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Compositions & Translations

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# Compositions & Translations

by the late  
Henry Charles Finch Mason

sometime Scholar of Trinity College and Bell Scholar in the  
University of Cambridge: Porson Prizeman and  
Sir Wm. Browne's Medallist (1878):  
Assistant Master in Haileybury College 1883—1902

with prefatory memoir

by

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## PREFATORY MEMOIR.

HENRY CHARLES FINCH MASON was born at Aldenham in Hertfordshire on July 1, 1856. Entering Harrow in September 1870, he soon rose to nearly the top of the school, and won an open Classical Exhibition at Trinity College, Cambridge, almost three years before his actual residence as an undergraduate scholar of that College began. In 1876 he was awarded the Bell University Scholarship, and in 1878 the Porson Prize for Greek Trochaic Verse, and the Browne Medal for a Latin Ode. In the following year he was in the First Class of the Classical Tripos, and "highly distinguished" in the Examination for the Chancellor's Medals. His first experiences of teaching were gained at Harrow, Marlborough, and Sherborne; but in 1883 he was appointed by Dr Bradby a master at Haileybury, and there 19 years later he died, after a very brief illness, on Sunday morning, October 5, 1902.

The story of a life of forty-six years, marked by few changes and no startling or unusual episodes, is soon told. Not so the life's total effect, when as in Mason's case rare mental gifts are united with a still rarer loyalty and nobility of character in the work which those who know it best

would exchange for no other, the work of training and teaching English boys. To those who care to read them, the following pages will convey some idea of the literary grace, feeling, fertility of suggestion, and delicacy of touch which were characteristic of his mind. They will very imperfectly suggest the width of his reading, especially in English poetry and prose, or his intense delight in pure art, whether literary, plastic, or pictorial. Scholarly he was, to the core, but all scholarship is not infectious. Mason's ready sympathy with boys, and the flash of an exquisite humour that was all his own, enabled him to communicate to his pupils the enthusiasm of good taste—perhaps the highest achievement of the schoolmaster's art.

To us who knew him and lived with him the thought of the man himself is above all. Noble, generous, unselfish, transparently sincere, he was utterly incapable of the pettinesses which flaw the crystal of a perfect friendship. But of such things it avails not to write at length. To some of the readers of this volume the truth is known already: to others mere words will do but little to convey it. It may be more in point to explain briefly Mason's habitual methods of composition, and the circumstances under which the following poems and translations are now published. No poet was ever more independent of the merely mechanical parts of his art. All his work of this kind was the pure product of his mind and creative faculty. A stroll in the beautiful Masters' Garden at Haileybury, or on the Heath beyond, was usually the occasion, and pen or paper were seldom used, except for purposes of record—unhappily not always even for that. Indeed, it

may be doubted whether the present collection—made from his note-books and scattered papers—represents more than a tithe of what he composed, and carried in the store-house of a memory which while life lasted never failed. Moreover, if he was critical of others' composition he was far more so of his own, and it may safely be said that none of the pieces printed would have escaped the severest revision had he lived to publish them himself.

ROBERT CARY GILSON.

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αἱ δὲ τεαῖ ζώουσι ἀηδόνες

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## EDITOR'S PREFACE.

AT the time when all by whom Mason was beloved were sorrowing for his recent loss, it was suggested that a published selection from his best Latin and Greek compositions and translations would be a gratifying little memorial for his friends and also not devoid of interest for classical scholars in general; and the privilege befell the present editor of being asked to prepare such a collection for the press—a sad office indeed, but willingly undertaken *in memoriam* of an old college friend and contemporary.

The Latin Ode for which Sir William Browne's medal was awarded in 1878, and the Greek trochaics which won the Porson Prize in the same year, will be found here reprinted.

There were numerous note-books and bundles of loose sheets to be gone over, amongst which were often to be found renderings of the same piece in different stages of development. In several instances, owing to insufficient reference given, it needed some search to discover the English original of a Latin or Greek version. Of these mss. the most recently written redaction was in a large note-book, evidently consisting of those of Mason's compositions which had received his latest revision and were most to his satisfaction. The whole of these latter, arranged in a

different order, are comprised in the present volume, of which they form about two-thirds, being indicated by asterisks in the Table of Contents. The remainder the editor picked from amongst the other MSS., including an excellent rendering of "Recessional" plainly regarded by Mason as only tentative (with copious *variae lectiones* for an editor to 'help himself' according to taste), likewise a rather neat version of Tennyson's *Ode to Virgil*. In the other pieces there were occasional variants, some of which have been printed in the foot-notes. In copying out for the press, the editor made no verbal alterations, nor found corrections needful save of an accent here and there, nor has he put any headings, or quotations by way of heading, unless where found in the MSS.

Lack of space forbade including more prose compositions, but on p. 114 will be found a specimen of Mason's felicitous Latinity applied in that direction, and at the end of the book an example or two of the easy-flowing Platonic style which he had at command. The literary grace and sympathetic handling shown in his poetic renderings on pp. 106—111 make it a matter for much regret that he left so very few translations into English verse.

Finally, the editor's thanks for kind permission to print extracts from copyright works are due to the following :

Mr George Allen, Publisher of W. Cory's *Ionica*.

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Messrs Methuen & Co., Publishers of A. D. Godley's *Second Strings*, and R. Kipling's *Five Nations*.

Mr John Murray, Publisher of Helen, Lady Dufferin's *Songs, Poems, &c.*, and Julian Fane's *Poems*.

Likewise to the following authors : Dr Richard Garnett, Mr A. D. Godley, Mr Edmund Gosse, Mr R. Kipling, Mr J. W. Mackail, Mr A. C. Swinburne; and to the following literary representatives: Lady Dufferin (of the late Lord Dufferin), Miss Harriet Jay (of the late Robert Buchanan), Mr Lloyd Osbourne (of the late R. L. Stevenson), and Lady Rose Weigall (of the late Julian Fane); and lastly, for much helpful information relating to copyrights, to Messrs J. & C. F. Clay.

H. H. W.

Nov. 1903.





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COMPOSITIONS AND TRANSLATIONS  
PART I. LATIN

*Haileyburia Quadrata.*

“FOUR-SQUARE to all the winds” that blow  
 Are built the borders of our nest—  
 To sunny south and Zembla’s snow,  
 To rosy dawn and purple west :  
 So shall the banner of our pride  
 For either fortune float unfurled,  
 To woo the breeze of summer-tide  
 Or breast the winters of the world !

The temple of our boyhood’s home  
 ’Mid busy life embosomed lies ;  
 Yet takes upon her stately dome  
 The impress of the vaulted skies.  
 So may each trusted heart that here  
 Fulfils his level course below,  
 Be rounded to the perfect sphere,  
 Irradiant with ethereal glow.

O never be the memory drowned  
 By manhood’s strife or worldly care,  
 Of happy laughter ringing round  
 Through all the fragrant summer air !  
 Of honest work and mimic wars,  
 Of bosky heath and misty vale,  
 And holier thoughts beneath the stars  
 To music of the nightingale.

J. ROBERTSON

in the *Haileyburian*, March 6, 1884.

*Haileyburia ἡ τετράγωνος.*

**A**ETHERA quot verrunt quadrato caespite noster  
 nidulus ad ventos inde vel inde patet.  
 hinc nitidos austros, niveas hinc spectat ad arctos ;  
 hinc oritur roseus sol, cadit inde rubens.  
 omine sic fausto sortemque in utramque parata  
 signa, decus nostrum, fas volitare polo :  
 sive opus amplecti Zephyros aestate serena,  
 oppositave hiemis frangere fronte minas.  
 ad loca sacra domus qua nostra puertia crescit  
 fervet opus, fervent seria mista iocis :  
 nec tholus ille tamen spatioso fornice nescit  
 reddere convexi signa serena poli.  
 sidera sic subter placidum quicumque tenorem  
 servant officii, pectora fida, sui—  
 undique sic teretem pueri fingantur ad orbem  
 reddat olympiacum qui sine labe iubar.  
 at quaecunque viris maneant certamina, rerum  
 quotquot agant fluctus discrucientque viros :  
 ne tamen effusis circumsona risibus aura  
 vere novo fragrans pectore pulsa cadat.  
 ne vetus ille labor, neu proelia proxima veris  
 depereant, nec vos, nota rubeta prius :  
 umida nec vallis, nec siquid sanctius astra  
 suaserunt, numeris vel Philomela suis.

Another Version of last stanza—*Haileyburia Quadrata.*

Multa viris dement operosa negotia, demet  
 nox vigil et fugiens non sine lite dies ;  
 sed maneat si quid suaves aestate per agros  
 lusimus ad Zephyros, ruraque plena sono.  
 nota rubeta prius, fluitantia prata vapore,  
 ludentumque acies, verus et ille labor  
 insideant animis—et si quid sanctius astra  
 suaserunt etc.

*IN MEMORIAM XVIII.*

'TIS well; 'tis something; we may stand  
 Where he in English earth is laid,  
 And from his ashes may be made  
 The violet of his native land.

'Tis little; but it looks in truth  
 As if the quiet bones were blest  
 Among familiar names to rest  
 And in the places of his youth.

Come then, pure hands, and bear the head  
 That sleeps or wears the mask of sleep,  
 And come, whatever loves to weep,  
 And hear the ritual of the dead.

*IN MEMORIAM VI.*

ONE writes, that 'Other friends remain,'  
 That 'Loss is common to the race'—  
 And common is the commonplace,  
 And vacant chaff well meant for grain.

That loss is common would not make  
 My own less bitter, rather more:  
 Too common! Never morning wore  
 To evening, but some heart did break.

O father, wheresoe'er thou be,  
 Who pledgest now thy gallant son;  
 A shot, ere half thy draught be done,  
 Hath still'd the life that beat from thee.

O mother, praying God will save  
 Thy sailor,—while thy head is bow'd,  
 His heavy-shotted hammock-shroud  
 Drops in his vast and wandering grave.



**E**ST aliquid quod stare licet super ossa Britanno  
 caespite compositi :  
 Di bene, quod violas fas illo a pulvere nasci,  
 delicias patriae.  
 munera parva quidem, sed et est felicia quare  
 membra quieta putes  
 quae teneant sibi nota prius loca, nominaque inter  
 non aliena cubent.  
 ergo agite, o puri, somno vel imagine somni  
 ferte caput gravidum—  
 si lacrimae rerum, si quem mortalia tangunt  
 adsit in exsequias.

---

**H**IC ‘restant socii’ scribit ‘amabiles’:  
 hic ‘commune malum est omnibus’: undique  
 voces trita sonant—furfur inutile  
 vera pro cerere insitum.  
 quod commune malum est, non levat hoc meum—  
 imo fit gravius: publica mors nimis:  
 nam non ulla dies vergit ad Hesperum  
 quin cor fregerit unius.  
 o quacumque, pater, magnanimi tui  
 nati vina iubes fundere, dum bibis  
 e te ductae animae composuit facem  
 telum, mortiferum tuo.  
 summisso, genetrix, dum capite ad deos  
 nautae vota facis pro reditu tui;  
 huic pro funerea sindone carbasa et  
 vastum pro tumulo mare est.

*IN MEMORIAM XI.*

CALM is the morn without a sound,  
Calm as to suit a calmer grief,  
And only thro' the faded leaf  
The chestnut pattering to the ground :

Calm and deep peace on this high wold,  
And on these dews that drench the furze,  
And all the silvery gossamers  
That twinkle into green and gold :

Calm and still light on yon great plain  
That sweeps with all its autumn bowers,  
And crowded farms and lessening towers,  
To mingle with the bounding main :

Calm and deep peace in this wide air,  
These leaves that redden to the fall ;  
And in my heart, if calm at all,  
If any calm, a calm despair :

Calm on the seas, and silver sleep,  
And waves that sway themselves in rest,  
And dead calm in that noble breast  
Which heaves but with the heaving deep.

TENNYSON.

TRANQUILLA nascens lux sine murmure  
tranquillio rem tristitiam decet,  
ni forte per frondes caducas  
castaneae sonuere glandes.  
tranquilla saltus pax tenet editos,  
pax alta vepres roribus uvidos,  
telasque lucentes, Arachne  
quas viridi variavit auro.  
lux muta latam planitiem beat  
quae centum ad aequor praedia, et uberis  
pomaria Auctumni, domosque  
mole rapit minuente celsas.  
pax alta latum possidet aethera,  
frondesque quae iam deciduae rubent ;  
et corde sub nostro veterum est,  
spesque vetat renovare torpor.  
somnus serenat marmora lucidus,  
fluctusque leni pace volubiles,  
cor istud immotum quiescit  
ni tremulum tremefecit aequor.

*BURIAL OF THE DEAD.*

I THOUGHT to meet no more, so dreary seemed  
Death's interposing veil, and thou so pure,  
Thy place in Paradise  
Beyond where I could soar ;  
Friend of this worthless heart ! but happier thoughts  
Spring like unbidden violets from the sod,  
Where patiently thou tak'st  
Thy sweet and sure repose.  
The shadows fall more soothing, the soft air  
Is full of cheering whispers like thine own ;  
While Memory, by thy grave,  
Lives o'er thy funeral day ;  
The deep knell dying down ; the mourners' pause,  
Waiting their Saviour's welcome at the gate ;  
Sure with the words of Heaven  
Thy spirit met us there,  
And sought with us along the accustomed way  
The hallowed porch, and entering in beheld  
The pageant of sad joy,  
So dear to Faith and Hope.

JOHN KEBLE.

‘NON te rursus erit cernere’ dixeram  
 quem mors abripuit dissociabilis,

tam pura Elysias umbra plagas colis,

impermissa mihi loca,

vani cordis amor? spes melior tamen

iniussae violae par oritur solo,

qua tu pace fruens non violabili

somno mergeris aureo.

umbrae nempe cadunt mollius: ut tuae

vocis blanda polum murmura personant;

ipse ad busta sedens queis tegeris tuum

funus mente redintegro.

lugubris cadit en! naenia: restitit,

dum blanda excipiat voce hominum Salus,

corpus turba ferens, umbra aderas, reor\*,

verbis sacra sonantibus,

per suetasque simul limen adis vias,

aedemque ingrediens conscius adspicis

pompae laetificae munus amarius

quam Spes almaque amat Fides.

\* v.l. umbra ades, arbitror.

*Non indecoro pulvere.*

I SUNG the joyful Paeon clear,  
And sitting burnished without fear,  
The brand, the buckler, and the spear—

Waiting to strive a happy strife,  
To war with falsehood to the knife,  
And not to lose the good of life—

At least, not rotting like a weed,  
But having sown some generous seed,  
Fruitful of further thought and deed,

To pass when life her light withdraws  
Not void of righteous self-applause,  
Nor in a merely selfish cause—

In some good cause not in mine own  
To perish, wept for, honoured, known,  
And like a warrior overthrown ;

Whose eyes are dim with glorious tears,  
When soiled with noble dust, he hears  
His country's war-song thrill his ears,

Then dying of a mortal stroke,  
What time the foeman's line is broke,  
And all the war is rolled in smoke.

TENNYSON.

**M**OX clariorem voce superbiens  
paeana tollo—ac sic posito metu  
hastile cum parma refingo  
et gladium in nova bella iturus,  
feliciori numine si queam  
quodcunque falsi est undique fortiter  
delere pugnando, bonique  
vivere quod dederit lucrari.  
avena saltem non sterilis cadam,  
sed semen ortum pectore de meo  
fors factaque inducet futuris  
consilia ac meliora saeculis—  
quandoque vitae lux fugiet velim  
excedere est quo iure placens mihi,  
privata nec quaerens, bonaeque  
nec propriae studuisse causae  
dicar—sed urbi flebilis occidam  
notusque multis non sine laudibus,  
ut miles in pugna caducus  
lumina cui generosiore  
fletu tumescunt—vox ubi civium  
non indecoro pulvere sordidi  
perstrinxit in Martem ruentum  
pro patria morientis aures—  
at vulnere ictus letifero labat  
adversa cum iam scissa acies retro  
dat terga, pugnantesque condit  
turbine pulverulenta nubes.

*TO VIRGIL.*

Written at the request of the Mantuans for the 19th centenary  
of Virgil's death.

## I

**R**OMAN Virgil, thou that singest  
Ilion's lofty temples robed in fire,  
Ilion falling, Rome arising,  
wars, and filial faith, and Dido's pyre ;

## II

Landscape-lover, lord of language  
more than he that sang the Works and Days,  
All the chosen coin of fancy  
flashing out from many a golden phrase ;

## III

Thou that singest wheat and woodland,  
tilth and vineyard, hive and horse and herd ;  
All the charm of all the Muses  
often flowering in a lonely word ;

## IV

Poet of the happy Tityrus  
piping underneath his beechen bowers ;  
Poet of the poet-satyr  
whom the laughing shepherd bound with flowers ;

## V

Chanter of the Pollio, glorying  
in the blissful years again to be,  
Summers of the snakeless meadow,  
unlaborious earth and oarless sea ;



**R**OMANE vates, Ilia, Vergili,  
 qui templa amictu circuis igneo  
 Troiaque de labente tollis  
 alite candidiore Romam :  
 tu bella, prolem tu Veneris piam,  
 tristes Elissaeque exsequias canis,  
 tu vincis -Ascraeos labores  
 ruris amans meliorque lingua :  
 sermone pollens scilicet aureo  
 quales arenis praeniteant Tagi  
 plenasque Musarum loquellas  
 pectore de locuplete fundis.  
 sive arva laetas et segetes canis  
 vineta silvas mella greges equos  
 seu verba per seiuncta floret  
 quidquid habent lepidi Camenae.  
 quo vate in umbra faginea licet  
 felici avena ludere Tityro  
 sertisque pastori iocoso  
 capripedem cohibere vatem :  
 gaudetque in aurum currere pristinum  
 feliciora his saecula Pollio,  
 cum nullus aestivis in herbis  
 anguis erit pelagoque remus,

## VI

Thou that seest Universal  
 Nature moved by Universal Mind ;  
 Thou majestic in thy sadness  
 at the doubtful doom of human kind ;

## VII

Light among the vanished ages ;  
 star that gildest yet this phantom shore ;  
 Golden branch amid the shadows,  
 kings and realms that pass to rise no more.

## VIII

Now thy Forum roars no longer,  
 fallen every purple Caesar's dome—  
 Tho' thine ocean-roll of rhythm  
 sound for ever of Imperial Rome—

## IX

Now the Rome of slaves hath perish'd  
 and the Rome of freemen holds her place,  
 I, from out the Northern Island  
 sunder'd once from all the human race,

## X

I salute thee, Mantovano,  
 I that loved thee since my day began,  
 Wielder of the stateliest measure  
 ever moulded by the lips of man.

TENNYSON.

terraeque aratrum iam requiem dabit  
laboriosae : nec sine te patet  
    diffusa per molem nec artus  
        mens agitans seriemque rerum.  
idem doloris non humilis potens  
mortalia urges flebilibus modis,  
    nec saecla non effeta fulgent  
        luce tua, neque fabulosa  
non stella inauras litora, discolor  
auri per umbras aura velut micans  
    functos et illustrans tyrannos  
        sceptraque non recidiva regum.  
non purpuratorum atria Caesarum  
sonora non iam stant fora : gurgite  
    tu labere immenso, sonasque  
        imperium dominosque colles.  
iam iam solutis altera vinculis  
stat Roma victrix : ast ego, Vergili,  
    quondam orbe quem divisa toto  
        insula alit Borean sub ipsum,  
primis ab annis te colui et colo,  
te, magna parvae gloria Mantuae,  
    cui nullus effinxisse celso  
        par opifex vigit canores.

*ODE.*

THE spacious firmament on high,  
With all the blue ethereal sky,  
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,  
Their great Original proclaim :  
Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,  
Does his Creator's power display,  
And publishes to every land  
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,  
The Moon takes up the wondrous tale,  
And, nightly to the list'ning earth,  
Repeats the story of her birth :  
While all the stars that round her burn,  
And all the planets in their turn,  
Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all  
Move round the dark terrestrial ball ?  
What though no real voice, nor sound,  
Amid their radiant orbs be found ?  
In Reason's ear they all rejoice,  
And utter forth a glorious voice ;  
For ever singing, as they shine,  
'The hand that made us is divine.'

J. ADDISON.

**S**CILICET igniferi spatium mirabile caeli,  
 caerulei et clarus quicquid Olympus habet,  
 aetheris et varii compages lucida, laudant  
 cuncta Creatorem (vox sua cuique) Deum.  
 quotquot eunt luces nullo defesse labore  
 artificem gaudes, Sol, celebrare tuum ;  
 nulla tuis radiis obnoxia panditur ora  
 quin ibi divinam testificare manum.  
 nocturnae subeunt tenebrae: non illa siletur  
 fabula, novit enim reddere luna vices.  
 illa quidem, tellus dum pendet ab ore canentis,  
 quo ritu cantat nata sit, unde micet.  
 excipiunt carmen cingentia sidera lunam,  
 quaeque vaga caelum circumiere face.  
 sic rata dant stellae volvendae singula cantu,  
 sic axes geminos fabula mira subit.  
 quid dum terrestres tenebras vaga sidera lustrant,  
 si nullos sonitus, carmina nulla cient.  
 quid si, resplendent tibi quotquot in aethere vasto  
 sidera, non illis vox nisi ficta sonat.  
 ingenii si quis purgatas commodet aures  
 audiet hic laeta promere voce melos.  
 scilicet aeternum resonant splendentia carmen  
 'credite divinam nos posuisse manum.'\*

1875.

\* v.l. divina est claris quae dedit esse manus.

*AD MATREM.*

**M**USIC and frankincense of flowers belong  
 To this sweet festival of all the year.  
 Take then the latest blossom of my song,  
 And to Love's canticle incline thine ear.  
 What is it that Love chaunts? Thy perfect praise.  
 What is it that Love prays? Worthy to prove.  
 What is it Love desires? Thy length of days.  
 What is it that Love asks? Return of Love.  
 Ah what requital can Love ask more dear,  
 Than by Love's priceless self to be repaid?  
 Thy liberal love increasing, year by year  
 Hath granted more than all my heart hath prayed,  
 And prodigal as Nature, makes me pine  
 To think how poor my love compared with thine.

JULIAN FANE.

**C**HILD of a day! Thou knowest not  
 The tears that overflow thine urn:  
 The gushing eyes that read thy lot,  
 Nor if thou knewest couldst return.

And why the wish? The pure, the blest,  
 Watch like thy mother o'er thy sleep:  
 O peaceful night! O envied rest:  
 Thou wilt not ever see her weep.

W. S. LANDOR.

*Ἐρᾶτε μητρὸς παῖδες· ὡς οὐκ ἔστ' ἔρωσ  
τοιούτος ἄλλος, οἷος ἡδίων ἔρᾶν.*

**N**UNC decet et cantus et florea sacra profundi  
 quolibet hac festo candidiore die.  
 nec tu sperne meae quae sarta novissima musae,  
 sed quo carmine amor te colit aure bibas.  
 quid meditatur Amor? quali te laude coronet.  
 quid rogat? ut dignus fiat amore tuo.  
 quidve huic in votis? caeli loca sera revisas.  
 quid petit? ut pretium par sit amoris amor.  
 ecquid enim reddi pretiosius oret amore  
 quem cuivis pretio posthabuisse nefas?  
 iste tamen crescens in euntes largior annos  
 gestit amor votis plura dedisse meis.  
 cum par naturae sis prodiga, maceror illud  
 quod prae materno sordet amore meus.

---

*ὃν οἱ θεοὶ φιλοῦσιν ἀποθνήσκει νέος.*

**U**NO nate die perempte in uno,  
 quot stillet lacrimis tua urna nescis,  
 qui dum fata legunt ocelluli ista  
 manent rore pio, nec illa nesses  
 hoc magis reditum parare nesses.  
 sed quorsum hoc cupiisse? nam beati  
 quicquid undique et innocentioris  
 somniis velut ipsa mater istis  
 assidet vigil. O serenior  
 noctem unam! o requiem ter invidendam!  
 matris non lacrimas tuae videbis.

*CHILDHOOD AND HIS VISITORS.*

ONCE on a time, when sunny May  
Was kissing up the April showers,  
I saw fair Childhood hard at play  
Upon a bank of blushing flowers :  
Happy—he knew not whence or how—  
And smiling—who could choose but love him ?  
For not more glad than Childhood's brow,  
Was the blue heaven that beamed above him.  
Old Time, in most appalling wrath,  
That valley's green repose invaded :  
The brooks grew dry upon his path,  
The birds were mute, the lilies faded.  
But Time so swiftly winged his flight  
In haste a Grecian tomb to batter,  
That Childhood watched his paper kite  
And knew just nothing of the matter.  
With curling lip and glancing eye  
Guilt gazed upon the scene a minute :  
But Childhood's glance of purity  
Had such a holy spell within it,  
That the dark demon of the air  
Spread forth again his baffled pinion,  
And hid his envy and despair  
Self-tortured in his own dominion.  
Then stepped a gloomy phantom up,  
Pale, cypress-crowned, Night's awful daughter,  
And proffered him a fearful cup  
Full to the brim of bitter water.



**T**EMPORE quo madidam pluviis Aprilibus almo  
Phoebus amans radio laetificabat humum,  
forte puer ludos agitans et totus in illis  
inter purpureas visus adesse rosas.  
laetus erat tamen ut quare nesciret et unde :  
risit amabilius quo nihil esse queat,  
scilicet infantis non ipsa serenius ore  
caerula ridebant candidiusve poli.  
ecce, tumens ira vallem viridemque quietem  
pro scelus, aggreditur non sine falce senex :  
illius ante pedes siccantur flumina, marcent  
lilia, aves priscos dedidicere modos.  
sed tam praecipiti nigras quatit impete pennas  
expugnaturus Graia sepulchra, reor,  
ut puer in milvum totus chartasque volantes  
deditus ignoret quis sit et unde senex.  
mox obliqua tuens rhoncho metuenda maligno  
Impietas illos audet adire locos :  
tanta sed ingenuo pueri ludentis in ore  
simplicitas, quovis carmine maior, erat,  
ut stimulos in se dempta spe diva nocendi  
ipsa acuat, pennis in sua regna datis.  
inde exsanguie caput propria redimita cupresso  
terribilis visu Filia Noctis adest :  
porrigit et puero cyathum quem dextra gerebat,  
intus abundabat taeter ad ora liquor.

Poor Childhood bade her tell her name ;  
And when the beldame muttered 'Sorrow':  
He said 'don't interrupt my game ;  
I'll taste it, if I must, tomorrow.'  
The Muse of Pindus thither came  
And wooed him with the softest numbers  
That ever scattered wealth and fame  
Upon a grateful poet's slumbers :  
Though sweet the music of her lay,  
To Childhood it was all a riddle :  
'Oh' he cried 'do send away  
That noisy woman with the fiddle.'  
Then Wisdom stole his bat and ball,  
And taught him with most sage endeavour,  
Why bubbles rise and acorns fall  
And why no toy may last for ever.  
She talked of all the wondrous laws  
Which Nature's open book discloses,  
And Childhood, ere she made a pause  
Was fast asleep among the roses.  
Sleep on ! sleep on ! Oh ! manhood's dreams  
Are all of earthly pain or pleasure,  
Of Glory's toils, Ambition's schemes  
Of cherished love, or hoarded treasure.  
But to the couch where Childhood lies  
A more delicious trance is given,  
Lit up by rays from Seraph eyes  
And glimpses of remembered Heaven.

W. MACKWORTH PRAED.

1829.

at misero quae sit, quo nomine nota, roganti  
 reddit anus tetrico murmure 'Cura vocor.'  
 cui puer 'a saltem parce intercidere ludos,  
 si mihi gustandum est, cras mihi prome bibam.'  
 proxima Calliope Pindo descendit amaeno  
 pellicere infantem si queat arte sua,  
 nascenti et numquam numerosius illa poetae  
 somnia per famam divitiasque tulit.  
 nil tamen ars valuit, nil vox divina canentis :  
 ambages puero est visa Sibulla loqui.  
 'hinc apage' exclamans, dulcissima carmina rumpit,  
 'quin raucam querula cum fide tollis anum ?'  
 protinus expandit rerum Sapientia causas ;  
 ante tamen perhibent surripuisse pilam ;  
 cur bullae tumeant in aquas, qua lege deorsum  
 glans cadat, et crotalis stet sua cuique dies :  
 quomodo Naturam volventi rite patescat  
 arcana inscriptus foedera mille liber ;  
 cum tamen intento iam persuadere videtur  
 iamdudum mediis dormiit ille rosis.  
 somnia carpe, puer, quantum praestantia nostris  
 quos terrena movent gaudia, cura, dolor :  
 quos decus irretit magno et sudore petenda  
 gloria—sive venus vel gravis arca trahit.  
 sed te, qui levibus pueri substernere membris,  
 dissimilis nostro, lectule, somnus habet :  
 luminaque illustant plusquam mortalia, necdum  
 excidit Elysii quod fuit ante iubar\*.

\* vv.11. excidit e totis cordibus Elysium.  
 quod fuit Elysii non meminisse sinit.

*IN LUXURIAM HODIERNAM.*

(Carmen Latinum numismate annuo dignatum et in Curia Cantabrigiensi recitatum Comitiiis Maximis A.D. M.DCCC.LXXVIII.)

**O** SI resurgat Flaccus et impios  
 mores, ut olim, carmine fervido  
 perstringat, Auruncaeve alumnus  
 aut animo Iuvenalis alto.  
 non his minorem tempora flagitant  
 infanda vatem : scilicet undique  
 bacchatur infamis per urbes  
 Luxuries cohibente nullo :  
 ridens amoenum perfida, sed manu  
 vix celat angues : sordida pauperis  
 nec tecta fastidit, nec altas  
 non penetrat malesuada moles ;  
 qua nulla pestis saevior inferis  
 excessit undis, exitio urbibus  
 ventura, et antiquis superbos  
 pellere avens solis tyrannos.  
 hinc Persici vis concidit imperi,  
 cum barbarorum Graecia inops minas  
 refregit, imbellesque posset  
 quid pietas didicere turmae,

quid dura virtus : testis et, Itali  
vastator agri, perfidus Hannibal,  
frangente victrices cohortes  
mollitia Capuae dolosa.  
orbi subacto iura dabat sua  
gens masculorum Romula civium  
fecunda, mox cessura turpi  
desidia, veterisque laudis  
oblita et alti sanguinis : occidit  
scirent ut omnes sic moniti arduae  
praeclara virtutis pudendo  
praemia praeposuisse luxu.  
sed nulla nobis, admonitus Dei  
contemnere omnes non bene fortibus,  
exempla praeduro movere  
tecta queunt adamante corda.  
nam quae vigeat laude Britannia,  
nunc indecorae tradita inertiae  
nummis laboratura in unis  
Tantaleas sitit inter undas :  
dum vastat Indos cum macie fames  
immissa foeda, nec morientium  
iam vota cultorum vocatus  
heu toties ! sacer annis audit.  
solos nec Indos hic tetigit dolor,  
audax vel ipsos Cambria quos parit  
invadere, insultatque nostris  
litoribus malesana pestis.  
impune nulli riserit insolens  
fortuna : sero luxuriae pudet,  
cum volnus insanabile auro  
per populos alitur nocentes,

et dira terris incubuit fames  
 ignava poenis corpora macerans,  
     firmumque nequiquam queruntur  
     pectora deseruisse robur.  
 sic semper urget poena nefas, capi  
 donis nocentum nescia, ceu canis  
     Lacaena vestigavit aprum  
     nare sagax leporemve acuta.  
 quis tam scelesti crimina saeculi  
 purgare praesens surget et integra  
     cum laude virtutem reducet,  
     innocuas sine labe leges  
 intaminatis iungere moribus  
 prudens et alta mente superbiam  
     depellere humanaeque vitae  
     dona bonae dare castitatis?  
 fastidiosae quippe licentiae  
 vis magna summos temptat et infimos,  
     gliscitque: fatalique morbo  
     debilis inficitur iuventus,  
 non qualis olim Gallica fortiter  
 superbientis contudit agmina  
     victoris Europaeque ademit  
     vincula Napoleone victo:  
 sed non severae militiae vacat  
 pacisve honestis artibus, aleae  
     viniue perdentisque vires  
     desidiae studiosa pubes.  
 expulsa terris, grande decus patrum,  
 sincera virtus albaque castitas  
     effugit, exultansque victo  
     Luxuries dominatur orbe,

contaminato cum grege pestium,  
cui semper astant Ebrietas comes,  
    et magna Dirarum Libido  
        mater, Avaritiesque turpis.  
si fortia absit pectora roborans  
virtus virorum, moenia nil iuvant  
    excelsa, ferrataeve naves,  
        fulmina nil metuenda belli :  
atqui tremisces nullius impetum  
virtute pollens, Anglia, civium,  
    dum Martis insani tumultus  
        per placidum requiescat orbem.

*A HORATIAN ODE*

*upon Cromwell's Return from Ireland.*

THE forward youth that would appear  
 Must now forsake his muses dear,  
 Nor in the shadows sing  
 His numbers languishing :  
 'Tis time to leave the books in dust  
 And oil the unused armour's rust,  
 Removing from the wall  
 The corselet of the hall.  
 So restless Cromwell could not cease  
 In the inglorious arts of peace,  
 But through adventurous war  
 Urged his active star ;  
 And like the three-forked lightning, first  
 Breaking the clouds where it was nurst,  
 Did thorough his own side  
 His fiery way divide.

\* \* \* \* \*

Then burning through the air he went,  
 And palaces and temples rent,  
 And Caesar's head at last  
 Did through his laurels blast.  
 'Tis madness to resist or blame  
 The force of angry heaven's flame ;  
 And if we would speak true,  
 Much to the man is due,  
 Who from his private gardens, where  
 He lived reserved and austere,  
 As if his highest plot  
 To plant the bergamot,  
 Could by industrious valour climb  
 To ruin the great work of Time,  
 And cast the kingdoms old  
 Into another mould.

A. MARVELL.



**I**AM quotquot urget laudis amor, viri,  
 linquenda vobis Pieris est placens,  
 neu dulcis umbrarum recessus  
 detineat, numerive molles.  
 namque hora cartas tradere araneis  
 parmamque suadet depositum situ  
 purgare, loricamque in aulae  
 parietibus rapuisse fixam.  
 ingloriae nam pacis in artibus  
 cessare nescit noster, at impiger  
 instare Fortunae favori  
 proelia havet dubiosque casus.  
 qualis trisulci fulminis impetus  
 prima unde natum est nubila dividit,  
 sic ille per partes suorum  
 findit iter, iaculatus ignes.  
 hunc ruptus aether ignibus haud suis,  
 molesque regum templaque caelitem  
 sensere, flammataeque laurus  
 Caesareum caput ambientes.  
 obstare missis caelitus ignibus  
 insanientis, sive quis increpat:  
 sic ille, si verum fatemur,  
 laude vir est cumulandus omni,  
 qui nuper arte vixerat in suis  
 privatus hortis, urbe procul, velut  
 si summa curarum citretis  
 in propriis foret ordinandis:  
 virtute at idem strenuus, ignea  
 quod saecla saeclis addita sanxerant  
 evertit, ipse incude fingens  
 sceptrum nova seriemque regum.

*EPITAPH ON A JACOBITE.*

**T**O my true king I offered free from stain  
Courage and faith: vain faith and courage vain.  
For him I threw lands, honours, wealth, away,  
And one dear hope that was more prized than they.  
For him I languished in a foreign clime,  
Grey-haired with sorrow in my manhood's prime;  
Heard on Lavernia Scargill's whispering trees,  
And pined by Arno for my lovelier Tees:  
Beheld each night my home in fevered sleep,  
Each morning started from the dream to weep;  
Till God who saw me tried too sorely, gave  
The resting place I asked, an early grave.  
O thou whom chance leads to this nameless stone  
From that proud country which was once my own,  
By those white cliffs I never more must see,  
By that dear language which I spoke like thee,  
Forget all feuds, and shed one English tear  
O'er English dust. A broken heart lies here.

MACAULAY.

QUOD potui, pro rege fides virtusque profusa est  
labe carens—virtus irrita, vana fides.  
huic ego posthabui census, patrimonia, honores,  
quaeque his spes fuerat carior una mihi.  
pro rege externa dum maceror exul in ora  
induxit iuveni tempora cana dolor,  
silvas dum patrias sonat ipsa Lavernia, nostras  
ipse requirenti displicet Arnus aquas.  
nox adit: aegroto redeunt cum nocte Penates,  
mane oculis lacrimas somnia pulsa ferunt:  
at tandem oranti sortem miseratus iniquam  
fata Deus properat datque quiete frui.  
at tu, quisquis adis tenuem sine nomine cippum  
de patria veniens quae mea mater erat.  
impermissa oculis per saxa albentia nostris,  
per quae cara tibi est, cara loquella mihi—  
pone inimicitias: lacrimamque Britanne Britanno  
da cineri—dolor huic cur moreretur erat.

*THE PAUPER'S DEATHBED.*

TREAD softly—bow the head,  
 In reverent silence bow—  
 No passing bell doth toll;  
 Yet an immortal soul  
 Is passing now.

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

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

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

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

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

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

C. BOWLES.

**P**ONE pedem leviter: caput inclinare memento:  
 ore fave: sacer est hic locus: ore fave.  
 ut conclamatae desit sua nenia vitae  
 morte tamen maior vita futura fugit.  
 sis quamvis magnus tamen hoc venerare cubile:  
 te maior casulam, squalida tecta, tenet.  
 pauperis aula fuit, nunc regia Mortis: adulans  
 nulla ibi plebs, custos in fore nullus adest.  
 liminis umentis frigentia saxa Quiritum  
 non terit ad risus officiosa manus.  
 una manu tantum macra vix sublevat astans  
 muta caput languens emorientis anus.  
 non confusa sonant permixto murmura luctu,  
 et nisi quod vagit parvulus, aula silet.  
 singultu presso quatit aeger anhelitus artus,  
 umbraque\* ter membris iam caritura gemit.  
 en, miranda loquor! quantum mutatus ab illo  
 vincula perrupit carceris arta sui;  
 quem modo depositum dolor excrucieverat, idem  
 sub pedibus strati nunc videt astra poli.  
 tam res dissimiles rebus quis crederet? illic  
 sternitur exanimis triste cadaver humi:  
 sol nitet aeternus, vigilat novus incola caeli†,  
 statque suo coram iam propiore Deo.

\* Sive: vitaeque.

† Sive: sol semel aeternus nitet, excussoque sopore  
 candidus hic fruitur.....

ALAS! they had been friends in youth ;  
But whispering tongues can poison truth ;  
And constancy lives in realms above ;  
And life is thorny ; and youth is vain ;  
And to be wroth with one we love  
Doth work like madness in the brain.  
And thus it chanced, as I divine,  
With Roland and Sir Leoline.  
Each spake words of high disdain  
And insult to his heart's best brother :  
They parted—ne'er to meet again !  
But never either found another  
To free the hollow heart from paining—  
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,  
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder,  
A dreary sea now flows between ;  
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,  
Shall wholly do away, I ween,  
The marks of that which once hath been.

S. T. COLERIDGE : *Christabel*.

**H**EU iuvenes sociarat amor: sed falsa susurrans  
felle potest verum fama necare suo.  
a terris procul alma fides colit astra: iuventae  
quam leve cor, vitae quam salebrosa viast.  
scilicet et caro siquis succenset amico,  
huic cerebrum stimulis ira furoris agit.  
fallor? an haec eadem disiungere causa sodali  
Rolando potuit te Leoline tuo?  
increpuit socius socium, contempsit uterque  
pectora fraternis heu propiora sibi.  
discedunt nullo redituri tempore: at alter  
qui viduata levet pectora nullus adest.  
discessere: manet volnus: ceu rupe revulsam  
triste fluens rupem discidit unda sua.  
at non ignis edax, glacies penetrabile fulmen  
illius eradet quod fuit ante notam.

*SONG FROM THE WATER BABIES.*

**W**HEN all the world is young, lad,  
And all the trees are green ;  
And every goose a swan, lad,  
And every lass a queen ;  
Then hey for boot and horse, lad,  
And round the world away :  
Young blood will have its course, lad,  
And every dog his day.

When all the world is old, lad,  
And all the trees are brown ;  
And all the sports are stale, lad,  
And all the wheels run down ;  
Creep home and take your place there,  
The spent and worn among ;  
God grant you find one face there,  
You loved when you were young.

C. KINGSLEY.



**D**UM vernant tibi cuncta, dum virescunt  
silvae fronde nova, beate Sesti,  
dum certare cycno videtur anser  
et par esse Helenae venusta Phyllis\*:  
tu nec poscere equum puer nec orbem  
percurrisse time: nequit morari  
carcer praecipitis pedes iuventae:  
sunt et fata cani suiue lusus.  
sed fac iam senio subacta cuncta,  
fac raptos nemori suos colores,  
lusus fac tibi putidos videri,  
excursumque rotae perire funem:  
iam serpe emeritus domum senexque  
mancis adnumerandus et vietis †:  
felix tum quoque sic future, Sesti,  
unam si modo det Deus tueri  
quam cunctis simul integris amabas.

\* v.l. reginaeque loco est puella quaevis.

† v.l. mancorum in numerum senumque plebem.

*THE IRISH EMIGRANT.*

I'M sitting on the stile, Mary,  
 Where we sat, side by side,  
 That bright May morning long ago,  
 When first you were my bride.  
 The corn was springing, fresh and green,  
 The lark sang loud and high,  
 The red was on your lip, Mary,  
 The love-light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary,  
 The day is bright as then,  
 The lark's loud song is in my ear,  
 The corn is green again ;  
 But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,  
 Your breath warm on my cheek,  
 And I keep list'ning for the words  
 You never more may speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,  
 The little Church stands near—  
 The Church where we were wed, Mary—  
 I see the spire from here ;  
 But the graveyard lies between, Mary—  
 My step might break your rest,—  
 Where you, my darling, lie asleep  
 With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely, now, Mary—  
 The poor make no new friends ;—  
 But oh ! they love the better still  
 The few our Father sends.  
 And you were all I had, Mary,  
 My blessing and my pride ;  
 There's nothing left to care for now  
 Since my poor Mary died.

**Q**UAE placuit nobis, mea Phylli, sedentibus una  
 me solum sine te rustica sella capit :  
 Maius erat memini—ridebant caerulea supra  
     ridebasque viro tu nova nupta tuo.  
 verna ceres viridi distinxerat arva lepore,  
     caeruleaque implebat carmine alauda suo.  
 insedit rubor ille tuis, mea Phylli, labellis  
     inque tuis oculis lumen amoris erat.  
 non species mutata loci rurisve—renidet  
     nunc quoque non alia candida luce dies :  
 nec vox argutae mihi non defertur alaudae,  
     inque agris iterum vernat ut ante Ceres.  
 sed molles frustra digitos auramque requiro  
     qua nostrae toties incaluere genae.  
 sed frustra ausculto si vox tua mulceat aures,  
     hei mihi qua nunquam tempus in omne fruar.  
 tramitis exigui tenuem via ducit ad aedem  
     qua mihi te laeto, me tibi iunxit Hymen :  
 sed timeo—quamvis mora sit brevis—ossa quieta  
     sic temere ingresso sollicitare pede.  
 namque ibi tu dormis leti composta sopore  
     inque ulnis una filia nostra tuis.  
 nunc moror orbis inops—nulli comitatus amico—  
     nam quis amicitias pauper inire potest ?  
 sic tamen ut raros, si quem Pater addit, amicos  
     hoc maiore miser sedulitate colat.  
 tu mihi divitiae, mihi tu comes una fuisti,  
     unica tu vitae luxque decusque meae ;  
 nil mihi quod curem, nil est quod ametur ab illa  
     quae te, Phylli, mihi dempsit acerba dies.

Yours was the good brave heart, Mary,  
 That still kept hoping on,  
 When trust in God had left my soul,  
 And half my strength was gone.  
 There was comfort ever on your lip,  
 And the kind look on your brow.  
 I bless you, Mary, for that same,  
 Though you can't hear me now.  
 I thank you for the patient smile  
 When your heart was fit to break ;  
 When the hunger pain was gnawing there  
 You hid it for my sake.  
 I bless you for the pleasant word  
 When your heart was sad and sore.  
 Oh ! I'm thankful you are gone, Mary,  
 Where grief can't reach you more !  
 I'm bidding you a long farewell,  
 My Mary—kind and true !  
 But I'll not forget you, darling,  
 In the land I'm going to.  
 They say there's bread and work for all,  
 And the sun shines always there ;  
 But I'll not forget old Ireland,  
 Were it fifty times as fair.  
 And when amid those grand old woods  
 I sit and shut my eyes,  
 My heart will travel back again  
 To where my Mary lies.  
 I'll think I see the little stile  
 Where we sat, side by side,—  
 And the springing corn and bright May morn,  
 When first you were my bride.

HELEN, LADY DUFFERIN :

*Songs, Poems, and Verses.*

(Edited with memoir by her son, 1894.)

fortis eras pietate tua, quae credere posses  
 aspera versuros in meliora deos,  
 tunc ubi numinibus mea mens diffidere coepit,  
 iam senio vires comminente meas.  
 alloquio quoties me solabaris amico,  
 inque tua quantus fronte sedebat amor.  
 his ego pro meritis haec qualiacunque rependo,  
 non auditurae dem licet illa tibi.  
 quid quod fortunae patiens voltuque sereno  
 ridebas luctu cor cruciata tuo :  
 et mordente fame, ne visa forte dolerem  
 fortis eras ipsam dissimulare famem.  
 a quotiens iucunda mihi, mea Phylli, locuta es,  
 occultans volnus pectoris ipsa tui :  
 nunc mihi pergratum quod demigraveris illuc  
 nullus ubi poterit cor lacerare dolor.  
 iamque vale longum, qua nulla fidelior unquam  
 cuive magis coniux diligeretur, erat.  
 sed non ulla dies, quamvis procul avius erro\*  
 viderit immemorem me, mea Phylli, tui.  
 sole nitet semper—nec qui sudore paretur  
 pauperibus, panem terra benigna negat.  
 esto : sed fuerit fama praestantior ipsa,  
 immemor haud fiam, patria cara, tui.  
 saepe antiqua sedens inter pineta videbor  
 praeterita ocllusis cernere luminibus—  
 tum veteremque domum qua possum mente revisam,  
 quique tegit caespes Phyllidos ossa meae.  
 nil ibi non cernam ; quae nos acceperat ante,  
 haud oculis aberit rustica sella meis.  
 Maius erit rursus—rursus Cerere arva virebunt—  
 ut qua luce mihi te sociavit amor.

\* Altera versio :

sed nos longa licet toto via dividat orbe,  
 Phyllidos haud veniet non memor hora meae.  
 non ibi sole dies, ibi non sudore parando  
 pane caret pauper si modo vera ferunt.

*THE FORSAKEN.*

THE dead are in their silent graves,  
 And the dew is cold above,  
 And the living weep and sigh  
 Over dust that once was love.

Once I only wept the dead,  
 But now the living cause my pain :  
 How couldst thou steal me from my tears,  
 To leave me to my tears again ?

My Mother rests beneath the sod,—  
 Her rest is calm and very deep :  
 I wished that she could see our loves,  
 But now I gladden in her sleep.

Last night unbound my raven locks,  
 The morning saw them turned to gray,  
 Once they were black and well belov'd,  
 But thou art chang'd—and so are they !

The useless lock I gave thee once,  
 To gaze upon and think of me,  
 Was ta'en with smiles—but this was torn  
 In sorrow that I send to thee.

T. Hood.

CAESPITE sub tacito vita defuncta quiescunt  
corpora quae supra roribus alget humus.  
at lacrimis miscens suspiria turba superstes  
dilecto cineri se superesse gemunt.  
tempus erat flerem solos ubi morte peremptos ;  
nunc mihi tu vivus cur lacrimemur ades.  
an lacrimis me, saeve, redonaturus amaris  
sic poteras lacrimis surripuisse meis ?  
o felix mater tempestiveque sepulta  
quam tranquilla quies nec violanda beat :  
in partem quoties mihi posebaris amorum,  
nunc tamen hoc laetor quod tibi parta quies.  
nigrantes solvit mihi nox hesternae capillos,  
canitiae sparsos aspicit orta dies.  
cum tua sit mutata fides, mirumne capillis  
si tibi qui placuit non manet ille color ?  
forte tibi circumdederam non utile munus  
cui posses inhians sic meminisse mei—  
ridentem tibi tunc meminisse me tradere—qui nunc  
mittitur, avellit victa dolore manus.

*THE NEREID.*

**T**HE Nereid maids in days of yore  
Saw the lost pilot loose the helm,  
Saw the wreck blacken all the shore,  
And every wave some head o'erwhelm.

Afar the youngest of the train  
Beheld (but fear'd and aided not)  
A minstrel from the billowy main  
Borne breathless near her coral grot;

Then terror fled, and pity rose...  
'Ah me' she cried 'I come too late!  
Rather than not have soothed his woes,  
I would, but may not, share his fate.'

She raised his hand:—'what hand like this  
Could reach the heart athwart the lyre?  
What lips like these return my kiss,  
Or breathe, incessant, soft desire?'

From eve to morn, from morn to eve,  
She gazed his features o'er and o'er,  
And those who love, and who believe,  
May hear her sigh along the shore.

W. S. LANDOR.



**T**EMPUS erat quo Nereidum spectante corona  
nauta gubernaculi solveret arma sui.

illis naufragio fit nigra tuentibus ora,

nullaque demersum non premit unda caput.

haec videt ex illa quae florentissima turba :

conspicit, at misero ferre timescit opem—

conspicit ut vatem variantibus antra lapillis

exanimem vasti praeferat unda sali.

mox iuvenis miseret posito terrore puellam—

‘heu venio, clamat, sera ego, sera nimis—

quam vidisse tuos nec delenisse labores,

malim ego—sed prohibent fata—perire simul.’

inde manu rapta iuvenis—‘quanam,’ incipit, ‘illi

par viget impulsa tangere corda lyra ?

labra ubi tam nostris bene responsura labellis,

tam desideriiis apta calere meis ?’

nec veniente die nec decedente puella

exanimi facie semovet ora viri—

hanc tibi per litus licet exaudire gementem,

si fueris iustae credulitatis amans.

MY dear and only love, I pray  
That little world of thee  
Be governed by no other sway  
But purest monarchy.  
And in the empire of thy heart,  
Where I should solely be,  
Let none beside pretend a part,  
Or dare to share with me.

As Alexander I will reign,  
And I will reign alone ;  
My thoughts did evermore disdain  
A rival on my throne.  
He either fears his fate too much,  
Or his deserts are small,  
Who dares not put it to the touch  
To gain or lose it all.

MARQUIS OF MONTROSE.

**D**ELICIAE cordis, Lalage, et spes unica nostri\*,  
 si tibi amatori cura placere tuo,  
 ne multis pateant dominis tua corda, sed unus  
 rex sine rivali parvula regna regat.  
 detestanda bonis quodsi discordia sensus  
 distrahet ambigua seditione tuos—  
 mentis in aede tuae si plebs convenerit, illic  
 me quoque ne speres affore—nullus ero.  
 fortis Alexander partiri non tulit orbem :  
 hoc ego, non alio foedere regna volo.  
 est hic, est animus divisi spretor amoris  
 participem regni nec sinit esse sui.  
 scilicet aut animi nimis est in amore pusilli  
 ille vir, aut sentit se meruisse parum ;  
 omnia qui dubiis refugit committere talis,  
 ut levis arbitrio stetve cadatve deae.

\* Altera versio :

unice noster amor, nullam plebecula partem  
 vindicet in cordis parvula regna tui :  
 rex habeat : sin ulla tuos discordia sensus  
 distulerit, sanctis non toleranda viris,  
 ambiguus sub corde tuo sedeatve senatus :  
 {ex illo fuerit tempore noster amor.  
 {non erit ut nobis rursus amare, Chloe.

O SWEETEST face of all the faces  
About my way,  
A light for night and lonely places,  
A day in day ;

If you will touch and take and pardon  
What I can give,  
Take this a flower into your garden  
And bid it live.

It is not worth your love or praises  
For aught its own ;  
Yet Proserpine would smile on daisies  
Sicilian-grown ;

And so beneath your smile a minute  
May this rest too,  
Although the only virtue in it  
Be love of you.

J. W. MACKAIL.

*AD GLYCERAM.*

**O** FACIES cunctis subrident quotquot eunti  
dulcior una mihi:  
cui nox et loca sola nitent obnoxia, debet  
sol iubar ipse novum:  
si dare quae possum non dedignabere clemens  
tangere, et accipies:  
hunc in parte tui florem, mea dona, roseti  
pone, morique veta.  
nil habet in sese tibi quod laudabile, dignum  
quod sit amore tuo:  
crinibus ipsa tamen violas Proserpina ridens  
implicuit Siculas.  
tuque igitur musae paulisper fronte serena  
respice dona meae,  
sint quamvis placitura nihil mea carmina, si non  
his tuus insit amor.

*Altera versio.*

**O** FACIES, cui non ego quidquid ubique venusti est  
praetulerim, facies o ter amanda mihi:  
lumine quae loca sola beas noctemque profundam  
laetificasque diem pulchrior ipsa dies.  
munera si tenuis non aversata Camenae  
tangere vis facili qualiacumque manu,  
hunc quoque parte tui florem dignare roseti,  
non erit ut pereat te prohibente mori.  
ipsa quidem per se nil quod mereatur amorem  
munera habent, laudes concilietve tuas—  
sed violas modo sint Sicula inter gramina natae  
frontem Persephones explicuisse ferunt.  
tuque igitur leni mea carmina fronte parumper  
respice, sub risu tuta futura tuo,  
gratia sit quamvis haec versibus unica nostris  
quod tuus in quovis carmine vivit amor\*.

\* v.l. quod non ulla tuo pagina amore caret.

**H**E is dead and gone, Lady,  
He is dead and gone :  
At his head a grass green turf,  
At his feet a stone.  
White his shroud as the mountain snow,  
Larded with sweet flowers,  
Which bewept to the grave did go  
By true-love showers.

W. SHAKESPEARE.

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**G**OOD LUCK'S a very wanton girl :  
She'll never long in one place stay.  
From off your brow she'll stroke a curl,  
Give just one kiss, then fly away.  
Ill Luck has most affectionate ways :  
Her arms she fondly round you throws ;  
"I'm in no hurry, Sir," she says,  
Then sits beside your bed, and sews.  
(Translation from HEINE.)

**O**CCIDIT, domina, occidit.  
lumine e supero exiit:  
caespes cui viridis caput  
cui pedes lapis urget.  
montana nive purior  
sindon sparsa rosis tegit,  
quas deflet capulum ut petunt  
multum uxorius imber.

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**Q**UID Bona Fortuna est? mira levitate puella,  
inque uno dudum stare dolosa loco.  
seposito cirro dum suspicis oscula fronti  
vix premit, et celeri se rapit inde fuga.  
quid Mala Fortuna est? hedera ambitiosior illa  
te tenet amplexu non abitura suo.  
'cur properem nihil est' inquit. 'sinit hora morari,'  
et sedet ad lectum fila trahitque tuum.

## SONG.

**E**ARL MARCH looked on his dying child,  
And smit with grief to view her—  
The youth, he cried, whom I exiled,  
Shall be restored to woo her.  
She's at the window many an hour  
His coming to discover :  
And *he* looked up to Ellen's bower,  
And *she* looked on her lover—  
But ah ! so pale, he knew her not,  
Though her smile on him was dwelling.  
And am I then forgot—forgot ?  
It broke the heart of Ellen.  
In vain he weeps, in vain he sighs,  
Her cheek is cold as ashes ;  
Nor love's own kiss shall wake those eyes  
To lift their silken lashes.

THOS. CAMPBELL.



**V**IDERAT ut natam pallentem morte futura  
Marcius haec tacitus corda dolore gemit.

‘qui per me patria iuvenis procul exulat ora  
sponsus erit natae, me revocante, meae.’

praetereunt horae: non deserit illa fenestram,  
ne veniens oculos fallat amantis amans.

ille redux Helenae turrim, loca nota, tuetur:  
cernit amatorem non minus ipsa suum.

non tamen ille suam—quamvis arrideat illi—  
agnoscit—tantus pallor in ore sedet.

ergo non meminit nostri? cor fracta dolore  
non meminit? lingua deficiente gemit.

hei mihi! nil lacrimae, nil tot suspiria prosunt:  
non redit expulsus rursus ad ora calor\*.

non semel oclusos Amor ipse recludet ocellos,  
mille licet, cupide basia mille, ferat.

\* v.l. quin cinere extincto palleat ora magis.

ONCE a dream did weave a shade  
O'er my angel-guarded bed,  
That an emmet lost its way  
Where on grass methought I lay.

Troubled, 'wildered, and forlorn,  
Dark, benighted, travel-worn,  
Over many a tangled spray,  
All heart-broke, I heard her say :

“Oh, my children ! do they cry,  
Do they hear their father sigh ?  
Now they look abroad to see,  
Now return and weep for me.”

Pitying I dropped a tear ;  
But I saw a glow-worm near,  
Who replied, “What wailing wight  
Calls the watchman of the night ?

“I am set to light the ground,  
While the beetle goes his round ;  
Follow now the beetle's hum ;  
Little wanderer, hie thee home.”

W. BLAKE.

**F**ORTE quiescentis non Dis sine mitibus astant  
circumfusa toro somnia mira meo.  
caespite nam fulto viridi formicula visa est  
incertas reptans ire redire vias.  
devia per dubias errat trepidansque tenebras,  
sola et inops longae fessa labore viae :  
dumque per implicitas virgas frondesque caducas  
serpit iter misero talia corde gemit.  
'hei mihi, quid nati? matrem lacrimantur ademptam?  
an movet astantes flensque gemensque pater?  
iam iam prospiciunt videant si forte parentem :  
iam referunt tristes, sed sine matre, pedem.'  
haec mihi deflenti—nam sors miseranda vagantis—  
lampuris subito est reddere visa sonum.  
'quaenam me miseris vox evocat ista querellis,  
cui nox excubiis pervigilanda data est?  
nempe ego noctivaga tellurem lampade lustro,  
circuitus iussos dum scarabaeus obit.  
hunc tu pone sequens—ducet vestigia bombus—  
iam satis errasti, parvula, perge domum.'

ONCE a dream did weave a shade  
O'er my angel-guarded bed,  
That an emmet lost its way  
Where on grass methought I lay.

Troubled, 'wilderer, and forlorn,  
Dark, benighted, travel-worn,  
Over many a tangled spray,  
All heart-broke, I heard her say :

“Oh, my children ! do they cry,  
Do they hear their father sigh ?  
Now they look abroad to see,  
Now return and weep for me.”

Pitying I dropped a tear ;  
But I saw a glow-worm near,  
Who replied, “What wailing wight  
Calls the watchman of the night ?

“I am set to light the ground,  
While the beetle goes his round ;  
Follow now the beetle's hum ;  
Little wanderer, hie thee home.”

W. BLAKE.

*Altera versio.*

**O**LIM dum superum favore tutus  
 somno me recreo, cubile circum  
 umbram somnia texuere miram.  
 nam forte in viridi reclinis herba  
 formicam videor videre callis  
 huc illuc trepidare nescientem.  
 quae dum sola vagans misella quaerit  
 quo flectat dubias pedes per umbras,  
 virgis implicitos laboriosis,  
 longo errore pedes viaque fessos,  
 haec mihi ex animo gemiscit aegro.  
 ‘a, proles mea quid facit? requirit  
 siccine illacrimans tenella matrem?  
 an tangit patris hos dolor gementis?  
 iamiam prospiciunt foras, videre  
 si me forte queant—at inde versos  
 mater ad lacrimas remittit absens.’  
 tum me flente super dolore tanto  
 lampuris subito prope enitescens  
 ‘quisnam tam miseris’ ait ‘querellis  
 me noctis vigilem ciet patronam?  
 nam lustrare solum meumst, tenorem  
 dum pergit scarabaeus ire notum.  
 hunc bombo duce, si sapis, sequeris:  
 sic domum venies, misella, parvam.’

THE crafty Nix, more false than fair,  
Whose haunt in arrowy Iser lies,  
She envied me my golden hair,  
She envied me my azure eyes.  
The moon with silvery cyphers traced  
The leaves and on the waters played :  
She rose, she caught me round the waist,  
She said, ' Come down with me, fair maid.'  
She led me to her crystal grot,  
She set me in her coral chair :  
She waved her hand and I had not  
Or azure eyes or golden hair.  
Her locks of jet, her eyes of flame,  
Were mine, and hers my semblance fair ;  
" O make me, Nix, again the same,  
O give me back my golden hair."  
She smiles in scorn : she disappears :  
And here I sit and see no sun :  
My eyes of fire are quenched in tears,  
And all my darksome locks undone.

RICHARD GARNETT.

**I**SERIS in praeceps flumen iaculantis alumna  
 callidior longe quam speciosa latet.  
 viderat illa in me flavos stupuitque capillos,  
 caeruleos oculos—invidiaque tumet.  
 tempore quo tenui frondes argentea filo  
 pingeret et summis luna equitaret aquis,  
 nata maris surgit mediamque amplexa susurrat  
 ‘ne mihi te comitem pulchra puella nega.’  
 nec mora : crystallo pendentia ducit ad antra,  
 in sellaque locat curalioque suo :  
 terque manum vibrans ‘ubi nunc quae caerulea’ dixit  
 ‘lumina iactabas : nunc ubi flava coma est?’  
 aemula carboni nymphae coma, lumina flammae  
 sunt mea ; nec specie non nitet illa mea.  
 ‘redde meam’ clamo ‘qualis fuit ante figura :  
 ‘o mihi flavescentes, Nerei, redde comas.’  
 at fastu ridens evanuit illa superbo :  
 hic moror infelix, hic sine sole moror.  
 amisere faces iam perdita lumina fletu,  
 nigraque caesaries lege soluta ruit.

*ROSE AYLMER.*

AH! what avails the sceptred race  
 Ah! what the form divine!  
 What every virtue, every grace!  
 Rose Aylmer, all were thine.

Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes  
 May weep but never see,  
 A night of memories and of sighs  
 I consecrate to thee.

W. S. LANDOR.

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O VENUS, daughter of the mighty Jove,  
 Most knowing in the mystery of Love,  
 Help me, oh help me, quickly send relief,  
 And suffer not my heart to break with grief.

. . . . .

See, see, she comes in her cerulean car,  
 Passing the middle regions of the air.  
 Mark how her nimble sparrows stretch the wing  
 And with uncommon speed their mistress bring.

*(Incert. auct.)*



**Q**UID nunc sceptrigero clarum genus ordine regum,  
quid prodest Paphiae proxima forma Deae?

quo tot virtutes, quo tot praestare lepores?

Almula, cuncta aderant ne morerere tibi.

Almula, quam nobis nox pervigilata reducet

non iterum, o lacrimis saepe negata meis:

at tibi donetur quam per suspiria duco

nox desideriis plena, memorque tui.

**P**ULCHRA Iovis summi suboles, qua nulla sacerdos  
certior aligeri callidiorve dei,

alma Venus, succurre mihi, succurre roganti,

neve sine haec perimat saucia corda dolor.

aspicis? ut curru perlabitur aetheris auras

caeruleo, medias ausa secare plagas.

scilicet octavam passerculus explicat alam,

et dominam mira mobilitate rapit.

**I**F she but knew that I am weeping  
    Still for her sake,  
That love and sorrow grow with keeping  
    Till they must break,  
My heart that breaking will adore her,  
    Be hers and die ;  
If she might hear me once implore her,  
    Would she not sigh ?  
If she but knew that it would save me  
    Her voice to hear,  
Saying she pitied me, forgave me,  
    Must she forbear ?  
If she were told that I was dying  
    Would she be dumb ?  
Could she content herself with sighing ?  
    Would she not come ?

A. O'SHAUGHNESSY.

**A** MODO me norit, miserum quae macerat absens,  
 nunc quoque flere opera, sed sine fine, sua :  
 et desiderio qui sic foveatur amorem  
 sumere maiores in mea corda faces :  
 sic tamen ut quae me cruciatibus urat adorem  
 voce 'meam' moriens deficiente vocem :  
 si tantum audierit quae vota miserrima fundo,  
 non semel ad gemitus ingemat ipsa meos ?  
 hinc aliquis dicat 'spes una salutis amanti  
 si vocem audierit, Cynthia dura, tuam :  
 si dare te veniam, sortis miserescere iniquae  
 senserit.' an tangi sic quoque corda nefas ?  
 seu me cognoscat media iam in morte teneri,  
 me moriente tamen clausa labella gerat ?  
 a mihi quo gemitus linguaeve silentia clausae\* ?  
 plus dolor hic meruit—cernere rursus erit.

\* vv.11. a mihi quo gemitus? plus quam suspiria poscit  
 {hic dolor: ipsa oculos pascet ut ante meos.  
 {noster amor: potero cernere rursus eram.

*BLUE ROSES.*

**R**OSSES red and roses white  
 Plucked I for my love's delight.  
 She would none of all my posies—  
 Bade me gather her blue roses.

Half the world I wandered through,  
 Seeking where such flowers grew ;  
 Half the world unto my quest  
 Answered but with laugh and jest.

It may be beyond the grave  
 She shall find what she would have.  
 Oh, 'twas but an idle quest—  
 Roses white and red are best.

R. KIPLING.

[*The Light that Failed.*]

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**A** SLUMBER did my spirit seal,  
 I had no human fears :  
 She seemed a thing that could not feel  
 The touch of earthly years.

No motion has she now, nor force :  
 She neither hears nor sees :  
 Roll'd round in earth's diurnal course  
 With rocks and stones and trees.

W. WORDSWORTH.

**M**ISTA ego puniceis candentiaserta rosarum  
 decerpsi Glycerae dona futura meae.  
 illa tamen nostras vae! fastidita corollas  
 'caeruleas' inquit 'tu mihi carpe rosas.'  
 multas per gentes et multa per oppida quaero  
 haec ubi nascatur quove sub axe seges—  
 multas per gentes et multa per oppida quaerens  
 nil nisi ludibrium, nil nisi probra tuli.  
 forsans trans Stygias erraverit illa paludes  
 inveniatis natis in sua vota rosas:  
 me labor hoc vanus docuit—quas fata negarint  
 in medio positis posthabuisse rosas.

---

**S**OPORE vincta mens quiescebat mihi,  
 humana nil sors terruit:  
 visa est puella nempe non mortalibus  
 obnoxia esse saeculis.  
  
 non motibus nunc vive fungitur sua,  
 nil audit illa, nil videt:  
 tellus diurno volvit orbe virginem  
 quo saxa rupes arbores.

## TO AN OLD ENEMY.

I WOULD have snatch'd a bayleaf from thy brow,  
 Wringing the chaplet on an honoured head ;  
 In peace and charity I bring thee now  
 A lily flower instead.

Pure as thy purpose, blameless as thy song,  
 Sweet as thy spirit may this offering be :  
 Forget the bitter blame that did thee wrong,  
 And take this gift from me.

R. BUCHANAN  
 (to D. G. Rossetti).

## IOLE.

I WILL not leave the smouldering pyre :  
 Enough remains to light again :  
 But who am I to dare desire  
 A place beside the King of men ?

So burnt my dear Œchalian town :  
 And I an outcast gazed and groaned.  
 But when my father's roof fell down,  
 For all that wrong sweet love atoned.

He led me trembling to the ship,  
 He seemed at least to love me then ;  
 He soothed, he clasped me lip to lip :  
 How strange to wed the King of men.

I linger orphan, widow, slave,  
 I lived when sire and brethren died ;  
 Oh, had I shared my mother's grave,  
 Or clomb unto the hero's side.

That comrade old hath made his moan ;  
 That centaur cowers within his den :  
 And I abide to guard alone  
 The ashes of the King of men.

Alone, beneath the night divine—  
 Alone, another weeps elsewhere :  
 Her love for him is unlike mine,  
 Her wail she will not let me share.

W. CORY [*Ionica*].

## ΠΑΛΙΝΩΔΙΑ.

**I**LLE ego qui volui dempta tibi fronde, corona  
 nobile Apollinea contemerare caput :  
 nunc tibi conversus pacati pignus amoris  
 lilia pro noxa qualiacumque fero.  
 a tam pura anima, musa tam labe carenti,  
 tam dulci ingenio si modo digna feram !  
 at tu parce mihi, linguaeque ignosce nocenti,  
 neu fuge quod veteri munus ab hoste venit.

## IOLE.

**N**ON ego destituam vivas malefida favillas :  
 est ubi succendat flamma renata rogam.  
 attamen haec qualis meditor ? fiducia quanta,  
 quae cupiam tanto me sociare viro.  
 sic memini Oechaliae vidisse incendia carae,  
 multa gemens patriae me superesse meae :  
 ipsa Lares patrios vidi considerare in ignes,  
 at mala compensat quae tulit almus amor.  
 duxit enim tremulam secum conscendere navem,  
 me quoque eo saltem visus amare die est.  
 solatur tristem, figitque labella labellis :  
 tamne humilem primo nubere posse virum !  
 nunc moror orba viro, nunc serva, parentibus orba,  
 post patris et fratrum fata superstes ego.  
 cui fuerit melius sepeliri matre sepulta  
 inve rogo positi scandere ad ossa viri.  
 iamque senex comitem suprema voce vocavit,  
 Centaurus latebras inter et antra tremit :  
 una moror caras custoditura favillas  
 qui cinis est, hominum qui modo primus erat\*.  
 sola ego, sola moror dia sub nocte, nec illic  
 non urget lacrimis altera sola virum.  
 dissimiles in amore sumus ; dolet illa peremptum :  
 participem luctus me vetat esse sui.

\* v.l. parvas reliquias, qui modo quantus erat.

*TO THE INFALLIBLE.*

OLD Angler, what device is thine  
To draw my pleasant friends from me?  
Thou fishest with a silken twine,  
Not the coarse nets of Galilee.

In stagnant vivaries they lie,  
Forgetful of their ancient haunts :  
And how shall one that standeth by  
Refrain his open mouth from taunts ?

How ? by remembering this, that he  
Like them in eddies whirled about,  
Felt less : for so they disagree :  
He could, they could not, bear to doubt.

W. CORY [*Ionica*].



**P**ISCATOR escis qualibus vafer fidens  
 amiculos tot surripis mihi dulces,  
 tu molliora lina sericis tendens,  
 nec dura retia aequoris Palestini?  
 vivaria illos stantia impediverunt  
 captos, locorum oblivione notorum:  
 at ecquis astans talium arbiter rerum  
 conviciis aperta temperet labra?  
 hac arte possit, illud aestimans, sese  
 iactatum ut illos turbine aleae pleno,  
 minus tamen sensisse: discrepare illud,  
 sese labare sustinere non illos.

*Altera versio.*

**Q**UA te piscator qua te vafer arte sodales  
 tot mihi quam dulces surripuisse rear?  
 serica lina soles demittere—tu Galilaei  
 retia fastidis rusticiora lacus.  
 stantia nunc illos retinent vivaria captos,  
 immemores priscos destituere locos:  
 talia quis meditans spectatum admissus amicus  
 indignabundis temperet ora iocis?  
 sic reor: huic subeat simili se gurgite mentis  
 iactatum sensus non habuisse pares.  
 inter utrosque hoc est quod discrepat: ille Deorum  
 pendere non illi sustinere fidem.

*CEPHALUS AND PROCRIS.*

A HUNTER once in that grove reclined  
To shun the noon's bright eye,  
And oft he woo'd the wandering wind  
To cool his brow with its sigh.  
While mute lay ev'n the wild bee's hum,  
Nor breath could stir the aspen's hair,  
His song was still 'Sweet air, O come!'  
And Echo answered 'Come, sweet air!'

But hark, what sounds from the thicket rise?  
What meaneth that rustling spray?  
'Tis the white-horned doe,' the hunter cries,  
'I have sought since break of day.'  
Alas! 'twas not the white-horned doe  
He saw in the rustling grove,  
But the bridal veil, as pure as snow,  
Of his own young wedded love.

T. MOORE.

**F**ORTE quiescebat luco venator in illo  
lumine dum Phoebus fervidiore calet:  
saepe fatigabat Zephyros auramque vagantem  
quae capiti grato murmure ferret opem.  
non mussabat apis nimio devicta calore  
nec tremulas movit populus alba comas:  
'mobilis aura veni' sic voce iterante vocabat—  
reddidit huic Echo 'mobilis aura veni.'  
qui fragor e dumis veniens profertur ad aures?  
quid sibi vult subito spina agitata sono?  
'fallor an albenti dama est pulcherrima cornu  
saepe' inquit 'primo mane petita mihi?'  
quid facis infelix? non est fera: supprime tela:  
non cerva in motis vepribus ista crepat:  
candida quam cernis mitra est, nive purior ipsa,  
qua tua, qua Procris prodit amicta caput.

*THE VALE OF LUMIN.*

**T**HE stream with languid murmur creeps  
In Lumin's flowery vale :  
Beneath the dew the Lily weeps  
Slow-waving in the gale.

'Cease, restless gale!' it seems to say,  
'Nor wake me with thy sighing!  
The honours of my vernal day  
On rapid wing are flying.

'To-morrow shall the traveller come  
Who late beheld me blooming :  
His searching eye shall vainly roam  
The dreary vale of Lumin.'

With eager gaze and wetted cheek  
My wonted haunts along  
Thus, faithful Maiden, thou shalt seek  
The youth of simplest song.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

*(Imitated from Ossian.)*

**M**URMURE qua leni perlabitur amnis amoenam  
 Luminiae vallem floriferasque plagas,  
 lilia nocturnis lacrimant umentia guttis  
 molliter et nutant praetereunte noto.  
 fallor, an haec mussant? 'aura, intercidere noli  
 murmuribus somnos irrequieta meos—  
 quos mihi ver dederat praeterlabuntur honores :  
 forma perit, nimium praepete rapta fuga.  
 cras veniet qui me spectaverat ante viator,  
 quaesitum flores, qui placuere prius :  
 frustra oculis vallem rimabitur ille pererrans  
 Luminiam : prisco rura lepore carent'.\*  
 sic cupidus lacrimis oculos madefacta genasque  
 rura pererrabis qua spatiabar ego :  
 dum iuvenem frustra, virgo fidissima, quaeris  
 qui tibi non doctis luserat ante modis.

\* v.l. vallis gloria prisca fuit.

*THE CLOUD.*

**I** BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers  
 From the seas and the streams ;  
 I bear light shade for the leaves when laid  
 In their noonday dreams.  
 From my wings are shaken the dews that waken  
 The sweet buds every one,  
 When rocked to rest on their mother's breast  
 As she dances about the sun.  
 I wield the flail of the lashing hail,  
 And whiten the green plains under ;  
 And then again I dissolve it in rain,  
 And laugh as I pass in thunder.

SHELLEY.

*POLONIUS TO HIS SON.*

**Y**ET here, Laertes ! aboard, aboard, for shame !  
 The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,  
 And you are stay'd for. There ; my blessing with thee !  
 And these few precepts in thy memory  
 See thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,  
 Nor any unproportioned thought his act.  
 Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.  
 Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,  
 Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel ;  
 But do not dull thy palm with entertainment  
 Of each new-hatch'd, unfledged comrade. Beware  
 Of entrance to a quarrel, but being in,  
 Bear't that the opposed may beware of thee.  
 Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice ;  
 Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgement.

*Hamlet*, I. iii.

**F**LORIBUS integros dare me sitientibus imbres,  
 quos mihi Neptunus praebet uterque, iuvat.  
 inicioque leves sopitis frondibus umbras  
 cum cessare dies sole calente iubet.  
 si quatiā pennas—ros inde excussus ad auras  
 delicias ruris germina cuncta ciet,  
 germina quae gremio mater componit in almo,  
 circuit ut solem mobilis ipsa choris.  
 me grando torquente gravis sata verberat, herbis  
 unde novis viridans albicat omne solum.  
 mox eadem in pluvias me dissolvente liquescit,  
 inque leves tonitrus ipsa iocosa feror.

---

**M**I bone quid cessas? pudeat, Laerta, morari :  
 insidet en velis aura cupita tuis.  
 di tibi fortunent iter hoc—sed pauca parentis  
 accipe quae memori pectore dicta notes.  
 lingua cave mentem prodat temeraria, neuquid  
 vix bene conveniens suscipiatur opus.  
 comiter uteris sociis, sapientius idem  
 non nimis in plures officiosus eris.  
 siquis spectata fuerit virtute fideque  
 hunc adamanteo foedere iunge tibi :  
 ne tamen hesternos cupide complexa sodales  
 sordeat in cunctos ambitiosa manus.  
 ne rixere prior—sin rixa intercidit, illud  
 effice ut infestis iam metuare viris.  
 raris sermonem, facilem dabis omnibus aurem :  
 sic censorem adhibe censor ut esse queas.

*HOPE.*

I PRAISED the Earth, in beauty seen  
With garlands gay of various green ;  
I praised the sea, whose ample field  
Shone glorious as a silver shield ;  
And earth and ocean seem'd to say,  
'Our beauties are but for a day.'

I praised the sun, whose chariot roll'd  
On wheels of amber and of gold ;  
I praised the moon, whose softer eye  
Gleam'd sweetly through the summer sky ;  
And moon and sun in answer said,  
'Our days of light are numbered.'

O God ! O good beyond compare !  
If thus Thy meaner works are fair,  
If thus Thy bounties gild the span  
Of ruin'd earth and sinful man,  
How glorious must the mansion be,  
Where Thy redeem'd shall dwell with Thee !

R. HEBER.



**V**ESTE formosam viridante terram  
 forte laudaram, variisque sertis,  
 et maris campos clipei patentes  
     more corusci.  
 ‘quid die laudas peritura in uno?’  
 sic queri tellus pelagusque visum,  
 mox in electro nitidos et auro  
     deferor axes  
 solis, et lunae decus almiore  
 lumine aestivis radians in astris;  
 ‘terminus,’ reddunt, ‘datur, et micamus  
     limite certo.’  
 o Deus vere Pater, o Benigne  
 Dive, cui nil est simile aut secundum,  
 si beat tali manus ista forma  
     vilia rerum—  
 tale si terrae decus obsoletae et  
 incolis pravis dedit—a fruetur  
 regia quali tua turba, Christi  
     sanguine sospes.

*GENERAL GORDON.*

**W**ARRIOR of God, man's friend, not here below  
But somewhere dead far in the waste Soudan :  
Thou livest in all hearts ; for all men know,  
This earth hath borne no nobler, simpler man.

TENNYSON.

1. **C**HRISTI miles eras, miseris succurrere praesens :  
     nescio qua Mauro caese sub axe iaces.  
 at spiras hominum per pectora cognite nulli  
     cedere virtutis simplicitate tuae.
  
2. **M**ILES fide Dei, memores qui saepe merendo  
     praestiteras homines,  
 nunc tua nescio qua Libycas procul inter harenas  
     ossa inhumata cubant.  
 ast ubicumque iaces populi tamen ista medullis  
     spirat inusta fides.  
 constat enim cunctis non altius esse creatum  
     simpliciusve caput.
  
3. **O**SSIBUS haec caret urna tuis, qui nuper in omni  
     gente laborabas signa secute Dei.  
 ipse inter vastas sine nomine corpus harenas  
     nescio qua Mauro caese sub axe iaces.  
 at vivis vivesque hominum per corda, nec umquam  
     terra tulit maius simpliciusve caput.

*RECESSIONAL. July, 1897.*

**G**OD of our fathers, known of old—  
 Lord of our far-flung battle-line—  
 Beneath Whose awful Hand we hold  
 Dominion over palm and pine—  
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
 Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies—  
 The captains and the kings depart—  
 Still stands Thine ancient Sacrifice,  
 An humble and a contrite heart.  
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
 Lest we forget—lest we forget.

Far-called our navies melt away—  
 On dune and headland sinks the fire—  
 Lo, all our pomp of yesterday  
 Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!  
 Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,  
 Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose  
 Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe—  
 Such boasting as the Gentiles use  
 Or lesser breeds without the Law—  
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
 Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust  
 In reeking tube and iron shard—  
 All valiant dust that builds on dust,  
 And guarding calls not Thee to guard—  
 For frantic boast and foolish word  
 Thy Mercy on thy People, Lord! Amen.

R. KIPLING.  
 [*The Five Nations.*]

*DIS TE MINOREM, ETC.*

**C**OGNITE nostrorum toties tutela parentum  
 credita cui longe signa Britannia volant,  
 si moderante tua quae dirigit omnia dextra  
 nos pinus dominos, palma remota vocat :  
 tu Deus armipotens populum ne desere nostrum  
 neve sine immemorem numinis esse tui.  
 iamque triumphantum strepitus languescere cœpit,  
 miles abit, regum praeterit illa manus :  
 vox tua semper adest tantum pia dona probantis  
 quae scelere et fastu libera corda ferant.  
 a ades, Armipotens, nobis modo iusta precemur  
 neve sine immemores nos Pater esse tui.  
 portibus his mutant peregrinos carbasa portus,  
 litoraque et speculas deseruere faces—  
 hesternique hodie fugit decus omne triumphi  
 quo Tyriae gazae quo Babylonis opes.  
 parce, Deus, gentes trutina qui pendis in aequa,  
 neu nos immemores vindicis esse sinas.  
 si tantas dum spectat opes plebs ebria fastu  
 effreno Numen spreverit ore tuum :  
 si velut externi fuerit iactantior aequo  
 barbaricas referens ambitiosa minas—  
 nos, Pater omnipotens, ne desere vana tumentes  
 neve sine oblitos deperiisse tui.  
 seu quis ballistas ferrumve volatile Martis  
 sat sibi praesidii barbarus esse putat—  
 si sibi confisus sine te vult tecta tueri  
 quae locat in fragili, venerat unde, solo—  
 quae lingua insipiens vesanave gloria fudit—  
 his, Pater, ignoscas, des veniamque tuis.

*Royal Dublin Fusiliers.*

*Royal Irish Fusiliers.*

Oct. 20, 1899.

*TALANA HILL.*

**P**EACE to the empty rhetorical prater,  
 Peace to your patriot chatter and brag!  
 What! did you dream that the Celt was a traitor,  
 Dream that the soldier was false to his flag?  
 Hurl, if it please you, your windy defiance,  
 Rant of the deeds that you never will do,  
 Eloquent Dillons and frothy O'Briens—  
 Slander not men that are better than you.  
  
 Waiting the word that would call them to action,  
 Steeling their courage to conquer or fall,  
 Little they recked of the babble of faction,  
 Soldiers of Ireland afar in Natal:  
 Only they knew that the guns were before them,  
 Only they knew there was honour to gain—  
 Charged on the foe for the island that bore them,  
 Routed and chased them o'er mountain and plain.  
  
 'Tis not in speech is a country's salvation;  
 Lads that can fall with their face to the foe,—  
 These are the men to make Ireland a nation:  
 Slainte, O Irish, who fought at Glencoe!  
 Saxon and Celt though they try to dis sever,  
 Faction may part us and seas be between—  
 Soldiers are links to unite us for ever—  
 Soldiers of Erin who died for the Queen.

A. D. GODLEY,

in *Spectator*, Nov. 4, 1899.

[Republished in *Second Strings*.]

## A. D. XIII. KAL. NOV.

**A** SILEANT patriae simulantia iurgia amorem,  
 quaeque leves iactas, garrula turba, minas.  
 utne fidem Celtæ possent sic fallere? miles  
 signa suum ferret destituisse decus?  
 sive libet, vani spirent certamina folles,  
 grandia, non vobis perficienda, crepent:  
 at, facunde Thraso, Bucco ventose, timete  
 plus vobis meritos rodere dente viros.  
 scilicet hi pugnae sperant dum signa, parati  
 vincere, sive ferent sic sua fata, mori.  
 nil strepitus curant odia aut civilia: tantum  
 pro patria, quamvis sit procul, arma gerunt.  
 solum illud novere, viam per tela per hostes  
 scindere: laus tantum morte paranda trahit.  
 at patriae memores, gremio quae foverat, hostem  
 per iuga per campos turbinis instar agunt.  
 sin erit ut gentes inter numeretur Ierne  
 non verba id facient (non venit inde salus),  
 mascula sed proles contemptrix mortis—Hiberni,  
 vos bene, Glencovae qui cecidistis agro!  
 dissimiles gentes discordia separet: esto:  
 dissocietque fretum: qua socientur habent.  
 unaniam facies gentem tu, prodige nostra  
 pro regina animae, miles Hiberne, tuae.

*THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.*

OUR bugles sang truce—for the night-cloud had lowered,  
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;  
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered,  
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,  
By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain,  
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,  
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,  
Far, far I had roam'd on a desolate track:  
't was Autumn—and sunshine arose on the way  
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft  
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;  
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,  
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore  
From my home and my weeping friends never to part,  
My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,  
And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of heart.

Stay, stay with us—rest, thou art weary and worn;  
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay;—  
But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,  
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

THOS. CAMPBELL.



CESSANDUM cecinere tubae labentibus umbris  
sideraque excubias visa agitare polo ;  
multa hominum terrae dederant se milia, fessis  
ut sopor, aut ictis mors sua ferret opem.  
hic mihi in effuso iaceo dum stramine ad ignem—  
arcebat caesis nam pia flamma lupos—  
nocte super media dulcissima venit imago  
praecepitque novum ter renovata diem.  
nam procul ex acie feralique ordine martis  
ipse fero solus per loca sola pedes.  
forte auctumnus erat risuque excepit amoeno  
rura revisentem sol patriosque Lares.  
ad loca, quae toties vernanti pectore primo  
militiae pressi limite, cara volo.  
balantur propriae domino de rupe capellae,  
messorisque sonant turba canora Linum.  
tum ‘me nulla dies’—sic inter pocula iuro—  
‘distrahet a sociis flentibus aq̄e domo.’  
oscula dant iterantque patri creberrima nati,  
laetitiaque ipsa victa marita gemit.  
‘aeger es, o maneat’—‘tempus requiescere’ clamant :  
ipse via fessus militiaque volo.  
sed redeunte mihi redeunt cum luce dolores,  
voxque soporata dulcis ab aure cadit.

*WAR SONG OF DINAS VAWR.*

**T**HE mountain sheep are sweeter,  
But the valley sheep are fatter ;  
We therefore deemed it meeter  
To carry off the latter.  
We made an expedition ;  
We met a host and quelled it ;  
We forced a strong position  
And killed the men who held it.

On Dyfed's richest valley,  
Where herds of kine were browsing,  
We made a mighty sally  
To furnish our carousing.  
Fierce warriors rushed to meet us ;  
We met them and o'erthrew them ;  
They struggled hard to beat us ;  
But we conquered them and slew them.

As we drove our prize at leisure,  
The king marched forth to catch us ;  
His rage surpassed all measure,  
But his people could not match us.  
He fled to his hall pillars ;  
And ere our force we led off,  
Some sacked his house and cellars,  
While others cut his head off.

*Convectare iuvat praedas et vivere raptō.*

*Aen. VII. 749.*

**S**UAVIUS agna sapit quae per iuga pascitur: esto:  
 pinguior at campi gramina tondet ovis.  
 ergo ubi res agitur, sit uter rapientibus aptus,  
 huic illum placuit posthabuisse gregem.  
 protinus armati prorumpimus agmine facto:  
 conveniunt hostes: dant cito terga fugae.  
 arx munita fuit: nihil arx obstare valebat:  
 irruimus caesis qui tenere viris.  
 Diffediam petimus: vallem quis nescit amoenam?  
 pascit ubi nitidos pinguior herba greges.  
 implemus vallem discursibus undique latis,  
 inde paraturi, turba gulosa, dapes.  
 prosiliunt hostes: pugna concurritur acri:  
 fundimus oppositas Marte favente manus.  
 fortiter enixi—neque enim ludicra petuntur—  
 confugiunt—metus hos, hos gravis hasta domat.  
 nec mora—rex facili praeda oppressurus ovantes  
 quippe parum cautos, obvius agmen agit.  
 nil furor effrenis valuit, quin protinus impar  
 non bene congresso milite, terga daret.  
 regia tecta petit Pariis effulta columnis,  
 nec prius edomito linquimus hoste locos.  
 quam spolient aliis pars condita vina, domumque  
 praecisum domini pars caput ense ferant.

We there in strife bewildering,  
Spilt blood enough to swim in ;  
We orphaned many children  
And widowed many women :  
The eagles and the ravens  
We glutted with our foemen ;  
The heroes and the cravens,  
The spearmen and the bowmen.

We brought away from battle,  
And much their land bemoaned them,  
Two thousand head of cattle  
And the head of him who owned them :  
Edryfed, king of Dyfed,  
His head was borne before us ;  
His wine and beasts supplied our feasts  
And his overthrow our chorus.

THOS. LOVE PEACOCK.

sic nos ancipiti facimus certamine Martis  
sanguinis ut largo flumine cuncta natent;  
multa dolet per nos proles orbata parentum,  
multa suo mulier flet viduata viro.  
at gaudent aquilae, corvique avidissima turba  
queis dedimus gratas, corpora multa, dapes.  
nil valuit virtus, nihil ipsa ignavia—mortem  
arcebant domino tela nec hasta suo.  
inde revertentes post tot certamina laeti  
praedam agimus—sed tu, gens spoliata, doles.  
praedam agimus capita inde boum bis mille caputque  
ipsius, armentum quem penes omne fuit.  
Diffediae nuper late dominatus in agris,  
nunc spolia elatum praebet opima caput.  
pro signo caput hic—vina hic pecudesque ministrat  
pro dapibus, victus carmen et ipse fuit.

*SOHRAB AND RUSTUM.*

HE spoke; and Sohrab smiled on him, and took  
The spear, and drew it from his side, and eased  
His wound's imperious anguish; but the blood  
Came welling from the open gash, and life  
Flow'd with the stream;—all down his cold white side  
The crimson torrent ran, dim now and soil'd,  
Like the soil'd tissue of white violets  
Left, freshly gather'd, on their native bank,  
By children whom their nurses call with haste  
Indoors from the sun's eye; his head droop'd low,  
His limbs grew slack; motionless, white, he lay—  
White, with eyes closed; only when heavy gasps,  
Deep heavy gasps quivering through all his frame,  
Convulsed him back to life, he open'd them,  
And fix'd them feebly on his father's face;  
Till now all strength was ebb'd, and from his limbs  
Unwillingly the spirit fled away,  
Regretting the warm mansion which it left,  
And youth, and bloom, and this delightful world.

M. ARNOLD.

**D**IXIT, et arridens patri puer arripit hastam,  
si latere extractum levet imperiosius ulcus:  
at sanguis exundat aperto volnere, et una  
vita fluit: gelidumque latus cruor irrigat olim  
marmoreum, sed nunc letali tabe nigrescens.  
haud secus albentes violarum saepe coronas  
sic temere abiecere suae inter gramina ripae  
ludentes pueri carptas modo, sedula nutrix  
si vocat ex agris medio iam sole perustis.  
illis forma perit, vetus et sordescere candor—  
sic iuveni cervix cecidit, membrisque solutis  
pallidus, immotus iacuit: iam lumina claudit:  
tantum si gravibus singultibus ilia pulsans  
in vitam retrahens quatit aeger anhelitus artus,  
pandit et in patrio vix figit hebentia vultu.  
iamque abiit vis omnis et indignata refugit  
vita artus calidam sedem floremque requirens  
et praerepta sibi grati oblectamina mundi.

## VIRGINIA.

WHEN Appius Claudius saw that deed, he shuddered  
and sank down,  
And hid his face some little space with the corner of  
his gown,  
Till, with white lips and bloodshot eyes, Virginius tottered  
nigh,  
And stood before the judgment-seat, and held the knife  
on high.  
'Oh! dwellers in the nether gloom, avengers of the slain,  
By this dear blood I cry to you, do right between us  
twain ;  
And even as Appius Claudius hath dealt by me and  
mine,  
Deal you by Appius Claudius and all the Claudian line !'  
So spake the slayer of his child, and turned, and went  
his way ;  
But first he cast one haggard glance to where the body  
lay,  
And writhed, and groaned a fearful groan, and then,  
with steadfast feet,  
Strode right across the market-place unto the Sacred  
Street.

MACAULAY'S *Lays*.



*Ἔτλα δ' οἶν θυτῆρ γενέσθαι θυγατρὸς.*

**A**T miser his visis pallens tremulusque resedit  
 Appius, ora togae velans subtemine paulum,  
 ante ipsum donec gressu titubante tribunal  
 constitit extollens cultrum Verginius udum,  
 ora pater pallens, magnaue haec voce profatur  
 sanguineas volvens acies—‘O numina, noctem  
 quae colitis, Manesque Erebi, Diraeque preemptos  
 ulcisci solitae—vos hanc decernite litem,  
 per calidum precor hoc dilecto sanguine ferrum;  
 quemque mihi generique meo se praebuit, idem  
 tales inueniat vos Appius—ipse, nepotesque,  
 et nati natorum et qui nascentur ab illis.’  
 sic fatus caesae pater a se virginis, illinc  
 se rapit: ad natae vultum tamen ante cadaver  
 exsanguem vertit, cruciataque pectora rumpens  
 horrendo gemitu sic per fora vadit aperta  
 inque Sacrum recto fertur iam limite Vicum.

*THE HOUSE OF MORPHEUS.*

\* . \* \* \* \*

WHOSE double gates he findeth locked fast,  
 The one faire framed of burnisht yvory,  
 The other, all with silver overcast;  
 And wakeful dogges before them farre doe lye,  
 Watching to banish Care, their enemy,  
 Who oft is wont to trouble gentle Sleepe:  
 By them the sprite doth pass in quietly,  
 And unto Morpheus comes, whom drowned deepe  
 In drowsie fit he finds: of nothing he takes keepe.

And more to lull him in his slumber soft  
 A trickling stream from high rock tumbling downe,  
 And ever drizzling raine upon the loft,  
 Mixt with a murmuring wind, much like the sowne  
 Of swarming bees, did cast him in a swowne;  
 No other noyse, no people's troublous cryes,  
 As still are wont to annoy the walled towne,  
 Might there be heard, but carelesse Quiet lyes  
 Wrapt in eternal silence farre from enemyes.

E. SPENSER.

*MORPHEUS.*

**S**UNT geminae Somni portae, quarum haec elephanto  
 candenti perfecta, argentoque altera puro  
 enitet: has firmo veniens videt obice clausas:  
 excubat ante fores vigilum custodia longe  
 fida canum, ne cura queat penetrare latebras,  
 quae solet insidiis mitem vexare Soporem.  
 hos umbra ingrediens fallit, dum Morphea quaerit:  
 ipse deus, membris alto languore sepultis,  
 discumbebat iners cura semotus ab omni.  
 quodque magis mollem queat invitare soporem  
 leniter a scopulo crepitans delabitur alto  
 lympha: nec in tectum guttae stillare cadentes  
 permixtae placido venti cum murmure cessant.  
 qualia saepe favis emissa examina mussant  
 sedula apum, suadentque leves ferventia somnos.  
 caetera pace sedent alta—non improba turba  
 plebs fremit, audiri munita per oppida quales  
 saepe queunt sonitus: omni procul hoste remoto,  
 inviolanda Quies aeterna oblivia ducit.

NOR yet alike to all without alloy  
Hath Freedom dealt an undivided joy:  
Some unconfined, their wonted pleasures call—  
Some, second captives, mourn a second thrall:  
And some, the youthful fathers of the state,  
Within those walls maintain the grave debate.  
And who but longed to pierce the sacred gloom  
Which ever veiled that wonder-haunted room!  
What eye but strove, adventurous, to explore  
With secret glimpses through the half-closed door,  
When all around in solemn order set,  
O'er high designs that secret synod met!  
What Muse may tell what beardless Catos shone  
With borrowed thoughts and thunder not their own?  
What vices bowed to Satire's arrowy hail;  
What kings, what empires, trembled in the scale:  
What keen discernment found an easy road,  
Where wisest statesmen long had darkling trod;  
While youth assumed upon its mimic stage  
The dignity without the sense of age.

W. J. HOPE-EDWARDES.

[*Prooemia.*]

**A**T non delicias cunctis sine labe fruendas  
indelibatas diva Vacuna dedit.  
musarum trahit hos vacuos sua quemque voluptas,  
hi, bis capta cohors, altera vincla dolent:  
hos autem iuvenes patriae columenque patresque  
parietibus clausos publica cura tenet.  
et quis non voluit sacras penetrare tenebras—  
atriaque arcanis relligiosa suis?  
cui non temptatum est oculo rimante tueri  
ianua quae prodat semiadaperta domus,  
sollemni quoties circumsedet ordine coetus  
altaque summota plebe severus agit?  
quae musa imberbes poterit numerare Catones  
fulmina librantes non sua mente notha?  
quae vitia hic satira ceu grandine pressa labarint,  
damnarit posita regna quot urna pila?  
ardua per senibus palantibus invia dudum  
quam facile invenit vis puerilis iter,  
ampullatur uti puer et se Nestora credit  
si foret ingenium, cetera paene senex!

*PLANTATION SONG.*

**F**AIREST of darkie daughters  
Was Dinah Doe :  
Smile like the laughing waters  
Of the Ohio.  
Hair like the golden sunset  
Or the autumn sheaf :  
Eyes like the dewdrop  
On the violet leaf.  
Oh Dinah Doe,  
In 'Dinny or Virginy oh as golden as a guinea  
Are the tresses of my Dinah Doe.

When to the banjo's tinkle  
Sang Dinah Doe,  
Sweet stars began to twinkle  
On the Ohio :  
And with her bright eyes gleaming  
Laughed she to me sweet,  
And her golden locks in dancing  
Kissed her lily feet.  
Wed me and wed no other,  
Dear Dinah Doe,  
I'll go and ask your mother  
On the Ohio.  
Ole mudder talkee talkee—  
Too long I stay—  
Dinah wed another darkie  
While I was away.

## BOMBYKA XAPIEΣΣA.

**A**FRICA quotquot habet pulchris Bombyca puellis  
 praeinituit fuscis flosque decusque chori.  
 tot veneres quis rite canat? non ipsa puella  
 risit amabilius fluminis unda sui.  
 aurea caesaries—non auctumnalis aristas  
 pulchrior occidui solis inaurat honor.  
 talis ocellorum species praelucida qualis  
 cernitur in viola rore madente novo.  
 aureolis nostrae crinem certare fatetur  
 India, et a magna virgine dictus ager.  
 ad citharam quoties cecinit Bombyca, micare  
 sidera certabant fluminis inter aquas,  
 saepe mihi lepidum nitidis subrisit ocellis,  
 saltantisque coma est tangere visa pedes.  
 a, mihi si, Bombyca, velis te iungere, matrem  
 exorem—generum me sinat esse suum.  
 ventum erat ad matrem—vixit prope fluminis undas—  
 a, miseram nimiae garrulitatis anum.  
 nam dum causando mihi fit mora, duxerat alter  
 fortuna melior parque colore meam.

*PLANTATION SONG.*

**F**AIREST of darkie daughters  
Was Dinah Doe :  
Smile like the laughing waters  
Of the Ohio.  
Hair like the golden sunset  
Or the autumn sheaf :  
Eyes like the dewdrop  
On the violet leaf.  
Oh Dinah Doe,  
In 'Dinny or Virginy oh as golden as a guinea  
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And with her bright eyes gleaming  
Laughed she to me sweet,  
And her golden locks in dancing  
Kissed her lily feet.  
Wed me and wed no other,  
Dear Dinah Doe,  
I'll go and ask your mother  
On the Ohio.  
Ole mudder talkee talkee—  
Too long I stay—  
Dinah wed another darkie  
While I was away.



*Altera versio.*

**O** FORMOSIOR omnibus  
 fuscis, Mopsa, puellulis,  
 quae tuas Veneres canat  
 fuscis Musa coloris?  
 rides : nempe iocosius  
 quam flumen lepidum tuum.  
 ceu flavet seges, occidens  
 cum sol tingit aristas  
 flavet caesaries tibi :  
 talis luminibus lepor  
 qualis rore madentium  
 fit color violarum.  
 testor Parthenicam plagam  
 testor India quos alit,  
 flavere aureolos minus  
 quam flavet coma Mopsae.  
 si Mopsa ad citharam canit  
 stellae carmine tinnulo  
 ductae, per tremulas aquas  
 ludunt luce proterva.  
 ridens me mihi surripit  
 Mopsae dulcis ocellulus :  
 saltantis trepidant pedes  
 flavi tangere crines.  
 a si nubere tu velis  
 contemptis aliis mihi,  
 matrem conveniam tuam  
 propter fluminis undas.  
 linguae sit male garrulae  
 nam dum nectit anus moras  
 nubit pro pudor ! alteri  
 fusco Mopsa marito.

*THE DUCHESS'S SONG.*

**S**PEAK roughly to your little boy,  
 And beat him when he sneezes :  
 He only does it to annoy,  
 Because he knows it teases.

I speak severely to my boy,  
 I beat him when he sneezes ;  
 For he can thoroughly enjoy  
 The pepper when he pleases !

LEWIS CARROLL.

[*Alice's Adventures in Wonderland.*]

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*Idem Latine :*

*E LUDOVICI CAROLI NEPHELOCOCYGIA.*

**V**OCE notes puerum—nocuit clementia parvis :  
 sternuerit, colaphos terque quaterque ferat.  
 scilicet ut tangat materno corda dolore  
 id facit, et gaudet displicuisse suis.

saepe puer linguae, seu sternuit ille sinistra  
 seu dextra, patitur verbera, saepe manus.  
 et meruit plagas : quid enim praestantius illi  
 quam piper, est animo si sapiente, sapit ?

*THE ROMAN ROAD AT HAILEYBURY.*

**Q**UA tholus erigitur spatioso fornice candens,  
 finitimos inter conspiciendus agros ;  
 quo male cinctorum per lubrica saxa virorum  
 currentes totiens intonuere pedes :  
 si suadente deo qui te, Palinure, peremit  
 officium lecto posthabuere suum :  
 hic ubi sedulitas regnat—iuvenilia fervent  
 qua studia, et strepitant seria mixta iocis,  
 olim silva fuit, vacuisque errabat in agris  
 caeruleo plebes corpora picta vitro.  
 haud procul hinc locus est, ubi pinguibus anser in herbis  
 pascitur in festum, bellice Dive, tuum :  
 inde trahit nomen viridique e caespite, quem fons  
 irrigat haud unquam deficientis aquae.  
 haec tibi transgresso, nisi te pila concita ferro  
 contudit, ante oculos semita lata patet.  
 semita lata patet—silvis hinc clausa comatis,  
 hinc senis hirsuti limina servat Hylax.  
 ire per hanc noli, nisi tecum tollere glebas  
 haesuroque cupis pinguia crura luto :  
 nam via graminea est, salebrisque ingentibus horret  
 quas faciunt gravibus stridula plaustra rotis.  
 at si perfodias baculo scrutante per herbas  
 disposita invenias ordine saxa suo.  
 ipsaque se rectum tendens via more sagittae  
 iam tibi Romanum testificetur opus.  
 hac ibat legio galeis aquilisque coruscans  
 in nostros quotiens arma moveret avos.  
 nec non saepe bonae per amica silentia lunae  
 (qualis amor nunc est talis et ante fuit)  
 hic spatiabatur festo, nisi fallor, amictu  
 candida cum Gaio Gaia venusta suo.

*TO THE YOUNG CITY MEN.*

*To make much of (Luncheon) Time: or a Counsel  
to Clerks. (After Herrick.)*

**G**ATHER ye fish bones, while you may,  
The dinner hour is flying,  
And this same cod that's boiled today  
Tomorrow will be frying.

The handsome clock of ormolu  
A quarter past is showing:  
And soon will be a quarter to  
When you must think of going.

That man eats best who eats the first  
When fish and plates are warmer:  
But being cold the worse and worst  
Fare still succeeds the former.

Then be not coy but use your lungs  
And while ye may cry 'Waiter,'  
For having held but once your tongue  
You may repent it later.

*Punch:*

March 26, 1892.

CARPITE dum fas est squamosas carpite tramas,  
avolat hinc raptas quae sinit hora dapes :  
quique madens hodie ferventibus exit aenis  
crastina iam sparulus mensa, sed assus, erit.  
iam clepsydra, vides ? partem chrysendeta quartam  
concessi spatii praeteriisse monet ;  
quae modo bis tantam tibi destillaverit undam,  
iam fuerit crudo tempus abire tibi.  
hic, mihi crede, sapit qui prima obsonia cepit,  
huic sua cum calido pisce patella calet :  
altera frigidior mensa est—peiorque secunda  
tertia, progenie deteriore venit.  
his monitus puerum posito deposce pudore,  
neve time costas rumpere voce tuas.  
crede mihi, stulta est clementia parcere linguae,  
sera tamen poenas exiget ira gulae.

*AD VERGILIUM.*HOR. *Carm.* I. 24.*Quis desiderio sit pudor.*

**S**HALL any shame bid our regret be mute  
 For one so dear?—to lead the dirge be mine,  
 Melpomene, to whom the Sire gave lute  
     And liquid voice divine.  
 And doth Quintilius sleep eternally?  
     O pure-eyed Faith, of Justice sister dear,  
 And unbedizened fair Simplicity,  
     Where shall ye find his peer?  
 Oh many truest hearts our loss deplore,  
     But thine, my Virgil, feels the deepest rift;  
 Thou, vainly pious, bidst the gods restore  
     The loan and not the gift.  
 Yet though the forest trees thy lute obeyed,  
     More suasive than the Thracian's magic hand,  
 The blood returns not to the unbodied shade  
     That once the herald's wand  
 Of him who loosens not the bar of fate  
     To human prayers, with that dark flock hath penned:  
 'Tis hard; but patience robs of half their weight  
     The ills we may not mend.

*AD MAECENATEM.*HOR. *Carm.* III. 29.*Tyrrhena regum progenies.*

**O** TUSCAN son of kingly race,  
 Maecenas, store of mellow wine  
 Unbroached as yet, with rosy twine  
 And new-prest oil thy locks to grace,  
 Long waits thee here: then shun delay  
 Nor idly view moist Tibur still,  
 Aesula's corn slopes, and the hill  
 Of him who did his father slay.  
 Change to the rich is sweet, I trow,  
 And cleanly feast by poor man spread—  
 No curtain's purple gloom o'erhead—  
 Hath power to smooth the careful brow.  
 Come leave thy cloud-embosomed dome,  
 And fly the pomp that can but pall,  
 A little cease to worship all  
 The smoke and wealth and din of Rome.  
 Lo now Andromeda's sire ablaze  
 Shows his hid flame, and Procyon stares,  
 And the fierce lion maddening glares  
 Since the sun brings back sultry days.  
 Seek, weary shepherd, weary sheep,  
 Shade, stream and Silvan's bosky rest,  
 Nor any wandering winds molest  
 The silent bank's unruffled sleep.  
 Thou careful for thy country's state,  
 Sit'st watching anxious at the helm  
 Seres and Cyrus' Bactrian realm  
 And Tanais' self-destroying hate.  
 The issues of the after-years  
 Wise God has cast in murky night:  
 He smiles if any mortal wight  
 Vexes his soul with fruitless fears.

Firmly the present rule : all else  
     Flows like the stream that now is fain  
     Peaceful to seek the Etruscan main,  
 Anon wave-eaten stones compels,  
 And trees and kine, and men's abodes  
     Together swirls—The crashing wrack  
     Forest and mountain thunder back,  
 What time the flood to madness goads  
 The quiet streams. Blest who each even  
     Can boast him, in himself entire,  
     I've lived : tomorrow let the Sire  
 With pitchy cloud possess the heaven,  
 Or lustrous ray—He marreth nought  
     That hath been done, nor moulds anew  
     Whate'er is past, nor may undo  
 That which the fleeting hour hath brought.  
 Fortune, whose trade is human hearts,  
     Persistent in her wanton game  
     Shifts fickle praise from name to name,  
 Smiles now on me and now departs.  
 I praise her staying : let her shake  
     Swift wings, her gifts I all disown  
     And in the worth that is mine own  
 Self-wrapt, unto myself I take  
 Undowered honest poverty.  
 • What though the storm-struck mast should foam,  
     I flee not, I, to prayer and moan,  
 Nor bargain lest the greedy sea  
 Be richer for my argosies.  
     Then in my little cock-boat safe,  
     Howe'er the Aegean roar and chafe,  
 The Twain shall waft me and the breeze.



CATULLUS, *Carm.* III.*Lugete o Veneres Cupidinesque.*

O LOVES and Cupids all, make moan,  
And men of grace where'er you be,  
The sparrow of my love is gone,  
The darling of my bright Ladie.  
She loved him better than her een,  
For sweeter he than honey dew,  
And he had learnt to know his queen  
As ever maid her mother knew.  
He'd never from her bosom rove,  
But hopping here and hopping there  
He'd chirp and twitter to my Love,  
Still voiceless to another ear.  
And now, poor pilgrim, to that bourne  
He treads alone the gloomy track  
From whence they say is no return.  
But out upon ye, shadows black  
Of cruel Orcus, ever fain  
To prey on all things sweet and fair,  
So sweet a sparrow have ye ta'en  
To glut your wrath, my heart to tear.  
Ah cruel deed! ah pet ill-starred!  
Poor birdie—now with weeping wild  
Swollen and red, thy loss has marred  
The sweetest eyes that ever smiled.

*APOLLINARI MITTIT CORONAM ROSEAM.*

**I** FELIX rosa, mollibusque sertis  
 , nostri cinge comas Apollinaris ;  
 quas tu nectere candidas, sed olim,  
 sic te semper amet Venus, memento.

MARTIAL VII. 89.

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*DE COLUMBA ARETULLAE.*

**A**ERA per tacitum delapsa sedentis in ipsos  
 fluxit Aretullae blanda columba sinus.  
 luserat hoc casus, nisi inobservata maneret,  
 permissaque diu nollet abire fuga.  
 si meliora piae fas est sperare sorori,  
 et dominum mundi flectere vota valent,  
 haec a Sardois tibi forsitan exulis oris,  
 fratre reversuro, nuncia venit avis.

MARTIAL VIII. 32.

*From Martial.*

**G**O, happy rose, grace softly twined  
 The locks of my Apollinaris :  
 And, so may still be Venus kind,  
 In after years his temples bind  
 When white with timely eld his hair is.

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*From Martial.*

**A**MILD dove gliding through the air  
 In Aretulla's lap it sank :  
 And but that it stayed nestling there  
 We surę had deemed it fortune's prank.  
 If sister fond may hope once more  
 And prayers may bend the King of men,  
 It heralds from Sardinia's shore  
 Her exile brother home again.

**L**EPIDISSIMUS liber est M. Varronis ex satiris Menippeis qui inscribitur *Nescis quid vesper serus vehat*, in quo disserit de apto convivarum numero deque ipsius convivii habitu cultuque. Dicit autem convivarum numerum incipere oportere a Gratiarum numero et progredi ad Musarum, id est proficisci a tribus et consistere in novem, ut cum paucissimi convivae sunt, non pauciores sint quam tres, cum plurimi, non plures quam novem. Nam multos (inquit) esse non convenit, quod turba plerumque est turbulenta, et Romae quidem stat, sedet Athenis, nusquam autem cubat. Ipsum deinde convivium constat (inquit) ex rebus quattuor et tum denique omnibus suis numeris absolutum est, si belli homunculi conlecti sunt, si electus locus, si tempus lectum, si apparatus non neglectus. Nec loquaces autem (inquit) convivas nec mutos legere oportet, quia eloquentia in foro et apud subsellia, silentium vero non in convivio sed in cubiculo esse debet. Sermones igitur id temporis habendos censet non super rebus anxiis aut tortuosis sed iucundos atque inevitabiles et cum quadam inlecebra et voluptate utiles, ex quibus ingenium nostrum venustius fiat et amoenius. Quod profecto (inquit) eveniet si de id genus rebus ad communem vitae usum pertinentibus confabulemur, de quibus in foro atque in negotiis agendi non est otium. Dominum autem (inquit) convivii esse oportet non tam lautum quam sine sordibus, et in convivio legi non omnia debent sed ea potissimum quae simul sint βιωφελῆ et delectent. Neque non de secundis quoque mensis, cuius modi esse eas oporteat, praecipit. His enim verbis utitur: bellaria (inquit) ea maxime sunt mellita quae mellita non sunt, πέμμασιν enim cum πέψει societas infida.

ap. AUL. GELL. xiii. 11.

[This Translation was awarded First Prize in the *Journal of Education* Competition, May 1887.]

THERE is a witty paper of Varro's, to be found among his "Satires of Menippus," and entitled "Know'st not the Joys that Vesper brings?" wherein he discourses on the dinner-party and its arrangements, and especially on the number to form an ideal party. This, he says, should begin with the Muses, and go as far as the Graces—that is, start at three and end with nine—so as to be, at the smallest never smaller than three, at the most never more than nine. For that there be many, he says, is not convenient, seeing that you may not have a crowd without noise and crowding, and they nowhere recline, but either stand as at Rome, or sit as at Athens. Furthermore, he goes on, four points are necessary to make your dinner perfect and complete: good fellows to meet, good place and season to meet in, and a good table. Again, in the choosing of the guests, we should look for those who will neither chatter nor be mum, for eloquence befits the forum and the senate; silence suits the bed-chamber, rather than the hall. Accordingly, he lays it down that the conversation on such occasions should deal, not with burning or intricate questions, but with pleasant and attractive topics, where utility should be blended with charm and pleasantness, so as to draw out the agreeable and amiable side of us. And this, says he, will come about if we converse on the subjects of every-day life, for the discussion of which we have no time in the press of business. Moreover, in the master of the feast, not elegance is required, but rather absence of meanness, and the readings should be not indiscriminate, but such as tend to the instruction and amusement of the hearers. He also prescribes what the dessert should be, using these words: "those delicacies will be most sugared wherein is least sugar, for dainties are but treasonable allies to a dainty digestion."

PRAECEPTORES COLLEGII HAILEYBURIENSIS  
 CANCELLARIO CURIAE SENATUI  
 UNIVERSITATIS GLASGUENSIS  
 S. D. P.\*

QUAMVIS summo nostro dolore continuae nos occupationes et quae debetur pueris maxima vigilantia prohibeat quominus sacris vestris intersimus, ne putaveritis, viri doctissimi, nos tam honorificae invitationis immemores vel incuriosos esse potuisse, praesertim cum litterae vestrae, mellitissimo humanitatis lepore imbutae, studiorum communium amorem et evocent et demonstrant. Liceat saltem Almae Matri Glasguensi, et qua nunc fruitur, sicut merita est, felicitatem gratulari, et in futurum bona omnia ominari, ut, quae per CCCCL annos omnium bonarum artium semper faulrix fuerit, tantum laudis et doctrinae perennitate vigeat, ut eam totidem annis praeterlapsis sacra saecularia viribus adhuc integris inter omnium plausus instaurantem videat posteritas.

HAILEYBURIAE dat.

\* Letter written, at the request of the Master, in reply to an invitation from Glasgow University to send representatives to the celebration of their 450th anniversary.

COMPOSITIONS AND TRANSLATIONS  
PART II. GREEK

(Exercise sent in for the Porson Prize 1877.)

## ROMEO AND JULIET. ACT IV. SC. 1. 66—121.

Be not so long to speak—

—O, tell me not of fear!

ΙΟΥΛΙΑ.

ΙΕΡΕΥΣ.

- ΙΟΥ. Μὴ πολλὰ λέξης, πολλὰ γὰρ θανεῖν ἐρῶ  
ἦν μὴ τὸ λεχθὲν φάρμακον λέξη κακῶν.
- ΙΕΡ. θύγατερ, ἐπίσχεσ· ἐλπίδ' εἰσείδον τινά,  
τόλμης οἶαν δεῖ τὸν τελοῦντ' ἀμηχάνου,  
ἀμήχανον γὰρ τοῦθ' ὃ δὴ κωλύομεν· 5  
εἰ δ' οὖν ἄνακτος Πάριδος ἢ γάμου τυχεῖν  
ἐγκαρτεροίης μᾶλλον ἐκ σαυτῆς θανεῖν,  
ἔπειτ' ὄνειδος ὥστε προσκυνεῖν τόδε  
δοκεῖς ἀρεῖσθαι τῷ θανεῖν τι προσφερές,  
ἢ θάνατον αὐτόν, ὡς φύγοις, μάρπτειν ἔτλης· 10  
κἂν ταῦτα τολμᾶς πημάτων πάρεστ' ἄκος.
- ΙΟΥ. κέλευε πρὸς θεῶν, πρὶν με συζευξαι Πάριν,  
πύργων ἐκείνων ἄλμα κουφίζειν ἄπο·  
λέγ' ἐμβατεύειν ληστικαῖς ἐπιστροφαῖς,  
ἢ τοι ξυνοικεῖν ὄφεσιν· ἢ βρυχωμένων 15  
πέδα μετ' ἄρκτων· εἴργε νύκτερον νεκρῶν  
κευθμῶνος εἴσω πανταχῇ κεχωσμένου  
κτυποῦσιν ὄστοις, καὶ μυδῶσι μηρίοις,  
σαθροῖς τε κρανίοισιν, ὀμμάτων κενοῖς·  
ἦτοι μολοῦσαν ἐς νεόδμητον τάφον 20  
νεκρῷ παραγκάλισμα κρύπτεσθαι φάρει  
λέγ'· ὦν πάλαι μὲν καὶ κλύουσ' ἔφριξ' ἐγώ,  
νῦν δ' αὐτ' ἄοκνος, ἄφοβος, ἂν τλαίην, ὅπως  
σώσαιμ' ἀκραιφνὲς ἀνδρὶ φιλτάτῳ λέχος.
- ΙΕΡ. ἐπίσχεσ οὖν· μολοῦσα πρὸς δόμους πάλιν 25  
εὐφραине σαυτήν· Πάριδος αἰνέσαι γάμους.  
ἢ δ' αὔριον σέ γ'—ἦς γε διάδοχον σέλας  
γάμον φέρει σοι, νύξ ὅπως ἐπόψεται .



τῆς σῆς ἔρημον μὴ ξυνευδούσης τρόφου.  
 πότον δὲ τῆσδε, λέκτρον ἐσπεσοῦσα σόν, 30  
 ἔκπινε φιάλης εὖ πεφαρμακωμένον.  
 φλέβας δ' ἀπάσας οὐ τάχ', ἀλλ' ἤδη, κρύος  
 ὑγρὸν περάσει, νωθές, ὥστε μηδαμοῦ  
 ῥεῖν συμμέτρως σόν αἶμα, παύεσθαι δ' ἀπαξ·  
 οὐ μαρτυρήσει ζῆν σὲ θάλπος, οὐ πνοή· 35  
 τὸ δ' ἐκ παρειῶν χειλέων τε πορφυροῦν  
 ὠχρὰν γάνος μαραυθὲν ἀλλάξει σποδόν.  
 κεκλήσεται δὲ βλέφαρον, ὥσπερ οὖν βίου  
 θύρας ἔκλῃσε θάνατος, ἐξείργων τὸ φῶς·  
 ἀπαντα δ' ἀρχῆς ἐκπεσόνθ' ὑγρᾶς μέλη 40  
 ψύχρ' ὥστε νεκροῦ στερρά τ' ἐκταθήσεται.  
 νέκυσος δ' ἀνάρθρου πλαστὸν εἰς δύο ἡμέρας  
 σχῆμ' ὠδ' ἔχουσα, δὴ τόθ' ἄσπερ ἠδέος  
 ὕπνου τεθηλὸς ἐξαναστήσεις δέμας.  
 σὺ δ' οὖν, ἐῶθεν ἐκκαλῆ σ' ὅταν Πάρις 45  
 εὐνήης, τέθνηκας· εἶθ', ὅπως νομίζεται,  
 ὄμμ' οὐ καλυπτῆ, ξὺν χλιδαῖς ἐξαιρέτοις,  
 ἐς τὸν παλαιὸν οἶκον ἐξοίσει νεκρῶν  
 ὃς πᾶν κέκευθε τῶν Καπουλητῶν γένος.  
 ὁ Ῥωμέων δέ, πρὶν σέγ' ἐκβαλεῖν ὕπνον, 50  
 οἱ τείνομεν, πρὸς τῆσδ' ἂν ἐκμάθοι γραφῆς·  
 καὶ δευρό γ' ἤξει, σὺν δὲ φρουρήσας ἐμοὶ  
 ὁ σὸς πόσις νύχθ', ἧ σ' ἐγείρεσθαί χρέων,  
 πέμψει σε ταύτη ἕθενδε Μαντούνην λαβῶν·  
 τοιαῦτ' ὀνειδούς τοῦδέ σοι λυτήρια, 55  
 πλὴν εἰ τροπαία ἔμπληκτός ἦ τις δειλία,  
 γυναικὸς οἶα, σὴν διαφθερεῖ χέρα.

ΙΟΥ. οὐκ εἶα δώσεις, μηδὲ δειλίαν ἐρεῖς;

1. 29. Cf. Sophocle. *Oed. Rex*, 58:

ὡς οὐδὲν ἐστὶν οὔτε πύργος οὔτε ναῦς  
 ἔρημος ἀνδρῶν μὴ ξυνοικούντων ἔσω.

1. 38. Cf. Sophocle. *Frag.* 635:

βλέφαρον κέκλῃται γ', ὡς καπηλείου θύραι.

1. 57. Cf. Eur. *Medea*, 1055: χεῖρα δ' οὐ διαφθερῶ.

## MACBETH. ACT II. Sc. 1.

*Macbeth.*

**G**O bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,  
 She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.  
 Is this a dagger which I see before me,  
 The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee.  
 I have thee not, and yet I see thee still. 5  
 Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible  
 To feeling as to sight? or art thou but  
 A dagger of the mind, a false creation,  
 Proceeding from the heat-oppresed brain?  
 I see thee yet, in form as palpable 10  
 As this which now I draw.  
 Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;  
 And such an instrument I was to use.  
 Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,  
 Or else worth all the rest; I see thee still, 15  
 And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,  
 Which was not so before. 'There's no such thing:  
 It is the bloody business which informs  
 Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er the one half-world  
 Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse 20  
 The curtain'd sleep; witchcraft celebrates  
 Pale Hecate's offerings, and wither'd murder,  
 Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,  
 Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,  
 With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design 25  
 Moves like a ghost. Thou sure and firm-set earth,  
 Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear  
 Thy very stones prate of my whereabout,  
 And take the present horror from the time,  
 Which now suits with it. Whiles I threat, he lives: 30  
 Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.  
 I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.  
 Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell  
 That summons thee to heaven or to hell.

TROCHAICI GRAECI PRAEMIO PORSONIANO QUOTANNIS  
 PROPOSITO DIGNATI ET IN CURIA CANTABRIGIENSI  
 RECITATI COMITIBUS MAXIMIS A.D. M.DCCC.LXXVIII.

ΜΑΚΒΗΘΟΣ.

ΕΙΑ, παῖ, σήμαιν' ἀνάσση, πῶμ' ὄτ' ἀμὸν ἐγχυθῆ,  
 ἐγκροτεῖν κώδωνι, καὶ τότε αὐτὸς εὐνάσθητ' ἰών.  
 ἄρα φάσγανόν μ' ἀληθές εἰσορᾶν ἐν ὄμμασιν  
 χειρὶ βαστάσαι πρόχειρον φῶ; φέρ' ἀρπιάσω· τί γάρ;  
 δεξιὰν μὲν ἐκπέφευγας, ἀλλ' ἔτ' ὀφθαλμοῖς πάρει· 5  
 οὐ λαβεῖν σε, φάσμ' ἀμαυρόν, ὥσπερ εἰσιδεῖν, θέμις,  
 ἢ ξίφος καλῶν σ' ἄχαλκον, κόμμα κίβδηλον, τύχω,  
 πλάσμα θερμονῶ νοσοῦσης καρδίας ταραγάματι;  
 προσβλέπω σ' ἔτ' οὐδὲν ἦσσον τοῦδ' ὅπερ σπάσας ἔχω  
 ὡς ἀπ' ὀμμάτων ἐναργές, ἦ δ' ἄρ' ἦν πορευτέον 10  
 τῆδέ μ' ὠδωσας, τοιαῦδε μηχανῆ χρῆσθαι δέον,  
 ὥστε μοι χερσίν τε κώσι νῶ τ' ὀφλισκάνει γέλων  
 ὄμματ', ἢ τᾶλλ' οὐδὲν ἔστιν, ὅσσε δ' εὐπίστω μόνω.  
 ἀλλὰ μὴν ὀρώ σ' ἔτ', αἰχμὴν δ' οἶον οὐ τὸ πρόσθεν ἦν,  
 τοὺς τε κνώδοντας μαιίνει πέλανος αἵματοσταγῆς. 15  
 φεῦ, τί φημ'; οὐκ ἔστι ταῦτα· φοίνιον πρᾶγος μὲν οὖν  
 ταῦτ' ἐπ' ὀφθαλμοῖς ἔπλασσε· πάντα νῦν γ' ἐφ' ἥμισυ  
 γῆς δοκεῖ θανόντα κεῖσθαι, τὸν δ' ἔσω καλυμμάτων  
 μαλθακῶς εὔδοντ' ὀνειρῶν φάσματ' αἰκίζει κακά,  
 χάκατης μειλίγματ' ὠχρᾶς ἀνοσίοις μαγεύμασι 20  
 φαρμακὶς θνηπολεῖ γραῦς, χῶ μάλ' αὐχμηρὸς Φόνος,  
 ὃν λύκος φύλαξ αὔπνος παννύχοις ὑλαγμασιν  
 ἐκκαλεῖ, τρόπῳ τοιῶδε δόλιον ἐκκλέπτει πόδα,  
 αἴσυχρ' ἀμιλληθεῖς ὀρέγματ' ἐν τρόποις Ἰξίονος,  
 δυσσεβές θ' ἔρπει πρὸς ἔργον σίγα φάσματος δίκην. 25  
 ἀλλ' ὅπως σύ, γῆ, βάθροισιν ἐμπέδοις ἰδρυμένη,  
 μὴ ποδῶν ἐμῶν ἀκούσει ποῖ προβαίνουσιν τανῦν,  
 μὴ κραταίλεών ποτ' οὐδας, οὐ κυροῦμεν, ἐκβοῶν,  
 ἐξέλη φρικῶδες ὦρα τῆδε πρόσφορον στύγος.  
 ἀλλὰ γὰρ μάτην ἀπειλῶ, ζῆ δ' ἀναξ· πορευτέον· 30  
 ψυχρὸν ὡς ἔργοισι θερμοῖς πνεῦμ' ἐπουρίζει λίαν  
 ῥήματ'. εἴμ', ἄραρε τοῦργον· προσκαλεῖ κώδων ἐμέ.  
 μὴ σὺ δῆτ' ἀναξ ἀκούσης· θάνατος ὡς σ' ἤδη καλεῖ  
 ἢ σε πρὸς θεοὺς προπέμπων ἢ 'πὶ Ταρτάρου ζόφον.

*Aufidius.*

O Marcius, Marcius!

Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my heart  
A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter  
Should from yond cloud speak divine things,  
And say "'Tis true,' I'd not believe them more  
Than thee, all noble Marcius! Let me twine  
Mine arms around that body, where against  
My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,  
And scarred the moon with splinters, here I clip  
The anvil of my sword, and do contest  
As hotly and as nobly with thy love  
As ever in ambitious strength I did  
Contend against thy valour.

*Coriolanus, Act iv. Sc. 5.*

## ΑΥΦΙΔΙΟΣ.

ὦ Μάρκι', ἴσθι μηδὲν ἐξειπὼν τανῦν  
 ὁποῖον οὐχὶ καρδίας ἐμῆς τινὰ  
 ῥίζαν παλαιᾶς ἔριδος ἐξαφείλετο,  
 ὥστ' οὐδ' ἂν εἰ Ζεὺς κείν' ἀπορρήξας νέφη  
 τὰ σεμνὰ φωνοῖ θέσφατ' οὐ διχορρόπως,  
 οὐκ ἂν πιθοίμην Ζῆνι μᾶλλον ἢ λόγοις  
 τοῖς σοῖσι, Μάρκι' εὐγενέστατον κᾶρα.  
 δὸς νυν δὸς ἀμφὶ σῶμα σὸν βραχίονας  
 πλέκειν, ἐφ' ᾧ δὴ μειλίνη λόγχη θαμὰ  
 ῥαγεῖσα μῆνης ταῖς τομαῖς ἠκόντισεν.  
 ἰὼ· ἀσπάζομαι δῆτ' ἄκμονα ξίφους ἐμοῦ,  
 ἐρῶν τ' ἐρῶντος ἀνθαμιλλῶμαι σέθεν  
 θερμῇ θ' ὁμοίως κενυγενεῖ προθυμία  
 ὡς πρὶν γ' ἐρίζων τῶν ἀριστείων πέρι.

*Luc.* Good friends, depart a little,—whilst I take  
My leave of this dead man, that once I loved.

[*Exeunt ceteri.*]

Hold yet a little, life! and then I give thee  
To thy first heavenly being. Oh, my friend!  
Hast thou deceived me thus and got before me?  
I shall not be long after. But, believe me,  
Thou wert too cruel, Jasper, 'gainst thyself,  
In punishing the fault I could have pardoned  
With so untimely death: thou didst not wrong me,  
But ever wert most kind, most true, most loving:  
And I the most unkind, most false, most cruel.  
Didst thou but ask a tear? I'll give thee all,  
Even all my eyes can pour down, all my sighs,  
And all myself before thou goest from me;  
These are but sparing rites; but if thy soul  
Be yet about this place, and can behold  
And see what I prepare to deck thee with,  
It shall go up borne on the wings of peace  
And satisfied. First will I sing thy dirge,  
Then kiss thy pale lips and then die myself,  
And fill one coffin and one grave together.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER:

*The Knight of the Burning Pestle.*

ΛΕΤΚΗ. Ἐατέ μ', ἄνδρες, βαιόν, ὡς ἂν ὕστατα  
 νέκυν προσείπω τὸν πρὶν ὄντα προσφιλή.  
 φεῦ φεῦ. ψυχὴ, σὺ δ' ἡμῖν, οὐ μακρὰν αἰτῶ χάριν,  
 μείνασα βαιὸν ἐς θεοὺς τέλει πάλιν.  
 ἄρ' ὦ φίλ' οὕτω κάμ' ἐφηλώσας φθάσας  
 οὐχ ὑστερήσουσάν γε κοῦκ ἐπίστασο  
 αὐτὸς σεαυτῷ δυσμενῆς ἄγαν φανείς,  
 θάνατον καταγνοὺς ὧδ' ἄωρον, ὧν ἐγὼ  
 σύγγυοιαν ἴσχειν κἂν ἔτλην ἀμαρτιῶν.  
 καίτοι σὺ μὲν ποῦ μ' ἠδίκεις αἰεὶ γεγῶς  
 πιστός τ' ἀπίστω καὶ πικρᾷ γε προσφιλῆς;  
 ἢ δακρύου σὺ βαιὸν ἠξιούς γέρας  
 λαχεῖν παρ' ἡμῶν; οὐκ ἀνέξομαι τὸ μὴ οὐχ  
 ἄπανθ' ὅσ' ἴσχω δακρύων, στεναγμάτων,  
 ψυχῆς τε πρὸς σ' ἔρποντα πλουτίζειν ἐμῆς.  
 τοιαῦτα μὲν δὴ σπάνιά γ'—εἰ δὲ τῆδέ που  
 πάρων δέδορκας οἷά σοι κτερίσματα  
 παρ' ἡμῖν ἐστι, τᾶρα πρὸς θεῶν ἔδρας  
 ἠξίεις γεγεθῶς ἠσύχοις ἐπὶ πτεροῖς.  
 καὶ νῦν σὲ θρηνήσαντες εἶτ' ὠχρῶν ἔπι  
 ψυχορραγοῦντες χειλέων θανούμεθα  
 ὡς εἰς τάφος νώ, μία τε χανδάνη σορός.

*SKERRYVORE.*

FOR love of lovely words, and for the sake  
 Of those, my kinsmen and my countrymen,  
 Who early and late in the wild ocean toiled  
 To plant a star for seamen, where was then  
 The surfy haunt of seals and cormorants ;  
 I, on the lintel of this cot, inscribe  
 The name of a strong tower.

R. L. STEVENSON [*Underwoods*].

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*BELIAL.*

A FAIRER person lost not heaven ; he seemed  
 For dignity composed and high exploit ;  
 But all was false and hollow ; though his tongue  
 Dropped manna, and could make the worse appear  
 The better reason, to perplex and dash  
 Maturest counsels ; for his thoughts were low ;  
 To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds  
 Timorous and slothful : yet he pleased the ear,  
 [And with persuasive accent thus began :]

*Paradise Lost*, Bk II. 108.



πάσιν ἀλωομένοις τηλαυγέα δαλὸν ἀνάπτω  
τῶν Ἀσκληπιαδῶν μνημοσύνην καμάτων.

*Anthol. ix. 675.*

ἜΡΩΤΙ δηχθεῖς ὀνομάτων ἐρασμίων,  
ἀστῶν θ' ἕκατι καὶ συναιμόνων ἐμῶν,  
οἳ πρὸς θυελλῶν ποντίων διηνεκεῖς  
εἶχον πόνους ναύταισιν αἶροντες τέκμαρ  
φαέσφορόν τε λαμπάδ', οὐ πρὶν ἔστενον  
φωκῶν ῥοθιάδες καὶ λάρων ἐπιστροφαί—  
τῶνδ' ἔνεκα βαιᾶς τῆσδ' ὑπέρθυρον στέγης  
σκοπιᾶς ἔθηκα καρτερᾶς ἐπώνυμον.

ΚΑΛΛΙΣΤΟΣ οὗτος οὐρανοῦ πικρὰς φυγὰς  
ἔφευγε, τιμῇ θ' ὡς δοκεῖν πεπλασμένος  
σεμνοῖς τ' ἐπ' ἔργοις· ἦν δ' ἄρα ψύθος τὸ πᾶν,  
κύλλος κακῶν ὑπουλον. ἠδίω δ' ὅπα  
ἔσταζε μέλιτος, ὥστε κρεῖσσον' αὐτὸ δοκεῖν  
λόγον τὸν ἤσσω, πανσόφων βουλευμάτων  
φθοράν τε καὶ τάραγμα. φαῦλα γὰρ φρονῶν  
ὑψηλὰ δ' οὐκ ἔχαιρεν, ἐς πανουργίαν  
ἄοκνος αἰεὶ δρᾶν δὲ ταμείνω δέον,  
δειλὴν ἐνώμα κούκέτ' ἐργάτιν χέρα.  
ὁμως δ' ἔτερπε τοὺς ἀκούοντας λέγων.

*Constance.* O Austria! thou dost shame  
That bloody spoil: thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward!  
Thou little valiant, great in villany!  
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!  
Thou Fortune's champion that dost never fight  
But when her humorous ladyship is by  
To teach thee safety! thou art perjured too,  
And soothest up greatness. What a fool art thou,  
A ramping fool, to brag and stamp and swear  
Upon my party! Thou cold-blooded slave,  
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side,  
Been sworn my soldier, bidding me depend  
Upon thy stars, thy fortune and thy strength,  
And dost thou now fall over to my foes?  
Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,  
And hang a calf's skin on those recreant limbs.

*Austria.* O, that a man should speak those words to me!

*Bastard.* And hang a calf's skin on those recreant limbs.

*King John*, Act III. Sc. 1.

ΚΩΝΣΤΑΝΤΙΑ. ὦ λῆμα δειλόν, ὡς ἄρ' ἥσχυνας τάδε

φόνια λάφυρα δούλος ὦν, κοῦκ εὐγενής·  
 ὦ πάντ' ἀναλκι πλήν γε πρὸς πανουργίαν,  
 καὶ τοῖς κρατοῦσι καρτερὸς παραστατῶν,  
 σὺν τῇ τύχῃ τε τὰς μάχας ποιούμενος  
 ὅταν ποτ' ἀσφάλειαν ἤμπληκτος θεὰ  
 μάχης παρασχῇ. κἀπίορκος ἠρέθης  
 φιλεῖς θ' ὑπίλλειν τοῖσι κρείσσοσι στόμα.  
 ὦ μῶρε, κἀνόητε καὶ θράσους πλέως,  
 οὐ γὰρ πρὸς ἡμῶν πολλὰ δὴ λαβροστομῶν  
 τὰ δειν' ἀπειλῶν δυσμενεῖς ἐχείμασας,  
 ὄρκωμοτήσας πίσθ' ὑπερμαχεῖν ἐμοῦ  
 ὡς σόν γε δαίμον', ὦ κακόσπλαγχνον στόμα,  
 κράτος τε σῶσον οὐ διχορρόπως τὸ σόν;  
 κἄπειτ' ἐς ἐχθροὺς τοὺς ἐμοὺς ἀπεφθάρης;  
 σὺ τὴν λεοντῆν; οὐ τάχ' ἐκδύσει μολῶν,  
 καὶ τῆς ἀνάδρου νεβρίδ' ἐξάψεις χροός;

ΑΝΑΞ. ἀνὴρ τις ὄφελ', οὐ γυνή, τὰδ' ἐννέπειν.

ΝΟΘ. οὐ τῆς ἀνάδρου νεβρίδ' ἐξάψεις χροός;

*King Henry.*

What's he that wishes so?

My cousin Westmoreland? No, my fair cousin :  
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow  
To do our country loss ; and if to live,  
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.  
God's will ! I pray thee, wish not one man more.  
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold,  
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost ;  
It yearns me not if men my garments wear ;  
Such outward things dwell not in my desires :  
But if it be a sin to covet honour,  
I am the most offending soul alive.  
No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England :  
God's peace ! I would not lose so great an honour  
As one man more, methinks, would share from me  
For the best hope I have. O, do not wish me more !  
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,  
That he which hath no stomach to this fight,  
Let him depart ; his passport shall be made  
And crowns for convoy put into his purse :  
We would not die in that man's company  
That fears his fellowship to die with us.  
This day is call'd the feast of Crispian :

ΑΝΑΞ. Ἔα· τίς ἦν ὁ θέμενος τήνδε τὴν προθυμίαν;  
 μῶν ὁ ξύναιμος; μὴ σὺ δῆτ', ἐσθλὸν κára.  
 καὶ δὴ πέπρωται τῆδε θῆμέρα θανεῖν·  
 ἄλις γε πάτραν βλάπτομεν τεθνηκότες,  
 ζῶντες δ' ὅσφ δὴ μείον' ἔξομεν στρατὸν  
 τιμῆς τόσφ τις τεύξεται καλλίονος.  
 πρὸς θεῶν προσεῖναι μῆδ' ἔν' ἴμειρε στρατῶ·  
 ἐγὼ γὰρ οὔτοι—τοὺς θεοὺς μαρτύρομαι—  
 φιλάργυρός τίς εἰμι, κοῦτι μοι μέλει  
 τρέφοντι πολλοὺς οὐ πονοῦντας οἴκοθεν,  
 οὐδ' εἰ χλιδᾶ τις τοῖς ἐμοῖς ἐσθήμασι,  
 περισσὰ γὰρ τάδ' ἐστὶ κοῦ θηράσιμα—  
 τιμὴν δὲ θηρῶν εἰ δίκην ὀφλισκάνω  
 μέγιστ' ἀνὴρ εἰς ἀμπλακεῖν σύμφημ' ἐγώ.  
 μὴ πρὸς θεῶν, ὅμαιμε, προσθήκη ἐνὸς  
 ποθεῖ γενέσθαι τῶν ἐκείθεν, ὡς ἐγὼ  
 μὰ τοὺς θεοὺς κάλλιστον ἐλπίδων θέρος  
 οὐ τᾶν ἐλοίμην ὥστε μοι μετασχεθεῖν  
 τιμῆς ἔν' ἄνδρα προστεθέντα τῶ στρατῶ.  
 πρὸς ταῦτ' ἐσελθέτω σε μηδενὸς πόθος·  
 μᾶλλον δ' ἴων ἄγγελλε πάντ' ἀνὰ στρατὸν  
 τὸν εἰς ἀγῶνα τόνδ' ἔχοντ' ἀθυμίαν  
 χωρεῖν ἐπ' οἴκου, σύμβολον λαβόνθ' ὃ χρή,  
 καὶ πρὸς κόμιστρα λαμβάνειν ζώνης γέμος.  
 ἡμῖν γὰρ οὐκέτ' ἀνδρὶ συνθανεῖν φίλον  
 ᾧ μὴ παρείη τόλμα τῶδε συνθανεῖν.  
 τοῦ Κρισπιανοῦ τοῦτο φῶς νομίζεται.

He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,  
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,  
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.  
He that shall live this day, and see old age,  
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,  
And say 'Tomorrow is Saint Crispian':  
Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,  
And say 'these wounds I had on Crispin's day.'  
Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,  
But he'll remember with advantages  
What feats he did that day; then shall our names,  
Familiar in his mouth as household words,  
Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,  
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,  
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.  
This story shall the good man teach his son;  
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,  
From this day to the ending of the world,  
But we in it shall be remembered;  
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers.

*King Henry V., Act IV. Sc. 3.*

πρὸς ταῦθ' ὁ σωθεὶς οἴκαδ' ἐκ ταύτης μάχης  
 ἦν τοῦ φάους μνησθῆ τις ἐξ ἀκροῦ ποδὸς  
 στας Κρισπιανοῦ θυμὸν ἀυξήσει κλύων.  
 καὶ τῶνδ' ἄρα ὅστις γῆρας εἰσαφίξεται  
 ἐτῶν διαδοχαῖς τοὺς πέλας ποθ' ἔστιῶν  
 τὸν Κρισπιανὸν αὔριον λέξει σέβειν.  
 ἔπειτα δείξας τραύματ' ἐν βραχίονι  
 κεχαραγμέν' 'ἐκ τῆσδ' ἡμέρας' φήσει 'φέρω.'  
 παντὸς μὲν ἂν λάθοιτο γηράσκων ἀνὴρ—  
 γῆρας γὰρ ἴσχει λῆστιν—ἀλλ' ἔξει λέγειν  
 οἷ' ἔργ' ἔδρασε σήμερον, προσθείς γέ τι.  
 ἔπειτα χάμων ὄνόμαθ' οὐ παρέσταμεν  
 Ἐρρειακὸς ἄναξ ξυγγενῆς θ' ὀμιλία,  
 παῖσιν ξυνήθη κάρτ' ἰόντ' ἀνὰ στόμα  
 ἔξει παρ' αὐτὰ πρόσφατον μνήμην ποτά.  
 καὶ ταῦτα παῖς τις ἐκ πατρὸς μαθήσεται,  
 ὥστ' ἐς τὸν αἰὲ τῆσδ' ἀφ' ἡμέρας πρόσω  
 τὴν νῦν ἑορτὴν οὐποτ' ἄξουσιν βροτῶν,  
 μὴ οὐ τοῦσδε τιμαλφούντες ἐν μνήμης μέρει  
 παύρους μὲν ἡμᾶς ὄντας, ἀλλ' εὐδαίμονας,  
 ξυνωρίδ' † αὐτάδελφον.

† Vocabulum ξυνωρίδα—sc. quod de compluribus parum recte scriptum esset—obelisco notavit H. C. F. M. Legendum censuerim in loco "ἔλθῃ τιν'."—H. H. W.

*Macb.* Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,  
 Were the graced person of our Banquo present!  
 Who may I rather challenge for unkindness  
 Than pity for mischance!

*Ross.* His absence, Sir,  
 Lays blame upon his promise. Please 't your highness  
 To grace us with your royal company.

*M.* The table's full.

*Lennox.* Here is a place reserved, Sir.

*M.* Where? *Len.* Here, my good lord. What is't that  
 moves your highness?

*M.* Which of you have done this?

*Lords.* What, my good lord?

*M.* Thou canst not say I did it: never shake  
 Thy gory locks at me.

*Ross.* Gentlemen, rise: his highness is not well.

*Lady Macb.* Sit, worthy friends: my lord is often thus,  
 And hath been from his youth.

*Macbeth*, Act III. Sc. 4.



ΑΝΑΞ. Πόλεως ἂν ἦν πᾶν τῆδ' ὑπόστεγον σέβας,  
εἰ Βάκχος ἡμῖν τίμιον παρῆν κάρα.

ὄν αἰτιώμην μᾶλλον ὡς δύσνον ἐμοί,  
ἢ συμφορὰν τιν' οἰκτίσαιμ' εἰληφότα.

ΡΟΣ. ἀπιστίας γὰρ οὐ πάρων ἐλέγχεται.

σύ δ' ἀλλὰ κόσμει τήνδε τὴν συνεδρίαν.

ΑΝ. ἀλλ' οὐ γὰρ ἔδρα. ΛΕΝ. τήνδε σοὶ τηρῶ πάλαι.

ΑΝ. ποῦ δῆτα; ΛΕΝ. τῆδε· πρὸς τὶ δ' ὦδ' ἄθυμος εἶ;

ΑΝ. πρᾶσσει τίς ὑμῶν ταῦτα; ΧΟ. καὶ τί δή, Κρέον;

ΑΝ. οὐκ ἔσθ' ὅπως λέγοις ἂν αὐτόχειρ' ἐμέ,  
καὶ μὴ ἴπισείειν φοινίους ἐμοὶ κόμας.

ΡΟΣ. ἄναξ νόσφ' ἄνεστιν· ἔρπωμεν, φίλοι.

ΓΤΝΗ. μένοιτ' ἄν, ἀνδρῶν προσφιλῶν ὀμιλία,  
πάσχει γὰρ ἄναξ πολλὰ κακὰ βρέφους τόδε.

THIS heard Geraint, and grasping at his sword  
    (It lay beside him in the hollow shield),  
Made but a single bound, and with one sweep of it  
Shore through the swarthy neck, and like a ball  
The russet-bearded head roll'd on the floor.  
So died Earl Doorm by him he counted dead.  
And all the men and women in the hall  
Rose when they saw the dead man rise and fled  
Yelling as from a spectre, and the two  
Were left alone together, and he said:  
'Enid, I have used you worse than that dead man,  
Done you more wrong: we both have undergone  
That trouble which has left me twice your own:  
Henceforward I will rather die than doubt.  
And here I lay this penance on myself,  
Not tho' mine own ears heard you yestermorn,  
You thought me sleeping, but I heard you say,  
I heard you say that you were no true wife:  
I swear I will not ask your meaning in it:  
I do believe yourself against yourself,  
And will henceforward rather die than doubt.'

TENNYSON:

*Geraint and Enid.*

Ὁ δ' οὖν ἄναξ ἤκουσε καὶ μάρψας ξίφος  
 ἐν ἀσπίδος τανυσθὲν οὐχ ἐκάς κύτει  
 ἐν ἄλμ' ἐκούφισ', εἶτα φάσγανον κυκλῶν  
 λάσιον διήμησ' αὐχέν' ὥστ' οὔδει πεσεῖν  
 σφαίρας δίκην κυλισθὲν εὐτριχον κάρα.  
 οὔτος μὲν οὔτως ὤλετ' ἐκ τοῦ μηδενός·  
 οἱ δ' ἐκ μελάθρων ὡς ἀναστάντος νεκροῦ  
 ἄνδρες γυναῖκες ἐξανέστησαν δρόμῳ  
 κλάζοντες ὡς εἶδωλον ἐξ ἄδου σταλέν.  
 προσεῖπε δ' αὐτὴν ὦδ' ἀνὴρ μόνος μόνην·  
 ἦ τὰμὰ πρὸς σε μείζον' ἠδικημέν' ἦν  
 ἦ τὰκ νεκροῦ τοῦδ' ὕβρεως δὲ μείζονος.  
 νῦν δ' οὐς πάλαι δὴ νῶ συναντλοῦμεν πόνους  
 ψυχὴν ἐμὴν σοὶ δις τόσως συνήρμοσεν,  
 ὥστ' ἐς τὸ λοιπὸν μηκέτι ζώην ἐγὼ  
 μή σοι πεποιθὼς πάντα· καὶ τούτων τίσιν  
 οὐδ' εἰ χθὲς εἰσήκουσα σοῦ γ' αὐδωμένης,  
 δοκῶν μὲν εὔδειν, ἀλλ' ὅμως ἤκουσ' ὕπαρ—  
 πόσιν προδοῦναι· νῦν δέ γ' οὐ μὰ τοὺς θεοὺς  
 τί δῆτ' ἔλεξας οὐκέθ' ἱστοροῖμ' ἄν, οὔχ,  
 ὡς μηδ' ἔλεσθαι ζῆν ἀπιστήσας γε σοί.'

*Darnley.* How have you heart,  
Albeit ye hate me as the worm of Hell,  
Who never harmed you in my hapless days,  
To use me so? I am sick—

*Stuart.* Ay, sick to death  
If you give ear not to me that am come  
In very mercy, seeing I called you friend,  
For pity's sake to save you, or at least  
To stretch your days out for some brief span more.

*D.* Nay, but one word—how would you have me fly?  
He goes and mocks me—would my hands had strength  
To dig his heart out for my dogs to feed!  
He flies and leaves me weaponless alone  
In the eye of peril, coward and false heart.  
Should not the tongue of such a man be false?

SWINBURNE: *Bothwell.*

ΑΝΑΞ. Πῶς δῆτ' ἔτλης σύγ' ὦδ' ἐμοὶ στυγῶν ὄμως,  
 εὖ γὰρ τόδ' οἶδα, Ταρτάρου μ' ἴσον δάκει,  
 παθῶν περ οὐδὲν ἐξ ἐμοῦ δυσδαίμονος  
 χρῆσθαι νοσοῦντι;

ΣΤΟΥ. καιρίαν γε τὴν νόσον,  
 ἦν μὴ δι' οἶκτον ἰγμένῳ πίθη τί μοι.  
 σώσων γὰρ οὖν σέγ' ἦλθον οἰκτείρων θ' ἅμα  
 φιλίας ἕκατι τῆς πάροιθεν, εἰ δὲ μή,  
 βίου τι μῆκος ἀλλὰ βαιὸν ἐκτενῶν.

ΑΝ. ἀλλ' ἔν τι λέξον· πῶς με καὶ φεύγειν θέλεις;  
 οἶμοι· βέβηκεν ἀνὴρ ἐγγελῶν· τί δ' οὐ σθένους  
 τοσοῦτον ἔσχον ὥστε νιν λαβὼν κέαρ  
 ῥίπτειν ἐδεστὸν τοῖς κυσὶν διαρπάσας.  
 φεῦ. λιπὼν βέβηκέ μ' ἐν μέσοις ἀρκυστάτοις  
 ὄπλων ἐρημωθέντα κᾶσκευον φίλων·  
 ὦ λῆμα δειλὸν κακ ψυθῶν πεπλασμένον,  
 πῶς γὰρ τοιούτου γλῶσσ' ἂν οὐ ψευδηγοροῖ;

*ALCYONE.**A Sonnet.*

*Phoebus.* What voice is this that wails above the deep?

*Alcyone.* A wife's, that mourns her fate and loveless days.

*Ph.* What love lies buried in these water-ways?

*A.* A husband's, hurried to eternal sleep.

*Ph.* Cease, O beloved, cease to wail and weep!

*A.* Wherefore?

*Ph.* The waters in a fiery blaze

Proclaim the godhead of my healing rays.

*A.* No god can sow where fate hath stood to reap.

*Ph.* Hold, wringing hands! Cease, piteous tears, to fall!

*A.* But grief must rain and glut the passionate sea.

*Ph.* Thou shalt forget this ocean and thy wrong,  
And I will bless the dead, though past recall.

*A.* What canst thou give to me or him in me?

*Ph.* A name in story and a light in song.

E. W. GOSSE.

[*New Poems*, 1879.]

## ΦΟΙΒΟΣ. ΑΛΚΥΟΝΗ.

- Φ. Τίς ἤδε φωνὴ κυμάτων ὑπερτελεῖ;  
 Α. γυνὴ στένουσ' ἔρωτος ὀρφανὸν βίον.  
 Φ. τίς καὶ πόροισι ποντίοις κέκευθ' ἔρωσ;  
 Α. ὑπνω κατευνασθέντος αἰανεῖ πόσεως.  
 Φ. ὦ φιλτάτη, λήγ' ἀλλὰ νῦν στεναγμάτων.  
 Α. τί δὴ κελεύεις;  
 Φ. ὡς θεοῦ παιωνίοις  
 βολαῖς ἔφλεξε κύματ' ἀνταυγοῦς ἀλός.  
 Α. ὅπου δ' ἐκάρπωσ' αἶσα τίς σπείρει θεῶν;  
 Φ. χειρῶν ἐπισχῆς οἴκτον ὀμμάτων τε σῶν\*.  
 Α. ἔμπας ἄπληστος δακρύων πόντου γνάθος.  
 Φ. λήσει σὺ πόντου καὶ μάλ' ὑβριστοῦ ποτέ,  
 ὡς τόνδ' ἀνήσω κὰν αἴστος ἦ νέκυν.  
 Α. ἐμοὶ τί δούς ἦ τῷδε γ' ἐν τῷμῳ κάρῃ;  
 Φ. εὐδοξίαν ἔγωγε φῶς τ' αἰίδιμον.

\* v.l. αἶσι γε χειρῶν δακρυστακτοῦ τ' ἀχου.

*Extract from**SONG AT THE FEAST OF BROUGHAM CASTLE,*

UPON THE RESTORATION OF LORD CLIFFORD, THE SHEPHERD,  
TO THE ESTATES AND HONOURS OF HIS ANCESTORS.

‘ **N**OW another day is come,  
Fitter hope, and nobler doom :  
He hath thrown aside his crook,  
And hath buried deep his book ;  
Armour rusting in his halls  
On the blood of Clifford calls ;—  
“Quell the Scot !” exclaims the Lance—  
“Bear me to the heart of France”  
Is the longing of the Shield—  
Tell thy name, thou trembling Field ;  
Field of death, where’er thou be,  
Groan thou with our victory !  
Happy day, and mighty hour,  
When our Shepherd, in his power,  
Mailed and horsed, with lance and sword,  
To his ancestors restored  
Like a re-appearing Star,  
Like a glory from afar,  
First shall head the flock of war !’

WORDSWORTH.



ΝΥΝ δ' ἕτερον φῶς τόδε λαμπροτέραν  
 μοῖραν προσάγει κάλπιδ' ἀμείνω.  
 τὴν γὰρ κορύνην καταβέβληκεν  
 χαίρειν Μούσαις πολλὰ κελεύσας,  
 τόσον ἐν μελάθροισι καταγηράσκουθ'  
 αἰμ' ἠρώων

τεύχε' Ἀρείων ἐπιβωστρεῖ·  
 σπεύδε Βορείους δάμασον φῶτας,  
 κλάζει λόγχη μαιμῶσα φόνου·  
 φέρε μ' ἐς Κελτῶν ὀμφαλὸν αἴας,  
 σάκος ᾧδ' αἰνῶς ἐπιθούσσει.  
 σὺ δέ μοι τρομερὸν ποῦ ποτε ναίεις  
 Ἄδου πεδίου

τῶνδε κρατούντων στενάχιζον;  
 χαῖρ' ᾧ τριπόθητ' ἀκμή, κρατερῶς  
 ἠνίκα ποιμὴν ἐν πανσαγία  
 τηλόθ' ἐφ' ἵππου προγόνοισι φανείς  
 ἀστήρ τις ὅπως ἐπιτελλόμενος  
 πάλιν ἀστράψει σέλας οὐράνιον  
 πρῶτος δ' Ἄρεως  
 ἀγγελῶν πόλεμόνδ' ἐπορούσει.

*IPHIGENIA.*

**B**UT she, with sick and scornful looks averse,  
To her full height her stately stature draws;  
'My youth,' she said, 'was blighted with a curse:  
This woman was the cause.

I was cut off from hope in that sad place  
Which yet to name my spirit loathes and fears:  
My father held his hand upon his face:  
I, blinded with my tears,

Still strove to speak: my voice was thick with sighs  
As in a dream. Dimly I could descry  
The stern black-bearded kings with wolfish eyes,  
Waiting to see me die.

The high masts flickered as they lay afloat:  
The crowds, the temples wavered, and the shore:  
The bright death quivered at the victim's throat:  
Touched: and I knew no more.'

Whereto the other with a downward brow:  
'I would the white cold heavy-plunging foam,  
Whirled by the wind, had rolled me deep below,  
Then when I left my home.'

TENNYSON:

*Dream of Fair Women.*

Ἦ δ' οὖν σκυθρωπὸν ὄμμα' ἀποτρέπουσά μοι,  
 ἵν' εἶχεν ὕψους σεμνὸν ἐξῆρην δέμας  
 κᾶρρηξε φωνήν, ὦ ξέν' ἐξέδρεψ' ἐμήν  
 ἦβην τις Ἄτη τῆσδε κοῦκ ἄλλης χάριν.  
 φεῦ· τὴν ἐμ' ἐκβαλοῦσαν ἐλπίδων χθόνα  
 εἰπεῖν ἔτ' ὀκνεῖ φρὴν ἀποστατεῖ τ' ἐμή·  
 πατὴρ γὰρ ἔσθη χεῖρας ὀμμάτων προθείς,  
 ἐγὼ δὲ θερμοῖς δακρύοις τυφλουμένη  
 οὐκ εἶχον αὐδᾶν καὶ ποθοῦσ', ἔπεσχε γὰρ  
 τὰ πυκνὰ φωνήν ὡς ὄναρ στενάγματα.  
 μόλις δὲ λεύσσειν ὄμμαθ' ὡς λύκων παρῆν  
 γοργῶπ' ἀνάκτων τῆσδε διψῶντα σφαγῆς.  
 ἴστοι δ' ἐπάλλονθ' ὡς ἰδεῖν παράκτιοι  
 νεώ θ' ὃ τ' ὄχλος χῶ λιμὴν θανουμένη.  
 τέλος δ' ἔφλεξε φάσγανον δέρης πέλας,  
 κᾶπαισέ τις· τὰ δ' ἔνθεν οὐκ ἔχω λέγειν.  
 ἦ δ' αὖ κατηφοῦσ' ὄμματ' ἀντημείψατο·  
 τί μ' οὐχὶ λευκῶν κυμάτων καταιβάτης  
 ἀφρὸς θυέλλαις φερόμενος δίναις ὑπο  
 κατέκλυσεν τόθ' ἠνίκ' ἐξώρμων δόμων;

*Lancelot.*

FOR what am I? What profits me my name  
Of greatest knight? I fought for it and have it:  
Pleasure to have it, none: to lose it, pain;  
Now grown a part of me: but what use in it?  
To make men worse by making my sin known?  
Or sin seem less, the sinner seeming great?  
Alas, for Arthur's greatest knight, a man  
Not after Arthur's heart! I needs must break  
These bonds that so defame me: not without  
She wills it: would I, if she will'd it? Nay,  
Who knows? but if I would not, then may God,  
I pray him, send a sudden angel down  
To seize me by the hair and bear me far,  
And fling me deep in that forgotten mere,  
Among the tumbled fragments of the hills.

TENNYSON:

*Lancelot and Elaine.*

ΛΟΓΧ. Ἐπεὶ, τίς εἰμι; καὶ τί κερδαίνω κλύων  
 ἰππεὺς ὁ κλεινὸς δῆθεν; ἢ τί μοι πλέον  
 δόρει γ' ἀριστεύσαντι τοῦτ' ἔχειν κλέος,  
 ἔχειν μὲν οὐχὶ τερπνόν, ἐκβαλεῖν δ' ἄχος,  
 τὴν σύντροφον δὴ κληδόν'; ὠφελεῖ δὲ ποῦ;  
 πλὴν γ' ὡς ἀλόντα πάγκακον φθείρειν τινά,  
 ἢ κρείσσον' ὄντα μείον' αἰσχύνῃν ὀφλεῖν;  
 φεῦ τοῦ κρατίστου φωτὸς Ἀρθούρου φίλων  
 τοῦ μὴ κατ' Ἀρθούρον γε. πῶς γὰρ οὐ χρεῶν  
 λύειν τόδ' αἰσχρὸν πῆγμα; τῇ δέ γ' εἰ φίλον.  
 καίτοι τίς οἶδεν εἰ τόδ' αἰνούσης ἐγὼ  
 συναινέσαιμ' ἄν; εἰ δὲ μή, κατ' αἰθέρος  
 σκήψας θεῶν τις καὶ κομῶν συναρπάσας  
 φέρων μ' ἀπέλθοι, τῆς τ' ἀπανθρώπου βάλου  
 λίμνης ὑποβρύχ', εἶτα συγκεχωσμένων  
 κρύψαι μ' ἄϊστον εἰς ὀρῶν ἐρείπια.

**T**HEN spoke King Arthur, drawing thicker breath:  
‘Now see I by thine eyes that this is done.  
Speak out: what is it thou hast heard, or seen?’  
And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:  
‘Sir King, I closed mine eyelids, lest the gems  
Should blind my purpose, for I never saw,  
Nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till I die,  
Not tho’ I live three lives of mortal men,  
So great a miracle as yonder hilt.  
Then with both hands I flung him, wheeling him;  
But when I look’d again, behold an arm,  
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,  
That caught him by the hilt, and brandish’d him  
Three times, and drew him under in the mere.’

TENNYSON:

*The Passing of Arthur.*

Ὅ δ' οὖν ἄναξ βαρείαν ἐξέλκων πνοήν·  
 δεδρακότος νῦν γ' ὄμμα σου κατηγορεῖ·  
 ἄλλ' ὡς ἰδὼν οἶσθ' ἢ κλύων σαφήνισον.  
 ὁ δ' αὖ θρασὺς Βέδουρος ἀνταυδᾶ τάδε·  
 βλέφαρα μὲν ὠναξ ἴσθ' ὅτι ξυνείλκυσα  
 μὴ φρήν ἀπαμβλυθεῖσα πρὸς λίθων κυροῖ.  
 οὐ γάρ ποτ' εἶδον οὐδὲ μὴ δερχθῶ ποτε  
 οὔτ' ἐνθάδ' οὔτ' οὖν ἀλλαχοῦ πρὶν ἂν θάνω,  
 οὐδ' εἰ τρίων μετροῖμί γ' ἀνθρώπων βίον  
 κώπη γ' ἐκείνη θαῦμ' ἴσον προσεικάσαι·  
 πάλλω δέ νιν δισσαῖσι δινήσας χεροῖν,  
 ἄρα ντι δ' ὄμματ' ἦν βραχίον' εἰσιδεῖν  
 λευκόστολον, θαυμαστὸν οὐ βροτήσιον,  
 ὅστις σφε κώπης ἀρπάσας πάλλει τε τρίς  
 λίμνης θ' ὑπόβρυχ' ἐς τέλος καθέλκεται.

*THE POET'S BOYHOOD.*

All shod with steel  
We hissed along the polished ice in games,  
Confederate, imitative of the chase  
And woodland pleasures—the resounding horn,  
The pack loud-chiming and the hunted hare.  
So through the darkness and the cold we flew,  
And not a voice was idle : with the din  
Smitten, the precipices rang aloud ;  
The leafless trees and every icy crag  
Tinkled like iron : while far distant hills  
Into the tumult sent an alien sound  
Of melancholy not unnoticed, while the stars  
Eastward were sparkling clear, and in the west  
The orange sky of evening died away.

WORDSWORTH :

*The Prelude.*



ΚΑΙ πολλάκις πέδιλ' ἂν ἐξηρημένοι  
 σιδηρέ' ἔρροιβδοῦμεν εὔξεστον ῥόον  
 ψαίροντες, εἶλας εἰς ἀγῶν' ὀμηλίκων  
 συνθέντες, ἄγρας χαρμάτων θ' ὑπαιθρίων  
 μιμήμαθ', ἠχὴν δ' ἦν κλύειν σάλπιγγος ὡς,  
 κυνῶν θ' ὁμῶς ὕλαγμα, σύμφωνον βοήν,  
 μυκωμένην τε δεῖν' ὑπ' ἀγρευτῶν πτάκα.  
 οὔτω δι' ὀρφνῆς ἤσσομεν δυσχειμέρου,  
 ὡς δ' εἶχε φωνῆς οὔτις ἀργὸς ἦν, τὸ μὴ οὐ  
 κρημνοὺς βοῆ πληγέντας ἀντηχεῖν πέριξ,  
 κἀντηλάλαζον δένδρ' ἄφυλλα πανταχοῦ  
 κρυσταλλοπήγες τ' ὄκριδες ἀκμόνος δίκην  
 σιδηροπλήκτου, σὺν δὲ τηλωποὶ λόφοι  
 ὑποστένοντες σεμνὸν οὐκ ἐλάνθανον,  
 διδαχθέν, οὐκ οἰκείον· αἶθριον δ' ἅμα  
 τὰ μὲν πρὸς ἠῶ φέγγος ἦθον ἀστέρες,  
 τὰ δ' αὖτε πρὸς κέλευθον ἕσπερον θεοῦ  
 ἐμαραίνεται' αὐγῶν κροκοβαφῆ φθινάσματα.

AND Phaethon they found, or what seemed he,  
There with his eyes in ashes, and the once  
So radiant form by cruel thunder scathed,  
Recumbent in the reeds, a charr'd black mass,  
Furrowed with trenchant fire from head to foot.  
Whom yet with reverent hands they lifted up,  
And bare him to the bank, and washed the limbs  
In vain; and for the burnt shreds clinging to him  
Robed the cold form in raiment shining white.  
Then on the river margin they scooped a grave,  
And laid him in the dank earth far apart,  
Near to none else; for so the dead lie down,  
Whom Zeus the Thunderer hath cut off by fire,  
And on the tomb they poured forth wine and oil,  
And sacrificed much substance thirty days.  
Nor failed they to record in distich due,  
How from a kingly venture kingly fall  
Resulted, and a higher than human fame.

P. S. WORSLEY.

ΦΑΕΘΟΝΤΑ δ' εὔρον, εἴ γ' ὄδ' ἦν ἐτητύμως,  
 ἐκεῖ πυρωθέντ' ὄσσε, καὺθαδεῖ πυρὶ  
 κομῶν τὸ πρόσθεν ἐξεβροντήθη γάνος.  
 ἐκεῖτο δ' ἐν δόναξιν, ἔμπυρον βάρος,  
 πυρὸς κατὰ ζαλαῖσιν ἠλοκισμένος.  
 ὄμως δ' ἐς ὄχθην ποταμίαν φέρουσί νιν,  
 ἀγνῶν χερῶν βάσταγμα, καὶ μέλη μάτην  
 νίπτουσι κάπειτ' ἀντὶ τῶν λακισμάτων  
 ἅ γ' ἠνθρακωμέν' ἠμφίεστ' ἐσθήμασι  
 λευκοῖς περιστέλλουσι ῥιγηλὸν δέμας.  
 τότε αὖ ῥόον παρ' αὐτὸν ἤμησαν τάφον,  
 καὶ γῆς μονωθέντ' ἀγκαλαῖς ἄλλων δίχα  
 κρύπτουσιν ὑγραῖς· ὠδε γὰρ κεῖσθαι θέμις  
 εἴ τις πτερωτῶ Ζῆνος ἔφθιται φλογί.  
 πολύν τ' ἐπισπένδουσι τυμβήρει νεκρῶ  
 ἔλαιον, οἶνον, πολλὰ δ' αὖ τὰ κτήματα  
 μῆκος τριακόνθ' ἡμερῶν θύουσ' ἀεὶ.  
 ἔπη τ' ἔγραψαν τὰπιτύμβι ἧ πρέπει,  
 τύραννα δράσας ὡς τύραννα καὶ παθῶν  
 εἴληχε κρεῖσσον ἧ κατ' ἄνθρωπον κλέος.

*Pausanias.*

THOU hast heard all men speaking of Pantheia,  
The woman who at Agrigentum lay  
Thirty long days in a cold trance of death,  
And whom Empedocles called back to life.  
Thou art too young to note it, but his power  
Swells with the swelling evil of this time,  
And holds men mute to see where it will rise.  
He could stay swift diseases in old days,  
Chain madmen by the music of his lyre,  
Cleans to sweet airs the breath of poisonous streams,  
And in the mountain-chinks inter the winds.  
This he could do of old; but now, since all  
Clouds and grows daily worse in Sicily,  
Since broils tear us in twain, since this new swarm  
Of Sophists has got empire in our schools  
Where he was paramount, since he is banished,  
And lives a lonely man in triple gloom,  
He grasps the very reins of life and death.

M. ARNOLD:

*Empedocles on Etna.*

ἜΓΝΩΣ ἀκούσας—πάσα γάρ σφ' ὑμνεῖ πόλις—  
 ἦτις ποτ' Ἀκράγαντι, Πανθείαν λέγω,  
 ἐκείτο τρὶς δέχ' ἡμέρας ἢ δύσμορος  
 νάρκαισι δυσθνήσκουσα καιρίας νόσου,  
 χῶπως σφ' ἀνέστησ' Ἐμπεδοκλῆς ζῶσαν πάλιν.  
 νέος μὲν εἶ σὺ γνωρίσαι τάδ', ἀλλ' ὅμως  
 οὕτω σὺν οἰδάνουσιν οἰδάνει κακοῖς  
 ἢ τοῦδε δύναμις κράτος ἔχουσ' ἰσόρροπον,  
 ὥστ' ἐκπλαγῆναι πῆ προβήσεται βροτούς.  
 πάλαι μὲν ἦδει δρόμαδ' ἐπισχεθεῖν νόσον  
 λύρα δὲ καὶ μολπαῖσι τοὺς μαργοὺς πεδᾶν,  
 εἶτ' ἐκ νοσηλῶν νάματ' εὐαῆ ποιεῖν,  
 ἀνέμων τε ριπὰς ἐς πετρῶν κοιμᾶν μυχοῦς—  
 τοιαῦτα μὲν τὰρχαῖα· νῦν δ' ὄτ' αὖξεται  
 καθ' ἡμέρας κάχ' ὥστε πάντα συννεφεῖν  
 χημᾶς διασπῶσ' αἰ στάσεις, καινός θ' ὅδε  
 ἐσμός σοφιστῶν τὰπὶ ταῖς λέσχαις κρατεῖ  
 ἔν' αὐτὸς ἦρχε πρόσθεν, ὃς φεύγει τανῦν  
 τρίβων ἔρημον τριπτύχῳ ἢ ὀρφνῇ βίον,  
 τοῦ ζῆν τε καὶ μὴ τέρματ' οἰακοστροφεῖ.

*Gebir.*

‘**Y**E men of Gades, armed with brazen shields,  
And ye of near Tartessus, where the shore  
Stoops to receive the tribute which all owe  
To Baetis and his banks for their attire,  
Ye too whom Durius bore on level meads,  
Inherent in your hearts is bravery :  
For earth contains no nation where abounds  
The generous horse and not the warlike man.  
But neither soldier now nor steed avails :  
Nor steed nor soldier can oppose the gods :  
Nor is there aught above like Jove himself ;  
Nor weighs against his purpose, when once fixed,  
Aught but, with supplicating knee, the Prayers.  
Swifter than light are they, and every face,  
Though different, glows with beauty ; at the throne  
Of mercy, when clouds shut it from mankind,  
They fall bare-bosomed, and indignant Jove  
Drops at the soothing sweetness of their voice  
The thunder from his hand ; let us arise  
On these high places daily, beat our breast,  
Prostrate ourselves and deprecate his wrath.’

W. S. LIANDOR: *Gebir.*

Ἄλλ' ὦ Γαδείρων δήμοται χαλκᾶσπιδες,  
 ὅσοι τε γείτον' ἔχετε Ταρτήσσου πόλιν,  
 κοίλαις ἴν' ἀκταῖς εὐέρων ἐσθημάτων  
 ὁ χρυσαμοιβὸς Βαῖτις ἐξεδέξατο  
 φορὰν ἀπάσης ἐξαφιγμένην χθονός,  
 ὄσους τε πεδίον Δουρίου τίκτει καλόν  
 οἷς ἐμπέφυκε καρδίας εὐψυχία.  
 ὡς οὐδαμοῦ γῆς ἵππικὴ μὲν εὐγενῆς  
 ἔβλαστε γέννα, καρτερῶν δ' ἀνδρῶν σπάνις·  
 νῦν δ' οὐδὲν ἵππων ὄφελος οὐδ' ἀνδρῶν πέλει,  
 θεοῖς συνάπτειν δῆριν, οὐδ' ἐν οὐρανῷ  
 ὁμοῖον οὐδὲν Ζηνί γ' οὐδ' ἀντίρροπον  
 τὰ τῷδε κρανθένθ' ὥστε παρατρέπειν σθένειν,  
 εἰ μὴ Λιτῶν γε γονυπετῆ θακήματα.  
 ἄλλη μὲν ἄλλο κάλλος οὐ ταῦτόν πέλει,  
 τάχος δὲ Φοίβου καὶ βελῶν ὑπέρτερον.  
 ὅταν δὲ νέφεα πρευμενεῖς ὄρᾶν θεοὺς  
 βροτοὺς ἀπείργη στυγνὰ, πρὸς ποσὶν Διὸς  
 γυμναὶ πεσοῦσαι στέρνα σὺν χόλῳ βαρὺν  
 πείθουσι φώνη κάρτα κηλητηρίῳ  
 βολὰς μεθεῖναι δεξιᾶς κεραυνίους.  
 τί δ' οὐ κατ' ἡμαρ μέλλομεν θρόνον Διὸς  
 στέρνων ἀραγμοῖς ἱκεσίοισι προσπεσεῖν  
 ἦν πως παραιτώμεσθα δαιμόνων χόλον;

*Angelo. Isabella.*

*Ang.* Your brother is a forfeit to the law,  
And you but waste your words.

*Isab.* Alas, alas!  
Why, all the souls that were were forfeit once;  
And He that might the vantage best have took  
Found out the remedy. How would you be,  
If He, which is the top of judgment, should  
But judge you as you are? O, think on that;  
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,  
Like man new made.

*Ang.* Be you content, fair maid;  
It is the law, not I condemn your brother:  
Were he my kinsman, brother or my son,  
It should be thus with him: he must die tomorrow.

*Isab.* Tomorrow! O, that's sudden! Spare him, spare him!  
He's not prepared for death. Even for our kitchens  
We kill the fowl of season; shall we serve heaven  
With less respect than we do minister  
To our gross selves? Good, good my lord, bethink you;  
Who is it that hath died for this offence?  
There's many have committed it.

*Measure for Measure, II. 2.*



ΑΝΑΞ. Μάτην τάδ' αὐδάς ὡς κασιγνήτου νόμοις  
ὀφλισκάνοντος ζημίαν ἐγχωρίοις.

ΚΟΡΗ. φεῦ φεῦ.

ἦν γάρ ποθ' ἠνίκ' οὔτις οὐκ ὤφλεν βροτῶν  
ποινάς μεγίστας, εἶθ' ὁ κυριώτατος  
λαβεῖν γε ποινάς, αὐτὸς εὔρε φάρμακον.  
ἐπεὶ σὺ ποῦ φαίνοι' ἂν εἶγ' ὅπως ἔχεις  
κρίναι σ' ὁ σεμνὸς τῆς δίκης ἐπιστάτης;  
ταῦτ' ἐννοήσας νεαρὸν ὡς βρέφος πνοὴν  
ἦσεις φίλοικτον.

ΑΝΑΞ. ὦ κόρη στέργειν σε χρῆ·  
νόμοι καθεῖλον τὸν σόν, οὐκ ἐγώ, κάσιν·  
κάσις δ' ὄδ' οὐδ' εἰ, παῖς μὲν οὔν, ἐμὸς κυροῖ,  
μῆχαρ γένοιτ' ἂν μὴ οὐ θανεῖν τὴν αὔριον.

ΚΟΡΗ. πῶς εἶπας; ὡς ἄφνω τόδ'· ἀλλ' οἴκτιζ' ἀναξ  
τὸν μὴ θανεῖν ὠραῖον· ὡς δείπνων χάριν  
ὠραία γ' ἔπεσε τῶρνέ', εἶτα τοῖς θεοῖς  
ἧ γαστρὶ μοῖραν μείον' αὐτὴ νέμειν πρέπει;  
πρὸς θεῶν λογίζου· τίς ποτ' ἀντὶ τοῦδ', ἀναξ,  
τέθηκε; καίτοι κοινὸν ἦδ' ἁμαρτία.

*Cenci*. Retire to your chamber, insolent girl!

*Beatrice*. Retire thou, impious man! Ay, hide thyself  
 Where never eye can look upon thee more!  
 Wouldst thou have honour and obedience,  
 Who art a torturer? Father, never dream,  
 Though thou mayst overbear this company,  
 But ill must come of ill. Frown not on me!  
 Haste, hide thyself, lest with avenging looks  
 My brothers' ghosts should hunt thee from thy seat!  
 Cover thy face from every living eye,  
 And start if thou but hear a human step:  
 Seek out some dark and silent corner; there  
 Bow thy white head before offended God,—  
 And we will kneel around, and fervently  
 Pray that he pity both ourselves and thee.

SHELLEY:

*The Cenci*, Act I. Sc. 3.

**D**EATH at last for all men is a harbour; yet they  
 flee from it,

Set sails to the storm-wind and again to sea;  
 Yet for all their labour no whit further shall they be  
 from it,

Nor longer but wearier shall their life's work be.  
 And with anguish of travail until night  
 Shall they steer into shipwreck out of sight,  
 And with oars that break and shrouds that strain  
 Shall they drive whence no ship steers again.

A. C. SWINBURNE:

*Erechtheus* 762 et seqq.

- Κ. Ἔσω κομίζου παρθενῶνος, ὦ κύον.
- Β. ἔσω μὲν οὖν σύ, δυσσεβέστατον κἄρα,  
καὶ κρύπτε σαῦτον ἔνθα μὴ τις ὄψεται·  
πειθαρχίαν γὰρ ἀξιοῖς τιμὴν τ' ἔχειν  
ὧν γ' ὠμόθυμος; μὴ σ' ἐσελθέτω ποτε,  
καθιππάσασθαι τούσδ' ὅμως ἔχων, πάτερ,  
πράξειν ὅπως κἄκ' ἔργα μὴ φύσει κακία.  
μὴ μοί γ' ἀπειλᾶς· ἀλλὰ κρύπτεσθαι μολῶν,  
ὡς μὴ σ' ἀδελφῶν τῶν ἐμῶν ἀλάστορες  
σκιαὶ προνωπῇ τῆσδέ σ' ἐκβαλῶσ' ἔδρας,  
χῶπως σε μῆτε ζῶν τις ὄψεταιί ποτε  
φρίξεις τ' ἀκούσας ἐμβατεύοντος βροτοῦ.  
μυχοῦ δ' ἀφώνου κρυπτὸν ἰχνεύσας κνέφας,  
πολίῳ κατηφῆς κρᾶτι προστρέπου θεοῦς,  
νῶ δ' αὐτε περιπεσόντε λιπαρήσομεν  
αὐτοῖν τε καὶ σοι πρευμενῶς ἔχειν θεόν.

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ΠΑΣΙ λιμὴν κείται θάνατος, φεύγει δέ τις ἔμπης  
ἀμπετάσας ἀνέμοις ἴστί' ἐς οἶδμα πάλιν.  
οὐδέ κε πολλὰ καμῶν περ ἀπόδραμοι οὐδ' ἐπὶ μικρόν,  
μάσσονα δ' οὐ κεν ἔχοι, λυγρότερον δὲ βίον.  
ἔνθ' ὃ γε πολλὰ παθὼν πρὶν ἐρεμνήν νύκτα ἰκέσθαι  
νῆα κυβέρνησεν πρὸς μόρον αἰτίδιον·  
ῥηγνυμένης τ' ἐλάτης προτόνοισί τε δεινὰ καμοῦσιν  
κέλσει ὄθεν νηῦς νόστον ἂν οὔτις ἔχοι.

## II SAMUEL i. 19.

*His amor unus erat.*

ὦ πόποι ὡς σφετέροισιν ἐν οὔρεσιν Ἰσακιδάων  
 ἔφθιται ἀγλαΐη· κατὰ δὲ σταδιὴν ὑσμίνην  
 οὔδας ὄδαξ ἥρωες ἔλον κρατεροί περ ἑόντες.  
 ἢ κεν ὄσαι Γίττης κοῦραι πόλιν εὐρυαγυίαν  
 ἢ δ' Ἄζωτον ἔχουσι λίην κεχαροίατο θυμῷ  
 εἴ τις ταῦτ' ἀγγεῖλαι ὅπως τετελεσμένον ἔστι.  
 οὔρος ἀτὰρ μὴ σοίγ' ὄμβρος τεθαλυῖά τ' ἔέρση  
 στάζοι μῆτ' ἄρα τοι καλάι φρίσσοιεν ἄρουραι.  
 ἐνθ' ἄλλοι τε σάκη πρόεσαν θεοείκελοι αἰσχυρῶς,  
 Σαῦλός τ' ἐνθα μέδων ὡσπερ τις ἀνώνυμος αὐτῶς  
 μηδὲ ἐὴν κεφαλὴν ποτ' ἀλειψάμενος λίπ' ἐλαίῳ.  
 ἦτοι ὅθι πλείστοι κατακείατο τεθνηῶτες  
 ἐνθ' οὐ τι πτολέμοιο λιάζετο φάσγανον ὄξυ  
 κοιράνου, οὐδ' ἀλίωσε παῖς μεγάλθυμος ὄϊστον.  
 τῶ ποθ' ὀμιλείτην ζῶοντε μὲν ἐν φιλότῃ,  
 παῖς τε πατήρ θ' ἓνα θυμὸν ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν ἔχοντε  
 νῦν δ' ἄρα τεθνηῶτες ἰῆ κατακείαται αἴση  
 οὐχ ἑκάς· οἱ δ' ἐφέρονθ' ὡς αἰετὸν ἢ ἑλέοντε,  
 τοίῳ γὰρ κατὰ δυσμενέων στίχας ἀἰχθήτην.  
 κοῦραι, ἀτὰρ Σαῦλον κωκύετε νωλεμές αἰεῖ,  
 ὅς τ' ἄρ' εὐφρονέων ἑανούς ὅπασσεν ἔσασθαι  
 καλοὺς πορφυρέους, ἐν δὲ θρόνα ποίκιλα χρυσῷ.  
 ὦ πόποι ὡς ἔλον οὔδας ὄδαξ κοσμήτορε λαῶν  
 μαρναμένῳ κρατερώς ὅθι περ πλείστοι προμάχουτο.  
 ἠθεῖ', ὡς σ' ἐδάμασσεν Ἄρης ἐν ὄρεσφι τεοῖσι,  
 ὦ φίλε, σοῦ δ' ἄσβεστον ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν ἐμοῖσιν  
 πένθος ἔχει μοι θυμόν· ἀδελφῷ πάντα εἰοικῶς  
 ἦτοι ζῶος ἐὼν μάλα μοι πέλες ἠπιος αἰεῖ,  
 παντοίην φιλότῃ ἡμᾶς περὶ κῆρι φιλήσας,  
 ἐς θ' ἡμᾶς φιλότῃ γυναικῶν ἄντα τέτυξο.  
 ὡς ὀλέκουθ' ἥρωες ἀνὰ κρατερὴν ὑσμίνην,  
 κείται δ' ἐν κονίῃσιν ἀπήμονα τεύχε' Ἀρήος.

*Ibam forte via sacra.*

ΠΕΡΙΠΑΤΟΥΝΤΙ μοι πρώην τὴν ἱερὰν ὁδὸν καὶ ὥσπερ εἶωθα φαῦλ' ἅττα πρὸς ἑμαυτὸν ἐκλογιζομένῳ καὶ ἐν τούτοις ὄλῳ ὄντι, προσέδραμέ τις ὀνόματι μόνον γνῶριμος. οὗτος οὖν τῆς χειρὸς μου λαβόμενος πῶς, ἔφη, ἔχεις ὦ χαριέστατε ἀνθρώπων; μετρίως, ἦν δ' ἐγώ, ὡς ἐν τῷ παρόντι, καὶ πάντα σοι κατὰ νοῦν βούλομαι γίγνεσθαι. ἐπειδὴ δ' οὐδ' ὡς ἀπέλειπεν ἐμέ, τί, ἦν δ' ἐγώ, χαρισαίμην ἂν σοί; ὁ δὲ ἄξιοι ἔφη ἐσμεν τῆς σῆς φιλίας, πολυμαθίας γ' ἔνεκα. οὐκοῦν τοσούτῳ δὴ ἔφη περὶ πλείονός σε ποιήσομαι· ἅμα δὲ δεινῶς ἀπαλλάττεσθαι ἐπιθυμῶν τοῦ ἀνθρώπου πάντα ποιῶ τότε μὲν θάττον βαδίζων, τότε δὲ ἐπιστάς, ἄλλοτε δ' αὖ τὸ δεῖνα πρὸς τὸ οὖς τῷ παιδί λέγων· ἅμα δὲ ἐγὼ μὲν πολλῷ τῷ ἰδρῶτι καταστάζων πόδα ἐκ κεφαλῆς τὸν Βωλάνον ἐμακάρισα πρὸς ἑμαυτὸν λέγων τοῦ ἀκραχόλου ἠθους, ὁ δὲ διετέλει τὸ αἰεὶ ἐπιτυχὸν ἀδολεσχῶν καὶ τό τε ἄστυ καὶ τὰ προαστεῖα ἐπαινῶν. τελευτῶν δὲ ἐμοῦ οὐδὲν ἀποκρινομένου δεινῶς, ἦ δ' ὅς, ἐπιθυμῶν ἀπαλλαγῆναι πάλαι φανερὸς εἶ· ἀλλ' οὐ γὰρ ἂν δύναιο· οὐδὲ γὰρ ἀφιεῖν ἂν τὸ μὴ συνακολουθεῖν ὅποι νῦν δὴ πορεύει. ἀλλ' ὦ τᾶν, ἦν δ' ἐγώ, οὐδὲν δεῖ σὲ περιελθεῖν· τὸν γὰρ δεῖνα ἔγωγε ἐπισκοπῶ οὐ τῶν σοὶ γνωρίμων, κατακεῖται δὲ πόρρω πάνυ πέραν τοῦ ποταμοῦ πρὸς τοῖς τοῦ Καίσαρος κήποις. ἀλλ' οὐδὲν μοι μέλει, ἦ δ' ὅς, σχολή γάρ, καὶ βαδιστικός τις τυγχάνω ὢν. ἐπὶ τούτοις καθήμι τὰ ὦτα, ὥσπερ ὄνος τις τῷ δεσπότη χαλεπαίνων ἄχθος περισσὸν τῷ νώτῳ ἐπιθέντι.

*May 20, 1893.*

*THE VISION OF MIRZA.*

I HERE fetched a deep sigh. ‘Alas,’ said I, ‘man was made in vain!—how is he given away to misery and mortality!—tortured in life, and swallowed up in death!’ The genius being moved with compassion towards me, bade me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. ‘Look no more,’ said he, ‘on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity, but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it.’ I directed my sight as I was ordered, and—whether or no the good genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate—I saw the valley opening at the further end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it; but the other appeared to me a vast ocean planted with innumerable islands that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits, with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers, and could hear a confused harmony of singing-birds, falling waters, human voices and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle that I might fly away to those happy seats, but the genius told me there was no passage to them except through the Gates of Death that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

ΚΑΙ ἐγὼ μὲν βαρὺ ἀναστενάξας, μάτην ἄρ', ἔφην, γίγνεται ἄνθρωπος ὅλος ἐπὶ δακρύοις καὶ ὀλέθρῳ πεφυκῶς, ὅς γε ζῶν μὲν οὐδεμίᾳ ὄτῳ οὐ ταλαιπωρία βασανίζεται, θανὼν δ' ἅπαξ ἠφανίσθη· ὁ δὲ Δαίμων ἐν οἴκῳ ἐμὲ θέμενος τί παθῶν, ἦ δ' ὅς, οὕτω δυσχεραίνεις; ἀλλὰ ταῦτα μὲν χαίρειν ἔα, ὥστε μηκέτι ἄνθρωπον πρῶτον γενόμενον καὶ ἐς τὰ ἐκεῖ πορευόμενον σκοπεῖν, μᾶλλον δὲ τὴν ὁμίχλην ἐκείνην ἐς ἣν ἡ θάλαττα τοὺς αἰεὶ ἐς αὐτὴν πίπτοντας φέρει. καὶ ἐγὼ οὕτω δὴ τοὺς ὀφθαλμοὺς ἦπερ ἐκέλευσε τρέψας, εἴτε θείαν τινα δύναμιν ἐνθέντος αὐτοῦ εἴτε τὴν ὁμίχλην ἀποσκεδάσαντος τὴν τὸ πρόσθεν παχυτέραν οὖσαν ἢ ὥστε διορᾶν, εἶδον δ' οὖν τὸ ἔσχατον τοῦ πεδίου εἰς θάλατταν τινα θεσπεσίαν ὄσσην ἀναπεπταμένον, ἣν πέτρα τις ἐξ ἀδάμαντος ὑπερμήκης μέσση διέσχισεν. καὶ τὸ μὲν ἡμισυ νεφελαί τινες ἐπικείμεναι ἀπέκρυπτον μὴ καθορᾶν, τὸ δὲ θαλάττῃ τινι ὅμοιον ἐφαίνετο μυρίαὶς δὴ νήσοις περιστεφεῖ, ἄνθεσι παντοίοις καὶ καρποῖς ἀγαλλομέναις καὶ δὴ καὶ μυρία τινα ὑδάτια περιπεπλεγμέναις. ἐν δὲ ταύταις εἰσιδεῖν ἦν πολλοὺς τινὰς λαμπρᾶ ἐσθῆτι κεκοσμημένους τὰς τε κεφαλὰς ἐξεστεμμένους, ὧν οἱ μὲν ἐν τοῖς δένδροισι περιεπάτουν, οἱ δὲ παρὰ πηγαῖς τισὶν ἢ ἐπ' ἄνθεσι κεκλιμένοι ἡσύχαζον.....καὶ ἐγὼ μὲν θαυμασίως ὡς ἐχάρην τὴν καλλίστην δὴ θέαν θεασάμενός, καὶ αἰετοῦ πτερὰ κεκτῆσθαι ἐπεθύμουν ὡς ἐς τὰς εὐδαίμονας δὴ ἔδρας ἀνεπτάμην, ὁ δὲ Δαίμων οὐκ ἔφη δίοδον εἶναι εἰ μὴ διὰ τῶν τοῦ θανάτου πυλῶν πορευομένῳ, τῶν αἰεὶ ἐπὶ τῇ γεφύρᾳ ἀναπεταννυμένων.

July, 1891.

*THE CAT'S PILGRIMAGE.*

‘DOG,’ she said, ‘I want to talk to you; don’t go to sleep. Can’t you answer a civil question?’

‘Don’t bother me,’ said the Dog, ‘I am tired. I stood on my hind legs ten minutes this morning, before I could get my breakfast, and it hasn’t agreed with me.’

‘Who told you to do it?’ said the Cat.

‘Why, the lady I have to take care of me,’ replied the Dog.

‘Do you feel any better for it, Dog, after you have been standing on your legs?’ asked she.

‘Haven’t I told you, stupid Cat, that it hasn’t agreed with me? Let me go to sleep and don’t plague me.’

‘But I mean,’ persisted the Cat, ‘do you feel improved, as the men call it? They tell their children that if they do what they are told they will improve, and grow good and great. Do you feel good and great?’

‘What do I know?’ said the Dog. ‘I eat my breakfast and am happy. Let me alone.’

‘Do you never think, o Dog without a soul? Do you never wonder what dogs are, and what the world is?’

The Dog stretched himself, and rolled his eyes lazily round the room. ‘I conceive,’ he said, ‘that the world is made for dogs, and men and women are put into it to take care of dogs; women to take care of little dogs like me, and men for the big dogs like those in the yard. And cats,’ he continued, ‘are to know their place, and not to be troublesome.’

FROUDE.

[*Short Studies*, Vol. I. p. 420.]



### Η ΤΗΣ ΑΙΛΟΥΡΟΥ ΑΠΟΔΗΜΙΑ.

ΚΑΙ ἡ μὲν, ἡδιστα σοι, ἔφη, ὦ κύων, ἡ αἴλουρος, διαλεγοίμην ἂν ἅττα, ὥστε οὐ καταδαρθάνειν σε χρῆ, ἀλλ' ἀποκρίνεσθαι μέτριά γ' ἐρωτώσῃ. Ὁ δέ, οὐ μὴ, ἔφη, ἐνοχλήσεις; κόπος γὰρ ἔχει με πῶς δοκεῖς; ἐπ' ἀκροῖς τοῖς ὄνυξι συχνὸν δὴ ἐστῶτα τήμερον, πρὶν τὸ ἄριστον παραθεῖναι τινά μοι, ὥστε οὐδὲν θαυμαστὸν εἶ οὐχ ὑγιαίνω. Τοῦ γὰρ παραγγείλαντος; ἔφη ἡ αἴλουρος. Τῆς γυναικός, ἔφη, ἢ ἐπιτετράμμεθα ἐπιμελεῖσθαι. Πῶς γὰρ οὐ; Σὺ δὲ πότερον, ἔφη, ὦ κυνίδιον, ἡ αἴλουρος, ὀρθὸς στάς ἔπειτα βέλτιον πῶς ἔχων αὐτὸς σεαυτοῦ αἰσθάνει, ἢ οὐκ; Οὐ γὰρ νῦν δὴ αὐτὸ τοῦτό σοι εἶπον, ἔφη, ὠμβρόντητε σύ, ὅτι οὐχ ὑγιαίνομι; ἀλλ' ἔα με νυστάζειν καὶ μὴ πράγματα πάρεχε. Ἄλλ' οὐ γὰρ τοῦτό γε ἠρώτησα, ἢ δ' ἦ, ἀλλὰ βελτίων ἦσθου γενόμενος τὸ κατὰ τοὺς ἀνθρώπους λεγόμενον; οἶον τοῦτο λέγω—τοῖς παιδαρίοις λέγουσιν οὗτοι ὅτι ἐὰν τὰ αἰεὶ παραγγελλόμενα πράττωσιν ἐπιδώσουσιν ἐς ἕκαστόν τι, τελευτῶντές τε καλοὶ καγαθοὶ γενήσονται. σὺ δὲ μῶν σύνοισθα σαυτῷ τοιούτῳ γεγονότι; Τί μοι μέλει, ἢ δ' ὅς ὁ κύων, ᾧ γε ἀριστῶν ἀποχρῆ; ἀλλ' ἔα με. Οὐκουν, ἔφη, οὔποτε σοὶ συμβαίνει ἐνθυμείσθαι τι, ὦ ἀναίσθητον χρῆμα κυνιδίου, οὐδὲ ἀμφισβητεῖν πρὸς σαυτὸν περὶ τῶν κυνῶν ὅποιοι φύσει τυγχάνουσιν ὄντες, καὶ τὰ τῆς γῆς καὶ τᾶλλα τὰ τοιαῦτα σκοπεῖν; ὁ δὲ κύων οὕτω δὴ ἐκτεινάμενος καὶ τὼ ὅσσε τρυφερῶς πῶς περιστρέφων, Ἐγὼ μὲν, ἔφη, οὕτω περὶ ταῦτα λογίζομαι, ὅτι κυνῶν ἕνεκα πάντα γίγνεται τε καὶ ἔστι, καὶ τοὺς τὴν γῆν ἐνοικούντας ἀνδρας τε καὶ γυναῖκας ἐπὶ τούτῳ γίγνεσθαι, κυνῶν ἐπιμελεῖσθαι—τάς μὲν τῶν κυνιδίων τῶν οἴων περ ἐμοῦ, τοὺς δὲ τῶν πάνυ μεγάλων τῶν ἐν ταῖς αὐλαῖς νυκτερευόντων—τοὺς δὲ γ' αἰλούρους, οἶμαι ἐπὶ τῷ γνῶναι ἑαυτοὺς καὶ μὴ πολυπραγμονεῖν.

SHE went into the garden to cut a cabbage to make an apple-pie.—Just then a great she-bear coming down the street put his head in at the window. ‘What, no soap?’—So he died, and she very imprudently married the barber. And there were present the Picinnies and the Joblillies and the Garyalies, and the great Panjandrum himself, with the little round button at top; and they all fell to playing the game of catch-as-catch-can, till the gunpowder ran out of the heels of their boots.

ΤΑΥΤΑ δὴ παθοῦσα κῆπον εἰσαφίκεθ' ἡ κόρη  
 ῥάφανον ὡς δρέψασ' ἐκείθεν ἀρτόμηλον ὀπλίση·  
 χᾶμα δεινὸν ἦν θεᾶσθαι· περιπατοῦσα γὰρ πόλιν  
 χρῆμα τηλικούτου ἄρκτου διὰ καπηλείου στόμα  
 θυρίδα πῶς δοκεῖς; ἔωσεν· εἶθ' ὁ δεῖν' ἀνακραγῶν  
 φεῦ, τὸ μῆδ' ἔχειν κούαν, ἄθλιος ψυχορραγεῖ.  
 ἡ κόρη δ' ἀναπτερωθεῖσ' οὐκέτ' ἔμπεδος φρένας  
 κουρίμας ἐπήνεσ' εὐνάς, οὓς συνῆλθον ἐς γάμους  
 Γηραεῖς τε Πικνανεῖς τε Κῶβλίλων τὸ πᾶν γένος,  
 οὐδὲ μὴν ἀνήνατ' ἐλθεῖν Παντογανδράνου σέβας  
 κρώβυλον φορῶν ἐπ' ἀκραῖς στέμματος δίκην κομαῖς.  
 ἔνθ' ἔπαιζεν ὄστρακίνδα πᾶς τις οὐδ' ἐπαύσατο  
 πρὶν κεραυνὸς ἐκ κοθορνῶν ἐσχάτων ἐξερρήη.







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