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ACADEMICI.



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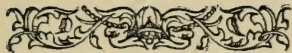
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LUSUS ACADEMICI.



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# LUSUS ACADEMICI.

A SELECTION

OF

TRANSLATIONS,

CHIEFLY FROM ENGLISH POETS,

INTO GREEK AND LATIN VERSE,

BY T. A. MARSHALL, M. A.

PRINCIPAL OF MILFORD COLLEGE.

*Μὴ νεμέσα βαιοῖσι· χάρις βαιοῖσιν ὀπηδεῖ.*

*βαιὸς καὶ Παφίης ἐπλετο κούρος Ἔρως.*

[GREEK ANTHOLOGY.]

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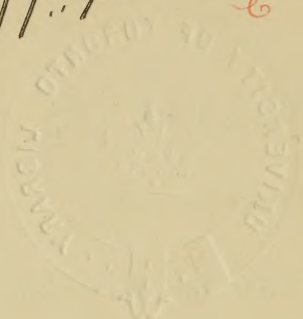
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## TABLE OF INITIAL LINES.

	PAGE
Ajātamṛitamūrkhānām varam adyau na chāntimah ...	56
Ancient of days ! august Athena ! where ... ..	72
And before The quavering thunder thereupon had ceased ...	68
Another part in squadrons and gross bands ... ..	26
"Ἀρεὸς ἐν προμάχοις τὸ καλὸν τέκος ὤλετο Νίκας ... ..	38
As bees In spring time, when the sun with Taurus rides ...	92
At last his sail broad vans he spreads for flight ... ..	94
At the mid hour of night, when stars are weeping, I fly ...	24
Away ! the moor is dark beneath the moon ... ..	46
Aye, but to die, and go we know not where ... ..	66
Beneath the forest's skirts I rest ... ..	28
Be not disheartened then, nor cloud those looks ... ..	60
Blessings attend thee dear departed shade ... ..	78
But O the heavy change, now thou art gone ... ..	82
But when through all the infernal bounds ... ..	38
Child of the sun ! pursue thy rapturous flight ... ..	76
Every season hath its pleasures ... ..	42

	PAGE
Go, from the creatures thy instructions take ... ..	98
High in front advanced, The brandished sword of God ...	18
How are thy servants blest, O Lord ... ..	24
How wonderful is Death ... ..	54
I saw from the beach when the morning was shining ... ..	4
Is this the region, this the soil, the clime ... ..	78
I've roamed through many a weary round ... ..	20
Meanwhile the Adversary of God and Man ... ..	8
Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors ... ..	74
Now a thing was secretly brought to me ... ..	44
Now storming fury rose, And clamour such as heard ... ..	58
Now strike the golden lyre again ... ..	60
Now when ambrosial night, with clouds exhaled ... ..	90
Now when fair morn orient in Heaven appeared ... ..	96
Nulla rosis forma est gena si pallescat amicae ... ..	39
O unexpected stroke ! worse than of death ... ..	4
Queen of the silver bow, by thy pale beam ... ..	64
Roll on, ye stars, exult in youthful prime ... ..	88
Sacred Spirit, That from the everspringing fields art come ...	30
Shall I compare thee to a summer's day ... ..	2
So spake the Sovran Voice, and clouds began ... ..	32
Stay, rivulet, nor haste to leave ... ..	12
That Houses form within was rude and strong ... ..	40
The blessed sleep you know not, whose sweet influence ...	22
The follies past are of a private kind ... ..	100
The glories of our birth and state ... ..	16
Then the Lord answered Job out of the whirlwind ... ..	48
There lies a vale in Ida, lovelier ... ..	14
The sound, As of the assault of an imperial city ... ..	56

TABLE OF INITIAL LINES.

vii

	PAGE
The sun that walks his airy way     ...     ...     ...     ...	54
The sun went down, nor ceased the carnage there     ...     ...	64
They heard, and were abashed, and up they sprung     ...     ...	86
Thou art not steeped in golden languors     ...     ...     ...	34
'Tis thought the King is dead, we will not stay     ...     ...	84
To be or not to be, that is the question     ...     ...     ...	80
To whom the Angel, with a smile that glowed     ...     ...     ...	72
What though no weeping loves thy ashes grace     ...     ...	58
Woods that wave o'er Delphi's steep     ...     ...     ...	6
Yakūlu li 'l-khullānu, "Lau zurta kabraha?"     ...     ...	56
Ye eldest gods, Who mindful of the empire that ye held     ...	86







LUSUS ACADEMICI.





## LUSUS ACADEMICI.



*Sonnet.*

SHALL I compare thee to a summer's day ?  
Thou art more lovely and more temperate :  
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,  
And summer's lease hath all too short a date :  
Sometimes too hot the eye of heaven shines,  
And often is his gold complexion dimmed ;  
And every fair from fair sometimes declines,  
By chance, or nature's changing course untrimmed.  
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,  
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest ;  
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,  
When in eternal lines to time thou growest :  
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,  
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

[SHAKESPEARE.]





## LUSUS ACADEMICI.



*Aeternum sic habet illa decus.*

TEN licet æstivo, mea lux, conferre diei ?  
Mitior in pulcra stat tibi fronte decor.  
Germina, delicias Maii, fera flamina quassant,  
Ipsum, quo niteat, ver breve tempus habet :  
Est ubi cœlesti nimis ardeat ignis ocello,  
Est ubi inaurati sordeat oris honos ;  
Quidquid habet formam, formam quoque perdidit olim,  
Seu sors, naturæ seu rapuere vices.  
Sed tibi perpetui non marcent tempora veris,  
Quam jactare queas gratia semper erit.  
Nec te funerea clausam feret Orcus in umbra,  
Æternis quoniam versibus aucta viges.  
Dum spirant homines, oculi dum cernere possunt,  
Hoc tua viventi carmine vita manet.

*Irish Melody.*

I SAW from the beach, when the morning was shining,  
 A bark o'er the waters move gloriously on ;  
 I came when the sun o'er that beach was declining,  
 The bark was still there, but the waters were gone.

And such is the fate of our life's early promise,  
 So passing the spring-tide of joy we have known ;  
 Each wave, that we danced on at morning, ebbs from us,  
 And leaves us, at eve, on the bleak shore alone.

Ne'er tell me of glories, serenely adorning  
 The close of our day, the calm eve of our night ;—  
 Give me back, give me back the wild freshness of  
 Morning,  
 Her clouds and her tears are worth Evening's best  
 light.

[MOORE.]

*Eve's Lamentation.*

O UNEXPECTED stroke, worse than of Death!  
 Must I thus leave thee Paradise ! thus leave  
 Thee, native soil ! these happy walks and shades,  
 Fit haunt of gods ? where I had hope to spend  
 Quiet, though sad, the respite of that day  
 That must be mortal to us both. O flowers,  
 That never will in other climate grow,

*Quod videant oculi nil, nisi litus, habent.*

AURORA radiante vagans in litore vidi  
 Puppem cœruleis ire decenter aquis :  
 Postmodo litus idem, Phœbo vergente, petivi ;  
 Stabat adhuc navis, cesserat unda loco.  
 Haud aliter nobis spes deperit aurea vitæ,  
 Et ver lætitiæ, ceu maris æstus, abit.  
 Cedunt, mane novo quibus exsultavimus, undæ ;  
 Vespere, desertum nil nisi litus adest.  
 Quid mihi virtutem, quid honores objicis ævi  
 Sublustrem placide claudere posse diem ?  
 Redde mihi lacrimas Auroræ, redde vapores :  
 Non tanti est quidquid, lucide Vesper, habes.

*Nos patriæ fides, nos dulcia linquimus arva.*

ᾠ πῆμ' ἀπροσδόκητον, ὧ καὶ τοῦ θανεῖν  
 ἄλγιον· οὕτω χρή με μακαρίας λιπεῖν  
 ἔδρας ; σὲ δ' οὕτω σχῆμα πατρίδος λιπεῖν  
 χθονὸς, πρέπουσαν δαιμόνων ἀναστροφῆν,  
 αὐταῖσι δασκίοισιν ἠδίσταις τρίβοις ;  
 ἐκεῖ γὰρ ἦν ποτ' ἐλπὶς ἐξαντλεῖν ἐμοὶ  
 καὶ δυστυχεῖ περ, ἀλλ' ὅμως ἐν ἡσυχῳ,  
 τῆσδ' εἴ τι λοιπὸν ἡμέρας, ἀμφοῖν τέλος  
 μοίρας ἀγούσης. ἄνθεμ' ὧ μέλλοντα μὴ  
 γαῖαν κατ' ἄλλην βλαστάνειν, πρῶτιστ' ἀεὶ  
 καί μοι πανύσταθ' ἐσπέρας μελήματα,  
 ὑμᾶς ποτ' ἐξέθρεψα μαλθακῇ χειρὶ

My early visitation, and my last  
 At even, which I bred up with tender hand  
 From the first opening bud, and gave ye names !  
 Who now shall rear ye to the sun, or rank  
 Your tribes, and water from the ambrosial fount !  
 Thee lastly, nuptial bower, by me adorned  
 With what to sight or smell was sweet ! from thee  
 How shall I part ? and whither wander down  
 Into a lower world, to this obscure  
 And wild ? how shall we breathe in other air  
 Less pure, accustomed to immortal fruits ?

[MILTON.]

*The Progress of Poesy.*

WOODS that wave o'er Delphi's steep,  
 Isles that crown the Ægean deep,  
 Fields that cool Ilissus laves,  
 Or where Mæander's amber waves  
 In ling'ring lab'rinth creep,  
 How do your tuneful echoes languish,  
 Mute but to the voice of Anguish !  
 Where each old poetic mountain  
 Inspiration breathed around,  
 Every shade and hallowed fountain  
 Murmured deep a solemn sound,

κάξ ἀρτιβλάστου κάλυκος, ἐνδατουμένη  
 κλήσεις ἐκάστω. νῦν δὲ τίς πρὸς ἥλιον  
 ὑμᾶς ἐπαίρειν τλήσεται; τίς ἐν στίχοις  
 τὰ φύλα τάσσειν, ἐκ τ' αἰερίτου λίβας  
 κρήνης ποτίζειν; καὶ σὲ δὴ τόδ' ὕστατον  
 σκηνὴν προσεῖπα νυμφικὴν, πῶς ἂν σέθεν  
 ἀπαλλαγείην, ἣν γ' ἐγὼ κόσμοις τὸ πρὶν  
 ὄζουσιw ἦδιστ', εἴ τι καὶ καλὸν βλέπειν,  
 ἔστεψα; ποῖ νῦν τῆς κατωτέρας χθονὸς  
 ἀφίξομαι πλάναισιν, εἰς ἔρημίαν  
 σκότον τ' ἰδεῖν πρὸς τήνδε γῆν; πῶς ἀέρος  
 ἄλλου νοσῶδεις ἀμπνοὰς φεροίμεθ' ἂν,  
 καρπῶν τὸ πρόσθεν ἀφθίτων γεγευμένοι;

Ἱερᾶς χώρας ἀποφερβόμενοι κλεινοτάταν σοφίαν.

O SILVA saxis insita Delphicis,  
 Interque fusæ marmora Cyclades  
 Ægæa, et Ilissus virentes  
 Quos gelido lavat amne campi;  
 Tuque otiosis in mare flexibus  
 Mæander errans, lucidior vitro,—  
 Ut vestra cessavere dudum  
 Murmura, nec nisi lacrimantuni  
 Respondet Echo questibus! at prius,  
 Dis magna vatum corda moventibus,  
 Spirabat ex omni canorum  
 Monte melos, neque voce sacri

Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,  
 Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains :  
 Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant Power,  
 And coward Vice, that revels in her chains.  
 When Latium had her lofty spirit lost  
 They sought, Oh Albion ! next, thy sea-encircled coast.

[GRAY.]

*The Flight of Satan to Hell-gates.*

MEANWHILE the Adversary of God and man,  
 Satan, with thoughts inflamed of highest design,  
 Puts on swift wings, and towards the gates of Hell  
 Explores his solitary flight : sometimes  
 He scours the right hand coast, sometimes the left ;  
 Now shaves with level wing the deep, then soars  
 Up to the fiery concave, towering high.  
 As when far off at sea a fleet descried  
 Hangs in the clouds, by equinoctial winds  
 Close sailing from Bengala, or the isles  
 Of Ternate and Tidore, whence merchants bring  
 Their spicy drugs ; they, on the trading flood,  
 Through the wide Ethiopian to the Cape



Fontes carebant ; et nemorum jugis  
 Severioris carmina tibiæ  
     Audita. Dum tristes Camenæ  
     Tempore Grajugenis iniquo  
 Cessere Parnasso, et Latii solum  
 Venere adactæ. Musa tyrannidis  
     Fastidit et pompam, et docentem  
     Luxuriam juga ferre collo,  
 Nec sentientem dedecoris sui.  
 Mox quum nepotes liquerat Ausonum<sup>f</sup>  
     Mens alta, munitos petivit  
     Pieris Oceano Britannos.

*Exsilit ad superos, infernaque nubila vultu Discutit.*

**I**NTEREA infestus Satanas hominique Deoque  
 Secum agitat curas, magnisque accenditur ausis.  
 Induitur celeres alas, et solus Averni  
 In portas explorat iter. Jamque ille sinistrum,  
 Jam dextrum cursu littus legit ; inde deorsum  
 Fertur, et æquatis barathri secat infima pennis.  
 Mox rapit in sublime viam, qua concava cœli  
 Hiscunt in vastum, et flammis loca lata relucet.  
 Qualis ubi Oceani longe conspecta per æquor  
 It Zephyro indulgens classis, pendetque remota  
 Nube latens ; seu Bengalam, seu proxima liquit  
 Littora Ternati, aut mollis freta blanda Tidoræ ;  
 Unde suas mercator opes, et odora reportat  
 Munera, Erythræo quem nuper Etesius Auster  
 Gurgite ad extremam Libyæ circumtulit oram :

Ply stemming nightly towards the Pole : so seemed  
Far off the flying Fiend. At last appear  
Hell bounds, high reaching to the horrid roof,  
And thrice threefold the gates ; three folds were brass,  
Three iron, three of adamantine rock,  
Impenetrable, impaled with circling fire,  
Yet unconsumed. Before the gates there sat  
On either side a formidable shape ;  
The one seemed woman to the waist, and fair ;  
But ended foul in many a scaly fold  
Voluminous and vast ; a serpent armed  
With mortal sting. About her middle round  
A cry of Hell-hounds never ceasing barked,  
With wide Cerberean mouths, full loud, and rung  
A hideous peal ; yet when they list would creep,  
If aught disturbed their noise, into her womb,  
And kennel there ; yet there still barked and howled  
Within unseen. Far less abhorred than these  
Vexed Scylla, bathing in the sea that parts  
Calabria from the hoarse Trinacrian shore :  
Nor uglier follow the night-hag, when, called  
In secret, riding through the air she comes,  
Lured with the smell of infant blood, to dance  
With Lapland witches, while the labouring moon  
Eclipses at their charms.

[MILTON.]

Ille sedet noctu, proramque obvertit in Arcton ;  
Talis erat Satanæ longe volitantis imago.

Olli Tartarei apparent jam denique fines  
Altius in laquear sublatis, atque horrida saxis  
Tecta domus : simul erigitur latissima valvis  
Porta novemplicibus, quarum tres ære coruscæ,  
Stant tres ex ferro ; reliquas adamantina rupes  
Roborat, et vallant opus impenetrabile flammæ.  
Cingitur igne quidem, sed opus non uritur igni.

Ante fores horrenda utrinque sedebat imago.  
Altera ceu mulier visa est formosa superne  
Pube tenuis, sed squamosam serpentis ad instar  
Caudam extrema trahens, turpisque volumine multo  
Lethiferum intendit telum ; cui tetra canum vis  
Assiduis circa latratibus ilia cingens  
Cerbereas aperit fauces, atque intonat ore  
Infandum resonans. At si quid forte furori  
Obstiterit paulum, retro genetricis in alveum  
Se recipit, stabulansque intus, visuque remota,  
Auditur fremere, et cæcis ululare latebris.  
Non tam peste dolet fœda quæ Scylla lavatur  
Fluctibus, a Calabris ubi raucum distinet æquor  
Trinacriam : nec tam deformi cincta timetur  
Saga satellitio, sacris operata nefandis,  
Nocte super media, votisque vocata per auras  
Fertur equis. Illam puerorum a sanguine nidor  
Scilicet, et matrum Lapponum turba cruentis  
Alliciunt in festa choris : per nubila Lunæ  
Thessalica rubet arte labor.

*To a Rivulet.*

STAY, rivulet, nor haste to leave  
The lovely vale that lies around thee,  
Why wouldst thou be a sea at eve,  
When but a fount the morning found thee?

Born when the skies began to glow,  
Humblest of all the rock's cold daughters,  
No blossom bowed its stalk to show  
Where stole thy still and scanty waters.

Now on thy stream the moon-beams look,  
Usurping, as thou downward driftest,  
Its crystal from the clearest brook,  
Its rushing current from the swiftest.

Ah! what wild haste! and all to be  
A river, and expire in ocean.  
Each fountain's tribute hurries thee  
To that vast grave with quicker motion.

Far better 'twere to linger still  
In this green vale, these flowers to cherish.  
And die in peace, an aged rill,  
Than thus, a youthful Danube, perish.

[BRYANT.]

*Fies nobilium tu quoque fontium.*

RIVULE, siste fugam ; quid pergis amore vagandi  
Linquere quæ circa rura venusta jacent ?

Vespere te latum pelagus cur esse juvabit,  
Qui modo nil nisi fons mane repertus eras ?

Egelidas inter saxi tenuissima natas  
Ardenti primum sub Jove carpis iter.  
Nec tremulæ produnt nutanti caule corollæ  
Exigua furtim quæ loca lambis aqua.

Cynthia de claro nunc despicit orbe fluenta,  
Dum loca tu præceps inferiora petis.  
Quæque tibi argentum liquidissima lympa ministrat ;  
Quæque auget vires ocior unda tuas.

Unde furor tantus properanti ? scilicet ut sis  
Amnis, in Oceani mox periturus aquis.  
Quod tibi cunque ferunt Nymphæ vectigal, in amplum  
Mox rapiet tumulum te citiore fuga.

Hac foret in viridi satius convalle morari,  
Floribus ut posses hisce fovere decus.  
Sicine, ceu tener Ister, amas te perdere, quum fons  
In senio poterat nec sine pace mori ?

*CEnone.*

THERE lies a vale in Ida, lovelier  
 Than all the valleys of Ionian hills.  
 The swimming vapour slopes athwart the glen.  
 Puts forth an arm, and creeps from pine to pine.  
 And loiters, slowly drawn. On either hand  
 The lawns and meadow-ledges midway down  
 Hang rich in flowers, and far below them roars  
 The long brook falling through the clov'n ravine  
 In cataract after cataract to the sea.  
 Behind the valley topmost Gargarus  
 Stands up and takes the morning: but in front  
 The gorges, opening wide apart, reveal  
 Troas and Ilion's columned citadel,  
 The crown of Troas.

Hither came at noon  
 Mournful CEnone, wandering forlorn  
 Of Paris, once her playmate on the hills.  
 Her cheek had lost the rose, and round her neck  
 Floated her hair or seemed to float in rest.  
 She, leaning on a fragment twined with vine  
 Sang to the stillness, till the mountain-shade  
 Sloped downward to her seat from the upper cliff.



## Ænone.

Κρημνοῖς τις Ἰδαίοισιν ἔγκειται νάπη,  
 ὄσαιπερ εἰσὶν ἐν λόφοις Ἰαόνων  
 ναπῶν τὸ καλλίστευμα. δοχμίαις ἐκεῖ  
 ῥιπαῖς ὀμίχλη ναυστολεῖ ποτωμένη  
 τοῦνερθεν ἄλσος, ἐκπροεῖσα δ' ἀγκάλην  
 κατασχολάζει, κάκ πίτυος ἀεὶ πίτυν  
 στείχει, βραδείας μῆκος ἐξέλκουσ' ὁδοῦ.  
 πέριξ δὲ χόρτοι, χαῖ ἔν μέσῳ λειμώνια  
 μετήρορι βρύουσι ἀνθέμων πλάκες.  
 πολλῶ δ' ἐνερθεν τῶνδε, διστόμου διαί  
 αὐλῶνος, ἤχει πίδακος καταρρῦνές  
 σκίρτημ' ἐπὶ σκίρτημα, πρὸς πόντου μολεῖν.  
 νάπης ὄπισθε Γαργάρων ἀνίσταται  
 ὕψιστον αἶπος, πρωῖνήν τ' ἐφέλκεται  
 ἀκτίνα· πρόσθε δ' εὐρὸν χαίνουσαι πετρῶν  
 διώρυχες πᾶν σχῆμα Τρωάδος χθονὸς  
 ὄρᾶν διδῶσι, Ἰλίου τ' ἀκρόπολιν  
 τὴν καλλίπυργον, Τρωάδος χθονὸς στέφος.  
 ἐκεῖσεν ἦλθεν ἐν μεσημβριῶ φάει  
 πλανώμενον τὸ τλήμον Οἰνώνης κάρα,  
 Πάριδος μονωθὲν, τοῦ ἔν γεωλόφοις ποτὲ  
 ξυμπαίκτηρος πρίν. ἦν δ' ἄρ' ἐκ παρηΐδων  
 ῥόδον μαραυθὲν, καὶ κατήθυσσον δέριον,  
 ἣ τοῦδέ γ' εἶδος εἶχον, ἀτρέμας κόμαι.  
 βάθρον δ' ἄφαρ κλιθεῖσ' ἐς ἀμπελοστεφές  
 σιγὴν ἔθελξεν εὐπτομοῦσα, μέχρις οὖ  
 εἰς θᾶκον αὐτῆς πλάγιος ἐκ κρημνοῦ σκιὰ

"O mother Ida, many-fountained Ida,  
 Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.  
 For now the noonday quiet holds the hill :  
 The grasshopper is silent in the grass :  
 The lizard, with his shadow on the stone,  
 Rests like a shadow, and the cicala sleeps.  
 The purple flowers droop : the golden bee  
 Is lily-cradled : I alone awake.  
 My eyes are full of tears, my heart of love,  
 My heart is breaking, and my eyes are dim,  
 And I am all aweary of my life."

[TENNYSON.]

*Omnia Vanitas.*

**T**HE glories of our birth and state  
 Are shadows, not substantial things :  
 There is no armour against fate ;  
 Death lays his icy hands on kings.  
     Sceptre and crown  
     Must tumble down,  
 And in the dust be equal made  
 With the poor crooked scythe and spade.  
  
 Some men with swords may reap the field,  
     And plant fresh laurels where they kill ;  
 But their strong nerves at last must yield ;  
     They tame but one another still.

ὄρειβάτις κατήλθεν. ὦ φίλον κάρα  
 τῆς μητρὸς Ἰδης, ὦ πολύκρουνος θεὰ  
 Ἰδη, τὰδ' εἰσάκουε τῆς θανουμένης.  
 νῦν γὰρ κατίσχει πᾶν ὄρος μεσημβρινοῦ  
 αἶθρας γαλήνη· κωφὸν ἐν χλόῃ στόμα  
 ἀκρίς φυλάσσει, κείς πέτρον σαῦρος σκιᾶν  
 ἀποσκιάζων, αὐτὸς εἰδώλω σκιᾶς  
 εὔδων μάλιστ' ἔοικε· κοιμῶνται δ' ὕπνω  
 τέττιγες· ἀνθῶν πορφυρᾶ νεύει κάρη.  
 ἢ χρυσόνωτος λειριόστρωτον λέχος  
 ἔχει μέλισσα· κάμῃ νῦν ἀγρυπνία  
 μόνην μαραίνει· καρδία μεστή πόθου,  
 δακρύων δὲ πληθύνουσιν ὀφθαλμῶν κόραι.  
 διαρράγέν μοι στήθος, ἠδ' ἐπάργεμον  
 ὄσσω τὸ δέργμα, ζῆν δ' ἔτ' οὐκ ἔμοι γλυκύ.

Σκιᾶς ὄναρ ἀνθρωποι.

SIC transit aevi gloria, sic decus  
 Mutatur umbrae non stabilis vice ;  
 Nec tela Fatorum refringent  
 Obsidium : glacialis ipsos  
 Mortis tyrannos decutiet manus.  
 Sceptra et coronae in pulvere concident  
 Aequanda curvatis coloni  
 Falcibus, emeritoque rutro.  
 Sunt queis cruenti stat gladio seges  
 Metenda Martis, queis oritur nova  
 De caede laurus ; sed fatiscit  
 Mascula vis, validosque frustra  
 Ponunt lacertos. Se vice mutua  
 Vincunt, sed omnes serius ocuis

Early or late  
 They stoop to fate,  
 And must give up their murmuring breath,  
 When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,  
 Then boast no more your mighty deeds ;  
 Upon death's purple altar now  
 See where the victor victim bleeds.

All heads must come  
 To the cold tomb :  
 Only the actions of the just  
 Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

[SHIRLEY.]

*The Departure from Paradise.*

High in front advanced,  
 The brandished sword of God before them blazed,  
 Fierce as a comet ; which with torrid heat  
 And vapour as the Libyan air adust,  
 Began to parch that temperate clime ; whereat  
 In either hand the hastening Angel caught  
 Our lingering parents, and to the eastern gate  
 Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast  
 To the subjected plain ; then disappeared.  
 They, looking back, all the eastern side beheld  
 Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,

Cessere, pallentesque quondam  
 Ire viam timuere leti,  
 Quum murmuranti spiritus halitu  
 Defecit aegros. Sit tumido modus  
 Fastu ; quid insigni tulisse  
 Serta juvat rapienda fronte ?  
 Quid gesta quondam praelia fortiter  
 Jactare ? Mortis victima purpurat  
 Altare, qui totum secundo  
 Marte ferox populavit orbem.  
 Sortitur omnes una necessitas  
 Frigentis urnae : sola decentior  
 Se flore mansuro coronat  
 Post cineres, redoletque virtus.

*Ejectos ultimus orbis habet.*

OLLIS ante Dei flagrat sublimior ensis  
 Praevius, et diri ceu sideris ira coruscat.  
 Aestus ab hoc, qualis Libyae qui torret adustum  
 Aethera, temperiemque poli vapor igneus urget.  
 Nec mora, quin dextram festinans prenda utramque  
 Angelus, invitesque trahat, jam jamque morantes  
 Protenus Eoum ad limen : nec segnior altis  
 A scopulis pronos secum deduxit in agros :  
 Tum subito ex oculis se sustulit. Undique tractus  
 Aurorae, retroque vident felicia nuper

Waved over by that flaming brand ; the gate  
With dreadful faces thronged, and fiery arms.  
Some natural tears they dropped, but wiped them soon ;  
The world was all before them, where to choose  
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide ;  
They, hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow,  
Through Eden took their solitary way.

[MILTON.]

*Peace.*

I'VE roamed through many a weary round,  
I've wandered east and west ;  
Pleasure in every clime I've found,  
But sought in vain for rest.

While Glory sighs for other spheres,  
I feel that one's too wide,  
And think the home which love endears,  
Worth all the world beside.

The needle thus, too rudely moved,  
Wanders unconscious where ;  
Till having found the place it loved,  
It trembles settling there.



Regna coruscanti flammantia cuspidis umbra,  
 Arma micare igni, speciesque in limine diras.  
 Flent ultro ; sed flere diu dolor ipse recusat :  
 Omnis in adspectu tellus, et ubique patescit  
 Hospitium. Dux ipse Deus. Per mutua palmas  
 Implicitant, tardosque gradus quo duceret error,  
 Ibant deserti per longa silentia campi.

*Tentavique feros requie lenire labores.*

TAEDIA per terras experti longa viarum  
 Vidimus Eoas Hesperiasque plagas ;  
 Vidimus : inventa est quavis in parte voluptas,  
 Attamen in nulla parte reperta quies.

Si famae cupido multus non sufficit orbis,  
 Unus habet spatii satque superque mihi.  
 Sola domus jam nostra placet, parvique Penates :  
 Haud tanti est toto quidquid in orbe patet.

Non aliter, placidam si quis modo pollice turbet,  
 Undique, nec scit ubi, nautica vergit acus.  
 Mox ubi reppererit, qua fas requiescere, sedem,  
 In caro tandem statque tremitque loco.

*Conscience.*

*M.* THE blessed sleep you know not, whose sweet  
influence

Ere he can stretch his labour-aching limbs  
Softly seals up the peasant's weary lids,  
On the cold earth, with over-watching spent.  
You stir and fret in feverish wakefulness ;  
Till nature wearied out at length o'ercomes  
The strong conceit of fear, and 'gins to dose :  
But as oblivion steals upon your senses,  
The hollow-groaning wind uprears you quick,  
And you sit catching with suspended breath,  
Well as the beating of your heart will let you,  
The fancied step of justice.

*R.* Hark ! who's there ?

*M.* No one, my son.

*R.* Again ! 'tis a man's footing.

*M.* I hear nothing ;  
Nor aught do I behold, save on yon tree  
The miserable remnant of a wretch,  
That was hanged there for murder.

*Occultum quatiente animo tortore flagellum.*

- M. Ὕπνου τὸν ἠδὺν οὐ σύ γ' οἶδας, οὐ φίλον  
 θέλγητρον ἤδη, κῶλα πρὶν κόπων ὕπο  
 λῦσαι διακναισθέντα, παιδὸς ἀγρότου  
 ἔκλησε βλέφαρα μαλθακοῖς σφραγίσμασι.  
 κείνος μὲν οὖν ἀπεῖπεν ἀγρυπνῶν πάλαι  
 κλιθεὶς ἐς οὐδας ὑγρόν· ἀλλὰ σὺ στρέφει  
 νοσῶν, ἄπνους, πάννυχ' αἰωρούμενος·  
 ἔστ' ἂν τέλος καμοῦσα, τῶν θ' ὑπερφόβων  
 ἠδὴ κρατοῦσα φροντίδων, βρίξῃ φύσις.  
 κὰν τῶδ' , ἐπειδὴ κλεπτικαῖς ῥοαῖς φρένας  
 Λήθη προσεῖρπε, ξὺν τάχει σ' ὀρθοστάδην  
 κοῖλον στένουσ' ἐξῆρεν ἐκ καινῆς πνοῆ.  
 πτώσσεις ἔπειτ', οὐ πνεῦμ' ἀνεὶς ἐκ πνευμόνων,  
 θηρᾶς θ', ὅσον γ' ἔξεστί σοι τῆς καρδίας  
 ἔνδον τρεμούσης οὐνεκ', εἰ δοκοῦσά που  
 βάσις διώκει σ', ἐπὶ τίσει στρωφωμένη.
- Ῥ. ἔα· τίς ὦδε πλησίον βαίνει πόδα ;
- M. ὦ τέκνον, οὐδεὶς.
- Ῥ. ἀλλὰ μὴν ἴχνος πάλιν  
 δοκῶ πλύειν μοί του βροτῶν.
- M. ἔγωγε δ' οὔ·  
 οὐδ' αὖ βλέπω τι πλήν γ' ὃς ἐκ ξύλου τάλας  
 ἐνταῦθ' ἀνήπται, καὶ φόνου τίνει δίκας  
 ἐν ποιίμοις βρόχοισιν ἀρτηθεὶς δέρην.

*Irish Melody.*

**A**T the mid hour of night, when stars are weeping,  
     I fly  
 To the lone vale we loved, when life shone warm in  
     thine eye ;  
 And I think oft, if spirits can steal from the regions  
     of air  
 To revisit past scenes of delight, thou wilt come to me  
     there,  
 And tell me our love is remembered, even in the sky.

Then I sing the wild song 'twas once such pleasure to  
     hear,  
 When our voices commingling breathed like one on the  
     ear ;  
 And as Echo far off through the vale my sad orison rolls,  
 I think, oh my love ! 'tis thy voice from the kingdom of  
     souls,  
 Faintly answering still the notes that once were so dear.  
[MOORE.]

*Hymn.*

**H**OW are thy servants blest, O Lord !  
     How sure is their defence ;  
 Eternal wisdom is their guide,  
     Their help Omnipotence.

*Si tamen extinctis aliquid, nisi nomina, restat.*

QUUM medios Nox urget equos, rorantibus astris,  
 Grata tibi quondam per juga vallis agor ;  
 Nam qua dulce fuit vita florente morari,  
 Te quoque post mortem posse redire puto.  
 Manibus, O ! terras ulla est si cura videndi,  
 Hic locus, hic, quo nos conveniamus, erit.  
 Forsitan et dices, qui nos conjunxit, amoris  
 Inter et aethereos te meminisse choros.  
 Carmina tum repeto non condita, qualia mecum  
 Voce simul, tanquam vox foret una, dabas.  
 Dumque refert longum vallis melos, haec tua, credo,  
 Vox sonat a superis dulcior orta plagis.

*Praesens Deus.*

O FELIX hominum ter genus et quater  
 Quos tutela Dei protegit. Inscios  
 Prudens Hic regit, aegros  
 Sustentat facili manu.

In distant lands and realms remote  
 Supported by thy care,  
 Through burning climes I passed unhurt,  
 And breathed in tainted air.

Thy mercy sweetened every toil,  
 Made every region please ;  
 The hoary Alpine hills it warmed,  
 And smoothed the Tyrrhene seas.

[ADDISON.]

*The Rivers of Hell.*

ANOTHER part, in squadrons and gross bands,  
 On bold adventure to discover wide  
 That dismal world, if any clime perhaps  
 Might yield them easier habitation, bend  
 Four ways their flying march, along the banks  
 Of four infernal rivers, that disgorge  
 Into the burning lake their baleful streams ;  
 Abhorred Styx, the flood of deadly hate ;  
 Sad Acheron, of sorrow, black and deep ;  
 Cocytus, named of lamentation loud  
 Heard on the rueful stream ; fierce Phlegethon,  
 Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage.  
 Far off from these, a slow and silent stream,  
 Lethe, the river of oblivion, rolls  
 Her watery labyrinth, whereof who drinks,  
 Forthwith his former state and being forgets,

In regnis alio sole calentibus  
 Numen, praesidio tutus eram tuo ;  
     Nec mi torridus aether,  
     Nec coeli nocuit lues.

Te propter placuit difficilis labor,  
 Et terrae facies risit inhospitae :  
     Orta est Alpibus aestas,  
     Tyrrhenoque mari quies.

*Ἐνθα μὲν εἰς Ἀχέροντα Πυριφλεγέθων τε ῥέουσι,  
 Κώκυτός θ', ὃς δὴ Στυγὸς ὕδατος ἐστὶν ἀπορρώξ.*

**P**ARS alia in turmas densosque coacta maniplos  
 Flectit iter pennis, perque illaetabile mundi  
 Explorat spatium late, si lenius usquam  
 Hospitium inveniant, fessis ubi sidere detur.  
 Scinditur in partes diversas quattuor agmen.  
 Et totidem infernos amnes petit, ostia quorum  
 Mixta lacu ardenti, atque in flammis liquitur humor.  
 Styx fluit hic, infanda odio et livore perenni ;  
 Contra nigra palus Acheron, fluctuque profundo  
 It lacrimans ; et qui magnis plangoribus undas  
 Personat, hinc diro Cocytus nomine dictus.  
 At Phlegethonteis rabiem torrentibus ignis  
 Incutit, indefessa furens : procul amne silenti  
 Labitur in flexus, ducens obliviam, Lethae.  
 Quam si gustarit quisquam, non amplius ille  
 Vel genus agnoscit, vel se, periit sed una



Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain.  
 Beyond this flood a frozen continent  
 Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms  
 Of whirlwind and dire hail, which on firm land  
 Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems  
 Of ancient pile.

[MILTON.]

*Zephyr.*

BENEATH the forest's skirts I rest,  
 Whose branching pines rise dark and high,  
 And hear the breezes of the West  
 Among the threaded foliage sigh.

Sweet Zephyr! why that sound of woe?  
 Is not thy home among the flowers?  
 Do not the bright June roses blow  
 To meet thy kiss at morning hours?

And lo! thy glorious realm outspread—  
 Yon stretching valleys, green and gay,  
 And yon free hill-tops, o'er whose head  
 The loose white clouds are borne away.

And there the full broad river runs,  
 And many a fount wells fresh and sweet,  
 To cool thee when the mid-day suns  
 Have made thee faint beneath their heat.

Gaudiaque et luctus, et cum maerore voluptas.  
 Hanc ultra, loca senta situ, formidine nigrum  
 Panditur, aeternoque gelu constringitur aequor.  
 Quod furor assiduus ventorum atque horrida grando  
 Verberat ; at non, ut firma in tellure videre est,  
 Solvitur, atque fluens rivis abit illa, sed altos  
 Congelat, antiquae ceu fragmina turris, acervos.

*Ζεφύριοι λιγυπνεύοντες ἀήται.*

FRONDIFEROS inter pax est mihi parta recessus,  
 Ardua qua ramis pinea silva riget,  
 Unde licet molles Zephyri captare querelas,  
 Siqua per intextas murmurat aura comas.  
 Heu ! quianam lugubre sonas, jucunde Favoni ?  
 Nonne inter flores stat tibi laeta domus ?  
 Nonne rosae pandunt aestivo mense corollas,  
 Ut tua mane novo basia fronte ferant ?  
 Aspice quam late pateant tibi candida regna !  
 Qui tibi longinqua valle virescat honos !  
 Quae juga montis ibi surgant, a vertice quorum  
 Alba levem nubes fertur itura viam.  
 Flumen ibi pleno latum devolvitur alveo,  
 Plurimus et dulces fons jaculatur aquas.  
 Te licet hinc recrees, medio si fervidus aestu  
 Sol furit, et nimio fessus ab igne labas.  
 Delicias Veneris referens, referensque juventam,

Thou wind of joy and youth and love,  
 Spirit of the new-wakened year !  
 The sun in his blue realm above,  
 Smooths a bright path, when thou art here.

Ah ! thou art like our wayward race ;—  
 When not a shade of pain or ill  
 Dims the bright smile of nature's face,  
 Thou lov'st to sigh and murmur still.

[BRYANT.]

*From the Foliorum Silvula.*

Sacred spirit,  
 That from the everspringing fields art come  
 To this unhallowed ground, why dost thou shake  
 Thy threatening sword, and so austerely bend  
 Thy incorporeal brow against the man  
 That ever loved and honoured Tullius' name  
 So dear, the natural antipathy  
 Betwixt my frail and thy immortal substance,  
 Which guilty creatures tremble to behold,  
 And drives their cold blood through their shaking joints,  
 Nothing dismays me ; but with open arms  
 Run to embrace thy shadow. Shun me not !  
 By all my hopes of future happiness  
 Tell me but who they were contrived thy death,  
 And though the Cyclops guard them, or the race  
 That from his kingdom durst attempt to drive

Spiritus o anni laete recentis, ades !  
 Scilicet orsus iter per caerula regna polorum  
 Sol nitidam sternit, te redeunte, viam.  
 Heu ! hominum mores, gentemque imitate procacem,  
 Ante mali quam te terruit umbra, doles ?  
 Siccine, quum risu vultus Natura resolvit,  
 Tu gemere et pondus ferre doloris amas ?

Τίς νύ σε κήρ ἐδάμασσε ταυηλεγέος θανάτῳ ;

Εἶδωλον ἱερὸν, ὅς τ' αἰιθαλεῖς λιπὼν  
 λειμῶνας ἦκεις τοῦτ' ἐς ἀνόσιον πέδον,  
 τί δὴ προσεῖεις ᾧδ' ἀπειλήσας ἐμοὶ  
 ζήφος ; τί δ' οὔτω τὰς ἀναιμάτους ὄφρῶς  
 κυρτοῖς ἐπ' ἀνδρὶ τῶδε ταυρηδὸν βλέπων ;  
 καὶ γάρ σ' αἰεὶ ποτ' ἦν ἔχων ἐν φιλτάτοις,  
 τιμῶν σὸν ὄνομα· καὶ ποθεινὸς ἦς· ἐμοὶ  
 τοσοῦτον, ὥστε μηδὲ τοῦμφυτον στύγος  
 θνητοὺς διεῖργον σῆς στάσεως ἀπ' ἀφθίτου  
 μηδὲν φοβεῖν με. τοὺς κακῶν ξυνίστορας  
 τοιαῦτ' ἰδόντας πῶς ἂν οὐχ αἰροῖ τρόμος,  
 ψυχρὸν δι' ἄρθρων αἷμ' ἄγων πεφρικόσιν  
 ἐγὼ δέ σ' αἰ πρόχειρος, ὄντα περ σκιᾶν,  
 πτηνοῖς ἔμαρπτον ἀγκαλῶν πετάσμασι.  
 μὴ δὴ μ' ἀποφύγῃς· εἰ δὲ τᾶμ' εὐημερεῖν  
 ἐλπίς τις ἔστι τὰπὸ τοῦδ', εἴποις μόνου  
 τίνες ποτ' ἦσαν οἱ σὸν εὐρόντες μόρου ;  
 κἂν γὰρ Κύκλωψ τις, ἣ τὸ τόλμησαν γένος

The star-crowned monarch, yet my vengeful flame  
 Shall strike them down to hell, where thou shalt hear,  
 To those blessed shades where all the worthies live,  
 Their tortured souls with anguish howl and yell.  
 Then do not fly my arms.

*The March of the Angels.*

SO spake the Sovran Voice, and clouds began  
 To darken all the hill, and smoke to roll  
 In dusky wreaths, reluctant flames, the sign  
 Of wrath awaked ; nor with less dread the loud  
 Ethereal trumpet from on high 'gan blow :  
 At which command the Powers militant  
 That stood for Heaven, in mighty quadrate joined  
 Of union irresistible, moved on  
 In silence their bright legions, to the sound  
 Of instrumental harmony, that breathed  
 Heroick ardour to adventurous deeds  
 Under their godlike leaders, in the cause  
 Of God and his Messiah. On they move  
 Indissolubly firm ; nor obvious hill,  
 Nor straitening vale, nor wood, nor stream, divides  
 Their perfect ranks ; for high above the ground  
 Their march was, and the passive air upbore  
 Their nimble tread ; as when the total kind  
 Of birds, in orderly array on wing,

τὸν ἀστερωπὸν Ζῆν' ἀναστήσαι θρόνου  
 ὑπερμαχῆ σφῶν, πάντας εἰς Ἄδου δόμον  
 ὀργῆς ἰάψω πυρὶ κατηθαλωμένους.  
 τούτων δ' ἀκούσεις ὀλβίαις περ ἐν νάπαις,  
 ὅπου κατοικεῖ πᾶς τις ὅστις ἄξιος,  
 ψυχὰς δι' ἄλγους ἀμβοᾶν στρεβλουμένας.  
 τοίγαρ χερῶν μοι μὴ φύγῃς ἀσπάσματα·

*Bàn δ' ἵμεναι πολέμονδε θεοί.*

**H**AEC Vox Omnipotens : et jam mons nubibus omnis  
 Ceperat umbrari, piceoque volumine fumus  
 Crebrescens simul, et flammis luctantibus, irae  
 Signa dedit. Nec dira minus clarescit ab alto  
 Aetherae vox missa tubae. Quo concita flatu  
 Bellatorum acies, coeli quot partibus assunt,  
 Quadratus cuneis et inexpugnabilis ordo,  
 Suspenso tacite gressu, et radiantibus armis,  
 In numerum incedunt. Nec tibia Martia cessat  
 Virtutem inspirans animis, et dulcius unum  
 Se fortes gerere, et letum pro laude pacisci.  
 Coelestum sic fama ducum, sic excitat ipsa  
 Causa Dei, Natusque Deo. Quin protinus ibant  
 Agmine firmato : non illos obvia tardant  
 Saxa, nec angustae fauces ; nec silva, nec amnis  
 Rumpit iter certum. Celeres immobilis aër  
 Sustinet, et terra passus procul arcet inerti.  
 Haud aliter quam quum pennis gens tota volucrum

Came summoned over Eden to receive  
Their names of thee ; so, over many a tract  
Of Heaven they marched, and many a province wide,  
Tenfold the length of this terrene : at last,  
Far in the horizon to the north appeared  
From skirt to skirt a fiery region, stretched  
In battailous aspect, and nearer view  
Bristled with upright beams innumerable  
Of rigid spears, and helmets thronged, and shields  
Various, with boastful argument portrayed,  
The banded powers of Satan, hasting on  
With furious expedition ; for they weened  
That self-same day, by fight or by surprise,  
To win the mount of God, and on his throne  
To set the Envier of his state, the proud  
Aspirer ; but their thoughts proved fond and vain  
In the midway.

[MILTON.]

*Madeline.*

THOU art not steeped in golden languors,  
No tranced summer-calm is thine,  
Ever-varying Madeline.  
Through light and shadow thou dost range.  
Sudden glances sweet and strange,  
Delicious spites and darling angers,  
And airy forms of flitting change.

Ordine composito fines superabat Edeni,  
 Acceptura tuo (Genitor sic jusserat) ore  
 Nomina : sic ollis patuit plaga plurima coeli,  
 Plurimus effusae tractus latissimus aethrae,  
 Quantum non spatio terrarum maximus orbis  
 Vel decies emensus habet. Jamque ignea longe  
 Apparet regio, Boreae porrecta sub axem,  
 Bellorum specie, crebrisque minacior armis.  
 Hic rigidas galeas, rectoque hastilia ferro  
 Cernere erat propius, Martisque horrentia densis  
 Agmina cum clipeis, varioque superba tropaeo,  
 Quae Satanus sibi castra locat. Furialiter omnes  
 Arma fremunt, spernuntque moras ; hoc nam fore tempus  
 Excidio coeli, seu vi, seu fraude daretur  
 Expugnare Dei montem, fastuque tumentem  
 Immani erexisse ducem, cui tanta cupido  
 Affectare decus regni. Sed vana voluntas  
 Frustratur, mediisque cadens spes decipit ausis.

Πᾶσα γυνὴ χόλος ἐστὶ.

NON tu mergeris aureo sopore,  
 Nec veris vice languidi quiesciscis,  
 Inconstans tibi mobilisque semper.  
 Umbras induis, induis nitorem,  
 Vibrans e rapidis tuis ocellis  
 Jucundum jubar, insolensque lumen.  
 Mixtos felle jocos, minasque dulces,  
 Instar vel zephyri procacitatem,





Frontis nubila, melleosque risus,  
Seu quid suavius est, amariusve,  
Calles, Lesbia, caeteris puellis  
Longe doctior : ast inesse certi  
Nil tot vultus est tuis fatendum.  
Ecquisnam sciat, an fugaciores  
Sint frontis tenebrae, brevesve risus ?  
Aut quid nos capiat tui, fugetve ?  
Te subtiliter igneas vaporans  
Faces circuit impiger Cupido :  
Nam quum figere basium luberet  
Dextrae lacteolae, tui quietem  
Florescens pudor inquinabat oris.  
Et supercilio, doloris index,  
Nigranti simul imminebat arcus.  
Nec me sollicitas, volentem abire,  
Quidquam molle querens ineptiarum ;  
Sed corda aureolo, tuens amorem,  
Irretita trahis, tenesque risu.  
Quod si laetitiae furore vecors,  
Proceros tibi basiare rursus  
Auderem digitos, ruberet ira  
Extemplo, atque iterum pudoris index  
Frontis decideret nigrantis arcus.

*Inscription for a Monument to a General slain  
in battle.*

Ἄρεος ἐν προμάχοις τὸ καλὸν τέκος ὤλετο Νίκας,  
 ὤλετ'· ἐν ἀνθρώποις πᾶν καλὸν ἐστι βραχύ.  
 ἀλλὰ σὺ μὴ στονάχει, Νίκα· φίλος ἦν σοι ἐπ' αἶας  
 ἦρως, καὶ νικᾶ νῦν ἔτι, κὰν Ἀΐδα.  
 οὐ γὰρ δὴ Λήθης δίνα φίλον ἔκλυσεν ἄνδρα,  
 οὐδέ νιν ἐν φθιμένοις ὕπνος ἄτιμος ἔχει·  
 σᾶμα τόδ' ἀγγέλλει λιγυρῶς μάλα, καίπερ ἀναυδον,  
 ὅσσον ἔην κείνῳ κῦδος, ἰδ' ἄμμι πόθος.

*Orpheus.*

**B**UT when through all the infernal bounds  
 Which flaming Phlegethon surrounds,  
 Love, strong as Death, the Poet led  
 To the pale nations of the dead,  
 What sounds were heard,  
 What scenes appeared ;  
 O'er all the dreary coasts !  
 Dreadful gleams, dismal screams,  
 Fires that glow, shrieks of woe,  
 Sullen moans, hollow groans,  
 And cries of tortured ghosts !

Τί δὲ τερπνὸν ἄτερ χρυσέης Ἀφροδίτης ;

NULLA rosis forma est, gena si pallescat amicae,  
Nec mihi ver vino deficiente placet.

Non horti gelidivse juvant in vallibus umbrae,  
Ni canat ambrosios Atthis amata modos.

Non flos, aut tremulae Zephyro motante cupressus,  
Ni roseas Lalages stet color ante genas.

At neque nos risus, nec labra rubentia captant,  
Mollia si desint basia, desit amor.

Fas per me niteant flores, et vina coruscent,  
Sed nisi cum domina nil mihi dulce mea.

Virgine prae viva verisque coloribus, omnis  
Sordet Apellea picta tabella manu. [From HAFIZ.]

*Exsanguis flebant animae ; nec Tantalus undam  
Captavit refugam ; stupuitque Ixionis orbis.*

SED quum per oras quas Phlegethon obit  
Flammantium vortigine gurgitum,

Coetusque pallentes Cupido

Morte tulit domita poëtam,

Quae dira vidit ! qui subito sonus

Perstrinxit aures ! littora lurido

Fulgore inardescunt, et inter

Quaeque suas dolet umbra poenas :

Et mixtus acri plangor anhelitu

Auditur antris. At citharam simul

Percussit auratam, videntur

Suppliciis animae remissis

But hark ! he strikes the golden lyre ;  
 And see ! the tortured ghosts respire,  
     See shady forms advance !  
 Thy stone, O Sisyphus, stands still,  
 Ixion rests upon his wheel,  
     And the pale spectres dance ;  
 The Furies sink upon their iron beds,  
 And snakes uncurled hang listening round their heads.

*The House of Mammon.*

THAT Houses forme within was rude and strong,  
 Lyke an huge cave hewne out of rocky clifte,  
 From whose rough vault the ragged breaches hong  
 Embost with massy gold of glorious guifte,  
 And with rich metall loaded every rifte,  
 That heavy ruine they did seeme to threath ;  
 And over them Arachne high did lifte  
 Her cunning web, and spred her subtile nett, [iett.  
 Enwrapped in fowle smoke, and clouds more black than  
 Both rooffe, and floore, and walls, were all of gold,  
 But overgrowne with dust and old decay,  
 And hid in darkness, that none could behold  
 The hew thereof : for vew of cherefull day  
 Did never in that House itselke display,  
 But a fainte shadow of uncertein light ;  
 Such as a lamp, whose life does fade away ;  
 Or as the moone, cloathed with cloudy night,  
 Does shew to him that walkes in feare and sad affright.

Spirare paulum ; jam tenui cohors  
 Procedit ala : Sisyphius lapis  
     Consistit, Ixionque fixo  
         Ipse rotae requiescit orbe ;  
 Junctique, mirum ! manibus implicant  
 Manes choreas : Eumenides toris  
     Sternuntur, auritique tortis  
         Verticibus recreantur angues.

*Hic spelunca fuit, vasto sumnota recessu.*

FORMA rudis tecti interius, firmissima visu,  
 Exesaeque instar scopulosa rupe cavernae.  
 Plurima pendeat squalenti e fornice moles,  
 Aspera, coelati dono spectabilis auri ;  
 Ponderibusque suis dives, solidoque metallo  
 Hiscens rima graves minitatur quaeque ruinas.  
 His super artificem telam sublimis Arachne  
 Tollebat, fraudem intendens, et retia rara.  
 Fumeus obvolvitur vortex opus ; ipsa nigranti  
 Turbine, nimborumque atro se condit amictu.  
 Aurea tecta solumque, ex auro murus ; at omni  
 Increvit de parte situs, tristisque veterno  
 Obruit. Haud cuiquam verum spectare colorem  
 Contigerat, piceis ita cuncta occulta tenebris.  
 Illi namque domo nunquam est patefacta diei  
 Laetificae species ; dubii sed luminis umbra,  
 Quale dat emoriens extremo lampas ab igni,  
 Aut qualem lunam nebulosa in nocte viator

And over them sad Horror with grim hew  
 Did alwaies sore, beating his yron wings ;  
 And after him owles and night-ravens flew,  
 The hatefull messengers of heavy things,  
 Of death and dolor telling sad tidings ;  
 Whiles sad Celeno, sitting on a clifte,  
 A song of bale and bitter sorrow sings,  
 That hart of flint asonder could have rifte ;  
 Which having ended after him she flyeth swifte.

[SPENSER.]

*Spring and Autumn.*

EVERY season hath its pleasures ;  
 Spring may boast her flowery prime,  
 Yet the vineyard's ruby treasures  
 Brighten Autumn's soberer time.  
 So life's year begins and closes ;  
 Days, though shortening, still can shine ;  
 What though youth gave love and roses,  
 Age still leaves us friends and wine.  
 Phillis, when she might have caught me,  
 All the spring looked coy and shy,  
 Yet herself in autumn sought me,  
 When the flowers were all gone by,  
 Ah ! too late ;—she found her lover  
 Calm and free beneath his vine,  
 Drinking to the spring-time over  
 In his best autumnal wine.

Suspicit, et campis formidine moestus oberrat.  
 His super elatus, visu teterrimus Horror  
 Imminet, et ferreae plangit loca verbere pennae.  
 Illum nycticorax, et strix praesaga malorum  
 Sectantur, sparguntque metus rumore sinistro,  
 Tristitiam, fatigue vices, mortemque canentes.  
 Interea residens vicina e rupe Celaeno  
 Funeream intendit vocem, fletusque doloresque  
 Integrat: haud tales, quantumvis ferrea, cantus  
 Corda immota ferant. Mox facto fine canendi  
 Corripit illa viam pennis, atque agmina claudit.

*Ἡβης ταρπῆναι, καὶ γήραος οὐδὸν ἰκέσθαι.*

SINGULA delicias per tempora possidet annus;  
 Ver florum veneres quas sibi jactet, habet.  
 Necnon purpureis dives vindemia donis  
 Auctumni ut placeat tristior hora, facit.  
 Sic oritur nobis vitæ, sic clauditur annus,  
 Et fulget, brevior sit licet, usque dies.  
 Quid, quod amoré, rosis, nos prima beaverit ætas?  
 Efficiunt lætum vina comesque senem.  
 Retia quum posset nuper mihi tendere Phyllis,  
 Præ fastu vernos liquit abire dies.  
 Me tamen ipsa lubens auctumno mense secuta est,  
 Nil ubi jam florum quod superesset, erat.  
 Serior, ah! reperit placide sub vite jacentem  
 Implicitum nullo pectus amore procum.  
 Sic ego nam lapsi recolo mihi gaudia veris,  
 Et fruor, auctumni quod dedit uva, mero.



Thus may we, as years are flying,  
 To their flight our pleasures suit,  
 Nor regret the blossoms dying,  
 While we still may taste the fruit.  
 Oh, while days like this are ours,  
 Where's the lip that dare repine ?

[MOORE.]

*Job* iv. 12—19.

NOW a thing was secretly brought to me, and mine  
 ear received a little thereof.

In thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep  
 sleep falleth on men,

Fear came upon me and trembling, which made all my  
 bones to shake.

Then a spirit passed before my face ; the hair of my  
 flesh stood up ;

It stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof :  
 an image was before mine eyes, there was silence,  
 and I heard a voice, saying,

Shall mortal man be more just than God ? shall a man  
 be more pure than his maker ?

Behold, he put no trust in his servants, and his angels he  
 charged with folly :

How much less in them that dwell in houses of clay,  
 whose foundation is in the dust, which are crushed  
 before the moth ?

Nos quoque laetitiae, varius dum vertitur annus,  
Possumus alternas sic variare vices.

Neu quis marcentes doleat periisse corollas,  
Dum sapor in pomis, quo capiatur, inest.

Dum licet, et tales etiamnum carpinus horas,  
Quis praerepta queri gaudia jure potest ?

Θεῖός μοι ἐνύπνιον ἦλθεν ὄνειρος.

Κρυπτόν τι χρῆμα κάφανές, δεινὸν λέγειν,  
λάθρα μ' ὑπῆλθε· τοῦδε καὶ σμικρὸν μέρος  
ἔβη δι' ὧτων. ἦν ποτ' ἐν φαντάσμασιν  
ἄωρονύκτοις βουκολούμενος φρένας.  
τόθ', ἠνίχ' ἠδὺς ἐς μέλη σκήπτει βροτῶν  
ὕπνος, φόβος μ' ὑφεῖρπεν, ἠδ' ἔφριξ' ἅπας,  
αὐτοῖσι νέυροις ὀστέων σεσεισμένων.  
τότ' ὀμμάτων μοι πρόσθεν ἠλαφρίζετο  
εἶδωλον, ὀρθόθριξ δὲ σὰρξ ἀνίστατο.  
βαιὸν δ' ἄρ' ἔστηκ' ἐξ ἀκινήτου ποδός,  
ἀλλ' οὐ τι μορφὴν οὐδὲ σῶμ' εἶχον δρακεῖν  
σκιᾶς, παρούσης καίπερ ὀφθαλμῶν πέλας.  
πάνθ' ἠσύχαζεν· εἶτα δ' ἦν φωνῆς κλύειν  
ἢ τ' ἐξέκραζεν οὐδ' ἐσίγησεν τάδε·  
ἄρ' οὖν βρότειον τοῦ Θεοῦ μᾶλλον γένος  
λέξεις δίκαιον ; ἄρα τὰνθρώπων ἔφυ  
κρείσσω λέγειν τοῦ πάντα τεύξαντος Πατρος ;  
ἴδου γὰρ, οὐδέν πω πεπίστευται Θεὸς  
τοῖς αὐτὸς αὐτοῦ προσπόλοις, καὶ δαιμόνων  
αὐτῶν κατέγνω μωρίαν. τί μὴν ; στέγαις  
ἐν πηλοπλάστοις τῶν ἐνοικούντων δόμον  
ποία ποτ' ἔσται πίστις ; οἷς οἴκων κόνει  
κεῖται θέμεθλα πρέμνοθει πανώλεθρα,  
σμικροῦ θ' ὑπαὶ σκώληκος ἐκπορθούμενα.

*Stanzas.*

AWAY! the moor is dark beneath the moon,  
Rapid clouds have drunk the last pale beam of even:  
Away! the gathering winds will call the darkness soon,  
And profoundest night shroud the serene lights of  
heaven.

Pause not! the time is past! Every voice cries, Away!  
Tempt not with one last glance thy friends ungentle  
mood.

Thy lover's eye, so glazed and cold, dares not entreat  
thy stay:

Duty and dereliction guide thee back to solitude.

Away, away! to thy sad and silent home;  
Pour bitter tears on its desolated hearth:  
Watch the dim shades as like ghosts they go and come,  
And complicate strange webs of melancholy mirth.

The leaves of wasted Autumn woods shall float around  
thine head,

The blooms of dewy spring shall gleam beneath thy  
feet:

But thy soul or this world must fade in the frost that  
binds the dead,

Ere midnight's frown and morning's smile, ere thou  
and peace may meet.

*Desertaque domus vultus, memoresque sodales.*

FUGIAS! sub orbe Lunae tenebrosa loca jacent :  
Nebulae citae diei jubar ultimum bibunt.

Fugias! vocare Noctem propero pede Zephyri  
Trepidant; faces polorum placidas picea fugat  
Mediis volans equis Nox. Mora nulla: age fugito!

Fuge! vox ubique te urget: stimulis male rabiem  
Male amantis incitabis, tenerum innuens Vale.

Nondum ille te moratur; rigida fugere sinit  
Acie videns amantem: loca sola quin petis  
Virtus ubi revocat te, pietas ubi revocat?

Age adi domum silentem, penetrale miseriae:  
Lacrimis tuis rigandus sterilis vacat focus.

Ibi tu videbis umbras specie sine vagulas  
Ire et redire crebre, tenues velut animas.

Ibi mira somniabis, simulacra gaudii,  
Mala mixta multa laetis, simulacra miseriae.

Pereuntium videbis nemorum folia caput  
Fluere in tuum superne, et rubicunda floridas  
Veneres ab imbre natas pede subjiciet humus.

Prius at peribit orbis, prius atque anima tua  
Glacie soporis arcta, tumuli data tenebris,  
Quam frons severa Noctis, lepidoque risu Eos  
Coëant fide jugali, aut data sit tibi requies.

Suus est sopor vel umbris, nigra per spatia poli,  
Operosa nam otiantur flabra, aut pelagus adit

The cloud shadows of midnight possess their own repose,  
 For the weary winds are silent, or the moon is in  
 the deep ;  
 Some respite to its turbulence the restless ocean knows ;  
 Whatever moves, or toils, or grieves, hath its appointed  
 sleep.

Thou in the grave shalt rest—yet till the phantoms flee  
 Which that house and heath and garden made dear to  
 thee erewhile,  
 Thy remembrance, and repentance, and deep musings,  
 are not free  
 From the music of two voices, and the light of one  
 sweet smile.

[SHELLEY.]

*Job xxxviii.*

1. **T**HEN the Lord answered Job out of the whirl-  
 wind, and said,
2. Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words  
 without knowledge ?
3. Gird up now thy loins like a man ; for I will  
 demand of thee, and answer thou me.
4. Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the  
 earth ? declare, if thou hast understanding.
5. Who hath laid the measures thereof, if thou  
 knowest ? or who hath stretched the line upon  
 it ?

Luna : et tumultuosi maris aequora reticent.  
 Nimio e labore quisquis trepidat, gemit, dolet,  
 Fruitur quiete justa ; neque tu sine requie  
 Tumuli in solo jacebis. Recoles tamen animo  
 Modo quae fuere cordi, penetralia patriae,  
 Latebras, domum, Penates, adamata loca, memor.  
 Memoremque poenitebit : cruciaberis animi.  
 Neque non subinde repent, licet ipsa non velis,  
 Risusque amatus olim, vocesque hilarificae.

*Idem Graece adumbratum.*

Λαιλάπων ὑπὲκ στροφάλιγγος ὄμφα  
 ἦξεν αὐθις θεσπέσιος· Τίς ὦν τὸ  
 ἀμπέχεις δνόφῳ σοφίαν, αἰῶδρις  
 ἀφραδίαισι ;  
 ζῶστρον ἀμπ' ἰξυῖ βαλὲ, καί μ' ἀμειψαί  
 ἀνδρικῶς θαρσέων, ὅσα σ' ἐξελέγξω  
 ἐν λόγων ριπαῖσι· τὸ πᾶ ποκ' ἦσθ' ὄκ'  
 ἔμπεδον αἰεὶ  
 τὰν χθόνα σταρίζαμες ; εἶα, δεῖξον,  
 θευμόρους δῆθ' ὡς πραπίδας λελογχῶς·  
 ἦ ῥα γᾶς θέμεθλ' ἔσιδες ; τίς ἔργων  
 θαύματα Φειδῶς

6. Whereupon are the foundations thereof fastened ?  
or who laid the corner stone thereof ?
7. When the morning stars sang together, and all the  
sons of God shouted for joy.
8. Or who shut up the sea with doors, when it brake  
forth, as if it had issued out of the womb ?
9. When I made the cloud the garment thereof, and  
thick darkness a swaddling band for it,
10. And brake up for it my decreed place, and set bars  
and doors,
11. And said, Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further ;  
and here shall thy proud waves be stayed ?
12. Hast thou commanded the morning since thy days ;  
and caused the dayspring to know his place ?
15. And from the wicked their light is withholden, and  
the high arm shall be broken.
16. Hast thou entered into the springs of the sea ? or  
hast thou walked in the search of the depth ?
17. Have the gates of death been opened unto thee ?  
or hast thou seen the doors of the shadow of  
death ?
18. Hast thou perceived the breadth of the earth ?  
declare if thou knowest it all.

δαμιουργὸς γνώμονά νιν πέλασσε ;  
 τεῦ δ' ὑπο πρέμνα χθονιῶν ἄραρε  
 κίωνων ; ἐρηρέδατ' ἐκ τίνος πε-  
 λώρια τείχη ;

ὀρθρινῶν ὀμάγυρις ἄμος ἄστρον  
 σύνθροον παιῶν' ἀλάλαξε, γαυρὸς δ'  
 ὠρανῶ λαμπράν στρατὸς ἀντιπλήξ' ἔρ-  
 ῥηξεν ἰνγάν.

πόντιον κευθμῶνα θύραις τίς εὔχει  
 εἰργαθεῖν κλύζονθ' ; ὁ δ' ἄρ' ὡς λόχευμα  
 ἦλατ' ἐκ τῆς ναδύος· ἀλλ' ἐγὼ νιν  
 ἀμφεκάλυφα

σπαργανωθέντ' ἐν νεφέλαις· πέριξ δὲ  
 στειλάμην βαρὺν ζόφον, οἶα πέπλους·  
 αἰθέρως δ' ἔρῥηξα τέραμν', ἐμὸν δῶ  
 ἀσφαλὲς αἰεί.

τὼς δ' ἄρ' εἶπον· Τὴν τόδε τέρμα κεῖται  
 κυμάτων ὑπερφιάλων, πρόσω γὰρ  
 οὐ παραιβάτιν θορέειν θέμις πο-  
 λύρῥοθον ὕβριν.

ἃ τεοῖς κελεύσμασί πως ὀρίνεις  
 φωσφόρον στίλβειν Διόθεν ; τὸ δ' ἀοῦς  
 ἀντολὰς δυσμᾶς τε νόμων κλύειν ἀρ-  
 χᾶθεν ἔταξας ;

οὐ γε μὰν φαύλοισι βροτῶν πέφανται  
 ἀμέρας στιλπνὸν γλέφαρον· βραχίον  
 καδδ' ὑπερκόποισι **ΓέΓαγε**· νίκας  
 ὕβρις ἄγευστος.

μῶν τὸ τῆς ἀμαιμακέτω θαλάσσας  
 ἦνθες ἐς παγὰς, ἀλίκλυστ' ἐρευνῶν  
 βενθέων τέραμνα ; τίς ὀπάτεσσι  
 νηλεοποίηω



19. Which is the way where light dwelleth ? and as for darkness, where is the place thereof,
20. That thou shouldest take it to the bound thereof, and that thou shouldest know the paths to the house thereof.
21. Knowest thou it, because thou wast then born ? or because the number of thy days is great ?
22. Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow ? or hast thou seen the treasures of the hail ?
23. Which I have reserved against the time of trouble, against the day of battle and war.
24. By what way is the light parted, which scattereth the east wind upon the earth ?
25. Who hath divided a watercourse for the overflowing of waters, or a way for the lightning of thunder ;
26. To cause it to rain on the earth, where no man is ; on the wilderness, wherein there is no man ;
27. To satisfy the desolate and waste ground : and to cause the bud of the tender herb to spring forth ?
28. Hath the rain a father ? or who hath begotten the drops of dew ?
29. Out of whose womb came the ice ? and the hoary frost of heaven, who hath gendered it ?
30. The waters are hid as with a stone, and the face of the deep is frozen.

τοῖς τεοῖς πύλας Ἄϊδεω φράδασσε·  
 τίς δὲ νερτέρων ἔρεβεννὸν ἔρκος·  
 ἄρα γαίας ποικιλόφρων ἅπαν τὸ  
 μᾶκος ἔειδες·

εἰπέ μοι νῦν, εἰπέ· τὸ γὰρ προπασᾶν  
 φροντίδων ἐπήβολος εὐχεται· ποῦ  
 φέγγος ὤκισται θεόθεν· τίς οἶκος  
 νυκτὸς ἀμαυρᾶς·

ἄς τὸ πῖλνα τέρμασιν, οὐκ αἰδῖρις  
 ἀτραπῶν· ἅ που χρονίως νιν οἶδας,  
 αὐτὸς ὦν παλαίγονος, ἀμερᾶν ἅ-  
 παυστος, ἀγάρως·

ἦ ποσὶν κειμήλιά πω μετῆνθες  
 χειμάδος χαλαζοβόλω· τά τ' ἄμμιν  
 ἐς μάχας ἄμάρ τε κακάν τ' οἰζῦν  
 ἔντεα κεῖται.

εἰπέ, πᾶ διάνδιχα γίγνεται φῶς·  
 ἔνθεν Εὐρος κραιπνοσύτοις ἀήταις  
 κὰκ χθόνα σκεδάννυται· ὑδάτων τίς  
 εὐρῶρον ὄρμᾶν

διστόμοις πορθμοῖσιν ἔνειμε, βροντᾶν θ'  
 ἦκεν ἀστράπτειν σέλας, ὄφρ' ἐν αἶα  
 ἀστιβεῖ θνατοῖσι γύας λιπαῖνοι  
 θῆλυς ἔέρσα·

τᾶς ὑπο ζεῖδωρος ἀνῆκ' ἄρουρα  
 κάρπιμον βλαστῶν γόνον· οὐδὲ φύλλων  
 εὐθαλὲς φθίνει γένος, ἀνθέμοις τ' ἀ-  
 γάλλεται εἶαρ.

τίς δὲ, τίς δρόσω γενέτωρ· τίς ὄμβρων  
 διψίους τίκτει σταγόνας· τίνος δὴ  
 ναδύος κρύσταλλος ἀπῆνθε, πάχνης τ'  
 ἄσπετος αἶγλα,

ἀργυφῆς, αἰθρηγενέτις· πέφανται  
 ὡς λιθόστρωτον πέδον, οὐκέθ' ὕδωρ,  
 μαρμάρῳ συνδηθέν· ἄφαρ δὲ κοιμᾶ  
 πόντος ἰωάν.

*The Praise of God in his Works.*

THE sun that walks his airy way  
To light the world, and give the day ;  
The moon that shines with borrowed light,  
The stars that gild the gloomy night ;  
The seas that roll unnumbered waves ;  
The wood that spreads its shady leaves ;  
The field whose ears conceal the grain ;  
The yellow treasure of the plain ;  
All of these, and all I see,  
Should be sung, and sung by me :  
They speak their maker as they can,  
But want and ask the tongue of man.

*Death and Sleep.*

HOW wonderful is Death,  
Death and his brother Sleep !  
One pale as yonder waning moon,  
With lips of lurid blue ;  
The other, rosy as the morn  
When throned on ocean's wave  
It blushes o'er the world :  
Yet both so passing wonderful !

[SHELLEY.]



*Victory.*

—The sound

As of the assault of an imperial city,  
 The hiss of inextinguishable fire,  
 The roar of giant cannon ;—the earthquaking  
 Fall of vast bastions and precipitous towers,  
 The shock of crags shot from strange engin'ry,  
 The clash of wheels, and clang of armed hoofs,  
 And crash of brazen mail, as of the wreck  
 Of adamantine mountains—the mad blast  
 Of trumpets, and the neigh of raging steeds,  
 And shrieks of women whose thrill jars the blood,  
 And one sweet laugh, most horrible to hear,  
 As of a joyous infant waked, and playing  
 With its dead mother's breast ; and now more loud  
 The mingled battle cry—ha ! hear I not  
 Ἐν τούτῳ νίκη. [SHELLEY.]

*From the Hitopadesa.*

Ajātamṛitamūrkhānām varam adyau na chāntimah ;  
 Sakrid duhkhakarāv adyāv, antimas tu pade pade.

*From an Arabian Poet.*

Yakūlu lī 'l- khullānu, “Lau zurta kabrahā ?”  
 Fa- kultu, “Fa-hal ghayru 'l- fuwāda lahā kabrun ?”

Ἐν τούτῳ νίκη.

Πόλεως ἀλόουσης δοῦπον ὡς τυραννικῆς  
 πάρεστ' ἀκούειν· ἔνθα συρίζει πυρὸς  
 ἄσβεστος ὄρμη, μηχανημάτων τ' ἄπο  
 πελώριον βρύχιμα, καὶ σεισίχθονες  
 ὑψηλοκρήμνων τειχέων καταβάσεις  
 αὐτοῖσι πύργοις. ἐν δὲ χερμάδων βολῇ  
 καινὴν ἰάπτει νιφάδα, σὺν δ' ὀπλῶν κρότῳ  
 τρόχων ὄρωρεν ὄτοβος ἀρματοκτυπος,  
 χαλκοῦ τ' ἀραγμὸς, ὥστερ' ἐξ ἐδρῶν ὅταν  
 ἀδαμάντινοι σπασθῶσι πρὸς βίαν πέτραι·  
 καὶ δὴ κλύων ἔδεια σαλπίγγων βοῆν  
 μάργων, ξύναυλον θουρίοις φρυάγμασι  
 ἵππων, γυναῖκας θ', οἷα δὴ φρικώδεσιν  
 ἡμῶν ἰυγαῖς αἶμα πηγνῦσιν φόβῳ.  
 ἐν δ' αὖ γέλωσ τις ἠδὺς, ὡς δεινὸς κλύειν,  
 βρέφους ὅπως λέλακεν, ὅστις ἐξ ὕπνου  
 μητρὸς θανούσης οὐ ξύνοιδε νηπίως  
 μαζοῖς ἀθύρων. νῦν δὲ δις τόσον βρέμει  
 ἀλαλαγμὸς ἀνδρῶν παμμιγῆς· ἰὼ θεοί·  
 νικῶμεν.—ἦ τοι ταῦτά γ' ἡ Νίκη φέρει.

Αἴρεσις κακῶν.

**M**ALO mori doctum, quam stultum vivere natum ;  
 Hic semper patrem vexat, at ille semel.

Οὐ κείται ἀκηδής.

**Q**UAESIERANT socii, “Tumulumne invis amatae?”  
 “In gremio,” dixi, “est illa sepulta meo.”

*The Battle of the Angels.*

——Now storming fury rose,  
 And clamour, such as heard in Heaven till now  
 Was never ; arms on armour clashing brayed  
 Horrible discord, and the madding wheels  
 Of brazen chariots raged ; dire was the noise  
 Of conflict ; over head the dismal hiss  
 Of fiery darts in flaming volleys flew,  
 And flying, vaulted either host with fire.  
 So under fiery cope together rushed  
 Both battles main, with ruinous assault  
 And inextinguishable rage. All Heaven  
 Resounded ; and had Earth been then, all Earth  
 Had to her center shook. What wonder ? when  
 Millions of fierce encountering Angels fought  
 On either side, the least of whom could wield  
 These elements, and arm him with the force  
 Of all their regions. [MILTON.]

*Epitaph.*

WHAT though no weeping loves thy ashes grace,  
 Nor polished marble emulate thy face ?  
 What though no sacred earth allow thee room,  
 Nor hallowed dirge be muttered o'er thy tomb ?  
 Yet shall thy grave with rising flowers be drest,  
 And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast :  
 There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow,  
 There the first roses of the year shall blow ;  
 While angels with their silver wings o'ershade  
 The ground now sacred by thy relics made. [POPE.]

τόσσοι δούπος ἔγεντο θεῶν ἔριδι ξυνιόντων.

DEIN ortus fragor, et stimulis furialibus irae  
 Accensae, quales nunquam prius aetheris aula  
 Audierat ; telis jam tela illisa sonores  
 Horrendos iterant, currusque, et ahena rotarum  
 Fulmina perstringunt aures, et rauca duelli  
 Murmura. Fulgurea stridunt cum nube sagittae  
 Innumerae super, ardenti sub tegmine quarum  
 Agmen utrumque latet. Medio sic cominus igne  
 Confligunt gemini Martes, miscentque ruinas  
 Assultu : furor urget, et insaturabilis ira,  
 Fit sonitus trepidante polo et, (si Terra fuisset,)  
 Terra resultasset concussa a sedibus imis.  
 Quid mirum ? quum tanta cohors, tot millia utrinque  
 Opposita instarent, animisque in bella feroces  
 Coelicolae ; quorum minimae cui corpore vires  
 Unus, quidquid habent armamentaria coeli,  
 Tolleret, et totum jactu confunderet orbem.

*Sentiet officium moesta favilla pium.*

QUID si nullus Amor decorat tibi fletibus urnam ?  
 Nec stant sculpta tuis aemula saxa genis ?  
 Si sacro dormire solo tibi Terra negavit,  
 Naenia nec manes ter pia voce vocat ?  
 At tibi rite novo vernabit flore sepulcrum,  
 Teque premet viridi cespite mollis humus.  
 Hic lacrimas Aurora suas maturrima fundet,  
 Hic primae crescent Vere jubente rosae,  
 Coelicolumque cohors motis argentea pennis  
 Umbrabit sanctam, qua requiescis, humum.



*Adam to Eve.*

BE not disheartened then, nor cloud those looks,  
 That wont to be more cheerful and serene,  
 Than when fair morning first smiles on the world ;  
 And let us to our fresh employments rise  
 Among the groves, the fountains, and the flowers  
 That open now their choicest bosomed smells,  
 Reserved from night, and kept for thee in store.  
 So cheered he his fair spouse, and she was cheered ;  
 But silently a gentle tear let fall  
 From either eye, and wiped them with her hair ;  
 Two other precious drops that ready stood,  
 Each in their crystal sluice, he ere they fell  
 Kissed, as the gracious signs of sweet remorse  
 And pious awe, that feared to have offended.

[MILTON.]

*From Alexander's Feast.*

NOW strike the golden lyre again :  
 A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.  
 Break his bands of sleep asunder,  
 And rouse him like a rattling peal of thunder.  
     Hark, hark, the horrid sound  
         Has raised up his head !  
         As awaked from the dead,  
 And amazed, he stares around.

*Tum sic affari, et curas his demere dictis.*

Μηδ' οὖν ἄθυμος ἴσθι, μηδὲ συννέφει  
 σὸν ὄμμα, πρόσθε φαιδρὸν εὐδιόν τ' ἰδεῖν  
 ὡς οὐποτ' ἦως, ἢνίχ' ἢ καλὴ θεὰ  
 τὰ πρῶτ' ἐπεγγελῶσα φαίνεται βροτοῖς.  
 ἦδη τι καινὸν τῶν καθ' ἡμέραν πόνων  
 σπεύσωμεν ἐξαρθέντες, ἢ ἔν νάπαισί που  
 ἢ πρὸς ῥοαῖσι, ἀνθέμοις θ', ἃ νῦν πνοὰς  
 κόλπων ὑπεξίησι εὐωδεστάτας,  
 ἀκηράτους τῆς νυκτὸς, ἠδέων δέ σοι  
 σωσθέν τι θησαύρισμα. ταῦθ' ἀνὴρ λέγων  
 εὐφρηγε τὴν δάμαρτα, χῆ μὲν ἐκ λόγων  
 παραυτίκ' εὐφρανθεῖσα, δάκρυον τέρεν  
 ἀμφοῖν καθήκεν ἠσυχῶς ἀπ' ὀμμάτων,  
 ἔπειτα δ' ἐξώμορξε βοστρύχων πλοκαῖς.  
 δισσῶ δ' ἄρ' ἐτέρω, πρὶν πεσεῖν, κρυσταλλίνοις  
 πηγαῖς ἐπ' αὐταῖς, προσβολαῖσι χειλέων  
 ἀνὴρ ὑφήρπασ', ὡς μεταγνοίας γλυκὴ  
 σημείον, αἰδοῦς τ' εὐσεβοῦς, ἥτις λάθρα  
 δέδοικε, μὴ δράσασά πως λήφθῃ κακόν.

*Hac praevia ducit Erinnys.*

**N**UNC tange rursus barbiton auream  
 Majore plectro ; jamque iterum fides  
 Majore, quo ruptae soporis  
 Carmine dissiliant catenae,

Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,  
    See the Furies arise :  
    See the snakes that they rear.  
    How they hiss in their hair,  
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes !  
    Behold a ghastly band,  
    Each a torch in his hand !  
Those are Grecian ghosts that in battle were slain,  
    And unburied remain  
    Inglorious on the plain ;  
    Give the vengeance due  
    To the valiant crew.  
Behold how they toss their torches on high,  
    How they point to the Persian abodes,  
And glittering temples of their hostile gods.  
The princes applaud with a furious joy ;  
And the king seized a flambeau, with zeal to destroy,  
    Thaïs led the way,  
    To light him to his prey,  
And like another Helen, fired another Troy.

[DRYDEN.]

Ceu quum tonantum murmure nubium  
Dissultat axis. Cernis ? ut erigit  
    Rex ora, ceu quondam sub aura's  
    Larva lacu rediens Averno.  
Adeste, Dirae ! Timotheus vocat  
Tetras sorores : ilicet e toris  
    Surgunt, venenatosque torvis  
    Luminibus jaculantur ignes,  
Cum sibilantum examine crinium,  
Hydrisque nexis. Mox tenuis cohors  
    Incedit umbrarum, coruscam  
    Cuique facem quatiente dextra,  
Fortuna quotquot Martis Achaïci  
Bello interemit. Nunc sine nomine  
    Palantur, exsortes sepulcri, et  
    Cassa suis simulacra bustis.  
Quis, O, virorum indigna ferentibus  
Litabit umbris ? jam videor faces  
    Videre sublatas, ut omnes  
    Fana petunt inimica Divum,  
Justisque pergunt barbaricas domos  
Vastare flammis. Qui furialium  
    Plausus tyrannorum resultant !  
    Ipse sequi celer, ipse taedam  
Princeps in iras corripuit manu :  
Thaïs furenti, ceu nova Tyndaris,  
    Praeivit in praedam, ut periret  
    Feminea nova Troja flamma.

*From the Pleasures of Hope.*

THE sun went down, nor ceased the carnage there ;  
Tumultuous murder shook the midnight air ;  
On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,  
His blood-dyed waters murmuring far below ;  
The storm prevails, the rampart yields a way,  
Bursts the wild cry of horror and dismay !  
Hark ! as the smouldering piles with thunder fall,  
A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call ;  
Earth shook, red meteors flashed along the sky,  
And conscious Nature shuddered at the cry !

[CAMPBELL.]

*Sonnet.*

QUEEN of the silver bow ! by thy pale beam  
Alone and pensive I delight to stray,  
And watch thy shadow trembling in the stream,  
Or mark the floating clouds that cross thy way.  
And while I gaze, thy mild and placid light  
Sheds a soft calm upon my troubled breast ;  
And oft I think, fair planet of the night,  
That in thy orb the wretched may have rest.

*Ruit alto a culmine Troja.*

SOL ruit, at stragi non fit mora sole reducto :  
 Caede virum et strepitu nocturnus inhorruit aer.  
 Funereis lucens flammis, et ponte superbo  
 It fluuius resonans, et sanguine subtus inundat.  
 Jam gliscit fera tempestas, jam moenia ruptis  
 Objcibus fecere viam : ferit aethera clamor  
 Horrisonus, mixtaque furens formidine luctus.  
 Audin' ? ut accensi tandem de fornice pontis  
 Cum sonitu cecidere trabes, quot millia vocum  
 Testanturque Deos, insperatamque salutem  
 Sollicitant precibus. Motu tremit excita tellus.  
 Aethera quin ipsum rutilo signantia tractu  
 Sidera percurrunt ; rerum confunditur ordo,  
 Consciaque horrescit tanto Natura tumultu.

*Ad Lunam.*

DIVA potens arcus, argentea ! sub face clara  
 Solam, dum meditor, me iuvat ire tua.  
 Et modo te medio trepidantem cernere rivo,  
 Et modo siqua tuam transvolat umbra fugam.  
 Haec quoties specto, nuper quae turbida curis,  
 Tu mihi tranquillo lumine corda foves.  
 Interea, formosa, tuo, Dea noctis, in orbe  
 Succurrit miseros posse quiete frui.

The sufferers of the earth perhaps may go,  
 Released by death, to thy benignant sphere ;  
 And the sad children of despair and woe  
 Forget in thee, their cup of sorrow here.  
 Oh that I soon may reach thy world serene,  
 Poor wearied pilgrim in this toiling scene.

[C. SMITH.]

*Death.*

AYE, but to die, and go we know not where ;  
 To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot ;  
 This sensible warm motion to become  
 A kneaded clod ; and the delighted spirit  
 To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside  
 In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice ;  
 To be imprisoned in the viewless winds,  
 And blown with restless violence round about  
 The pendent world, or to be worse than worst  
 Of those that lawless and uncertain thoughts  
 Imagine howling !—'tis too horrible !  
 The weariest and most worldly life  
 That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment  
 Can lay on nature, is a paradise  
 To what we fear of death.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

Fors ibi se passi vitae mala mille receptant,  
 Libera queis fines mors dat adire tuos.  
 Qui nunc in terris errant gens tristis et exspes,  
 Immemores durae fors ibi sortis erunt.  
 O ego non alia si possem pace potiri !  
 Nunc homines inter lassa labore vagor.

κακῶς ζῆν κρείσσον ἢ καλῶς θανεῖν.

Τὸ δ' αὖ θανεῖν με, καὶ μολεῖν οὐκ οἶδ' ὅποι  
 καινὴν ὁδὸν στείχοντα, κὰν ὑγραῖς ἐκεῖ  
 χθονὸς πεφράχθαι περιβολαῖς σεσηπότα·  
 κίνυγμα θερμὸν τοῦτ', ἐπήβολον φρενῶν,  
 σποδοῦ γενέσθαι πέλανον ὡς μεμαγμένον·  
 τοῦράσμιον τόδ' ἢ βαθυστέρνου κρύους  
 πνεῦμ' ἐν τεράμνοις φρικτὸν ἐνναλεῖν δόμον,  
 πυρὸς φλογωποῖς εἶτε βάπτεσθαι ῥοαῖς,  
 εἶτ' ἀσκόποις πνοαῖσιν ἐβῆθιμισμένον  
 γαίας στροβεῖσθαι τῆς μετηόρου πέριξ  
 ἄνπνον αἰώρημα· τῶν τ' ἐκεῖ κακῶν  
 εἶναι κάκιστον, οὗς τις ἐν φρενῶν πλάνοις  
 ἔδοξ' ὑλακτεῖν,—ταῦτα δὴ κρείσσω φόβου.  
 ἢ πλείστ' ἀπευκτὸς τῶν ἐν ἀνθρώποις τυχή  
 δυνῶν γέμουσα, χῶ τι καὶ κακῶν βάρος  
 γῆρας δι' ἄλγους ἐλθὸν, ἐν σπάνει βίου,  
 δοῦλον, βροτῶν δύναϊτ' ἂν ἐνσκήπτειν φύσει,  
 πάνολβ' ἂν εἴη πάντα, καὶ μακάρτατα,  
 πρὸς δεῖμαθ' ἂν τῷ κατθανεῖν φοβούμεθα.



*Hyperion.*

—AND before

The quavering thunder thereupon had ceased,  
 His voice leapt out, despite of godlike curb,  
 To this result ; “ O dreams of day and night,  
 “ O monstrous forms ! O effigies of pain !  
 “ O spectres busy in a cold, cold gloom !  
 “ O lank-eared phantoms of black-weeded pools !  
 “ Why do I know ye ? why have I seen ye ? why  
 “ Is my eternal essence thus distraught  
 “ To see and to behold these horrors new ?  
 “ Saturn is fallen, am I too to fall ?  
 “ Am I to leave this haven of my rest,  
 “ This cradle of my glory, this soft clime,  
 “ This calm luxuriance of blissful light,  
 “ These crystalline pavilions, and pure fanes  
 “ Of all my lucent empire ? It is left  
 “ Deserted, void, nor any haunt of mine.  
 “ The blaze, the splendour, and the symmetry  
 “ I cannot see,—but darkness, death and darkness.  
 “ Even here, into my centre of repose,  
 “ The shady visions come to domineer,  
 “ Insult, and blind, and stifle up my pomp—  
 “ Fall !—No, by Tellus and her briny robes !  
 “ Over the fiery frontier of my realms  
 “ I will advance a terrible right arm  
 “ Shall scare that infant thunderer, rebel Jove,

Οἱ δὲ τέως μακάρεσσι θεοῖς Τιτῆσιν ἄνασσον,  
ᾄφρα Ζεὺς ἔτι κούρος.

ANTE tamen trepidi quam fulminis aura quievit,  
 Haud dio ulterius frenandae in pectore voces  
 Prosiliunt : “ O nocte dieque adspecta nefandis  
 “ Somnia portentis ! speciesque, et laeva doloris  
 “ Auguria ! O gelida simulacra exercita nocte,  
 “ Spectra paludosas inter stridentia ripas,  
 “ (Namque aures macras, et turpia novimus ora)  
 “ Quis novus hic terror subiit, quae tetra venitis  
 “ Omina ? sic superum aeterna de gente creatum  
 “ Sollicitat pavor, et visu fera monstra lacesunt ?  
 “ Saturnus cecidit : debemur nos quoque morti ?  
 “ Hosne etiam placida florentes pace recessus,  
 “ Et regni decus, et priscae sacraria famae  
 “ Linquere, nec laetae sors est cunabula lucis  
 “ Respicere, aut tuto rursus terere otia portu ?  
 “ O ubi crystallo splendentia castra ? refulgens  
 “ Imperium et delubra mihi ? silet aurea sedes  
 “ Aeternum, vacuaeque suo stant numine turres.  
 “ Haud iterum flammaram apices, et picta serenis  
 “ Culmina luminibus, rutiloque accensa metallo  
 “ Cernere erit : circum riget alti vesperis horror,  
 “ Vesperis indomiti, et ferales morte tenebrae.  
 “ Hic etiam sacri medium in penetrale soporis  
 “ Importuna cohors ruit, et dominantibus umbris  
 “ Insilit, et caeco clausum jubar obserat orbi.  
 “ Sicine ego peream ? — testor te, maxima Tellus,  
 “ Et tibi quae salsa rorant uligine vestes,  
 “ Non ea sors divo, nec vis adeo usque fatiscit.

“ And bid old Saturn take his throne again.”  
He spake, and ceased, the while a heavier threat  
Held struggle with his throat, but came not forth ;  
For as in theatres of crowded men  
Hubbub increases more they call out “ Hush !”  
So at Hyperion’s words the phantoms pale  
Bestirred themselves, thrice horrible and cold ;  
And from the mirrored level where he stood  
A mist arose, as from a scummy marsh.  
At this through all his bulk an agony  
Crept gradual, from the feet unto the crown  
Like a lithe serpent vast and muscular,  
Making slow way, with head and neck convulsed  
With overstrained might. Released he fled  
To the eastern gates, and full six dewy hours  
Before the dawn in season due should blush,  
He breathed fierce breath against the sleepy portals,  
Cleared them of heavy vapours, burst them wide  
Suddenly on the ocean’s chilly streams.

The planet-orb of fire whereon he rode  
Each day from east to west the heavens through,  
Spun round in sable curtaining of clouds ;  
Not therefore veiled quite, blindfold and hid ;  
But ever and anon the glancing spheres,  
Circles and arcs, and broad-belted colure,  
Glowed through, and wrought upon the muffling dark  
Sweet-shaped lightnings from the nadir deep  
Up to the zenith.

“ Dextram ego flammantis longe confinia regni  
 “ Protulero super, et puero sua tela Tonanti  
 “ Rejiciens, solita Saturnum in sede locabo.”

Finierat questus ; gravioresque usque daturus  
 Ore minas, tamen infectis cadit irritus ausis.  
 Namque velut magnum turba stipante theatrum  
 Acrius ingeminat clangor, vox siqua tumultum  
 Increpat, haud aliter dictis pallentia Divi  
 Spectra fremunt, gelidumque inter se motibus agmen  
 Fluctuat horrificis, Quin protenus aequoris omni  
 A speculo, stagnis ceu qui graveolentibus halat,  
 It vapor ; inde pedes a vertice crevit ad imos  
 Insinuans dolor, et toto se corpore miscet.  
 Tortilis ut valido revolutus turbine serpens  
 Haurit iter, rigidisque ultra cervicibus usque  
 Nititur in gyros. At tandem liber Eoas  
 Ille fuga valvas adiit, flatuque soporum  
 Flammivomo limen bis ternas impulit horas  
 Ante rubens Eos quam tempore protulit ignes.  
 Ilicet agmen agens nebularum erumpit hiantis  
 De foribus coeli ; gelidos praesenserat amnes  
 Infringi pater Oceanus. Jam flammeus olli  
 Nimborum in picea vortigine vertitur orbis :  
 Scilicet haud alio raptus per sidera curru  
 Hesperiam repetit metam de carcere Eoo,  
 Deducitque diem : non quod caligine totos  
 Velatur vultus, caecoque obnubitur igni.  
 Sed semel atque iterum crines fulgere corusci,  
 Arcusque, radiique, et tractis taenia flammis  
 Per tenebras : speciosa vagari fulgura circum,  
 Seque polo miros vibrare ab utroque colores.

*Ancient Greece.*

**A**NCIENT of days! august Athena! where,  
 Where are thy men of might? thy grand in soul?  
 Gone — glimmering through the dream of things that  
 First in the race that led to Glory's goal, [were:  
 They won, and passed away — is this the whole?  
 A schoolboy's tale, the wonder of an hour!  
 The warrior's weapon, and the sophist's stole,  
 Are sought in vain, and o'er each mouldering tower,  
 Dim with the mist of years, gray flits the shade of power.  
[BYRON.]

*Raphael admonishes Adam.*

**T**O whom the Angel, with a smile that glowed  
 Celestial rosy red, Love's proper hue,  
 Answered. Let it suffice thee that thou know'st  
 Us happy, and without love no happiness.  
 Whatever pure thou in the body enjoy'st,  
 (And pure thou wert created,) we enjoy



In eminence ; and obstacle find none  
 Of membrane, joint, or limb, exclusive bars ;  
 Easier than air with air, if Spirits embrace,  
 Total they mix, union of pure with pure  
 Desiring, nor restrained conveyance need,  
 As flesh to mix with flesh, or soul with soul.  
 But I can now no more ; the parting sun  
 Beyond the earth's green Cape, and verdant Isles  
 Hesperian sets, my signal to depart.  
 Be strong, live happy, and love ! But, first of all,  
 Him, whom to love is to obey, and keep  
 His great command ; take heed lest passion sway  
 Thy judgment to do aught which else free will  
 Would not admit : thine, and of all thy sons,  
 The weal or woe in thee is placed ; beware !  
 I in thy persevering shall rejoice,  
 And all the Blest ; stand fast ; to stand or fall  
 Free in thine own arbitrement it lies.  
 Perfect within, no outward aid require ;  
 And all temptation to transgress repel.

[MILTON.]

*Othello's Defence.*

**M**OST potent, grave, and reverend signiors,  
 My very noble and approved good masters,—



Nobis sorte datum. Nec nostros vincula sensus  
 Ulla ligant, nihil a fibris aut artubus obstat  
 Corporibus, quo non dulci potiamur amoris  
 Conjugio ; velut aura levis confunditur aura,  
 Jungimur amplexu facili, formamque vicissim  
 Alter in alterius transit : sic gaudia diam  
 Percellunt mentem, et coëundi blanda cupido.  
 Quippe nihil membrorum opus hic, nec debilis unquam  
 Corporis ; haud magno nisu venit aegra voluptas.  
 Sed jam plura nefas fari ; sol orbe remoto  
 Telluris fines viridis, fluctuque natantes  
 Attigit Hesperio tractus, reditusque moranti  
 Signa dedit. Fortis vivas, et amore beatus  
 Utere sorte tua, servesque Illius amorem  
 Cui parere amor est. Ne tu parere recusa  
 Imperio, nec facta probes, quaecunque libido  
 Suaserit, ast alias steterit sententia contra.  
 Te penes est unum posthac natisque tibi que  
 Consulere ; hinc caveas. Equidem si fortiter obstes  
 Laetus ero, et mecum sanctorum exercitus omnis.  
 Arbitrio ipse tuo (monui) stabisque cadesque.  
 Tecum habita castus, neu quidquam extrinsecus opta  
 Quod dubio ferat auxilium. Tentamina culpae  
 Rejice (namque potes,) teque intra jura teneto.

Οὐ μεμπτὸς ἡμῖν ὁ γάμος.

Ἄνδρῶν κρατίστην φερτάτων γερουσίαν,  
 τοὺς δεσπότης μου, τιμίους τ' εὐεργέτας,



That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,  
 It is most true : true, I have married her :  
 The very head and front of my offending  
 Hath this extent,—no more. Rude am I in my speech,  
 And little blessed with the set phrase of peace ;  
 For since these arms of mine had seven year's pith,  
 Till now, some nine moons wasted, they have used  
 Their dearest action in the tented field ;  
 And little of this great world can I speak,  
 More than pertains to feats of broil and battle ;  
 And therefore little should I grace my cause  
 In speaking for myself.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

*To a Butterfly.*

CHILD of the sun ! pursue thy rapturous flight,  
 Mingling with her thou lov'st in fields of light ;  
 And where the flowers of paradise unfold,  
 Quaff fragrant nectar from their cups of gold.  
 There shall thy wings, rich as an evening sky,  
 Expand and shut with silent ecstasy !  
 Yet wert thou once a worm, a thing that crept  
 On the bare earth, then wrought a tomb and slept.  
 And such is man ; soon from his cell of clay  
 To burst a seraph in the blaze of day.

[ROGERS.]

προσευνέπων παρήλθον· ὥς γε τοῦδ' ἐγὼ  
κόρην γέροντος ἤρπασ', οὐκ ἀρνήσομαι,  
δράσας τόδ', οὐδ' ὥς, ἀρπάσας, ἔγημά νιν.  
κεφαλὴ τόδ' αὐτῇ, φροίμιον τ' ἔργων φέρει  
τοσοῦτον, οὐ τι πλείον. εἰμὶ δ' ἐν λόγοις  
τραχύς τις, οὐδὲ τῶν κατ' εἰρήνην ἐπῶν  
μαλακῶν προμηθῆς. ἐξ ὅτου γὰρ ὠλέναις  
ἔτος κυκλωθὲν ἔβδομον ταῖσδε σθένος  
ἐπήρκεσ', ἐν σκηναῖσι πολεμίαις πέδου  
σπεύδουσιν ἔργων δεῦρ' ἀεὶ τὰ φίλτατα·  
ἐνάτου δὲ μηνὸς νῦν ἐλινύει κύκλος.  
ἀνθ' ὧν βράχιστα τῶν ἐν ἀνθρώποις πέρι  
ἔχω προειπεῖν, εἴ γε μὴ μάχαις ὅσα  
πολέμου προσήκει. τοίγαρ ἀσχήμων ἂν ἦν  
τοιαῦτα τολμῶν ἀμφ' ἐμοῦ δημηγορεῖν.

*Moriendo vivitur.*

SOLIS progenies! laetos, age, carpe volatus,  
 Ut liquidos inter campos, et luminis arva,  
 Indelibatos jungas cum conjuge amores.  
 Aut, ubi se multus coeli flos pandit in hortis,  
 De calice aurato suaves bibe nectaris haustus.  
 Illic Hesperii rutilantes aetheris instar  
 Vibrabis celeres alternis motibus alas,  
 Laetitia sensus tacite perfusus. At olim  
 Tu quoque vermis eras, et humi tenuissima rerum  
 Reptabas pedibus: struxisti deinde sepulcrum  
 Ipsa tibi, somnoque brevi tua membra dedisti.  
 Talis natus homo, qui mox de pulvere liber  
 Angelus ardentibus ibit procul aetheris oras.

*Speech of Satan.*

**I**S this the region, this the soil, the clime,  
 Said then the lost Arch-Angel, this the seat  
 That we must change for Heaven ; this mournful gloom,  
 For that celestial light ? Be it so ! since He,  
 Who now his sovran, can dispose, and bid  
 What shall be right : farthest from Him is best,  
 Whom reason hath equalled, force hath made supreme  
 Above his equals. Farewell, happy fields,  
 Where joy for ever dwells ! Hail, horrors ! hail,  
 Infernal world ! And thou, profoundest Hell,  
 Receive thy new possessour !—one who brings  
 A mind not to be changed by place or time !  
 The mind is its own place, and in itself  
 Can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven.  
 What matter where, if I be still the same,  
 And what I should be— all but less than He  
 Whom thunder hath made greater ? Here at least  
 We shall be free ; the Almighty hath not built  
 Here for his envy, will not drive us hence :  
 Here we may reign secure, and, in my choice,  
 To reign is worth ambition, though in Hell.

[MILTON.]

*From a Country Churchyard.*

**B**LESSINGS attend thee, dear departed shade !  
 We loved thee living, and lament thee dead.  
 Though thou art gone, thy memory shall remain ;  
 Our transient loss is thy eternal gain.

*Hac aevum cupiat pro luce pacisci.*

HIC locus, haec regio nobis, hae littoris orae,  
 (Exsul coelicolum princeps ait,) Haecine sedes  
 Aetherea mutanda domo, et pro luce beata  
 Hae tenebrae tristes? Esto; quum sic jubet Ille  
 Qui nunc sceptrum tenet, rerumque potitus habentis  
 Arbitrio dat jura suo. Quam praestat ab illo  
 Longe habitare procul! fati quem debitus ordo  
 Esse parem nobis voluit, vis extulit ultra  
 Aequales. Vos o felices vivite campi,  
 Quondam laeta domus. Salve jam, lugubris Horror!  
 Infernae salvete Plagae! et vos, Tartara, regem  
 Acceptura novum, firma quem mente sedentem  
 Nec loca mutabunt nec tempora. Nam sibi constans  
 Mens facit ipsa locum, secum quae Tartara, secum  
 Ferre potest coelum. Similis si semper et idem,  
 Nil refert ubi sim; modo, me qualem esse decebat,  
 Exstitero, haud victore minor, cui fulmine solo  
 Tantum de nobis licuit. Saltem esse beatis  
 Hic dabitur; neque enim tantas hic exstruit arces  
 Invidus Omnipotens, nec nos hinc exigit armis.  
 Securus licet hic regnem; et, me iudice, vili  
 Sic regnare emitur, quanquam regnare sub umbris.

*Κατακρύπτει δ' οὐ κόινις κεδνὰν χάριν.*

Ἄμμι μάλ' εὖ δοίης ἀπὸ νεκρῶν, ὦ μακαρίτα,  
 ἧς φίλος ἐν ζωῆς, εἰς φίλος ἐν φθιμένοις.  
 ἐνδιάειν θνητοῖς δοκέεις ἔτι, καίπερ ἀπελθὼν,  
 κέρδος δ' ἀθάνατόν σοι βλάβος ἄμμι βραχύ.

*Hamlet's Soliloquy.*

**T**O be, or not to be, that is the question :  
 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer  
 The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune ;  
 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,  
 And, by opposing, end them ?—To die,—to sleep,—  
 No more ;—and, by a sleep, to say we end  
 The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks  
 That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation  
 Devoutly to be wished. To die,—to sleep ;—  
 To sleep ! perchance to dream ;—ay, there's the rub ;  
 For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,  
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,  
 Must give us pause : there's the respect  
 That makes calamity of so long life :  
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,  
 The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,  
 The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,  
 The insolence of office, and the spurns  
 That patient merit of the unworthy takes,  
 When he himself might his quietus make  
 With a bare bodkin ? who would fardels bear,  
 To grunt and sweat under a weary life ;  
 But that the dread of something after death,—  
 The undiscovered country, from whose bourn  
 No traveller returns,—puzzles the will ;

ἐφήμεροι

ἀεὶ βροτοὶ δὴ ζῶμεν, οὐδὲν εἰδότες.

Ἔσται τάδ', ἢ οὐ; δυοῖν γὰρ αἵρεσις πάρα.  
 πότερα φρεσὶν κάλλιον ᾧδ' ὑπερβίου  
 φέρειν τύχης τὰ κῆλα τὰς τε σφενδόνας,  
 ἢ πρὸς θάλασσαν ἀνθοπλίζεσθαι κακῶν,  
 κὰν τῷδε παῦσαι. πῶς γάρ; οὐχ ὁ κατθανὼν  
 εὔδειν ἔοικεν; οὐδὲν ἄλλο. κὰν ὑπνω  
 οὐ καρδιαλεγεῖν φησὶν, οὐ πάσχειν ἔτι  
 ἂ μυρὶ ἄχθη κλήρου ἐκ φύσεως σπάσας  
 θνητὸς λέλογχε. τοῦτο σὺν θεοῖς τέλος  
 μάλιστ' ἐπευκτόν. ἀλλὰ μὴν τὸ κατθανεῖν—  
 τὸ δ' αἶ καθεύδειν—ξύν τ' ὄνειρώσσειν ἴσως—  
 ἄπορον τόδ' ἤδη· καὶ γὰρ ἐν τοιῷδ' ὑπνω  
 ποῖ' ἄν ποθ' ἡμῖν ἐντύχοι φαντάσματα,  
 στολὴν περίβολον σαρκὸς ἐκδευκόσιν;  
 ἐν τῷδέ γ' ἴσχεταί τι. κούκ ἄλλο σκοπῶν  
 μακρόν τις ἔλκει, δυστυχῆς περ ὧν, βίον.  
 τίς γὰρ παθεῖν ἂν κέντρα καὶ λύμας χρόνου  
 θέλοι, βιαίαν ὑβριν, ἀμβολὰς δίκης,  
 ὑπερηφάνων αἰκίσματ', ἀλγεινῶν θ' ὅσα  
 πέπουθ' ἐρῶν τις οὐδ' ἐρωμένης τυχῶν,  
 τῶν τ' ἐν τέλει φρόνημα, χοῖα τλημόνως  
 ἀρετὴ φέρει πρὸς τῶν ἐν οὐδένοιο μέρει,  
 ἐξόν γε παύλης εἰσάπαξ πόνων τυχεῖν  
 βελόνης ἕκατι σπωμένης; ἢ τίς βροτῶν  
 ὑπεῖχ' ἂν ἄχθη, τοῦ βίου κατηγορῶν

And makes us rather bear those ills we have,  
 Than fly to others that we know not of?  
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all ;  
 And thus the native hue of resolution  
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought ;  
 And enterprises of great pith and moment,  
 With this regard, their currents turn awry,  
 And lose the name of action.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

*Lycidas.*

**B**UT O the heavy change, now thou art gone,  
 Now thou art gone, and never must return !  
 Thee, shepherd, thee the woods and desert caves  
 With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,  
 And all their echoes mourn :  
 The willows, and the hazel-copses green  
 Shall now no more be seen  
 Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.  
 As killing as the canker to the rose,  
 Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,  
 Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear  
 When first the whitethorn blows ;  
 Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherds' car.



μόχθους θ' ἰδρῶτά τ', εἴ γε μή τι κὰν νεκροῖς  
 φοβερὸν ἔδεισεν, οἶα δὴ μολούμενος  
 ἄγνωτον αἶαν, ἧς γε τερμόνων ἄπο  
 οὔδεις ὀδίτης νόστιμον στρέφει πόδα.  
 γνώμην φέρειν τοι δυσχερὲς τούτων πέρι.  
 ἡμῖν δὲ θνητοῖς καρτερεῖν κρεῖσσον τὰ νῦν,  
 καὶ μὴ φυγοῦσι καὶν' ἀμείψασθαι κακά.  
 ὥς τὸ ξυνειδὸς πάντας ἐκφοβεῖ βροτοῦς,  
 οὔτω δὲ τόλμης χρῶμα γνήσιον βλέπειν  
 χλωρόν τι γέγονε καὶ νοσεῖ, δέους ὕπαι'  
 καὶ τάργα δείν', ἔχοντά τ' οὐ σμικρὰν ῥοπήν,  
 αὐτως φορούμεν' ἐξ ὁδοῦ παρερῥύη,  
 οὔπω τελείας πράξεως ἐπώνυμα.

*Tecum una pericrunt gaudia nostra.*

**S**ED quam, O, morte tua graviter mutata videntur  
 Omnia!—morte tua, qui non rediturus abisti.  
 Te, pastor, silvae, te sola in rupibus antra  
 Injusso crinita thymo, passimque vaganti  
 Vite dolent; dolet in cunctis anfractibus Echo.  
 Non salices posthac, nec quis coryleta videbit  
 Laeta tuo teneras agitari carmine frondes.  
 Ut rosa tacta gravi quondam robigine marcet;  
 Asper ut exitio est vitulis lactantibus oestrus;  
 Floribus ut frigus nocuit, quum suave nitentes  
 Induerint, spina primum albescente, colores;  
 Sic infesta tui, Lycida, jactura colonis.



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

[MILTON.]

*These signs forerun the death or fall of kings.*

'TIS thought the king is dead: we will not stay.  
 The bay-trees in our country are all withered,  
 And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven;  
 The pale-faced moon looks bloody on the earth,  
 And lean-looked prophets whisper fearful change;  
 Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap  
 (The one in fear to lose what they enjoy,  
 The other to enjoy by rage and war):  
 These signs forerun the death or fall of kings.—  
 Farewell: our countrymen are gone and fled,  
 As well assured Richard their king is dead.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

Quod mare vos, Nymphae, vel quae procul ora tenebat,  
 Quum fera dilecti Lycidae caput obruit unda ?  
 Nam neque per colles, ubi gens jacet inclyta fama  
 Antiqui Druidae, neque Monae in vertice celso  
 Lusus erat vobis ; nec qua scatet amne sacrato  
 Latum Deva fluens. Eheu ! quae somnia frustra  
 Captus mente sequor ? quid enim praesentia vestra  
 Proficeret ? potuit quondam quid Pieris Orpheo ?  
 Aut nato genetrix quid profuit ipsa canoro ?  
 Scilicet hunc omnis rerum natura dolebat,  
 Orgia quum celebrans atque horribiles ululatus  
 Turba caput lacerum in Lesbon demitteret Hebro.

Οἰωνὸν, ὥστε μάντις, εἰσορῶ κακοῦ.

Ἄναξ θανεῖν ἔοικεν· οὐ μελλητέα.  
 ἡμῖν ἐν αἴᾳ γίγνεται δαφνῶν ἅπαν  
 ἔρνος μαρανθέν· ἀπλανῆ δ' ἐν οὐρανῷ  
 φόβῳ πέφρικεν ἄστρα φασμάτων ὑπαι.  
 ἐς γῆν ξενερθεν, οὔσα λευκῶπις τὸ πρὶν,  
 μήνη δέδορκεν αἷμα· λιμῶδεις τ' ἰδεῖν  
 μάντις ὑπέειπον ἐμφόβους μεταλλαγὰς.  
 σκυθρωπὸς ἐστὶ πᾶς τις ἀφνεὸς βροτῶν,  
 οἱ δ' αὖ πανοῦργοι νῦν ἀγάλλονται χαρᾷ  
 πεδάρσιοι θρώσκοντες· οἱ μὲν ἐκ φόβου  
 μή πως ἀλῶνται τῶν ὑπαρχόντων καλῶν·  
 οἱ δ' ὡς δοκοῦντες Ἄρεος ἐν μαργοῦ μάχαις  
 εὐήμερήσειν. ταῦτα δὴ τυραννικοῖς  
 οἴκοις προδηλοῖ θάνατον ἢ διαφθοράν.  
 νῦν πολλὰ χαῖρε· κούφον ἄραυτες πόδα  
 οἱ ξυμπολίται πάντες οἴχονται φυγῇ,  
 ὡς οὐκέτ' ὄντος κοιράνου σάφ' εἰδότες.

*Awake, arise, or be for ever fallen!*

THEY heard, and were abashed, and up they sprung  
 Upon the wing; as when men wont to watch  
 On duty, sleeping found by whom they dread,  
 Rouse and bestir themselves ere well awake.  
 Nor did they not perceive the evil plight  
 In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel;  
 Yet to their general's voice they soon obeyed,  
 Innumerable. As when the potent rod  
 Of Amram's son, in Egypt's evil day,  
 Waved round the coast, up called a pitchy cloud  
 Of locusts, warping on the eastern wind,  
 That o'er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung  
 Like night, and darkened all the land of Nile:  
 So numberless were those bad angels seen  
 Hovering on wing under the cope of hell,  
 'Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding fires.

[MILTON.]

*From the Foliorum Silvula.*

— YE eldest gods,  
 Who, mindful of the empire which ye held  
 Over dim chaos, keep revengeful watch  
 On falling nations, and on kingly lines  
 About to sink for ever; ye who shed

Ἐν δε σθένος ὤρσεν ἑκάστῳ.

HIS pudor auditis animos erexit, et omnes  
 Corripuere viam pennis ; ceu forte quibus mos  
 Excubias agere in castris, vox dira tribuni  
 Excitat e somno, sed adhuc torpore gravati  
 Vix bene discutiunt languentibus otia membris.  
 Nec tamen infesta non se sensere ruina  
 Oppressos, nec sorte gravi caruere doloris.  
 At Ducis admonitu parent, properantque sub armis  
 Innumeri. Ceu quondam, Aegypti tempore laevo,  
 Amramidis quum virga potens, vibrata per oras,  
 Ire locustarum nimbo nigrante juberet  
 Confertas acies : ast illas ventus Eoa  
 Transversas de parte ferens, regnata per arva  
 Impulit incesto Pharaoni, noctis ad instar,  
 Niliacasque ampla cinxit caligine ripas.  
 Tot numero in pennis Erebi sub fornice visae  
 Tartareae volitare acies, ardentia supra  
 Per loca, perque infra, mediisque calentia flammis.

Ἐκ δ' ἔπνευσ' αὐτοῖς ἀράς.

Παλαίτατοι θεῶν, οἳ τε, τῆς σκηπτουχίας  
 μνήμην ἔχοντες τῆς κατ' ὀρφναίου χάος,  
 φρουραῖς ἐπισκοπεῖτε ταῖς παλιγκότοις  
 ἔθνη φθίνοντα, βασιλικῶν τε δωμαίων  
 τὰ πτώματ' οὐκ ἀνασχέτ'· ἔνδικον φρένα  
 στάζοντες ὀργαῖς γηγενῶν λοχευμάτων,

Into the passions of earth's giant brood,  
 And their fierce usages, the sense of justice :  
 Who clothe the fated battlements of tyranny  
 With blackness as a funeral pall, and breathe  
 Through the proud halls of time-emboldened guilt  
 Portents of ruin, hear me ! in your presence,  
 For now I feel ye nigh, I dedicate  
 This arm to the destruction of the king,  
 And of his race. O keep me pitiless ;  
 Expel all human weakness from my frame,  
 That this keen weapon shake not, when his heart  
 Should feel its point : and if he has a child,  
 Whose blood is needful to the sacrifice  
 My country asks, harden my heart to shed it.

[TALFOURD.]

*Immortal Nature.*

**R**OLL on, ye stars ! exult in youthful prime,  
 Mark with bright curves the printless steps of Time ;  
 Near and more near your beamy cars approach,  
 And lessening orbs on lessening orbs encroach ;  
 Flowers of the sky ! ye too, to age must yield,  
 Frail as your silken sisters of the field !  
 Star after star from heaven's high arch shall rush,

τοῖς τ' ἀγρίοις νόμοισιν· οἱ τυραννίδος  
 πύργοις μελαίνας ἀμφιβάλλοντες στολὰς,  
 ὡς ἐς τελευτὴν μόρσιμον κοσμουμένοις·  
 καὶ τῆς ἀναιδοῦς ξὺν χρόνῳ κακουργίας  
 ἀυλαῖσι θεσπίζοντες ὑψίσταις μόρον·  
 κλύοιτ' ἄν· ὑμᾶς νῦν παρεστῶτας βλέπω,  
 ὑμῶν παρόντων δ', ὧδε τὴν ἐμὴν χέρα  
 καθιερώσω τοῦ τυραννικοῦ γένους  
 καυτοῦ τυράννου πρὸς σφαγὰς μαιφόνους.  
 τοίγαρ μ' ἀνοίκτου λήματος τυχεῖν αἰεὶ  
 δίδοιτ' ἄν, ἐκ δὲ σώματος βροτησίου  
 ἅπαν τὸ θῆλυ καὶ τὸ μαλθακὸν βαλεῖν,  
 ὡς μήποτ' αἰχμὴν ἐπὶ φόνῳ τεθηγμένην  
 τρόμος παρεκτρέψῃ τις, εὖτε καρδίαν  
 ὑπαντιάζειν τῆδε τοῦνακτος χρεῶν.  
 ἔαν δὲ κείνῳ τέκνον ἦ, τοῦ καὶ φόνος  
 προὔργου τι πρὸς τὰν χερσίν, ὧν ἤδη τέλος  
 πατρίς μ' ἀπαιτεῖ, νῦν ἂν ὠμόφρων ἐγὼ  
 τόσον γενοίμην, τάσδ' ὅσον τέμνειω σφαγὰς.

Ἐθανάτου φύσεως κόσμον ἀγήρω.

**V**OLVITE vos cursus, prima exsultate juventa,  
 Sidera ! quae rutilos circum ducentia flexus  
 Indistincta notis vestigia proditis aevi.  
 Jam propius propiusque rotis radiantibus axes  
 Flectitis ; illisi concurrunt orbibus orbis,  
 Et minor in gyrum gyrus cadit. Unus et idem  
 Aethereos flores, et qui nascuntur in agris  
 Sorte manet finis. Pariter morietur utrumque

Suns sink on suns, and systems systems crush,  
 Headlong, extinct, to one dark centre fall,  
 And death, and night, and chaos mingle all !  
 Till o'er the wreck, emerging from the storm,  
 Immortal nature lifts her changeful form,  
 Mounts from her funeral pyre on wings of flame,  
 And soars and shines, another and the same !

[DARWIN.]

*The Camp of the Angels.*

NOW when ambrosial night, with clouds exhaled  
 From that high mount of God, whence light and  
 shade

Spring both, the face of brightest heaven had changed  
 To grateful twilight ; (for night comes not there  
 In darker veil) and roseate dew disposed  
 All but the unsleeping eyes of God to rest :  
 Wide over all the plain, and wider far  
 Than all this globose earth in plain outspread,  
 (Such are the courts of God !) the angelic throng  
 Dispersed in bands and files, their camp extend  
 By living streams, among the trees of life,  
 Pavilions numberless, and, sudden reared,  
 Celestial tabernacles, where they slept  
 Fanned with cool winds ; save those who, in their course,  
 Melodious hymns about the sov'reign throne  
 Alternate all night long.

[MILTON.]



Debile utrumque genus. Celso de fornice coeli  
 Stella super stellam ruit, et sol quisque cadentem  
 Decidit in solem. Mundi pulcherrimus ordo  
 Ordine mox alio victus perit ; actus in unam  
 Praecipitat metam, casuque urgetur eodem :  
 Et mors, et tenebrae simul, et chaos omnia miscent.  
 At post naufragium, tanti post turbinis iram,  
 Immortale caput tandem Natura sub auras  
 Erigit, ostenditque novam mutata figuram.  
 Funeream mox illa pyram flammantibus alis  
 Destituit, vivensque eadem, licet altera nuper  
 Occiderit, volat et toto splendescit in orbe.

Ἕπνου δῶρον ἔλοντο.

Ἄλλ' ὅτ' ἀπ' ἀκροτάτου Διὸς οὐρεὸς ἀμβροσίη νύξ  
 πέπτατο σὺν νεφέεσσιν, ὅθεν φάος ἠδὲ καὶ ὄρφη  
 ἄρυνται, ἠλλοίωσεν ἔπειθ' ἔδος Οὐλύμποιο  
 σιγάλοεν, γλυκερὸς δ' ἦν ἔσπερος· οὐ γὰρ ἐκεῖ νύξ  
 ἦλθε μάλα σκιερή· ροδόεσσα δὲ πᾶσιν ἔερση  
 ἕπνου ἐπ' ὀφθαλμοῖσι φίλον θέλγητρον ἔχενεν.  
 ἀλλ' οὐ κοιμήσαντο Θεοῦ φρένες αἰὲν αὐπνου.  
 δὴ τότε δαιμόνιοι χοροὶ ἰλαδὸν ἐστιχώωντο  
 τῆλε μάλ' ἐν πεδίῳ· γαίης δ' ἦν πολλὸν ἰδέσθαι  
 εὐρύτερον, καίπερ κύκλω πλάκες εὐρύναγιοι  
 πάντοσε τείνονται· τοίη Διὸς ἄσπετος αὐλή.  
 ὡς τῶν ἐν μεγάροισιν ἀθέσφατα φῦλα νέμοντο,  
 πηγαὶ ἴν' ἀθάνατοι, ἵνα θ' ἱερὰ δένδρα τεθήλει.  
 ἐν δ' ἔσαν οὐράνιοι κλισίαι, ἄφαρ ἐκπεφυυῖαι,  
 μυρία, ἐνθ' ἀνέμοισιν ἀναψυχθέντες ἴανον,  
 εἰ μὴ ὅσοι κατὰ τάξιν ἐοῦ θρόνον αἰὲν ἄνακτος  
 παννύχιοι μολπήσιν ἀμειβόμενοι κελάδησαν.



*Satan's Peers assemble in Council.*

—AS bees

In spring time, when the sun with Taurus rides,  
 Pour forth their populous youth about the hive  
 In clusters ; they among fresh dews and flowers  
 Fly to and fro, or on the smoothed plank,  
 The suburb of their straw-built citadel,  
 New rubbed with balm, expatiate and confer  
 Their state affairs. So thick the aery crowd  
 Swarmed and were straitened ; till the signal given,  
 Behold a wonder ! they but now who seemed  
 In bigness to surpass earth's giant sons,  
 Now less than smallest dwarfs, in narrow room  
 Throng numberless, like that pygmaean race  
 Beyond the Indian mount, or faery elves,  
 Whose midnight revels by a forest side  
 Or fountain some belated peasant sees,  
 Or dreams he sees, while over-head the moon  
 Sits arbitress, and nearer to the earth  
 Wheels her pale course, they on their mirth and dance  
 Intent, with jocund music charm his ear ;  
 At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.

[MILTON.]

Ἦύτε ἔθνεα εἶσι μελισσᾶων ἀδινάων.

SICUT apes, quum Sol, vernali tempore, Tauro  
 Aequat iter socium, circa sua tecta frequentes  
 Funduntur, fervetque favis glomerata juvenus ;  
 Illa inter flores et rore recentia prata  
 Aut volat huc illuc, tabulisve in levibus, (arcis  
 Stramineae quae vestibulum), modo melle perunctis,  
 Ambulat, et regni quae summa negotia tractat :  
 Haud secus aërii densant examina coetus.  
 Deinde dato signo (mirum), qui corpore magno  
 Terræ sobolem visi superare gigantes,  
 Nanorum in speciem subito, tenuemque figuram  
 Collecti, innumera stipant angusta locorum  
 Militia : ceu quae trans Indi culmina montis  
 Gens habitat Pygmaea : aut si quos serus agrestis  
 Nocturnae Lemures choreae simulacra cientes  
 Aut videt aut vidisse putat, vel margine fontis  
 Vel nemore in nigro. Supra caput arbitra ludis  
 Praesidet, et terris propiores pallida bigas  
 Luna rotat. Simul intenti choreisque jocisque  
 Attonitos hilari captant dulcedine sensus.  
 Olli mixta metu percellunt gaudia pectus.

*The Flight of Satan.*

—AT last his sail-broad vans  
He spreads for flight, and in the surging smoke  
Uplifted spurns the ground ; thence many a league,  
As in a cloudy chair, ascending rides  
Audacious ; but that seat soon failing, meets  
A vast vacuity : all unawares  
Fluttering his pennons vain, plump down he drops  
Ten thousand fathoms deep ; and to this hour  
Down had been falling, had not, by ill chance,  
The strong rebuff of some tumultuous cloud,  
Instinct with fire and nitre, hurried him  
As many miles aloft : that fury staid,  
Quenched in a boggy syrtis, neither sea  
Nor good dry land : nigh foundered on he fares,  
Treading the crude consistence, half on foot,  
Half flying ; behoves him now both oar and sail.  
As when a gryphon, through the wilderness  
With winged course, o'er hill or moory dale,  
Pursues the Arimaspians, who by stealth  
Had from his wakeful custody purloined  
The guarded gold : so eagerly the Fiend  
O'er bog, or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare,  
With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues his way.

[MILTON.]

*Undique pigrae**Ire vetant nubes, et turbidus implicat acr.*

CORRIPIT ille moras tandem, et jam certus eundi  
 Alarum dat vela fugae, rapidique rotatus  
 Spernit humum fumi pariter cum vortice. Nubes  
 Vectat, ut in curru. Procul inde elatus in amplum  
 Exspatiatur iter ; donec jam rara volantem  
 Nubila deficiunt : tum vasto occurrit inani,  
 Orbis ope. Incassum trepidis ferit aëra pennis.  
 Plumbeus inde cadens ruit inconsultus in altum  
 Millia multa pedum ; et casu ferretur in isto  
 Nunc quoque, ni solidi quondam violentia nimbi  
 Nitro concreti et flammis, tot jugera sursum  
 Sustulerat. Tanto elapsum vix turbine Syrtis  
 Excipit infida, et stagnantibus implicat undis :  
 Nec mare nec tellus visa est. Prope naufragus ibat  
 Insistens crudam illuviem, et vestigia partim  
 Firmat humi, partim pennis innititur : ut cui  
 Nunc velis opus est, pariterque incumbere remis.  
 Ceu volucris cursu Gryps per juga longa fugacem  
 Insequitur, per convalles, per tesqua Arimaspum,  
 Qui custoditum vigili raptaverit aurum :  
 Haud secus intentus Satanus per densa locorum  
 Corripit et per rara viam, perque aspera saxis,  
 Stagnaque, et angustas fauces ; dum vertice prono  
 Alisque et manibus, pedibusque obnititur ultra.

*Satan's Forces are seen advancing.*

NOW when fair morn orient in Heaven appeared  
Up rose the victor Angels, and to arms  
The matin trumpet sung : in arms they stood  
Of golden panoply, refulgent host,  
Soon banded ; others from the dawning hills  
Looked round, and scouts each coast light-armed scour,  
Each quarter, to descry the distant foe,  
Where lodged, or whither fled, or if for fight,  
In motion or in halt : him soon they met  
Under spread ensigns moving nigh, in slow  
But firm battalion ; back with speediest sail  
Zophiel, of Cherubim the swiftest wing,  
Came flying, and in mid air aloud thus cried.  
Arm, Warriors, arm for fight ; the foe at hand,  
Whom fled we thought, will save us long pursuit  
This day : fear not his flight ; so thick a cloud  
He comes, and settled in his face I see  
Sad resolution and secure : let each  
His adamantine coat gird well, and each  
Fit well his helm, gripe fast his orb'd shield,  
Borne even or high ; for this day will pour down,  
If I conjecture ought, no drizzling shower,  
But rattling storm of arrows barbed with fire.

[MILTON.]

Οἱ δ' ἄρ' ἴσαν σιγῇ μένεα πνέοντες.

CANDIDA quum coelo exoriens apparuit Eos,  
 Illicet exsurgunt, victrix manus, armaque poscunt  
 Coelicolae, matutino quos Martius aere  
 Clangor ad arma vocat. Jamque ocius agmine facto  
 Stat radians telis, rutiloque exercitus auro.  
 Sublustres alii colles, et littora cursu  
 Caeca legunt, partemque leves speculantur in omnem,  
 Si quo forte loco sedeat, quo fugerit hostis,  
 Adspiciant ; motisque paret nova praelia castris,  
 An somno cum pace frui. Quem cominus ipsum  
 Expassis cernunt aquilis, tardoque moveri  
 Agmine firmatum. Retro volat, ecce ! citatus  
 Remigio alarum Zophiel, (non ocior ulli  
 Penna fuit,) sociosque ciet : “Capite arma ! propinquant  
 Hostes : arma, viri ! victos certamine frustra  
 Nos abiisse rati : quos non erit ulla sequendo  
 Nunc mora. Nec timeat quisquam, quod turbine tanto  
 Ingruat hostis atrox. Sed enim video ipse severo  
 Qui vultu vigor, et virtus secunda pericli  
 Insideat, jam quisque suis adamantina circum  
 Tegmina det membris, galeamque accommodet ori  
 Fortiter, et clypei validum septemplex orbem  
 Deprimat aut tollat : neque enim (ni fallimur) imber  
 Hic pluerit guttatim hodie, at saevissima grando  
 Stridebit, bifidaeque crepabunt igne sagittae.

*The Voice of Nature.*

GO, from the creatures thy instructions take :  
Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield ;  
Learn from the beasts the physic of the field ;  
Thy arts of building from the bee receive :  
Learn of the mole to plough, the worm to weave,  
Learn of the little Nautilus to sail,  
Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.  
Here too all forms of social union find,  
And hence let Reason, late, instruct mankind :  
Here subterranean works and cities see ;  
There towns aerial on the waving tree.  
Learn each small people's genius, policies,  
The ants' republic, and the realm of bees ;  
How those in common all their wealth bestow,  
And anarchy without confusion know ;  
And these for ever, though a monarch reign,  
Their separate cells and properties maintain.  
Mark what unvaried laws preserve each state,  
Laws wise as Nature, and as fixed as Fate.  
In vain thy reason finer webs shall draw,  
Entangle Justice in her net of law,  
And right, too rigid, harden into wrong ;

*Vox Naturae.*

QUIN age, et exaudi docilis monitus animantum.  
 Te doceant volucreis quae silvis pabula crescant,  
 Deque feris doctus quae tellus pharmaca cunque  
 Summittat, discas. Condendis urbibus apte  
 Erudiat te parvula apis, talpaque magistra  
 Occabis terram : quin Serica licia bombyx  
 Praecipiet ; dare vela Noto, camposque liquenteis  
 Findere remigio tenui, tibi nautilus artis  
 Auctor erit. Licet hinc vitae educere cultus,  
 Hinc ratio, quam sera, oritur mortalibus aegris.

Heic urbeis videas, et subterranea facta,  
 Illic arboreis tremulas ramalibus arceis :  
 Quoicunque ingenium est genti, aut prudentiam rerum,  
 Juraque formicarum, et apeis se rege tuenteis.  
 Utque illae consumere opeis, atque omnia norint  
 Consulere in medium, et rebus sine lite potiri :  
 Hae vero semper, quamvis regnante tyranno,  
 Omneis quaeque suam cellam, sua jura tuantur.

Cerne dehinc genteis harum, quae quamque necesse est  
 Contineant legeis, queis non sapientia Divom  
 Effinxit quidquam melius, neque Fata catenis  
 Sanctius obstrinxere suis divinitus unquam.

Quid juvat implexae Rationis ducere fila ?  
 Aut subtilia necti argumenta, inque pediri  
 Justitiam propriis ambagibus ? aut nimis arctum  
 Finibus, inclusumque migrare in turpia Rectum ?



Still for the strong too weak, the weak too strong.  
 Yet go ! and thus o'er all the creatures sway,  
 Thus let the wiser make the rest obey :  
 And for those arts mere Instinct could afford,  
 Be crowned as monarchs, or as gods adored.

[POPE.]

*Glory.*

THE follies past are of a private kind ;  
 Their sphere is small ; their mischief is confined :  
 But daring men there are (Awake, my Muse,  
 And raise thy verse,) who bolder phrenzy choose :  
 Who stung by glory, rave, and bound away :  
 The world their field, and human kind their prey.

The Grecian chief, the enthusiast of his pride,  
 With Rage and Terror stalking by his side,  
 Raves round the globe ; he soars into a god !  
 Stand fast, Olympus ! and sustain his nod.  
 The pest divine in horrid grandeur reigns,  
 And thrives on mankind's miseries and pains.  
 What slaughtered hosts ! what cities in a blaze !  
 What wasted countries ! and what crimson seas !  
 With orphans' tears his impious bowl o'erflows,  
 And cries of kingdoms lull him to repose.

Scilicet imbelleis ut vincat, fortibu' cedit.  
 Verum age, sic erit ut dominari in caetera possit  
 Scire tuum ; sic consilio vis bruta necesse est  
 Pareat ; inde arteis etiam quas bellua norit  
 Endogredi, amplectique animo, has tu solus adeptus  
 Laudibus aut regum, aut Divom potieris honore.

*Aestuat infelix angusto limite mundi.*

**H**IS privata cohors vitiis damnatur : at intra  
 Fines hi peccant, turpes mediocriter : at sunt  
 Ingenium quibus est audacius : (incipi grandes,  
 Musa ! modos : major scelerum jam panditur ordo,)  
 Gloria quos agit in rabiem, stimulosque furenti  
 Adjiciens animo, per saeva pericula mittit  
 Ut totum genus infestent mortale per orbem.

En ubi Pelleius, fastu lymphaticus, heros,  
 Cui Terror, clauditque latus feralis Enyo,  
 Irruit in terras ; mox Dis adscriptus et Ille  
 Fulminat :—humanis vix mutibus obstat Olympus.  
 Vivus pestis atrox, et majestate verendus  
 Lethifera, gaudens alieno angore, quot urbes  
 Obruerat flammis ! quot straverat ense phalangas !  
 Quae regna exitio dederat ! quo vasta cruore  
 Imbuerat maria ! ut, quoties libaret ab auro,  
 Funderet orborum lacrimas : populique dolentes  
 Spirarent miseros milleno e gutture questus,  
 Scilicet ut pransum facerent dormire tyrannum.

And cannot thrice ten hundred years upraise  
The boisterous boy, and blast his guilty bays ?  
Why want we then encomiums on the storm,  
Or famine, or volcano ? They perform  
Their mighty deeds ; they, hero-like, can slay,  
And spread their ample deserts in a day.  
O great alliance ! O divine renown !  
With dearth and pestilence to share the crown.

[YOUNG.]



Non turbatoris pueri dediscere laudes  
Annorum possunt tria millia ? sicine nullo  
Debita flagitiis laurus defloreat aevo ?  
Cur igitur non quis versu laudare Procellas  
Audeat, atque Famem, et vastantem rura Vesuvum ?  
Hi quoque se quondam gesserunt fortiter : uno,  
Victores veluti, straverunt funere gentes,  
Et desolatos mutarunt messibus agros.  
Egregium o foedus ! Divis o gloria digna !  
Cum Peste atque Fame sociam meruisse coronam.





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