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SABRINAE COROLLA.

CANTABRIGIAE

PRELI ACADEMICI TYPIS EXCUDEBAT.

C. J. CLAY, A.M.

SABRINAE COROLLA

IN HORTULIS

REGIAE SCHOLAE SALOPIENSIS

CONTEXUERUNT

TRES VIRI FLORIBUS LEGENDIS

Δειξάμενοι στοργὴν φιλομήτορα

ANTHOLOGIA GRAECA

EDITIO ALTERA

LONDINI, BELL ET DALDY:
CANTABRIGIAE, DEIGHTON, BELL ET SOC.

MDCCCLIX

280. k. 68.

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TRIUM VIRORUM PRAEFATIO.

QVAM viam praeivit vir eleganti ingenio et doctrina Henricus Drury, secutus est doctissimus Gulielmus Linwood, cum alter Arundines Cami, suaves illas et lepore plenas, alter pari felicitate Anthologiam contexeret Oxoniensem, eamdem insistimus non aemulantes nos qvidem: inter duas enim celeberrimas orbis terrarum Academias utrumqve Ludum Litterarium aemulatio esse potest nulla: sed, cum harumce litterarum studia, qvae veremur ne in dies obsolescant, nondum penitus excidisse videremus, condendum censuimus eiusmodi monumentum, qvod posteris hominibus traderet, veteres illas Musas ac Camenas non ad Tamesin solum, sed in Sabrinae etiam ripis aliqvando vestigia posuisse.

Etenim iam anni sunt amplius qvinqvaginta, ex qvo Regiae Scholae Salopiensi praefectus est Samuelis Butlerus, vir omni laude praestantior. Qvi qvid ad litteras antiqvas excolendas, qvid ad pueros liberalius instituendos contulerit, sciunt qvidem multi: qvibus autem difficultatibus obluctatus id effecerit, paucis innotuit, plerisqve vix esset credibile.

Nobis igitur hoc opus aggredientibus spes illa calcar subdidit, fore ut viri tanti tamqve egregie meriti 'haerentem capiti multa cum laude coronam' novis qvalibuscumqve floribus ornaremus.

In Corolla contexenda qvid cuiqve debuerimus, legentibus erit in propatulo. Qvi nos aut suppetiis instruxerunt aut ingenuo favore prosecuti sunt, iis, qvotqvot sunt, gratias agimus et habemus ingentes. Neqve vero dubium est nobis qvin multi ubiqve sint Salopienses, qvi si consilii nostri fieri potuissent certiores, summo nos studio nervisqve omnibus adiuturi fuerint. Hos igitur in primis et benevolum qvemqve lectorem enixe rogamus, ut huic opusculo nostro faveant, et, si plura, qvod speramus, non displicuerint, maculis iis, qvas humana parum caverit natura, offendi se ne patiantur.

Dabamus Londini
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EORUMDEM EDITIONIS SECUNDAE PRAEFATIO.

SABRINAE Corollam qvi ante annos novem contexuimus, iidem Dei beneficio hodie retexentes primum pro virili parte ita emendavimus ut eam ad antiqvitatis optimae normam acrius exigeremus; deinde ita immutavimus auximusqve ut rerum cum varietati tum dignitati consuleretur; deniqve ita concinnavimus, ut carminibus ceteris loco motis, qvod inviti qvidem sed consulto et cogitato fecimus, ea tantum in nova editione comparerent, qvae ex alia in aliam lingvam conversa essent. Itaqve librum, nisi omnia nos fallunt, haud paullo probabiliorem qvam antea fuit, lectoribus nostris paucis illis qvidem, sed doctis, elegantibus, humanis, in manus tradimus, dolituri, ut cum Flacco loqvamur, si spe nostra deterius iis placeat.

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1. Dactylicum Hexametrum Heroicum.

In Sabrinae Corolla usurpatum est Graece, pp. 15, 17, 83, 193, 263, 275: Latine, pp. 5, 19, 35, 41, 45, 89, 93, 101, 107, 111, 121, 137, 145, 151, 165, 173, 207, 233, 247, 251, 253, 267, 273, 283, 307, 331.

2. Iambicum Trimetrum Acatalecticum.

(1) Tragicorum. Graece, pp. 9, 69, 71, 167, 197, 211, 221, 239, 269, 279, 289, 295, 299, 311, 315, 317, 319, 323, 329: Latine, pp. 137, 191.

(2) Comicorum. Graece, pp. 155, 249.

(3) Choliambicum sive Scazon. Graece, p. 123: Latine, pp. 39, 99, 149, 261.

3. Iambicum Tetrametrum Catalecticum. Graece, p. 291: Latine, p. 217.

4. Iambicum Anacreonticum. Graece, pp. 33, 203, 287, 301.

5. Trochaicum Tetrametrum Catalecticum. Graece, pp. 39, 127, 133, 189, 227: Latine, pp. 143, 153.

6. Galliambicum. Latine, p. 163.

7. Phalaecium Hendecasyllabum. Latine, pp. 11, 59, 71, 101, 113, 159, 195, 231, 305, 313.

8. Anapaesticum Tetrametrum Catalecticum. Graece, pp. 51, 63.

9. Priapeum. Latine, p. 199.

10. Eupolideum. Graece, p. 63.

11. Asynartetum Aristophanicum constans Dimetro Iambico et Ithyphallico. Graece, p. 201.

B. Disticha Dicola.

12. Dactylicum Elegiacum. Graece, pp. 11, 26, 33, 65, 117, 135, 179, 197, 211, 281, 283, 285, 293 (bis), Latine passim.

13. Strophe Iambica. Latine, p. 325.

C. Tetrasticha Monocola.

14. Asclepiadeum Primum. Latine, p. 31.

15. Asclepiadeum Quintum. Graece, p. 143: Latine, pp. 181, 277.

D. Tetrasticha Dicola.

16. Alcmanium. Latine, p. 91.

17. Asclepiadeum Secundum. Latine, pp. 37, 41, 53, 197, 219, 291.

18. Asclepiadeum Quartum. Latine, p. 81.

19. Archilochium Primum. Latine, pp. 205, 265.

20. Archilochium Secundum. Latine, pp. 217, 221.

21. Archilochium Tertium. Latine, p. 229.

22. Archilochium Quartum. Latine, pp. 19, 275.

23. Pythiambicum Primum. Latine, pp. 7, 141, 285, 293.

24. Pythiambicum Secundum. Latine, pp. 49, 299.

25. Sapphicum Minus. Latine, pp. 45, 57, 99, 201, 225, 331.

26. Sapphicum Maius. Latine, pp. 183, 245.

27. Hipponacteum. Latine, pp. 95, 281.

28. Strophe Glyconea Catulliana. Latine, pp. 47, 235.

E. Tetrasticha Tricola.

29. Asclepiadeum Tertium. Latine, pp. 29, 185, 199, 223, 309.

30. Alcaicum. Latine, pp. 25, 61, 73, 113, 114, 125, 129, 139, 159, 177, 215, 241, 271, 321.

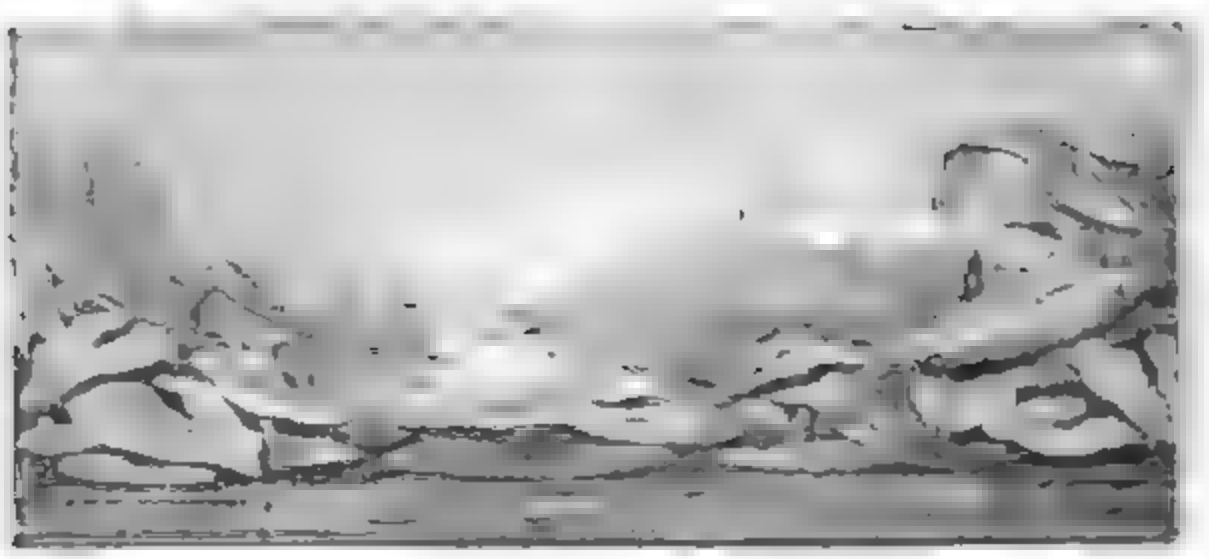
31. Strophe Scolii Harmodiani apud Athenaeum xv. Graece, pp. 9, 59, 265.

F. Systemata.

32. Iambicum Dimetrum. Graece, pp. 135, 333.

33. Anapaesticum Dimetrum. Graece, pp. 1, 65, 67, 77, 103, 115, 169, 255, 287, 289: Latine, pp. 175, 335.

34. Ionicum a Minore. Latine, p. 27.



Naiadum pulcerrima.

Sabrina fair,
Listen, where thou art sitting
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braids of lilies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair;
Listen, for dear honour's sake,
Goddess of the silver lake,
Listen, and save!

MILTON.

Δῖα Σαβρίνη, κλῦθ' ἵνα θακεῖς
ὑπ' ἀθερμάντου ῥεύματος αὐγαῖς
λείρι' ὑφαίνουσ' ἠλεκτροχόοις
χλιδαναῖσι κόμαις πλέκος εὐανθές·
τῆς παρθενίας εἴ τι μέλει σοι,
πότνια λίμνας ἀργυροείδους
ἄρχουσα θεά, δεῦρ' ἐπακοῦσαί σ'
ἀντιβολοῦμεν
καὶ σώτειραν προφανῆναι.

T. V.

My Native Stream.

Pure stream, in whose transparent wave
My youthful limbs I wont to lave,
No torrents stain thy limpid source,
No rocks impede thy dimpling course:
Devolving from thy parent lake,
A charming maze thy waters make,
By bowers of birch, and groves of pine,
And hedges flowered with eglantine.
Still on thy banks, so gaily green,
May numerous herds and flocks be seen,
And lasses chanting o'er the pail,
And shepherds piping in the dale,
And ancient faith that knows no guile,
And industry embrowned with toil,
And hearts resolved, and hands prepared,
The blessings they enjoy to guard.

SMOLLETT.

Melody.

How dear to me the hour when daylight dies,
And sunbeams melt along the silent sea!
For then sweet dreams of other days arise,
And memory breathes her vesper sigh to thee.

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

MOORE.

To Sir Luckless Woo-all.

Sir Luckless, troth, for Luck's sake pass by one;
He that woos every widow, will get none.

B. JONSON.

Purior electro Campum petit Amnis.

Rivule, qvo memini puerum me saepe lavari,
  Purior electro splendidiorqve vitro,
Tu sine montanis torrentibus et sine saxis
  Curris inoffensas lubrica lympha vias;
Te primos latices de matre palude trahentem
  Dulcibus illecebris daedalus error agit,
Aut ubi betullae frondet nemus, aut ubi pinus,
  Saeptave pensilibus luxuriosa rosis.
Sic semper tibi riparum per amoena vireta
  Mille boves passim, mille vagentur oves:
Et tibi non desint nymphae ad mulctrale canentes,
  Laetaqve pastorum vallis arundinibus:
Et te prisca fides et nescia fallere virtus
  Et labor assiduo sole perustus amet,
Cordaqve coniurata virum dextraeqve paratae
  Custodire, qvibus iure fruuntur, opes.

T. S. E.

Qvid Vesper serus vehat.

Tempora qvam redeunt moriturae grata diei,
  Cum radii in tacitas dissoluuntur aqvas;
Somnia tum referunt exactos dulcia soles,
  Meqve tui memorem, vita, dolere iuvat.
Dumqve ego contemplor tremula freta consita luce,
  Levis ubi Hesperiis ignibus unda rubet,
Mens avet aurato vestigia ponere tractu,
  Transqve vias solis rapta qviete frui.

K.

Πάντα καὶ οὐδέν.

Praetereas unam, Luci, lucrabere: cuivis
  Qvi procus est viduae, nubere nulla solet.

R. S.

There was War in Heaven.

He on his impious foes right onward drove,
Gloomy as night: under his burning wheels
The stedfast empyrean shook throughout,
All but the throne itself of God. Full soon
Among them he arrived, in his right hand
Grasping ten thousand thunders, which he sent
Before him, such as in their souls infixed
Plagues. They, astonished, all resistance lost,
All courage; down their idle weapons dropt.
O'er shields and helms and helmed heads he rode
Of thrones and mighty seraphim prostrate,
That wished the mountains now might be again
Thrown on them as a shelter from his ire.
Nor less on either side tempestuous fell
His arrows, from the fourfold-visaged Four
Distinct with eyes, and from the living wheels
Distinct alike with multitude of eyes.
One spirit in them ruled, and every eye
Glared lightning, and shot forth pernicious fire
Among the accursed, that withered all their strength,
And of their wonted vigour left them drained,
Exhausted, spiritless, afflicted, fallen.
Yet half his strength he put not forth, but checked
His thunder in mid volley; for he meant
Not to destroy, but root them out of heaven.
The overthrown he raised; and as a herd
Of goats or timorous flock together thronged,
Drove them before him thunderstruck, pursued
With terrors and with furies to the bounds
And crystal wall of heaven, which, opening wide,
Rolled inward, and a spacious gap disclosed
Into the wasteful deep. The monstrous sight
Struck them with horror backward, but far worse
Urged them behind; headlong themselves they threw

Μέγαν δ' ἐλέλιξεν Ὄλυμπον.

Protinus incestos atrae se noctis in hostes
Coniicit instar habens, ardescentumqve rotarum
Vi tremit ex imis radicibus ignifer aether.
Unius inconcussa suo stat robore sedes
Ipsa Dei. Tanto ruit impete et ilicet hostem
Asseqvitur, dextraqve tonitrua vindice circum
Innumero vibrat numero, praemissaqve tela
Torqvet agens ante atqve infigit corde sub alto
Pestes. Attoniti cessant obsistere, cessat
Robur, et e manibus procumbit inutile ferrum.
Scuta super galeasqve simul galeataqve regum
Magnanimumqve ducum pergit capita ire iacentum.
Qvam vellent iterum, diis tutamen ab iris,
Montibus urgeri: sed utrimqve haud setius urget
Tempestas telorum ac ferreus ingruit imber.
Qvattuor hunc formae emittunt totidem ora ferentes,
Qvaeqve suis distincta oculis, pariterqve rotarum
Innumeris distincta oculis animataqve virtus.
Sed cunctos mens una regit, sed lumina flammis
Singula fulmineis rutilant, unde emicat ignis
Exitioqve uno sceleratorum agmina miscet.
Vis exusta perit, solitus vigor ossa relinqvit,
Spemqve animumqve simul disiectaqve robora ponunt.
Sed neqve dimidias vires exercet, et ignem
Lapsu inhibet medio; neqve enim rescindere ad unum,
Sed penitus toto voluit convellere caelo.
Ille solo levat eversos; qvalesqve caprarum
Aut ovium imbelles se conglomerare catervas
Vidimus, afflatos tonitru fugat ante corusco,
Terga premente metu furiisqve seqvacibus usqve
Limen ad extremum et crystallina moenia caeli.
Illa patent late atqve in se revoluta residunt,
Ingentemqve aditum pandunt ad inane profundum,
Horribile aspectu. Fugiunt formidine retro;
Pone tamen graviora instant: de limite caeli

Down from the verge of heaven: eternal wrath
Burnt after them to the bottomless pit.
  Hell heard the unsufferable noise, Hell saw
Heaven ruining from Heaven, and would have fled
Affrighted; but strict fate had cast too deep
Her dark foundations, and too fast had bound.
Nine days they fell. Confounded Chaos roared,
And felt tenfold confusion in their fall
Through his wild anarchy; so huge a rout
Encumbered him with ruin. Hell at last
Yawning received them whole, and on them closed;
Hell their fit habitation, fraught with fire
Unquenchable, the house of woe and pain.

MILTON.

An Epitaph.

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

He came; and baring his heav'n-bright thought,
  He earned the base world's ban;
And, having vainly lived and taught,
  Gave place to a meaner man.

BARRY CORNWALL.

The Papal Aggression.

With Pius Wiseman tries
  To lay us under ban:
O Pius man unwise!
  O impious Wise-man!

S.

Dant se praecipites: sed inexsaturabilis ira
Ardet adhuc imasqve Erebi sectatur in umbras.
  Audiit horrendum sedes inferna fragorem,
De caeloqve ruens caelum conspexit, et imos
Qvaesierat percussa nova formidine tractus;
Ni nimium immoto nigras fundamine sedes
Hoc metuens iecisset ineluctabile fatum,
Vincla super nimium arta addens. Labentibus ibat
Nona dies. Chaos audita mugire ruina
Attonitumqve decemgeminos sentire tumultus
Per discordia regna plagasqve sine ordine fusas:
Tantae stragis erat vasta sub mole gravatum.
Tandem Erebus magno integros accepit hiatu,
Acceptosqve sinu clausit: nec talibus ullum
Aptius hospitium; numqvam hic desaeviit ardor
Igneus; hic posuere cubilia luctus et angor.

H. A. J. M.

Mens divinior.

Mortuus est superaqve excessit luce: refrixit
  Cor nuper heu qvam fervidum:
Obruit atra qvies oculi penetrabile fulgur:
  Qvid plura? Dicta fabula est.

Venit amans veri: docuit praeclara: docentem
  Sprevere cives sordidi:
Sic labor effluxit vanus. Nunc illius implet
  Natura crassior locum.

K.

Bellum Papale.

A.D. MDCCCL.

Cum Sapiente Pius nostras iuravit in aras,
  Impius heu Sapiens insipiensqve Pius.

S.

The Titan is unconquered still!

No change, no pause, no hope! Yet I endure.
I ask the earth, have not the mountains felt?
I ask yon heaven, the all-beholding sun,
Has it not seen? The sea, in storm or calm,
Heaven's ever-changing shadow, spread below,
Have its deaf waves not heard my agony?
Ah me! alas, pain, pain ever, for ever!

The crawling glaciers pierce me with the spears
Of their moon-freezing crystals; the bright chains
Eat with their burning cold into my bones.
Heaven's winged hound, polluting from thy lips
His beak in poison not his own, tears up
My heart; and shapeless sights come wandering by,
The ghastly people of the realm of dream,
Mocking me: and the earthquake fiends are charged
To wrench the rivets from my quivering wounds.

SHELLEY.

In Death they were not divided.

In a green grove
Sat a loving pair;
Fell a bough from above,
Struck them dead there.
Happy for them
That both died together;
So neither was left
To mourn for the other.

From the Bohemian.

Τέτλαθί μοι, κραδίη.

Οὐκ ἀμπνοή τις, οὐ μεταλλαγὴ πόνων,
οὐκ ἐλπίς· ἀλλ' ἔθ' οὑμὸς ἀντέχει βίος·
καὶ μὴν πέδον γῆς τῆσδ' ἐγὼ μαρτύρομαι
οἵων ὄρειοι πρῶνες ἤσθηνται κακῶν·
καὶ τὸν πανόπτην τόνδε δέρκεσθαι καλῶ
ἐν οὐρανῷ φλέγοντος ἡλίου κύκλον,
καὶ πόντον εὕδοντ' ἢ ζάλῃ κινούμενον
ἀείρρυτον μόρφωμα τῶν ἄνω τόπων
ἔνερθ' ἀναπτυχθέντα· μῶν ἐμὰς δύας
καὶ κώφ' ὅμως τὰ κύματ' οὐκ ἀκήκοεν;
ἆ ἆ· ἔα ἔα.
αἰεὶ μαραίνει μ' ἄλγος οὐκ ἀνασχετόν.
λόγχαις δ' ἀτρύτοις ὥς, ἐφέρπουσαι λάθρᾳ,
κρυσταλλοπῆγές μ' αἵδε κεντοῦσιν ῥοαί·
δεσμοὶ δὲ παχνωθέντες ὡς πυρὸς γνάθῳ
δάπτουσ' ἐς ἦπαρ σάρκας ἐκθοινώμενοι·
Ζεῦ, σὸς δ' ἀμύσσει καρδίαν πτηνὸς κύων
ἴῳ μιαίνων χεῖλος αἱματοσταγὲς
τῶν σῶν ῥέοντι κοὐκ ἀπ' οἰκείων γνάθων.
ὄψεις δ' ἄμορφοι πολυπλανεῖς φοιτῶσ' ἀεί,
τὰ σμέρδν' ὀνείρων δυσπρόσοπτα φάσματα,
ἐπεγγελῶσαι· τοῖς δ' ἔνερθε δαίμοσιν,
οἳ γῆν σαλεύουσ', ἑλκέων φονορρύτων
πέδας ἀποσπᾶν διατόρους ἐντέλλεται.

E. M. C.

Εὐθανασία.

Ἐν νάπῃ δύο συγκλιθέντ' ἐραστὰ
Ἅϊδη δῶκε πεσὼν ἄνωθεν ὄζος·
μάκαρες θανόντες δύ' ὁμῶς
οὐδέτερος ποθοῦντ' οὐδέτερον ποθεῖ.

R. S.

Immortal Love.

A. Will ſich Hektor ewig von mir wenden,
Wo Achill mit den unnahbar'n Händen
Dem Patroklus ſchrecklich Opfer bringt?
Wer wird künftig deinen Kleinen lehren
Speere werfen und die Götter ehren,
Wenn der finſtre Orkus dich verſchlingt?

H. Theures Weib, gebiete deinen Thränen;
Nach der Feldſchlacht iſt mein feurig Sehnen;
Dieſe Arme ſchützen Pergamus.
Kämpfend für den heil'gen Herd der Götter
Fall' ich, und des Vaterlandes Retter
Steig' ich nieder zu dem ſtyg'ſchen Fluß.

A. Nimmer lauſch' ich deiner Waffen Schalle,
Müßig liegt dein Eiſen in der Halle,
Priam's großer Heldenſtamm verdirbt.
Du wirſt hingeh'n, wo kein Tag mehr ſcheinet,
Der Cocytus durch die Wüſten weinet,
Deine Liebe in dem Lethe ſtirbt.

H. All mein Sehnen will ich, all mein Denken,
In des Lethe ſtillen Strom verſenken,
Aber meine Liebe nicht.
Horch! der Wilde tobt ſchon an den Mauern,
Gürte mir das Schwert um, laß das Trauern!
Hektors Liebe ſtirbt im Lethe nicht.

SCHILLER.

The Sleep of Death.

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

HOOD.

Servetqve Sepulcro.

A. Ergo non rediturus ibit Hector
Qva diris manibus furens Achilles
Patroclum satiat cruore fuso?
Heu qvis filiolum tuum docebit
Hastam coniicere et deos vereri,
Cum te nigra palus vorarit Orci?

H. Qvin fletum cohibes, amata coniux?
Ardor me rapit acer ad duellum:
Nostri Pergama sustinent lacerti.
Propugnans veterum focis deorum
Occumbo, et patriae salutis auctor
Demittor Stygio beatus amni.

A. Numqvam nota crepant mihi arma: in aula
Pendet lancea deses; inclutamqve
Sternit Priamidum ruina gentem.
Ibis qvo neqve lux adit diei,
Cocytusqve ululans meat, tuumqve
Lethaei latices tegunt amorem.

H. Qvidqvid mens agitat, cupit, laborat,
Hoc Lethaea premet qvies; amorem
Lethe nulla valet meum vorare.
Audin, moenibus instat illa Erinys:
Ferro hoc cinge latus. Qvid usqve ploras?
Lethaeis amat Hector in tenebris.

K.

Consanguineus Leti Sopor.

Ἐλπὶς μὲν προσιοῦσα κενὸν φόβον ἐξαπάτησεν,
Ἐλπίδα δ' αὖτε κενὴν ἐξαπάτησε φόβος.
Αὐτίκα γὰρ θνήσκειν ἔφαμεν φίλοι, ἡ δ' ἐκάθευδε·
Δεύτερον αὖθ' εὕδειν, ἡ δ' ἄρα κάρτ' ἔθανεν.

J. R.

I saw thee weep.

I saw thee weep: the big bright tear
  Came o'er that eye of blue;
And then methought it did appear
  A violet dropping dew:
I saw thee smile: the sapphire's blaze
  Beside thee ceased to shine;
It could not match the living rays
  That filled that glance of thine.

As clouds from yonder sun receive
  A deep and mellow dye,
Which scarce the shade of coming eve
  Can banish from the sky;
Those smiles into the moodiest mind
  Their own pure joy impart;
Their sunshine leaves a glow behind
  That lightens o'er the heart.

BYRON.

Up in the Morning.

If thou art sleeping, maiden,
  Awake and open thy door:
'Tis the break of day, and we must away
  O'er meadow and mount and moor.

Wait not to find thy slippers,
  But come with thy naked feet:
We shall have to pass through the dewy grass
  And waters wide and fleet.

LONGFELLOW.

Sprache.

Warum kann der lebendige Geiſt dem Geiſt nicht erſcheinen?
Spricht die Seele, ſo ſpricht, ach! die Seele nicht mehr.

SCHILLER.

Δακρυόεν γελάοισα.

Vidi ego te flentem, lacrimis umentia vidi
  Lumina caeruleo splendidiora polo:
Blanditias mirans tristes, Sic mane, putavi,
  Lucenti violae rore micare solent.
Vidi iterum risus: coram ridente subacti
  Sapphiri radios deposuere suos.
Non locus est gemmis, oculos ubi gloria talis
  Implet, et ingenuo vivit in ore decor.
Nam velut Hesperius vario nitet aethere Phoebus,
  Nec propria nubes luce rubere facit,
Qvae vel adhuc servant roseae vestigia flammae,
  Cum tenebras pulso nox trahit atra die:
Sic hilari fulgens risu tu pectora donas
  Laetitiae qvamvis tristia parte tuae.
Risus abit: menti superest ridentis imago,
  Irradiatqve alma corda fovetqve face.

W. E. E.

Surge age.

Si vel adhuc, virgo, frueris dulcedine somni,
  Erige te lecto, nec mora, pande fores:
Aspicis? Aurorae nova lux rubet: en age mecum
  Per iuga, per campos prataqve carpe viam.
Nec curae tibi sit suris aptare cothurnos,
  Sed mihi vel nudum crede, puella, pedem.
Per fluvios latos iter est qvaqve aestuat unda,
  Per qvae mane novo gramina rore micant.

F. T. C.

Mens.

Menti cur neqveat se mens ostendere qvaeris?
  Qvod, cum nos loqvimur, desinit illa loqvi.

K.

Idyl.

Come down, O maid, from yonder mountain height;
For Love is of the valley; come thou down,
And find him; by the happy threshold, he,
Or hand in hand with Plenty in the maize,
Or red with spurted purple of the vats,
Or fox-like in the vine; nor cares to walk
With Death and Morning on the silver horns;
Nor wilt thou snare him in the white ravine,
Nor find him dropt upon the firths of ice,
That huddling slant in furrow-cloven falls
To roll the torrent out of dusky doors.
But follow: let the torrent dance thee down
To find him in the valley; let the wild
Lean-headed eagles yelp alone, and leave
The monstrous ledges there to slope, and spill
Their thousand wreaths of dangling water-smoke,
That, like a broken purpose, waste in air:
So waste not thou, but come; for all the vales
Await thee; azure pillars of the hearth
Arise to thee; the children call; and I
Thy shepherd pipe, and sweet is every sound,—
Sweeter thy voice, but every sound is sweet:
Myriads of rivulets hurrying through the lawn,
The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
And murmuring of innumerable bees.

TENNYSON.

On a Ventriloquist.

The stomach is a thrifty thing:
So Juvenal of old did sing:
I deemed his saying was not sooth;
But now experience proves its truth:
For here is one whose stomach's feats
Procure the food his stomach eats.

S. A.

Huc ades.

Λῆς, φίλα, ὧδ' ἐνθῆν, ἔδος ὤρεος αἰπὺ λιποῖσα;
χῶρον Ἔρως φιλέει θεὸς ἥμενον· ἔνθ' ἐπ' Ἔρωτα.
ὀλβίω ἦ μάλα τῆνον ἐπὶ προθύροιο τὺ λαψῇ,
ἦ 'ν σταχύεσσι καλᾷ συνεπισπόμενον μετ' Ὀπώρᾳ·
ἔντι δ' ὄχ' ὠυτὸς ἐβαπτίσθη τρυγὶ πορφυροέσσᾳ,
ἔνθ' ὅκ' ἀλωάων κέεται μέσος ἠύτ' ἀλώπηξ·
ἀλλά οἱ οὺ κορυφαὶ κατὰ τὸν νόυν ἀργικέρωτες
ἔνθ' ἀὼς νάρκαις μετ' ἀνιαραῖσι πολεῖται,
οὐδ' αὐλῶνι θεὸς θηράσιμος ἐν νιφόεντι,
οὐδὲ γυᾶν ἔπι κεκλιμένος χειμῶνι παγεισᾶν,
ταί τε φέροντι κάτω (φαίη κέ τις ἔργον ἀρότρω)
ἐκ δὲ καταχὲς ὕδωρ σκιερᾶν πέμποντι θυράων.
αἰετὸν οἷον ἔα λεπτόστομον ὠρύσασθαι,
ὑψόθε δ' αἶκα λῆς μετὰ νάματα ποσσὶ χορεῦσαι,
τὼς καταβᾶθι θεὸν διζημένα· ἄγκεα πάντα
ἐλπίδ' ἔχοντι τεοῦς, βωστρεῖ τυ τὰ παιδία· καπνῶ
κίονες ὠράνιαι κατὰ πᾶν στέγος ἑστήκαντι·
χὠ σὸς ἐγὼ ποιμὰν τυρίσδω, πάντα τ' ἀείδει,
γλῶσσα μὲν ὧν κλήσδει σέθεν ἄδιον, ἀδὺ δὲ πάντα·
ἀδὺ κατειβομένοις κελαρύσδει νάμασι λειμών,
τρυγόνες ἀρχαίαισιν ἐπὶ πτελέαις στενάχοντι,
βομβεῖ δ' ἐν κάποισιν ἀνάριθμα φῦλα μελισσᾶν.

W. G. C.

In Ventriloqvum.

Ventre nihil novi frugalius, inqvit Aqvinas;
Huic ego non prorsus credulus ante fui:
Nunc non inficior qvod res mihi nota probavit:
En sibi qvi victum non nisi ventre parit.

I. P.

Ulysses.

It little profits that an idle king,
By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
Matched with an aged wife, I mete and dole
Unequal laws unto a savage race,
That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.
I cannot rest from travel: I will drink
Life to the lees: all times I have enjoyed
Greatly, have suffered greatly, both with those
That loved me, and alone; on shore, and when
Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
Vext the dim sea: I am become a name;
For always roaming with a hungry heart,
Much have I seen and known; cities of men
And manners.

TENNYSON.

The Pimpernel.

See'st thou yon pimpernel? An hour is past,
And he was holding dalliance with the sun,
All bared his crimson pride: now closed, downcast,
His blossoms seek their favourite skies to shun.
Young Edwin came, the warning change beheld,
Then hurried to his hinds; and hark! I hear
His loaded wagons creaking from the field;
For storms, he says, and angry hours, are near.
Oh! 'mid the flowers life's tortuous path that strew,
Is there not one like this? E'en as I speak,
Thy bosom-friend's estranged look review,
Remark his icy eye, his smileless cheek:
Adversity is nigh. Speed, counsel how
To soften as thou may'st th' inevitable blow.

R. W. E.

Ἄνδρα μοι ἔννεπε Μοῦσα πολύτροπον.

Ὦ πόποι, οὔ τοι ταῦτα θέμις ἀνεμώλιον αὔτως
οἴκῳ ἐν εὐκήλῳ, πέτρης ὑπὸ παιπαλοέσσης,
γραίης ἀμφ' ἀλόχου βασιλεύεμεν· ἦ ῥα θέμιστας
δεῖ με καπηλεύειν γενεῇ τοιῇδε μετ' ἀνδρῶν
νηπίῃ, οἵτε πανημέριον μεγάροισι ἑοῖσιν
εὕδουσ' ἢ μεθύουσιν ἀτάσθαλοι, οὐδ' ἔτ' ἐμεῖο
μνήσαντ'; ἀλλά μοι ἦτορ ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν ἄνωγεν
ἄλγεα πάσχειν πάντα τά κεν δώωσι θεοί περ.
πλάγξομ'· ἐπεὶ κακὰ πολλὰ πέπονθά τε πολλά τ' ἄρ' ἐσθλὰ
ἀμφ' ἑτάρους ἐριῆρας, ἔπειτα δὲ νόσφιν ἁπάντων,
Πληϊάδων ἅμα δυσμῷ, ὅτ' ἠερόεσσα θάλασσα
πνοιῇς τετρήχῃ, κραιπνὴ δ' ἐπιδέδρομε λαῖλαψ·
εὐρύ τέ μοι κλέος ἐστὶν ἐν ἀνδράσιν ἀλφηστῇσιν.
αἰεὶ δ' ἐν στήθεσσι λιλαιόμενός περ ὁδοῖο
πολλῶν ἀνθρώπων ἴδον ἄστεα καὶ νόον ἔγνων.

G. O. M.

Certis poteris cognoscere signis.

Istam tune vides anagallida? Non ita pridem
Visa fuit medium solis amare iubar
Purpureo ridens fastu: nunc lumina claudit
Tristia, nec dulcem spectat, ut ante, diem.
Adstabat monitumqve vigil perspexit Amyntas;
Protinus agrestes convocat ipse manus.
Audin, iamiam abeunt agro stridentia plaustra:
En, ait, Auster adest; en furit hora minis.—
Num florum, qvicumqve habitant loca devia vitae,
Huic nullus simili conditione viget?
Dum loqvor, aversi vultum non cernis amici?
Luce carent oculi, risibus ora carent.
Sors adversa venit: tu cessas? I fuge, tecum,
Qvid ferat infaustis, consule, rebus opem.

K.

Let us love.

O wedding-guest! this soul hath been
  Alone on a wide, wide sea:
So lonely 'twas, that God himself
  Scarce seemed there to be.

Oh, sweeter than the marriage-feast,
  'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
  With a goodly company:

To walk together to the kirk,
  And all together pray;
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men and babes, and loving friends,
  And youths and maidens gay.

Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
  To thee, thou wedding-guest;
He prayeth well who loveth well
  Both man, and bird, and beast.

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

COLERIDGE.

The Old Woman.

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

GAMMER GURTON.

Amemus.

Mira loqvor, conviva; sed olim in marmore vasto
Solus eram mecum. Tam vasto in marmore soli
Vix est visus ibi praesens Deus. Ergo hymenaei
Dulcius est festis, longe mihi dulcius, ire
Ad delubra Dei, magna comitante caterva;
Ire pias una ante aras unaqve precari,
Dum genua aeterno flectunt sua qvisqve Parenti
Longaeviqve senes iunctiqve in amore sodales,
Infantes pueriqve hilares hilaresqve puellae.
Jamqve vale; sed crede mihi, conviva, monenti.
Concipit hic pia vota, pio qvi pectore curat
Humanumqve genus volucresqve et saecla ferarum:
Optima vota facit, cui sunt carissima qvotqvot
Hunc habitant, seu magna sient, seu tenvia, mundum.
Nam bonus ille Deus, qvi nos amat, omnia fecit,
Constantiqve eadem servat, qvae fecit, amore.

K.

Jus trium Liberorum.

Vixit anus qvaedam, cui tres modo filii fuere,
  Martinus et Macrinus et Macerra.
Martinus periit turpi cruce, fluctibus Macrinus,
  Amissus est Macerra nec repertus.
Sic abolentur, anu qvi tres modo filii fuere,
  Martinus et Macrinus et Macerra.

K.

The Beech-Tree's Petition.

Oh leave this barren spot to me:
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree!
Though bush or flowret never grow
My dark unwarming shade below;
Nor summer-bud perfume the dew
Of rosy blush, or yellow hue;
Nor fruits of autumn, blossom-born,
My green and glossy leaves adorn;
Nor murmuring tribes from me derive
The ambrosial amber of the hive;
Yet leave this barren spot for me:
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree!

Thrice twenty summers I have seen
The sky grow bright, the forest green;
And many a wintry wind have stood
In bloomless, fruitless solitude,
Since childhood in my pleasant bower
First spent its sweet and sportive hour;
Since youthful lovers in my shade
Their vows of truth and rapture made,
And on my trunk's surviving frame
Carved many a long-forgotten name.
Oh! by the sighs of gentle sound,
First breathed upon this sacred ground;
By all that Love has whispered here,
Or Beauty heard with ravished ear;
As Love's own altar, honour me:
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree!

CAMPBELL.

Zeus zu Herkules.

Nicht aus meinem Nektar haſt du die Gottheit getrunken;
Deine Götterkraft war's, die dir den Nektar errang.

SCHILLER.

Stat sacra senectae Numine.

Hos, prȩcor, hos saltem steriles mihi linqve recessus;
  Laedere fagineas, rustice, parce comas.
Flore licet nunqvam tenerave arriserit herba
  Frigida qvae nostris frondibus horret humus;
Nec roseo ridens luxu croceive coloris
  Roscidus aestivo fragret odore calyx;
Si neqve sub foliis anno fugiente relictis
  Edita de tenero germine poma rubent,
Nec mea mussanti promittunt bracchia turbae
  Nectareas, cellis qvae cumulentur, opes:
Hos tamen, hos saltem steriles mihi linqve recessus;
  Laedere fagineas, rustice, parce comas.
Iam deciens senos video redeunte per annos
  Sole nitere polum, fronde virere nemus,
Innumerasqve hiemis vento bacchante procellas
  Floribus et fructu despoliata fero,
Ex qvo prima mea lusit sub fronde iuventus,
  Struxit et innocuos parvula turba choros,
Umbraqve dilecta puerum cum virgine texit
  Mutua qvi laeta pignora mente darent,
Et memori interdum trunco servanda notarent
  Nomina, qvae longo iam periere die.
O ego blanda precor per te suspiria et omnes,
  Conscia queis fuerunt haec loca sancta, sonos,
Vota per hic laetis totiens audita puellis,
  Qvaeqve susurravit verba fidelis amor,
Me precor ut sanctam venerere Cupidinis aram;
  Laedere fagineas, rustice, parce comas.

E. G. H.

Βίη Ἡρακληείη.

Non bibis aetherio diam de nectare tu vim;
Aetherium nectar vis tibi dia dedit.

K.

Saint Dennis to Saint Cupid!

Tell me not, sweet, I am unkinde,
That from the nunnerie
Of thy chaste breast and quiet minde
To war and arms I flie.

True, a new mistresse now I chase,
The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you too shall adore:
I could not love thee, deare, so much,
Loved I not honoure more.

LOVELACE.

The Stony Heart.

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

The blushynge cheeke speakes modest mynde,
The lyppes befittinge wordes most kynde;
The eye does tempte to love's desyre,
And seemes to say, 'tis Cupid's fire:
Yet all so faire but speake my moane,
Syth noughte dothe saye the hearte of stone.

Why thus, my love, so kyndely speake
Sweet lyppe, sweet eye, sweet blushynge cheeke,
Yet not a hearte to save my paine?
O Venus! take thy giftes again;
Make not so faire to cause our moane,
Or make a hearte that's like our owne.

HARINGTON.

Qui bello est habilis, Veneri qvoqve convenit.

Qvod fera tam castis mutare recessibus arma
  Cogimur, eqve tuo longius ire sinu,
Parce, precor, verbis nimium indulgere severis:
  Non adeo tuus est, lux mea, durus amans.
Etsi, acie primum qvemcumqve offendimus hostem,
  Est novus a nobis iste petendus amor,
Si clipeo potius, si basia iungimus ensi,
  Ardentiqve magis corde perimus eqvum;
Attamen et tibi se mea vita probaverit ipsi;
  Nec nihil haec levitas qvo capiaris habet;
Nam tu, crede mihi, non tam dilecta fuisses,
  Ni tibi decressem praeposuisse decus.

G. J. K.

Stat tibi in corde Lapis.

Fons et causa mei, dic, mens mea, qvid sit amoris:
  Ille Neae roseo vernus in ore color;
Mollia curalii laudem rapientia labra,
  Lumina non flammis victa, pyrope, tuis.
Causa mei luctus qvae sit neu parce fateri;
  Mens rigida saxis aemula duritie.
Illa pudicitiam monstrat rosa verna genarum;
  Aptaqve sunt teneris mollia verba labris:
Provocat ille oculi tam lucidus ardor amorem;
  Ipse Cupidineo scilicet igne calet.
Sed mihi, qvidqvid ibi pulcri est, habet omne dolorem,
  Cum taceat mentis saxea durities.
Cur oculi mihi, cara, tui tam suave loqvuntur,
  Labraqve blanditiis plena, genaeqve rosis,
Nec tamen est in te nostri mens parca doloris?
  Splendida pro nimium dona resume, Venus;
Materiamqve mei luctus vel tolle decorem,
  Vel cor, qvale meum est, da qvoqve tale Neae.

K.

The Lake has burst.

The lake has burst! the lake has burst!
Down through the chasms the wild waves flee;
They gallop along,
With a roaring song,
Away to the eâger awaiting sea!

Down through the valleys, and over the rocks,
And over the forests, the flood runs free;
And wherever it dashes,
The oaks and the ashes
Shrink, drop, and are borne to the hungry sea!

The cottage of reeds and the tower of stone,
Both shaken to ruin, at last agree;
And the slave and his master,
In one wide disaster,
Are hurried, like weeds, to the scornful sea!

The sea-beast he tosseth his foaming mane,
He bellows aloud to the misty sky;
And the sleep-buried Thunder
Awakens in wonder,
And the Lightning opens her piercing eye!

There is death above, there is death around,
There is death wherever the waters be;
There is nothing now doing
Save terror and ruin,
In earth, and in air, and the stormy sea!

BARRY CORNWALL.

The Good die not.

In holy slumber here reposing lies
Timocritus: ne'er say the good man dies.

S. A. (*from the Greek*).

Fera Diluvies.

Fugere ruptis obiicibus lacus
Fugere lymphae: per cava litorum
  Exsultim et immissis habenis
    Agmine prono eqvitant liqvores,

Bacchantium cum murmure fluctuum,
Dudum vocantem visere Nerea.
  Per saxa depressasqve valles,
    Per siluas furit expedito

Umore torrens amnis: et impetus
Tumultuantem qva tulit, ilices
  A stirpe convulsas et ornos
    Traxit ad oceanum voracem:

Regumqve turres tectaqve pauperum
Tandem ruinae conciliant pares;
  Fatoqve consortes eodem
    Cum famulis domini per unam

Stragem in superbos, ceu stipulae leves,
Volvuntur aestus. Vorticibus furit
  Neptunus, et cristas comantes
    Fluctibus aeriasqve torqvens

Spumas opacum nubibus ad polum
Immugit omnis: qvo fremitu Pater
  Erectus excusso sopore
    Fulminat et iaculatur ignes:

Supraqve circumqve exitium ingruit,
Qvocumqve cursum praecipitant aqvae;
  Tellusqve caelumqve et tremendas
    Ira maris glomerat ruinas.

T. S. E.

Timocritus.

Hic fruitur sacro per saecla perennia somno
  Timocritus: ne quis credat obire bonos.

C. J. J.

The Lea-Rig.

When o'er the hill the eastern star
  Tells bughtin'-time is near, my jo;
And owsen frae the furrow'd field
  Return sae dowf and weary, O!
Down by the burn, where scented birks
  Wi' dew are hangin' clear, my jo,
I'll meet thee on the lea-rig,
  My ain kind dearie, O!

In mirkest glen, at midnight hour,
  I'd rove and ne'er be eerie, O!
If through that glen I gaed to thee,
  My ain kind dearie, O!
Although the night were ne'er sae wild,
  And I were ne'er sae weary, O!
I'd meet thee on the lea-rig,
  My ain kind dearie, O!

The hunter lo'es the mornin' sun,
  To rouse the mountain-deer, my jo;
At noon the fisher seeks the glen,
  Alang the burn to steer, my jo.
Gi'e me the hour of gloamin' gray,
  It makes my heart sae cheerie, O!
To meet thee on the lea-rig,
  My ain kind dearie, O!

BURNS.

In Elgin Churchyard.

Life is a city with many a street;
Death is the market where all men meet:
If Life were a thing which gold could buy,
The poor could not live, and the rich would not die.

Pratum.

Ubi clivo superato
Pecudes sidus eoum
Vocat ad mulctra coactas, et ab agris rediit bos
Nimio lassus aratro;

Mea lux, conveniam te,
Neobule, meus ignis,
Prope rivum et cava saltus, ubi odorata refulget
Pluviis betula gemmis.

Neqve enim, si per opacae
Tenebrosissima silvae
Media nocte vagarer, metus esset mihi dulcem
Repetenti Neobulen:

Etiam si glomeraret
Rabiem nox, etiam si
Pede fesso titubarem, tamen assueto ibi in agro
Peterem te, meus ardor.

Capreas exagitantem
Nova montes per apertos
Rapiet lux; colet aestu medio flumen et umbras
Sibi piscator amicas:

Ego solus tenebrosam
Celebro vesperis horam,
Mihi qva langvidulum cor recreatur, mihi qva tu
Revocaris, Neobule.

R. B.

Sortitur insignes et imos.

Ἡ πόλις ἔσθ' ὁ βίος, πύκα δὲ λαύρῃσι κέκασται,
ἐν δ' ἀγορὴ θάνατος πᾶσι βροτοῖσι μία.
εἰ δ' ἦν ὠνητὸν χρυσῷ βίος, οὐ πολυχρύσῳ
λειπτέος, οὐ πτωχῷ φωτὶ βιωτὸς ἂν ἦν.

J. R.

The Mariner.

Ye winds which sweep the grove's green tops,
  And kiss the mountains hoar,
Oh softly stir the ocean-waves
  That sleep along the shore;
For my love sails the fairest ship
  That wantons on the sea;
Oh bend his mast with pleasant gales,
  And waft him hame to me.

Oh leave nae mair the bonnie glen,
  Clear stream, and hawthorn grove,
Where first we walked in gloaming gray,
  And sighed and looked of love.
For faithless is the ocean-wave,
  And faithless is the wind;
Then leave nae mair my heart to break
  'Mang Scotland's hills behind.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

To a Lady.

For me no roseate garlands twine,
  But wear them, dearest, in my stead;
Time hath a whiter hand than thine,
  And lays it on my head.

Enough to know thy place on earth
  Is there where roses latest die;
To know, the steps of youth and mirth
  Are thine, that pass me by.

H. TAYLOR.

Nobody at Home.

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

SWIFT.

Pellacia Ponti.

Venti qvi nemorum culmina verritis
Canentiqve iugo figitis oscula,
  Undis parcite longum
    Per litus recubantibus.

Sponsus noster enim dirigit huc ratem,
Qva non ulla fretis pulcrior insilit
  Afris: O bonus adflans
    Deducat Zephyrus domum.

Tu vallem patriam, tu vitreum cole
Fontem et dulce nemus, sero ubi vespere
  Suspiravimus una et
    Vultu praestitimus fidem:

Saxis neve tuo sub borealibus
Me desiderio neglige inemori,
  Fallacisqve Favoni
    Fallacisqve maris sciens.

W. G. C.

Aliena mitte.

Parce mihi, virgo, roseas properare corollas,
  Munera qvae fronti sint magis apta tuae.
Aetatemne vides caput hoc contingere? Palma
  Vel tua prae tali candida palma minus.
Sat mihi, terrarum qvacumqve habitaveris ora,
  Parcat hiems serae serior ipsa rosae;
Cumqve iocus praeter me fugerit atque iuventas,
  Agnoscam gressus, sat mihi, signa tui.

W. G. C.

Nemo Domi est.

Qvi cerebrum pulsas, venturaqve grandia credis
  Consilia, a tandem desine: nemo domi est.

K.

The Cypress Wreath.

O lady, twine no wreath for me,
Or twine it of the cypress-tree.
Too lively glow the lilies light,
The varnished holly's all too bright,
The may-flower and the eglantine
May shade a brow less sad than mine
But, lady, weave no wreath for me,
Or weave it of the cypress-tree.

Let dimpled Mirth his temples twine
With tendrils of the laughing vine;
The manly oak, the pensive yew,
To patriot and to sage be due;
The myrtle-bough bids lovers live,
But that Matilda will not give;
Then, lady, twine no wreath for me,
Or twine it of the cypress-tree.

Let merry England proudly rear
Her blended roses, bought so dear;
Let Albyn bind her bonnet blue
With heath and harebell dipped in dew;
On favoured Erin's crest be seen
The flower she loves of emerald green:
But, lady, twine no wreath for me,
Or twine it of the cypress-tree.

Strike the wild harp, while maids prepare
The ivy meet for minstrel's hair;
And, while his crown of laurel-leaves
With bloody hand the victor weaves,
Let the loud trump his triumph tell;
But when you hear the passing bell,
Then, lady, twine a wreath for me,
And twine it of the cypress-tree.

Iubet Cupressus funebres.

Aut nullum, Lalage, necte mihi, precor,
Aut sertum foliis necte cupressinis.
Resplendent nimio lilia lumine,
Et pictis nimium frondibus arbuti;

Calthis mixta rosae suave rubentia
Nostro serta caput laetius ambiant;
At nullum, Lalage, necte mihi, precor,
Aut sertum foliis necte cupressinis.

Vernanti decoret tempora pampino
Subridens facili laetitia Iocus;
Fortem pro patria saepiat aesculus;
Aptum consiliis taxus amet senem;

Spem reddit miseris myrtus amantibus,
Sed myrtum, Lalage, tu mihi denegas:
Ergo mitte leves nectere flosculos,
Et frondes potius texe cupressinas.

Tollat laeta rosas Anglia compares,
Qvae multo rapuit sanguine praemia,
Innectatqve apici Scotia caerulo
Stillantes liqvido rore thymi comas;

Flos cristam nitidae cingat Hiberniae
Qvi vernat trifida fronde smaragdinus:
At nullum, Lalage, necte mihi, precor,
Aut sertum foliis necte cupressinis.

Inter clara lyrae carmina virgines
Musaeis hederam crinibus implicent:
Et laurus, capiti promeritum decus,
Victor sanguinea dum properat manu,

Æris concelebret clangor adoream:
Tu cum funereo tibia praecinet
Cantu, tum, Lalage, necte mihi, precor,
Tum sertum foliis necte cupressinis.

Yes, twine for me the cypress-bough,
But, O Matilda, twine not now:
Stay till a few brief months are past,
And I have looked and loved my last.
When villagers my shroud bestrew
With pansies, rosemary and rue,
Then, lady, weave a wreath for me,
And weave it of the cypress-tree.

SCOTT.

The Fond Lover.

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prithee, why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prithee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Prithee, why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do't?
Prithee, why so mute?

Quit, quit for shame; this will not move,
This cannot take her:
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her.
Let who will take her!

SUCKLING.

Pictorum Certamen ambiguum.

Nennt den Urbiner den erſten der Maler; allein Leonardo
Iſt zu vollendet, um blos irgend der zweite zu ſeyn.

PLATEN.

Frondem texe mihi, texe cupressinam,
Nec iam texe: brevi da spatium morae,
Dum tempus rapidum fugerit, ultimo
Dum te deficiens lumine videro;
Cum pagus feretrum rore maris meum
Rutisqve et violae munere luteae
Sparget, tum, Lalage, necte mihi, precor,
Tum sertum foliis necte cupressinis.

F. M.

Ad mea, decepti iuvenes, praecepta venite.

Τί χλωρὸς ὧδ', ἐραστά,
τί δ' ὠχριῶν ἀλύεις;
ὅς γ' οὔ τι τήνδ' ἔκαμπτες
κάλλιστος ὢν ἁπάντων,
πῶς αἰσχρὸς ὢν κρατήσεις;
τί μοι, τί ταῦτ' ἀλύεις;
τί κωφὸς ὧδ', ἄμουσε,
μελαγχολῶν τ' ἀλύεις;
ὅς γ' οὔ τι τήνδ' ἔπειθες
λέγων ἄριστα πάντων,
πῶς σῖγ' ἔχων δυνήσῃ;
τί δή, τί ταῦτ' ἀλύεις;
παῦσαι τοιαῦτ' ἀλύων·
οὐχ ὧδ' ἔλοις ἂν αὐτήν.
εἰ μὴ θέλει τὸ πρῶτον
ἐρᾶν ἑκοῦσ' ἑκόντος,
οὐδ', ἢν τι δρᾷς, θελήσει.
μέθες, μέθες μιν ἔρρειν.

K.

Tragoedorum Certamen ambiguum.

Ὥστε θεόν, σέβομέν σε μέγ' ἔξοχον, Ἄγγλε, τραγῳδῶν·
πῶς δὲ καλῶ σ' ἄλλου δεύτερον, ὦ Σόφοκλες;

H. A. J. M.

Hamlet's Soliloquy.

To 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,
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.

SHAKSPEARE.

Grande Certamen.

Esse juvet necne in vita, nunc scilicet est ut
Qvaerendum videatur; utrum sit honestiu' menti
Ferre ferae glandes et spicula fortunai,
An contra aerumnas maris instar fine carentes
Arma capessere et obstando pacare per aevum.
Mors sopor est, nil praeterea; sed dicere posse:—
Ille animi angores et vulnera naturai
Innumerabilia, humanis contingere sueta,
Terminat en:—summe est optandus terminu' talis.
Mors, inqvam, sopor est; sed eum fortasse soporem
Somnia habent; animus nimirum hac haesitat in re.
Qvippe etenim somno in mortis quae somnia oriri
Possunt, excusso mortalis turbine vitae?
Hinc pausam damus; hoc perpenso, deniqve cunctis
Pergimus aerumnis affectum porro agere aevum.
Qvis ludibria enim atqve aetatis verbera ferret,
Qvisve superborum fastidia vimve potentum
Justitiaeve moras, qvis spreti vulnus amoris
Lictorisve supercilium aut indigna malorum
Facta qvibus vexant summissos inqve merentes,
Qvi stricto mucrone qvietem posset apisci?
Qvis grave onus fessae vitai pertoleraret
Cum grunnitibus ac multis sudoribus aegris,
Ni metus ille, aliqvid nobis ne in morte ferat fors,
Inqve reperta loci natura unde advena nullus
Finem ultra remigrat, perculsum distraheret cor?
Ergo damna pati praesentia malumus ista
Qvam nobis nova perfugium atqve incognita habere.
Sic sibi conscia mens timidos nos arguit omnes
Scilicet, ingenuusqve colos ac vis animai
Strenua tabescunt palloribus oblita curae;
Coeptaqve persaepe egregia et molimine magno
Declinant sese pravos rationibus istis
In cursus, ea quae fuerant jam indigna cluere.

H. A. J. M.

The Happy Spirit.

Bright be the place of thy soul:
No lovelier spirit than thine
E'er burst from its mortal control
In the orbs of the blessed to shine.
On earth thou wert all but divine,
As thy soul shall immortally be;
And our sorrow may cease to repine
When we know that thy God is with thee.

Light be the turf of thy tomb;
May its verdure like emeralds be;
There should not be the shadow of gloom
In aught that reminds us of thee.
Young flowers and an evergreen tree
May spring from the spot of thy rest:
But nor cypress nor yew let us see,
For why should we mourn for the blest?

BYRON.

The Sleep of the Brave.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest?
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

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

COLLINS.

Evexit ad aethera virtus.

Sit sine nocte dies qvocumqve vagatur in orbe
  Mens tua, corporeo libera facta luto,
Mens tua qva numqvam mortalia vincula rupit
  Pulcrior, aetheriis associanda choris.
Hospes erat terrae, modo non divina, parumper:
  Nunc tua te divum sidera semper habent;
Nec nimiae deceat nos indulgere qverellae
  Si vocet in gremium te Deus ipse suum,
Nobile gemmanti vernet tibi caespite bustum,
  Et premat exiguo pondere terra caput:
Absint indigni feralia signa doloris;
  Non inter lacrimas fas meminisse tui.
Hunc florum sollemnis honor myrtusqve perennis
  Rite sacret memori relligione locum;
Sit tamen atra procul taxus, tristisqve cupressi
  Qvae male tam fausto convenit umbra rogo.

S. M.

Κείμεθα τοῖς πατρίοις ῥήμασι πειθόμενοι.

Qvalis fortibus est sopor,
  Compostos reqvie qvos prece patria et
Votis proseqvitur bonis?
  Ver udum gelidis sicubi roribus
Heroum rediens sacros
  Ornabit tumulos, floribus induet
Primis qvale beatius
  Planta Musa vaga non tetigit solum.
Illos, funereum decus,
  Divina celebrat pulsa manu chelys;
Illis aerii chori
  Decantata sonat naenia vocibus:
Illic pullus adest Honor
  Exstructum venerans advena caespitem;
Libertasqve piis humum
  Sacrabit lacrimis, flebilis incola.

K.

To Doctor Empirick.

When men a dangerous disease did scape,
Of old, they gave a cock to Aesculape:
Let me give two; that doubly am got free,
From my disease's danger, and from thee.

B. JONSON.

The Gude-wife.

And are ye sure the news is true?
  And are ye sure he's weel?
Is this a time to talk o' wark?
  Ye jads, lay by your wheel.
Is this a time to talk o' wark
  When Colin's at the door?
Gi'e me my cloak, I'll to the quay,
  And see him come ashore.

For there's nae luck about the house,
  There's nae luck ava,
There's little pleasure in the house,
  When our gudeman's awa.

Sae true's his word, sae smooth his speech,
  His breath like caller air,
His very fit has music in't
  As he comes up the stair.

And will I see his face again?
  And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzie with the thought,
  In troth I'm like to greet.

MICKLE.

A Character.

As through the hedgerow shade the violet steals,
And the sweet air its modest leaf reveals,
Her softer charms, but by their influence known,
Surprise all hearts, and mould them to her own.

ROGERS.

Πῦρ καὶ θάλασσα.

Ut qvis maligno convaluerat ex morbo,
Olim piabat Aesculapium gallo.
Faciam duobus ipse: facere bis verum est
Bis liberatum, medice, teqve morboqve.

R. S.

Unico gaudens mulier marito.

Ἦ γὰρ ἴστε σῶν νιν ὄντα καὶ τόδ' ἀγγελθὲν σαφῶς,
δμωίδες; τί δ' οὐκ ἀφείθη κερκίς; οὐχ ἱστῶν ἀκμή·
πῶς ὅδ' ἦν ὁ καιρὸς ἔργων, εἴπερ ἐν πύλαις ἀνήρ;
δεῦρό μοι τὸ φᾶρος οἴσετ', εἶμι δ' ἐς νεώριον,
ἔς τε γῆν ἐκβάντα πρώτη δεξιώσομαι πόσιν.
οὐ γὰρ εὐτυχεῖ τὰ δώματ' ἀνδρὸς ἐκδημοῦντος, οὔκ·
ὄμμα γὰρ δόμων νομίζω δεσπότου παρουσίαν.
ἡδὺ μὲν ῥέουσαν αὐδὴν ἀσφαλὲς δ' ἔχει στόμα
καὶ τὸ πνεῦμ' αὐρῶν ἐλαφρῶν ὥσπερ, εὐστομοῦσι δὲ
καὶ πόδες στείχοντος αὐτοῦ δωμάτων προσαμβάσεις.
ἦ γὰρ ἔσθ' ὅπως πρόσωπον αὖθις ὄψομαι φίλον,
ἠδ' ἀκούσομαι λέγοντος; οὐ γὰρ ἀλλ' ἰλιγγιῶ
τοιάδ' ἐννοοῦσα, καὶ δὴ δάκρυ' οὐ σχήσειν δοκῶ.

K.

Nil conscire sibi.

Ut violae densa sese abscondentis in umbra
Aura tamen grato prodit odore comas,
Sic ea, dum veneres celat, tamen omnia corda
Surripiens molli vi necopina regit.

H. C. R.

The Vegetable Creation.

He scarce had said, when the bare earth, till then
Desert and bare, unsightly, unadorned,
Brought forth the tender grass, whose verdure clad
Her universal face with pleasant green;
Then herbs of every leaf, that sudden flowered
Opening their various colours, and made gay
Her bosom, smelling sweet: and, these scarce blown,
Forth flourished thick the clustering vine, forth crept
The swelling gourd, up stood the corny reed
Embattled in her field, and the humble shrub,
And bush with frizzled hair implicit: last
Rose, as in dance, the stately trees, and spread
Their branches hung with copious fruit, or gemmed
Their blossoms: with high woods the fields were crowned,
With tufts the valleys, and each fountain-side,
With borders long the rivers: that earth now
Seemed like to heaven, a seat where gods might dwell,
Or wander with delight, and love to haunt
Her sacred shades: though God had yet not rained
Upon the earth, and man to till the ground
None was; but from the earth a dewy mist
Went up, and watered all the ground, and each
Plant of the field.

MILTON.

Song of the Dying Maiden.

Lay a garland on my hearse,
  Of the dismal yew;
Maidens, willow branches bear;
  Say I died true.

My love was false, but I was firm
  From my hour of birth.
Upon my buried body lie
  Lightly, gentle earth.

FLETCHER.

Floret Ager.

Vix ea fatus erat, cum nuda incomptaqve tellus,
Nuda prius lateqve informis vastaqve visu,
Gramina summisit: qvae mollia matris apertum
Vestivere latus verno viridiqve lepore.
Tum subit herbarum qvidqvid frondescit; at illae
In florem patuere et versicolore coorta
Laetificant specie gremium telluris odorum.
Deinde profusa freqvens uvis atqve ubere vitis;
Prorepsit cum ventre cucurbita; iuncus agrestes
Direxit calamorum acies et inhorruit hastis;
Mox dumus brevis, et sqvalens hirsuta tenacis
Silva rubi; genus extremum et procerior ordo,
Plurima processit similis saltantibus arbos,
Ramosqve exseruit felicia poma ferentes
Aut gemmis alacres. Agrum silva alta coronat;
Caespitibusqve viret vallis, viret uvida margo
Fontis, et inclusit labentia flumina ripae
Agger: eo tellus omnis perfusa lepore est
In caeli speciem, divisqve accommoda sedes,
Qva vellent spatiari et sacras ire sub umbras:
Qvamvis arva Deus nondum saturaverat imbri,
Nec putres homo qvi glebas domitaret aratro
Ullus erat, sed humo subiens tum roscidus aer
Omne solum terrae fruticesqve rigabat agrestes.

T. S. E.

Moritura super crudeli funere.

Taxum sternite lugubrem,
  Huc vos in tumulo sternite, virgines,
Et glaucum salicis decus,
  Intactaqve mori dicite me fide.
Tu fallax fueras, puer,
  Fido Leuconoe pectore vixero:
Tellus, accipe leniter
  Et pondus cineri fac leve sis meo.

H. C. A. T.

The Destruction of Sennacherib.

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold,
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
Where the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen;
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed on the face of the foe as he pass'd,
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still.

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpets unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal,
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord.

BYRON.

The Poet King.

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

S. A.

Debellare superbos.

Irruit Assyrius, qvalis lupus instat ovili,
  Murice et aurata splendida veste cohors;
Plurimaqve, astrorum ritu qvae caerula reddit
  Unda Palaestini marmoris, hasta micat.
Haud secus aestivis ac ridet frondibus arbos,
  Innumerae fulgent vespere signa manus;
Haud secus ac pereunt hiemali turbine frondes,
  Mane tegunt latum mortua membra solum.
Pandit enim nigras fatalis nuntius alas,
  Cunctaqve funestam spirat in ora luem;
Lumina mox alto frigent langventia somno,
  Corda premit gemitu vix agitata qvies.
Non patula carpit recreantia flamina nare,
  Non fremit insultans frenaqve mandit eqvus:
Spumaqve anhelanti manans pulmone per herbam
  Canet, ut in scopulis unda refusa maris.
Hic eqves accumbit deformi pallidus ore,
  Tela situ, gelido tempora rore madent.
Castra silent, vacuas fluitant vexilla per auras,
  Nec tuba dat solitum nec gravis hasta sonum.
Assyrias luctus viduarum personat urbes,
  Dirutus antiqva Belus in aede cadit.
At non usus erat gladiis: exercitus ingens
  Tabuit aspectu, nix velut igne, Dei.

G. A. B.

Inscriptum in Albo Gazophylacii Monacensis

A. S. MDCCCXLV.

Augustum Flaccumqve viro miraris in uno,
  Rege tuo felix, urbs pia, vate tuo:
Finge hederas auro, laurus imitare smaragdis,
  Ut decoret tantum digna corona caput.

K.

The Woodlands.

Shepherd, I pray thee stay. Where hast thou been?
Or whither goest thou? Here be woods as green
As any, air likewise as fresh and sweet
As where smooth Zephyrus plays on the fleet
Face of the curled streams, with flowers as many
As the young spring gives, and as choice as any;
Here be all new delights, cool streams and wells,
Arbours o'ergrown with woodbines; caves and dells.
Choose where thou wilt; whilst I sit by and sing,
Or gather rushes to make many a ring
For thy long fingers, tell the tales of love,
How the pale Phœbe, hunting in a grove,
First saw the boy Endymion, from whose eyes
She took eternal fire that never dies;
How she conveyed him softly in a sleep,
His temples bound with poppy, to the steep
Head of old Latmus, where she stoops each night,
Gilding the mountain with her brother's light,
To kiss her sweetest.

FLETCHER.

Pan to his Worshippers.

Go rouse the deer with hound and horn,
  And chase him o'er the mountains free:
Or bid the hollow woods resound
  The triumphs of your archery.

Pan leads: and if you hail me right
  As guardian of the silvan reign,
I'll wing your arrows on their flight,
  And speed your coursers o'er the plain.

MERIVALE (*from* LEONIDAS).

Hic genus omne Silvarum fruticumqve viret.

Unde mihi Corydon? qvi te fert impetus? Eheu
Qvid fugis, O demens? Hac nulla virentior umbra est,
Lucidus hic aer, Zephyri vix gratior ala
Molliter allabens fluviorum in marmore crispo
Luxuriat; circa ridet tibi copia florum
Qvot novus annus habet, suboles laetissima glebae.
Adde tot ingenuos fontes semperqve recentes
Delicias ruris, saltus et frigida Tempe:
Adde lacus, adde antra hederae praetexta corymbis.
Qva libet et gratum est, age, considamus amantes:
Tu lentus recubes, teretes ego sedula iuxta
Impediam digitos nexis de gramine circlis,
Aut calamis ludam silvestribus, aut ego molles
Historias dicam, cervos ut pallida Phoebe
Per nemora insectans conspexerit Endymiona.
Vidit, et ex oculis pueri concepit amoris
Aeternas dea victa faces, simul ad tua, Latme,
Saxa papavereis redimitum tempora sertis
Leniter attollens per somnos abripit; illic
Oscula dilecti iuvenis nocturna reqvirens
Luce nova montem et fraterno sidere vestit.

J. E. B. M.

Pan loqvitur.

Ite, per vastos agitate montes
Excitam cornu canibusqve damam,
Vel cavas late resonante silvas
Rumpite nervo.

Ite: sin recte nemorum coletis
Pana custodem, duce me sagittae
Fugerint certae, rapietqve victrix
Ungula campum.

K.

To Ellen.

Though time hath not wreathed
  My temples with snow,
Though age hath not breathed
  A spell o'er my brow;
Yet care's withered fingers
  Press on me with pain;
The fleeting pulse lingers,
  And lingers in vain.

The eyes which behold thee,
  Their brightness is flown;
The arms which enfold thee
  Enfeebled are grown;
And friendship hath left me,
  By fortune estranged;
All, all is bereft me,
  For thou too art changed.

Yes, dark ills have clouded
  The dawning in tears;
Adversity shrouded
  My ripening years;
Life's path, wild and dreary,
  Draws nigh to its close;
Heart-broken and weary,
  I sigh for repose.

The world shall caress thee,
  When I cease to be;
And suns rise to bless thee,
  Which smile not for me;
And hearts shall adore thee,
  And bend at thy shrine;
But none bow before thee
  So truly as mine.

SOUTHEY.

Jamqve Vale.

Aetas si nivibus mihi
Nondum tempora vestiit,
Nec rugis arat horridis
  Frontem acerba senectus:

At me cura nigro terit
Dente; vita tremit, fugit,
Seu moratur adhuc, nihil
  Profutura moratur.

Qvi te nunc oculi vident
Claritate vacant sua,
Qvaeqve bracchia te premunt
  Manca viribus arent;

Et sodalitium vetus
Siccos deseruit cados;
Tuqve iam rapiens abis
  Omnia, omnia tecum.

Ortam luce hilari diem
Fletu sors mala polluit,
Nec procella virilibus
  Lenis incidit annis:

Sed prope est mihi terminus
Tristis et dubiae viae:
Lassa, debilis incipit
  Mens avere qvietem.

Tu superstes amaberis,
Vita cum mihi fugerit;
Tu iuvabere solibus
  Non mihi redituris:

Mille te prece pectora et
Submissis genibus colant,
Nemo qvanto ego, nemo te
  Proseqvetur amore.

The Daughter, the devoted!

Since our country, our God, O my sire,
Demand that thy daughter expire;
Since thy triumph was bought by thy vow,
Strike the bosom that's bared for thee now.

And the voice of my mourning is o'er,
And the mountains behold me no more:
If the hand that I love lay me low,
There cannot be pain in the blow.

And of this, O my father, be sure,—
That the blood of thy child is as pure
As the blessing I beg ere it flow,
And the last thought that soothes me below.

When the virgins of Salem lament,
Be the judge and the hero unbent:
I have won the great battle for thee,
And my father and country are free.

When this blood of thy giving hath gushed,
When the voice that thou lovest is hushed,
Let my memory still be thy pride,
And forget not I smiled as I died.

BYRON.

Orpheus.

No more, sweet Orpheus, shalt thou lead along
Oaks, rocks, and savage monsters with thy song,
Fetter the winds, the struggling hailstorm chain,
The snowy desert soothe, and sounding main;
For thou art dead: the Muses o'er thy bier,
Sad as thy parent, pour the tuneful tear.
Weep we a child? Not e'en the gods can save
Their glorious offspring from the hated grave.

BLAND (*from* ANTIPATER).

Mactatu Parentis.

Cum patria, O genitor, cum numen postulet ipsum
  Tingat ut Isacios nata cruore focos:
Cum voto fuerit clari laus empta triumphi,
  Ne tibi nudatum parce ferire sinum.
Virgineae cessat munus sollemne qverellae;
  Nec patrii montes me, velut ante, vident.
Si dilecta parat generosum dextera letum,
  Qvid nimii vulnus tale doloris habet?
Hoc tibi pro certo stet in ima mente repostum:
  Tam purum in venis flumen inesse meis
Qvam spes, in leto qvae me solantur, et istae
  Concipies pro me qvas moriente preces.
Maesta meam qvando lugebit naenia mortem,
  Naenia virgineis ingeminata choris,
Tu, pater, immotus iudex herosqve maneto;
  Non ego sum lacrimis dedecoranda tuis,
Per qvam clara tuas ornat victoria turmas,
  Frangit et indignum terra paterna iugum.
Cum vitam abstuleris, qvam tu, pater, ipse dedisti,
  Et mea sub gelida lingva tacebit humo,
Natae semper ovans facito praeconia, meqve
  Trade renidentem colla dedisse neci.

G. J. K.

Rhodopeïus Orpheus.

Non scopulos qvercusqve vagas, non amplius, Orpheu,
  Tuis ligata monstra cantibus trahes:
Non sternes iterum ventos et grandinis imbrem,
  Neqve alta nec nivosa Caucasi iuga

Mollieris. Te Mors rapuit. Sed busta canoris
  Parens Camena rite lacrimis rigat.
Nos puerum gemimus? Non di de prole parentes
  Tenebricosa depulere Tartara.

K.

Motley's the only wear.

Fools they are the only nation
Worth men's envy or admiration;
Free from care or sorrow-taking,
Selves and others merry-making;
All they speak or do is sterling;
Your fool he is your great man's darling,
And your ladies' sport and pleasure;
Tongue and bable are his treasure;
E'en his face begetteth laughter,
And he speaks truth free from slaughter.
He's the grace of every feast,
And sometimes the chiefest guest;
Hath his trencher and his stool,
When wit waits upon the fool.
O who would not be
He, He, He?

B. JONSON.

The dying Patriot.

When he who adores thee has left but the name
Of his fault and his sorrow behind,
Oh say, wilt thou weep, when they darken the fame
Of a life that for thee was resigned?

Yes, weep, and however my foes may condemn,
Thy tears shall efface their decree;
For Heaven can witness, though guilty to them,
I have been but too faithful to thee.

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love;
Every thought of my reason was thine;
In my last humble prayer to the Spirit above
Thy name shall be mingled with mine.

Oh, blest are the lovers and friends who shall live
The days of thy glory to see;
But the next dearest blessing that Heaven can give
Is the pride of thus dying for thee.

MOORE.

Sapiens Stultitia.

Μάκαρ ὦ μωρῶν ζηλωτὸν ἔθνος, μακαριστότατον παρὰ
πᾶσιν,
λύπης ἀμαθεῖς τοῦ τ' ἀνιᾶσθαι, τῷ θ' ἥλικι καὶ σφίσι
τερπνοί.
πάντα λεγόντων πάντα δὲ δρώντων πάντα νόμισμ' ὧν
σοφὸς ἡγοῦ.
τοῦ γὰρ ἔχοντος παιδίχ' ὁ μῶρος καὶ ταῖσι γυναιξὶν ἄθυρμα,
θησαυρὸς ὅτῳ γλῶττ' ἀχάλινος, τὸ δέ γ' ὄμμα γέλων
ἀποτίκτει.
κἀληθεύει τὰς χεῖρας ἔχων καθαράς· χαρίεις τ' ὀαριστὴς
πάντων μετέχει τῶν συμποσίων, κἄσθ' ὅτε πρῶτος παρα-
κληθείς,
κατακλινόμενος ματτυολοιχῶν θ'· ὁ σοφὸς δὲ διάκονος αὐτὸς
τῷ βωμολόχῳ. τοιοῦτος ἀνὴρ τίς ἂν οὐκ εὔξαιτο γενέσθαι;

R. S.

Non timidus perire.

Cum culpae titulos et fati praeter acerbi
  Nil tibi legarit tam bene fidus amans,
Meqve malae carpent lingvae, num flebis, Ierne?
  Dicar enim pro te non timuisse mori.
Flebis; et intulerint crimen qvodcumqve maligni,
  Delebunt lacrimae turpia verba tuae;
Testor enim caelum, qvamvis obnoxius illis,
  Te tantum nimia credar amasse fide.
Te solam, te prima meae coluere iuventae
  Somnia; tota tui mens mea iuris erat:
Inqve meis mecum tu commendabere votis,
  Cum Deus extrema voce precandus erit.
O ter felices, illo qui tempore vivent,
  Cum tuus illustri lumine surget honos;
Praemia post illos mihi cedunt altera, pro te
  Nobile cui fuerit sic periisse decus.

J. G. L.

Matrimonial Jars.

W. Husband, husband, cease your strife,
Nor longer idly rave, sir;
Though I am your wedded wife,
I am not your slave, sir.

H. One of two must still obey,
Nancy, Nancy;
Is it man or woman? say,
My spouse Nancy.

W. If 'tis still the lordly word,
Service and obedience,
I'll desert my sovereign lord;
And so good bye, allegiance.

H. Sad will I be so bereft,
Nancy, Nancy;
Yet I'll try to make a shift,
My spouse Nancy.

W. My poor heart then break it must,
My last hour I'm near it;
When you lay me in the dust,
Think how you will bear it.

H. I will hope and trust in heaven,
Nancy, Nancy;
Strength to bear it will be given,
My spouse Nancy.

W. Well, sir, from the silent dead
Still I'll try to daunt you;
Ever round your midnight bed
Horrid sprites shall haunt you.

H. I'll wed another, like my dear
Nancy, Nancy;
Then all hell will fly for fear,
My spouse Nancy.

BURNS.

Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re.

U. Vir, vir, desine litium,
Neu permitte vagis frena furoribus;
Nuptum me tibi comparem,
Non qvae serva forem, lex, puto, tradidit.

M. Unus pareat alteri
De binis opus est, Nannia, Nannia:
Virne an femina debeat
Praestare obseqvium, lux mea, videris.

U. Narras obseqvium mihi,
Pareriqve tibi, ceu domino, iubes?
Saevae castra potentiae
Linqvo; tuqve, vetus servitium, vale.

M. Tali coniugio carens
Perqvam maestus ero, Nannia, Nannia;
Sed qvod corrigere est nefas
(Scis, uxor) levius fit patientia.

U. Aegrum dissiliet malis
Cor, vitaeqve dies ingruit ultima:
Cum me tradideris humo,
Qvi tum, dure silex, sensus erit tibi?

M. Qvidni caelituos opem
Poscam suppliciter, Nannia, Nannia?
Sic, spero, dabitur mihi
Mens sortisqve capax et tolerans mali.

U. At tum terror ero tibi
In lucem e tacitis reddita manibus:
At coetus lemurum tuis
Nocturnus thalamis insidiabitur.

M. Nobis altera nupserit
Instar sponsa tui, Nannia, Nannia;
Sic diro lemurum metu
Cum totis fugient agmina Tartaris.

To Phyllis.

Phyllis, why should we delay
Pleasures shorter than the day?
Could we (which we never can)
Stretch our lives beyond their span,
Beauty like a shadow flies,
And our youth before us dies:
Or, would youth and beauty stay,
Love hath wings, and will away.
Love hath swifter wings than Time;
Change in Love to heaven does climb;
Gods, that never change their state,
Vary oft their love and hate.
  Phyllis, to this truth we owe
All the love betwixt us two.
Let not you and I inquire
What has been our past desire;
On what shepherd you have smiled,
Or what nymphs I have beguiled:
Leave it to the planets too
What we shall hereafter do:
For the joys we now may prove,
Take advice of present love.

WALLER.

Schicksal.

Ja, Schickſal, ich verſtehe dich:
Mein Glück iſt nicht von dieſer Welt,
Es blüht im Traum der Dichtung nur.
Du ſendeſt mir der Schmerzen viel,
Und gibſt für jedes Leid ein Lied.

UHLAND.

Carpe Diem.

Qvid, mea Phylli, iuvat longos differre per annos
  Gaudia praecipiti vel breviora die?
Si fas cuiqve foret vitam, qvod fata negarunt,
  Ultra concessas ducere sorte colos,
Forma tamen veluti tenues fugit umbra per auras,
  Et citius qvam nos laeta iuventa perit.
Si vellet iuvenile decus, si forma manere,
  At celeri penna transfugit acer Amor.
Ille habet alarum citiorem Tempore motum,
  Caelestiqve etiam sunt in amore vices;
Et, cui nil aliud varium et mutabile, saepe
  Motibus alternis odit amatqve deus.
Hinc, mea Phylli, oritur, si vis mihi credere, nostra
  Pectora iucundi qvidqvid amoris habent.
Nobis scire nefas, nec iam, mea vita, rogemus,
  Qvi mihi versarit, qvi tibi pectus amor:
Qvem modo fallaci tu spe lactaris amantem,
  Qvae fuerit verbis capta puella meis,
Astra satis scierint; astris permitte, qvid ipsa
  Mox facias, et qvae sint facienda mihi.
Tempora qvid laeti nobis praesentia donent
  Sit tibi nunc monitor, sit mihi, solus amor.

E. M. C.

Δίδου δ' ἀγαθόν τε κακόν τε.

Iam scio qvid moneas. Perierunt gaudia mundi;
  Somnia Pieridum sola fruenda manent.
Milia tot mihi das, Fors o male fausta, dolorum:
  Sed cum qvoque malo das bene fausta melos.

K.

The Lee-Shore.

Sleet, and hail, and thunder!
And ye winds that rave,
Till the sands thereunder
Tinge the sullen wave;

Winds, that like a demon
Howl with horrid note
Round the toiling seaman
In his tossing boat!

From his humble dwelling
On the shingly shore,
Where the billows swelling
Keep such hollow roar;—

From that weeping woman,
Seeking with her cries
Succour superhuman
From the frowning skies;—

From the urchin pining
For his father's knee;—
From the lattice shining
Drive him out to sea!

Let broad leagues dissever
Him from yonder foam.
O God! to think man ever
Comes too near his home!

HOOD.

Epitaph on an Infant.

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

A.

Nimium premendo Litus iniquum.

Grandines imbresqve Iovisqve fulmen,
Instar et diri Boreas gigantis,
Ima qvo bacchante truces arena
Miscuit undas,

Qvi laborantem fragili carina
Navitam circumgemis, hunc procul vos
Pellite a saxis qvibus intumescens
Obstrepit unda;

Qva, boni tutela laris, marinis
Accubat spumis casa, qva minaces
Pro viro divos miseris fatigat
Planctibus uxor,

Qva puer multum lacrimans amata
Poscit absentis genua; a fenestra,
Qvae procul nota rutilat lucerna,
Trudite in altum.

Longus hunc inter scopulosqve iniqvos
Saeviat pontus. Tibi vae miselle,
Qvem vel aversi tueantur arce-
antqve penates.

W. G. C.

Parta Qvies.

Pondere curarum nimioqve oppressa dolore
Triste secat vitae plurima cymba fretum;
Sors tamen huic melior portum dedit ante carinae
Tangere quam flatus incubuere mari.

K.

Licht und Waerme.

Der beſſ're Menſch tritt in die Welt
  Mit fröhlichem Vertrauen;
Er glaubt, was ihm die Seele ſchwellt,
  Auch autzer ſich zu ſchauen,
Und weiht, von edlem Eifer warm,
Der Wahrheit ſeinen treuen Arm.

Doch Alles iſt ſo klein, ſo eng,
  Hat er es erſt erfahren,
Da ſucht er in dem Weltgedräng
  Sich ſelbſt nur zu bewahren;
Das Herz in kalter ſtolzer Ruh
Schließt endlich ſich der Liebe zu.

Sie geben, ach, nicht immer Glut,
  Der Wahrheit helle Strahlen;
Wohl denen, die des Wiſſens Gut
  Nicht mit dem Herzen zahlen.
Drum paart, zu eurem ſchönſten Glück,
Mit Schwärmers Ernſt des Weltmanns Blick.

SCHILLER.

Song of Proserpine.

Sacred Goddess, Mother Earth,
  Thou from whose immortal bosom
Gods and men and beasts have birth,
  Leaf and blade and bud and blossom,
Breathe thine influence most divine
On thine own child Proserpine.

If with mists of evening dew
  Thou dost nourish these young flowers
Till they grow, in scent and hue,
  Fairest children of the hours,
Breathe thine influence most divine
On thine own child Proserpine.

SHELLEY.

Qvaedam, si credis consultis, mancipat Usus.

Alti cordis homo bonaeqve mentis
Res laeta iuvenis fide capessit:
Affectus animi sui benignos
Normam dum putat esse ceterorum,
Nervis omnibus intimisqve votis
Vero dedicat ipse se tuendo.
Sed quaecumqve homines agunt aventqve
Qvam sint omnia sordida ac pusilla
Expertus sibi consulit, sua arma
Per turbam studet explicare victor,
Nil ultra trepidans; in hoc qvievit,
Et supercilio gravi superbus
Nullas curat habere caritates.
Heu non semper alit calore blando
Pectus lucida flamma Veritatis.
Felicissimus ille, qvisqvis usu
Dum scit vivere non amare nescit.
Ergo, qvi volet esse perbeatus,
Ardorem meditantis alta mentis
Scita callidus arte temperabit.

K.

Περσεφόνης Σκόλιον.

Μῆτερ, πότνα θεῶν, σὺ δ' Αἶα, σῶν γὰρ
πάντ' ἐξ ἀθανάτων ἔγεντο κόλπων,
ἐπίπνει κάρᾳ Περσεφόνης
ἄμβροτα δῶρα Κούρης σέθεν εὐτέκνου.
σοῦ θεὸς γὰρ ἔφυ βροτός τε καὶ θήρ,
ποίη σὺν πετάλοις, κάλυξ ἅμ' ἄνθει·
νεόδρεπτα δ' εἰ ταῦτ' ἐθέλεις
ἐσπερίαισιν ἀλδεῖν ῥανίσιν δρόσων,
κάλλει τ' αὐξόμεν' εὐπνόῳ τ' ἐν ὀδμῇ
ἄνθεμ' ἔκγονα καλλιπάρθεν' Ὡρῶν,
ἐπίπνει κάρᾳ Περσεφόνης
ἄμβροτα δῶρα Κούρης σέθεν εὐτέκνου.

R. S.

Dear is my little native Vale.

Know ye not that lovely river?
Know ye not that smiling river,
Whose gentle flood
By cliff and wood
With wildering sound goes winding ever?

Oh, often yet, with feeling strong,
On that dear stream my memory ponders;
And still I prize its murmuring song,
For by my childhood's home it wanders.

There's music in each wind that blows
Around our native valley breathing;
There's beauty in each flower that grows
Around our native woodland wreathing;

The memory of the lightest joys,
In childhood's happy dawn that found us,
Is dearer than the richest toys
The present vainly sheds around us.

O sister, when, mid doubts and fears
That haunt life's onward journey ever,
I turn to those departed years,
And that beloved and lovely river,—

My sinking heart with suffering riven,
And soul with lonely anguish aching,—
It needs my long-taught hope in heaven
To keep that weary heart from breaking.

GRIFFIN.

Qvid valle permutem Sabina?

Nostine rivi delicias mei?
Nostine risus? lenibus hic aqvis
  Per saxa per silvas vagatur
    Blandiloqvos iterans susurros.

O saepe qvestu te memori nimis
Desideravi, flumen amabile,
  Qvae murmur emittis canorum
    Ante alias mihi grata lymphas

Altricis extra limina villulae:
Mellitiores nonne favonii
  In valle suspirant paterna?
    Nonne viget per avita tesqva

Florum venustas gratior? o mihi
Lux si resurgat laeta, puertiae
  Qvae prima subrisit beatae,
    Famam et opes fatuasqve gazas

Ultro resignem qvas fugiens dies
Fastidienti cumqve profuderit.
  Sic inter incertos timores,
    Cara soror, qvibus aegra semper

Vitae impeditur semita, limpidos
Si qvando amati fluminis ad sinus
  Annosqve delapsos revertor,
    Pectora dum malesanus angor

Deserta torqvet, mensqve doloribus
Langvet supremis, nil nisi liminum
  Spes certa caelestum refecit
    Corda suo lacerata morsu.

A. H.

Done into English by Will Shakspeare.

Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show;
  But wonder on, till truth makes all things plain.
This man is Pyramus, if you would know;
  This beauteous lady Thisby is, certain.
This man, with lime and roughcast, doth present
  Wall,—that vile wall that did these lovers sunder.
And through wall's chink, poor souls, they are content
  To whisper; at the which let no man wonder.
This man, with lantern, dog, and bush of thorn,
  Presenteth moonshine; for, if you will know,
By moonshine did these lovers think no scorn
  To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo.
This grisly beast, which by name lion hight,
The trusty Thisby, coming first by night,
Did scare away, or rather did affright.
And as she fled, her mantle she did fall;
  Which lion vile with bloody mouth did stain:
Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth and tall,
  And finds his trusty Thisby's mantle slain.
Whereat with blade, with bloody blameful blade,
  He bravely broached his boiling bloody breast;
And, Thisby tarrying in mulberry shade,
  His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,
Let lion, moonshine, wall, and lovers twain,
At large discourse, while here they do remain.

Pyramus.

Sweet Moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams;
  I thank thee, Moon, for shining now so bright:

Ἐκ τῆς ἐλεεινοτάτης κωμῳδίας, ἐν ᾗ Πυραμοῦ καὶ Θίσβης οἰκτρότατα παθήματα διηγεῖται ὁ ποιητής.

Παράβασις.

Ὦ θεώμενοι, τάχ' ἴσως θαυμάσεσθε τὴν θέαν.
ἀλλ' ἔτ', ἔστ' ἂν πάντα φράσῃ τἀληθές, θαυμάζετε.
ἄνδρα τόνδε Πυραμὸν ὄντ' ἴστ', ἢν βούλησθ' εἰδέναι,
Θίσβη γὰρ παῖς καλλιπρόσωπος δήλη 'στ' ἐκεινητί.
ἀνὴρ δ' οὔμπλεως χάλικος καὶ πηλοῦ μιμήσεται
τεῖχος τοὐπίτριπτον, ἐραστὰ διεῖργον τὼ δύο.
τώδε γὰρ τείχους δι' ὀπῆς ἀσμένως τρισαθλίω
νῦν πρὸς ἀλλήλω ψιθυρίζουσ'· ἃ μηδεὶς θαυμάσῃ.
ἄνδρα κεῖνον δ', ὃς κύν' ἱπνόν τ' ἔχει κἀκάνθης βάτον,
σελήνης πρόσωπον ὁρᾶτ'· ἢν γὰρ βούλησθ' εἰδέναι,
τὼ δύ' οὐκ αἰδεῖσθον ἐραστὰ Σεληναίας σέλας
εἰς Νίνου τύμβον προαπαντῶντε καὶ παίζοντ' ἐκεῖ.
θηρίον τόδ' αὖ χαροπόν, λέονθ' ὃν κικλήσκομεν,
Θίσβην πιστήν· ἐρχομένη δ' ἡ παῖς νυκτὸς ἔφθασεν·
ἐξέπληξ' εἶτ' οὖν ἐφόβησ'· ὧδε γὰρ τρανῶς ἐρῶ.
φεύγουσαν δὲ θοιμάτιον λανθάνει πίπτον χαμαί,
χὠ λέων γνάθοις ἀκάθαρτος χραίνει μιαιφόνοις.
κἀν τῷδ' ἡδὺς ὑψικόμας μειρακίσκος προσμολὼν
κτάμενον εὗρε θοιμάτιον Θίσβης πιστῆς Πυραμός.
φασγάνῳ δὲ τῷ φοβερῷ τῷ φονῶντι φασγάνῳ
φλᾷ φλογωπὸν φοιταλέος φοινίαν φίλην φρένα.
εἶτα, Θίσβη γὰρ παρέμεινεν μόρου σκιᾶς ὕπο,
ἔγχος εἵλκυσ' εἶτ' ἔθανεν. τἄλλα δ' οὖν πάνθ' ὡς ἔχει,
ἡ σελήνη, τὼ δύ' ἐραστά, τὸ τεῖχος, χὠ λέων,
οἵδ' ἀφηγείσθων τάδ', ἕως ἐνθαδὶ μένουσ' ἔτι.

Ἐκ τῆς αὐτῆς κωμῳδίας λείψανον.

Π. Δῖα Σελήνη, σὲ δὲ μαρμαρυγῆς ἄγαμαι τῆς ἠλιοειδοῦς.
ἄγαμαι δῆτ', ὦ δῖα Σελήνη, σελαγεῖς σέλας οὕνεκα λαμπρόν·

For by thy gracious golden glittering streams,
I trust to taste of truest Thisby's sight.
But stay—O spite!
But mark—poor knight,
What dreadful dole is here?
Eyes, do you see?
How can it be?
O dainty duck! O dear!
Thy mantle good,
What, stained with blood?
Approach, ye furies fell!
O fates, come, come!
Cut thread, and thrum!
Quail, crush, conclude, and quell!

The Beautiful is Hard.

Before the Dardan's raptured eyes
When strove the Three for beauty's prize,
The umpire's doubting gaze declared:
To judge the Beautiful is hard.

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

And when in battle's fevered strife
He lost his wealth, his bride, his life,
The warrior's dying groan declared:
To keep the Beautiful is hard.

S. A.

ὑπὸ γὰρ τοῖς σοῖς χρυσορύτοισιν χλιδανοῖς χαρίεσσι ῥεέθροις
ὅσσων Θίσβης τῆς πιστοτάτης πίστις πάρα πάγχυ πάσασθαι.

ἀτὰρ οὐχὶ μενεῖς; φεῦ τῆς ὕβρεως·
ὦ δύσμορ ἐράστ', οὐχὶ κατόψει;
τί τόδ' αὖ φοβερὸν φρικῶδες ὁρᾶν;
ἦ τήνδε θέαν λεύσσετον, ὄμματε;
πῶς δέ, νεόττιον,
ὦ νηττάριον, τάδ' ἂν εἴη;
τὸ δ' ἀμώμητον στάζειν αἵματι
σὴν ἀμπεχόνην. ἐπιχαιρέκακοι
δεῦρ' ἴτ' Ἐρινύες· ἔλθετε Μοῖραι·
τέμνετε λήνεα, τέμνετε πηνία·
κείρετε καίνετε
κἀκθλίβετε, κἆτα πεπαύσθω.

R. S.

Χαλεπὰ τὰ καλά.

Κύπριν, Ἀθηναίην, Ἥρην Πάρις εἶδε βραβεύσων,
εὗρε δ' ἰδὼν κρίνειν ὡς χαλέπ' ἦν τὰ καλά.
εἶτ' ἔμολεν Σπάρτην Ἑλένης δι' ἔρωτα, τὸ δ' εὐθὺς
εὗρε μολὼν κλέπτειν ὡς χαλέπ' ἦν τὰ καλά.
ἐν δὲ τέλει πλοῦτόν τ' ὀλέσας ἄλοχόν τε βίον τε
εὗρε θανὼν σώζειν ὡς χαλέπ' ἦν τὰ καλά.

C. T. C.

The Land of the Sun.

Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle
  Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime;
Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,
  Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime?
Know ye the land of the cedar and vine,
Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine;
Where the light wings of zephyr, oppressed with perfume,
Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gúl in her bloom;
Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,
And the voice of the nightingale never is mute;
Where the tints of the earth, and the hues of the sky,
In colour though varied, in beauty may vie,
And the purple of ocean is deepest in dye;
Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine,
And all, save the spirit of man, is divine?
'Tis the clime of the East—'tis the land of the Sun;
Can he smile on such deeds as his children have done?
Oh, wild as the accents of lovers' farewell
Are the hearts which they bear, and the tales which they tell.

BYRON.

The Lion and the Unicorn.

The lion and the unicorn
  Were fighting for the crown;
The lion beat the unicorn
  All round the town.
Some gave him white bread;
  Some gave him brown;
Some gave him plum-cake,
  And sent him out of town.

GAMMER GURTON.

Solis Regio.

Nostin qvae regio miscet myrteta cupressis,
  Indicio populi qvalia facta sui;
Vulture qva sceleris furor est immanior, et qva
  Solvitur in gemitus turturis instar amor?
Nostin laeta cedris late iuga, laeta Lyaeo,
  Qva cum perpetuo flore perenne iubar;
Qva zephyri errantis suaves rosa verna per hortos
  Qvamlibet admissam tardat odore fugam;
Pomiferae decus est ubi citrus olivaqve silvae,
  Mutaqve non umqvam vox, Philomela, tua est;
Qva, cum terrarum color alter et alter Olympi,
  Major, in ambiguo est, gloria cedat utri;
Qva rubet oceani clarissima purpura; qvaqve
  Multa rosis virgo textile nectit opus,
Nectit, et ipsa rosis est mollior: omniaqve, unam
  Excipias animi vim modo, plena Deo?
Haec regio est Orientis; et haec gratissima Phoebo:
  Num spectat populi blandior ausa sui?
O, ut amatorum vox illa novissima, dirum est
  Qvodqve solent animo volvere, qvodqve loqvi.

H. T.

Grande Certamen.

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

K.

To the Nightingale.

O Nightingale, that on yon bloomy spray
  Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still,
  Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill,
While the jolly Hours lead on propitious May.
Thy liquid notes, that close the eye of day,
  First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,
  Portend success in love; oh, if Jove's will
Have linked that amorous power to thy soft lay,
  Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate
Foretell my hopeless doom, in some grove nigh;
  As thou, from year to year, hast sung too late
For my relief, yet hadst no reason why:
  Whether the Muse or Love call thee his mate,
Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

MILTON.

John Anderson.

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

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

BURNS.

Ad Philomelam.

Ἀηδὼν ἐν θαλλοῖσιν εὐφύλλοις λιγὺ
μέλπουσα, πᾶν ὅθ' ἕσπερος κοιμᾷ νάπος,
ἢ τοῖς ἐρῶσιν ἐλπίδ' ἐμβάλλεις νέαν,
ὡς προσπολουσῶν εὐφιλῆ θέρους πόδα
Ὡρῶν φαεινῶν· σὸν γὰρ εὔμουσον μέλος,
ὑφ' οὗ ξυνάπτει βλέφαρον ἡμέρας ὕπνος,
κόκκυγος ἄφρον ἦν πάρος φθάσῃ φανὲν
στόμ', αἰσίους ἔρωτος ἐξαυδᾷ τύχας·
πρός σ', εἰ χάριν τήνδ' ἐκ Διὸς θελκτηρίαν
ἠδεῖ ἔχει σου γῆρυς, ἀλλὰ νῦν καλῶ
εἰς καιρὸν ᾆσαι, πρίν με τὴν ἀναρσίαν
ὄρνιν δύσορνιν, θάμνον ἵζουσαν πέλας,
ἀνέλπιδι ζυγέντα σημῆναι μόρῳ.
πάλαι γὰρ ᾄδουσ' ἀλλ' ἀεί ποθ' ὑστέρα
πολλαῖς διαδοχαῖς οὐδὲν ὠφελεῖς ἐτῶν.
καίτοι δίκην τίν' εἶχες; εἴτε γάρ σ' Ἔρως
εἴτ' οὖν ἑταίραν Μοῦσα κικλήσκειν φιλεῖ,
κείνοιν ὁμιλῶ δοῦλος ὢν ἀμφοῖν ἐγώ.

J. R.

Nec turpem senectam Degere.

Pamphile, care senex, primo mihi cognitus aevo
Corvus eras crines, tempora marmor eras.
Nunc frons calva tibi, nivea est coma; sed mihi vernat
Bruma tui capitis, Pamphile, care senex.
Pamphile, care senex, nos collem ascendimus una,
Et laeti socios vidimus ire dies:
Nosqve iter emensos nexis declive lacertis
Una qvies iunget, Pamphile, care senex.

K.

Jealousy cruel as the Grave.

Had it pleased heaven
To try me with affliction; had he rained
All kinds of sores and shames on my bare head;
Steeped me in poverty to the very lips;
Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes;
I should have found in some place of my soul
A drop of patience; but, alas, to make me
A fixed figure for the hand of scorn
To point his slow unmoving finger at,—
O! O!
Yet could I bear that too; well, very well:
But there where I have garnered up my heart;
Where either I must live, or bear no life;
The fountain from the which my current runs,
Or else dries up—to be discarded thence!
Patience, thou young and rose-lipped cherubim,
Ay, there, look grim as hell!

SHAKSPEARE.

An sie.

Deine Augen ſind nicht himmelblau,
Dein Mund, er iſt kein Roſenmund,
Nicht Bruſt und Arme Lilien.
Ach welch ein Frühling wäre das,
Wo ſolche Lilien, ſolche Roſen
Im Thal und auf den Höhen blühten,
Und alles das ein klarer Himmel
Umfinge, wie dein blaues Aug'!

UHLAND.

Saevit Amor.

Εἰ θεοῖσιν ἦν ἀρεστὸν ἐμβαλεῖν ἐμοὶ
δύας ἀπευκτούς, εἰ δὲ δυσκλεεστάτων
γυμνῷ 'πὶ κρατὶ καταχέαι ζάλην κακῶν,
δῆσαί τ' ἐν ἐσχάταισιν ἐνδείαις βίου
δεσμοῖσι δυσλύτοισιν ἐλπίδων ἄπο,
κάνταῦθ' ἂν ὀρθαῖς καρτερεῖν εἶχον φρεσίν·
τὸ δ' αὖ μ' ἰδρῦσαι πασσαλευτὸν ὧδ' ὅπως
ἄγαλμ', ὁ μακρὸς οὗ μ' ἀκινήτοις ἀεὶ
χρόνος προδείξει δακτύλων ὀρέγμασιν·
φεῦ φεῦ.
ἀλλ' οὐκ ἄτλητον οὐδέ μοι τόδ' ἐστίν· οὔ.
θηκῶν δ' ἵν' ἦν μοι τῶν φρενῶν κειμήλιον,
ὧν οὐ βιωτὸν ἦν ἀποστερουμένῳ,
κρήνης δ' ὅθεν μοι ῥεῦμα καὶ πηγὴ βίου
ἔρρωγεν, ἀποτυχοῦσα δ' αὐάνθη πάλιν,
τούτων ἁμαρτεῖν οὐκέτ' ἐστ' ἀνασχετόν.
ὦ καρτέρησις, ἀλλόχρως ἤδη γενοῦ,
καὶ νεαρὸν ἄνθος ἀποβαλοῦσ' εὐμορφίας
ἄλλαξον Ἅιδου τ' ὄμμα καὶ γοργὴν σχέσιν.

E. M. C.

Ad Miram.

Non caeli tuus instar est ocellus;
Non instar tua labra sunt rosarum;
Non sunt lilia pectus ac lacerti.
O vis illa serenitasqve veris,
Qvod vestire rosisqve liliisqve
Posset talibus invidenda rura;
Cui tam splendidus immineret aether
Qvam lux caerulei tua illa ocelli.

K.

Visions of the Future.

I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be;
Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales;
Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rained a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies, grappling in the central blue,
Far along the world-wide whisper of the south wind rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples plunging through the thunder-storm;
Till the war-drum throbbed no longer, and the battle-flags were furled
In the parliament of man, the federation of the world.

TENNYSON.

Empfänglichkeit.

In die kalte, herbe Luft
Haucht die Rose keinen Duft.
Zu der Erde Liebeswonne
Wärme dich in Gottes Sonne.

W. MUELLER.

Qvid sit Futurum.

Vidi (neqve ultra lumina pergere
Humana fas est) fataqve gentium
Promissa mirandosqve cursus
Et speciem venientis aevi.

Vidi scatentem mercibus aera;
Non usitatis vidi ego linteis
Puppes adurgeri et magistros
Vespere purpureo rubentes

Deferre gazas desuper aureas;
Caelumqve sese murmure bellico
Miscere feralesqve labi
Caeruleum per inane rores,

Haerente classi classe per aetheris
Campos nitentes; unde tepentibus
Late susurrabat per orbem
Flaminibus furialis Auster.

Inter procellas fulmine luridas
Deproeliantum signa cohortium
Volvuntur. At tandem tubarum
Vox siluit lituusqve belli;

Iam desierunt martia pandier
Vexilla; iam nunc sedit amabilis
Conventus, et commune foedus
Unanimae voluere gentes.

H. A. J. M.

Calor divinus.

Aere sub gelido nullos rosa fundit odores;
Ut placeat tellus, sole calesce Dei.

K.

Caledonia.

O Caledonia, stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child;
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band
That knits me to thy rugged strand?
Still, as I view each well-known scene,
Think what is now, and what hath been,
Seems as, to me, of all bereft,
Sole friends thy woods and streams are left;
And thus I love them better still,
Even in extremity of ill.
By Yarrow's stream still let me stray,
Though none should guide my feeble way;
Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,
Although it chill my withered cheek;
Still lay my head by Teviot stone,
Though there, forgotten and alone,
The bard may draw his parting groan.

SCOTT.

O breathe not his Name.

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

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

MOORE.

Τρηχεῖ' ἀλλ' ἀγαθὴ κουροτρόφος.

Dura, poetarum nutrix aptissima, tellus,
  Qvam nemus et rubea vestit erica coma;
Scotia caeruleis Acheloi laeta fluentis,
  Laeta iugis; patribus Scotia cara meis;
Qvae manus aeterni pia vincula rumpat amoris,
  Et memores orae nos vetet esse tuae?
Singula per notos dum rura revisimus agros,
  Et qvae sunt, animo, qvaeqve fuere, seqvor,
Omnibus amissis tua iam lenimina nobis
  Et nemora et purae sola videntur aqvae:
Tantum crescit amor qvantum infortunia crescunt;
  Hinc magis illa animo cara magisqve meo.
Ipse eqvidem, nemo si membra senilia ducat,
  Ad sacra Varroviae flumina solus eam;
Notus et Ettriciis veniat modo ventus ab arvis,
  Arida brumali torreat ora gelu;
Et prope dilectos, Teviotica saxa, recessus
  O liceat solum deposuisse caput,
Qvamqvam vatis erunt aeterna oblivia, qvamqvam
  Ultimus aerium spiritus ibit iter.

H. T.

Sileatur.

Dormiat indictum sub eodem caespite nomen
  Relliqviae gelidae qva sine honore iacent:
Nos lacrimis illum maestis sine voce fleamus,
  Ceu bustum tacito nox pia rore lavat.
Sed qvi nocte cadunt flentes sine murmure rores
  Induerint laeto funebre vere solum,
Inqve animis nostris nomen servarit amici
  Qvae memor e caeco lacrima fonte cadit.

K.

Song of Comus.

The star that bids the shepherd fold
Now the top of heaven doth hold;
And the gilded car of day
His glowing axle doth allay
In the steep Atlantic stream;
And the slope sun his upward beam
Shoots against the dusky pole,
Pacing toward the other goal
Of his chamber in the east.
Meanwhile, welcome joy and feast,
Midnight shout and revelry,
Tipsy dance and jollity.
Braid your locks with rosy twine,
Dropping odours, dropping wine.
Rigour now is gone to bed,
And advice with scrupulous head,
Strict age and sour severity,
With their grave saws, in slumber lie.
We, that are of purer fire,
Imitate the starry quire,
Who in their nightly watchful spheres
Lead in swift round the months and years.

MILTON.

The Fountain.

From this bright fountain Venus rose to light;
Or Venus, bathing, made the fountain bright.

S. A. (*from the Greek*).

Comus.

Λαμπρὸς ὅδ' ἀστὴρ ὁ ποτὶ σταθμοὺς
ποίμνας κατάγων, οὐρανὸν ἤδη
μέσον ἀμβαίνει,
κἀν ἑσπερίοις κύμασι πρηνὴς
ὁ θεὸς σπεύδει χρυσοφαέννων
παῦσαι μαλερὰν σύριγγα δίφρων,
καὶ τηλεφανεῖς ὕπτιος αὐγὰς
πρὸς κυανειδῆ πόλον ἔρριψεν,
τέρμα βαδίζων
θαλάμων τηλοῦρον ἑῴων.
ἄγε δὴ θαλιῶν χάρις εὐστεφάνων
κώμων τε μέλη μηδ' ἀτὲρ οἴνου
τῶν πανυχίων κελάδημα χορῶν.
ῥοδέοις στέμμασι πᾶς ἀναδείσθω
κρατὸς ἔθειραν, μύρον ἐνστάξας
καὶ γάνος οἴνης Διονύσου.
νῦν γὰρ πᾶς τις κατεκοιμήθη
φθονερός, σοφίας τ' εἴ τις ἐραστὴς
τῆς πολυβούλου.
ἐν δὲ γερόντων καὶ βαρυθύμων
πᾶν ὀδυνηρὸν γένος αὐταῖσι
γνώμαις ἐν ὕπνῳ κατάκειται.
δεῦτ' οὖν ὑμεῖς πυρὸς αἰθερίου
καθαροὶ παῖδες, τῶν οὐρανίων
ἄστρων ἤδη μιμεῖσθε χορούς,
οἳ ταχυδίνοις περιτελλόμενοι
κύκλοισιν ἔτη
καὶ μῆνας ἄγουσι τελείους.

E. H. G.

Fontis Inscriptio.

Aut ab aqva fuit hac Veneri natalis origo,
Aut Venus hanc loto corpore fecit aqvam.

H. J.

My Boat is on the Shore.

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

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

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

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

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

BYRON.

Bodenlose Liebe.

Die Lieb' iſt der Säckel des Fortunat:
Je mehr ſie gibt, deſto mehr ſie hat.

W. MUELLER.

Vale, vale, inqvit.

In mare iam properat funes mea solvere puppis:
  Iam levis in primo litore cymba natat.
Sed moror ut binis cyathis tibi rite propinem,
  Atqve iterum, Bene te, candide Cotta, loqvar.
Cum gemitu hos inter calices memorantur amici,
  Cum risu, qvorum mens inimica mihi est,
Et qvascumqve plagas Iove sub qvocumqve videbo,
  Qvodlibet ad fatum corda parata fero.
Nos circum oceanus vesano mugiat aestu,
  Securi tumidas pergimus ire vias:
Vel cingant deserta licet sub sole propinqvo,
  At gelidos latices arida prodet humus.
Unica si staret mihi gutta in fonte reperto,
  Dum gravis opprimeret langvida membra sitis,
Spiritus ante tamen fractos qvam linqveret artus,
  Hausturo tremeret nomen in ore tuum:
Dumqve undas biberem, ceu nunc spumantia vina,
  Hac ego tentarem fata movere prece:
Qvi cari tibi sunt et qvi mihi, pace fruantur;
  Et Bene sit nullo non tibi, Cotta, die.

H. J. H.

Fortunati Saccus.

Vin Fortunati veniat tibi saccus? Amato:
  Qvo plus largitur, plus habet unus Amor.

K.

Freedom.

You ask me why, though ill at ease,
  Within this region I subsist,
  Whose spirits fail within the mist,
And languish for the purple seas.

It is the land that freemen till,
  That sober-suited Freedom chose;
  The land, where girt with friends or foes,
A man may speak the thing he will;

A land of settled government,
  A land of just and old renown,
  Where Freedom broadens slowly down
From precedent to precedent.

Should banded unions persecute
  Opinion, and induce a time
  When single thought is civil crime,
And individual freedom mute;

Though Power should make from land to land
  The name of Britain trebly great;
  Though every channel in the state
Should almost choke with golden sand;—

Yet waft me from the harbour-mouth,
  Wild wind! I seek a warmer sky;
  And I will see before I die
The palms and temples of the South.

TENNYSON.

Verba animi proferre.

Qvaeris sollicito cur ita taedio
Oppressus patriae semper inhaeream,
Cui cor deficiens purpureum mare
Hic intra nebulas avet.

Glebam scilicet hanc libera gens arat,
Iam pridem modico sobria pallio
Libertas habet hic perpetuam domum:
Qva vir plebe vel invida

Vel cinctus sociis audeat eloqvi
Qvod sit cumqve animo; fultaqve legibus
Iustum per memores terra tulit decus
Fastos; iuraqve libera

Tardis augminibus latius exstruit
Scitorum series innumerabilis.
Qvod si verba animi candida promere
Coniurata vetet cohors

Inducatqve malos in patriam dies
Cum sentire secus sit vetitum nefas,
Et ius cuiqve suum conticeat metu:
Aucta vi ter et amplius

Per gentes hominum fama Britanniae
Crescat; paene etiam proluat alveos
Omnes auriferi colluvies luti,
Per qvos res fluit imperi;

Me portus tamen hinc aufer ab ostio,
Velox aura; prius qvam moriar, die
Palmas sub medio visam ego templaqve,
Caelum qvae melius fovet.

H. A. J. M.

Chevy Chase.

At last the Doglas and the Persie met
  Lyk two captayns of myght and mayne,
The swapte togethar tyll the both swat
  With swordes that were of fyn Myllan.
These worthie freckys for to fyght
  Therto the were full fayne,
Tyll the bloode owte of their basnetes sprente
  As ever dyd hail or rayne.
Holde the, Persie, sayd the Doglas,
  And i' feth I shall the brynge
Where thowe shalte have a yerls wagis
  Of Jamy our Scottish kynge.
Thou shalte have thy ransom fre,
  I hight the hear this thinge,
For the manfullyste man yet art thowe
  That ever I conqueryd in filde fightyng.
Nay then, sayd the lord Persie,
  I told it thee beforne
That I wolde never yeldyde be
  To no man of a woman born.
With that there cam an arrowe hastely
  Forthe of a mightie ane;
Hit hathe strekene the yerle Doglas
  In at the brest bane.
Thoroue lyvar and longs baith
  The sharp arrowe ys gane,
That never after in àll his lyffe days
  He spake mo wordes but ane,
That was, Fyghte ye, my myrry men, whyllys ye may,
  For my lyff days ben gane.
The Persie leanyde on his brande
  And sawe the Doglas de;
He took the dede man be the hande
  And sayd, Wo ys me for the!

Ἄμφω δ' αἰχμητά.

Τὼ δ' ὅτε δή ῥ' ἐς χῶρον ἵτην ἕνα ποιμένε λαῶν
ἰφθίμοιν κρατεροῖν τε ἐοικότες ἡγεμόνοιϊν,
Περσιάδης θ' ἥρως καὶ ἀμύμων ἱππότα Δόγλης,
σύν ῥ' ἔβαλον ξίφε' ἄμφω, ἀριπρεπέ' Ἰταλοῦ ἀνδρὸς
ἔργ'· ἰδρὼς δὲ ῥέεν πουλύς· μάλα γάρ ῥα μάχεσθαι
φῶτε λιλαιέσθην τὼ ἀμύμονε· πηλήκοιν δὲ
αἷμ' ὡσεί τε χάλαζα διέσσυτο ἠὲ καὶ ὄμβρος.
ἔνθ' ἄρα μύθων ἦρχε Καλήδων ἱππότα Δόγλης·
Παῦσαι δή νυ μάχης, ἐθέλω δ' ὁμόσ' ἦ μὲν ἀπάξειν
τῇ σ' ὅπου ἀνδρὸς ἀγοῦ γέρας ἄξιον ἐγγυαλίξει
ἥρως ὃς πάντεσσι Καλήδοσιν ἶφι ἀνάσσει.
λύσω δ' ἄρ σ' ἀνάποινον, ὅ σε φράζεσθαι ἄνωγα,
πάντων γάρ σ' ὄχ' ἄριστον οἴομαι ἔμμεναι ἄλλων
τούς ῥ' ἐδάμασσά πω αὐτὸς ἐναντίβιον πολεμίζων.
τὸν δ' ἠμείβετ' ἔπειτα Βρετανnῶν ὄρχαμος ἀνδρῶν·
Οὔτις ἐμὲ ζωγρεῖ, τό τ' ἔφην πρὶν φημὶ καὶ αὖτις,
ὅς ῥα καταθνητός τε γυναῖκά τε θήσατο μαζόν.
ὣς φάτο· τὸν δ' ἕτερον μεγάλου παρὰ φωτὸς ὀρούσαν
ῥίμφα διὰ στήθεσφιν ἔδυ βέλος ὄστεον εἴσω.
διὰ μὲν ἦπαρ ἐσῆλθε δι' ἄμφω δ' ὀξὺς ὀϊστὸς
πνεύμονας· αὐτὰρ ὅγ', ὅφρα φάνη βιότοιο τελευτή,
τόφρα τόγ' ἐξηύδα μοῦνον ἔπος οὐδέ ποτ' ἄλλο·
Ἀνέρες ἔστε, φίλοι, μνήσασθε δὲ θούριδος ἀλκῆς,
εἷος ἔτ' ἔστ'· αὐτὸς γὰρ ὀλέθρου πείρατ' ἀφῖγμαι.
ὡς φάθ'· ὁ δὲ θνήσκοντα Βρετανnῶν ἀρχὸς ἀμύμων
ἄντην εἰσοράασκεν ἐρειδόμενος ξίφεϊ ᾧ,
νεκροῦ δ' αὖθ' ἕλε χεῖρα ἔπος τ' ἔφατ' ἔκ τ' ὀνόμαζεν·

To have savyde thy lyffe I wolde have pertyd with
My landes for years thre,
For a better man of hart nare of hande
Was not in all the north countre.

OLD BALLAD.

Tearless eye makes careful heart.

I heard thy fate without a tear,
Thy loss with scarce a sigh;
And yet thou wast surpassing dear,
Too loved of all to die.
I know not what hath seared mine eye;
The tears refuse to start;
But every drop its lids deny
Falls dreary on my heart.

Yes; deep and heavy one by one
They sink and turn to care,
As caverned waters wear the stone,
Yet dropping harden there.
They cannot petrify more fast
Than feelings sunk remain,
Which coldly fixt regard the past,
But never melt again.

BYRON.

Odysseus.

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

SCHILLER.

Ὦ μοι ἐγὼ σέθεν εἵνεκ'· ἐπεί μευ πίονας ἀγροὺς
δῶκ' ἂν ἔχειν τριετές γ', εἴ σ' ἐκ θανάτοιο σάωσα.
οὐδὲ γὰρ οὐδ' ἄλλος κραδίην καὶ χεῖρας ἀμείνων
ὅσσους νήσου τῆσδε τό γ' ἤμισυ ἐντὸς ἐέργει.

H. A. J. M.

Δάκρυα δυσδάκρυτα.

Mors narrata tua est, nec fletibus ora rigavi:
  Me reor in damno vix gemuisse meo.
Cara tamen fueras, ut nemo carior umqvam,
  Et non mortalis, si valuisset amor.
Nescio cur steterint mihi lumina sicca; sed eheu
  Cessat ros lacrimæ lubricus ire genis;
Qvamqve foras prohibent bipatentia claustra meare,
  Gutta retro manans in cor amara cadit.
Stillans illa qvidem sed non sine pondere labens
  Alta sedet penitus, curaqve facta riget,
Ceu cava saxa means tectus terit umor, at idem
  Durescitqve loco lapsus inersqve coit.
Firmius haud usqvam latitans aqva saxea crevit,
  Qvam dolor, ut lacrimæ diriguere, sedet:
Heu tum respiciunt adamantina corda, nec umqvam
  In desiderium delicuere suum.

T. S. E.

Νόστου κεχρημένος.

Omne fretum patriae cupidus transcurrit Ulysses;
  Perqve tuos fremitus, Scylla, Charybdi, tuos,
Per maris infensi, per mille pericula terrae,
  Ad Stygias etiam devius errat aqvas.
Mox Ithacae cadit in litus, pulsoqve sopore
  Flet miser heu patriae non memor ipse suae.

K.

The Brook.

I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I clatter over stony ways
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel
With many a silver waterbreak
Above the golden gravel,

Lympha loqvax.

Qva stabulant fulicae, qvo devolat ardea, saltu
  Inde dato liqvidas ordior ire vias:
Emicat inde meus filicem fons inter opacam,
  Per vallem qverulis obstrepiturus aqvis.
Triginta obliqvus trepido decurrere colles,
  Aut medius furtim per iuga lapsus eo:
Praevehor oppidulum, bis dena mapalia viso,
  Et qvinqvaginta pontibus impedior.
Deniqve rura, Philippe, lavo tua pingvia, grandem
  Ad fluvium socias appositurus aqvas:
Nam meus, ut variis mortalibus effluat aetas,
  Perpetuus tenor est: semper iturus eo.
Garrulus argutor per levia saxa viarum,
  Et sonitum tenuem tinnula lympha ciet:
Inqve sinus scateo nictantibus aeqvore bullis,
  Et strepitant silices mobilitate mea.
Tortilis irrito ripas haud simplice flexu;
  Curvaturqve mihi saepe novalis ager;
Saepe, Napaearum latebrae, procurrit in undas
  Fronde freqvens malvae vimineaqve iugum.
Usqve cachinnor iens alacer, lymphasqve loqvaces,
  Ubere dum fluvio miscear, usqve traho:
Namqve ego, decurrant homines breve qvamlibet aevum,
  Dempto fine vagor: semper iturus eo.
Mille traho gyros huc ambitiosus et illuc,
  Nunc in gurgitibus flore natante rosae,
Nunc pingvi trutta, muscam si adspexit inermem,
  Vel glauco ad summum subsiliente lacum.
Est ubi, dum longos errores metior, orbem
  Sensi lacteolum fluctibus ire meis;
Est ubi me dirimit candens argenteus undae,
  Aurea qvem subter glarea lucet, obex.

And draw them all along, and flow
  To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
  But I go on for ever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
  I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
  That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
  Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
  Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
  In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
  I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow
  To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
  But I go on for ever.

TENNYSON.

Contentment.

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

THOMSON.

Omniaqve amne voluta traho, laticesqve tumentem
Ad fluvium tenues impliciturus ago:
Namqve ego, mortales varient breve qvamlibet aevum,
Cursibus aeternis irreqvietus eo.
Per saltus fugio furtim et per amoena vireta:
Sub coryli labor lubricus hospitium:
Tum moveo memores amarantos, qvem meus umos
Florem in amatores auxiliaris alit.
Nunc coit atra mihi, nunc albicat unda, meisqve
Summam rasus aqvam laetor hirundinibus.
Sol qvoqve purpureos intexens luce liqvores
Gestit arenosis luxuriare vadis.
Tum solus qveror ad lunam Titaniaqve astra,
Findens multiplici sqvalida tesqva rubo:
Mox, mea dum lambo nasturtia, lentius itur,
Aut in pumiceis otior obiicibus.
Inde novum excutiens maeandrum protinus erro
Uberibus fluvii consociandus aqvis:
Nam meus, ut variis mortalibus effluat aetas,
Perpetuus tenor est: semper iturus eo.

T. S. E.

Flumina amem silvasqve.

Nil me sollicitat qvid tu, Fortuna, recuses,
Dum mihi ne valeas Naturae auferre favorem
Munificae, caeliqve amplas occludere valvas,
Qvas Aurora aperit, roseo spectabilis ore:
Neu possis retinere pedes qvin vespere lustrem
Saltusqve siluasqve ad vivi fluminis undam.
Si modo dia Salus dignetur robore nervos
Et tenues firmare fibras, sua gaudia nugax
Per me turba colat procerum: mihi Musa supersit
Et Ratio et Virtus: his nil me dotibus orbat.

K.

The Hymn of Arion.

Hail, Neptune, greatest of the gods,
Thou ruler of the salt sea floods:
Thou with the deep and dark-green hair,
That dost the golden trident bear:
Thou that with either arm outspread
Embosomest the earth we tread:
Thine are the beasts with fins and scales
That, round thy chariot, as it sails,
Plunging and tumbling, fast and free,
All reckless follow o'er the sea.
Thine are the gentle dolphin throng,
That love and listen to the song;
With whom the sister Nereids stray,
And in their crystal caverns play.
They bore me well to Pelops' isle,
And Sparta's rocky mountain-pile;
And through the deep Sicilian sea
The briny champain ploughed for me,
When wicked men had cast me o'er
Our vessel's side into the roar
Of clashing waters, and a grave
Yawned for me in the purple wave.

C. MERIVALE (*from the Greek*).

A Vote.

This only grant me, that my means may lie
Too low for envy, for contempt too high.
Some honour I would have,
Not from great deeds, but good alone;
Th' unknown are better than ill-known;
Rumour can ope the grave.
Acquaintance I would have, but when 't depends
Not on the number, but the choice, of friends.

COWLEY.

Hymnus Arionius.

Dive deum coetus inter vàlidissime, salsi
  Rector have, Neptune, profundi,
Qvi glomeras viridi gemmantes luce capillos,
  Auratoqve tridente coerces

Oceani spatia, et palmis utrimqve reductis
  Terrarum complecteris orbem.
Sunt tua qvae sqvamis pinnarumqve horrida vallo
  Monstra ruunt titubantqve per aeqvor

Pone tuos currus, rapidisqve hinc inde choreis
  Plebs stipant temeraria regem.
Et tibi mitis adest delphinum turba, Camenae
  Carmina qvae cupida bibit aure;

Qvacum Nereides gaudent errare sorores
  Et vitreis saltare sub antris.
Litora me Pelopis Spartaeqve ad saxa tulerunt
  Et Siculos impune per aestus,

Tempore qvo rabidi media inter proelia ponti
  Praecipitem de puppe virorum
Gens dederat scelerata, mihiqve hiscebat in undis
  Purpureis immane sepulcrum.

K.

Sic volo, sic cupio.

Res mihi contingat, sola haec atqve unica vota,
  Contemptu major, sed minor invidia.
Neu desint laudis praeconia, regia non qvam
  Regibus, at tribuunt qvam bona facta bonis.
Vixeris ignotus melius, qvam fama seqvatur
  Si mala te: famae busta reclusa patent.
Notis ne caream; sed commendentur amici
  Non numero, meritis sed mihi qvisqve suis.

J. E. B. M.

The Chase.

Now my brave youths,
Now give a loose to the clean generous steed,
Flourish the whip, nor spare the galling spur,
But in the madness of delight forget
Your fears. Far o'er the rocky hills we range,
And dangerous our course; but in the brave
True courage never fails. In vain the stream
In foaming eddies whirls: in vain the ditch,
Wide gaping, threatens death. The craggy steep,
Where the poor dizzy shepherd crawls with care,
And clings to every twig, gives us no pain;
But down we sweep, as stoops the falcon bold
To pounce his prey. Then up the opponent hill,
By the swift motion slung, we mount aloft:
So ships in winter seas now sliding sink
Adown the steepy wave, then tossed on high,
Ride on the billows, and defy the storm.
What lengths we pass! Where will the wandering chase
Lead us bewildered? Smooth as swallows skim
The new-shorn mead, and far more swift, we fly.
See my brave pack: now to the head they press,
Jostling in close array, then more diffuse
Obliquely wheel, while from their opening mouths
The vollied thunder breaks. So when the cranes
Their annual voyage steer, with wanton wing
Their figure oft they change, and their loud clang
From cloud to cloud rebounds.

SOMERVILLE.

The Key.

Willſt du dich ſelber erkennen, ſo ſieh wie die andern es treiben:
Willſt du die andern verſtehn, blick in dein eigenes Herz.

SCHILLER.

Spes arrectae juvenum.

Nunc, o magnanimi iuvenes, effundite habenas,
Subdite calcar eqvo, crepitans torqvete flagellum:
Venturi impavidos rapiat delira voluptas.
Saxa per et colles et per loca saeva periclis
Currimus: at fortes mens numqvam deficit aeqva.
Frustra vorticibus spumans exaestuat amnis;
Sub pedibus frustra pandunt Acheronta lacunae.
Difficiles scopulos, ubi pastor lubricus errat
Vaccillans omniqve moras in vimine nectit,
Nos super hos impune volamus: iamqve deorsum
Praecipitamur, ut in praedam Iovis incidit ales;
Iamqve per adversum collem iactamur eundo
Aerii: pedibus celer impetus addidit alas.
Qvalis ubi hiberno in pelago nunc prona carina
Decurrit latera undarum, nunc emicat alte
Insultatqve vadis eqvitans ridetqve procellam.
Qvo ferimur? Qvo nos rapiens venaticus error
Decipit? Ut gramen detonsum radit hirundo,
Sic levi cursu nos mollia verrimus arva,
Sed citiore fuga. Ruit undiqve fida canum vis;
Iamqve catervatim ad primum concurritur agmen,
Tum sese explicuit legio, fusisqve per agros
Itur in obliqvos orbes; fit murmur; euntes
Ore tonant patulo. Qvales ubi in aethere cursum
Sollemnem fecere grues, petulantibus alis
Diversae variant speciem; clangore volantum
Nubes insonuere repercussaeqve reclamant.

T. S. E.

Dignoscere cautus.

Ut teipsum noscas, alienos inspice mores:
Utqve alios possis noscere, tecum habita.

K.

The Wine of life is gone.

Go, forget me: why should sorrow
O'er that brow a shadow fling?
Go, forget me: and to-morrow
Brightly smile and sweetly sing.
Smile—though I shall not be near thee;
Sing—though I shall never hear thee:
May thy soul with pleasure shine,
Lasting as the gloom of mine.

Like the sun, thy presence glowing
Clothes the meanest things in light;
And when thou, like him, art going,
Loveliest objects fade in night.
All things looked so bright about thee,
That they nothing seem without thee;
By that pure and lucid mind
Earthly things were too refined.

Go, thou vision, wildly gleaming,
Softly on my soul that fell;
Go, for me no longer beaming,
Hope and Beauty, fare ye well!
Go, and all that once delighted
Take, and leave me all benighted,—
Glory's burning generous swell,
Fancy, and the poet's shell.

WOLFE.

The Toilette.

Teeth, rouge, and ringlets from the shop you bring:
A mask, dear Lydia, were a cheaper thing.

S. A. (*from the Greek*).

Tecum una perierunt gaudia nostra.

I fuge immemor mei;
  Qvid umbret illam cura nigra frontem?
I meiqve non memor
  Cras molle ride suaviterqve canta.

Molle rideas licet
  Nec me relictum captet iste risus;
Suaviter licet canas
  Nec me fugatum cantus iste flectat;

At tibi serenitas
  Sit tanta, qvantae me movent procellae.
Solis instar emicans
  Splendore vestis qvidqvid invenusti est;

Solis instar occidens
  Premis venusti qvidqvid est tenebris.
Plena riserat tui
  Nuper, tuiqve sordet orba tellus;

Ingeni tui nimis
  Inclaruere cuncta claritate.
I fuge immemor mei
  Qvae luce mira fulseras imago

Blanda sensibus meis;
  I dulce numqvam reddítura lumen:
Qvidqvid est bonae spei,
  Qvidqvid decoris, aufer omne tecum:

Qvod placens erat prius
  I tolle, meqve linqve destitutum;
Tolle Gloriae faces
  Lyramqve et altae spiritum Camenae.

K.

Lydia.

Empta tibi sunt mel, dentes, cerussa, capilli:
  Hoc potuit pretio, Lydia, vultus emi.

T. S. H.

The Siege of Corinth.

'Tis midnight: on the mountains brown
The cold round moon shines deeply down;
Blue roll the waters, blue the sky
Spreads like an ocean hung on high,
Bespangled with those isles of light,
So wildly, spiritually bright;
Who ever gazed upon them shining,
And turned to earth without repining,
Nor wished for wings to flee away
And mix with their eternal ray?
The waves on either shore lay there
Calm, clear, and azure as the air;
And scarce their foam the pebbles shook,
But murmured meekly as the brook.
The winds were pillowed on the waves;
The banners drooped along their staves,
And, as they fell around them furling,
Above them shone the crescent curling;
And that deep silence was unbroke,
Save where the watch his signal spoke,
Save where the steed neighed oft and shrill,
And echo answered from the hill,
And the wide hum of that wild host
Rustled like leaves from coast to coast,
As rose the Muezzin's voice in air,
In midnight call to wonted prayer.
It rose, that chanted mournful strain,
Like some lone spirit's o'er the plain:
'Twas musical, but sadly sweet,
Such as when winds and harp-strings meet,
And take a long unmeasured tone,
To mortal minstrelsy unknown.
It seemed to those within the wall
A cry prophetic of their fall;

Νυκτὸς ἀμολγῷ.

Iam medios nox urget eqvos, et opaca iugorum
  Despicit e liqvido frigida luna globo;
Caerula volvuntur iam marmora; caerulus aether
  Desuper oceani pensilis instar habet.
Illic, ceu medio lucentia gurgite saxa,
  Spirant indomitas vivida signa faces.
O qvis ad illa oculos ardentia sustulit olim,
  Et placide in propriam se revocavit humum,
Nec pennis aperire vias optavit Olympi,
  Et comes aeterno fulgidus ire choro?
Aeqvora cessabant utrumqve lavantia litus
  Mollia caerulei puraqve more poli:
Candens vix teretes agitabat spuma lapillos,
  Nec gravior modico fonte susurrus erat:
Compositae carpunt somnos in fluctibus aurae,
  Haerent arboribus langvida signa suis:
Dumqve ita multiplici circumvolvuntur amictu,
  Candidus in lunae cornua cedit apex;
Nec qvae sufficerent violare silentia voces,
  Custodum nisi qva signa darentur, erant,
Qvave freqvens hinnitus eqvi resonaret acutum,
  Echo de mediis reiiciente iugis.
Iamqve ab utroqve mari strepitant examina dira,
  Ut nemora arboreae qvassa sonore comae,
Surgit ubi atqve omnes in sacra novissima noctis
  Convocat altisono carmen ab ore chori;
Surgit, ut aeriae qvondam si flebilis umbrae
  In desolatis vox oriatur agris,
Dulce qvidem, media tamen in dulcedine maestum,
  Ut chelys et liqvidi cum coiere Noti,
Et longum incipiunt incompositumqve tenorem,
  Qvalis in humana non amat esse lyra.
Obstupuere viri media inter moenia clausi,
  Exitiiqve ea vox omnibus omen erat.

It struck even the besiegers' ear
With something ominous and drear,
An undefined and sudden thrill,
Which makes the heart a moment still,
Then beat with quicker pulse, ashamed
Of that strange sense its silence framed;
Such as a sudden passing-bell
Wakes, though but for a stranger's knell.

BYRON.

The World's Wanderers.

Tell me, thou Star, whose wings of light
Speed thee in thy fiery flight,
In what cavern of the night
Will thy pinions close now?

Tell me, Moon, thou pale and grey
Pilgrim of heaven's homeless way,
In what depth of night or day
Seekest thou repose now?

Weary Wind, who wanderest
Like the world's rejected guest,
Hast thou still some secret nest
On the tree or billow?

SHELLEY.

Grabschrift des Neodars.

Neodar, ſeiner Freunde Plage,
Ruht hier, und hört zu fragen auf.
Das Fragen war ſein Lebenslauf,
Und er verſchied in einer Frage.
Du fragſt bei dieſem Leichenſtein:
Ward er durch Fragen klug?—Ach nein.

HAGEDORN.

Ipsis qvinetiam visa est cingentibus urbem
  Lugubre nescio qvid significare mali:
Ut temere attonitum cum pectus inhorruit, et cum
  Purpureum subito sangvinis haesit iter,
Momentoqve brevi micat acrius, et pudor intrat
  Mira qvod in tacito sensimus ista metu,
Non aliter qvam si tumulo campana repente
  Qvamlibet ignoti destinet ossa viri.

H. T.

Errones.

Stella, lucenti per inane penna
Flammeos velox agitare cursus,
Ede, qvo noctis tua nunc in antro
  Pluma qviescet?

Luna, pallenti veneranda vultu
Devios caeli peragens meatus,
Qva tenebrarum recrearis aut qva
  Lucis in aula?

Vente, terrarum velut exsul aegrum
Semper errorem renovans, adhucne
Servat arcanum tibi silva nidum
  Vel maris unda?

K.

Percontatorem fugito.

Interrogator hic, sodalium pestis,
Interrogare desinit Polysperchon.
Interroganti vita longa manarat:
Interrogantem vox reliqvit extrema.
Interrogaris forte, doctus et prudens
Interrogando sitne factus: Haudqvaqvam.

K.

The Neck of Venison.

While thus I debated, in reverie centered,
An acquaintance—a friend, as he called himself—entered;
An underbred, fine-spoken fellow was he,
And he smiled as he looked at the venison and me.
"What have we got here? Why, this is good eating!
Your own, I suppose—or is it in waiting?"
"Why, whose should it be?" cried I, with a flounce;
"I get these things often"—but that was a bounce:
"Some lords, my acquaintance, that settle the nation,
Are pleased to be kind—but I hate ostentation."
"If that be the case, then," cried he, very gay,
"I'm glad to have taken this house in my way.
To-morrow you take a poor dinner with me;
No words—I insist on't—precisely at three:
We'll have Johnson and Burke—all the wits will be there;
My acquaintance is slight, or I'd ask my Lord Clare.
And, now that I think on't, as I am a sinner,
We wanted this venison to make out a dinner.
What say you—a pasty? it shall and it must,
And my wife, little Kitty, is famous for crust.—
Here, porter, this venison with me to Mile-end;—
No stirring, I beg, my dear friend, my dear friend!"
Thus snatching his hat, he brushed off like the wind,
And the porter and eatables followed behind.

GOLDSMITH.

A false Face true.

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

BURNS.

Inter opes inops.

Stabam ego sic curas meditans, et totus in illis,
Cum qvidam incurrit notus mihi nomine tantum,
Ipse meis qvamvis cuperet se adscribere amicis,
Ingenium servile, rotundo putidus ore:
Et leviter ridens, ut me spectatqve ferinam,
Incipit: Hem, qvid habes? euge, haec lautissima cena est:
Anne tuum hoc an nunc dominos exspectat opimos?
Qvid rogitas? clamo, et Fert nobis unus et alter
Talia dona dies, Parthis mendacior addo:
Principibus placuisse viris mihi contigit; est qvi
Nos amat: at iactare odiosum est. Irruit ille:
Fortunatus ego, has cui iam devertere ad aedes
Contigerit: tu cras mecum cenaveris: hora
Nona erit: edixi: ne pugna fortis; habebis
Virgilium Variumqve: utinam mihi notior esset
Maecenas: aderit flos ac facundia Romae.
Iamqve, ita sim sospes, menti subit, hic mihi cervus,
Hic erat in votis, cenae caput ut foret illi.
Qvid fieri censes? crustumne? Catullula nostra
Conficit haec nemo ut melius: decrevimus ergo:
Ocius hanc pueri (tu ut sis tranqvillior oro,
Numqvam hodie effugies) medias auferte Carinas.
Tuqve vale mea cura; vale dulcissime rerum.
Sic ait arreptoqve elabitur ocior auris
Pileolo, pueriqve exportant pone ferinam.

C. W.

Falsitas verax.

Falsum est qvod crepat oppidum, Perille,
Falsus qvod tibi vultus est, Perille:
Falsum qvi docet esse te, Perille,
Falsus non tibi vultus est, Perille.

K.

King Cophetua loved the Beggar Maid.

Her arms across her breast she laid;
  She was more fair than words can say:
Barefooted came the beggar maid
  Before the King Cophetua.
In robe and crown the king stept down
  To meet and greet her on her way.
"It is no wonder," said the lords,
  "She is more beautiful than day."
As shines the moon in clouded skies,
  She in her poor attire was seen:
One praised her ancles, one her eyes,
  One her dark hair and lovesome mien:
So sweet a face, such angel grace,
  In all that land had never been.
Cophetua swore a royal oath:
  This beggar maid shall be my queen.

TENNYSON.

Ariel's Song.

Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
  In a cowslip's bell I lie,
  There I couch when owls do cry;
  On the bat's back I do fly
  After summer, merrily:
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

SHAKSPEARE.

Mendica.

Ibat ut ambabus positis ad pectora palmis,
  Candorem eximium verba referre negant.
Nuda pedes et opem poscens in rebus egenis
  Cophetua coram rege puella venit:
Destituit solium rex ostro insignis et auro,
  Itqve salutatum qvae prope carpit iter.
Nec mirum, dixere duces; pulcerrima qvamvis
  Alma dies, alma pulcrior illa die.
Qvalis in obducto sublucet Cynthia caelo,
  Veste sub obscura cernere talis erat:
Virginis hic suras, alter laudavit ocellos,
  Ille nigros crines osqve cupidineum:
Nam dulcis facies divinaqve gratia formae,
  Qvalis in his numqvam finibus ante fuit.
Cophetuas iurat, sceptrum testatus et orbem,
  Coniunx ex inopi virgine regis erit.

H. A. J. M.

Ariel.

Ἴδε μ', ὦ τέκνον, ταῖσι μελίσσαις
τὸν σύνδειπνον, τὸν ἔσω κάλυκος
νυκτὸς ἀμολγῷ κατακοιμηθέν θ',
ὡς νυκτερίδος πτέρυγα στομίων
ἄτερ εὐθύνων
βόσκω τὸν ἀκήρατον ὄλβον.
καὶ γὰρ πολλὰς πρόσθε κελεύθους
ἦλθον γλυκερῷ θέρει ἀμφιπολῶν·
νῦν δ' εὐφροσύνας ἱερὰς καρπούς
εἶμ' ἀποδρέψων
στεφάνοις ὑπὸ δενδροκόμοισιν.

G. O. M.

The Mourner.

She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers are round her sighing:
But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying.

She sings the wild song of her dear native plains,
Every note which he loved awaking;—
Ah little they think who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the minstrel is breaking.

He had lived for his love, for his country he died,
They were all that to life had entwined him;
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him.

Oh make her a grave where the sunbeams rest,
When they promise a glorious morrow;
They'll shine o'er her sleep like a smile from the west,
From her own loved island of sorrow.

MOORE.

To a covetous Hero.

Thy narrow or aspiring thoughts lay by;
Can one so humbly creep, and soar so high?
Brave is the warrior's arm, his sword is bold:
But, like thy falchion, do not grasp thy gold:
Act not the hero's and the coward's part,
Abroad all soul, at home without a heart.

A.

Auf einen Reichen.

Du haſt des Reichen Gut, des Armen Herz und Harm;
Den Erben biſt du reich, dir ſelber biſt du arm.

OPITZ.

Certa mori.

Stat procul a terra, qva tu, puer inclute, dormis,
  Stat tua sollicitis culta puella procis;
Frigida sed flentes oculos avertit, et illuc
  Mente fugit, carum qva tegit herba caput.
Mox patria raptim promit testudine si qvae
  Audierat qvondam carmina laetus amans;
Nec cupida cernunt inhiantes aure catervae,
  Qvae canit, hanc sensim corde labante mori.
Pro patria periit qvi vixerat omnis amori,
  Nil aliud causae, cur superesset, erat.
Nec patriae maerore brevi deflebitur heros,
  Nec mora qvin puerum nympha seqvatur erit.
Huic tumulus fiat qva lux monet ultima solis
  Gloria sit reducis qvanta futura dei:
Insula per fluctus risisse videbitur illi,
  Carior aerumnis insula facta suis.

G. A. C. M.

Nil fuit umqvam sic impar sibi.

Vel tenuem vel magnum animum dimitte: qvid idem
  Repis humi ritu vermis, et astra petis?
Dextera bellantem captat tua fortiter ensem:
  Cur turpes eadem dextera captat opes?
Qvi leo nuper eras, cur nunc fis callida vulpes,
  Incluta militiae mens, sine corde domi?

K.

Ad Harpagum.

Croesi divitias qvi iungis moribus Iri,
  Dives es heredi, pauper es ipse tibi.

K.

Lo Imperador del doloroso Regno.

Com' io divenni allor gelato e fioco,
Nol dimandar, Lettor, ch' io non lo scrivo,
Però ch' ogni parlar sarebbe poco.
Io non morii, e non rimasi vivo:
Pensa oramai per te, s' hai fior d' ingegno,
Qual io divenni, d' uno e d' altro privo.
Lo Imperador del doloroso regno
Da mezzo il petto uscia fuor della ghiaccia;
E più con un gigante io mi convegno,
Che i giganti non fan con le sue braccia:
Vedi oggimai quant' esser dee quel tutto,
Ch' a così fatta parte si confaccia.
S' ei fu sì bel, com' egli è ora brutto,
E contra il suo Fattore alzò le ciglia,
Ben dee da lui procedere ogni lutto.
O quanto parve a me gran meraviglia,
Quando vidi tre facce alla sua testa!
L' una dinanzi, e quella era vermiglia:
L' altre eran due, che s' aggiungeano a questa
Sovr' esso il mezzo di ciascuna spalla,
E si giungeano al luogo della cresta.
E la destra parea tra bianca e gialla:
La sinistra a vedere era tal, quali
Vengon di là ove il Nilo s' avvalla.
Sotto ciascuna uscivan duo grand' ali,
Quanto si conveniva a tanto uccello:
Vele di mar non vid' io mai cotali.
Non avean penne, ma di vispistrello
Era lor modo: e quelle svolazzava,
Si, che tre venti si movean da ello.
Quindi Cocito tutto s' aggelava.
Con sei occhi piangeva, e per tre menti
Gocciava il pianto e sanguinosa bava.

DANTE.

Monstrum horrendum informe ingens.

Qvam gelidus torpor, qvi vocis, lector, abortus
Contigerit, ne qvaere, mihi; qvin scribere, versus
Propter egestatem, qvalis sit cumqve, recusem;
Nam neqve vivus eram nec mortuus. Ipse putando,
Si tantilla tibi praesto est mens ingeniumqve,
Qvid fuerim, noris, sine vita, funeris expers.
Aerumnabilis exstabat regni induperator
De glacie medii tenu' pectoris: ipse giganti
Contendam mage, qvamde gigas uni illius armo.
Nunc qvam immensa, vides, summa omnis debeat esse,
Conveniat tantis qvae partibus uniter apta.
Si pulcro qvondam, ut nunc taetro corpore, frontem
Ausus tollere eum contra est qvi cuncta creavit,
Omne genus luctus bene convenit hinc proficisci.
O qvam suspiciens tanta haec miracula rerum
Obstupui, visis tribus oribus in capite uno.
Horum erat anterius rubrum flammante pyropo,
Tum duo surgebant utrimqve huic continuata,
De medio cujusqve umeri exsistentia, cunctis
Deniqve concretis ipso sub vertice in unum.
Gilvum in se dextri color admiscebat et album:
Laevo inerat species qvalis vertentibu' saeclis
Illinc, Nilus ubi sibi vallem exesse coëpit.
Cuiqve duae suberant alae molimine vasto,
Conveniebat uti tam magno pennipotenti,
Qvali maximitate marina haud carbasa vidi.
Plumae illis deerant, namqve alarum instar habebant
Pinnigeri muris; qvibus hinc atqve hinc agitatis
Ventorum exibant tria flamina semper ab illo,
Flamina Cocytum glacie stringentia totum.
Flebat sex oculis; qvi fletus per tria menta
Manabat spumis commixtus sanguinolentis.

H. A. J. M.

Then comes in the Sweet of the Year.

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

SURREY.

Loch Katrine.

And now, to issue from the glen,
No pathway meets the wanderer's ken,
Unless he climb, with footing nice,
A far-projecting precipice.
The broom's tough roots his ladder made,
The hazel saplings lent their aid;
And thus an airy point he won,
Where, gleaming with the setting sun,
One burnish'd sheet of living gold,
Loch Katrine lay beneath him rolled,
In all her length far winding lay,
With promontory, creek, and bay,
And islands that, empurpled bright,
Floated amid the livelier light,
And mountains, that like giants stand,
To sentinel enchanted land.

SCOTT.

Nunc formosissimus Annus.

Mellea pars anni, florum frondumqve creatrix,
  Iam viridi valles et iuga veste tegit;
Colloqvium vocalis init cum compare turtur,
  Laeta novis plumis Attica cantat avis.
Ver rediit ruri: iam qvaeqve repullulat herba,
  Iam micat in vitreo sqvama refecta lacu.
Cornua mutatus suspendit in arbore cervus;
  Pelle novus posita currere gestit oryx.
Per liqvidum muscas tenues cita captat hirundo;
  Proiicit hibernam vipera picta cutim;
Sedula miscet apis fragrantem mellis acervum,
  Pestis enim florum noxia fugit hiemps.
Cetera laetantur: deponunt cetera curas:
  Sed mihi tristitiae flebile crescit onus.

K.

Speluncae viviqve Lacus.

Jamqve viatori sublucet semita nusqvam,
  Vallis inaccessos explicitura sinus,
Ni qveat, arte regens vestigia lubrica, pronum
  Et procul impendens exsuperare iugum.
Praebet opem scalasqve tenax radice genista;
  Fertqve suum corylus lenta ministerium.
Mox apicem aerium nactus de vertice summo
  Prospexit rutilum sole cadente lacum,
Qva Katrina palus, velut aurea bractea, late
  Lucida purpureis porrigeretur aqvis;
Qvam longa et scopulos et procurrentia in undas
  Litora curvaret dividuosqve sinus;
Qvaeqve reniderent terrae, mediisqve micantes
  Narent, splendidius qva iubar esset, aqvis;
Qviqve loco starent montes, ceu turma gigantum,
  Custodes magicae praesidiumqve plagae.

T. S. E.

The warring Angels.

So saying, a noble stroke he lifted high,
Which hung not, but so swift with tempest fell
On the proud crest of Satan, that no sight,
No motion of swift thought, less could his shield,
Such ruin intercept: ten paces huge
He back recoiled; the tenth on bended knee
His massy spear upstaid; as if on earth
Winds under ground, or waters, forcing way,
Sidelong had pushed a mountain from its seat,
Half sunk with all his pines. Amazement seized
The rebel thrones, but greater rage, to see
Thus foiled their mightiest; ours joy filled, and shout,
Presage of victory, and fierce desire
Of battle: whereat Michaël bid sound
The archangel trumpet; through the vast of heaven
It sounded, and the faithful armies sung
Hosanna to the Highest: nor stood at gaze
The adverse legions, nor less hideous joined
The horrid shock. 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 centre shook.

MILTON.

Βὰν δ' ἴμεναι πολεμόνδε θεοί.

Dixit, et assurgens plagam molitur opimam,
Nec dubiam pendentem: ea tanto turbine cristis
Mobilibus Satanae superincidit, ut neqve velox
Vis animi aut oculorum acies, nedum obvius umbo,
Fulmineam qveat excipiens prohibere ruinam.
Reccidit ille gradus vastos bis qvinqve retrorsum:
In decimo attinuit duplicato poplite nixum
Ingens hasta; velut montem cum sede revulsum
Subterranea vis ventorum aut actus aqvaï
Cum trabibus piceis omnem in latus inclinavit
Semirutum. Stupor incessit Titanas et ira;
Saevior ira, palam passo praetore repulsam.
Exsultare animis nostri; palmamqve freqventes
Praecipiunt, mediisqve furunt miscerier armis.
Michael jubet inde cani sacro aere: canorem
Dat tuba per vacuum, caelestiaqve agmina magna
Voce vocare Deum. Nec in uno exercitus alter
Defixus stetit obtutu: concurritur ultro
Vi paribusqve minis. Nunc irae gliscere caelo;
Nunc perterricrepi fremitus clarescere, numqvam
Auditi prius. Arma armis allisa dedere
Horrificum flictu clangorem, aerisqve rotarumqve
Omne solum saevire sonoribus: impete tanto
Agmina confremuere. Supra caput igneus imber
Missilibus tractim flammis stridetqve volatqve,
Vulcanoqve volans acies lato integit ambas.
Ergo fulmineus superimminet arcus euntes
Comminus in certamen inexpletumqve furentes.
Omne fragore tonat caelum: et, si terra fuisset,
Terra qvoqve omnis humo penitus tremefacta labasset.

T. S. E.

The Poet's House.

Captain, or colonel, or knight in arms,
Whose chance on these defenceless doors may seize,
If deed of honour did thee ever please,
Guard them, and him within protect from harms.
He can requite thee: for he knows the charms
That call fame on such gentle acts as these,
And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,
Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.
Lift not thy spear against the Muses' bower:
The great Emathian conqueror bid spare
The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower
Went to the ground: and the repeated air
Of sad Electra's poet had the power
To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare.

MILTON.

The Parting Gift.

Take this ring, the simple token
Of a true and loving heart;
Could the spell of fate be broken,
Never, never would we part.

Soon we lose whate'er is sweetest;
Soon we ring enjoyment's knell;
Fondest hopes are ever fleetest;
Therefore, dear one, fare thee well.

S. A.

Sacri Vates.

Tribune, seu tu, centurio ferox,
Seu forte inermes impuleris fores,
Praefecte, si gaudes honesto,
Limina cum domino tuere

Secura fraudis. Non tibi gratiam
Nullam rependet, callidus artium
Qveis fama de caelo vocata
Serta piis sua nectit actis.

Qvascumqve terras et freta fervido
Sol orbe lustrat, tu qvoqve viseris
Hoc vate. Musarum latebras
Parce gravi temerare ferro.

Pellaeus ipso Martis in impetu
Victor pepercit Pindarico lari
Qva templa, qva grandes in hora
Turpe solum petiere turres:

Qvin et renascens hoc tua profuit,
Electra, maesto fabula carmine,
Ne strata deformi iacerent
Moenia Cecropidum ruina.

K.

Ad Neaeram.

Gemmam do tibi simplicem, Neaera,
Fidi mnemosynon probiqve cordis;
Nos, si fata forent movenda votis,
Nullum, lux mea, separaret aevum.
Sed dulcissima qvaeqve mox recedunt,
Veloci pede praeterit voluptas,
Et, qvo blandior, hoc fugacior spes:—
Ergo, noster amor, vale, Neaera.

K.

The Slandered One.

Done to death by slanderous tongues
  Was the Hero that here lies:
Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,
  Gives her fame which never dies:
So the life, that died with shame,
Lives in death with glorious fame.
Hang thou there upon the tomb,
Praising her when I am dumb.

Pardon, Goddess of the night,
Those that slew thy virgin knight;
For the which, with songs of woe,
Round about her tomb they go.
    Midnight, assist our moan;
    Help us to sigh and groan
      Heavily, heavily:
    Graves yawn, and yield your dead,
    Till death be uttered
Heavily, heavily.

SHAKSPEARE.

Rich and Poor.

Rich—you were a favoured lover;
Poor—your courting days are over.
Then you were a dear Adonis;
Altered now the fair one's tone is:
Now you fall beneath her knowledge;
Phyllis asks your "name and college."
Ah, my friend, to heart you're laying
All too late the good old saying:
"Swallows come and go with weather;
Friends and Fortune fly together."

S. A. (*from the Greek*).

Ἡρώ.

Ἄδε μὲν Ἡρὼ γαῖα καλύπτει
ψιθυραῖς Ἡρὼ γλώσσαις φθιμένην·
θάνατος δ' ἄχεων ποινὰς μεγάλων
ἀντιδίδωσιν κλέος ἀθάνατον·
βιοτὰ δ' οὕτω θνήσκουσ' ἀκλεῶς
βίον εἵληχεν τὸν κλεινότατον·
δέλτος, σὺ δέ μοι νῦν ἐπὶ τύμβου
τοῦδε κρεμαστὴ
σιγῶντος ἐμοῦ νιν ἐπαίνει.
σύγγνωθι θεά, πότνια νυκτός,
σὴν κτείνασιν παρθένον ἀδμῆτ'·
ἀνθ' ὧν τύμβους ἀμφιπολοῦμεν
λιγυροῖς θρήνοις ἐπιτυμβιδίοις·
σὺ δὲ νὺξ μεσάτη σύμμαχος ἡμῶν
μελέα μελέοις ἴσθι στοναχαῖς·
ἐπάνω τύμβοι τ' ἐκπροϊέντες
χάσκετε νεκρούς, ἔστ' ἂν θάνατος
μέλεος μελέων
νεκύων πλήρωμα κενώσῃ.

R. S.

Infelix Paupertas.

Dives amator eras: desisti pauper amare:
Tam medicina potens est in amore fames.
Qvae te suaviolum dulcemqve vocabat Adonin,
Nunc eadem qvi sis Phyllis et unde rogat.
A Corydon, Corydon, didicisti serior illud:
'Nullus ad amissas ibit amicus opes.'

K.

Sonnet.

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

SPENSER.

Auf Keplern.

So hoch war noch kein Sterblicher geſtiegen,
Als Kepler ſtieg—und ſtarb in Hungersnoth.
Er wußte nur die Geiſter zu vergnügen;
Drum lieſſen ihn die Körper ohne Brot.

KASTNER.

Amor's Pfeil.

Amor's Pfeil hat Widerſpitzen;
Wen er trifft der laſſ' ihn ſitzen,
  Und erduld' ein wenig Schmerz:
Wer geprüften Rath verachtet,
Und ihn auszureiſſen trachtet,
  Der zerfleiſchet ganz ſein Herz.

BUERGER.

In omne Virgo nobilis aevum.

Olim virgineum signaram in litore nomen:
  Ilicet hoc tumidi diluit unda maris.
Mox iterum scripsi: nec longum tempus, et aestus
  Allabens iterum despoliavit opus.
Tum mea vita mihi: Qvid agis, vanissime? num tu
  Mortales titulos morte carere putas?
Aufugiam par ipsa notis in litore ductis,
  Deletumqve meum tempore nomen erit.
Haud ita, respondi: confundat cetera pulvis;
  Fama tibi vitam tempus in omne dabit:
Aeternabit enim raras mea carmine dotes
  Aetheraqve inscribet nomine Musa tuo.
Illic vivus erit seroqve novabitur aevo,
  Ultima post mundi funera, noster amor.

K.

Kepleri Sors.

Qvis caelum propior Keplero vidit? At ille
  Vitam traxit inops interiitqve fame.
Profuerat certe, sed non nisi mentibus; ergo
  Corpora sunt illum passa carere cibo.

K.

Amoris Sagitta.

Ἰθὺ παλιγνάμπτοισιν Ἔρως καλάμοισιν ἰάπτει,
  τλῆθί μιν, οὐ πικρῶς κείσεται ἡ βελόνη.
ὃς δέ μιν ὑβρίζων πειρᾷ κατὰ κάρτος ἀποσπᾶν,
  ἄθλιε, μὴ τὴν σὴν ἐξερύσῃς κραδίην.

H. J. H.

The Lotus-eaters.

Hateful is the dark-blue sky
  Vaulted o'er the dark-blue sea.
Death is the end of life; ah, why
  Should life all labour be?
Let us alone. Time driveth onward fast,
  And in a little while our lips are dumb.
Let us alone. What is it that will last?
  All things are taken from us, and become
Portions and parcels of the dreadful past.
  Let us alone. What pleasure can we have
To war with evil? Is there any peace
  In ever climbing up the climbing wave?
  All things have rest, and ripen toward the grave
In silence, ripen, fall, and cease.
Give us long rest or death, dark death or dreamful ease.

TENNYSON.

Βούλει σε γεύσω πρῶτον;

Εἰμὶ μὲν οὐ φιλόοινος· ὅταν δ' ἐθέλῃς με μεθύσσαι,
  πρῶτα σὺ γευομένη πρόσφερε, καὶ δέχομαι.
εἰ γὰρ ἐπιψαύσεις τοῖς χείλεσιν, οὐκέτι νήφειν
  εὐμαρές, οὐδὲ φυγεῖν τὸν γλυκὺν οἰνοχόον·
πορθμεύει γὰρ ἔμοιγε κύλιξ παρὰ σοῦ τὸ φίλημα,
  καί μοι ἀπαγγέλλει τὴν χάριν, ἣν ἔλαβεν.

ANTHOLOGIA GRAECA.

Νόστου βούλοντο λαθέσθαι.

Fert ipse pontus taedium et imminens
Superne caelum, caerula caerulis
  Porrecta; cur tanto labore
    Gens terimus peritura vitam?

Tandem precamur, qvisqvis es, abstine
Lassos fatigandi, ut pedibus ruit
  Tempus citatis, nostraqve aevo
    Functa brevi labra conticebunt.

Qvid non caducum? Cur miser inchoet
Spem longiorem, singula cui sua
  Raptantur extorqventur eheu
    Tristibus accumulanda fastis?

Cessemus. Ecqvid profuit invidis
Certare divis? Pontum iterantibus
  Qvae pax, ubi aeternat labores
    Unda superveniens in undam?

Nil non qviescit: nec nisi funeri
Maturat aetas omnia: da mori aut
  Cessare nobis; da qvietem
    Somniferam tenebrasve leti.

W. G. C.

Nunc est bibendum.

Non ego vinosus: si vis me mergere poclis,
  Praegustata tibi profer, et accipiam.
Si labra admoris cyatho, qvis sobrius adstet,
  Qvis renuat, cum sis pulcra ministra meri?
Oscula nam cyathus de te mihi suavia tradit,
  Qvamqve voluptatem senserit ipse refert.

F. E. G.

Bees.

Therefore doth Heaven divide
The state of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavour in continual motion;
To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
Obedience: for so work the honey-bees;
Creatures that, by a rule in nature, teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king, and officers of sorts:
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home;
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad;
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds;
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent royal of their emperor:
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold;
The civil citizens kneading up the honey;
The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate;
The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone.

SHAKSPEARE.

Schiff und Herz.

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

W. MUELLER.

Fervet Opus.

Ergo homines Deus instituit diversa seqventes,
Mobile semper uti studium et certamen habendi
Curreret, hanc unam properans contingere metam,
Esse sub imperio maiorum audireqve habenas.
Sic operantur apes cogendi mellis amore:
Qvae, duce natura, populo documenta dedere
Regnato, ut parere velint ac legibus uti.
Iura magistratusqve legunt regemqve seqvuntur:
Castigare domi est aliarum et sumere poenas;
Mercantes aliae peregrina negotia curant;
Spicula portantes aliae, ceu miles in armis,
Aestatem populantur et aurea germina vastant:
Unde domum praedam referentibus agmine laeto
Itur ad augusti praetoria regis: at ille
Fungitur imperio contemplaturqve canentes
Murorum artifices molirier aurea tecta,
Parte alia cives liqvefacta recondere mella,
Parte alia famulos operantes pondera tergo
Grandia ad angustum certatim advolvere limen:
Contemplatur item praetorem torva tuentem,
Ut saevum mussans fucorum ingloria tradat
Corpora carnifici.

T. S. E.

Amor naufragus.

Triste ratis pelagi medio correpta furore;
Tristius in vitae turbine prensus Amor.
Iacturam facit illa levisqve supervolat undas;
Hic fera sollicitum per freta portat onus.

K.

What ills the Scholar's life assail!

Death, old fellow! have we then
  Come at last so near each other?
Well, shake hands; and be to me
  A quiet friend, a faithful brother.

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

Newton! Euclid! fine old ghosts!
  Noble books of old Greek learning!
Ah, ye left huge aches behind,
  Head and heart and brain all burning.

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

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

Now all's over. No one helped,
  No one cheer'd my strong endeavour;
So I sank, and called on thee,
  And thou wilt be my friend for ever.

BARRY CORNWALL.

Cock Robin.

Who killed Cock Robin?
  I, says the Sparrow,
  With my bow and arrow,
I killed Cock Robin.

GAMMER GURTON.

Mortem orat.

Mors, geniale caput, non aspernata vocantem,
  Tam vicina mihi siccine castra locas?
Qvin serimus dextras? Sociam fidamqve sororem
  Te tranqvilla mihi nectat amicitia.
Fugit laeta salus, nummi fugere, simulqve
  Fugerunt hilares iam, mihi crede, dies,
Qvando ego per luces longas noctesqve legebam,
  Poclaqve cum socio rara levamen erant.
Neutone O tuqve Euclidae venerabilis umbra,
  Doctaqve Graiorum vos monumenta, libri,
Heu mihi qvam taetros legastis saepe dolores,
  Qvanta cor invasit qvantaqve flamma caput!
Sed tamen immensus, spatiis inclusus iniqvis,
  Urere nocturnam lampada iussit amor.
Multa laborabam, fingebam somnia multa,
  Somnia qvae subito dispulit orta dies.
Sed vel adhuc trepidam (noli ridere) fovebant
  Spem mihi divitiae, robur, inanis honor.
Hinc ego doctrinae scandens interritus arces
  Deciduus lapsu praecipitante rui.
Actum est; nemo mihi Macte acclamabat et Euge,
  Nemo operi magno suppeditabat opem.
Sic ego deficiens aegra te voce vocavi,
  Tuqve mihi fautrix tempus in omne venis.

K.

O factum male, O miselle Passer!

Τίς ἄρρεν' ἐρυθρόστερνον ἦν ἄρ' ὁ κτείνας;
Αὐτὸς φίλοις τόξοισιν, ἦ δ' ὃς ὁ στρουθός,
τὸν ἄρρεν' ἐρυθρόστερνον αὐτὸς ἔκτεινα.

R. S.

The Lark at Heaven's gate sings.

Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from Heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest,
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run,
Like an unbodied joy, whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

SHELLEY.

Excelsior.

O qvae, iocosum numen, ab intimo
(Vox namqve mortalem haud sonat alitem)
  Aut hospes aut vicina caeli
    Pectore nil meditata largos
Fundis canores; en magis ac magis
Elata terram deseris, igneae
  Par nubis, ascendisqve semper
    Caeruleos fugiente penna
Tractus; nec umqvam surgere desinis
Inter canendum, nec celer impedit
  Carmen volatus. Tu, cubile
    Sole sub Hesperium cadente
Coepere cum iam nubila tingier
Luce insolenti, per iubar aureum
  Tu ludis exsultante lapsu,
    Tu fluitas velut umbra iamiam
Exuta pigri vincula corporis,
Cursum institutum currere gestiens:
  Te vesper en pallens amictu
    Purpureo tegit avolantem:
Ceu stella, fallis per liqvidum aethera,
Cum lux diei plena refunditur,
  Visum; sed argutae lepores
    Aure bibo sitiente vocis.
Argenteae sic spicula Cynthiae
Scindunt acutis ictibus aera;
  Sed pallet Aurorae sub alba
    Vivida fax tenuata luce;
Tum vix videre est, sed tamen intimis
Haurire fas est sensibus. En tua
  Tractusqve terrarum et lacunar
    Aetherium reboat loquella,
Ceu nuda noctis cum facies patet,
Demittit una Cynthia fulgidos
  E nube rores, at sereni
    Templa poli radiis redundant.

H. A. J. M.

Silent Love.

Few the words that I have spoken;
  True love's words are ever few;
Yet by many a speechless token
  Hath my heart discoursed to you.

Souls that to each other listen,
  Hear the language of a sigh,
Read the silent tears that glisten
  In the tender trembling eye.

When your cheek is pale with sadness,
  Dimmer grows the light of mine,
And your smiles of sunny gladness
  In my face reflected shine.

Though my speech is faint and broken,
  Though my words are ever few,
Yet by many a voiceless token
  All my heart is known to you.

S. A.

True Beauty.

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

SPENSER.

Mutus Amor.

Οἶδα παῦρ' ἔπη λαλήσας· παῦρ' ἔρως λαλεῖν φιλεῖ·
ξυμβόλοις δ' ὅμως ἀναύδοις σοὶ τὸ πᾶν ἠνιξάμην.
εὖ γὰρ οἶδε φρὴν ἐρῶσα τί στόνος λέγειν θέλει
δακρύων τ' ἄφωνος ὀμφὴ μαλθακοῦ δι' ὄμματος·
σῆς παρῇδος ὠχριώσης ἥ τ' ἐμὴ μαραίνεται,
σῷ τ' ἐμὸς γέλωτι λαμπρὸς ἀντιφέγγεται γέλως.
ὧδε δυσκρίτως μόλις τε τἀμά σοι φωνῶν ὅμως
ξυμβόλοις ἔρωτ' ἀναύδοις γνωρίσας ἅπαντ' ἔχω.

K.

Qvid Pulcrum.

Pulcram te memorant homines: nec credere cessas,
  Cum talem exhibeat te tibi qvaeqve dies;
Sed magis illa mihi, qvae vere pulcra putantur,
  Indole cum pura mens generosa, placent.
Cetera delebit, qvamvis pulcerrima, tempus;
  Fugerit eximio splendidus ore color.
Illa manent tantum, qvae dempta carne supersunt,
  Illa vigent aegra libera sola lue.
Dixeris hanc formam, qva tu divina propago,
  Luminis aetherei conspiciare iubar;
Procreat hanc pulcer, qvi pulcri qvidqvid ubiqve est,
  Conditor, exacti causa caputqve boni.
Pulcer is, et si cui pulcro dedit esse: sed, ut flos,
  Ante suum pereunt cetera pulcra diem.

K.

The Progress of Poesy.

Awake, Æolian Lyre, awake,
And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.
From Helicon's harmonious springs
A thousand rills their mazy progress take:
The laughing flowers that round them blow,
Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
Now the rich stream of music winds along
Deep, majestic, smooth and strong,
Thro' verdant vales and Ceres' golden reign:
Now rolling down the steep amain,
Headlong, impetuous, see it pour;
The rocks and nodding groves rebellow to the roar.
O sovereign of the willing soul,
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
Enchanting Shell, the sullen Cares
And frantic Passions hear thy soft control.
On Thracia's hills the Lord of War
Has curbed the fury of his car,
And dropped his thirsty lance at thy command:
Perching on the sceptred hand
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feathered king
With ruffled plumes and flagging wing:
Quenched in dark clouds of slumber lie
The terrors of his beak and lightnings of his eye.
Thee the voice, the dance, obey,
Tempered to thy warbled lay.
O'er Idalia's velvet green
The rosy-crowned Loves are seen,
On Cytherea's day,

Χρυσέα φόρμιγξ.

Depelle somnum et dic age fervidis
Dic laeta chordis Aeolium melos,
  Divina Testudo: canora
    Mille fluunt Heliconis arce

Vocalium cum murmure fontium
Rivi meantes, qvos sitientium
  Floresqve pratorum et feraci
    Vallis amat decorata risu.

Nunc lympha, multo devia tramite,
Levi fluento non sine viribus
  Lambit virescentes recessus
    Et Cereris geniale regnum:

Nunc latiori prona licentia
Secum labantum culmina rupium
  Devolvit avulsosqve truncos
    Et virides Heliconis umbras.

Salve libentum blanda cupidinum
Regina, victi pectoris arbitra:
  Te Luctus exauditqve Cura,
    Te placidis inimica ludis

Vindicta lenem fassa potentiam.
Audit cruento dirus ab Ismaro
  Gradivus, infrenatqve currus
    Et rabiem sitientis hastae:

Audit corusco de solio Iovis
Bellator ales; mox piceus sopor
  Compescit alarum fragorem et
    Fulmineos oculi minacis

Condit furores. Te seqvitur Chorus,
Utcumqve molli in gramine coetibus
  Bacchata per noctem protervis
    Idalias Cytherea nymphas

With antic Sports and blue-eyed Pleasures,
Frisking light in frolic measures;
Now pursuing, now retreating,
Now in circling troops they meet;
To brisk notes in cadence beating
Glance their many-twinkling feet.
  Slow melting strains their Queen's approach declare:
Where'er she turns, the Graces homage pay,
With arms sublime, that float upon the air,
In gliding state she wins her easy way:
O'er her warm cheek and rising bosom move
The bloom of young Desire and purple light of Love.

GRAY.

Ἕκτορος ἥδε γυνή.

Ἰλίῳ αἰπεινᾷ Πάρις οὐ γάμον, ἀλλά τιν' ἄταν
ἠγάγετ' εὐναίαν εἰς θαλάμους Ἑλέναν.
ἃς ἕνεκ', ὦ Τροία, δορὶ καὶ πυρὶ δηϊάλωτον
εἵλέ σ' ὁ χιλιόναυς Ἑλλάδος ὠκὺς Ἄρης,
καὶ τὸν ἐμὸν μελέας πόσιν Ἕκτορα, τὸν περὶ τείχη
εἵλκυσε διφρεύων παῖς ἁλίας Θέτιδος·
αὐτὰ δ' ἐκ θαλάμων ἀγόμαν ἐπὶ θῖνα θαλάσσας,
δουλοσύναν στυγερὰν ἀμφιβαλοῦσα κάρᾳ.
πολλὰ δὲ δάκρυά μοι κατέβα χροός, ἀνίκ' ἔλειπον
ἄστυ τε καὶ θαλάμους καὶ πόσιν ἐν κονίαις.
ὤμοι ἐγὼ μελέα, τί μ' ἐχρῆν ἔτι φέγγος ὁρᾶσθαι
Ἑρμιόνας δούλαν; ἃς ὕπο τειρομένα
πρὸς τόδ' ἄγαλμα θεᾶς ἱκέτις περὶ χεῖρε βαλοῦσα
τάκομαι, ὡς πετρίνα πιδακόεσσα λιβάς.

EURIPIDES.

Iunctas gemellis ducit Amoribus:
Praesens Voluptas et roseus Pudor
  Et laeta Ludorum caterva,
    Virgineae comites choreae,

Nunc involuto non semel ordine
Terram trementi concutiunt pede;
  Nunc qvaeqve certatim volanti
    Qvamqve fugit seqviturqve planta.

Sed Musa molles solvitur in modos:
En ipsa nexis non sine Gratiis
  Regina procedit: decentes
    Ad numerum fluitant lacerti

Sublime in auras: en facili viam
Spectanda lapsu corripit; en labri
  Pellacis undantisqve colli
    Purpureos Amor auget ignes.

E. H. C.

Hectoris Andromache Pyrrhin connubia servas?

Pestem, haud coniugium, Paris intulit Ilio alto
  Participem lecti sub thalamos Helenam;
Pro qva, vastatam ferro ac face, mille carinis
  Te miseraeqve mei Mars celer Argolicus,
Troia, maritum hausit, qvem circa moenia bigis
  Raptavit Thetidis filius aeqvoreae.
Ipsa sed e thalamis ad litus descendebam
  Cincta importuno tempora servitio
Assiduoqve genas fletu perfusa, relictis
  Urbe mea atqve marito in cinere ac thalamis.
Hei me infelicem jam lumina soli' videre,
  Jam Hermionae servire! a qva ego discrucior,
Suppliciterqve deae statuam hanc amplexa liqvesco
  Fons velut e saxo prosilientis aqvae.

H. A. J. M.

The Half exceeds the Whole.

Brave Hylas, once the hamlet's pride,
One-handed now, one-legged, one-eyed,
From war discharged, Lycoris prest
With tearful rapture to her breast.
"And canst thou, dearest, gladly see
A lover thus unmeet for thee?
Antinous, handsome, rich, and young,
Whom matrons court with flattering tongue
And maids with sidelong glance approve,
Antinous whispers vows of love:
What hope for Hylas, luckless elf,
Who brings from battle—half himself?"
Smiled through her tears the blushing maid,
And, "Not a rush," she fondly said,
"For all Antinous would I give:
With half my Hylas let me live."

S. A.

His Heart's his Mouth.

P. This man has marred his fortune.
M. His nature is too noble for the world:
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for his power to thunder. His heart's his mouth:
What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent;
And being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of death.

SHAKSPEARE.

Star of the Morn and Eve.

Thou wert the Morning-star among the living,
Ere thy fair light had fled:
Now having died thou art as Hesperus, giving
New splendour to the dead.

SHELLEY (*from* PLATO).

Πλέον ἥμισυ παντός.

Uno oculo mancum crure uno unoqve lacerto
  Excipit emeritum fida Lycoris Hylan.
Siccine, miles ait, tali male virgine dignum,
  Siccine me reducem laeta, Lycori, vides?
Te petit Antinous, iuvenum rosa, qvem sibi mater
  Qvaeqve cupit generum, qvaeqve puella virum.
Te petit Antinous: qvid Hylae sperare licebit,
  Qvi mutilus rediit dimidiumqve sui?
Illa inter lacrimas ridens, Mihi carior, inqvit,
  Antinoo toto dimidiatus Hylas.

K.

Libere sentire et loqvi.

Π. Οὗτος ἐξεύρηκεν αὐτῷ περιπετεῖς ἀνὴρ τύχας.
Μ. Εὐγενέστερος γάρ ἐστιν ἢ ξυνοικῆσαι βροτοῖς.
οὐδ' ἂν εἰ δοίη τρίαιναν ποντίας ἅλμης ἄναξ,
οὐδ' ἂν εἰ κεραύνιον Ζεὺς λαμπάδ', αἰκάλλοι ποτ' ἂν
οὔτε τοῦτον οὔτ' ἐκεῖνον· οἰκίσας δ' ἔχει κέαρ
στόματος ἐν θύραισιν αὐταῖς, χὤ τι φρὴν τεκταίνεται
γλώσσ' ἀφῆκεν ἐξ ἀνάγκης· ἠγριωμένος δ' ἅπαξ
οὐδὲ τοὔνομ' οἶδ' ἀκούσας ὅ τί ποτ' ἐστὶ τοῦ θανεῖν.

K.

Ad Amicum mortuum.

Splendebas supero sub fornice nuper Eous;
  Nunc idem splendes Hesperus in tenebris.

H. J.

A Song of Twopence.

Sing a song of twopence,
  A basket full of barley,
Twice four hens and chickens
  Getting up so early.

When they saw their victuals,
  The birds began to want 'em:
Was it not a dainty dish
  To set before the bantam?

Papa was in his study
  Reading Greek and Latin:
Mamma was in the wardrobe
  Folding silk and satin:

The hen was in the garden
  Walking on both legs,
There came a little Arthur
  And picked up two eggs.

S. A.

The Random Shot.

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

O Huntress Queen, this pictured meed
  The artist hangs within thy shrine,
Memorial of a bitter deed,
  Diana, wrought by thee or thine.
From its dam's teat with deep-drawn breath
  A fawn requires its wonted food;
The wounded mother, faint in death,
  Reddens the mountain snows with blood.
Yet why the piteous sight deplore?
  Nay, goddess, lay thy shafts aside;
And in the chase delight no more,
  Or let those idle tears be dried.

S. A.

Ἄσμα τοῦ ὀβόλου.

Ἀείδετ' ἆσμα τοὐβόλου,
πλῆρες σπυρίδιον ἀλφίτων,
ἀλεκτρυόνας αὐτοῖς νεοττ-
οῖς ὀρθρίους δὶς τέτταρας.
τὰ δ' ὡς ὁρᾷ τὴν ἔνθεσιν,
πόθος τίς ἥψατ' ὀρνέων;
οὐχ ἡδὺ τῶν σίτων τόδ' ἦν
τὸ χρῆμ' ἀλέκτορ' ἑστιᾶν;
πατὴρ μὲν ἦν διεξιὼν
Ἑλληνίκ' ἄττ' ἔνδον δόμων·
μήτηρ δὲ βύσσινον χιτῶν'
ἀπετίθετ' ἐν κιβωτίοις·
ἐν ὀρχάτῳ δ' ἀλεκτρύαιν'
ἄμφοιν ποδοῖν περιεπάτει·
τυννουτονὶ δ' ἦλθεν βρέφος,
κατ' οἰχεται
κλέψαν σοφῶς δύ' ὠά.

R. S.

Tabellae Dedicatio.

Σοὶ πίνακ', Ἄρτεμι, τόνδε πικρῶν θέτο μάρτυρον ἔργων
ζώγραφος, εἴτε τεῶν, εἴτε καὶ ἀλλοτρίων.
οὔθατι νέβρον ὁρᾷς πρὸς μητέρος, ἡ δ' ἀπὸ πλευρῆς
οὔρεος αἱμάσσει μαρμαρέην χιόνα.
μή νυ κότει κλαίουσα· τὰ δὲ κλυτὰ τόξ' ἀπόβαλλε·
ἦ γὰρ ἄγρης λήγειν ἦ σέ γε χρὴ δακρύων.

J. R.

The Luxury of Tears.

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

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

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

BYRON.

Justice.

She was a virgin of austere regard,
Not as the world esteems her, deaf and blind;
But as the eagle that hath oft compared
Her eye with heaven's, so and more brightly shined
Her lamping sight; for she the same could wind
Into the solid heart, and with her ears
The silence of the thought loud speaking hears,
And in one hand a pair of even scales she wears.

GILES FLETCHER.

Wissenschaft.

Einem iſt ſie die hohe, die himmliſche Göttin; dem andern
Eine tüchtige Kuh, die ihn mit Butter verſorgt.

SCHILLER.

Δάκρυα χαρμονὴν ἔχει.

O rapta in ipso flore pulcritudinis,
Te non sepulcri pondus ignavum premet;
Tuum sed usqve caespitem teget rosa
Primigena veris; hic tremet silvestribus
Umbris cupressus, nigra sed mollis tamen:
Et caerulos acclinis ad fontes aqvae
Hic somniabit ore demisso Dolor
Desideriqve pascet angorem sui;
Vixqve immoranti caespitem premet pede
Frustra: sepultos ille non turbat gradus.
At at qverellae parce; nil fletus valent
Nec curat atra mors neqve exaudit preces.
Esto: qvis inde dedocebitur qveri?
Unone flentum turba sic fiet minor?
Ipsi, malorum cui placent oblivia,
Tibi ora pallent, fletibus madent genae.

H. J. H.

Sancta Themis.

Virginis os grave, nec, qvod vulgo creditur, aures
Surdum, lucis inops; sed uti qvae saepe superbos
Est aqvila ausa oculos oculo conferre diei,
Haud alia, atqve etiam visus accenditur olli
Lucidior lampas, solidi non inscia cordis
Excussisse sinus; qvin et secreta silentum
Aures accipiunt intus resonantia clare
Consilia, aeqvalesqve manus tenet altera lances.

J. E. B. M.

Doctrina.

Huic dea fit temploqve suo Doctrina locatur:
Illi fert solitum, commoda vacca, cibum.

K.

The Mariners of England.

Ye Mariners of England,
  Who guard our native seas,
Whose flag has braved a thousand years
  The battle and the breeze,
Your glorious standard launch again
  To meet another foe,
    And sweep through the deep,
      While the stormy winds do blow,
    While the battle rages loud and long,
      And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers
  Shall start from every wave;
For the deck it was their field of fame,
  And ocean was their grave:
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
  Your manly breasts shall glow,
    As ye sweep through the deep,
      While the stormy winds do blow,
    While the battle rages loud and long,
      And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwark,
  No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain waves,
  Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak
  She quells the floods below,
    As they roar on the shore,
      When the stormy winds do blow,
    When the battle rages loud and long,
      And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor-flag of England
  Shall yet terrific burn,
Till danger's troubled night depart,
  And the star of peace return.

Viri turritis puppibus instant.

Tutela, nautae, litoris Anglici,
Si vestra Martem classis et Aeolum
Iam mille contempsit per annos,
Ite novis revocate bellis

Vexilla priscae conscia gloriae:
Ite ite, pontum verrite, qva graves
Inter procellarum tumultus
Longa ferae tonat ira pugnae.

Ubiqve clarorum exsilient patrum
Manes ab imis fluctibus exciti,
Qvos morte pro transtris honesta
Grande decus meritos sepulcri

Neptunus amplo consecrat in sinu.
Quanto calescent corda virilia
Ardore currentum per aeqvor,
Blacus ubi ceciditqve in armis

Magnum duelli fulmen Horatius.
Tutanda nulla turre Britannia
Murosqve dedignans et alto
Ceu propriis dominans in agris

Audax aqvarum montibus insilit.
Ilex tremendis feta tonitribus
Nativa tempestatis iram
Litoribus domat infrementem

Qva mixta ventis proelia saeviunt.
Aplustre semper vindicis Angliae
Fulgebit horrendum tyrannis
Dum trepidae fugiant tenebrae

Then, then, ye ocean warriors,
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow,
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

CAMPBELL.

The Exile.

Night waneth fast, the morning star
Saddens with light the glimmering sea,
Whose waves shall soon to realms afar
Waft me from hope, from love, and thee.

Coldly the beam from yonder sky
Looks o'er the waves that onward stray;
But colder still the stranger's eye
To him whose home is far away.

Oh, not at hour so chill and bleak
Let thoughts of me come o'er thy breast;
But of the lost one think and speak
When summer suns sink calm to rest.

So, as I wander, fancy's dream
Shall bring me o'er the sunset seas
Thy look in every melting beam,
Thy whisper in each dying breeze.

MOORE.

The Plurality of Worlds.

So unermeſſlich iſt, ſo unendlich erhaben der Himmel;
Aber der Kleinigkeitsgeiſt zog auch den Himmel herab.

SCHILLER.

Pacisqve felix stella reluceat.
Tum rite, pugnax Oceani genus,
  Vestros honorabunt triumphos
    Carminibus dapibusqve cives,

Vestrae dabuntur pocula gloriae,
Cum flare lassi desierint Noti,
  Martisqve cessarint procellae
    Sollicitas agitare gentes.

K.

Linqvenda Tellus et Domus.

Nox fugiens properat: pallenti Lucifer ortu
  Iam tremula dubias lampade pulsat aqvas.
Transferet hic heu me peregrinam fluctus ad oram,
  Qva neqve amor nec spes nec meus ignis erit.
Frigida de celso funduntur lumina caelo,
  Frigidaqve haec refluo suscipit unda sinu:
Frigidiora tamen torvi videt hospitis ora
  Advena, cui procul est trans mare cara domus.
Tempore tam laevo cum pallet frigidus aether,
  Lux mea, ne cordi sit meminisse mei.
Hunc recoles melius, qvi te desiderat absens,
  Aestivo placidum sole petente torum:
Tum mihi palanti qvotiens super aeqvoris undas
  Occiduae mittent somnia mira faces,
Omnia te referent: oculus tuus effugiens lux,
  Et tuus exspirans aura susurrus erit.

V. R. J.

Mens pusilla.

Stat sine mensura caelum, sine limite; sed mens
    Angusta caelum contrahit.

K.

The Sleeping Beauty.

Winds, whisper gently while she sleeps,
  And fan her with your cooling wings,
While she her drops of beauty weeps
  From pure and yet unrivalled springs.
Glide over Beauty's field, her face,
  To kiss her brow and cheek be bold,
But with a calm and stealing pace,
  Neither too rude nor yet too cold.
Play in her beams, and crisp her hair,
  With such a gale as wings soft love;
And with so sweet, so rich an air,
  As breathes from the Arabian grove:
A breath as hushed as lover's sigh,
  Or that unfolds the morning's door;
Sweet as the winds that gently fly
  To sweep the spring's enamelled floor.

COTTON.

The Dead Love.

White art thou, my maiden,
  Canst not whiter be!
Warm my love is, maiden,
  Cannot warmer be!

But when dead, my maiden,
  White was she still more;
And, poor lad, I love her
  Warmer than before.

From the RUTHENIAN.

Lady-bird.

Lady-bird, lady-bird, fly away home:
Your house is on fire, your children will burn.

GAMMER GURTON.

Εὖδε φίλα ψυχά.

Dum mea lux dormit, tu leniter, aura, susurra;
Frigida sopitum ventilet ala sinum,
Dum puro eximios lacrimat de fonte liqvores
Aemula qveis omnis gloria cedat aqvae.
Per faciem, Paphiae proprios age labere campos;
Fige labris audax oscula, fige genis;
Algida nec nimium serpes nimiumve proterva,
Sed placide, lentos saepe morata gradus.
Lude faces inter frontis crispaqve capillos,
Qvalis ubi vehitur flamine mollis Amor;
Qvalis ubi Arabiae penetrans myrteta beatae
Ventus odoriferas halat amoenus opes:
Spiritus occultus, qvalem suspirat amator,
Aut solet Eoas qvi reserare fores:
Suavis uti verna Zephyrus cum devolat hora
Verrat ut ornati gemmea prata soli.

A. H.

Λευκοτέρα χιόνος.

Λευκὰ παρθέν' ἐμά, τίς κε πέλοι λευκοτέρα βλέπειν;
κἀμοὶ θερμὸς ἔρως· θερμότερος τίς κε γένοιτ' ἔτι;
οἴχῃ, παρθέν' ἐμά· νῦν δὲ πρέπεις λευκοτέρα σέθεν·
κήγὼν θερμοτέρῳ νῦν ἔραμαι παῖς ὁ τάλας πόθῳ.

R. S.

Coccinella.

Coccinella, coccinella, qvin volas redux domum?
Tecta flagrant: a cremantur coccinelluli tui.

K.

The happy Man.

He cannot skim the ground like summer birds
Pursuing gilded flies; and such he deems
Her honours, her emoluments, her joys.
Therefore in Contemplation is his bliss,
Whose power is such, that whom she lifts from earth
She makes familiar with a heaven unseen,
And shows him glories yet to be revealed.
Not slothful he, though seeming unemployed
And censured oft as useless. Stillest streams
Oft water fairest meadows, and the bird
That flutters least, is longest on the wing.
Ask him indeed what trophies he has raised,
Or what achievements of immortal fame
He purposes, and he shall answer—None.
His warfare is within. There unfatigued
His fervent spirit labours. There he fights,
And there obtains fresh triumphs o'er himself
And never-withering wreaths, compared with which
The laurels that a Caesar reaps are weeds.

COWPER.

A Day after the Fair.

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

From the Greek.

Conjugal Peace.

Here lies my wife; and let her lie:
She is at rest, and so am I.

OLD EPITAPH.

Beatus ille.

Verrere nescit humum, qvo ritu verrit hirundo
Proliciente fuga capta et splendoribus aureis
Sole sub aestivo muscae: fastidit honores
Muneraqve interitura voluptatesqve caducas.
Ergo solus amat meditari ac totus in illo est:
Vivida vis superas meditantem evexit ad auras
Scilicet et magni reserans penetralia caeli
Nondum propositos oculis patefecit honores.
Non agit ille nihil, qvamvis videatur amare
Desidiam civisqve inglorius audiat idem.
Saepe madent taciturno amni viridissima rura:
Saepe qvieta volans alarum verbere raro
Ultima caelesti cursu lassatur hirundo.
Ille tropaea manu statuit? Molitur in aevum
Omne per ora virum victor volitare? Negabit.
Intus bella gerit: mentis procul aere canoro
Militat in castris: de se bis terqve triumphat,
Inde petens laurus proprias, viridem inde coronam,
Prae qva Caesareae marcent et inutilis algae
Instar habent.

T. S. E.

Senectus.

Pauper eram iuvenis; senior ditescere coepi:
Utraqve condicio qvod doleatur habet.
Posse frui mihi tunc aderat cum cetera deerant;
Nunc mihi nil aliud deest nisi posse frui.

K.

Parta Qvies.

Hac mea Deianira iacet, iaceatqve, sub herba:
Pace potita illa est, pace potitus ego.

K.

To Mary in Heaven.

Thou lingering star, with lessening ray
  That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usherest in the day
  My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary, dear departed shade!
  Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
  Hearst thou the groans that rend his breast?

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

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

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

BURNS.

Nulla dies nostro Moerorem e pectore demet.

Stella recedentem iam iamqve minutior orbem
  Obvia luciferis una morata rotis,
Illa dies duce te volvente relabitur anno
  Qva fuit e nostro rapta Maria sinu.
O animarum adscripta choro, dilecta Maria,
  Illa domus, felix qva reqviescis, ubi est?
Contemplaris humi prostratum in pulvere, et audis
  Qvanto se gemitu torqveat intus amans?
Mene sacri fas est oblivia temporis umqvam
  Ducere, mene sacrum non meminisse nemus,
Qva patriae propter flexus convenimus undae,
  Extremumqve diem mutuus egit amor?
Nulla aetas animo monumenta perennia demet;
  Nec mihi deliciae praeteriere meae:
Non species omnis tua vanuit, oscula qvalis
  Ultima, nec nobis ultima visa, dabas.
Lympha susurrantes riparum amplexa lapillos
  Fronde superfusis ibat opaca vadis;
Spinaqve cana vagos miscebat odoraqve flexus
  Betula per laetum, par geniale, locum.
Germina surgebant tangi poscentia; nec qvi
  Ramus amorem avium non resonaret, erat:
Dum rubet Hesperia caelum de parte, diemqve
  Heu nimis admissa nuntiat ire rota.
Illis deliciis etiamnum laetor, et illis
  Immoror, occultas inter avarus opes.
Tempore crescit adhuc constantior intus imago,
  Altior ire latex tempore qvalis amat.
O animarum adscripta choro, dilecta Maria,
  Illa domus, felix qva reqviescis, ubi est?
Contemplaris humi prostratum in pulvere, et audis
  Qvanto se gemitu torqveat intus amans?

H. T.

The Benediction.

Peace be around thee wherever thou rovest,
  May life be for thee one summer's day,
And all that thou wishest, and all that thou lovest,
  Come smiling around thy sunny way!
If sorrow o'er this calm should break,
  May even thy tears pass off so lightly,
That, like spring showers, they only make
  The smiles that follow shine more brightly!

May Time, who sheds his blight o'er all,
  And daily dooms some joy to death,
O'er thee let years so gently fall,
  They shall not crush one flower beneath!
As half in shade and half in sun
  This world along its path advances,
May that side the sun's upon
  Be all that e'er shall meet thy glances!

MOORE.

The Mother's Stratagem.

While on the cliff with calm delight she kneels,
  And the blue vales a thousand joys recall,
See to the last, last verge her infant steals!
  O fly—yet stir not, speak not, lest it fall.
Far better taught, she lays her bosom bare,
And the fond boy springs back to nestle there.

ROGERS.

To Fool or Knave.

Thy praise or dispraise is to me alike:
One doth not stroke me, nor the other strike.

BEN JONSON.

Τῶνδ' ὄνησιν εὔχομαι.

Te circum Pax alma volet, qvocumqve vageris,
  Unum eat aestivum vita imitata diem;
Qvidqvid et in votis fuerit tibi, amabile qvidqvid,
  Adveniat, laetas concelebretqve vias.
Qvod si forte dolor placidum maculaverit aevum,
  Splendet ut ex verno gratior imbre dies,
Non aliter lacrimis fuga maturetur, ut ipsos
  Plenior in risus accumuletur honor.
Qvae nihil obducta non vi robiginis aetas
  Proruit, inqve dies singula nostra rapit,
Te super invisos tam leniter ingerat annos
  Innocuum ut teneris floribus addat onus.
Dum medius noctis patiens mediusqve diei
  Qvod semel instituit volvitur orbis iter,
A precor illa tuo tantum versetur in ore
  Qvae pars assiduis solibus aucta nitet.

W. G. C.

Mater.

Dum sedet in scopulo mater, vallesqve revisae
  Tot referunt laetos, qvi periere, dies,
Parvus ad extremam rupem prorepserat infans.
  Qvin rapis? immo mane, ne cadat; immo sile.
Haec tamen arte sagax nudat meliore papillas:
  Ponit ibi cupidum redditus erro caput.

W. I.

Utrum horum mavis.

Culpane dignum an laude me putas? neutram
Moramur: haec non mulcet, illa non mulcat.

R. S.

The Deluge.

Meanwhile the south wind rose, and, with black wings
Wide-hovering, all the clouds together drove
From under heaven; the hills to their supply
Vapour and exhalation dusk and moist
Sent up amain. And now the thickened sky
Like a dark ceiling stood; down rushed the rain
Impetuous; and continued, till the earth
No more was seen: the floating vessel swum
Uplifted, and secure with beaked prow
Rode tilting o'er the waves; all dwelling else
Flood overwhelmed, and them with all their pomp
Deep under water rolled; sea covered sea,
Sea without shore; and in their palaces,
Where luxury late reigned, sea monsters whelped
And stabled; of mankind, so numerous late,
All left in one small bottom swum imbarked.

MILTON.

Narcissulus.

Τὸν τριετῆ παίζοντα περὶ φρέαρ Ἀρχιάνακτα
εἴδωλον μορφᾶς κωφὸν ἀπεσπάσατο.
ἐκ δ' ὕδατος τὸν παῖδα διάβροχον ἅρπασε μάτηρ
σκεπτομένα ζωᾶς εἴ τινα μοῖραν ἔχει.
Νύμφας δ' οὐκ ἐμίηνεν ὁ νήπιος, ἀλλ' ἐπὶ γούνων
ματρὸς κοιμαθεὶς τὸν βαθὺν ὕπνον ἔχει.

POSIDIPPUS.

Goodness and Greatness.

Nur zwei Tugenden gibts, O wären ſie immer vereinigt;
Immer die Güte auch Groß, immer die Gröſſe auch Gut!

SCHILLER.

Omnia Pontus erant.

Interea egreditur Notus et nigrantibus alis
Imminet, agglomerans pendentia nubila caeli:
Ollis aerium umorem tenebrasqve ministrant
Continuo colles. Piceus superastitit aether
More lacunaris: venit ingens agmen aquarum
Et tandem obruitur crescenti gurgite tellus.
It ratis insultans haud setius aeqvore summo,
Et secura natat rostrata concita prora,
Sola hominum domus; at prorumpens abdit aqvae vis
Cetera: subsidunt ipsi luxusqve sub undas
Omnis it in cassum: simul unda supervenit undam
Immensiqve fremunt late sine litore fluctus.
Qvae modo regifica splendebant atria pompa
Nunc horrenda tenent ululantum monstra ferarum:
Relliqviaeqve hominum (de tot modo millibus eheu
Pars qvota) naviculae parva conduntur in alvo.

R. J. M.

Ὄψε μάλα.

Margine fonticuli trimus cum luderet infans,
  Decidit heu vitreis captus imaginibus.
Eripuit madidum rapido de gurgite mater,
  Anxia num vitae qvid superesset adhuc.
Haud leto Nymphas temerantem in pectore matris
  Urget perpetuus Laomedonta sopor.

F. E. G.

Bona Magnaqve.

Sunt duo virtutes, qvas semper iungere vellem,
  Congruerent magnis ut bona, magna bonis.

K.

For Winter came.

The mill-wheel's frozen in the stream,
  The church is decked with holly;
Misletoe hangs from the kitchenbeam,
  To fright away melancholy;
Icicles clink in the milkmaid's pail,
  Younkers skate on the pool below,
Blackbirds perch on the gardenrail;
  And hark, how the cold winds blow!

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

HORACE SMITH.

Lines from the German.

Let me wander where she walks
  In the blessed calm of even;
Let me listen when she talks;
  Jove, I envy not thy heaven.

Love within my bosom's cell
Hermit-like doth ever dwell:
Hope and Joy may leave my heart;
Love and I will never part.

S. A.

Land and Sea.

That is a farmer's, this a sailor's grave:
One end awaits the land, and one the wave.

S. A. (*from the Greek*).

Brumae intractabilis Horror.

Stat molae gelatus axis, templa baccae vestiunt:
Viscus ex tigno culinae pendulus curam fugat:
Mulctra glacie stridet, omnis pervolat pubes lacum;
Merula subsilit fenestrae: flabra phui frigent, fremunt.

Marcus exit aucupatum; ligna Dama qvaeritans
Efflat algentes in auras spiritum fumo parem;
Thrax secat glaciem iuvencis; tussiunt pueri et senes;
Marcet orbe sol rubente; flabra phui frigent, fremunt.

K.

Amor Inqvilinus.

Sit mihi per dominae vestigia saepe vagari,
  Cum latebras mulcet vesperis alma qvies;
Sit mihi mellitam dominae bibere aure loqvellam;
  Invideam caeli non ego regna Iovi.
Haeret Amor semper vivitqve in pectore nostro,
  Ceu pius in cari ianitor aede dei.
Spes abeat nobis, abeat fugitiva Voluptas:
  Restat adhuc certo foedere iunctus Amor.

K.

Fortuna.

Hic cinis agricolae, nautae deponitur illic:
  Unus adest terrae terminus, unus aqvae.

T. S. H. (*ex Anth. Gr.*)

Falstaff's Recovery.

Fals. Embowelled! If thou embowel me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder me, and eat me too, to-morrow. 'Sblood, 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I lie; I am no counterfeit. To die is to be a counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit of a man who hath not the life of a man; but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is—discretion, in the which better part I have saved my life. Zounds, I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead. How, if he should counterfeit too, and rise? I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him sure; yea, and I'll swear I killed him. Why may not he rise as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me. Therefore, sirrah (*stabbing him*), with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

SHAKSPEARE.

An die Astronomen.

Schwatzet mir nicht ſo viel von Nebelflecken und Sonnen,
Iſt die Natur nur groß, weil ſie zu zählen euch gibt?
Euer Gegenſtand iſt der erhabenſte freilich im Raume;
Aber, Freunde, im Raum wohnt das Erhabene nicht.

SCHILLER.

Ἀναιδείην ἐπιειμένε, κερδαλεόφρον.

ΦΑΛ. Τὸ δ' ἕντερα τἀμά σ' ἐξελεῖν· ἐὰν μὲν οὖν
τῷδ' ἐν φάει ἕλῃς σφε, τὠπιόντι με
τεμάχη ποιήσεις λεπτά, καὶ κατεδεῖ γε πρός.
μὰ Δί' ἀλλ' ἐνόμιζον οὐκ ἔτος φενακιεῖν,
εἰ μ' οὐτοσὶ θερμουργὸς ἄγριος Σκύθης
δώσειν ἔμελλεν οὐ τάχ' ἀλλ' ἤδη σκότῳ.
ποῖον φενάκισμ'; οὐ γὰρ ἀλλὰ ψεύδομαι·
οὐ δῆτ' ἐφενάκισ'· ἐστὶ γὰρ φενακίσαι
τὸ θανεῖν· ὁ γὰρ μηδ' ἐμπνέων ἀνθρωπίνως,
μορφὴν ὑποδὺς ἀνθρωπίνην, ὀδὶ φέναξ.
ὁ δ' ὡς θανὼν φενακίσας, ἐν τῷδε δὲ
ζῶν, οὐκ ἐφενάκισ' οὗτος, ἀλλὰ ζῶν κυρεῖ
πάμψυχος ἤδη κοὐδὲν ἐξηκασμένος.
τοῦ γὰρ θράσους πλεῖν ἡμίσους τὸ σωφρονεῖν·
τούτῳ δ' ἐγὼ νῦν οὐ τέθνηκα θημίσει.
οἴμοι τάλας· ὡς τόνδε καὶ θανόνθ' ὅμως
βροντησικέραυνον Περσέα δείσας ἔχω.
ἴσον γὰρ οὗτος εἰ φενακίζων τύχῃ,
ἐγὼ τί γένωμαι, τοῦδ' ἀναστάντος πάλιν;
δέδοικ' ἄμεινον μὴ φενακίσας κυρῇ.
φέρ' οὖν ἀνύσω νιν καὶ κατομόσω καὶ κτανεῖν.
πῶς ἐξ ἴσου γὰρ οὐκ ἂν ἀνσταίη γ' ἐμοί;
οὐδέν μ' ἐλέγχει πλὴν τὸ καθορᾶσθαι μόνον·
τὸ δ' οὐ πάρεστι· τοιγαροῦν, ὦ τᾶν, ἔχων
πρὸς τοῖς παλαιοῖς ἕλκος ἐν μηρῷ νέον,
ὧδ' ἂν βαδίζοις ἐξόδους κοινὰς ἐμοί.

J. R.

Ἄνδρας μετεωροφένακας.

Qvid me tot nebulis, tot solibus usqve fatigas?
An nisi qvod numeres est tibi grande nihil?
Maxima qvae capiat spatium, Meteore, recenses,
Sed spatium magni nil, Meteore, capit.

K.

Naturliebe.

Wie einſt mit flehendem Verlangen
Pygmalion den Stein umſchloß,
Bis in des Marmors kalte Wangen
Empfindung glühend ſich ergoß,
So ſchlang ich mich mit Liebesarmen
Um die Natur, mit Jugendluſt,
Bis ſie zu athmen, zu erwarmen
Begann an meiner Dichterbruſt.

Und theilend meine Flammentriebe
Die Stumme eine Sprache fand,
Mir wiedergab den Kuß der Liebe,
Und meines Herzens Klang verſtand;
Da lebte mir der Baum, die Roſe,
Mir ſang der Quellen Silberfall,
Es fühlte ſelbſt das Seelenloſe
Von meines Lebens Wiederhall.

SCHILLER.

A Perfect Woman.

This morning timely rapt with holy fire,
I thought to form unto my zealous Muse
What kind of creature I could most desire
To honour, serve, and love, as poets use.
I meant the day-star should not brighter rise,
Nor lend like influence from his lucent seat;
I meant each softest virtue there should meet,
Fit in that softer bosom to reside.
Only a learned and a manly soul
I purposed her, that should with even powers
The rock, the spindle, and the shears control
Of Destiny, and spin her own free hours:
Such when I meant to feign, and wished to see,
My Muse bade Bedford write, and that was she.

BEN JONSON.

Vates amans Naturae.

Ut statuam fertur, miro perculsus amore,
  Pygmalion cupido continuisse sinu,
Disceret amplexu donec mollescere marmor,
  Vivaqve per gelidas currere flamma genas;
Sic imberbis ego et primo cum fervidus aestu
  Naturae circum brachia laeta darem,
Adspirare mihi subitaqve calescere vita
  Incipit, et gremium vatis amare sui,
Incendiqve meis, qvae nuper frigida, flammis,
  Et, qvae vocis egens, omnia posse loqvi,
Nosse mei cordis motus, et amore tremiscens
  Mille mihi danti basia mille dare.
Tum rosa, tunc arbor mihi vivere; tum mihi prono
  Rivulus argento suave ciere melos:
Nil non sentiscit, qvamvis sine munere mentis,
  Deqve meae vitae fonte fluenta bibit.

K.

Γενναία γυνή.

Matutinus ego et iam prima luce iubebam
  Pierin insolito concitus igne meam
Fingere cui servirem, et qvam me vate fidelis
  Cultus et aeternus proseqveretur honos.
Luciferum, dixi, ne surgere pulcrius astrum
  Blandius aut possit spargere sede iubar:
Adsit in hac virtus mollissima qvaeqve puella,
  Pectore qvas sancto mollior ipsa colat.
At fortem, dixi, doctamqve huic insere mentem,
  Qvae sibi confidens ipsa suiqve potens
Forcipibusqve suis semper fusisqve fruatur,
  Temperet et fati libera fila sui.
Talem ego cum cuperem nec posse videre putarem,
  Musa mihi: Ponas Eucharin: ipsa fuit.

G. J. K.

Horatius Cocles.

When the oldest cask is opened,
And the largest lamp is lit;
When the chestnuts glow in the embers,
And the kid turns on the spit;
When young and old in circle
Around the firebrands close;
When the girls are weaving baskets,
And the lads are shaping bows;
When the goodman mends his armour,
And trims his helmet's plume;
When the goodwife's shuttle merrily
Goes flashing through the loom;
With weeping and with laughter
Still is the story told,
How well Horatius kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

MACAULAY.

Inscription for a Lighthouse.

Far in the bosom of the deep,
O'er these wild shelves my watch I keep,
A ruddy gem of changeful light
Bound on the dusky brow of night:
The seaman bids my lustre hail,
And scorns to strike his timorous sail.

SCOTT.

Wahl.

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

SCHILLER.

Praelia coniugibus loqvenda.

Cum prompta Bacchi est interior nota,
Fulgetqve lampas grandior, et nuces
Vivis inardescunt favillis
Castaneae, veribusqve pingvis

Torqvetur hoedus, cum iuvenes focum
Festa corona cum senibus premunt,
Virgisqve jam cistas puellae
Deproperant, pueriqve formant

Arcus aduncos: cum reparat pater
Arma, et minacis cornua cassidis
Inflectit, et matrona fuso
Torta trahit radiante pensa,

Flentes recensent non sine risibus
Qvanta ille custos pontis Horatius
Virtutis antiqvae futuris
Ediderit documenta saeclis.

F. K.

Pharos loqvitur.

Longinqvo procul in maris recessu
Horrentem excubias ago per oram,
Fulgens ceu vario colore gemma
Furvis crinibus implicata Noctis;
Me si navita viderit rubentem,
Non curat timidum illigare velum.

W. G. C.

Qvibus placendum.

Omnibus ut possis si non datur, Attice, paucis
Fac placeas: multis est placuisse nefas.

K.

Richard. Elizabeth.

R. Infer fair England's peace by this alliance.
E. Which she shall purchase with still lasting war.
R. Tell her, the king, that may command, entreats.
E. That at her hands which the king's King forbids.
R. Say, she shall be a high and mighty queen.
E. To wail the title, as her mother doth.
R. Say, I will love her everlastingly.
E. But how long shall that title 'ever' last?
R. Sweetly in force unto her fair life's end.
E. But how long fairly shall her sweet life last?
R. As long as heaven and nature lengthens it.
E. As long as hell and Richard likes of it.
R. Say, I, her sovereign, am her subject low.
E. But she, your subject, loathes such sovereignty.
R. Be eloquent in my behalf to her.
E. An honest tale speeds best being plainly told.
R. Then in plain terms tell her my loving tale.
E. Plain and not honest is too harsh a style.

SHAKSPEARE.

The World's Judgment.

From your home and your wife every evening you fly;
Yet, "Oh he's a respectable man," people cry:
And you gamble and swear and drink hard every day;
Yet, "Oh he's a respectable man," neighbours say:
And your sons quite as loose as their father are grown;
Yet, "Oh he's a respectable man," says the town.
If the morals of men by such measure you scan,
Please to tell us who's *not* a respectable man?

S. A.

Ὡς τὼ μὲν χαλεποῖσιν ἀμειβομένω ἐπέεσσιν.

P. πατρίδι γάμους τούσδ' εἰπὲ γῇ σωτηρίους.
A. οὔκ· ἀλλὰ παγκαίνιστον ὠνεῖσθαι μόθον.
P. ἱκέτης, λέγ', ἄναξ ἔρχεται, κρατεῖν παρόν.
A. κρατῶν δὲ τοῦ κρατοῦντος ἀντερεῖ Θεός.
P. λέγ' ὡς γεγῶσ' ἄνασσα δεσπόσει μέγα.
A. γέρας γε κωκύσουσα μητρῴοις τρόποις.
P. στέρξω νιν ἆρα τὸν δι' αἰῶνος χρόνον.
A. καὶ τόνδε ποίῳ ξύμμετρον λέγεις χρόνῳ;
P. καλῷ τελείως ξυμμετρούμενον βίῳ.
A. καλὸν δὲ βίοτον ἐκτενεῖ πόσον χρόνον;
P. ὅσον γε Θεοῦ βουλαῖσι μηκύνει φύσις.
A. ὅσον μὲν οὖν Ἅιδῃ τε σοί τ' αὐτῷ φίλον.
P. λέγ' ὡς κρατῶν περ λάτρις εἰμ' αὐτῆς ἐγώ.
A. σὴ λάτρις αὐτὴ τοῦτ' ἀπέπτυσεν κράτος.
P. μηδὲν λίπῃς μοι μὴ οὐχὶ ποικίλλειν ἔπη.
A. οὐ ποικίλων δεῖ τἄνδιχ' ἑρμηνευμάτων.
P. τοίγαρ καταύδα μηδὲν αἰνικτηρίως.
A. ἁπλοῦς δ' ἄρ' ἀδικῶν δυσφιλὴς ἄγαν λόγος.

P. P.

Vir bonus est qvis?

Saepe decem noctes thalamum sponsamqve relinqvis,
Nec piget interea, Pontice; vir bonus es:
Alea tum cordi est, Bacchiqve rubentia pocla;
Ebrius es semper, Pontice; vir gravis es:
Et subolem sensim vitia ad maiora pusillam
Instruis exemplo, Pontice; vir pius es.
Tot scelerum facies his cum vicinia laudet
Nominibus, dic, qvis, Pontice, vir malus est?

C. W. B.

Oenone.

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 cloven 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 Oenone, 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.

O mother Ida, many-fountained Ida,
Dear mother Ida, hearken 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.

Qvid facis, Oenone?

Phrygia locus sub Ida iacet abditus, aliis
Qvot in Ionum iugis sunt speciosior, ubi aqvae
Vapor ima tranat aegro placide nemora sinu
Pinusqve reptat inter graditurqve pede pigro.
Hinc inde prata pendent viridantia mediis
Scopulis, feraxqve florum nitet irriguus ager,
Resonatqve rivus infra per adesa loca iugi
Laticesqve decidentes ciet ad freta pelagi.
Hinc summa Gargari stant capiuntqve roseam Eo:
Nemorum videntur illinc per aperta columina
Turrita Pergamorum, diademata Phrygiae.
Huc maesta venit Oenone, Hyperione medios
Agitante eqvos, sodali properans sine Paride,
Per aprica qvem iugorum comitem modo habuerat.
Aberat genis rosarum solitus color, umero
Fluitabat in decoro fluitareve placide
Visa est coma adqviescens. Silici illa miseriter
Innixa vite cincto cecinit tacentibus
Siluae iugis, superno nigra donec ab apice
Properaret umbra rupem tetigisse ubi caneret.

Patria O mea creatrix scatebris rigua vagis,
Genitrix mea Ida vocem morientis accipe.
Iuga nunc meridiei tenet omnia reqvies,
Siluit cicada in herbis, umbram in lapide facit
Similis lacertus umbrae calidoqve iubare ovat.
Fruitur sopore grillus, redolentia capita
Violae nigrae reponunt mediisqve liliis
Apis aurea otiatur: sed ego unica vigilo;
Oculi madent fluentes, cruciatqve amor animum;
Animus labascit aeger: tenebris natat oculus;
Taedetqve me tueri superi spatia poli.

R. B.

The Solitary Poet.

There was a Poet, whose untimely tomb
No human hands with pious reverence reared,
But the charmed eddies of autumnal winds
Built o'er his mouldering bones a pyramid
Of mouldering leaves in the waste wilderness.
A lovely youth, no mourning maiden decked
With weeping flowers, or votive cypress wreath,
The lone couch of his everlasting sleep:
Gentle, and brave, and generous, no lorn bard
Breathed o'er his dark fate one melodious sigh:
He lived, he died, he sung in solitude.
Strangers have wept to hear his passionate notes;
And virgins, as unknown he past, have sighed
And wasted for fond love of his wild eyes.
The fire of those soft orbs has ceased to burn,
And Silence, too enamoured of that voice,
Locks its mute music in her rugged cell.

SHELLEY.

L' Usignuolo.

Offesa verginella
Piangendo il suo destino,
Tutta dolente e bella,
Fu cangiata da Giove in augellino,
Che canta dolcemente, e spiega il volo,
E questo è l' usignuolo.
In verde colle udì con suo diletto
Cantar un giorno Amor quell' augelletto,
E del canto invaghito
Con miracol gentil prese di Giove
Ad emular le prove:
Onde poi ch' ebbe udito
Quel musico usignuol che sì soave
Canta, gorgheggia, e stilla,
Cangiollo in verginella; e questa è Lilla.

FRANCESCO DI LEMENE.

Heu miserande puer.

Vatem illum rapuit mors immatura, sepulcroqve
Invidere homines, grati pietate laboris:
Sed desiderio fervens divinitus aura
Desertum celebravit agrum, marcentiaqve ossa
Frondibus autumni marcente instruxit acervo.
A pulcher iuvenis, non virgo maesta cupressum
Votivam inspersit neqve flores rore madentes,
Solus ubi aeterna sopitus nocte iacebas.
Tam dulcem periisse virum fortemqve bonumqve
Debita non socius rupit suspiria vates;
Ille canens idem natus moriensqve fefellit.
Ut stetit ut flevit ferventes advena cantus
Aure bibens, visoqve semel, dum praeterit, illo
Flagrantes oculorum aestus mirata puella
Deperit, et lento ignoti tabescit amore.
Nunc teneram longae flammam exstinxere tenebrae,
Lumina diriguere, et in ipsa voce laborans
Includit taciturna cavo Proserpina saxo.

W. G. C.

Luscinia.

Immeritos flentem casus vertisse puellam
Dicitur in volucrem rexqve paterqve deum.
Illa volat, ramoqve sedens suavissima silvas,
Nomine Lusciniae cognita, mulcet avis.
Devius in latebris illam nemoralibus olim
Audiit ambrosium fundere carmen Amor:
Audiit aeterniqve Patris miracula prisca
Prodigiis credit vincere posse novis.
Iuppiter in volucrem converterat ante puellam;
Femineo volucrem corpore donat Amor.
Haec est, qvae domitas Orpheo carmine gentes
Fascinat, Arctoae gloria Linda plagae.

K.

The Rose.

Go, lovely rose,
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That, hadst thou sprung
In deserts where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired:
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die: that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee;
How small a part of time they share,
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

WALLER.

One good Turn deserves another.

Mister Greenly with your one eye,
Feeding your geese so fat,
We thank you for that.
Out of eleven we've taken but seven;
And you may thank us for that.

Fur Anonymus.

Die Triebfedern.

Immer treibe die Furcht den Sclaven mit eiſernem Stabe!
Freude, führe du mich immer an roſigen Band.

SCHILLER.

Ῥόδον ἀνθέων ἄριστον.

I rosa, flos florum: cum te conspexerit illa
  Qvae tempusqve suum meqve perire sinit,
Se certare tibi discet, me iudice; discet
  Qvam suavis species sit sua qvamqve decens.
Tuqve mone nympham, qvae primo in vere iuventae
  Virgineum celat plena pudore decus,
Ut clausura tibi, si te loca sola tulissent,
  Exiguum fuerit mors inhonora diem.
Vile nimis pretium fugientis lumina formae:
  Prodeat abiecto nympha timore iube,
Seqve coli sinat et cingi mirante corona,
  Nec rubeat curae mille futura procis.
Tum morere, ut qvidqvid rari est qvae fata seqvantur
  Sentiat exemplo docta puella tuo;
Qvam cito tot pereant clarae miracula formae,
  Qvam paucos habeant suavia qvaeqve dies.

K.

Χάρις χάριν τίκτει.

Τοιαῦτα Χλωρεῖ τῷ μονοφθάλμῳ φαμέν·
πίονας ὀθούνεχ' ὧδε τοὺς χῆνας τρέφεις
πολλὴν μὲν ἡμεῖς σοὶ χάριν γιγνώσκομεν·
πολλὴν δ' ὀφείλεις καὶ σὺ τῶνδ' εἰληφόσιν
ἀφ' ἕνδεχ' ἡμῖν ἕπτα κοὐ πλείους χάριν.

F. E. G.

Stimuli.

Semper agat servum Terror stridente flagello:
  Tu roseo vinclo me trahe, Laetitia.

K.

Sweet Echo.

Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that livest unseen
Within thy aery shell,
By slow Meander's margent green,
And in the violet-embroidered vale,
Where the love-lorn nightingale
Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well;
Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
That likest thy Narcissus are?
Oh, if thou have
Hid them in some flowery cave,
Tell me but where,
Sweet queen of parley, daughter of the sphere,
So mayst thou be translated to the skies,
And give resounding grace to all heaven's harmonies!

MILTON.

Warnung.

Wecke den Amor nicht auf! Noch ſchläft der liebliche Knabe;
Geh, vollbring' dein Geſchäft, wie es der Tag dir gebeut!
So der Zeit bedienet ſich klug die ſorgliche Mutter,
Wenn ihr Knäbchen entſchläft, denn es erwacht nur zu bald.

GOETHE.

Vocalis Nymphe, resonabilis Echo.

Ἀχοῖ γλυκερά, σέβας ἥδιστον,
πότνια κουρᾶν τᾶν ἀγρονόμων
κλῦθ', ὑπὸ κόγχης ἠνεμοέσσης
κρυφία ναίουσ' ἀκτὰν χλοερὰν
παρὰ Μαίανδρον βραδύπουν ποταμόν,
καὶ ἰοστέφανον βᾶσσαν κατέχουσ',
ἔνθ' ἀ δυσέρως αἰὲν ἀηδὼν
μελέα μελέως ἐλελιζομένα
παννύχιόν σοι νόμον ὑμνωδεῖ.
μῶν ἀγγελίαν τινὰ καρύξεις,
δισσῶν ἀγανὸν ζεῦγος ἀδελφῶν
πόθι μοι ναίει
σῷ Ναρκίσσῳ πανόμοιον;
εἰ δ' ἀνθοφόρων κρύψασα πετρῶν
κευθμῶσιν ἔχεις, λέγε μοι λέγε μοι
ποῦ ποτε γαίας,
δέσποιν' ὀάρων ἱμεροφώνων.
ἀντὶ δὲ τούτων, γένος ἀστέροεν,
πολύαστρον ἔδος μεταμειψαμένη
χάριν εὐκέλαδον ταῖς ἐν Ὀλύμπῳ
θεῶν ἁρμονίαισιν ὀπάζοις.

H. T.

Qvieta non movere.

En ubi dormit Amor. Noli turbare puellum;
Gnaviter i studiis, ut sinit hora, vaca.
Sic operi insumit tempus breve sedula mater,
Dum sopor infantem mox abigendus habet.

K.

The Power of Love.

The winds are high on Helle's wave,
  As on that night of stormy water,
When Love, who sent, forgot to save
The young, the beautiful, the brave,
  The lonely hope of Sestos' daughter.
Oh, when at night along the sky
Her turret-torch was blazing high,
Though rising gale and breaking foam
And shrieking sea-birds warned him home;
And clouds aloft and tides below,
With signs and sounds, forbade to go;
He could not see, he would not hear,
Or sound or sign foreboding fear;
His eye but saw that light of love,
The only star it hailed above;
His ear but rang with Hero's song,
"Ye waves, divide not lovers long."
That tale is old; but love anew
May nerve young hearts to prove as true.

BYRON.

Wishes.

Sweet be her dreams, the fair, the young;
  Grace, beauty, breathe upon her;
Music, haunt thou about her tongue;
  Life, fill her path with honour.

All golden thoughts, all wealth of days,
  Truth, friendship, love surround her;
So may she smile till life be closed,
  And angel-hands have crowned her.

BARRY CORNWALL.

Nocte natat caeca serus freta.

Aura sonat tumido super Helles aeqvore, ut illa
  Nocte procellosas cum furiarat aqvas,
Cumqve Amor emisit, qvamvis servare per undas
  Emissum iuvenem non meminisset Amor.
At formosus erat puer, at fortissimus idem,
  Spes sine rivali Sestidos una nurus.
O ubi de sola splendescit in aera turri
  Taeda puellaris, saeviat aura licet,
Spuma salo licet albescat, volucresque marinae
  Raucisonis iubeant qvestibus ire domum;
Desuper hunc nubes, infra licet aestus aqvarum
  Mille vetet signis pergere, mille sonis;
Cernere non potis est, non vult audire sonosve
  Signave venturos vaticinata metus:
Non oculis qvidqvam nisi flammam aspexit amoris;
  Sola in sidereo lux ea visa polo:
Non nisi vox Herus tonat auribus: Unda fideles
  Invida ne qvaeras dissociare diu.
Fabula prisca qvidem; sed Amor iuvenilia tali
  Fors hodie stimulet corda calere fide.

H. A. J. M.

Cane vota libens.

Suavia lacteolae sint somnia virginis; illi
  Gratia purpureum spiret in ora decus;
Impleat arguta lingvam dulcedine Musa;
  Vita verecundam ditet honore viam.
Cogitet, optet, agat faustum qvodcumqve; fideli
  Possit amicitia, possit amore frui.
Rideat, exacto laetae dum munere lucis
  Cinxerit ambrosium dia corona caput.

K.

Summer is come.

The great sun
Scattering the clouds with a resistless smile
Came forth to do thee homage; a sweet hymn
Was by the low winds chaunted in the sky;
And when thy feet descended on the earth
Scarce could they move amid the clustering flowers
By nature strewn o'er valley, hill and field,
To hail her blest deliverer.—Ye fair trees,
How are ye changed and changing while I gaze!
It seems as if some gleam of verdant light
Fell on you from a rainbow; but it lives
Amid your tendrils, brightening every hour
Into a deeper radiance. Ye sweet birds,
Were you asleep through all the wintry hours
Beneath the waters, or in mossy caves?

Yet are ye not,
Sporting in tree and air, more beautiful
Than the young lambs that from the valley-side
Send a soft bleating, like an infant's voice
Half happy half afraid. O blessed things,
At sight of this your perfect innocence
The sterner thoughts of manhood melt away
Into a mood as mild as woman's dreams:
The strife of working intellect, the stir
Of hopes ambitious, the disturbing sound
Of fame, and all that worshipped pageantry
That ardent spirits burn for in their pride,
Fly like disparting clouds, and leave the soul
Pure and serene as the blue depths of heaven.

WILSON.

Frondosa reducitur Aestas.

Nubibus ipse tibi ruptis persolvere honorem
Omnipotens Phoebi risus; caeliqve per oras
Suave susurrantis carmen resonare Favoni;
Cumqve leves plantae tetigerunt aeqvora terrae,
Vix incedere erat: tot circum intexere flores
Per iuga, per vallem, laeti per gramina campi,
Praesenti Natura deae dictura salutem.
Ut video mutata et iam mutantia sese
Eximia haec virgulta: suis splendoribus Irim
Ipsam ego crediderim et viridi perfundere luce;
Altius at positus torta inter bracchia fulgor,
Qvotqvot eant horae, in maius provexerit ignem.
Vos, avium dilecta cohors, num longus habebat
Per frigus brumale sopor lentave sub unda
Muscosisve antri latebris? At sive per auras,
Sive per arboream passim ludentibus umbram,
Contigit haud vobis formae praestantia maior
Qvam teneris e valle procul balantibus agnis.
Non aliter tremulis prodit vagitibus infans
Gaudia mixta pavore. O terqve qvaterqve beati,
Ut mihi tam puram subolem sine labe tuenti,
Qvalia mente videt per noctem innupta puella
Somnia, maturi curae dilabier aevi:
Cordis ut enixi vis ignea, caecus ut ardor
Nominis, optatae clamosa ut buccina famae,
Si quid et angusti pompa pellecta triumphi
Mens avet ardescens vesanoqve incita fastu,
Nubila ceu disrupta volant, animumqve relinqvunt
Tranqvillum purumqve ut aperti caerula caeli.

A. H.

Lamentation.

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

The swallow summer comes again;
The owlet night resumes her reign;
But the wild swan youth is fain
To fly with thee, false as thou.
My heart each day desires the morrow,
Sleep itself is turned to sorrow,
Vainly would my winter borrow
Sunny leaves from any bough.

Lilies for a bridal bed,
Roses for a matron's head,
Violets for a maiden dead,—
Pansies let my flowers be:
On the living grave I bear
Scatter them without a tear;
Let no friend, however dear,
Waste one hope, one fear for me.

SHELLEY.

Meine Antipathie.

Herzlich iſt mir das Laſter zuwider, doppelt zuwider
Iſt mir's, weil es ſo viel ſchwatzen von Tugend gemacht.
"Wie? du haſſeſt die Tugend?"—Ich wollte wir übten ſie alle,
Und ſo ſprache, will's Gott, ferner kein Menſch mehr davon.

SCHILLER.

Sic meos amores?

Citior longe qvam volat aestas,
Citior qvam lux laeta iuventae,
Citior gratae qvam fuga noctis
Modo venisti, modo fugisti.
Foliis qvalis viduatur humus,
Qvalis trahitur nox sine somno,
Qvale fugatis cor deliciis,
Mea sic marcet vita relictae.
Sicut hirundo, redditur aestas,
Nox, strigis instar, solium reparat,
Sed vaga, cygni more, iuventus
Ut tu, perfide, tecumqve fugit.
Mihi lux hodie crastina cordi est;
Non sine luctu sopor ipse redit:
Folia e ramo sumere qvovis
Mea nunc frustra conatur hiemps.
Lilia dantur nuptae thalamo;
Rosa matronae caput exornat;
Violas poscit mortua virgo;
Mihi sit violae tricoloris honos.
Tumulor vivens: detur tumulo
Flos sine fletu; neu me sociae
Qvamvis carae
Vanis celebrent desideriis.

K.

Fides.

Qvod tot abest animis mihi displicet, at magis illud,
Qvod tot inest lingvis, displicet, alma Fides.—
Displicet ergo Fides?—Credatur ab omnibus oro,
Deqve Fide mundus desinat esse loqvax.

K.

The Battle of Hohenlinden.

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay th' untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neighed
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rushed the steed to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven
Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stained snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few shall part where many meet;
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

CAMPBELL.

Fervet opus.

Intaminata canduerat nive,
Vergente Phoebo, Lindenium nemus,
  Brumaeqve liventes tenebris
    Ibat agens celer amnis undas.

Sed nox locorum mutat imaginem,
Cum tympanorum provocat acrium
  Clangor per illunes recessus
    Letiferas radiare flammas;

Cum signa taedarum et strepitum ad tubae
Bellator ensem stringit aeneum,
  Hinnitqve vesanum ferocis
    Orgia avens qvadrupes Gradivi.

Tum mons tremiscit, tum sonipes ruit
In bella praeceps, et face clarior
  Scindente nimborum tumultus
    Rubra procul tonat ira pugnae.

Sed lux micabit rubrior in nive
Contaminata per iuga collium,
  Auctumqve torrentem cruentis
    Volvet aqvis violentus amnis.

Mane est: supina vix penetrat face
Sol iste belli nubila luridi,
  Qva Gallus amens, qva sub umbris
    Sulpureis fremit acer Hunnus.

Ite, ite (gliscunt proelia), qveis decus
Debetur aut mors: nunc tua, Noricum,
  Nunc signa confer, nunc in hostem
    Fundat eqvos eqvitesqve virtus.

Qvot proeliantum pars qvota militum
Sospes redibit? Funerea teget
  Nix veste caesos, et sepulti
    Qvisqve viri premet ossa caespes.

W. F.

The Nightingale.

A maiden fair in days of eld
  Bemoaned her hapless fate:
The sire of gods and men beheld
  With eye compassionate.
Forthwith transmuted to a bird,
  Her deftly warbled tale
In many a forest-glade is heard:
  She is—the Nightingale.
It so fell out, one summer's day,
  Beneath a verdant hill,
She tuned her fullest, sweetest lay,
  A consort's heart to thrill.
Love drank the liquid notes, and strove
  From that delicious hour
To work, in rivalry of Jove,
  A deed of equal power.
The bird, whose music rich and rare
Entranced the listening wind,
He changed into a maiden fair;
And she is—JENNY LIND.

C. K. H.

Auf den Selius.

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

A. GRYPHIUS.

Auf das Alter.

Das Alter kränket mich; die jungen Jahr' ingleichen;
Zwar jenes, weil es kommt, und dieſe, weil ſie weichen.

OPITZ.

Ἀηδών.

Πότμον ὀδυρομένην χαλεπὸν περικαλλέα κούρην
ὄρνιν ἐς ἠδυμελῆ Ζεὺς μετέθηκε πατήρ·
ἡ δὲ κατ' εὐκάρπους θάμνους, γλυκύφωνος Ἀηδών,
εὐθὺς τεινομέναις ταῖς πτερύγεσσι τρέχει.
τὴν δ' ὀπὶ θέλγουσαν λιγυρῇ πόσιν ἔν ποτε βουνοῦ
χλωροκόμοις βήσσαις αὐτὸς ἄκουεν Ἔρως·
αἴολα δ' ἐκθαμβῶν μέλεα ζηλήμονι θυμῷ
ἤθελ' ὑπερβαλέειν θαύματα τοῦ πατέρος.
ἐκ δ' ὄρνιθος ἔθηκε πάλιν περικαλλέα κούρην,
Λίνδην, Πιερίδων τὴν μελίγηρυν ὄπα.

S. H. B.

Discordia Concors.

Qvod male cum norma concordet vita Mathonis
Plebs qveritur; falso: salva hominis ratio est.
Nempe docent omnes et norma et vita Mathonis,
Altera, qvid faciant, altera, qvid fugiant.

K.

Difficilis, qverulus.

Tempora nec senii nec sunt mihi grata iuventae,
Altera qvod veniunt, altera qvod fugiunt.

K.

Marion.

Will ye gae to the ewe-bughts, Marion,
  And wear in the sheep wi' me?
The sun shines sweet, my Marion,
  But nae half sae sweet as thee.

Oh, Marion's a bonnie lass,
  And the blythe blink's in her e'e;
And fain wad I marry Marion,
  Gin Marion wad marry me.

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

OLD SCOTTISH SONG.

The Indian Tree.

They tell us of an Indian tree,
  Which, howsoe'er the sun and sky
May tempt its boughs to wander free,
  And shoot and blossom wide and high,
Yet better loves to bend its arms
  Downwards again to that dear earth,
From which the life, that fills and warms
  Its grateful being, first had birth.
E'en thus, though wooed by flattering friends,
  And fed with fame, (if fame it be),
This heart, my own dear mother, bends
  With love's true instinct back to thee.

MOORE.

Si qva tui Corydonis habet te cura, venito.

Qvin huc digrediens, Merione, visis ovilia
Et mecum teneras claudis oves cratibus in suis?
Splendentes liqvido sol radios fundit ab aethere,
Sed tu sole micas splendidior, suaviolum meum.

Primus virginei Merione fulget honor chori,
Claris eiaculans luminibus laetitiae faces:
A qvam dulce foret Merionen ducere coniugem,
Si vellet mihi se coniugio noster amor dari.

Tondet vacca mihi cum vitulo gramina pingvia,
Lactentesqve novem, Merione, pascit oves ager:
Qvorum nil tibi non detulero, lux mea, muneri
Qvo mecum venies in casulam nupta meam die.

K.

Arbor Indica.

Fertur, ubi silvas fluvio rigat Indus odoras,
  Arbor inassuetis crescere mira modis:
Namqve nec ad nitidum protendit bracchia caelum,
  Nec patulas aperit sole iubente comas;
Sed magis ad caram ramos vult flectere terram,
  Matris et in tenero tuta iacere sinu.
Frondis enim fuit haec nutrix custosqve tenellae;
  Hinc decus, hinc vires scit memor esse suas.
Sic me blanditiis comitum si turba dolosis
  Famaqve, seu famae nomen inane, trahat;
Pectore fixa pio species genetricis inhaeret,
  Meqve tenet monitis incola mentis amor.

E. H. G.

Ungrateful Beauty.

Know, Celia, since thou art so proud,
'Twas I that gave thee thy renown:
Thou hadst in the forgotten crowd
Of common beauties lived unknown,
Had not my verse exhaled thy name,
And with it imped the wings of fame.

That killing power is none of thine,
I gave it to thy voice and eyes;
Thy sweets, thy graces, all are mine;
Thou art my star, shin'st in my skies.
Then dart not from thy borrowed sphere
Lightning on him that fixed thee there.

CAREW.

The Faithless Knight.

To whom replied King Arthur, much in wrath:
Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue,
Unknightly, traitor-hearted! Woe is me!
Authority forgets a dying king,
Laid widowed of the power in his eye
That bowed the will. I see thee what thou art.
For thou the latest left of all my knights,
In whom should meet the offices of all,
Thou wouldst betray me for the precious hilt;
Either from lust of gold, or like a girl
Valuing the giddy pleasure of the eyes.
Yet, for a man may fail in duty twice,
And the third time may prosper, get thee hence:
But if thou spare to fling Excalibur,
I will arise and slay thee with my hands.

TENNYSON.

Caelo Musa beat.

Celia, si superbis,
  Me tibi scito decoris qvidqvid habes parasse:
De grege viliorum
  Una vixisses Venerum, nullo in honore forma,

Ni mea Musa pennis
  Aureae Famae titulos ferre tuos dedisset.
Non tua dos placere,
  Non tua est: voce atqve oculis me tribuente polles:

Qvod decet est meum in te:
  In meo semper rutilas aethere dulce sidus.
Num, mea dona, caelum
  Possidens, in me supera mittis ab arce fulmen?

K.

Laesa Fides.

Πρὸς ὃν δι' ὀργῆς πικρὸς ἀντηύδησ' ἄναξ·
Ὦ σχέτλιε κὠμόθυμε σύ, ψευδὴς λόγοις
ἔργοισι δ' αἰσχρὸς προδοσίᾳ δὲ δοὺς κέαρ.
φεῦ φεῦ· θανουμένου γὰρ ἡ πειθαρχία
ἄνακτος ἴσχει λῆστιν ὀμμάτων ἀκμῆς
τῆς πρόσθε χηρωθέντος, ἢ φρονήματα
ἔκαμπτεν ἀνδρῶν. οἶδά σ' ὅστις εἶ, σὺ γὰρ
λειφθεὶς φίλων μοι λοίσθιος μόνῳ μόνος,
ἐν ᾧ τὰ πάντων χρῆν λατρεύμαθ' ἁρμόσαι,
σύ μ' ἂν προδοίης χρυσέας κώπης πόθῳ,
κέρδους ἐρασθεὶς ἢ προτιμώσης δίκην
κούρης ματαίαν ὀμμάτων φιληδίαν.
ἀλλ' ἔστι γὰρ δὶς μὴ ποιεῖν ἃ χρὴ ποιεῖν
τρίταις δὲ πείραις εὐτυχεῖν, ἄφερπε σύ·
εἰ δ' αὖθις ὀκνεῖς τοῦτ' ἀπορρίψαι ξίφος,
εὐθύς σ' ἀναστὰς αὐτόχειρ ἀποκτενῶ.

H. A. J. M.

Autumn.

The Autumn is old,
The sere leaves are flying;
He hath gathered up gold,
And now he is dying:
Old age, begin sighing.

The vintage is ripe,
The harvest is heaping;
But some that have sowed
Have no riches for reaping:
Poor wretch, fall a weeping.

The year's in the wane,
There is nothing adorning;
The night has no eve,
And the day has no morning:
Cold winter gives warning.

The rivers run chill,
The red sun is sinking,
And I am grown old,
And life is fast shrinking:
Here's enow for sad thinking.

HOOD.

Das Wesen des Epigramms.

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

KLOPSTOCK.

Οἵη περ φύλλων γενεή.

Spargit deciduas iam gravior comas
Autumnus, cito qvos struxerat aureis
  Decessurus acervis,
    Et me flere iubet senem.

En nunc uva rubet, messibus horrea
Complentur; tamen est qvi segetem miser
  Deplorat male tantis
    Respondere laboribus.

Annus non solito flore superbiens
Brumales monitus pallet; adest comes
  Non Aurora diei,
    Non nocti suus Hesperus.

Currit frigidior rivus; abit rubens
Phoebus; vita mihi contrahitur simul,
  Curisqve ipse senescens
    Mecum tristibus ingemo.

W. G. C.

Epigramma qvale sit.

Nunc Epigramma ferit figentis more sagittae;
  Nunc acie, gladii more secantis, agit:
Nunc, ut apud Graecos, qvo lumine picta tabella,
  Vel iubar, irradiat nec tamen urit idem.

K.

The Daisy.

There is a flower, a little flower,
With silver crest and golden eye,
That welcomes every changing hour,
And weathers every sky.

The prouder beauties of the field
In gay but quick succession shine,
Race after race their honors yield,
They flourish and decline.

But this small flower, to Nature dear,
While moons and stars their courses run,
Wreathes the whole circle of the year,
Companion of the sun.

It smiles upon the lap of May,
To sultry August spreads its charms,
Lights pale October on his way,
And twines December's arms.

The purple heath and golden broom
On moory mountains catch the gale;
O'er lawns the lily sheds perfume,
The violet in the vale.

But this bold flow'ret climbs the hill,
Hides in the forest, haunts the glen,
Plays on the margin of the rill,
Peeps round the fox's den.

Within the garden's cultured round
It shares the sweet carnation's bed;
And blooms on consecrated ground
In honour of the dead.

The lambkin crops its crimson gem,
The wild bee murmurs on its breast,
The blue-fly bends its pensile stem
Light o'er the skylark's nest.

Inest sua gratia parvis.

Parvulus in pratis flos est: nitor ardet ocelli
  Aureus, argento purior albet apex:
Ille vices horae dubias cuiusqve salutat,
  Aspectumqve omnem scit tolerare Iovis.
Qvae magis eximiis decorat splendoribus agrum,
  Florea gens celeri fulget abitqve vice:
Stirps seqvitur stirpem, flos flori fortior instat,
  Qviqve in honore fuit nunc sine honore iacet.
Attamen haec florum Matri dilecta propago,
  Cynthia dum cursum volvit et astra manent,
Innectit foliis anni revolubilis orbem,
  Et comes it rapidae solis ubiqve fugae.
In gremio ridet Maii sincera voluptas,
  Explicat Augusti sole calente decus;
Non alia Octobri lampas praelucet eunti,
  Non alia cingi fronde December amat.
Montibus in vastis vaga flamina captat ericae
  Purpura, et auratis lenta genista comis;
Pascua odorato conspergunt lilia flatu,
  Et violam in latebris concava vallis alit.
Flosculus hic audax colles ascendit, opaco
  Conditur in saltu, tesqva reducta tenet,
Ludit ad inclusum praetexto margine rivum,
  Vulpis et ante cavos exserit ora lares.
Qva variis cultura replet splendoribus hortos,
  Non alia, fragrans ac rosa, parte viget;
Gaudet et exiguo sanctos decorare recessus
  Munere, ne functis debitus absit honor.
Puniceum teneris calycem depascitur agna
  Dentibus; in gremio fulva susurrat apis;
Musca laborantem gracili sub pondere culmum
  Flectit, ubi parvam fingit alauda domum.

'Tis Flora's page: in every place,
In every season, fresh and fair,
It opens with perennial grace,
And blossoms everywhere.

On waste and woodland, rock and plain,
Its humble buds unheeded rise:
The rose has but a summer-reign;
The daisy never dies.

J. MONTGOMERY.

The Silent Land.

Into the Silent Land!
Ah, who shall lead us thither?
Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,
And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the strand.
Who leads us with a gentle hand
Thither, oh thither,
Into the Silent Land?

Into the Silent Land!
To you, ye boundless regions
Of all perfection, tender morning visions
Of beauteous souls, eternity's own band.
Who in life's battle firm doth stand,
Shall bear hope's tender blossoms
Into the Silent Land.

O Land! O Land!
For all the broken-hearted
The mildest herald by our fate allotted
Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand,
To lead us with a gentle hand
Into the land of all the great departed,
Into the Silent Land.

LONGFELLOW (*from the German of* SALIS).

Gemma, deae famulata suae, qvocumqve sub axe,
  Qvolibet innascens pulcra recensqve solo,
Pandit inexhaustos anno redeunte nitores:
  Exigua nusqvam rus sine belle viret.
Per scopulos solumqve nemus perqve aeqvora campi
  Illa levat tenerum vix bene visa caput.
Non nisi in aestivo regnat rosa lumine solis;
  Bellis habet domita morte perenne decus.

G. D.

Νήνεμος Αἶα.

Νήνεμον ζητοῦμεν αἶαν· τίς πρόεισιν ἡγεμών;
ἑσπέρα μελαντέροισι νέφεσι συσκιάζεται,
πανταχῆ δ' ἔρρωγεν ἀκτὴ ναυτικοῖς ἐρειπίοις·
νήνεμον τίς ἡμὶν εἰς γῆν πρευμενῶς ἡγήσεται;
νηνέμους ποθοῦμεν ἕδρας, παντελεῖς, ἀτέρμονας,
ἀφθίτων καλῶν θ' ἑῷα πνευμάτων ὀνείρατα·
ὃς γὰρ ἐν βίου μάχαισιν ἔμπεδον στήσῃ πόδα,
νήνεμον φέρει πρὸς αἶαν ἐλπίδος φίλον γάνος·
χαῖρε γαῖα χαῖρ'· ὁ γάρ τοι πᾶσι τοῖς δυσαθλίοις
ἡπιώτατος βροτοῖσιν ἐκ θεῶν πεπρωμένος
προσκαλεῖ κήρυξ, ἀεί τε δᾷδ' ἄνω κάτω τρέπων
χειρὶ μαλθακῇ προφαίνει πρευμενῶς ἡγούμενος
τῶν πάλαι κλεινῶν ἐς ἀκτὴν νηνέμου τ' αἴας πέδον.

K.

Evening.

It is the hour when from the boughs
  The nightingale's high note is heard;
It is the hour when lovers' vows
  Seem sweet in every whispered word;
And gentle winds and waters near
Make music to the lonely ear.
Each flower the dews have lightly wet,
And in the sky the stars are met,
And on the wave is deeper blue,
And on the leaf a browner hue,
And in the heaven that clear obscure,
So softly dark and darkly pure,
Which follows the decline of day,
As twilight melts beneath the moon away.

BYRON.

Parisina.

But it is not to list to the waterfall
That Parisina leaves her hall;
And it is not to gaze on the heavenly light
That the lady walks in the shadow of night;
And if she sits in Este's bower,
'Tis not for the sake of its full-blown flower;
She listens—but not for the nightingale,
Though her ear expects as soft a tale.
There glides a step through the foliage thick,
And her cheek grows pale, and her heart beats quick;
There whispers a voice through the rustling leaves,
And her blush returns and her bosom heaves:
A moment more, and they shall meet;
'Tis past—her lover's at her feet.

BYRON.

Venit Hesperus.

Iam tempus est, qvo flebilis per arbores
Philomela clara voce mulcet aera;
Iam tempus est, qvo suaviter silentium
Rumpunt amantes mollibus suspiriis,
Auraeqve lenes proximusqve fons aqvae
Fundunt canoros auribus vagis modos;
Nunc irrigatur qvisqve rore flosculus,
Nunc astra convenere per caeli vias;
Gliscit per altum caerulus splendor mare,
Superqve silvas crescit umbra nigrior,
Cerniqve visa vel per obscurum poli
Lux inter almas purior caligines,
Qvalis cadentis occupat solis vices
Cum luna noctis dissipat crepuscula.

H. J. H.

Improbe Amor, qvid non mortalia pectora cogis?

At non egreditur foribus Parisina superbis
  Audiat ut strepitum desilientis aqvae;
Nec vaga nigrantes regina perambulat umbras
  Aurea nocturni spectet ut astra chori:
Sive sedet mediis umbrosae in floribus Estae,
  Non est expliciti germinis illud opus;
Exspectatqve sonos et dulcia murmura qvamqvam,
  Non desiderio vox, Philomela, tua est.
Pes novus e spissa foliorum allabitur umbra,
  Inqve sinu tremor est palluerunqve genae;
Iamqve novum repetunt virgulta sonantia murmur,
  Inqve genis rubor est intumuitqve sinus.
Convenient, breve momentum modo fugerit, ambo:
  Fugit: amantis amans sternitur ante pedes.

H. T.

The Man who had Nought.

There was a man, and he had nought,
And robbers came to rob him;
He got up the chimney-top,
And then they thought they had him.

He got down on th' other side,
And then they could not find him;
He ran fourteen miles in fifteen days,
And never looked behind him.

GAMMER GURTON.

Inscription on a Boat.

They say that I am small and frail,
And cannot live in stormy seas.
It may be so; yet every sail
Makes shipwreck in the swelling breeze.

Nor strength nor size can then hold fast,
But Fortune's favour, Heaven's decree.
Let others trust in oar and mast,
But may the gods take care of me!

C. MERIVALE (*from the Greek*).

Masque.

Spring all the graces of the age,
And all the loves of time;
Bring all the pleasures of the stage,
And relishes of rhyme;
Add all the softnesses of courts,
The looks, the laughters, and the sports;
And mingle all the sweets and salts,
That none may say, The triumph halts.

BEN JONSON.

Οὐδὲν ἔχων.

Ἄσομαι ἄνδρα πενιχρὸν ἀνείμονα, τόν ποτε κλέπται
λωποδυτεῖν ἔσπευδον· ἔβη δὲ πρὸς αἰετὸν ἄκρον,
οἱ δ' ἄρ' ἔχειν εὔχοντο· κάτω δ' ἑτέρῃ καταδύντος
ἤμπλακον· αὐτὰρ ἔπειτ' ὀκτωσταδίους ὅγε φεύγων
ἤμασιν ἐν δεκάπεντε δρόμους ἐτάνυσσε δὶς ἑπτὰ
ὧκα θέων· ὁ γὰρ οὔτι μετατροπαλίζετο φεύγων.

R. S.

Inscriptio Phaseli.

At tenuis, narrant, at sum male firma natando,
  At rabidi neqveo verbera ferre sali.
Sim tenuis, sim firma parum: tamen omnis in alto
  Naufragium Borea flante carina facit.
Tum nec magna tenet moles, nec qvernea transtra,
  Sed fortuna favens et sua fata, ratem.
Cetera confidat malis remisqve caterva;
  Tutantes adsint di mihi, sospes ero.

K.

Io Triumphe!

En age fer Veneres qvotqvot nova saecla crearint,
  Luserit et toto tempore qvidqvid Amor:
Adde voluptates, qvas nobis scaena paravit,
  Qviqve subest numeris carminibusqve lepor.
Confer et illecebras, regum qvibus adfluit aula,
  Vultusqve et risus, ludicra mixta iocis.
Dulcia cum salibus sic confundantur, ut absit
  Vox ea: Pro claudo qvam pede pompa venit.

F. E. G.

Martinmas.

It is the day of Martelmas;
Cups of ale should freely pass.
What though winter has begun
To push down the summer sun?
To our fire we can betake,
And enjoy the crackling brake,
Never heeding winter's face
On the day of Martelmas.

Some do the city now frequent,
Where costly shows and merriment
Do wear the vapourish evening out
With interlude and revelling rout,
Such as did pleasure England's queen,
When here her royal grace was seen;
Yet will they not this day let pass,
The merry day of Martelmas.

When the daily sports be done,
Round the market-cross they run,
Prentice lads and gallant blades
Dancing with their gamesome maids;
Till the beadle, stout and sour,
Shakes his bell, and calls the hour;
Then farewell lad and farewell lass
To the merry night of Martelmas.

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

OLD POET.

Festo qvid potius die?

Martini rediit sacrum: fluentes
Tempus cervisiae dari culullos.
Qvid si pergit hiemps ab arce caeli
Semper deciduum movere solem?
Nobis ante focos erit sedendum;
Nos flammis crepitantibus fruemur
Securi niviumqve flaminumqve,
Martini redeunte luce festa.
Est qvi nunc mediam freqventat urbem,
Qva pompae et celebres ubiqve ludi
Fallunt desidis Hesperi vapores
Mimis, saltibus, omnibus cachinnis:
Qvae, regina, tibi fuere cordi,
Cum nostris modo lusibus favebas.
At non immemor hic boni diei,
Martinus sibi qvem sacrum dicavit.
Post ludos, abeunte sole, circum
Cursantes titubant crucem forensem
Cum saltantibus ebrii puellis
Bibones operaeqve feriati:
Qveis seram gravis impigerqve custos
Campanam monitor qvatit: iubentqve
Iam sese puer invicem et puella
Martiniqve hilarem valere noctem.
Martiniqve iterum dies redibit,
Qvamvis flabra furant nivesqve et imbres.
Sed fient memoranda multa, multi
Stabunt iudicibus cadentqve coram,
Multus divitias relinqvet Harpax,
Multus se veterator ipse fallet,
Multa vulgus hians stupescet, ante
Martinus sua festa qvam reducet.

K.

Shylock.

B. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.
S. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.
B. Do all men kill the things they do not love?
S. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?
B. Every offence is not a hate at first.
S. What, wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice?

SHAKSPEARE.

The Primrose.

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

Ask me why this flower doth show
So yellow, green, and sickly too;
Ask me why the stalk is weak,
And bending, yet it doth not break;
I must tell you, these discover
What doubts and fears are in a lover.

CAREW.

Cornish Men.

And shall they scorn Tre, Pol, and Pen,
And shall Trelawny die?
Then twenty thousand Cornish men
Will know the reason why.

CORNISH SONG.

Vindicta.

Β. Ἀλλ' οὐδὲ τοῦτο τοὖπος, ὦ σκληρὸν κάρα,
λύει σε μὴ οὐχὶ λῆμ' ἀθώπευτον κλύειν.
Σ. οὐ δεῖ με φωνεῖν πάντα σοὶ πρὸς ἡδονήν.
Β. ἔκτεινε γάρ τις εὐθέως ἃ μὴ φίλ' ἦ;
Σ. ἤχθηρε γάρ τις ταῦθ' ἃ μὴ κτείνειν θέλει;
Β. οὐ πᾶν γε νεῖκος εἰς ἄπαξ ἔχθραν φύει.
Σ. δὶς γὰρ σὺ πλῆγείης ἂν ἐξ ὄφεως ἐκών;

T. C. B.

Primula Veris.

Qvaeris cur tibi muneri
Sic anni dederim primitias novi,
Cur hic flos tibi venerit,
Primi veris honos, roribus enitens?

Qvas dat delicias Amor,
Illas, crede mihi, fletibus irrigat.
Qvaeris cur ita palleat
Aegrescens viridi lumine flosculus;

Culmo cur tenero nimis
Flectatur, neqve adhuc fractus humi cadat?
Haec te, crede mihi, docent
Ut spes inter Amor pendeat et metus.

K.

Hic Genus acre Virum.

Εἶτά τις οὐνομάτων πατρίων κλέος ἄμμι πατήσει,
καὶ θάνατος δαμάσει τὸν φίλον ἄμμιν ἔτην;
οὔ, πρὶν Κορναβικῶν δὶς μυρίοι ἄνδρες ἀπ' ἄντρων
γνῶσ', εἴτ' οὖν ἀδίκως εἴτε καλῶς τάδ' ἔχει.

J. R.

Take, oh take those lips away.

Take, oh take those lips away,
  That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
  Lights that do mislead the morn:
But my kisses bring again,
Seals of love, but sealed in vain.

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

SUCKLING.

To the Redbreast.

Unheard in summer's flaring ray,
  Pour forth thy notes, sweet singer,
Wooing the stillness of the autumn day;
  Bid it a moment linger,
    Nor fly
Too soon from winter's scowling eye.

The blackbird's song at eventide,
  And hers who gay ascends,
Filling the heavens far and wide,
  Are sweet; but none so blends
    As thine
With calm decay and peace divine.

KEBLE.

Perfida, cara tamen.

Aufer hinc procul ista tam dulce perfida labra:
Aufer hinc oculos procul, solis instar oborti,
Luce qvi poterunt sua mane ludere primum:
At refer mihi basia heu signa non rata amoris.
Conde pectore qvi super, conde sis, glaciali
Vertices nivei tument, summa qvae iuga flores
Educant roseos qvibus se coronat Aprilis:
Haec tamen prius algidis solve corda catenis.

R. S.

Ὄρνιθα μελῳδόν.

O qvae muta sedes, sol ubi fervidis
Aestivum radiis occupat aera,
Nunc, arguta volucris,
Desuetum repara melos,

Autumniqve diem compositam tuis
Capta carminibus, ne nimium cito
Torvae lumina brumae
Formidans fugiat retro.

Sub noctem merulae suave sonant modi;
Nec non suave sonant illius illius,
Qvae summas petit auras
Et lati spatia aetheris

Implet laetitia: neutra tamen mihi
Tam morti placidae consona, tam piae
Concordare videtur
Paci qvam tua carmina.

R. B.

The Twin Gods.

And all the people trembled,
  And pale grew every cheek;
And Sergius the high pontiff
  Alone found voice to speak:

The gods, who live for ever,
  Have fought for Rome to-day!
These be the great Twin Brethren
  To whom the Dorians pray.

Back comes the chief in triumph,
  Who in the hour of fight
Hath seen the great Twin Brethren
  In harness on his right.

Safe comes the ship to haven
  Through billows and through gales,
If once the great Twin Brethren
  Sit shining on the sails.

MACAULAY.

A Novel Show.

Now room for fresh gamesters, who do will you to know,
They do bring you neither Play, nor University Show;
And therefore do entreat you, that whatsoever they rehearse,
May not fare a whit the worse, for the false pace of the verse.
If you wonder at this, you will wonder more ere we pass;
For know here is inclosed the soul of Pythagoras,
That juggler divine, as hereafter shall follow.

BEN JONSON.

Δίπτυχοι Διόσκοροι.

Grande portentum stupuere vici:
Pallidum tota pavet urbe vulgus:
Pontifex solus tremulo profatur
Sergius ore.

Omne viventes superi per aevum
Hoc die Romae pepulere cladem;
Bina, qvae Dores venerantur, haec sunt
Numina Fratrum.

Dux redit claro celebris triumpho,
Qvisqvis ad dextram, medius duelli,
Aureis vidit nitidos in armis
Stare Gemellos:

Perqve flabrorum pelagiqve motus
Sospes in portum redit illa navis,
Cui super malum gemino coruscant
Sidere Fratres.

K.

Arcana renati Pythagorae.

Νῦν αὖτε κωμασταῖς νέοις τοῖσδε πάρεχε χῶρον·
τρυγῳδίαν οὐκ εἰσάγειν φασίν, ὡς ἂν εἰδῆς,
οὐ Μεγαρόθεν κεκλεμμένον σκῶμμα θαυματουργεῖν.
οὔκουν ὁ κῶμος ἀξιοῖ ταῦθ' ἃ νῦν περαίνει,
ἐν τῷ ῥυθμῷ κἂν μηδὲν ᾖ, χεῖρον αὐτὰ πρᾶξαι.
εἰ δ' οὖν σε θαῦμα τῶνδ' ἔχει, θαυμάσει τι μᾶλλον
πρὶν καὶ παρελθεῖν τὴν θέαν· ἴσθι γὰρ τόδ' ἄγγος
τὸ σῶμα Πυθαγόρου στέγον· θαυματουργὸς οὗτος
καθ', ὡς ἐροῦμεν ὕστερον, θεῖος ἦν σοφιστής.

R. S.

The Sleeping Love.

As late each flower that sweetest blows
I plucked, the garden's pride,
Within the petals of a rose
A sleeping Love I spied.

Around his brows a beamy wreath
Of many a lucent hue;
All purple glowed his cheek beneath,
Inebriate with dew.

I softly seized the unguarded Power,
Nor scared his balmy rest;
And placed him, caged within the flower,
On spotless Sara's breast.

But when, unweeting of the guile,
Awoke the prisoner sweet,
He struggled to escape awhile,
And stamped his faery feet.

Ah, soon the soul-entrancing sight
Subdued the impatient boy;
He gazed; he thrilled with deep delight;
Then clapped his wings for joy.

Δεσμὸν ἄδεσμον ἔχων.

Ἁπαλὸν λόχευμα κήπου,
ὅσα φύεται γλύκιστα
ἔδρεπον μὲν ἐχθὲς ἄνθη·
πετάλων δ' ἔσωθεν εἶδον
ῥοδινῶν ὑπνῶντ' Ἔρωτα.
κροτάφοις μὲν ἀμφιπλέξας
στεφανίσκον εἶχε καλόν,
πολυδαίδαλον, φαεινόν·
ὑποπόρφυρος δ' ὑπ' αὐτῷ
ἀλέαινεν ἡ παρεία,
γεγανυμένη δρόσοισι·
χερὶ δ' αὖτ' ἔγωγε κούφῃ
ἀφύλακτον ὧδ' ἔμαρψα,
κατὰ μὲν σχίσαι φυλάξας
μελιτουμένους ὀνείρους,
ἐνὶ δ' ἀμβρότοισι κόλποις
κατέθηκ' ἐμῆς Κορίννης.
ὅτε δ', οὐ δόλον συνειδώς,
ἀνεγείρεθ' οὐπιχαρτός,
ἐθέλων τότ' ἐκλυθῆναι
περιεστράφη τὸ πρῶτον,
χαλέπαινέ τ', ἐμπαλαχθείς,
χλιδανοσφύροις ποδίσκοις·
μάλα δ' ὦκα παιδὸς ἦτορ
κεχαρισμένον θέαμα
παρέθελξεν ἀσχαλῶντος·
τὸ δ' ἄρ' ὡς ἴδ', ὡς ἀνέπτη
ὑπὸ χαρμονῆς βαθείας,
πτέρυγας δ' ἔσεισ' ἰανθείς.

"And oh!" he cried, "of magic kind
What charms this throne endear!
Some other Love let Venus find—
I'll fix my empire here."

COLERIDGE.

Nähe des Geliebten.

Ich denke dein, wenn mir der Sonne Schimmer
Vom Meere ſtrahlt;
Ich denke dein, wenn ſich des Mondes Flimmer
In Quellen mahlt.

Ich ſehe dich, wenn auf dem fernen Wege
Der Staub ſich hebt;
In tiefer Nacht, wenn auf dem ſchmalen Stege
Der Wandrer bebt.

Ich höre dich, wenn dort mit dumpfen Rauſchen
Die Welle ſteigt;
Im ſtillen Haine geh' ich oft zu lauſchen
Wenn alles ſchweigt.

Ich bin bei dir, du ſeyſt auch noch ſo ferne,
Du biſt mir nah;
Die Sonne ſinkt, bald leuchten mir die Sterne,
O wärſt du da!

GOETHE.

Lines in a Lady's Album.

Small service is true service, while it lasts;
Of humblest friends, bright creature, scorn not one:
The daisy, by the shadow which it casts,
Protects the lingering dewdrop from the sun.

WORDSWORTH.

τίσι γὰρ τέχναισι, φησί,
τόδ' ἐπηράτων ἐπωδῶν
καταγώγιόν με σαίνει;
σὺ δ' Ἔρωτα δή τιν' ἄλλον,
Κύπρι, λοιπὸν ἂν μετέλθοις·
ὅδ' ἐγὼ γὰρ ἐνθάδ' ἄρξω.

J. R.

Si abest, praesto simulacra tamen sunt.

Mens mea te recolit qvando mihi sole renato
Marmora fracta micant;
Mens mea te recolit qvando se mobile lunae
Pingit in amne iubar.

Te video, signante viae sinuamina longae
Turbine pulvereo;
Cumqve iter angustum media de nocte viator
Protinus ire pavet.

Audio te, qvotiens super unda volubilis undam
Murmura rauca ciet;
Saepe tibi densis ausculto solus in umbris,
Cum silet omne nemus.

Et tibi sum, qvamvis absis procul ipsa, propinqvus,
Tuqve propinqva mihi:
Sol cadit; effulgent subito mihi sidera: te nunc,
Te mea vota petunt.

K.

Munus Exiguum.

Amotus minimum ne temnat vultus amicum,
Exiguum vero munus amore iuvat.
Ipse brevi rorem defendit flosculus umbra,
Ne nimio sitiens sorbeat igne dies.

W. W. H.

The Architect of Hell.

The ascending pile
Stood fixed her stately height; and straight the doors,
Opening their brazen folds, discover wide
Within her ample spaces, o'er the smooth
And level pavement: from the arched roof
Pendent by subtle magic, many a row
Of starry lamps, and blazing cressets, fed
With naphtha and asphaltus, yielded light
As from a sky. The hasty multitude
Admiring entered; and the work some praise,
And some the architect: his hand was known
In heaven by many a towered structure high,
Where sceptred angels held their residence,
And sat as princes; whom the supreme King
Exalted to such power, and gave to rule,
Each in his hierarchy, the orders bright.
Nor was his name unheard or unadored
In ancient Greece; and in Ausonian land
Men called him Mulciber; and how he fell
From heaven, they fabled, thrown by angry Jove
Sheer o'er the crystal battlements: from morn
To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
A summer's day; and with the setting sun
Dropped from the zenith like a falling star,
On Lemnos, the Ægean isle: thus they relate,
Erring; for he with this rebellious rout
Fell long before; nor aught availed him now
To have built in heaven high towers; nor did he scape
By all his engines, but was headlong sent
With his industrious crew to build in hell.

MILTON.

Mulcibri ascivit manum.

Postqvam summus apex moli superadstitit, exim
Dissiluit valvis bipatentibus aerea porta:
Apparet domus intus, et atria longa patescunt
Instratiqve solo lapides: laqvearibus altis,
Artis opus magicae, dependent ordine multo
Lumina lychniqve et stellarum imitamina taedae,
Qvae piceo asphalti naphthaeqve bitumine pastae
Diffundunt iubar aetherium. Raptim irruit agmen
Mirantum: hi tollunt opus ipsum laudibus, illi
Artificem. Artificis dextram confessa magistram
Stabant per caelum turrita palatia passim:
Illic in solio sceptris armata sedebant
Numina, sacrorum series nitidissima regum,
Qveis summus Princeps rerum mandarat habenas
Ordine cuiqve suo tractare. Neqve illius olim
Nomen inauditum Graiis, nec Graia silebant
Carmina: Mulciberum dixerunt Ausones, utqve
Deciderit caelo, decantavere poëtae,
Per crystallina pinnarum fastigia praeceps
Ab Iove deturbatus: Eoo a sole deorsum
Ad medium, sole a medio rorantia ad astra
Aestivum cadit usqve diem; et cum lumine summo
Labens aetherio de vertice sideris instar
Incidit Aegaeae Lemno. Sic fabula mendax
Scilicet: ille autem turba stipante rebelli
Ante diu cecidit: neqve enim iam profuit olli
Aerias caelo turres struxisse, fugamqve
Fabrica nulla dabat, qvin ipse volutus ad umbras
Artificemqve trahens turbam aedificaret in Orco.

T. S. E.

To a Faithless Mistress.

I loved thee once, I'll love no more;
  Thine be the grief, as thine the blame:
Thou art not what thou wast before;
  What reason I should be the same?
He that can love unloved again
Hath better store of love than brain:
God send me love my debts to pay,
While unthrifts fool their love away.

Nothing could have my love o'erthrown,
  If thou hadst still continued mine;
Yea, if thou'dst still remained thine own,
  I might perchance have yet been thine:
But thou thy freedom didst recall,
That it thou mightst elsewhere enthral;
And then how could I but disdain
A captive's captive to remain?

AYTOUN.

Epitaph of a Quarrelsome Woman.

Here lies, thank Heaven, a woman who
Quarrelled and stormed her whole life through:
Tread gently o'er her mouldering form,
Or else you'll rouse another storm.

WECKHERLIN.

Ilias.

Immer zerreiſſet den Kranz des Homers, und zählet die Väter
  Des vollendeten ewigen Werks;
Hat es doch Eine Mutter nur, und die Züge der Mutter,
  Deine unſterblichen Züge, Natur.

SCHILLER.

Προδότις ἄπιστος.

Olim ego fidus amans, nunc te dedignor amare;
  Tuqve dole, nam tu causa doloris eras.
Tu mihi nunc alia es, nec qvae prius esse solebas;
  Numqvid adhuc, tecum qvin ego muter, habes?
Qvi totiens spretus flammis torrebitur isdem,
  Hic bene fidus amans sed male sanus erit.
Debita qvo solvam tantum mihi detur amare:
  Effluat incautis immoderatus amor.
Nulla meam poterat saevi fallacia fati,
  Dum mea restares, imminuisse fidem:
Sive tui iuris, nulliqve addicta, maneres,
  Nunc qvoqve, nunc possem forsitan esse tuus.
Cum tamen asserta tu libertate parares
  Protinus alterius subdere colla iugo,
Hoc mihi servitium fastidia nonne moveret,
  Ut paterer captae vincula captus erae?

F. K.

Cave canem.

Dis iacet hic faustis muliercula, cui sua vita
  Nil nisi tempestas una furorqve fuit.
Huic super ossa levis vestigia pone, viator,
  Ne redeat fracto clausa procella solo.

K.

Ad Wolfianos.

Pergite Maeonidae pulcram lacerare coronam,
  Diviniqve patres enumerare libri:
Unius est matris certe; immortalia vultus,
  O Natura, tui fert documenta liber.

K.

Eve.

With thee conversing, I forget all time,
All seasons, and their change; all please alike.
Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Glistering with dew: fragrant the fertile earth
After soft showers; and sweet the coming on
Of grateful evening mild; then silent night,
With this her solemn bird; and this fair moon,
And these the gems of heaven, her starry train.
But neither breath of morn, when she ascends
With charm of earliest birds; nor rising sun
On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower,
Glistering with dew; nor fragrance after showers;
Nor grateful evening mild; nor silent night,
With this her solemn bird; nor walk by moon,
Or glittering star-light, without thee is sweet.

MILTON.

Nobody and Somebody.

Sing a song of Nobody
Straining to be Somebody,
Came to shame and penury.
Sing a song of Somebody
Seeming to be Nobody,
Came to wealth and dignity.

S. A.

Te, dulcis Coniunx.

Σοὶ δὴ ξυνοῦσαν ἐν λόγων κοινωνίᾳ
χρόνος διελθὼν λανθάνει μ', ὥρα δέ μοι
ἅπασ' ὁμοίως σοῦ παρόντος ἀνδάνει.
ἔω μὲν ἡδὺ πνεῦμ', ὁπηνίκ' ὀρνέων
ἀνέχουσα κινεῖ πρωιαίτατον μέλος·
τερπνὸν δ' ἄρ' ἀντέλλοντος ἡλίου σέλας,
ὁπόταν ἐφάν τῇδ' ἐπιρραίνῃ χθονὶ
ἀκτῖνα, δένδροις, ἄνθεσιν, καρπῷ, χλόῃ,
λαμπρὰν δρόσον στάζουσιν· εὐώδης δ' ἄρα
ἡ πάμφορος γῆ μειλίχους ὄμβρους μέτα·
ἡδεῖα δ' ἀγανῆς ἑσπέρας ἐπήλυσις·
κἄπειτα νὺξ ἄφωνος, ἥ τε νύκτερος
ὄρνις ξυνήθης, καὶ σεληναῖον φάος,
ξὺν τῇδ' ὀπαδῶν μυρίων ὁμηγύρει,
τοῖς ἀστερωποῖς οὐρανοῦ ποικίλμασιν.
ἀλλ' οὔθ' ἑῷα πνεύμαθ', ἡνίκ' ὀρνέων
ξὺν πρωτομόλπων ὄρνυται μελωδίᾳ·
οὔθ' ἥλιος γῆν τήνδε προσγελῶν φάει,
οὐ καρπός, ἄνθη, δένδρα καὶ χλόη δρόσου
στίλβοντ' ἐπιρροαῖσιν, οὐκ εὐοσμία
χθονὸς μετ' ὄμβρον, οὐδ' ἔκηλος ἑσπέρα,
οὐ νὺξ ἄφωνος ἠθάδι ξὺν ὀρνέῳ,
οὔ μοι σελήνη νυκτέρῳ πλανωμένη
οὐδ' ἀστερωπὸν φῶς ἄνευ σέθεν γλυκύ.

G. J. K.

Nemo hercule, Nemo.

Οἵτινες αὐχοῦσιν Τινὲς ἔμμεναι Οὔτινες ὄντες,
ὕστερον εἰς λώβην πάντας ἄγει Νέμεσις.
ἀλλ' ὅσσοι Τινὲς ὄντες ἑαυτοῖς Οὔτινές εἰσιν,
Αἰδὼς καὶ μεῖζον τοῖσδε δίδωσι κλέος.

C. F. H.

The Poet's Song.

The rain had fallen; the Poet arose,
  And passed by the town, and out of the street;
A light wind blew from the gates of the sun,
  And waves of shadow went over the wheat.
And he sat him down in a lonely place,
  And chanted a melody loud and sweet,
That made the wild swan pause in her cloud,
  And the lark drop down at his feet.

The swallow stopt as he hunted the bee,
  The snake slipt under a spray,
The wild hawk stood with the down on his beak,
  And stared with his foot on the prey;
And the nightingale thought: I have sung many songs,
  But never a one so gay;
For he sings of what the world will be
  When the years have died away.

TENNYSON.

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:
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimmed;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimmed.
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;
Nor shall Death brag thou wanderest in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest:
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

SHAKSPEARE.

Θελγομένους φόρμιγγι κατήγαγε.

Deciderant imbres: liqvit conclave poeta;
  Praeteriitqve urbem deseruitqve vias.
Adflat ubi levior solis de limine ventus,
  Et tremit umbrarum fluctibus alta Ceres,
Huc veniens sola solus statione resedit,
  Et cecinit claro suave tenore melos,
Qvo stupet haerescens media inter nubila cygnus,
  Et cadit ante ipsos vatis alauda pedes:
Qvin et apes agilis venari cessat hirundo,
  Sub frondis coluber tegmine delituit;
Constitit obductus falco lanugine rostrum,
  Et stupuit, captam dum pede pressat avem.
Carmina multa qvidem, dixit philomela, profudi;
  Sed numqvam cecini tam geniale melos;
Scilicet hic cantat qvid sit tellure futurum,
  Cum vetus annorum clauserit orbis iter.

K.

Musa vetat mori.

Ten licet aestivae componere, vita, diei?
  At tu temperie candidiore nites.
Maii deliciae flores rapiuntur ab Euris,
  Et spatia aestati sors dedit arta nimis.
Interdum nimio Titan fulgore calescit,
  Aureus interdum deficit oris honor;
Pulcraqve nunc rerum vicibus nunc turbine fati
  Omnia mutantur, nec, velut ante, placent.
Sed tibi qvod pulcri est nullo defecerit aevo;
  Non erit aestatis gloria fluxa tuae:
Numqvam vana suis te Mors adscripserit umbris,
  Sed tuus aeterno carmine crescet honos:
Dum spirare homines, oculi dum cernere possunt,
  Vivit teqve vetat nostra Camena mori.

K.

*

Milton.

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

WORDSWORTH.

Infancy.

On parent knees, a naked new-born child,
Weeping thou satst, while all around thee smiled:
So live, that sinking to thy life's last sleep,
Calm thou mayst smile, while all around thee weep.

SIR W. JONES.

Heu Pietas, heu prisca Fides.

Miltune, vellem nunc qvoqve viveres:
Te nostra, te nunc postulat Anglia:
  Qvae, more coenosae paludis,
    Stagnat iners. Sine castitate

Qvid ara et ensis, pluma, focus, valent?
Qvo fugit aulae gloria? Qvo casae
  Pax alma? Cur priscae qvietis
    Dote carent patrii penates?

Gens prava nobis consulimus. Redi et
Dilapsa prudens saecla redintegra:
  Da clara libertas, pudici
    Da redeant sine labe mores,

Et vera virtus firmaqve viribus
Iustis potestas. Mens tua lumine
  Fulgebat, ut sidus, remoto;
    Vox tua, ceu pelagi, sonabat:

Stabas aperto purior aethere,
Peiusqve leto servitium timens,
  Sincera maiestas: Deiqve
    Muneribus modicis fruentem

Tutum per omnes te tua sanctitas
Traduxit annos. Nec tamen immemor
  Qvid cuiqve deberes, in horas
    Officiis minimis vacabas.

K.

Νεογόνον Βρέφος.

Parvulus in gremio matris, modo natus inopsqve,
  Tu lacrimas, at sunt omnia laeta tuis.
Sic vivas, puer, ut, placida cum morte recumbas,
  Omnia laeta tibi sint, lacrimaeqve tuis.

T. W. P.

A Lover's Liberty.

Away with those self-loving lads,
Whom Cupid's arrow never glads!
Away poor souls that sigh and weep
In love of those that lie asleep!
For Cupid is a merry god,
And forceth none to kiss the rod.

My songs they be of Cynthia's praise,
I wear her rings on holidays,
In every tree I write her name,
And every day I read the same.
Where Honour Cupid's rival is,
There miracles are seen of his.

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

B.

The Recall.

Come again, come again!
Sunshine cometh after rain.
As a lamp fed newly burneth,
Pleasure, who doth fly, returneth,
Scattering every cloud of pain.
As the year, which dies in showers,
Riseth in a world of flowers,
Called by many a vernal strain,
Come thou, for whom tears were falling,
And a thousand tongues are calling;
Come again, oh come again!
Like the sunshine after rain.

BARRY CORNWALL.

Ἀναγκαῖον πᾶν ἀνιαρὸν ἔφυ.

Ista Cupidineis numqvam exhilarata sagittis
Facessat hinc procul sibi turba placens iuvenum.
Sintqve procul qvi flent et qvi suspiria ducunt,
Formaeqve securae nimis qvos miser angit amor.
Laetus amat risus hilares ludosqve Cupido,
Nec cogit invitos suis subdere terga flagris.
Me vatem vocat Ella suum; mea carmina poscit:
Et feriatus anulis illius ornor amans.
Illius inscribo nulla non arbore nomen,
Nulloqve non idem die rite mihi legitur.
Qva sibi rivalem credit certare Pudorem,
Vinci Cupido nescius prodigiosa facit.
Sin ut reddatur suus anulus imperet Ella,
Iam nomen Ellae deleam cortice ab iliceo.
Si qvondam cari fiducia fallat amoris,
Anno salutandum semel praestet habere Nihil.
Curritur a multis: unus fert praemia victor;
Ineptus est qvisqvis vagum claudere vult cuculum.

K.

Dulces Reditus.

Redi, redi nunc; redditur sol imbribus peractis.
Ut lampas ignibus novis redintegrata flagrat,
Sic dissipatis nubibus fugax redit voluptas.
Ut, inter imbres qvi cadit, novus resurgit annus
Veris vocante florei canore, sic redi tu,
Tot flete nuper lacrimis, tot iam vocate lingvis.
Redi, redi nunc, ut redit sol imbribus fugatis.

K.

Anacreontic.

Underneath this myrtle shade,
On flowery beds supinely laid,
With odorous oils my head o'erflowing,
And around it roses growing,
What should I do but drink away
The heat and troubles of the day?
In this more than kingly state
Love himself shall on me wait.
Fill to me, Love, nay, fill it up;
And mingled cast into the cup
Wit and mirth and noble fires,
Vigorous health and gay desires.

COWLEY.

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

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

DRYDEN.

---

*An *.*

Theile mir mit, was du weißt; ich werd' es dankbar empfangen:
Aber du gibſt mir dich ſelbſt: damit verſchone mich, Freund.

SCHILLER.

Συμποσίου χάρις.

Hoc sub tegmine myrteo
  Stratus purpurea sic temere in rosa,
Unguento madidus comam et
  Vivis implicitus tempora floribus,

Sicco qvid potius die
  Qvam curam cyathis dulcibus eluam?
Hic dum rege licentius
  Bacchor, dius Amor vina dabit mihi:

Plenos da calices, Amor,
  Miscentorqve simul Laetitia et Lepos
Festivaeqve Libidines
  Clarorumqve Salus fons sacer ignium.

R. B.

Qvantum est in rebus inane!

Esse qvid hoc dicam? Fraus est mera vita; sed ipse
  Lusus homo ludi gaudet amatqve dolum.
Credimus, et, Cras, cras solvetur, dicimus: atqvi
  Falsior hesterna crastina luce dies
Mentitur peius: spondet nova gaudia semper,
  Et, nova dum spondet gaudia, parta rapit.
Qvemqve voluptatis fallit spes mira futurae:
  Lapsa sibi reddi tempora nemo rogat.
Sic igitur vitae faeces dare posse videntur
  Gaudia, qvae nullis amphora prompta dedit?
Exspectasse diu magicum me paenitet aurum,
  Qvod iuvenes ludit despoliatqve senes.

K.

Munus Ingratum.

Doctrinam dederis, referam, doctissime, grates:
  Sed teipsum mihi das; hoc tibi munus habe.

K.

Thy Days are done.

Thy days are done, thy fame begun;
  Thy country's strains record
The triumphs of her chosen son,
  The slaughters of his sword;
The deeds he did, the fields he won,
  The freedom he restored.

Though thou art fallen, while we are free,
  Thou shalt not taste of death;
The generous blood that flowed from thee
  Disdained to sink beneath:
Within our veins its currents be,
  Thy spirit on our breath.

Thy name, our charging hosts along,
  Shall be the battle-word;
Thy fall, the theme of choral song
  From virgin voices poured.
To weep would do thy glory wrong;
  Thou shalt not be deplored.

BYRON.

Barney Bodkin.

Barney Bodkin broke his nose.
  Want of victuals makes us sad.
Without feet we can't have toes.
  Crazy folks are always mad.

The absent Rose.

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

ELEGANT EXTRACTS.

Tu decus omne tuis.

Lux vitae cecidit, tibi nascitur aurea fama:
  Nomen erit patriae semper in ore tuum:
Sedula dilectae prolis canit illa triumphos:
  Qvot validos proprio straverit ense viros,
Qvas tulerit bello laurus, qvo victor ab hoste
  Reddiderit populo libera iura suo.
Tu cadis; at, dum nos libertas alma tuetur,
  Non te mors omnem sub dicione premet.
Qvi tibi profluxit generosus corpore sangvis
  Non tulit indignum commaculasse solum:
Illius O nostras opulentent flumina venas,
  Vivat et in nostro spiritus ore tuus.
Sicubi Mars patrius saevum volvetur in hostem,
  Sola tuum pugnae tessera nomen erit:
Nostra decus tanti celebrabunt carmina leti,
  Carmina virgineis rite sonanda choris.
Magne, tuae fletus essent iniuria famae:
  Questibus O nullis dedecorande, Vale.

K.

Ex Incerti Βαρνάβᾳ τῷ Βελονεῖ.

Τῆς ῥινὸς ὁ Βελονεὺς κατέαγε Βαρνάβας·
χἠ μὲν σπάνις τῶν σιτίων λύπην ἔχει·
ἄνευ ποδῶν δὲ πῶς ἂν ἔχοι τις δακτύλους;
μελαγχολικά τοι σώματ' ἀεὶ μαίνεται.

R. S.

Rosa fugitiva.

Clarissae faciem cur tantum lilia pingunt?
  An coniugis naso rosas tradidit illa suas?

K.

Drinking Song of Munich.

Sweet Iser, were thy sunny realm
  And flowery gardens mine,
Thy waters I would shade with elm,
  To prop the tender vine;
My golden flagons I would fill
With rosy draughts from every hill;
  And under every myrtle-bower
My gay companions should prolong
The laugh, the revel, and the song,
  To many an idle hour.

Like rivers crimsoned with the beam
  Of yonder planet bright,
Our balmy cups should ever stream
  Profusion of delight.
No care should touch the mellow heart,
And sad or sober none depart;
  For wine can triumph over woe,
And Love and Bacchus, brother powers,
Could build in Iser's sunny bowers
  A paradise below.

CAMPBELL.

Epitaph.

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

FLEMING.

Latebrae dulces et amoenae.

Si quae rura tuas, flumen amabile,
Lymphas despiciunt, si domino mihi
  Parerent iuga prima
    Solis luce tepentia;

Ulmus propter aqvam plurima surgeret
Fulcimen tenerae vitis, et aureis
  Collis qvisqve culullis
    Nectar purpureum daret:

Sub myrto recubans laeta sodalium
Festa luce cohors cantibus et mero
  Serae noctis in umbras
    Mecum gaudia ducerent.

Ut qvae puniceo sidere flumina
Illustrata rubent, sic qvoqve currerent
  Plenis usqve beati
    Nostri deliciis scyphi:

Numqvam corda dolor tangeret uvida,
Nec tristes animos hinc neqve sobrios
  Nox dimitteret umqvam:
    Nam vino fugiunt mala,

Nec tu cum sociis, Liber, Amoribus
Hic propter patrii murmura fluminis
  Nescis condere felix
    In terris nemus Elysi.

E. H. G.

Eadem sunt omnia semper.

Qvod legis hic de me, de multis saepe ego legi;
  Qviqve legis, de te saepe legetur idem.

K.

A Farewell.

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

TENNYSON.

The Heroes of the Past.

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

BYRON.

Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis Aevum.

Rivule, ad pontum flue frigidaeqve
Dulce vectigal dare perge lymphae;
Non meos ullo tua ripa gressus
Senserit aevo.

Leniter saltus siluasqve praeter
Rivulus nunc, postmodo rivus, erres,
Nec meos usqvam videas neqve ullo
Tempore vultus.

Hic tuae custos gemet alnus orae,
Populus molli tremet icta vento;
Hic apis nullo tibi murmurare
Desinet anno.

Solium reddes iubar, unda, centum,
Mille lunarum tremulos nitores,
Me tamen nullo prope te morantem
Videris aevo.

K.

Pro Patria mori.

Haud ita, quos tacita censebat mente, sepulcris
Depositi circum, nomina sancta, duces;
Haud ita crediderant fidei spernenda vetustae
Foedera, et in patrios bella movenda deos.
Devoti cecidere viri, sed morte carentes,
Ipse videbatur facta sonare Notus:
Laudibus augebant fluvialis murmura lymphae,
Implebant propria relligione nemus:
Manibus affinem sacris se tollere gaudet
Edita vicino muta columna iugo:
Hos vehit exsultans ad sidera montis imago,
Fonsque memor lapsu lucidiore canit;
Hos sibi commixtos minimus per saecula iactat
Rivulus, et celebri maximus amnis aqva.

K.

A Bill of Exceptions.

Good people all, with one accord,
  Lament for Madam Blaize,
Who never wanted a good word—
  From those who spoke her praise.
The needy seldom passed her door,
  And always found her kind;
She freely lent to all the poor—
  Who left a pledge behind.
She strove the neighbourhood to please
  With manners wondrous winning;
And never followed wicked ways—
  Unless when she was sinning.
At church in silks and satins new,
  With hoop of monstrous size,
She never slumbered in her pew—
  But when she shut her eyes.
Her love was sought, I do aver,
  By twenty beaux and more;
The king himself has followed her—
  When she has walked before.
But now her wealth and finery fled,
  Her hangers-on cut short all;
The doctors found, when she was dead—
  Her last disorder mortal.
Let us lament, in sorrow sore,
  For Kent-street well may say,
That, had she lived a twelvemonth more—
  She had not died to-day.

GOLDSMITH.

A sweeping Charge.

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

OLD EPIGRAM.

Παραγραφαί.

Δημόται, δακρύσατ' ἤδη πάντες ἐξ ἑνὸς ῥόθου
τὴν γυναῖκα τὴν θανοῦσαν ἄρτι, Παμφλέκτην λέγω·
εὖ γὰρ ἤκουεν βλέπουσα πρός γε τοῦ λέγοντος εὖ.
τῆσδε τὰς θύρας ἀκλήστους ὀλιγάκις παρῆλθον ἂν
οἱ πένητες· ἦν γὰρ εὔφρων, κἀδάνειζεν ἀφθόνως
τοῖς ἀχρημάτοισι πᾶσιν, ὑποτιθεῖσί γ' ἐνέχυρον.
εἶτα τοὺς πέλας πρόθυμος ἦν ἐπικτᾶσθαι φίλους
σχῆμ' ἔχουσα πιθανὸν ὥστε θαυμάσαι· τρόποισι γὰρ
οὐδαμῶς κακοῖς ἐχρῆτο, πλήν γ' ὅτ' ἐξαμαρτάνοι.
κἀν νεῷ λεπτοσπάθητα καὶ κρόκου βαφάς γε πρὸς
εἰμένη πλευρῶν τ' ἄγαλμα στρόφιον οὐράνιον ὅσον
ἦστο, κοὐκ ἔβριζεν, εἰ μὴ βλέφαρα συγκλείσειέ πως.
ἵμερος δὲ τῆσδ' ἐπέσπα, δαίμονας μαρτύρομαι,
εἴκοσι μνηστῆρας εἴτε πλείονας· καὐτὸς μὲν οὖν
ὁ βασιλεὺς μετῆλθέ νίν ποθ', ἡ δὲ πρόσθεν ἐστίβει.
ἀλλ' ἀπορρυέντος ἤδη χρυσέου χλιδήματος,
τοῖς δ' ἐρασταῖσιν ῥαγεισῶν ξυντόμως τῶν ἐλπίδων,
ὁ σοφὸς ἰατρὸς, θανάσιμος ὡς ἀπῴχεθ' ἡ γυνή,
εὗρε καὶ θανάσιμον οὖσαν τὴν πανυστάτην νόσον.
ἀλλ' ὀδυρώμεσθα ταύτην μὴ κενοῖς δακρύμασιν,
ἔστι γὰρ λέγειν νιν, εἴ γε κἀνιαύσιον κύκλον
ζῆν ἔμελλ' ἔτ' ἄλλον, οὐδ' ἂν κατθανεῖν τῇδ' ἡμέρᾳ.

T. S. E.

Multum in Parvo.

Vir premitur vitiis centenis, non nisi binis
Femina: nil loqvitur, nil facit illa boni.

K.

Venus and Adonis.

Never did passenger in summer's heat
More thirst for drink than she for this good turn;
Her help she sees, but help she cannot get,
She bathes in water, yet her fire must burn.
O, pity, gan she cry, flint-hearted boy!
'Tis but a kiss I beg; why art thou coy?

I have been wooed as I entreat thee now,
Even by the stern and direful god of war,
Whose sinewy neck in battle ne'er did bow,
Who conquers where he comes in every jar;
Yet hath he been my captive and my slave,
And begged for that which thou unasked shalt have.

Thus he that overruled I overswayed,
Leading him prisoner in a red rose chain.
Strong-tempered steel his stronger strength obeyed,
Yet was he servile to my coy disdain.
Oh be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,
For mastering her that foiled the god of fight.

SHAKSPEARE.

Forget Thee?

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

MOULTRIE.

Ἀμφ' Ἄρεος φιλότητος ἐϋστεφάνου τ' Ἀφροδίτης.

Non sitit aestivo laticem sub sole viator
Acrius, id gratum qvam dea munus avet.
Cernit opem praesto, nec opem tamen invenit ullam,
Se lavit in gelida, sed furit ignis, aqva.
O miserere, loqvi dein orsa est, oscula qvaero
Sola; puer saxo saepte cor, ista negas?
Qvod supplex ego te, cupidus me saepe poposcit
Mars immitis atrox qvi fera bella regit.
Hostica cervices flectit vis nulla torosas,
Qvaecumqve ingreditur proelia, victor abit.
Ferre iugum tamen ille meum, mea vincla, coactus,
Qvam tibi praestabo sponte, rogavit opem.
Cetera qvi vincit, sic vinco, lentaqve ducit
Captivum rubris nexa catena rosis.
Cuius et eduris parent durissima nervis
Aera, meis morem fastibus ille gerit.
Parce superbire et nimium indulgere triumpho,
Me tibi, dante mihi Bellipotente manus.

H. A. J. M.

Nec me meminisse pigebit.

Oblitus omnes ut tui vivam dies?
Cesset avis liqvido mulcere silvas carmine:
Oblitus omnes ut tui vivam dies?
Negligat unda maris tumere sub lunae face:
Siticulosa nutet immemor rosa
Nectareos bibere rorantis Hesperi scyphos:
Tuo paternum corde litus effluat,
Notaqve caeruleo fulgore vasta montium,
Vultusqve amatus qvisqve, et a puertia
Plurima deliciis signata plurimis loca:
Qvorum simul te ceperint oblivia,
Excideris animo tu, cara, tum demum meo.

K.

The idle Shepherd Boys.

The valley rings with mirth and joy;
Among the hills the echoes play
A never, never-ending song,
To welcome in the May.
The Magpie chatters with delight;
The mountain Raven's youngling brood
Have left the mother and the nest;
And they go rambling east and west
In search of their own food;
Or through the glittering vapours dart
In very wantonness of heart.
Beneath a rock, upon the grass,
Two Boys are sitting in the sun;
Boys that have had no work to do,
Or work that now is done.
On pipes of sycamore they play
The fragments of a Christmas Hymn;
Or with that plant which in our dale
We call Stag-horn, or Fox's Tail,
Their rusty hats they trim:
And thus, as happy as the day,
Those Shepherds wear the time away.

WORDSWORTH.

On a Pipe in the Temple of Venus.

Say, rustic Pipe, in Cytherea's dome
Why sounds this echo of a shepherd's home?
Nor rocks nor valleys here invite the strain;
But all is Love—go seek thy hills again.

HODGSON (*from the Greek Anthology*).

Νέα γὰρ φροντὶς οὐκ ἀλγεῖν φιλεῖ.

Per vallem resonant leves cachinni;
Clivorum strepitus imaginesqve
Iugem perpetuumqve dant canorem,
Qvi Maio Zephyrisqve gratuletur.
Vernat gutture pipilante parra;
Corvi monticolae novella proles
Matrem deseruere nidulumqve,
Palanturqve foras modo huc modo illuc
Diversi sibi qvisqve pabulantes;
Aut nubem in liqvidam dedere saltum
Ultro laetitiaqve gestienti.
En qva rupe sub imminente bini
Aprica pueri sedent in herba:
Illis si qvid erat negotiorum
Securis animo excidit, vel actum est.
Inspirant cava buxa, saecularis
Qvidqvid carminis affluit canentes;
Aut, qvae vallibus audit herba nostris
Cervi cornua seu lupina cauda,
Nectunt inde qvod ornet obsoletos
Sertum pileolos. Ad hunc tenorem,
Ut caelum sine nube, sic sereni
Pastores temere otiantur isti.

T. S. E.

Calamus.

Dic, Calame agrestis, Paphiae sub fornice divae
  Cur pastoricio vox sonat apta lari?
Non iuga, non virides poscunt hic carmina valles;
  Hic nil non Amor est: ad tua saxa redi.

K.

The Soldiery of Hell.

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

MILTON.

Young and Old.

In den Ocean ſchifft mit tauſend Maſten der Jüngling;
Still mit gerettetem Boot treibt in den Hafen der Greis.

SCHILLER.

Coniurati Caelum rescindere.

Protinus ad lituum strepitus mixtosqve tubarum
Grande iubet tolli signum: qvem credier uni
Maximus Azazel proprium sibi poscit honorem.
Nec mora qvin hasta regale insigne corusca
Arduus expandens effundat in aetheris auras,
Non aliter qvam cum diro micat omine sidus,
Intextum gemmis rutiliqve nitoribus auri
Hinc illinc, scutisqve deum caeliqve tropaeis.
Martius interea sonitus crebrescit et aeris
Clangor: eo strepitu clamorem exercitus omnis
Excitat ipsa Orci rumpentem concava, et ultra
Terrentem Chaos et priscae regna intima Noctis.
Ilicet obscuras orientia mille per umbras
Signa fluunt, tremulisqve auras splendoribus implent.
Silva ingens hastarum una, galeaeqve freqventes,
Immensusqve horrent et non penetrabilis ordo,
Conferti clipei. Mox iustae lege phalangis
Instructae incedunt acies: nec tibia cessat
Dorica, nec molles calami, qveis spiritus ardens
Heroum tumet et cordi fiducia crescit
Arma capessentum. Non his concentibus ira,
Non furor elicitur, sed bello vivida virtus,
Sed vigor erectus, sed mens secura timorum,
Contemptrix leti foedamqve exosa repulsam.
Hinc, qvandoqve gravi spirant dulcedine flatus,
Pallida distractae fugere insomnia mentis,
Curaeqve ambiguiqve metus et luctus et angor
Mortalesqve animos immortalesqve relinqvunt.

K.

Vita Mare est.

Currit in Oceanum dum malis mille Iuventus,
Lintre Senex portum sospite lentus init.

K.

He and She.

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

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

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

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

MOORE.

Cupid.

Cupid is a wicked wight;
Yet, methinks, 'tis merely stupid
Thus the old song to recite:
'What a wicked wight is Cupid!'

Call him by an evil name,
Love is charmed, and thanks the caller,
Glories in his very shame,
Cocks his chin, and looks the taller.

One thing sorely puzzles me:
Tell us, Venus, if it may be,
How the daughter of the sea
Came by such a firebrand baby.

S. A. (*from the Greek Anthology*).

Dona praesentis cape laetus horae.

D. Flosculo qvod apis petens
Mella roscida per nigras
Frondium latebras, erit
Daphnis id tibi, Phylli.

P. Ripa qvod viridans aqvis
Adfluentibus osculumqve
Adsonantibus, ut fluunt,
Phyllis id tibi, Daphni.

P. Ast apis, perhibent, suis
Plena deliciis volat;
Postqve basia perfidus
Deinde labitur amnis.

D. Flore si color effluit,
Ripa tempore si labat,
Mella praeripiant apes
Fas sit, oscula rivi.

F. K.

Amor.

Dirus Amor, dirus. Sed qvo recitare misello
Sic iterum atqve iterum murmure: Dirus Amor?
Scilicet his ridetqve puer, laediqve renidet:
Crescit et opprobriis erigiturqve suis.
Dic age, caerulei fueris cum filia ponti,
Qvomodo tu flammae, Cypria, mater eras?

K.

Funeral Honours.

Oh think not that with garlands crowned
  Inhuman near thy grave we tread;
Or blushing roses scatter round,
  To mock the paleness of the dead.

What though we drain the fragrant bowl,
  In flowers adorned, and silken vest,
Oh think not, brave departed soul,
  We revel to disturb thy rest.

Feigned is the pleasure that appears,
  And false the triumph of our eyes,
Our draughts of joy are dashed with tears,
  Our songs imperfect and in sighs.

We inly mourn: o'er flowery plains
  To roam in joyous trance is thine,
And pleasures unallied to pains,
  Unfading sweets, immortal wine.

BLAND.

The Light of Love.

She is not fair to outward view,
  As many maidens be;
Her loveliness I never knew
  Until she smiled on me:
Oh, then I saw her eye was bright,
A well of love, a spring of light.

But now her looks are coy and cold,
  To mine they ne'er reply;
And yet I cease not to behold
  The love-light in her eye:
Her very frowns are better far
Than smiles of other maidens are.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

Tumulo referunt sollemnia.

Qvod tua florentes sertis prope busta moramur,
  Ne tu saevitiae nos age, care, reos:
Neu, qvae pallenti possint illudere morti,
  Per tumulum sparsas crede rubere rosas.
Qvid si, dum bibimus redolentia pocula, cingit
  Aurea palla umeros, florea vitta comas,
Talia ne, fortes inter fortissime manes,
  Rere tuae labem festa qvietis agi.
Fingimus heu vani simulato gaudia risu,
  Inqve oculis fallax ille triumphus inest;
In calices furtim lacrimarum stillat amaror,
  Inter singultus carmina manca cadunt.
Nos gemimus: celebrare tuum est florentia prata;
  Sunt tibi sincerae somnia laetitiae,
Qvaeqve malo nescit tingi maerore voluptas,
  Et sine felle sales et sine faece merum.

K.

Καλλιβλέφαρον φάος.

Pulcra parum forma est: certe formosior illa
  Conspicitur nivei multa puella chori:
Molle mihi donec furtim subrisit ocello,
  Virginis illecebrae me latuere meae.
Tum veluti plenus fons lumine, plenus amore,
  Sidereus gemino fulsit ab orbe nitor.
Nunc tua mutati cerno fastidia vultus:
  Dedidicit nobis iste referre vices.
Ast ego non potero vultum satiare videndo
  Qvantus sidereis orbibus insit amor.
Contrahe tu frontem: subrideat altera virgo:
  Alterius risu frons magis ista placet.

R. S.

The Curse of Kings.

E. Great king, within this coffin I present
Thy buried fear: herein all breathless lies
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,
Richard of Bourdeaux, by me hither brought.
B. Exton, I thank thee not; for thou hast wrought
A deed of slander with thy fatal hand
Upon my head and all this famous land.
E. From your own mouth, my lord, I wrought this deed.
B. They love not poison that do poison need,
Nor do I thee: though I did wish him dead,
I hate the murderer, love him murdered.
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word nor princely favour:
With Cain go wander through the shade of night,
And never shew thy head by day nor light.
Lords, I protest my soul is full of woe
That blood should sprinkle me to make me grow.
Come mourn with me for what I do lament,
And put on sullen black incontinent.
I'll make a voyage to the Holy Land,
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand.
March sadly after: grace my mournings here,
In weeping after this untimely bier.

SHAKSPEARE.

The Gout in the Hand.

Urles had the gout so that he could not stand,
Then from his feet it shifted to his hand:
When it was in his feet, his charity was small,
Now it is in his hand, he gives no alms at all.

HERRICK.

Tuum maculavi Crimine Nomen.

Ε. Ὦ ναξ φέριστε, ξυντεθαμμένον δέος
τὸ σὸν στέγει τόδ' ἄγγος· ἄψυχος δ' ὅδε
ὁ πρὶν μέγιστος πολεμίων κεῖται σέθεν
Εὐκάρδιος, βάσταγμα τῆς ἐμῆς χερός.
Β. οὗτοι σ' ἐπήνεσ', ὅς γ' ἀνηκέστῳ χερὶ
ὄνειδος αἰσχρὸν ἐγκατέσκηψας τόδε
ἐς κρᾶτα τοὐμὸν ἔς τε πάνδημον πόλιν.
Ε. καὶ μὴν ἔτλην τόδ' ἔργον ἐκ γλώσσης σέθεν.
Β. ἀλλ' οὔθ' ὅτῳ δεῖ φαρμάκων αὐτὸς φιλεῖ
τὰ φάρμακ' οὔτ' ἐγὼ σέ· κεἰ θανεῖν σφ' ἔδει,
φιλῶ θανόντα τὸν κτανόντ' ἀποπτύσας·
σοὶ δ' οὖν ἔπαινος οὔτε κείσεται χάρις
ἀνθ' ὧν ἔδρασας, ἀλλὰ τὸ ξυνειδέναι
μύσος τὸ σαυτοῦ χἄμα τῷ πρωτοκτόνῳ
πλάνητ' ἀλᾶσθαι νυκτὸς ὀρφναίας σκότῳ,
καὶ μηκέτ' αὐγαῖς ἡμέρας αἴρειν κάρα.
ἀλγεῖ γὰρ ἀλγεῖ φρήν, θεοὶ ξυνίστορες,
εἴ μοι χυθεὶς βλάστημον ἀλδαίνει φόνος.
ἴτ' οὖν, ἄνακτες, ἀμφιβάλλεσθε στολὴν
πενθοῦντι συμπενθοῦντες ὡς τάχος λυγράν·
κἀγὼ πρὸς ἱεράν, ἐκ μιαιφόνου χερὸς
τόδ' αἷμα νίψων, ναυστολήσομαι χθόνα.
ὑμεῖς βάδην ἕπεσθε, κήδειον χάριν,
δάκρυσιν ἄωρον τήνδε θρηνοῦντες ταφήν.

R. S.

Chiragra.

Forte laborabat claudus Caracalla podagra:
Mox abit in digitos articulare malum.
Pauca dabat Caracalla, pedes cum morbus haberet;
Nunc manibus captis dat Caracalla nihil.

T. S. E.

The Etrurian Naenia.

Where art thou, pale and melancholy ghost?
No funeral rites appease thy tombless clay;
Unburied, glidest thou by the dismal coast,
O exile from the day?

There where the voice of love is heard no more,
Where the dull wave moans back the eternal wail,
Dost thou recall the summer suns of yore,
Thine own melodious vale?

Thy lares stand on thy deserted floors,
And miss their last sweet daughter's holy face:
What hand shall wreathe with flowers the threshold doors?
What child renew the race?

Thine are the nuptials of the dreary shades;
Of all thy groves what rests?—the cypress tree.
As from the air a strain of music fades,
Dark silence buries thee.

Yet no, lost child of more than mortal sires,
Thy stranger bridegroom bears thee to his home,
Where the stars light the Æsar's nuptial fires
In Tina's azure dome;

From the fierce wave the god's celestial wing
Rapt thee aloft along the yielding air;
With amaranths fresh from heaven's eternal spring
Bright Cupra braids thy hair.

Ah, in those halls for us thou wilt not mourn;
Far are the Æsar's joys from human woe;
But not the less forsaken and forlorn
Those thou hast left below.

Funebre Carmen.

Qvonam evolasti pallida, lugubris?
Nulline ritus, Umbra, tibi levant
Curam, neqve infletum piavit
Ullus honor tumuli cadaver,

Sed lucis exsul litus obambulas
Informe? Qva nec blanditias amor
Instaurat, aeternamqve fluctus
Segne gemens iterat qverellam,

Solesne verni luminis et tuam
Vallem reposcis? Lar vacuas habet
Aulas, et incassum reqvirit
Alma suae pius ora natae.

Qvae dextra posthac limina floribus
Intexet illi? Qvae suboles nova
Curret pavimentum? O malignis
Tradita coniugio tenebris,

Ecqvam tuarum nunc colis arborum?
Solam cupressum: teqve silentia
Condunt inaccessa, ut qvietas
Suave melos fugit inter auras.

Non sic peristi, progenies deum;
Te magna coniunx advena transtulit
In regna, qva resplendet astris
Caeruleum laqveare Tinae

Parante laetas Aesare nuptias:
Te penna vexit dia superstitem
Undis, ubi aeterno beatae
Vere fruens amarantus aurae

Sese capillis insinuat tuis,
Texente Cupra. Nos ibi nostraqve
Lugere dedisces: ab omni
Aesar habet vacuum dolore

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

Slow swells the sorrowing Nænia's chaunted strain,
Time with slow flutes our leaden footsteps keep;
Sad earth, whate'er the happier heaven may gain,
Hath but a loss to weep.

SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

The Death of the Brave.

Farewell, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies,
Now gay with the bright setting sun;
Farewell, loves and friendships, ye dear tender ties;
Our race of existence is run.

Thou grim king of terrors, thou life's gloomy foe,
Go, frighten the coward and slave;
Go, teach them to tremble, fell tyrant, but know
No terrors hast thou to the brave.

Thou strik'st the dull peasant, he sinks in the dark,
Nor saves e'en the wreck of a name;
Thou strik'st the young hero, a glorious mark;
He falls in the blaze of his fame.

In the field of proud honour, our swords in our hands,
Our king and our country to save,
While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,
Oh, who would not rest with the brave?

BURNS.

Perenne regnum: nos tamen interim
Te flemus eheu, dulce caput, die
Nullo revisendum; supremus
Ille sacrae perit ignis arae.

Caelum recepta gaudeat: an minus
Te terra raptam maeret? In aethera
Surgit sepulcrali tenore
Naenia flebiliter canentum,

Cum tibiarum flamine plumbeos
Regente passus. Qvidqvid habet lucri
Fortuna caelestum, fugaces
Delicias gemit orba tellus.

K.

Pulcrumqve mori succurrit in Armis.

Candide lucis honor, tuqve o viridissima tellus,
Qviqve nites aether sole cadente, vale:
Vosqve, amor et pietas, socialia vincla, valete;
Stat prope iam rerum meta; peracta via est.
Vis horrenda mali, vitae taeterrima labes,
Terribilis servo sis timidoqve licet:
Fac per nos tremat ista cohors: sed fortia semper
Corda minas rident, Mors furiosa, tuas.
Sternis aratorem; piger alta nocte gravatur,
Nec leto maior nominis umbra manet.
Bellantem sternis iuvenem: cadit ille perenni
Luce fruens famae, splendida praeda, suae.
Qvo vocat, imus, Honor, stricto decernere ferro
Pro patria et caro rege parata manus:
Dum vitae extremum victoria tempus inaurat,
Qvem validis socium paenitet esse viris?

G. B. M.

A Rainy Day.

The day is cold and dark and dreary,
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall;
And the day is dark and dreary.

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

Be still, sad heart, and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining:
Thy fate is the common fate of all;
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

LONGFELLOW.

To the Genius of the House.

Command the roof, great Genius, and from thence
Into this house pour down thy influence,
That through each room a golden pipe may run
Of living water by the benizon;
Fulfil the larders, and by strengthening bread
Be evermore thy bins replenished.
Next, like a bishop, consecrate my ground,
That lucky fairies here may dance their round;
And, after that, lay down some silver pence,
The master's charge and care to recompense;
Charm then the chambers; make the beds for ease,
More than for peevish pining sicknesses;
Fix the foundation fast, and let the roof
Grow old with time, but yet keep weather-proof.

HERRICK.

Tempestas Caelum contraxit.

Horrida pallentem contristant frigora lucem,
  Flabraqve cum pluviis irreqvieta suis.
Vitis amans haeret muro, sed cuilibet aurae
  Dat folia: et maestus flet sine sole dies.
Et mihi pallentem contristant frigora vitam,
  Flabraqve cum pluviis irreqvieta suis.
Praeterito meus haeret amor, sed qvaeqve iuventae
  Spes perit: et maesti flent sine sole dies.
Disce tacere tamen, cor flebile, mitte qverellas;
  Invida sol ultra nubila lucet adhuc.
Sors tua communis mundi: sua cuiqve procella;
  Cuiqve suus qvondam flet sine sole dies.

K.

Ad Larem Familiarem.

Lar mihi culte, summis
  Insidens tectis placido numine ades faveqve
Aedibus, ut per omnem
  Aurei fontes trepident iugis aqvae recessum;

Horrea tu salubri
  Lacta frumento et cumeras fac locupletiores;
Ruraqve consecrabis
  Auguris ritu, veniat qvo celebretqve faustos

Plurima nympha ludos;
  Pone mox asses nitidos, sint ut ero laborum
Praemia sumtuumqve:
  Tum fove miris thalamos artibus, atqve lectos,

Candide Lar, qvieti
  Sterne qvam morbi qverulis luctibus aptiores;
Stet bene firma moles,
  Nec vetustatem metuant tecta Iovemve iniqvum.

W. G. C.

Francesca e Paolo.

Siede la terra, dove nata fui,
Su la marina dove il Po discende
Per aver pace co' seguaci sui.
Amor, che al cor gentil ratto s' apprende,
Prese costui della bella persona
Che mi fu tolta, e il modo ancor m' offende.
Amor, che a nullo amato amar perdona,
Mi prese del costui piacer sì forte,
Che, come vedi, ancor non m' abbandona.
Amor condusse noi ad una morte:
Caina attende chi vita ci spense.
Queste parole da lor ci fur porte.
Da che io intesi quelle anime offense,
Chinai il viso, e tanto il tenni basso,
Finchè il Poeta mi disse: Che pense?
Quando risposi, cominciai: O lasso!
Quanti dolci pensier, quanto disio
Menò costoro al doloroso passo!
Poi mi rivolsi a loro, e parlai io,
E cominciai: Francesca, i tuoi martiri
A lagrimar mi fanno tristo e pio.
Ma dimmi: al tempo de' dolci sospiri,
A che e come concedette amore,
Che conosceste i dubbiosi desiri?
Ed ella a me: Nessun maggior dolore,
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria; e ciò sa il tuo dottore.
Ma se a conoscer la prima radice
Del nostro amor tu hai cotanto affetto,
Farò come colui che piange e dice.
Noi leggevamo un giorno per diletto
Di Lancillotto, come amor lo strinse:
Soli eravamo e senza alcun sospetto.

Qvisqve suos patimur Manes.

Urbs qvae me genuit, posita est in litoris ora,
Qva Padus optatam pergens contingere pacem
Descendit, comitum coetu stipatus aqvarum.
Hunc amor, ingenuo raptim sub pectore gliscens,
Corporis incendit forma praestante qvod olim
Mi rapitur: vulnus vel nunc gravor illud acerbum.
Idem amor hic, nulli qvi se condonat amato,
Me rursum usqve adeo istius dulcedine cepit
Ut mihi nunc etiam invitum decedere cernas.
Ambos idem amor ille necem perduxit ad unam:
Auctorem Caina necis manet. Hactenus isti.
Postqvam indignantes audivi effarier umbras,
Lumina deieci, defixusqve ora tenebam;
Cum tandem vates, Animo qvid volvis? At illi
Sic orsus refero, Qvanta et qvam grata cupido,
Heu heu qvantus amor tulit id lacrimabile fatum!—
Tum conversus ad hos, Miseret, Francisca, tui me,
Incipio, Lacrimasqve movet tuus anxius angor.
Verum age dic nobis, inter suspiria qvondam
Blanda qvod indicium, qvae signa ab amore dabantur,
Cum iam incerta foret necdum manifesta cupido?—
Sic ego, at illa mihi, Caput est et summa dolorum
Felices meminisse dies tempusqve serenum
Inter damna: bene hoc callet tuus iste magister.
Sed si adeo cordi est nostri cognoscere amoris
Prima rudimenta, hoc faciam partesqve dolentis
Et simul enarrantis agam. Nos forte iuvabat
Historias olim una evolvere Lanciloti,
Ut magnum crudelis amor torqveret amantem.
Solus erat mecum iste; sed is securus amorum,
Secura ipsa fui: tum saepe legentibus una

Per più fiate gli occhi ci sospinse
  Quella lettura, e scolorocci il viso:
  Ma solo un punto fu quel che ci vinse.
Quando leggemmo il disiato riso
  Esser baciato da cotanto amante,
  Questi, che mai da me non fia diviso,
La bocca mi baciò tutto tremante:
  Galeotto fu il libro, e chi lo scrisse:
  Quel giorno più non vi leggemmo avante.
Mentre che l' uno spirto questo disse,
  L' altro piangeva sì, che di pietade
  Io venni men così com' io morisse,
E caddi, come corpo morto cade.

DANTE.

Robert Shallow, Esquire.

Sh. Sir Hugh, persuade me not; I will make a Star chamber matter of it: if he were twenty Sir John Falstaffs he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, Esquire.

Sl. In the county of Gloster, justice of peace, and coram

Sh. Ay, cousin Slender, and Cust-alorum.

Sl. Ay, and ratolorum too; and a gentleman born, master parson; who writes himself armigero; in any bill, warrant quittance, or obligation, armigero.

Sh. Ay, that we do; and have done any time these three hundred years.

Sl. All his successors, gone before him, have done't and all his ancestors, that come after him, may: they may give the dozen white luces in their coat.

Sh. It is an old coat.

Ev. The dozen white louses do become an old coat well it agrees well, passant: it is a familiar beast to man, and signifies—love.

SHAKSPEARE.

Convenere oculi; tum non color oribus idem.
Non nisi momentum interea nos vicerat unum:
Dum legimus, dulce ut ridenti tantus amator
Oscula libaret, libavit et oscula nobis
Iste vir, iste, a me qvi numqvam tempore in ullo
Divellendus erit, libansqve perhorruit omnis.
Pandarus a liber iste, et libri Pandarus auctor.
Desinimus, nec plura dies videt ille legentes.—
Altera dum fatur, lacrimas simul altera tales
Umbra dat, ut luctu ingenti tamqvam ire viderer
Et caderem, cadit ut rigidum iam morte cadaver.

H. A. J. M.

Catus qvantumvis rusticus.

Κ. Μὴ πεῖθέ μ', ὦ 'τάν· ἡ 'ξ Ἀρείου γὰρ πάγου
βουλὴ τάχ' εἴσεται τάδ'· οὐ καταπροίξεται
μὰ τὸν Δί', οὐδ' εἰ προσγένοιντο μυρίοι
ἕτεροι τοιοῦτοι Κομπολογχίδαι, Κένον
πλυνὸν ποιήσας ἐμὲ τὸν ἀσπιδηστρόφον.

Λ. καὶ πρός γε δικαστὴν δριμὺν ἐν Λαμπτρεῦσί τε
νόμων φύλακα. Κ. καὶ σανιδοφύλακ', ὦ Λεπτίνη

Λ. ναὶ σανιδοφύλακά γ'· εὐγενῆ κἀξ εὐγενῶν
αὐτόχθον', ἱερεῦ· τὸν τελοῦντ' εἰς ὁπλοφόρους,
τόν, εἴτε πρόκλησιν εἴτε πρόσκλησίν τινα
εἴτ' ἄφεσιν εἴτ' ἀπαλλαγὴν σημαίνεται,
σημαινόμενον τάδ' ὁπλοφόρων ὄντ' ἐν τέλει.

Κ. σύμφημ'· ἐπεί τοι καὶ τριακόσι' ἄττ' ἔτη
τελοῦμεν ἡμεῖς. Λ. οἱ προϊόντες μὲν ἐτέλουν
ἁπαξάπαντες ἐπίγονοι· προγόνοις δ' ἄρ' οὐκ
ἔξεστι τοῖς ἐπιοῦσιν; ἐξὸν γοῦν τριχῶν
πλοκάμους ἀναδεῖσθαι φθειρσὶ λευκοῖς δώδεκα.

Κ. ὡς κρωβύλον παλαιὸν οὐκ αἰσχύνομαι.

Ι. φθεῖρες παλαιαῖς θριξὶ λευκοὶ δώδεκα
πρέπουσιν· ἑρπόντων γε συμπρεπέστερον
οὐδέν· σύνηθες γὰρ βροτοῖς τὸ θηρίον,
κἀντεῦθεν ὄνομα τὸ φθαρείης ἐγένετο.

R. S.

Storm in the Alps.

The sky is changed—and such a change! O night,
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman. Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among
Leaps the live thunder: not from one lone cloud;
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud.

And this is in the night:—Most glorious night,
Thou wert not sent for slumber: let me be
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight,
A portion of the tempest and of thee!
How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!
And now again 'tis black,—and now the glee
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain mirth,
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.

Now, where the quick Rhone thus hath cleft his way,
The mightiest of the storms hath ta'en his stand:
For here, not one, but many make their play,
And fling their thunder-bolts from hand to hand,
Flashing and cast around: of all the band,
The brightest through these parted hills hath forked
His lightnings,—as if he did understand
That in such gaps as desolation worked,
There the hot shaft should blast whatever therein lurked.

Media Nimborum in Nocte.

En caeli facies contraria versa priori.
O nox, o tenebrosae hiemes, qvae vestra potestas,
Qvale decus tamen, ut lucem muliebria iactant
Lumina pupillis nigrantibus. En procul inter
Multifidos apices tremefactaqve fulmine saxa
Flamma salit crepitans. Neque nubes una tonare;
Sed centum reboant centeno murmure montes.
Audiit, ingeminansqve per aera circumfusum
Alpes ad laetas vocitantes Iura reclamat.
Atqve ea per noctem. Nox o lepidissima, non tu
Somni mater eras. Possim a, temeraria, tecum
Comissarier in vacuum et furiale iocari:
A sine pars ego sim tempestatumqve tuiqve.
En ut inardescit lato lacus igne relucens:
Verberat imber humum et liqvido pede desilit ingens:
Nunc qvoqve caligant iterum omnia: nunc qvoqve colles
Clamant, montivagisqve tremunt iuga longa cachinnis,
Tamqvam terrai motu gavisa recenti.
Nunc Rhodanus celer amne viam qva findit, hiatu
In medio stationem, hiemum qvae maxima, cepit
Ante alias: neqve enim proludens una coruscat,
Sed multae inter se circumqve micantia torqvent
Fulmina: sic nimbus qvi saevior omnibus ardet
Fissilium per clivorum divortia flammas
Libravit trifidas, tamqvam, loca si qva viarum
Faucibus in saevis non desolata laterent,
Sulpureis urens flammis ea vasta daturus.

Sky, mountains, river, winds, lake, lightnings, ye,
With night, and clouds, and thunder, and a soul
To make these felt and feeling, well may be
Things that have made me watchful; the far roll
Of your departing voices, is the knoll
Of what in me is sleepless,—if I rest.
But where of ye, O tempests, is the goal?
Are ye like those within the human breast?
Or do ye find, at length, like eagles, some high nest?

BYRON.

La Torre della Fame.

Quando fui desto innanzi la dimane,
Pianger senti' fra 'l sonno i miei figliuoli,
Ch 'erano meco, e dimandar del pane.
Ben sei crudel, se tu già non ti duoli,
Pensando ciò ch' il mio cor s' annunziava:
E se non piangi, di che pianger suoli?
Già eran desti, e l' ora s' appressava
Che il cibo ne soleva essere addotto,
E per suo sogno ciascun dubitava,
Ed io sentii chiavar l' uscio di sotto
All' orribile torre: ond' io guardai
Nel viso a' miei figliuoli senza far motto.
Io non piangeva, sì dentro impietrai:
Piangevan elli; e Anselmuccio mio
Disse: Tu guardi sì! Padre, che hai?
Però non lagrimai, nè rispos' io
Tutto quel giorno, nè la notte appresso,
Infin che l' altro Sol nel mondo uscìo.
Come un poco di raggio si fu messo
Nel doloroso carcere, ed io scorsi
Per quattro visi il mio aspetto stesso,
Ambo le mani per dolor mi morsi;
E quei, pensando ch' io il fessi per voglia
Di manicar, di subito levorsi,

O caelum o lacus et montes et fluminis error
Nubesqve ventiqve sonoraqve fulminibus nox,
Qvodqve cor haec penitus miracula persentiscis,
Per vos haud temere excubui: nunc fusa retrorsum
Murmura vestra canunt somno—si forte qviescam.
At vobis, tempestates, ubi meta laborum est?
Num similes estis vos debacchantibus intra
Pectoris humani latebras, an deniqve nidos
Nacti nubiferos, aqvilarum more, sedetis?

T. S. E.

Denuntiat Iras Obscenamqve Famem.

Experrectus eram, necdum lux orta rubebat,
Cum gemere in somnis pueros ac poscere panem
Audivi, qvi mecum aderant. A ferrea vere
Corda geris, si, qvod praesaga mente videbam,
Flere negas: qvid flebis enim, si flere negabis?
Jamqve experrectis aderat consueta parandi
Hora cibi, tulerantqve metum sua somnia cuiqve,
Appositis inferne seris ubi ianua turris
Horrendae resonare: inhiabam dicere mussans
Gnatorum in facies, nec flebam flentibus illis:
Sic ire in lapidem mihi viscera. Mox ita noster,
Qui vultus? pater, ecqvid habes? Anselmulus infit.
Interea totumqve diem noctemqve secutam
Nec potui lacrimare nec ullas reddere voces,
Dum supera terras alter sol protulit orbem.
Postqvam intromissum loca carceris horrida circum
Est exile iubar, per qvattuor ora videbam
Nostrum qvale foret, victusqve doloribus ambas
Ipse manus mordebam; ego amore videbar edendi
Talia moliri: consurrexere repente,

E disser: Padre, assai ci fia men doglia,
Se tu mangi di noi: tu ne vestisti
Queste misere carni, e tu le spoglia.
Quetaimi allor, per non farli più tristi:
Quel dì, e l' altro stemno tutti muti:
Ahi dura terra, perchè non t' apristi?
Poscia che fummo al quarto dì venuti,
Gaddo mi si gittò disteso a' piedi,
Dicendo: Padre mio, che non m' aiuti?
Quivi morì; e come tu mi vedi,
Vid' io cascar li tre ad uno ad uno,
Tra il quinto dì e il sesto, ond' io mi diedi
Già cieco a brancolar sovra ciascuno;
E tre dì li chiamai, poi ch' ei fur morti:
Poscia, più che il dolor, potè il digiuno.

DANTE.

Alcides.

Alcides thus his race began:
O'er infancy he swiftly ran:
The future god at first was more than man.
Dangers and toils and Juno's hate
E'en o'er his cradle lay in wait,
And there he grappled first with fate:
In his young hand the hissing snakes he pressed;
So early was the deity confessed.
Thus by degrees he rose to Jove's imperial seat:
Thus difficulties prove a soul legitimately great.

DRYDEN.

Et, Minus hinc, aiunt, Pater, anges: vescere nobis;
Qui miseram hanc nobis carnem induit, exuat idem.—
Tum tranqvillus eram; neqve enim exstimulare volebam
Gnatorum curas; cunctisqve tacentibus ibat
Ille dies alterqve: a qvid non, dura, dehiscis,
Terra, mihi? Post lux ubi qvarta induxerat ortus,
Projecit sese ante pedes Geta corpore prono,
O pater, exclamans, Qvid opem mi ferre recusas?—
Sic moritur; qvalemqve vides me, tres ego vidi
Nunc hunc nunc illum procumbere singillatim
Ante iubar sextum, post qvintam lampada solis.
Tum palpare manu iam caecus corpora cuiqve,
Tresqve accire dies perstabam morte iacentes:
Plus tandem potuit luctu ieiuna cupido.

H. A. J. M.

Impiger Hercules.

Ἀπὸ βαλβίδων τοιόνδ' ἔλαχεν
δρόμον Ἀλκείδας, ἀταλᾶς ἅβας
ταχὺ τέρμ' ἀνύσας· ἦν δ' ἄρ' ὁ μέλλων
θεὸς ἐξ ἀρχᾶς κρεῖσσόν τι βροτοῦ·
τί γάρ, ὅντινα πῆμ' ἐπιμαστίδιον
μόχθοι τ' ἐλόχων χὠ κότος Ἥρας·
καί νιν Μοίραις πρῶτ' ἀντίπαλον
σπάργαν' ἐδέρχθη
νεαρὸν νεαραῖς σύριγμ' ὄφεων
χερσὶ δαμάζονθ'· ὧδε νεογνὸς
δείξας θεὸς ὤν, ὧδ' ὑψίβατον
Ζηνὸς προσέβα χρόνιος θάκημ'·
ὧδ' ὁ πόνος τοι
λῆμα κατ' αἶσαν μέγ' ἐλέγχει.

R. S.

He who hath bent him o'er the Dead.

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

WOLFE.

Mutum neqvidqvam alloqvimur Cinerem.

Si mihi visa fores nigris obnoxia fatis,
  Non irent lacrimae, te moriente, meae:
Sed vitae tu viva mihi pars tanta fuisti,
  Haud umqvam subiit te qvoqve posse mori.
Haud ita credideram celeri mea currere lapsu
  Gaudia, et invisum deproperare diem,
Cum mihi subridens langventibus ultima labris
  Effugeres oculos tempus in omne meos.
Et vel adhuc vultu vultus meus haeret in isto,
  Sperat adhuc risus sollicitatqve novos:
Spes ea sit fallax, oblector imagine vana,
  Inqve meam poenam credulus esse volo.
Sed, qvam multa loqvor, nil reddis multa loqventi,
  Qvod numqvam fueras sueta silere, siles,
Iamqve ego, iam serus fateor, suavissima rerum,
  Victima non dubiae mortis, Elissa, iaces.
Sicut es, o si nunc mecum tranqvilla maneres,
  Imperturbatis frigida forma genis,
Pectoris amplecti vel muta silentia possem,
  Qvemqve tui risus deseruere locum.
Dum superest etiam gelidum sine mente cadaver,
  Restat adhuc aliqvid qvod rear esse meum;
Restat adhuc: sed, te nigra cum ponimus urna,
  Deseror, atqve omni tempore solus eo.
Qvidqvid agit tua mens, qvocumqve moratur in orbe,
  Immemorem credo non tamen esse mei.
Nec dare nulla potens longi solacia luctus
  Mens mea reddiderit te mihi, qvalis eras.
Qvid loqvor? ambibat puri te luminis aura,
  Qvale prius nullo fulsit in ore iubar,
Qvale vagae numqvam felix sollertia mentis
  Fingere nec potuit nec reparare valet.

K.

Man is cut down like a Flower.

Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower,
Thou'st met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem;
To spare thee now is past my power,
Thou bonnie gem.

Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonnie Lark, companion meet,
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet
Wi' spreckled breast,
When upward-springing, blythe to greet
The purpling East.

Cauld blew the bitter biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce reared above the parent earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield
High sheltering woods and wa's maun shield,
But thou beneath the random bield
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie stibble-field,
Unseen, alane.

There in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawy bosom sunward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise;
But now the share uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies.

Flos succisus Aratro.

Parvule flos, roseis distincte coloribus, hora
  Obiecit ferro te male fausta meo.
Heu stirpem modo, gemma, tuam discerpet aratrum,
  Servandaeqve tui copia nulla datur.
Non, habitat qvae rura comes tibi, dulcis alauda
  Pectore te leviter versicolore premit,
Cum teneros spernit rores et rapta per auras
  In sublime novam provocat ala diem.
Te nascente, ferae flabant Aqvilone procellae,
  Brumaliqve gelu vincta rigebat humus:
Attamen illaesum brumae grave frigus alebat,
  Sustinuitqve parens debile terra caput.
Divite narcissos saepes defendit in horto,
  Et tegit a gelidis ilicis umbra Notis:
Tu tamen exornas, media proiectus in herba,
  Non oculo visus praetereuntis, agrum:
Unde verecundus, tenui velatus amictu,
  Pectora ad hibernum detegis alba iubar.
At tibi nil prodest humili latuisse cubili;
  Vomeris heu duri praeda, recumbis humi.

Such is the fate of artless Maid,
Sweet flowcret of the rural shade,
By love's simplicity betrayed,
And guileless trust,
Till she, like thee, all soiled, is laid
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple Bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless-starred:
Unskilful he to note the card
Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er.

Such fate to suffering worth is given,
Who long with wants and woes has striven,
By human pride or cunning driven
To misery's brink,
Till wrenched of every stay but Heaven,
He, ruined, sink.

Even thou who mournst the daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date;
Stern Ruin's plough-share drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crushed beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom.

BURNS.

The Riddle read.

What means old Hesiod? Half exceeds the Whole?
Read me the riddle, there's a clever soul.—
Phyllis, the answer in yourself appears:
For twenty-five you'd give your fifty years.

S. A.

Tale tibi fatum est, ruris pulcerrima virgo,
  Prodita qvae nimia simplicitate peris.
Arte cadis turpi decepta, neqve ullus in atro
  Heu male prostratae pulvere floret honos.
Tale tibi fatum est, homini male credule vates,
  Qvi tua non fausto sidere vota facis;
Qvem mala per vitae fluctus inscitia iactat,
  Obruit et tumidis mox gravis Auster aqvis.
Tale tibi fatum est, cuius virtutibus obstat
  Invida sors, et res officit arta domi:
Te fraus sternit humi, spernitque superbia lapsum,
  Nec praeter numen qvod tueatur habes.
Floris et exigui fatum qvi carmine ploras,
  Deiectus simili tu qvoqve sorte cades;
Te formamqve tuam decisam vomeris ictu
  Ferrea mox sulci mole ruina premet.

G. A. B.

Πλέον ἥμισυ παντός.

Emensa virgo iam decem vetus lustra
Qvid? pars, ait, dimidia plus valet toto?—
Cui nos: Decem tu nata qvinqvies annos
Libenter esses nata qvinqve viginti.

R. S.

Alma Venus.

Aeneadum genetrix, hominum divomqve voluptas,
Alma Venus, caeli subter labentia signa
Qvae mare navigerum, qvae terras frugiferentis
Concelebras, per te qvoniam genus omne animantum
Concipitur visitqve exortum lumina solis.
Te, dea, te fugiunt venti, te nubila caeli
Adventumqve tuum, tibi suavis daedala tellus
Summittit flores, tibi rident aeqvora ponti
Placatumqve nitet diffuso lumine caelum.
Nam simul ac species patefactast verna diei
Et reserata viget genitabilis aura favoni,
Aeriae primum volucres te, diva, tuumqve
Significant initum perculsae corda tua vi.
Inde ferae pecudes persultant pabula laeta
Et rapidos tranant amnis; ita capta lepore
Te seqvitur cupide qvo qvamqve inducere pergis.
Deniqve per maria ac montis fluviosqve rapacis
Frondiferasqve domos avium camposqve virentis
Omnibus incutiens blandum per pectora amorem
Efficis ut cupide generatim saecla propagent.
Qvae qvoniam rerum naturam sola gubernas
Nec sine te qvicqvam dias in luminis oras
Exoritur neqve fit laetum neqve amabile qvicqvam,
Te sociam studeo scribendis versibus esse
Qvos ego de rerum natura pangere conor
Memmiadae nostro, qvem tu, dea, tempore in omni
Omnibus ornatum voluisti excellere rebus.
Qvo magis aeternum da dictis, diva, leporem.
Effice ut interea fera moenera militiai
Per maria ac terras omnis sopita qviescant;
Nam tu sola potes tranqvilla pace iuvare
Mortalis, qvoniam belli fera moenera Mavors
Armipotens regit, in gremium qvi saepe tuum se

Χρυσέη Ἀφροδίτη.

Αἰνεαδέων γενέτειρα, θεῶν χάρις ἠδὲ καὶ ἀνδρῶν,
πουλυβότειρ' Ἀφροδίτη, ὑπ' ἄστρασιν οὐρανοφοίτοις
ἥ ῥ' ἄλα νησιπέρητον ἰδὲ ζείδωρον ἄρουραν
ἀνστρέφεαι, διὰ σεῖ ὅτε ἔθνεα πάντα κυεῖται
ζωόντων ἀνιόντα θ' ὁρᾷ φάος ἠέλιοιο.
φεύγουσίν σ' ἄνεμοι, φεύγει νέφε' οὐρανόθι πρὸ
ἐρχομένην σε, θεά· σοὶ ἡδέα δαίδαλον οὖδας
ἄνθε' ὑπεκπροέηκε, γέλασσε δὲ νῶτα θαλάσσης,
μειλιχθεὶς δ' αἴγλῃ λάμψ' οὐρανὸς ἀμφιχυθείσῃ.
καὶ γὰρ ὅτ' εἰαρινὸν ἀναπέπταται ἥματι εἶδος
ἐκ δὲ λυθὲν ζεφύροιο μένος φυσίζοον ὁρμᾷ,
πρῶτα μὲν ἀμφαίνουσιν ὑπουράνιοί σ' ὄρνιθες
σάς τ' ἐσόδους, φίλον ἦτορ ἀτέμβει γάρ σφε τεὴ ἵς.
θῆρες δ' αὖ θρώσκουσι νομοὺς ἀνὰ τηλεθόωντας
καὶ ποταμοὺς νήχουσι δι' ὠκέας· ὣς γλυκὺς αἱρεῖ
ἵμερος ἔνθ' ἴμεν ἥ κε ἑκάστῳ ἡγεμονεύῃς.
καὶ δ' ἀνὰ πόντον ὄρεά τε καὶ ὕδατα δινήεντα
οἰωνῶν τ' εὔφυλλα μέλαθρ' ἀγρούς τ' ἐριθηλέας
πᾶσιν ἔρον γλυκύθυμον ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν ἰεῖσα
ἐνδυκέως κατὰ φῦλα τεκέσθαι τέκνα βιάζεις.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ μούνη πάντων φύσει ἐμβασιλεύεις
οὐδέ τι νόσφι σέθεν δίους εἰς ἥματος οὖρους
οὔτε πέφυκ' οὔτ' αὖ θαλερὸν γένετ' οὐδ' ἐρατεινόν,
χρηίζω σὲ παρέμμεν' ἐμαῖς ἐπιτάῤῥοθον οἵμαις
ταῖσιν ἀειδέμεναι πάντων φύσιν ἡμετέροιο
Μεμμιάδεω μέμον' εἴνεχ', ὃν ἐκπρεπέ' ἥματα πάντα
πᾶσι, θεά, καλοῖσι κεκασμένον ἤθελες εἶναι.
τῷ μᾶλλόν γε ἔπεσσι πόροις χάριν ἄφθιτον αἰεί.
ἀλλὰ τέως κοίμησον ἀπηνέα δηιοτῆτος
ἔργ' εὔδειν πᾶσαν κατὰ γῆν πᾶσαν δὲ θάλασσαν·
οἵη γάρ τ' ἀγανὴν δύνασαι δόμεν ἀνθρώποισιν
εἰρήνην, ἐπεὶ πολέμου νέμει ἄγρια ἔργα
Ἄρης ἐγχεσίμωρος, ὃς ἐν σῷ πολλάκι κόλπῳ

Reicit aeterno devictus vulnere amoris,
Atqve ita suspiciens, tereti cervice reposta,
Pascit amore avidos inhians in te, dea, visus,
Eqve tuo pendet resupini spiritus ore.
Hunc tu, diva, tuo recubantem corpore sancto
Circum fusa super, suavis ex ore loqvellas
Funde petens placidam Romanis, incluta, pacem.
Nam neqve nos agere hoc patriai tempore iniqvo
Possumus aeqvo animo nec Memmi clara propago
Talibus in rebus communi desse saluti.

LUCRETIUS.

He is gone, he is gone.

And will he not come again?
And will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead,
Go to thy death-bed,
He never will come again.

His beard was as white as snow,
All flaxen was his poll:
He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan:
God ha' mercy on his soul!

SHAKSPEARE.

The Child in the Cradle.

Glücklicher Saügling! Dir iſt ein unendlicher Raum noch die Wiege.
Werde Mann, und dir wird eng die unendliche Welt.

SCHILLER.

πίπτει ἀνηκέστοισιν ἔρου ἕλκεσσι δαμασθείς·
καὶ τότε δερκόμενός σ' ἀπό τ' εὐφυέ' αὐχένα δοχμῶν
ὅσσε μεμαότ' ἔρῳ βόσκει, θεά, εἰς σὲ κεχηνώς
ὕπτιος, ἐκ δὲ τεοῦ κρέμαται στόματός οἱ αὐτμή.
τὸν σύ, θεά, κλινθέντα τεῷ προτὶ σώματι δίῳ
ἀμφὶ περιπροχυθεῖσα χέ' ἐκ γλώσσης ὅπα καλήν,
πότνια, Ῥωμαίοις αἰτεῦσ' ἐρατὴν εἰρήνην.
οὐ γὰρ ἐγὼ πάτρης μετὰ πήμασι τοῦτό γ' ἀπήμων
ἔρδειν οὐδ' ἂν τλαίη ὁ Μεμμίου ἀγλαὸς ὄζος,
τῆδε παρὰ χρειοῖ, ξυνῆς χάσσασθαι ἀνάγκης.

H. A. J. M.

Perpetuus Sopor urget.

Οὐκέτ', οὐκέτ' ἄρ' αὖθις, οὐκέθ' ἥξει;
οὐκέτ' οὐκέτ'· ἐπεὶ τέθνηκε κεῖνος·
θανάτου δ' ἀρωγὴν θάνατον
τλῆθι· πάλιν γὰρ οὐκ αὖθις ἐλεύσεται.

ἦν χιὼν ἅτε λευκόν οἱ γένειον,
χἠ κόμη λίνος ὡς· ὁ δ' οὐκέτ' ἔστι·
περίεργος, οὐκ ἔστι, γόος.
ψυχὴ δ' εὐπαραίτητον ἔχοι θεόν.

J. R.

Infans.

Cunarum spatia ista patent sine fine tuarum
Nunc tibi, parve puer.
Cum vir eris, mundi spatia haec angusta putabis,
Qvae sine fine patent.

K.

The Cycle of Existence.

Look round our world: behold the chain of Love
Combining all below and all above.
See plastic Nature working to this end,
The single atoms each to other tend,
Attract, attracted to, the next in place
Formed and impelled its neighbour to embrace.
See matter next, with various life endued,
Press to one centre still, the general good.
See dying vegetables life sustain,
See life dissolving, vegetate again:
All forms that perish other forms supply,
(By turns we catch the vital breath, and die,)
Like bubbles on the sea of matter borne,
They rise, they break, and to that sea return.
Nothing is foreign; parts relate to whole;
One all-extending, all-preserving soul
Connects each being, greatest with the least;
Made beast in aid of man, and man of beast;
All served, all serving: nothing stands alone;
The chain holds on, and where it ends unknown.

POPE.

The Coward Lover.

Faint Amorist! What, dost thou think
To taste Love's honey, and not drink
One drop of gall? or to devour
A world of sweet, and taste no sour?
Dost thou ever think to enter
Th' Elysian fields, that dar'st not venture
In Charon's barge? A lover's mind
Must use to sail with every wind.

P. S.

Moriendo vivitur.

Orbem hunc terrarum circumspice; nexus amoris
Continet omnia qvae sunt infera qvaeqve superna.
Contemplator uti vis daedala naturaï
Hoc agat, huc adnitatur: primordia rerum
Alterum ad alterius contactum singula tendunt:
Proxima qvaeqve trahunt, ad proxima qvaeqve trahuntur;
Usque adeo suadet vicinia conciliatum.
Contemplator item variis ut praedita formis
Materies eadem metam festinet ad unam,
Utilitati operans communi. Nonne videmus
Augmina didere olus vitalia dilapsurum,
Inqve novos ex interitu revirescere fetus?
Quot pereant formae, vim suppeditare novarum?
(Scilicet excipimus vitalem ac tradimus auram):
Hae ritu bullarum in gurgite materiaï
Nare videntur et in pelagus dissolvier unde
Subsiluere. Neqve est porro non utile qvicqvam;
Scilicet ad summam spectat pars qvaeqve minuta.
Omnia pertemptans mens una atqve omnia servans
Maxima cum minimis animalia singula nectit.
Sunt homini pecudes, pecudum est homo natus in usum:
Servit qvodqve genus, servitur cuiqve vicissim;
Nec qvicqvam sibi solum alitur: procrescit eundo
Continuata catena sine ullo limite rerum.

T. S. E.

Segnis Amans.

Sic tibi, segnis amans, qvod dulcia tingat acerbis,
  Felle qvod inficiat mella, cavetur Amor?
Elysium speras, refugisqve a lintre Charontis?
  Nulla pati non sit flabra paratus amans.

K.

Ulysses and the Cyclops.

U. Dost thou descry yon sunlit table-land?
C. I do; but not distinctly, being one-eyed.
U. But, if halfsighted, half of it you see?
C. O Noman, Noman, where is thy discernment?
My vision fails in kind, not in degree;—
Contemplate Luna in her properties:
Broader of disk but shallower of sheen
She lacks the sparkle of a brace of stars;
And in comparison of such twin lights,
As twinkle in the brows of mortal men,
More weakly burns the big circumference
That faintly moons this frontal firmament.
U. Lord of the lonely sphere, less luminous
Than large, I have no charm nor spell wherewith
To call upon thy brow another eye;
But this I have—a subtle potent potion,
Meet draught for earthborn giants, the red blood
Of earthborn fruits eyeshaped:—take thou this bowl,
Which drained to the dregs shall multiply
Thy single vision till thou double see.
Now reel, then sleep and hold the fire-bar fast,
And this thy second sight shall prove thy last.

On a Statue of Cupid.

Say, why does sculptured Cupid stand
Upon the bank of yonder river?
That water ever nigh at hand
May quench the fire he kindles ever.

S. A. (*from the Greek*).

Monstrum horrendum informe ingens.

Ο. ὁρᾷς ἐκείνην ἡλιόβλητον πλάκα;
Κ. ὁρῶ μέν, ἀλλ' οὐκ ἐμφανῆ μονώψ γεγώς.
Ο. ἀλλ' ἡμίσειάν γ' εἶδες, ἥμισυ βλέπων;
Κ. ω Οὖτις, Οὖτις, ποῖ ποτ' ἐξίκου φρενῶν;
τὸ ποῖον, οὐχὶ τὸ πόσον οὐφθαλμὸς ποθεῖ·
σκέψαι Σελήνην, πρὸς θεῶν, οἵως ἔχει·
κύκλον μὲν εὐρὺν φῶς δ' ἄγαν λεπτὸν φέρει,
σέλας γ' ὑπείκουσ' ἀστέρων ξυνωρίδι·
καὶ τοῖς διπλοῖς λαμπτῆρσι τοῖς βροτησίῳ
ἐν κρατὶ μαρμαίρουσιν οὐκ ἴσον φλέγει
ὁ κύκλος οὐπίσημος ὁ σπείρων μόγις
ἀπ' οὐρανοῦ τοῦδ' ὡς σεληναῖον φάος.
Ο. ἄναξ μόνου μὲν κἀφίλου κυκλώματος
πελωρίου δὲ μᾶλλον ἢ 'ξαυγεστέρου,
ἔχω μὲν οὐχὶ θέλκτρα κἀπωδὰς λόγων
ὅπως καράνοις σοῖσιν ὅμμ' ἐπάσομαι
θάτερον, ἔχω δὲ φάρμακον πιστὸν τόδε,
πρέπον γίγασι γῆθεν ὠνομασμένοις,
ἔρυθρον αἷμα γηγενοῦς φυτεύματος
ὀφθαλμομόρφου. τοῦτό μοι δέξαι λαβών,
σπάσας δ' ἀμυστὶ τὴν πρόσοψιν ἐκτενεῖς
τοσοῦτον ὥστε κἀξ ἁπλοῦ διπλοῦν ὁρᾶν.
ἰλιγγία δή· κᾆτα κοιμηθεὶς ὅπως
ἕξεις μοχλὸν φλέγοντα, τὴν δὲ δευτέραν
ὄψιν ξυνείσει καὶ πανυστάτην ἔχων.

T. S. E.

In Cupidinis Statuam.

Cur opifex sculptum posuit prope flumen Amorem?
Flammane vicinis ut premeretur aqvis?

W. H. P.

Siren Isles.

Cease, stranger, cease those piercing notes,
  The craft of Siren choirs;
Hush the seductive voice, that floats
  Upon the languid wires.

Music's ethereal fire was given,
  Not to dissolve our clay,
But draw Promethean beams from heaven,
  And purge the dross away.

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

LYRA APOSTOLICA.

The Song of Pan.

I sang of the dancing Stars,
  I sang of the daedal Earth,
And of Heaven, and the Giant wars,
  And Love, and Death, and Birth:
    And then I changed my pipings,
Singing how down the vale of Maenalus
  I pursued a maiden and clasped a reed:
Gods and men, we are all deluded thus:
  It breaks in our bosom and then we bleed:
All wept, as I think both ye now would,
If envy or age had not frozen your blood,
    At the sorrow of my sweet pipings.

SHELLEY.

Sirenum Voces.

Desine subtili deducere carmina voce
  Qvalia Sirenas concinuisse rear:
A taceas oro, taceas, neu fluctuet inter
  Vox ea languentes insidiosa fides.
Creditur, humanos non ut dissolveret artus,
  Musica caelestem deseruisse domum:
Sed potius supera, nostrae purgamina sordis,
  Illa Prometheas duxit ab arce faces.
Qvid loqvor? Insoliti monstrant in pectore motus
  Ut sim prava mei causa furoris ego.
Nugator, docuere tuam resipiscere mentem
  Nec mala, nec canis aegra senecta comis.

K.

Fauni Cantilena.

Saltantium certamina siderum,
Terraeqve dixi munera daedalae,
  Caelumqve Titanumqve pugnas:
    Qvin et Amor rabiesqve Leti et
Lucina nostras detinuit manus:
At deinde versis me cecini modis,
  Nympham per amfractus ut olim
    Maenalios temere insecutus
Flerim prehensa lusus arundine.
Heu sic deorum, sic hominum genus
  Ridemur omnes, et cruentat
    Fracta sinus laceros arundo.
Tam suave maerens fistula lacrimas
Movit coronae; vos qvoqve tangeret,
  Utriqve ni frigens stetisset
    Invidia seniove sanguis.

G. J. K.

Where were ye, Nymphs?

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.
Ay 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 goary visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore.
  Alas! what boots it with incessant care
To tend the homely slighted shepherd's trade,
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
Were it not better done, as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade
Or with the tangles of Neaera's hair?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise,
That last infirmity of noble mind,
To scorn delights and live laborious days.
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,
And slits the thin-spun life. But not the praise,
Phoebus replied, and touched my trembling ears.

MILTON.

Πᾶ ποκ' ἄρ' ἦσθ' ὄκα Δάφνις ἐτάκετο;

Qvae loca vos, Nymphae, tenuerunt, pontus amatum
Cum Lycidae caput immiti sub gurgite mersit?
Nam neqve agebatis declivi in vertice ludos
Qva Druidae, vates antiqva laude, qviescunt;
Nam nec ubi Mona celsa iugis horrentibus exstat,
Nec Deva effuso qva flumine mysticus errat.
Hei mihi, vos vana deceptus imagine fingo
Praesentes; qvid enim praesentia vestra iuvaret?
Musa qvid ipsa, inqvam, genetrix Orpheia iuvit,
Natum Musa suum? qvi mulserat omnia cantu,
Qvem doluit miserans natura unversa peremptum,
Tempore qvo thiasus perterricrepos ululatus
Ingeminans dedit ora Hebri velocibus undis,
Ora cruenta viri, portare ad litora Lesbi.
Heu heu qvid studio iuvat exercere fideli
Upilionis opus spretum atqve ingloria pensa?
Qvid stricto ingratam meditari carmine Musam?
Nonne foret satius, comitum ceu cetera turba,
Consuetis temptare iocis Amaryllida in umbra,
Implexasve comas digito tractare Neaerae?
Gloria, magnanimi qvi pectoris ultimus error,
Gloria calcar habet qvod adurgeat ignea corda
Spernere delicias et acerbos degere soles.
Cum tamen optato speramus posse potiri
Munere et in subitam tenebras perrumpere lucem,
Caeca venit Furia atqve invisa forfice vitae
Tenvia fila secat. Sed non tamen, inqvit Apollo,
Illius et laudem; ac tremulas simul attigit aures.

H. A. J. M.

The Archangel.

Each on himself relied,
As only in his arm the moment lay
Of victory. Deeds of eternal fame
Were done, but infinite; for wide was spread
That war, and various; sometimes on firm ground
A standing fight, then soaring on main wing,
Tormented all the air; all air seemed then
Conflicting fire. Long time in even scale
The battle hung; till Satan, who that day
Prodigious power had shown, and met in arms
No equal, ranging through the dire attack
Of fighting seraphim confused, at length
Saw where the sword of Michael smote, and felled
Squadrons at once; with huge two-handed sway
Brandished aloft, the horrid edge came down
Wide wasting: such destruction to withstand
He hasted, and opposed the rocky orb
Of tenfold adamant, his ample shield,
A vast circumference. At his approach,
The great archangel from his warlike toil
Surceased.

MILTON.

Pan's Lamentation.

Farewell, ye straying herds, ye crystal fountains,
Ye solitary woods, and breezy mountains!
Goat-footed Pan will now no longer dwell
In the rude fastness of his sylvan cell.
What joy has he amid the forests hoar
And mountain summits? Daphnis is no more.
No more! no more! They all are lost to me:
The busy town must now my refuge be.
The chase let others follow: I resign
Whate'er of joy or rapture once was mine.

MERIVALE (*from* MELEAGER).

Anceps Pugna diu.

Μάρναντο σφετέρῃσι πεποιθότες ἠνορέῃσιν
ὡς ἐν χερσὶ ἕκαστος ἔχων ἑτεραλκέα νίκην.
ἔνθ' ἐτελέσθη ἔργ' ὧν δὴ κλέος οὔποτ' ὀλεῖται,
ἀλλ' ἀπερείσια ταῦτα· πολύς τε γὰρ ἐκτέτατό σφιν
καὶ παντοῖος Ἄρης· ὁτὲ μὲν γὰρ ἐπ' οὐδεϊ μακρῷ
μάρναντο σταδίην, τότε δ' αἰρομένων πτερύγεσσιν
αἰθὴρ μαίνετο πᾶσα, δέμας πυρὸς αἰθομένοιο.
καὶ δηρόν γ' ἐπὶ ἶσα τέλος τέτατο πτολέμοιο,
πρίν γ' ὅτε δὴ Σατάνας—ἀπέδειξεν δ' ἤματι κείνῳ
ἠνορέην ὑπέροπλον ἔκυρσε δ' ἄρ' οὐδενὶ ἴσῳ
ἔγχος δινεύοντι—κατ' αἰνὴν δηιοτῆτα
οὐρανιδέων τ' ἀνὰ μῶλον ἀρῆϊον ἠλασκάζων,
ὀψὲ Μιχαήλοιο βίην ἴδεν, ἔνθ' ἐδάϊζε
βάλλων ῥεῖα φάλαγγας, ὕπερθε δὲ χειρὶ διπάλτῳ
αἶψα κραδαινομένοιο κατήϊε δουρὸς ἀκωκὴ
οὐλομένη. τῷ δ' ἔσσυθ' ὅγ' ἀντιόων ὀλέκοντι
καὶ προέχων σάκος εὐρὺ πολύπτυχον ἐξ ἀδάμαντος,
κύκλον θεσπέσιον. τὸν δέγμενος αἴσσοντα
ὄρχαμος οὐρανιδέων ἠρώησεν καμάτοιο.

T. S. E.

Tua non tibi Maenala curae.

Vos grege trita meo passim iuga, vos valete silvae,
Collesqve amoeni limpidiqve fontes:
Capripedem Faunum non, ut prius, e tenebricosis
Exesa saxis antra, non comantes
Amfractus recreant nemorum, neqve Maenali cacumen.
Qvis fructus horum Daphnide interempto?
A periit periit qvidqvid mihi risit hic locorum
Tam dulce nuper tamqve delicatum:
Rus mihi iam non est habitabile; rure iam qvieto
Muto fragores inqvilinus urbis.
Venantes alii rapiant iuga: me reliqvit ardor,
Me spes; et omnis displicet voluptas.

K.

A Portrait.

My mistress is as fair as fine,
  With milkwhite hands and golden hair;
Her eyes the radiant stars outshine,
  Lighting all things far and near:
Fair as Cynthia, not so fickle;
Smooth as glass, though not so brittle.

My heart is like a ball of snow,
  Fast melting at her glances bright;
Her ruby lips like nightworms glow,
  Sparkling through the pale twilight;
Neat she is, no feather lighter;
Bright she is, no daisy whiter.

A. D. 1600.

Hence, Avaunt.

Come not, when I am dead,
  To drop thy foolish tears upon my grave,
To trample round my fallen head
  And mock the unhappy dust thou wouldst not save;
There let the wind sweep and the plover cry,
But thou—go by.

Child, if it were thine error or thy crime,
  I care no longer, being all unblest;—
Wed whom thou wilt; but I am sick of time,
  And I desire to rest;
Pass on, weak heart, and leave me where I lie;
Go by, go by.

TENNYSON.

Phyllida amo ante alias.

Lux mea tam forma, qvam praestat divite cultu,
Crinibus aureolis lacteolaqve manu:
Astra licet radient per caelum fulgida, nymphae
Lumina sunt astris fulgidiora meae.
Levior et vitro qvamvis, tamen integra durat,
Clarior et luna non subit illa vices:
Deperit heu nostrum, sub lumine deperit illo,
Pectus, uti liqvidae sole calente nives.
Labra rubent, tenui ceu vermis fulgurat igne
Per vespertini pallida regna poli:
Et levis est, levior non it vaga pluma per auras,
Qvamqve novi flores candidiore sinu.

H. H.

Mitte supervacuos Honores.

Non bustum celebrare et lacrimas fundere inutiles
Te, virgo, patiar mortuus, et triste super caput
Insultare. Qvid heu qvid miserum semper inanibus
Sic tu ludibriis exagites impia pulverem

Qvem servare penes te fuerat nec libuit tamen?
Illaetabilis hic ventus humum verrat, et improbos
Ploratus iteret noctua, tu praetereas velim.
Errorisne tui hoc an tua sit culpa, puellula,

Nil nunc scire iuvat: sat mihi si me miserum scio.
Tu nuptura viro cuilibet i. Sed piget irritae
Nos horae: reqviem poscimus. Ut pace fruar sacra,
Hunc oro, leve cor, praetereas, praetereas locum.

E. C. C.

The Page.

I have a boy,
Sent by the gods, I hope, to this intent,
Not yet seen in the court. Hunting the buck,
I found him sitting by a fountain's side,
Of which he borrowed some to quench his thirst,
And paid the nymph again as much in tears.
A garland lay him by, made by himself,
Of many several flowers, bred in the bay,
Stuck in that mystic order, that the rareness
Delighted me: but ever when he turned
His tender eyes upon 'em, he would weep,
As if he meant to make 'em grow again.
Seeing such pretty helpless innocence
Dwell in his face, I asked him all his story.
He told me that his parents gentle died,
Leaving him to the mercy of the fields,
Which gave him roots: and of the crystal springs,
Which did not stop their courses; and the sun,
Which still, he thanked him, yielded him his light.
Then took he up his garland, and did shew
What every flower, as country people hold,
Did signify; and how all, ordered thus,
Expressed his grief; and, to my thoughts, did read
The prettiest lecture of his country art
That could be wished: so that, methought, I could

O formose Puer.

Παῖς ἔστι μοί τις, ὃς τόδ' ἐκπράξων χρέος
θεόσδοτος πέφηνεν, ὡς ἐλπίς μ' ἔχει,
οὔπω μελάθρων βασιλικῶν ἐπίστροφος.
εὗρον δ' ἐγώ νιν, ἐς ἐλάφου θήραν ἰών,
κρήνης παρὰ ῥείθροισιν, ὧν ἥντλει ποτόν,
δίψης ἄκεσμα· καὖθις ἀντημείβετο
ὀφθαλμοτέγκτῳ τὴν θεὰν πλημμυρίδι.
τούτου δ' ἔκειτο στέφανος εὐώδης πέλας,
ὃν ποικίλοισι τῶν ἐκεῖ τεθηλότων
ὕφηνεν αὐτὸς ἀνθέων βλαστήμασιν..
οὕτω δ' ἐν ἐκπάγλοισιν ἠσκήθη τρόποις,
ὥστ' εἰσιδὼν ἐθαύμασ' εὐφράνθην δ' ὅμως.
ὁπότε δ' ἐπ' αὐτοῖς ὀμμάτων στρέφοι κύκλους,
ἐνταῦθα δὴ 'δάκρυεν, ὡσπερεὶ θέλων
νέας ἐγείρειν ἀνθέμων βλάστας πάλιν.
κἄγωγ' ἀναύδοις ἐννοῶν ἐν ὄμμασιν
οὐ δυστόπαστον νηπίας φρενὸς τέκμαρ,
ἀνιστόρησα τοῦ πάρος βίου τύχας.
ὁ δ' αὖτ' ἔλεξεν εὐγενεῖς θανεῖν γονεῖς
λιπόντας αὐτὸν ὀρφάνευμ' ἀγροῖς, παρ' ὧν
ῥίζας δέχοιτο, ταῖς τε κρηναίαις θεαῖς,
αἳ ναμάτων οὐ σχοῖεν εὔποτον ῥέος,
Φοίβῳ θ', ὅτῳ φῶς λαμπρὸν ἡμέρας ἔφη
ἀεὶ φέροντι μυρίαν ἔχειν χάριν.
κἀνταῦθ' ἑπαίρων στέμμα, πάντα τἀνθέων,
ὡς ταῦτ' ἀγροίκοις ἀνδράσιν νομίζεται,
ἔδειξε σύμβολ', ἠδ' ὅπως τούτῳ τρόπῳ
πλεχθένθ' ἑαυτοῦ λυπρὰ σημαίνοι πάθη.
δοκεῖν δ' ἔμοιγε, ῥημάτων σοφίσματα
κάλλιστ' ἔλεξε μυστικῆς τέχνης πέρι,
ἄκουσμα τερπνόν· κἀτ' ἐφιέμην ἐγὼ
ταύτης ἅπαντα μανθάνειν εὑρήματα·

Have studied it. I gladly entertained
Him who was glad to follow; and have got
The trustiest, loving'st, and the gentlest boy
That master ever kept. Him will I send
To wait on you, and bear our hidden love.

FLETCHER.

The Travellers.

T. 1. I've lost my portmanteau:—
T. 2. I pity your grief.
T. 1. All my sermons are in it:—
T. 2. I pity the thief.

A.

O Happiness, our Being's End and Aim!

It's no in titles nor in rank,
It's no in wealth like Lonnon bank,
To purchase peace and rest;
It's no in makin' muckle mair:
It's no in books, it's no in lear,
To make us truly blest:
If happiness hae not her seat
And centre in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But never can be blest;
Nae treasures, nor pleasures,
Could make us happy lang;
The heart aye's the part aye,
That makes us right or wrang.

BURNS.

ἐκών θ' ἑκόντα τόνδ' ἐδεξάμην τρόχιν.
ἔχω δὲ παῖδα πιστόν, εὐνοίας πλέων
ὡς οὔποτ' ἄλλος δεσπότης ἐκτήσατο.
πέμψω δ' ἐγώ νιν σοὶ φίλον διάκονον
ἡμῶν τ' ἔρωτος ἄγγελον κεκρυμμένου.

J. F.

Κέρδος ἀκερδές.

Ὀδ. α'.—Ὤλεσα τὸν σάκκον.—Ὀδ. β'. φεῦ φεῦ κακοδαίμον ὁδῖτα.—

Ὀδ. α'. ἐν δὲ λόγους ἑκατόν.—Ὀδ. β'. φεῦ σέθεν, οἰκτρὲ κλοπεῦ.

K.

Qvid pure tranqvillet.

Non honoribus neqve
Gradu neqve aere, qvantum in urbe Roma est
Publici, stat aurea
Qvies: neqve agri latius patentis
Duplicata iugera,
Nec evolutum qvidqvid est librorum
Umbilicum ad ultimum,
Reddet beatos parte nos ab omni.
Si perenne gaudium
Sedem in qvieta mente non habebit,
Sis licebit inclytus,
Doctus, locuples, non beatus idem
Iure tu vocaberis.
Breve est, in epulis qvidqvid aut in auro
Dulce: mens perennium
Seges leporum est cuiqve, mens dolorum.

T. S. E.

The Perilous Pleasure.

Draughts of joy I daily drink
From the lovely Chloe's eyes:—
Sport not, friend, on peril's brink:
In that cup Love's poison lies.

S. A.

The Heart of Singing.

Lady, sing no more!
Science all is vain,
Till the heart be touched, lady,
And give forth its pain.

'Tis a living lyre,
Fed by air and sun,
O'er whose witching wire, lady,
Faery fingers run.

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

Each doth search the heart
To its inmost springs,
And when they depart, lady,
Then the Spirit sings.

BARRY CORNWALL.

A Paisley Toast.

Peace and Plenty, without killing:
Beef at a groat, and meal at a shilling.

Dulce Periculum.

Τέρπεται ἀμβροσίῃ τὸ φίλον μοι γηθοσύνῃ κῆρ
τῷ δύο τῆς καλῆς ὄμματ' ἰδόντι Χλόης.—
ἆ φίλε, μὴ τερπνὸν θάρρει κίνδυνον· Ἔρως γὰρ
ὄμμασι τοιούτοις δεινὸς ἔπεστι φύλαξ.

W. B. T. J.

Citharae sciens.

Lydia, pone chelyn: nil ars valet ista canendi,
Ni mens sollicitum mota resolvat onus:
Mens, animata chelys, Zephyriqve et solis alumna,
Non nisi divino pollice tacta canit:
Qvippe ubi flens caelo Pietas delabitur, et Spes,
Et Pavor, et comitem se magus addit Amor,
Hi vice qvisqve sua penitus praecordia temptant,
Nec, nisi cum fugiunt, mens resoluta canit.

K.

Publica Vota.

Pax et Copia sint sine sangvine: bubula binis
Senisqve far sestertiis.

K.

Beauty from the Light retired.

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
  Beside the springs of Dove,
A maid whom there were none to praise,
  And very few to love.

A violet by a mossy stone
  Half-hidden from the eye,
Fair as a star when only one
  Is shining in the sky,

She lived unknown, and few could know
  When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and oh!
  The difference to me.

WORDSWORTH.

Tecum una perierunt Gaudia nostra.

Inter inaccessas, Dovae cunabula, rupes
  Accola fontani fluminis illa fuit.
Nemo ibi qvi nostram posset laudare puellam,
  Perpauciqve, qvibus diligeretur, erant.
Non viola annosi musco prope condita saxi
  Prodit amabilius semireducta caput:
Nec tam grata nitet nec tam formosa videri
  Stella silescentem qvae tenet una polum.
Sic latuit virgo: paucisqve innotuit hora
  Qva mea cum vivis desiit esse Chloe.
Illam nigra qvies tumuli complectitur: heu heu
  Nunc alia est tellus, ac fuit ante, mihi.

G. A. C. M.

Secretum Iter.

Ἀβάτων οἴμων παρθένος ᾤκει
παρὰ ταῖς πηγαῖς ταῖσι Πελειάδος·
οὔτις ἐπήνει παρθένον ὕμνοις,
παῦροι δ' ἐφίλουν πάνυ παῦροί.
ὄσσοις ἴον ὡς ὅσον οὐκ ἀφανὲς
ψηφῖδος ὑπαὶ τῆς βρυοέσσης·
οἷος ἔλαμψεν πλάκας οὐρανίους
στεροπαῖς αἴθων μόνος ἀστήρ,
ἀγνὼς βίος ἦν· παύροις τε κόρης
γνωτὸς θάνατος τῆς ἠμετέρας·
ἡμῖν δὲ μόνοις, πολὺ γὰρ τὸ μέσον,
τύμβος νιν ἔχει πολύκλαυτον.

R. S.

Fallentis Semita Vitae.

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

K.

Alcestis.

She came forth in her bridal robes arrayed,
Flowers in her bosom, and her braided hair
Sparkling with gold, and death upon her brow,
But glorious death, the token and the seal
Of love, o'ermastering love. The soft pure air
Came floating, rich with music, from the vales;
And the glad sunshine of that golden clime
Streamed in bright radiance round her; but she gazed
Only on him for whom 'twas bliss to die,
On him long gazed in silence, ere she spoke.

"Thou sun, thou golden sun, I go
Far from thy light to dwell:
Thou shalt not find my place below;
Dim is that world: bright sun of Greece, farewell.

"Yet fainteth not my soul to part;
I mourn thee not, O sun!
Joy, solemn joy, o'erflows my heart;
Sing me triumphant songs! my crown is won."

MRS HEMANS.

Face nuptiali digna.

Ἡ δ' ἐν πέπλοισι νυμφικοῖς ἠσκημένη
ἐξῆλθε, κόλπον ἄνθεσιν χρυσῷ κόμας
στεφθεῖσα πλεκτῷ, κἀν ὑγρᾷ παρηίδι
ἦν ἐμφανῆ μὲν θάνατον εὐκλεᾶ δ' ἰδεῖν,
τοῦ παγκρατοῦς ἔρωτος ὕστατον τέκμαρ.
αὔρα δὲ λευρὸν ἡδύπνους δι' αἰθέρα
γέμουσ' ἀοιδῆς ἐκ ναπῶν ἀνέπτατο,
φαιδρόν τ' ἀνῆπτεν ὄμμα χρυσέου πόλου
εὐήμερον φῶς ἀμφὶ τὴν θανουμένην.
μούνη δὲ μοῦνον ἄνδρα προσβλέπουσ' ἀεί,
ἀνθ' οὗ θανεῖν ἦν τερπνόν, ἄφθογγον στόμα
πολὺν χρόνον κατεῖχε πρὶν φωγεῖν τάδε.

Ὦ χρυσοφαὲς σέβας ἀελίου,
τὰν σὰν προλιποῦσ' οἴχομαι αὐγάν,
σὺ γὰρ οὐκέτ' ἐμὰν μορφὰν ὄψει
νέρτερ' ἰούσας δώματ' ἀνάλια·
χαίρειν σε λέγω φλογερὸν λαμπτῆρ'
Ἑλλάδος αἴας.
ἀλλ' οὐ θανάτου πλασίον οὖσαν
κατέχει ψυχὰν δέος ἀμετέραν,
οὐδέ τι θρανῶ, Φοῖβε, τὸ σόν περ
λείπουσα σέλας, θείοις δὲ γελᾷ
χάρμασιν ἦτορ στέφος ὕψιστον
στεφανωθείσης·
ὀλολύξατε νῦν ἐπὶ νίκᾳ.

E. C. C.

Amaryllis.

H. My dearest love, since thou wilt go
And leave me here behind thee,
For love or pity let me know
The place where I may find thee.

A. In country meadows pearled with dew
And set about with lilies,
There filling maunds with cowslips, you
May find your Amaryllis.

H. What have the meads to do with thee
Or with thy youthful hours?
Live thou at court, where thou mayst be
The queen of men, not flowers.

Let country wenches make 'em fine
With roses, since 'tis fitter
For thee with richest gems to shine,
And like the stars to glitter.

HERRICK.

The little Old Woman.

And so the little old woman went on till she saw a knife: "Good knife, cut rope; rope won't hang butcher; butcher won't kill ox; ox won't drink water; water won't slake fire; fire won't burn rod; rod won't bang dog; dog won't bite pig; pig won't gang ower t' brig, and I shall never get my old man his supper to-night."

NURSERY TALE.

Ὦ χαρίεσσ' Ἀμάρυλλι.

H. Si tu praecipiti fuga
Me linqves miserum, dic age, lux mea,
Qvo te mox liceat seqvi,
Seu te flectat amor seu moveant preces.

L. Per campos ubi roscidos
Albo mille nitent lilia lumine,
Veris primitias novi
Decerpens calathis it tua Lydia.

H. Qvid campi virides habent
Sic annis teneram te iuvenilibus?
Qvin regum celebras domos,
Ut des iura viris, Lydia, non rosis?

Ostentent aliae comas
Nymphae florigeras; te potius faces
Gemmarum variae decent,
Te fulgor rutilo sidere clarior.

W. C.

Γράδιον.

Κἀντεῦθεν οὖν τῷ ξιφιδίῳ τὸ γράδιον προσήει·
Ὦ ξιφίδιον, τὴν ἀγχόνην ὅπως σύ μοι δαΐξεις·
οὐ γὰρ θέλει τὸν ἄρταμον τόνδ' ἡ τάλαιν' ἀπάγξαι·
οὐ τλήσεται δ' οὐδ' ἄρταμος τὸν βοῦν διαρταμῆσαι·
ὁ βοῦς δ' ὁμοίως καὐτὸς οὐκ ἐκπίεται τὸ νᾶμα·
τὸ νᾶμα δ' ἐξ ἴσου τὸ πῦρ οὐκ ἂν κατασβέσειεν·
τὸ πῦρ δέ γ' οὐκ ἂν ἐκκέαι τὴν ῥάβδον· οὐδέ φησι
τὸ ῥαβδίον καταξιοῦν τὸ κυνίδιον πατάξαι·
οὐδ' ἂν ὁ κύων τὸ χοιρίον δακεῖν ἕτοιμον εἴη.
τὸ χοιρίον διαβήσεται δ' οὐδ' αὐτὸ τὴν γέφυραν.
δέδοικα δ' οὐμὸς μὴ γέρων ἄδειπνος ὢν καθεύδῃ.

R. S.

An die Muse.

Was ich ohne dich wäre, ich weiß es nicht; aber mir grauſet,
Seh' ich was ohne dich Hundert' und Tauſende ſind.

SCHILLER.

Let Well alone.

Here Lysimachus lies, who, when twenty years old,
Bade adieu to the light, and was laid in the mould:
If you ask what disease overtook him so soon,
Ere the morning of life had approached to its noon,
Why, he died of desiring, when well, to be better,
And of following the Faculty's rules to the letter.

S. A.

The Lucre of Wisdom.

Pracht, Reichthum, eitle Luſt kann ſie uns nicht gewähren;
Was gibt die Weiſheit uns?—Den Geiſt, das zu entbehren.

KAESTNER.

The Miser.

Thirsty Tantalus, standing chin-deep in the river,
Sees the water glide from him, untasted, for ever:
And were Harpagus plunged in his gold to the chin, he,
Though to 'scape from starvation, would ne'er touch a guinea.

S. A.

Ad Musam.

Musa, qvid ipse forem sine te? Non auguror. At qvid
Sint homines sine te mille, videre dolet.

K.

Aegrescit medendo.

Λυσιμάχου τόδε σῆμα, τὸν εἰκοσετῆ περ ἐόντα
δέξατο Περσεφόνης κυάνεος θάλαμος.
εἰ τάχ' ἐρωτῴης πόθεν ἦν νόσος ἥ μιν ἔπεφνεν,
τέρμα δὲ πῶς οὕτως ὢν νέος εὗρε βίου,
ἴσθι τόδ', ὢν ὑγιὴς ὑγιέστερος ἤθελεν εἶναι,
δέξατ' ἀπ' ἰατροῦ φάρμακον, εὗρε νόσον.

G. F. H.

Sapientia.

Non dat divitias Sapientia, non dat honores,
Non vana luxus gaudia.
Dic igitur, Sapiens, qvid dat Sapientia? Rebus
Carere posse talibus.

K.

Magnas inter Opes inops.

Τάνταλος εἰς Ἅιδου πεμφθεὶς χαλέπ' ἄλγεα πάσχει·
οὐ γὰρ ἔχει μέσσοις εἰν ὑδάτεσσι πιεῖν.
ζῇ δὲ καὶ ὡσαύτως ὁ φιλάργυρος· ἐς βίοτον γάρ,
ἐν μέσσοις περ ἐὼν χρήμασιν, οὐδὲν ἔχει.

T. B.

Next door to a Brute.

T[illegible] and live, said Daphnis, is my plan,
For life is short, and I am but a man.—
Nay, Daphnis, not so fast: for thus inclined,
If from a man you're but a beast in mind.

S. A.

Meine Glaube.

Welche Religion ich bekenne? Keine von allen
Die du mir nennst. Und warum keine?—Aus Religion.

SCHILLER.

The World.

'Tis a very good world that we live in
To lend, or to spend, or to give in;
But to beg, or to borrow, or get at one's own,
'Tis the very worst world that ever was known.

OLD ADAGE.

The Truth-haters.

O wie viel neue Feinde der Wahrheit! Mir blutet die Seele,
Seh' ich das Eulengeschlecht, das sich dem Lichte sich drängt.

SCHILLER.

The Dead Hound.

Dead though thou art, thy whitening relics here
Still, Pamphagus, the woodland stag shall fear:
Cithaeron saw thee in thy fiery flight,
And Pelion's waste, and Ossa's scarpèd height.

From SIMONIDES.

Homo sum, humani nihil a me alienum puto.

Dixit, Amo Venerem, Bacchum, convivia, Daphnis,
Cumqve homo sim, tali nomine digna seqvor.
Siste, precor, paullum, respondi protinus, Erras;
Non homo, cum facis haec, sed fera, Daphni, mihi es.

W. D.

Relligio.

Qvae tua relligio est?—Harum qvas tu mihi narras
Nulla.—Qvid has prohibet credere?—Relligio.

K.

Βίος.

Οὐκ ἄν τιν' εὕροις τοῦ γε νῦν κρείσσω βίον,
χρῆσαί τ' ἀναλῶσαί τε καὶ δοῦναι θέλων·
αἰτεῖν δὲ χρῆσθαί τ' ἠδὲ πράξασθαι τὰ σὰ
οὐκ ἔσθ' ὅπως σὺ χείρον' εὑρήσεις βίον.

F. E. G.

Οἱ μισαληθεῖς.

Qvot Veri subeunt hostes! Qvot ab omnibus umbris
Invadunt ululae, turba molesta, diem!

K.

Canis Epitaphium.

Mortuus es, sed adhuc positas in limite silvae
Dama tuas metuit, Pamphage, relliqvias;
Te rapidum norat cursu flammante Cithaeron,
Pelion, atqve hirtis Ossa fragosa iugis.

R. M. D.

The faded Beauty.

Venus, take my votive glass,
Since I am not what I was:
What from this time I shall be,
Venus, let me never see.

PRIOR (*from the Greek*).

Tonkunst.

Leben athme der bildende Kunst; Geist fordr' ich vom Dichter;
Aber die Seele spricht nur Polyhymnia aus.

SCHILLER.

Woman.

Ficklest of things is Woman, once I thought:
But sounder logic new conviction wrought.
Ficklest of things forsooth! Does this express
A thing so constant in its fickleness?

S. A.

After Life's fitful Fever.

Bless not my tomb, vile worldling: if I rest
Afar from your intrusion, I am blest.

S. A. (*from the Greek*).

To a Lady sleeping.

Thou sleep'st, soft silken flower! Would I were Sleep,
For ever on those lids my watch to keep!
So would I have thee all mine own, nor he,
Who seals Jove's wakeful eyes, my rival be.

MERIVALE (*from* MELEAGER).

Τῇ Παφίῃ τὸ Κάτοπτρον.

Do Veneri speculum: numqvam non illa refulget:
  Sed fovet hoc curas exstimulatqve meas:
Scilicet in vitro memet discernere fido
  Qvalis ero nolo, qvalis eram neqveo.

W. H. P.

Musica.

Vita sit in statuis; spirare poemata possint;
  Ipsum animum callet Musica sola loqvi.

K.

Levior Cortice.

Hoc ego crediderám, levius nihil esse puella;
  Sed mens non eadem est, qvae fuit ante, mihi.
Scilicet illa levis neqvaqvam iure vocatur
  Qvae propria constans in levitate manet.

J. H.

Alta Qvies.

Improbe, ne nostrum iubeas salvere sepulcrum,
  Dummodo ne venias tu prope, salvus ero.

R.

Votum.

Molle caput, dormis: o si essem Somnus, ut ista
  Possem agere excubias ante supercilia:
Sic addicta fores mihi tota, neqve aemulus esset
  Qvi vigilis claudit lumina nocte Iovis.

P.

An Eye-witness.

Why dost thou gaze upon the sky?
O that I were yon spangled sphere;
Then every star should be an eye,
To wander o'er thy beauties here.

MOORE (*from* PLATO).

Der Beste Staat.

Woran erkenn' ich den beſten Staat?—Woran du die beſte Frau kennſt, daran, mein Freund, daß man von Beiden nicht ſpricht.

SCHILLER.

Nascitur moritura.

She took the cup of life to sip;
Too bitter 'twas to drain;
She meekly put it from her lip,
And went to sleep again.

TOMBSTONE.

Das Distichon.

Im Herameter ſteigt des Springquell's flüſſige Saüle;
Im Pentameter drauf fällt ſie melodiſch herab.

SCHILLER.

Farsighted Jack.

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

ELEGANT EXTRACTS.

Testis oculatus.

Tune polum spectas? Vellem polus astrifer esse,
Et Veneres oculis mille videre tuas.

K.

Optima Respublica.

Optima qvo signo respublica noscitur? Ipso
Optima qvo mulier; vulgus utramqve silet.

K.

Ὦ Θάνατε παιών.

Ζωῆς δέπας λαβοῦσ' ἐγεύεθ' Ἡδύλη,
ἐπεὶ δὲ πῶμ' ἀνεῦρεν ὡς εἴη πικρόν,
οὐκ ἐκπιεῖν τόδ' ἤθελ', ἀλλὰ πρᾴνως
χείλους ἀπώσασ' εἶτ' ἐκοιμήθη πάλιν.

C. T. C.

Elegia.

Hexameter fontem liqvidum submittit in auras:
Pentameter lapsu molle canente refert.

K.

Sui amans sine Rivali.

At non est tolerandus Otho, at sine iure superbit
Vir unus ille ceteris ineptior.—
Virtutes videt ipse suas Otho: iure superbit
Vir unus ille ceteris sagacior.

K.

On the — of —.

My Lord, they say, has wit.—For what?
For writing?—No; for writing not.

OLD EPIGRAM.

Negus refused at 'The Raven' in Olden Time.

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

S. A.

King Stephen.

King Stephen was a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown;
He held them sixpence all too dear,
With that he called the tailor lown.

He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree.
'Tis pride that pulls the country down,
And take thy auld cloak about thee.

OLD BALLAD.

Tuta Silentio Merces.

Hirro sapit, memorant.—Qvod scripserit?—Absit ab illo
Dedecus hoc: qvod nil scripserit, Hirro sapit.

K.

Negat Improbus.

Callidus ille nihil calidi dat caupo Ravennae;
Cum peterem *Negus*, reddidit ille, Nego.

S. A.

Στεφάνων Ἄωτος.

Στέφανός ποτ' ἦν ὁ πρόσθε
καλοκἀγαθὸς μόναρχος·
ὁ δὲ θυλάκων ὀφείλων
ὅλον ἀργύρου στατῆρα,
ὀβολοῖσί θ' ἓξ ἔλαττον
ὑπολαμβάνων δύνασθαι
κακόμητιν ὠνόμαζε
δολιόρραφόν τε ῥάπτην.—
Μεγαλώνυμος μὲν οὗτος,
σὺ δ' ἄτιμος ἔκ τ' ἀτίμων·
τὸ πόλισμα δὴ καθαιρεῖ
τρυφερῶν χλιδὴ πολιτῶν·
φέρε δ' οὖν, τρίβωνα πλευραῖς
ἐλεεινὸν ἀμφίβαλλε.

S.

Carmina Sacra.

The Lord the Creator.

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

BOWRING.

Deus est qvodcumqve vides.

Rerum summe parens, tuae bilances
Mundos lege pari librantqve vermes.
Qvae scripsit manus orbitam cometae,
Et lampyridis edidit lucernam.
Caeli tu rutilum lacunar idem
Et lili niveam creas corollam.

K.

The coming Judgment.

The world is grown old, and her pleasures are past;
The world is grown old, and her form may not last;
The world is grown old, and trembles for fear:
For sorrows abound, and judgment is near.

The sun in the heaven is languid and pale,
And feeble and few are the fruits of the vale;
And the hearts of the nations fail them for fear:
For the world is grown old, and judgment is near.

The king on his throne, the bride in her bower,
The children of pleasure, all feel the sad hour:
The roses are faded, and tasteless the cheer:
For the world is grown old, and judgment is near.

The world is grown old: but should we complain,
Who have tried her, and know that her promise is vain?
Our heart is in heaven, our home is not here,
And we look for our crown when judgment is near.

HEBER.

The Fathers.

"The fathers are in dust, yet live to God:"
  So says the Truth; as if the motionless clay
Still held the seeds of life beneath the sod,
  Smouldering and struggling till the judgment-day.

And hence we learn with reverence to esteem
  Of these frail houses, though the grave confines:
Sophist may urge his cunning tests, and deem
  That they are earth;—but they are heavenly shrines.

LYRA APOSTOLICA.

Venit summa Dies.

Consenuit tellus fugitivaqve gaudia ponit;
Consenuit mundi non iam durabilis ordo,
Consenuit, vastoqve omnis terrore tremiscit,
Dum vis iudicio crescit veniente dolorum.
Pallidus attonito langvescit in aethere Titan;
Vallis habet tenui minuentes ubere fructus;
Horrescunt gentes, depressae corda timore,
Qvod nunc iudicium mundo canente propinqvat.
In solio princeps, sub amoeno tegmine nupta,
Gaudia deponunt: maeret deiecta Voluptas;
Deperiere rosae; marcent Bacchusqve Ceresqve,
Iudicium mundo cum iam canente propinqvet.
Consenuit mundus; qvid nos, pia turba, qveramur,
Gnara diu vitae, nec rebus credula vanis?
Qvis caelum in voto est, non hac in sede morari,
Nobis iudicio dat spes veniente coronam.

K.

Est Deus in nobis.

Vivit adhuc veterum, qvi sunt in pulvere, patrum
  Cara Deo, docuit sic Deus ipse, cohors,
Ceu premerentur humo luctantia semina vitae,
  Dum rupto eliceret caespite summa dies.
Has itaqve exuvias, qvamvis sapientia mendax
  Mole putet tumuli semper inerte premi,
Debita conservat reverentia; qvaeqve sophistes
  Esse lutum fingit, sunt ea templa Dei.

K.

The Year.

In childhood, when, with eager eyes,
The season-measured year I viewed,
All, garbed in fairy guise,
Pledged constancy of good.

Spring sang of heaven; the summer flowers
Let me gaze on, and did not fade;
Even suns o'er autumn's bowers
Heard my strong wish, and stayed.

They came and went, the short-lived four;
Yet, as their varying dance they wove,
To my young heart each bore
Its own sure claim of love.

Far different now!—the whirling year
Vainly my dizzy eyes pursue,
And its fair tints appear
All blent in one dusk hue.

Why dwell on rich autumnal lights,
Spring-time, or winter's social ring?
Long days are fireside nights,
Brown autumn is fresh spring.

Then what this world to thee, my heart?
Its gifts nor feed thee nor can bless;
Thou hast no owner's part
In all its fleetingness.

The flame, the storm, the quaking ground,
Earth's joy, earth's terror, nought is thine;
Thou must but hear the sound
Of the still voice divine.

O princely lot! O blissful art!
E'en while by sense of change opprest,
Thus to forecast in heart
Heaven's age of fearless rest.

LYRA APOSTOLICA.

In se sua per Vestigia volvitur Annus.

Annum temporibus dispositum suis
Dum miror cupido lumine parvulus,
  Sponderi mihi visa est
    Mansuri series boni.

Ver caeli cecinit gaudia; non Canis
Aestatis roseum praeripuit decus;
  Nec sol ipse rogatas
    Invidit foliis moras.

Venerunt Charites qvattuor et vice
Discessere cita: sed puero breves
  Saltus inter amoris
    Pignus qvaeqve tulit suum.

Ut versa est species! Ut rapidum seqvor
Annum vix oculis deficientibus!
  Pallet, praeterit omnis
    Subsidens tenebris color.

Autumnale iubar qvid morer, aut opes
Vernas, aut hiemis concilia et choros?
  Nil Octobribus horis
    Maiae, nil brevior dies

Longo discrepat. O pars melior mei,
Qvo te terra beat munere, qvo cibo
  Pascit? Num fugitivi
    Menses te dominam vocant?

Tempestas, tonitru, flamma, tremor soli,
Terrarum timor et gaudia, nil tuum:
  Observanda tibi una est
    Magni vox tenuis Dei.

O regum mihi sors sorte beatior,
Dum motus qvatiunt, dumqve metus, metu
  Sic motuqve vacantem
    Praesensisse animo polum!

K.

The Wonders of the Deep.

They that go down to the sea in ships,
And do business in great waters;
These men see the works of the Lord,
And his wonders in the deep.
For at his word the stormy wind ariseth,
Which lifteth up the waves thereof.
They are carried up to the heaven, and down again to the deep:
Their soul melteth away because of their trouble.
They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man,
And are at their wit's end.
So when they cry unto the Lord in their trouble,
He delivereth them out of their distress.
For he maketh the storm to cease,
So that the waves thereof are still.
Then are they glad because they are at rest:
And so he bringeth them to the haven where they would be.

PSALM CVII.

Means of Grace.

Lord, I have fasted, I have prayed,
And sackcloth has my girdle been,
To purge my soul I have essayed
With hunger blank and vigil keen.
O God of mercy! why am I
Still haunted by the self I fly?

Sackcloth is a girdle good,
O bind it round thee still;
Fasting, it is angels' food,
And Jesus loved the night-air chill;
Yet think not prayer and fast were given
To make one step 'twixt earth and heaven.

LYRA APOSTOLICA.

Miracula Ponti.

Ὅσοι βεβῶτες πόντιοι νεῶν ἔπι
ἐν εὐρυνώτῳ χρήματα σπεύδουσ' ἁλί,
τούτοις πάρεστιν εἰσορᾶν τὸν Κύριον
ὁποῖα θαύματ' ἐν βυθοῖς ἐργάζεται.
κείνου γὰρ ἐντέλλοντος εὐθὺς ὄρνυται
τυφὼς ἀείρων οἶδμ' ἁλὸς μετάρσιον.
οἱ δ' οὖν ἐς αἰθέρ', ἄλλοτ' ἐς πόντου βάθη
χωροῦσ' ἄνω τε καὶ κάτω φορούμενοι·
καὶ πᾶς τις ἔνδον τήκεται λύπης ὕπο.
βίᾳ γὰρ ἄλλοτ' ἄλλοσ', ὡς οἰνωμένοι,
σκιρτῶσιν εἰλίσσουσι παράφορον πόδα,
ἤδη παραλλάσσοντες ἕξεδροι φρενῶν.
ὅταν δ' ἀμηχανοῦντες εὔχωνται Θεῷ,
ἐκρύεται σφᾶς τοῦ ταλαιπώρου πάθους.
κοιμᾷ γὰρ οὖν ἄελλαν, ὥστ' ἀκύμονα
θάλασσαν εὔδειν· οἱ δ' ὁρῶντες εὐδίαν
χαίρουσ'· ὁ δ' ὅρμον ὃν ποθοῦσιν εἰσάγει.

T. S. E.

Ardua prima Via est.

Dixi saepe preces, egi ieiunia, vinxi
Mollia saetoso tegmine membra, Deus:
Utqve animum turpi purgarem adspergine, saepe
Est temptata mihi nox vigil, aegra fames.
Dic, Pater, humanos semper miserate labores,
Cur me sic fugiens sic tamen ipse seqvor?
Corpora saetosum confirmat fortia tegmen,
Hoc igitur circa pectus, ut ante, liga:
Saepe fuere cibo superis ieiunia turbis;
Christo in deliciis frigora noctis erant.
Sed ne crede preces, ne tu ieiunia crede,
Ilicet ad superos qvae ferat, esse viam.

K.

The Better Land.

I hear thee speak of the better land,
Thou callest its children a happy band:
Mother, oh where is that radiant shore;
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fire-flies dance through the myrtle-boughs?—
Not there, not there, my child.

Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies;
Or midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange bright birds on their starry wings
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?—
Not there, not there, my child.

Is it far away in some region old,
Where the river wanders o'er sands of gold,
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand;
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?—
Not there, not there, my child.

Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy;
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy;
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair,
Sorrow and death may not enter there;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom;
For beyond the clouds and beyond the tomb,
It is there, it is there, my child.

MRS HEMANS.

Arva beata Petamus Arva.

Narras de meliore, mater, ora;
Felices ibi credis esse coetus:
Dic o dic ubi sit; licetne terram
Fulgentem petere et carere fletu?
An qva flore citri renidet aestas,
Et musca saliunt flagrante myrti?—
Terram qvam cupis haud ibi est, puelle.—
An qva sub face laetiore fructus
Alatae properat tumere palmae,
Qva splendor maris insulis inerrat
Silvosis, zephyrosqve odorat arbor,
Stellatisqve avium caterva pennis
Rerum mille novos rapit colores?—
Terram qvam cupis haud ibi est, puelle.—
An mundo procul abditur vetusto,
Qva flumen ruit aureis arenis,
Qva secreta vibrant per antra lucem
Gemmae multicolore fulgurantes
Scintilla, niveisqve margaritis
Albet curalium micantis actae?—
Terram qvam cupis haud ibi est, puelle.
Nulli visa oculo, tenelle, nulla
Laetos succinuit modos in aure:
Numqvam mens ita liberam creavit
Luctuqve et lacrimis serenitatem.
Nam, qva nescit edax nocere tempus,
Trans nubes radiat nigras, sepulcri
Vernat trans hiemem beata tellus.

K.

Sonnetto.

Dov' è, Signor, la tua grandezza antica,
E l' ammanto di luce, e l' aureo trono?
Dove il fulmin tremendo, il lampo, il tuono,
E l' atra nube che al tuo piè s' implica?

Parmi che turba rea m' insulti e dica:
Questi è il tuo Nume? e quel vagito è il suono
Scotitor de la terra? e quelle sono
Le man' ch' arser Gomorra empia impudica?

Esci, gran Dio, da l' umil cuna, e in tempio
Cangiato il vil presepio, al primo onore
Torna del soglio, e sì favella a l' empio:

Vedrai, vedrai del giusto mio furore
La forza immensa a tuo gran danno e scempio,
Tu che non sai quanto in me possa amore.

ANTONIO TOMMASI.

The Restitution of Man.

O Son, in whom my soul hath chief delight,
Son of my bosom, Son who art alone
My word, my wisdom, and effectual might,
All hast thou spoken as my thoughts are, all
As my eternal purpose hath decreed:
Man shall not quite be lost, but saved who will;
Yet not of will in him, but grace in me
Freely vouchsafed; once more I will renew
His lapsed powers, though forfeit, and enthralled
By sin to foul exorbitant desires;
Upheld by me, yet once more he shall stand
On even ground against his mortal foe;
By me upheld, that he may know how frail
His fallen condition is, and to me owe
All his deliverance, and to none but me.

MILTON.

Deus in Cunis.

Nunc ubi maiestas? Ubi nunc, Deus, aurea sedes?
Circumfusa tibi taenia lucis ubi?
Fulgur ubi tonitruqve tuum fulmenqve tremendum,
Qvaeqve obducta tuos implicat umbra pedes?
Impia gens risu me provocat: Hoc tibi numen
Scilicet, et mundum vox qvatit ista suum?
Haene manus, qvibus ultricem iaculantibus ignem
Neqvitiae poenas foeda Gomorra dedit?
Qvo potes usqve pati? Templum praesepia fiant;
Surge tuis cunis, maxime, surge, Deus:
Surge potens soliiqve tui reparatus honore
Protere terribili voce rebelle caput:
Qvi qvid amor valeat nescis meus, in tua damna
Qvid valeat disces vindicis ira Dei.

K.

Sceleris Vestigia nostri irrita.

Ὦ Τέκνον, ἀμῆς καρδίας τὰ φίλτατα,
ἀγαπητὲ Τέκνον, ὃς μόνος πάντων ἔφυς
Σοφία Λόγος τε παντελής τ' ἰσχὺς ἐμή,
προσῳδὰ μὲν πάντ' εἶπας οἷς ἐφρόντισα
ξύμφωνα δ' οἷς ἔγνωκ' ἀπ' αἰώνων ἐπὶ
αἰῶνας· ἄνθρωπος γὰρ οὐ πανώλεθρος
πέπτωκεν, ἢν δέ τις θέλῃ σωθήσεται·
οὐ μὴν θέλων μὲν κεῖνος, ἀλλ' ἐμοῦ χάριν
δωρουμένου σφιν. ἐξανορθώσω δ' ἔτι
κείνου μάλ' αὖθις τὴν παλίρροπον φύσιν.
κεἰ νῦν πέπραται πᾶσα κἀπιθυμιῶν
κλύει περισσῶν, ἀνομίας ἠσσωμένη,
ἐμαῖς ἀρωγαῖς κεῖνος ἀντιστήσεται
ἤδη μάλ' αὖθις ἴσος ἴσῳ τῷ δυσμενεῖ·
ἐμαῖς γ' ἀρωγαῖς, ὡς ἂν ἐξειδῇ μαθὼν
εἰς ἣν μεθέστηκ' οἰζύν, ὡς ἀμήχανος,
κἀμοί γ' ὀφείλῃ παντελῆ τὰ ῥύσια. T. S. E.

Sayings of the Wise.

Better is the poor that walketh in his integrity,
Than he that is perverse in his lips, and is a fool.
Also that the soul be without knowledge, it is not good;
And he that hasteth with his feet sinneth.
The foolishness of man perverteth his way:
And his heart fretteth against the Lord.
Wealth maketh many friends;
But the poor is separated from his neighbour.
A false witness shall not be unpunished,
And he that speaketh lies shall not escape.
Many will entreat the favour of the prince:
And every man is a friend to him that giveth gifts.
Delight is not seemly for a fool;
Much less for a servant to have rule over princes.
The discretion of a man deferreth his anger,
And it is his glory to pass over a transgression.
The king's wrath is as the roaring of a lion;
But his favour is as dew upon the grass.

PROVERBS, CH. XIX.

Twofold Hope.

Reflected on the lake, I love
  To see the stars of evening glow,
So tranquil in the heaven above,
  So restless in the wave below.

Thus heavenly hope is all serene;
  But earthly hope, how bright soe'er,
Still flutters o'er this changing scene,
  As false, as fleeting, as 'tis fair.

HEBER.

Σοφία ἐν Παροιμίαις.

Ἔχουσι πλεῖον, ὅστις ὢν πένης ἀνὴρ
χωρεῖ δι' ἁπλότητος, ἢ διάστροφον
γλῶσσαν νέμων τις μῶρος ἐκ μώρου φρενός.
οὐδ' ἀξυνήμων οὖσα φρὴν καλῶς ἔχει·
ἁμαρτάνει δ' ὁ τιθέμενος σπουδὴν ποδός.
καὶ μὴν τὸ μῶρόν γ' ἄνδρα τῆς ὁδοῦ πλανᾷ,
πρὸς κέντρα λακτίζοντα διὰ φρενῶν Θεῷ.
πολλούς γ' ὁ πλοῦτος τοὺς φίλους ἐφέλκεται,
οἰκεῖ δὲ χωρὶς τῶν πέλας πένης ἀνήρ.
ἢ ψευδόμαρτυς οὐκ ἀπαλλαχθήσεται
ἀθῷος, οὐδὲ μὴ 'κφύγῃ ψευδόστομος.
πολλοί γέ τοι σαίνουσι τὸν κρατοῦντ' ἀεί,
καὶ τῷ διδόντι δῶρα πᾶς τις εὖ φρονεῖ.
γεγηθέναι τὸν μῶρον οὐκ ἐν εὐπρεπεῖ,
ἢπου τὸ δοῦλον φῶτα κοιράνων κρατεῖν.
τὸ σῶφρον ὀργῆς ἀμβολὰς θέσθαι φιλεῖ,
ὅστις πεπονθὼς τἄδικ' εἶτ' ἀγάλλεται
παρείς· χόλος τοι βασιλέως φλέγων πρέπει
βρυχωμένῳ λέοντι, φρικώδης κλύειν·
χάρις δ' ἔοικεν εὐδρόσῳ χλόης γάνει.

T. S. E.

Spes duplex.

Vespertina iuvat spectare lacustribus undis
Reddita siderei lumina mille chori:
Ut superum caeli decorent immota lacunar,
Inqve tremant imis irreqvieta vadis.
Sic tranqvilla nitet spes caeli praescia: sed qvae
Ducit ab humanis spes alimenta bonis
Irradiat fragilem mutanti lumine terram,
Pulchra, sed a species falsa, brevisqve nitor.

K.

Sweet are the Uses of Adversity.

I have been honored and obeyed,
  I have met scorn and slight;
And my heart loves earth's sober shade
  More than her laughing light.

For what is rule but a sad weight
  Of duty, and a snare?
What meanness, but with happier fate
  The Saviour's cross to share?

This my hid choice, though not from heaven,
  Moves on the heavenward line;
Cleanse it, good Lord, from sinful leaven,
  And make it simply thine.

LYRA APOSTOLICA.

A Present Deity.

O Lord, thou hast searched me out, and known me:
Thou knowest my down-sitting and mine up-rising;
Thou understandest my thoughts long before.
Thou art about my path and about my bed,
And spiest out all my ways.
For lo there is not a word in my tongue,
But thou, O Lord, knowest it altogether.
Thou hast fashioned me behind and before,
And laid thine hand upon me.
Such knowledge is too wonderful and excellent for me:
I cannot attain unto it.
Whither shall I go then from thy Spirit,
Or whither shall I go from thy presence?
If I climb up into heaven, thou art there:
If I go down to hell, thou art there also.

PSALM CXXXIX.

Ingenium Res Adversae nudare solent.

Imperio qvondam, qvondam dignatus honore,
  Mox idem opprobrio ludibrioqve fui:
Seriaqve in terris potior mihi vesperis umbra est
  Qvam liqvida ridens ebria luce dies.
Qvid regnare tulit nisi pondus triste laboris
  Retiaqve occultis insidiosa dolis?
Et qvid pauperies? Christi suspiria, Christi
  Sortiri luctu cum leviore crucem.
Haec igitur, si non caelo demissa, voluntas
  Me tamen haud dubia ducit ad astra via.
Hanc tu labe, Deus, turpiqve adspergine purga,
  Et tibi qvae placeant omnia vellé iube.

K.

Praesens Deus.

Ὦ Κύρι', οἶσθά μ' ἐξερευνήσας τορῶς,
εὐνῆς τ' ἐπαντέλλοντα κἀπιδέμνιον
πίτνονθ' ὁμοίως ἐννοεῖ μ'· ἃ δ' ἂν φρονῶ,
καὶ πρὶν φρονεῖν με προὐξεπίστασαι πάλαι.
σὺ δ' ἀμφὶ μὲν πόδ', ἀμφὶ δ' εὐναστήριον
ἀεὶ πάρει μοι, πάντας ἐξιχνοσκοπῶν
τρόπους· ἐπεί τοι κοὐ διὰ γλώσσης ἔχω
οὐδέν τι φωνεῖν, μὴ οὐ σάφ' εἰδότος σέθεν.
σύ τοι δέμας μου τά τ' ὀπίσω ξυνήρμοσας
καὶ τἀπίπροσθεν, ἐπιβαλὼν σὴν δεξιάν.
τοιαῦτ' ἐμοὶ σοφώτερ' ἢ ξυνιέναι,
γνώμην ὑπερβάλλοντα. ποῖ μὲν γὰρ λάθω
σὸν πνεῦμα, ποῖ δὲ σὴν παρουσίαν ἰών;
πτηνὸν γὰρ ἄρας σῶμ' ἐς αἰθέρος βάθη
ὁρῶ σ' ἐκεῖ παρόντα, καὶ κατὰ χθονὸς
μολὼν ὁρῶ σ' ἐνόντα κἀν Ἅιδου δόμοις.

T. S. E.

All Things are Vanity.

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

When the rich town, that long
Has lain its huts among,
Rears its new structures vast,
And vaunts,—it shall not last.
Bright tints that shine are but the sign
Of summer past.

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

LYRA APOSTOLICA.

The Parish Priest to his Successor.

If thou dost find
A house built to thy mind
Without thy cost,
Serve thou the more
God and the poor;
My labour is not lost.

HERBERT.

Omnia magna cadunt.

Inter soluti gaudia pectoris
Persaepe nubes ingruit horrida;
  Utcumqve sublimi potestas
    Summa sedens dominatur arce,

Ultor securim praeparat. Omnia
Qvae procreantur limite parvulo
  Clauduntur, atqve in maius aucta
    Funere deproperant caduco.

En qva per agros sparsa mapalia
Dudum latebant, urbs nova colligit
  Caementa, et insigni domorum
    Mole nimis locuples superbit,

Mansura paullum: mox cadit obruta
Turpi ruina. Silva coloribus
  Qvam vestit autumnus coruscis
    Omen habet morientis anni:

Et cum sodalem pectore sedulo
Fixusqve amanti lumine suspicis,
  Iam nunc sepulcrales inire
    Fluxus Amor properat tenebras.

Qvaecumqve nobis sunt data munera
Iniurioso limite temporis
  Urgentur; indefessa longo
    Sola fides stabilitur aevo.

H. J. H.

Apto cum Lare Fundus.

Haec tibi si cordi est, qvi nunc mea munia curas,
  Sumptibus haud propriis aedificata domus,
Da tu pauperibus tanto plus ipse Deoqve:
  Sic poterit noster non periisse labor.

K.

The Burden of Babylon.

He who smote the people in wrath with a continual stroke,
He that ruled the nations in anger,
Is persecuted, and none hindereth.
The whole earth is at rest and is quiet;
They break forth into singing.
Yea, the fir-trees rejoice at thee,
And the cedars of Lebanon, saying,
Since thou art laid down, no feller is come up against us.
Hell from beneath is moved for thee,
To meet thee at thy coming:
It stirreth up the dead for thee,
Even all the chief ones of the earth;
It hath raised up from their thrones all the kings of the nations.
All they shall speak and say unto thee,
Art thou also become as weak as we?
Art thou become like unto us?
Thy pomp is brought down to the grave
And the noise of thy viols:
The worm is spread under thee,
And the worms cover thee.
How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning,
How art thou cut down to the ground,
That didst weaken the nations!
For thou hast said in thine heart,
I will ascend into heaven,
I will exalt my throne above the stars of God.
Yet thou shalt be brought down to hell,
To the sides of the pit.
They that see thee shall narrowly look on thee,

*Occidit, occidit**.

Ὁ πρὶν πρὸς ὀργὴν ξυντόνῳ πληγῇ λεὼν
πλήξας, ὁ πάντων πρὶν τυραννεύσας ἐθνῶν,
διώκεται νῦν, οὐδ' ὁ κωλύσων πάρα.
γῆν μὲν γαλήνη πᾶσαν εὐδία τ' ἔχει,
φλέγουσι δ' ὕμνων παντόθεν τερπνῶν νόμοι.
πευκαὶ δὲ Λιβάνου θ' ὑψιγέννητοι κέδροι
ἐπεγγελῶσί σοι βοῶσί τ' ἐμφανῶς,
οὐδείς ἐφ' ἡμᾶς ὧδ' ἐπιστρατεύεται
τομεὺς ἀναιδὴς κατακεκρυμμένου σέθεν.
Ἄιδης δ' ἔνερθε, σὴν χάριν κινούμενος,
χαίρειν κελεύει πολλά, σόν τ' ἰδὼν κάρα
ἅπαντ' ἐγείρει σοι λεών, γαίας προμούς,
ἐθνῶν ἄνακτας ἐξαναστήσας θρόνων.
οὗτοι δ' ἐροῦσι κέρτομον πάντες σ' ἔπος·
Ἆρ' οὖν ἀβληχρὸς καὶ σὺ γεγένησαί ποτε
ὁποῖα χήμεῖς; καὶ σὺ δῆθ' ἡμῖν ἴσος;
ἤδη μὲν ἐν τάφοισι σαὶ κεῖνται χλιδαὶ
καὶ τυμπάνων σῶν κέλαδος, ἐγκρύπτει δέ σε
σκώληξ, ἐν ὀστοῖς σοῖς ὑποστρώσας λέχος.
φεῦ σπέρμ' Ἑῶον Φώσφορ', ὡς ἀπ' οὐρανοῦ
πέπτωκας αἰσχρὰ πτώματ' οὐδ' ἀνασχετά,
οἵοις τέτυψαι τύμμασιν χαμαιπετής,
ὁ πρίν ποτ' ἐθνῶν ἐκκεραυνώσας σθένος.
ἔφης γάρ, οἶδ', ἔφης ποτ' ἀνοσίῳ φρενί,
Εἰς οὐρανὸν βὰς ἀμὸν ὑψώσω θρόνον
Θεοῦ παλαιῶν ἀστέρων ὑπέρτερον·
πεσεῖ δ' ἐς Ἄιδου καίπερ ὧδ' εἰπὼν ὅμως
κεἰς πλεῦρα βαράθρου· χοΐ σ' ἰδόντες ὄμμασι

---

* Hi senarii, in Curia Cantabrigiensi facti, auctori suo haud sane digni visi erant qvi publici iuris iterum fierent, nisi id ipsum ii impetrassent qvibus morem omnino gerendum censuisset. Itaqve emendati qvantulum visum est lectorum veniam exspectant.

And consider thee, saying,
Is this the man that made the earth to tremble,
That did shake kingdoms;
That made the world as a wilderness,
And destroyed the cities thereof;
That opened not the house of his prisoners?

ISAIAH, CH. XIV.

The Evidence of Things not seen.

We saw Thee not, when Thou didst tread,
O Saviour, this our sinful earth;
Nor heard thy voice restore the dead,
And waken them to second birth;
Yet we believe that Thou didst come,
And quit for us thy glorious home.

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

No angel's message met our ear,
On that first glorious Easter Day;
"The Lord is risen. He is not here;
"Come, see the place where Jesus lay."
But we believe that Thou didst quell
The banded powers of death and hell.

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

ANON.

βλέψουσ' ἀκριβῶς ἠδ' ἐρευνήσουσί σ' εὖ
ὁμοῦ βοῶντες, Ἆρ' ὅδ' οὖν ἀνὴρ ἔφυ
ὁ γῆν φοβήσας, πάνθ' ὁ συγκρούσας ἔθνη;
ἆρ' οὖν ὅδ' ἐστὶν οὐξερημώσας χθόνα,
πόλεις θ' ἁπάσας ἐξαϊστώσας πυρί,
οὐδ' αἰχμαλωτῶν δεσμίους οἴξας δόμους;

K.

Μακάριοι οἱ μὴ ἰδόντες, καὶ πιστεύσαντες.

Non vidimus Te, Christe, peccantum salus,
Terrena visentem loca:
Non lingva nobis audientibus tua
Iussit renasci mortuos;
Sed credimus Te, vindicem nostrum, Patris
Liqvisse fulgentem domum.
Si non tuae nos vidit adstantes cruci
Pauxilla fidorum cohors,
Pro parricidis nec preces audivimus,
Nec sensimus labi solum,
Nec visa nobis hasta transfodit latus,
Te mortuum esse credimus.
Lux illa Paschae prima non praeconium
Caeleste nobis attulit:
Surrexe Dominum scite: non hic est: locum
Spectate, Iesus qva modo
Iacebat:—at vi victa credimus tua
Mortisqve et Orci foedera.
Ad astra si non Te redire vidimus,
Nec lucis optatum iubar
Palantibus per vasta terrarum micat,
Adesse credimus tamen
Te semper illic, Domine; praesenti Tibi
Laudes precesqve mittimus.

K.

Christian Warfare.

Soldier, go—but not to claim
  Mouldering spoils of earth-born treasure,
Not to build a vaunting name,
  Not to dwell in tents of pleasure;
Dream not that the way is smooth,
  Hope not that the thorns are roses;
Turn no wistful eye of youth
  Where the sunny beam reposes:
    Thou hast sterner work to do,
    Hosts to cut thy passage through;
Close behind thee gulfs are burning:
Forward!—there is no returning.

Soldier, rest—but not for thee
  Spreads the world her downy pillow;
On the rock thy couch must be,
  While around thee chafes the billow;
Thine must be a watchful sleep,
  Wearier than another's waking;
Such a charge as thou dost keep
  Brooks no moment of forsaking.
    Sleep, as on the battle-field,
    Girded, grasping sword and shield:
Those thou canst not name or number
Steal upon thy broken slumber.

Soldier, rise—the war is done:
  Lo, the hosts of hell are flying;
'Twas thy Lord the battle won;
  Jesus vanquished them by dying.

Sic itur ad Astra.

Incipe, miles, iter: sed ne terrestria qvaeras
  Munera, post paucos interitura dies,
Neu cupias vano nomen memorabile fastu,
  Neve voluptatis mollia castra petas,
Neve putes iri facili super aethera cursu,
  Neu teneram spinis posse carere rosam,
Neu captes oculo tractus iuveniliter illos
  Ridet ubi aestivis solibus almus ager,
Te labor armatum gravior manet, acrior hostis;
  Est acies telis magna domanda tuis.
Aestuat a tergo flamma fervente barathrum;
  Protinus i recto calle; redire nefas.
Carpe tuam, miles, reqviem; sed non tibi luxus
  Explicat ignavo stragula grata toro:
Vix tibi sufficiet scopulosa cubilia rupes
  Qvam ferus illisis obsidet Eurus aqvis:
Te decet attentum longas producere noctes,
  Et somno excubiis asperiore frui:
Qvae tu difficili servas tutamine castra
  Tempore non ullo deseruisse licet.
Somnos carpe, velut pugnam introiturus, in armis
  Impiger, et clipeo cinctus et ense latus;
Illi qvi numeroqve carent et nomine certo
  Invadunt tacito somnia fracta pede.
Surge adeo, miles, confecto munere belli:
  En agitat rapidam turba nefanda fugam.
Dux tuus infernas fraudes devicit: Iesus
  Morte sua victo victor ab hoste redit.

Pass the stream—before thee lies
  All the conquered land of glory:
Hark what songs of rapture rise;
  These proclaim the victor's story;
    Soldier, lay thy weapons down,
    Quit the sword, and take the crown;
Triumph! all thy foes are banished,
Death is slain, and earth has vanished.

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

The Day of the Lord.

Howl ye; for the day of the Lord is at hand;
It shall come as a destruction from the Almighty;
Therefore shall all hands be faint,
And every man's heart shall melt;
And they shall be afraid:
Pangs and sorrows shall take hold of them;
They shall be in pain as a woman that travaileth:
They shall be amazed one at another;
Their faces shall be as flames.
Behold, the day of the Lord cometh,
Cruel both with wrath and fierce anger,
To lay the land desolate;
And he shall destroy the scorners thereof out of it.
For the stars of heaven and the constellations thereof
Shall not give their light;
The sun shall be darkened in his going forth,
And the moon shall not cause her light to shine.

ISAIAH, CH. XIII.

Traiice iam fluvium; devictae gloria terrae
  Panditur ante oculos, scaena propinqva, tuos.
Audin, laetifica dulcedine murmurat aer,
  Dum pia victorem carmine turba sonat.
Qvin tu depositis clipeo, bellator, et ense
  Laetus Io magna voce Triumphe canis?
Qvin tu serta capis? fugit hostis: mortua Mors est:
  Vanuit in priscum terra relapsa chaos.

R. B.

Ἡ κυρία Ἡμέρα.

Ὀλολύζετ'· ἦμαρ γὰρ πέλας τὸ μόρσιμον·
σκήψει δὲ θνητοῖς θεόθεν, ὡς διαφθορά.
τοίγαρ προλείψει πᾶς ἀνειμένῃ χερί,
κοὐδεὶς ὃς οὐχὶ καρδίαν τεγχθήσεται.
καὶ δειμανοῦσι· καὶ φρενῶν ἀνθάψεται
σφάκελος μετ' ἄλγους, καὶ δι' ὠδίνων πικρῶν
χωρήσεταί τις ὥσπερ ἐν τόκοις λεχώ.
καὶ μὴν πρὸς ἄλλον ἄλλος ἐκπαγλούμενοι
βλέψουσι, λάμψει δ' ὄμμαθ' ὡς πυρούμενα.
ἰδού, τὸ μοιρόκραντον ἦμαρ ἔρχεται
χόλῳ βαρυνθέν, ὀξυμηνίτους πνέον
φόνους· Θεὸς γὰρ ἐξερημώσει τε γῆν,
καὶ τοὺς πανούργους γῆθεν ἐξαποφθερεῖ.
ἀπ' οὐρανοῦ γὰρ ἀστέρων ὁμήγυρις
οὐ μὴ μεθῇ φῶς, ξὺν δ' ἀμαυρωθήσεται
στείχων ἐν ἀντολαῖσιν ἡλίου κύκλος
σκότῳ, σελήνη δ' οὐκέτ' ἐκλάμψει σέλας.

T. S. E.

The Praise of God.

Ye mists and exhalations, that now rise
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or grey
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honour to the world's great Author rise;
Whether to deck with clouds the uncoloured sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
Rising or falling, still advance his praise.
His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,
With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
Join voices, all ye living souls; ye birds,
That singing up to heaven-gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
To hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade,
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.

MILTON.

The Grace of God.

The misty clouds that fall sometime
  And overcast the skies
Are like to troubles of our time,
  Which do but dim our eyes.

But as such dews are dried up quite
  When Phoebus shews his face,
So are sad fancies put to flight
  When God doth guide by grace.

GASCOIGNE.

Deum laudate.

Aerii umores, terrai spiritus udae,
Qvi sudante lacu vel aqvosis collibus orti
Nunc ferrugineum submittitis aera, donec
Vellera Sol extrema suo pertinxerit auro,
Vos rerum Artifici iam adsurgite: sive colorum
Purum fert animus nebulis illudere caelum,
Sive cadente solum bibulum conspergere rore,
Surgentes laudate Deum, laudate cadentes.
Qvattuor effusae mundi regionibus aurae,
Nunc humiles, nunc admissae, praeconia laudum
Adspirate Deo. Deflectite culmina, pinus,
More salutantum, et plantarum qvidqvid ubiqve est.
Flumina, qvae prono strepitis numerosa liqvore,
Lympharum numeris dias intexite laudes.
Unam, viva cohors animarum, tollite vocem.
Aetheriae volucres, qvibus usqve canentibus itur
Ad portam caeli, pennisqve et gutture laudes
Ferte Deo. Testor vos, qvae mare curritis, et qvae
Assiduo terram teritis pede, sive superbo
Incedentia sive humili reptantia gressu;
Nec veniente die nec decedente silebo
Qvin doceam vallesqve cavas clivosqve cubantes
Umbrasqve fluviosqve Deum laudare canendo.

T. S. E.

Gratia Caeli.

Ut poli qvondam nebulae serenos
Obruunt risus, ita damna vitae
Saepe ridentes oculos obortis
Nubibus umbrant.

Utqve siccati fugiunt vapores
Aureum Phoebo referente vultum,
Sic obumbrantes fugat alma curas
Gratia caeli.

K.

A Hymn for all Nations.

A.D. MDCCCLI.

Glorious God, on Thee we call,
Father, Friend, and Judge of all,
Holy Saviour, heavenly King,
Homage to thy throne we bring.

In the wonders all around
Ever is thy Spirit found,
And of each good thing we see
All the good is born of Thee.

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

Yea, and foremost in the van
Springs from Thee the mind of man:
On its light, for this is thine,
Shed abroad the love divine.

Lo, our God, thy children here
From all realms are gathered near,
Wisely gathered, gathering still,
For peace on earth, towards men goodwill.

May we with fraternal mind
Bless our brothers of mankind:
May we, through redeeming love,
Be the blest of God above.

TUPPER.

Ἐκ Θεοῦ ἀρχώμεσθα.

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

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

σῆς ἐστι δημιουργίας
ἡ πᾶσα πανταχοῦ φύσις,
καὶ πάνθ' ἃ καλλιστεύεται
δαιδάλματ' ἐντίμου τέχνης.

κἀν τοῖς γε πρῶτον ἐκ Σέθεν
γεγᾶσιν ἀνθρώπων φρένες,
ἃς νῦν θεοσσύτου φάους
ἀκτῖνι θέλξον ἠπίᾳ.

ῥεῖ δεῦρο, δεῦρ' ἀεί, Θεός,
σὴ γέννα πάμφυλος λεώς,
πνέοντες εἰρήνην χθονί,
πνέοντες εὔνοιαν βροτοῖς.

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

Κ.

Heaven.

This world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given;
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow;
There's nothing true but Heaven.

And false the light on glory's plume
As fading hues of even;
And love, and hope, and beauty's bloom,
Are blossoms gathered for the tomb;
There's nothing bright but Heaven.

Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
From wave to wave we're driven,
And fancy's flash and reason's ray
Serve but to light the troubled way;
There's nothing calm but Heaven.

MOORE.

The Sower.

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

SCHILLER.

Ὁ χάλκεος Οὐρανός.

Vita fugaci similis pompae
Vanis hominem capit illecebris;
Risus hilares, miseri fletus,
Falsi radiant falsiqve fluunt:
  Solidi nihil est nisi caelum.
Splendet inani Gloria crista,
Ceu fluxa rubet vespere nubes;
Et Spes et Amor Formaeqve nitor
Qvid sunt? Tumulo data serta novo:
  Nitidi nihil est nisi caelum.
Nos obeuntes deforme fretum
Tumor undarum rapit huc illuc;
Iter incertum vix irradiat
Fax Aonidum, lux Rationis:
  Placidi nihil est nisi caelum.

K.

Exspectata Seges.

Aurea sulcatae confidis semina terrae,
  Praecipiens laeto pectore veris opes;
Et piget in vitae sulcis deponere facta,
  Qvae bene si sata sint, tempus in omne metas?

K.

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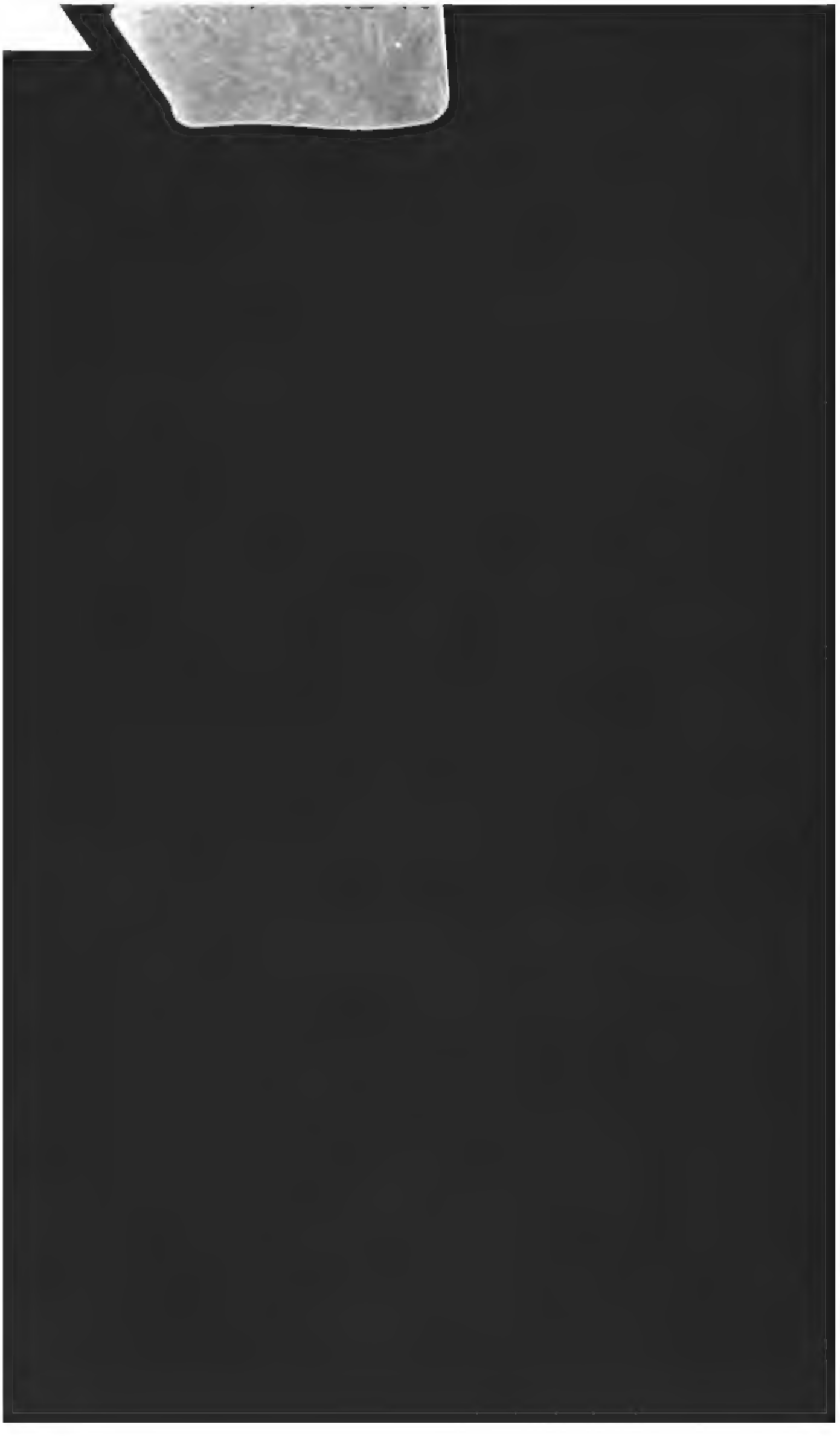
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