweets repair,  
 To scent the skies, and purge the unwholesome air.  
 Joy spreads the heart, and with a general song  
 Spring issues out, and leads the jolly months along.

DRYDEN.

*Epitaph on an Infant.*

**B**ENEATH a sleeping infant lies,  
 To earth her body lent  
 Hereafter shall more glorious rise,  
 But not more innocent :  
 And when the Archangel's trump shall blow,  
 And souls to bodies join,  
 Millions will wish their lives below  
 Had been as short as thine.

WESLEY.

*Oh ! soon return.*

**T**HE white sail caught the evening ray,  
 The wave beneath us seemed to burn,  
 When all my weeping love could say  
 Was—" Oh, soon return."  
 Through many a clime our ship was driven,  
 O'er many a billow rudely thrown,  
 Now chilled beneath a northern heaven,  
 Now sunned by summer's zone ;  
 Yet still, where'er our course we lay,  
 When evening bid the west wave burn,  
 I thought I heard her faintly say,  
 " Oh, soon return !—Oh, soon return !"

Latius expandunt se demum veris honores,  
 Deliciisque diem mulcent Solemque salutant.  
 Illorum ex animis tunc exhalantur odores,  
 Invaduntque polum, lethalemque aera purgant.  
 Mollia corda patent, et cantant omnia veris  
 Egressum lætos ducentis in ordine menses.

1840.

*Epitaphium.*

**H**IC infans placido recubat composita sopori,  
 Credita sunt sacro, non data, membra solo ;  
 Pulchrior illa olim, mutato corpore, surget,  
 Sed nequit incesti purior esse mali.  
 Cum tamen attonitum quatiet tuba nuntia mundum,  
 Junctaque erunt animis ossa relicta suis,  
 Mille tuo cupient vitam degisse sub astro,  
 Inque brevi tecum deperiisse die.

1840.

*Redi.*

**U**B vespertino candebant lintea sole,  
 Unda tumens modicis fluctibus ignis erat ;  
 Quum mea vix lacrymis hæc Phyllis dixit obortis.  
 “ Ah ! te detineat ne mora longa, redi.”  
 Acta fuit varios per tractus nostra carina,  
 Undarum crebris sollicitata minis ;  
 Nunc et Hyperborei riguerunt frigora cæli,  
 Jamque sub æstivi navimus axe poli ;  
 At semper, quocunque feror sub sidere cursu,  
 Vesper ut occiduum calfacit igne fretum,  
 Phyllidos has videor tenues audire loquelas,  
 “ Ah ! te detineat ne mora longa, redi.”

If ever yet my bosom found  
 Its thoughts one moment turned from thee,  
 'Twas when the combat raged around,  
 And brave men looked to me.  
 But though, 'mid battle's wild alarm,  
 Love's gentle power might not appear,  
 He gave to Glory's brow the charm  
 Which made even danger dear.  
 And then, when Victory's calm came o'er  
 The hearts where rage had ceased to burn,  
 I heard that farewell voice once more,  
 "Oh, soon return!—Oh, soon return!"

MOORE.

*Louisa.*

**T**HOUGH by a sickly taste betrayed,  
 Some may dispraise the lovely maid,  
 With fearless pride I say,  
 That she is healthful, fleet and strong,  
 And down the rocks can leap along,  
 Like rivulets in May.

And smiles has she to earth unknown,  
 Smiles, that with motion of their own  
 Do spread, and sink and rise ;  
 That come and go with endless play,  
 And ever, as they pass away,  
 Are hidden in her eyes.


She loves her fire, her cottage-home,  
 Yet o'er the moorland will she roam,  
 In weather rough and bleak :



Si paullum ex oculis absit tua dulcis imago,  
 Immemorem aut videat me brevis hora tui,  
 Est ubi, Marte feros circum glomerante tumultus,  
 Fortibus adstabam duxque comesque viris.  
 Sed, quamvis inter strepitus et jurgia pugnae,  
 Se tener aufugiens occulisset amor,  
 Ille triumphantem decoravit lumine frontem,  
 Sub quo riserunt ipsa pericla mihi.  
 Et tandem, mollirit ubi Victoria corda,  
 Quæ nuper demens usserat igne furor,  
 Illud triste vale jam rursus venit ad aures,  
 " Ah ! te detineat ne mora longa, redi."

1840.

*Rustica Phidyle.*

 I quis ægrotans animo decoram  
 Phidylem spernat vitiosiori,  
 Suscipit gratum mea lingua munus,  
 AUSA referre

Illa quam pulcra vigeat juventa,  
 Quamque veloci salebrosa gressu  
 Saxa decurrat, redeunte sicut

Flumina Maio.

Ridet, at quali Dea sola risu,  
 Qui suas toto veneres in ore  
 Prodit, alterno refluxus fluensque

Molliter æstu ;

Pertinax circumvolitare lusu  
 Sedulo frontem, aut roseum cubile  
 Deserens vultus, oculi in protervis  
 Ignibus abdi.


Parvulo contenta focum paternum  
 Et lares notos amat, at procellæ

And when against the wind she strains,  
 O ! might I kiss the mountain-rains  
     That sparkle on her cheek.

Take all that's mine beneath the Moon,  
 If I with her, but half a noon,  
     May sit beneath the walls  
 Of some old cave or mossy nook,  
 Whene'er she wanders up the brook,  
     To hunt the waterfalls.

WORDSWORTH.

*To Thomas Moore.*

Y boat is on the shore,  
 And my bark is on the sea,  
 But before I go, Tom Moore,  
     Here's a double health to thee !

Here's a sigh to those who love me,  
 And a smile to those who hate,  
 And whatever sky's above me,  
     Here's a heart for every fate.


Though the Ocean roar around me,  
 Yet it still shall bear me on,  
 Though a desert should surround me,  
     It hath springs that may be won.

Were 't the last drop in the well,  
 As I gasped upon the brink,  
 Ere my fainting spirit fell,  
     'Tis to thee that I would drink.

Immemor grata vice pervagatur  
                   Devia montis ;  
 Dumque ibi in ventos animosa certat,  
 Imbrium gemmas utinam oscularer  
 Qui genis in purpureis pudica  
                   Luce coruscant.  
 Deme quot rerum videt alta luna,  
 Sit reclinato mihi cum puella,  
 Sole fervente, aut veteris sub antri  
                   Rupe morari,  
 Aut in umbroso nemoris recessu,  
 Fertur ut montis per amata rura, aut  
 Abditos fontes petit in ruentis  
                   Margine rivi.

1840.


*Propinatio.*

 N mare jam properat funes mea solvere puppis,  
 Jam levis in primo littore cymba manet ;  
 Sed moror ut binis cyathis tibi rite propinam,  
 Atque iterum "bene te," care Catulle, loquar.  
 Cum gemitu hos inter calices memorantur amici,  
 Cum risu si quis nos inimicus agat ;  
 Et quascunque plagas, Jove sub quocunque, videbo,  
 Quodlibet ad fatum mente paratus ero.  
 Nos circum Oceanus vesano mugiat æstu,  
 Securi tumidas pergimus ire vias ;  
 Me cingant deserta licet sub sole propinquo,  
 At gelidos latices arida prodet humus.  
 Unica si staret mihi gutta in fonte potito,  
 Dum gravis opprimeret languida membra sitis,  
 Spiritus ante tamen fractos quam linqueret artus,  
 Hæusturo tremere nomen in ore tuum.

With that water, as this wine,  
 The libation I would pour,  
 Should be peace with thine and mine,  
 And a health to thee, Tom Moore.


BYRON.

*An Universal Borrower.*

EGLE, beauty and poet, has two little crimes :  
 She makes her own face, but does not make her  
 rhymes.

BYRON.

*A Thing of Beauty is a Joy for ever.*

HERE be none of Beauty's daughters  
 With a magic like thee ;  
 And like music on the waters,  
 Is thy sweet voice to me ;  
 When, as if its sound were causing  
 The charmed Ocean's pausing,  
 The waves lie still and gleaming,  
 And the lull'd winds seem dreaming.


And the midnight moon is weaving  
 Her bright chain o'er the deep,  
 Whose breast is gently heaving,  
 As an infant's asleep ;  
 So the spirit bows before thee,  
 To listen, and adore thee,  
 With a full but soft emotion,  
 Like the swell of Summer's ocean.

BYRON.

Et latices istos, ceu nunc hæc Massica libans,  
 Hac ego tentarem Fata movere prece—  
 Qui tibi sunt cari, qui sunt mihi, pace fruantur,  
 Et loquerer “bene sit,” care Catulle, tibi.


1841.

*In Poetrium.*

HLOE venusta est, scribit et Chloe versus :  
 Mi crede, versus non facit, facit vultum.


1841.

*Pulcherrima rerum.*

PRÆSTANTIOR omnibus decoris  
 Quot mater peperit Venus puellis,  
 Quam dulcis tua vox meas ad aures  
 Repit ceu liquidum melos per undas ;  
 Cum sopita videtur impotenti  
 Cantus arbitrio Thetis, tremensque  
 Compescit tacito nitore marmor,  
 Et visa est levis aura somniare ;  
 Et noctis mediæ magistra luna  
 Nectit trans mare lucidam catenam,  
 Cui pectus leviter tumescit, infans  
 Ut dormit placido sopore vinctus :  
 Sic mens conscia fascinationis  
 Audit, teque Deam libens adorat,  
 Æstu dum sinus usque pleniori  
 Ceu verna mare fluctuat sub aura.

1841.


*The Patriot's Grave.*

 BREATHE not his name, let it sleep in the shade,  
 Where cold and unhonour'd his relics are laid ;  
 Sad, silent and dark be the tears that we shed,  
 As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.

But the night-dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,  
 Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps ;  
 And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,  
 Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

MOORE.

*The Mother's Lament.*

 BATE gave the word, the arrow sped,  
 And pierced my darling's heart,  
 And with him all the joys are fled  
 Life can to me impart.

By cruel hands the sapling drops,  
 In dust dishonoured laid ;  
 So fell the pride of all my hopes,  
 My age's future shade.

The mother-linnet in the brake  
 Bewails her ravished young ;  
 So I, for my lost darling's sake,  
 Lament the live-day long.

Death, oft I've feared thy fatal blow ;  
 Now fond I bare my breast :  
 O, do thou kindly lay me low,  
 With him I love at rest.

BURNS.

*Pro patria mori.*

**P**LIUS o, nomen sileatur : restet in umbra  
 Qua gelidi cineres et sine honore jacent ;  
 Tristibus et taciti lacrymis memoremus amicum,  
 Ros velut in tumuli gramine nocte cadit.

Stillet inauditus qui flet sub nocte silenti,  
 Flore sepulcralem ros decorabit humum ;  
 Secreta et quamvis lacryma ploremus amicum,  
 Pectore sub memori vivet at ille diu.

1841.


*Matris Lamentatio.*

**P**ARCARUM imperio missa est fatalis arundo ;  
 Mox stetit in pueri pectore fixa mei.  
 Omnia quocum una perierunt gaudia nobis

Illius in vita quæ peperisset amor.  
 Ecce recens arbor crudeli sternitur ictu,  
 Mistaque cum turpi pulvere prona jacet ;  
 Sic, o sic cecidit maternæ gloria vitæ,  
 Ille senectutis spes columenque meæ.  
 Abreptos fœtus per silvam plorat acanthis,  
 Lugubres iterans irrequieta modos ;  
 Sic, me quod nato Fatum spoliavit amato,  
 Ipsa ego per longum conqueror orba diem.  
 Sæpe tuum timui, Mors, exitiabile telum,  
 Nunc jaculis nudo pectus inerme tuis ;  
 O, precor, infaustam manibus me sterne benignis,  
 Ut cum dilecto sit mihi pace frui.


1841.

*Parisina.*

 T is the hour when from the boughs  
 The nightingale's high note is heard  
 It is the hour when lovers' vows  
 Seem sweet in every whispered word ;  
 And gentle winds and waters near  
 Make music to the lonely ear.  
 Each flower the dews have lightly wet,  
 And in the sky the stars are met,  
 And on the wave is deeper blue,  
 And on the leaf a browner hue,  
 And in the heaven that clear obscure,  
 So softly dark and darkly pure,  
 Which follows the decline of day,  
 As twilight melts beneath the moon away.

BYRON.

*The Warnings of the Grave.*


 ENEATH our feet, and o'er our head  
 Is equal warning given ;  
 Beneath us lie the countless dead,  
 Above us is the heaven.

Their names are graven on the stone,  
 Their bones are in the clay,  
 And ere another day be done,  
 Ourselves may be as they.

Death rides on every passing breeze,  
 He lurks in every flower ;  
 Each season has its own disease,  
 Its peril every hour.




*Vesper.*


 AM tempus est quo flebilis per arbores  
 Philomela clara voce mulcet aera ;  
 Jam tempus est quo suaviter silentium  
 Rumpunt amantes mollibus suspiriis ;  
 Auræque lenes proximusque fons aquæ  
 Fundunt canoros auribus vagis modos.  
 Nunc irrigatur rore quisque flosculus,  
 Nunc astra convenere per cæli vias,  
 Gliscit per altum cærus splendor mare,  
 Superque silvas crescit umbra nigrior,  
 Cernique visa est vel per obscurum poli  
 Lux inter almas purior caligines,  
 Qualis cadentis occupat Solis vices,  
 Cum Luna noctis dissipat crepuscula.

1841.

*Mors janua Vite.*


 UÆCUNQUE supra, quæque sunt infra pedes  
 Nos admonent fato pari :  
 Hic mortuorum mille torpent corpora,  
 His vastus emicat polus.  
 Insculpta duro nomina in saxo manent,  
 Sunt ossa sub molli solo,  
 Et nos, priusquam crastinus cadat dies,  
 Dormire cogamur simul.  
 Fatalis equitat Mors in omni flamine,  
 Latet sub omni flosculo,  
 Devota morbo est quæque tempestas suo,  
 Quæque hora fert periculum.  
 Nos lumen ipsum deperire vidimus  
 Primæ in juventutis genis,

Our eyes have seen the very light  
 Of youth's soft cheek decay,  
 And Fate descend in sudden night  
 On manhood's middle day.


Our eyes have seen the steps of Age  
 Halt feebly towards the tomb ;  
 And yet shall earth our thoughts engage,  
 And dreams of days to come ?

Turn, mortal, turn ! thy danger know ;  
 Where'er thy foot can tread,  
 The earth rings hollow from below,  
 And warns thee of her dead.

Turn, Christian turn ! thy soul apply  
 To truths divinely given ;  
 The bones that underneath thee lie  
 Shall live for Hell or Heaven.

HEBER.

*Travel is Travail.*

OE find some whispering shade near Arne or Poe,  
 And gently 'mong their violets throw  
 Your weary'd limbs, and see if all those faire  
 Enchantments can charm grieffe or care.  
 Our sorrows still pursue us, and when you  
 The ruin'd Capitoll shall view,  
 And statues a disorder'd heape, you can  
 Not cure yet the disease of man,  
 And banish your own thoughts. Goe travaile where  
 Another sun and starres appeare,  
 And lande not toucht by any covetous fleet,  
 And yet even there yourselfe youle meete.  
 Stay here then, and while curious exiles finde  
 New toyes for a fantastique minde,

Letique subita nocte submergi viri  
 Meridiana robora.  
 Nos et senectam claudicante vidimus  
 Gressu sepulcrum quærere ;  
 Terrena tandem persequemur gaudia,  
 Vana et futuri somnia ?  
 Mortalis audi : stat periculum tibi,  
 Quocunque pes incesserit :  
 Tellus cavernis mittit ex altis sonum,  
 Te mortuis monens suis.  
 Fidelis audi : veriora discito  
 Divinitusque tradita ;  
 Hæc ossa vivent gaudiis cœlestibus,  
 Aut sempiternis ignibus.

1841.

*Cælum non animum mutant.*

UÆRE susurrantes umbras ubi labitur Arnus,  
 Padive propter flumina ;  
 Atque inter violas dum languida membra reponis,  
 Num tanta possint dulcia  
 Fallendo implicitos animi sopire dolores ?  
 Nos Cura post tergum premit :  
 Cumque ruinatis spectes Capitolia muris,  
 Et signa jam molem rudem,  
 Non ita fas animo est humanum pellere morbum  
 Oblivionibus tui.  
 Quære alios soles, peregrinæ et littora terræ  
 Intacta avaris classibus ;  
 Hic etiam menti obvenies, teque ipse sequeris :  
 Insane nequidquam fugis !  
 Queis placet exilium, semper nova gaudia quærant  
 Febriculoso pectori ;

Enjoy at home what's reall : here the spring  
 By her æriall quires doth singe  
 As sweetly to you as if you were laid  
 Under the learn'd Thessalian shade.

HABINGTON.

*Delia.*

**F**AIR the face of orient day,  
 Fair the tints of opening rose ;  
 But fairer still my Delia dawns,  
 More lovely far her beauty blows.

Sweet the lark's wild warbled lay,  
 Sweet the tinkling rill to hear ;  
 But Delia, more delightful still  
 Steal thine accents on mine ear.

The flower-enamoured busy bee  
 The rosy banquet loves to sip ;  
 Sweet the streamlet's limpid lapse  
 To the sun-browned Arab's lip :

But Delia, on thy balmy lips  
 Let me, no vagrant insect, rove ;  
 Oh, let me steal one liquid kiss,  
 For oh, my soul is parched with love.

BURNS.

*Fair and False.*

**T**AKE, O take those lips away,  
 That so sweetly were forsworn ;  
 And those eyes, the break of day,  
 Lights that do mislead the morn ;  
 But my kisses bring again,  
 Seals of Love, but sealed in vain.

Carpe domi quod habes : hic Ver tam ridet amœnis  
 Avium per auras vocibus,  
 Quam si Thessalicæ facunda vallis in umbra  
 Soluta membra poneres.

1841.

*Delia.*

**P**ULCHER Sol oriens nitet,  
 Et pulcher teneris stat color in rosis ;  
 Sole at Delia pulchrior,  
 Pæstanis eadem pulchrior est rosis.  
 Suave est alituum melos  
 Audire, et trepidi murmura fluminis ;  
 At tu, Delia, suavior  
 Instillas numeros auribus in meis.  
 Per flores volitans apis  
 Mellitos roseas carpere amat dapes,  
 Exustis Arabum labris  
 Suavis fons vitreo flumine labitur.  
 Sic, O Delia, per tuum  
 Os circumvolitans, non vagus incola,  
 Nectar de labiis bibam,  
 Nam pectus nimiis ignibus uritur.

1841.


*Perfida cura tamen.*

**S**TA o tolle, precor, labella tolle,  
 Mellitis ita pejerata votis ;  
 Et ceu mane novum leves ocellos,  
 Ignes qui faciunt diem vagari ;  
 At mi basia redde postulanti,  
 Vano pignora Amore pignerata.

Hide, O hide those hills of snow  
 Which thy frozen bosom bears,  
 On whose tops the pinks that grow  
 Are of those that April wears ;  
 But first set my poor heart free,  
 Bound in those icy chains by thee.

SHAKSPEARE.

*Weep on.*

EEP on, weep on, your hour is past,  
 Your dreams of pride are o'er ;  
 The fatal chain is round you cast,  
 And ye are men no more.

In vain the Hero's heart hath bled,  
 The Sage's tongue hath warned in vain ;  
 Oh, Freedom ! once thy flame hath fled,  
 It never lights again.

Weep on, perhaps in after days  
 They'll learn to love your name,  
 When many a deed shall wake in praise,  
 That now must sleep in blame.

And when they tread the ruined aisle,  
 Where rest at length the lord and slave,  
 They'll wondering ask how hands so vile  
 Could conquer hearts so brave.

'Twas Fate, they'll say, a wayward Fate,  
 Your web of discord wove ;  
 And while your tyrants joined in hate,  
 Ye never joined in love.

Ista o conde, precor, nivosa conde  
 Quæ pectus juga frigidum coronant,  
 Quorum summa tenet rubor tenellus,  
 Quali se decorat recens Aprilis ;  
 At cor solve tua superbiaque  
 Constrictum et glacialibus catenis.

1842.

*Naenia.*

**L**UGETE, vobis clara decessit dies,  
 Superbiaeque somnia,  
 Coercitosque vinculis fatalibus,  
 Quis vos vocabit jam viros ?  
 Frustra rubescit sparsus heroum cruor,  
 Et lingua vatis admonet ;  
 Extincta cum sit flamma, Libertas, tua,  
 Nullo relucebit die.  
 Lugete, forsán discet ætas postera  
 Amare vestra nomina,  
 Cum facta quæ nunc improbata dormiunt  
 Seris resurgent laudibus.  
 Ædemque lapsam si quis invisat pares  
 Qua servus atque herus jacent,  
 Mirabitur sic dexteris vilissimis  
 Cessisse corda fortia.  
 Dicitque, fatum vos iniquius plagis  
 Innexuit discordiæ,  
 Et cum tyrannos colligarat odium,  
 Non colligavit vos amor.

But hearts fell off that ought to twine,  
 And man profaned what God had given ;  
 Till some were heard to curse the shrine  
 Where others knelt to Heaven.

MOORE.

*A good old Maxim.*

**E**ARLY to bed, and early to rise,  
 Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise.

ANON.

*Star after star decays.*

**H**OW oft has the Benshee cried,  
 How oft has Death untied  
 Bright links that Glory wove,  
 Sweet bonds entwined by Love.  
 Peace to each manly soul that sleepeth ;  
 Rest to each faithful eye that weepeth ;  
 Long may the fair and brave  
 Sigh o'er the Hero's grave.  
 We're fallen upon gloomy days,  
 Star after star decays ;  
 Every bright name that shed  
 Light o'er the land is fled.  
 Dark falls the tear of him who mourneth  
 Lost joy, or hope that ne'er returneth ;  
 But brightly flows the tear  
 Wept o'er a Hero's bier.  
 Oh ! quenched are our beacon-lights ;  
 Thou of the hundred fights ;  
 Thou, on whose burning tongue  
 Truth, peace and freedom hung ;



Dotem sed homines inquinaverunt Dei,  
 Ruptis ubique copulis,  
 Aramque cui pars supplices tulit manus,  
 Egere diris cæteri.

1842.

*Improba Siren Desidia.*

PRIMO surge die ; dormitum i vespere primo :  
 Sic validus, sapiens, sic quoque dives eris.

1842.

*Astra cadentia.*

GERALES quoties strix cecinit modos,  
 Fatali quoties mors secuit manu  
 Quæ vel texuerat Gloria vincula,  
 Aut sacrarat Amor pius.  
 Sint pacata animis somnia masculis ;  
 Sit fidis oculis post lacrymas quies :  
 Virtus virgineis juncta decoribus  
 Heroum ad tumulum gemat.  
 Nos inter nebulas sors tulit horridas ;  
 Stellæ post alias en aliæ cadunt :  
 Clari quidquid erat nominis, aut facem  
 Præbebat populo perit.  
 Tristis gutta fluit quæ dolet irritas  
 Spes, aut lætitiâ non revocabilem ;  
 Herois cineres fusa decentior  
 Spargit debita lacryma.  
 Fugerunt speculis lampades omnibus ;  
 Te, centum celebris dux bone præliis,  
 Teque, o cui labiis fluxit ab igneis  
 Pax et libera veritas,

Both mute : but long as Valour shineth,  
 Or Mercy's soul at war repineth,  
 So long shall Erin's pride  
 Tell how they lived and died.

MOORE.

*To Mary in Heaven.*

**T**HOU lingering star with lessening ray  
 That lov'st to greet the early morn,  
 Again thou usherest in the day  
 My Mary from my soul was torn.  
 O, Mary, dear departed shade,  
 Where is thy place of blissful rest ?  
 See'st thou thy lover lowly laid,  
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast ?

That sacred hour can I forget,  
 Can I forget the hallowed grove,  
 Where by the winding Ayr we met,  
 To live one day of parting love ?  
 Eternity will not efface  
 Those records dear of transports past ;  
 Thy image at our last embrace—  
 Ah ! little thought we 'twas our last.

Ayr gurgling kissed his pebbled shore,  
 O'erhung with wild woods, thickening, green ;  
 The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar  
 Twined amorous round the raptured scene :  
 The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,  
 The birds sang love on every spray,  
 Till too, too soon the glowing west  
 Proclaimed the speed of winged day.

Ambos nox premit : at dum viget inclyta  
 Virtus, dum Pietas Martis opus dolet,  
 Quo vitam eximiam funere clauserint,  
 Nativæ recinent lyræ.

1843.


*Ad Deliam mortuam.*

**P**HOSPHORE tardator, qui pallens igne minori,  
 Prævius Auroræ diligis ire rotis,  
 Ecce, diem inducis completis mensibus atrum  
 In quo pars animæ est Delia rapta meæ.  
 O loquere, exanimis mihi carior umbra puellæ,  
 Qua tibi concessa est sede beata quies ?  
 Anne tuum in terra dejectum cernis amantem,  
 Anne audis lacero quæ gemit ille sinu ?  
 Illius oblitus num possim temporis esse,  
 Num possim id sanctum non meminisse nemus,  
 Flumen ubi sinuans nostros audivit amores,  
 Diximus alterno ut murmure triste Vale ?  
 Sint æterna licet delebunt sæcula nulla  
 Insculpta hæc memori gaudia cara sinu ;  
 Sæpe tui vultus species redit, oscula qualis  
 Ultima, non nobis ultima visa, dabas.  
 Lambit amans ripam lapidosam garrulus amnis,  
 Cui superincubuit, densior umbra, nemus,  
 Spinus ubi canus, bene olenti et fronde decora  
 Betula lascivas implicuere comas ;  
 Herba premi cupiens se floribus obtulit ultro,  
 Per ramos avium consonus arsit amor,  
 Ardenti donec citius polus igne rubescens  
 Alipedem monuit deproperare diem.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,  
 And fondly broods with miser care ;  
 Time but the impression deeper makes,  
 As streams their channels deeper wear.  
 My Mary, dear departed shade,  
 Where is thy blissful place of rest ?  
 See'st thou thy lover lowly laid,  
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast ?

BURNS.

*Bonnie Bell.*

HE smiling Spring comes in rejoicing,  
 And surly Winter grimly flies ;  
 Now crystal clear are the falling waters,  
 And bonnie blue are the sunny skies ;  
 Fresh o'er the mountains breaks forth the morning,  
 The evening gilds the ocean's swell ;  
 All creatures joy in the sun's returning,  
 And I rejoice in my bonnie Bell.

The flowery Spring leads sunny Summer,  
 And yellow Autumn presses near ;  
 Then in his turn comes gloomy Winter,  
 Till smiling Spring again appear.  
 Thus seasons dancing, life advancing,  
 Old time and nature their changes tell ;  
 But never ranging, still unchanging,  
 I adore my bonnie Bell.

BURNS.

Hæc loca jam recolo, vigilique in pectore servo,  
 Et luctus numero, sicut avarus opes ;  
 Cura impressa manet, longoque fit altior ævo,  
 Altior ut crebra est facta canalis aqua.  
 O loquere, exanimis mihi carior umbra puellæ,  
 Qua tibi concessa est sede beata quies ?  
 Anne tuum in terra dejectum cernis amantem,  
 Anne audis lacero quæ gemit ille sinu ?


1843.

*Bellula.*

NGREDITUR ridens anni Ver tempore primo,  
 Tuensque torva Bruma diffugit ferox ;  
 Nunc pellucidior vitro delabitur amnis,  
 Nitetque clarus axe cœrulo polus ;  
 Exsuperat montes diffindens nubila Mane,  
 Fretumque tingit igne Vesper aureo ;  
 Omnia lætantur redeuntis conscia solis,  
 Vidensque lætor ipse Bellulam meam.  
 En, Ver Æstatem florens inducit apricam,  
 Eam subinde flava proterit Ceres,  
 Tunc fera Bruma venit densa caligine, donec  
 Amœna Veris aura rursus advenit.  
 Sic gyros ineunt Horæ, sic labitur ætas,  
 Vicesque tempus edit atque ager suas ;  
 Semper ego at constans, nullo mutabilis ævo,  
 Amo fidelis usque Bellulam meam.

1843.

*Mary.*


 SAW thy form in youthful prime,  
 Nor thought that pale decay  
 Would steal before the steps of time,  
 And waste its bloom away, Mary.  
 Yet still thy features wore that light  
 Which fleets not with the breath,  
 And life ne'er looked more truly bright  
 Than in thy smile of death, Mary.

As streams that run o'er golden mines,  
 Yet humbly, calmly glide,  
 Nor seem to know the wealth that shines  
 Within their gentle tide, Mary ;  
 So, veiled beneath the simplest guise  
 Thy radiant genius shone ;  
 And that which charmed all other eyes  
 Seemed worthless in thy own, Mary.


If souls could always dwell above,  
 Thou ne'er hadst left that sphere ;  
 Or, could we keep the souls we love,  
 We ne'er had lost thee here, Mary.  
 Though many a gifted mind we meet,  
 Though fairest forms we see ;  
 To live with them is far less sweet,  
 Than to remember thee, Mary.

MOORE.

*Simplex munditiis.*

 ELIA, te primæ spectans in flore juventæ,  
 Haud metui roseum  
 Ne macies infesta decus violaret adorta  
 Temporis ante pedes ;  
 Sed fugientis adhuc animæ lux illa superstes  
 Mansit in ore tuo ;  
 Mortua tu rides, in vita clarior unquam  
 Non tibi risus erat.  
 Ut super auriferis quæ labitur unda metallis  
 Carpit iter placidum,  
 Nec scit quot taciti pretiosæ in fluminis alveo  
 Divitiæ lateant ;  
 Sic, tibi munditiis velatum et simplice vultu  
 Ingenium nituit ;  
 Quodque aliorum oculos mira dulcedine cepit,  
 Id tibi vile fuit.  
 Nolueris superas, ibi si mora longa daretur,  
 Deseruisse plagas :  
 Nec te, si retinere animas fas esset amatas,  
 Delia, fleverimus.  
 Hic quamvis plures bene culta mente videmus  
 Queis decus eximium est,  
 Inter eas minus heu ! dulce est errare puellas,  
 Quam meminisse tui.

*He and She.**He.*

HAT the bee is to the floweret,  
 When he looks for honey-dew  
 Through the leaves that close embower it,  
 That, my love, I'll be to you.


*She.* What the bank, with verdure glowing,  
 Is to waves that wander near,  
 Whispering kisses while they're going,  
 That I'll be to you, my dear.

*She.* But they say the bee's a rover,  
 That he'll fly when sweets are gone ;  
 And, when once the kiss is over,  
 Faithless brooks will wander on.

*He.* Nay, if flowers will lose their looks,  
 If sunny banks will wear away ;  
 'Tis but right that bees and brooks  
 Should sip and kiss them while they may.

MOORE.

*The Chevalier's Lament.*


HE small birds rejoice in the green leaves re-  
 turning,  
 The murmuring streamlet winds clear through  
 the vale,

The hawthorn trees blow in the dews of the morning,  
 And wild scattered cowslips bedeck the green dale ;  
 But what can give pleasure, or what can seem fair,  
 While the lingering moments are numbered by care ?

No flowers gaily springing, nor birds sweetly singing  
 Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair.



*Carmen Amœbæum.**Thyrsis.*

UALIS floribus est apis,  
Nexos per calices roscida sedulis  
Quærens mella laboribus,

Talis, cara Chloe, talis ero tibi.

*Chloe.* Qualis prætereuntibus  
Undis ripa novo cespite florida  
Se dat molliter osculans,


Talis, care puer, talis ero tibi.

*Chloe.* Sed mutabilis est apis,  
Raptis quæ subito mellibus avolat ;  
Et cum surpuit osculum,  
Fallax unda vago flumine labitur.

*Thyrsis.* Si flos deperit, aurea  
Lymphis si teritur ripa fugacibus,  
Undas quis vetet aut apes  
Rores dum maneant carpere et oscula.

1843.

*Vagus et exul.*

N, volucres gaudent jam frondibus arborum re-  
natis,

Vallemque rivus murmurans pererrat ;

Jam matutinis in roribus albicant ligustra,

Passimque vernant primulæ per arva :

Sed quid ferre potest mihi gaudia, quid mihi venustum est,

Cura morantes dum notantur horæ ?

Non flos purpureum pandens decus alitisve carmen

Spem destituto pectori reducent.

The deed that I dared, could it merit their malice,  
 A king and a father to place on his throne?  
 His right are these hills, and his right are these valleys,  
 Where the wild beasts find shelter, but I can find none.  
 But 'tis not my sufferings thus wretched, forlorn,  
 My brave gallant friends, 'tis your ruin I mourn ;  
 Your deeds proved so loyal in hot bloody trial,  
 Alas ! can I make you no sweeter return.

BURNS.

*Farewell to Erin.*

HERE is the slave so lowly,  
 Condemned to chains unholy,  
 Who could he burst  
 His bonds at first,  
 Would pine beneath them slowly ?  
 What soul whose wrongs degrade it,  
 Would wait till time decayed it,  
 When thus its wing  
 At once may spring  
 To the throne of Him who made it ?  
 Farewell Erin, farewell all  
 Who live to weep our fall.

Less dear the laurel growing,  
 Alive, untouched and blowing,  
 Than that whose braid  
 Is plucked to shade  
 The brows with victory glowing.  
 We tread the land that bore us,  
 Her green flag glitters o'er us,  
 The friends we've tried  
 Are by our side,

Anne meum facinus posset grave crimen imputari,  
 Quod regna Regi redderem patrique ?  
 Illius hi valles atque hæc juga, queis feræ teguntur,  
 Celare nolunt filium fugacem.  
 At non, o comites, tam me piget hos pati dolores,  
 Quam vos eodem perdidisse casu ;  
 Tam bene fecistis discrimine Martis in cruento,  
 O si rependam suaviora vobis.

1843.

*Vale.*

UISNAM est nefandi tam patiens jugi,  
 Ignava quemnam mens ita comprimit,  
 Torperet ut lenta ruina  
 Rumpere si poterit catenas ?  
 Quis corda fœdis conditionibus  
 Subjecta frangi tempore dederet,  
 Nec præpes in cœli serena  
 Templâ levi properaret ala ?  
 Dilecta Ierne terra, mihi vale !  
 Et vos valete hic vivere queis diu  
 Fortuna dat, nostrique multis  
 Cum lacrymis meminisse fati.  
 Quæ laurus alta pullulat arbore  
 Intonsa, non tam cara mihi nitet,  
 Quam quæ triumphanti coronam  
 Suppeditat bene texta fronti.  
 Materna tellus sub pedibus jacet,  
 Supra coruscant signa virentia,  
 Adstamus hic fidis amicis,  
 Hostis et inde fuit perosus.  
 Dilecta Ierne terra, mihi vale !

And the foe we hate before us.  
Farewell, Erin, farewell all  
Who live to weep our fall.

MOORE.

*Goose-step.*

**G**OOSEY, goosey, gander,  
Where do you wander ;  
Upstairs, downstairs,  
In my lady's chamber ?

Old Father Longlegs wouldn't say his prayers ;  
Take him by the left leg, and throw him down the stairs.

NURSERY RHYME.

*Fair as a Rose.*

**B**EAUTEOUS rosebud, young and gay,  
Blooming in thy early May,  
Never may'st thou, lovely flower,  
Chilly shrink in sleety shower ;  
Never Boreas' hoary path,  
Never Eurus' poisonous breath,  
Never baleful stellar lights  
Taint thee with untimely blights !  
Never, never reptile thief  
Riot on thy virgin leaf ;  
Nor even Sol too fiercely view  
Thy bosom blushing still with dew.  
May'st thou long, sweet crimson gem,  
Richly deck thy native stem,  
Till some evening, sober, calm,  
Dropping dews and breathing balm,

Et vos valete hic vivere queis diu  
 Fortuna dat, nostrique multis  
 Cum lacrymis meminisse fati.

1843.

*Carmen Anserinum.*

**A**NSER ineptissime,  
 Quo vagaris, pessime?  
 Sursum, deorsum,

In Dominæ cubiculum.

Senex ille Longipes

Noluit precari;

Hunc sinistra rapies

In scalas talari.

1843.

*Pæstaniæ æmula rosis.*

**V**IRGO quæ teneræ gemma velut rosæ,  
 Maio mense viges, læta puellula,  
 Te ne qua asperior, pulchra, nivalibus

Cœli temperies congelet imbribus,

Nec fraudem Boreas conserat algidus,

Eurus nec pluvio morbifer aere,

Neu, sit si qua polo stella malignior,

Immatura tibi funera præparet:

Te nunquam violet cæca licentia,

Furtive peredens virgineum decus,

Nec Phœbus nimiis torreat ignibus

Casto pectora adhuc rore rubentia.

Sic tu, purpureis gemma coloribus,

Natalis vigeas stirpis honor diu,

Donec sub placido vespere, sobrius

Quando ros fluit atque halat odoribus

While all around the woodland rings,  
 And every bird thy requiem sings,  
 Thou, amid the dirgeful sound,  
 Shed thy dying honours round,  
 And resign to parent earth  
 The loveliest form she e'er gave birth.

BURNS.

*Circumstance.*

**T**WO children in two neighbour villages,  
 Playing mad pranks along the heathy leas ;  
 Two strangers meeting at a festival ;  
 Two lovers whispering by an orchard wall ;  
 Two lives bound fast in one with golden ease ;  
 Two graves grass-green beside a gray church-tower,  
 Wash'd with still rains and daisy-blossomed ;  
 Two children in one hamlet born and bred :  
 So runs the round of life from hour to hour.

TENNYSON.

*Winter.*

**T**HIS done ! dread Winter spreads his latest glooms,  
 And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year.  
 How dead the vegetable kingdom lies !  
 How dumb the tuneful ! Horror wide extends  
 His desolate domain. Behold, fond man,  
 See here thy pictured life. Pass some few years,  
 Thy flowering Spring, thy Summer's ardent strength,  
 Thy sober Autumn fading into age,  
 And pale concluding Winter comes at last  
 And shuts the scene. Ah ! whither now are fled  
 Those dreams of greatness ; those unsolid hopes

Æther, et silvas carmina personant,  
 Atque omnis requiem cantat avis tibi,  
 Inter dulcisonæ murmura nœniæ,  
 Sternas emoriens omne decus solo,  
 Et rursum accipiat terra parens tuam  
 Formam, qua genita est nulla venustior.

1843.

Ὁ καθ' ἡμέραν βίος.

ΠΑΙΔΕ δὺω συνίοντε δυοῖν ἄπο γείτονε κώμαιν  
 καὶ νεαρῶς παῖσδοντ' ἀνὰ λειμάκας ἀνθεμόντας·  
 κᾶτα δὺω ξέινω σύναμ' ἀντομένω κατ' ἑορτήν·  
 κᾶτα δὺω φιλέοντε παρ' ὄρχατον ἀδὺν λαλεῦντε·  
 κᾶτα δὺω ψυχὰ σὺν χρυσείοισι δεθείσα  
 ζεύγεσιν ἀσυχίας· πολιοῦ δὲ παρέγγυθι ναοῦ  
 ποιήεντε τάφω δροσεροῖς μελίγμασιν ὄμβρων  
 τεγγομένω μαλακῶς, αἰὲν γλάκωνα φέροντε·  
 καὶ δὺο παῖδε τραφέντε μᾶ συνομάλικε κώμα·  
 τοῖος δὴ βίος ἀμμὶν ἐποίχεται ἄμαρ ἐπ' ἄμαρ.

1844.

*Bruma recurrit iners.*



CTUM est : extremas pandit fera Bruma tenebras,

Et victo dominatur inexorabilis anno.

Quam late torpent silvæ, quam pascua ruris !


Quam volucrum genus omne silet ! Pavor undique  
 mœstum

Vindicat imperium. Tali sub imagine vitam  
 En ! Marcelle tuam : brevis hora supervenit horam,  
 Est modo Ver florens, ardens modo viribus Æstas,  
 Autumnusque gravi incessu, vergente senecta ;  
 Donec in extremo scenam illætabilis actu  
 Intercludit Hyems. Quo nunc ea grandia vitæ

Of happiness ; those longings after fame ;  
 Those restless cares ; those busy bustling days ;  
 Those gay-spent festive nights ; those veering thoughts,  
 Lost between good and ill, that shared thy life ?  
 All now are vanished. Virtue sole survives,  
 Immortal, never-failing friend of man,  
 His guide to happiness on high.


THOMSON.

*Inscription on a Dog's Collar.*

 E ne promets point de largesse,  
 Quiconque me trouvera ;  
 Si'l me ramene à ma maitresse,  
 Pour recompense la verra.

ANON.

*The Pleasures of the Country.*

 Y Chloris, mark how green the groves,  
 The primrose banks how fair ;  
 The balmy gales awake the flowers,  
 And wave thy flaxen hair.

The lav'rock shuns the palace gay,  
 And o'er the cottage sings ;  
 For Nature smiles as sweet, I ween,  
 To shepherds 'as to kings.

Let minstrels sweep the skilfu' string  
 In lordly lighted ha' ;  
 The shepherd stops his simple reed,  
 Blythe in the birken shaw.



Somnia fugerunt ; quo spes evanida, quæ tot  
 Gaudia promisit ; quo famæ et laudis orexis ;  
 Anxietas animi, labor officiumque dierum ;  
 Quo noctes cœnæque Deum ; ventosaque vota,  
 Fasque nefasque inter trepidam rapientia mentem ?  
 Omnia deperiere : manet tecum una superstes  
 Fida comes Virtus homini, quæ nescia vinci,  
 Immortalem animam ad cœlestia gaudia ducit.

1844.

*Inscriptum in Canis Collari.*

ME refer errantem : non indotatus abibis ;  
 Aspicias dominam, nec pete plura, meam.

1845.

ἮΝ με τάχ' Ἰλιόνη κατάγης οὐ μίσθον ἀποίσεις  
 χροῦσεον, ἀλλ' αὐτήν ὄψαι Ἰλιόνην.

1846.

*Gaudia Ruris.*

GLORIS, nonne vides foliis nemus omne virescit,  
 Quam nitet in verno primula multa solo ;  
 Mollior in vitam revocat nova germina florum,  
 Auratasque tibi ventilat aura comas.  
 Regificas ædes et celsa palatia vitans  
 Læta super parvam cantat alaуда casam ;  
 Gaudia pastori prodit Natura vel imo,  
 Nec plures novit rex metuendus opes.  
 Fila licet citharæ bene docto pollice vates  
 Verrat, ubi lychnis atria clara nitent ;  
 Incomptum pastor modulatur carmen avena,  
 Qua gracili tegmen betula fronde parat.

The princely revel may survey  
 Our rustic dance wi' scorn ;  
 But are their hearts as light as ours,  
 Beneath the milk-white thorn ?

The shepherd in the flowery glen  
 In shepherd's phrase will woo ;  
 The courtier tells a finer tale,  
 But is his heart as true ?

These wild-wood flowers I've pu'd to deck  
 That spotless breast o' thine ;  
 The courtier's gems may witness love—  
 But 'tis na love like mine.

BURNS.

## Επιγραμμα.

ΝΥΚΤΙΚΟΡΑΞ ἄδει θανατήφορον, ἀλλ' ὅταν ἄση  
 Δημόφιλος, θνήσκει καὶ τὸς ὁ νυκτικώραξ.

ANTHOLOGIA GRÆCA.

*The Luxury of Woe.*


SNATCHED away in beauty's bloom,  
 On thee shall press no ponderous tomb,  
 But on thy turf shall roses rear  
 Their leaves, the earliest of the year,  
 And the wild cypress wave in tender gloom.

And oft by yon blue gushing stream,  
 Shall Sorrow lean her drooping head,  
 And feed deep thought with many a dream,  
 And lingering pause and lightly tread ;  
 Fond wretch ! as if her step disturbed the dead.

Despiciant proceres elati gaudia nostra,  
 Ducimus ut festos, rustica turba, choros ;  
 Corda sed his pulsant non tam segura malorum,  
 Qualia sub niveo pectora nostra rubo.  
 Phyllida sectatur florenti in valle Menalcas,  
 Et pastorali pastor amore petit ;  
 Aulicus eloquio nos vincere possit amator,  
 Crede mihi, calet huic haud ita verus amor.  
 En, tibi silvestres legi, carissima, flores,  
 Ut decorent castum munera casta sinum ;  
 Insigni princeps testetur iaspide flammam,  
 Sed longe meus est antefendus amor.


1846.

*In cantorem malum.*


 OCTUA conqueritur ferali carmine, sed quum  
 Demophilus cantat noctua et ipsa perit.

1846.

*Χαρμοναὶ δακρύων.*


 RAPTA in ipso flore pulchritudinis,  
 Te non sepulcri pondus ignavum premet,  
 Tuum sed usque cespitem teget rosa  
 Primigena veris ; hic tremet silvestribus  
 Umbris cupressus nigra sed mollis tamen ;  
 Et cæulos acclinis ad fontes aquæ,  
 Hic somniabit ore demissus Dolor,  
 Desiderique pascet angorem sui,  
 Vix immoranti cespitem premens pede ;  
 Frustra—sepultos iste non turbat gradus.

Away : we know that tears are vain,  
 That Death nor heeds nor hears distress :  
 Will this unteach us to complain,  
 Or make one mourner weep the less ?  
 And thou, who tell'st me to forget,  
 Thy looks are wan, thine eyes are wet.

BYRON.

*Amor's Pfeil.*

**A**MOR'S Pfeil hat Widerspißen,  
 Wen er traf, der laß' ihn sißen,  
 Und erdulb' ein wenig Schmerz :  
 Wer geprüften Rath verachtet,  
 Und ihn auszureißen trachtet,  
 Der zerfleischt ganz sein Herz.

BÜRGER.

*Sorrow's Shadow.*

**H**AS sorrow thy young days shaded,  
 As clouds o'er the morning fleet ?  
 Too fast have those young days faded,  
 That even in sorrow were sweet.  
 Does Time with his cold wing wither  
 Each feeling that once was so dear ?  
 Then, child of misfortune, come hither,  
 I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.  
 Has Love to that soul so tender  
 Been like our Lagenian mine,  
 Where sparkles of golden splendour  
 All over the surface shine ?

At, at querelis parce ; nil fletus valent,  
 Nec curat atra Mors neque exaudit preces ;  
 Esto : quis inde dedocebitur queri ?  
 Unone flentum turba sic fiet minor ?  
 Tuque, o malorum qui jubes oblivia,  
 Tibi ora pallent, fletibus madent genæ.

1846.

*Acuens sagittas.*


ἼΘΥ' παλιγνάμπτοισιν Ἔρωσ καλάμοισιν ἰάπτει  
 τλήθι μιν, οὐ χαλεπὸν κέντρον ἔχει τὸ βέλος·  
 Ἐι δὲ τόδ' ὑβρίζων περιᾶς κατὰ κάρτος ἀποσπᾶν,  
 νήπιε μὴ τὴν σὴν ἐξερούσης κραδίην.

1846.

Hamata pharetratus Amór petit, Aule, sagitta ;  
 Hærentem tolera, non grave vulnus erit ;  
 Viribus at si quis fatale evellere telum  
 Audeat, infelix cor trahet ipse suum.

1871.

*Ne doleas plus nimio.*

 N dolor umbravit tibi primæ tempora vitæ,  
 Hispida ceu verrunt nubila mane polum ?  
 Heu ! cito fugerunt ea primæ tempora vitæ,

Tristia, sed quamvis tristia, grata tamen.  
 An tibi, si quid erat cari dum fulserit ætas,  
 Sub gelidi penna Temporis omne perit ?  
 Huc ades, infausto ploras quæ sidere nata,  
 Stillabit lacrymis par mea gutta tuis.  
 An te lusit Amor, teneri malus incola cordis,  
 Nos ut Lagenici falsa metalla soli,  
 Auriferæ fulgent ubi versæ vomere glebæ,  
 Et late in campis dives arena micat ?


But if in pursuit we go deeper,  
 Allured by the gleam that shone,  
 Ah ! false as the dream of the sleeper,  
 Like Love, the bright ore is gone.

Has Hope, like the bird in the story,  
 That flitted from tree to tree,  
 With the talisman's glittering glory—  
 Has Hope been that bird to thee ?  
 On branch after branch alighting,  
 The gem did she still display,  
 And when nearest and most inviting,  
 Then waft the fair gem away ?

If thus the sweet hours have fled,  
 When Sorrow herself looked bright ;  
 If thus the fond hope has cheated,  
 That led thee along so light ;  
 If thus too, the cold world wither  
 Each feeling that once was dear,  
 Come, child of misfortune, come hither,  
 I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

MOORE.

*All that's Bright must Fade.*

HEN Mirth is full and free,  
 Some sudden gloom shall be ;  
 When haughty power mounts high,  
 The watcher's axe is nigh.  
 All growth has bound ; when greatest found,  
 It hastes to die.

When the rich town that long  
 Has lain its huts among,

Si quis at inferius terræ explorare recessus  
 Deceptus specie splendidiore petat,  
 Heu ! velut aufugiunt evanida somnia noctis,  
 Fallax vena perit—te quoque fallit Amor.  
 An te, sicut avis quam fabula narrat Eoum  
 Nunc huc nunc illuc pervolitasse nemus,  
 Dum magico gessit signatam nomine gemmam,  
 Duxit in incertas Spes fugitiva vias ?  
 Illane per ramos trepidans medio usque volatu  
 Sistit iter, nitidum dum tibi prodit onus,  
 Amplexu et propior quando sese offerat ultro,  
 Ex oculis prædam tunc inopina rapit ?  
 Si pede festino sic fugit amabilis hora,  
 Quum speciem nitidam præbuit ipse dolor ;  
 Si, sic deludens te Spes ea blanda fefellit,  
 Dum tibi securos suasit adesse dies ;  
 Si sic, quidquid erat cari, si quidquid amati,  
 Sub gelidi penna Temporis omne perit, \*  
 Huc ades, infausto ploras quæ sidere nata,  
 Stillabit lacrymis par mea gutta tuis.

1846.

*Summis negatur stare diu.*




NTER soluti gaudia pectoris  
 Persæpe nubes ingruit horrida ;  
 Utcunque sublimi potestas  
 Summa sedens dominatur arce,  
 Ultor securim præparat. Omnia  
 Quæ procreantur limite parvulo  
 Clauduntur, atque in majus aucta  
 Funere deproperant caduco.  
 En ! qua per agros sparsa mapalia  
 Dudum latebant, urbs nova colligit  
 Cæmenta, et insigni domorum  
 Mole nimis locuples superbit,

Buils court and palace vast,  
 And vaunts—it shall not last.  
 Bright tints that shine are but a sign  
 Of summer past.

And when thine eye surveys  
 With fond adoring gaze,  
 And yearning heart thy friend,  
 Love to its grave doth tend.  
 All gifts below, save Faith, but grow  
 Towards an end.


LYRA APOSTOLICA.

*Sur un Portrait.*

NFANT de l'art, enfant de la Nature,  
 Plus je suis vrai, plus je suis imposture ;  
 Sans prolonger la vie, j'empêche de mourir,  
 Et je deviens trop jeune à force de vieillir.

VOLTAIRE.

*Psalm CXXVI.*

HEN the Lord turned again the captivity of Sion,  
 Then were we like unto them that dream ;  
 Then was our mouth filled with laughter,  
 And our tongue with joy.  
 Then said they among the heathen,  
 The Lord hath done great things for them :  
 Yea, the Lord hath done great things for us already,  
 Whereof we rejoice.  
 Turn our captivity, O Lord,  
 As the rivers in the south.



Mansura paullum : mox cadet obruta  
 Turpi ruina. Silva coloribus  
 Quam vestit Autumnus coruscis,  
 Omen habet morientis anni ;  
 Et cum sodalem pectore sedulo  
 Fixusque amanti lumine suspicis,  
 Jam nunc sepulcrales inire  
 Fluxus Amor properat tenebras.  
 Quæcunque nobis sunt data munera  
 Injurioso limite temporis  
 Urgentur, indefessa longo  
 Sola Fides stabilitur ævo.

1846.

## Ἐἰς Ζωγραφίαν.

ΤΗΣ τέχνης βρέφος εἶμι· Φύσις δέ με γείνατο μητήρ·  
 ὅσσον ἔχω ψεῦδος, τόσσον ἀληθές ἔχω.  
 οὐ βίον ἐκτείνειν δύναμαι, θάνατον δ' ἀπερύκω,  
 καὶν γηρᾷ λίαν παρ νεότητι μένω.

1846.


*Sion liberata.*

QUANDO Deus exulantes  
 Nos Sione, et evagantes  
 Strenua manu reduxit,  
 Sicut somnium illuxit  
 Ille dies candidus ;  
 Ora risus mox implebat,  
 Lingua gaudium prodebat ;  
 Exteræ dixere gentes,  
 Vim Jehovæ confitentes,  
 Magna fecit Dominus.  
 Immo, magna jam videmus,

They that sow in tears, shall reap in joy ;  
 He that now goeth on his way weeping,  
 And beareth forth good seed,  
 Shall doubtless come again with joy,  
 And bring his sheaves with him.


PRAYER BOOK VERSION.

*Give and Take.*

 NEVER give a kiss," says Prue,  
 "To naughty man, for I abhor it."  
 She will not *give* a kiss, 'tis true,  
 She'll *take* one though, and thank you for it.

MOORE.

*Haymaking.*

PON the grass no longer hangs the dew ;  
 Forth hies the mower with his glittering scythe ;  
 In snowy shirt bedight, and all unbraced,  
 He moves athwart the mead with sideling bend,  
 And lays the grass in many a swathe line.  
 In every field, in every lawn and meadow  
 The rousing voice of industry is heard ;  
 The haycock rises, and the frequent rake  
 Sweeps on the fragrant hay in heavy wreaths.  
 The old and young, the weak and strong, are there,  
 And, as they can, help on the cheerful work.  
 The father jeers his awkward, half-grown lad,  
 Who trails his tawdry armful o'er the field ;  
 Nor does he fear the jeering to repay.

Clara facta queis gaudemus :  
 Verte, Deus, fugam plebis,  
 Reddens gaudium, ut glebis  
     Sole tostis fluvius.  
 Sevimus heu ! lacrymantes,  
 Sed non frustra laborantes ;  
 Mox metemus lætiores,  
 Segetesque uberiores  
     Fructus erunt prosperus.

1846.

*Acceptis obligatur.*

**B**ASIA nulla viris dat Galla, hoc vitat et odit ;  
 Non dabit, accipiet sed data Galla lubens.

1850.

*Fœnisecium.*

**N**ON de maturo jam pendent gramine rores ;  
 Egreditur messor, discinctus, veste nivali,  
 Perque humeros falcem splendentia sustinet  
     arma.

En, ubi trans pratium obliquo sinuamine fertur,  
 Et longo sectum prosternit in aggere gramen.  
 Undique per campos saltusque et fervida rura  
 Provocat agricolas vox indefessa laboris ;  
 Conlati surgunt cumuli, rastrisque juvenus  
 Verrit odorati graviora volumina fœni.  
 Infirmi certant validis, juvenesque senesque  
 Jucundo auxilium penso pro viribus addunt.  
 Incultum puerum senior male salsus adurget,  
 Vix amplectentem fasces ægreque trahentem ;  
 Nec timet audaci puer ista rependere lingua.

The village oracle and simple maid  
Jest in their turns, and raise the ready laugh.  
All are companions in the general glee ;  
Authority hard-favour'd frowns not there.

Some, more advanced, raise up the lofty rick,  
Whilst on its top doth stand the parish toast,  
In loose attire, with swelling ruddy cheek ;  
With taunts and harmless mockery she receives  
The toss'd-up heaps from fork of simple youth,  
Who, staring on her, takes his aim awry,  
While half the load falls back upon himself.  
Loud is her laugh, her voice is heard afar ;  
The mower, busied on the distant lawn,  
The carter, trudging on his dusty way,  
The shrill sound know, their bonnets toss in the air,  
And roar across the field to catch her notice ;  
She waves her arm to them, and shakes her head,  
And then renews her work with double spirit.

Thus do they jest and laugh away their toil,  
Till the bright sun, now past his middle course,  
Shoots down his fiercest beams which none may brave ;  
The stoutest arm feels listless, and the swart  
And brawny-shoulder'd clown begins to fail ;  
But to the weary, lo ! there comes relief ;  
A troop of welcome children o'er the lawn  
With slow and wary steps approach, some bear  
In baskets oaten cakes, or barley scones,  
And gusty cheese, and stoups of milk or whey.  
Beneath the branches of a spreading tree,  
Or by the shady side of the tall rick,  
They spread their homely fare, and seated round  
Taste every pleasure that a feast can give.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

Rusticus hic Nestor simplexque puella vicissim  
 Fundere sæpe jocos, celeremque iterare cachinnum.  
 Lætitiæ se dant omnes socioque lepori ;  
 Nec lusus vetat innocuos frons torva magistri.

Interea, exstructum est alia fœnile caterva,  
 Cujus summa tenet fastigia, veste soluta,  
 Phyllis, amor pagi, nitida rubicunda juventa.  
 Scilicet illa jocans, expers sed criminis, herbam  
 Excipit imberbis furca quam tollit agrestis,  
 Qui fixis inhians oculis male dirigit ictum,  
 Parsque oneris retro sublapsa, en, obruit ipsum.  
 Ridentis longe vox est audita puellæ ;  
 Agnovere sonum distanti in rure colonus  
 Torrida prata metens, et qui per compita lentum  
 Pulverulentus agit plastrum, jactantque galeros  
 Ad cœlum, raucoque boant clamore puellæ  
 Ut captent oculos ; hæc tendens brachia contra  
 Dat signum, nutatque caput, tunc strenua rursus  
 Intercisam operam geminatis viribus urget.

Sic durum fallunt salibus risuque laborem,  
 Donec Sol medium superans jam clarior axem  
 Dejicit ardentes, nulli tolerabilis, ignes.  
 Brachia adusta cadunt, languet fortissimus omnis,  
 Pondus et ingentes humeri perferre recusant ;  
 Sed venit en, fessis requies finisque laborum ;  
 Namque super clivum pede cauto infantia pagi,  
 Agmen adest gratum : calathis hi prandia portant,  
 Triticeasque molas, aut panem vilis avenæ ;  
 Caseus est aliis fragrans, et pocula lactis  
 Dulcia. Sub patulæ recubantes frondibus ulmi,  
 Aut circumfusi gelida fœnilis in umbra,  
 Disponunt mensas humiles, epulasque ministrant  
 Ruricolæ, nihilo pejores divite cœna.

*Snowflake.*

**T**HE envious snow came down in haste,  
 To prove her breast less fair ;  
 But, when it found itself surpassed,  
 Dissolved into a tear.

ANON.

*Bear and Forbear.*

**I**F this great world of joy and pain  
 Revolve in one sure track ;  
 If Freedom set will rise again,  
 And Virtue flown come back ;  
 Wo ! to the purblind crew who fill  
 The heart with each day's care,  
 Nor gain from past or future, skill  
 To bear and to forbear.

WORDSWORTH.

*The Sovereignty of Death.*

**R**EAD softly, bow the head,  
 In reverent silence bow :  
 No passing bell doth toll,  
 Yet an immortal soul  
 Is passing now.

Stranger, however great,  
 With lowly reverence bow ;  
 There's one in that poor shed,  
 One by that paltry bed,  
 Greater than thou.

*Candidior nivibus.*

**I**NVIDA præcipiti cecidit nix fusa volatu,  
 Candidior dominæ quippe probanda meæ ;  
 Seque dolens vinci plusquam candore nivali,  
 Protinus imbellem solvitur in lacrymam.

1854.

*Parcere et peripeti.*

**S**I varii luctus, si vasti gaudia mundi  
 Certo recurrunt ordine ;  
 Si cadit ut sera Libertas luce resurgat,  
 Fugata si Virtus redit ;  
 Væ ! nimium cæcos, saturat quibus anxia corda  
 Quod hora fert præsens mali,  
 Qui nec præteritis discunt nec sorte futura,  
 Quid sit pati, quid parcere.

1856.

*Mors æqua.*

**I**NITER intrato : præsentem ut numine coram,  
 Nube caput, tacito flecte timore genu ;  
 Nulla sonat mortem campana, sed ultima mortis  
 Immortali animæ nunc obeunda via est.  
 Nube caput, vocem cohibens formidine sacra,  
 Vivas quantumvis magnus in ore virum ;  
 Angusto cernis majorem adstare cubili,  
 Hospes fumoso sub lare major adest.

## LUSUS INTERCISI.

Beneath that beggar's roof  
 Lo, Death doth keep his state ;  
 Enter : no crowds attend,  
 Enter : no guards defend  
 This palace-gate.

That pavement damp and cold  
 No smiling courtiers tread ;  
 One silent woman stands,  
 Lifting with meagre hands  
 A dying head.

No mingling voices sound ;  
 An infant wail alone,  
 A sob suppressed—again  
 That short deep gasp, and then  
 The parting groan.

Oh, change ! oh, wondrous change !  
 Burst are the prison bars ;  
 This moment there so low,  
 So agonized,—and now  
 Beyond the stars.

Oh, change ! stupendous change !  
 There lies the soulless clod ;  
 The Sun eternal breaks,  
 The new immortal wakes,  
 Wakes with his God.

MRS. SOUTHEY.

*The rapture of the lonely shore.*

**B**REAK, break, break !  
 On the cold gray stones, O sea ;  
 And I would that my tongue could utter  
 The thoughts that arise in me.



Scilicet hos inter pannos, sub paupere tecto,  
 Mors sceptræ et fasces imperiosa tenet ;  
 Ingredere : hæc nullis stipata est aula ministris,  
 Ingredere : en, nullo milite sæpta domus.  
 Nulla salutantum stat circum læta clientum  
 Turba, pavimenti aut humida saxa premit ;  
 Assidet una silens moribundi fœmina lecto,  
 Sustinet et macra languida colla manu.  
 Non voces mixtæ, tantum singultus in ore  
 Pressus, et infantis parva querela sonant ;  
 Mox iterum ex imo suspiria pectore ducta,  
 Tumque gravi gemitu spiritus actus abit.  
 O quales quantæque vices ! discrimine miro  
 Franguntur trepidæ ferrea claustra domus :  
 Quæ modo vilis erat, tantis cruciatibus acta,  
 Sidera nunc rapida vult superare fuga.  
 O quales quantæque vices ! mens territa cedit ;  
 En, jacet exanimum nil nisi corpus humi ;  
 At somno excusso, fruitur novus incola cœli  
 Aspectuque Dei, perpetuoque die.

1858.

Βῆ δ' ἀκέων παρὰ Σίνα.



CANAS, O Mare turbidum,  
 Cautes tunde tuis, tunde fragoribus ;  
 Vellem sic ego promere  
 Quæ concepta latent corde sub intimo.

O, well for the fisherman's boy,  
 That he shouts with his sister at play ;  
 O, well for the sailor-lad,  
 That he sings in his boat on the bay.

And the stately ships go on  
 To their haven under the hill :  
 But, O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,  
 And the sound of a voice that is still.

Break, break, break !  
 At the foot of thy crags, O sea ;  
 But the tender grace of a day that is dead  
 Will never come back to me.

TENNYSON.

*Vivien.*


**B**UT Vivien, fearing Heaven had heard her oath,  
 And dazzled by the livid-flickering fork,  
 And deafen'd with the stammering cracks and  
 claps

That follow'd, flying back and crying out,  
 " O Merlin, tho' you do not love me, save,  
 Yet save me," clung to him and hugg'd him close,  
 And call'd him dear protector in her fright,  
 Nor yet forgot her practice in her fright,  
 But wrought upon his mood, and hugg'd him close.  
 The pale blood of the wizard at her touch  
 Took gayer colours, like an opal warm'd.  
 She blamed herself for telling hearsay tales ;  
 She shook from fear, and for her fault she wept  
 Of petulancy ; she call'd him lord and liege,  
 Her seer, her bard, her silver star of eve,  
 Her God, her Merlin, the one passionate love  
 Of her whole life ; and ever overhead

Felix qui strepitu puer  
 Ad lusus sociam provocat æmulos ;  
 Felix qui fragilem regens  
 Lintrem nauta rudes ingeminat modos.  
 Celsæ deveniunt rates  
 Portum sub viridi colle reconditum ;  
 Sed quo vox ea fugit, et  
 Dextræ dextra meæ juncta fideliter ?  
 Imas, O Mare pervicax,  
 Rupes tunde tuis, tunde fragoribus ;  
 Sed nil præteritum diem et  
 Vitæ molle mihi reddiderit decus.

1859.

*Quid fœmina possit.*

 T Canace, ne quis Deus impia sacramenta  
 Audierit metuens, necnon splendore corusco  
 Fulguris obcæcata oculos ignique trisulco,  
 Ictibus et tonitrus balbi obtudentibus aures  
 Territa, versa retro est, vatem clamoribus urgens,  
 “ Si te nullus amor movet, at me protege, tandem  
 Protege ;” se jungit vetulo, complexibus hærens  
 Jam propior : tutorem illum, compulsa pavore,  
 Carum appellabat. Necdum pavor excutit artem ;  
 Urget enim illecebris vel nunc complexibus hærens  
 Jam propior. Senis exsanguis, tangente puella,  
 Erubuere genæ, velut opalus igne calescit.  
 Se quoque culpari fassa est audita referre  
 Tam facilem. Tremefacta metu flens exprobrat iras  
 Ipsa sibi : illum etenim Regem sua corda tenere,  
 Fatidicum, vatemque, argentei vesperis astrum,  
 Divum, Tiresiamque ; uno se semper in illo  
 Arsisse, atque imas penetrarier igne medullas.

Bellow'd the tempest, and the rotten branch  
 Snapt in the rushing of the river-rain  
 Above them ; and in change of glare and gloom  
 Her eyes and neck glittering went and came.  
 Till now the storm, its burst of passion spent,  
 Moaning and calling out of other lands,  
 Had left the ravaged woodland yet once more  
 To peace ; and what should not have been had been,  
 For Merlin, overtalk'd and overworn,  
 Had yielded, told her all the charm, and slept.

TENNYSON.

*The Course of Evil.*

**N**OW'ST thou not all germs of evil  
 In thy heart await their time,  
 Not thyself, but God's restraining  
 Stays their growth of crime ?  
 Could'st thou boast, O child of weakness,  
 O'er the sons of wrong and strife,  
 Were their strong temptations planted  
 In thy path of life ?  
 Thou hast seen two streamlets gushing  
 From one fountain, clear and free,  
 But by widely varying channels  
 Searching for the sea.  
 Glideth one through greenest valleys,  
 Kissing them with lips still sweet ;  
 One, mad roaring down the mountains,  
 Stagnates at their feet.

WHITTIER.

Interea mugit supra caput ira procellæ,  
 Aridaque effusa pluviorum frangitur arbos  
 Diluvie; vicibus facis et caliginis atræ  
 Itque reditque nitor cervici oculisque puellæ.  
 Exhausta demum rabie, missoque furore,  
 Ex aliis rauco suspirans murmure terris  
 Tempestas iterum loca devastata quieti  
 Reddiderat. Sed facta manent quæ infecta manere  
 Debuerant, lassatus enim victusque loquela  
 Narrarat carmen vates somnoque jacebat.

1864.

*Dedecorant bene nata culpæ.*



ESCISNE Deli, semina quot geris  
 Fœcunda culpæ corde sub intimo  
 Celata, nec germen morari  
 Turpe, Deo nisi te juvante  
 Possis? Cruentum vulgus et impium  
 Spernis; sed istis qui melior fores,  
 Si te retardassent euntem  
 Non secus illecebræ potentes?  
 Sic bina eodem flumina vidimus  
 E fonte lymphis defluere integris,  
 Longeque diductis subinde  
 In pelagus properare vastum  
 Se fundere alveis. Hoc viridissimas  
 Valles pererrans, oscula pascuis  
 Mellita delibare gestit;  
 Cum fremitu violenter illud  
 Præceps ab altis desiliens jugis,  
 Insanienti volvitur impetu,  
 Mox subter illisum cavernis  
 Stagnat iners, lacus indecorus.

1864.

*Modest Worth.*

**A**S lamps burn silent with unconscious light,  
 So modest ease in Beauty shines most bright;  
 Unaiming charms with edge resistless fall,  
 And she who means no mischief does it all.

AARON HILL.

*Treason.*

**R**EASON doth never prosper; what's the  
 reason?  
 Why, when it prospers, none dare call it Treason.

SIR J. HARRINGTON.

*On a Poet.*

**H**EROES and kings, your distance keep,  
 In peace let one poor poet sleep,  
 Who never flattered folks like you :  
 Let Horace blush, and Virgil too.

POPE.

*Motley's the only wear.*

**H**ES, every poet is a fool :  
 By demonstration Ned can show it.  
 Happy, could Ned's inverted rule  
 Prove every fool to be a poet.

PRIOR.

*Pudor.*

**A**RDET ut in lychnis tacita lux inscia flamma,  
 Prælucescet formæ sic Pudor arte carens ;  
 Certior illa ferit quæ non direxerit ictus,  
 Et dare quæ nescit vulnera sola necat.

1864.

*Seditio.*

**P**ROSPERA seditio nunquam est : quæ causa sit,  
 audi :  
 Prospera non nomen seditionis habet.

1864.

*Procul este profani.*

**F**ESTE procul domini, Reges procul este, poeta  
 Pauper in ignota dormiat unus humo ;  
 Talibus hic nunquam studuit placuisse patronis ;  
 Dum legit hæc rubeat Flaccus, et ipse Maro.


1864.

*Discrimen Obscurum.*

**S**TULTORUM inscribi numero debere poetas  
 Rufus ait cunctos : id ratione probat.  
 Mallet, Rufe, tua mutata lege, poetis  
 Stultorum posses adnumerare gregem.

1864.

*The Death-bed.*

E watched her breathing through the night,  
 Her breathing soft and low,  
 As in her breast the wave of life  
 Kept heaving to and fro.


So silently we seemed to speak,  
 So slowly moved about,  
 As we had lent her half our powers  
 To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,  
 Our fears our hopes belied ;  
 We thought her dying when she slept,  
 And sleeping when she died.

For, when the morn came dim and sad,  
 And chill with early showers,  
 Her quiet eyelids closed : she had  
 Another morn than ours.

HOOD.


*In Memoriam.*

LEAVE thy praises unexpressed  
 In verse that brings myself relief,  
 And by the measure of my grief  
 I leave thy greatness to be guessed.

What practice, howsoe'er expert  
 In fitting aptest words to things,  
 Or voice, the richest-toned that sings,  
 Hath power to give thee as thou wert ?




*Macie confecta suprema.*

 ER noctem vigiles spirantia labra tuemur,  
 Languet ut in tremulo debilis aura sinu ;  
 Sanguis et in venis alterno molliter æstu  
 Fluctuat, æstivi ceu tumet unda maris.  
 Tempore nos illo vix pressa voce cubantem,  
 Vix motu audemus sollicitare pedum ;  
 Tanquam pars animæ nostræ data mutua posset  
 Exiguas vitæ continuare moras.  
 Spes modo deludens falsos monet esse timores,  
 Fallaces iterum spes monet esse timor ;  
 Dormiit ut virgo, visa est tunc cedere morti,  
 Mortua, tunc leni est visa sopore frui.  
 Nam, simul ac tristi rediit sol frigidus orbi,  
 Et matutino palluit imbri polus,  
 Composuit tranquilla oculos : affulserat illi  
 Clarior in cœlo Lux, aliusque Dies.

1865.

*Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori.*

 UM Musa luctus imminuit meos,  
 Te non apertis laudibus eloquor ;  
 Quanto sed exstares honore  
 Scire mei doceant dolores.  
 Quæ docta tam mens, quæve peritior  
 Aptare rebus verba valentia,  
 Quis vocis argutæ magister  
 Rite tuum memoraret ævum ?


I care not in these fading days  
 To raise a cry that lasts not long,  
 Or round thee with the breeze of song  
 To stir a little dust of praise.

Thy leaf has perished in the green ;  
 And while we breathe beneath the sun,  
 The world, which credits what is done,  
 Is cold to all that might have been.

So, here shall silence guard thy fame ;  
 But somewhere out of human view,  
 Whate'er thy hands are set to do  
 Is wrought with tumult of acclaim.


TENNYSON.

*Law of Life.*

IVE I, so live I,  
 To my Lord heartily,  
 To my Prince faithfully,  
 To my neighbour honestly,  
 Die I, so die I.

LONGFELLOW.

*An Incident in the Franco-German War.*

LAS for poor France ! her old spirit to waken,  
 Gambetta arrives from the sky by balloon ;  
 With her armies all captured, her strongholds all  
 taken,


What help can she look for but help from the Moon ?

H. J. H.

Non est meum languentia sæcula  
 Clamore vano rumpere, vel tibi,  
     Ceu pulverem ventus, canendo  
     Exiguas agitare laudes.  
 Flos, dum virebat, deperiit tuus ;  
 Est vita nobis et populus probans  
     Quod quisque perfecit, sed idem  
     Pollicito meliora durus.  
 Hic te silebit lingua fidelior ;  
 Donec locorum nescio quo latens,  
     Majore cum plausu labores  
     Exsequeris tibi destinatos.


1865.

*Vivere et Mori.*

UM vivo, hac mihi sit vivere regula :  
 Toto nil dubitans corde Deum colam,  
 In Regem mea sit nota fidelitas,  
 Intersim bonus atque integer omnibus ;  
 Tali sic mihi sit, cum moriar, mori.


1867.

*Deus ex machina.*


ALLIA non victa est : e cœlo Dædalus alter  
 Deveniens animos reddit et arma jubet ;  
 Militibus captis, eversis arcibus, eheu !  
 Gallia qua nisi de nubibus oret opem.

1871.


*The uses of Adversity.*

 HE path of Sorrow, and that path alone,  
Leads to the land where Sorrow is unknown.  
COWPER.


*Single State.*

 HE pain  
Of single state come back again  
To the lone man, who rest of wife,  
Thenceforward drags a maimed life.  
CHARLES LAMB.


*Home.*

 HEN thou wast here, I thought my Home was  
Heaven :  
Now thou art gone, Heaven is my only Home.  
ANON.

*Conjugal equality.*

 HEY were so one, that none could ever say  
Which did command, and whether did obey ;  
He ruled, because she would obey, and she  
In thus obeying, ruled as well as he.  
ANON.

*The Silent Land.*

 IFT, lift, ye mists from off the silent coast,  
Folded in endless Winter's chill embraces ;  
Unshroud for us awhile our brave ones lost,  
Let us behold their faces.

Διὰ παθημάτων τελειῶσαι.

**N**ON nisi per callem tolerati, Quinte, doloris  
Ventum est ad terram qua dolor omnis abest.  
1872.

*Cælebs quid agam.*

**Q**UAM tristis orbo vita redit viro,  
Cælebs adempta qui viduus gemit  
Uxore, truncatamque sortem  
Per reliquos trahit æger annos.  
1872.

*Ubi uxor ibi domus.*

**D**ONEC eras mecum, visa est domus hæc mea  
Cælum ;  
Nunc sine te, Cælum est non mihi Terra domus.  
1872.

*Concordes animæ.*

**H**OS animi jungit concordia talis, uterne  
Imperet an cedat, dicere nemo potest ;  
Imperat hic uxor quia vult parere, sed illa  
Parendo imperium est par habitura viro.  
1874.

*Cærulea glacie constricti.*

**R**EDITE, vos nebulæ, tacitamque recludite terram,  
Amplexu æterno quam tenet acris Hyems ;  
Amisos tandem heroas, velamine rupto,  
Paullisper nostris reddite luminibus.

In vain : the North has hid them from our sight,  
 The snow their winding-sheet, their only dirges  
 The groans of icebergs in the polar night,  
 Rocked by the savage surges.

No funeral torches with a smoky glare  
 Shone a farewell upon their shrouded faces ;  
 No monumental pillar tall and fair  
 Towers o'er their resting-places ;  
 No human tears upon their graves are shed,  
 Tears of domestic love or pity holy ;  
 But snow-flakes from the gloomy sky o'erhead  
 Down-shuddering, settle slowly.

ANON.<sup>1</sup>

*Epitaph on Sir John Franklin in Westminster Abbey.*

**N**OT here : the white North hath thy bones, but  
 thou,  
 Heroic Sailor-soul,  
 Art passing by a happier voyage now  
 Towards no earthly pole.

TENNYSON.

*Answer to Prayer.*

**G**OD answers sharp and sudden to some prayers,  
 And thrusts the thing we have prayed for in our  
 face,  
 A gauntlet with a gift in't : every wish  
 Is like a prayer with God.

E. BARRETT-BROWNING.

<sup>1</sup> I am unable to discover the author of these lines. They were set some years ago in an Oxford examination.

Spes vana : ex oculis hos invida sustulit Arctos,  
 Funereaque tegunt corpora veste nives ;  
 Nænia sola gemens quæ longa in nocte gelata  
 Auditur moles, fluctibus icta feris.  
 Non his ferales fumoso lumine tædæ  
 Ora salutantes obdita avere jubent ;  
 Non sese ad cœlum tollens sublime columna  
 Illorum exsuperat conspicienda torum ;  
 Non hominum lacrymis ea sunt madefacta sepulcra,  
 Quas fundit Pietas, quasve fidelis amor ;  
 Sed lente sidens, tremulaque volatilis ala,  
 Decidit e tristi nix glomerata polo.

1874.

*In Exploratorem Arcticum.*

**N**ON hic Nauta jaces præclare : tua ossa nivalis  
 Arctos habet rigido contumulata gelu ;  
 Tuque magis faustis, anima o fortissima, velis  
 Non jam terrestrem pergis adire polum.

1874.

*Prece qua fatigent.*

**S**UNT quæ vota nimis facili Deus excipit aure,  
 Inque caput jaciens id quod quæsimus ipsum,  
 Dat colaphos et dona simul : cum proximus  
 audit

Te Deus, haud aliud cupere est aliudque precari.

1875.

*Morning Hymn.*

**H**UES of the rich unfolding morn,  
 That, ere the glorious sun be born,  
 By some soft touch invisible,  
 Around his path are taught to swell :—

Thou rustling breeze, so fresh and gay,  
 That dancest forth at opening day,  
 And brushing by with joyous wing,  
 Waken'st each little leaf to sing ;—

Ye fragrant clouds of dewy steam,  
 By which deep grove and tangled stream  
 Pay, for soft rains in season given,  
 Their tribute to the genial heaven ;

Why waste your treasures of delight  
 Upon our thankless, joyless sight,  
 Who, day by day, to sin awake,  
 Seldom of Heaven and you partake !


Oh ! timely happy, timely wise,  
 Hearts that with rising morn arise ;  
 Eyes that the beam celestial view,  
 Which evermore makes all things new.

New every morning is the love  
 Our wakening and uprising prove ;  
 Through sleep and darkness safely brought,  
 Restored to life, and power, and thought.

New mercies each returning day  
 Hover around us while we pray ;  
 New perils past, new sins forgiven,  
 New thoughts of God, new hopes of Heaven.



## Πάντα καίνα ποιῶ.


 OS laute expandens quos fert Aurora colores,  
 Qui, nondum claro sole tenente polum,  
 Nescio qua taciti didicistis molliter arte  
 Gliscere nascentis luminis ante viam ;  
 Aura sonax, hilari exurgens quæ libera flatu,  
 Nascentem properas anticipare diem,  
 Lascivaque nemus perstringis lætior ala,  
 Ad cantum arboreas apta ciere comas ;  
 Vos et odoratis nubes humoribus auctæ,  
 Quos umbrosa parit silva vel unda fugax,  
 Cum, pro matura pluviarum dote, benigno  
 Debita fert cælo terra tributa libens ;  
 Pandere quid prodest nobis tot dulcia coram,  
 Quos nil lætificat, gratia nulla movet,  
 Qui redeunte die surgentes ad mala, rari  
 Aut cælo aut vestris deliciis fruimur !  
 O tempestive docti, felicia corda,  
 Fervida queis oritur sole oriente Fides ;  
 Vos oculi, cæleste jubar qui cernere nostis,  
 Unde novo partu cuncta refecta nitent.  
 Mane novo nos usque novum testamur amorem,  
 Tollere quod posito membra sopore licet ;  
 Servatisque iterum per somnum noctis et horas  
 Redditur et vitæ vis animique vigor.  
 En, nobis nova dona, pio dum corde precamur,  
 Stant præsto, redit ut singula quæque dies ;  
 Quippe novis venia est culpis, nova victa pericla,  
 Mente nova petimus, spe meliore, Deum.

If, on our daily course, our mind  
Be set to hallow all we find,  
New treasures still, of countless price,  
God will provide for sacrifice.

Old friends, old scenes will lovelier be,  
As more of heaven in each we see ;  
Some softening gleam of love and prayer  
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

As for some dear familiar strain  
Untired we ask, and ask again,  
Ever, in its melodious store,  
Finding a spell unheard before ;

Such is the bliss of souls serene,  
When they have sworn, and steadfast mean,  
Counting the cost, in all to espy  
Their God, in all themselves deny.

O, could we learn that sacrifice,  
What lights would all around us rise !  
How would our hearts with wisdom talk,  
Along life's dullest, dreariest walk !

We need not bid, for cloistered cell,  
Our neighbour and our work farewell,  
Nor strive to wind ourselves too high  
For sinful man beneath the sky.

The trivial round, the common task  
Would furnish all we ought to ask,  
Room to deny ourselves, a road  
To bring us daily nearer God.


Seek we no more : content with these,  
Let present Rapture, Comfort, Ease,  
As Heaven shall bid them, come and go :  
The secret this of Rest below.

Obvia si cursus tulerit quæcunque diurnus,  
 Constanti volumus cuncta sacrare sinu,  
 Thesaurus Deus ipse novos ditiesque parabit  
 Qui cumulent aras, munera grata, suas.  
 Plus veteres socii, plus et loca nota placebunt,  
 Quo plus cœlestis spiritus intus agat ;  
 Fidus Amor mulcet precibus, ceu lumine molli,  
 Quot curæ vexant pectora, quotve metus.  
 Non secus ac si quis notum puerilibus annis  
 Poscit inexpletus terque quaterque melos ;  
 Inter opes qui semper amans cessare canoras,  
 Non ante auditas detegit illecebras ;  
 Talia sunt animis crescentia gaudia castis,  
 Conservare datam qui statuere fidem,  
 Quos memores quanti constet vis strenua ducit  
 Cedere nil sibimet, cernere ubique Deum.  
 O, si sciremus modicis ita vivere votis,  
 Quæ circum nos lux clarior orta foret !  
 Quam vere docto, per segnia compita vitæ,  
 Tædia possemus fallere colloquio !  
 Non opus est caros comites aut munera jussa  
 Linquere, et in claustro dicere triste Vale :  
 Non opus est nobis nimium ad sublimia niti,  
 Inque homini vetitas scandere velle plagas.  
 Officium solemne, levis trita orbita vitæ,  
 Quæ cuivis licitum est poscere cuncta darent ;  
 Nempe obstare cupidinibus mens disceret æqua,  
 Inque dies propior pergeret ire Deo.  
 Tu ne plura roga : contenta at mente resigna  
 Quidquid id est præsens quod ferat hora boni ;  
 Nec geme, si qua Deo veniant fugiantque jubente :  
 Non hic est alia lege paranda Quies.

Only, O Lord, in thy dear Love,  
 Fit us for perfect Rest above,  
 And help us, this and every day,  
 To live more nearly as we pray.


KEBLE.

*Humble Service.*

MALL service is true service while it lasts ;  
 Of friends however humble scorn not one :  
 The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,  
 Protects the lingering dew-drop from the sun.

WORDSWORTH.

*The Old Man's Lament.*

LOTHE that I did love,  
 In youthe that I thought swete,  
 As time requires for my behove,  
 Methinks they are not mete.

My lustes they do me leave,  
 My fancies all are fled,  
 And tract of time beginnes to weave  
 Gray haire upon my hed ;


For Age with stealing steppes  
 Hath clawde me with his crouche,  
 And lusty lyfe away she leapes,  
 As there had been none such.

My Muse doth not delight  
 Me as she did before,  
 My hand and pen are not in plight,  
 As they have been of yore :

Sed concedat Amor tuus, o Pater optime, nobis,  
 Verior ut tecum sit sine fine Quies ;  
 Tuque hodie et semper conamina nostra secundans,  
 Ne precibus dispar vita sit affer opem.


1876.

*Ex humili potens.*

IT levis, at vera est dum durat Gratia ; noli  
 Quantumvis humilem spernere amicitiam :  
 Guttula sic roris tegitur sub bellidis umbra,  
 Solis et a nimio tuta calore latet.

1877.

*Non sum qualis eram.*


UNC mi displicet id quod ante amavi,  
 Odi quæ juveni fuere grata ;  
 Non sunt apta meis, opinor, annis,  
 Nec tales ea poscit hora lusus.  
 Me nunc fervida deserit libido,  
 Discedunt veteres abhinc amores,  
 Longum Tempus et implicare cœpit  
 Albentes capiti meo capillos :  
 Nam repens pedibus Senecta tardis  
 Me prensat baculo tenax adunco,  
 Festinatque procax abire vita,  
 Ut quæ non prius exstisset unquam.  
 Me non jam, velut ante, Musa captat,  
 Nec dextra est calamum tenere sollers,  
 Qualem præteriti dies videbant :

For Reason me denyes  
 This youthly idle ryme,  
 And day by day to me cryes,  
 Leave off these toyes in time.

The wrinkles on my browe,  
 The furrows in my face,  
 Say lymping Age will lodge him now  
 Where Youth must give him place.

SIR THOMAS WYATT.


*Shadow and Substance.*

OLLOW a shadow, it still flies you ;  
 Seem to fly it, it will pursue ;  
 So, court a mistress, she denies you,  
 Let her alone, she will court you.  
 Say, are not women truly then  
 Styled but shadows of us men.

BEN JONSON.



*Virtue.*

WEET day, so cool, so calm, so bright,  
 The bridal of the earth and skie ;  
 The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,  
 For thou must die.


Sweet rose, whose hue, angrie and brave,  
 Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,  
 Thy root is ever in its grave,  
 And thou must die.

Sweet Spring, full of sweet days and roses,  
 A box where sweets compacted lie,  
 My musick shows ye have your closes,  
 And all must die.

Prudens nam Ratio vetat Camenis  
 His me nunc juvenilibus vacare,  
 Clamatque imperio quotidiano,  
 Istas dum sinit hora linque nugas.  
 Frons hæc nempe cavis arata sulcis,  
 Rugosæque genæ monent Senectam  
 Claudam nunc sibi vindicare sedes  
 Quæis discedere cogitur Juventas.


1877.

*Umbra sumus.*

MBRAM si sequeris tuam recedit ;  
 Si contra fugis, hæc sequi videtur ;  
 Sic est aspera, si petis, puella ;  
 Te neglecta eadem petet vel ipsa.  
 Nonne, o Postume, fœminas virorum  
 Recto iudicio vocamus umbras ?

1877.

*Virtus repulsæ nescia.*

LMA dies, placido referens splendore tepores,  
 Conjugio terram quæ sociasque polum ;  
 Ros tua plorabit stillans sub vespere sero  
 Funera, nam tibi sunt debita fata mori.  
 Alma rosa, incautos quæ te mirantis ocellos  
 Flammato abstergi sæva colore jubes,  
 Tu tumulum jam nunc tangis radicibus imis ;  
 Scilicet et tibi sunt debita fata mori.  
 Ver almis insigne rosis almisque diebus,  
 Suavia cui velut in pyxide mista jacent,  
 Vobis finis erit, tristi hæc mea carmine Musa  
 Præcinit ; heu ! sors est omnibus una mori.

Onely a sweet and vertuous soul,  
 Like seasoned timber never gives ;  
 But, though the whole world turn to coal,  
 Then chiefly lives.

GEORGE HERBERT.

*Epitaph on a Little Boy.*



HAPPY Saint ! so early taken home ;  
 Caught up by Jesus from the ills to come.

ANON.

*Epitaphe sur un Patron.*



Y-GIST, oui gist, par la mort-bleu  
 Le Cardinal de Richelieu :  
 Et ce que cause mon ennui,  
 Ma pension avecque lui.

BENSERADE, 1642.

*Song from the Duenna.*




HAD I a heart for falsehood framed,  
 I ne'er could injure you ;  
 For though your tongue no promise claimed,  
 Your charms would make me true.  
 To you no soul shall bear deceit,  
 No stranger offer wrong :  
 But friends in all the aged you'll meet,  
 And lovers in the young.



Sed bonus et constans vir, flecti nescius, ut quæ  
 Sunt servata diu ligna, perire nequit ;  
 Ignibus at quando totus consumitur orbis,  
 In media vivens morte superstes erit.

1877.


*In puellulum.*

ORTUNATE, domum imberbem quem duxit  
 Iesus,  
 Venturi intactum surripuitque mali.

Ὡ ΜΑΚΑΡ, ὃν μάλ' ἀνη̅βον ἀπήγαγεν οἰκαδ' Ἰησοῦς,  
 ἐξέρυσέν τε κακῶν ἴλαος ἐσσομένων.


1877.

*Questus an quæstus.*

ELIUS heu ! moritur : quanti est mihi causa  
 doloris ;  
 Nempe amissa simul munera larga queror.

1878.

*Fidus Amor.*

I mea propositi fuerit mens conscia falsi,  
 Non unquam poterim, cara, nocere tibi ;  
 In tua verba fidem non me jurare rogasti,  
 Sed fieri infidum me tua forma vetat.  
 Non est qui tibi ferre dolos meditabitur, aut qui  
 Infestis urgens te premet insidiis ;  
 Omnes nempe senes servabis semper amicos,  
 Et juvenum nullus non tibi amator erit.

But when they learn that you have blest  
 Another with your heart,  
 They'll bid aspiring passion rest,  
 And act a brother's part ;  
 Then, lady, dread not here deceit,  
 Nor fear to suffer wrong ;  
 For friends in all the aged you'll meet,  
 And brothers in the young.

SHERIDAN.

*The Evening Hour.*

**H**OW dear to me the hour when daylight dies,  
 And sunbeams melt along the silent sea ;  
 For then sweet dreams of other days arise,  
 And Memory breathes her vesper sigh to thee.

And, as I watch the line of light that plays  
 Along the smooth wave toward the burning west,  
 I long to tread that golden path of rays,  
 And think 'twould lead to some bright isle of rest.

MOORE.

*On Madame de Sevigné playing Blind-man's Buff.*

**D**E toutes les façons vous avez droit de plaire,  
 Mais surtout vous savez nous charmer en ce  
 jour ;

Voyant vos yeux bandés on vous prend pour l'Amour,  
 Les voyant découverts on vous prend pour sa Mère.

M. DE MONTREUIL, 1644.

Audiet at si quis te non obsistere duram,  
 Atque alii teipsam credere velle proco,  
 Queis prius ardebat sopitos comprimet ignes,  
 Et teneri partes denique fratris aget.  
 Sic ne, cara, dolos metuas, active licenter  
 Ne lædat te vis insidiosa mali ;  
 Omnes namque senes servabis semper amicos,  
 Et juvenum nullus non tibi frater erit.

1880.

*Hora vespertina.*

QUAM grata mihi est hora dies quum moriens  
 cadit,

Quum solis radii se glomerant in tacito mari ;  
 Annos restituunt præteritos tunc mihi somnia,  
 Suspiratque tui mens memor hæc, Delia, vespere.  
 Et sulcum invigilans dum video luminis, ut tremit  
 Trans fluctus placidos Hesperias inficiens aquas,  
 Hoc calcare volo lucis iter protinus aureum,  
 Felici requiem sic mihi sit carpere in insula.

1880.

*Mivvða ludens.*

I quid agis, Rufina, places vultuque modoque,  
 Nec minus hæc præsens exhibet hora decus ;  
 Namque oculis es cæcus Amor nunc visa ligatis,  
 Abjice fasciolam, tunc eris ipsa Venus.

1881.

*Almsgiving.*

LORD of Heaven, and earth, and sea,  
To thee all praise and glory be ;  
How shall we shew our love to thee

Who givest all ?

The golden sunshine, vernal air,  
Sweet flowers and fruit, Thy love declare :  
When harvests ripen Thou art there

Who givest all.

For peaceful homes, and healthful days,  
For all the blessings earth displays,  
We owe Thee thankfulness and praise

Who givest all.

Thou didst not spare Thine Only Son,  
But gav'st Him for a world undone,  
And freely with that Blessed One

Thou givest all.

Thou giv'st the Holy Spirit's dower,  
Spirit of life, and love, and power,  
And dost His sevenfold graces shower

Upon us all.

For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,  
For means of grace, and hopes of Heaven,  
Father, what can to Thee be given

Who givest all ?

We lose what on ourselves we spend,  
We have as treasure without end,  
Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend

Who givest all.

Whatever, Lord, we lend to Thee,  
Repaid a thousand-fold will be ;  
Then gladly will we give to Thee,

Who givest all ;

Δωρεὰν ἐλάβετε, δωρεὰν δότε.



ECTOR o cœli, maris atque terræ,  
 Omnis exurgat Tibi laus honorque ;  
 Signa quæ fas sit Tibi ferre amoris  
 Omnia danti ?

Aurei soles, zephyrique Veris,  
 Flos Tuum et fructus celebrant amorem ;  
 Tu coquis præsens segetes et uvas,  
 Omnia Qui das.

Quod domi pax sit, sine peste et ævum,  
 Læta quod tellus bona tot repandat,  
 Laude Te grata colimus libenter,  
 Omnia Qui das.

Filium Tuque Unigenum dedisti,  
 Orbe pro fracto foret ut piamen,  
 Omne Quocum una Benedictus idem  
 Tu dabis ultro.

Spiritus dotes superaddidisti,  
 Quem penes vita est, amor, ac potestas,  
 Gratiis septemplicibusque roras  
 Omnia corda.

Ob scelus deletum, animas redemptas,  
 Quod favorem offers, aperisque cœlum,  
 Quid Tibi donum, Pater, offeremus  
 Omnia Qui das ?

Perdit has si quis sibi colligat res ;  
 Possidet gazas numerosiores  
 Qui, Deus, quidquam Tibi mutuum det  
 Omnia danti.


Nempe quodcunque est Tibi fœneratum  
 Millies ditans iterum rependes :  
 Sic Tibi large dabimus libenter  
 Omnia Qui das ;



Namque Tu fons es, Deus, unde vita,  
 Donaque et dandi exoritur facultas ;  
 Vita sit nobis sine fine Tecum  
 Omnia dante.

1881.

*Constans fides.*

 I sit verus amor, nequeunt in amore fideles  
 Et fidei expertes arte valere pari ;  
 Ni sit plena fides, perit omnis ; non secus ac si  
 Insit amatoris parvula rima lyræ,  
 Paullatim crescens quæ fila canora resolvet,  
 Et faciet demum suave silere melos ;  
 Aut macula in pomis pæne impercepta repostis  
 Paullatim succos inquinat intus edens.  
 Sint objecta, aiunt, ut quæ non digna recondi :  
 Talia num mea lux, tu maledicta probas ?  
 Responde ista negans, dilecta, et mente fideli  
 Aut nulla aut toto pectore crede mihi.

1883.

*Most of the following Epigrams were written at the request of a friend for recitation in Westminster College Hall, at the Annual Elections of Scholars in the years when they bear date. Many of them have reference to passing events of the day.*

*Probitas laudatur et alget.*

**P**UBLICOLA arguitur populi suffragia nuper  
 Emissæ: hinc lites insolitumque forum :<sup>1</sup>  
 Causidici veniunt, veniunt cum iudice testes ;  
 Causa agitur : fraudes quæ latuere patent.  
 Nil reus admisit culpæ : illum fautor iniquus  
 Prodiderat spargens munera, vina, dapes ;  
 Publicolam laudant omnes ; sed sede Domoque  
 Amotus patitur frigora Publicola.

1869.

*Inania captat.*

**H**UNC vacuum, Neptune, cadum tibi gratus  
 Amyclas  
 Dedicat, e mediis jam bene sospes aquis ;  
 Huic fretus tumidas superavit naufragus undas,  
 Non Bacchi plena hanc testa tulisset opem.

1870.

<sup>1</sup> The trial of election petitions had recently been transferred from Committees of the House of Commons to the Judges.



*Non locus est pluribus.*

**F**ULVIA rixatrix, rixator Fulvius, acri  
 Illa potens lingua, fuste nec ille minor,  
 Exterrent plateam strepitu : vicinus amicus  
 Accurrens partes conciliantis agit ;  
 Ah ! caput infelix ! junctis nam viribus illum  
 Sævitia invadunt fœmina virque pari ;  
 Isque ait, os sectum monstrans fractumque cerebrum,  
 “ Sat duo pugnantes, pluribus haud locus est.”

1870.

*Nolle parum est.*

**D**ICERE, Bassa, soles nulli te nubere velle :  
 Quæ causa est ? nullo es, Bassa, petita viro.


1871.

*Nolle parum est.*

**N**OLUERIM, aiebat Rufus, titulos et honores  
 Accipere, hæc votis sunt aliena meis ;  
 Non peto divitias, si vult has colligat alter,  
 Contentus modico sub lare semper ero.  
 Hæc belle edixti quondam, sed cur modo, Rufe,  
 En tibi sunt ædes, prædia, nomen, opes ?  
 Mane salutantum te cingit turba clientum,  
 Et cœnas laute Chiaque vina bibis :  
 Tempora mutantur, nec fallitur, o bone, qui te  
 Verbis nolle quidem, re voluisse putet.


1871.

*Voluisse parum est.*


**P**ONTICE, vis cæcas rerum cognoscere causas ;  
 Tot tibi sunt libri : Pontice, doctus homo es.  
 Vis populi laudes et nobile nomen apisci ;  
 Hoc quoque Di donant : Pontice, clarus homo es.  
 Vis fieri locuples : mora non est longa, petenti  
 Accrescunt nummi : Pontice, dives homo es.  
 Vis Glyceræ placuisse tuæ, nitidaque videri  
 Veste ; favet sartor : Pontice, bellus homo es.  
 Semper habes quod vis, sed semper plura requiris ;  
 Quod prius optabas non satis illud erit.  
 Felix esse cupis : jam tandem desine velle,  
 Contentusque mane, Pontice, sorte tua.


1871.

*Telum Imbelle.*


**T**ORMENTONE novo patriam tutabere, Cæsar,  
 Fulmineo centum quod vomit ore globos ;<sup>1</sup>  
 At virtute opus est, opus est et milite fido ;  
 Non hæc clausisset machina Thermopylas.

1871.

*Decipit Exemplar.*



**B**ELLUM insana movet sub Cæsare Gallia, fines  
 Littoribus cupiens jungere, Rhene, tuis.  
 Concursum est : subito pulsus Germania Gallis  
 Exemplo victrix vincitur ipsa malo.

<sup>1</sup> The mitrailleuse, used in the Franco-German War.

Dum flet vastatas infelix Sequana ripas,  
 It Rhenus patrias intemeratus aquas :  
 Et novus inde novum, ferroque et sanguine fretus,<sup>1</sup>  
 Imperium, capto Cæsare, Cæsar habet.

1871.

*Dant animos plagæ.*


ENSOR, in exiguum cur vis sævire theatrum?  
 Cur movet invidiam Terra Beata tuam?<sup>2</sup>  
 Haud scelus est dominos in scenam inducere  
 et illos

Ridere, ut quondam risit Aristophanes.  
 Ora trium prohibes fucò simulare virorum,  
 Sed non hac poteris suppressere arte jocos.  
 Plebs ruit immensa nostra ad spectacula turba ;  
 Fabula lædatur, sic tamen addis opes.

1873.


*Dant animos plagæ.*

AN OLD DISTICH.

ÆC tria sunt miræ naturæ, Nux, Canis, Uxor ;  
 Quo plus fuste dolas, commoda plura ferent.

1873.

*Non sibi constans.*

UID ais semper negat Aulus, nec tibi culpæ est ;  
 Quod mane asseruit vespere id ipse negat.

1874.

<sup>1</sup> "Blut und Eisen."<sup>2</sup> The Play of the "Happy Land," prohibited at the Court Theatre by the Lord Chamberlain, on account of the introduction of caricatures of living statesmen.

*Tutum iter et patens.*

**D**EPRENSUS furto vites ut, Dave, Chremetis  
 Et vultum et fustem dura minantis heri,  
 Quid facias, miser, heu! dubitas, culpamne fateri  
 Sit melius, sævo seu dare verba seni.  
 Non bene pugnabis, patet en tibi janua, tuta est  
 Hæc via : si sapiens es bone Dave, fuge.

1874.

*Lumine captus.*EXPERIENCE OF THE ASCENT OF THE RIGI.<sup>1</sup>

**S**PLENDOREM occidui cupiens ego visere Solis  
 Per longum scando culmina montis iter ;  
 Lugubris ille caput nebulis abscondidit atris,  
 Lugubris abscedens ipse cubile peto.  
 Per noctem insomnis jaceo dum buccina Solem  
 Rursus in obscurum nuntiat ire polum ;  
 Lugubris ipse torum sumpta tunc veste relinquo,  
 Lugubris en spissa Sol quoque nube redit.

1875.

<sup>1</sup> The idea was taken from the lines :

Seven weary miles uphill we sped,  
 The setting Sun to see ;  
 Sullen and grim he went to bed,  
 Sullen and grim went we.  
 Seven sleepless hours we toss'd, and then  
 The rising Sun to see,  
 Sullen and grim we rose again,  
 Sullen and grim rose he.

*Lumine captus.*

NELSON AT THE BATTLE OF COPENHAGEN.

**H**INTER Hyperboreas Nelsonus dum parat undas  
 Mergere Cimbrorum vi propiore rates,  
 Vexillum puppis prætoria tollit in auras  
 Quo nimis audacem vult revocare ducem ;  
 Ille sed advertens cæcatum vulnere ocellum,  
 “ Nil video,” clamat, “ jam properate viri !”  
 “ Lumine captus ego non ulla pericula cerno,  
 “ Hæc oculi videant ingementque duo.”

1875.

*Clausit opus.*

A WORKMEN'S STRIKE AND A MASTER'S LOCK-OUT.

**Q**UANTA est, de justa ut nequeunt mercede pacisci,  
 Lis inter dominos artificesque gravis :  
 Hi “ claudemus opus,” clamant vehementer, at  
 illi,  
 “ Non opus est vobis, janua clausa manet.”  
 O miseri, haud opibus fas est obsistere tantis,  
 Namque opus hoc opifex clausit et esuriet.

1875.

*Non fortis in unum.*

KING HENRY IV., PART I., ACT 2, SCENE 4.

**P**RÆLIA mendaci recitans Falstaffius ore,  
 Innumeros hostes finxit obesus eques :  
 “ Vici ego *bellipotens* armatos quatuor ipse :  
 “ Nec mora, sex turpi terga dedere fuga.”  
 “ Quid, sex armati ?” “ Per ego hæc mea vulnera juro,

“ Me vix bis senis succubuisse viris.”

Proh pudor ! unus erat qui te pulsavit inermis,

Verbaque das qui re verbera nulla dabas.

1876.

*Fumum ex fulgore.*

THE DEAD HEAT OF THE UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE.

**A**NNUA jam renovant certamina Camus et Isis,  
 Excipit et Thamesis flumen utrosque greges ;  
 Granta cupit, Rhedycina, tuos æquare triumphos,  
 Strenua tu primum vis retinere locum.  
 Ambobus Fortuna favet ; metam, ecce, phaselus  
 Jam tangit glaucus purpureusque simul.  
 Infausti juvenes ! quid fortia brachia prosunt ?  
 Quæ parta est tanto palma labore ?—Nihil.

1877.

*Medium non tutissimus ibit.*


THE CONVICTION OF DR. SLADE, THE SPIRITUALIST.

**M**ERCURIUS ducit Manes aperitque crumenas :  
 Vincere te fama est velle, Silade, Deum.  
 “ Spiritus intus agit,” clamas, adsuntque repente  
 Aeriæ voces aerisæque manus.  
 Tunc saltant mensæ, volitant tunc sistra per auras,  
 Chartaque non digitis tacta notata manet.  
 Responsum ambiguum dat epistola quam tua conjux  
 Scripsit contemptrix Alia grammatices.  
 O bone, præstigis plectuntur legibus omnes ;  
 Sic tibi pro meritis pœna trimestris erit.

1877.

*Fidem petiitque deditque.*


MASKELYNE AND COOKE'S MYSTERIES.


 CLARISSIME Masculine, te non  
 Ægypti magus ullus inter aulas  
 Præcellens populum fefellit unquam ;  
 Chartas sive tenens sagax imago  
 Psycho distribuit, vel ora pingit  
 Zoe lignea, seu videtur ense  
 Abscindi agricolæ caput cruento,  
 Vivit nec minus ambulatque corpus.  
 An sint omnia vera, Masculine ?  
 Tu poscisque fidem, fidesque danda est—  
 Nam credo quia non negare possum.

1879.

*Cæpta tene.*


ROBERT BRUCE AND THE SPIDER.


 EX res adversas dum flebat regius exul,  
 Auxilium misero res inopina tulit :  
 Jactibus assiduis conatur aranea telam  
 Figere ; sex pereunt, septimus ecce, valet.  
 Perstitit inceptis illo Rex omine fretus,  
 Liberaque est armis Scotia facta suis.

1879.

*Cœpta tene.*


JOHN GILPIN AND THE CALENDER'S HORSE.

UUM præpes nimium fertur Gilpinus ab urbe,  
 Effrænum alloquitur sic bene cautus equum ;  
 “ Huc, tibi quod placuit, sine cœna et conjuge  
 veni,

“ Perfice nunc cursum, mi placet ire domum.”

1879.

*Cœpta tene et cœpta ne tene.*

ŒPTA tene ; ne cœpta tene : sententia discors ;  
 Regula sed monitis una duobus inest.  
 Impiger ut peragas quæ sunt meliora, sed idem  
 Fortiter ut fugias deteriora sequi ;  
 Fœdus amicitiae si pangas, fidus amicum  
 Ut teneas ; si lis orta sit, abstineas.

1879.





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