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Beneficii ab eo collati

numquam non hic memor

D. D.

J. H. Kennedy.



BETWEEN WHILES,  
OR  
WAYSIDE AMUSEMENTS  
OF A WORKING LIFE,

EDITED BY  
BENJAMIN HALL KENNEDY, D.D.,  
CANON OF ELY.

οὔτε γὰρ ὕπνος  
οὔτ' ἔαρ ἐξαπίνας γλυκερώτερον οὔτε μελίσσαις  
ἄνθεα, ὅσσον ἐμὴν Μῶσαι φίλαι.

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TO THE MEMORY

OF

WILLIAM SELWYN, D.D.,

LATE THE LADY MARGARET'S PROFESSOR OF DIVINITY

IN THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE

AND CANON OF ELY,

THIS VOLUME IS DEDICATED

AS A RECORD OF LONG AND SINCERE FRIENDSHIP.

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To Mrs SELWYN.

MY DEAR MRS SELWYN,

With your kind consent I have dedicated this volume to the memory of your husband. It is the fruit of tastes congenial with his own; and a few pieces (the 'Rock of Ages' for one) were translated in compliance with his desire. All his friends know—what his skilful versions of Enoch Arden and Genevieve have shown to classical readers—the pleasure he took in these harmless amusements of a scholar's spare minutes. He had, like myself, his serious and laborious occupations. Such to him were his Cambridge Lectures as the Lady Margaret's Professor, his Ely Sermons, his share in the Revision of the Old Testament, his attendance in Convocation, his editions of Eusebius and Origen. Verse composition, whether English, Latin or Greek, was in his, as in my case, only the occasional unstringing of the mental bow. And how much of peril to vital and to intellectual strength results from keeping that bow continually strung at the same tension and intent on the same objects, I have noticed during a long life in many sad examples. But neither to him, nor to myself, has versifying, though a pleasant pastime, been

the sole recreation of life. His observatory at Ely furnished him with the means of improving himself, as well as instructing others, in astronomical science; and his lecture there, which I heard, on modern Rome, proved the interest he took in architecture, sculpture and painting, as well as in history and geography.

The 'Memorabilia' of your husband's career at Cambridge and elsewhere I need not here recount. They have been fully and ably set forth in the Memoir of him by Dr Wood of St John's College, printed first in a College periodical (the Eagle) and subsequently published in a separate form. I would willingly add a few records of his earlier time, and grateful memories of later years (in which I owed so much to his kindness and yours), if I did not think that brevity would be more accordant to your feelings.

His excellence in all the relations of life needs no testimony from me. But at this time I would emphatically say that he was a good Churchman in the truest sense; for he was moderate, reasonable and tolerant in his Church principles.

In the new Divinity Schools, which Cambridge will soon have gained by his munificence, may the same temper prevail among teachers and students, the only temper which, by the divine blessing on its exercise, can restore order and harmony to our sadly divided Church.

Believe me,

My dear Mrs Selwyn,

Your affectionate friend,

B. H. KENNEDY.

## THE EDITOR'S PREFACE.

THE title of this book, which may seem a strange one, is due to the simple fact, that nearly all the verse contributed by myself was composed at odd times, in walking or riding or in bed ; and, generally, by way of recreation. I have had plenty of work in the study at most times : but the only verse-writing done by me there consists of a few translations printed in my commentary on Virgil. These, as they came in the course of work, may count as work ; but any other versifying of mine (psalms and hymns included) must rank with what the younger Pliny calls 'Lusus,' amusements of spare hours. And such amusements, alternating with others different in kind, I have found through life not merely harmless, but wholesome to body and mind.

Professional scholars need not be ashamed of recreations which have occupied the leisure of poets so illustrious as Milton and Gray, of statesmen so eminent as Grenville, Wellesley and Stratford de Redcliffe.

In public education it has not been my theory or practice to worry pupils with verse-writing. Boys who learn a language should at least have the chance given them of appreciating and imitating its poets. Those who can avail themselves of that chance are entitled to a fair share of reward and promotion. Those who are unable (for all cannot do all things)

may be allowed to 'hang up the pipe to Pan,' and apply themselves to something else, 'quorum indiget usus.'

The metres I have taken and the styles I have followed are, I fancy, those which were most familiar to me in boyhood. The Homeric, the Pindaric, the Aristophanic, the Plautine, the Lucretian, are not of the number. One or more of these I may have tried ere now: but, as I could not satisfy myself, and did not want to labour for the purpose, I laid them aside. Hence, in reading the Greek Heroic Verse of Mr Munro or Dr M. Butler, the Greek Lyrics of Prof. Jebb, or the comic masterpieces, Greek and Latin, of the late Richard Shilleto, I recognize and enjoy works of genius transcending any powers of mine: and 'non equidem inuideo, miror magis!'

Most of my own Greek and Latin translations here printed have already been published in the *Sabrinæ Corolla*, or elsewhere. Some few appear now for the first time, as, for instance, the version of Gray's poem at p. 87; which (as an Eclogue, not an 'Elegy') made railway travelling less tedious last summer.

The Miscellanies which follow are slight enough, and chiefly of ancient date. The songs from German were written for the use of a musical cousin who did not know that language.

<sup>1</sup> Hence I could not concede so much to an opponent as Mr Thring did at the late Head Masters' meeting when he said: 'I should not mind if every Latin verse of modern writing—my own included—were burnt in a big bonfire.' To me it seems that any 'thing of beauty,' Greek, Latin or English, original or translated—and such 'things' exist in each kind—is worth preserving. Cultivated minds have various tastes, more or less catholic. And which of us shall claim to dictate to another his own taste or distaste?

The motive for my translation of Virgil's Eclogues is explained in the Appendix, where an account is also given of the two next poems (the Death of the Princess Charlotte, and the Reign of Youth), with a brief notice of their author.

These two Poems, with Prof. Jebb's brilliant Pindaric version of the Ode, constitute the chief claims of this book to permanent favour. Without these, I might well say, in the spirit of Martial (I. 4):

Tired of my shelves, with longing eyes you look  
to Paternoster Row, my little book.

yet if, worm-eaten here, you moan your fate,

you'll find it worse in Babylon the Great,

unfit to please the tribes whom Mammon rules,

his millionaires, his parasites, his fools,

and sure to find in these unclassic days

abundant scorn and censure, little praise.

'who will to Cupar,' cannie Scotsmen say,

'to Cupar maun'—must go their wilful way;

so, if you will be roaming, you must roam.

fly forth: but safer 'twere to stay at home.

But, feeling as I do the intrinsic beauty of the Epi-  
cedium and the Lyric Poem, and knowing that a  
scholar such as Prof. Jebb would not have given his  
time and thought to the reproduction in Greek of an  
unworthy English original, I venture, on the strength  
of these, to place in front of my book the Horatian  
motto (c. III. 30. 5):

I shall not wholly perish: part of me

will shun oblivious death

and draw perpetual breath

from the fresh praises of posterity.

B. H. K.

THE ELMS, CAMBRIDGE,

March 24, 1877.



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## ERRATUM.

Page 99, l. 8, *for* qui periere *read* quae periere.





## LVSVS SVBDIALES.

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*Sabrina.*

SABRINA fair,  
listen, where thou art sitting  
under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,  
in twisted braids of lilies knitting  
the loose train of thy amber-dropping hair ;  
listen, for dear honour's sake,  
goddess of the silver lake,  
listen and save !

MILTON.

*Naiadum pulcherrima.*

Δία Σαβρίνη, κλύθ' ἵνα θακέῖς  
ὑπ' ἀθερμάντου ρεύματος ἀυγαῖς  
λείρι' ὑφαίνουσ' ἠλεκτροχόοις  
χλιδαναῖσι κόμαις πλόκον εὐανθῆ'  
τῆς παρθενίας εἴ τι μέλει σοι,  
πότνια λίμνας ἀργυροείδους  
ἄρχουσα θεά, δεῦρ' ἐπακούσαι σ'  
ἀντιβολοῦμεν  
καὶ σώτειραν προφανῆναι.

*Nymph of the Stream, now take a grateful Prayer.*

VIRGIN daughter of Loocrine,  
 sprung of old Anchises' line,  
 may thy brimmèd waves for this  
 their full tribute never miss  
 from a thousand petty rills,  
 that tumble down the snowy hills :  
 summer drouth or singèd air  
 never scorch thy tresses fair ;  
 nor wet October's torrent flood  
 thy molten crystal fill with mud ;  
 may thy billows roll ashore  
 the beryl and the golden ore ;  
 may thy lofty head be crowned  
 with many a tower and terrace round,  
 and here and there, thy banks upon,  
 with groves of myrrh and cinnamon.

MILTON.

*True Beauty.*

MEN call you fair, and you do credit it,  
 for that yourself you daily such do see ;  
 but the true fair, that is the gentle wit  
 and virtuous mind, is much more praised by me.  
 for all the rest, however fair it be,  
 shall turn to nought, and lose their glorious hue ;  
 but only that is permanent and free  
 from frail corruption, that doth flesh ensue.  
 that is true beauty, that doth argue you  
 to be divine, and born of heavenly seed ;  
 derived from that fair spirit, from whom all true  
 and perfect beauty did at first proceed.  
 He only fair, and what He fair hath made ;  
 all other fair, like flowers, untimely fade.

SPENSER.

*Merces tibi defluat.*

VIRGO, Locrini filia, quae sene  
 deducis Anchisa eximium genus,  
 tu semper undarum tributo  
     pro meritis saturanda curras,  
 quam mille parui dent tibi riuuli  
 lapsi niuosis praecipites iugis :  
     ne torrida aestas, ne nitentes  
     flamma poli uiolet capillos,  
 neu fontium crystalla liquentia  
 October udus sordibus oppleat :  
     in prata beryllos et auri  
     uoluat agens tua semen unda :  
 celsis coronas undique turribus  
 xystisque multis conspicuum caput,  
     hinc inde disponens ad oras  
     cinnama cum uiridante myrrha.

*Quid Pulchrum.*

PVLCHRAM te memorant homines : tu credula : quid ni  
 cum talem exhibeat te tibi quaeque dies?  
 sed magis illa mihi, quae uere pulchra putantur,  
 indole cum pura mens generosa, placent.  
 cetera delebit, quamuis pulcherrima, tempus ;  
 fugerit eximio splendidus ore color.  
 illa manent tantum quae dempta carne supersunt,  
 illa uigent aegra libera sola lue.  
 dixeris hanc formam, qua tu diuina propago,  
 seminis aetherei conspiciare seges.  
 procreat hanc pulcher, qui pulchri quidquid ubique,  
 conditor, exacti causa caputque boni.  
 pulcher is, et sicui pulchro dedit esse : sed, ut flos,  
 ante suum pereunt cetera pulchra diem.

*Martelmas.*

IT is the day of Martelmas ;  
cups of ale should freely pass.  
what though winter has begun  
to push down the summer sun ?  
to our fire we can betake,  
and enjoy the crackling brake,  
never heeding winter's face  
on the day of Martelmas.

some do the city now frequent,  
where costly shows and merriment  
do wear the vapourish evening out  
with interlude and revelling rout,  
such as did pleasure England's queen,  
when here her royal grace was seen ;  
yet will they not this day let pass,  
the merry day of Martelmas.

when the daily sports be done,  
round the market-cross they run,  
prentice lads and gallant blades  
dancing with their gamesome maids ;  
till the beadle, stout and sour,  
shakes his bell, and calls the hour ;  
then farewell lad and farewell lass  
to the merry night of Martelmas.

Martelmas shall come again,  
spite of wind and snow and rain ;  
but many a strange thing must be done,  
many a cause be lost and won,  
many a tool must leave his pelf,  
many a worldling cheat himself,  
and many a marvel come to pass,  
before return of Martelmas.

OLD POET.

## III. Id. Nouemb.

MARTINI rediit sacrum : fluentes  
tempus ceruisiae dari culullos.  
quid si coepit hiemps ab arce caeli  
semper deciduum mouere solem?  
at fas ante focum sedere nobis ;  
at lignis crepitantibus fruemur  
securi niuiumque flaminumque,  
Martini redeunte luce festa.  
est qui nunc mediam frequentat urbem,  
qua pompae et celebres ubique ludi  
fallunt desidis Hesperii vapores  
mimis, saltibus, omnibus cachinnis :  
quae, regina, tibi fuere cordi,  
cum nostris modo lusibus fauebas.  
at non immemor hic boni diei,  
Martinus sibi quem sacrum dicauit.  
post ludos, abeunte sole, circum  
cursantes titubant crucem forensem  
cum saltantibus ebrii puellis  
tirones operaeque feriat :  
quis seros grauis impigerque custos  
tinnitus monitor ciet : iubentque  
iam sese puer inuicem et puella  
Martinique hilarem ualere noctem.  
Martinus referet suos honores,  
quamuis flabra furant niuesque et imbres.  
sed fient memoranda multa, multi  
stabunt iudicibus cadentque coram,  
multus diuitias relinquet harpax,  
multus se ueterator ipse fallat,  
multa uoligus hians stupescet, ante  
Martino sua festa quam redibunt.

*The Stony Heart.*

WHENCE comes my love, O hearte, disclose :  
 'twas from her cheekes that shame the rose ;  
 from lypes that spoyle the rubie's prayse ;  
 from eyes that mock the diamond's blaze.  
 whence comes my woe, as freely owne :  
 ah me ! 'twas from a hearte lyke stone.

the blushynge cheeke speakes modest mynde,  
 the lypes befittinge wordes most kynd :  
 the eye does tempte to love's desyre,  
 and seemes to say, 'tis Cupid's fire :  
 yet all so faire but speake my moane,  
 syth noughte dothe saye the hearte of stone.

why thus, my love, so kyndely speake  
 sweet lyppe, sweet eye, sweet blushynge cheeke,  
 yet not a hearte to save my paine ?  
 o Venus ! take thy giftes again ;  
 make not so faire to cause our moane,  
 or make a hearte that's like our owne.

HARINGTON.

*Cupid.*

CUPID is a wicked wight ;  
 yet, methinks, 'tis merely stupid  
 thus the old song to recite :  
 'what a wicked wight is Cupid !'  
 call him by an evil name,  
 Love is charmed, and thanks the caller,  
 glories in his very shame,  
 cocks his chin and looks the taller.  
 one thing sorely puzzles me :  
 tell us, Venus, if it may be,  
 how the daughter of the sea  
 came by such a firebrand baby.

*From the Greck.*

*Stat tibi in corde lapis.*

CAVSA mihi quae sit, mea mens effator, amandi ;  
 illius, adsurgit quis rosa uerna, genae,  
 curalii laudem rapiencia labra, tuumque  
 lumina quae rident, uane pyrope, iubar.  
 causa mihi flendi quae sit neu parce fateri ;  
 ei mihi ! cor quo non durior ipsa silex.  
 molle rubet facies animum confessa pudicum ;  
 mitia credideris mite labella loqui ;  
 quae cupido sensus acies incendit amore,  
 nonne Cupidineam se docet esse facem ?  
 sed tam pulchra meum declarant omnia luctum ;  
 quippe tacet cordis saxeus ille rigor.  
 cur oculi, mea uita, tui tam suaue loquuntur,  
 labraque melle suo plena, genaeque rosis,  
 mens tamen est in te nostri segura doloris ?  
 o tua nunc retro dona resume, Venus ;  
 quae nos excruciet, tam pulchram fingere noli,  
 uel similem nobis fingere corde uelis.

*Improbus ille Puer.*

DIRVS Amor, dirus. sed quo recitare misello  
 sic iterum atque iterum murmure : dirus Amor ?  
 scilicet his ridetque puer, laedique renidet,  
 crescit et opprobriis erigiturque suis.  
 dic age, quae liquidi celebraris filia ponti,  
 quomodo tu flammae, Cypria, mater eras ?

*To Sir Henry Vane the younger.*

VANE, young in years, but in sage counsel old,  
 than whom a better senator ne'er held  
 the helm of Rome, when gowns, not arms, repelled  
 the fierce Epirot, and the African bold;  
 whether to settle peace, or to unfold  
 the drift of hollow states hard to be spelled;  
 then to advise how war may best upheld  
 move by her two main nerves, iron and gold,  
 in all her equipage: besides to know  
 both spiritual power and civil, what each means,  
 what severs each, thou hast learned, which few have  
 done:  
 the bounds of either sword to thee we owe:  
 therefore on thy firm hand religion leans  
 in peace, and reckons thee her eldest son.

MILTON.

*Inscription on a Boat.*

THEY say that I am small and frail,  
 and cannot live in stormy seas.  
 it may be so; yet every sail  
 makes shipwreck in the swelling breeze.  
 nor strength nor size can then hold fast,  
 but Fortune's favour, Heaven's decree.  
 let others trust in oar and mast,  
 but may the gods take care of me!

C. MERIVALE (*from the Greek*).



*Secundis temporibus dubiisque Rectus.*

PRIMAEVVS annis, consiliis senex,  
 tu, Vane, Musa teste uocaberis,  
 quo non gubernaculum senator  
 Romuleum melior tenebat,

quando peritae uox sapiens togae,  
 non uis sagati militis, efferum  
 certamen Epiri refregit  
 et Libyae furiale robur;

seu firma suades foedera, seu doces  
 calumniantis quid populi tegant  
 incepta, seu munire neruis  
 militiam properas duobus

ferrique et auri. quid statuatur sacrum,  
 ciuile quid ius, quosque habeant modos,  
 haut ista te fallunt sagacem  
 discere quae didicere pauci.

utrique fines tu gladio suos  
 addicis. ergo stat tibi maximo  
 confisa natorum tuaque  
 religio stabilita dextra.

*Inscriptio Cumbae.*

AT tenuis, narrant, at sum male firma natando,  
 at rabidi nequeo uerbera ferre sali.  
 sim tenuis, sim firma parum: tamen omnis in alto  
 naufragium Borea flante carina facit.  
 tum nec magna tenet moles nec querneae transtra,  
 sed fortuna fauens et sua fata, ratem.  
 cetera confidat malis remisque caterua;  
 tutantes adsint di mihi, sospes ero.

*The Fond Lover.*

WHY so pale and wan, fond lover?  
 prithee, why so pale?  
 will, when looking well can't move her,  
 looking ill prevail?  
 prithee, why so pale?

why so dull and mute, young sinner?  
 prithee, why so mute?  
 will, when speaking well can't win her,  
 saying nothing do't?  
 prithee, why so mute?

quit, quit for shame; this will not move,  
 this cannot take her:  
 if of herself she will not love,  
 nothing can make her.  
 the devil take her!

SUCKLING.

*Marion.*

WILL ye gae to the ewe-bughts, Marion,  
 and wear in the sheep wi' me?  
 the sun shines sweet, my Marion,  
 but nae half sae sweet as thee.

oh, Marion's a bonnie lass,  
 and the blythe blink's in her e'e;  
 and fain wad I marry Marion,  
 gin Marion wad marry me.

I've nine milch ewes, my Marion,  
 a cow, and a brawnie quey;  
 I'se gie them a' to my Marion  
 just on her bridal day.

*Old Scottish Song.*

*Ad mea, decepti iuuenes, praecepta uenite.*

Τί χλωρὸς ᾧδ', ἐραστά,  
 τί δ' ὠχρῶν ἀλύεις;  
 ὅς γ' οὐ τι τήνδ' ἔκαμπτες  
 κάλλιστος ὦν ἀπάντων,  
 πῶς αἰσχρὸς ὦν κρατήσεις;  
 τί μοι, τί ταῦτ' ἀλύεις;  
 τί κωφὸς ᾧδ', ἄμουσε,  
 μελαγχολῶν τ' ἀλύεις;  
 ὅς γ' οὐ τι τήνδ' ἔπειθες  
 λέγων ἄριστα πάντων,  
 πῶς σίγ' ἔχων δυνήσῃ;  
 τί δῆ, τί ταῦτ' ἀλύεις;  
 παῦσαι τοιαῦτ' ἀλύων  
 οὐχ ᾧδ' ἔλοις ἂν αὐτήν.  
 εἰ μὴ θέλει τὸ πρῶτον  
 ἐρᾶν ἐκούσ' ἐκόντος,  
 οὐδ', ἦν τι δρᾶς, θελήσει.  
 μέθες, μέθες μιν ἔρρειν.

*Si qua tui Corydonis habet te cura, uenito.*

QVIN huc digrediens, Merione, uisis ouilia  
 et mecum teneras claudis oues cratibus in suis?  
 sol ornet radiis, Merione, dulcibus aethera,  
 tu plus dimidio dulcior es, sauolum meum.

primus uirginei Merione fulget honos chori,  
 claris ei aculans luminibus laetitiae faces:  
 o quam suaue foret Merionen ducere coniugem,  
 si uellet mihi se coniugio noster amor dari.

tondet uacca mihi cum uitulo gramina pingua,  
 lactentesque nouem, Merione, pascit oues ager:  
 quorum nil tibi non detulero, lux mea, muneri  
 quo mecum uenies in casulam nupta meam die.

*Then comes in the Sweet of the Year.*

THE soote season, that bud and blome forth brings,  
 with grene hath clad the hill and eke the vale;  
 the nightingale with fethers new she sings;  
 the turtle to her make hath told her tale:  
 somer is come, for every spray now springs;  
 the hart hath hong his old hed on the pale;  
 the buck in brake his winter coate he flings;  
 the fishes flete with new repaired scale:  
 the adder all her slough away she flings;  
 the swift swallow pursueth the flies smale;  
 the busy bee her hony now she mings;  
 winter is worne, that was the flowers' bale:  
 and thus I se among these pleasant things  
 eche care decays; and yet my sorow springs.

SURREY.

*Eternal Summer.*

SHALL I compare thee to a summer's day?  
 thou art more lovely and more temperate:  
 rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,  
 and summer's lease hath all too short a date:  
 sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,  
 and often is his gold complexion dimmed;  
 and every fair from fair sometime declines,  
 by chance, or nature's changing course, untrimmed.  
 but thy eternal summer shall not fade,  
 nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;  
 nor shall Death brag thou wanderest in his shade,  
 when in eternal lines to time thou growest:  
 so long as men can breathe, or eye can see,  
 so long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

SHAKESPEARE.

*Nunc formosissimus Annus.*

MELLEA pars anni, florum frondisque creatrix,  
iam uiridi ualles et iuga ueste tegit;  
colloquium uocalis init cum compare turtur,  
laeta nouis plumis Attica cantat auis.  
uer rediit ruri: iam quaeque repullulat herba,  
iam micat in uitreo squama resecta lacu.  
cornua mutatus suspendit in arbore ceruus;  
pelle nouus posita currere gestit oryx.  
per liquidum muscas tenues cita captat hirundo;  
proicit hibernam uipera picta cutim;  
sedula miscet apis fragrantem mellis aceruum,  
pestis enim florum noxia fugit hiemps.  
cetera laetantur: deponunt cetera curas:  
sed mihi tristitiae flebile crescit onus.

*Musa uetat mori.*

TEN licet aestiuae componere, uita, diei?  
at tu temperie candidiore places.  
Maii deliciae flores rapiuntur ab Euris,  
et spatia aestati sors dedit arta nimis.  
interdum nimio Titan fulgore calescit,  
aureus interdum deficit oris honor;  
pulchraque nunc rerum uicibus nunc turbine fati  
omnia mutantur, nec, uelut ante, uigent.  
sed tibi quod pulchri est nullo defecerit aeuo;  
non erit aestatis gloria fluxa tuae:  
numquam uana suis te Mors adscripserit umbris,  
sed tuus aeterno carmine crescet honos:  
dum spirare homines, oculi dum cernere possunt,  
uiuuit teque uetat nostra Camena mori.

*Immortal Song.*

ONE day I wrote her name upon the strand,  
 but came the waves and washed it away;  
 again I wrote it with a second hand,  
 but came the tide and made my pains his prey.  
 'vain man,' said she, 'that dost in vain assay  
 a mortal thing so to immortalise;  
 for I myself shall like to this decay,  
 and eke my name be wiped out likewise.'  
 'not so,' quoth I; 'let baser things devise  
 to die in dust, but you shall live by fame:  
 my verse your virtues rare shall eternise,  
 and in the heavens write your glorious name;  
 where, whenas death shall all the world subdue,  
 our love shall live, and later life renew.'

SPENSER.

*Sir Hudibras.*

WE grant, although he had much wit,  
 h' was very shy of using it,  
 as being loth to wear it out,  
 and therefore bore it not about,  
 unless on holiday or so,  
 as men their best apparel do.  
 besides 'tis known he could speak Greek  
 as naturally as pigs squeak,  
 that Latin was no more difficile  
 than to a blackbird 'tis to whistle.  
 being rich in both, he never scanted  
 his bounty unto such as wanted;  
 but much of either would afford  
 to many that had not one word.

BUTLER.

*In omne Virgo nobilis aeuum.*

OLIM uirgineum signaram in litore nomen :  
ilicet hoc tumidi diluit unda maris.  
mox iterum scripsi: nec longum tempus, et aestus  
adlabens iterum despoliauit opus.  
tum mea uita mihi: 'quid agis, uanissime? num tu  
mortales titulos morte carere iubes?  
aufugiam par ipsa notis in litore ductis,  
deletumque meum tempore nomen erit.'  
'haut ita,' respondi: 'confundat cetera puluis;  
fama tibi uitam tempus in omne dabit:  
aeternabit enim raras mea carmine dotes  
aetheraque inscribet nomine Musa tuo.  
illic uiuus erit seroque nouabitur aeuo,  
ultima post mundi funera, noster amor.'

*Noris nos, inquit, Docti sumus.*

NON animo caruit noster, sed noluit uti;  
lucibus hunc certis protulit ille foras,  
ne tereret metuens: festis ut lauta diebus  
uestimenta solet promere bellus homo.  
sed, mentem propriis ut sus grunitibus edens,  
traditur hic Graece sic potuisse loqui,  
nec solitus sermone minus garrere Latino  
quam merula argutos pipilet ore modos.  
diues ut amborum, sic parcus neutrius, ultro  
praestabat ueteres, siquis egeret, opes.

*The Royal Infant.*

THIS Royal Infant, (Heaven still move about her!)  
though in her cradle, yet now promises  
upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,  
which time shall bring to ripeness: she shall be  
(but few now living can behold that goodness)  
a pattern to all princes living with her,  
and all that shall succeed: Sheba was never  
more covetous of wisdom, and fair virtue,  
than this pure soul shall be: all princely graces,  
that mould up such a mighty piece as this is,  
with all the virtues that attend the good,  
shall still be doubled on her: truth shall nurse her,  
holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her:  
she shall be lov'd, and fear'd: her own shall bless her;  
her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,  
and hang their heads with sorrow: good grows with her:  
in her days, every man shall eat in safety,  
under his own vine, what he plants; and sing  
the merry songs of peace to all his neighbours:  
God shall be truly known; and those about her  
from her shall read the perfect ways of honour,  
and by those claim their greatness, not by blood.  
nor shall this peace sleep with her: but, as when  
the bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix,  
her ashes new create another heir,  
as great in admiration as herself:  
so shall she leave her blessedness to one  
(when Heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness)  
who, from the sacred ashes of her honour,  
shall, star-like, rise as great in fame as she was,  
and so stand fix'd.

SHAKESPEARE.



## Βασιλικὸν Ἔρνος.

Παῖς ἦδε βασιλῆς, ἦν αἰεί ποτ' ἀμφέποι  
 τὸ θεῖον, ἀνχέει νῦν γ' ἔτ' οὔσ' ἐν σπαργάνοις  
 γῆ τῆδε τεύξειν μυρίας εὐπραξίας,  
 ἄς ἐκτελεῖ τὸ μέλλον· ἔσται γὰρ χρόνῳ,  
 παῦροι δὲ τῶν νῦν τὰγάθ' ὕψονται τάδε,  
 ἅπασι τοῖς τότ' αὔσι τοῖς τ' ἐς ὕστερον  
 ἀναξι παράδειγμ'· οὐ γὰρ μὴν Σάβη τις ἦν  
 σοφίας τε μείζων κἀρετῆς φίλης ἔρωσ  
 ἢ παιδὸς ἔσται τῆσδ' ἀκηράτῳ φρενί.  
 τὰ γὰρ βασιλέων πάντα καλλωπίσματα,  
 οἷς θαῦμ' ὅποιον τοῦτο σύγκειται μέγα,  
 καὶ πάνθ' ὅσ' ἐμπέφυκε τοῖς ἐσθλοῖς καλῶ  
 κατ' ἡμαρ αὐτῇ πλείον' ἀυξηθήσεται.  
 θρέψει νιν ἀλήθεια, καὶ Θεοῦ πάρα  
 εὖ νοθετήσῃ κέδν' αἰεὶ φρονήματα.  
 εὐνοίαν ἀνδρῶν κτήσεται δέος θ' ἅμα  
 πρὸς τῶν μὲν ἀστῶν ὡς ἄριστ' ἀκούσεται,  
 ἐχθροὶ δὲ φρίξουσ' ὡς στάχυς κλονούμενος,  
 ὑπ' ἀλγέων νεύοντες εἰς πέδον κἀρα.  
 ἅπαν τὸ χρηστὸν ξύντροφον ταύτῃ πέλει,  
 ἐφ' ἧς γ' ὑπ' ἀμπέλῳ τις οἰκεία κλιθεῖς  
 αὐτόσπορον δαῖτ' ἀσφαλῆς καρπώσεται  
 φίλοις ξυνάδων φαιδρὸν εἰρήνης νόμον.  
 Θεὸς μὲν ὀρθῶς ἐν βροτοῖς γνωσθήσεται,  
 οἱ δ' ἀμφ' ἐκείνην, ἐκδιδαχθέντες καλοῖς  
 αὐτῆς τρόποισι παντελεῖς τιμῆς ὁδοῦς,  
 ταῖσδ' ἀξιώσουσ', οὐ γένει, κλέος λαβεῖν.  
 κοῦ τὰγάθ' αὐτῇ ταῦτα συγκοιμήσεται·  
 ἀλλ' ὡς, ὅταν τὸ θαῦμ' ἐν ὄρνεσιν θάνῃ,  
 φοῖνιξ μονόζυξ, ἐξέφυσεν ἢ τέφρα  
 γέννημ' ἔτ' ἄλλο, τῷ πάροιθ' ἴσον τέρας,  
 οὔτως, ὅταν νιν Θεὸς ἀπαλλάξῃ σκιᾶς  
 τῆς ἐνθάδ', ὄλβον ἦδε παραδώσει τινί,  
 ὡς τιμίας, ὡς ἄστρον, ἀντέλλων σποδοῦ  
 δόξῃ τ' ἰσωθεῖς ἔμπεδος σταθήσεται.

*A Lover's Liberty.*

AWAY with those self-loving lads,  
 whom Cupid's arrow never glads!  
 away poor souls that sigh and weep  
 in love of those that lie asleep!  
     for Cupid is a merry god,  
     and forceth none to kiss the rod.

my songs they be of Cynthia's praise,  
 I wear her rings on holidays,  
 in every tree I write her name,  
 and every day I read the same.  
     where Honour Cupid's rival is,  
     there miracles are seen of his.

if Cynthia crave her ring of me,  
 I blot her name out of the tree;  
 if doubt do darken things held dear,  
 then well-fare nothing once a year.  
     for many run, but one must win:  
     fools only hedge the cuckoo in.

• LORD BROOKE.

*Rich and Poor.*

RICH—you were a happy lover ;  
 poor—your courting days are over.  
 then you were a dear Adonis ;  
 altered now the fair one's tone is :  
 now you fall beneath her knowledge ;  
 Phyllis asks your 'name and college.'  
 ah, my friend, to heart you're laying  
 all too late the sad old saying :  
 'swallows come and go with weather ;  
 friends and Fortune fly together.'

*From the Greek.*

Ἄναγκαῖον πᾶν ἄνιαρὸν ἔφν.

ISTA Cupidineis numquam exhilarata sagittis  
 facessat hinc procul sibi turba placens iuuenum.  
 sintque procul qui flent et qui suspiria proflant,  
 formaeque securae nimis quos miser angit amor.  
 laetus amat risus hilares ludosque Cupido,  
 nec cogit inuitos suis subdere terga flagris.  
 me uatem uocat Anna suum; mea carmina poscit:  
 et feriatus anulis illius ornor amans.  
 illius inscribo nulla non arbore nomen,  
 nulloque non idem die rite mihi legitur.  
 qua sibi riualet credit certare Pudorem,  
 uinci Cupido nescius prodigiosa facit.  
 sin ut reddatur suus anulus imperet Anna,  
 iam nomen Annae deleam cortice ab iliceo.  
 si quondam cari fiducia fallat amoris,  
 anno salutandum semel praestet habere Nihil.  
 curritur a multis: unus fert praemia uictor;  
 quisquis cucullum claudere certat, ineptus homost.

*Infelix Paupertas.*

DIVES amator eras: desisti pauper amare:  
 tam medicina potens est in amore fames.  
 quae te sauiolum dulcemque uocabat Adonim,  
 nunc eadem qui sis Phyllis et unde rogat.  
 o Corydon, Corydon, didicisti serior illud:  
 'nullus ad amissas ibit amicus opes.'

*Jolly Spring.*

EARTH now is green and heaven is blue ;  
 lively Spring, which makes all new,  
     jolly Spring doth enter ;  
 sweet young sunbeams do subdue  
     angry aged Winter.  
 winds are mild and seas are calm,  
 every meadow flows with balm,  
     the earth wears all her riches ;  
 harmonious birds sing such a psalm  
     as ear and heart bewitches.

SIR J. DAVIES.

*L' Usignuolo.*

OFFESA verginella,  
 piangendo il suo destino,  
 tutta dolente e bella,  
 fu cangiata da Giove in augellino  
 che canta dolcemente, e spiega il volo,  
 e questo è l' usignuolo.  
 in verde colle udì con suo diletto  
 cantar un giorno Amor quell' augelletto,  
 e del canto invaghito  
 con miracol gentil prese di Giove  
 ad emular le prove :  
 onde poi ch' ebbe udito  
 quel musico usignuol che si soave  
 canta, gorgheggia, e stilla,  
 cangiollo in verginella ; e questa è Lilla.

FRANCESCO DI LEMENE.

*Vere nitent Terrae.*

TERRAE iam uiridis, caerulus est color  
 caeli: uer uegetum, cuncta redintegrans,  
 uer laetum subiit: iam senium domat  
 iratasque hiemis minas

festius radiis sol iuuenalibus.  
 mitescunt zephyris frigora: Nereo  
 sternuntur tacito marmora; balsamis  
 manat quisque suis ager,  
 omnesque induitur diuitias humus;  
 concordēs auium carmina dum chori  
 aures atque animos pellicientia  
 blandis ingeminant modis.

*Luscinia.*

IMMERITOS flentem casus uertisse puellam  
 dicitur in uolucrum rexque paterque deum.  
 illa uolat, ramoque sedens suauissima siluas,  
 nomine Lusciniae cognita, mulcet auis.  
 deuius in latebris illam nemoralibus olim  
 audiit ambrosium fundere carmen Amor:  
 audiit, aeternique Patris miracula prisca  
 prodigiis credit uincere posse nouis.  
 Iuppiter in uolucrum conuerterat ante puellam;  
 femineo uolucrum corpore donat Amor.  
 haec est, quae domitas Orpheo carmine gentes  
 fascinat, Arctoae gloria Linda plagae.

*The Hymn of Arion.*

HAIL, Neptune, greatest of the gods,  
 thou ruler of the salt sea floods:  
 thou with the deep and dark-green hair,  
 that dost the golden trident bear:  
 thou that with either arm outspread  
 embosomest the earth we tread:  
 thine are the beasts with fins and scales  
 that, round thy chariot, as it sails,  
 plunging and tumbling, fast and free,  
 all reckless follow o'er the sea.  
 thine are the gentle dolphin throng,  
 that love and listen to the song;  
 with whom the sister Nereids stray,  
 and in their crystal caverns play.  
 they bore me well to Pelops' isle,  
 and Sparta's rocky mountain-pile;  
 and through the deep Sicilian sea  
 the briny champain ploughed for me,  
 when wicked men had cast me o'er  
 our vessel's side into the roar  
 of clashing waters, and a grave  
 yawned for me in the purple wave.

C. MERIVALE (*from the Greek*).

*Pan to his Worshippers.*

GO rouse the deer with horn and hound,  
 and chase him o'er the mountains free:  
 or bid the hollow woods resound  
 the triumphs of your archery.  
 Pan leads: and if you hail me right  
 as guardian of the sylvan reign,  
 I'll wing your arrows on their flight,  
 and speed your coursers o'er the plain.

MERIVALE (*from LEONIDAS*).

*Hymnus Arionius.*

DIVE deum coetus inter ualidissime, salsi  
 rector haue, Neptune, profundi,  
 qui glomeras uiridi gemmantis luce capillos,  
 auratoque tridente coerces  
 oceani spatia, et palmis utrimque reductis  
 terrarum complecteris orbem.  
 sunt tua quae squamis pinnarumque horrida uallo  
 monstra ruunt titubantque per aequor  
 pone tuos currus, rapidisque hinc inde choreis  
 plebs stipant temeraria regem.  
 et tibi mitis adest delphinum turba, Camenae  
 carmina quae cupida bibit aure;  
 quacum Nereides gaudent errare sorores  
 et uitreis saltare sub antris.  
 litora me Pelopis Spartaequae ad saxa tulerunt  
 et Siculos impune per aestus,  
 tempore quo rabidi media inter proelia ponti  
 praecipitem de puppe uirorum  
 gens dederat scelerata, mihi que hiscebat in undis  
 purpureis immane sepulchrum.

*Pan loquitur.*

ITE, per uastos agitate montes  
 excitam cornu canibusque dammam,  
 uel cauas late resonante siluas  
 rumpite neruo.

ite: sin recte nemorum coletis  
 Pana custodem, duce me sagittae  
 fugerint certae, rapietque uictrix  
 ungula campum.

*Pan's Lamentation.*

FAREWELL, ye straying herds, ye crystal fountains,  
 ye solitary woods, and breezy mountains.  
 goat-footed Pan will now no longer dwell  
 in the rude fastness of his sylvan cell.  
 what joy has he amid the forests hoar  
 and mountain summits? Daphnis is no more.  
 no more; no more! they all are lost to me:  
 the busy town must now my refuge be.  
 the chase let others follow: I resign  
 whate'er of joy or rapture once was mine.

MERIVALE (*from* MELEAGER).

*Common Sins.*

A SIN it is in man or woman  
 to steal the goose from off the common.  
 but 'tis a crime without excuse  
 to steal the common from the goose.

*Norfolk Saw.*

*Orpheus.*

NO more, sweet Orpheus, shalt thou lead along  
 oaks, rocks, and savage monsters with thy song,  
 fetter the winds, the struggling hailstorm chain,  
 the snowy desert soothe, and sounding main;  
 for thou art dead: the Muses o'er thy bier,  
 sad as thy parent, pour the tuneful tear.  
 weep we a child? not e'en the gods can save  
 their glorious offspring from the hated grave.

BLAND (*from* ANTIPATER).



*Tua non tibi Maenala curae.*

VOS armenta iugis passim uaga, uos ualete siluae;  
 uos montium aurae limpidae fontes,  
 uiuite: Pan capripes non, ut prius, e tenebricosis  
 exesa saxis antra nec uetustos  
 incolet amfractus nemorum neque Maenali cacumen.  
 quis fructus horum Daphnide interempto?  
 a periit periit quidquid mihi risit hic locorum  
 tam dulce nuper tamque delicatum:  
 rus mihi iam non est habitabile; rure sed quieto  
 muto fragores inquilinus urbis.  
 uenantes alii rapiant iuga: me reliquit ardor,  
 me spes; et omnis displicet uoluptas.

*Communia Damna.*

ANSERE qui rapto fraudauit publica rura  
 peccati grauis est, uir mulierue, reus.  
 ansere fraudato, rapiet qui publica rura  
 delicto fuerit uel grauiore nocens.

*Rhodopeiüs Orpheus.*

NON scopulos quercusque uagas, non amplius, Orpheu,  
 tuis ligata monstra cantibus trahes:  
 non iam flabra premes et sternes grandinis iram,  
 nec Ismaron niuosum et impotens mare  
 mollieris. te Mors rapuit. sed busta canoris  
 parens Camena rite lacrimis colit.  
 nos puerum gemimus? non di de prole parentes  
 abominata depulere Tartara.

*Mercy.**Portia. Antonio. Shylock.*

*Por.* OF a strange nature is the suit you follow;  
yet in such rule, that the Venetian law  
cannot impugn you, as you do proceed.—  
you stand within his danger, do you not? (*to Ant.*)

*Ant.* Aye, so he says.

*Por.* Do you confess the bond?

*Ant.* I do.

*Por.* Then must the Jew be merciful.

*Shy.* On what compulsion must I? Tell me that.

*Por.* The quality of mercy is not strain'd:  
it droppeth as the gentle dew from heaven  
upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;  
it blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:  
'tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes  
the throned monarch better than his crown:  
his sceptre shews the force of temporal power,  
the attribute to awe and majesty,  
wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings:  
but mercy is above this sceptred sway;  
it is enthroned in the hearts of kings;  
it is an attribute to God himself;  
and earthly power doth then shew likest God's,  
when mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,  
though justice be thy plea, consider this,—  
that, in the course of justice, none of us  
should see salvation: we do pray for mercy,  
and that same prayer doth teach us all to render  
the deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much,  
to mitigate the justice of thy plea;  
which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice  
must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

*Shy.* My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,  
the penalty and forfeit of my bond.

SHAKESPEARE.

## Οἶκτος.

Πορτία. Ἀντώνιος. Σύλωκος.

Π. Ὑπερφυᾶ τιν' εἰσάγεις ἡμῖν δίκην,  
 ἀλλ' ἔννομος γάρ ἐστιν, ἣν στείχεις, ὁδός,  
 τῆσδ' οὔτι σ' οἰοί τ' εἰργασθεῖν νόμοι πόλεως.—  
 σὺ δ' ἄρα τῶδ' ὑπόδικος εἶ;

Α. φησὶν γ' ὕδε.

Π. καὶ ξυμβολαῖα συμβαλεῖν λέγεις;

Α. λέγω.

Π. τὸν δ' οὖν Ἑβραῖον δεῖ πέλειν οἰκτίρμονα.

Σ. τῶ δῆτ' ἀνάγκη δεῖ με; τοῦτ' ἐμοὶ φράσον.

Π. οὐκ ἐξ ἀνάγκης οἶκτος, ὡς δ' ἀπ' οὐρανοῦ  
 εἰς τὴν ἔνερθε γῆν φίλη στάζει δρόσος.  
 δις δ' ἐστὶ χρηστός, ὠφελεῖ γὰρ ἐξ ἴσου  
 τὸν δόντα τὸν θ' εὐρόντα· τοῖς δ' ὑπερτάτοις  
 ὕψιστος ἐμπέφυκεν, εὐθρόνῳ γὰρ οὖν  
 πρέπει τυράννῳ μᾶλλον ἢ κείνου στέφος.  
 σκηπτρον μὲν ἀρχῆς μαρτυρεῖ θνητῆς κράτη,  
 τιμῇ ξυνίζον παντελεῖ τ' ἐξουσία,  
 ἐν αἷς ἀνάκτων ἔμφοβον κείται σέβας·  
 οἶκτος δὲ κρείστων τῆσδ' ἔφυ σκηπτουχίας,  
 ἐν γὰρ τυράννων καρδίαις ἔχει θρόνον,  
 ξύνεδρος αὐτῶ τ' ἐστὶν ἐξ ἀρχῆς Θεῶ,  
 θείῳ θ' ὁμοῖα θνητὰ φαίνεται κράτη  
 μάλισθ', ὅτ' οἶκτῳ ξυγκεράννυται δίκη.  
 σὺ δ' οὖν, λέγων περ ἔνδικ', εἶ τόδ' ἐννόει,  
 ὀθούνεκ' οὐδεὶς ξὺν δίκῃ σωθήσεται  
 ἴσοιπερ ἔσμεν· τοιγάρ, ὡς οἶκτου τυχεῖν  
 αἰτούμεθ' ἐν λιταῖσιν, αἶδ' ἡμᾶς λιταὶ  
 πάντας διδάσκουσ' οἶκτον ἀλλήλοις νέμειν.  
 εἰπὼν δ' ἐγὼ τοσαῦτα βούλομαι λόγων  
 τῶν σῶν, Ἑβραῖε, τοῦνδικον παρηγορεῖν  
 οἷς ἦν ἐπίσπη, τήνδε τὴν σεμνήν ἔδραν  
 ψῆφον δικαίαν χρῆ κατ' ἐμπορίου φέρειν.  
 Σ. εἰς κρᾶτ' ἐμαντῶ τᾶργα τᾶμαντοῦ πέσοι  
 τοῦ γὰρ νόμῳ δοθέντος αἰτοῦμαι τυχεῖν  
 τῶν ξυμβολαίων ἐνδίκου τιμήματος.

*The Poet's House.*

CAPTAIN, or colonel, or knight in arms,  
whose chance on these defenceless doors may seize,  
if deed of honour did thee ever please,  
guard them, and him within protect from harms.  
he can requite thee: for he knows the charms  
that call fame on such gentle acts as these;  
and he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,  
whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.  
lift not thy spear against the Muses' bower:  
the great Emathian conqueror bid spare  
the house of Pindarus, when temple and tower  
went to the ground: and the repeated air  
of sad Electra's poet had the power  
to save the Athenian walls from ruin bare.

MILTON.

*Grace and Will.*

WITHIN the infant rind of this small flower  
poison hath residence and medicine power;  
two such opposed foes encamp them still  
in men as well as herbs, grace and rude will;  
and, where the worscr is predominant,  
full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

SHAKESPEARE.

*Sacri Vates.*

TRIBVNE, seu tu, centurio ferox,  
 seu forte inermes impuleris fores,  
 praefecte, si gaudes honestis,  
 limina cum domino tuere

secura fraudis. non tibi gratiam  
 nullam rependet, callidus artium  
 quis fama de caelo uocata  
 laude pios merita coronat.

quascumque terras et freta feruido  
 sol orbe lustrat, tu quoque uideris  
 hoc uate. Musarum latebras  
 parce graui temerare ferro.

Pellaeus ipso Martis in impetu  
 uictor pepercit Pindarico lari  
 qua templa, qua grandes in hora  
 turpe solum tetigere turres:

olim et theatro reddita profuit  
 Euripideae naenia uirginis  
 ne strata deformi iacerent  
 moenia Cecropidum ruina.

*Intra muros pugnatur.*

EN ubi nascentis tenui sub germine floris  
 non sine ui medica dira uenena latent!  
 sic hominum mentes ratioque et bruta libido  
 oppositis certant uiribus utra regat;  
 et, quam deterior uicta meliore gubernat,  
 ut flos, mortifero mens ea felle perit.

*The Rose.*

Go, lovely rose,  
 tell her that wastes her time and me,  
 that now she knows,  
 when I resemble her to thee,  
 how sweet and fair she seems to be.

tell her that's young,  
 and shuns to have her graces spied,  
 that, hadst thou sprung  
 in deserts where no men abide,  
 thou must have uncommended died.

small is the worth  
 of beauty from the light retired :  
 bid her come forth,  
 suffer herself to be desired,  
 and not blush so to be admired.

then die : that she  
 the common fate of all things rare  
 may read in thee ;  
 how small a part of time they share,  
 that are so wondrous sweet and fair.

WALLER.

*The Lion and the Unicorn.*

THE lion and the unicorn  
 were fighting for the crown ;  
 the lion beat the unicorn  
 all round the town.  
 some gave him white bread ;  
 some gave him brown ;  
 some gave him plum-cake,  
 and sent him out of town.

GAMMER GURTON.

*Ῥόδον ἀνθέων ἄριστον.*

I ROSA, flos florum : cum te conspexerit illa  
 quae tempusque suum meque perire sinit,  
 se certare tibi me discet iudice ; discet  
 quam suavis species sit sua quamque decens.  
 hac quoque tu teneram castiga uoce puellam,  
 quae ueneres nimio uicta pudore tegit :  
 ‘si rosa nata foret, dessent ubi saecla uirorum,  
 una fuit miserae sors, sine laude mori.’  
 uilescit pretium fugientis lumina formæ :  
 prodeat abiecto nostra timore iube  
 seque coli sinat et mirantum ferre coronam,  
 nec rubeat curae mille futura procis.  
 tum morere, ut quidquid rari est quae fata sequantur  
 sentiat exemplo docta puella tuo ;  
 quam cito tot pereant gratae miracula formae,  
 quam paucos habeant optima quaeque dies.

*Grande Certamen.*

Ἐμάχονθ' ὁ λέων χῶ μουνόκερως  
 περὶ τοῦ στεφάνου·  
 καὶ μουνόκερων ὁ μὲν ἀντίδικος  
 περὶ πᾶν ἤκιζ' ἄστν διώκων·  
 ὁ δὲ δωρηθεὶς ἄρτοις λευκοῖς,  
 φαιοῖς δ' ἑτέροις, ποπάνοις τ' ἄλλοις  
 μυριοκάρποις  
 οὕτως ἔκδημος ἐπέμφθη.

*To the Lord General Fairfax.*

FAIRFAX, whose name in arms through Europe  
 rings,  
 filling each mouth with envy or with praise,  
 and all her jealous monarchs with amaze  
 and rumours loud, that daunt remotest kings,  
 thy firm unshaken virtue ever brings  
 victory home, though new rebellions raise  
 their hydra heads, and the false north displays  
 her broken league to imp their serpent wings.  
 o yet a nobler task awaits thy hand ;  
 for what can war but endless wars still breed,  
 till truth and right from violence be freed,  
 and public faith cleared from the shameful brand  
 of public fraud? in vain doth valour bleed,  
 while avarice and rapine share the land.

MILTON.

*The Coward Lover.*

FAINT Amorist ! what, dost thou think  
 to taste Love's honey, and not drink  
 one drop of gall? or to devour  
 a world of sweet, and taste no sour?  
 dost thou ever think to enter  
 th' Elysian fields, that dar'st not venture  
 in Charon's barge? a lover's mind  
 must use to sail with every wind.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.



*Lucem redde tuae, Dux bone, patriae.*

Dvx clare, cuius perstrepat inclutis  
 Europa bellis, siue quis inuidet,  
 seu laudat inuisum tyrannis  
 attonitis popularis aura  
 dirumque nomen regibus ultimis ;  
 uirtute semper parta tua redit  
 uictoria, insurgat rebellis  
 hydra licet reparata semper,  
 et falsa rupto Scotia foedere  
 uires reffectis adserat anguibus.  
 quid Marte producto lucratur  
 perpetui nisi damna Martis ?  
 ergo morantem splendidius uocat  
 te, Magne, pensum. tu, uiolentia  
 ius fasque ne frangat, fidesque  
 publica ne pereat cauebis  
 polluta fraudis crimine publicae.  
 nil larga uirtus sanguinis efficit,  
 dum uexat infaustos rapinae  
 foedus auaritiaequae ciues.

*Segnis Amans.*

SIC tibi, segnis amans, quod dulcia tinguat acerbis,  
 felle quod inficiat mella, fugatur Amor ?  
 Elysium sperans fugies a lintre Charontis ?  
 pande sinus omni flamine, quisquis amas.

*The Fatal Dilemma.*

JE mourrai de trop de plaisir,  
 si je la trouve favorable :  
 je mourrai de trop de désir,  
 si je la trouve inexorable.  
 ainsi je ne sçaurai guérir  
 de la douleur qui me possède :  
 je suis assuré de périr  
 par le mal ou par le remède.

A.

*John Lilburn.*

Is John departed, and is Lilburn gone?  
 farewell to both, to Lilburn and to John.  
 yet, being dead, take this advice from me,  
 let them not both in one grave buried be;  
 but lay John here, and Lilburn thereabout;  
 for, if they both should meet, they would fall out.  
 [BUTLER].

*To a Covetous Hero.*

THY narrow or aspiring thoughts lay by;  
 can one so humbly creep, and soar so high?  
 brave is the warrior's arm, his sword is bold:  
 but, like thy falchion, do not grasp thy gold:  
 act not the hero's and the coward's part,  
 abroad all soul, at home without a heart.

A.

*Quocumque aspicio, Mors est.*

LAETITIA moriar, si fauerit Aelia uotis,  
tristitia, nostras spreuerit illa preces.  
me miserum! neutra sanari parte licebit;  
siue uenit morbus siue medela, necat.

*Marcus Manlius.*

MARCVS obit? fato concessit Manlius? ergo  
Manlius et Marcus, nobile par, ualeant.  
at uos, cognati, uos, gens agnata, cauete  
ne tellus eadem nomen utrumque tegat:  
tutior hic Marcus ponetur, Manlius illic:  
compositis una rixa duobus erit.

*Nil fuit umquam sic impar sibi.*

VEL tenuem uel magnum animum dimitte: quid idem  
uermis uti reptas et tamen astra petis?  
dextera bellantem captat tua fortiter ensem:  
ne turpes eadem dextera captet opes.  
qui leo nuper eras, ne nunc sis perfuga uolpis,  
incluta militiae mens, sine corde domi.

*The Soldiery of Hell.*

THEN straight commands, that, at the warlike  
    sound  
of trumpets loud and clarions, be upreared  
his mighty standard : that proud honour claimed  
Azazel as his right, a cherub tall,  
who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurled  
the imperial ensign ; which, full high advanced,  
shone like a meteor streaming to the wind,  
with gems and golden lustre rich emblazed,  
seraphic arms and trophies ; all the while  
sonorous metal blowing martial sounds ;  
at which the universal host up-sent  
a shout, that tore hell's concave, and beyond  
frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.  
all in a moment through the gloom were seen  
ten thousand banners rise into the air  
with orient colours waving : with them rose  
a forest huge of spears ; and thronging helms  
appeared, and serried shields in thick array  
of depth immeasurable : anon they move  
in perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood  
of flutes and soft recorders ; such as raised  
to height of noblest temper heroes old  
arming to battle ; and, instead of rage,  
deliberate valour breathed, firm and unmoved  
with dread of death to flight or foul retreat :  
nor wanting power to mitigate and 'suage  
with solemn touches troubled thoughts, and chase  
anguish, and doubt, and fear, and sorrow, and pain  
from mortal or immortal minds.

MILTON.

*Coniurati Caelum rescindere.*

PROTINVS ad lituum strepitus mixtosque tubarum  
grande iubet tolli signum : quem credier uni  
maximus Azazel proprium sibi poscit honorem.  
nec mora quin hasta regale insigne corusca  
arduus expandens effundat in aetheris auras  
(non aliter quam si diro micet omine sidus)  
intextum gemmis rutilique nitoribus auri  
hinc illinc, scutisque deum caelique tropaeis.  
martius interea sonitus crebrescit et aeris  
clangor : eo motu clamorem exercitus omnis  
excitat ipsa Orci rumpentem concaua, et ultra  
terrentem Chaos et priscae regna intima Noctis.  
ilicet obscuras orientia mille per umbras  
signa fluunt, tremulisque auras splendoribus implent.  
silua ingens hastarum una galeaeque frequentes  
imensusque horrent atque impenetrabilis ordo,  
conferti clipei. mox iustae lege phalangis  
instructae incedunt acies : nec tibia cessat  
Dorica, nec molles calami, quis spiritus ardens  
heroum tumet et cordi fiducia crescit  
arma capessentum. non his concentibus ira,  
non furor elicitur, sed bello uiuida uirtus,  
sed uigor erectus, sed mens segura timorum,  
contemptrix leti foedamque exosa repulsam.  
hinc quandoque graui spirant dulcedine flatus,  
pallida distractae fugere insomnia mentis,  
curaeque ambiguique metus et luctus et angor  
mortalesque animos immortalesque relinquunt.

*The Primrose.*

ASK me why I send you here  
 this firstling of the infant year :  
 ask me why I send to you  
 this primrose all bepearled with dew ;  
 I straight will whisper in your ears,  
 the sweets of love are washed with tears.

ask me why this flower doth shew  
 so yellow, green, and sickly too ;  
 ask me why the stalk is weak,  
 and, bending, yet it doth not break ;  
 I must tell you, these discover  
 what doubts and fears are in a lover.

CAREW.

*May Morning.*

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,  
 comes dancing from the east, and leads with her  
 the flowery May, who from her green lap strows  
 the yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.

hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire  
 mirth and youth and warm desire ;  
 woods and groves are of thy dressing ;  
 hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.  
 thus we salute thee with our early song,  
 and welcome thee, and wish thee long.

MILTON.

*Primula Veris.*

QVAERIS cur tibi muneri  
 sic anni dederim primitias noui,  
 cur haec uenerit ad tuum  
 limen rore micans primula gemmeo?  
 quas dat delicias Amor,  
 illas, crede mihi, fletibus inrigat.  
 quaeris cur ita palleat  
 aegrescens uiridi lumine flosculus;  
 culmo cur tenero nimis  
 flectatur, neque adhuc fractus humi cadat?  
 haec te, crede mihi, docent  
 ut spes inter Amor pendeat et metus.

*It Ver.*

IAM, fax diei praeuia, Lucifer  
 splendens Eois partibus exilit,  
 Maiumque florentem sodalem  
 ducit. eum croceamque caltham  
 sparsisse cernas e uiridi sinu et  
 quae prima pallet uere nouo rosa.  
 saluere te blandae iubemus  
 laetitiae facilem datorem,  
 te feruidorum, Maie, cupidinum et  
 plenum iuuentae. tu foliis nemus  
 saltumque conuestis, tuoque  
 uallis ouat recreata cultu  
 cliusque felix. sic bona dicimus  
 nos mane primo carmina, sic tibi  
 gratamur ingresso, precantes  
 hic maneat diuturnus hospes.

*His Heart's his Mouth.*

THIS man has marred his fortune.  
 his nature is too noble for the world :  
 he would not flatter Neptune for his trident,  
 or Jove for his power to thunder. his heart's his  
 mouth :  
 what his breast forges, that his tongue must vent ;  
 and being angry, does forget that ever  
 he heard the name of death.

SHAKESPEARE.

*Auf das Alter.*

OLD age I do not love, and youth I like no better ;  
 the first, because it comes ; because it goes, the latter.

*From OPITZ.**A Day after the Fair.*

I WAS poor, but I was twenty,  
 now at threescore I have plenty ;  
 what a miserable lot !  
 now that I have hoarded treasure,  
 I no more can taste of pleasure :  
 when I could, I had it not.

*A. (from the Greek).**A sweeping Charge.*

MEN have many faults : women only two :  
 nothing right they say ; nothing right they do.

*Old Epigram.*



*Libere sentire et loqui.*

Οὗτος ἐξεύρηκεν αὐτῷ περιπετεῖς ἀνὴρ τύχας.  
 εὐγενέστερος γάρ ἐστιν ἢ ξυνοικῆσαι βροτοῖς.  
 οὐδ' ἂν εἰ δοίη τρίαῖναν ποντίας ἄλμης ἄναξ,  
 οὐδ' ἂν εἰ κεραύνιον Ζεὺς λαμπάδ', αἰκύλλοι ποτ' ἂν  
 οὔτε τοῦτον οὔτ' ἐκείνον· οἰκίσας δ' ἔχει κέαρ  
 στόματος ἐν θύραισιν αὐταῖς, χῶ τι φρῆν τεκταίνεται  
 γλῶσσ' ἀφῆκεν ἐξ ἀνάγκης· ἠγριωμένος δ' ἄπαξ  
 οὐδὲ τοῦνομ' οἶδ' ἀκούσας ὅ τί ποτ' ἐστὶ τοῦ θανείν.

*Difficilis, querulus.*

TEMPORA nec senii nec sunt mihi grata iuuentae,  
 altera quod ueniunt, altera quod fugiunt.

*Aegra Senectus.*

PAUPER eram iuuenis; senior ditescere coepi:  
 utraque condicio quod doleatur habet.  
 posse frui mihi tunc aderat cum cetera derant;  
 nunc mihi nil aliud dest nisi posse frui.

*Multum in Paruo.*

VIR premitur uitiiis centenis, non nisi binis  
 femina: nil loquitur, nil facit illa boni.

*Funeral Honours.*

O THINK not that with garlands crowned  
 inhuman near thy grave we tread,  
 or blushing roses scatter round  
 to mock the paleness of the dead.  
 what though we drain the fragrant bowl,  
 in flowers adorned and silken vest,  
 o think not, brave departed soul,  
 we revel to disturb thy rest.  
 feigned is the pleasure that appears,  
 and false the triumph of our eyes ;  
 our draughts of joy are dashed with tears,  
 our songs imperfect and in sighs.  
 we inly mourn : o'er flowery plains  
 to roam in joyous trance is thine,  
 and pleasures unallied to pains,  
 unfading sweets, immortal wine.

BLAND (*from the Greek*).

*The remorseless Deep.*

SMOOTH was the sea and seem'd to call  
 two prettie girles to play withall ;  
 who padling there, the sea soone frown'd,  
 and on a sudden both were drown'd.  
 what credit can we give to seas,  
 who, kissing, kill such saints as these ?

HERRICK.

*A Paisley Toast.*

PEACE and Plenty, without killing :  
 beef at a groat, and meal at a shilling.

*Tumulo referunt sollemnia.*

QVOD tua florentes sertis prope busta moremur,  
 ne tu saeuitiae nos age, care, reos:  
 neu, quae pallenti cupiant inludere morti,  
 per tumulum sparsas crede rubere rosas.  
 quid si, dum bibimus fragrantia pocula, uestit  
 aurea palla umeros, florea uitta comas?  
 talia ne, claros inter fortissime manes,  
 rere tuae labem festa quietis agi.  
 fingimus heu uani simulato gaudia risu,  
 et fallax oculos ille triumphus init:  
 in calices furtim lacrimarum stillat amaror,  
 inter singultus carmina manca cadunt.  
 nos gemimus: celebrare tuumst florentia prata;  
 sunt tibi sinceræ somnia laetitiae,  
 quaeque malo nescit tingui maerore uoluptas,  
 et sine felle sales et sine faece merum.

*Mare perfidum.*

VISVM est leue sibi aduocare lusum  
 marmor lacteolas duas puellas.  
 ludentes aqua cinxit et repente  
 contracta cita fronte mersit ambas.  
 quis, Nereu, tibi fidat osculando  
 tam castis animis necem struenti?

*Publica Vota.*

PAX et Copia sint sine sanguine: bubula binis  
 senisque far sestertiis.

*Epitaph of a Quarrelsome Woman.*

HERE lies, thank heaven, a woman who  
 quarrelled and stormed her whole life through :  
 tread gently o'er her mouldering form,  
 or else you'll rouse another storm.

WECKHERLIN.

*To-morrow and To-morrow and To-morrow!*

WHEN I consider life, 'tis all a cheat ;  
 yet, fooled with hope, men favour the deceit,  
 trust on, and think to-morrow will repay :  
 to-morrow's falser than the former day,  
 lies worse ; and while it says we shall be bless'd  
 with some new joys, cuts off what we possess'd.  
 strange cozenage ! none would live past years again,  
 yet all hope pleasure in what yet remain,  
 and from the dregs of life think to receive  
 what the first sprightly running could not give.  
 I'm tired with waiting for this chymic gold,  
 which fools us young, and beggars us when old.

DRYDEN.

*A false Face true.*

THAT there is falsehood in his looks  
 I must and will deny :  
 they say their master is a knave ;  
 and sure they do not lie.

BURNS.

*Caue canem.*

DIS iacet hic faustis muliercula, cui sua uita  
 nil nisi tempestas una furorque fuit.  
 huic super ossa leuis uestigia pone, uiator,  
 ne redeat fracto clausa procella solo.

*Quantum est in rebus inane!*

ESSE quid hoc dicam? Mera fraus est uita; sed  
 ipse

lulus homo ludi gaudet amatque dolum.  
 credimus, et, 'cras cras soluetur,' dicimus: atqui  
 falsior hesterna crastina luce dies  
 mentitur peius: spondet noua gaudia semper,  
 et noua dum spondet gaudia, parta rapit.  
 quemque uoluptatis fallit spes mira futurae:  
 quis sibi restitui tempora lapsa rogat?  
 sic igitur uitae faeces dare posse uidentur  
 quas non delicias amphora prompta dedit.  
 expectasse diu magicum me paenitet aurum,  
 quod iuuenes ludit despoliatque senes.

*Falsitas uerax.*

FALSVM est quod crepat oppidum, Perille,  
 falsus quod tibi uoltus est, Perille:  
 falsum qui docet esse te, Perille,  
 uoltus non ita falsus est, Perille.

*The Sleep of the Brave.*

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest  
 by all their country's wishes blest?  
 when Spring, with dewy fingers cold,  
 returns to deck their hallowed mould,  
 she there shall dress a sweeter sod  
 than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

by fairy hands their knell is rung ;  
 by forms unseen their dirge is sung ;  
 there Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,  
 to bless the turf that wraps their clay ;  
 and Freedom shall awhile repair,  
 to dwell a weeping hermit there.

COLLINS.

*Gratitude.*

WHAT is grandeur, what is power?  
 heavier toil, superior pain.  
 what the bright reward we gain?  
 the grateful memory of the good.  
 sweet is the breath of vernal shower,  
 the bee's collected treasures sweet ;  
 sweet music's melting fall ; but sweeter yet  
 the still small voice of gratitude.

GRAY.

Κείμεθα τοῖς πατρίοις ῥήμασι πειθόμενοι.

FORTES qualis habet sopor,  
 compostos requie quos sua patria  
 uotis prosequitur bonis?  
 uer quando gelida roriferum manu  
 heroum rediens sacros  
 ornabit tumulos, floribus induet  
 primis quale beatius  
 planta Musa uaga non tetigit solum.  
 illos, funereum decus,  
 diuina celebrat pulsa manu chelys ;  
 illis aerii chori  
 decantata sonat naenia uocibus :  
 illic pullus adest Honor  
 exstructum uenerans aduena caespitem ;  
 Libertasque piis humum  
 sacrabit lacrimis, flebilis incola.

*Grata Posteritas.*

QVID dominantum decus est tantum,  
 magnificentia, pompa, potentia?  
 labor insuauior, angor grauior.  
 quae sunt munera? laus post funera,  
 uoxque piorum grata uirorum.  
 uer post rores spirat odores,  
 suauesque dapes condunt sibi apes ;  
 suaue canoro sociata choro  
 fidium uis est : suauius his est  
 grandibus actis et bene factis  
 bene dicentis uox pia mentis.

*Contentment.*

I CARE not, Fortune, what you me deny :  
 you cannot rob me of free Nature's grace ;  
 you cannot shut the windows of the sky,  
 through which Aurora shows her brightening face ;  
 you cannot bar my constant feet to trace  
 the woods and lawns, by living stream, at eve.  
 let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,  
 and I their toys to the great children leave :  
 of fancy, reason, virtue, nought can me bereave.

THOMSON.

*The absent Rose.*

WHY is it that on Clara's face  
 the lily only has a place ?  
 is it that the absent rose  
 is gone to paint her husband's nose ?

A.

*Epitaph.*

WHAT thou art reading o'er my bones  
 I've often read on other stones ;  
 and others soon shall read of thee  
 what thou art reading now of me.

FLEMING.

*Hohe Liebe.*

In Liebesarmen ruht ihr trunken,  
 des Lebens Früchte winken euch ;  
 ein Blick nur ist auf mir gesunken,  
 doch bin ich vor euch allen reich.

UHLAND.



*Flumina amem silvasque.*

NIL me sollicitat quid tu, Fortuna, recuses,  
 dum mihi ne ualeas Naturae auertere dona  
 munificae, caelique amplas occludere ualuas,  
 quas Aurora aperit, roseo spectabilis ore :  
 neu possis retinere pedes quin uespere lustrem  
 saltusque silvasque ad uiui fluminis undam.  
 si neruos modo dia meos dignetur Hygea  
 et tenues firmare fibras, sua gaudia nugax  
 per me turba colat procerum : mihi Musa supersit  
 et Ratio et Virtus : his nil me dotibus orbat.

*Rosa perfuga.*

CLARISSAE faciem cur tantum lilia pingunt?  
 coniugis an naso tradidit illa rosas?

*Eadem sunt omnia semper.*

QVOD legis hic de me, de multis saepe ego legi :  
 quique legis, de te saepe legetur idem.

*Paruo beatus.*

QVOD det Amor felix nil non habeatis, amati ;  
 uita suum uobis fuderit omne merum.  
 me semel obtutu uidit mea flamma benigno,  
 ditior at uobis omnibus unus ego.

*Prospective Murder.**King John. Hubert.*

*John.* COME hither, Hubert. o my gentle Hubert, we owe thee much : within this wall of flesh there is a soul counts thee her creditor, and with advantage means to pay thy love : and, my good friend, thy voluntary oath lives in this bosom, dearly cherished. give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,— but I will fit it with some better time. by heaven, Hubert, I am almost ashamed to say what good respect I have of thee.

*Hub.* I am much bounden to your majesty.

*John.* Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet :

but thou shalt have ; and creep time ne'er so slow, yet it shall come, for me to do thee good. I had a thing to say ;—but let it go : the sun is in the heaven, and the proud day, attended with the pleasures of the world, is all too wanton, and too full of gawds, to give me audience. if the midnight bell did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth, sound One unto the drowsy race of night ; if this same were a churchyard where we stand, and thou possessed with a thousand wrongs ; or if that surly spirit, melancholy, had baked thy blood, and made it heavy, thick,

## Φόνια νοήματα.

Βασιλεύς. Οὔβερτος.

- B. Φέρ' ἔλθῃ δεῦρ', Οὔβερτε, γενναῖον κάρα·  
 ὀφείλομέν σοι πολλά, κἄν περιπτυχαῖς  
 τῆσδ' ἐστὶ σαρκὸς φρήν τις, ἥπερ ἐκ σέθεν  
 ξύνοιδεν εὖ παθοῦσα, καὶ μέλλει ποτὲ  
 εὖ σ' ἀντιδρῶσα δις τόσην θέσθαι χάριν.  
 ὄρκοι δέ, φίλταθ', οὐς ἐκὼν κατώμοσας,  
 ἐν ταῖσδ' ἔτι ζῶσ' εὖ γεγραμμένοι φρεσίν.  
 ἄγ' οὖν πρότεινε δεξιὰν ἐμοὶ χέρα.  
 ἦκόν τι λέξων· ἀλλὰ ταῦτ' ἀμείνονι  
 καιρῷ προσάψας ἐξερῶ· σχεδόν τι γὰρ  
 αἰδῶς ἔχει με, μαρτυρεῖ δέ μοι Θεός,  
 εἰπεῖν ὄσην, Οὔβερτε, σοὶ τιμὴν νέμω.
- O. ἄναξ, ὀφείλω τῶνδέ σοι πολλὴν χάριν.
- B. οὔπω τόδ', ὦ φίλ', ἐνδίκως ἔχεις φράσαι,  
 σάφ' ἴσθι δ' ἔξων· κἄν βράδισθ' ἔρπη χρόνος,  
 ἦξει ποθ' ἦξει καιρὸς εὖ δρᾶσαί σ' ὅμως.  
 ἦλθόν τι λέξων· ταῦτα δ' οὖν προχαίρετ'·  
 ἦδη γὰρ οὐπίσημος ἡλίου κύκλος  
 φλέγει δι' αἴθρα, ἢ χλιδῶσά θ' ἡμέρα,  
 κενῶν ἄγουσα τερψέων ὀμήγυριν,  
 τρυφῶν τε πληθύουσα κἀγλαῖσμάτων  
 οὐκ ἂν κλύοι τᾶμ'· εἰ δέ μοι χαλκόστομος  
 κώδων σιδηρόγλωσσον ἐκκλάζων ὅπι  
 τοῦ νυκτέρου δίαυλον ἠγγελλεν δρόμου,  
 εἰ χῶρος οὗτος ἦν, ἐν ᾧ καθέσταμεν,  
 τάφων τι χῶμα, καὶ σύ μοι παρίστασο  
 κέντροισι δηχθεῖς μυρίων ὑβρισμάτων,  
 εἰ δ' ἢ μελαγχολῶσα δυσφιλῆς θεὸς  
 σὸν αἶμ' ἐπήγνυ, κατίθει νωθές, παχύ—

which, else, runs tickling up and down the veins,  
 making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes,  
 and strain their cheeks to idle merriment,  
 a passion hateful to my purposes ;  
 or if that thou could'st see me without eyes,  
 hear me without thine ears, and make reply  
 without a tongue, using conceit alone,  
 without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words ;  
 then, in despite of brooded watchful day,  
 I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts :  
 but, ah, I will not :—yet I love thee well ;  
 and, by my troth, I think, thou lov'st me well.

SHAKESPEARE.

*To a Painter.*

PAINTER, if thou canst safely gaze  
 on all the wonders of that face,  
 if thou hast skill to guard the heart  
 secure by secrets of thy art,  
 o teach that mighty charm, that we  
 may gaze securely too, like thee.

HUGHES.

*To a Lancashire Witch with a White Rose.*

IF this pale rose offend your sight,  
 it in your bosom wear :  
 'twill blush to find itself less white,  
 and turn Lancastrian there.

SOMERVILLE.

*Epitaph on Sir John Vanbrugh.*

LIE heavy on him, Earth ; for he  
 laid many a heavy load on thee.

EVANS.

ὁ νῦν ἄνω τε καὶ κάτω σκιρτῶν ἀεὶ  
 κνίξει βροτείου σώματος διαρροάς,  
 μῶρόν τ' ἐς ἀνδρῶν ὄμματ' ἐμβάλλει γέλων,  
 χαύνοις τ' ἐπαίρει χάρμασιν παρηΐδας,  
 ἐνάντιόν τι τοῖς ἐμοῖς βουλευμασιν—  
 εἰ δ' ἦσθ' οἶός τέ μ' ὀμμάτων ἰδεῖν ἄνευ,  
 πηγῆς τ' ἀκοῦσαι τῆς ἀκουούσης ἄτερ,  
 γλώσσης τε χωρὶς ἀνταμείψασθαι πάλιν,  
 ἔννοιαν ἀσκῶν, τυφλὸς ὢν, ὄτων δίχα,  
 κακῶν τ' ἀφωνος ῥημάτων, ἐγὼ τότε ἂν  
 οὐδὲν προτιμῶν ἡμέρας κατασκοπῆν  
 στρυγνῆς ἔδειξ' ἂν τὰμά σοι φρονήματα.  
 φεῦ.  
 νῦν δ' οὐκ ἐρῶ τάδ'· ἀλλ' ὅμως σ' ἄγαν φιλῶ,  
 καὶ δὴ δοκῶ σὲ προσφιλῶς ἔχειν ἐμοί.

*Ad Pictorem.*

SI fixo placidus lumine conspicis  
 hanc, Pictor, faciem, nec tamen ureris,  
 dic o discipulo dic, quibus artibus,  
 ut tu, conspiciam nec tamen ardeam.

*Partis linquere gestiens.*

CANDENS si rosa displicet,  
 ponas in gremio, Pasiphae, tuo :  
 qua uinci niue dum pudet,  
 Lunae castra rubens ipsa petiuerit.

*Sit tibi terra grauis.*

QVI te saepe graui, dum uixit, pondere pressit,  
 hunc preme defunctum pondere, terra, graui.

*Perjured Fidelity.*

I LOVED thee beautiful and kind,  
 and plighted an eternal vow:  
 so altered are thy face and mind,  
 'twere perjury to love thee now.

LORD NUGENT.

*Farsighted Jack.*

JACK his own merit sees: this gives him pride,  
 for he sees more than all the world beside.

A.

*The Lost Songstress.*

WERE there on earth another voice like thine,  
 another hand so blest with skill divine,  
 the much afflicted world some hope might have,  
 and harmony retrieve thee from the grave.

CONGREVE.

*Auf Keplern.*

NONE saw the heaven more near than Kepler: yet  
 he lived in destitution, died unfed:  
 men's minds alone he knew to benefit;  
 men's bodies therefore left him without bread.

*From* KAESTNER.*Inscription on a Dog's Collar.*

PRAY steal me not: I'm Mrs. Dingley's,  
 whose heart in this four-footed thing lies.

SWIFT.

*Periura Fides.*

FLAMMA mihi quondam tu, pulchra et blanda, fuisti,  
 et fore iuravi me sine fine tuum.  
 nunc alia est facies et mens tibi : perfidus essem,  
 periurus, si tu nunc mea flamma fores.

*Sui amans sine rivali.*

AT non est tolerandus Otho, at sine iure superbit  
 uir unus ille ceteris ineptior.—  
 uirtutes uidet ipse suas Otho : iure superbit  
 uir unus ille ceteris sagacior.

*Dulces docta modos et citharæ sciens.*

ALTERA si qualis tua uox superesset in orbe,  
 altera sic chordas tangere docta manus,  
 spes foret Orpheos iterari posse triumphos,  
 ad superas cantu te reuocante plagas.

*Kepleri Sors.*

QVIS caelum propior Keplero uidit? at ille  
 uitam traxit inops interiitque fame.  
 profuerat certe, sed non nisi mentibus ; ergo  
 corpora sunt illum passa carere cibo.

*O Solaciolum meæ senectæ!*

SVM tibi cor quadrupes, ne me fureris, Elissæ,  
 cui canis canis est, au, comes una comis.

*The sleeping Water-nymph.*

NYMPH of the grot, these sacred springs I keep,  
 and to the murmur of these waters sleep:  
 ah, spare my slumbers: gently tread the cave,  
 and drink in silence, or in silence lave.

POPE.

*The universal Glutton.*

EVER eating, never cloying,  
 all devouring, all destroying,  
 never finding full repast,  
 till I eat the world at last.

SWIFT.

*The truly Pitiabie.*

HE that can please nobody is not so much to be  
 pitied, as he that nobody can please.

COLTON.

*Fruitless Zeal.*

WITH industry I spread your praise,  
 with equal you my censure blaze:  
 but, faith! 'tis all in vain we do,  
 the world nor credits me nor you.

RELPH.

*The Travellers.*

*T. 1.* I've lost my portmanteau. *T. 2.* I pity your grief.  
*T. 1.* All my sermons were in it. *T. 2.* I pity the thief.

A.



*Lymphae desiliunt tuae.*

NYMPHA color nemoris, sacri tutela fluenti,  
 et tremulae sopit me leue murmur aquae.  
 parce quiescenti; pete leniter antra, silensque,  
 siue siti posita, siue lauatus, abi.

*Helluo.*

SEMPER edens satior numquam, dum cuncta uorantur,  
 cuncta mea pereunt depopulata fame.  
 omniuoro uentri nil sufficit: ultima mensa,  
 expleat ingluuiem quae mihi, mundus erit.

*Miserandus.*

O TER mihi dolende, qui places nulli!  
 o milliens dolende, cui placet nemo!

*Oleum et operam perdere.*

ZOILE, par noster labor est: laudare libellos  
 ipse tuos studeo tuque notare meos.  
 ponimus hanc operam pariter, sed perdimus ambo;  
 nec mea fecerunt nec tua uerba fidem.

*Κέρδος ἀκερδές.*

‘Οδ. α’. Ὡλεσα τὸν σάκκον. ‘Οδ. β’. φεῦ φεῦ κακοδαῖμον  
 ὀδίτα.

‘Οδ. α’. ἐν δὲ λόγους ἑκατόν. ‘Οδ. β’. φεῦ σέθεν, οἰκτρὲ  
 κλοπεῦ.

*Matrimonial Fars.*

- W.* HUSBAND, husband, cease your strife,  
nor longer idly rave, sir;  
though I am your wedded wife,  
I am not your slave, sir.
- H.* one of two must still obey,  
Nancy, Nancy;  
is it man or woman? say,  
my spouse Nancy.
- W.* if 'tis still the lordly word,  
service and obedience,  
I'll desert my sovereign lord;  
and so good bye, allegiance.
- H.* sad will I be so bereft,  
Nancy, Nancy;  
yet I'll try to make a shift,  
my spouse Nancy.
- W.* my poor heart then break it must,  
my last hour I'm near it;  
when you lay me in the dust,  
think how you will bear it.
- H.* I will hope and trust in heaven,  
Nancy, Nancy;  
strength to bear it will be given,  
my spouse Nancy.
- W.* well, sir, from the silent dead  
still I'll try to daunt you;  
ever round your midnight bed  
horrid sprites shall haunt you.
- H.* I'll wed another, like my dear  
Nancy, Nancy;  
then all hell will fly for fear,  
my spouse Nancy.

BURNS.

*Suauiter in modo, fortiter in re.*

- V. MI uir, desine litium,  
 neu permittite uagis frena furoribus;  
 nuptum me tibi comparem,  
 non quae serua forem, lex, puto, tradidit.
- M. unus pareat alteri  
 de binis opus est, Nannia, Nannia:  
 uirne an femina debeat  
 praestare obsequium, lux mea, uideris.
- V. narras obsequium mihi,  
 parerique tibi, ceu domino, iubes?  
 saeuae castra potentiae  
 linquo; iam ualeat seruitium uetus.
- M. consorti uiduus tui  
 certe tristis ero, Nannia, Nannia;  
 sed quod corrigere est nefas  
 (scis, uxor) leuius fit patientia.
- V. ergo dissiliet malis  
 cor, uitaeque dies ingruit ultima:  
 cum me tradideris humo,  
 qui tum, dure silex, sensus erit tibi?
- M. quidni caelicolas opem  
 poscam suppliciter, Nannia, Nannia?  
 sic, spero, dabitur mihi  
 mens sortisque capax et tolerans mali.
- V. at terror ueniam tibi  
 in lucem e tacitis reddita manibus:  
 at coetus lemorum tuis  
 nocturnus thalamis insidiabitur.
- M. nobis altera nupserit  
 instar sponsa tui, Nannia, Nannia;  
 qua formidine territa  
 totius fugient agmina Tartari.

*Virtue and Vice.*

VICE stings us even in our pleasures : while Virtue  
 consoles us even in our pains. COLTON.

*Das Wesen des Epigramms.*

Bald ist das Epigramm ein Pfeil,  
 trifft mit der Spitze;  
 ist bald ein Schwert,  
 trifft mit der Schärfe;  
 ist manchmal auch—die Griechen liebten's so—  
 ein klein Gemäld, ein Strahl, gesandt  
 zum Brennen nicht, nur zum Erleuchten.

KLOPSTOCK.

*Ungrateful Beauty.*

KNOW, Celia, since thou art so proud,  
 'twas I that gave thee thy renown;  
 thou hadst in the forgotten crowd  
 of common beauties lived unknown,  
 had not my verse exhaled thy name,  
 and with it impeded the wings of fame.  
 that killing power is none of thine,  
 I gave it to thy voice and eyes;  
 thy sweets, thy graces, all are mine;  
 thou art my star, shin'st in my skies.  
 then dart not from thy borrowed sphere  
 lightning on him that fixed thee there.

CAREW.

*Prima facie Wit.*

YOU ask why Ned diverts us with his jokes,  
 yet, if he write, is dull as other folks.  
 why wonder at it? this, sir, is the case:  
 the jest is lost unless he print his face.

A.

*Multum interest.*

IPSA scelestus angitur uoluptate:  
oblectat ipsis in doloribus uirtus.

*Epigramma quale sit.*

NVNC Epigramma ferit figentis more sagittae ;  
nunc acie, gladii more secantis, agit :  
nunc, ut apud Graecos, quo lumine picta tabella  
uel iubar, irradiat nec tamen urit idem.

*Caelo Musa beat.*

CELIA, si superbis,  
me tibi scito decoris quidquid habes parasse :  
de grege uiliorum  
una uixisses Venerum, nullo in honore forma,  
ni mea Musa pennis  
aureae Famae titulos ferre tuos dedisset.  
non tua dos placere,  
non tua est : uoce atque oculis me tribuente polles :  
quod decet est meum in te :  
in meo semper rutilas aethere dulce sidus.  
num, mea dona, caelum  
possidens, in me supera mittis ab arce fulmen ?

*Adde Voltum hominis.*

VNDE fit ut cenas hilarent dicteria Cottae,  
nec salis in scriptis mica sit ulla tamen ?—  
ridiculo quatit ille iocans triclinia uoltu :  
detracta facie deperiere sales.

*To a Lady.*

THE adorning thee with so much art  
 is but a barbarous skill ;  
 'tis but the poisoning of the dart  
 too apt before to kill.

A.

*The All-compelling Potentate.*

HERE comes Mr Winter, collector of taxes,  
 the only man living who gets what he *axes*.  
 'come, down with your dust ?' he'll have none of your  
 flummery ;  
 though Winter's his name, yet his process is summary.

A.

*Odysseus.*

Alle Gewässer durchkreuzt, die Heimat zu finden, Odysseus ;  
 durch der Scylla Gebell, durch der Charybde Gefahr,  
 durch die Schrecken des feindlichen Meers, durch die Schrecken  
 des Landes,  
 selber in Aidas Reich führt ihn die irrende Fahrt.  
 endlich trägt das Geschick ihn schlafend an Ithaka's Küste ;  
 er erwacht und erkennt jammernd das Vaterland nicht.

SCHILLER.

*Authority.*

AUTHORITY is a disease and cure  
 which men can neither want nor well endure.

BUTLER.

*Light and Shade.*

HER wit and beauty for a court were made ;  
 her truth and goodness fit her for the shade.

A.

*Acuens sagittas cote cruenta.*

(1) BARBARICVM est tanta quod te decor excolit arte ;  
apta nimis stragi spicula felle linis.

(2) QVOD arte tu tanta nites  
excultā, barbāre facis ;  
armas ueneno lanceam  
uel ante letalem nimis.

*Aequo pulsat pede.*

EN regalis adest exactor Bruma tributi:  
huic hominum soli quod petit omne datur.  
'soluendum est.' tu solue cito : si callidus hacres,  
protinus aestiuo Bruma calore furit.

*Νόστου κεχημένος.*

OMNE fretum patriae cupidus transcurrit Vlixes ;  
perque tuos fremitus, Scylla, Charybdi, tuos,  
per maris infensi, per mille pericula terrae,  
ad Stygias etiam deuius errat aquas.  
mox Ithacae cadit in litus, pulsoque sopore  
flet miser heu patriae nil memor ipse suae.

*Aegrescit medendo.*

REGIA uis eadem morbus medicinaque : saepe  
spernit homo, spretam saepe requirit opem.

*Amat nemus et fugit urbes.*

QVI lepor et forma est, nostram decet aula puellam :  
qui pudor et pietas illius, umbra decet.

*To Ellen.*

THOUGH time hath not wreathed  
my temples with snow,  
though age hath not breathed  
a spell o'er my brow;  
yet care's withered fingers  
press on me with pain;  
the fleeting pulse lingers,  
and lingers in vain.

the eyes which behold thee,  
their brightness is flown;  
the arms which enfold thee,  
enfeebled are grown;  
and friendship hath left me,  
by fortune estranged;  
all, all is bereft me,  
for thou too art changed.

yes, dark ills have clouded  
the dawning in tears;  
adversity shrouded  
my ripening years;  
life's path, wild and dreary,  
draws nigh to its close;  
heart-broken and weary,  
I sigh for repose.

the world shall caress thee,  
when I cease to be;  
and suns rise to bless thee,  
which smile not for me;  
and hearts shall adore thee,  
and bend at thy shrine;  
but none bow before thee  
so truly as mine.



*Iamque Vale.*

AETAS si niuibus mihi  
nondum tempora uestiit,  
nec rugis arat horridis  
frontem acerba senectus:

at me cura nigro terit  
dente; uita tremit, fugit,  
seu moratur adhuc, nihil  
profutura moratur.

qui te nunc oculi uident  
claritate uacant sua,  
quaeque bracchia te premunt  
manca uiribus arent;

et sodalitiū uetus  
siccus deseruit cados;  
tuque iam rapiens abis  
omnia, omnia tecum.

ortam luce hilari diem  
fletu sors mala polluit,  
nec procella uirilibus  
lenis incidit annis:

sed prope est mihi terminus  
tristis et dubiae uiae:  
lassa, debilis incipit  
mens auere quietem.

tu superstes amaberis,  
uita cum mihi fugerit;  
tu beabere solibus  
non mihi reductoris:

mille te prece pectora et  
submissis genibus colant,  
nemo quanto ego, nemo te  
prosequetur amore.

*On the — of — .*

MY lord, they say, has wit.—for what?  
for writing?—no; for writing not.

*Old Epigram.*

*Haidenröslein.*

Sah ein Knab' ein Röslein stehn,  
Röslein auf der Haiden,  
war so jung und mergenschön,  
lief er schnell es nah zu sehn,  
sah's mit vielen Freuden.  
Röslein, Röslein, Röslein roth,  
Röslein auf der Haiden.

Knabe sprach: Ich breche dich,  
Röslein auf der Haiden!  
Röslein sprach: Ich steche dich,  
daß du ewig denkst an mich,  
und ich will's nicht leiden.  
Röslein, Röslein, Röslein roth,  
Röslein auf der Haiden.

und der wilde Knabe brach  
's Röslein auf der Haiden;  
Röslein wehrte sich und stach,  
half ihr doch kein Weh und Ach,  
mußt' es eben leiden.  
Röslein, Röslein, Röslein roth,  
Röslein auf der Haiden.

GOETHE.

*Nobody at Home.*

YOU beat your pate, and fancy wit will come:  
knock as you will, there's nobody at home.

SWIFT.

*Tuta Silentio Merces.*

HIRRO sapit, memorant.—quod scripserit?—absit  
 ab illo  
 dedecus hoc ; scribit quod nihil, Hirro sapit.

*Puer et Rosa.*

TERMINOS extra puerum uagantem  
 perculit florens rosa : risit aer,  
 et puer risit, tenerique floris  
     arsit amore.  
 rosa tenella, gemma amata,  
 rosa quieto rure nata.

‘te tuo uellam, rosa pulchra, ramo,’  
 clamat. ‘audaces,’ ait illa, ‘palmas  
 abstine, spinis lacerande nostris  
     inuide praedo.’  
 rosa tenella, gemma amata,  
 rosa quieto rure nata.

ille nil instat metuens pericli ;  
 illa luctatur gemituque uano  
 plorat infelix ; ope destitutam  
     subsecat hostis.  
 rosa misella, gemma amata,  
 rosa maligna luce nata.

*Nemo domi est.*

QVI cerebrum pulsas, uenturaque grandia credis  
 consilia, a tandem desine : nemo domist.

*Epitaph on an Infant.*

ON life's wild ocean sorrowful and pained  
 how many voyagers their course perform!  
 this little bark a kinder fate obtained ;  
 it reached the harbour ere it met the storm.

A.

*Self-satisfaction unsatisfied.*

NONE are so soon tired of their own company  
 as those coxcombs who are on the best terms with  
 themselves.

COLTON.

*Tory Epigram.*

THE king\*, observing with judicious eyes  
 the state of both his universities,  
 to Oxford sent a troop of horse : and why ?  
 that learned body wanted loyalty.  
 to Cambridge books he sent, as well discerning  
 how much that loyal body wanted learning.

A.

\* George I.

*Whig Reply.*

THE king to Oxford sent a troop of horse,  
 for Tories own no argument but force.  
 on the other hand to Cambridge books he sent,  
 for Whigs allow no force but argument.

A.

*The Calumniator.*

LIE on, while my revenge shall be  
 to speak the very truth of thee.

A.

*Parta Quies.*

PONDERE curarum nimioque oppressa dolore  
 triste secat uitae plurima cumba fretum ;  
 haec ratis in portum fato meliore cucurrit  
 ante procellosis quam foret icta Notis.

*Numquam magis solus quam cum solus.*

QVOD non tecum habitare potes, non solus es usquam,  
 prodigium est, tantum qui tibi, Balbe, places.

*Suum cuique.*

DVM populi spectat mores oculoque gemellas  
 rex academias inuigilante notat,  
 cur equitum mittit tibi turmam, Oxonia? quod tu  
 sis bene docta quidem sed male fida sibi.  
 at cur mille libris donat te, Granta? quod istic  
 sit bene fida sibi sed male docta cohors.

*Par pari relatum.*

REX equitum turmam tibi, cur, Oxonia, mittit?  
 quod uis regicolis pro ratione ualet.  
 cur donet te, Granta, libris, hinc collige, quod uis  
 unica poplicolis in ratione sita est.

*Ludere par impar.*

FALSA loqui de me pergas, par reddere nolim,  
 Cotta, pari: de te sat mihi uera loqui.

*The Gudewife.*

AND are ye sure the news is true?  
 and are ye sure he's weel?  
 is this a time to talk o' wark?  
 ye jads, lay by your wheel.  
 is this a time to talk o' wark  
 when Colin's at the door?  
 gi'e me my cloak, I'll to the quay,  
 and see him come ashore.  
 for there's nae luck about the house,  
 there's nae luck ava,  
 there's little pleasure in the house,  
 when our gudeman's awa.  
 sae true's his word, sae smooth his speech,  
 his breath like caller air,  
 his very fit has music in't  
 as he comes up the stair.  
 and will I see his face again?  
 and will I hear him speak?  
 I'm downright dizzie with the thought,  
 in troth I'm like to greet.

MICKLE.

*The Miser's Feast.*

HIS chimney smokes: it is some omen dire:  
 the neighbours are alarmed, and cry out, Fire!

A.

*Auf den Selius.*

Du lebst nicht, wie du lehrst; dies ärgert die Gemein'  
 daß Lehr' und Leben nicht bei dir stimm' überein.  
 sie irret; du bist recht; du zeigst uns mit beiden,  
 durch Lehren, was zu thun, durch Thaten, was zu meiden.

A. GRYPHIUS.

*Unico gaudens Mulier marito.*

Ἡ γὰρ ἴστε σῶν νιν ὄντα καὶ τόδ' ἀγγελθὲν σαφῶς,  
 δμῳίδες; τί δ' οὐκ ἀφείθη κερκίς; οὐχ ἰστῶν ἀκμή·  
 πῶς ὄδ' ἦν ὁ καιρὸς ἔργων, εἴπερ ἐν πύλαις ἀνήρ;  
 δεῦρό μοι τὸ φᾶρος οἴσεται, εἴμι δ' ἐς νεώριον,  
 ἔς τε γῆν ἐκβάντα πρώτη δεξιῶσομαι πόσιν.  
 οὐ γὰρ εὐτυχεῖ τὰ δώματ' ἀνδρὸς ἐκδημούντος, οὐκ·  
 ὄμμα γὰρ δόμων νομίζω δεσπότητος παρουσίαν.  
 ἦδὺ μὲν βέουσαν αὐδὴν ἀσφαλὲς δ' ἔχει στόμα  
 καὶ τὸ πνεῦμ' αὐρῶν ἐλαφρῶν ὥσπερ, εὐστομοῦσι δὲ  
 καὶ πόδες στείχοντος αὐτοῦ δωματίων προσαμβάσεις.  
 ἦ γὰρ ἔσθ' ὅπως πρόσωπον αὐθις ὄψομαι φίλον,  
 ἦδ' ἀκούσομαι λέγοντος; οὐ γὰρ ἀλλ' ἰλιγγίῳ  
 τοιάδ' ἐννοῦσα, καὶ δὴ δάκρυ' οὐ σχήσειν δοκῶ.

*Culmina fumant.*

VICINI trepidant, parco fumante camino,  
 turbaque fert ululans, 'Harpagus ardet,' aquas.

*Discordia Concors.*

QVOD male cum norma concordet uita Mathonis  
 plebs queritur; falso: salua hominis ratiost.  
 nempe docent omnis et norma et uita Mathonis,  
 altera, quid faciant, altera, quid fugiant.

*An Eye-witness.*

WHY dost thou gaze upon the sky?  
 o that I were yon spangled sphere!  
 then every star should be an eye,  
 to wander o'er thy beauties here.

MOORE (*from* PLATO).

*Schiff und Herz.*

Uebel ist ein Schiff berathen auf dem sturmbewegten Meer;  
 doch ein Herz im Sturm der Liebe ist es wahrlich noch viel mehr.  
 jenes wirft die schweren Lasten, die es drücken, über Bord;  
 dieses schifft mit voller Ladung durch die wilden Fluthen fort.

W. MUELLER.

*To a Lady sleeping.*

THOU sleep'st, soft silken flower: would I were Sleep,  
 for ever on those lids my watch to keep!  
 so would I have thee all mine own, nor he,  
 who seals Jove's wakeful eyes, my rival be.

MERIVALE (*from* MELEAGER).

*The Old Woman.*

THERE was an old woman who had three sons,  
 Jerry and James and John:  
 Jerry was hanged, James was drowned,  
 John was lost and never was found;  
 and there was an end of her three sons,  
 Jerry and James and John.

GAMMER GURTON.



*Testis oculatus.*

TVNE polum spectas? uellem polus astrifer esse,  
et Veneres oculis mille uidere tuas.

*Amor Naufragus.*

TRISTE ratis pelagi medio correpta furore ;  
tristius in uitae turbine pressus Amor.  
iacturam facit illa leuisque superuolat undas ;  
hic fera sollicitum per freta portat onus.

*Votum.*

BLANDVLE flos, dormis: o si essem Somnus, ut ista  
possem agere excubias ante supercilia!  
sic addicta fores mihi tota, nec aemulus esset  
qui uigilis claudit lumina nocte Iouis.

*Ius trium Liberorum.*

VIXIT anus quaedam, cui tres modo filii fuere,  
Martinus et Macrinus et Macerra.  
Martinus periit turpi cruce, fluctibus Macrinus,  
amissus est Macerra nec repertus.  
sic abolentur, anu qui tres modo filii fuere,  
Martinus et Macrinus et Macerra.

*John Anderson.*

JOHN Anderson my jo, John,  
 when we were first acquent,  
 your locks were like the raven, John,  
 your bonnie brow was brent ;  
 but now your brow is bald, John,  
 your locks are like the snaw ;  
 but blessings on your frosty pow,  
 John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John,  
 we clamb the hill thegither ;  
 and monie a canty day, John,  
 we've had wi' ane anither :  
 now we maun totter down, John,  
 but hand in hand we'll go,  
 and sleep thegither at the foot,  
 John Anderson my jo.

BURNS.

*The Harmless Potion.*

SLEPT you well?—very well.—my draught did  
 good?—  
 it did no harm, for yonder it hath stood.

A.

*On a Pipe in the Temple of Venus.*

SAY, rustic pipe, in Cytherea's dome  
 why sounds this echo of a shepherd's home?  
 nor rocks nor valleys here invite the strain ;  
 but all is Love: go seek thy hills again.

HODGSON (*from the Greek*).

*Nec turpem Senectam degere.*

PAMPHILE, noster amor, primo mihi cognitus aevo  
 coruus eras crines, tempora marmor eras.  
 nunc frons calua tibi, niuea est coma; sed mihi  
 uernat

bruma tui capitis, Pamphile, noster amor.

Pamphile, noster amor, nos collem ascendimus una,  
 et laeti socios uidimus ire dies:

iamque iter emensos nexis decliue lacertis  
 una quies iunget, Pamphile, noster amor.

*Innoxia Pocla.*

DORMISTINE?—probe.—meus ergo profuit haustus?—  
 haut nocuit: stat nunc quo stetit ante loco.

*Calamus.*

DIC, calame agrestis, Paphiae sub fornice diuae  
 cur pastoricio uox sonat apta lari?  
 non iuga, non uirides poscunt hic carmina ualles;  
 hic nil non Amor est: ad tua saxa redi.

*The Caledonian.*

THEIR groves o' sweet myrtle let foreign lands  
reckon,

where bright-beaming summers exalt the perfume;  
far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green breckan,  
wi' the burn stealing under the lang yellow broom.  
far dearer to me are yon humble broom bowers,  
where the bluebell and gowan lurk lowly unseen;  
for there, lightly tripping amang the wild flowers,  
a list'ning the linnet, aft wanders my Jean.

though rich is the breeze in their gay sunny valleys,  
and cold Caledonia's blast on the wave;  
their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the proud  
palace,

what are they? the haunt of the tyrant and slave.  
the slave's spicy forest and gold-bubbling fountains  
the brave Caledonian views with disdain;  
he wanders as free as the winds of his mountains,  
save love's willing fetters, the chains o' his Jean.

BURNS.

*Virtue.*

I LOVE not vice: but more I hate  
the prozers that of virtue prate.  
'hate virtuous people!' no, not I:  
my wish is, on the contrary,  
that all would walk—in virtue's ways,  
and cease to talk—in virtue's praise.

*From* SCHILLER.

*Liber homo.*

SVAVIA laudabunt alii myrteta coloni,  
 qua nitidis ridet solibus auctus odor ;  
 carior illa mihi filicum uiret auia uallis,  
 celat ubi riui flaua genista fugam.  
 carior illa humilis frondet mihi silua genistae,  
 quas bellis latebras, quas hyacinthus amat ;  
 inter enim flores illos, ubi uernat acanthis,  
 saepe leuem celerat nostra Ioanna pedem.  
 rideat aestiuis peregrina in uallibus aura,  
 Scotia uentoso frigore uerrat aquas ;  
 silua quid est, celsas redolens quae suspicit aedes ?  
 maesta domus serui, maesta ferocis eri.  
 aurifluos Scotus fontes et amoena uireta,  
 seruiles, spectat fortis et odit, opes :  
 it uagus, it liber, patrio cum flamine, uinclis  
 solus amor gratis, sola Ioanna, tenet.

*Fides.*

QVOD tot abest animis mihi displicet, at magis  
 illud,  
 quod tot inest linguis, trita loquella, Fides.—  
 displicet ane Fides?—credatur ab omnibus oro,  
 deque Fide mundus desinat esse loquax.

*The Fortunate Land.*

KNOW'ST thou the land, where hangs the citron-  
flower,

where gleams the golden orange in the bower,  
where gentle zephyrs in the blue sky play,  
and myrtles creep beneath the towering bay?

know'st thou indeed?

oh there, oh there

would I with thee, my best-belovèd, speed.

know'st thou the house, that rests on columns tall,  
its gay saloon, its glittering banquet-hall,  
where marble statues stand and gaze on me:—

'what have they done, thou hapless child, to thee?'

know'st thou indeed?

oh there, oh there

would I with thee, my gentle guardian, speed.

know'st thou the mount, and its cloud-crested  
steep,

where poring mules the misty pathway keep;  
in caves the dragon hides her ancient brood;  
down leaps the rock, and over it the flood?

know'st thou indeed?

oh there, oh there

our journey tends; my father, let us speed.

*From* GOETHE.

*Schicksal.*

Ja, Schicksal, ich verstehe dich:  
mein Glück ist nicht von dieser Welt,  
es blüht im Traum der Dichtung nur.  
du sendest mir der Schmerzen viel,  
und gibst für jedes Leid ein Lied.

UHLAND.

*Mignonæ Cantilena.*

AN nota tellus est tibi, qua citri  
 florent, et atras aurea per comas  
 dant mala fulgorem, polumque  
 caeruleum Zephyrus serenat,  
 myrtusque lauri bracchia suspicit?  
 an nota tellus hæc tibi? quid procul  
 moramur? illuc itur: illuc  
 tecum aueo, mea uita, tolli.

aedesne notae sunt tibi, porticus  
 altae columnis, atria fulgida,  
 qua stantque defixae benignoque  
 intuitu statuæ loquuntur:

‘heu tristis infans, quid tibi contigit?’  
 istaene notae sunt tibi? quid diu  
 moramur? illuc itur: illuc  
 tecum aueo tua cura tolli.

notunne montis nubiferum caput,  
 mulo petitum per nebulas iter,  
 qua sub cauernosis latebris  
 progenies habitat draconum,

fractisque torrens praecipitat iugis?  
 notusne mons est hic tibi? sic adhuc  
 moramur? illuc imus: illuc  
 quid prohibet, pater alme, tolli?

*Δίδου δ' ἀγαθόν τε κακόν τε.*

IAM scio quid moneas. perierunt gaudia mundi;  
 somnia Pieridum sola fruenda manent.  
 milia tot mihi das, o Fors male fausta, dolorum:  
 sed cum quoque malo das bene fausta melos.

*Science.*

SCIENCE a goddess is to some,  
 who shrine her in their heart and head,  
 to others a convenient cow,  
 that gives them butter for their bread.

*From* SCHILLER.

*The Poet's Blessing.*

LISTENING to the lark one day  
 in the fields I chanced to stray,  
 and descried a peasant there  
 labouring hard, with silver hair.

'blessèd,' cried I, 'be the soil  
 fruitful made by faithful toil!  
 blessèd too the faithful hand  
 that so long hath sown the land!'

he replied, with serious thought,  
 'poet's blessing profits nought;  
 from his burning lips are born  
 flowers in plenty, little corn.'

'nay,' said I, 'the songs we sing  
 flowers, but not too many, bring:  
 bright between the ears they stand  
 for your little grandchild's hand.'

*From* UHLAND.

*Music.*

LIFE by the Sculptor's art is breath'd;  
 Mind by the Poet's skill is shown;  
 but Soul itself to speak belongs,  
 o Music, to thy voice alone.

*From* SCHILLER.



*Si abest, praesto Simulacra tamen sunt.*

TE mea mens recolit quando mihi sole renato  
marmora fracta micant ;

te mea mens recolit quando se mobile lunae  
pingit in amne iubar.

te uideo, signante uiae sinuamina longae  
turbine puluereo ;

cumque iter angustum media de nocte uiator  
protenus ire pauet.

audiris, quotiens super unda uolubilis undam  
murmura rauca ciet ;

saepe tibi densis ausculto solus in umbris,  
cum silet omne nemus.

et tibi sum, quamuis absis procul ipsa, propinquus,  
tuque propinqua mihi :

sol cadit ; effulgent subito mihi sidera : te nunc,  
te mea uota petunt.

*Dignoscere cautus.*

VT teipsum noscas, alienos inspice mores :  
utque alios possis noscere, tecum habita.

*Munus Ingratum.*

DOCTRINAM dederis, referam, doctissime, grates:  
sed teipsum mihi das ; hoc tibi munus habe.

*The Truth-haters.*

How many foes the Truth oppose,  
and scare my loathing sight,  
an owlish brood, that dare intrude  
upon the morning light!

*From* SCHILLER.

*An Chloe.*

Chloe, kennst du noch die Stunde,  
die zu schnell verüberging,  
als ich fest an deinem Munde,  
fest an deinem Herzen hing?

o, der Liebe Schauder bebte  
mächtig mir durch jeden Sinn:  
Chloe, meine Seele schwebte  
küssend zu der deinen hin.

eines ganzen Lebens Freuden,  
Sennen Auf- und Untergang,  
Blumenduft und Grün der Weiden,  
Zephyr, Nachtigallgesang,

junger Haine froh Getümmel,  
jeder selige Genuß,  
Ruhm und Glück und Erd' und Himmel,  
alles war in diesem Kuß.

J. G. JACOBI.

*Jupiter to Hercules.*

MY nectar-cup thou didst not drain  
to win divinity:  
thy strength divine availed to gain  
the nectar-cup for thee.

*From* SCHILLER.

Οἱ Μισαληθεῖς.

QVOT Veri subeunt hostes ! quot ab omnibus umbris  
inuadunt ululae, turba molesta, diem !

*Amata nobis quantum amabitur nulla.*

HORAE tune memor, Neaera, uiuis,  
quae passu nimium cito cucurrit,  
felix cum labiis tuis inhaesi,  
felix e gremio tuo pependi?  
ut me surripuit mihi Cupido,  
ut sensus domuit potente uirga!  
mens fugit mea basiantis, ad te  
fugit, parsque tui, Neaera, factast.  
longae gaudia quantacumque uitae,  
Phoebi lux orientis et cadentis,  
pratorum nouitas, odor rosarum,  
cantus luscinae, strepor Fauoni,  
uernis in siluis chori uolucrum,  
seu quid lectius est beatiusque,  
fortunaec decus omne, terra, caelum,  
nil huic afuit osculationi.

Βίη Ἑρακληείη.

NON bibis aetherio diam de nectare tu uim;  
aetherium nectar uis tibi dia dedit.

*The Country Churchyard.*(GRAY'S *Elegy.*)

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,  
the lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,  
the ploughman homeward plods his weary way  
and leaves the world to darkness and to me.  
now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,  
and all the air a solemn stillness holds,  
save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,  
or drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;  
save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower  
the moping owl does to the moon complain  
of such as wandering near her secret bower  
molest her ancient solitary reign.  
beneath those rugged elms, that yewtree's shade,  
where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,  
each in his narrow cell for ever laid  
the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.  
the breezy call of incense-breathing morn,  
the swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,  
the cock's shrill clarion, and the echoing horn,  
no more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.  
for them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,  
or busy housewife ply her evening care,  
no children run to lisp their sire's return,  
nor climb his knees the envied kiss to share.  
oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,  
their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke:  
how jocund did they drive their team afield!  
how bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!  
let not ambition mock their useful toil,  
their homely joys and destiny obscure,

Νεκρόδεγμον Ἔρκος.

(*Ecloga Graiana.*)

OCCIDVAE luci solitus ualedicit ab aede  
 clangor; iter mugit flectens grex segne per herbam:  
 mox ego (namque domum fesso pede pergit arator)  
 solus ero in tenebris. fallunt sublustria circum  
 rura oculos, penitusque omnes premit aetheris auras  
 sancta quies, ni qua tractim, scarabaeae, susurrans  
 orbibus aeriis uolitas, et ouilia longe  
 tinnitu subigit pigro sopor, aut, ubi turrim  
 palla nigrans hederæ tegit, insociabilis intus  
 ad lunam increpitat bubo, si forte recessus  
 arcanos adiens cursu palante uiator  
 abdita longæui temerat penetralia regni.  
 at procul hinc, rigidis ulmis taxoque sub atra,  
 putris ubi multo distenditur aggere caespes,  
 longus, in exiguo deponitur quemque sepulchro,  
 somnus habet proauos, agrestia saecula, pagi.  
 illos non humili potis est excire cubili  
 nuntius Auroræ Zephyrus spirantis odores,  
 non quæ stramineo sub culmine garrit hirundo,  
 non alacris galli canor et quæ clara resultant  
 cornua ualle caua. non illis igne caminus  
 amplius ardebit, non sedula uespere coniunx  
 instaurabit opus; non nuntia, patre reuerso,  
 balba domum curret suboles genibusque reposcet  
 oscula certatim ascensis. at plurima falci  
 cesserat illorum seges, inuitamque domabant  
 sæpe suis glebam sulcis: ut in arua iugalis  
 elatis egere animis, quantosque per ictus  
 subiecere sibi prostratæ robora siluæ!  
 nec tibi, quem magnis inuitat Gloria rebus,  
 illa sit utilium series spernenda laborum,  
 deliciaeque casarum humiles obscuraque fata;

nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile  
the short and simple annals of the poor.  
the boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,  
and all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave  
awaits alike the inevitable hour :  
the paths of glory lead but to the grave.  
nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,  
if memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,  
where thro' the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault  
the pealing anthem swells the note of praise.  
can storied urn or animated bust  
back to their mansion call the fleeting breath?  
can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,  
or flattery sooth the dull cold ear of death?  
perhaps in this neglected spot is laid  
some heart once pregnant with celestial fire,  
hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,  
or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.  
but knowledge to their eyes her ample page  
rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll :  
chill penury repressed their noble rage,  
and froze the genial current of the soul.  
full many a gem of purest ray serene  
the dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear :  
full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
and waste its sweetness on the desert air.  
some village Hampden that with dauntless breast  
the little tyrant of his fields withstood,  
some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,  
some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.  
the applause of listening senates to command,  
the threats of pain and ruin to despise,  
to scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,  
and read their history in a nation's eyes  
their lot forbade : nor circumscribed alone  
their growing virtues, but their crimes confined,

nec qui diues opum gemma bibit, incubat ostro,  
 audiat inridens exilia pauperis acta  
 annalesque breuis. nam siquid stemmata pulchri  
 siquid nummus habet uel forma uel alta potestas,  
 omne manet pariter non exorabilis horae  
 euentus, famaeque subest in fine sepulchrum.  
 nec tamen his uitio uertant inpune superbi,  
 si memor induerit nullis amor ossa tropaeis,  
 qua tenor alarum longus caelataque tecta  
 multiplicant dias retonantia carmina laudes.  
 inscriptane fugax reuocetur spiritus urna  
 aut simili uitae statua? cineremne cierit  
 postera laus mutum, aut blandi pellacia uersus  
 indocilem Leti frigentis mouerit aurem?  
 forsitan hic teneat neglecto gramine tellus  
 pectora diuinis olim praegnantia flammis,  
 quaeque manus regni poterant attollere fasces  
 aut anima instinctae plusquam mortalia chordis  
 inspirare lyrae. sed numquam euoluerat illis  
 ditatos aevi spoliis Sapientia libros;  
 frigida Paupertas genialis obruit aestus  
 et glacie mentis frenauit nobile flumen:  
 haut aliter radio purissima gemma sereno  
 plurima sub nigris fundoque carentibus antris  
 nascitur oceani; sic flos persaepe fefellit  
 suaue rubens uacuisque auris effudit odorem.  
 hic dormire potest Hampdenus, gloria pagi  
 exiguoque audax agrorum obstare tyranno,  
 hic aliquis Milto mutos ignobilis annos  
 uixerit, hic patrii Cromuellus sanguinis insons.  
 attamen intentos plausum exciuisse senatus,  
 fortunae spreuisse minas stimulosque doloris,  
 per laetas urbes Cererem sparsisse, suaeque  
 in populi uoltu uitae legisse tenorem,  
 talia sors illis renuit sua, nec modo magnas  
 crescere uirtutes uetuit, sed crescere culpas,

forbade to wade thro' slaughter to a throne,  
and shut the gates of mercy on mankind,  
the struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,  
to quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,  
or heap the shrine of luxury and pride  
with incense kindled at the muse's flame.  
far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,  
their sober wishes never learned to stray:  
along the cool sequestered vale of life  
they kept the noiseless tenour of their way.  
yet even these bones from insult to protect  
some frail memorial still erected nigh,  
with uncouth rhimes and shapeless sculpture decked,  
implores the passing tribute of a sigh.  
their name, their years spelt by the unlettered muse  
the place of fame and elegy supply,  
and many a holy text around she strews,  
that teach the rustic moralist to die.  
for who to dumb forgetfulness a prey  
this pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,  
left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,  
nor cast one longing lingering look behind?  
on some fond breast the parting soul relies,  
some pious drops the closing eye requires;  
even from the tomb the voice of nature cries,  
even in our ashes live their wonted fires.  
for thee, who mindful of the unhonoured dead  
dost in these lines their artless tale relate,  
if chance, by lonely contemplation led,  
some kindred spirit shall enquire thy fate,  
haply some hoary-headed swain may say  
'oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn  
brushing with hasty steps the dews away  
to meet the sun upon the upland lawn.  
there at the foot of yonder nodding beech,



regia ne peterent per strages scepra cruentas,  
neu generi humano pietatis iura negarent :  
nec celare metus dedit et suspiria ueri  
conscia et ingenuum facie ignescente pudorem,  
musaeis neque tura focis accendere, quae mox  
Luxuriae possent aras adolere superbae.  
sobria uota isdem, non errabunda fuerunt,  
nota nec insani lis illa ingloria uolgi:  
quod secreta quies, ut callem in ualle reducta,  
celat iter uitae, tacito pede leniter ibant.  
haec etiam a noxa turpi quae protegat ossa,  
sit fragilis quamquam, tamen illic saxea moles  
uersibus incomptis rudibusque insculpta figuris  
impendas gemitum sibi praetereasque precatur.  
Musa, sepulcorum quae nomina dicit et annos,  
rustica nil famae supplendum uoce reliquit,  
nil elegis : et multa sacri prouerbia libri  
adstruit, ut monitus discat pius incola ruris  
sana mente mori. cui muta obliuia cordi  
tantum, ut sollicitae iam iam dulcedine uitae  
cessurus, calidi fugiens loca laeta diei,  
non desiderio tangatur et ista moranti  
lumine respiciat? cordi confidit amico  
expirans anima, et lacrimarum dona piarum  
marcentes orant oculi: natura sepulchro  
uocem aliquam emittit; restat sua flamma fauillae.  
de te, qui recolis sine nomine mortua saecula,  
arte carens uates, siquis perpendere multa  
more tuo secum solitus tua fata requirat,  
fors aliquis cani capitis testetur agrestis:  
'saepius ad reditum lucis conspeximus illum  
praefestinati gressu dispergere rores  
colle super uiridi properantem occurrere Phoebos:  
quo remeans, fagi nutantis tegmine subter

that wreaths its old fantastic roots on high,  
 his listless length at noontide would he stretch  
 and pore upon the brook that babbles by.  
 hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,  
 muttering his wayward fancies would he rove ;  
 now drooping woeful-wan, like one forlorn,  
 or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.  
 one morn I missed him on the customary hill,  
 along the heath, and near his favourite tree:  
 another came ; nor yet beside the rill,  
 nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.  
 the next with dirges due in sad array  
 slow thro' the churchway path we saw him borne.  
 approach and read, for thou canst read, the lay  
 graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn':

*Epitaph.*

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth  
 a youth to fortune and to fame unknown:  
 fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,  
 and Melancholy marked him for her own.  
 large was his bounty and his soul sincere:  
 heaven did a recompense as largely send:  
 he gave to misery all he had, a tear;  
 he gained from heaven, 'twas all he wished, a friend.  
 no farther seek his merits to disclose  
 or draw his frailties from their dread abode,  
 (there they alike in trembling hope repose)  
 the bosom of his Father and his God.

GRAY.

illius, antiquis quae sic radicibus errat  
 mire intertextis alteque extantibus herba,  
 membra die medio prosternere lenta solebat  
 atque inhiare citae quae garrula praefluit undae.  
 saepe etiam quam cernis ibi ad confinia siluae  
 nunc, uelut inridens mundo, uaga somnia mussans,  
 nunc miser errabat deiecto pallidus ore,  
 ut qui uel sociis orbus uel pondere curae  
 mentis inops uel iniquo exspes maereret amore.  
 quondam mane nouo non illum in gramine campi  
 colle nec in solito propriae sub arbore uidi:  
 altera lux uenit: non ille ad flumina nota,  
 non dorso nemoris, non summi in caespite cliui:  
 tertia successit: tunc eheu uidimus illum  
 elatum tarde sacrati ad limina templi,  
 triste ministerium, nec derat naenia pompae.  
 huc ades et, quoniam promptum tibi, perlege carmen  
 incusum lapidi posito sub uepre uetusto:

*Epicedium.*

Cui non ulla fuit nec res nec gloria uiuo,  
 hic iuuenem gremio tellus fouet. hunc neque uidit  
 candida non placide plebeia stirpe creatum  
 Pieris, et proprium legit sibi Cura sodalem.  
 largus erat dandi, sincera mente, Deusque  
 donauit larga pariter mercede merentem:  
 ipse dabat miseris lacrimam, nil maius habebat,  
 dante Deo nactus, nec plura optauit, amicum.  
 ne tamen ulterius uirtutes quaere iacentis  
 exprimere, aut latebra uitia extraxisse uerenda:  
 unus enim, quod spe tremula fatearis, apud se  
 haec habet omnipotens, idem Pater et Deus idem.

*Auf einen Reichen.*

A RICH man's mine of gold is thine,  
 a poor man's lust of pelf;  
 thou'rt for thine heir a millionaire,  
 a pauper for thyself.

*From* OPITZ.

*Empfänglichkeit.*

'NEATH a chilly sky the rose  
 reft of all its fragrance blows.  
 if thou wishest earth to charm thee,  
 let heaven's holy sunshine warm thee.

*From* W. MUELLER.

*The Lucre of Wisdom.*

WEALTH, pomp and luxury—Wisdom cannot gain  
 them:  
 what gives she then? a soul that can disdain them.

*From* KAESTNER.

*The Child in the Cradle.*

BEAUTIFUL babe, unto thee an infinite space is the  
 cradle:  
 growing to man, thou wilt deem narrow the infinite  
 world.

*From* SCHILLER.

*The Elegiac Distich.*

IN the Hexameter rises the fountain's undulous  
 column,  
 in the Pentameter then falling melodious down.

*From* SCHILLER.

*Ad Harpagum.*

CROESI diuitias qui iungis moribus Iri,  
heredi locuples, pauper es ipse tibi.

*Calor diuinus.*

AERE sub gelido nullos rosa fundit odores ;  
ut placeat tellus, sole calesce Dei.

*Sapientia.*

NON dat diuitias Sapientia, non dat honores,  
non uana luxus gaudia :  
dic igitur, Sapiens, quid dat Sapientia? rebus  
carere posse talibus.

*Infans.*

CVNARUM spatia ista patent sine fine tuarum  
nunc tibi, parue puer.  
cum uir eris, mundi spatia haec angusta putabis,  
quae sine fine patent.

*Elegia.*

HEXAMETER fontem liquidum summittit in auras :  
Pentameter lapsu suaue canente refert.

*Lamentation.*

SWIFTER far than summer's flight,  
 swifter far than youth's delight,  
 swifter far than happy night,  
     art thou come and gone.  
 as the earth when leaves are dead,  
 as the night when sleep is sped,  
 as the heart when joy is fled,  
     I am left lone, alone.

the swallow summer comes again ;  
 the owlet night resumes her reign ;  
 but the wild swan youth is fain  
     to fly with thee, false as thou.  
 my heart each day desires the morrow,  
 sleep itself is turned to sorrow,  
 vainly would my winter borrow  
     sunny leaves from any bough.

lilies for a bridal bed,  
 roses for a matron's head,  
 violets for a maiden dead,—  
     pansies let my flowers be:  
 on the living grave I bear  
 scatter them without a tear ;  
 let no friend, however dear,  
     waste one hope, one fear for me.

SHELLEY.

*Yes.*

By your truth she shall be true,  
     ever true as wives of yore :  
 and her Yes, once said to you,  
     shall be Yes for evermore.

E. B. BROWNING.

*Sic meos Amores?*

CITIOR longe quam uolat aestas,  
 citior quam lux laeta iuuentae,  
 citior gratae quam fuga noctis  
 modo uenisti, modo fugisti.  
 foliis qualis uiduatur humus,  
 qualis trahitur nox sine somno,  
 quale fugatis cor deliciis,  
 mihi talis abit uita relictæ.  
 sicut hirundo, redditur aestas,  
 nox, strigis instar, solium reparat,  
 sed uaga, cygni more, iuuentas  
 ut tu, perfide, tecumque fugit.  
 mihi lux hodie crastina cordi est ;  
 non sine luctu sopor ipse redit :  
 folia e ramo sumere quouis  
 mea nunc frustra conatur hiemps.  
 lilia dantur nuptæ thalamo ;  
 rosa matronæ caput exornat ;  
 uiolas poscit mortua uirgo ;  
 mihi sit uiolæ tricoloris honos.  
 tumulor uiuens : detur tumulo  
 flos sine fletu ; neu me sociæ  
     quamuis caræ  
 uanis celebrent desideriiis.

*Sabina qualis.*

VT ueterum uxores, tibi fido ea fida manebit,  
 et, 'tua sum,' spondens nunc, tua semper erit.

*Fond Memory.*

OFT in the stilly night,  
 ere slumber's chain has bound me,  
 fond memory brings the light  
 of other days around me :  
 the smiles, the tears of boyhood's years,  
 the words of love then spoken ;  
 the eyes that shone now dimmed and gone,  
 the cheerful hearts now broken.

when I remember all  
 the friends so linked together,  
 I've seen around me fall,  
 like leaves in wintry weather ;  
 I feel like one who treads alone  
 some banquet-hall deserted,  
 whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead,  
 and all but he departed.

MOORE,

*What is certain?*

TWO things alone are certain in this world,  
 Death and the Tax-collector.

LORD BROUGHAM.

*The Querist.*

QUAESITOR, of his friends the bore,  
 rests here, and questions now no more.  
 to question was his life-long feast,  
 and in a question he deceased.  
 'by questions'—you may question me—  
 'did he gain wisdom?'—no, not he.

*From* HAGEDORN.



*Mnemosyne.*

SAEPE mihi, cum nox late silet, ante catena  
 quam domitos sensus inligat alta quies,  
 exactos reparat magica dulcedine soles  
 Mnemosyne cupida sollicitata prece.  
 omne redit quidquid ridere aut flere solebam,  
 quidquid et effari motus amore puer ;  
 qui nunc luce carent, oculi effulgere uidentur,  
 qui periere, nouo corda lepore micant.  
 heu quotiens animo ueteres reminiscor amicos,  
 indelibata pectora iuncta fide,  
 quos ego, uae misero ! uidi cecidisse superstes,  
 ut folia hiberno flamine rapta cadunt,  
 deserta uideor spatari maestus in aula,  
 quam nuper socii perstrepuere chori,  
 nunc lychni sine luce tenent, sine odore corollae,  
 et de conuiuis tot modo, solus ego.

*Τί τὸ Σαφές ;*

CERTI quid est in orbe? res duae tantum,  
 mors, et coactor scilicet tributorum.

*Percontatorem fugito.*

INTERROGATOR hic, sodalium pestis,  
 interrogare desinit Polysperchon.  
 interroganti uita longa manarat :  
 interrogantem uox reliquit extrema.  
 interrogabis forte, doctus et prudens  
 interrogando sitne factus : hautquaquam.

*The Mariners of England.*

YE Mariners of England,  
    who guard our native seas,  
whose flag has braved a thousand years  
    the battle and the breeze,  
your glorious standard launch again  
    to meet another foe,  
    and sweep through the deep,  
        while the stormy winds do blow,  
    while the battle rages loud and long,  
        and the stormy winds do blow.

the spirits of your fathers  
    shall start from every wave ;  
for the deck it was their field of fame,  
    and ocean was their grave :  
where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,  
    your manly breasts shall glow,  
    as ye sweep through the deep,  
        while the stormy winds do blow,  
    while the battle rages loud and long,  
        and the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwark,  
    no towers along the steep ;  
her march is o'er the mountain waves,  
    her home is on the deep.  
with thunders from her native oak  
    she quells the floods below,  
    as they roar on the shore,  
        when the stormy winds do blow,  
    when the battle rages loud and long,  
        and the stormy winds do blow.

*Viri turritis puppibus instant.*

TVTELA, nautae, litoris Anglici,  
 si uestra Martem classis et Aeolum  
 iam mille contempsit per annos,  
 ite nouis reparate bellis

uexilla priscae conscia gloriae :  
 ite ite, pontum uerrite, qua grauis  
 inter procellarum tumultus  
 longa ferae tonat ira pugnae.

uobis auorum subsilient pii  
 manes ab undis omnibus exciti,  
 quos morte pro transtris honesta  
 nobile promeritos sepulchrum

suscepit ingenti oceanus sinu.  
 ut mox nepotum corda uirilia  
 per marmor ardescent euntum,  
 Fuscus ubi ceciditque in armis

magnum duelli fulmen Horatius !  
 tutanda nulla turre Britannia  
 murosque dedignans et alto  
 ceu proprio dominata ruri

audax aquarum montibus improbis  
 insultat. ilex feta tonitribus  
 natiua tempestatis iram  
 litoribus domat infrementem

the meteor-flag of England  
 shall yet terrific burn,  
 till danger's troubled night depart,  
 and the star of peace return.  
 then, then, ye ocean warriors,  
 our song and feast shall flow  
 to the fame of your name,  
 when the storm has ceased to blow,  
 when the fiery fight is heard no more,  
 and the storm has ceased to blow.

CAMPBELL.

*Thy Days are done.*

THY days are done, thy fame begun ;  
 thy country's strains record  
 the triumphs of her chosen son,  
 the slaughters of his sword ;  
 the deeds he did, the fields he won,  
 the freedom he restored.  
  
 though thou art fallen, while we are free,  
 thou shalt not taste of death ;  
 the generous blood that flowed from thee  
 disdained to sink beneath :  
 within our veins its currents be,  
 thy spirit on our breath.  
  
 thy name, our charging hosts along,  
 shall be the battle-word ;  
 thy fall, the theme of choral song  
 from virgin voices poured.  
 to weep would do thy glory wrong ;  
 thou shalt not be deplored.

BYRON.

qua mixta uentis proelia saeuunt.  
 sic usque diris sidus uti minis  
     insigne flagrabit Britannum,  
     dum fugiat mala noctis umbra

pacisque felix stella refulgeat.  
 tum rite, pugnae oceani genus,  
     uestros honorabunt triumphos  
     carminibus dapibusque ciues,

uestrae dabuntur pocula gloriae,  
 cum flare lassus desierint Noti,  
     Martisque cessarint procellae  
     sollicitas agitare gentis.

*Tu decus omne tuis.*

LVX cecidit uitae; famae tibi nascitur astrum;  
 patria te grato carmine rite colit,  
 scilicet eximiae subolis cantare triumphos  
     sedula; quot proprio strauerit ense uiros,  
 quas tulerit bello laurus, quo uictor ab hoste  
     reddiderit populo libera iura suo.  
 tu cadis; at, dum nos libertas alma tuetur,  
     impia nil in te funera iuris habent.  
 qui tibi profluxit generosus corpore sanguis  
     ire sub indignum non tulit ille solum:  
 di faciant nostras ditent ea flumina uenas  
     uiuat et in nostro spiritus ore tuus.  
 sicubi Mars patrius saeuum procurret in hostem,  
     sola tuum pugnae tessera nomen erit:  
 nostra decus tanti celebrabunt carmina leti,  
     carmina uirginis rite sonanda choris.  
 magne, tuae fletus essent iniuria famae:  
     questibus haud nostris dedecorande, uale.

*Beauty from the Light retired.*

SHE dwelt among the untrodden ways  
 beside the springs of Dove,  
 a maid whom there were none to praise,  
 and very few to love.

a violet by a mossy stone  
 half-hidden from the eye,  
 fair as a star when only one  
 is shining in the sky,

she lived unknown, and few could know  
 when Lucy ceased to be;  
 but she is in her grave, and oh!  
 the difference to me.

WORDSWORTH.

*To Astronomers.*

TALK not so glibly of planets and suns and stars  
 by the million,  
 is Nature only great when you can reckon her up?  
 such are the questions, I grant, in space above others  
 exalted:  
 but not in space, O my friend, dwells the Exalted  
 itself.

*From* SCHILLER.

*Bodenlose Liebe.*

THE purse of Fortunatus, I can prove,  
 is only Love:  
 for only Love, the more it gives, the more  
 hath yet in store.

*From* W. MUELLER.

*Fallentis Semita Vitae.*

Οἴμοις ἐν ἀστιβήτοις  
κρήνησι πὰρ Πελείης  
κούρη τις ἦν, παρώκει δ'  
ἐπαινέσων μὲν οὐδεὶς  
παῦροι δέ μιν φιλοῦντες.  
Ἴον γὰρ ὡς φανέν τι  
πέτρης ὑπέκ μελαίνης,  
καλή θ' ὅπως τις ἀστήρ  
μόνος φλέγων δι' αἴθρης,  
ἔζη βίον λαθραῖον,  
παῦροι δ' ἐπυσθάνοντο  
τῆς παρθένου θανούσης.  
καὶ τὴν μὲν εἶλε τύμβος,  
ἐμοὶ δ' ὅσον λέλοιπεν  
αἰ αἰ πόθον τίς οἶδε;

*Ἄνδρας μετεωροφάνακας.*

QVID me tot nebulis, tot solibus usque fatigas?  
an nisi quod numeres est tibi grande nihil?  
maxima quae capiat spatium, Meteore, recenses,  
sed spatium magni nil, Meteore, capit.

*Fortunati Saccus.*

VIN Fortunati ueniat tibi saccus? amato:  
quo plus largitur, plus habet unus Amor.

*Treuer Tod.*

Der Ritter muß zum blut'gen Kampf hinaus,  
für Freiheit, Ruhm und Vaterland zu streiten;  
da zieht er noch vor seines Liebchens Haus:  
nicht ohne Abschied will er von ihr scheiden.  
o weine nicht die Auglein roth,  
als ob nicht Trost und Hoffnung bliebe;  
bleib' ich doch treu bis in den Tod  
dem Vaterland und meiner Liebe.

und als er ihr das Lebewohl gebracht,  
sprengt er zurück zum Haufen der Getreuen;  
er sammelt sich zu seines Kaisers Macht,  
und muthig blickt er auf der Feinde Reihen.  
mich schreckt es nicht, was uns bedröht,  
und wenn ich auf der Wahlstatt blicke,  
denn freudig geh' ich in den Tod  
für Vaterland und meine Liebe.

und furchtbar stürzt er in des Kampfes Gluth,  
und Tausend fallen unter seinen Streichen;  
den Sieg verdankt man seinem Heldenmuth,  
doch auch den Sieger zählt man zu den Leichen.  
ström hin, mein Blut, so purpureth!  
dich rächten meines Schwertes Hiebe;  
ich hielt den Schwur treu bis in Tod  
dem Vaterland und meiner Liebe.

KOERNER.

*Sprache.*

THE sight of living spirit why  
must living spirit vainly seek?  
because, alas, when *speaks* the soul,  
the *soul* itself has ceased to speak.

From SCHILLER.



*Eques.*

EQVES cruentum Martis instaurans opus  
 quo patria quo laus quoque libertas uocat,  
 suae moratur ante uirginis domum,  
 nec uolt abire non prius dicto uale.

‘flere quin parcis nec in omne tempus,  
 cara, desperas? ego nunc et ipsam  
 dicar ad mortem patriae meoque  
 fidus amori.’

et cum supremum iam susurrasset uale,  
 claris, ut ante, iungitur sodalibus,  
 et miles inter milites regis sui  
 interritus prospectat hostium minas.

‘nil ego instantis metuens pericli,  
 haec mihi si sit statio sepulchrum,  
 procidam laetus, patriae meique  
 tutor amoris.’

turmasque dirus inter hostiles furit,  
 dat mille plagas, mille prosternit uiros;  
 debetur illi partium uictoria:  
 sed ipse uictis additus uictor iacet.

‘profluat sanguis: neque me fefellit  
 ultor hic ensis neque non fidelem  
 mors sacramento patriaeque et uni  
 uidit amori.’

*Mens.*

MENTI cur nequeat se mens ostendere quaeris?  
 quod mens, cum loquitur, desinit ipsa loqui.

*Wedded Love.*

THERE is dew for the floweret,  
 and honey for the bee,  
 and a bower for the wild bird,  
 and love for you and me.

there are tears for the many,  
 and pleasures for the few;  
 but let the world pass on, dear,  
 there's love for me and you.

there is care that will not leave us,  
 and pain that will not flee,  
 but on our hearth unaltered  
 sits love 'tween you and me.

our love, it ne'er was reckoned,  
 yet good it is and true;  
 it's half the world to me, dear,  
 it's all the world to you.

HOOD.

*Hath Song a balm for Grief?*

YE hearts that break and give no sign  
 save whitening lips and fading tresses,  
 till Death pours out his cordial wine  
 slow dropped from Misery's crushing presses;  
 if singing breath or echoing chord  
 to every hidden pang were given,  
 what endless melodies were poured,  
 as sad as Earth, as sweet as Heaven!

O. W. HOLMES.

*Quos irrupta tenet Copula.*

Δρόσος μὲν ἔστιν ἄνθει  
 ἄνθος δὲ τῇ μελίσση,  
 ὕρنيθι φύλλα δένδρων,  
 ἔρωσ δὲ σοί τε κάμοι.  
 πολλοῖσι κλαύματ' ἔστί,  
 παύροις δὲ χάρματ'· ἔστω·  
 τί γάρ, φίλη; συνοικεῖ  
 ἔρωσ ἐμοί τε καί σοι.  
 ἄχη μὲν ἔστ' ἄφυκτα,  
 μέριμνά τ' οὐ λέλοιπε,  
 συνέστιον δ' ἐῶσιν  
 ἔρωτα σοί τε κάμοι.  
 ἔρωσ ὅσος μὲν ἀμφοῖν  
 οὐπώποτ' ἔσταθμήθη,  
 ἀλλ' ἐσθλός, ἀλλ' ἀληθῆς  
 πάρεστ' ἐμοί τε καί σοι.  
 καὶ τῆς ζόης ἐγὼ μὲν  
 τὴν ἡμίσειαν εἶναι  
 λέγω, φίλη, σὺ δ' αὖτε  
 τὸ πᾶν λέγεις ἔρωτα.

*Medicina Doloris.*

DICITE, qui luctu marcentes signa dedistis  
 sola quod albescunt labra senentque comae,  
 donec ab Aerumnae pressatis aestuet uuis  
 quod medicum tarde dat Libitina merum ;  
 si canere occulti muto sub pectore luctus  
 aut chorda possent si resonante loqui,  
 maestitiam terrae solantes nectare caeli  
 quot fluerent dulces tempus in omne modi !

*Leaves and Lives.*

LET us quit the leafy arbour  
 and the torrent murmuring by ;  
 for the sun is in his harbour,  
 weary of the open sky.  
 \* \* \* \* \*

summer ebbs: each day that follows  
 is a reflux from on high,  
 tending to the darksome hollows  
 where the frosts of winter lie.  
 He who governs the creation,  
 in His providence assign'd  
 such a gradual declination  
 to the life of human kind.  
 yet we mark it not: fruits redden,  
 fresh flowers blow, as flowers have blown ;  
 and the heart is loth to deaden  
 hopes that she so long hath known.  
 be thou wiser, youthful maiden,  
 and, when thy decline shall come,  
 let not flower or bough fruit-laden  
 hide the knowledge of thy doom.

WORDSWORTH.

*An Sic.*

THINE eye is not the heaven's own blue,  
 thy mouth is not the very rose,  
 thy breast and arms not lilies true.  
 o wondrous spring, when such as those  
 were lilies all the vale perfuming,  
 and roses on the hill-side blooming,  
 and o'er them skies as clearly bright  
 expanding, as thine eye's blue light !

*From UHLAND.*

*Debemur Morti nos nostraque.*

IAM tecta mecum frondea desere,  
 admurmuranti desere riuulum;  
     pertaesus en caeli patentis  
         sol trepidat reparare portum.  
 declinat aestas : ut refluxum mare  
 retro sequaces semper eunt dies  
     nigris resorbendi cauernis  
         quas gelidam sibi bruma sedem  
 secludit. at qui temperat omnia  
 prudens eodem dirigit ordine  
     mortalia, ut sensim fugaci  
         uita fluat peragenda lapsu.  
 nos ista fallunt : poma iterum rubent,  
 Floraeque ut olim dona repullulant,  
     annosque nutritam per omnis  
         spem refugit posuisse pectus.  
 at tu, Neanthe, sis sapientior,  
 neu te caducam sarta uel arbores  
     fructu grauescentes propinqui  
         non memorem faciant sepulchri.

*Ad Miram.*

NON caeli tuus instar est ocellus ;  
 non instar tua labra sunt rosarum ;  
 non sunt lilia pectus ac lacerti.  
 o uis illa serenitasque ueris,  
 quod uestire rosisque liliisque  
 posset talibus inuidenda rura,  
 cui tam splendidus immineret aether  
 quam lux caerulei tua illa ocelli !

*O breathe not his Name.*

O BREATHE not his name ; let it sleep in the shade,  
 where cold and unhonoured 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.

*Youth and Age.*

WITH thousand masts the young man sweeps  
 the dangerous seas, and deems it sport :  
 in rescued boat the old man creeps,  
 silent and serious, into port.

*From* SCHILLER.*Siren Isles.*

CEASE, stranger, cease those piercing notes,  
 the craft of Siren choirs ;  
 hush the seductive voice, that floats  
 upon the languid wires.

music's ethereal fire was given,  
 not to dissolve our clay,  
 but draw Promethean beams from heaven,  
 and purge the dross away.

weak self ! with thee the mischief lies,  
 those throbs a tale disclose ;  
 nor age nor trial have made wise  
 the man of many woes.

*Lyra Apostolica.*

*Amica Silentia.*

DORMIAT indictum sub eodem caespite nomen  
 reliquiae gelidae qua sine honore iacent,  
 nos lacrimis illum maestis sine uoce fleamus,  
 ceu bustum tacito nox pia rore lauat.  
 sed qui nocte cadunt flentes sine murmure rores  
 induerint laeto funebre uere solum,  
 inque animis nostris nomen seruarit amici  
 quae memor e caeco lacrima fonte cadit.

*Non tam aerumnoso nauigauissem salo.*

CVRRIT in oceanum dum malis mille Iuventas,  
 lintre Senex portum sospite lentus init.

*Sirenium Voces.*

DESINE subtili deducere carmina uoce  
 qualia Sirenas concinuisse rear :  
 a, taceas oro, taceas, neu fluctuet inter  
 uox ea languentis insidiosa fides.  
 creditur, humanos non ut dissolueret artus,  
 Musica caelestem deseruisse domum :  
 sed potius supera, nostrae purgamina sordis,  
 illa Prometheas duxit ab arce faces.  
 quid loquor? insoliti monstrant in pectore motus  
 quam sim praua mei causa furoris ego.  
 nugator, docuere tuam resipiscere mentem  
 nec mala, nec canis aegra senecta comis.

*The Wine of Life is gone.*

GO, forget me: why should sorrow  
o'er that brow a shadow fling?  
go, forget me: and to-morrow  
brightly smile and sweetly sing.  
smile—though I shall not be near thee;  
sing—though I shall never hear thee:  
may thy soul with pleasure shine,  
lasting as the gloom of mine.

like the sun, thy presence glowing  
clothes the meanest things in light;  
and when thou, like him, art going,  
loveliest objects fade in night.  
all things looked so bright about thee,  
that they nothing seem without thee;  
by that pure and lucid mind  
earthly things were too refined.

go, thou vision, wildly gleaming,  
softly on my soul that fell;  
go, for me no longer beaming,  
hope and beauty, fare ye well!  
go, and all that once delighted  
take, and leave me all benighted,—  
Glory's burning generous swell,  
Fancy, and the poet's shell.

WOLFE.



*Tecum una perierunt gaudia nostra.*

I FVGE immemor mei ;  
 quid umbret illam cura nigra frontem ?  
 i meique nil memor  
 cras molle ride suauiterque canta.

molle rideas licet  
 nec me relictum captet iste risus ;  
 suauiter licet canas  
 nec me fugatum cantus iste flectat ;

at tibi serenitas  
 sit tanta, quantae me mouent procellae.  
 solis instar emicans  
 splendore uestis quidquid inuenusti est ;

solis instar occidens  
 premis uenusti quidquid est tenebris.  
 plena riserat tui  
 nuper, tuique sordet orba tellus ;

ingeni tui nimis  
 inclarueré cuncta claritate.

i fuge immemor mei  
 quae luce mira fulseras imago

blanda sensibus meis ;  
 i dulce numquam redditura lumen :  
 quidquid est bonae spei,  
 quidquid decoris, aufer omne tecum :

quod placens erat prius  
 i tolle, meque linque destitutum ;  
 tolle Glorïae faces  
 lyramque et altae spiritum Camenae.

*The Twin Gods.*

AND all the people trembled,  
 and pale grew every check;  
 and Sergius the high pontiff  
 alone found voice to speak:

'the gods, who live for ever,  
 have fought for Rome to-day:  
 these be the great Twin Brethren  
 to whom the Dorians pray.

back comes the chief in triumph,  
 who in the hour of fight  
 hath seen the great Twin Brethren  
 in harness on his right.

safe comes the ship to haven  
 through billows and through gales,  
 if once the great Twin Brethren  
 sit shining on the sails.'

MACAULAY.

*The Eve of Death.*

WHY such a golden eve? the breeze is sent  
 careful and soft, that not a leaf may fall  
 before the serene father of them all  
 bows down his summer head below the west.  
 but, at the setting, I must bid adieu  
 to her for the last, last time. Night will strew  
 on the damp grass myriads of lingering leaves;  
 and with them shall I die: nor much it grieves  
 to die, when Summer dies on the cold sward.

KEATS.

*Δίπτυχοι Διόσκοροι.*

GRANDE portentum stupuere uici,  
 pallidum tota pauet urbe uolgus :  
 pontifex solus tremulo profatur  
                   Sergius ore.

‘omne uiuentes superi per aeuom  
 hoc die Romae pepulere cladem ;  
 bina, quae Dores uenerantur, haec sunt  
                   numina Fratrum.

dux redit claro celebris triumpho,  
 quisquis ad dextram, medius duelli,  
 aureis uidit nitidos in armis  
                   stare Gemellos :

perque flabrorum pelagique motus  
 sospes in portum redit illa nauis,  
 cui super malum gemino coruscant  
                   sidere Fratres.’

*Endymion moriturus.*

CVR uesper radios extulit aureos ?  
 suspiratne tener molle Fauonius,  
 ramis una prius ne coma defluat  
                   quam qui progenuit comas  
 aestiuum placidus condiderit caput ?  
 at sole occiduo poscor ut ultima  
 dicam uoce meis deliciis uale.

                  nox udum modo caespitem  
 consternet foliis mille morantibus :  
 quis una moriar ; nec, gelido super  
 aestas cum moritur gramine, tam mihi  
                   deflendum fuerit mori.

*A Geological Specimen.*

WHERE shall we our great Professor inter,  
 that in peace may rest his bones?  
 if we hew him a rocky sepulchre,  
 he will rise and break the stones,  
 and examine such stratum that lies around,  
 for he's quite in his element underground.

if with mattock and spade his body we lay  
 in the common alluvial soil,  
 he'll start up, and snatch those tools away  
 of his own geological toil.

in a stratum so young the Professor disdains  
 that embedded should lie his organic remains.

then, exposed to the drip of some case-hardening  
 spring,  
 his carcase let stalactite cover;  
 and to Oxford the petrified sage let us bring,  
 when he is encrusted all over:  
 there 'mid mammoths and crocodiles, high on a shelf,  
 let him stand as a monument raised to himself.

WHATELY.

*An Epitaph.*

HE died, and left the world behind;  
 his once wild heart is cold;  
 his once keen eye is quelled and blind:  
 what more?—his tale is told.

he came; and baring his heaven-bright thought,  
 he earned the base world's ban;  
 and having vainly lived and taught,  
 gave place to a meaner man.

PROCTER.

*Monimentum aere perennius.*

NOSTER erit quali tumulandus funere Doctor,  
 incluta quo possint ossa quiete frui?  
 si ualidum struimus proscisso monte sepulchrum,  
 surget, et impacta saxa bipenne ruet,  
 quaelibet explorans telluris strata propinquae;  
 siquis enim, Terrae filius ille iacet.  
 audeat hunc aliquis uolgari tradere glebae,  
 flumina quam longo deposuere luto,  
 excitus eripiat cuneos durosque ligones,  
 quae proprius quondam gesserat arma labor.  
 tamne recente uelit Doctor grauis ille cubili  
 ipsius organicas sternere reliquias?  
 at potius, gelido qua stiria pendet ab antro,  
 deciduae sensim ui solidetur aquae:  
 mox incrustatum glaciali marmore corpus  
 excipias clari tu, Rhedycina, sophi,  
 mixtus ubi Ogygiis elephantibus et crocodilis,  
 sed tamen editior, stet, suus ipse lapis.

*Mens diuinius.*

MORTVVS est superaue excessit luce : refrixit  
 cor illud olim feruidum :  
 extinctumst oculi quondam penetrabile fulgur :  
 quid restat? acta fabula.

uenit clara docens caeli praecepta : docentem  
 spreuere ciues sordidi :  
 sic labor effluxit uanus. nunc illius implet  
 natura crassior locum.

*Immortal Love.*

- A. Will sich Hektor ewig von mir wenden,  
 wo Achill mit den unnahbar'n Händen  
 dem Patroklos schrecklich Opfer bringt?  
 wer wird künftig deinen Kleinen lehren  
 Speere werfen und die Götter ehren,  
 wenn der finstre Orkus dich verschlingt?
- H. theures Weib, gebiete deinen Thränen;  
 nach der Feldschlacht ist mein feurig Sehnen;  
 diese Arme schützen Pergamus.  
 kämpfend für den heil'gen Herd der Götter  
 fall' ich, und des Vaterlandes Retter  
 steig' ich nieder zu dem styg'schen Fluß.
- A. nimmer lausch' ich deiner Waffen Schalle,  
 müßig liegt dein Eisen in der Halle,  
 Priam's großer Heldenstamm verdirbt.  
 du wirst hingeh'n, wo kein Tag mehr scheint,  
 der Cecytus durch die Wüsten weinet,  
 deine Liebe in dem Lethe stirbt.
- H. all mein Sehnen will ich, all mein Denken,  
 in des Lethe stillen Strom versenken,  
 aber meine Liebe nicht.  
 horch! der Wilde tobt schon an den Mauern,  
 gürtete mir das Schwert um, laß das Trauern!  
 Hektors Liebe stirbt im Lethe nicht.

SCHILLER.

*Wahl.*

- Kannst du nicht Allen gefallen durch deine That und dein  
 Kunstwerk,  
 mach es Wenigen recht; Vielen gefallen, ist schlimm.

SCHILLER.

*Seruetque Sepulchro.*

- A ERGO non rediturus ibit Hector  
 qua diris manibus furens Achilles  
 Patroclo inferias facit nefandas?  
 quis tum filiolum tuum docebit  
 hastam conicere et deos uereri,  
 cum te nigra domus uorarit Orci?
- H. uin fletum cohibere, dulcis uxor?  
 ardor me rapit acer ad duellum:  
 nostri Pergama sustinent lacerti.  
 pugnans pro ueterum focis deorum  
 occumbo, patriaeque liberator  
 demittor Stygio beatus amni.
- A. numquam nota crepant mihi arma: in aula  
 pendet lancea deses; inclutamque  
 sternit Priamidum ruina gentem.  
 ibis quo neque lux adit diei  
 Cocytusque ululans meat, tuusque  
 ui Lethes amor obrutus peribit.
- H. quidquid mens agitat, cupit, laborat,  
 Lethaeae sopor opprimat paludis:  
 non delere meum potest amorem.  
 audin, moenibus instat illa Erinys:  
 huc ensem mihi: mitte flere: numquam  
 ui Lethes amor Hectoris peribit.

*Quibus placendum.*

OMNIBVS ut possis si non datur, Attice, paucis  
 fac placeas: multis qui placet, ardeliost.

*The Pimpernel.*

SEE'ST thou yon pimpernel? an hour is past,  
 and he was holding dalliance with the sun,  
 all bared his crimson pride: now closed, downcast,  
 his blossoms seek their favourite skies to shun.  
 young Edwin came, the warning change beheld,  
 then hurried to his hinds; and hark! I hear  
 his loaded wagons creaking from the field;  
 for storms, he says, and angry hours, are near.  
 oh, 'mid the flowers life's tortuous path that strew,  
 is there not one like this? e'en as I speak,  
 thy bosom-friend's estranged look review,  
 remark his icy eye, his smileless cheek:  
 adversity is nigh. speed, counsel how  
 to soften as thou may'st th' inevitable blow.

R. WILSON EVANS.

*The Dying Maiden.*

SOFTLY! she is lying  
 with her lips apart;  
 softly! she is dying  
 of a broken heart.

whisper! she is going  
 to her final rest;  
 whisper! life is growing  
 dim within her breast.

gently! she is sleeping;  
 she has breathed her last;  
 gently! while you're weeping,  
 she to heaven has passed.

BEDDOES.



*Certis poteris cognoscere signis.*

STAM tune uides anagallida? non ita pridem  
 uisa fuit medium solis amare iubar  
 purpureo ridens fastu: nunc lumina claudit  
 tristia, nec dulcem spectat, ut ante, diem.  
 distabat monitumque uigil perspexit Amyntas;  
 protinus agrestes conuocat ipse manus.  
 ludin, iam iam abeunt agro stridentia plaustra:  
 en, ait, Auster adest; en furit hora minis.—  
 num florum, quicumque habitant loca deuia uitae,  
 huic nullus simili condicione uiget?  
 dum loquor, auersi uoltum non cernis amici?  
 luce carent oculi, risibus ora carent.  
 sors aduersa uenit: tu cessas? i fuge, tecum,  
 quid ferat infaustis, consule, rebus opem.

## Αἴλιον αἴλιον εἰπέ.

Ἦκ' εἴσιθ', ἧδε κείται  
 τοῖς χεῖλεσιν λυθείσιν·  
 ἦκ' εἴσιτ' ἦκα, θνήσκει  
 τῇ καρδίῃ φθινούσῃ.  
 φωνοῖτ' ἂν ἦκα, βαίνει  
 πεπρωμένην πρὸς εὐνήν·  
 ἦκ' ἦκ', ἀμαυρὸν ἦδη  
 στέρνων τὸ πνεῦμ' ἀπορρεῖ.  
 ἦκ' ἦκα μῶν καθεύδει;  
 οὔκ, ἄρτι δ' ἐξέπνευσεν·  
 ἐν ᾧ δακρύεθ' ὑμεῖς  
 ὡς τὸν Θεὸν βέβηκεν.

*The Etrurian Naenia.*

WHERE art thou, pale and melancholy ghost?  
 no funeral rites appease thy tombless clay;  
 unburied, glidest thou by the dismal coast,  
     o exile from the day?

there where the voice of love is heard no more,  
 where the dull wave moans back the eternal wail,  
 dost thou recall the summer suns of yore,  
     thine own melodious vale?

thy lares stand on thy deserted floors,  
 and miss their last sweet daughter's holy face:  
 what hand shall wreath with flowers the threshold  
 doors?

    what child renew the race?

thine are the nuptials of the dreary shades:  
 of all thy groves what rests?—the cypress tree.  
 as from the air a strain of music fades,  
     dark silence buries thee.

yet no, lost child of more than mortal sires,  
 thy stranger bridegroom bears thee to his home,  
 where the stars light the Aesar's nuptial fires  
     in Tina's azure dome;

from the fierce wave the god's celestial wing  
 rapt thee aloft along the yielding air;  
 with amaranths fresh from heaven's eternal spring  
     bright Cupra braids thy hair.

ah, in those halls for us thou wilt not mourn;  
 far are the Aesar's joys from human woe;  
 but not the less forsaken and forlorn  
     those thou hast left below.

*Funebre Carmen.*

QVONAM euolasti pallida, lugubris?  
 nulline ritus, Umbra, tibi eximunt  
     curam, neque infletum piauit  
     ullus honor tumuli cadauer,  
 sed lucis exul litus obambulas  
 informe? qua nec blanditias amor  
     instaurat, aeternamque fluctus  
     segne gemens iterat querellam,  
 solesne uerni luminis et tuam  
 uallem repositis? Lar uacuas habet  
     aulas, et incassum requirit  
     alma suae pius ora natae.  
 quae dextra posthac limina floribus  
 intextet illi? quae suboles noua  
     curret pauimentum? o malignis  
     tradita coniugio tenebris,  
 ecquam tuarum nunc colis arborum?  
 solam cupressum: teque silentia  
     condunt inaccessa, ut quietas  
     carmen abit fugiens in auras.  
 non sic peristi, progenies deum;  
 te magna coniunx aduena transtulit  
     in regna, qua resplendet astris  
     caeruleum laqueare Tinae  
 parante laetas Aesare nuptias:  
 te penna uexit dia superstitem  
     undis, ubi aeterno beatæ  
     uere fruens amarantus auræ  
 sese capillis insinuat tuis,  
 texente Cupra. nos ibi nostraque  
     lugere dedisces: ab omni  
     Aesar habet uacuum dolore

never, oh never more shall we behold thee,  
 the last spark dies upon the sacred hearth :  
 art thou less lost, though heavenly arms enfold thee—  
 art thou less lost to earth?

slow swells the sorrowing Naenia's chaunted strain,  
 time with slow flutes our leaden footsteps keep ;  
 sad earth, whate'er the happier heaven may gain,  
 hath but a loss to weep.

EDWARD LORD LYTTON.

*Wanderer's Nachtlied.*

GENTLE Peace, whose wand of power  
 lulls to slumber woe and pain,  
 in affliction's sternest hour  
 thou canst soothe the wildered brain.

here I wander, tempest-driven,  
 seeking comfort, seeking rest ;  
 child of Heaven,  
 glide, o glide into my breast !

*From* GOETHE.

*A Message in Spring.*

EARLY wast thou taken, Mary,  
 in thy fair and glorious prime,  
 ere the bees had ceased to murmur  
 'neath the umbrage of the lime.  
 buds were blowing ; streams were flowing ;  
 birds were singing on the tree ;  
 everything was bright and glowing,  
 when the angels came for thee.

AYTOUN.

perenne regnum: nos tamen interim  
 te flemus eheu, dulce caput, die  
 nullo reuisendum; supremus  
 ille sacrae perit ignis arae.

caelum recepta gaudeat: an minus  
 te terra raptam maeret? in aethera  
 surgit sepulchrali tenore  
 naenia flebiliter canentum

cum tiliarum flamine plumbeos  
 regente passus. quidquid habet lucri  
 fortuna caelestum, fugaces  
 delicias gemit orba tellus.

*Quies.*

CAELI progenies, malas  
 delenire potens sollicitudines,  
 et quo mens magis angitur,  
 maiorem miserae semper opem ferens,  
 me tot respice taediis  
 fessum: quid faciunt omnia luctibus  
 alternantia gaudia?  
 o subrepe meo, grata Quies, sinu.

*Ver illud erat.*

ANTE diem sublata fuit tua candida forma,  
 ante diem uitae gloria prima tuae,  
 cum non desierat tiliae fragrante sub umbra  
 mille recursantum feruere murmur apum.  
 gemma tumescebat labentibus adsita lymphis,  
 quolibet in ramo laeta canebat auis;  
 omnia fulgebant opulenta luce, Maria,  
 te sibi caelestum cum petiere chori.

*Melody.*

How 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.

*The Recall.*

COME again, come again!  
 sunshine cometh after rain.  
 as a lamp fed newly burneth,  
 pleasure, who doth fly, returneth,  
 scattering every cloud of pain.  
 as the year, which dies in showers,  
 riseth in a world of flowers,  
 called by many a vernal strain,  
 come thou, for whom tears were falling,  
 and a thousand tongues are calling;  
 come again, oh come again!  
 like the sunshine after rain.

PROCTER.

*Wishes.*

SWEET be her dreams, the fair, the young;  
 grace, beauty, breathe upon her;  
 music, haunt thou about her tongue;  
 life, fill her path with honour.  
 all golden thoughts, all wealth of days,  
 truth, friendship, love surround her;  
 so may she smile till life be closed,  
 and angel-hands have crowned her.

PROCTER.

*Quid Vesper serus uehat.*

OCCIDVI quam grata mihi redit hora diei,  
 cum iubar in tacito liquitur omne salo !  
 somnia tum reuocant exactos dulcia soles,  
 teque gemens recolo uespere, noster amor :  
 dumque mihi tremula freta leuia luce recedunt  
 usque sub Hesperia qua rubet unda face,  
 mens auet aurato uestigia ponere tractu,  
 inque locos laetos rapta quiete frui.

*Dulces Reditus.*

REDI, redi tu ; redditur sol imbribus peractis.  
 ut lampas ignibus nouis redintegrata flagrat,  
 sic dissipatis nubibus fugax redit uoluptas.  
 ut, inter imbres qui cadit, nouus resurgit annus  
 ueris uocante florei canore, sic redi tu,  
 tot flete nuper lacrimis, tot iam uocate linguis.  
 redi, redi nunc, ut redit sol imbribus fugatis.

*Cane uota libens.*

SVAVIA lacteolae sint somnia uirginis ; illi  
 Gratia purpureum spiret in ora decus ;  
 impleat arguta linguam dulcedine Musa ;  
 uita uerecundam ditet honore uiam.  
 cogitet, optet, agat faustum quodcumque ; fideli  
 possit amicitia, possit amore frui.  
 rideat, exacto laetae dum munere lucis  
 cinxerit ambrosium dia corona caput.

*The World's Wanderers.*

TELL me, thou Star, whose wings of light  
 speed thee in thy fiery flight,  
 in what cavern of the night  
     will thy pinions close now?

tell me, Moon, thou pale and grey  
 pilgrim of heaven's homeless way,  
 in what depth of night or day  
     seekest thou repose now?

weary Wind, who wanderest  
 like the world's rejected guest,  
 hast thou still some secret nest  
     on the tree or billow?

SHELLEY.

*Ilias.*

Immer zerreiet den Kranz des Homers, und zhlet die Vter  
 des vollendeten ewigen Werks;  
 hat es doch Eine Mutter nur, und die Zge der Mutter,  
 deine unsterblichen Zge, Natur.

SCHILLER.

*The Silent Look.*

INTO my heart a silent look  
 flashed from thy careless eyes,  
 and what before was shadow, took  
 the light of summer skies.  
 the first-born love was in that look:  
 the Venus rose from out the deep  
 of those inspiring eyes.

EDWARD LORD LYTTON.



*Errones.*

STELLA, lucenti per inane penna  
 flammeos uelox agitare cursus,  
 ede, quo noctis tua nunc in antro  
 pluma quiescet?

Luna, pallenti ueneranda uoltu  
 deuios caeli peragens meatus,  
 qua tenebrarum recrearis aut qua  
 lucis in aula?

Vente, terrarum uelut exul aegrum  
 semper errorem renouans, adhucne  
 seruat arcanum tibi silua nidum  
 uel maris unda?

*Ad Wolfianos.*

PERGITE Maeonidae pulchram lacerare coronam  
 diuinique patres enumerare libri:  
 unius est matris certe; immortalia uoltus,  
 o Natura, tui fert documenta liber.

*Venus orta.*

INTVITV segura feris mihi pectus, et omne  
 fluctuat aestiua luce, quod umbra fuit.  
 ille meas peperit flammam obtutus, ocellis  
 caeruleis istis exiit orta Venus.

*Milton.*

MILTON! thou shouldst be living at this hour ;  
 England hath need of thee : she is a fen  
 of stagnant waters ; altar, sword, and pen,  
 fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,  
 have forfeited their ancient English dower  
 of inward happiness. we are selfish men :  
 oh raise us up, return to us again,  
 and give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.  
 thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart ;  
 thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea ;  
 pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free.  
 so didst thou travel on life's common way  
 in cheerful godliness ; and yet thy heart  
 the lowliest duties on herself did lay.

WORDSWORTH.

*Negus refused at 'The Raven' in Olden Time.*

MINE host of the Raven's been doctored to plague  
 us ;  
 I asked him for Negus :—he grinned and said, Nay,  
 goose.

*Heu Pietas, heu prisca Fides.*

MILTIVNE, uellem nunc quoque uiueres :  
 te nostra, te nunc postulat Anglia :  
 quae, more coenosae paludis,  
 stagnat iners. sine castitate

nil ara et ensis pluma focus ualent.  
 quo fugit aulae gloria? quo casae  
 pax alma? cur priscae quietis  
 dote carent patrii penates?

gens praua nobis consulimus. redi et  
 dilapsa prudens saecla redintegra :  
 da clara libertas, pudici  
 da redeant sine labe mores,

et uera uirtus firmaque uiribus  
 iustis potestas. mens tua lumine  
 fulgebat, ut sidus, remoto ;  
 uox tua, ceu pelagi, sonabat :

stabas aperto purior aethere,  
 peiusque leto seruitium timens,  
 sincera maiestas : deique  
 muneribus modicis fruentem

tutum per omnis te pietas tua  
 traduxit annos. nec tamen immemor  
 quid cuique deberes, amabas  
 officiis minimis uacare.

*Negat Improbus.*

CALLIDVS ille nihil calidi dat caupo Rauennae ;  
 cum peterem 'Negus,' reddidit ille, Nego.

F. M.

*The Spirit of Love.*

A SPIRIT there is, whose fragrant sigh  
   is burning now through earth and air :  
 where cheeks are blushing, the Spirit is nigh ;  
   where lips are meeting, the Spirit is there.  
 his breath is the soul of flowers like these ;  
   and his floating eyes,—oh, they resemble  
 blue water-lilies, when the breeze  
   is making the stream around them tremble.  
 hail to thee, hail to thee, kindling power,  
   Spirit of love ! Spirit of bliss !  
 thy holiest time is the moonlight hour,  
   and there never was moonlight so sweet as this.  
   by the fair and brave, who blushing unite,  
   like the sun and wave when they meet at night ;  
   by the tear that shews when passion is nigh,  
   as the rain-drop flows from the heat of the sky ;  
   by the first love-beat of the youthful heart,  
   by the bliss to meet, and the pain to part,  
   by all that thou hast to mortals given,  
   which—oh, could it last, this earth were heaven,  
 we call thee hither, entrancing power,  
   Spirit of love ! Spirit of bliss !  
 the holiest time is the moonlight hour,  
   and there never was moonlight so sweet as this.

MOORE.

*The Poet-King.*

A FLACCUS in thy Caesar proudly own ;  
 thy poet-king, fair city, richly crown :  
 in ivy-wreaths entwine thy treasured gold,  
 and into bays thy choicest emeralds mould.

*Spiritus Amoris potens.*

SPIRITVS uiuax odoro profluit suspirio  
 perque terras perque caeli currit ardescens plagas.  
 qua genae rubent amantum, Spiritus propinquus est;  
 labra qua labris premuntur, Spiritus praesens adest.  
 halat ille flosculorum uiuidam fragrantiam :  
 liliis fluitant ocelli comparandi caeruleis,  
 cum Notus circumfluentis crispas undae marmora.  
 diue salue bisque salue concitator pectoris,  
 Spiritus potens amoris, Spiritus gaudi potens.  
 Cynthiae fulgentis hora si tibi sacerrima est,  
 suauiore luce numquam fulsit ipsa Cynthia.  
 per uenustas perque fortes quos rubore feruidos,  
 ceu Thetim Solemque uesper, coniugat pudens amor;  
 perque lacrimas ingruentis indices cupidinis,  
 qualis ex feruente caelo gutta pluuiam desilit;  
 perque qui primos calores cordis indicat tremor,  
 quaeque iunctis est uoluptas, quique diuulsis dolor,  
 omne per quidquid tulisti dulce tu mortalibus,  
 quod perenne si maneret, terra caelestis foret,  
 huc adesse te precamur, uis amica pectori,  
 Spiritus potens amoris, Spiritus gaudi potens.  
 Cynthiae fulgentis hora si tibi sacerrima est,  
 suauiore luce numquam fulsit ipsa Cynthia.

*Inscriptum in Albo Gazophylacii Monacensis*

A. S. MDCCCXLV.

AVGVSTVM Flaccumque uiro miraris in uno,  
 rege tuo felix, urbs pia, uate tuo :  
 finge hederas auro, laurus imitare smaragdis,  
 ut decoret tantum digna corona caput.

*The Heroes of the Past.*

NOT so had those his fancy numbered,  
 the chiefs whose dust around him slumbered,  
 their phalanx marshalled in the plain,  
 whose bulwarks were not then in vain.  
 they fell devoted but undying;  
 the very gale their praise seemed sighing;  
 the waters murmured of their name;  
 the woods were peopled with their fame;  
 the silent pillar, lone and gray,  
 claimed kindred with their sacred clay;  
 their spirits wrapped the dusky mountain,  
 their memory sparkled o'er the fountain;  
 the meanest rill, the mightiest river,  
 rolled mingling with their fame for ever.

BYRON.

*The Claims of the Workman.*

RIGHT of voice in framing laws,  
 right of peers to try my cause,  
 peasant homestead, mean and small,  
 sacred as the monarch's hall.

WHITTIER.

*Hans und Grete.*

- Ⓔ. Guckst du mir denn immer nach,  
 wo du nur mich findest?  
 nimm die Neuglein nur in Acht,  
 daß du nicht erblindest.
- Ⓕ. Gucktest du nicht stets herum,  
 würdest mich nicht sehen;  
 nimm dein Hälschen doch in Acht;  
 wirft es noch verdrehen.

UHLAND.

*Pro Patria mori.*

HAVT ita, quos tacita censebat mente, sepulchris  
 depositi circum, nomina sancta, duces:  
 haut ita crediderant fidei spernenda uetustae  
 foedera, et in patrios bella mouenda deos.  
 deuoti cecidere uiri, sed morte carentes;  
 clara uidebatur facta sonare Notus:  
 laudibus augebant fluuialis murmura lymphae,  
 implebant propria religione nemus:  
 manibus affinem sacris se tollere gaudet  
 edita uicino muta columna iugo:  
 hos uehit exultans ad sidera montis imago,  
 fonsque memor lapsu lucidiore canit:  
 hos sibi commixtos minimus per saecula iactat  
 riuulus, et celebri maximus amnis aqua.

*Quid Pauper oret.*

LEGIBVS intersim uox quantulacumque ferendis,  
 iudice res nostrae stentue cadantue pari;  
 sordida quantumuis, patrii casa parua coloni  
 sancta sit, ut summi principis ampla domus.

*Certamen erat Daphnis cum Phyllide magnum.*

- P.* TVN, si praeterii, me spectes semper euntem?  
 desine sic oculis, Daphni, nocere tuis.
- D.* Tun, nisi contorto collo, me cernere possis?  
 desine sic formae, Phylli, nocere tuae.

*What ill the Scholar's life assail!*

DEATH, old fellow! have we then  
 come at last so near each other?  
 well, shake hands; and be to me  
 a quiet friend, a faithful brother.

all those merry days are gone,  
 gone with cash and health, old fellow,  
 when I read long days and nights,  
 and sometimes (with a friend) got mellow.

Newton! Euclid! fine old ghosts!  
 noble books of old Greek learning!  
 ah, ye left huge aches behind,  
 head and heart and brain all burning.

how I toiled! for one now fled  
 I wore down the midnight taper,  
 labouring, dreaming; till one day  
 I woke, and found my life—a vapour.

yet I hoped (ah, laugh not now)  
 for wealth and health and fame—the bubble!  
 so I climbed up wisdom's steeps,  
 and got a fall, boy, for my trouble.

now all's over. no one helped,  
 no one cheered my strong endeavour;  
 so I sank, and called on thee,  
 and thou wilt be my friend for ever.

PROCTER.

*Epitaph of Socrates.*

NOT any builded shrine, since breath began,  
 was half so sacred, stranger, as this sod,  
 for underneath is the most righteous man  
 that ever knew not God.

MYERS.



*Mortem orat.*

MORS, geniale caput, non aspernata uocantem,  
 tam uicina mihi sicine castra locas?  
 quin serimus dextras? sociam fidamque sororem  
 te tranquilla mihi nectat amicitia.  
 fugit laeta salus, nummi fugere, simulque  
 fugerunt hilares iam, mihi crede, dies,  
 quando ego per lucas longas noctesque legebam,  
 poclaque cum socio rara leuamen erant.  
 Neutone O tuque Euclidae uenerabilis umbra,  
 doctaque Graiorum uos monumenta, libri,  
 heu mihi quam taetros legastis saepe dolores,  
 quanta cor incendit fax mihi, quanta caput!  
 sed tamen inmensus spatiisque inclusus iniquis  
 urere nocturnam lampada iussit amor.  
 multa laborabam, fingebam somnia multa,  
 somnia quae subito dispulit orta dies.  
 sed uel adhuc trepidam (noli ridere) fouebant  
 spem mihi diuitiae, robur, inanis honor.  
 tunc ego doctrinae scandens interritus arces  
 pro mercede cado debilitatus humi.  
 actum est; nemo mihi Macte acclamabat et Euge,  
 nemo operi magno suppeditabat opem.  
 sic ego deficiens aegra te uoce uocauī,  
 tuque mihi faulrix tempus in omne uenis.

*Ὁ Σωκράτους Τάφος.*

Οὐπώποτ' ἐξ οὐ πνέομεν ἐκτίσθη νεὼς  
 ὧδ' ἱερὸς ὡς οὗτος τάφος·  
 ἔνδον γάρ, ὧ ξειν', ἔσθ' ὁ πλεῖστον εὐσεβῆς  
 τῶν μήποτ' εἰδόντων Θεόν.

*Vaulting Ambition.*

WE get so near, so very, very near!  
 'tis an old tale: Jove strikes the Titans down,  
 not when they set about their mountain-piling,  
 but when another rock would crown their work.  
 and Phaethon—doubtless his first radiant plunge  
 astonished mortals; though the gods were calm,  
 and Jove prepared his thunder: all old tales.

R. BROWNING.

*The Parting Gift.*

TAKE this ring, the simple token  
 of a true and loving heart;  
 could the spell of fate be broken,  
 never, never would we part.  
 soon we lose whate'er is sweetest;  
 soon we ring enjoyment's knell;  
 fondest hopes are ever fleetest;  
 therefore, dear one, fare thee well.

*Lines from the German.*

LET me wander where she walks  
 in the blessed calm of even;  
 let me listen when she talks;  
 Jove, I envy not thy heaven.  
 Love within my bosom's cell  
 hermit-like doth ever dwell:  
 Hope and Joy may leave my heart;  
 Love and I will never part.

*Ridet si mortalis ultra Fas trepidat.*

AT prope peruentum est, heu quam prope! fabula  
prisca :

Iuppiter audaces Titanas deicit, haut cum  
montibus instituunt primos inuoluere montes,  
uerum operi exacto scopulus cum deficit unus.  
quid Phaethon? rutilo mortales obstupescit  
introitu, quamquam placida di pace sedebant,  
dum Pater exacuit sua fulmina. fabula prisca est.

*Ad Neaeram.*

GEMMAM do tibi simplicem, Neaera,  
fidi mnemosynon probique cordis;  
nos, si fata forent mouenda uotis,  
nullum, lux mea, separaret aeuum.  
sed dulcissima quaeque mox recedunt,  
ueloci pede praeterit uoluptas,  
et, quo blandior, hoc fugacior spes:—  
ergo, noster amor, uale, Neaera.

*Amor Inquilinus.*

SIT mihi per dominae uestigia saepe uagari,  
cum latebras mulcet uespere sancta quies;  
sit mihi mellitam dominae bibere aure loquellam,  
inuideam caeli non ego regna Ioui.  
haeret Amor uiuax habitatque in pectore nostro,  
ceu pius in cari ianitor aede dei.  
Spes abeat nobis, abeat fugitiua Voluptas:  
restat adhuc certo foedere iunctus Amor.

*Inscription on a Tree planted by the late Countess of  
St Germans in the Vice-Regal Grounds, Dublin.*

POOR tree, a gentle mistress placed thee here,  
to be the glory of the glade around:  
thy life has not survived one fleeting year,  
and she too sleeps beneath another mound.  
but mark what differing terms your fates allow,  
tho' like the period of your swift decay;  
thine are the sapless root and withered bough,  
hers the green memory and immortal day.

EARL OF CARLISLE.

*The Homesick Rose.*

A ROSEBUD from its native thorn  
plucked by thy gentle hand at morn  
thou sent'st me; but ere eventide  
homesick it pined away and died:  
and in this little song from me  
its odorous breath returns to thee.

*From UHLAND.*

Οὐκ ὀρθῶς εἰπεῖν τὸν ποιητὴν  
 Οἷη περ φύλλων γενεὴ τοιήδε καὶ ἀνδρῶν.

Φίλη σ' ἔθηκεν ἐνθάδ', ὦ τάλαν δένδρον,  
 δέσποινα, ἄγαλμα τοῦ πέριξ νάπους εἶναι·  
 ἢ σὴ δ' ἔμεινεν οὐδ' ἔτος βραχὺ ζωή,  
 ἄλλος τ' ἐκείνην κοιμίσας ἔχει τύμβος.  
 ἀλλ' οὐ γὰρ ἡ Μοῖρ' ἐν δυοῖν τέλος κραίνει,  
 φθίσιν μετρήσασ' ἐξ ἴσου περ ὠκείαν,  
 σὺ ρίζαν αὔην καὶ σαπρὸς κλάδους, ἢ δὲ  
 μνήμην ἔχει θάλλουσαν ἄφθιτόν τ' ἡμαρ.

*Immortalis erit, dum perit arbor, homo.*

ARBOR, me miseret tui :

hic mitis dominae te posuit manus,  
 siluis ut decori fores :

sed nec tu spatio longius annuo  
 duras, et pariter rapax  
 illam mors alio caespite condidit.

at non sors eadem duas  
 expectat propera tabe licet pares :

tu suci uacuis manes  
 truncus, tu numeras arida bracchia ;  
 illam seruat amor uirens,  
 illam morte carens perpetuat dies.

*Rosa desiderans.*

DECERPTAM propria manu  
 misisti, Lalage, mane mihi rosam :  
 sed desiderio tui

languescens periit uespere flosculus :  
 et nunc te repetens odor  
 expirat tenero carminis halitu.

*The Lizard and the Crocodile.*

UNA lucertoletta  
 diceva al cocodrillo :  
 ‘ o quanto mi diletta  
 di veder finalmente  
 un della mia famiglia  
 sì grande e sì potente !  
 ho fatto mille miglia  
 per venirvi a vedere :  
 sire, tra noi si serba  
 di voi memoria viva ;  
 benchè fuggiam tra l'erba  
 e il sassoso sentiere,  
 in sen però non langue  
 l'onor del prisco sangue.’  
 l'anfibio rê dormiva  
 a questi complimenti :  
 pur sugli ultimi accenti  
 dal sonno si riscosse,  
 e addimandò chi fosse.  
 la parentela antica,  
 il cammin, la fatica,  
 quella gli torna a dire,  
 ed ei torna a dormire.

AURELIO BERTOLO.

*Inscription upon the Cenotaph of Sir John Franklin  
in Westminster Abbey.*

NOT here. the white North hath thy bones ; and thou,  
 heroic sailor soul,  
 art passing on a happier voyage now  
 toward no earthly pole.

TENNYSON.

*Omnia magna loquens.*

LACERTA sic est orsa crocodilo loqui :  
 ‘ut me peractis taediis multis iuuat  
 te tam potentem de parentela mea  
 grandemque suspectare ! miliens ego,  
 ut te uiderem, mille ueni passuum.  
 in gente nostra (crede, nil uani loquor),  
 rex, usquequaque uiua memoria est tui.  
 quamquam inter herbas perque rupium caua  
 reptamus, hauddum sub lacertae pectore  
 languescit illa uena prisca sanguinis.’  
 haec dum profatur blandule, somno grauis  
 undae solique dominus interim stupet.  
 tandem excitatus ultimo sono—‘quis es?’  
 uix uoce curta raucus aduenam rogat.  
 haec de propinquitate uetere, de uiae  
 laboribusque casibusque plurima  
 garrere rursus, rursus ille squamiger  
 sopore raptus raptor obdormiscere.

*Δεύτερος Πλοῦς.*

1. Οὐκ ἐνθάδ’ ὄστᾱ μὲν σέθεν κρατεῖ λευκὸς  
 βορρᾶς, σὺ δ’ οὔν, εὐτολμε ναυτίλου ψυχῆ,  
 πλοῦν ἄλλον οὔρω νῦν γ’ ἀπήμονι στέλλεις  
 πόλου κατὰ ζήτησιν οὐκ ἐν ἀνθρώποις.
2. NIL cubat hic. axis niueus tua possidet ossa ;  
 tu, mens aequoreae dux animosa uiae,  
 nunc alio cursu, nunc felix nauita, quaeris,  
 et non terrarum quaeris in orbe, polum.

*Licht und Wärme.*

Der bess're Mensch tritt in die Welt  
mit fröhlichem Vertrauen;  
er glaubt, was ihm die Seele schwellt,  
auch außer sich zu schauen,  
und weicht, von edlem Eifer warm,  
der Wahrheit seinen treuen Arm.

doch Alles ist so klein, so eng,  
hat er es erst erfahren,  
da sucht er in dem Weltgedräng  
sich selbst nur zu bewahren;  
das Herz in kalter stolzer Ruh  
schließt endlich sich der Liebe zu.

sie geben, ach, nicht immer Gut,  
der Wahrheit helle Strahlen;  
wohl denen, die des Wissens Gut  
nicht mit dem Herzen zählen.  
drum paart, zu eurem schönsten Glück,  
mit Schwärmers Ernst des Weltmanns Blick.

SCHILLER.

*Man and Woman.*

WILT thou dare to blame the woman for her seem-  
ing sudden changes,  
swaying eastward, swaying westward, as the breezes  
shake the tree?  
fool, thy selfish thought misleads thee: find the man  
that never ranges;  
woman wavers but to seek him. is not then the  
fault in thee?

AYTOUN, *from* GOETHE.



*Quaedam, si credis consultis, mancipat Vsus.*

ALTI cordis homo bonaeque mentis  
 res laeta iuuenis fide capessit :  
 affectus animi sui benignos  
 normam dum putat esse ceterorum,  
 neruis omnibus intimisque uotis  
 uero dedicat ipse se tuendo.  
 sed quaecumque homines agunt auentque  
 quam sint omnia sordida ac pusilla  
 expertus sibi consulit, sua arma  
 per turbam studet explicare uictor,  
 nil ultra trepidans; ibi adqueiuit,  
 et supercilio graui superbus  
 nullas curat habere caritates.  
 heu non semper alit calore blando  
 pectus lucida flamma Veritatis.  
 felicissimus ille, quisquis usu  
 dum scit uiuere non amare nescit.  
 ergo, qui uolet esse perbeatus,  
 ardorem meditantis alta mentis  
 scita callidus arte temperabit.

*Varium et mutabile.*

FEMINA cur semper uarium et mutabile, qualem  
 callidus exhibuit, teste Marone, deus?  
 haesitat expectans semper, dum perfida Clotho  
 det sibi, qui simplex sit stabilisque, uirum.

*Let us love.*

O WEDDING-GUEST! this soul hath been  
 alone on a wide, wide sea ;  
 so lonely 'twas, that God himself  
 scarce seemèd there to be.

oh, sweeter than the marriage-feast,  
 'tis sweeter far to me,  
 to walk together to the kirk  
 with a goodly company :

to walk together to the kirk,  
 and all together pray ;  
 while each to his great Father bends,  
 old men and babes, and loving friends,  
 and youths and maidens gay.

farewell, farewell! but this I tell  
 to thee, thou wedding-guest ;  
 he prayeth well who loveth well  
 both man, and bird, and beast.

he prayeth best who loveth best  
 all things, both great and small ;  
 for the dear God who loveth us,  
 He made and loveth all.

COLERIDGE.

*A Despatch.*

THOUGH victory refused our arms to bless,  
 we ran away with wonderful success.

*From the Russian.**A Life.*

A MAN lies here whose seventieth year was past :  
 this man was born, ate, drank, slept, died at last.

*From GRYPHIUS.*

Ἡ ἀγάπη ἐκ τοῦ Θεοῦ ἐστὶ.

MIRA loquor, conuiuia; sed olim in marmore uasto  
 solus eram mecum. tam uasto in marmore soli  
 uix mihi uisus erat praesens Deus. ergo hymenaei  
 dulcius est festis, longe mihi dulcius, ire  
 ad delubra Dei, magna comitante caterua;  
 ire pias una ante aras unaque ꝑrecari,  
 dum genua aeterno flectunt sua quisque Parenti  
 longaeuique senes iunctique in amore sodales,  
 infantes puerique hilares hilaresque puellae.  
 iamque uale; sed crede mihi, conuiuia, monenti.  
 concipit hic pia uota, pio qui pectore curat  
 humanumque genus uolucresque et saecula ferarum:  
 optima uota facit, cui sunt carissima quotquot  
 hunc habitant, seu magna cluent, seu tenuia, mundum.  
 nam bonus ille Deus, qui nos amat, omnia fecit,  
 constantique eadem seruat, quae fecit, amore.

*Simul lux Alma data est, exire.*

DEFVERIT nostris armis uictoria, liuor  
 successisse tamen non neget ipse fugam.

*Intrat et exit.*

VIR situst in hoc sepulchro septuagenarius:  
 natus est, edit, bibit, dormiuit, obiit denique.

*The Sleeping Love.*

AROUSE not Love: still sleeps the charming boy:  
 thy studious hours, while time allows, employ:  
 the prudent mother thus provision makes  
 for household duties ere her babe awakes.

*From* GOETHE.

*The Heart of Singing.*

LADY, sing no more;  
 science all is vain,  
 till the heart be touched, lady,  
 and give forth its pain.

'tis a living lyre  
 fed by air and sun,  
 o'er whose witching wire, lady,  
 faery fingers run.

Pity comes in tears  
 from her home above,  
 Hope, and sometimes Fear, lady,  
 and the wizard,—Love.

each doth search the heart  
 to its inmost springs,  
 and when they depart, lady,  
 then the Spirit sings.

PROCTER.

*How long?*

'How long such fondness will you show?'  
 you ask me with a sigh:  
 alas, my dearest, who can know  
 the hour when he shall die?

*From* MONTREUIL.

*Quieta non mouere.*

EN ubi dormit Amor! noli turbare puellum;  
 gnauiter i studiis, ut sinit hora, uaca.  
 sic operi insumit tempus breue sedula mater,  
 dum sopor infantem mox abigendus habet.

*Citharae sciens.*

LYDIA, pone chelyn: nil ars ualet ista canendi,  
 ni mens sollicitum mota resoluat onus:  
 mens, animata chelys, Zephyrique et Solis alumna,  
 non nisi diuino pollice tacta canit:  
 quippe ubi flens caelo Pietas delabitur, et Spes,  
 et Pauor, et comitem se magus addit Amor,  
 hi uice quisque sua penitus praecordia temptant,  
 nec, nisi cum fugiunt, mens resoluta canit.

*Quousque?*

QVOT tua sit facies, quot mens placitura per annos,  
 quamque meus constans, Anna, futurus amor,  
 quaerere tu noli: quid enim, carissima? nulli  
 cognita mortali est funeris hora sui.

*Dirge.*

IF thou wilt ease thine heart  
of love and all its smart,  
then sleep, dear, sleep,  
and not a sorrow  
hang any tear on thine eyelashes:  
lie still and deep,  
sad soul, until the sea-wave washes  
the rim o' the sun to-morrow  
in eastern sky.

but wilt thou cure thine heart  
of love and all its smart,  
then die, dear, die;  
'tis deeper, sweeter  
than on a rose-bank to lie dreaming  
with folded eye;  
and then alone, amid the beaming  
of love's stars, thou'lt meet her  
in eastern sky.

BEDDOES.

*A Free School.*

THE king declared by seal and hand,  
'a FREE SCHOOL in your town shall stand  
enfranchised and endowed by me.'  
'what is a Free School?' Davus cries:  
a burgesse answers, looking wise,  
'a School to none but townsmen Free.'

*Fear.*

THAT fear created gods you think is clear:  
but say, Lucretius, who created fear?

## Ἀχέων Ἔκος.

Εἰ μὲν θέλοις ἔρωτα  
 μεθεῖς ἄχη τ' ἔρωτος  
 λύσιν βραχείαν εὐρέειν  
 τῇ καρδίῃ πονούσῃ,  
 εὐδοῖς ἄν, ὦ φίλ', εὐδοῖς,  
 μηδ' ὀφρύσιν τερείναις  
 βάλοι τι δάκρυ λύπη·  
 ἔνδον δὲ κείσ' ἔκηλος,  
 ἀμαυρὲ θυμέ, κείσο  
 ἕως ἂν οἶδμα λούσῃ  
 Φοίβου χνόας ἐφῆν  
 ἐς αὐριον κατ' αἴθρην.  
 ἀλλ' εἰ θέλοις ἔρωτα  
 φυγῶν ἄχη τ' ἔρωτος  
 σὴν καρδίην ἀκείσθαι,  
 θάνοις ἄν, ὦ φίλ', εὐθύς·  
 βάθειόν ἐστι τοῦτο,  
 ἥδιον, ἢ 'ν ῥοδῶνι  
 κλιθέντ' ὄνειρ' ιδέσθαι  
 σὸν ὄμμα συμβαλόντα·  
 οὕτω γὰρ ἐντύχοις ἂν  
 αὐτῇ ποτ', εὖτ' ἔρωτος  
 ὄρωρεν ἄστρ', ἐφῆν  
 μόνος μόνῃ κατ' αἴθρην.

*Libera Schola.*

'LIBERA,' rex scripsit, 'uestra Schola surget in  
 urbe:'—  
 cuius ait uecors, 'haec mihi Serua datur.'

*Ad Lucretium.*

NUMEN est timore factum, sic docet Lucretius:  
 numquid ille nos docebit unde sit factus timor?

*Greisenwörter.*

(1)

Sagt nicht mehr; guten Morgen! guten Tag!  
 sagt immer; guten Abend! gute Nacht!  
 denn Abend ist es um mich, und die Nacht  
 ist nahe mir; o wäre sie schon da.

UHLAND.

(2)

COME child, my sweetest life, o come to me:  
 nay, child, my sweetest death, sit on my knee:  
 for all that's bitter Life I name, and all  
 that is to me the sweetest, Death I call.

*From* UHLAND.*The two Lots.*

TWAIN are the lots in life for Virtue—enjoyment and  
 suff'ring:  
 happy the man who has learnt all the good uses  
 of both.

*From* SCHILLER.*The Legion of Honour*

DANS les temps affreux d'autrefois  
 on mettait sans pitié les voleurs sur la croix:  
 grâce au changement de nos mœurs,  
 c'est la croix aujourd'hui qu'on met sur les voleurs.

A.

*The universal Master.*

WHOE'ER thou art, thy master see:  
 he was, or is, or is to be.

*From the French.*



*Musa Senilis.*

(1)

SAY to me no more, 'good morn!' 'good day!'  
 s time 'good evening!' now 'good night!' to say.  
 r evening is around me, night is near:  
 a me! I would it were already here.

(2)

VC ades, his genibus, mea dulcis uita, puelle:  
 quid loquor? his genibus, mors mea dulcis, ades;  
 am titulo uitae compello quidquid amarum,  
 et titulo mortis quod mihi dulce uoco.

*Sors duplex.*

VIRTUTI sors est duplex, plorare fruique:  
 profuit, ignarum neutrius esse uirum.

*Crux.*

FVR datus ante cruci est: successit mitior aetas;  
 dant potius furi tempora nostra crucem.

*In Statuam Cupidinis.*

QVISQVIS es, huc adsis iubeo dominumque salutes,  
 siue fuit, siue est, siue erit ille, tuum.

*Winter.*

THE mill-wheel's frozen in the stream,  
 the church is deck'd with holly;  
 mistletoe hangs from the kitchen-beam,  
 to fright away melancholy;  
 icicles clink in the milkmaid's pail,  
 younkers skate on the pool below,  
 blackbirds perch on the garden-rail;  
 and hark, how the cold winds blow!

there goes the squire to shoot at snipe;  
 here runs Dick to fetch a log;  
 you'd swear his breath was the smoke of a pipe  
 in the frosty morning fog.  
 Hodge is breaking the ice for the kine;  
 old and young cough as they go;  
 the round red sun forgets to shine;  
 and hark, how the cold winds blow!

HORACE SMITH.

*Forget Thee?*

FORGET thee!—bid the forest-birds forget their sweet-  
 est tune;  
 forget thee!—bid the sea forget to swell beneath the  
 moon;  
 bid the thirsty flowers forget to drink the eve's re-  
 freshing dew;  
 thyself forget thine own dear land, and its mountains  
 wild and blue;  
 forget each old familiar face, each long-remembered  
 spot:  
 when these things are forgot by thee, then thou shalt  
 be forgot.

MOULTRIE.

*Acris Hiemps.*

STAT molae gelatus axis, templa bacae uestiunt :  
 iusculus ex tigno culinae pendulus curam fugat :  
 mulctra glacie stridet, inque labitur pubes lacu :  
 merula subuolat fenestrae : flabra phui frigent, fremunt.

Marcus exit aucupatum ; ligna Dama quaeritans  
 efflat argentis in auras spiritum fumo parem ;  
 Thrax secat glaciem iuuenis ; tussiunt pueri et senes ;  
 marcet orbe sol rubente ; flabra phui frigent, fremunt.

*Nec me meminisse pigebit.*

OBLITVS omnis ut tui uiuam dies?  
 cesset auis liquido mulcere siluas carmine :  
 oblitus omnis ut tui uiuam dies ?  
 neglegat unda maris tumere sub lunae face :  
 siticulosa nutet immemor rosa  
 nectareos bibere rorantis Hesperii scyphos :  
 tuo paternum corde litus effluat,  
 notaque caeruleo fulgore uasta montium,  
 uoltusque amatus quisque, et a puertia  
 plurima deliciis signata plurimis loca :  
 quorum simul te ceperint obliuia,  
 excideris animo tu, cara, tum demum meo.

*Grief.*

I TELL you, hopeless grief is passionless,  
 that only men incredulous of despair,  
 half-taught in anguish, through the midnight air  
 beat upward to God's throne in loud access  
 of shrieking and reproach. full desertness  
 in souls, as countries, lieth silent, bare,  
 under the blenching vertical eye-glare  
 of the absolute heavens. deep-hearted man, express  
 grief for thy dead in silence like to death;  
 most like a monumental statue set  
 in everlasting watch and moveless woe,  
 till itself crumbles to the dust beneath.  
 touch it; the marble eyelids are not wet:  
 if it could weep, it would arise and go.

E. B. BROWNING.

*Tears.*

THANK God, bless God, all ye who suffer not  
 more grief than ye can weep for. that is well;  
 that is light grieving. lighter none befell  
 since Adam forfeited the primal lot.  
 tears! what are tears? the babe weeps in its cot,  
 the mother singing; at her marriage-bell  
 the bride weeps; and before the oracle  
 of high-famed hills the poet hath forgot  
 that moisture on his cheeks. thank God for grace,  
 whoever weep; albeit, as some have done,  
 ye grope tear-blinded in a desert place,  
 and touch but tombs, look up: those tears will run  
 soon in long rivers down the lifted face,  
 and leave the vision clear for stars and sun.

E. B. BROWNING.

*Qui silet ille dolet.*

SPE quae caret tristitia lamentis caret.  
 qui posse desperare non credunt uiri,  
 gens semidoceta quid sit angorem pati,  
 per uastitatem noctis ad sedem Dei  
 grassantur aegris eiulationibus  
 et inprobo stridore. desolata quae  
 mens tota marcet, aridae ritu plagae,  
 se muta caeli dedit inpotentiae,  
 sub axe solis nuda candentis iacens.  
 o cordis alti quisquis es, silentio  
 mortem exprimente mortuos plora tuos;  
 ceu ficta saxo statua, quae sedet super  
 aeterna busto uigilia, inmotus dolor,  
 dum putris ipsa puluerem in putrem cadat.  
 tu palpebras i tange, non madet lapis;  
 si flere posset, iret erecto gradu.

*Flere aliquod Solamen habet.*

GRATES aspirare Deo cum laude memento,  
 qui non plura doles quam possis flere. dolentem  
 flere leuis labor est: leuior non contigit ulli  
 ex quo primaecum sortem labefecit Adamus.  
 quid lacrimae? cunis flet in ipsis paruulus infans,  
 cantando mater, claroque uocante hymenaeo  
 sponsa flet, exultansque intrat Parnasia templa  
 nec reputat stillare genas hoc rore poeta.  
 o laudate bonum, fletis quicumque, Parentem;  
 quamquam errore uago (sunt quis hoc contigit) acti  
 et caeci lacrimis inter deserta locorum  
 nil manibus praeter tumulos contingitis, illuc  
 suspicite; hae lacrimae per uultus suspicientum,  
 flumina longa, cadent pedetentim, et nube remota  
 clarescent oculi stellis solique uidendis.

*Süsse Sorgen.*

Weichet, Sorgen, von mir : doch ach ! den sterblichen Menschen  
läßet die Sorge nicht los, eh' ihn das Leben verläßt.  
Ist es einmal denn seyn ; so kommt ihr, Sorgen der Liebe ;  
treibt die Geschwister hinaus, nehmt und behauptet mein Herz.

GOETHE.

*Charles II.*

OF a tall stature and a sable hue,  
much like the son of Kish, that lofty Jew,  
ten years of need he suffered in exile,  
and kept his father's asses all the while.

MARVELL.

*The Half exceeds the Whole.*

BRAVE Hylas, once the hamlet's pride,  
one-handed now, one-legged, one-eyed,  
from war discharged, Lycoris press'd  
with tearful rapture to her breast.  
'and canst thou, dearest, gladly see  
a lover thus unmeet for thee?  
Antinous, handsome, rich, and young,  
whom matrons court with flattering tongue  
and maids with sidelong glance approve,  
Antinous whispers vows of love :  
what hope for Hylas, luckless elf,  
who brings from battle—half himself?'  
smiled through her tears the blushing maid,  
and, 'not a rush,' she fondly said,  
'for all Antinous would I give :  
with half my Hylas let me live.'

*Amores haut metue!*

CEDITE uos, curae. quo uox tam uana? supremum  
ante diem curas quis pepulisse queat?  
esto. cura, ueni, tu quae comitaris amorem,  
et rege cor, pulsa quaque sorore, meum.

*Regum Par nobile.*

CELSE corpore, subnigro colore,  
qualis Cissiadae figura regis,  
annos a patria decem exulabat  
pasebatque asinos egens paternos.

*Πλέον ἤμισυ παντός.*

VNO oculo mancum crure uno unoque lacerto  
excipit emeritum fida Lycoris Hylan.  
‘sicine,’ miles ait, ‘tali male uirgine dignum,  
sicine me reducem laeta, Lycori, uides?  
te petit Antinous, flos pagi, quem sibi mater  
quaeque cupit generum, quaeque puella uirum.  
te petit Antinous: quid Hylae sperare licebit,  
qui mutilus rediit dimidiumque sui?’  
illa inter lacrimas ridens, ‘mihi carior,’ inquit,  
‘Antinoo toto dimidiatus Hylas\*.’

\* This epigram was conceived and composed in sleep as it stands here, except that the phrase ‘flos pagi’ is substituted for the more florid words of a slumbering brain ‘iuuenum rosa.’ The English version was, of course, the work of a waking hour.

*Naturliebe.*

So willst du trennlos von mir scheiden,  
 mit deinen helden Phantasien,  
 mit deinen Schmerzen, deinen Freuden,  
 mit allen unerbittlich fliehn?  
 kann nichts dich, Fliehende, verweilen,  
 o meines Lebens goldne Zeit;  
 vergebens! deine Wellen eilen  
 hinab ins Meer der Ewigkeit.

wie einst mit stehendem Verlangen  
 Pygmalion den Stein umschloß,  
 bis in des Marmers kalte Wangen  
 Empfindung glühend sich ergoß,  
 so schlang ich mich mit Liebesarmen  
 um die Natur, mit Jugendlust,  
 bis sie zu athmen, zu erwärmen  
 begann an meiner Dichterbrust;

und theilend meine Flammentriebe  
 die Stumme eine Sprache fand,  
 mir wiedergab den Kuß der Liebe,  
 und meines Herzens Klang verstand;  
 da lebte mir der Baum, die Rose,  
 mir sang der Quellen Silberfall,  
 es fühlte selbst das Seelenlose  
 von meines Lebens Wiederhall.

SCHILLER.

*Justice.*

BEFORE the Courts, with bandaged eyes,  
 lo! Justice stands:  
 methinks it had been far more wise  
 to tie her hands.

*From HAGEDORN.*



*Flumina amem siluasque.*

SIC fugis et fugiens tecum, male fida Iuventas,  
 tot mihi, tamque diu somnia blanda, rapis?  
 quidquid dulce tuum fuerat mihi, quidquid amarum,  
 omnia fers, et te nil mea uota mouent?  
 nec prece nec pretio possim retinere uolantem?  
 aurea lux uitae, siste parumper iter.  
 nequiquam: tua certa fuga est; ceu fluminis unda,  
 curris in aeternum praecipitata mare.  
 Pygmalion fertur miro correptus amore  
 et statuum cupido continuisse sinu,  
 disceret amplexu donec sentiscere marmor  
 uiuaque per gelidas currere flamma genas.  
 sic ego laeta dabam Naturae bracchia circum,  
 impete dum primo cor iuuenale tumet,  
 illa noua donec spirare calescere uita  
 et gremium uatis coepit amare sui,  
 ignibus incendique meis, quae frigida nuper,  
 et, quae uoce carens, plurima posse loqui;  
 docta mei tandem motus adgnosceret cordis  
 mille mihi danti basia mille dedit.  
 tunc arbor mihi, tum uixit rosa, carmen ad aures  
 argentea\* cecinit fons mihi lapsus aqua:  
 nil non sentiscit, quamuis sine mente creatum,  
 mutua cui uitae pars data cumque meae.

*In Iustitiae statuum.*

IUSTITIAE uinctis oculis fora seruat imago:  
 uincire praestabat manus.

\* Vid. Verg. *Aen.* i. 698 'aurea composuit sponda.'

*Silent Love.*

FEW the words that I have spoken ;  
 true love's words are ever few ;  
 yet by many a speechless token  
 hath my heart discoursed to you.

souls, that to each other listen,  
 hear the language of a sigh,  
 read the silent tears that glisten  
 in the tender trembling eye.

when your cheek is pale with sadness,  
 dimmer grows the light of mine,  
 and your smiles of sunny gladness  
 in my face reflected shine.

though my speech is faint and broken,  
 though my words are ever few,  
 yet by many a voiceless token  
 all my heart is known to you.

*Task-work\*.*

REVEREND SIR,

You are requested to attend a Meeting of the Bridge Committee on Saturday the 5th of November, at 12 o'clock, to consider Mr Diffles's proposal for laying down gas-pipes.

We are,

Rev. Sir,

Your obedient Servants,

SMITH AND SON,

*Solicitors.*

\* This circular was sent by a friend, with the following statement. In a Combination-room at Oxford an assertion

*Mutus Amor.*

Οἶδα παῦρ' ἔπη λαλήσας· παῦρ' ἔρωσ λαλεῖν φιλεῖ·  
 ξυμβόλοις δ' ὅμως ἀναύδοις σοὶ τὸ πᾶν ἤνιξάμην.  
 εὖ γὰρ οἶδε φρὴν ἐρώσα τί στόνος λέγειν θέλει  
 δακρύων τ' ἄφωνος ὀμφῆ μαλθακοῦ δι' ὄμματος.  
 σῆς παρηῆδος ὠχριώσης ἢ τ' ἐμὴ μαραίνεται,  
 σῶ τ' ἐμὸς γέλωτι λαμπρὸς ἀντιφέγγεται γέλως.  
 ὦδε δυσκρίτως μόλις τε τὰμά σοι φωνῶν ὅμως  
 ξυμβόλοις ἔρωτ' ἀναύδοις γνωρίσας ἅπαντ' ἔχω.

*Durum Opus.*

CONSIPIO bonus intersis de ponte rogamus  
 Saturni sacro, uir reuerende, die.  
 nonae, ne frustrere, dies erit ille Nouembres,  
 sextaque delectos conuocat hora uiros.  
 carbonum luci suadet struxisse canales  
 Diphilus: ambigitur prosit an obsit opus.  
 haec tibi deuincti Fabri, natusque paterque,  
 actores socii, uir reuerende, dabant.

being made, that any intelligible English could be turned into Latin Elegiac verse, a guest present took from his pocket the circular above printed, and offered it as a test for such translation. The challenge was, I believe, successfully met; but I have not seen any version except that which was returned to my friend.

*The Moral Peerage.*

EVEN the moral world has its peerage: commoner  
 natures  
 value the things that they do : noble, the thing that  
 they are.

*From* SCHILLER.

*The Poet's Song.*

THE rain had fallen ; the Poet arose,  
 and passed by the town, and out of the street ;  
 a light wind blew from the gates of the sun,  
 and waves of shadow went over the wheat.  
 and he sat him down in a lonely place,  
 and chanted a melody loud and sweet,  
 that made the wild swan pause in her cloud,  
 and the lark drop down at his feet.  
 the swallow stopt as he hunted the bee,  
 the snake slipt under a spray,  
 the wild hawk stood with the down on his beak,  
 and stared with his foot on the prey ;  
 and the nightingale thought : I have sung many  
 songs,  
 but never a one so gay ;  
 for he sings of what the world will be  
 when the years have died away.

TENNYSON.

*The Exchange.*

HAST thou something? impart it to me, and I'll  
 pay thee the value ;  
 art thou something? o then soul let us barter for soul.

*From* SCHILLER.

*Nobilitas Morum.*

MORIBVS est sua nobilitas; uolgaria corda  
quod faciunt exstare uolunt : inlustria, quod sunt.

*Θελγομένους φόρμιγγι κατήγαγε.*

DECIDERANT imbres : liquit conclaue poeta,  
praeteriitque urbem deseruitque uias.  
adflat ubi leuior solis de limine uentus,  
et tremit umbrarum fluctibus alta Ceres,  
huc ueniens sola solus statione residit,  
et liquido carmen suaue sonore canit,  
quo pauet audito media inter nubila cygnus,  
et cadit ante ipsos uatis alaunda pedes.  
nunc et apes agilis uenari cessat hirundo,  
lubrica sub ramum lapsa colubra iacet ;  
stat ferus accipiter plenus lanugine rostrum,  
et stupet, oppressam dum pede calcat auem.  
'multa quidem cantata mihi,' philomela fatetur,  
'carmina, tam lactis nec tamen ulla modis :  
scilicet hic cantat quid sit tellure futurum,  
cum uetus annorum clauserit orbis iter.'

*Accipe daque.*

SIQVID habes, partis pretium cape : siquid es, o tu  
totam animam mihi des accipiasque meam.

*If She be gone, the world is all bare walls.*

FAIR is the night and fair the day,  
 now April is forgot of May,  
 now into June May falls away ;  
 fair day, fair night, O give me back  
 the tide that all fair things did lack  
 except my love, except my sweet.

blow back, O wind ; thou art not kind,  
 though thou art sweet ; thou hast no mind  
 her hair about my sweet to wind ;  
 o flowery sward, though thou art bright  
 I praise thee not for thy delight,  
 thou hast not kissed her silver feet.

thou know'st her not, O rustling tree,  
 what dost thou then to shadow me,  
 whose shade her breast did never see ?  
 o flowers, in vain ye bow adown ;  
 ye have not felt her odorous gown  
 brush past your heads my lips to meet.

flow on, great river—thou mayst deem  
 that far away, a summer stream,  
 thou sawest her limbs amidst thee gleam,  
 and kissed her foot, and kissed her knee ;  
 yet get thee swift unto the sea :  
 with nought of true thou wilt me greet.

and thou that men call by my name,  
 o helpless one, hast thou no shame  
 that thou must even look the same,  
 as while agone, as while agone,  
 when thou and she were left alone,  
 and hands, and lips, and tears did meet ?

*Lux quoque tecum abiit.*

NOX pulchra est et pulchra dies: oblitus Aprilem  
 haud procul a Iuni limine Maius abest.  
 Pulchra dies, nox pulchra, retro mihi reddite tempus,  
 cetera cum derant pulchra, dabatur amor,  
 cum praesto mihi melle fuit mellitior illa,  
 deliciae solae diuitiaeque meae.  
 te, retro spira: non te reor esse benignum,  
 suauius quod tua sint murmura, suauius odor:  
 haud properas illi circum tu uoluere crines,  
 sauiole nostro si libet ire foras.  
 tuis uario splendore micans, o floride caespes,  
 illecebras dignor non ego laude tuas;  
 illius haud solitos inter tua basia credo  
 argenti similes ire redire pedes.  
 tene canens arbor, ne tu me texeris umbra  
 quae non uirgineum uiderit ante sinum:  
 non ea nota tibi est. o saecula mollia florum,  
 flectere quo uestrum cuique recline caput?  
 non sensistis enim: dominae mea labra petentis  
 non uestros apices strinxit odora chlamys.  
 magne fluas amnis: procul hinc, te forte putabis,  
 sole sub aestiuo cum noua lympha fores,  
 inter aquas uidisse tuas lucentia membra,  
 et mulcere pedes et potuisse genu;  
 tamen, i celerem rapiens ad marmora cursum;  
 tu mihi nil ueri quod fatearis habes.  
 quam leuis es, nostro quem signant nomine! non te  
 ire pudet uoltu qui fuit ante tuus,  
 qui fuit ante tuus, cum sese turba remorat,  
 et tu cum sola uirgine solus eras,  
 cum manibus pressaeque manus et labra labellis,  
 et lacrimas lacrimis consociauit amor?

grow weak and pine, lie down to die,  
 o body in thy misery,  
 because short time and sweet goes by;  
 o foolish heart, how weak thou art!  
 break, break, because thou needs must part  
 from thine own love, from thine own sweet.

MORRIS.

*The Silent Land.*

INTO the Silent Land!  
 ah, who shall lead us thither?  
 clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,  
 and shattered wrecks lie thicker on the strand.  
 who leads us with a gentle hand  
     thither, oh thither,  
     into the Silent Land?

into the Silent Land!  
 to you, ye boundless regions  
 of all perfection, tender morning visions  
 of beauteous souls, eternity's own band.  
 who in life's battle firm doth stand,  
 shall bear hope's tender blossoms  
     into the Silent Land.

O Land! O Land!  
 for all the broken-hearted  
 the mildest herald by our fate allotted  
 beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand,  
 to lead us with a gentle hand  
 into the land of all the great departed,  
     into the Silent Land.

LONGFELLOW (*from the German of SALIS*).



isce mori, doctum luctu marcescere corpus,  
 quod tibi tam felix tam cito tempus abit ;  
 umpere, cor stolidum, iam debile, rumpere, cui sors  
 diuitias aufert deliciasque tuas.

Νήνεμος Αἴα.

Νήνεμον ζητοῦμεν αἴαν· τίς πρόεισιν ἡγεμών ;  
 ἔσπερα μελαντέροισι νέφεσι συσκιάζεται,  
 πανταχῇ δ' ἔρρωγεν ἀκτὴ ναυτικοῖς ἐρειπίοις·  
 νήνεμον τίς ἡμῖν εἰς γῆν πρευμενῶς ἡγήσεται ;  
 νηέμους ποθοῦμεν ἔδρας, παντελεῖς, ἀτέρμονας,  
 ἀφθίτων καλῶν θ' ἐῶα πνευμάτων ὀνείρατα·  
 ὅς γάρ ἐν βίου μάχαισιw ἔμπεδον στήσῃ πόδα,  
 νήνεμον φέρει πρὸς αἴαν ἐλπίδος φίλον γάνος.  
 χαῖρε γαῖα χαῖρ'· ὁ γάρ τοι πᾶσι τοῖς δυσαθλίοις  
 ἠπιώτατος βροτοῖσιν ἐκ θεῶν πεπρωμένος  
 προσκαλεῖ κήρυξ, σταθεῖς τε δᾶδ' ἄνω κάτω τρέπων  
 χειρὶ μαλθακῇ προφαίνει πρευμενῶς ἡγούμενος  
 τῶν πάλαι κλεινῶν ἐς ἀκτὴν νηέμου τ' αἴας πέδον.

*Love and Duty.*

COULD Love part thus? was it not well to speak,  
 to have spoken once? it could not but be well.  
 the slow sweet hours that bring us all things good,  
 the slow sad hours that bring us all things ill,  
 and all good things from evil, brought the night  
 in which we sat together and alone,  
 and to the want, that hollowed all the heart,  
 gave utterance by the yearning of an eye,  
 that burned upon its object through such tears  
 as flow but once a life.

the trance gave way  
 to those caresses, when a hundred times  
 in that last kiss, which never was the last,  
 Farewell, like endless Welcome, lived and died.  
 then followed counsel, comfort, and the words  
 that make a man feel strong in speaking truth ;  
 till now the dark was worn, and overhead  
 the lights of sunset and of sunrise mixed  
 in that brief night ; the summer night, that paused  
 among her stars to hear us ; stars that hung  
 love-charmed to listen : all the wheels of Time  
 spun round in station, but the end had come.  
 o then like those, who clench their nerves to rush  
 upon their dissolution, we two rose,  
 there—closing like an individual life—  
 in one blind cry of passion and of pain.  
 like bitter accusation ev'nto death.  
 caught up the whole of love, and uttered it,  
 and bade adieu for ever.

TENNYSON.

*Quod Crimen praeter amasse?*

SIC fuerit diuolsus amor? quae culpa loquentum?  
 crimen erat quantum non tacuisse semel?  
 crimen erat nullum. sed tempora tarda mouentur  
 dum portant homini quae bona cumque iuuant:  
 quae mala cumque angunt portantia tarda mouentur,  
 dumque bonas referunt post mala longa uices.  
 et noctem nobis, qua soli sedimus una,  
 haec eadem, quamuis tarda, tulere tamen,  
 cum desiderium, quod pectore surgit ab imo,  
 prodidit obtutu uoltus uterque suo,  
 prodidit et lacrimis. nulli bis contigit ardor  
 ille, neque hoc fletu bis maduere genae.  
 oscula succedunt; quaeque ultima, prima uidentur,  
 et dictura Vale lingua susurrat Have.  
 consilium sequitur, solamina, qualia uere  
 dicta uiri firmant pectus ad omne bonum.  
 at primo iam mane breues agitante tenebras  
 sol oriens tinctus sole cadente redit.  
 nox aestiua moras inter sua sidera nectit,  
 addiderant aures sidera capta suas:  
 in medio motu uel stat uel stare uidetur  
 circuitus mundi: sed prope finis erat.  
 ut miseri quondam, firmati robore neruos,  
 dant se praecipites in sua fata uiri,  
 sic nos erigimur simul et consurgimus ambo,  
 una quod haec rerum meta duobus adest.  
 protinus ingentem promit uox rupta dolorem,  
 ceu fremit in sontes cum grauis ira reos:  
 alter enim simili percussus et altera sensu  
 dixit 'amo, tempus,' dixit, 'in omne uale.'

*A Rainy Day.*

THE day is cold and dark and dreary,  
 it rains, and the wind is never weary;  
 the vine still clings to the mouldering wall,  
 but at every gust the dead leaves fall;  
                     and the day is dark and dreary.

my life is cold and dark and dreary,  
 it rains, and the wind is never weary;  
 my thoughts still cling to the mouldering past,  
 but the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,  
                     and my days are dark and dreary.

be still, sad heart, and cease repining;  
 behind the clouds is the sun still shining;  
 thy fate is the common fate of all;  
 into each life some rain must fall,  
                     some days must be dark and dreary.

LONGFELLOW.

*The Lesson.*

SEEK'ST thou the Highest and Greatest? the plants  
 may teach thee to find it.  
 what they without a will do, do thou thyself with a will.

*From* SCHILLER.*Here lies.*

HERE lies the great—false marble, tell me where,  
 nothing but poor and sordid dust lies here.

COWLEY.

*Freundschaft.*

Alten Freund für neuen wandeln  
 heißt, für Früchte Blumen handeln.

GRYPHIUS.

*Tempestas Caelum contraxit.*

HORRIDA pallentem contristant frigora lucem,  
 flabraque cum pluuiis inrequieta suis.  
 uitis amans haeret muro, sed cuilibet aurae  
 dat folia: et maestus flet sine sole dies.  
 et mihi pallentem contristant frigora uitam,  
 flabraque cum pluuiis inrequieta suis.  
 praeterito meus haeret amor, sed quaeque iuuentae  
 spes perit: et tristes flent sine sole dies.  
 discite tacere tamen, cor flebile, mitte querellas:  
 inuida sol ultra nubila lucet adhuc.  
 mors tua communis mundi: sua cuique procella;  
 cuique sui quondam flent sine sole dies.

*Exiit ad caelum.*

MAXIMA quo tangas nisu, flos monstrat et arbos:  
 quod non sponte facit planta, fac ipse libens.

*Tumulus mendax.*

HIC iacet illustris—mendax mihi, cippe, roganti  
 dic ubinam? iacet hic nil nisi putre solum.

*Amicitia.*

SI mutes ueterem nouo sodali,  
 fructus uendideris emasque flores.

*The Waverer.*

TOM, weak and wavering, ever in a fright  
lest he do something wrong, does nothing right.

A.

*A Farewell.*

FLOW down, cold rivulet, to the sea,  
thy tribute-wave deliver;  
no more by thee my steps shall be,  
for ever and for ever.  
flow, softly flow, by lawn and lea,  
a rivulet, then a river;  
no where by thee my steps shall be,  
for ever and for ever.  
but here will sigh thine alder-tree,  
and here thine aspen shiver,  
and here by thee will hum the bee,  
for ever and for ever.  
a hundred suns will stream on thee,  
a thousand moons will quiver;  
but not by thee my steps shall be,  
for ever and for ever.

TENNYSON.

*Mein Glaube.*

Welche Religion ich bekenne? keine von allen  
die du mir nennst. „und warum keine?“ aus Religion.

SCHILLER.

*Der beste Staat.*

Woran erkenn' ich den besten Staat? woran du die feste  
Frau kennst; daran, mein Freund, daß man von beiden  
nicht spricht.

SCHILLER.

*Quid faciam, quid non?*

INFIRMVS animi, fluctuans semper, timens  
ne praua faciat Cotta nil probi facit.

*Labitur et labetur in omne uolubilis Aeuum.*

DEFLVAS hinc ad mare frigidaeque  
rite uectigal tribuatur undae,  
te meae numquam repetent per aeuum,  
riuule, plantae.

leniter saltus siluasque praeter  
riuulus nunc, postmodo riuus, erres,  
nec meos usquam uideas neque ullo  
tempore passus.

hic tuae custos gemet alnus orae,  
populus molli tremet icta uento ;  
hic apis nullo tibi murmurare  
desinet anno.

solibus centum radiare perges,  
mille lunarum tremulo nitore,  
me tamen nullo prope te uagantem  
senseris aeuo.

*Religio.*

QVAE tua Religio? 'nulla harum quas mihi narras.'  
his quid te prohibet fidere? 'Religio.'

*Optima Respublica.*

OPTIMA quo signo respublica noscitur? 'ipso  
optima quo mulier: uolgus utramque silet.'

*The Standard of the Bund*

*presented to the Tyrolese Riflemen in the Schützenfest at  
Frankfurt-am-Main, July 1862.*

O LOVELIEST land of Teuton name,  
thou mountainous Tyrol,  
how warmly glows with love of thee  
the Teuton marksman's soul!  
I greet thee as mine own to-day;  
thy soil is Teuton and thy lay:  
and in dark times of yore  
thy heart was Teuton to the core.

o darling brother of Tyrol,  
as sweep thy champions past,  
how proudly o'er the noble ranks  
our Teuton eyes we cast!  
yon eagle floating o'er thy head  
with blood of ancient foes is red:  
behind the Frenchman's flight  
that banner blazed with direful light.

o dear, dear son of Teuton sires,  
my heart thy presence hails:  
take back this loving brother-kiss  
to Tyrol's hills and vales:  
show her yon band of dark-red gold,  
and say—The flag this day unrolled,  
for ever let it wave,  
a beacon to the free and brave.

*From the German.*

*Eine Geschminkte.*

'SHE looks so young!' 'tis surely no disgrace,  
if Ellen is much older than her face.

*From VON KLEIST.*



*Rusticorum mascula Militum Proles.*

RAETIA, Teutonicae regio pulcherrima gentis,  
 Raetia, centenis conspicienda iugis,  
 ut pedes, exercens sese ad certamina Martis,  
 Teutonicus magno feruet amore tui!  
 scilicet hac nostram gaudens te luce saluto;  
 pascua nostra colis, carmina nostra canis:  
 rebus et in dubiis olim tu nostra fuisti,  
 tu pro Teutonico foedere certa mori.  
 o quo Teutonicae matri nil carius usquam,  
 Raete, mihi fratris nomine dignus ades.  
 ut tua gratantes nunc agmina cernimus, ut nos  
 iungimur ordinibus confluimusque tuis!  
 en ubi, caeruleo quod pandis in aethere signum,  
 ales ab antiquo regius hoste rubet:  
 fulmineis hoc quippe minis Insigne secutum,  
 cum trepida cessit Gallia uicta fuga.  
 salue, Teutonicae stirpis dulcissima proles,  
 hospes ut hac gratus tu mihi luce uenis!  
 haec refer ad ualles patrias et Raetica saxa  
 quae tibi non fallax oscula iungit amor:  
 monstra fasciolam rutili, qua cingeris, auri,  
 et memor has fidi pectoris adde preces:  
 quod dedit haec Insigne dies, ad bella per aeuum  
 instruat audentis, libera corda, uiros.

*Facie sed non aetate Puella.*

IRI, nites inter teneras spectanda puellas,  
 sed facie natu maior es, Iri, tua.

*The Receiver as bad as the Thief.*

SAYS the Earth to the Moon, 'you're a pilfering jade,  
 what you steal from the Sun is beyond all belief.'  
 'madam Earth, cease your railing,' fair Cynthia said ;  
 'the receiver is always as bad as the thief.'

A.

*The Random Shot.*

(Painted by Sir E. Landseer, R.A.)

O HUNTRESS Queen, this pictured meed  
 the artist hangs within thy shrine,  
 memorial of a bitter deed,  
 wrought, Artemis, by thee or thine.  
 from parent teat with eager breath  
 a fawn requires its wonted food ;  
 the wounded mother, faint in death,  
 reddens the mountain-snows with blood.  
 yet why the piteous sight deplore ?  
 nay, goddess, lay thy shafts aside ;  
 and in the chace delight no more,  
 or let those idle tears be dried.

*Swans and Songsters.*

SWANS sing before they die: 'twere no bad thing  
 if certain folk would die before they sing.

COLERIDGE.

*The Kindness of Law.*

THE Law settles doubts about 'Meum' and 'Tuum,'  
 by kindly arranging the thing shall be 'Suum.'

A.

*Quid pro Quo.*

'NONNE pudet', Lunam sic orsa incessere Tellus,  
 'tot radios fratri surripuisse tuo?'  
 'Terra maligna, tace,' respondet Cynthia: 'numquid  
 qui recipit melior fure putandus erit?'

*Tabellae Dedicatio.*

Σοὶ πίνακ', Ἄρτεμι, τόνδε πικρῶν θέτο μάρτυρον ἔργων  
 ζώγραφος, εἴτε τεῶν, εἴτε καὶ ἀλλοτριῶν.  
 οὔθ' αὖτις νέβρον ὄρα's πρὸς μητέρος, ἢ δ' ἀπὸ πλευρῆς  
 οὔρεος αἰμάσσει μαρμαρέην χιόνα.  
 μή νυ κότει κλαίουσα· τὰ δὲ κλυτὰ τόξ' ἀπόβαλλε·  
 ἢ γὰρ ἄγρης λήγειν ἢ σέ γε χρὴ δακρύων.

J. RIDDELL\*.

*Mutatis mutandis.*

CANTARE cygnos ante moriendum ferunt:  
 sunt quos uelimus ante cantandum mori.

*Meum Tuum Suum.*

MEVM Tuumque commode definiens  
 lex quidquid est facit Suum.

\* Coll. Balliol. Socius, doctissimus, sanctissimus, obiit  
 A. S. MLXXXLXVI.

*Jest.*

ALL things are big with jest : nothing that's plain  
but may be witty, if we have the vein.

HERBERT.

*The Disinherited Heir.*

HIS whole estate thy father by his will  
left to the poor : thou hast good title still.

DONNE.

*The Parasitic Theory.*

BIG fleas have little fleas upon their backs to bite 'em,  
little fleas have lesser fleas, and so 'ad infinitum.'

A.

*On Cowley's Tragedy, 'The Fall of Sparta.'*

SO great thy art, that, while we viewed  
of Sparta's sons the lot severe,  
we caught the Spartan fortitude,  
and saw their woes without a tear.

A.

*Erfahrenheit ohne Klugheit.*

A PRUDENT mind we rarely miss  
in old lives drawing to their close :  
Experience without Prudence is  
a blind man on a road he knows.

From C. WERNICKE.

*Klugheit ohne Erfahrungheit.*

IF once or twice our way we miss,  
discovered error makes us wise :  
Prudence without Experience is  
in paths unknown a man with eyes.

From C. WERNICKE.

*Nil non ridiculum.*

QUANTVM est ridiculi ! quae res tam seria nobis  
quin aliquid praestet, sit modo uena, ioci ?

*Heres.*

DIVITIAS pater, Aule, tuus legauit egenis  
iam moriens : heres tu potes esse patris.

*Quid fles ?*

MAGNE gemis paruo mulcatus pulice pulex,  
pulice tu, pulex paruae, minore gemis.  
efficitur series sic infinita dolorum,  
magna facit paruum, parua dolere minus.

*Fortitudo.*

ARS tua tam mira est, dum Spartae fata uidemus,  
aemula mens Spartae nos quoque flere uetat.

*Prudentia seruat.*

PERSTAT ad extremos ecquis temerarius annos ?  
incautum raro uideris esse senem.  
multa erit expertus frustra, prudentia cui dest :  
quis potuit notum carpere caecus iter ?

*Experientia docet.*

VENERIT ad metam siquis post mille meatus,  
doctus erit recta serius ire uia.  
siquem prudentem non experientia ducit,  
dum uidet, ignotum deuius errat iter.

*An Elisen.*

Was küssest du dies Lied, Elise? gieb mir's wieder,  
und küsse mich: in mir steckt eine Sammlung Lieder.

VON KLEIST.

*Die Philosophicen.*

'WHAT old philosophies survive?' 'I know not.'  
'does then Philosophy die out?' 'I trow not.'

From SCHILLER.

*My Censor.*

STRICT as my conscience you my faults reprove,  
you therefore, as my conscience, friend, I love.

From SCHILLER.

*Grabschrift.*

Hier lieget Silvius, der nichts umsenst gethan:  
es schmerzt ihm daß man dies umsenst hier lesen kann.

OPITZ.

*Genius and Goodness.*

GENIUS from Goodness sundered seems to me  
a shrine bereft of all its sanctity.

From KLOPSTOCK.

*Recht und Liebe.*

Das Recht sagt: ,jedem das Seine!'  
die Liebe: ,jedem das Deine.'

W. MUELLER.

*Me, me! adsum qui feci.*

CVM tibi do carmen, das illi basia, Lyde:  
quin mihi das? in me carmina multa latent.

*Philosophiae pereunt, superest Philosophia.*

PHILOSOPHIARVM quid supersit haud scio:  
scio hoc, superstes semper est Philosophia.

*Censura.*

TV conscientiae uicem  
gerens, quid errarim, notas:  
te semper ergo prosequor  
amore censorem pari  
ac conscientiam meam.

*Nil temere fiat.*

QVI temere in uiuis egit nihil, hic iacet Aegon:  
aduena, quod temere haec sunt tibi lecta, dolet.

*Ingenium sine Moribus.*

MORIBVS Ingenium nudans, scierasne, profane,  
quid faceres? templi tu uiolator eras.

*Ius et Amor.*

IVRIS uox est 'cuique suum!'  
uox Amoris 'cuique tuum!'

*The Beautiful is Hard.*

BEFORE the Dardan's raptur'd eyes  
 when strove the Three for beauty's prize,  
 the umpire's doubting gaze declared :  
 to judge the Beautiful is hard.

and when to Sparta's court he sailed,  
 and in his fatal suit prevailed,  
 the lover's trembling sigh declared :  
 to win the Beautiful is hard.

and when in battle's fevered strife  
 he lost his wealth, his bride, his life,  
 the warrior's dying groan declared :  
 to keep the Beautiful is hard.

*The Favour of the Muse.*

WITH the Philistine dies his fame : but all  
 thy lovers, loved of thee,  
 o heavenly Muse, thy gentle voice doth call  
 unto thy Mother's knee.

*From* SCHILLER.

*To my Muse.*

WITHOUT thee, Muse, I may not dare  
 to guess what I should be :  
 but what without thee millions are  
 with shame and grief I see.

*From* SCHILLER.



## Χαλεπὰ τὰ καλά.

Κίπριν, Ἀθηναίην, Ἥρην Πάρις εἶδε βραβεύσων,  
 εὔρε δ' ἰδὼν κρίνειν ὡς χαλέπ' ἦν τὰ καλά.  
 εἴτ' ἔμολεν Σπάρτην Ἑλένης δι' ἔρωτα, τὸ δ' εὐθύς  
 εὔρε μολὼν κλέπτειν ὡς χαλέπ' ἦν τὰ καλά.  
 ἐν δὲ τέλει πλοῦτόν τ' ὀλέσας ἄλοχόν τε βίον τε  
 εὔρε θανῶν σώζειν ὡς χαλέπ' ἦν τὰ καλά.

C. T. C.

*Musis amicus.*

FAMA Philistaeis moritur. tibi, Musa, sacratos  
 amas uocare Matris in tuae sinum.

*Ad Musam.*

MVSA, quid ipse forem sine te? non auguror. at quid  
 sint hominum sine te milia, nosse dolet.



PART II.

CARMINVM SACRORVM

EPIMETRVM.

*The Lord the Creator.*

BENEATH thy all-directing rod  
 both worlds and worms are equal, God.  
 thy hand the comet's orbit drew,  
 and lighted yonder glowworm too.  
 Thou didst the dome of heaven build up,  
 and form yon snowdrop's silver cup.

BOWRING.

*Sonnetto.*

Dov' è, Signor, la tua grandezza antica,  
 e l' ammanto di luce, e l' aureo trono?  
 dove il fulmin tremendo, il lampo, il tuono,  
 e l' atra nube che al tuo piè s' implica?  
 parmi che turba rea m' insulti e dica:  
 questi è il tuo Nume? e quel vagito è il suono  
 scotitor de la terra? e quelle sono  
 le man' ch' arser Gomorra empia impudica?  
 esci, gran Dio, da l' umil cuna, e in tempio  
 cangiato il vil presepio, al primo onore  
 torna del soglio, e sì favella a l' empio:  
 vedrai, vedrai del giusto mio furore  
 la forza immensa a tuo gran danno e scempio,  
 tu che non sai quanto in me possa amore.

ANTONIO TOMMASI.

*The Fear of the Wicked.*

GOD is on the side of virtue; for, whoever dread  
 punishment, suffer it; and, whoever deserve it, dread  
 it.

COLTON.

*Deus est quodcumque uides.*

RERVM summe Parens, tuae bilances  
 mundos lege pari librantque uermis.  
 quae scripsit manus orbitam cometae,  
 et lampyridi tradidit lucernam.  
 caeli Tu rutilum lacunar idem  
 et lili niueam creas corollam.

*Deus in Cunis.*

NVNC ubi maiestas? ubi nunc, Deus, aurea sedes?  
 circumfusa Tibi taenia lucis ubi?  
 fulgur ubi caelique fragor fulmenque tremendum,  
 quaeque obducta tuos implicat umbra pedes?  
 impia gens risu me prouocat: 'hoc tibi numen  
 scilicet, et mundum uox quatit ista suum?  
 haene manus, quibus ultricem iaculantibus ignem  
 nequitiae poenas foeda Gomorra dedit?'  
 quo potes usque pati? templum praesaepia fiant:  
 surge tuis cunis, maxime, surge, Deus:  
 surge potens soliique tui reparatus honore  
 protere terribili uoce rebelle caput:  
 'qui quid amor ualeat nescis meus, in tua damna  
 quid ualeat disces uindicis ira Dei.'

*Qui poenam metuit punitur.*

VIRTUTI bene uelle Deum sic collige: poenas  
 qui meriti, metuunt; qui metuere, luunt.

*The Star in the East.*

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,  
 dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid :  
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,  
 guide where our Infant Redeemer is laid.

cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining ;  
 low lies his Head with the beasts of the stall ;  
 angels adore Him in slumber reclining,  
 Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,  
 odours of Edom and offerings divine,  
 gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,  
 myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine ?

vainly we offer each ample oblation,  
 vainly with gifts would his favour secure :  
 richer by far is the heart's adoration ;  
 dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

brightest and best of the sons of the morning,  
 dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid :  
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,  
 guide where our Infant Redeemer is laid.

HEBER.

*The Parish Priest to his Successor.*

IF thou dost find  
 a house to thy mind,  
 and built without thy cost,  
 serve thou the more  
 God and the poor ;  
 my labour is not lost.

HERBERT.

*Praevia Lux.*

ALMA fuga nobis tenebras, Lux omnibus una  
 luminibus caeli clarior ; adfer opem :  
 duc age nos, oriens Astrum, qua paruulus Infans  
 ille, mali nostri nata medela, iacet.  
 rore micant gelido cunae ; positique sopore  
 ecce silens pueri stat prope uacca caput :  
 at chorus aetherius, Tu rebus causa creatis  
 una, canit, Tu rex unus et una salus.  
 huicine promemus quot Idume misit odores,  
 quoque solet sumptu terra piare Deum ?  
 silua dabit murræ frondes aurumque fodina,  
 gemma suos montes, baca relinquet aquas ?  
 frustra diuitias amplas exponimus Illi ;  
 quaeritur haud ullo munere tantus amor :  
 ditior est, censente Deo, reuerentia cordis ;  
 pauperis exaudit laetior Ille preces.  
 alma fuga nobis tenebras, Lux omnibus una  
 luminibus caeli clarior ; adfer opem :  
 duc age nos, oriens Astrum, qua paruulus Infans  
 ille, mali nostri nata medela, iacet.

*Apto cum Lare fundus.*

HAEC tibi si cordi est, qui nunc mea munia curas,  
 sumptibus haud propriis aedificata domus,  
 da tu pauperibus tanto plus ipse Deoque :  
 sic poterit noster non periisse labor.

*The Evidence of Things not seen.*

WE saw Thee not, when Thou didst tread,  
 o Saviour, this our sinful earth ;  
 nor heard thy voice restore the dead  
 and waken them to second birth ;  
 yet we believe that Thou didst come  
 and quit for us thy glorious home.

we were not with the faithful few,  
 who stood thy bitter cross around ;  
 nor heard thy prayer for those who slew,  
 nor felt that earthquake rock the ground.  
 we saw no spear-wound pierce thy side,  
 but we believe that Thou hast died.

no angel's message met our ear  
 on that first glorious Easter Day ;  
 'the Lord is risen: He is not here ;  
 come see the place where Jesus lay.'  
 but we believe that Thou didst quell  
 the banded powers of death and hell.

we saw Thee not return on high ;  
 and now, our longing sight to bless,  
 no ray of glory from the sky  
 shines down upon our wilderness ;  
 but we believe that Thou art there,  
 and seek Thee, Lord, in praise and prayer.

A.

*Epitaph on an Infant.*

SHE took the cup of life to sip,  
 (too bitter 'twas to drain),  
 then meekly put it from her lip,  
 and went to sleep again.

A.



Μακάριοι οἱ μὴ ἰδόντες, καὶ πιστεύσαντες.

NON uidimus Te, Christe, peccantum salus,  
 terrena uisentem loca ;  
 non lingua nobis audientibus tua  
 iussit renasci mortuos ;  
 sed credimus Te, uindicem nostrum, Patris  
 liquisse fulgentem domum.  
 si non tuae nos uidit adstantes cruci  
 pauxilla fidorum cohors,  
 pro parricidis nec preces audiuius,  
 nec sensimus labi solūm,  
 nec uisa nobis hasta transfodit latus,  
 Te mortuum esse credimus.  
 lux illa Paschae prima non praeconium  
 caeleste nobis attulit :  
 ‘surrexe Dominum scite : non hic est : locum  
 spectate, Iesus qua modo  
 iacebat :’—at ui uicta credimus tua  
 Mortisque et Orci foedera.  
 ad astra si non Te redire uidimus,  
 nec lucis optatum iubar  
 palantibus per uasta terrarum micat,  
 adesse credimus tamen  
 Te semper illic, Domine ; praesenti Tibi  
 laudes precesque mittimus.

*The Cup of Life.*

PARVULA libarat uitae cratera, sed illum  
 non haurire ualens (tantus amaror inest)  
 leniter amouit labro languente puella,  
 atque iterum somno lumina composuit.

*I will refresh you.*

ALL ye who weep, O come to Me ;  
 I will comfort you.  
 all ye who suffer, O come to Me ;  
 I will console you.  
 all ye who mourn, O come to Me ;  
 I am your peace.  
 all ye who die, O come to Me  
 for life eternal.

*Anthem* (GOUNOD).

*Rock of Ages.*

ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,  
 let me hide myself in Thee ;  
 let the Water and the Blood,  
 from thy wounded side that flow'd,  
 be of sin the double cure,  
 cleanse from guilt, and keep me pure.

nothing in my hand I bring,  
 simply to thy Cross I cling ;  
 could my tears for ever flow,  
 could my zeal no languor know,  
 all for sin could not atone,  
 Thou must save, and Thou alone.

while I draw this fleeting breath,  
 when I close mine eyes in death,  
 when I soar to realms unknown,  
 see Thee on Thy Judgment-throne,  
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
 let me hide myself in Thee.

TOPLADY.

Δεῦτε πρὸς Ἐμὲ πάντες οἱ κοπιῶντες.

Vos Ego solabor, qui fletibus ora rigatis ;  
 huc ades, o maerens turba, fouenda Mihi.  
 uos Ego mulcebo, quos rerum pondera lassant ;  
 huc ades, o patiens turba, fouenda Mihi.  
 pax Ego sum uobis, quos torquent impia facta ;  
 huc ades, o supplex turba, fouenda Mihi.  
 uita Ego sum uobis, quos terret triste sepulchrum ;  
 huc ades, o moriens turba, fouenda Mihi.

Πέτρα αἰώνιος.

Αἰῶνος αἰώνων Πέτρα,  
 σχισθείσα τὴν ἐμὴν χάριν,  
 ἐν Σοὶ καλυφθείην ἐγώ·  
 ὕδωρ τε χαῖμ' ἀπορρύνεν  
 πλευρᾶς τετρωμένης Σέθεν  
 γένοιθ' ἀμαρτίας διπλῆ  
 ἄκεσμά μοι παιώνιον,  
 ἄγους τε καὶ μύσους λύσις.  
 ἴδ', ἐν χεροῖν οὐδὲν φέρω,  
 σταυρὸν δὲ σὸν φρουρῶ μόνον·  
 εἰ δάκρυ' ἔμπεδον ῥέοι,  
 εἰ μὴδ' ἅπαξ εἴκοιμ' ὄκνω,  
 σύμπαντα ταῦθ' ἀμαρτίαν  
 οὐκ ἂν ποτ' ἐκτίσαι σθένει·  
 σὸν ἐστι δὴ σῶζειν ἐμέ,  
 σὸν ἔργον, ἄλλου δ' οὐδενός.  
 ἕως ἔτ' ἐμπνέων κυρῶ,  
 χῶταν τόδ' ὄμμα συμβάλω,  
 καὶ γῆθεν εἰς ἔδρας συθεῖς  
 ἀγνώτας ἐν θρόνοις ὀρῶ  
 Σὲ τὸν Κριτὴν ἰδρυμένον,  
 αἰῶνος αἰώνων Πέτρα,  
 σχισθείσα τὴν ἐμὴν χάριν,  
 ἐν Σοὶ καλυφθείην ἐγώ.

*Means of Grace.*

LORD, I have fasted, I have prayed,  
 and sackcloth has my girdle been,  
 to purge my soul I have essayed  
 with hunger blank and vigil keen.  
 o God of mercy, why am I  
 still haunted by the self I fly?  
 sackcloth is a girdle good,  
 o bind it round thee still;  
 fasting, it is angels' food,  
 and Jesus loved the night-air chill;  
 yet think not prayer and fast were given  
 to make one step 'twixt earth and heaven.

LYRA APOSTOLICA.

*Heaven.*

THIS world is all a fleeting show,  
 for man's illusion given;  
 the smiles of joy, the tears of woe,  
 deceitful shine, deceitful flow;  
 there's nothing true but Heaven.  
 and false the light on glory's plume  
 as fading hues of even;  
 and love, and hope, and beauty's bloom  
 are blossoms gathered for the tomb;  
 there's nothing bright but Heaven.  
 poor wanderers of a stormy day,  
 from wave to wave we're driven,  
 and fancy's flash and reason's ray  
 serve but to light the troubled way;  
 there's nothing calm but Heaven.

MOORE.

*Ardua prima Via est.*

'FVDI saepe preces, ieiunia multa peregi,  
 saetoso uixi tegmine membra, Deus :  
 utque animum turpi purgarem adspargine, saepe  
 est temptata mihi nox uigil, aegra fames.  
 dic, Pater, humanos semper miserate labores,  
 cur me sic fugiens sic tamen ipse sequor?'  
 'corpora saetosum confirmat fortia tegmen ;  
 hoc igitur circa pectus, ut ante, liga ;  
 saepe fuere cibo superis ieiunia turbis ;  
 Christo in deliciis frigora noctis erant.  
 sed ne tu precibus, ne per ieiunia caelum  
 crede rapi, nulla praepediente mora.'

*Ὁ χάλκεος Οὐρανός.*

VITA fugaci similis pompae  
 uanis hominem capit inlecebris :  
 risus hilares, miseri fletus,  
 falsi radiant falsique fluunt :  
 solidi nihil est nisi caelum.  
 splendet inani Gloria crista,  
 ceu fluxa rubet uespere nubes ;  
 et Spes et Amor Formaeque nitor  
 quid sunt? tumulo dataserta nouo :  
 nitidi nihil est nisi caelum.  
 nos obeuntes deforme fretum  
 tumor undarum rapit huc illuc ;  
 iter incertum uix inradiat  
 fax Aonidum, lux Rationis :  
 placidi nihil est nisi caelum.

*Psalm I.*

How blest the man, who fears to stray  
     where godless people meet,  
 nor stands with sinners in the way,  
     nor fills the scorner's seat:  
 but finding in the Lord's pure law  
     a wellspring of delight,  
 he ponders it with holy awe  
     devoutly day and night.  
 as some fair tree, which has its root  
     the flowing waters nigh,  
 brings forth its seasonable fruit  
     and leaves that never die,  
 thus all he doeth prospers well:  
     not so the wicked fare:  
 like driven chaff when breezes swell,  
     they waver here and there.  
 hence, in the day when hearts are tried,  
     the godless shall not stand;  
 nor may the sinner then abide  
     among the righteous band.  
 the Lord's just eyes behold and bless  
     the good man's daily path;  
 but every way of wickedness  
     shall perish in His wrath.

*The Sower.*

Siehe, voll Hoffnung vertraust du der Erde den goldenen Samen,  
     und erwartest im Lenz fröhlich die keimende Saat.  
 nur in die Furche der Zeit bedenkst du dich Thaten zu streuen,  
     die von der Weisheit gesät still für die Ewigkeit blühen.

SCHILLER.

*Beatus ille.*

PRIMVM beatos inter habet locum  
 intrare coetus qui timet impios,  
     nec stare dignatur scelestis  
     obuius, aut socius sedere  
 ius uellicantis fasque. sed huic Dei  
 lex casta largis deliciis scatet,  
     quam nocte perpendit dieque  
     rite pio uenerans amore.  
 qualis, propinquis uuida fontibus,  
 producit almos tempore debito  
     fructus et ornatu comarum  
     perpetuo reuirescit arbos,  
 talis secundo perficit exitu  
 hic omne coeptum, cum tamen improbi  
     iactantur huc illuc, oborta  
     ceu paleae fluitant procella.  
 hinc, cum sedebit corda probans Deus,  
 nil turpe coram Iudice, nil mali  
     stabit, neque incesti manebunt  
     longius in numero piorum.  
 iustum in diurno circuitu uirum  
 laus intuentis prosequitur Dei ;  
     sed quisque diuino peribit  
     supplicio sceleratus error.

*Expectata Seges.*

AVREA sulcatae confidis semina terrae,  
     praecipiens laeto pectore ueris opes ;  
 et piget in uitae sulcis deponere facta,  
     quae bene si sata sint, tempus in omne metas ?

*The Reaper and the Flowers.*

THERE is a Reaper whose name is Death,  
and with his sickle keen,  
he reaps the bearded grain at a breath,  
and the flowers that grow between.

‘shall I have nought that is fair?’ saith he ;  
‘have nought but the bearded grain ?  
though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,  
I will give them all back again.’

he gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,  
he kissed their drooping leaves ;  
it was for the Lord of Paradise  
he bound them in his sheaves.

‘my Lord has need of these flowerets gay,’  
the Reaper said, and smiled ;  
‘dear tokens of the earth are they,  
where He was once a child.

‘they shall all bloom in fields of light,  
transplanted by my care,  
and saints, upon their garments white,  
these sacred blossoms wear.’

and the mother gave, in tears and pain,  
the flowers she most did love ;  
she knew she should find them all again  
in the fields of light above.

oh, not in cruelty, not in wrath,  
the Reaper came that day ;  
’twas an angel visited the green earth,  
and took the flowers away.

LONGFELLOW.



*Debemur Morti.*

MESSOR obit mundum : Mors illi nomen : acutae  
 falcis inexpletum sedulus urget opus :  
 hordeaque et pariter barbatae inter aristas  
 quae radiant florum milia multa secat.  
 'et, nihil,' exclamat, 'pulchri retinere licebit,  
 et barbata mihi est unica praeda seges?  
 gratus odor florum ; sed quamuis suaviter halent,  
 has in delicias nil mihi iuris erit.'  
 protinus ad flores rorantia lumina uertens  
 impressit lentis oscula maesta comis :  
 stringit enim strictosque aliam dimittit in oram,  
 nutriat hos proprio qua Paradisus ero.  
 'haec,' ait adridens Messor, 'quae laeta patescunt,  
 germina sunt Domino dona legenda meo.  
 talia quippe lubens terrae monimenta uidebit,  
 uixit ubi quondam paruulus Ipse puer.  
 florebut agris in pellucetibus omnes,  
 transtulerit glebae quos mea cura nouae ;  
 felicesque chori niueas intersita uestes  
 floribus e sacris plurima sarta gerent.'  
 audiit, et lacrimis oculos suffusa dolentis  
 delicias mater tradidit ipsa suas ;  
 tradidit, et 'flores, quos nunc amittimus,' inquit,  
 'restituet diae postmodo lucis ager.'  
 credite, nil crudele mouens, non concitus ira,  
 uenerat haec illo Messor in arua die ;  
 sed uiridi inlapsus terrae bonus incola caeli  
 dona tulit flores grata futura Deo.

*Psalm XI.*

MY refuge is the Lord Most High :  
 why hears my soul the faithless cry,  
 'ye birds, unto your mountain fly :  
 for lo! the scorner's bow is bent,  
 his shaft is on the string, intent  
 to slay unseen the innocent :  
 the columns all are out of place,  
 o'erthrown, uprooted from their base ;  
 what shall they do, the righteous race?'  
 the Lord is in his temple shrined,  
 the Lord in heaven ; He is not blind ;  
 his eyelids try and judge mankind.  
 the Lord makes trial of the good ;  
 his soul abhors the ungodly brood,  
 the hands of violence and blood :  
 on these his snares shall fall amain,  
 his sulphurous blast, his fiery rain ;  
 such cup shall be for them to drain.  
 the righteous Lord regards with love  
 the righteous seed : where'er they rove,  
 they see his guiding face above.

*Twofold Hope.*

REFLECTED on the lake, I love  
 to see the stars of evening glow,  
 so tranquil in the heaven above,  
 so restless in the wave below.  
 thus heavenly hope is all serene ;  
 but earthly hope, how bright soc'er,  
 still flutters o'er this changing scene,  
 as false, as fleeting, as 'tis fair.

HEBER.

*Perfugium meum Ichoua.*

PERFVGIVM Deus est. quo uox infida monentum ;  
 'quaerite iam uestri tegmina montis, aues ;  
 scilicet insontes raptō petit impius arcu,  
 praeparat in neruo fixa sagitta necem :  
 effunduntur humi fractae sine more columnae ;  
 quod nunc praesidium, quo fuga certa piis ?'  
 In templo Deus est : caelo non caecus ab alto  
 Ille hominum cernit, iudicat Ille, tribus :  
 Iste probat sanctos : at reicit impia saecula,  
 crudeles animos sanguineasque manus :  
 Iste struit insidias. pluit ignes, sulphura proflat ;  
 Iste dira malae genti pocula bibenda dabit.  
 Iustus amat iustos Deus et, quocumque uagantur,  
 Iste dux supera monstrat uisus in aede uiam.

*Spes Duplex.*

VESPERTINA iuuat spectare lacustribus undis  
 reddita siderei lumina mille chori,  
 ut superum caeli decorent inmota lacunar,  
 ut fluitent imis inrequieta uadis.  
 sic tranquilla manet spes caeli prouida, sed quae  
 imminet humanis spes inhiatque bonis  
 inradiat fragilem mutanti lumine terram,  
 pulchra, sed heu species falsa fugaxque nitor.

*The Year.*

IN childhood, when, with eager eyes,  
 the season-measured year I viewed,  
 all, garbed in fairy guise,  
 pledged constancy of good.  
 spring sang of heaven; the summer flowers  
 let me gaze on, and did not fade;  
 even suns o'er autumn's bowers  
 heard my strong wish, and stayed.  
 they came and went, the short-lived four;  
 yet, as their varying dance they wove,  
 to my young heart each bore  
 its own sure claim of love.  
 far different now!—the whirling year  
 vainly my dizzy eyes pursue,  
 and its fair tints appear  
 all blent in one dusk hue.  
 why dwell on rich autumnal lights,  
 spring-time, or winter's social ring?  
 long days are fireside nights,  
 brown autumn is fresh spring.  
 then what this world to thee, my heart?  
 its gifts nor feed thee nor can bless:  
 thou hast no owner's part  
 in all its fleetingness.  
 the flame, the storm, the quaking ground,  
 earth's joy, earth's terror, nought is thine;  
 thou must but hear the sound  
 of the still voice divine.  
 o princely lot!—o blissful art!  
 e'en while by sense of change opprest,  
 thus to forecast in heart  
 heaven's age of fearless rest.

*In se sua per uestigia uoluitur Annus.*

ANNVM temporibus dispositum suis  
dum miror cupido lumine paruulus,  
sponderi mihi uisa est  
mansuri series boni.

uer caeli cecinit gaudia ; non Canis  
aestatis roseum praeripuit decus :  
nec sol ipse rogatas  
inuidit foliis moras.

uenerunt Charites quattuor et uice  
discessere cita : sed puero breues  
saltus inter amoris  
pignus quaeque tulit suum.

ut uersa est species ! ut rapidum sequor  
annum uix oculis deficientibus !  
pallet, praeterit omnis  
subsicens tenebris color.

autumnale iubar quid morer, aut opes  
uernas, aut hiemis concilia et choros ?  
nil Octobribus horis  
Maiae, nil breuior dies

longo discrepat. o pars melior mei,  
quo te terra beat munere, quo cibo  
pascit ? num fugitiui  
menses te dominam uocant ?

tempestas, tonitrus, flamma, tremor soli,  
terrarum timor et gaudia, nil tuum :  
obseruanda tibi una est  
magni uox tenuis Dei.

o regum mihi sors sorte beatior,  
dum motus quatiunt, dumque metus, metu  
sic motuque uacantem  
praesensisse animo polum !

*A Hymn for all Nations.*

A. D. MDCCCLI.

GLORIOUS God, on Thee we call,  
 Father, Friend, and Judge of all,  
 holy Saviour, heavenly King,  
 homage to thy throne we bring.

in the wonders all around  
 ever is thy Spirit found,  
 and of each good thing we see  
 all the good is born of Thee.

thine the beauteous skill that lurks  
 everywhere in Nature's works ;  
 thine is Art with all its worth,  
 thine each masterpiece on earth.

yea, and foremost in the van  
 springs from Thee the mind of man :  
 on its light, for this is thine,  
 shed abroad the love divine.

lo, our God, thy children here  
 from all realms are gathered near,  
 wisely gathered, gathering still,  
 for peace on earth, towards men goodwill.

may we with fraternal mind  
 bless our brothers of mankind :  
 may we, through redeeming love,  
 be the blest of God above.

TUPPER.

*In vain do they worship Me.*

MEN will write for religion, fight for it,  
 die for it ; anything but live for it.

COLTON.

Ἐκ Θεοῦ ἀρχώμεσθα.

Σέ τοι σεβίζομεν λιταῖς,  
μέγιστε Θεός, πάντων Πάτερ,  
Σῶτέρ τ' Ἄναξ τε καὶ Κριτά,  
σὰ προσκυνοῦντες ἔδρανα.

πάντων ὅσ' ἔστι θαυμάτων  
σὸν Πνεῦμ' ἐπίστροφον πέλει,  
πάντων δ' ὅσ' ἔστι φερτάτων  
ἐκ Σοῦ πέφυκε τὰγαθόν.

σῆς ἔστι δημιουργίας  
ἢ πᾶσα πανταχοῦ φύσις,  
καὶ πάνθ' ἃ καλλιστεύεται  
δαιδάλματ' ἐντίμον τέχνης.

κὰν τοῖς γε πρῶτον ἐκ Σέθεν  
γεγάσιν ἀνθρώπων φρένες,  
ἄς νῦν θεοσσύτου φάους  
ἀκτῖνι θέλξον ἠπία.

ρεῖ δεῦρο, δεῦρ' αἰεί, Θεός,  
σὴ γένηα πάμφυλος λεώς,  
πνέοντες εἰρήνην χθονί.  
πνέοντες εὖνοιαν βροτοῖς.

ἡμεῖς δὲ συγγόνῳ φρενὶ  
θνητοῦς δεδεγμένοι κάσεις  
δεχοίμεθ' ἄφθιτον βίον  
διδόντος ἐν τέλει Θεοῦ.

*Imbellis iuuentus.*

SCRIBERE, Religio, pro te, pugnare, perire  
possumus: at tibi qui uiuere possit, ubi est?

*Psalm XXIII.*

MY shepherd is the Lord ; no care  
 or craving want I know :  
 in pastures green He feeds me, where  
 the soothing waters flow :

He calls my wandering spirit back  
 from paths of sin and shame,  
 and leads me in the righteous track,  
 so holy is his Name.

I fear no evil, though my way  
 through death's dark valley lie ;  
 thy rod and staff are all my stay ;  
 thy guiding hand is nigh :

thy table for my feast is spread  
 in sight of all my foes ;  
 thy cheerful oil anoints my head,  
 my cup of joy o'erflows.

still with thy love and goodness blest,  
 till life's last days are o'er,  
 within thy dwelling I shall rest,  
 o Lord, for evermore.

*The Grace of God.*

THE misty clouds that fall sometime  
 and overcast the skies  
 are like to troubles of our time,  
 which do but dim our eyes.

but as such dews are dried up quite  
 when Phoebus shews his face,  
 so are sad fancies put to flight  
 when God doth guide by grace.

GASCOIGNE.



Ἐγὼ εἰμι ὁ Ποιμὴν ὁ ἀγαθός.

PASTOR est mihi Deus,  
 quo quod sit aptum dante nil requiro :  
 prata per uirentia  
 me ducit, undae qua canunt amoenae.

Ille me uagum bonus  
 custos pudendis a uiis reducit :  
 sistit Ille tramite  
 recto, uerendae sanctitatis auctor.

Mortis atra sit licet  
 calcanda uallis, nil mali timebo,  
 dux enim manus tua est,  
 firmas euntem Tu potente uirga.

hostibus palam meis  
 lasso fruendam ponis ipse mensam ;  
 balsamis nitet caput  
 tuis, abundat Te replente poclum.

sic amore prouido,  
 dum uita restat, usque me sequeris,  
 aede et in tua, Deus,  
 felix in omne commorabor aeuum.

*Gratia Caeli.*

VT poli quondam nebulae serenos  
 obruunt risus, ita damna uitae  
 saepe ridentis oculos obortis  
 nubibus umbrant ;

utque siccati fugiunt uapores  
 aureum Phoebo referente uultum,  
 sic obumbrantis fugat alma curas  
 gratia caeli.

*Sweet are the Uses of Adversity.*

I HAVE been honoured and obeyed,  
 I have met scorn and slight ;  
 and my heart loves earth's sober shade  
 more than her laughing light.  
 for what is rule but a sad weight  
 of duty and a snare?  
 what meanness, but with happier fate  
 the Saviour's cross to share?  
 this my hid choice, though not from heaven,  
 moves on the heavenward line ;  
 cleanse it, good Lord, from sinful leaven,  
 and make it simply thine.

LYRA APOSTOLICA.

*Psalm CXXI.*

MINE eyes I lift unto the hills :  
 whence comes my promised aid ?  
 'from Him—the Lord, whose glory fills  
 the heaven and earth He made.  
 may He sustain thy foot, and keep  
 around thee watch and ward :  
 He slumbereth not, He shall not sleep,  
 thy keeper, Israel's guard.  
 the Lord it is defends thy way,  
 the Lord upon thy right,  
 that shades thee from the sun by day,  
 and from the moon by night,  
 the Lord shall keep thee from all ill ;  
 thy soul He watcheth o'er :  
 thy going and thy coming still  
 He keepeth evermore.'

*Ingenium Res Adversae nudare solent.*

IMPERIO quondam, quondam dignatus honore,  
 mox idem opprobrio ludibrioque fui:  
 seriatque in terris semper mihi dulcior umbra est  
 quam liquida ridens ebria luce dies.  
 quid regnare tulit nisi pondus triste laboris  
 retiaque occultis insidiosa dolis?  
 et quid pauperies? Christi suspiria, Christi  
 sortiri luctu cum leuiore crucem.  
 haec igitur, si non caelo demissa, uoluntas  
 me tamen haud dubia ducit ad astra uia.  
 hanc Tu labe, Deus, turpique adspargine purga,  
 et Tibi quae placeant omnia uelle iube.

*Tutela mihi Deus.*

ATTOLLENS oculos ad iugá montium  
 'quis nunc mittit opem pollicitam?' rogo.  
 'missurus Deus est, luce sua replens  
 terram quam posuit, quem statuit polum.  
 gressus Ille tuos erigat, Illius  
 te tutamen, agens excubias, tegat.  
 Illi non oculos obruerit sopor,  
 qui te servat, amans Isacidum genus.  
 ad dextram Deus est: ipse tuae uidet  
 omnes ipse regit circuitus uiae,  
 depellitque fauens, si tibi sol die  
 siquid nocte tulit luna periculi.  
 cunctis Ille malis eripiet caput;  
 custos Ille animae semper adest tuae;  
 et, siue exieris siue reueneris,  
 omni te uigilans tempore sospitat.'



*Arva beata petamus Arva.*

NARRAS de meliore, mater, ora;  
 felices ibi credis esse coetus:  
 dic o dic ubi sit; licetne terram  
 fulgentem petere et carere fletu?  
 an qua flore citri renidet aestas,  
 et musca saliunt flagrante myrti?—  
 Tellus quam cupis haud ibi est, puelle.—  
 an qua sub face laetiore fructus  
 alatae properat tumere palmae,  
 qua splendor maris insulis inerrat  
 siluosis, zephyrosque odorat arbor,  
 stellatisque auium caterua pennis  
 rerum millè nouos rapit colores?—  
 Tellus quam cupis haud ibi est, puelle.—  
 an mundo procul abditur uetusto,  
 qua flumen ruit aureis arenis,  
 qua secreta uibrant per antra lucem  
 gemmae multicolore fulgurantes  
 scintilla, niueisque margaritis  
 albet curalium micantis actae?—  
 Tellus quam cupis haud ibi est, puelle.  
 nulli uisa oculo, tenelle, nulla  
 laetos succinuit modos in aure:  
 numquam mens ita liberam creauit  
 letoque et lacrimis serenitatem.  
 nam, qua nescit edax nocere tempus,  
 trans nubes radiat nigras, sepulchri  
 uernat trans hiemem beata Tellus;  
 et quod tu cupis omne ibi est, puelle.

*Psalm CXXXVII.*

WE sat and wept by Babel's stream,  
 for Sion was our mournful theme:  
 and there, on many a willow bough,  
 we hung our harps, all silent now.

they came, whose captive yoke we bear,  
 they came, and saw us weeping there:  
 a mirthful strain they bade us raise:  
 'come, sing us one of Sion's lays.'

how shall I sing to heathen ear  
 a song the Lord was wont to hear?  
 if I forget thee, Sion hill,  
 may my right hand forget her skill;

my tongue may cleaving palsy chain,  
 when from my heart thy memories wane;  
 when thou, Jerusalem, shalt be  
 than dearest joys less dear to me.

*Holy Love.*

LOVE'S holy flame for ever burneth,  
 from heaven it came, to heaven returneth.  
 too oft on earth a troubled guest,  
 at times deceived, at times opprest,  
 it here is tried and purified,  
 then hath in heaven its perfect rest:  
 it soweth here with toil and care,  
 but the harvest-time of love is there.

SOUTHEY.



*Live while you Live.*

LIVE while you live, the Epicure will say,  
 and give to pleasure every fleeting day ;  
 live while you live, the sacred Preacher cries,  
 and give to God each moment as it flies.  
 Lord, in my view let both united be,  
 I live to pleasure while I live to Thee.

DODDRIDGE.

*Psalm CXXVII.*

UNLESS the Lord the house erecteth,  
 the builder's toil is fruitless pain ;  
 unless the Lord the town protecteth,  
 the watchman waketh but in vain.  
 what boots to rise before the morrow,  
 nor ere the dead of night to rest ?  
 why eat the bread of useless sorrow,  
 when his beloved in sleep are blest ?  
 a gift from God are children yielded ;  
 the fruitful womb his blessing call ;  
 as arrows by the warrior wielded,  
 are sons within their father's hall.  
 whose quiver such abundance graces,  
 how happy he, how strong his state !  
 they meet his foes with dauntless faces,  
 and parley with them in the gate.



*Dum uiuimus uiuamus.*

Χρὴ ζῆν ἕως ζῆς, ὧδ' Ἀρίστιππος λέγει,  
 θηρὰν ἔχοντα τῆς κατ' ἡμᾶρ ἡδονῆς.  
 χρὴ ζῆν ἕως ζῆς, μαντικὸν φωνεῖ στόμα,  
 καιρὸν θ' ἀγίξειν τὸν παρόντ' αἰὲ Θεῶ.  
 ἡμεῖς δ' ἐκείνον τόνδε τ' αἰνοῦμεν λόγον,  
 οἱ ζῶντες ἐν Σοὶ ζῶμεν ἡδέως, Θεός.

*Πᾶσα δόσις ἀγαθὴ ἄνωθέν ἐστιν.*

NI bonus adsiſtens operi Deus exstruat aedes,  
 aedificet uana sedulus arte faber:  
 ni tutela bonus fraudem Deus arceat urbi,  
 nil oculi uigiles excubitoris agant.  
 cur prius exurgam quam crastina luxerit Eos,  
 nocte prior media sit mihi nulla quies,  
 quidve die patiar tota pro pane dolorem,  
 si fortunet, amat quos Deus, ipse sopor?  
 Omniparens nobis dono dedit, esse parentes;  
 matronae debent, quod peperere, Deo.  
 ut tenet alipedes bellatrix dextra sagittas,  
 haut aliter natos aula paterna capit.  
 qui pharetram portat ditatam talibus armis,  
 ille uir est felix, uiribus ille ualens.  
 obuia non pauido uoltu solet ire caterua  
 cumque fero in porta fortiter hoste loqui.

*He who hath bent him o'er the Dead.*

IF I had thought thou couldst have died,  
I might not weep for thee ;  
but I forgot, when by thy side,  
that thou couldst mortal be ;  
it never through my mind had passed,  
the time would e'er be o'er,—  
that I on thee should look my last,  
and thou shouldst smile no more.  
and still upon that face I look,  
and think 'twill smile again ;  
and still the thought I may not brook,  
that I must look in vain ;  
but, when I speak, thou dost not say  
what thou ne'er left'st unsaid ;  
and now I feel, as well I may,  
sweet Mary, thou art dead.  
if thou wouldst stay, e'en as thou art,  
all cold and all serene,  
I still might press thy silent heart,  
and where thy smiles have been.  
while e'en thy chill bleak corpse I have,  
thou seemest still mine own ;  
but there—I lay thee in the grave,  
and now—I am alone.  
I do not think, where'er thou art,  
thou hast forgotten me ;  
and I perhaps may soothe this heart  
in thinking still of thee :  
yet there was round thee such a dawn  
of light ne'er seen before,  
as Fancy never could have drawn,  
and never can restore.

WOLFE.

*Mutum nequiquam adloquimur Cinerem.*

SI mihi uisa fores nigris obnoxia fatis,  
non irent lacrimae, te moriente, meae :  
sed uitae tu uiua mihi pars tanta fuisti,  
haud umquam subiit te quoque posse mori.  
haud ita credideram celeri mea currere lapsu  
gaudia, et infandum sic properare diem,  
cum mihi subridens languentibus ultima labris  
effugeres oculos tempus in omne meos.  
et uel adhuc uoltu uoltus meus haeret in isto,  
sperat adhuc risus sollicitatque novos :  
spes ea sit fallax, oblector imagine uana,  
inque meam poenam credulus esse uolo  
sed, quam multa loquor, nil reddis multa loquenti,  
quod numquam fueras sueta silere, siles ;  
et nihil est quin nunc fatear, suauissima rerum,  
morte nimis certa tu mihi rapta iaces.  
sicut es, o si tu mecum tranquilla maneres,  
imperturbatis frigida forma genis,  
pectora complexu possem vel muta fouere,  
quemque tui risus deseruere locum.  
dum superest etiam gelidum sine mente cadauer,  
restat adhuc aliquid quod rear esse meum ;  
sed fugere dies, sed tu demissa sepulchro,  
iamque ego iam uacuo solus in orbe moror.  
quae te cumque tenet requies, dulcissima coniunx,  
immemorem credo non tamen esse mei.  
forsitan et longi quaerens solacia luctus  
mens mea reddiderit te mihi, qualis eras.  
frustra : clara fuit te circum luminis aura,  
quale prius nullo fulsit ab ore iubar,  
quale uagae numquam felix sollertia mentis  
fingere nec potuit nec reparare ualet.

*The Burden of Babylon.*

HE who smote the people in wrath with a continual  
stroke,  
he that ruled the nations in anger,  
is persecuted, and none hindereth.  
the whole earth is at rest and is quiet :  
they break forth into singing.  
yea, the fir-trees rejoice at thee,  
and the cedars of Lebanon, saying,  
since thou art laid down, no feller is come up against  
us.  
hell from beneath is moved for thee,  
to meet thee at thy coming :  
it stirreth up the dead for thee,  
even all the chief ones of the earth ;  
it hath raised up from their thrones all the kings  
of the nations.  
all they shall speak and say unto thee,  
art thou also become weak as we ?  
art thou become like unto us ?  
thy pomp is brought down to the grave,  
and the noise of thy viols :  
the worm is spread under thee,  
and the worms cover thee.  
how art thou fallen from heaven, o Lucifer, son of  
the morning !  
how art thou cut down to the ground,  
which didst weaken the nations !  
for thou hast said in thine heart,  
I will ascend into heaven,  
I will exalt my throne above the stars of God.  
yet thou shalt be brought down to hell,  
to the sides of the pit.  
they that see thee shall narrowly look on thee,

*Occidit Occidit.*

Ὅ πρὶν πρὸς ὄργην ξυντόνῳ πληγῇ λεῶν  
 πληξῆς, ὁ πάντων πρὶν τυραννέουσας ἔθνῳν  
 διώκεται νῦν, οὐδ' ὁ κωλύσων πάρα.  
 ἢ πᾶσ' ὑπνώσσει γῆ πόνων πεπαυμένη,  
 φλέγουσι δ' ὕμνων πάντοθεν τερπνῶν νόμοι.  
 πευκαὶ δὲ Λιβάνου θ' ὑψιγέννητοι κέδροι  
 ἐπεγγελῶσί σοι βοῶσί τ' ἐμφανῶς,  
 οὐδεὶς ἐφ' ἡμᾶς ᾧδ' ἐπιστρατεύεται  
 τομεὺς ἀναιδῆς κατακεκρυμμένου σέθεν.  
 Ἄιδης δ' ἔνερθε σὴν χάριν κινούμενος  
 χαίρειν λέγει σε πολλά, σὸν τ' ἰδὼν κᾶρα  
 ἅπαντ' ἐγείρει σοι λεῶν, γαίας πρόμοις,  
 ἔθνῳν ἄνακτας ἐξαναστήσας θρόνων.  
 οὔτοι δ' ἐροῦσι κέρτομον πρόσφθεγμά σοι,  
 ἄρ' οὖν ἄναλκισ καὶ σὺ γεγένησαί ποτε  
 ὅποια χῆμεῖς; καὶ σὺ νῦν γ' ἡμῖν ἴσος;  
 ἦδη γὰρ ἐν τάφοισι βέβληται σέθεν  
 χλιδὴ λυρῶν τε κέλαδος, ἐγκρύπτει δέ σε  
 σκῶληξ ἐν ὀστοῖς σοῖς ὑποστρώσας λέχος.  
 φεῦ σπέρμ' ἐῶον Φώσφορ', ὡς ἀπ' οὐρανοῦ  
 πέπτωκας αἰσχρὰ πτώματ' οὐδ' ἀνασχετά,  
 οἷοις τέτυψαι τύμμασιν, ρίφθεις χαμαί,  
 ὁ πρὶν ποτ' ἔθνῳν ἐκκεραυνώσας σθένος.  
 εἶπες γάρ, εὖ τόδ' οἶδα, παρανοία φρενῶν,  
 εἰς οὐρανὸν βὰς ἄμὸν ὑψώσω θρόνον  
 Θεοῦ παλαιῶν λαμπάδων ὑπέρτερον.  
 πεσεῖ δ' ἐς ἄδου τοιάδ' αὐχῆσας ὄμως  
 κὰς πλεῦρα βαράθρου, χοῖ σ' ἰδόντες ὕμμασι  
 βλέψουσ' ἀκριβῶς καὶ σ' ἐρευνήσαντες εὖ

and consider thee, saying,  
 is this the man that made the earth to tremble,  
 that did shake kingdoms ;  
 that made the world as a wilderness,  
 and destroyed the cities thereof ;  
 that opened not the house of his prisoners?

ISAIAH xiv.

*The coming Judgment.*

THE world is grown old, and her pleasures are past ;  
 the world is grown old, and her form may not last ;  
 the world is grown old, and trembles for fear :  
 for sorrows abound, and judgment is near.

the sun in the heaven is languid and pale,  
 and feeble and few are the fruits of the vale ;  
 and the hearts of the nations fail them for fear ;  
 for the world is grown old, and judgment is near.

the king on his throne, the bride in her bower,  
 the children of pleasure, all feel the sad hour :  
 the roses are faded, and tasteless the cheer ;  
 for the world is grown old, and judgment is near.

the world is grown old, but should we complain,  
 who have tried her, and know that her promise is  
 vain?

our heart is in heaven, our home is not here,  
 and we look for our crown when judgment is near.

HEBER.

*The Value of Life.*

NOR love thy life, nor hate ; but what thou liv'st  
 live well ; how long or short permit to heaven.

MILTON.

ἄρ' οὗτος οὖν, ἐροῦσιν, ὃν γ' ἔφριξε γῆ  
 σείσανθ' ὀρώσα πᾶν τυραννικὸν κράτος ;  
 ἄρ' οὗτός ἐστιν οὐξερημώσας χθόνα,  
 πόλεις τ' ἐκείνης ἐξαϊστώσας πυρί,  
 οὐδ' αἰχμαλωτοὺς δεσμίων λύσας δόμων ;

1824

*Summa Dies.*

CONSENVIT tellus delapsaque gaudia maeret ;  
 consenuit mundi non iam durabilis ordo,  
 consenuit, uastoque omnis terrore tremiscit,  
 dum crescunt hominum, uenturo Iudice, luctus.  
 pallidus attonito uanescit in aethere Titan,  
 uallis habet tenui minuentes ubere fructus ;  
 horruerunt gentes, oppressae corda timore,  
 consenuit quoniam, uenturo Iudice, mundus.  
 in solio dominus, sub florum tegmine nupta,  
 gaudia deponunt, languet deiecta Voluptas,  
 deperiere rosae, marcent Bacchusque Ceresque,  
 quod iam consenuit, uenturo Iudice, tellus.  
 consenuit mundus. quid nos, pia saecla, queramur,  
 gnara diu uitae, nec rebus credula uanis ?  
 nos caeli cupidos, non hac in sede morantes,  
 spes fouet aeterni, uenturo Iudice, regni.

*Cetera mitte Deo.*

VITAM, si sapias, Homo,  
 nec magni facias, nec tamen oderis.  
 quod uiuis, bene uiuito ;  
 sit longum, breue sit, uiderit id Deus.

*The Fathers.*

'THE fathers are in dust, yet live to God':  
 so says the Truth; as if the motionless clay  
 still held the seeds of life beneath the sod,  
 smouldering and struggling till the judgment-day.

and hence we learn with reverence to esteem  
 of these frail houses, though the grave confines:  
 sophist may urge his cunning tests, and deem  
 that they are earth;—but they are heavenly shrines.

LYRA APOSTOLICA.

*The Grave.*

THERE is a calm for those who weep,  
 a rest for weary pilgrims found;  
 they softly lie and sweetly sleep  
 low in the ground.  
 the storm that wrecks the wintry sky  
 no more disturbs their deep repose,  
 than summer evening's latest sigh  
 that shuts the rose.

MONTGOMERY.



*Est Deus in nobis.*

VIVIT adhuc ueterum, qui sunt in puluere, patrum  
sacra Deo, docuit sic Deus ipse, cohors,  
ceu premerentur humo luctantia semina uitae,  
dum rupto eliceret caespite summa dies.  
has itaque exuuias, quamuis sapientia mendax  
mole putet tumuli semper inerte premi,  
debita conseruat reuerentia; quaeque sophistes  
esse lutum fingit, sunt ea templa Dei.

*Tumuli Quies.*

ALMA flentibus est quies;  
fessos hospitium manet;  
suauiter recubant, leues  
hauriuntque sopores:  
saeua compositos hiemps  
non humo magis excitat  
quam suspiria quae rosam  
uerna uespere claudunt.



PART III.

MISCELLANIES,  
ORIGINAL AND TRANSLATED.



*Vale, Vale, inquit.*

Dum potui puer esse, fui ; puerilia lusi ;  
nunc noua cura uocat, nunc noua meta, uirum.  
sin pelago metuit uasto se credere cumba  
nuper in exili uelificata lacu,  
cur ego non timeam, cum me capit inter alumnos  
Granta, meis studiis impositura modum ?  
si prius expansis nido super imminet alis  
quam leuis in liquidas exit alauda uias,  
cur ego non campos, ualles, iuga saepe reuisam,  
tot loca luminibus tam bene nota meis ?  
turba rogat comitum quae sit mihi causa dolendi,  
quod uidear socios deseruisse choros.  
auocor : heu luctum linquenda Salopia poscit :  
haec nimium ueri causa doloris adest,  
haec lacrimas mihi cura mouet : sit flebile carmen  
testis, et in charta multa litura mea.  
attamen extremis iuuat indulgere querellis,  
dum iagor ad lymphas, alma Sabrina, tuas.  
fallor, an alternos referunt tua flumina questus,  
utque gemo linquens, ipsa relicta gemis ?  
fallor : harundineo resonabant murmure ripae,  
flumireos zephyro sollicitante sinus.  
si mihi fata uiro dederint, uoluentibus annis,  
ut puero totiens arua petita petam,  
Mnemosyne tristi tanget dulcedine mentem,  
dum propriis reddit singula facta locis.  
forsitan, hinc, dicam, ludo lassusue labore  
nudus in irriguas praecipitabar aquas ;

saepe sub hac quercu, cum sol properaret ad undas  
 lunaque pallentes alta cieret equos,  
 ingenuo primos animo meditabar amores,  
 et causam numeris Laura uel Anna dabat.  
 hunc quoque, qui surgens Eoo limite collis<sup>1</sup>  
 pinguia turrito culmine prata uidet,  
 hunc tibi, care pater, notum puerilibus annis,  
 principium musae materiemque tuae,  
 me memini suetum festis superare diebus  
 uel solum, socia uel comitante manu,  
 donec agros extra iussos inpune uagamtem  
 cogeret inuitos umbra referre gradus.  
 nec loca<sup>2</sup> non noram patriis inlustria fastis  
 et pariter scaena, summe poeta<sup>3</sup>, tua ;  
 qua mihi, foedifragum poscens in proelia regem,  
 martia surgebat saepe figura ducis<sup>4</sup>,  
 et uaga dum uictos inludunt somnia sensus,  
 turpis humum crassa mole premebat eques<sup>5</sup>.  
 o nemora, o longis<sup>6</sup> Celtarum hinc montibus arua,  
 illinc Uriconi<sup>7</sup> clausa, ualete, iugo ;  
 et ualidi clarae regis cognomine rupes<sup>8</sup>,  
 saxaque longaeuis edita prima fretis<sup>9</sup>;  
 et super inposita titulum quae ducis ab alno,  
 urbs<sup>10</sup> mea, Sabrina cincta meante, uale :

<sup>1</sup> Haughmond Hill, where my father was at school.

<sup>2</sup> Battlefield, the site of the engagement between Hen. IV. and the rebel army, July 21, 1403.

<sup>3</sup> Shakespeare, *Hen. IV.* Part 1.

<sup>4</sup> Henry Percy (Hotspur).

<sup>5</sup> Falstaff.

<sup>6</sup> The Long Mountain.

<sup>7</sup> The Wrekin.

<sup>8</sup> The Caradoc Mountain (one of the Stretton range), said to take its name from Caractacus, but not the scene of the battle in which he was captured.

<sup>9</sup> The Longmynd, the most southerly mountain of the Stretton group, supposed by some geologists to be the earliest British land.

<sup>10</sup> Shrewsbury, the Celtic name of which was Pengwern,

cara uale nutrix: quamquam te semper amaui,  
 maesta tamen plus te mens abeuntis amat:  
 heu sic praeteriti pluris pensantur amores,  
 deliciae melius, quae periere, placent.  
 uos quoque, prae sociis cari, mea cura, ualete,  
 quos mihi perpetuo foedere iunxit amor;  
 nos lusus omnes sociauimus, omnia pensa,  
 communes nobis spes, timor, ardor erant.  
 quando ego non cursus et aperti mimica campi  
 proelia, quae festi saepe tulere dies,  
 quando ego sermones memori non mente tenebo,  
 seriaque ingenuis plurima mixta iocis?  
 nec tamen aeternum rapior: uos Camus habebit,  
 excipiet sancto uos quoque Granta sinu.  
 tuque, pium doctumque caput<sup>11</sup>, uenerabile nomen,  
 carmina pro gratae pignore mentis habe.  
 qui mihi donasti cantum, tu nonne canendus?  
 primitiis doni nonne fruare tui?  
 quo mihi uana loqui? nil, heu, mea carmina pos-  
 sunt:  
 non egêt infirmi laus tua uatis ope.  
 sit laudare nefas: at fas est fausta precari,  
 nec pia discipuli pondere uota carent:  
 sint multi sine nube dies tibi, uita dolorum  
 libera, canities sera, perennis honos.  
 semper amate mihi, dum me tua cura fouebat,  
 nec minus absentem semper amande, uale.

1823

‘the summit of alders’; called by the Saxons ‘Scrobbesburh, the city of shrubs,’ which the Normans softened into Salop.

<sup>11</sup> Archdeacon (afterwards Bishop) Samuel Butler, Head Master of Shrewsbury School from 1798 to 1836.

Οἷδ' οὐκ ἴσασιν οὐδὲν ἄλλο πλὴν δάκνειν.

ARISTOPH. *Aves.*

Eloquar an sileam? tanto perterrita coepto  
 Musa moratur humi nec inertem commouet alam.  
 nec leuis hic labor est, tot delectare togatos,  
 tot criticos: quis enim critici non arrogat artem?  
 quis non in trutina suspendit carmina? quis non  
 triste supercilium nasumque ostentat aduncum?  
 nunc critici passim, genus inplacabile, crescunt,  
 quos non uespa fera, non crabro excesserit ira;  
 nunc triuias omnis stipant omnisque tabernas,  
 stercore nascuntur quouis, et tubera uincunt.  
 insulas laudes, iniusta opprobria miscent,  
 sollicitantque bonos aequae prauosque poetas.  
 sit qui non hostem timeat resecare secantem,  
 parque referre pari; sit qui conuicia temnat;  
 at cui molle cor est horum uiolabile telis  
 mussitat emoriturque cruento uolneris ictu.  
 iste pudore carens iudex, quia nominis expers,  
 carmina nulla suis, ueri contemptor et aequi,  
 distinguit meritis. uatem sententia uendit,  
 non uersus. siquis populari concitus oestro  
 regibus indicit bellum, plebeia tuetur  
 iura, senatores corruptos munere uexat,  
 lugubre ruricolae fatum, portoria, sumptus  
 militiae, decumas et uectigalia damnat,  
 concinit Othmanidae cladem domitasque phalangas,  
 armaque felici rapientem sidere Graium,  
 seu male frustratum laesi certamen Hiberi  
 plorat et armatos in iura humana tyrannos,  
 laudat Edinensis Musam Censura flagrantem;



‘alter Vergilius mundo canit, alter Homerus;  
 deseruit caelum terris reuocatus Apollo.’  
 sin, populi et Papae timidus rerumque nouarum,  
 audacem increpitat plebem preliques furores,  
 iuraque sacrorum diuinitus edita regum  
 ceteraque eiusdem miscet farraginis, ‘euge,  
 mel sedet in labris, linguam suadela perunxit,’  
 aulica gens clamat, criticoque iubente Trimestri  
 cingitur Aoniis felicia tempora sertis,  
 gloriolaque satur lauri se sternit in umbra.  
 sin odio fuerit criticis sententia uatis,  
 bardus erit, stipes, caprimulgus, fossor, ineptus  
 nugator, fungus: conuicia singula narro?  
 nullum erit opprobrium quod non miser audiat. ast  
 haec

si solus spueret criticus, tam triste poetae  
 non fuerat fatum. sed rauco gutture latrat  
 turba sequax, magni iurans in uerba magistri,  
 et strepitum late clamosa repercutit echo.  
 forsitan adstantem quidam compellet amicum,  
 uix hanc materiem post longa silentia nactus,  
 iam boream aut solem aut pluuium conquestus

Aprilem:

‘dic age, legistin quod nuper Scaeuola carmen  
 edidit?’ ‘haud equidem; sed quid Censura Tri-  
 mestrus,

Menstrua quid?’ ‘iugulant.’ nil ultra interrogat alter,  
 ilicet excussa suspendit nare poetam.

‘nonne uides, sit quanta libri uecordia, quanta  
 rusticitas? non mica salis tenuissima, crudis  
 nulla subest iunctura modis. quo plura profari?  
 seditiosus homost: de libertate tuenda  
 nescio quid garrat: ne te morer, omnia plane  
 Menstruus exposuit criticus, uir factus ad unguem,  
 cmunctae naris, doctus, catus, et mihi amicus.’

haec mala, sed peiora manent dicenda Camenis.  
 scilicet est probro laus quaedam turpior omni  
 et celeri uitanda fuga. quis carmina fingat  
 spiratura crocum, leui nitidissima charta,  
 quae mensis iaceant roscis, et blanda susurrent  
 uirginibus. 'bellum carmen, nonne, Aelia, bellum?  
 'quam salis hoc plenum! quam molliter hoc fluit!  
 cheu!

haec lacrimas mihi paene mouent: fer, Lucia,  
 mappam.'

talia perpetiar? talis ego laetus honores  
 accipiam et lauros? potius Censura Trimestris  
 Menstruaque et magnae titulum quae iactat Edinae,  
 et Censurarum quidquid uomit Anglia, uersus  
 ense meos stricto iugulent, et frustra misellae  
 gloriolae renuant, eademque eademque reclamant  
 discipuli dociles imitatricesque cateruae!  
 quid mihi uobiscum? uanae procul este puellae,  
 ludite uos alios, alios laudate poetas,  
 detineat uestras cantator amantior auris,  
 quisquis amicitiam puerosque Platonis amores,  
 astra, lacus, lunas et lucos eliquat, et uos.  
 quid mihi cum criticis? procul o uos ite, profani;  
 tollite Censuras. sin tanta ferocia, tantum  
 pugnandi studiumst, praesto en Byronus! (ad arma  
 ocius, o fortes! quae uos mora tardat? ad arma!)  
 uerbera qui uestri contemnit inania flagri,  
 nec critici grauius metuit quam numinis iram.  
 non mihi tanta sitis famae; mea carmina paucis,  
 quis non laudatus rubeam, laudentur amicis,  
 nec tibi displiceant, quae nostra in mente placendi  
 sola moues studium, carissima. nil ego poscam  
 largius; at modicae contentus munere laudis  
 inscius usque canam criticorum, ignotus et illis.

*Tripes Verses, 1824.*

ὦ παῖδες Ἑλλήνων, ἴτε,  
 ἐλευθεροῦτε πατρίδ' ἐλευθεροῦτε δὲ  
 παῖδας, γυναῖκας—νῦν ὑπὲρ πάντων ἀγῶν.

ÆSCH. *Pers.* v. 408.

Ἦνίδ' ὡς ἔρρηξε δι' ὠρανῶ φῶς  
 ἄμβροτον, διόσδοτον ἄρ' ἐφάνθη  
 ἐκ νεφῶν Ἀώσφορος; ἀγλαὰς δι'  
 Ἑλλάδος ἀκτὰς

ταλόθεν νάσους τε φλέγει βαθύν τε  
 κόλπον Αἰγαίας ἀλός· ἦ θεῶν τις  
 ἦ θεῶν οἶδ' οἶδα τέρας, καλὸν γέ-  
 γηθα πρόσωπον

εἰσιδὼν Ἑλευθερίας· θεάων  
 φιλτάτα, τίν' οὐ τὸ γελεῦσ' ἰαίνεις;  
 χαῖρ' ἐμοὶ χαῖρ' αὔθι, τὸ γάρ, δίκαν ῥοδ-  
 ωπίδος Ἀοῦς,

ὠρέων ἀπ' Ἑλλάδος ἀσπέτοισιν  
 ὀππάτων γελάσμασιν εὖ σκέδασσας  
 ἀχλὺν ἅ λαμπρὰν πάρος ἀλίῳ κατ-  
 ἔσβεσεν αἴγλαν.

Ἑλλάς, ἀδειῶν γενέτειρα Μοισᾶν,  
 εὐθρόνων ἔδος Χαρίτων, στένω σε,  
 φεῦ στένω· λυγρόν τι πέριξ ἔχει σε  
 δίκτυον Ἄτας.

ἦ μάταν σὸν εὐχος ὄλωλεν, εἶπερ  
 δούλιον σαίνεις ζυγόν, ἔν' τε δεσμοῖς  
 ἡμένα τρομεῖς ὀλοόφρονος μᾶστ-  
 ιγα τυράννω.

ἦ μάταν τοῖς πρόσθε χρόνοις φερίστων  
θάλλες ἡρώων τε σοφῶν τε μάτηρ,  
ὥστε τ' ἐν μικροῖς μάλ' ἀριπρεπῆς ἄστ-  
ροισι Σελάνα,

ἔφλεγες, γαίας μέγ' ἄγαλμα, χωρῶν  
φερτάτα, τεοὶ δ' ἀνέλαμπον ἄνδρες  
ἐν μάχαις ἐσλοὶ δορὶ κὰν ἑορταῖς  
τέκτονες ὕμνων.

ἦν τὰδ', ἦν' πᾶ δ' ἔντι; πέφευγε πάντα·  
φῶς τεὸν στυγνά τις ἔκρυσεν ὕρφνα,  
ἐν τεοῖσι δάμασιν εὐλυροὶ σιγ-  
ῶντι χόρειαι·

πᾶ γὰρ οἱ πρόσθεν μελιγάρνες; πᾶ  
αἰ πρὶν ἡρώων χέρες; ἀνεμοῦντα  
πᾶ σοφῶν φρονάματα; δούλιον πάντ'  
ἄμαρ ἀφέϊλε·

ρίμφα νῦν κώμας διὰ σὰς βιβῶντι  
θουρίοις Φόνος τε Φόβος τε ποσσί,  
λοιγία συνωρίς, Ἔρις τε, δύσθε-  
ός τις ἀλάστωρ·

τίς γὰρ ἐκ Χίω βρόμος; οὐκ ἀκούω  
χαλκέων ὄπλων κτύπον; οὐκ ἀτέκνων  
ματέρων ὄξυν γούον ἄρφάνων τ' αἰ-  
άγματα παιδῶν;

οὐλίαις θήγει Θάνατος χέρεσσιν  
ἴα φοινάεντα· ποτῆξεν ὕσσοις  
δακρύων πλήρες νέφος, ὀρθόθριξ τε  
δειμά μ' ὑπῆλθε

δυσθέατ' ἰδόντα θεάματ'· οἴμοι,  
καθθάνει παῖς ματρὸς ἐν ἀγκάλῃσιν,  
ἄνδρα τὸν φιλεῦντα φίλαν τε νύμφαν  
νύξ μία κρύπτει.

ἦ σὺ τοῦτ' ἔργον, Σαράκην', ἔδρασας  
 δύσθεον, δυσώνυμον,—οὔ τι χαίρων  
 πάνθ' ὄρᾱ τὸ Πατρὸς ἄϋπνον ὄμμα,  
 πάντα κατορθοῖ.

ἰγνίδ' ὡς ἔνοπλος ἀνήλαθ' Ἑλλὰς  
 ᾧ μένει χαίροισα' τρομείτ' ἄναγνα  
 βαρβάρων ἔθνη, βλέπετ' ὡς δι' αἶθραν  
 αἰθαλόεσσαν

πυρφλέγει Νίκας ἀρίδηλος ἀστήρ·  
 ὡς Σάμος ναυσίστονον εἶδεν ὕβριν,  
 εἶδε νωτίσδοντα παλίσσυτον δρᾶμ-  
 ημα τύραννον.

πάντοθεν δι' ὦρεα μακρὰ γαίας  
 χαλκία σάλπιγγος ἔκλαγξε φωνά,  
 πάντοθεν γνάθοις κύνες ἀγρίοις λυσ-  
 σῶντι Κυδοιμῶ·

ἔκλυον κλαγὰν Σαλαμῖνος ἀκταί,  
 ἔκλυον μυχοὶ σκιοέντες Οἴτας,  
 δεύτερόν τ' ἐν Θερμοπύλαις τροπαῖον  
 στᾶσαν Ἀχαιοί.

σεῦσθε νῦν μάχαν ἔπι, σεῦσθ' Ἄθηναι,  
 ρίπτε δύσφαμον, Λακεδαῖμον, ὕπνον,  
 εἴθε τιν μέλποι τις ἐλευθέραν Τυρ-  
 ταῖος ἀοιδάν.

σεῦσθε, μὴ φοβείσθε· τέλος προπάντων  
 Μοῖρα δὴ κακοῖσι· καλῶν δὲ τιμὰν  
 οὐκ ἔᾱ θανεῖν, στεφάνωμ' ὑφαίνοισ'  
 ἄφθιτον ὕμνων,

Μοῖσα· πῶς εὔδοντι δ', ὅσοι περ ἐσλοὶ  
 κάππεσον πάτρας ὕπερ ἵπποχάρμαις  
 ἐν κλόνοισ; εὔδοντι μάλ' εὔδιον μάλ'  
 ἄδυμον ὕπνον,

εἴαρ ἀκροθινιά τ' ἀνθεμῶδη  
 ἐκ φίλων χέει προπάραιθε κόλπων,  
 δειέλοις τ' αἰὲν πολύκλαυτον ἄρδει  
 τύμβον ἑέρσαις,

ἐσπέρα τ' ἕκρα παριῶν κέλευθον  
 δοχμίαν φωνεῖ τάδ' ὄδοιπόρων τις,  
 χαίрет' ἐσλοί, χαίрет'· ἐπ' ὀστέοις κού-  
 φα κόνις εἴη.—

σεῦσθέ νυν· πᾶ γὰρ δέος; οὐ σφαλεῖσθε,  
 οὐ μὰ τὰν Δίκαν προγόνων τε νίκας,  
 οὐ μὰ τὰν Ἑλευθερίαν· σκιὰς τῶν  
 πρὶν περὶ πάτρας

εἴ τεθνακότων ἐσορῶ· ποτ' αὔρας  
 ἀγλαὰν σείοντι κόμαν, αἰεὶ τε  
 τέκνα προσγελεῦντες ἀπ' ὀππάτων στάσ-  
 δοντι θοὸν πῦρ.

τίς δέ πως, τίς ἀμβροσία ποτᾶται  
 ἀμφέπων λύραν χερὶ φαιδίμας τε  
 τηλεθῶν δάφνα τρίχας; ἄρ' ἀοιδὸν  
 ἤρπασεν Ἄιδης

τὸν γλυκύν, τὸν ἱμερόεντ'; ἐσαιὲν  
 εὐμελῆς εὔδει χέλυσ; οὐδ' ἄϋπνᾶ σ'  
 ἤτορος φρονάματ' ἔσωσεν, οὐ φων-  
 ᾶντα σοφοῖσι

σᾶς βέλη ψυχᾶς, πτερύγων ἀέλλας  
 ἀσπέτων θωώτερα; χαίρε, Μοισᾶν  
 ἔξοχον στόμ'· ἦ θέλες εἰσιδεῖν ἐ-  
 λεύθερον ἄμαρ

Ἑλλάδος σκῆπτρόν τε παλαιόν· οἴμοι,  
 οὐ τόδ' ἦν πεπρωμένον· ἀλλὰ κεδνοῖς  
 ἐν πόνοις τέθνακας, αἰεὶ τέ σ' ἀγνᾶς  
 ἕνθεσι μολπᾶς

παρθένοι στέψοντι κόροι τ' Ἀχαιῶν  
 τοῖς πάλαι κλεινοῖς ἴσον· εἰ δὲ πρὶν τι,  
 θνατὸς ὦν, παρήλιτες, ἐξαλείψει  
 δάκρυσιν Ἑλλάς

μῆν' ἀειρύτοις<sup>1</sup>.—τί γόων ὄνειαρ;  
 νῦν γὰρ αὖ μάχας ἐς ἀγῶν' Ἀχαιοὺς  
 φιλτάτα καλεῖ πατρίς· ὀρθίαν σάλ-  
 πιγγοσ ἐνιπᾶν

ἀνέρων τ' ὀμφὰν αἴω ποδῶν τε  
 ἰππικῶν κρότον πολύν· ἦ φαεννὰς  
 Ἑλλάδος βλέπω στίχας, ἦ βλέπω στίλβ-  
 οντα δι' αὔρας

ταλόθεν σαμεῖα, κέαρ δ' ἔσωθεν  
 ἄλλεται βλέποντι· τί μάν; τὸ μέλλον  
 ὑψόθεν κραίνει Θεός· Ἑλπίδος δ' ἦν  
 ἀδὺ γέλασμα

πιστὸν ἦ, τάχ' αὖ μεγαλώνυμός τιν,  
 Ἑλλάς, ἐν φάει καθαρῶ πρόσωπον  
 ἐκφανεῖ Νίκα, τάχα τιν πτερῶν θο-  
 αῖσιν ἀμίλλαις,

εὐδίαν στάσδοισα, γελεῦσ' ἐραννόν,  
 ὠρανῶ παῖς Ἀσυχία ποθέρψει,  
 ἀ φίλα τ' Ἑλευθερία, θρόνῳ χαίρ-  
 οισα παλαιῶ.

1824

<sup>1</sup> Alluditur ad mortem poetae clarissimi Baronis de Byron.

*Summum ius summa iniuria.*

Verbera uicinae passus non lenia dextrae  
 pragmatici uafraam poscit agrestis opem.  
 'hem bone! caesus eras pugnis: hem! Iulia de ui  
 lex facit a nobis: lis tibi salua tua est:  
 milia causidico, mihi das duo milia; uinces:  
 ius tibi erit summum, sit modo dicta dies.'  
 'summum,' ait, 'hoc ius est? iniuria summa crumena:  
 altera si tanti lis erit, una satis:  
 num capiti fracto medeatur rem quoque frangi,  
 et mihi, quod data sint uerbera, uerba dari?'

1825

*Περισσοὶ πάντες οἱ ἔν μέσῳ λόγοι.*

Χλῶρι, λέγ' εἴ με φιλεῖς· τί σαλεύονθ' ὦδε προλείπεις  
 κύμασί μ' ἀντιπάλους ἐλπίδος ἠδὲ δέους;  
 φεῦ τί θέλω δυσέρως; μύθου πλέον ἤδε σιωπή·  
 μὴ λέγ' ἔχει φωνὴν ὄμμα, παρῆσι λαλεῖς.

1825

*Facunda Silentia linguae.*

(In Statuam Gulielmi Pitt)

O Sculptura potens domare Lethen  
 et vitam magico referre tactu!  
 en quantus decorat senator aulam,  
 quam flexu toga defluit decenti,  
 quam miri species honesta uoltus,  
 quam celsae grauitas serena frontis  
 maiestasque manus! ut eloquenter  
 protento pede proloqui uidetur!  
 en, tacentis in ore suada uiuit,  
 et uox marmoreis inest labellis.

1826



*The Mediccan Venus.*

Lo where in Arno's halls, their noblest charm,  
 her limbs defending with each graceful arm,  
 lest eyes profane should o'er their ripeness rove,  
 the Queen of Beauty fills the air with love!  
 what soul, with Fable's rich creations fraught,  
 to silent life that sweet ideal wrought?  
 had he not loved a Naiad as he slept,  
 and woke, a fond despairing nympholept?  
 or (it might be) near some enchanted wood,  
 where the bee murmured and the stockdove coo'd,  
 while summer scattered in her twilight hour  
 scents on the breeze and dews on herb and flow'r,  
 intent upon the slowly dark'ning sky  
 and careless of the brook's faint lullaby  
 awhile his passionate spirit drank from far  
 the mystic rapture of the vesper star,  
 till, by the soft persuasion of the stream  
 subdued at last, he laid him down to dream.  
 straight through the love-lit air the goddess stole,  
 shone o'er his sleep and communed with his soul,  
 a minglement of all the daintiest things  
 descried in Fancy's young imaginings,  
 sweet smiles and sweeter sighs and coy alarms  
 and glowing consciousness of mightiest charms,  
 her tresses wooed by every gentle wind,  
 her wondrous beauties by no zone confined,  
 fair, as from ocean foam she rose to light,  
 than ocean's sunny foam more dazzling bright;  
 a miracle of loveliness, as when  
 she stood unveil'd in Ida's greenest glen  
 and smiling heard the Dardan's cry, 'the Three  
 are beautiful, most beautiful is She;'

melting and warm, as when the Lord of War  
 (sheath'd his red sword and rein'd his iron car)  
 while thrall'd in her triumphant arms he lies,  
 feeds with her face the passion of his eyes<sup>1</sup>.  
 entranced awhile the full-souled artist lay,  
 and even in slumber gazed his heart away;  
 then woke, and swift by Memory's summon'd aid  
 to seize each waning light, each flitting shade,  
 he won the conquest o'er oblivious death,  
 and gave the glorious vision—all but breath.

1825

*Scopulis surdior.*

Mens mea seclulis arcanum condidit antris,  
 uitaque, perpetuo quod sileatur, habet.  
 ille breui fuerat conceptus tempore, uerum  
 tempore non ullo est interiturus amor.  
 heu, quotiens tractu spatior non uisus eodem,  
 heu, comes huic quotiens incommitatus eo!  
 et, cum finiero mortalia tempora uitae,  
 poscere nil ausus nil ego nanctus ero.  
 interea uocem non audiit illa precantis,  
 conscia nullius praetereuntis abit;  
 unum amat, officiis fungi, sint tristia quamuis,  
 unum habet e uotis omnibus, esse piam.  
 scripta legens mea plena sui 'quaenam illa,' rogabit,  
 'femina?' sed quae sit nescia semper erit.

*From the French.*

<sup>1</sup> Lucr. i. 36, pascit amore auidos inhians in te, Dea, uisus.

*The Translations which follow, 'Snatches of Song,' chiefly from the German, date from tours in 1831 and 1832.*

*Der Wanderer.*

I WANDER on the lonely shore ;  
the winds are wild, the billows roar.  
I wander still in dull despair,  
and sigh and murmur, 'whither? where?'

the sun, methinks, is here so cold,  
the flowers are pale, and life is old,  
and all is empty sound and show,  
for I am strange where'er I go.

o where art thou, my fatherland,  
long lost, long sought, belovèd strand?

*Ecco ridente il cielo!* (ROSSINI.)

THE rosy smile of morning  
dispels the lingering shadows ;  
and lo, from vales and meadows  
the golden vapours part :

so rise, my love, and dawning  
with eyes of beamy gladness,  
melt every shade of sadness,  
and shine upon my heart.

*Der Gebannte.*

AN exile on a foreign strand  
 I wear my heart away :  
 the thought of my dear fatherland  
 is with me night and day.  
 in vain o'er hill and dale and lea  
 in search of bliss I roam :  
 my faithful heart still points to thee,  
 my dear, my long-lost home :  
     o native strand,  
     o fatherland !

friends of my soul, in nightly dreams  
 your well-known faces rise ;  
 but, long ere rosy morning gleams,  
 the treacherous vision flies.  
 through all the tedious hours of light  
 no calm repose is mine,  
 and dreary is the sleepless night,  
 while far from thee I pine,  
     o native strand,  
     o fatherland !

*Was mir wohl übrig bleibe. (SPOHR.)*

WHEN fortune has bereft me  
 of all I cherished long,  
 what portion still is left me ?  
 the sisters, Love and Song.  
 Love leans on Hope, and borrows  
 her bright undying ray ;  
 Song soothes my deepest sorrows,  
 and drives despair away.

*From* HOFFMAN VON FALLERSLEBEN.

*An den Mond.* (WEBER.)

HOLY light, softly bright,  
 lead the footsteps of my lover  
 to the still and lonely cover,  
 where his fond and faithful maid  
 waits him in the trysted shade.

here with faith strong as death  
 heart for heart we'll give and borrow,  
 far from envy, far from sorrow :  
 dwellers they with pomp and state  
 in the mansions of the great.

love who may laughing day :  
 thou, sweet moon, a light revealing  
 full of pure and tender feeling,  
 sheddest o'er the silent grove  
 peace and innocence and love.

*Barcarole.* (KÜCKEN.)

WAPT me, bark, with easy motion  
 o'er the softly-swelling stream ;  
 slumber calmly, gentle ocean,  
 'neath the starlight's golden gleam.

warble sweetly, gondoliers ;  
 for my true-love wakes and hears.

Leila, rising from her pillow,  
 eager hastens to the strand ;  
 fondly gazing o'er the billow,  
 lo, she waves her snowy hand.

warble ever, gondoliers ;  
 for my true-love stands and hears.

*Tyrolerlied.*

I COME from the cottage that stands in the grove,  
to woo thee, to sue thee, to wed thee, my love.

ei ei ja, ei ei ja, ei ei ja, ei ja!

she's smiling, she's smiling, the little coquette,  
as if she perceived not my heart's in her net.

ei ei ja, ei ei ja, ei ei ja, ei ja!

give me back what you've stolen, my heart give to  
me;

nay keep it, nay keep it, 'tis safer with thee.

ei ei ja, ei ei ja, ei ei ja, ei ja!

yes keep it, yes keep it, I spake but in jest:  
I should lose it again, were it still in my breast.

ei ei ja, ei ei ja, ei ei ja, ei ja.

*Bist du das Land? (HÜMMEL.)*

ART thou the strand I loved in early days,  
the golden sand that saw my boyish plays,  
home of my heart when oceans rolled between,  
and still remembered, though so long unseen?  
art thou the strand? art thou the strand?  
o joy! thou art my own dear fatherland.

*Love. (CARAFA.)*

OH, faithful Love is a sprite of gladness;  
he putteth sorrow and pain to flight;  
no envy cloudeth his brow with sadness,  
no malice quelleth his joyous might.

*Holzmeier.*

DEAR lady, come hither and feel my heart ;  
 dost mark how it struggles with throb and start ?  
 a carpenter there in his lonely cell  
 to build me a coffin is working well.

he saws and he hammers by night and day,  
 and long hath he driven sweet sleep away.  
 work, master carpenter, work amain,  
 that I may sweetly sleep again.

*From* H. HEINE.

*Freiheit.*

GIVE me freedom, I beseech thee ;  
 rend the fetters of the slave ;  
 let the voice of pity reach thee ;  
 pity most becomes the brave.

o my conqueror, o my brother,  
 if thou heed'st not pity's call,  
 reverence earth our common mother,  
 God, the father of us all.

*From* TIECK.

*Der Blinde.*

THOUGH mine eyes are dim and sightless,  
 and thine orb I may not see,  
 yet, o sun, I am not lightless,  
 warmth and radiance visit me.  
 He who first thy beams created,  
 and from darkness called forth light,  
 on his throne of glory seated  
 lifts the curtain from my sight.

*From* KOTZEBUE.

*La Rosière.* (OTTO.)

WHO trips beneath the twilight sky?  
 my daughter young and fair:  
 she waves her flowery basket high,  
 while roses-scent the air.

the morrow is our village feast,  
 and (o the joyous day!)  
 with rosebud on her bonnie breast  
 she'll walk the queen of May.

*From* WIELAND.

*Einsam?* (WEBER.)

LONELY, lonely? no that am I not:  
 for the kind and tender-hearted,  
 whom I loved in years departed,  
 haunt me with their love.

happy, happy? no, that am I not:  
 tears into my eyes are thronging,  
 and my inmost heart is longing  
 for a far-off home.

dreary, dreary? no, that am I not:  
 for I feel that those who love me  
 from their hearts will ne'er remove me  
 till we meet above.

hopeful, hopeful? yes, I live in hope:  
 all, in whom I once delighted,  
 yet I trust to find united  
 in the joy to come.



*Der Jüngling an die Rose.*

ROSE, how sweet thou smellest,  
 rose, thy bloom how bright,  
 and thy lovely petals  
 rich with purple light !

rose, how swift, how gaily  
 run thine hours away,  
 rose, thou fairest emblem  
 of life's little day !

rose, o look upon me ;  
 cold my cheek and pale ;  
 in its faded beauty  
 read my mournful tale.

rose, when I behold thee,  
 rosy times revive,  
 youth and hope and gladness  
 seem again to live.

rose, if thou must wither,  
 if thy leaves must fall,  
 wait awhile, and dying  
 strew them on my pall.

*From SMETZ.*

*Cardinal der Liebe.*

WITH the rind of bitter lemon you pile the goblet up,  
 but with the other hand you shed sweet sugar in the  
 cup :

and full many a bitter word say your saucy lips to me,  
 but your eyes sweet comfort shed again, and my  
 heart drinks sangaree.

*From W. MUELLER.*

*Wunsch und Entsagung.* (WEBER.)

WHEN little flowers I spy,  
 then for a wife I sigh :  
 seldom alone they dwell  
 in mead or shady dell :  
     little flowers find  
     wives to their mind.

when little birds I spy,  
 then for a wife I sigh ;  
 on lawn or bush or tree  
 mate they so merrily ;  
     little birds find  
     wives to their mind.

when little fish I spy  
 then for a wife I sigh ;  
 in silver pools they swim,  
 or down the river skim ;  
     little fish find  
     wives to their mind.

when round the world I spy,  
 then for a wife I sigh ;  
 man and wife seem to share  
 each other's joy and care ;  
     fain would I find  
     one to my mind.

but when the wives I spy,  
 then for no wife I sigh.  
 not like the flowerets gay,  
 not like the birds are they ;  
     wife to my mind  
     none can I find.

*Abschied.* (GABLER.)

FAREWELL, o my darling, my darling, farewell ;  
 the turtle-dove plaintively cryeth,  
 and sadly my bosom replyeth :  
 yet weep not, my dearest, repress the sad moan,  
 thy sorrow is harder to bear than my own.  
 no flood will return to the mountain,  
 no streamlet flow back to its fountain ;  
 let floods swell the river, and rivers the main ;  
 but we'll meet again, love, yes, we'll meet again.  
 then cheer thee, my darling, my darling, farewell.

*Siehst du das Vögelein?* (MORITZ.)

MARY, the little birds build in the tree ;  
 when wilt thou marry me? soon let it be.  
 cowslips are budding in meadow and grove ;  
 hark how the nightingale carols its love !  
 on the glad morning I'll haste to the hill,  
 there with fresh flowerets my basket I'll fill ;  
 then to thy cottage returning with pride,  
 crown thee with garlands and claim thee my bride.

*Trocknet nicht.* (BEETHOVEN.)

DRY them not, dry them not,  
 tears of unchangeable love.  
 alas, to eyes that see through half-dried tears  
 how dark, how dismal this sad world appears !  
 dry them not, dry them not,  
 tears of unfortunate love.

*From* GOETHE.

*Ich denke dein.* (ARENDR.)

I THINK of thee when in the grove  
 the nightingale is warbling love ;  
     when dost thou think of me ?  
 I think of thee beside the rill  
 while evening fades behind the hill :  
     where dost thou think of me ?  
 I think of thee with silent pain,  
 with gushing tears, and longings vain :  
     how dost thou think of me ?  
 I think of thee, till pitying time  
 unite us in that happier clime :  
     of thee alone I think,  
     I ever think of thee.

*Der Fischer.* (MORITZ.)

THE fisher launch'd his boatie,  
     the fisher left the beach,  
 wide gazed he o'er the ocean  
     as far as eye could reach.  
 'and all is mine, the waters  
     of this expanded plain,  
 the smiling heaven above me  
     that bends to kiss the main.'  
 his heart swell'd high within him,  
     his nets he fondly scann'd :  
 the idle rudder glided  
     forgotten from his hand.  
 down swept upon the billow  
     a squall with sudden roar :  
 the fisher and his boatie  
     they sank to rise no more.

*Des Mädgleins Schmuck.* (SCHMIDT.)

A FLOWER at her breast, in her hair a spray,  
the maiden she dances so light and gay.

a flower at her breast, in her hair a spray,  
the maiden she wends to the church her way.

a flower at her breast, in her hair a spray,  
the maiden she trips on her wedding-day.

a flower at her breast, in her hair a spray,  
the maiden is borne to the churchyard away.

*Ueber Nacht.* (HERMANN.)

HATH the storm swept thee away?  
rich was thy bloom yesterday,

o rose :

must it so swiftly decay?  
hath the storm swept thee away?

hath the storm swept thee away?  
bright was thy smile yesterday,

o friend :

could'st thou no longer be gay?  
hath the storm swept thee away?

hath the storm swept thee away?  
sweet were thy lips yesterday,

o love :

now they are colder than clay :  
hath the storm swept thee away?

*Wunsch.* (OTTO.)

AH, could I dare, thou cruel fair,  
 to tell thee all my tale,  
 why sleep has left my eyelids,  
 and why my cheek is pale!  
 in vain I try thy charms to fly;  
 they draw me back again;  
 I feel myself a captive,  
 yet still I love my chain.

*Black and Blue.*

LOVE if thou wilt (no rivals we)  
 the full black eye of dazzling splendour;  
 more dear to me, more pleased I see  
 the eye of blue so soft and tender.  
 black eyes are beautiful, 'tis true,  
 but lovelier are the eyes of blue.

the black eye to the suitor train  
 says, 'love me, I command you, duly :'  
 the blue eye speaks in gentler strain,  
 'love me, and I will love you truly.'  
 black eyes are beautiful, 'tis true,  
 but lovelier are the eyes of blue.

sharp words the other day arose  
 'which colour was more captivating ;'  
 from words we nearly came to blows,  
 till Cupid ended our debating :  
 'the eyes you love, or black or blue,  
 are ever of the loveliest hue.'

*From the French.*

*Cassandra.*

JOY was in the Trojan nation,  
 ere the lofty fortress fell ;  
 choral hymns of gratulation  
 woke the golden-thrilling shell.  
 every hand, fatigued with slaughter,  
 pauses from the tearful fray ;  
 for king Priam's lovely daughter  
 great Pelides weds to-day.

laurelled crowds in wild emotion  
 seek the temples; wave on wave  
 ever flows the human ocean  
 to the Thymbrian Prophet's nave :  
 swift the Bacchanalian gladness  
 through the roaring street rolls on ;  
 and forsaken in its sadness  
 is one mournful heart alone.

'mid the joyful joyless only,  
 silently Cassandra strayed,  
 unaccompanied all and lonely,  
 in Apollo's laurel shade.  
 to the forest's deep recesses  
 did the prophetess retreat,  
 tore the fillets from her tresses,  
 flung them wrathful at her feet.

'every eye with joy is brightening,  
 every bosom laughs at care ;  
 hope my parents' age is lightening,  
 garlands deck my sister's hair.

I alone must pine in sorrow ;  
 sweet illusions fly from me :  
 hurrying to a fatal morrow  
 wingèd Ruin now I see.

lo, a fiery torch is gleaming,  
 gleaming not in Hymen's hand :  
 to the skies I see it streaming,  
 streaming not like altar-brand :  
 all is festive preparation ;  
 yet e'en now my boding ear  
 notes the tramp of Desolation,  
 knows the fell Destroyer near.

of my weeping they are weary,  
 and they mock my bitter smart ;  
 into deserts lone and dreary  
 must I bear my tortured heart ;  
 by the happy still forsaken,  
 by the mirthful made a jest ;—  
 dire the vengeance thou hast taken,  
 god of the relentless breast !

handmaid of thy inspiration  
 wherefore didst thou leave me here  
 in the ever sightless nation,  
 me the all-discerning seer ?  
 what no human arm can parry,  
 why disclose to human eye ?  
 the predestined will not tarry,  
 the foreboded must draw nigh.

why uplift the veil, where terror  
 glowers with threatening eye beneath ?  
 life is only found in error,  
 and in knowledge only death.



hide, ah hide the sight so tearful,  
 hide the bloody scene from me:  
 unto mortal heart how fearful  
 vessel of thy truth to be!

give me back my careless folly,  
 blind delight once more be mine!  
 only songs of melancholy  
 sing I, now my voice is thine.  
 thou didst give me the Hereafter,  
 doom'd to lose the Present Hour,  
 lose the Moment's happy laughter:—  
 take it back, thy treacherous dower.

never bridal wreath has crown'd me.  
 fragrant flowers I never twine,  
 since the dismal altar bound me  
 to the service of thy shrine.  
 'twas my lot in tears to languish,  
 only pain in youth to know,  
 thrilling with my country's anguish,  
 heartstruck by each kindred blow.

all around me, garland-laden,  
 smiling playmates live and love,  
 happy youth and happy maiden;  
 I alone unhappy rove:  
 not to me with joys surrounded  
 spring returns to deck the fields:—  
 who the depths of life have sounded,  
 life to them no gladness yields.

ah, how blest my sister seemeth  
 in her reeling fancy's bliss:  
 of the wedding feast she dreameth,  
 of the bravest Argive's kiss.

high her breast with rapture swelling  
scarce conceives its glorious lot:  
lords of yon celestial dwelling,  
you the dreamer envieth not.

I too love; my heart hath won me  
to approve its secret choice:  
ardent eyes have gazed upon me,  
eyes more eloquent than voice.  
in some quiet home how brightly  
would the sun upon us rise:—  
but a Stygian shadow nightly  
hides the loved one from my eyes.

all her pallid spectres sendeth  
dark Proserpina to me;  
and a ghostly train attendeth  
on my steps, where'er I flee.  
every scene of youthful pleasance  
phantoms from the gloomy shore  
startle with their horrid presence:—  
mirthful can I be no more.

gleams the murderous steel before me;  
and the murderous eyeballs glare:  
darkness drops its mantle o'er me,  
but the horror still is there.  
knowing, seeing, unretreating,  
unresisting I must stand,  
and my destiny completing  
perish in the stranger's land.' .

scarce her sad complaint was over—  
shrieks were heard and tidings dread,  
that Polyxene's plighted lover,  
Peleus' hero son, lay dead.

Eris shakes her viper tresses :  
 every frightened god is gone :  
 thunder-clouds in lurid masses  
 slowly sink o'er Ilium.

*From* SCHILLER.

*Maienblümlein.* (WEBER.)

FLOWERETS of May so bright,  
 welcome to life and light,  
     timidly dawning  
     every May morning ;  
 flowers of the garden are many ;  
 these are the brightest of any.

flowerets of May so sweet,  
 springing beneath my feet,  
     hues ever blending,  
     scents ever spending ;  
 flowers of the meadow are many ;  
 these are the sweetest of any.

flowerets of May so young,  
 peeping the glades among,  
     soon ye'll be older,  
     brighter and bolder ;  
 flowers of the woodland are many ;  
 these are the youngest of any.

flowerets of sunny May,  
 I'm come to cull ye to-day ;  
     then with sweets laden  
     haste to my maiden :  
 maids of the village are many,  
 mine is the loveliest of any.

*Es singt ein Vöglein.* (LUISE REICHARDT.)

A BIRD is singing loud and clear,  
 'come here, come here.'

O happy bird, had I wings to fly,  
 I would soar with thee through the deep blue sky,  
 or roam o'er the hill, or skim the stream,  
 and dry my wings in the sunny beam:  
 the earth is small, the heaven is wide,  
 the earth has woes and little beside,  
 in the heaven alone true joys abide.

away and away the bird hath flown  
 and fills the air with its joyous tone,  
 'up high, come fly with me.'  
 soar, blessèd bird, to the bright blue sky;  
 I sit on the bank and longing sigh  
 up high to fly with thee.

*Lied der Liebe.* (NAUENBURG.)

O'ER pine-covered mountain, by willow-clad rill,  
 thy image, dear angel, attendeth me still;  
 and oftentimes sadly, and cheerily oft,  
 it shines in the moonlight so smiling and soft.

I hear from the hollow, I hear from the height,  
 like solemn sphere-music, thy name of delight:  
 the breezes that float o'er the haunt of the bee  
 seem fraught with thy spirit, seem echoes of thee.

enjoyment is fleeting, and pain disappears,  
 with time's rapid current flow onward the years;  
 suns wane, earth must shrivel, and ocean be dried:  
 but Love shall for ever and ever abide.

*From* MATTHISSON.

*The Blissful Lot.* (HAYDN.)

A LITTLE cot beside a beechen bower,  
 a sunny window sweet with many a flower,  
 the linnet's song below, the lark's above,  
 a little table spread by hands I love,  
 a little meadow free from tax and tithes,  
 a neighbouring kirk, a preacher sage and blithe,  
 a climate pure, a constitution good,  
 a labour-loving frame, a cheerful mood,  
 O blissful lot! dear friend, dost envy me?  
 were mine that lot, I'd share it all with thee.

*Klage.* (SCHREIBER.)

STILL is the night,  
 with tender light  
     the starry host is shining;  
 afar I rove  
 from those I love  
     in lonely sorrow pining.  
 where can I rest  
 on one fond breast?  
     what eye will share my weeping?  
 who with me walk  
 and sweetly talk  
     when all the world is sleeping?  
 no cheering sound,  
 no music round  
     save thine, sad echo, ringeth:  
 I seek in vain  
 a dearer strain,  
     the song that friendship singeth.

*Meine Wünsche.* (MOZART.)

O FAIN would I the emperor be!  
     the emperor be!  
 its spoils the Orient should deliver,  
 and Mussulmans should quake and quiver,  
 Constantinople bow the knee;  
 o fain would I the emperor be!

o fain would I the emperor be!  
     the emperor be!  
 Athens should rise again to glory,  
 and Rome be famed in later story;  
 old days should be revived in me;  
 o fain would I the emperor be!

o fain would I the emperor be!  
     the emperor be!  
 my bards with emulative duty  
 should sing the praise of love and beauty:  
 a golden age the world should see;  
 o fain would I the emperor be!

*True Love.* (WEBER.)

NO true bliss except in true love!  
 voices in the bosom mutter,  
 rolling stars the old song utter,  
 ever old, and ever new, love,  
 no true bliss except in true love.

no true bliss except in true love;  
 in the breeze the blind man feels it;  
 every breathing flower reveals it:  
 written in the clouds we view, love,  
 no true bliss except in true love.

*Das Lösegeld.* (LUISE REICHARDT.)

HARK! from yonder myrtle-tree,  
 all with silken fetters laden  
 moans a young and lovely maiden,  
 who would fain releasèd be.  
 heedless of the maiden's cry,  
 strays a merry stripling by.

pleads the maiden plaintively:  
 set me free, fair youth, I pray thee,  
 noble guerdon shall repay thee:  
 faithful friend I'll prove to thee.  
 carelessly the stripling said  
 'friends I have already, maid.'

pleads the maiden tearfully:  
 'set me free, kind youth, I pray thee,  
 pious guerdon shall repay thee;  
 sister kind I'll prove to thee.'  
 spake the youth in colder tone,  
 'maid, I've sisters of my own.'

pleads the maiden tenderly:  
 'set me free, dear youth, I pray thee;  
 sweetest guerdon shall repay thee;  
 true-love fond I'll prove to thee.'  
 sprang the youth and sang for glee,  
 kissed the maid and set her free.

*Aus der Ferne.* (OTTO.)

IN silent bower  
 at twilight hour,  
 when the west faintly flushes  
 with evening's last blushes,

I think of thee.

at moonlight hour  
 in greenwood bower,  
 when owls are too-whooping,  
 and ring-doves are cooing,

I think of thee.

full many an hour  
 in that lone bower,  
 I sit fondly scheming  
 and musing and dreaming  
 of only thee.

*An Chloc.* (MOZART.)

WHEN thine eyes of purest azure,  
 beautiful in their unrest,  
 soft with love or bright with pleasure,  
 melt by turns and thrill my breast;  
 when thy coyly drooping tresses  
 fan thy lover's ardent cheek,  
 and thy flushing brow confesses  
 all thy lips refuse to speak;  
 when, o Jeanie mine, I hold thee  
 to my fond and faithful heart,  
 and the arms which thus enfold thee  
 fain would never let thee part;  
 misty shadows o'er me creeping  
 call me from thy dear caress,  
 and I sit beside thee weeping,  
 fraught with too much happiness.



*An mein Schiffein.* (NEUKOMM.)

WAFT me, bark, with easy motion  
 lightly o'er the level ocean ;  
 where the silver wave is sleeping,  
 swanlike o'er the water sweeping.  
 waft me, bark, with easy motion  
 lightly o'er the level ocean.

in the moonlight moist and tender,  
 in the starlight's golden splendour,  
 sweet to me the rocking pillow  
 of the cool and buoyant billow.  
 waft me, bark, with easy motion  
 lightly o'er the level ocean.

let the distant battle rumble,  
 nations sink and empires crumble ;  
 far from tumult, far from slaughter,  
 still be mine the cradling water.  
 waft me, bark, with easy motion  
 lightly o'er the level ocean.

so may I delighted ever  
 float on life's untroubled river,  
 every thought of care and sorrow  
 leaving to a distant morrow.  
 waft me, bark, with easy motion  
 lightly o'er the level ocean.

*Spring.* (SCHULTZ.)

SPRING remains not ever, maiden,  
 spring remains not ever ;  
 let not cheating time betray you ;  
 let not smiling youth deceive you ;  
 time and youth entwine their garlands  
 from the tender flowers.

spring remains not ever, maiden,  
 spring remains not ever ;  
 lo, the flying years desert us,  
 then with wings of rushing fleetness,  
 harpy-like, return to ravish  
 life's delicious banquet.

spring remains not ever, maiden,  
 spring remains not ever ;  
 while you dream that life's alarum  
 wakes you still with morning music,  
 'tis the evening bell that warns you  
 life's sweet light is fading.

spring remains not ever, maiden,  
 spring remains not ever ;  
 seize delight while yet it lingers ;  
 love, while there is one to love you ;  
 soon, alas, your golden ringlets  
 age will turn to silver.

*From the Spanish.*

*Lullaby.*

SLEEP in soft repose,  
 little eyelids close ;  
 listen to the rain-drip's sound,  
 listen to the barking hound,  
 hound that bit the neighbour yonder,  
 tore the beggar's cloak asunder :  
 beggar ran without his brose ;  
 sleep, sleep, sleep in soft repose.

sleep, my darling child,  
 winds are rumbling wild.  
 little hare she cocks her ear  
 in the wavy corn for fear :  
 huntsman, horn and dogs are yelling ;  
 puss must leave her grassy dwelling ;  
 puss must fly o'er heath and wild ;  
 sleep, sleep, sleep, my darling child.

sleep, dear rosy cheek,  
 you have nought to seek :  
 pigeon over dale and mead  
 flies to gather grains of seed :  
 nestlings cold and starved are saying  
 ' why so long is mammy staying ?'  
 mammy stays to fill her beak :  
 sleep, sleep, sleep, dear rosy cheek.

sleep, little child, 'tis late ;  
 beggar leaves the gate ;  
 pussy sleeps till early morn  
 crouching in the wavy corn ;  
 pigeon, now no more a rover,  
 settles down her nestlings over ;  
 all things slumber, small and great,  
 sleep, sleep, sleep, my child, 'tis late.

*Ungeduld.* (OTTO.)

FAIN would I write it on each stately tree,  
 engraved on every stone the words should be,  
 each growing parterre eloquent should rise,  
 and cresses tell the tale to passing eyes ;  
 each blade and leaf the message should deliver :  
 ' my heart is thine, and shall be thine for ever.'

would it were borne upon the morning wind,  
 or in the rushing rain a tongue could find !  
 would that each glittering flower the tale might bear,  
 and waft it with its odour through the air !  
 heralds of love, this fond assurance give her,  
 ' my heart is thine, and shall be thine for ever.'

methought she saw it in my trembling eyes :  
 methought she heard it in my stifled sighs :  
 methought 'twas written on my burning cheek :  
 methought the silence of my lips would speak :  
 she sees, but heeds not, foolish self-deceiver ;  
 yet hers my heart, and will be hers for ever.

*Holde Liebe.* (EISENHOFER.)

GENTLE Love, thy fount of gladness  
 pours an everlasting stream ;  
 every cloud of gloomy sadness  
 flies before thy sacred beam.  
 all in mighty space that rove  
 so freely, so joyfully,  
 all within the breast that moveth,  
 motion takes from thee.  
 everything on earth that springeth,  
 every voice in air that ringeth,  
 boundless ocean singeth  
 one loud song to thee.

*Der arme Max.* (WERNER.)

MAX sat alone by the sea,  
 his heart rent with deep agony,  
 to dirges of wild swans replying ;  
     Amalie ! Amalie !  
 sad echo sigh'd back from the sea.

Max cried aloud to the sea :  
 pale, pale as a snowdrift was he.  
 hot tears in his eyeballs were drying :  
     Amalie ! Amalie !  
 all hollowly mutter'd the sea.

' I come, o murmuring sea,  
 I seek quiet comfort in thee,  
 from earth's cruel enmity flying ;  
     Amalie ! Amalie !'  
 the name died away on the sea.

who walks so late by the sea ?  
 and wails ' woe is me, woe is me ' ?  
 fair lost one, for whom art thou crying ?  
     Amalie ! Amalie !  
 seek Max in the dark-rolling sea.

*From FALK.*

*Nicht zur Erde.* (AMBROSCH.)

WORLDLY treasures may deceive thee,  
 earthly cares thy soul oppress ;  
 fickle fortune's change may leave thee  
 reft of hope and comfortless.  
 then from this cold earth retreating,  
 let thy spirit soar on high :  
 all things here are vain and fleeting :  
 plume thy pinions, mount the sky.

*The Ideal and the Real.*

I LAID me idly beside the stream,  
 and scanned the water in musing dream ;  
 beneath were lilies so fair to see :  
 how sweet to live in the wave would be !

I looked to heaven : the thin clouds strayed,  
 half shadowy splendour, half sunny shade ;  
 they chased each other so merrily :  
 how sweet must life in the blue sky be !

he stood before me a shape of light ;  
 scarce dared I look in his eyes so bright,  
 so bright and tender and bent on me :  
 how sweet to live on this earth might be !

*Der Leuchthurm. (SEIDEL.)*

THE Lighthouse with its friendly glare  
 peers o'er the raging sea :  
 dark storm is gathering in the air ;  
 seaman, of rock and reef beware ;  
 here shines security.

so Mercy listens from the strand  
 to life's tempestuous roar :  
 ' here shines the heavenly signal-brand ;  
 here, seaman, is the quiet land.'  
 few seek that happy shore.

*Der Wirthin Töchterlein.* (LOEWE.)

THREE travellers rose with morning light,  
 and came to an inn ere fall of night.  
 'hast wine, good landlady, strong and clear,  
 and is not thy fair young daughter here?'  
 'my wine,' she said, 'is strong and clear:  
 my daughter she lies on her early bier.'  
 then drew they nigh to the chamber of death;  
 and stood by the pall with stifled breath.  
 the first he lifted the sable hood,  
 and gazed on the dead in sorrowing mood:  
 'ah, had'st thou been living, dear maid, to-day,  
 I had vowed to love thee, and love for aye.'  
 the second he dropt the lifted shroud,  
 and turn'd him away and wept aloud:  
 'woe's me, that I see thee on thy bier!  
 I have loved thee fondly for many a year.'  
 the third he lifted once more the veil,  
 and kiss'd the maid on her cheek so pale:  
 'I love thee still, as I loved of yore,  
 and I vow to love thee for evermore.'

*From* UHLAND.

*Trust in the Lord.*

'SHALL the powers of evil rule for ever?  
 shall the shades of darkness vanish never?'  
 behold the wondrous star of Love arise:  
     'trust in the Lord:  
 He is thy rock: his mighty Word supplies  
     thy shield and sword.'

*Das Veilchen.*

A VIOLET fed with morning dew  
 content in modest sweetness grew;  
     it was a gentle violet:  
 with lightsome step and laughing eye  
 a lovely shepherdess came by  
 and sang her song right merrily  
     beside the charmèd violet.

‘ah,’ thought the violet, ‘would I were  
 of Nature’s train the fairest fair,  
     and not a humble violet;  
 so might I be thy choice, and press’d,  
 all dewy sweetness, to thy breast,  
 and so for one short day be blest.’  
     alas, the lovelorn violet!

o woe the while! the careless maid,  
 she stept within the woodland shade,  
     and crush’d the hapless violet:  
 it sank and died, and ‘oh, how sweet,’  
 in death it sigh’d, ‘my death to meet  
 from thee, at thy belovèd feet!’  
     it was a tender violet.

*From* GOETHE.

*O legt mich nicht, &c.*

O LAY me not in sullen tomb;  
 not under the damp earth’s silent gloom  
     let my cold form be laid;  
 o lay me in some mossy shade:  
 in moss and flowers o let me lie,  
 where flute-notes sweet at distance die,  
     and clouds of early spring  
 their fairy shadows o’er me fling.

*From* UHLAND.



*Secrecy.* (KELLER.)

IN silence hoard your secret joy,  
whose love is smooth and fair;  
for envy watches to destroy  
the bliss it cannot share.

the lover's tongue with easy art,  
the lover's careless eye,  
must hide the treasure of his heart  
from wakeful jealousy.

so, though my love unrivall'd be,  
her name I will not tell,  
though soft her smile as witchery,  
I boast not of its spell;

for if I said how bright and young  
her maiden loveliness,  
how rich her voice, how sweet her song,  
her name you'd surely guess.

no, no! one trace I will not tell  
by which she may be known;  
for, while I guard the secret well,  
the bliss is all my own.

*Hoffnung.*

MEN talk and men dream, as seasons roll,  
 of happier days arriving,  
 and towards some fortunate golden goal  
 they are ever pushing and striving.  
 the world it grows old and again grows young ;  
 yet still to the better men's hopes have clung.  
 with hope man enters this world of woe,  
 hope is boyhood's charm and glory,  
 she inspires the youth with her magic glow,  
 nor is she entombed with the hoary :  
 though the grave be his tedious journey's scope,  
 yet still on its brink he planteth hope.  
 hope is not an empty fluttering cloud,  
 nor did the fool's brain beget her :  
 she speaks from the heart, and she calls aloud,  
 'we are born for better and better.'  
 and that which the inward voice doth say  
 is the hopeful spirit's surest stay.

*From* SCHILLER.

*Urania.*

GOD ! o God ! I seek Thee erringly.—  
 far, o far in yon blue-vaulted heaven  
 where thy temple is, I seek thy track :  
 there I seek hope, comfort, rest, till driven  
 weeping to the arms of Nature back.  
 to the stars my lonely sorrow cryeth,  
 and I utter many a sobbing 'why?'  
 not an echoing voice to mine replyeth ;  
 all is still, and mute the midnight's sigh.

*From* TIEDGE.

*Sympathie.* (HAYDN.)

I LOVE thee : words were weak to tell  
 the might of thy resistless spell :  
 a sweeter bliss than life would be  
 to lay down life for thee.

mine eye reflects the light of thine,  
 as wave-reflected sunbeams shine :  
 thy smile elates, thy looks control,  
 thy song enchants my soul.

thy grasp is ecstasy, thy kiss  
 a visit from the land of bliss ;  
 my very being seems to be  
 enwrapt, entranc'd by thee.

the tears, as o'er thy cheek they roll,  
 wake all the music of my soul :  
 my heart expanding springs to thine,  
 and makes thy being mine.

ah ! life without thee coldly glooms,  
 but round thee spring unfading blooms ;  
 thou art the pole-star of my way,  
 the sunlight of my day.

by care opprest or wild alarms,  
 I fly for refuge to thy arms :  
 for there I find an ark of rest,  
 thy fond and faithful breast.

let fortune vex me with her wrath,  
 or strew with roses all my path ;  
 whatever lot on earth be given,  
 with thee 'tis almost heaven.

together may we dwell in peace,  
 and, when our sojourn here shall cease,  
 together travel, hand in hand,  
 unto the better land.

*The Rose-tree.* (LORENZ.)

A CHILD sleeps under the rose-tree's shade,  
 while May-gales whisper their serenade ;  
 so glad the smiles o'er her face that gleam,  
 she plays with angels in holy dream.  
                   the years glide onward.

a maiden stands in the rose-tree's shade,  
 her ringlets twined with a summer braid ;  
 new thoughts, new feelings, new hopes arise,  
 revealed in her softly eloquent eyes.  
                   the years glide onward.

a mother stands in the rose-tree's shade ;  
 sad hues of autumn invest the glade.  
 her thoughts are all of the buried years,  
 her eyes are swimming in mournful tears.  
                   the years glide onward.

the-rose-tree stands, but without its shade,  
 all winter-stricken and disarray'd :  
 its flowery odour, its leafy bloom,  
 have faded over a lonely tomb.  
                   the years glide onward.

*From* FERRAND.

*Warning.*

O LOVE, while love is in thy pow'r ;  
 o love, till love must fall asleep ;  
 there comes an hour, there comes an hour  
 to stand beside a grave, and weep.

the heart that loves thee to retain  
 do all a loving heart can do ;  
 and every moment make it fain,  
 and not a moment make it rue.

keep warm thy heart, lest love depart  
 and leave thee loveless, cold, alone,—  
 warm, while there glows another heart  
 with warmth responsive to thine own.

and guard it well, o guard thy tongue :  
 a bitter word is light to say :—  
 'o God! it was not meant in wrong :—  
 yet ah! 'twas keen enough to slay.

and now beneath the churchyard tree  
 lowly thou liest at evening's fall,  
 with wild wet gazing eyes, that see  
 the dank deep grass—and that is all.

'look down, look down on my distress ;  
 forgive, forgive my erring tongue :  
 look down,' you cry, 'forgive and bless ;  
 o God! I meant no cureless wrong.'

none sees, none hears, none hastens now,  
 as once, to nestle by thy side :  
 those loving lips are mute :—yet know  
 they blest and pardoned ere they died.

they blest and pardoned long ago,  
 while many an anguished tear was shed ;  
 and now from life-consuming woe  
 the rest is won, the flight is sped.

love all, while love is in your power ;  
 love all, till love must fall asleep :  
 there comes an hour, there comes an hour  
 to stand beside a grave, and weep.

*Allgemach.*

SLOWLY, slowly from the caves of night  
 steps the sun upon his path of light,  
 paling stars and red clouds upward flying  
 the great day-king's advent prophesying.

slowly, slowly to the waiting field  
 comes the spring in wavy mist concealed,  
 merry lark and merle and plover's crying  
 the sweet season's advent prophesying.

slowly, slowly nature's care again  
 robes the naked forest, hill and plain,  
 bursting buds and odorous breezes sighing  
 the rich summer's advent prophesying.

slowly, slowly from unconscious rest  
 love and joy wake in the suckling's breast,  
 laughing eyes to mother-eyes replying  
 the glad child-love's advent prophesying.

slowly, slowly nears its promised birth  
 heaven's mercy to the groaning earth,  
 whispers in the wide world born and dying  
 the Redeemer's Advent prophesying.

*From* KRUMMACHER.

*Morgenandacht im Freien.* (KREUTZER.)

O LORD, thy day is here :  
 I stand alone upon the fell,  
 and, save one distant sabbath bell,  
 'tis silence far and near.  
 alone I bend the knee.  
 o joyful awe, mysterious dream !  
 alone no more, for myriads seem  
 to kneel and pray with me.  
 o joyful awe, mysterious dream !  
 the blue sky far and near,  
 so solemn, beautiful, and bright,  
 it seems half opened to my sight :  
 o Lord, thy day is here.

*Gebet.*

FORSAKE me not : o Lord of all creation,  
 I turn me to thy holy habitation,  
 and trustfully to Thee commit my lot :  
 forsake me not.

Forsake me not : Thou knowest all my sorrows ;  
 from Thee my heart its light and comfort borrows :  
 at every season and in every spot,  
 forsake me not.

Forsake me not : support me, Lord and Father,  
 when round my path the shades of evening gather ;  
 when the stern archer aims his fatal shot,  
 forsake me not.

*From* HOHLFELDT.

*The Poet.*

WHOM once, Melpomene,  
 with placid eye thou sawest born,  
 him not the Isthmian toil,  
 a boxer, shall renown ; nor steed  
 unwearied carry forth  
 to victory in Achæan car.  
 nor, as the chief who quell'd  
 the swelling menaces of kings,  
 shall war's triumphal hour  
 exhibit to the Capitol,  
 with Delian leaves adorn'd ;  
 but streams that skirt rich Tivoli  
 and bowering woods shall form  
 to greatness in Aeolian song.  
 the sons of queenly Rome  
 me with the lovely poet-quire  
 approve to rank ; and now  
 the tooth of envy gnaws me less.  
 o thou that temperest  
 the golden shell's melodious din,  
 Pierian maid, o thou  
 that, if it be thy pleasure, canst  
 even on the voiceless fish  
 bestow the music of the swan,  
 all this is of thy gift,  
 that by the finger of the crowds  
 who pass I am design'd  
 the minstrel of the Roman lyre ;  
 that I am breathing still  
 and pleasing, if I please, is thine.

*From HOR. Od. IV. 3.*



*Horace's Choice.*

MAECENAS, scion of old royal ancestors,  
 o my safeguard alike and my sweet ornament,  
 with the car to amass dust of Olympia  
 some supremely delights, and, by the glowing wheels

shunn'd exactly, the goal, and the renowning palm.  
 lords of landed domains up to the gods are lift,  
 this one, if with acclaim Rome's fickle citizens  
 vow to bear him aloft through the three offices,

that one, if in his own barn he has harvested  
 all that's swept from the large Libyan threshing-floors.  
 one who loves with the hoe family fields to till  
 not with Attalus' hoard e'er can you turn aside,

in a Cyprian ship timidly voyaging,  
 through the perils to rush of the Myrtoan sea.  
 while the trader beholds billows Icarian  
 with the storm-wind at war, frighted he cries for ease

and his own country-town; soon fitting out again  
 his rent navy, to bear scantness unteachable.  
 mark who does not despise cups of old Massic wine,  
 nor from day's solid hours to cull a part for joy,

sometimes stretching his limbs'neath a green arbuté-tree,  
 sometimes at the well-head of a soft hallowed stream.  
 sweet to many the camp and the loud minglement  
 of the clarion and trump, and, what the mothers hate,

wild wars. lingering late under the chilly sky,  
of his delicate bride careless, the hunter stays,  
whether chance it a doe by his stanch hounds be view'd  
or a Marsian boar burst the tight-meshèd nets.

me the green ivy-wreath, prize of the scholar's brow,  
blends with godhead on high : me the cool forest shade  
and light choirs of the Nymphs with Satyr companies  
from the people remove, if nor the musical

flutes Euterpe restrain, nor Polyhymnia  
scorn the Lesbian lute, leaving it unattuned.  
but amongst lyric bards grant thou a place to me,  
with my high-soaring head then shall I strike the stars.

*From HOR. Od. I. I.*

*Farewell.*

THE happy weeks are past and gone :  
farewell to social glee !  
and, o young-eyed, young-hearted one,  
a sad farewell to thee !  
farewell ! but 'twere a bitter lot  
to know that I were all forgot  
by one whose natural light hath pow'r  
to brighten sorrow's darkest hour.  
I would be with thee when thy heart  
holds converse with itself apart :  
I would be with thee in thy pray'r,  
thy gentlest sympathies would share,  
such sympathies as angels feel  
with human woe and human weal,  
whene'er they bend their beaming eyes  
on man's unquiet destinies.

once more farewell! yet do not deem  
 the thought of thee can fly,  
 as flits, ere morn, a lovely dream  
 from memory's failing eye.  
 oft as I bend the lowly knee,  
 one earnest pray'r shall rise for thee.  
 bright be thy path on earth, and blest  
 with forecast of a brighter rest!  
 high hope be thine, and stedfast faith,  
 that, loving life, can smile on death!  
 and oh! where'er thy footsteps stray,  
 in all the trials of the way  
 still be thy guide his Providence,  
 his shielding arm thy strong defence,  
 thy trust his blessing from above  
 whose home is Heaven, whose name is Love!

1827.

*In Memoriam.*

O JANET, sweetest Janet, named from mine,  
 and at the Christian font her holy child,  
 where art thou now? that face so archly mild,  
 that fair young forehead, in whose every line  
 sat purity, that fairy frame of thine,  
 those clear soft eyes, those lips that gaily smiled  
 or tenderly, as mirth or love beguiled,  
 for angels now they weave their artless spell.  
 not by thine own pure life that bliss is won,  
 not by thy death of anguish: thou art gone  
 with thy true Saviour evermore to dwell.  
 O rapt in fire to Heaven, farewell, farewell,  
 good daughter, sister, friend, and, all in one,  
 good Christian, more beloved than words can tell.

*January, 1863.*



*In 1846 a little book of Enigmas by various contributors (with the title 'Christmas Confits') was printed in Shrewsbury for a charitable purpose, and reprinted in 1858, with additions, for a similar object. From the editor's contributions are selected the few which here follow. If their trifling character needs any apology beyond the title of the present volume, it may be found in the commendation given by Horace to the practice of Scipio and Laelius—'nugari et distincti ludere'—and in the following lines of Wordsworth, prefixed as a motto to the little book in question :*

I will have my careless season,  
spite of melancholy reason ;  
will walk through life in such a way  
that, when time brings on decay,  
now and then I may possess  
hours of perfect gladness :  
pleased by any random toy,  
or a Kitten's busy joy,  
or an Infant's laughing eye,  
sharing in the extacy.  
I would fare like that or this,  
find my wisdom in my bliss ;  
keep the sprightly soul awake,  
and have faculties to take,  
e'en from things by sorrow wrought,  
matter for a jocund thought,  
spite of care and spite of grief,  
to gambol with Life's falling leaf.

## (1)

MY *Whole* he saddled a mighty steed,  
 for he scorn'd my *First's* pacific breed.  
 his shield was brass (the device it bore  
 a podded tree in a field of or),  
 linen his corslet, his lance was steel,  
 and he rode to the war with fearful peal,  
 and charged at the head of his leagued band  
 against the chieftains of the land.  
 woe woe for the chieftains of the land !  
 in vain they made their desperate stand ;  
 in vain they bled, in vain they pray'd  
 their national champion's oft-tried aid :  
 from their side that royal monster crept,  
 and in my *Second* tamely slept.  
 hurrah for my *Whole* ! his fight is done,  
 his spurs are doff'd, his victory won :  
 and many there be that victory rue ;  
 and many prefer it to Waterloo.

1846.

## (2)

IN the hottest of the strife,  
     where fame with blood is bought,  
 young Julian waged his life ;—  
     'twas my *First* for which he fought.  
 from the hostile guns a shell  
     dealt destruction at his side,  
 and, before the hero fell,  
     'twas my *Second* that he cried.

now his gallant comrades all  
 sigh o'er valour's early grave,  
 and around my *Whole* recall  
 the memory of the brave.

## (3)

THE autumn months were nearly flown ;  
 green leaves were fading into brown ;  
 the rose was gone, and in its stead  
 my *First* displayed its cheerful red.  
 the heron rustled in the brake,  
 the wild duck brooded o'er the lake,  
 when rode my *Second* through the wood,  
 startling its leafy solitude ;  
 behind, a goodly company,  
 lady and knight of high degree,  
 with squire and page ; and grooms were seen  
 in liveries gay of gold and green.  
 but say, thus early from their sleep  
 in yon high castellated keep  
 to lake and river, glade and knoll,  
 what calls yon gallant train? my *Whole*.

## (4)

MY *First* drew nigh: o'er flood and fell  
 heavily swung the convent bell.  
 a bloody feast had death that day,  
 for not my *Second* was the fray,  
 but merciless its fatal strife  
 for power, for freedom, and for life.  
 outnumbered now, and sore bestead,  
 the chief his fainting remnant led

where, shelt'ring from the eastern gale,  
 four aged oaks o'erbrowed the dale,  
     and crowned a verdant knoll.  
 here long they stemmed the hostile tide,  
 and oft their children told with pride,  
 how England's barons bravely died  
     in thy rich vale, my *Whole*.

## (5)

'TWAS in the long-departed years  
 of 'Crecy red and fell Poitiers,'  
 when warrior prince and monarch sage  
 were glorified in Froissart's page,  
 and knights and dames enchanted hung  
 on learned Chaucer's tuneful tongue;—  
 with inkhorn and with book was seen  
 my *First* upon the village green :  
 before him all the rural crowd  
 with deep obeisance smiled and bowed :  
 to him they brought their daintiest cheer,  
 for him they tapped their oldest beer :  
 and yet the feelings of the heart  
 had in their welcome little part ;  
 behind his back they fiercely frowned,  
 and many a bitter gibe went round.  
 his errand was my *Next*, they knew,  
 and, as they were a sordid crew,  
 they held their passions in controul,  
 and thought it wise to be my *Whole*.



## (6)

HENRI de Guise uprose with speed,  
and mounted straight his gallant steed :  
he looked a prince whose word was law,  
and in his face my *First* I saw.

‘in vain I’ve raised my warlike powers :  
in vain the fields my army scours :  
my fame is lost,’ the Duke he cried,  
‘unless I tame my *Second’s* pride.’

joy to the valiant Balafre ;  
the tedious moons have waned away ;  
my *Second’s* won :—but ’twas not he,  
’twas my *Whole* achieved that victory.

## (7)

THE Premier ceased to speak ; and straight arose  
the bugbear of the House, Sir Boreas Prose :  
with whom arose my *First* : a noisy crowd  
dash’d through the door ; among them young Macleod.  
In a lazy mood from park to park he stroll’d,  
but sudden started, as my *Second* roll’d.  
Too late ! my luckless stars ! why what’s to-day ?  
By Jove, I’m pledged to Lady Doodle’s thé :  
I’m cap’d from yonder bore’s Charybdean jaw,  
I hold me in the grasp of Scylla’s paw :  
O ah ! that house, that hostess, every soul  
that meets there, cards, talk, music, are—my *Whole*.’

(8)

A TALL and portly man was Hugh,  
 and, though my *First*, good-looking too ;  
 stanch to his friends and liberal reckoned,  
 and faithfully to me my *Second*.  
 poor Hugh! he had an ugly fall  
 down stairs upon his marble hall.  
 the doleful news I heard, and straight  
 I hurried forth to Grosvenor Gate.  
 his surgeon met me by the way :—  
 ‘ is he much hurt? Sir Cæsar, say.’  
 he pressed my hand, he shook his head ;  
 my *Whole* was all Sir Cæsar said.

(9)

BESIDE my *First's* expanding wave  
 the master struggles with the slave  
 no more : its rolling water sees  
 my *Second's* rising energies.  
 yes! Hope and Freedom—both are there :  
 this does not die, nor that despair.—  
 but ah! my hapless *Whole*, for thee  
 what hope, what chance of liberty?  
 thy last brave battlefield is o'er,  
 thy ancient banner floats no more ;  
 all pointless now thy warrior's steel,  
 thy statesmen fled, or left to feel  
 the vengeance of a ruthless foe,—  
 the scaffold, or Siberia's snow.

(10)

WHAT food shall sate thee, craving *First*?  
 what draught allay thy fevered thirst?  
 my *Second* lost what now we meet  
 by scores each day in Oxford Street,  
 and set a weary search on foot  
 for what we'd give—with thanks to boot.  
 a list of court or wedding dresses,  
 the fair Matilda's Saxon tresses,  
 the sermons that a Cantwell preaches,  
 Sir Goosy Goosy Gander's speeches,  
 rice gruel, arrowroot, and sago,  
 the diet of thy sage, Tobago,  
 with tapioca, vermicelli,  
 and chicken broth, and calf's foot jelly—  
 all these, and yet a longer roll  
 than I remember—are my *Whole*.

(11)

MY *First* impedes the brilliant lord of day;  
 cannon and sabre own my *Second's* sway;  
 their force united in my *Whole* we find  
 to cloud the judgment, and corrode the mind.

(12)

DEAR friend, whatever is my *First*  
 may chance to be the best or worst:  
 yet though 'twere eminently good,  
 'twould seldom please the multitude;  
 envy and prejudice are vext,  
 and rend it with my cruel *Next*;  
 and then the vulgar (by a word  
 the vulgar always are my *Third*)  
 blame, though they do not understand it,  
 and as my *Whole* unfairly brand it.

(13)

PAUSE, landlords, legislators, pause  
 and ponder well ere you decide  
 to take away from streams or laws  
 my *First*, when by my *Second* tried,  
 lest countries under your controul  
 should long deplore my grievous *Whole*.

(14)

WHERE my tall *First* o'erhangs the vale,  
 on festal eves my *Second* meet,  
 drain from my *Whole* the nutbrown ale,  
 and while the time in converse sweet.

(15)

THY cheek, Belinda, could I see  
 bright with my *First*, and bright for me,  
 betokening that I am not quite  
 vile as my *Second* in thy sight,—  
 'twould bring me to thy side from where  
 I lie in darkness and despair,—  
 a ray of hope, a gladdening call,  
 like the soft lovelight of my *All*.

(16)

DEAR object of my fondest vow,  
 I'll whisper thee my *First*: 'tis thou.  
 I love thee, and should ever love,  
 nor shifting as my *Second* prove,  
 but true as needle to the pole,  
 e'en though my years could reach my *Whole*.

(17)

IN peace rich-laden with the autumn's spoils  
 my *First* o'er many of my *Second* toils :  
 but when the torch of discord fires the land,  
 the furious soldier takes my *Whole* in hand.

(18)

FROM my *First's* red field he rode,  
 bent to his saddle-bow ;  
 for, heavy as my *Next*, a load  
 of care was on his brow.  
 black as my *Third* his frown :  
 my *Whole* at heart he curst,  
 and when at length he reach'd the town,  
 his stifled anguish burst :  
 a malison on thee,  
 thou scene of blood and woe !  
 the base exult in victory,  
 the noble hearts lie low.  
 ay, curses on thy name  
 unto my latest breath !  
 we sought in thee revenge and fame,  
 we found defeat and death.

(19)

NOUGHT of my *First*, said Caroline,  
 within his gentle bosom be,  
 with liberal heart may he combine  
 my *Second's* patient industry ;  
 ay, may he be my *Whole* indeed,  
 in best and truest sense my *Whole*,  
 whose worth shall win that priceless meed.  
 a Christian maid's devoted soul.

(20)

MARGARET, I've made a new charade,  
 and now you must be very wise ;  
 my *First* to see is sometimes hard,  
 although not far above our eyes :  
 but, could you read the secret heart,  
 you'd see your image in my soul,  
 engraven there till life shall part,  
 or till my *Second* bring my *Whole*.

(21)

O'ER my *First's* wide water  
 to her true-love beckoned  
 Marquis Este's daughter  
 (Este was my *Second*).  
 from my *Whole* swift she stole,  
 as a boat came over :  
 down the tide now they glide,  
 Laura and her lover.

(22)

My *First* is flighty and unstable :  
 so is my *Next*, cries many a lover :  
 philosophers, my *Whole* is able  
 your long-lost treasure to recover,  
 if truth, as ancient fables tell,  
 lies at the bottom of a well.

(23)

OF bashful mien, though not my *First*,  
 Gertrude, in simple habits nurs'd,  
 my *Second's* brightest bloom outvies,  
 unconscious of her witcheries.  
 and lo! beneath yon old oak-tree  
 the emblem of her worth I see,  
 my *Whole*, the graceful type of maiden modesty.

(24)

'TIS the stag lies weltering in his blood;  
 I hear my *First* in the deep greenwood.  
 'tis the knight to mortal combat bound;  
 I see my *Next* in his morion wound.  
 'tis the lawyer comes from the thriftless hall:  
 in his doublet's folds he has tied my *All*.

(25)

'T WAS my *First* that called: Lord Aymer sped  
 from his ancient keep of Eagleshead;  
 but the aged baron's parting hour  
 was spent in the Lady Gertrude's bower;  
 and he gave in solemn charge, 'tis said,  
 a secret to the fair young maid.  
 in my *Second's* guard that secret lay;  
 but if fifty moons should pass away,  
 and the Lord to his halls return no more,  
 the lingering hours would then be o'er,  
 and the Lady of Eagleshead alone  
 might claim the secret as her own.

the lingering moons at length are o'er ;  
 the Lord in his halls is seen no more :  
 and the Lady of Eagleshead alone  
 hath claimed the secret as her own.  
 a change o'er Gertrude's spirit past,  
 her cheek was wan, and her brow o'ercast :  
 many a nightly tear she wept,  
 many a dismal vigil kept,  
 many a lonely prayer she prayed,  
 and beads oft told and aves said :  
 on her poor young heart the weight there fell  
 of a mystery unrevealable.

twice in the year, at dead midnight,  
 when the pale thin moon withdrew her light,  
 and the stormy equinoctial breeze  
 drearily swept through the black yew trees,  
 the Lady, far from human ken,  
 wandered alone in the Eagle's glen.  
 what flitted there through the black yew trees,  
 what voices rode on the stormy breeze,  
 none other saw, none other heard,  
 and the Lady Gertrude spoke no word :  
 but sad were the looks and still the tread  
 of the vassal train in Eagleshead,  
 and from lip to lip a whisper stole,—  
 in that glen the Lady met—my *Whole*.

(26)

THE centre of a courtly ring,  
 see on his throne my *First* the king !  
 'my soul,' he said, 'is sick : I'll try  
 the soothing skill of poesy :  
 bring here the bard !' The bard was brought :—  
 awhile he stood in silent thought,



then kindling into sudden flame,  
 the words of inspiration came ;  
 and this the lay to court and king  
 that prophet minstrel dared to sing :—

‘Weary head and aching eye  
 sank to slumber heavily :  
 but the mind could not be still,  
 wayward Thought would have her will,  
 and within the heated brain  
 swiftly sang a thrilling strain.—  
 ‘let thy sleeping sense appear,  
 word-embodied, to the ear :  
 let the Better be thy theme,  
 and depict in lively dream  
 things that might be, were the Wrong  
 weaker, or the Right more strong :  
 thou shalt speak a truer spell  
 than Dodona’s oracle.’—

*If the seeming were the real,  
 life the poet’s pure ideal ;  
 if no hollow words were spoken,  
 if no honied vows were broken ;  
 if the faithful eye’s revealing  
 told the gentle spirit’s feeling,  
 and on eyes that look not kindness  
 fell the penal curse of blindness ;  
 if the short-sight were but lengthened,  
 if the weak-sight were but strengthened,  
 if the squint-eyed rightly saw,  
 if the true and just were law ;  
 if to straighten crooked things  
 were the joy and strength of kings ;  
 if desert were still rewarded ;  
 wealth and favour unregarded ;*

*if the good were o'er the great,  
 Right o'er Might, and Love o'er Hate,—  
 then were Time's rich fullness come,  
 earth's desired millennium:  
 Peace in Power would find a brother,  
 Bliss and Virtue kiss each other;  
 under holy Wisdom's reign  
 man would grow divine again.'—*

he ceased: the courtiers, shamed and vext,  
 read in their master's face my *Next*,  
 and mute they stood, as men amazed,  
 or fiercely on the poet gazed.  
 the tyrant spoke: 'what ho, a guard!  
 fetters and dungeon for the bard!  
 I'll teach the bold irreverent knave  
 the distance between lord and slave;  
 I'll brand the lesson on his soul—  
 kings were not made to hear my *Whole*<sup>1</sup>.'

<sup>1</sup> The lines printed in Italics were, like a Latin Epigram before inserted (p. 161), conceived and composed in sleep. It has often occurred to me during life to be conscious of having been so engaged in slumber; but these are the only compositions which my mind has retained; and, so far as I can judge, the condition of retaining is, to awake as soon as the act of composing has ended, and to review at once with the brain aroused what it has executed while asleep. A new sleeping action or (as I surmise) a long interval of inaction places any previous matter out of the reach of definite recollection. The conditions under which conception and composition occur in sleep I am quite unable to determine, though I can say that these English lines condense thoughts which had often occurred to my mind when awake.

(27)

OUI, je t'aime d'un amour profond,  
 et, crois-moi, je ne t'aime pas  
 parceque mon *Premier* tu as,  
 mais parceque tu es mon *Second*.  
 ah, qu'il arrive, ce jour si doux,  
 où je te mènerai à l'église,  
 belle comme une rose, chère Elise,  
 ornée de boutons de mon *Tout*.

(28)

HELAS, trop vite  
 mon *Premier* prend sa fuite :  
 trop lent, hélas,  
 mon *Second* traîne ses pas :  
 mon *Tout*, ville ancienne, grande, belle,  
 fière de superbes tableaux,  
 de son église, de sa citadelle,  
 domine la campagne et les eaux.

(29)

UN mendiant à ma porte tint ce discours :  
 ah, que je suis à plaindre ! il me vient  
 mon *Premier* très rarement,  
 mon *Second* tous les jours :  
 mon *Tout* souvent.

(30)

MON *Premier* aggrandit ;  
 mon *Second* enrichit ;  
 vous m'êtes mon *Tout*, Marie.

(31)

MON *Premier* avec vous  
 près de mon *Second* m'est plus doux  
 que le plus beau spectacle de mon *Tout*,  
 chère Angélique, sans vous.

(32)

THE scene of many a gallant deed,  
 my name will live through time.  
 but let my *Tail* my *Head* precede,  
 and I become a crime.

(33)

Ein Räthsel bin ich, dunkel zu verstehn;  
 kehrt du mich um, so was ich bin wirst sehn:  
 doch bin ich immer dunkel, muß es sein  
 so lang' es strömt mir an der Sonnenschein.

(34)

Ein Lebensbilde bin ich, kurz verweilend:  
 kehrt du mich um, so werd' ich gleich  
 das enge traur'ge letzte Reich  
 wohin das Leben schreitet, immer eilend.

(35)

PARS capitis *Caput* est; caelum mea *Cauda* serenat;  
 diuus ab antiqua plebe colebar *Ego*.

*The following version of Virgil's Eclogues is inserted for the purpose of explaining and illustrating a principle of poetic translation, first adopted by the author in his Edition of Virgil (Longmans, Green and Co., 1876), and either overlooked or misunderstood by most of the critics who have reviewed that work. A note at the end of the present volume contains a full account and justification of this principle, which is also exemplified in the translations from Horace, printed on pp. 282, 283.*

## ECLOGUE I. TITYRUS.

MELIBOEUS. TITYRUS.

*M.* TITYRUS, you, reclining underneath  
the covert of a spreading beech, rehearse  
with slender oat a woodland melody;  
we leave our country's bounds and darling fields:  
we from our country fly; you, Tityrus, 5  
within the shade reposeful, teach the woods  
beautiful Amaryllis to resound.

*T.* O Meliboeus, 'twas a god for us  
this leisure wrought; for he shall ever be  
to me a god; his altar from my folds 10  
a tender lambkin often shall embrue.  
'twas he that gave permission for my kine  
to wander as you see, and for myself  
to play whate'er I list on rustic reed.

*M.* I envy not, good sooth, but marvel more; 15  
such turmoil is in all the fields around.  
lo! sick myself I drive my she-goats on;  
this one I scarcely, Tityrus, even lead;  
for late among the clustering hazels here  
twins, of my flock the promise, on bare flint 20  
she yeaned, alas! and left. full oft to me  
this evil, I remember, blasted oaks,  
had not my soul been reasonless, foretold.  
but tell me, Tityrus, who that god of yours.

*T.* The city, Melibocus, they call Rome 25  
I in my folly thought like this of ours,  
to which the tender weanlings of our ewes

we shepherds oft are custom'd to convey :  
 thus whelps I knew like dogs, kids like their dams,  
 thus great things used I to compare with small. 30  
 but amidst other cities this hath reared  
 as high a head as cypresses are wont  
 among the lithely-bending maple-trees.

*M.* And what great cause had you for seeing Rome?

*T.* Freedom, who late indeed on shiftless me 35  
 looked, when my beard fell whiter as I shaved ;  
 yet look she did, and long time afterward  
 (since Amaryllis hath me for her mate,  
 and Galatea left me) she arrived.

for, whilst I was in Galatea's thrall, 40  
 nor hope of freedom, I must own, was mine,  
 nor care of private earnings. from my stalls  
 though many a victim issued, and rich cheese  
 was press'd in plenty for the thankless town,  
 ne'er money-laden home my hand returned. 45

*M.* I marvelled, Amaryllis, why you were  
 calling in sadness on the gods, for whom  
 you left the fruits to hang upon their tree.  
 Tityrus was not here ; you, Tityrus,  
 the very pine-trees, you the very founts, 50  
 these very vineyards were invoking you.

*T.* What could I do? no power had I to 'scape  
 from servitude, nor deities so kind  
 elsewhere to know. here I beheld that youth,  
 for whom, O Meliboeus, every year 55  
 twelve days mine altars smoke. here first he gave  
 an answer to my suit : 'as heretofore,  
 your kine, young herdsmen, pasture, rear your bulls.'

*M.* So, fortune-favoured sire, you keep your lands,  
 and large enough for you. though naked stone, 60  
 and marsh with slimy rush, the pastures all  
 o'erspread, no food unusual shall assail

the sickliness of mothers with disease,  
 nor tainting ills of neighbouring herd shall harm.  
 o fortune-favoured sire, here mid known streams 6  
 and holy fountains 'twill be yours to court  
 the shady cool. on this side, as of yore,  
 yon hedge along your neighbour's boundary,  
 whose willow-bloom is sipped by Hybla's bees,  
 shall oft persuade you with its whisper light 70  
 to welcome slumber. 'neath yon beetling rock  
 upon the other side the vinedresser  
 skyward shall sing : nor all the while your pets,  
 the cooing culvers and the turtle-dove,  
 shall cease to murmur from the airy elm. 75  
*T.* Then sooner in the sky shall fleet stags feed,  
 and seas leave naked fishes on the beach,  
 sooner, each other's confines roaming o'er,  
 or Parthian exile shall the Arar quaff  
 or Germany the Tigris, than his face 80  
 shall glide away forgotten from my breast.  
*M.* But we shall emigrate from hence, a part  
 to Afric's thirsting people, Scythia some  
 shall reach, and Oxus rolling down his marl,  
 and Britons Sundered by the world's expanse. 85  
 o shall I ever, at some far-off time,  
 my country's bounds again behold, again  
 the poor hut's turf-thatched roof, my old domain,  
 then gaze, astonished, on a few thin ears?  
 and shall a ruffian soldier own these fields 90  
 so cultured, a barbarian take these crops?  
 lo, whither strife our wretched citizens  
 hath carried! we have sown our fields for these.  
 now, Meliboeus, graft your pears, lay out  
 your vines in order. go, once happy flock, 95  
 my she-goats, go; no more shall I behold,  
 stretcht at my length within a verdant nook,



you pendent near me from the bushy rock :  
 no ditties shall I carol, never more  
 with me to tend you, she-goats, shall ye crop 100  
 the flowering lucerne and the bitter willows.  
*T.* Yet here you could have slept this night with me  
 upon green foliage. mellow fruits I have,  
 with mealy chestnuts, store of curded milk.  
 and now the roofs of homesteads smoke afar, 105  
 and lengthened shadows fall from mountain heights.

## ECLOGUE II. ALEXIS.

The shepherd Corydon with ardour loved  
 Alexis beautiful, his master's joy.  
 no ground of hope was his : yet frequent he  
 mid the tall shade of clustering beeches went ;  
 there lonely to the hills and forests flung 5  
 with fruitless passion these unordered strains :—  
 'O cruel one, Alexis, for my songs  
 have you no care? no pity for myself?  
 you will enforce me at the last to die.  
 now e'en the cattle woo the cooling shade, 10  
 e'en the green lizards now the thorn-brakes hide ;  
 and for the mowers weary with the rush  
 of heat rank herbs by Thestylis are bruised,  
 garlic and wild-thyme. yet, whilst all alone  
 I track your footsteps, 'neath the fiery sun 15  
 with croaking grasshoppers the orchards ring.  
 had I not better borne the angry moods  
 of Amaryllis, and her dainty whims?  
 or yet Menalcas, swarthy though he be,  
 while you are fair? o trust not, beauteous boy, 20  
 too much in your complexion : privet white

is left to fall, dark hyacinths are culled.  
 I am despised of you, nor do you ask,  
 Alexis, who I am, how rich in flocks,  
 in snow-white milk how plenteous : lambs of mine 25  
 a thousand on Sicilian mountains stray :  
 new milk deserts me not in summer-tide  
 nor in the chilly days. such songs I sing  
 as he was wont, Amphion, Dirce's bard,  
 whene'er upon Actaeon Aracynth 30  
 he called his herds. nor am I so ill-made :  
 upon the shore I lately viewed myself  
 what time the sea with calmèd winds was still :  
 Daphnis I shall not fear, with you for judge,  
 if a reflected likeness ne'er deceives. 35  
 o be it but your choice along with me  
 in homely fields and humble cots to dwell,  
 to shoot the deer, and drive a flock of kids  
 to the green shrub ; accompanied by me  
 chanting in forests you shall rival Pan. 40  
 Pan was the first who taught with wax to join  
 the several reeds ; Pan hath the care of sheep  
 and such as feed them : nor will you regret  
 that with the reed you once had frayed your lip.  
 this very skill to compass, what was there 45  
 Amyntas tried not ? I possess a pipe  
 of seven unequal hemlock-stalks composed,  
 a gift which once Damoetas gave to me  
 and said in dying moment, ' you it finds  
 a second master now.' Damoetas spake, 50  
 Amyntas envied, foolish as he was.  
 two roe-fawns also, which by me were found  
 in no safe valley (spots of white are still  
 upon their skins), are draining in the day  
 one ewe's milk each ; and these I keep for you. 55  
 long time has Thestylis entreaty made

to win them from me; and she will prevail,  
 since all my gifts to you are valueless.  
 come hither, beauteous boy; for you, behold,  
 the Nymphs in laden baskets lilies bring, 60  
 for you the Naiad fair, the while she plucks  
 the sallow violets and the poppy-heads,  
 narcissus joins, and flower of savoury dill;  
 with casia intertwining next, and herbs  
 of varied sweetness, daintily she jots 65  
 with yellow may-flower nodding hyacinths.  
 the quinces also, white with tender down,  
 myself will gather and the chestnuts which  
 my Amaryllis loved; and waxen plums  
 (this fruit shall have its honour) I will add. 70  
 and you too, laurels, will I crop, and thee,  
 adjoining myrtle; since, assorted thus,  
 sweet scents ye blend. o Corydon, you clown,  
 Alexis cares not for your gifts, and if  
 you vie with gifts, Iollas will not yield. 75  
 woe, woe! what craved I for my wretched self?  
 I have let in (ah lost one!) to my flowers  
 the south-wind, to my liquid founts the boars.  
 whom do you shun, o frantic? in the woods  
 the gods themselves and Dardan Paris dwelt. 80  
 let Pallas in the citadels she built  
 herself abide: our chiefest joy be woods.  
 the grisly lioness pursues the wolf,  
 the wolf himself the goat, lucerne in flower  
 the frisky goat; you Corydon pursues, 85  
 Alexis; each his own delight attracts.  
 behold where ploughs suspended on the yoke  
 steers carry home; and the departing sun  
 doubles the growing shadows. me no less  
 love burns: for what reprieve can love expect? 90  
 Corydon, Corydon, what madness yours!

alas, upon the leaf-clad elm a vine  
 is left by you half-pruned. why not at least  
 some slight thing rather choose, that use requires,  
 with twigs of osier and with pliant rush 95  
 to execute? if this Alexis still  
 disdains your suit, another you shall find.'

### ECLOGUE III. PALAEMON.

MENALCAS. DAMOETAS. PALAEMON.

*M.* Tell me, Damoetas, whose the flock: are these  
 the sheep of Meliboëus?

*D.* No; of Aegon;  
 and Aegon lately gave them to my charge.

*M.* Poor sheep, an ever luckless flock! the while  
 their master woos Neaera, full of fear 5  
 lest she prefer me to himself, his ewes  
 this hireling swain is milking twice an hour,  
 and sheep are reft of life-juice, lambs of milk.

*D.* Spare men at least such railings, mind; we know  
 with whom — while he-goats squinted — and the  
 shrine 10

in which—but easy were the Nymphs, and smiled.

*M.* 'Twas when they saw me with malicious knife,  
 I ween, hack Micon's standard and young vines.

*D.* Or when beside the aged beech-trees here  
 you broke the arrows and the bow of Daphnis: 15  
 which you, cross-grained Menalcas, saw with grief  
 presented to the boy; and, had you not  
 done him some evil turn, you must have died.

*M.* With thieves so daring, what can owners do?  
 did I not see you, rascal, lie in wait 20  
 for Damon's he-goat, while Lycisca barked

amain? and when I cried, 'what is it now  
 that fellow rushes out at? Tityrus,  
 call in your flock,' you skulked behind the sedge.  
*D.* Should he, defeated in a singing-match, 25  
 refuse to pay the goat my pipe had earned  
 by song? that he-goat, if you know it not,  
 was mine, and Damon owned as much himself,  
 but said it was not in his power to pay.  
*M.* Beat him in singing? you? was ever pipe 30  
 of yours wax-soldered? was it not your wont  
 to murder in the crossways, dunderhead,  
 a wretched ballad with a squeaking straw?  
*D.* Is it your pleasure then between ourselves  
 we try by turns our several singing-powers? 35  
 I stake this cow: lest you perchance refuse,  
 she comes unto the milkpail twice a day,  
 and with her udder nourishes two calves.  
 now say what stake it is you wage with me.  
*M.* Nought of the flock dare I lay down with you: 40  
 a father and an unkind stepmother  
 I have at home; and twice a day both count  
 the sheep, and one of them the tale of kids.  
 but—what yourself will hold more precious far,  
 since you will play the fool—I'll wager cups 45  
 (the carving of divine Alcimedon)  
 of beech-wood, over which the pliant vine,  
 traced out with easy graving-tool, enwreaths  
 pale ivy's scattered clusters: in mid-space  
 two figures, Conon, and—who was the man, 50  
 that other, who for nations with his rod  
 the circle drew complete, what proper times  
 the mower hath, the stooping ploughman what  
 for field-work?—unto these I never yet  
 applied my lip, but keep them treasured up. 55  
*D.* For me the same Alcimedon hath made

- a pair of cups, and both the handles round  
 with flexible acanthus he entwined,  
 and Orpheus in the central space he put  
 and following woods : nor yet to these have I 60  
 applied my lip, but keep them treasured up.  
 look at the cow, the cups you cannot praise.  
*M.* Ne'er shall you scape to-day:—call where you  
 will,  
 I'll meet the summons : be our auditor  
 e'en the first comer, lo, Palaemon here, 65  
 I'll take good care that you shall never more  
 provoke a man to battle with the voice.  
*D.* Come on then, if there's any stuff in you :  
 no stoppage on my side, nor do I shrink  
 from any umpire ; only, neighbour mine 70  
 Palaemon, to your inmost thoughts commend  
 these strains of ours ; the business is not slight.  
*P.* Sing, since we're seated on the glossy turf,  
 and every field now buds and every tree,  
 now woods are leafing, loveliest now the year. 75  
 begin, Damoetas ; you, Menalcas, then  
 shall follow ; ye shall sing alternate strains ;  
 the Muses in alternate song delight.  
*D.* The Muse begins from Jupiter : all things  
 with Jupiter are teeming, country lands 80  
 are haunts of his : he careth for my songs.  
*M.* Me Phoebus also loveth ; Phoebus hath  
 within my cottage presents all his own,  
 laurels and sweetly-blushing hyacinth.  
*D.* Me with an apple Galatea pelts, 85  
 eoquettish maiden ; to the willows then  
 she flies, but first she wishes to be seen.  
*M.* But unto me my love presents himself,  
 Amyntas, uninvited, so that now  
 not Delia to my dogs is better known. 90

- D.* Gifts for my lovely goddess I have won ;  
for I have noted with mine eyes the place  
where high-perched culvers have begun to build.
- M.* Plucked from a woodland tree, 'twas all I could,  
ten golden apples sent I to the boy ; 95  
tomorrow will I send as many more.
- D.* Of all that Galatea said to me,  
(what words, how oft repeated !) o ye winds,  
some portion may ye waft for gods to hear !
- M.* Amyntas, what avails it that yourself 100  
do not in heart despise me, if, the while  
you follow the wild boars, I watch the nets ?
- D.* Send Phyllis to me, 'tis my natal day,  
Iollas : when I shall be offering up  
a heifer for the fruits, yourself must come. 105
- M.* Phyllis I love before all other maids,  
Iollas ; she my parting wept, and long  
she sighed 'o beautiful, farewell, farewell !'
- D.* Vexatious to the sheepfolds is the wolf,  
showers to the ripened corn, to trees the winds, 110  
to me the angry moods of Amaryllis.
- M.* Sweet to the sown lands moisture, to wean'd kids  
the arbut, pliant willow to the dams ;  
Amyntas, and none other, unto me.
- D.* Pollio looks upon my Muse with love, 115  
though she is country-bred ; Pierian maids,  
a heifer for your reader mind ye feed.
- M.* Pollio now himself in novel strain  
inditeth poems : feed a bull, which soon  
shall butt, and scatter with his hoofs the sand. 120
- D.* Who loves thee, Pollio, may he reach where thou  
hast reached to his delight ; may honey flow  
for him, and prickly bramble spikenard bear.
- M.* Who hates not Bavius, be his lot to love  
your verses, Maeuius : let the same man yoke 125

a team of foxes, he-goats let him milk.

*D.* O ye that gather flowers and strawberries  
growing along the ground, fly hence, ye swains;  
a chilly snake is lurking in the grass.

*M.* Forbear, ye sheep, to wander on too far; 130  
ill trusting is it to the bank; his fleece  
the ram himself is drying even now.

*D.* Tityrus, from the river side withdraw  
your browsing she-goats; at the proper time  
myself will in the fountain wash them all. 135

*M.* Call in the flock of ewes, ye swains; if heat  
shall intercept the milk, as late befell,  
our hands will squeeze their udders all in vain.

*D.* Alas, alas! how fat the vetch, how lean  
the steer of mine upon it! love alike 140  
is ruin to the cattle and their hind.

*M.* For these at least no reason is supplied  
by love: yet hardly to their bones they cleave:  
some eye bewitches these my tender lambs.

*D.* Say in what territories (and to me 145  
a great Apollo shall you be) the space  
of heaven extends not wider than three ells.

*M.* Say in what territories grow the flowers  
that bear inscribed the names of royal chiefs,  
and Phyllis you shall have for yours alone. 150

*P.* Mine is it not between you to decide  
so difficult a contest: you deserve  
the cow, and so does he and every man  
who shall not shrink from love-suits, find he them  
or sweet or bitter. now, ye swains, shut off 155  
the sluices; for the meads have drunk enough.



## ECLOGUE IV. POLLIO.

Sicilian Muses, loftier be our song!  
 the vineyard-trees and lowly tamarisks  
 delight not every hearer: if we sing  
 of woods, let woods deserve a Consul's ear.—  
 Now is the last age come of Cyme's song. 5  
 a mighty cycle of the centuries  
 to fresh existence springeth; now returns  
 the Virgin, Saturn's royal years return:  
 now from high heaven descends an offspring new.  
 do thou but bless his birth (that boy through whom 10  
 the iron generation first shall end,  
 and o'er the universe the golden dawn),  
 Lucina chaste: now thine Apollo reigns.  
 when thou art consul, Pollio, even thou,  
 this glory of the time shall have its rise, 15  
 and on their march go forth the mighty months.  
 whatever traces of our wickedness  
 survive, shall all be cancelled in thy rule,  
 and from continual dread deliver earth.  
 a life divine he shall receive, with gods 20  
 see mingled heroes, and himself be seen  
 of them: and with the virtues of his sire  
 shall guide a world restored at length to peace.  
 but first, o boy, the earth untilled for thee  
 shall yield its humble gifts, the ivy shoots 25  
 that with the foxglove wander here and there,  
 and Egypt's bean with bright acanthus-blent.  
 their milk-distended udders goats shall bring  
 spontaneous home: the herds shall have no dread  
 of lions huge: thy cradle upon thee 30  
 shall of its own accord shed loving flowers.  
 the snake, the treacherous poison-plant, shall die:

Assyrian nard shall be of common growth.  
 but when heroic glories and thy sire's  
 exploits thou shalt at length be skilled to read, 35  
 and know what virtue means, the plain shall be  
 yellowed by slow degrees with nodding ears,  
 on thorns uncultured the red grape shall hang,  
 and rugged oaks shall dewlike honey drip.  
 yet a few traces of old sin shall lurk, 40  
 bidding to tempt with barks the deep, with walls  
 engirdle towns, dig furrows in the earth.  
 then shall there be a second Tiphys, then  
 a second Argo to convey the flower  
 of heroes: other wars too shall betide, 45  
 and unto Troy the second time be sent  
 a great Achilles. but when later age  
 hath strengthened thee to manhood, from the sea  
 the very tourist shall retire, no more  
 the naval pine shall barter merchandise, 50  
 but all-productive shall be every land.  
 no harrows shall the ground endure, the vine  
 no pruning-hook, the yoke too from his steers  
 the sturdy ploughman shall unloose; the wool  
 no various hues shall learn to counterfeit; 55  
 but in the meadows of his own accord  
 his fleece with sweetly blushing purple now  
 the ram shall colour, now with yellow woad;  
 lambs, as they feed, shall native scarlet clothe.  
 'glide through such seasons,' to their spindles said  
 the Parcae with the stable will of fate 61  
 concurring. 'enter on thy great career,  
 ('twill soon be time) dear stock of deities,  
 great embryo of a coming Jove. behold  
 the world that noddeth with its convex weight, 65  
 the earth, the sea-tracts, the deep heaven; behold  
 how all are gladdened by the coming time.'

o may the latest part of lengthened life  
to me be then remaining, and of breath  
enough to sing thy prowess! me shall none 70  
surpass in song, not Thracian Orpheus, no,  
nor Linus, though the mother, though the sire—  
mother to Orpheus be Calliope,  
and sire to Linus, beautiful Apollo.  
let even Pan, with Arcady for judge, 75  
against me strive, Pan even shall confess,  
with Arcady for judge, himself outdone.  
begin, young boy, thy mother with a smile  
to recognise: ten months their weary time  
unto thy mother brought. young boy, begin: 80  
whom parents have not looked upon with smiles,  
him never god deemed worthy of his board,  
him never goddess worthy of her bed.

## ECLOGUE V. DAPHNIS.

MENALCAS. MOPSUS.

*Me.* Since we are met, my Mopsus, skilful both,  
you to breathe music into the light reeds,  
and I to carol verse, why sit we not  
amidst the elms with hazels mingled here?

*Mo.* You are the elder; it is right for me, 5  
Menalcas, to obey you, whether we  
pass neath the shade by fanning zephyrs stirred,  
or rather neath the cave: see how 'tis lung  
with stragglng clusters of the forest-vine.

*Me.* Amidst our mountains strives alone with you 10  
Amyntas.

*Mo.* What if he should also strive  
to conquer Phoebus in a singing-match?

*Me.* Begin then, Mopsus, if you have in store  
 love-ditties unto Phyllis, eulogies  
 of Alcon, or some fierce lampoons on Codrus— 15  
 begin: your browsing kids shall Tityrus keep.

*Mo.* Nay, I will try these verses, which I wrote  
 erewhile upon a beech-tree's verdant bark,  
 and jotted down the tune at intervals.  
 then go, give order that Amyntas strive. 20

*Me.* As the lithe willow to the olive grey,  
 as to the rosebeds red the Celtic nard,  
 so much to you, we deem, Amyntas yields.  
 But hist! young swain: we're come beneath the  
 cave.—

*Mo.* For Daphnis by a cruel death destroyed 25  
 the Nymphs were weeping: ye beheld the Nymphs,  
 hazels and streams: what time, the piteous corpse  
 embracing of her son, the mother cried  
 upon the cruel gods, the cruel stars.

none in those days their kine from pasture drove 30  
 to the cool rivers, Daphnis; not a cow  
 sipped of the stream or touched a blade of grass.  
 the mountains wild and forests, Daphnis, tell  
 that even Punic lions wailed thy death.

to yoke Armenian tigers to the car 35

'twas Daphnis made a custom, Daphnis brought  
 the choirs of Bacchus in, and taught us how  
 to wreath with nodding leaves the supple shafts.

as unto trees the vine, to vines the grapes,  
 as bulls to herds, as corn to fruitful fields 40

their grace and glory, so art thou to thine  
 their chiefest grace: when thee the Fates removed,  
 Pales herself the fields, Apollo's self

forsook: from furrows unto which we gave  
 in trust the finest barley-seed, full oft 45  
 unhappy darnel springs, and barren oats:

for tender violet and narcissus bright  
 the thistle rises and the sharp-spined thorn.  
 strew ye the ground with leaves, enwrap with shade  
 the fountains, o ye shepherds; such the rites 50  
 that Daphnis for his honour claims: and build  
 a tomb, and on the tomb a legend write:  
 'Daphnis am I, renowned throughout the woods,  
 and thence unto the stars renowned, who kept  
 beautiful sheep, myself more beautiful.' 55

*Me.* Such is your song to me, o bard divine,  
 as to the wearied slumber on the grass,  
 as in the noontide heat my thirst to slake  
 with the sweet water of a dancing rill.  
 not with the pipe alone, but with the voice, 60  
 you are your master's equal. happy youth,  
 a second Daphnis you shall henceforth be.  
 but I will sing to you these strains of mine  
 in turn, as best I may, and to the stars  
 exalt your Daphnis: Daphnis I will waft 65  
 unto the stars: me also Daphnis loved.

*Mo.* Can aught be greater than a boon like this?  
 the swain deserved a song: and long ago  
 did Stimichon to me commend your strains.

*Me.* Daphnis, a spirit fair, admiring views 70  
 the portal of Olympus newly-won,  
 and sees beneath his feet the clouds and stars.  
 the forests therefore and all rural scenes,  
 Pan and the shepherds and the Dryad maids,  
 with lively pleasure are possess'd. no wolf 75  
 sets ambush for the flock, no nets prepare  
 for deer the fraud; kind Daphnis loveth peace.  
 the very unshorn mountains in delight  
 fling to the stars their voices, now with song  
 the very rocks, the very vineyards ring 80  
 'a god is he, Menalcas, yea, a god.'

o be thou kind and prosperous to thy friends!  
 behold four altars: here are twain for thee,  
 o Daphnis, twain of fuller height for Phoebus. • 85  
 two goblets foaming with new milk each year  
 and of fat oil two bowls I'll set for thee;  
 and gladdening above all with copious wine  
 our feasts—if chill the time, before the hearth,  
 if harvest, in the shade—I'll pour from pots  
 the Ariusian vintage, nectar new. 90  
 Damoetas, Lyctian Aegon songs shall troll  
 for me; Alpheisibocus shall be there  
 to mock the dancing Satyrs: such shall still  
 thy celebrations be, what time we pay  
 our customary vows unto the Nymphs, 95  
 and when we make lustration of the fields.  
 long as the boar shall love the mountain slopes,  
 the fish his streams, while bees on thyme shall feed  
 and grasshoppers on dew, thine honour still,  
 thy name and praises ever shall endure. 100  
 even as to Bacchus and to Ceres, so  
 shall farmers render vows each year to thee:  
 thy sentence also shall enforce the vows.  
*Mo.* What, o what presents shall I render you  
 for such a song as this? for neither doth 105  
 the coming south-wind's whisper, nor the shores  
 lashed by the billow give me such delight,  
 nor rivers gliding down mid rocky vales.  
*Me.* First will I give to you this brittle pipe:  
 this taught me 'Corydon with ardour loved 110  
 Alexis beautiful:' this also taught  
 'whose flock is this? the sheep of Melibocus?'  
*Mo.* Take you this crook (which, often as he begged,  
 Antigenes could never get from me,  
 though even then deserving to be loved), 115  
 trim-set with even studs and brass, Menalcas.

## ECLOGUE VI. VARUS.

First deigned my Muse in Syracusan verse  
 to sport, nor in the forests blushed to dwell.  
 when kings and battles I essayed to sing,  
 the god of Cynthus plucked mine ear, and thus  
 advised: 'a shepherd, Tityrus, it behoves 5  
 fat sheep to feed, a thin-drawn lay to sing.'  
 now will I try to frame (for you will have  
 full many, Varus, who desire to speak  
 your praises, and to story doleful wars)  
 with slender reed a woodland melody. 10  
 songs not unbidden sing I; yet e'en these  
 if any smitten with delight shall read,  
 if any, Varus,—thee our tamarisks,  
 thee every grove shall sing, and not a page  
 to Phoebus sweeter can be found than one 15  
 which in its front hath written Varus' name.

March, then, Pierian maids. Within a cave  
 the herdsmen Chromis and Mnasyllus saw  
 Silenus slumbering laid: his veins, as wont,  
 inflated with the wine of yesterday. 20  
 the garlands, from his head just dropt, lay near,  
 and heavy, with worn handle, hung the can.  
 him they assail—for oft with hope of song  
 the old god had cheated both—and on him chains  
 they fasten borrowed from the wreaths themselves. 25  
 Aegle, the frightened pair surprising, comes  
 to join them, Aegle, loveliest Naiad maid,  
 and, when he now was broad awake, his brow  
 and temples paints with blood-red mulberries.  
 He, laughing at the stratagem, exclaims: 30  
 'what use in twining bonds? release me, swains:

enough to fancy you have had such power.  
 list to the songs ye wish for; songs to you  
 shall be my payment, her's another meed :'  
 so straight commences of his own free will. 35  
 then might you see the Fauns and wild-beasts frisk  
 in measure, rigid oaks their summits wave;  
 nor in its Phoebus the Parnassian rock  
 so much delighteth, nor do Rhodope  
 and Ismarus their Orpheus so admire. 40  
 he sung how, mass'd throughout the mighty void,  
 atoms of earth and air and sea conspired  
 and liquid fire: from these prime forces how  
 all rudiments, the world's young sphere itself,  
 concrete became, and next their soil began 45  
 to harden, Nereus to his sea shut off,  
 and by degrees assume creation's forms.  
 how, soon, a novel sun the amazed lands  
 see shining high above them, how the showers  
 fall from the parting clouds, while forests first 50  
 begin to rise, and living creatures rare  
 o'er mountains which had never known them rove.  
 next, stones by Pyrrha flung, Saturnian realms,  
 Caucasian birds he tells, Prometheus' theft:  
 to these he adds—what fountain 'twas at which 55  
 the sailors Hylas left, and shouted so,  
 that all the shore with 'Hylas, Hylas,' rang:  
 and her, Pasiphae (fortunate, if herds  
 had never been) he comforts with the love  
 of snow-white bull. alas, unhappy maid! 60  
 what frenzy took thee? Proetus' daughters erst  
 with simulated lowings filled the meads:  
 but never any sought such base amour,  
 although she oft had dreaded for her neck 64  
 the plough, and on smooth forehead felt for horns.  
 alas, unhappy maid! thou wanderest now



among the mountains : he, with snowy side  
 on supple hyacinth leaning, ruminates  
 the pale-green herbage 'neath a dark-leaved oak,  
 or in the mighty herd one heifer seeks. 70  
 'o Nymphs, Dictæan Nymphs, the forest glades  
 close, straightway close, if haply to our eyes  
 some wandering traces of the steer occur.  
 him tempted by the verdure of the grass,  
 or following, it may chance, behind the herd, 75  
 some cows may lead to the Gortynian stalls.'  
 the damsel then he sings who doted on  
 the apples of the Hesperian sisterhood.  
 with moss upon the bitter bark he wraps  
 the Phaethontian sisters next, and lifts 80  
 from forth the soil the soaring alder-trees.  
 then sang he next, how Gallus, as beside  
 Permessian streams he wandered forth, a Muse  
 unto the mountains of Aonia led,  
 and how the choir of Phoebus all arose 85  
 submissive to the guest : how shepherd Linus  
 (his hair with flowers and bitter parsley graced)  
 these words addressed to him in song divine :  
 'the Muses unto thee present these reeds  
 (take thou the gift), which heretofore they gave 90  
 to Ascra's sire ; wherewith he singing used  
 to draw down from the mountains ash-trees strong.  
 with these be told by thee the storied birth  
 of the Grynean forest, that there be  
 no grove Apollo shall exult in more.' 95  
 of Scylla daughter to king Nisus, why  
 repeat the change he sang? who, girt around  
 her beauteous loins with howling monsters (such  
 ill-fame pursued her) vexed Dulichian ships,  
 and ah ! with sea-dogs in her whirlpool deep 100  
 to pieces tore the frightened mariners.

or how he told the metamorphosed limbs  
 of Tereus; what the banquet, what the gifts  
 by Philomela kept in store for him: 104  
 with what a flight, poor wretch, he sought the wilds,  
 and with what wings first hovered o'er his home.  
 all songs which once the blest Eurotas heard  
 by Phoebus conned, and bade the laurels learn,  
 he sang: the echoing valleys to the skies  
 repeat them: till the star of evening bade 110  
 drive to their folds the sheep, and count their tale,  
 then sped its march along the unwilling heaven.

### ECLOGUE VII. MELIBOEUS.

MELIBOEUS. CORYDON. THYRSIS.

*M.* By chance had Daphnis neath a rustling oak  
 sat down, and Corydon and Thyrsis flocks  
 to the same spot had driven, Thyrsis sheep,  
 and Corydon his she-goats swoln with milk:  
 both in the bloom of life, Arcadians both, 5  
 prepared to sing and answer in a match.  
 hither, as I was sheltering from the cold  
 my tender myrtles, had my he-goat stray'd,  
 chief husband of my flock, when lo, I come  
 in sight of Daphnis; he, when face to face 10  
 he sees me, cries 'ho! Meliboeus, haste  
 this way; your he-goat's safe, and safe your kids;  
 if you can spare an idle moment, rest  
 beneath this shade; the bullocks of themselves  
 hitherward o'er the meads will come to drink; 15  
 here Mincius fringes with the tender reed

his verdant banks, and from the sacred oak  
 sound humming swarms.' what was I now to do?  
 no Phyllis, no Alcippe had I got  
 at home to pen my new-wean'd lambs : howbeit 20  
 (so great the contest, Corydon with Thyrsis)  
 to their sport I postponed my grave affairs.  
 so in alternate verses 'gan the twain  
 to vie : the Muses willed to bear in mind  
 alternate verses. these did Corydon, 25  
 and those did Thyrsis in his turn recite.

C. Libethrian Nymphs, my passion, either grant  
 such song to me as to my Codrus (he  
 writes verses next Apollo's), or, such power  
 if we not all achieve, my tuneful pipe 30  
 shall here be hung upon the sacred pine.

T. Arcadian shepherds, with your ivy deck  
 the rising poet, that with bile may burst  
 the maw of Codrus ; or, if in excess  
 he flatter, with the foxglove bind the brow, 35  
 lest an ill tongue the future minstrel harm.

C. The youthful Micon, Delia, gives to thee  
 this bristly boar's head, and the branching horns  
 of lively stag. if this success shall last,  
 in polished marble full-length thou shalt stand, 40  
 thy legs with scarlet buskin all entwined.

T. A bowl of milk, Priapus, and these cates,  
 sufficeth thee to look for year by year :  
 the keeper of a poor man's garden thou ;  
 now have we made thee marble for a while ; 45  
 but, if the yeaning fill our flock, be gold.

C. O Nereid Galatea, than the thyme  
 of Hybla sweeter to me, than the swans  
 more fair, than ivy white more beautiful,  
 soon as the full-fed steers return to stall, 50  
 if for thy Corydon thou carest, come.

*T.* More bitter may I seem than Sardo's herbs,  
 more rough to thee than butcher-broom, more vile  
 than the waste sea-weed, if this day be not  
 than all the year more tedious to me now. 55  
 go home from pasture, go for shame, ye steers.

*C.* Ye mossy founts and grass more soft than sleep,  
 and arbut green that with its straggling shade  
 protects you, keep the solstice from the flock :  
 e'en now the scorching summer draweth near, 60  
 on the lithe vine-branch swell e'en now the buds.

*T.* A hearth and unctuous brands and ample fire  
 are ever here, and doorposts black with soot  
 incessant ; here for Boreas and his frosts  
 we care as much as for a numerous flock 65  
 the wolf, as flooded rivers for their banks.

*C.* Both junipers and chestnuts shaggy-leaved  
 are standing, neath the several trees lie strown  
 their fruits ; now all things smile : but from these hills  
 if beautiful Alexis should depart, 70  
 you would behold the very rivers dry.

*T.* The field is parch'd, athirst with tainted air  
 the dying herbage, Bacchus to the hills  
 hath grudg'd his viny shade : but every grove,  
 when comes my Phyllis, shall be green, and big 75  
 with joyous shower shall Jupiter descend.

*C.* The poplar dearest is to Hercules,  
 the vine to Bacchus, to bright Venus myrtle,  
 to Phoebus his own laurel : Phyllis loves  
 the hazels : them, while Phyllis loves, shall ne'er 80  
 or myrtle vanquish or Phoebean laurel.

*T.* Loveliest in woods the ash, the pine in gardens,  
 poplar on rivers, larch on mountain heights ;  
 but, if to see me thou wilt oft return,  
 beautiful Lycidas, the ash in woods, 85  
 the pine in gardens, shall give place to thee.

*M.* Such are my memories ; and that Thyrsis strove  
with vain contention, vanquish'd. from that time  
Corydon is with us the Corydon.

## ECLOGUE VIII. PHARMACEUTRIA.

DAMON. ALPHESIBOEUS.

The muse of Damon and Alpheſiboëus,  
shepherds whose ſinging-match the cow admired,  
her graſs forgetting, at whoſe muſic ſtood  
amazed the lynxes, whiſt the rivers changed  
their courſes, and reposed—recite we now 5  
the muſe of Damon and Alpheſiboëus.  
my Pollio, whether now thou climbſt o'er  
the huge rocks of Timavus, or the coaſt  
thou ſkirteſt of the Illyrian main, will e'er  
the day arrive, when I may be allowed 10  
to ſing thy exploits? ſhall it be my lot  
to waft through all the world thy ſongs, that match  
alone the tragic gait of Sophocles?  
from thee commencing, thine ſhall be my cloſe :  
receive the ſongs begun at thy command, 15  
and round thy temples let this ivy creep  
with thy victorious laurels intertwined.—

Scarce had the night's cold ſhade retired from heaven,  
what time the dew upon the tender graſs  
to ſheep is ſweeteſt, Damon thus began, 20  
leaning upon his ſmooth-ſhorn olive-ſtaff.—

*D.* 'Riſe, ſtar of morn, and marching onward bring  
the genial day, while I complain, deceived  
by plighted Nyſa's worthleſs love, and though  
no profit gained I from their witneſs, yet 25  
address the gods in death at this laſt hour.

begin with me, my flute, Maenalian strains.  
 a rustling forest and loquacious pines  
 hath Maenalus for ever : ever he  
 lists to the loves of shepherds, lists to Pan, 30  
 who first would not endure inactive reeds.

begin with me, my flute, Maenalian strains.  
 Mopsus weds Nysa : what may we not hope  
 who are in love? with steeds shall griffins yoke  
 henceforth, and in the coming time with dogs 35  
 the timid deer shall sally forth to drink.

begin with me, my flute, Maenalian strains.  
 new torches, Mopsus, cut, for you is led  
 a wife ; the walnuts, husband, scatter round ;  
 for you from Oeta wends the star of eve.

begin with me, my flute, Maenalian strains. 40  
 o mated to a worthy man, the while  
 you cast contemptuous looks on all, and hate  
 my pipe and she-goats, hate my shaggy brow  
 and far-descending beard, nor e'er believe  
 that any god regardeth mortal things ! 45

begin with me, my flute, Maenalian strains.  
 amidst our hedges you a little girl  
 the dewy apples gathering with your mother  
 I first beheld, for I was guiding both :  
 I had just entered my twelfth year, could just 50  
 reach from the ground the boughs : ah ! when I saw,  
 how lost was I ! what baleful error rapt me !

begin with me, my flute, Maenalian strains.  
 'twas savage Love that taught with children's blood  
 a mother to defile her hands : and thou 55  
 wast cruel also, mother : was she more,  
 the mother, cruel, or that wicked boy?  
 that wicked boy ; thou cruel also, mother.

begin with me, my flute, Maenalian strains.  
 now let the wolf be fain to fly from sheep, 60

hard oaks bear golden apples, be the bloom  
of alder the narcissus, amber rich  
from out their bark let tamarisks exude,  
let owls contend with swans, be Tityrus Orpheus,  
Orpheus in woods, Arion among dolphins. 65

begin with me, my flute, Maenalian strains.  
let open sea be all in all; farewell,  
ye forests: headlong to the waves will I  
from this aerial mountain's watch-tower leap.  
that last gift of the dying one receive?— 70

Thus Damon. ye, Pierian maids, recite  
the answer which Alphisiboeus made:  
all things we cannot all of us achieve.—  
*A.* 'Bring water forth, and with the fillet lithe  
entwine these altars; light the oilèd twigs 75

and vigorous incense, that I may essay  
my lover's sober senses to pervert  
with magic rites: here nothing lacks but charms.  
draw from the town, my charms, draw Daphnis home.  
charms can draw down the very moon from heaven;  
by charms did Circe change Ulixes' crew; 81  
in meads by charming bursts the chilly snake.

draw from the town, my charms, draw Daphnis home.  
first these three thrums of triple hue diverse  
on thee I bind, and thrice the altars round 85  
this image lead; odd numbers please the god.

draw from the town, my charms, draw Daphnis home.  
three knots tricoloured, Amaryllis, twine;  
yes, twine them, Amaryllis, twine and say  
'these are the chains of Venus that I twine.' 90

draw from the town, my charms, draw Daphnis home.  
as this clay hardens, and as melts this wax  
with one same fire, so Daphnis with my love.  
trew salt cake; with bitumen set aflame  
the brittle laurels. Daphnis, cruel one, 95

burns me : on Daphnis I this laurel burn.

draw from the town, my charms, draw Daphnis home.  
 such love, as when through glades and lofty groves  
 a weary heifer, of the bull in quest,  
 on the green sedge beside a waterbrook 100  
 lies down, nor, lost, remembers to depart  
 before the falling night—such love take hold  
 on Daphnis, nor be mine the care to heal.

draw from the town, my charms, draw Daphnis home.  
 these garments erst, dear pledges of himself, 105  
 he left with me, perfidious man ; and now  
 these on my very threshold I consign  
 to thee, o earth : these pledges owe me Daphnis.

draw from the town, my charms, draw Daphnis home.  
 these herbs himself did Moeris give to me, 110  
 and poisons culled in Pontus ; such are grown  
 in Pontus plentiful ; by dint of these  
 oft have I seen that Moeris made himself  
 a wolf, and, hid within the forests, oft  
 he wakened spirits from the depth of tombs, 115  
 and moved to other sites the field-sown crops.

draw from the town, my charms, draw Daphnis home.  
 bring ashes, Amaryllis, out of doors,  
 and in the flowing brook and o'er your head  
 fling them, nor cast a single look behind : 120  
 with these on Daphnis will I make assault :  
 he careth nought for gods, and nought for charms.

draw from the town, my charms, draw Daphnis home.  
 behold, while I delay to bring, the ash  
 itself spontaneous hath with quivering flames 125  
 the altar caught : propitious be the sign !  
 something there surely is : and Hylax barks  
 upon the threshold. are we to believe ?  
 or for themselves do lovers dreams invent ?

pause (from the town comes Daphnis), pause, my  
 charms. 130



## ECLOGUE IX. MOERIS.

LYCIDAS. MOERIS.

*L.* Whither, O Moeris, are your footsteps bound?  
there where the high-road takes you, to the town?

*M.* O Lycidas, we've reached that point in life,  
(a thing we never dreaded) that a strange  
possessor of our little farm should say 5  
'these lands are mine, ye ancient tenants, quit.'  
now beaten, sad, since fortune shifteth all,  
we send him (evil be the luck) these kids.

*L.* Why, sure I'd heard that all—from where the hills  
begin retreating, and let down their ridge 10  
with gentle slope, even to the water's edge  
and the old beech-trees with the broken tops—  
your friend Menalcas by his songs had saved.

*M.* You had; and so 'twas rumoured; but our songs,  
O Lycidas, amid the arms of Mars 15  
avail as much as, when the eagle comes,  
folk tell us that Chaonian pigeons do.  
Indeed if on my left, from hollow holm,  
the raven had not warned me first to stanch  
few broils as best I could, nor Moeris here, 20  
our friend, nor e'en Menalcas, were alive.

*L.* Alas! to any does such guilt occur?  
Alas! and were they nearly torn from us,  
our soothing powers, Menalcas, with yourself?  
Who then would sing the Nymphs, who spread  
the ground 25  
with flowering herbs, or clothe with umbrage green  
the founts? or chant the songs I lately caught  
in silence from your lips, when you were bound

to visit Amaryllis, my dear love.

‘Tityrus, till I return (the way is short),  
my she-goats feed, and after feeding drive  
to drink, O Tityrus, and amid your task  
avoid to meet the he-goat, for he butts.’ 30

*M.* Or rather these, which he designed to sing  
to Varus, but had not completed yet : 35

‘Varus, thy name—if Mantua still be ours,  
Mantua (woe’s me !) too nearly neighbouring  
unfortunate Cremona—swans aloft  
shall carry by their singing to the stars.’

*L.* So may your swarms avoid Cyrnean yews, 40  
so may your cows on clover pastured swell  
their udders—if in you lies aught, begin.

me too the Muses formed a poet, mine  
are also verses : me the shepherds call  
a songster : but I put no trust in them : 45  
for strains I do not seem as yet to sing  
with Varius matching or with Cinna’s worth,  
but cackle, gander-like, mid tuneful swans.

*M.* I am at work, and ponder with myself  
in silence, Lycidas, if I can now 50  
remember (’tis of no mean rank) the song.

‘Come hither, Galatea : in the waves  
what pleasance dwelleth ? here is purple spring ;  
of many colours here around the streams  
the soil sheds flowers ; the silver poplar here 55  
o’erhangs the cave, and lithe vines weave us bowers.  
come hither : let the wild waves lash the shore.’

*L.* And what about those strains I heard you sing  
neath the clear night in solitude ? the tune  
I recollect, had I but kept the words. 60

*M.* ‘O Daphnis, why look upward for the rise  
of the old constellations ? lo, the star  
of Dionaeon Caesar is gone forth,

a star to gladden harvests with their fruits,  
 and colour on the sunny hills the grape. 65  
 graft, Daphnis, pears: thy fruits shall grandsons cull.  
 time all things sweeps away, yea, mind itself.  
 in boyhood, I remember, oft I wore  
 long days to sunset, singing all the while :  
 those many songs I have forgotten now : 70  
 from Moeris fades at last e'en voice itself :  
 wolves first have glared on Moeris: but those songs  
 Menalcas will recite to you full oft.  
*L.* By such excuses to a distant time  
 you put my longings off; now all the plain 75  
 level and still before you lies; and lo,  
 each gale of murmuring wind has sunk to rest.  
 here is our journey's midway point; for now  
 Bianor's tomb begins to shew itself.  
 here, where the boors are stripping the thick leaves, 80  
 my Moeris, let us sing: lay down the kids  
 here: we shall reach the town in any case.  
 or, if you fear lest night set in with rain  
 too soon, we may go singing all the way;  
 less wearisome the road: that we may walk 85  
 and sing, I'll take this bundle from your charge.  
*M.* Insist no farther, swain: let us fulfil  
 the work we have in hand: when he himself  
 arrives, more fitly shall we sing the strains.

## ECLOGUE X. GALLUS.

O Arethusa, give me to complete  
 this terminating labour: a few strains,  
 (but such as e'en Lycoris may peruse,)  
 for Gallus we must sing;—who would refuse  
 his strains to Gallus?—so, when thou shalt glide 5

beneath Sicanian billows, never may  
 the briny Doris blend her waves with thine.  
 begin: the anxious loves let us declare  
 of Gallus, while the flat-nosed she-goats crop  
 the tender shrubs. we sing not to the deaf: 10  
 to all our songs the forests make reply.—  
 What groves, what woodlands held you, Naiad maids  
 the while that Gallus pined with ill-placed love?  
 for neither of Parnassus any slope  
 nor ridge of Pindus caused you to delay, 15  
 nor yet Aonian Aganippe's fount.  
 him even laurels, even tamarisks wept,  
 him laid beneath a solitary crag  
 wept even pine-clad Maenalus, and rocks  
 of icy-cold Lycaeus. sheep too stand 20  
 around; we do not shame them: let the flock  
 not shame thee, bard divine: beside the streams  
 e'en beautiful Adonis pastured sheep.  
 came too the shepherds, came the swineherds slow  
 wet from the acorn-mash of winter came 25  
 Menalcas. all inquire: 'that love of thine—  
 what was its source?' Apollo came and said;  
 'why, Gallus, ravest thou? thy love Lycoris  
 hath followed over snows another man,  
 and through war-bristling camps.' Silvanus too 30  
 came with a rural garland on his head,  
 flaunting his fennel flowers and lilies large.  
 Pan came, the god of Arcady, whom we  
 ourselves with blood-red elderberries saw  
 and with vermilion blushing. 'what will be 35  
 the end?' he said: 'Love cares not for all this:  
 tears never satisfy the cruel Love,  
 nor streams the grass, nor lucerne flower the bees,  
 nor leaves the she-goats.' but he sadly said:  
 'and yet, Arcadians, to your mountain heights 40

of these things ye will sing, ye, skilled alone  
to sing, Arcadians. ah, my bones should then  
repose how softly, if in after time  
your pipe would tell the story of my loves!  
and how I wish I had been one of you, 45  
and either of your flock a watcher, or  
a plucker of your ripened grape: for sure  
were mine Amyntas, or were Phyllis mine,  
or any other passion (what care I  
of brown complexion if Amyntas were? 50  
dark violets we have, dark hyacinths)  
amidst the willows under a lithe vine  
with me my darling had reclined, for me  
Phyllis had posies culled, Amyntas sung.  
here are cool founts, Lycoris, meadows soft, 55  
a grove is here; and here could I with thee  
have wasted to my end by time alone.  
now me the frantic love of cruel Mars  
detains in arms, with weapons circled round  
and threatening foes. thou, from thy country far, 60  
(ah, let me not believe so sad a thing!)  
o hardened! lookest on the Alpine snows  
and frosts of Rhine, alone, away from me.  
alas, may frosts not harm thee, may sharp ice  
not lacerate, alas, thy tender feet! 65  
I'll forth, and to Sicilian shepherd's pipe  
attune the songs which in Chalcidian verse  
I have in store: my sure resolve it is  
in forests and amid the lairs of beasts  
by choice to suffer: and on tender trees 70  
my loves to carve: the trees will grow, and ye  
will grow, my loves. meanwhile o'er Maenalus  
I'll travel with the Nymphs in company,  
or hunt fierce boars. me frosts shall not forbid  
with hounds Parthenian forests to beset. 75

o'er rocks, through echoing groves e'en now methinks  
 I rush: Cydonian darts I love to shoot  
 from Parthian horn: as if my madness found  
 in this a remedy, as if that god  
 by human ills were taught to be more mild! 8  
 henceforward me nor Hamadryad maids  
 nor songs themselves delight: ye woods, henceforth  
 yourselves retire: him never will our woes  
 convert, though in the midst of frosts we quaff  
 the Hebrus, and endure Sithonian snows 8  
 of rainy winter; no, nor, when the bark  
 withers and dies upon the lofty elm,  
 though sheep of Ethiopian men we drive  
 beneath the constellation of the Crab.

Love conquers all: we too must yield to Love.' 9

Such songs, ye goddess Muses, will suffice  
 your poet to have sung, the while he sits  
 and plaits a basket with the slender stalk.  
 these will ye make to Gallus valued most,  
 Gallus, for whom my love grows every hour 9  
 fast as in early spring uplifts itself  
 the verdant alder.—let us rise, the shade  
 sickly for such as sing is wont to be,  
 sickly the shade of juniper: the crops  
 are harmed by shading trees. depart ye home, 10  
 my full-fed she-goats, evening comes, depart.

1876.

*Ad Musam.*

Pieri, da ueniam, si carmina prima Maronis  
 imparibus reddit nostra senecta modis.

*Simia quam similis, turpissima bestia, nobis!*

Simia, tonderis ; capiti se pileus aptat,  
 et tibi tu, sumpta ueste, uideris homo.  
 nil agis. incessu gestuque et uoce repugnans,  
 moribus, ingenio dissona, non es homo.  
 humani generis fons sis, auctore sophista,  
 sis homini similis bestia, non es homo.  
 spe gaudet melioris homo post funera uitae ;  
 tu, uix uiuendi conscia, non es homo.  
 munditiis iam parce tuis, quae, nata manensque  
 qualis ab incepto simia, non es homo.

ACADEMIAE • GLASCVENSIS  
 IN • GRAECARVM • LITTERARVM • CATHEDRAM  
 VIRVM • DOCTISSIMVM  
 RICARDVM • CLAVERHOVSE • IEBB A.M.  
 RECIPIENTI • GRATVLATVR  
 MVSA • CANTABRIGIENSIS  
 A. S. MDCCCLXXV.

O felix Doctore nouo, tibi, Glascua, nactae  
 gratulor hunc, tristi sed tamen ore, uirum.  
 nam desiderii constant tua gaudia nostris ;  
 quodque mihi damno est fit tibi grande lucrum.  
 quem Saluere iubet Clota exultantibus undis,  
 huic iterant Cami murmura maesta 'Vale.'





*The following reprinted Poems commemorate their author, my beloved Father, Rann Kennedy, M.A. sometime Incumbent of St Paul's Church, and Second Master of King Edward's School, Birmingham.*

*The second of these Poems ('The Reign of Youth') is accompanied by a Greek Pindaric version—a beautiful work of extraordinary genius, learning, and taste—which I owe to the signal kindness of my friend, Professor Jebb, of Glasgow. The difficulty of this work, great in any case, was increased by the necessity of inverting in Greek the sexes ascribed in the English poem to Youth and Love severally.*

*A Poem on the Death of Her Royal Highness the  
Princess Charlotte of Wales and Saxe-Coburg,  
Nov. 6, 1817.*

HATH song a balm for grief? can warbled dirge  
console the living as they fondly pay  
a bootless tribute to th' unheeding dead?  
can the sad spirit teach the voice a charm  
for a brief interval to cheat itself?  
then will I seize the lyre whose random strains  
could conjure up wild dreams to please my youth,  
and though a heaviness weighs on my heart,  
though my hand trembles as I touch the chords,  
their deepest sorrows will I aim to strike,  
in unison with that deep solemn knell  
which now is rung upon a nation's ear.

Whose knell is toll'd, what British tongue will ask?  
turn'd are uncounted eyes, and hands stretch'd out  
towards the abode of Kings. there is reveal'd  
that which all feel, as all can understand,  
beholding Royalty herself bow down  
beneath affliction's load; while at her feet  
Envy is mute, and Want in pity weeps.  
Mortality has paid a visit there,  
crying to all that walk upon the earth,  
'mark, I am doing now in regal tents  
the deed whereby (at each vibration quick  
of Time's unstaying pendulum) the rich,

mean, lofty, poor, learn'd, simple, as they show  
 joy, trouble, hope, shrunk age, and rosy youth,  
 are made, in myriad multitudes at once,  
 alike: then live, as fellow-heirs of death.'  
 the knell is toll'd: again from palace heights  
 weeping declares the levelling ruthless blow  
 struck; and still louder lamentation sounds.  
 woe too is there in the mind's depth, that knows  
 nor sound nor sign. what hand shall lift the veil  
 which hides parental grief, the childless fate  
 that finds no medicine in pomp or power,  
 the void of soul an empire cannot fill?  
 how would the feebleness of words but mock  
 the Husband's agony, who sitting now  
 in widowed desolation, where so late  
 he own'd a paradise of nuptial bliss,  
 feels all the love that warm'd his bosom there  
 increas'd each moment by the maddening thought  
 that it is shared, and can be shared, no more;  
 that she, o'er whom he bends, who loved him best  
 of all on earth, and as a shape of Heaven  
 before him spake and smiled, is senseless clay;  
 that, when most prizing her he would have shamed  
 his tenderest ways by ways more tender still,  
 she knows it not, and never shall again  
 return affection's pressure with the hand  
 design'd to wield a sceptre, that dear hand,  
 which gave him, with itself, a noble heart  
 that all earth's sceptres would have cheaply bought.

With step inaudible and ghastly cheek,  
 Imagination from such scenes retires,  
 while speechless Pity beckons her away,  
 and upward looks to that all-seeing Power  
 who, as he made it, can alone restore

peace to the troubled world within the breast,  
 where thoughts, when rous'd by keen affliction's storm,  
 are often rapid as the lightning's flash,  
 revealing and enhancing dreariness,  
 or black they are as night, than winds more wild,  
 and multitudinous as ocean-waves.

Such grief be sacred, wheresoe'er it racks  
 a kindred bosom : but, my countrymen,  
 the grief that I would now unload, is mine,  
 is yours, 'the common grief of all the realm.'  
 'tis looked from eye to eye, from tongue to tongue  
 'tis echoed ; oft it gushes forth in tears ;  
 oft with maternal fondness 'tis beguil'd  
 by its own prated tale ; or labouring speech  
 is choked, and dies in long convulsive sobs.  
 Nature, as Fashion, now to feeling gives  
 one character, to dress one sable hue,  
 poor outward emblem of our country's heart,  
 whose emanations so infect the time,  
 that grief becomes an element we breathe.—  
 some muse in lone dejection ; more in groups,  
 round hearths, in streets, in lanes, are comforted  
 by talk and mutual gaze, unconsciously  
 seeking in others to forget themselves.  
 now form and ceremony unawares  
 lose half their stiffness ; greetings now are made,  
 from secret sense of fellowship in woe,  
 with kinder accent and a warmer grasp.  
 labour and busy art now pause to sigh ;  
 a nation's loss suspends the keen pursuit  
 of private gain ; and pleasure's cup is pass'd  
 neglectingly, uncourted by the lip.  
 the witching pipe of mirth is thrown aside  
 useless, for all have left her wonted haunts.

Dishevelled beauty sits in pensive guise,  
 And hath no smile to point; her fairest wreaths  
 And costliest ornaments discarded lie.  
 A shade from elder seriousness is cast  
 O'er youth's unfurrowed brow. e'en boys awhile  
 Resist from play, or follow their blithe bent  
 As in the presence of surrounding gloom.  
 Our sorrow's theme hath such contagious spread  
 That oft th' unweeting infant lisps a word  
 At which the mother's bosom bleeds afresh,  
 And on the prattler's lips her tearful spouse  
 Prints stifling kisses, feeling that the stroke,  
 By which our parent land is agoniz'd,  
 Too bitterly endears his happier lot.  
 For she, our recent joy, hath turned us all  
 To mourners, as for one of nearest kin;  
 So by her virtues was the reverence due  
 To princely station kindled into love.  
 On one side of her father's ruling power,  
 Reclined on trophies won from foes abroad,  
 Slept War, with sheathèd sword upon the ground;  
 On th' other side, that father's second self,  
 She, as an angel, in the robe of Peace,  
 By her mere presence there, was, every hour,  
 In still retirement conquering hearts at home.

Through each gradation, from the castled hall,  
 The city dome, the villa crowned with shade,  
 Out chief from modest mansions numberless  
 In town or hamlet, sheltering middle life,  
 Down to the cottaged vale and straw-roofed shed,  
 Our Western Isle hath long been famed for scenes  
 Where Bliss domestic finds a dwelling place;  
 Domestic Bliss, that, like a harmless dove,  
 Honour and sweet endearment keeping guard)

can centre in a little quiet nest  
 all that desire would fly for thro' the earth :  
 that can, the world eluding, be itself  
 a world enjoyed ; that wants no witnesses  
 but its own sharers and approving heaven ;  
 that, like a flower deep hid in rocky cleft,  
 smiles, though 'tis looking only at the sky.  
 or, if it dwell where cultured grandeur shines,  
 and that which gives it being, high and bright,  
 allures all eyes, yet its delight is drawn  
 from its own attributes and powers of growth,  
 affections fair that blossom on its stem,  
 kissing each other, and from cherish'd hope  
 of lovely shoots to multiply itself.

Such home-born blessedness, in its effect  
 and virtuous cause, that princely woman knew,  
 whom, as our British garden's blooming pride,  
 Death's frost hath nipped, destroying flower and stalk,  
 when not one living germ had met the day :  
 yet by our love her memory, embalmed  
 in its own spicy odours, ne'er shall die.

She lived for us by setting (where most viewed  
 it most attracted admiration's gaze)  
 pattern of that which gives to social life  
 its charm, and forms a kingdom's moral strength.  
 she lived for us by piety to God,  
 which taught her how to love her brother man,  
 befriending wretchedness, as meant to be  
 a people's nursing mother. privacy  
 by virtuous action trained her for a sphere  
 of boundless good. thus in some woodland scene  
 a spring with murmurs musical impart's  
 freshness and verdure to the banks around,

as though it spake of mightier coming joy  
in wealth of waters rolled throughout a land.  
she lived for us by learning in the wife  
things most befitting for a destined Queen,  
and how to feel for an espousèd realm.  
she lived for us by many a token shown  
of properties and habits suited well  
to the free genius of our British state ;  
a spirit quick to feel and firm to guard  
her dignity and due : yet wisdom just  
in her own rights to mark and venerate ours ;  
to keep in view the source and end of power,  
whose noblest use is blessing what it rules ;  
to know that Majesty then greatest shows,  
when, like the sun, it smiles upon all eyes,  
and sees all eyes reflecting it again ;  
to prize our liberty (by form and law  
tempered, yet thus more strong and sacred made)  
as Sovereignty's best ornament and guard,  
giving most energy, most will inspiring,  
to shine in arts, in science, and in arms,  
to enrich a land, refine and sweeten life,  
unfold the mind, and still the nature raise  
of moral, social, intellectual man.  
'twas hers to view such freedom as the life  
of a grand complex whole, whose central bond  
is kingly rule ; she felt that it could pay  
a homage of the heart unknown to slaves ;  
and for a throne's just glory or defence,  
(made all that honour, mind, and fearless strength  
in millions are, when guarding what they love)  
would round it form an adamantine wall.

It was a part of her sweet home's employ  
to travel over England's storied page,

achievements chronicled, enacted laws ;  
to trace in peace or war each reign's effect,  
changes in times and manners, and their source ;  
and thus her own and her loved husband's thoughts  
she led to note whate'er in men or things  
was useful, wise, or glorious ; as the bees  
wander with busy pinion to make boot  
on the field's flowery sweets, and store a hive  
with honied treasure for the general weal.

In such a course, the comment of their tongues  
waked more and more their harmony of soul ;  
her eye would kindle his, whene'er she read  
of 'king-becoming graces,' and perchance  
might oft exclaim, 'thus let it be, aye thus,  
if regal care (which long may heaven avert)  
descend to me.' amid their virtues' rays  
Love joyed to bask, and in new triumph waved  
his purple wings, to see them play with smiles  
tender and soft as pastoral innocence,  
yet issuing from a godlike source of thought,  
royal as sunbeams that give light and heat.  
'twas thus they drank the cup of life together,  
making each sip as nectar to the taste,  
and of more worth than Egypt's melted pearl.  
so sweet a cup was theirs ; but when they looked,  
with thirsting lips, to find it sweeter still,  
death dash'd it to the ground : for him who shared  
and made it sweet, 'twas hers to live no more :  
'twas his to read in her last failing gaze  
all she to him, and he to her had been.  
for us no more, with blessings in her heart,  
she lived, yet gave a lesson when she died,  
in her meek deference to the Will supreme,  
how we should bear to lose her peerless self.



But is it wonderful that we should weep?  
 Our sympathies, so late in gallant trim  
 To glisten bright before joy's rising beam,  
 Now fare like morning dews, which, from a tree  
 Bent downwards by a sudden pitiless blast,  
 Are shook, with leaves that lodged them, to the ground.  
 Our expectations all on tip-toe stood,  
 Breathless for tidings, which o'er hill and dale  
 Steeds would have borne more fleet than wingèd winds,  
 As proudly conscious wherefore they were decked  
 With trappings gay, why shouting fill'd the skies,  
 And why the towns and villages had sent  
 Thousands to meet them in the crowded ways.  
 Night would have then in every peopled scene  
 Of Britain's Isle her dark dominion lost;  
 Bright signals would have told the moon and stars,  
 If light they gave, it was not needed there.  
 Yet what were these, in contrast with the looks,  
 The mind-illumined looks, that would have lent  
 A richer brightness to the brightest day?  
 Cannons would harmlessly have thundered forth  
 A kingdom's joy sublime: bells would have rolled  
 Their pealing merriment from shore to shore;  
 Yet these in melody could not have vied  
 With the sweet chimes of tenderness and glee  
 In countless bosoms, tuning every tongue  
 To one rapt theme. The present would have beam'd  
 More cheerily than bard has power to tell,  
 And to his mind, in Nature's wonted course,  
 A vision of the future would have shewn  
 One like a Faery Queen on throne of state  
 With Britain's chivalry collected round,  
 People's strength reclined in smiling peace,  
 While cherub forms might point to vistas bright  
 Of unborn ages opening to the view.

thus high our promised joys and hopes had risen,  
 like exhalations that mount up the skies,  
 masses of gold and purple forming there,  
 showing to Fancy images of bliss  
 beauteous and grand, rich groves and shining towers  
 and fair Elysian fields.—but all our hopes  
 have fallen downward, in a flood of woe  
 and disappointment deluging the land.—

Princess, adieu!—though thou art set in death  
 and seen no more, yet our recording love  
 shall be an ocean-mirror, where thy NAME,  
 august and star-like, shall for ever shine.  
 thou hast not reign'd : it was thy filial wish,  
 in long subjection to thy Father's rule,  
 his glory might enhance, his love endear  
 thy private bliss ; while that, in sweet return,  
 might soften and relieve his public cares ;  
 and thou shouldst recompense his duteous pangs  
 for a beloved and venerable sire,  
 by solacing his own decline of life  
 with all that he could hope for in a child.  
 thou hast not reign'd, except in British hearts,  
 where, in the thought of what thou wouldst have  
 been,  
 thou in a dear brief space hast reign'd an age.  
 thou art not mother to a line of kings ;  
 yet shalt thou so transmit thy worth's fair fame,  
 that regal excellence, when blazoned most,  
 shall mind all times of what we pictured thee.  
 thy spouse hath lost in thee a promised Queen :  
 yet can no foreign honour equal that  
 which pointing cries, 'this is the Leopold  
 whom English Charlotte loved ;' and in our land  
 thy mere remembrance with imperial power  
 shall hover, as a seraph at his side,

securing him, wherever he shall move,  
Love and Obeisance for a guard of state.  
from streets and windows thronged, smiles mix'd with  
sighs,  
raised hands, and gazing silence, shall proclaim  
what blessings on his head a nation pours.  
eyes oft around him shall be filled with tears,  
with pearly tears, more precious to the heart  
than the rich jewels of a kingly crown.  
then fare thee well, Britannia's buried boast,  
our bright but lost expectancy, farewell!

Thus had my soul indulged her sorrowing mood,  
and was, awhile, in musing stillness wrapt ;  
when, dreaming or entranced, a strain I heard  
mournful and soft, yet gradually raised  
to such mellifluous triumph, that almost  
it stole my breath away. the strain it seemed  
by which a spirit from this vale of tears  
is welcom'd and attuned to heavenly joys.  
I looked and saw, beyond a dark vast cloud,  
a beauteous form, enrobed in purest white  
refulgent, that, uprising to the sky,  
glanced on the earth beneath a pitying smile.  
below that cloud, on elevated ground,  
a mighty temple oped its folding gates  
eastward and westward, to the north and south.  
while thither, wearing grief's habiliments,  
and in long order, crowds from every side  
moved with one shade of sadness on all brows  
ranks and degrees, from penury to pomp.  
ascending its high steps, with mien devout,  
they bowed, and to Jehovah, God of Gods,  
a solemn worship paid ; where voices now  
responded, now in supplication joined,

or now in choral praises swelled the tide  
of instrumental harmony, which (rolled  
thro' aisles and fretted vaults) bore up to heaven  
concordant aspirations from all hearts  
in one deep volume of collective sound.  
meanwhile a cheering radiance through the cloud  
gleamed, as they spake or sang; and of their words  
this, the clear import, vibrates on my soul.

' Ruler of all events in earth and heaven,  
Author of life and death, eternal King,  
as creatures of the dust, we bend to Thee,  
and cry, with smitten hearts, thy will be done.  
thy will be done, whose wisdom can at once  
discern all things past, present, and to come,  
in all their issues. let thy will be done,  
Parent of all, whose mercy and whose love,  
in measures infinite beyond our ken  
and soaring thought, are over all thy works.  
give us true blessings in thy time and mode,  
nor let our granted wishes prove our bane.  
still teach us, when afflicted, so to pray,  
and in such spirit, that each outward ill,  
and each petition may to us become  
a good, and fit us for receiving good.  
teach us to mark in every earthly change  
what shades we are, what shadows we pursue;  
and thence to seek the bliss that dwells with Thee,  
substantial, perfect, ever-during bliss.  
we pray that on our land thy countenance  
may shed its light, and make a common woe  
knit us in mutual concord. may the Tree  
of England's polity and Brunswick's line,  
watered and nourished by a nation's tears,  
strike deeper roots, and gain, with ampler shade,

new strength and beauty from maturing time.  
may sceptred rule and loyalty contend  
which most shall homage pay, or most deserve.  
may the reft father in our sympathies  
behold a people warmed with filial love,  
while in his sway they own parental care.  
long may he live to see the reign of peace  
surpassing in true glory war's renown,  
by bloodless proofs of virtue, skill, and power  
gladdening his country with their blest effects ;  
by triumphs over ignorance and vice,  
conquests o'er all that darkens or afflicts  
the lot or mind of man, in present joy  
advancing mortal life's immortal ends.'

*The Reign of Youth.*

Θνητῶν δ' ὄφρα τις ἄνθος ἔχῃ πολυήρατον ἤβης  
 κοῦφον ἔχων θυμὸν πόλλ' ἀτέλεστα νοεῖ.

SIMONIDES.

WHEN YOUTH from regions of eternal spring  
 on earth's expecting vales descended,  
 the laughing Hours, that round attended,  
 proclaimed the Faery King.

with graceful vigour and elastic bound  
 he lightly touched the ground,  
 as though his feet could leave behind  
 the pinions of the wind.  
 his breath had Nature's fresh perfume,  
 his cheek her vivid bloom,  
 rich as the roses that his temples crowned.  
 a sceptre in his hand was seen  
 wreathed with budding evergreen :  
 his mantle, as it flowed,  
 the vernal year's impictured beauty showed.

And, lo ! from bowers and dells,  
 where'er within their cells  
 the Passions layentranced,  
 swift on the plain,  
 his subject train,  
 the loveliest of their tribe advanced,  
 to keep the Faery Reign.

ἩΒΑ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΑΦΟΡΟΣ.

While yet the flower of Youth's sweet hour  
to mortal man remaineth,  
full many a dream and fleeting scheme  
his light heart entertaineth.

*From SIMONIDES.*

Εὐτε κάπους εἶαρος ἀθανάτου στρ. α΄.  
ἐκλιποῖσ' Ἡβὰ κατέβα χθονὸς ἐς βασσας γλυκεῖαις ἐλπίσι  
θαλπομένας,  
αὐτίχ' Ὀρῶν δὴ χορὸς ἀδὺ βλέπων, κύκλω ποσὶν θείοις  
ὀπαδός,

ποικιλομάχανον ἀγλαΐας κάρυξ' ἄνασσαν.  
ἀ δ' ἐλαφρῶν γονάτων ὀρμαῖς ἔκυρσεν εὐρύθμοις  
γᾶς, πτέρ' ὥσπερ κεν θυελλῶν ὠκύθοος παραμειψαμένα,  
πνεῖ δ' ἀκραιφνὲς πνεῦμα, χροιάς δ' ἄνθος φλέγει πορ-  
φυροῦν,  
ῥοδινὸν ὥσπερ στέμμα κρατός.

σκῆπτρον ἐν χερσὶν φορέοισα πρέπει ἀντ. α΄.  
ἀμφὶ δάφνα πλεχθὲν ἀειθαλεῖ, στολμὸς δ' ἀγανᾶς ἀμ-  
φιχυθεῖς χλαμύδος  
δεῖξε φοινικάνθεμον εἰαρινᾶς ὥρας γραφῶν τέχνηισι  
κάλλος.

ἠνίδε, φυλλοκόμων λιμένων χλωρῶν τ' ἀπ' ἀγκῶν  
δαίμονες οἱ πρὶν ὕπνου θέλκτροις ἔκεινθ' ὑπάκοι  
νῦν ἀνάξαντες ταχύνοισ' ἄμ πεδίον, μαλακαῖσι θεᾶς  
ἐντολαῖς εἰκοντες, ἀφθάρτου γένους ἔξοχοι,  
κράτος ἐορτάζοντες Ἡβας.

First, newly wakened by the breeze and wave,  
the young-eyed WONDER sallied from his cave.  
with step abrupt and wildered gaze  
he trod the scene's mysterious maze.  
now he marked with coy delight  
the sun all-glorious on the mountain height ;  
now from the glancing rays  
withdrew his timid sight,  
again recoiling as the lake displayed  
his unknown image, and across the glade  
moved, like an airy sprite, his lengthened shade.

But who the rapt effect can tell,  
when MUSIC met him with her speaking shell?  
he saw—he heard the trembling chords obey  
her cunning fingers, and he hied away ;  
till soon, o'ertaken by the tuneful spell,  
back to her side the unconscious captive stole :  
then, as awhile she stayed her sweet control,  
on that strange shell, in playful mood,  
he dared a mimic blow to try ;  
yet still, like one pursued,  
had half retreated ere it made reply.  
and when her touch drew forth a louder strain  
by viewless Echo mocked from caverns nigh,  
on every side at every sound  
starting he looked around ;  
and still he smiled  
of thought beguiled,  
and starting looked again.



πρῶτος, αὔραις καὶ ψιθυροῖς ὕδασι κοίτας ἐγερθεῖς  
 ἀρτίως, ἐπ. α΄.  
 ὄμμασι φαιδρὰ βλέπων θαύμας μόλεν κευθμῶνος ἀπ'  
 ὠγγυίου  
 σπερχνὰ μὲν στείχων, δεδορκῶς δ' ὡς τις ἀτυζόμενος,  
 θεσπεσίαις γᾶς ἐν κελεύθοις· ἄλλοτ' αἶθουθ' Ἄλιον ἐν  
 κορυφαῖς  
 αἰδοῖ πρόσιδ', ἄλλοτε δ' ὄμμα τρέσαις ῥιπᾶν ἀπεῖρξεν,  
 φρίξε δ' ἐν λίμνυς κατόπτρω θ' αὐτὸν αἶδρις ὄρων,  
 καὶ σκιὰν μακυνομένην ὑπὸ δένδρ', ὥσπερ εἶδωλον,  
 πέτεσθαι.

τίς δὲ φράζοι χ' οἷα δαμείς ἔπαθεν στρ. β΄.  
 εὔτε Μοῖσα πρῶτον ὑπαντίασεν φόρμιγγ' ἐχοῖσα ποικιλό-  
 γαρυν; ἴδεν·  
 δακτύλοις ἤκουσ' ἐλελιζομένας χόρδας σοφοῖσιν· φεῦγε  
 ταρβῶν·  
 ἀλλὰ γὰρ ἀρμονίας ἐπαιδαῖ δαξίθυμοι  
 δέσμιον ἀμφιβαλοῦσαι μῆτιν ἔφθισαν μέλος,  
 εἶρπεν ἀγνῶς αὖ παρ' αὐτάν· ἅ δ' ὄτ' ἐπέσχε τέως  
 γλυκεράν  
 Μοῖσ' ἀνάγκαν, αὐτὸς ὡς μιμούμενος κουφόνοις  
 φρασὶν ἔτλα φόρμιγγα πλάξαι·

εἶτα πλάξας, οἷα διώκομενος, ἀντ. β΄.  
 εὐθὺς ἐς τοῦπισθε μάλ' ὦχ' ὑπεχώρει, πρὶν νιν ἀντι-  
 φθεγγομένην κελαδεῖν·  
 Μοῖσα δ' ὡς καὶ μείζον ἔπεισε λύραν ψάλλουσα φωνεῖν,  
 κλάγξε δ' Ἀχῶ  
 φθέγμασιν ἀντιτύποις πέλας ἐξ ἄντρων ἕδαλος,  
 πάντοσε βλέμμα τρέπων πάσαις ψύφων διυλλαγαῖς  
 οὓς ὑπέιχ' ὡς δὴ φοβαθεῖς, εἶτα γελάσμασιν ἀσυχίοις  
 ἔπρεπ' ὡς λύσαις μέριμναι, καὶ πτοαθεῖς πάλιν  
 κτύπον ἐπάπταινε νέορτον.

Next, o Youth, to welcome thee,  
 SPORT prepared his jubilee.  
 from thickets pearl'd with morning dew  
 he on impatient tiptoe sprang to view  
 with shrill uplifted horn, and called his sylvan crew.  
 redoubling shouts before them sent,  
 forth they rush from his greenwood tent  
 with their high-flourished weapons of merriment,  
 thy circled throne to greet.  
 triumphal in air  
 a standard they bear  
 with many a garland decked, the prize of many a feat.

At the sight, a transport showing  
 from the bosom fresh and glowing,  
 through the bright eye overflowing,  
 loose or linkèd hand in hand,  
 MIRTH leads up her frolic band,  
 with obliquely darted smiles  
 watching 'gainst invited wiles.

HEALTH is there, that with the dawn  
 climbs the mountain, skims the lawn,  
 oft on nectar feasted high  
 borne by Zephyrs from the sky:  
 WIT, that strikes with gay surprise,  
 JOLLITY, that grief defies,  
 and, loving every touch to flee,  
 the random-footed LIBERTY.  
 with half-shut eyes ecstatic LAUGHTER  
 almost breathless totters after;  
 one hand holds her bending breast,  
 while t' other points at antic JEST.

δευτέρα δ', Ἡβα, σὲ προσερχομένην στέψοισα τιμαῖς  
 Παιδία ἐπ. β'.

εὐτρέπις ἀγλαΐαν θάμνων δ' ἑέρσαις ἔκθορε λευκοφαῶν,  
 δακτύλων δ' ὀρμῶσ' ἐπ' ἄκρων ὕψι κέρας λιγυρὸν  
 ἦρε καλοῖσ' ἴλαν κυναγόν· τοὶ δ' ἄρ' αὐλᾶς ἐκ χλοερᾶς  
 σύμενοι

διπλῶ θορύβῳ βέλε' εὐφρονα πάλλοντες κυκλοῖσιν  
 σὰν ἔδραν, θύρσον τιν' ἄρδην δεικνύμενοι,  
 μυρίοις νικαφόρον ἐν στεφάνοις, μυρίων ἄθλοισ ἀγώνων.

αἶψα δ' ὡς τάνδ' εἶδε θάλεια θέαν, στρ. γ'.  
 ἄγαγ' εὐγαθῇ χορόν, εἴτ' ἀνέδαν εἴτ' ἐμπλακείσας χερσίν  
 ἔχοντα χέρας,  
 ἔνθεον φαίνοισά τιν' εὐφροσύναν, ἀγνῶν θ' ἀβρῶ κόλπων  
 ἐν ἄνθει

δέργματί θ' ἱμερόεντι δι' ὀφθαλμῶν φαεννῶν  
 λέχρια μὲν βέλε' εὐθύμου γέλωτος ἐξίει,  
 εὐλαβεῖται δ' ἀνθάμιλλον πρὸς δόλον ἐνδιαθρυπτομένα.  
 ἂ δ' ἄμ' ἠοὶ πολλάκις ψαίρει τε λευροὺς γύας  
 ὄρεά τ' ἀμβαίνοισα πίνει

νέκταρ ἐκπεμφθὲν Ζεφύροις διόθεν, ἀντ. γ'.  
 συμπροθυμαθεῖσ' Ὑγίεια πάρεσθ' ἦκει δὲ Ματῆρ εὐτραπέ-  
 λου χάριτος,  
 ἂ φθάνει κομψόν τι λέγοισα, πικρᾶς τ' Εὐθυμία κρέσσω  
 ἀνίας,

καὶ πολὺπλαγκτος Ἐλευθερία, χειρῶν ἄθικτος,  
 σὺν δὲ Γέλως ἔπεται βᾶκχειος, ὕσσε μὲν μύσαις,  
 πυκνὰ δ' ἀσθμαίνων σαλεύει γυῖα, χεροῖν συνεχῶν ἑτέρα  
 κόλπον εἰς οὐδας προπρανῆ, τῆ δ' ὁμοῦ δεξιᾶ  
 τὸν ἄτοπον δείκνυσι Μίμον.

LEISURE, winding here and there,  
dallies hindmost, heedless where.

Thus, o Youth, to honour thee,  
thus they kept their jubilee.  
thus to greet thee all conspire,  
all enchanted, all on fire,  
as joys could never fail, and never tire.

Yet hitherward adown the vale,  
where murmurs float upon the scented gale,  
DESIRE was now espied  
wandering the lonely stream beside  
with an unsettled air.  
behind him scattered blossoms lay  
plucked in his eager haste and idly thrown away.  
for, light and fickle in the lack of care,  
his visionary mind  
still pants for objects undefined ;  
and as, where'er he turns,  
the wistful ardour burns,  
amid the peopled beams  
before him many a phantom gleams  
in every varied hue ;  
till, hailed in vain by his extended arm,  
at some rude wind they take alarm,  
and vanish from his view.  
'twas then a chillness on his bosom crept,  
he gazed around, and wondered till he wept.

'Tis gone—the quick-forgotten tear ;  
for HOPE, the beauteous Hope, is near,  
earth-delighting prophetess,  
that only knows to bless.  
bright as the morn that rises to behold  
ascending vapours turn to clouds of gold,

λοισθία δ' εὐκαλος ἀναστρέφεται πολλοὺς δι' αὐλώνας  
 Σχολή, ἐπ. γ'.  
 ἄσκοπος οἷ κε φέροιθ'. Ἡβα, σέ δ' αὔξων πᾶς ὄδ'  
 ὄμιλος ἄγει  
 τάνδ' ἑορτάν, κοινὰ τιμῶν ὕργια γαθοσύνης,  
 πᾶς ἐνὶ κηληθμῶ τε θελχθεῖς καὶ μίαν ψυχαῖς φλόγα  
 θηκάμενος,  
 ὡς μήτε τέλους ποτὲ μήτε κόρου ταῖσδ' ἂν μολόντος  
 ἀδοναῖς. ἀλλ' εἰσορᾶν γάρ φαμι Πόθον  
 δεῦρο βαίνοντ' ἔνθ' ἀσαφῆ πέτεται φθέγματ' ἄμφ' εὔσο-  
 μον αὔραν·

πὰρ ρεέθροις δ' οἰοπόλοιο νάπας στρ. δ'.  
 ὡς ἀλύων οἰχνεῖ, ὅπισθε δὲ κεύνται πορφυρῶν οἱ φθειρό-  
 μенаι κάλυκες  
 ἀνθέων ἄς δρέψε τε καρπαλίμως δρέψαις τ' ἀπέρριψεν  
 μάταιος.  
 ἄστατα γὰρ φρονέων, αἳτ' ἀγύμναστος μεριμνᾶν,  
 φαντασίαις τε σύνεστ' οὔτ' οἶδεν ὧν ἐφίεται,  
 ἀλλ' ὅποι δὴ κεν τρέπηται, πῦρ τι δι' ἥπατος ἄτον ἔχων  
 δέρκεται μορφώματ' ἀκτίσι ξυμμιγέντ' αἰθέρος  
 ὅσα βροτοῖς ἄμφανεν Ἴρις·

ταῦτα δ' εἰ χεῖρ' ἐκτανύσαις καλέει, ἀντ. δ'.  
 οἴχεται, χειμῶνος ὕβριν χαλεπὰν δείσαντ', ὀνείροις ἴσ'  
 ἀφανιζομένοις·  
 ἔνθα δὴ ψυχρὸν φρασὶν ἦλθε κρύος, κύκλω τε παπταίνων  
 ἀγάσθη,  
 ἔς τε καὶ ἐξέβαλεν δάκρυον· καὶ μὰν δακρύσαις  
 ὦκ' ἐπίλασιν ἔχει· στείχει γὰρ ἅ καλὰ πέλας  
 Ἐλπίς, εὐφραίνουσα Γαῖαν μάντις, αἰεὶ τι φέροις' ἀγαθόν·  
 οἶα δ' ἀντέλλουσα λεύσσει λεπτόν Ἄως καπνὸν  
 νέφεα τίκτειν χρυσοφεγγή,

she dances on the plain,  
as if her listening ear  
caught from afar a blithe inviting strain.  
she courts the Future. can he aught deny  
to the simplicity of her bespeaking eye?  
between them Fays are on the wing,  
and ever through the sky  
to her the pledges of his favour bring.  
she courts the Future, till successive Hours  
in distant light array'd  
look forth from arches opened through the shade  
that still is rolling round his misty bowers.  
one prankt with flowers  
her notice greets,  
and seems to sip  
with rubied lip  
a chalice full of sweets.  
the next with gleaming torch displays  
fair blissful scenes—yet most attracts the gaze  
by signs that fill the mind with more than vision  
meets.

τοῖον ἔξεστ' ἐν πεδίῳ πόαις ὄρχημα λεύσσειν Ἑλπίδος  
 ἐπ. δ'.

ὥσπερ ἄρ' οὖς παρέχουσ' εἰ φθόγγον αὐλῶν εὐφρονα  
 τῆλέ ποθεν

ἔξακούοι, φαιδρόνου σύνθημα χοροστασίας.

ἂ δ' ἐφόδοις μνάστειρα σαίνει μαλθακαῖσιν τὸν προσιόντα  
 Χρόνον·

πῶς δ' ἄρ', ἀδόλοισι παρηγορίας ὕσσων μαλαχθεῖς,

οὐκ ἂν αὐτᾷ πάντα δοίη κείνος ἐκῶν;

καὶ παρ' ἀλλάλους διαπεμπόμενοι φροντίδων πτανὰς  
 ὑπουργοὺς

οὐ τι κάμνοισ'. Ἑλπίδι δ' αἶδε Χρόνου στρ. ε'.

τοῦ προσέρποντος πάρα σύμβολα πωτῶνται φέροισαι  
 πιστὰ φιλοφροσύνας·

ᾧδε δὴ ψυχὰν θεραπεύμασι κηλαθεῖς ἀνικάτοις γλυκείας

Ἑλπίδος ἐρχομενᾶν ὁ μέγας κλαδοῦχος ὥρᾶν

κλᾶθρα τέλος χαλάσαι πυκνοῦ ζόφου κατιξιῶι,

δωμάτων ὅς νυκτιλαμπῶν οἱ κυναναγέας ἀμφὶ πύλας

κάτι δινεῖται· τὸ μέλλον δ' ἐκκαλύψαις, σκιᾶν

θυρίδας ὡς κοίλας διοίγων,

τηλέφαντον φῶς ἐπιεσσαμέναν ἀντ. ε'.

δεῖξεν ὥρᾶν ἐξ ἐτέρας ἐτέραν, ὀρφνᾶς προκύπτουσαν  
 περιβαλλομένας·

ἂ μὲν ἀνθῶν κόσμον ἔχοισα πρέπει, χεῖλει δ' ἄφαρ φοινικο-  
 βάπτῳ

μεστὸν εὐφροσύνας προσάγει πάσας ἄλεισον·

ἂ δὲ τόπους μάκαρας πρὸς λαμπάδ' ἀγλαὰν δοκεῖ

φαινέμεν· τοῦτ' αὐτὸ μέντοι πλείστον ἐπισκοπέοντι μέλει,

σάμασιν γὰρ μυστικοῖς μεῖζόν τι σημαίνεμεν

φρασὶν ἔχει θαῦμ' ἢ κατ' ὄψιν.

each is welcomed as it lingers  
with her kissed and beckoning fingers.  
if one should haply rise  
in less alluring guise,  
Hope does but mark all cheerily the while  
another close behind peep o'er it with a smile.

Yet ah! with gloomiest tidings on his brow,  
a giant Wizard of the mountains, now  
pale *TERROR* came; and, while with cowering mien  
a spell-bound troop were round him seen,  
his lips essayed dark mysteries to unfold.  
but soon those quivering lips were locked,  
and his glazed eye-balls, in distortion roll'd,  
betokened things too dread for speech  
or shuddering thought to reach.  
the earth beneath him rocked,  
when mixed with thunder and the voice of waves  
from black unfathomed caves  
was heard a dreary cry,  
that echoing seemed in other worlds to die.  
then silence reigned, but such as threw  
on Expectation's front a ghastlier hue;  
for, with a scowl of grim delight,  
he told that from the realms of night  
unearthly shapes were crowding into sight.  
when thus the magic work more fearful grew,  
a wilder eagerness his votaries thrilled,  
and, at each stir or sound  
above below around,  
shrinking they turned, or fell upon the ground,



τῶν δ' ἐκάσταν, πρὶν παρεληλυθέναι, τείνοισα χεῖρ'  
ἀσπάζεται· ἐπ. ε΄.

εἰ δέ τις αὖ στυγεράν δείξειε μᾶλλον σχῆμ' ἐπιτελ-  
λομένα,

τῆς δ' ἀφροντιστεῖ μὲν Ἑλπίς, τῇ δ' ἄρ' ἐπισπομένα  
ἄδεται ὡς σκυθρῆς προκύπτει δῆθεν εὖορμις γελαίοισ'  
ᾧπιθεν.

πέφρικ' ἀχόρευτά τις ἀγγελέων χλωρὸς πρόσωπον  
νίσσεται, πτάσσουντ' ἄγων φίλτροις ἀφίλοισι λόχον,  
δεσπότης παμφάρμακος, οὔρεσι ναῖον πέλωρ ἄκροισι  
Δεῖμος·

λυε κλαῖδας σκοτιῶν ἐπέων· στρ. στ΄.

χειλέων δ' ἄφνω τρομερῶν κρύος αὐδὰν πᾶξ' ἄφωνον,  
λύσσα δ' ἐλισσομένας

ὀμμάτων στρεβλοῖσ' ἐμάραιε κόρας, ἄρρητα σημαίνων  
ταραγμὸς

ταρβαλεώτερά τ' ἢ κατ' ἐρευνῶντας νοῆσαι·

χθῶν δὲ σαλεύεται, ἐν βρονταῖς τε καὶ κλυδωνίων

βυσσόθεν φωναῖσιν ἄντρων ὀρνυμέναισι κελαινεφέων

μίγνυται λυγρὰ τις ὀμφά, τῆλε δ' ἀχοῖσα γᾶς

μεθορίοις ἄστρων τε λήγει.

εἶτα σιγὰ μὲν βρόμον ἐκδέχεται, ἀντ. στ΄.

τοῖς δὲ καὶ πρὶν προσδοκίμοισι κακοῦ χραίνει παρείας  
δείματι χλωροτέρῳ·

φησὶ γὰρ κευθμῶνος ἀπ' ἐννυχίου μορφᾶς ἀναθρώσκειν  
ἀφράστους,

σκυθρὰ δρακεῖς ἐπιχαιρέκακος· δεινᾶν δ' ὄσω κεν

μᾶλλον ἴωσ' ἐπαοιδᾶν μαχαναὶ τελεσφόροι,

προσπόλων θυιᾶς τοσοῦτῳ μᾶλλον ὀμάγνυρις οἰστρέεται·

εἰ δὲ κινεῖται ψόφος τις γᾶθεν εἴτ' οὐρανῶ,

τόδε τρέσαντες προστρέπονται·

nor raised their heads till his behest was known ;  
for he could keep suspended, as he willed,  
their sense and breathing ; by his look alone  
could give them wingèd speed, or freeze them into  
stone.

But hence, ye tremblers, hence away,  
flitting as shadows at the glance of day !  
for who are these, that, next beheld in motion,  
come like the fresh resistless tide of ocean ?

'tis INTELLECT, aroused as from a trance,  
intent by Nature's clue  
to wind through labyrinths, where at each advance  
her unveiled secrets meet the courting view.

'tis young DISDAIN, with smile half turned  
on bounds his vaulting feet have spurned.

'tis STRENGTH that lifts his rampant form,  
as he could ride and curb the storm.

'tis INDEPENDENCE, on a rocky height,  
free as the tameless eagle poised for flight.

'tis VALOUR that has met the eyes  
of spirit-stirring ENTERPRISE,  
and watches for the prompted aim  
at which to rush through flood and flame.

οἱ δὲ καὶ πίπτουσι χαμαιπετέες, πρὶν δ' οὐκ ἐπαίρονται  
 κῆρα ἐπ. στ'.  
 πρὶν κε μάθωσιν ἐφετμὰς δεσπότην· κείνος γὰρ ἔχει τ'  
 ἐθέλων  
 πᾶσιν αὐτοῖς ἀμπνοὰς ψυχᾶς τε μένος πεδάσαι,  
 καὶ δόμεν, ἐμβλέψαις μόνον, τοῖς μὲν δρόμων κάρτος  
 μέγ' ἀελλοπόδων,  
 τοὺς δ' αὖ κρνώεις δαμάσαι λιθίνους. ἄλλ' ἔρρετ' ἤδη,  
 Φωσφόρου τέλλοντος εἶδωλ' ὧς, τρομεροί·  
 τίς γὰρ ὀρμᾶται στόλος, ὠκεανοῦ προσφερῆς ἀγναῖσι  
 ῥίπαις;

φαμί λεύσσειν, κόματος ὡς βαθέας στρ. ζ'.  
 ἐξεγερθεῖσαν, Σοφίαν Φύσεως στίβον ἐξηγουμένας μασ-  
 τευέμεν ἐκπεράαν  
 συμπλόκων ὀρφναῖα πλανήμαθ' ὀδῶν, ἔνθ' ὡς προβαίνει  
 μᾶλλον αἰεῖ  
 δέρκεται ἐκφανέας τις ἔσω τεθμοὺς Ἀνάγκας·  
 ὕμμα δ' Ὑπερφροσύναν λεύσσω τρέποισαν ἐγγελᾶν  
 λακπατήτους ἀμφὶ βαθμοὺς ὧν ὑπερέσχεθ' ἀναλλομένα·  
 ὀρθίαν δ' αἶρει Σθένος ῥώμαν φυῆς, ὡς λαβρᾶν  
 στόμα νωμᾶσον θυελλᾶν.

ὑψιπύργοις δ' ἐν σκοπέλοισι πρέπει ἀντ. ζ'.  
 στᾶσα Ματῆρ αὐτονόμου μεγαλόψυχος ζοᾶς, ὡς αἰετὸς  
 ἐκτανύσαις  
 ταρσὸν ἀδμῆς ἰσοφόρον πτερυγῶν· Εὐκαρδία δ' ἐγγυὺς  
 πολεῖται,  
 Τόλμαν ἐγερσίνοον ποτιδερχθεῖσ' ἀντίπρωρος·  
 ὡς δὲ διαυλοδρόμος βαλβιδά τις προσίσταται,  
 πρὶν δραμεῖν τηρῶν ἀμίλλας σᾶμα πρὸς ἀνδρὸς ἀγωνοθέτου,  
 ὧδε πρὸς Τόλμας μένει σᾶμ' ἄδ', ὅπως ἀγρίαν  
 δι' ἄλα πῦρ τ' ἕπλατον ὀρμῆ.

Yet these are but a herald band :  
the crested Chieftain is himself at hand ;  
these shall but wait  
on his heroic state,  
and act at his command.

he comes, AMBITION comes ; his way prepare :  
let banners wave in air,  
and loud-voiced trumpets his approach declare.  
he comes, for GLORY hath before him raised  
her shield with godlike deeds emblazed.  
he comes, he comes : for purposes sublime  
dilate his soul ; and his exulting eye  
beams like a sun, that in the vernal prime  
with golden promise travels up the sky.  
onward looking, far and high,  
while before his champion pride  
vallies rise and hills subside,  
his mighty thoughts, too swift for lagging Time,  
through countless triumphs run ;  
each deed conceived appears already done,  
foes are vanquished, fields are won.  
e'en now, with wreaths immortal crown'd,  
he marches to the sound  
of gratulating lyres,  
and earth's applauding shout his generous bosom fires.

ἀλλὰ μὰν αὐταί γε πρόπομποι εἴοισι φροιμιάζονται μό-  
νον ἔπ. ζ'.

νῦν δὲ πάρεστιν ἄνασσ' αὐτά, κόμαις στέμμ' ἱππολόφου  
κόρυθος

ἀμφιθεῖσ' αὐται δὲ κείνας σεμνοτάταν κεφαλὰν  
ἀμφιπολήσοισ', ὧκα δεσποίνας πανάρχου ῥήμασι πειθό-  
μεναι·

χαῖρ', ὧ γενέτειρα Θεὰ φιλοτίμων χαῖρ' ἀέθλων,  
τοὶ δ' ὁδὸν λευρὰν προκόπτοιεν πρόδρομοι,  
σαμάτων δ' ἐν πορφυρέαισι χλιδαῖς καὶ τορῶ σάλπιγγος  
ἄχῳ

τὴν προκηρύσσοιεν ἐπερχομένηαν. στρ. η'.

ἔρχεται τῆ γὰρ φιλόφρων ἀνέδειξ' Εὐκλεί' ἐπαίροισ'  
ἀσπίδα δαιδαλέαν,

ἐργμάτων ποικίλμασι λαμπομένηαν θείοισιν· ὑψηλὰς πε-  
λάζει

ἐν πραπίδεσσι τρέφοισ' ἐπινοίας, ὄμμα τ' αὐγαῖς  
εἵκελος Ἀελίου χρυσαμπύκων μετ' ἐλπίδων  
αἰθέρ' ἀμβαίνοντος. ἔρπει προσκοπέοισα τὸ τηλεφανές,  
εὔχεται δ' ὑψηλόφρων πρὸς πάνθ' ἀμιλλωμένα  
χθαμάλ' ὀρεινοῖς τ' ἐξισώσειν,

τῶν τ' ὀρεινῶν ἄκρα χαμᾶζε βαλεῖν· ἀντ. η'.

τῆ δὲ συννοιᾶν μεγαλοπρεπέων ὄρμαὶ φθάνοισιν βᾶμα  
χρόνου βραδύπουν,

μυριᾶν νικαφοριᾶν δοκέοισαι πείρατα ζαλώτ' ἀφίχθαι.  
δρᾶν γὰρ ὅσ' ἂν νοήη, τάδ' ὄναρ καὶ δὴ δέδρακεν·  
δυσμενέων γέγονεν κρέσσων, μάχαισί τ' ἐν δορὸς  
ἄξι' εἴργασται τροπαίου Ζηνός, ὑφ' ἀδυλόγων τε λυρᾶν  
φαίνεται στείχειν, κέαρ γενναῖον εὐφαιμίας  
φλεγομένα πλειστομβρότοισιν.

he comes, he comes: his way prepare,  
let banners wave in air,  
and loud-voiced trumpets his approach declare.

All ruder sounds, o Youth, were hushed awhile,  
nor had Ambition run his purposed race,  
when LOVE at last appeared to claim thy smile,  
and at thy side obtain the dearest place.  
leaving a diviner scene,  
where her dwelling erst had been,  
by Zephyrs wafted in a pearly car,  
to this sublunar element  
her gliding course she bent,  
and came through vernal mists, emerging like a star

But first, o Youth, that she might be  
duly trained for earth and thee,  
on ambrosia Love was fed  
in FANCY'S charmèd bowers,  
where his wand her footsteps led  
through mazes gemmed with flowers:  
making earth to her appear  
like a higher kindred sphere.  
yet PITY then, benignly meek,  
with faltering voice and moistened cheek,  
to Love revealed, that Pain and Woe  
had found a place below.  
and as she ceased, from grove and distant rill  
the sound was borne of Nature's plaint,  
melancholy, low and faint,  
a whisper to the heart, when all around was still.  
Love, scarcely breathing, bent her head  
and listened till her colour fled;

ἔρχεται· λευρόν τιν' ἴτ', ὦ πρόδρομοι, τᾷδ' ἀμερώσοντες  
 στίβον· ἐπ. η'.

εἴ, ἀναδείξατε μὲν σαμεῖα, σαλπίγγων δ' ἄφεθ' ὕψι  
 βοάν.

ἀλλὰ μὰν ἄρσην τέως, Ἥβα, κέλαδος φθινύθει·  
 πρὶν γὰρ ἐκείναν τέρμα κάμψαι προσδοκατὸν κυδαλίμοιο  
 δρόμου,

μναστήρ ἐπιφαίνεται ὕστατος εὐνοίας Ἔρωσ σᾶς,  
 φίλτατός θ' εἰς δὴ τεοῖσιν στασόμενος  
 πὰρ θρόνοις· ὅς θειοτέραν προλιπὼν τῶν πάροιθ' αἴγλαν  
 ἐπαύλων

ἐς πλάκας γᾶς ἦλθεν ὑπουρανίους, στρ. θ'.  
 ρίμφα λευκοὺς σὺν ζεφύροισιν ὕχους ὑγρᾶς διώκων  
 αἰθέρος ἐξ ἀδύτων,

καὶ διελθὼν εἰαρινὰς νεφέλας ἐξέλαμψ' οἶός τις ἀστήρ.  
 ἀλλ' ἴν' Ἔρωσ προμάθοι χθονὶ τίν θ', Ἥβα, συνεῖναι,  
 Φαντασίας ἐνὶ κάποις βόσκει' εἶδαρ ἄμβροτον,  
 ἃ τέ νιν θέλγοισα ῥάβδῳ ποικίλον ἄνθεσιν ἄγε πλάνον,  
 γαῖα δ' αὐτῷ θεῖος ἤδη χῶρος ὧς συντρόφων  
 παρέχ' ἀνάμνασιν μελάθρων.

φᾶ δ' ὀκνηροῖς φθέγμασί τ' ἠπιόφρων ἀντ. θ'.  
 Οἶκτος, ὄψιν τ' οὐκ ἀδιάντος· ἀλάθειαν φράσω σοι  
 πᾶσαν· ἐπιχθονίων

ἴσθι Λύπαν καὶ βαρύθυμον Ἄνιαν συγκατοικισθεῖσαν αὐ-  
 λαῖς.

ταῦθ' ὁ μὲν εἶπε· ναπᾶν δ' ἄπο τηλουρῶν τε κρανᾶν  
 ἀντιαχεῖ μεγάλα Ματῆρ ἄσημ' ὀδύρματα,  
 πευθίμου φωνᾶεν αὐδᾶς οἰοπέλοις ψιθύρισμα βροτοῖς·  
 ὡς λιποψυχῶν καταφῆς ταῦτ' ἀκούων Ἔρωσ  
 ἀπαλὸν ἐξάλλαξε χροιάς

but, as it mantling came again,  
her eyes all eloquent expressed  
an answer to the mournful strain:  
for they proclaimed that in her bosom dwelt  
softness ineffable, a power and will  
to conquer Force, the fiercest Rage to melt,  
to find a balm for life's severest Ill,  
and lull the Sorrows of the earth to rest.

thus Pity's influence o'er her soul  
heightened Fancy's rich control.  
Love from Pity learnt the sigh  
that saddens, but endears;  
from Fancy learnt the rapture high,  
that trembles into tears.  
each o'er her slumbers fondly bent,  
and both their inspiration lent,  
like rainbow tints in dewy lustre blent,  
as in a flowery cave she slept,  
where bees, that had from Eden strayed,  
its native honey to her lips conveyed,  
and by the murmuring which they kept  
about her golden hair,  
lured from the sky such visions fair,  
as Eden knew when Innocence was there.



ἄνθος· ὡς δ' αὐτ' ἤλυθε πορφύρεον, φαιδρωπὸς ὀφθαλμῶν  
σέλας ἐπ. θ'.

ἀγγελίαισι βαρείαις ἀντέφλεξεν· δείξει γὰρ ἐν πραπίσιν  
τοῖα νωμῶν κῆλα παμπειθοῦς ἀγανοφροσύνας  
ὡς κεν ἐλεῖν ὕβριν βιαίαν θέλκτρα τ' ὀργᾶς εὐρέμεν  
ἐμμανέος

κουφίσματά τ' αἰνοτατᾶν ὀδυνᾶν θνατοῖς παρασχεῖν,  
καὶ κατευνάξειν μαλακᾶ χερὶ χειμῶνα δυσκύμαντον ἄτας.

τοιιάδ' Οἴκτω μᾶλλον ἐπισπόμενος στρ. ι'.  
μᾶλλον αὖ καὶ Φαντασίας ὑποθήκαις παντοσέμοις κῆρ  
παρέβαλλεν Ἔρωσ·  
πρὸς γὰρ Οἴκτου τοῦτ' ἔλαχεν, στοναχᾶν λυπρὸν μὲν  
ἱμερτὸν δὲ δῶρον,

Φαντασία δ' ἅμα συνθιασώτης προσπελάζων  
ἔκετ' ἐπ' ὀλβοδοτείας ὡς βεβυκχιωμένος  
φροντίδων ὀρμάς, ροαῖσιν γείτονας εὐμενέσιν δακρῖων.  
κοινὰ γὰρ βρίζοντος ἄμφω τηρέοντες λέχος  
χάριτας ἐνστάζοντι κοινάς,

εὐδρόσους ἀκτῖνας ἄπερ μιγάδας ἀντ. ι'.  
Ἴριδος· κνώσσει δὲ μυχαῖσιν Ἔρωσ σπείους ἐλικτοῖς  
ἄνθεσι κρυπτομένου,  
χείλε' ἰῶ τεγγόμενος γλυκερῷ πλαγκτᾶν ἀπ' Οὐλύμπου  
μελισσᾶν·

αἶ θ' ὅτε μελιχόφωνον ὑπερτείνοντι βόμβον,  
χρυσοκόμους περὶ χαίτας σάς, Ἔρωσ, ποτώμεναι.  
θεσκέλων τοιόνδε μορφᾶν οὐρανόθεν κατάγοντι χορὸν  
οἶον ἐν γαίας νεόρτου κἀμιάντου σταθμοῖς  
ἔσιδεν Ἀγνεία σύναυλος.

Love woke, and moving with impassioned grace,  
attempered to the music of her thought,  
she looked as one that trod the liquid air;  
while, from some hovering angel presence caught,  
reflected radiance blushed upon her face.  
yet, as a lily droops with moisture fraught,  
soon by her own rapt consciousness opprest  
at Pity's side she knelt with heaving breast,  
and seemed to ask, in gentle grief,  
if sweet illusion mocked her fond belief.

but Fancy near, in triumph mute,  
still round her waved his wings.  
for though she courted Pity's lute,  
and bade it speak of tears,  
of sighs and tender fears,  
yet would she stoop to kiss the strings,  
as in their silver tone  
the Spirit of her dream  
had told of bliss alone.  
her brow she raised  
and upward gazed,  
as if her soul on one exhaustless theme  
would fain for ever dwell:  
then smiled, as bidding mortal tongues despair  
that wondrous theme's entrancing power to tell;  
and still would sighs pursued by smiles declare  
she felt a pain that spurned relief, and bliss too  
sweet to bear.

thus taught to smile and sigh,  
Love now to Youth drew nigh.  
the conscious heavens o'er her head  
their blandest influence shed;  
and on the earth her very sight  
had all things waked to soft delight.

ἐξεγέρθη, φροντίσι τ' ἐμμελέσιν ῥυθμὸν συναρμόζων  
ποδοῖν ἐπ. ι'.

θοῦρος Ἔρωσ ἐδόκει βαίνειν ἐφ' ὑγρᾶσ αἰθέρος· ὡς δέ  
τινος

δαιμόνων ἄσποντος ἐγγὺς ῥιφθὲν ἀπὸ πτερυγῶν  
φῶσ ῥοδόχρουν ἔστιλβ' ἐπ' ὄψει· λείριον δ' ὄμβροισι  
βαρυνόμενον

ὡς κρᾶθ' ὑφίει, μελεδήμασιν ἀρρήτοις δαμασθεῖς  
κάμψεν ἀσπαίρων παρ' Οἴκτω γούνατ' Ἔρωσ,  
ὡς ἐρωτῶν, ἄρα τάλασ δοκέων ἐσλά προσλεύσσειν δολοῦ-  
μαι;

ἀλλ' ἄναυδος Φαντασία πτέρυγασ στρ. ια'.

ἄγχι δινεύεσκεν ἀγαλλομένα· τὰν μὲν γὰρ Οἴκτου σαίεν  
Ἔρωσ κιθάραν,

ἀξιῶν νιν δακρῦοεν τι θροεῖν ἄσμα στεναγμοῖσ σὺν  
ποθεινοῖσ·

προσκυνέων δὲ φιλήμαθ' ὅμως ἔμβαλλε χορδαῖσ,  
ὥσπερ ὄνειροπολῶν λεπτᾶσ ὑπαὶ μελωδίας

ἄλλο μηδὲν πλὴν τύχαν εὐδαίμον· ἄνω δὲ βλέπων  
συνεχῶσ

φαίνεθ' ὡς ἐνθουσιάζων ἔν μέλημ' ἀμφέπειν,

τὸ δ' ὑπεσήμαιεν, ἀδεῖ

μειδιάσαισ ὄμματι, θειοτέρασ ἀντ. ια'.

φροντίσιν θαυμαστοτέρασ τ' ἐπαοιδὰσ ἀμφιβάλλειν ἢ κατὰ  
θνατογενεῖσ ἐνέπειν·

καὶ στενάζων ἐν δὲ μέρει γελᾶων ἄλγος τ' ἐμάνυσέν τι  
παντὸσ

κρέσσον ἄκουσ ὀχέων τε χαρᾶσ οἴστρημ' ἄφερτον.

τοῖα γέλωτος ἔχων στέργηθρα καὶ στεναγμάτων  
ἐγγὺσ ἦλθ' Ἡβασ Ἔρωσ· τοῖσ δὴ συνέχαιρε συναπτο-  
μένοισ

οὐρανός τ' εὐφρον ποτιστάζων ἄνωθεν γάνος,

γᾶσ θ' ἀπάσασ φῦλ' ἰάνθη

the Elements with mutual greeting  
gave sign that Love and Youth were meeting.  
the balmy Air, with humming sound  
and sun-kissed pinions quivering o'er the ground,  
calls verdure, fragrance, life and bloom around.  
smoothly the forests now  
their shaggy honours bow ;  
and up from lowly nests in mead or glen  
ambitious warblers rise,  
that task with twinkling plumes the dazzled ken,  
or lost in light convey earth's gladness to the skies.  
voices meanwhile from other spheres,  
saluting mortal ears,  
with chime of song from land and ocean sent  
mingled their melting ravishment ;  
and this the lay, to mount and vale and shore  
that each enamoured wind in tuneful concert bore :

'turn, hither turn thine eyes, o Youth,  
Love's choice ordained to be ;  
and haste to learn the blissful truth,  
that Love was formed for thee.  
take her, that Love in thee may find  
all that is imaged in her mind ;

εἰσάπαξ ὡς εἶδ' ἀνέμων δὲ ρέεθρων τ' ἀντίφωνοι κλη-  
δόνες ἐπ. ια΄.

συζυγίαν ἐδέχονθ' Ἥβας Ἐρωτός τ' ἐν δὲ φίλος Ζέφυ-  
ρος,

ἠλιοβλήτοις διαιθύσσων πτερύγεσσι πέδον,  
ἀδύπνοον βομβεῖ τιν' ἄχον, τοῦ κελεύοντος χλοερούσι  
βρύει

βλαστήμασι πανταχόθεν χθονὸς εὐόσμοιο λειμών.

ἀσυχᾶ δ' ἤδη δασείας δένδρα κόμας

νεύει ὄρνιθες δὲ λεχῶν χθαμαλὰς ἐξερημώσαντες εὐνάς

καρπίμοις ἐν πίσεσιν εἴτε νάπαις στρ. ιβ΄.

ὑψόσ' ἐκθρώσκοντι, φιλωδοὶ ἀμιλλατῆρες, οἱ μὲν τῶν  
ἐπιδερκομένων

ὄμματ' ἐκπλήσσοντες ἀμαχανία τοῖς αἰολόχρωσιν πτε-  
ροῖσιν,

οἱ δ' ἀφανιζόμενοι περιλάμποισαν κατ' αἴγλαν  
πρὸς Δία τᾶς ἐπὶ γᾶ βάξιν φέροντι χαρμονᾶς.

ἐν δὲ τῶδ' ὀμφαῖ βροτείοις ὡσὶν ὑπερθ' ἐπινισσόμεναι

χερσόθεν τ' ἄχοις ἀοιδᾶς ποντόθεν τ' οὐρίοις

τακερὰ θυμοῦ θέλκτρ' ἔμισγον·

ταῦτα δ' ἀκταῖς τ' ἄγκεσί τ' ἠδὲ νάπαις ἀντ. ιβ΄.

ἰμέρω ζευκτᾶν στίχες ἐξέφερον πνοιᾶν ξύναυλοι δεῦρ'  
ἴθ', Ἐρωτι δάμαρ

μοιροκράντων ἐκ τελετᾶν προσιούσ' Ἥβα· μέγαν δ' ἴσθ'  
εὐθύς ὄλβον·

σοὶ γὰρ Ἐρως διὰ παντὸς ὀμιλάσων πέφυκεν.

ἀλλὰ δέχου τὸν Ἐρωτ' ἤδη φίλον συνάρορον,

ὡς ὁ μὲν τῶν σῶν θεατῆς γιγνόμενος, βασιλεία, τρόπων·

πάνθ' ὄσ' ἐννοία πλάσαις ἰμερτά· που τυγχάνει

τόσα παρόντ' ἔργοισιν εὖρη,

take her, that Love to thee may give  
what most shall make it life to live.

no sweeter prize can earth provide  
to crown thy guardian care :  
o take her as a Queen and Bride,  
thy golden Reign to share.'

τὴν δὲ τοῦδ' αὖ κτησαμένα φιλίαν εὐδαιμονίζεται βίος,  
 ἐπ. ιβ'.

ἔξοχον ἀντιλαβὼν ζωᾶς ἄωτον. μηκέτ' ἐπειγομένα  
 πόρσιον θήρα γλύκιον κτήμα κατ' αἶαν ελεῖν  
 τοῦδε γὰρ εἰ θήσει προμάθειαν, νόμιζ' εὐαμερίας πατέειν  
 ὑψηλοτάταν κορυφάν. ἄγε δὴ, λέκτρων τε δέξαι  
 τόνδε κοινωνὸν θρόνων θ', Ἡβα, πάρεδρον,  
 χρύσειον χρυσοστεφάνοιο τέας ξυμμετασχῆσοντα τιμᾶς.

R. C. J.

*Eve.*

WITH thee conversing, I forget all time,  
all seasons, and their change ; all please alike.  
sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,  
with charm of earliest birds, pleasant the sun,  
when first on this delightful land he spreads  
his orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower  
glistening with dew, fragrant the fertile earth  
after soft showers, and sweet the coming on  
of grateful evening mild, then silent night  
with this her solemn bird, and this fair moon  
and these the gems of heaven, her starry train.  
but neither breath of morn, when she ascends  
with charm of earliest birds, nor rising sun  
on this delightful land, nor herb, fruit, flower  
glistening with dew, nor fragrance after showers,  
nor grateful evening mild, nor silent night  
with this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon  
or glittering star-light without thee is sweet.

MILTON.



*Te, dulcis Coniunx.*

Σοὶ δὴ ξυνοῦσαν ἐν λόγων κοινωνία  
 χρόνος διελθὼν λανθάνει μ', ὦρα δέ μοι  
 ἅπασ' ὁμοίως σοῦ παρόντος ἀνδάνει.  
 ἔω μὲν ἠδὺ πνεῦμ', ὀπηνίκ' ὀρνέων  
 ἀνέχουσα κινεῖ πρωιαίτατον μέλος·  
 τερπνὸν δ' ἄρ' ἀντέλλοντος ἡλίου σέλας,  
 ὀπότεν ἔφαν τῆδ' ἐπιρραίνῃ χθονὶ  
 ἀκτίνα, δένδρῳ, ἀνθεσιν, καρπῶ, χλόῃ,  
 λαμπρὰν δρόσον στάζουσιν· εὐώδης δ' ἄραι  
 ἢ πάμφορος γῆ μειλίχου ὄμβρου μέτα·  
 ἠδέϊα δ' ἀγανῆς ἐσπέρας ἐπήλυσις·  
 κἄπειτα νύξ ἄφωνος, ἢ τε νύκτερος  
 ὄρνις ξυνήθης, καὶ σεληναῖον φάος,  
 ξὺν τῆδ' ὀπαδῶν μυρίων ὀμηγύρει,  
 τοῖς ἀστερωποῖς οὐρανοῦ ποικίλμασιν.  
 ἀλλ' οὔθ' ἔφα πνεύμαθ', ἠνίκ' ὀρνέων  
 ξὺν πρωτομόλπων ὄρνυται μελωδία,  
 οὔθ' ἥλιος γῆν τήνδε προσγελῶν φάει·  
 οὐ καρπός, ἀνθη, δένδρα καὶ χλόη δρόσου  
 στίλβοντ' ἐπιρροαῖσιν, οὐκ εὐοσμία  
 χθονὸς μετ' ὄμβρον, οὐδ' ἔκηλος ἐσπέρα,  
 οὐ νύξ ἄφωνος ἠθάδι ξὺν ὀρνέῳ,  
 οὔ μοι σελήνη νυκτέρῳ πλανωμένη  
 οὐδ' ἀστερωπὸν φῶς ἄνευ σέθεν γλυκί·

G. J. K.\*

\* Quae litteris G. J. K. signata sunt nomen commemo-  
 rant fratris mei desideratissimi Georgii Ioannis Kennedy,  
 Coll. Diu. Ioann. Cantabr. olim socii, qui, cum e Magistris  
 esset Scholae Rugbeiensis, ibi feбри correptus occubuit A.S.  
 MDCCCXLVII.

*The Daughter, the devoted!*

SINCE our country, our God, O my sire,  
demand that thy daughter expire;  
since thy triumph was bought by thy vow,  
strike the bosom that's bared for thee now.

and the voice of my mourning is o'er,  
and the mountains behold me no more:  
if the hand that I love lay me low,  
there cannot be pain in the blow.

and of this, O my father, be sure,—  
that the blood of thy child is as pure  
as the blessing I beg ere it flow,  
and the last thought that soothes me below.

when the virgins of Salem lament,  
be the judge and the hero unbent:  
I have won the great battle for thee,  
and my father and country are free.

when this blood of thy giving hath gushed,  
when the voice that thou lovest is hushed,  
let my memory still be thy pride,  
and forget not I smiled as I died.

BYRON.

*Mactatu Parentis.*

CVM patria, o genitor, cum numen postulet ipsum  
 tingat ut Isacios nata cruore focos,  
 cumque tuo fuerit uoto laus empta triumphi,  
 nunc tibi nudatum perge ferire sinum.  
 uirgineae cessat munus sollemne querellae,  
 nec patrii montes me, uelut ante, uident.  
 si dilecta parat generosum dextera letum,  
 quid nimii uolnus tale doloris habet?  
 hoc tibi pro certo stet in ima mente repostum :  
 tam purum uenis flumen inesse meis  
 quam spes, in leto quae me solantur, et istae  
 concipies pro me quas moriente preces.  
 progeniem Solymaea tuam sine naenia ploret,  
 naenia uirgineis ingeminata choris ;  
 tu tamen immotus iudex herosque maneto ;  
 non ego sum lacrimis dedecoranda tuis,  
 per quam parta tibi est magni uictoria belli  
 fregit et indignum terra paterna iugum.  
 cum uitam abstuleris, quam tu, pater, ipse dedisti,  
 et mea sub gelida lingua tacebit humo,  
 natae semper ouans itera praeconia, meque  
 trade reidentem colla dedisse neci.

G. J. K.

*Saint Dennis to Saint Cupid!*

TELL me not, sweet, I am unkinde,  
 that from the nunnerie  
 of thy chaste breast and quiet minde  
 to war and arms I flie.

true, a new mistresse now I chase,  
 the first foe in the field;  
 and with a stronger faith embrace  
 a sword, a horse, a shield.

yet this inconstancy is such  
 as you too shall adore:  
 I could not love thee, deare, so much,  
 loved I not honoure more.

LOVELACE

*The Song of Pan.*

I SANG of the dancing Stars,  
 I sang of the daedal Earth,  
 and of Heaven, and the Giant wars,  
 and Love, and Death, and Birth:  
 and then I changed my pipings,  
 singing how down the vale of Maenalus  
 I pursued a maiden and clasped a reed:  
 gods and men, we are all deluded thus:  
 it breaks in our bosom and then we bleed:  
 all wept, as I think both ye now would,  
 if envy or age had not frozen your blood,  
 at the sorrow of my sweet pipings.

SHELLEY.

*Qui bello est habilis, Veneri quoque conuenit.*

QVOD fera tam castis mutare recessibus arma  
 cogimur, eque tuo longius ire sinu,  
 parce, precor, uerbis nimium indulgere seueris:  
 non adeo tuus est, lux mea, durus amans.  
 quid si, acie primum quemcumque offendimus hostem,  
 est nouus a nobis iste petendus amor,  
 si clipeo potius, si basia iungimus ensi,  
 ardentique magis corde perimus equum?  
 attamen et tibi se mea uita probauerit ipsi;  
 nec nihil haec leuitas quo capiaris habet;  
 nam tu, crede mihi, non tam dilecta fuisses,  
 ni tibi decressem praeposuisse decus.

G. J. K.

*Fauni Cantilena.*

SALTANTIVM certamina siderum  
 terraeque dixi munera daedalae  
 caelumque Titanumque pugnas:  
 quin et Amor rabiesque Leti et  
 Lucina nostras detinuit manus:  
 mox ipse uersis me cecini modis,  
 Nympham per anfractus ut olim  
 Maenalios temere insecutus  
 flerim prehensa lusus harundine.  
 heu sic deorum, sic hominum genus  
 ridemur omnes, et cruentat  
 fracta sinus laceros harundo.  
 tam suaue maerens fistula lacrimas  
 mouit coronae; uos quoque tangeret,  
 utrique ni frigans stetisset  
 inuidia senioe sanguis.

G. J. K.

*Nisus.*

NISVS erat portae custos, acerrimus armis,  
 Hyrtacides; comitem Aeneae quem miserat Ida  
 uenatrix, iaculo celerem leuibusque sagittis;  
 et iuxta comes Euryalus, quo pulchrior alter  
 non fuit Aeneadum Troiana neque induit arma,  
 ora puer prima signans intonsa iuuenta.  
 his amor unus erat, pariterque in bella ruebant,  
 tum quoque communi portam statione tenebant.  
 Nisus ait, 'dine hunc ardorem mentibus addunt,  
 Euryale? an sua cuique deus fit dira cupido?  
 aut pugnam aut aliquid iamdudum inuadere magnum  
 mens agitat mihi nec placida contenta quiete est.  
 cernis, quae Rutulos habeat fiducia rerum:  
 lumina rara micant; somno uinoque sepulti  
 procubuere; silent late loca. percipe porro,  
 quid dubitem, et quae nunc animo sententia surgat.  
 Aenean acciri omnes, populusque patresque,  
 exposcunt mittique uiros, qui certa reportent.  
 si tibi, quae posco, promittunt (nam mihi facti  
 fama sat est), tumulo uideor reperire sub illo  
 posse uiam ad muros et moenia Pallantea.'

VERGILIUS.

Ἔνα θυμὸν ἔχοντες.

Πύλας ἐφρούρει Νίσος, Ἵρτάκου γόνος,  
 μάλ' ἐν μάχαισι θοῦρος, ἐκ δ' ἔπεμψε νιν  
 Ἴδη κυναγός, Αἰνέα παραστάτην,  
 λόγχῃ τε κλεινὸν καὶ θοοῖς τοξεύμασι.  
 τούτῳ δ' ἑταῖρος προϋστάει πυλῶν ὁμοῦ  
 Εὐρύαλος, εἶδος ἔξοχος τῶν Αἰνέου,  
 πάντων θ' ὅσοι φοροῦσι Τρωικὴν σάγην,  
 ἄρτι χνοάζων ἄξυρον παρηίδα.  
 τοῖσδ' εἰς ἔρωσ ἦν, ἐς μάχην θ' ὄρμῃ μία,  
 καὶ νῦν τὸν αὐτὸν ἔλαχον ἐν πύλαις πάλον.  
 λέγει δὲ Νίσος· ἦ θεοί, φίλ', ἐν φρεσὶν  
 ἔδωκαν ἡμῖν τήνδε τὴν προθυμίαν;  
 ἦ τοῦπιθυμῆν τοῦν ἐκάστοισιν κρατοῦν,  
 θεὸς οὗτος ἀνθρώποισιν; ὡς ἐμοὶ πάλα  
 ἄμιλλαν ἢ τί γ' ἔργον ὀρμαίνει μέγα  
 ὁ θυμός, οὐδέ μ' ἀργία στέργειν ἔα.  
 τὸ τῶν πολεμίων θάρσος εἰσορᾶς ὅσον;  
 σπάνις γε πύρσων, διαβεβρεγμένοι δ' ὑπνω  
 οἴνω τε κείνται, πᾶς τ' ἐσίγησεν τόπος.  
 νῦν οὖν ἄκουσον οἷά μοι παρίσταται·  
 ἅπασ μετελθεῖν Αἰνέαν βοᾷ λεώς,  
 δῆμός τε χοί γέροντες, ἐκπέμψαι θ' ἅμα  
 τοὺς ἀγγελοῦντας οὗ καθέσταμεν τύχης.  
 σοὶ δ' ἦν διδῶσιν ἂν θέλω,—τοῦργου δ' ἐμοὶ  
 αὐτ' ἀρκέσει τὸ κῦδος—εὐρήσειν ὁδὸν  
 ἔοιχ' ὑπ' ὕχθον τόνδ' ἐς Εὐάνδρου πύλιν.

G. J. K.

*The Moralist.*

*1st Lord.* To-day, my lord of Amiens, and myself did steal behind him, as he lay long under an oak, whose antique root peeps out upon the brook that brawls along this wood: to the which place a poor sequester'd stag, that from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt did come to languish: and, indeed, my lord, the wretched animal heav'd forth such groans that their discharge did stretch his leathern coat almost to bursting; and the big round tears cours'd one another down his innocent nose in piteous chase: and thus the hairy fool, much marked of the melancholy Jaques, stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook, augmenting it with tears.

*Duke S.* But what said Jaques? did he not moralize this spectacle?

*1st Lord.* O yes! into a thousand similes. first, for his weeping in the needless stream. poor deer! quoth he, thou mak'st a testament as worldlings do, giving thy sum of more to that which had too much. then, being alone, left and abandon'd of his velvet friends: 'tis right! quoth he; thus misery doth part



*Multa mouens animo.*

- AN. Ἐγὼ γὰρ ἄνακτι σήμερον ξὺν Ἀμειῖ  
 ὕπισθε τάνδρὸς εἶρπον, ἀρχαίας δρυὸς  
 ὑπὸ σκιᾷ κλιθέντος, ἧς πολύπτυχος  
 προὔκυψε ρίζα ναμάτων κατοψία  
 ἂ τῆσδ' ἐπιρρέοντα καχλάζει νάπης.  
 οἷ καὶ τάλυσ τις ἔλαφος, ὅς διχ' ἐφθάρη  
 ταῖσιν κυναγῶν χερσὶ που βεβλαμμένος,  
 ἐπ' ἐκπνοᾶς προσῆλθε θανασίμους βίου·  
 καὶ δὴ τοιούσδε θῆρ ὁ δύστηνος γόους  
 ἤγειρεν, ὦναξ, ὥστε καὶ δέρας' σχεδὸν  
 διαρραγῆναι δυσπνόοις φυσήμασι.  
 παχέα δ' ἀπ' ὕσσω νηπίου ρίνος κάτα  
 ἐφέσπετ' ἀλλήλοισι δακρύων λίβη,  
 οἰκτρὸν γ' ἰδεῖν διώγμα· χῶδ' ὁ ταρφύθριξ,  
 νωθρὸν δεδορκῶς χυτὸ τοῦ πενθήμονος  
 ἐν τῶδ' Ἰάχου πολλὰ τηρηθεῖς, ἄκραϊς  
 ὄχθαισι νασμῶν ὠκέων παρίστατο,  
 δακρυρρόω νιν αὐξάνων πλημμυρίδι.
- BA. τί δῆτ' Ἰάχης εἶπεν; οὐ σοφὴν τινα  
 γνώμην ἔλεξε τῆσδε τῆς θεῆς πέρι;
- AN. καὶ μυρίοις γ' ἤκαζε ποικίλλων τρόποις.  
 πρῶτον μὲν, ὦναξ, ὧδε τοῦ τὸ θηρίον  
 ρείθρω ἔνδακρῦσαι τὰ φθόνῳ καθήψατο·  
 φεῦ, φεῦ· ταλαίπωρ' ἔλαφε, σὺ δὲ τὴν οὐσίαν  
 τὴν σὴν παραδιδούς, οἷα σύγγονον βροτοῖς,  
 τῶ πρόσθ' ἄγαν ἔχοντι προσνέμεις πλέον.  
 ἔπειθ' ὀρών νιν μοῦνον, ἡρημωμένον,  
 καὶ τῶν ἐταίρων τῶν ἀβρῶν ἀγείτονα,  
 ὀρθῶς ἔχει τάδ', εἶπε, τὴν γάρ τοι φίλων  
 ἐπιρρόην ἐνόσφισ' ἢ δυσπραξία.

the flux of company. anon, a careless herd,  
full of the pasture, jumps along by him,  
and never stays to greet him: ay! quoth Jaques,  
sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens!  
'tis just the fashion. wherefore do you look  
upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?—  
thus most invectively he pierceth through  
the body of the country, city, court,  
yea, and of this our life: swearing, that we  
are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,  
to fright the animals and to kill them up,  
in their assign'd and native dwelling-place.

SHAKESPEARE.

*The Pledge.*

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,  
and I will pledge with mine;  
or leave a kiss within the cup,  
and I'll not ask for wine.  
the thirst, that from the soul doth spring,  
doth ask a draught divine;  
but might I from Jove's nectar sip,  
I'd change it not for thine.

BEN JONSON.

ἐλάφων δὲ πλῆθος ἔκπλεων βορᾶς ἰδῶν,  
 εἰκῆ παρασκιρτῶν τε κοῦ προσεννέπον  
 χαίρειν τὸν οὐτασθέντα, δυστομέϊ τάδε·  
 ἴτ' ὃ σφριγῶντες πίονές τε δημόται,  
 ἴθ' ὦδε γὰρ νῦν πανταχοῦ νομίζεται·  
 τί τόνδε προσδέσκεσθε τὸν πανώλεθρον;  
 οὕτως ἀγρούς τε καὶ πόλιν καὶ δώματα  
 βασιλεῖ' ὄνειδιστῆρσι δεινάξει λόγοις,  
 καὶ πρὸς τὸν ἡμῶν τόνδε λοιδορεῖ βίον·  
 ἀπλῶς ἐνίσπων δὴ τάδ', ὡς ὑπέρβιοι  
 μόνον τύραννοι παράνομοί τ' ἐπήλυδες  
 καὶ τῶνδε χείρους ἐσμέν, οἳ τὰ θηρία  
 φοβοῦντες οὕτω πρέμνοθεν ῥαχίζομεν  
 ἐν τοῖσιν αὐτῶν ἐννόμοις οἰκήμασι.

G. J. K.

*Propinatio.*

LUMINIBVS solis mihi, Lydia cara, propines,  
 luminibus reddam mox ego, crede, uices:  
 uel tantum admoto cyathum mihi tinge labello,  
 et desiderium fugerit omne meri.  
 scilicet, ex anima quae feruida nascitur ima,  
 non nisi diuino est fonte leuanda sitis;  
 ast ego, donentur mihi si Iouis ipsa, recusem  
 pocula: sunt labris illa secunda tuis.

G. J. K.



APPENDIX.



## APPENDIX.

### I. ANNOTATIONS.

P. 26—27, line 9, 'dew.'

I am unable to say how this word came into my text. In Shakespeare (as Mr Aldis Wright has pointed out to me) the true, and evidently right, reading is 'rain.' The Greek line may be corrected thus :

*εις τὴν κάτω γῆν ὄμβριον στάζει γάνος.*

p. 45, line 4 in second piece :

As 'falsior' wants authority, the line may run thus :  
'crastina transacta luce dolosa magis.'

p. 81, line 9 of second piece :

for 'serius ore' read 'seria uoce,' as ore soon recurs.

p. 108, line 9 :

fertur correptus, *is said to have been seized.* See Public School Latin Grammar, p. 428 (note) and Preface p. xi.

p. 164, last line,

for 'Combination-room' read 'Common Room.'

p. 282, line 6,

semicolon at close of line, not period.

## II. VIRGIL'S ECLOGUES, p. 304.

The Commentary in my School Edition of Virgil (London, 1876) contains occasional verse translations of passages, chiefly in the *Aeneid*. My Preface speaks of these as designed 'to stimulate and guide the poetic feeling of young readers.' Some critics seem to have dealt with these words and with the translations, as if my purpose had been to exhibit specimens of my own skill as a translator<sup>1</sup>. Assuredly no such thought was in my mind. My wish was simply to help boys to render in poetic English the exact thought of Virgil, neither more nor less: to supply them with specimens of such translation as might fairly be recited to the master in lesson as a just rendering by any boy in the highest Form, after reading aloud the Latin passage. The places selected by me for rhythmic version were partly indeed chosen on account of their beauty. Such are *Geo.* II. 1 &c., 467 &c., *Aen.* I. 159 &c., 588 &c., IV. 529, &c. VII. 511 &c., and others. Oftener, however, the selection was made with a view to smoothe some inherent difficulties. Such is the description of the '*Troiae Ludus*' in *Aen.* V. 580 &c. Wherever it seemed extremely difficult, if not impossible, to unite poetic expression in English with strict adherence to Virgil's exhibition of his thought in Latin, I have refrained from giving a verse translation, preferring to illustrate my view of the passage by rendering it in a more or less free prose form. Such instances are by far the most numerous; as *Aen.* I. 19 &c., 116—17, II. 136, III. 453 &c., IV. 15 &c., 289 &c., and others.

<sup>1</sup> My version of the simile in *Aen.* XII. 746—757, was cited in company with some other versions by a critic (?) who did not perceive that one or more of those cited spoil Virgil's picture by a misinterpretation of l. 751, introducing a huntsman where the poet has only two live figures; a hound (*venator canis*) which represents Aeneas in pursuit of Turnus, and a stag, which denotes Turnus flying from his pursuer.



The Eclogues are far more easily rendered into English rhythm than either the Georgics or the Aeneid. I have given a version of them here, in order (if this book should fall into the hands of any students of Virgil) to exemplify for their use the principle of translation explained above. They will, I think, find that I have endeavoured to maintain it throughout. It does not debar me from modifying Virgil's forms of construction so as to suit English idiom and rhythm, provided I keep his thought exact. Thus in Ecl. II. 10, where he says, 'Thestylis bruises rank herbs,' it suits me to write, 'rank herbs by Thestylis are bruised': in 56, he has, 'you are a clown, Corydon:': I, 'O Corydon, you clown,' in III. 4, he has, 'and fears lest,' &c.; I, 'full of fear lest,' &c., and the like. There are not many places where the Latin construction is such as to compel wider departure from a literal English version. The lines IV. 55—57 seemed to enforce that broken English rendering which I have there adopted. In two places only I have thought it well to depart from Virgil's practice of not dividing a line between two speakers. These are III. 2 and V. 8. By paring down the original, I could have written III. 1, 2,

*M.* Whose flock, Damoetas? that of Meliboeus?

*D.* No, Aegon's; Aegon lately charg'd me with it.  
and V. 8—9,

*Me.* None on our hills strives with you but Amyntas.

*Mo.* What if he strive in song to vanquish Phoebus?

This is done in each case at the expense of having two consecutive lines of eleven syllables; and by suppressing in the former instance Virgil's 'dic mihi,' in the latter (which is less important) his 'idem.' 'Charged me with it,' is not a pleasing expression, and 'gave it to me' would be ambiguous. On the whole, I think I was bound in III. to write as I have done: but in V. I might have adopted the compression into two lines.

The two Odes of Horace on pp. 282—3 are translated on the same principle of literal rendering; and in one (i. i.) I have tried to follow the metre of the original; a thing which I am far from deeming feasible in general.

### III. THE REV. R. KENNEDY.

The author of the two poems, which (with Prof. Jebb's Greek Version of the second) occupy pages 340—377, graduated as B. A. of St John's College, Cambridge, in 1795, and as M.A. in 1798. Though he was born in England, the first twelve years of his life were passed at Annapolis in Maryland, before and during the war of revolution in the American States. Returning after the peace to England with his mother, then a widow, he resided and went to school for a time amidst the beautiful scenery of Haughmond Hill in Shropshire. These circumstances, and his intimacy at College with S. T. Coleridge, must have tended to foster a native taste and genius for poetry, probably inherited from his mother, of whom he often spoke as a reader and lover of the great English poets, and as sometimes writing verse herself. After taking Holy Orders, he accepted a Mastership in King Edward's School, Birmingham, becoming Second Master in 1807. He also held the Curacy of St Paul's for 20 years until 1817, when he became Incumbent, the leading members of the congregation having by private subscription purchased for him the next Presentation, in testimony of their high esteem and personal affection. His office in the School he resigned more than 20 years before his death, which took place Jan. 2, 1851, in his 79th year. From his clerical duties he had retired about the year 1847.

The grateful love which I cherish for the best of fathers, and the reverence in which I hold his high genius and his goodness in every relation of life, forbid me to attempt the portraiture of one whom I cannot be supposed to regard with impartial eyes.

I shall therefore, as respects his personal character, content myself with quoting extracts from two documents supplied to me, the one soon after his death, the other a few years ago.

The writer of the first (J. P.) is a gentleman of great cultivation, whose intimacy with my father is described by himself. Occasionally I omit passages of a digressive nature, which seem uninteresting for the present purpose.

BIRMINGHAM, 30th *June*, 1851.

MY DEAR SIR,

I am sure you will feel with me, that the indulged remembrance of past friendships is one of the most sacred gratifications of life.

The memory of the late Rev. R. Kennedy is associated with many happy remembrances of social pleasure by all who enjoyed his intimacy. So genial, so refined, so simple, was his character, that he always elevated the tone, and contributed largely to the grace, of the domestic circle. I first knew him about ten years previous to his death; during the last six of which he was one of my intimate friends. And it is as an attached friend, not as a critic or biographer, that I attempt this short sketch of his character. He often conversed with me on his intention to publish an edition of his works, with a short memoir, which he requested me to prepare from materials he intended to furnish; therefore this contribution may be deemed a partial fulfilment of a personal request.

The last time we met (it was only a few minutes interview) he again named the subject, and touchingly alluded to the probable nearness of his end, adding to a warm-hearted good bye the words "God bless you, God bless you; indeed I have not much time to spare." He felt what he said, and as he possessed a remarkable power of expressing by his

countenance and manner the feelings of his heart, such a last parting, so soon followed by his death, was not likely to be forgotten.

Although the friends who suggested a memoir cannot now possess one revised by him, yet, as you have the materials, I trust you will gratify the wishes of those who affectionately cherish your father's memory, by yourself adding a biography to his works.

In writing of a beloved friend I will endeavour to avoid the vulgar custom of implying that he was scarcely subject to the common sins and frailties of humanity, or that sin and frailty did not work out in him, as in all other men, specific faults of character.

I do not know whether you will agree in the opinion that much of our biography, and especially religious biography, is injurious in its effect, from a want of truthfulness, presenting false views of human character and life. Pictures of character, like those of scenery, to be truthful, must express shadows as well as lights.

A leading trait in Mr Kennedy's character was simplicity. He possessed the highest development of this attractive and ennobling quality. Not only was he habitually sincere and truthful (a man of reserved, unamiable, or even morose temper, may be all this), but there was a perfect transparency of soul, combined with a childlike spontaneous freshness of feeling, subduing the power of his intellect and the extent of his acquirements, and investing his nature with the gentleness and beauty of perpetual youth. He was not only incapable of moral tortuousness himself, but he seemed unable to perceive it in others upon any but the most palpable evidence.

Enthusiasm was allied with this singleness of mind. By enthusiasm I mean an energy and warmth and earnestness, inducing activity and vigour in every pursuit which interested him. I believe he was incapable of entertaining the question whether he should devote much or little attention to favourite objects. Earnestness was a law of his nature, and one which he found it pleasant to obey. So much natural ardour, com-

bined with childlike simplicity of character, produced frequent instances of what is popularly called absence of mind.

This was especially observable when he indulged the high poetic gifts with which his intellect and heart were graced.

Mr Kennedy was a true poet, and in the power of abstraction he almost resembled Sir Isaac Newton ; the soul of the latter was lost amidst deep and stern realities, while the poet's wandered among visions of exquisite beauty, the creation of an almost inspired imagination. Many pleasant stories are told of his utter forgetfulness of self, and of passing scenes and circumstances, when absorbed in poetic effort.

\* \* \* \* \*

I have had many opportunities of witnessing Mr Kennedy's relish for romance, a taste that contributes largely to the poetic character.

He was not a genealogist or antiquarian, though few men more enjoyed a good old family story. Your own family history (that of the Ayrshire Kennedys) is rich in incident and romance, as all the learned in such matters are aware. There is a very rare and curious thin quarto volume of family memorials of the 16th century, a book not much known, and full of anecdote, extremely amusing, but picturing manners a little too savage for our modern notions. Mr Kennedy was sufficiently Scotch to be interested in his distant collateral kindred. I well remember his hearing from one of them who was visiting at my house a narrative with which he was highly delighted and which is not in print.

\* \* \* \* \*

Your late father had this interesting piece of family history (with other graphic illustrations of the loyalty of believers in the house of Stuart) from my friend Mr Hartley Kennedy (the eldest son of the late General Kennedy), who is now, as head of that branch of the family, in possession of the silver cup of "Hue Kennedy."

In return for this story Mr Kennedy gave us a most amusing incident which occurred in his own childhood, how as a boy he fled from his mother, who was about to bring him from America to England, and declared he would never leave the land of liberty, appealing with a perfect fervour of boyish heroism to the local authorities to protect him. This circumstance you will perhaps be able fully to record in the memoir. His affection for his adopted country however was not greater than his filial love, for he had a scheme of his own for keeping his mother in America too.

Mr Kennedy possessed a remarkable power of expression. In voice, in countenance, in action, when he was moved, every utterance and feature and gesture was eloquent. He was the finest reader and reciter of poetry that I ever heard, and this is the common opinion of his friends.

In reciting his own beautiful Haughmond Hill, or parts of his *Reign of Youth*, or of his poem on the Death of the Princess Charlotte, his countenance lit up with a perfect radiance of intellect and feeling. I well remember his rising from our breakfast table (about seven years ago when we lived at Hall Green Hall, near his house) in the midst of the recital of some fine passage in "*The Reign of Youth*." He could not finish the passage sitting; he involuntarily stood up and recited it with all that eloquence of voice and expression which was his special gift. It is remarkable that, so gifted, he was not a good platform orator.

Sensibility, a refined delicacy of feeling, graced his character and won for him prompt access to all hearts. He instinctively shrank from wounding the feelings of others. All his social intercourse was marked not only by the smooth manners of good breeding, but also by the gentleness of a naturally kind heart. Kindness indeed seemed to be both a principle and an instinct, in fact an inalienable law of his nature. Though destitute of anything approaching to sickly sentimentality, his natural affections were deep and powerful. On the occasion of the presentation of plate by the people of Birmingham, when he retired from the incumbency of St

Paul's, he alluded to the memory of his mother and to her influence on his early life. He was for a few moments overpowered. The remembrance of his mother brought tears to his eyes at the age of 75. After the presentation he and Mrs Kennedy stayed at my house till the next day. He conversed with much feeling of his retirement from public life, and the gratifying testimonial he had received. It seemed in his estimation the great event of his old age.

His exquisite taste was a constant source of pleasure to himself and his friends. In his happiest poetic efforts his choice in the selection of language seemed perfect. Indeed, in just appreciation and command of the English language I suppose he had few equals. The power and adaptation and harmonious flow of his words in 'Haughmond Hill,' and in some passages of 'The Reign of Youth,' strike me as surpassingly beautiful. On this subject however, in writing to you, I write with great diffidence. \* \* \*

Perhaps the most attractive trait in Mr Kennedy's character was his largeness of heart, his world-wide charity and liberality. This feeling was beautifully exemplified towards those who differed from him in politics and religion, and this at a period when unhappily such charity was not deemed quite orthodox. From the same feeling, combined with enlightened views of social interests, sprang his consistent advocacy of education, when the prejudices of society were too generally arrayed against the diffusion of knowledge. In his sphere, too, he had to brave the disapprobation and perhaps the unkindness of many friends, as a consequence of his truly liberal sentiments. While cordially attached from principle and inclination to the Church of England, I do not believe he ever descended or could descend to the littleness of party animosity against those of other creeds. He was the consistent opponent of every kind and degree of persecution. It was no part of his creed to infringe the laws of Christian courtesy and kindness in vindicating Christian principles. I am not aware what was his habit in earlier years, but ever since I have known him he approached controversy (though

he seldom sought it) in a spirit of gentle simplicity, which rendered it impossible to diverge into bad feeling.

This letter would be very incomplete if it contained no allusion to the religion of my late friend, and yet I shrink from the attempt to describe or appreciate the *personal religion* of another. Certainly such a question is not within human reach; it is determined by that hidden life which is fully seen by One Mind only. The moral difficulties, temptations, capacities, failures, and achievements of a human soul (though they are all that is worthy the name of life), elude our judgment almost as completely as the essential principle of the soul eludes our senses. I will record therefore only those manifestations of religious character which I have witnessed, premising that on the subject of his own religious feeling and affections Mr Kennedy was habitually reserved. As I did not attend St Paul's, I have heard but few of his sermons, and those few were composed probably at a late period in life. They were clear, dignified and evangelical expositions of Christian doctrine and practice.

In conversing on the distinguishing truths of Christianity, Mr Kennedy used to speak of them with entire simplicity of belief as accomplished facts, not as theories or speculations. When he spoke of the Almighty, or of any marked Divine interposition in human affairs, or of the great interests of the soul, he manifested a peculiarly reverential feeling, such as we involuntarily suppose the great Hebrew Lawgiver felt when he heard those words, "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground."

This feeling was so genuine that it was always contagious; its influence was marked on all present. Any allusions to himself were always so made as to indicate a lowly estimate of self. When he spoke of his own hope for eternity he ever spoke of it as resting on the Saviour, the only foundation whereon a lofty human destiny can be safely based.

He appeared to have a growing appreciation of the nearness of his removal, for he alluded frequently in his last years in this subject, and always evidently with deep feeling.



And now, my dear Sir, this already too protracted letter must be brought to a close. I am aware it does not do justice to Mr Kennedy's abilities. The high testimony of Coleridge and Washington Irving (whose letters of warm congratulation and praise on the poem on The Death of the Princess Charlotte are in your hands) and of other celebrated men give a just view of his talents. This letter is rather intended to record those qualities which endeared him in private life. You have lost a parent, I have lost a friend, whose refined and exquisite taste, combined with the gentleness of his heart and the greatness of his talents, endeared him to all who knew him. He can never be forgotten by his friends.

Trusting this letter may be acceptable to you, and apologising for its want of completeness (for it has been written under the pressure of numerous engagements),

I remain, my dear Sir,  
Faithfully yours,

J. P.

To the Rev. B. H. KENNEDY, D.D.

The second communication I received from a lady whose name is now honourably known wherever English literature is read. She had mentioned to me in conversation the poetic impulse conveyed to her in early life by one or two casual interviews with my father at the house of a common relative. I asked her, as a favour, to give me some account of these in writing, with the intimation that I should be glad to refer to them, if I ever found an occasion of commemorating his poetic character.

I extract from her paper a few notices of one interview only, which entirely confirm, by the witness of a person differing in age as well as sex, the principal characteristics mentioned by the preceding writer.

“MY DEAR DR KENNEDY,

“I have felt lately how rash it was in me to accede to your request that I would write down some recollections of Mr Kennedy, your father. For, on thinking over what I remember, I find scarcely anything which can be called incident, but only impressions about character—a character certainly most remarkable, and one which, so far as I can discern such things, still appears to me to have had more of the temperament of genius than any that I have since met with. Still I would rather send mere impressions than let you think I had forgotten a request which was flattering to me.

“Mr Kennedy’s appearance and manner, in the first moment that I saw him and heard him speak, awakened in me the perception of the vast differences that exist between one man and another as to the amount of life possessed, and as to the interest taken in extraneous things.

“I was about fifteen when, spending an evening, with my mother, at the —s, I first saw him. The conversation turned on Milton’s *Paradise Lost*, in which he at once exhibited a powerful interest. \* \* \* Soon after he began to draw a parallel between the characters portrayed by Milton and some of the finest in other poets, ancient and modern, quoting largely. I hoped nobody would interrupt him.

\* \* \* \* \*

“I had not heard such matters debated before, and was therefore the more strongly impressed. Once or twice he rose when they had not agreed with him, and stood on the rug strenuously defending a favourite poet or character. I think I see him now, tall, dark, impassioned, unconscious of the flight of time, while he poured forth passage after passage with kindling eyes, appearing to know all the poets and their creations as if they were members of his own family, and defending or explaining them with a fullness of enthusiasm which I never saw equalled.”

The scene thus vividly painted by a most competent hand—though I have indeed omitted its most vivid details as more interesting to survivors who remember my father than they would be to other readers—took place (it must be observed) in a family party, at a house where my father was staying as a guest, and where he considered himself to be quite at home. It does, however, truly represent that simplicity of character which led him too easily to ascribe to other minds the same powerful sympathy which he himself felt with English literature, especially with its poetry.

Besides the two poems which appear in this volume, my father, during his busy life, found time also to publish (1) A Poem on the Death of Mr Canning; of which no copy is possessed by myself or by my brother the Rev. W. J. Kennedy, though both would gladly find one for sale. (2) Britain's Genius, a Masque, on occasion of the marriage of her Majesty the Queen; published with 'the Reign of Youth.' (3) A Translation of Virgil in Blank Verse. (4) Thoughts on Psalmody: a sensible treatise, followed up by a selection of Psalms, which had for a time considerable local use.

The Masque contains fine passages, but, in perfectness of conception and execution, I rank it far below the *Epiciedium* and the *Reign of Youth*.

An *Epiciedium* naturally suffers some loss from the ephemeral character of the subject, however deep at the time its public interest, however great its historical importance. A public event so sad and striking, in all its circumstances, as the death of the Princess Charlotte of Wales on the 6th Nov. 1817, if lamented in beautiful song, may fairly claim the sympathy of all future times. And that my father's song in that poem is beautiful, in thought as well as expression, I am sure no reader who has a mind to understand, and a soul to feel, true poetry would wish to deny. It was a misfortune for the poet that he had to speak of such a man as the then Regent (afterwards George IV.) as gifted with the just feelings of a son, a parent and a prince; but this mis-

fortune is one which he has to share with all poets (except MILTON) who have ever found occasion to introduce the royal characters of their own time. Virgil and Horace have vastly exaggerated the praises of Augustus; Spenser and Shakespeare those of Elizabeth: yet Augustus and Elizabeth were not without merits. Their several successors history has judged, as history will hereafter judge all whose lot it is, or shall be, to direct the government of nations. Of the Regent my father has said no more than he was, I think, under the circumstances compelled to say.

Washington Irving's letter of acknowledgment contains the following estimate of this Poem: and he also cited in his Sketch-book the lines on Domestic Bliss.

"I cannot refuse myself the satisfaction of expressing to you, while my feelings are still warm on the subject, the great delight which I have received from your Poem. It was put into my hands yesterday morning, and I read it through three times in the course of the day, and each time with increased gratification. It both excited and affected me: some of your periods seemed to roll through my mind with all the deep intonations and proud swells of Milton's verse: they have the same density of thought and affluence of language. Your varied descriptions of popular feeling are pictured off with a graphic touch that reminds me of Shakespeare's descriptions; they fill your poem with imagery, and make it in a manner to swarm with population. It is like one of those little mirrors on which we see concentrated, in a wonderfully small space, all the throng and bustle of a surrounding world."

But my father's claim to rank among his country's true poets must principally rest upon his Lyric poem, *The Reign of Youth*. This was certainly planned, perhaps in part executed, before the close of the 18th century, and its tone and character belong rather to those times than to the century which followed. I venture to affirm, as having studied the poets of that age, that the *Reign of Youth* deserves to hold a high place in the first class of English Lyric poetry.

Comparison with Gray's Odes I should (on account of their widely differing character) demur to rather than dread. But evidently it is with the Ode on the Passions by Collins that my father's poem comes into juster comparison; and Collins has the advantage of prior execution. I am myself a great lover of Collins, and on the whole, I am inclined to place him in the highest rank (along with Gray and Goldsmith) of the poets who wrote after Dryden and before Burns<sup>1</sup>. But, as to his Ode on the Passions, it must be admitted that its exordium is only mediocre, its conclusion less than mediocre, and, while Hope, Revenge, Pity, Melancholy, Cheerfulness with its group, are all finely executed, yet Fear, Anger, Despair, Jealousy, deserve but secondary praise: and though Joy (with Mirth) is a striking figure, yet the introduction of Love as dancing in that group hand in hand with Mirth, is a blunder in metaphysical thought as well as in poetic feeling. When I compare 'The Reign of Youth' with this poem of Collins, I feel that I utter no partial or unfair judgment in declaring that I hold my father's to be the greater work of the two. It is metaphysically just from first to last, and it is richly poetic from first to last. While I think that not one among the many figures brought into view can be truly called a failure, yet I would point to WONDER and DESIRE as preeminently original in thought and execution.

The Argument of the Reign of Youth is thus stated by its author:

"The following Ode is designed to illustrate with the

<sup>1</sup> There are few passages in English poetry more touchingly beautiful than the fourth stanza in Collins's poem on the death of Thomson:—

"Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore  
when Thames in summer wreaths is drest,  
and oft suspend the dashing oar  
to bid his gentle spirit rest."

It rose to my mind as I stood beside the tomb of Collins himself in Chichester Cathedral some years ago, while visiting my dear and excellent friend, the late Dean Hook.

colouring of poetry, yet at the same time with philosophical correctness, the attributes and passions of youth, as they manifest themselves in the order of nature.

“When the mind is in the first stage of development through the exercise of the senses, one of its earliest emotions is Wonder; a term intended to designate the interest, frequently mingled with apprehension, which is excited by the novelty of the objects that awaken the attention of a child.

“The succeeding characteristics of boyhood are obviously sportiveness and mirth, impatience of restraint, and that bounding elasticity of spirit, which is the natural concomitant of vigorous health.

“But the enlarging capacity of the youthful mind soon creates a general desire of some undefined enjoyment, which it has not yet experienced; and the world having been already coloured by the imaginative faculty, visionary anticipations are successively formed and dispersed, like the bubbles which arise upon a bright stream.

“It is only after such anticipations have been disappointed, that Hope, as a passion, is called into play; and that the mind, dissatisfied with the present, looks for happiness to the future.

“Not unconnected with this deepening interest in the drama of life, is the strong excitement produced by the terrible, the marvellous, and the supernatural. But this is followed by the still more powerful influence of those intellectual and physical energies, which give birth to a thirst for independence, to daring enterprise and noble aspirations. These are the distinctive properties of that generous Ambition which is predominant in youth, and which yields only to the ascendancy of Love.”

In his Preface he gives some account of its origination :

“I had originally sketched out on this subject a much longer Poem, to be written in the Spenserian stanza; but this design was changed by the following incident. I happened to be present, when a little boy about four years old, who had probably never seen a musical instrument, was brought

into a room where a lady was sitting with a harp before her. She struck it in a sudden way, to attract his notice. He instantly started back, and went behind the female who attended him. The lady then played a soft tune. He had been creeping near to her side, while she was doing this; and when she stopped, he gave the harp a stealthy blow, and again ran away. Something similar to this has, no doubt, been witnessed by many other persons; and one or two remarkable instances have been reported to me. On the spur of the moment, while I was thinking of my intended poem, I wrote what I have said about music in my description of Wonder, which therefore (excepting only the fancied addition of an echo), is simply a representation of what I actually saw; and not copied, as might perhaps seem to be the case, from Collins's picture of Fear, nor yet from some striking verses by Sir Philip Sidney, which I have not now an opportunity of quoting.

“The lines, which I thus composed, flowed almost involuntarily in a lyrical irregular measure; and determining, in consequence, to compress the matter of my larger projected work into the shorter compass of an Ode, I soon after wrote the exordium of it nearly as it now stands. I still intended that, following the successive phenomena of the mind as exhibited in youth, the poem should be a connected whole, agreeable to the argument which is prefixed to it. I retain this argument, though at the moment when I was sending my poem to the printer, I received from a learned and intelligent friend of mine an analysis of it, which he had often expressed a wish to supply me with, when I should publish the *Reign of Youth*. I find it longer than I had expected. It goes beyond an illustration of the Poem; and may be read with interest as a separate essay in prose, by no ordinary metaphysician, on the characteristics of the youthful mind.”

The Analysis of the Ode is so able and interesting, that I venture to append it here, as addressed to my father :

MY DEAR SIR,—

I have lately been attempting to draw up a metaphysical analysis, (as I sometimes threatened that I would do,) of your allegorical poem entitled 'The Reign of Youth,' with a view to ascertain the degree of philosophical accuracy displayed in your disposition and grouping of the Passions, according to the different periods of that season of life.

The characteristics of boyhood, are, as you represent or imply, principally, if not exclusively, Wonder and Curiosity, the social and imitative propensities, the sentiment of the beautiful and sublime, unceasing elasticity of spirit and boundless love of action. Some of these attributes clearly belong to our earlier stage of existence, viz., infancy and childhood, during which we have become acquainted with the ordinary course of events in the little world around us; yet, retaining no recollection, and having been almost unconscious of the state of mind accompanying our sensations, we cannot form a conjecture as to the nature of our primary feelings. It is probable, as philosophers have supposed, that the feeling of Wonder would not arise in the infant mind, on the occurrence of any events, *all* of which may be regarded as originally new to it; whereas Wonder implies such a knowledge of things as to cause an expectation of their continued recurrence as heretofore. It is when any apparent deviation from this course takes place, that we are seized with astonishment.

This Passion, therefore, may be justly considered as cœval with that period of youth, at which you represent it as called into existence; nor need I observe, that so far as the mental development is concerned, and indeed the happiness of that happy age, it is, while almost the first, at the same time the most important. It is by the first impressions of Wonder that Curiosity is awakened, and by the constant repetition of them that it is perpetually kept up; being at once an unfailing source of agreeable surprise, and also a stimulus to active efforts for the attainment of its own gratification. It thus gives rise to the desire and eager pursuit of



knowledge; and with what success at the dawning, as also in the more advanced periods of boyhood, we need hardly stop to enquire. It is universally allowed to be almost marvellous.

If all human science and attainment were to be divided (as an eloquent writer suggests) into two portions, the one comprehending what is common to all, and principally acquired in the years of infancy and youth—the other, that stock of truths which is peculiar to the wise and the learned, it can scarcely be an extravagant paradox to assert, that the latter portion would seem very trifling in comparison with the former.

But your portraiture of Wonder embraces two other affections, frequently combined with it, and highly influential on the youthful mind—the one an active principle, the other a passive but powerful sentiment. In the existence of those causes of surprise which are beyond our reach, we are content to have our curiosity satisfied by *explanation* alone; but in those excited by the agency of other human beings, however great the pleasure received, it is never complete without an effort on our own part to imitate and perform the same. No sooner have we seen or heard and wondered at such effects, than we feel in eager haste to assure ourselves that we also can produce them. But even in the pleasurable act, from our ignorance of the mode of their production, we are never perhaps entirely exempt from *apprehension*. The influence of this imitative principle may in part be imagined from the above-mentioned operation of curiosity alone; and such curiosity, combined with this new principle, so unceasingly active in the youthful heart, and the constant love of action, is converted into an almost omnipotent engine in the development of the corporeal and intellectual faculties, both in youth and manhood, and also, to a great extent, in the formation of the present and future character. What pleasure do we feel, even at the earliest periods, in the consciousness and exercise of our bodily energies and senses! The infant is delighted with no wonders so much as those of its

own production; when capable of executing one thing, he rejects it, and grasps at another, so often as new objects and actions are exhibited before him.

To complete the analogies, and fill up the picture of Youth and its mind, at this the opening tide of existence, it remains to add the passive but strong sentiment of the beautiful and sublime, which is evidently depicted in the movement of your ideal personification of Wonder, and is in nature equally elicited with wonder by such objects as you have presented before your allegorical creature—the rising sun, the glassy lake, the woody glade, and music's delicious strains. This sentiment is perhaps even deeper and more pure than at a maturer age, for it springs directly from the aspect of the sublime and beautiful object itself, unwarped by numerous associations, and not weakened, as it may sometimes be, by the light which science shall afterwards throw upon it. Last, but not least, in this part of your drama, cheerfulness and social glee are exhibited in all their various characters and forms. To impel and sustain the unbounded activity of youth, so essential to the growth of its faculties and powers, it was necessary that pleasure should be annexed to its pursuits. Accordingly, to use the words of Dr Brown:—In the early period of life, the alacrity of spirit is like that bodily alacrity with which every limb, as it bounds along, seems to have a delightful consciousness of its vigour. To suspend the mental cheerfulness for any length of time, is then as difficult as to keep fixed for any length of time those muscles, to which exercise for a while is almost a species of repose, and repose itself, fatigue. But the hilarity of youth is not all of this unconscious kind and origin. The senses at every turn are pouring in a continual succession of objects and events to surprise, gratify, and instruct; and the social principle, so strong and so unreserved in youth, is constantly awakening or agreeably exciting those delightful sympathies of the heart, which, pleasant in themselves, unite us to each other and double our joys, whilst they almost annihilate our sorrows. Yet activity will tire, and pleasure

long pursued and often repeated will satiate, and be followed by listlessness and languor. This state, whether of body or mind, is represented in your picture of Leisure, who brings up the rear of the sportive train. It consists in a temporary suspension of the alacrity and vigour of both ; during which the body receives a sort of luxurious pleasure from indolence or repose ; and the mind is suffered to wander passively wheresoever it will, without stimulus or control ; both about to renew, with recruited strength, the long accustomed round of pleasure, or to find some new and larger theatre of action.

This larger scene is anticipated by Desire, which, indeed, is not limited to any one period of life more than another, inasmuch as in every period it is the source of all our voluntary actions and pursuits ; yet in the season of boyhood, the desires, while they are ardent and impetuous, are almost equally evanescent, their objects few and unimportant, scarcely extending to the future, and of short-lived, momentary interest. It is only when, with the growing expansion and consciousness of its capacities and powers, the mind takes an onward and prospective aim, and feels the want of objects of a more permanent interest, that Desire can be said to exist, as a fixed and powerful passion. Yet, while the wishes of youth, on the confines of boyhood and juvenescence, must necessarily be vague, unsettled, and visionary, the attempts to fill up the void which is felt are attended, as you have shewn, with pain and disappointment.

Hope, however, is almost ever at hand to dissipate the fears and encourage the aspirations of youth. It is almost coëval and commensurate with our desires themselves, and especially at this confident era of life, when the pride of our awakened and increasing powers (before doubt has been raised by failure or defeat) persuades us that every thing practicable is within the reach of our ability. This hope is always in proportion to the value we feel for the objects of our wishes (which, though undefined, are always in youth dazzling) and to the degree of our reliance on the capability

of accomplishing them. But Fear is the correlative of Hope; and, notwithstanding the confidence of this stage of youth, and its susceptibility of hope, it is also the age when the susceptibility of the marvellous the supernatural and the terrible is at its greatest height. We see it in the avidity for legendary fictions, for the wonders of mythology and the deeds of fabulous heroes. It is true that this passion is greatly assisted by the imaginative faculty, which then exerts itself with uncontrollable activity; but it is felt independently of this. We do not read such things when young, as in maturer years, admiring the art and beauty with which the wonderful and superhuman are worked up into enchanting fictions, but rather for the great interest of the tale itself, with an almost undoubting belief in its reality during the perusal, and a vague apprehension of its possibility even in soberer moments. It is Mr Burke, I think, who has said, that in the dark the boldest and least credulous mind is not exempt from fear; but it is of dangers of a different kind, and far less formidable than the ideal ones conjured up by the young.

These, however, are soon to be dispelled by the increasing light of nature and the enlargement of reason; and are replaced by the clear view, the settled purpose and independent feeling derived from knowledge, which in their turn are to be exerted and brought into action through the instrumentality of mental and corporeal strength enterprise and valour.

A new period has thus arrived, contrasted with that *imitative* process, which, for a time, is used by Providence in bringing our nature towards its perfection. 'Yet,' as Mr Burke observes, 'if men gave themselves up to imitation entirely, and each followed the other, as in an eternal circle, it is easy to see that there never could be any improvement. To prevent this, there is implanted in man a sense of ambition, a satisfaction arising from a contemplation of his excelling his fellows in something deemed valuable amongst them.'

Up to this period our pride and aspirations seem to be confined to the possession and acquisition of personal quali-

ties, either of the mind or body, and to the pleasure and admiration which they can obtain for us as such, and to the deeds which of themselves they can effect. We have first seen it in the delighted and conscious display of our superior bodily energies. We are afterwards equally desirous and proud of the possession and fame of superior mental endowments. But, in a short time, the results contemplated by youthful ambition are the objects of its desire and self-congratulation, as much as the distinction which attends them. When the passion is of a generous and patriotic nature (as it then commonly is), these objects necessarily affect, and are intended to affect, the interests and fate of whole classes and communities, even more than of the individual himself. Your picture of Ambition is of this noble character, and its qualities are beautifully implied and illustrated in that fine stanza of Gray,—

The applause of list'ning senates to command,  
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,  
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,  
And read their history in a nation's eyes.

The next and last passion, Love, is evidently in its right place. It is intelligible to all; and the use which you make of Fancy and Pity, for its formation in the mind, is equally recommended by its philosophy and its poetry. I need not give any analysis of it; but (as they relate chiefly to your delineation of this passion) I shall take leave to conclude my letter, with quoting the purport of some of the observations which were made upon *The Reign of Youth*, by your late friend, the distinguished philosopher and poet, Mr S. T. Coleridge: 'Like a skilful magician, you have purposely kept yourself out of sight, as far as you could, while you cause a scenic exhibition to move before us. You have therefore properly given us description without sentiment: I mean sentiment expressed, for it is often implied, and finely implied in such lines as those beginning 'Her eyes proclaimed that in her bosom dwelt,' &c. On this account, however, I should conceive that, notwithstanding the lyrical

harmony of its measures, your Ode is not, as a *whole*, well adapted for music; while no composition of the same length affords more scope for painting. In saying this, I am aware that, in general, painters had better not take their subjects from allegory; but allegory is here only a veil of gauze thrown over reality; and your personifications are but other names for boys and girls acted upon, as you have represented them, under certain circumstances. Other parts may be quite as well worked up, but Wonder, Desire, and Love, appear to me the most original, especially the last. The movement indeed in your love scene is slower and less dramatic than before, and something didactic is unavoidably admitted. But you have here treated a trite and therefore difficult topic, with most ingenious novelty, and with so much of the truth of nature, that the figures in your metaphysical machinery have the vivid appearance of flesh and blood.'

I am, dear Sir,  
Your sincerely attached and faithful friend,  
J. ECCLES, M. D.

It has already been intimated that my father had in middle life planned a poem, with the title 'Haughmond Hill, or the Scenes of Youth revisited.' It was of a comprehensive nature, intended to exhibit in poetic portraiture the feelings, thoughts and motives which tend in youth to determine the active career of human life. Unhappily his many occupations never left him sufficient leisure to complete a design so large and difficult. Many fragments of the poem thus planned are in my possession, but neither numerous nor connected enough to present the distinct outline of a fully arranged work. The only specimen I give is the opening passage: for though not, poetically, the most excellent, it has a certain interest, as describing with much exactness the wide and lovely landscape displayed to the eye from the summit of Haughmond Hill, which stands east of Shrewsbury, about half way between that town and the Wrekin. The hill forms

part of the demesne of Sundorne Castle, the seat of the Rev. J. Dryden Corbet, in whose grounds are the beautiful ruins of Haughmond Abbey. Here it is said Douglas was overtaken and captured in his flight from Hatley Field (since called Battlefield), where the battle of Shrewsbury was fought in 1403, about two miles from Sundorne. (See p. 232.)

Hail, Haughmond, hail! thy rocks approaching nigh  
 once more I bid them to my voice reply,  
 as they were wont, when erst a playful child  
 shouting I challeng'd all their echoes wild.  
 hail, Haughmond, hail! at morning's beck once more  
 I climb the steep, so often scaled before.  
 though twice ten summers o'er my head have past  
 since this green upland I ascended last,  
 yet on my soul, thou glorious orb of day,  
 rise, like the dawn of life, with laughing ray:  
 give me, forgetting Time's deceitful flight,  
 to conjure back the fresh untamed delight  
 which then was mine in Fancy's golden reign,  
 ere manhood came to disenchant the plain;  
 give me to dream, these ancient glades among,  
 of Youth recover'd, where I once was young.

The summit conquer'd soon, a broad expanse  
 of well-known landscape greets my roving glance.  
 here, on the Eastern limit, dear to friends  
 and May-day revellers, the Wrekin tends:  
 next, two green pyramids of nature rise,  
 tipp'd with the splendour of the morning skies.  
 thy peak, proud Caradoc, beyond descried,  
 with distant Longmynd, fills the Southern side;  
 while Stiper's crag and Berwyn's range define,  
 half hid in early cloud, the Western line;  
 then Breiddon's triple group, and nearer still,  
 Nesscliff, and Pym, and Hawkstone's wood-crown'd hill.

On yonder cliff, where oft in bower and hall

the Kings of Powis held high festival,  
 what time the bardic 'City of Delight,'  
 Pengwern, was seated on her alder height,  
 in queenly beauty now Salopia reigns,  
 the central glory of surrounding plains.  
 descending from Plinlimmon's craggy side,  
 around her castled walls with lingering pride  
 majestically rolls Sabrina's flood,  
 thence winding on by meadow, knoll and wood,  
 sweet English scenes, o'er which, one summer eve,  
 the sad sun lingered ere he took his leave,  
 when rudely driven from their cloister'd steep  
 the monks of Haughmond paused to gaze and weep;  
 scenes fondly hailed by British bards of yore,  
 and Cymri's Paradise the name they bore:  
 rich in romantic lore and wondrous tales  
 by minstrels taught in neighb'ring glens of Wales.  
 now many a stately mansion dots the plain  
 from Attingham to Sundorne's fair domain,  
 grey Conover, and Longner's quaint abode,  
 where saintly Burton breath'd his soul to God,  
 as Salop's clattering peal glad signal bore  
 that Persecution's fiery rule was o'er<sup>1</sup>.  
 though elfin folk no longer haunt the hill,  
 and revel hold by fountain, glade, or rill,  
 nor wizard chieftain climbs his seaward steep  
 to summon 'spirits from the vasty deep,'  
 yet Fancy still, reclin'd on Evening's breast,  
 may hear wild harpings from the distant West,  
 and gliding forms of other worlds espy  
 by her own light, unborrowed of the sky.

Among my father's papers I find some vigorous lines,  
 with which I close this note and the volume.

<sup>1</sup> Mr Burton of Longner, in the 16th century, an aged and firm Protestant, expired in a chair on his lawn, from the effects of joy, on hearing Queen Elizabeth's accession announced by the bells of Shrewsbury. The present owner is his descendant.



## TO EDMUND KEAN.

Kean, as to Garrick once, so now to thee  
some fairy hand has given a magic key,  
that opes the cell where Shakespeare went to lie,  
when new creations fired his rolling eye;  
or when before him, in a faithful glass,  
reflected Nature bade her Drama pass,  
her countless groups in motley colours drest,  
and all the busy world within the breast.  
to kindred genius, with perception clear,  
still the same visions in that cell appear:  
thus around thee, as round the bard, they walked,  
thus frowned and smiled and sighed and wept and talked:  
each corporal effect was heard and seen,  
that mind can work on gesture, voice and mien,  
each passion's tone and movement, as it pass'd,  
the breath it breathed, the shadow that it cast,  
feelings that darkly brood, or spurn control,  
the lowering storm and lightning of the soul,  
and all the silence that, with meaning fraught,  
gives shape and visibility to thought.  
hence, like the bard, thou dost not barely seem,  
but art, the moment's creature of thy dream:  
and hence, all finely touch'd for issues fine,  
to be his spirit on the stage is thine.

1816.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.



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