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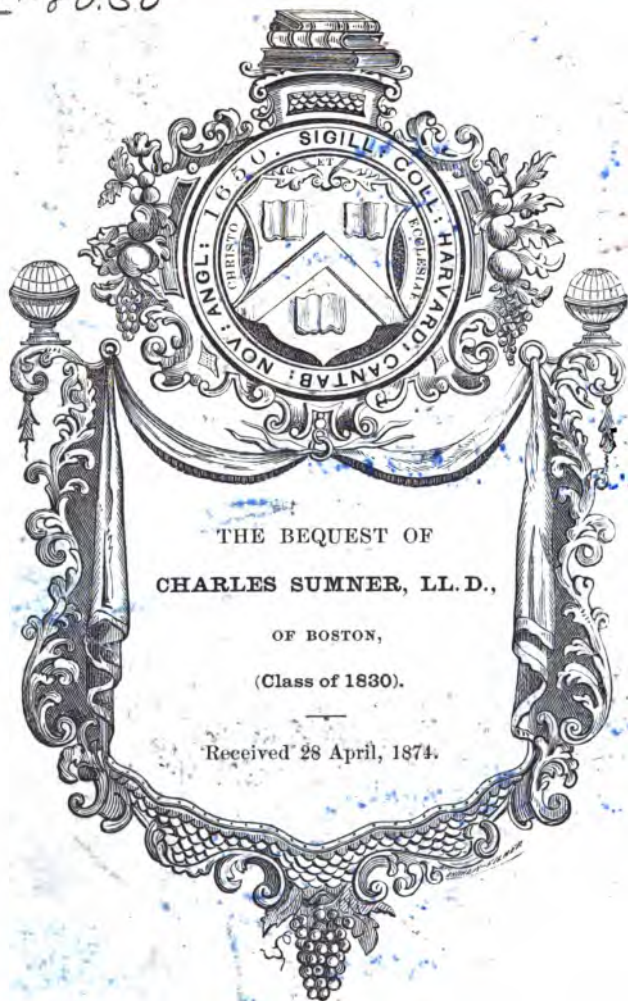
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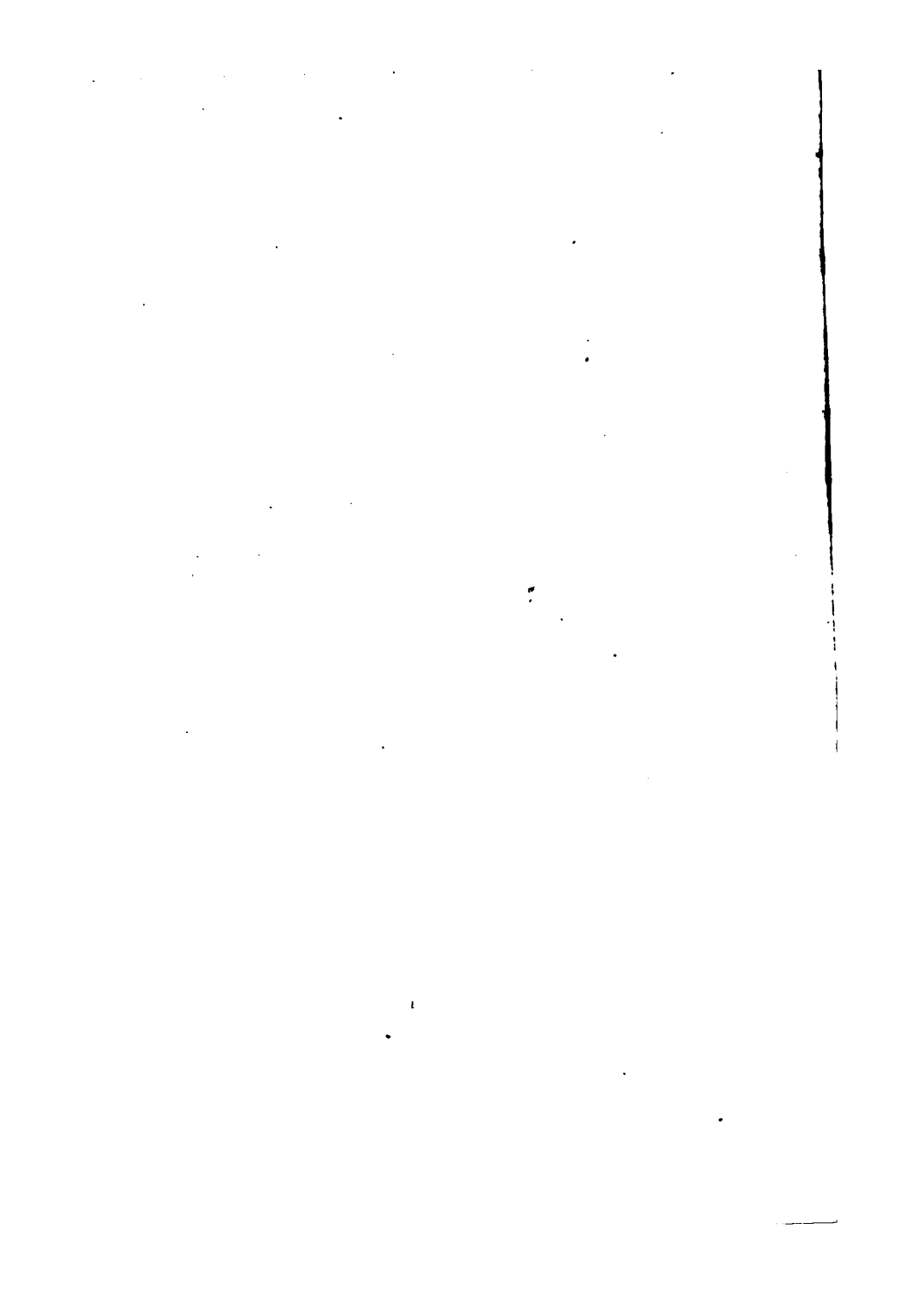
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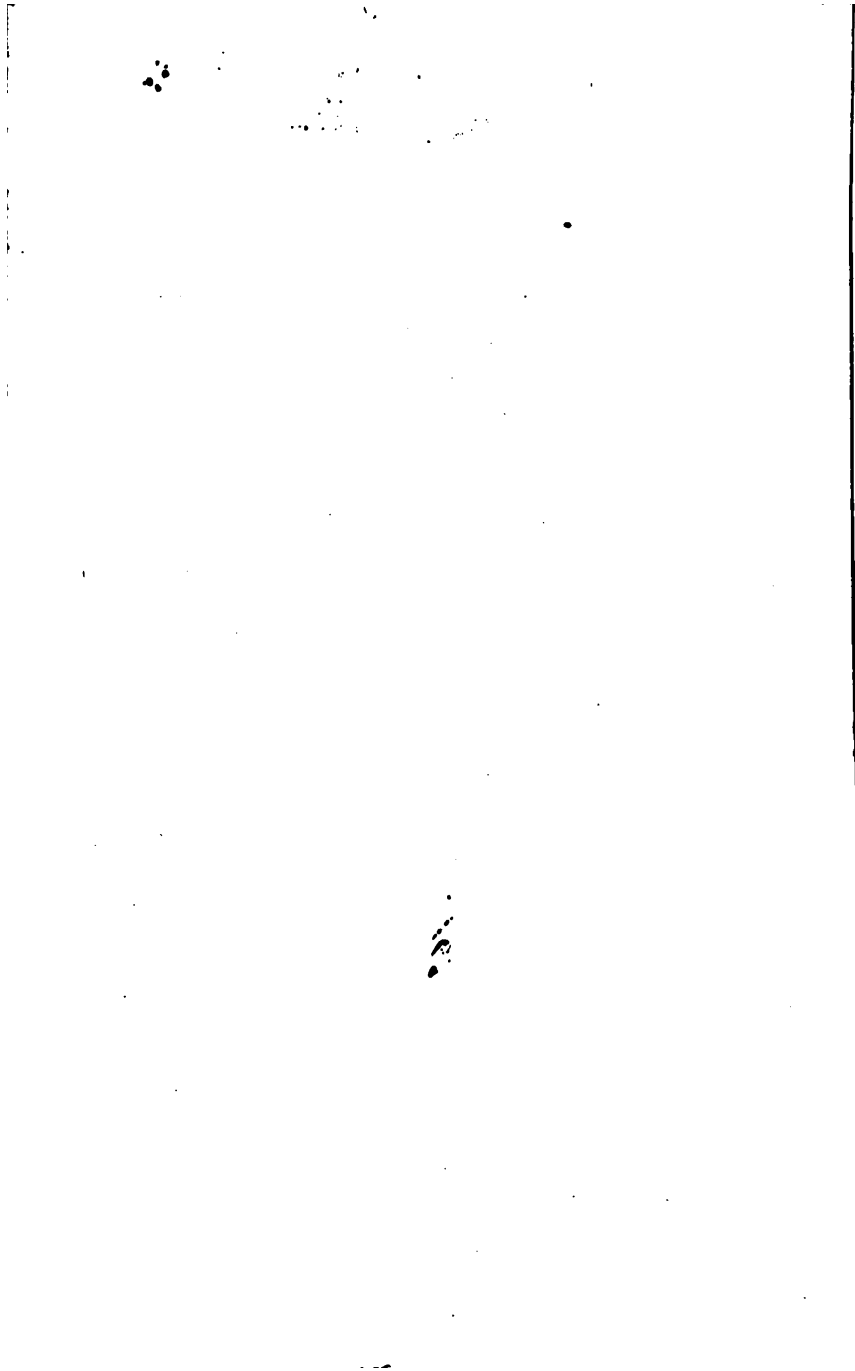
THE BEQUEST OF  
**CHARLES SUMNER, LL. D.,**  
OF BOSTON,  
(Class of 1830).

Received 28 April, 1874.









*Charles Sumner*  
*from the author*  
TRANSLATIONS

OF

ENGLISH POETRY INTO LATIN VERSE;

DESIGNED AS

PART OF A NEW METHOD OF INSTRUCTING IN LATIN.

BY

*William*  
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## PREFACE.

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THE translations which follow were not made for exercise or amusement, but as part of a practical scheme for instruction in Latin, of which the first instalment was, my version of *Hiawatha* (*Trübner, London*), in poetical Latin prose. A third part might be a novel (*Rebilus Cruso*) which I have long had in MS. : but my *Hiawatha* has scarcely attained any notice. I am nevertheless excited anew to publish, by the certainty that the whole question of Latin teaching must shortly be reconsidered from the foundation.

The doctrine which I hold was defended at full in the Edinburgh Museum, No. IV., January, 1862. The main points may be thus summed up. 1. We ought, in Latin as in modern languages, to learn the *language* first, and study the *literature* afterwards. 2. Grammar should follow or accompany

the pupil, not precede him; and should be concrete, not abstract; practical, not ambitious of philosophy; and by collation of examples or lists of words should rather suggest than express generalization. 3. All subtleties and all avoidable difficulties should be held back; since to postpone difficulties is generally to dispel them. The old recipe to a puzzled boy: "Skip and go on:" is not so bad. 4. The pupil should learn the *material* of the language abundantly. This requires great repetition and a large surface of reading or talk; which, for most pupils, demands a style far easier than that of the classics. Even Terence abounds with *idiom* which learners find difficult. 5. The language presented to pupils should be as little involved as possible, so that each clause may be understood by itself. 6. Since our teachers can never talk Latin as natives (inasmuch as, in this century, we cannot possibly get practice enough) we need to *write* for learners an easy elementary literature, which should also, if possible, elevate the imagination or at least entice the mind. (I hear that selections from Erasmus are now to be employed. If they prove *interesting*, I make sure they will be of much value.) 7. In every thing the pupil should be made to take one difficulty at

a time. Hence he should not be distracted by strange geography, mythology, law, politics, history, needless idiom, or obscure allusions. All these things may be of interest *after* he has learned the language; seldom before: and they will always impede learning to the great bulk of a school.

It is sure to be objected by opponents, that modern writers are apt to make errors. Of course we are. I have this instant a disagreeable illustration, having too late detected, in piece 50, line 6, "minor tibi" for, inferior *to* thee. (See the CORRECTORIA.) It is hard for a translator to read his own work with fresh eyes, and harder still to ask of any competent scholar the favour of revision: hence I dare not be confident that some other mistakes will not be found. But in every case our possible errors are as nothing to those, which, in the days of Cicero, every foreigner in Rome heard from illiterate persons: yet such a foreigner had vast advantage over us. Our errors will not damage the learner, unless they are fixed and consistent, as in a provincial dialect. On the other hand, if he be confined to classics, and time be not lavishly given, the *quantity* read by nineteen out of twenty will be small, and this evil cannot be compensated by *quality*.

If any teacher use these pieces as I design them, he will make the English *an exercise of Elocution* ; then it will be gradually impressed on the memory with little effort. Yet learning by heart ought to be cultivated, and has in my opinion been unwisely given up or lessened since I was a schoolboy. The knowledge of the English pieces will aid to economise the use of the dictionary, and will give a true idea of the sense of the Latin. If the pupil be allowed to take improper advantage, it will be entirely the teacher's fault, who ought to catechise him on the exact meaning of the Latin words, as well as on the structure.

To imitate the style of one particular author, or borrow from a poet his combinations of words, is so evidently a grave fault, that it is wonderful how it has been thought a virtue. To imitate even the rhythm of one poet exclusively, can only be justified by a general contempt of the rest. As I do not use continuous Hexameter (which demands a high subject) I need not claim a right to end the verse occasionally with a word of five syllables, as does Lucretius. But if a Pentameter be good enough for Tibullus or Catullus, I do not care to ask whether I can find like verses in Ovid. Translation is always hard enough : why make it artificially

harder? As to verses called Lyric, I do as Horace and Catullus themselves did,—go to the Greeks for the foundation, and compact the lines into stanzas suited for the material before me.

Eton masters in old days would not permit to boys such rhythm as Virgil himself uses, and obtruded into the third line of the Alcaic a restriction unknown to Horace. Not that I would claim *every* liberty for which there is precedent, even in Catullus; much less in the dramas known by the name of Seneca, which carry monotony of lyric-metre to its maximum. Before the single Choriamb Catullus and the Greeks seem to prefer a Trochee to a Spondee, and allow an Iamb. These I follow rather than Horace. Yet before a double Choriamb the Spondee is perhaps necessary.

Many treat it as an inadmissible Græcism to shorten, instead of eliding, a long vowel before a short; as: Si mę amas; Iliō alto: Peliō Ossam. On the contrary, elision is *primā facie* the liberty, and the practice of the Greeks alone intelligible. Elision is here a great paradox; for it seems as though adding a vowel made a phrase shorter. For instance, Vidi equidem, satisfies Virgil as a Choriamb; but Vidi quidem is too long, too heavy. What theory will explain this?

The analogous paradox of final *m* is explicable by the hypothesis to which the phenomenon of *con* and *co* points; viz., the *m*, even in prose, was not sounded *at all* before a vowel. This reverses the French practice, which has two modes of pronouncing half the words of the language: but *their* final consonant is sounded, not before a consonant, but before a vowel. If the Latins in prose said: "Bellum quidem campestre novi," but, "Bellu equidem campestre novi," we can understand that

Bellu equidem novi campestre—

Bella equidem novi campestra—

are equally good for Dactylic rhythm; while

Bellum quidem novi campestre—

is not good.

Be this as it may, I cannot bear to cut off the *m* of monosyllables, nor of any word if a great stop follows; as No. 6, line 6 from end. In No. 1, line 15, it would be easy to write *virorum*; but I prefer *virūm*. Latin poets seem to evade altogether the use of *Cum*, *Nam*, *Jam*, *Quam*, &c., before a vowel: but this may become a slavery. I hope that I cannot corrupt the taste of learners by making *Cum* *api* an anapæst and *Jam* *huic* an iamb.

It may be well to state that my vacillation between *œ* and *æ* in a few words is not from carelessness or misprint : but because I have no conviction which of the two is right, and it is better for learners to be aware that at least in old editions of the classics they may meet either. The authority of this or that MS. is easily overrated, since the corrupt pronunciation of *e* for *æ* *œ* is very ancient in Italy.



## CORRIGENDA.

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Page 52, line 5 from bottom, for lanes *read* lines.

Page 67, line 12, for suberas *read* tuleras.

Pages 87, 89, for Charulë *read* Charulë.

Page 102, line 8, for crested *read* created.

Page 113, *penult.* line, for tuum *read* tuam.

Page 117, to remove error in the *penult.* line, *read* :—

Effulget . . . . Te præstare tamen fatentur.

Page 129, line 7, *lest* stramen, (litter) *be rendered* thatch : *read* : fulgida,

Substratis pellibus intra.

Page 131, line 2, for siut *read* sint.

— line 12, for jubcat *read* jubeat.

Page 165, last line, for hand *read* haud.

Page 179, line 7, "Antegressa," if defensible, yet suggests error. I wish I had printed :

Aestas tum rosea irruens

Complexum patris occupat.

A few stops are also misprinted.

# CONTENTS.

## SECTION I.—*Dactylic.*

1	Canadian Boat Song... ..	<i>Thomas Moore</i>
- 2	Sunset on the Sea ... ..	<i>Ditto</i>
- 3	Rainy Day ... ..	<i>Longfellow</i>
4	Exile of Erin ... ..	<i>Thomas Campbell</i>
5	Midnight before Corinth ... ..	<i>Byron</i>
6	The Waterfall ... ..	<i>Edward Fox</i>
7	The Locust... ..	<i>Mary Howitt</i>
8	Child of the Sea ... ..	<i>"Barry Cornwall"</i>
9	Northern Seas ... ..	<i>William Howitt</i>
10	Southern Seas ... ..	<i>Ditto</i>
11	Charlemagne ... ..	<i>"Barry Cornwall"</i>

## SECTION II.—*Anapaestic.*

12	Mariners of England... ..	<i>Thomas Campbell</i>
13	Hungarian Hymn ( <i>translated by Theresa Pulszky</i> )	<i>Vörösmarty</i>
- 14	The Plough... ..	<i>Bryant</i>
15	Erin's Days of Old ... ..	<i>Moore</i>
16	Hohenlinden ... ..	<i>Campbell</i>
17	Sailor's Song ... ..	<i>Joanna Baillie</i>
18	Sea Song of Gafran ... ..	<i>Felicia Hemans</i>
19	Turkish Sunset ... ..	<i>Fanny Kemble</i>
20	The Minstrel's Last Wish ( <i>Lay of Last Minstrel</i> )	<i>Walter Scott</i>
21	Old Gray Thrush ... ..	<i>Capern</i>
22	Humming Bird ... ..	<i>Mary Howitt</i>

SECTION III.—*Choriambic (regular).*

23	The Wound of Ireland ... ..	Moore
24	The Death Angel ... ..	Ditto
25	Massacre of Glencoe... ..	Walter Scott
26	A Lady Moralizing ... ..	"Barry Cornwall"
27	Melrose Abbey ... ..	Walter Scott
28	Mid-hour of Night ... ..	Moore
29	Chamouni ... ..	Sotheby
30	Psalm xix. ... ..	
31	Psalm xxiii. ... ..	
32	Psalm xlii. ... ..	
33	Venice by Night... ..	Fanny Kemble
34	Stormy Petrel ... ..	"Barry Cornwall"
35	"Believe if you can"... ..	Charles Mackay
36	To a deceased Sister... ..	Moultrie
37	Sunny Isle of our own ... ..	Moore
38	Breeze from Shore ... ..	Felicia Hemans
39	The Album ... ..	Moore
40	Moorish Serenade, translated by ... ..	Lockhart

SECTION IV.—*Choriambic (less regular)*

41	The Forest ( <i>Harold the Dauntless</i> ) ... ..	Walter Scott
42	The Nautilus ... ..	Mary Howitt
43	Mars and Venus... ..	Moore
44	Erin's Rainbow ... ..	Ditto
45	The Omen to Marmion ... ..	Walter Scott
46	Harp of Tara ... ..	Moore
47	Deceased Maiden ... ..	Ditto
48	The Seagull ... ..	Capern
49	The Eagle ... ..	Mary Howitt
50	The Pale Flower... ( <i>from Tecumseh</i> ) ... ..	George H. Colton
51	Omeena's Lament ditto ... ..	Ditto

xiii.

52	The Lone Sea Shore... ..	<i>C. Mackay</i>
53	Spring ... ..	<i>Ditto</i>
54	The Arctic Lover ... ..	<i>Bryant</i>
55	The Pilgrim Fathers... ..	<i>Felicia Hemans</i>
56	Bannockburn, ... ..	<i>Burns</i>
57	England's Dead ... ..	<i>Felicia Hemans</i>
58	Rose of Argyleshire ... ..	<i>Campbell</i>
59	The Voice of Spring ... ..	<i>Felicia Hemans</i>

SECTION V.—*Iambics and mixed Metre.*

60	Immortality of Love ( <i>from Kehama</i> ) ... ..	<i>Southey</i>
61	Peace after War .. ..	<i>Shakspeare</i>
62	The Astronomer ... ..	<i>C. Mackay</i>
63	Ireland's Despair ... ..	<i>Moore</i>
64	Scotch Fisherman ... ..	<i>Joanna Baillie</i>
65	Fate of the Oak ... ..	<i>"Barry Cornwall"</i>
66	Love's Young Dream... ..	<i>Moore</i>
67	Kindred Hearts ... ..	<i>Felicia Hemans</i>
68	Wild Fritillary or Snake's Head ... ..	<i>Mary Howitt</i>
69	Fairy Numbers ... ..	<i>Moore</i>
70	Village Blacksmith ... ..	<i>Longfellow</i>
71	My Beautiful Spring... ..	<i>Capern</i>
72	"To-day" ... ..	<i>C. Mackay</i>
73	Manly Sorrow ... ..	<i>Moore</i>
74	Meeting of the Waters ... ..	<i>Ditto</i>
75	Ode to Winter ... ..	<i>Campbell</i>
76	Tyrolese Hymn ... ..	<i>Moore</i>
77	The Sea-King ... ..	<i>"Barry Cornwall"</i>

SECTION VI.—*Penthemimeric.*

78	Boo Khalloom ( <i>from Clapperton's Africa</i> ) extemporized in Fezzan.
79	Death ( <i>from Tecumseh</i> ) ... .. <i>George H. Colton</i>

xiv.

80	Sonnet on Night	... ..	<i>Joseph Blanco White</i>
81	——— the Almighty	... ..	<i>Kirke White</i>
82	Before the Battle	... ..	<i>Moore</i>
83	After the Battle ... *	... ..	<i>Ditto</i>
84	Silvan Retirement ( <i>Sonnet</i> )	... ..	<i>Fanny Kemble</i>
85	Harp of the North ( <i>Lady of the Lake</i> )	... ..	<i>Walter Scott</i>
86	Mountain Wilderness ( <i>Lord of the Isles</i> )	... ..	<i>Ditto</i>

## METRICAL NOTICE.

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In SECTION I. pieces 1 to 4 contain the common Hexameters and Pentameters. In 5 to 11, the Iambic Dimeter is added to the Dactylic Hexameter, as in Horace, Epod. 14 and 15.

In SECTION II. the Anapaestic systems are quite regular, except in 22, where an Anapaestic is followed by an Iambic Dimeter. I know no precedent for this. My only justification is, that it seemed to suit the piece.

In SECTION III. the Choriambics are either as in Horace or as in Catullus. In SECTION IV. the innovation is chiefly in the *composition* of stanzas. No. 54 has an initial syllable in excess, which is often called *Ionis a majori*. No. 59 has a Euripidean line, which gives some wildness.

The metres of SECTION V. need no particular remark, except that 70—72, being Dactylic + Iambic, might have been classed with 5—11; and that 76, 77 contain Trochaics and Cretics (-v-).

On SECTION VI. remarks are made in the Note at the end.

## CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

1. FAINTLY as tolls the evening chime,  
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time ;  
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,  
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.  
    Row, brothers row ; the stream runs fast ;  
    The rapids are near, and the daylight 's past.
  
2. Why should we yet our sail unfurl ?  
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl :  
But when the wind blows off the shore,  
Oh sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.  
    Blow, breezes blow ; the stream runs fast ;  
    The rapids are near, and the daylight 's past.
  
3. Ottawa's tide ! this trembling moon  
Shall see us float o'er thy surges soon.  
Saint of this green isle ! hear our pray'rs ;  
Oh grant us cool heavens and favouring airs.  
    Blow, breezes, blow, &c.

## SECTION I.

*Dactylic.*

1. VESPERTINA velut tinnit campanula, sic vox  
 Servat nostra melos, remigium numeros.  
 ANNA ubi sancta sedet, sancte suprema canemus,  
 Quum lux in ripâ deseret alma nemus.  
 Vah socii ; properans (incumbite !) se rotat amnis :  
 Lux abit e caelo : jam furet aestus aquae.
  
2. Vela jubet quisquam nos pandere ? nulla sed aura  
 Spirat, caeruleam quae cita crispet aquam.  
 At simul ac flabit ventus de littora, lassis  
 O suavem remis tunc dabimus requiem.  
 Vah venti ! properans (exsurgite !) se rotat amnis :  
 Lux abit e caelo : jam furet aestus aquae.
  
3. Flumen O Ottävium ! tremula haec citò luna videbit  
 Fluctibus in mediis nos equitare tuis.  
 Sanctè virum ! haec quem viridis tenet insula ; dextros  
 Mitte, precor, flatūs frigidulosque dies.  
 Vah venti ! properans (exsurgite !) se rotat, &c.



## SUNSET ON THE SEA.

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, which plays  
 Along the smooth wave tow'rd the burning west,  
 I long to tread that golden path of rays,  
 And think 't would lead to some bright isle of rest.

## THE RAINY DAY.

1. 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.
2. 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 the days are dark and dreary.
3. 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.

## [ 2 ]

O quàm cara mihi hora revertit, quâ moritur lux  
 Dia, marique ardens sol liquet in tacito.  
 Tunc de praeteritis gratissima somnia surgunt,  
 Suspiratque tibi vespere cura memor.  
 Et dum contueor, ut lucida linea mollem  
 Praeterludit aquam, quâ jubar ardet adhuc,  
 Aurea me stringit radiorum semita, tanquam  
 Spe beet alliciens insula clara rëtro.

## [ 3 ]

1. MOESTA dies tenëbras et frigus procreat : imber  
 Jam cadit, et vento vis nova semper adest.  
 Vitis adhuc septum complectitur arcta labascens,  
 At folia inspirante cadunt demortua vento :  
 Solvitur in tenëbras tristitiamque dies.
2. Tristis vita gelu ac tenëbras mea procreat : imber  
 Mi cadit, et vento vis nova semper adest.  
 Mens mea Præteritum complectitur arcta labascens,  
 At sub flamine crebra cadit spes cara juventæ :  
 Miscentur tenëbris tristitiâque dies.
3. Quin tu, pectus ätrox, requiesces ? mitte querelam :  
 Pone etenim nubeis sol etiam radiat.  
 Cunctorum tua sors est sors communis, opinor ;  
 Queis quandoque decet vitam infestariet imbre,  
 Atque aliquot tenëbris tristitiâque dies.

## EXILE OF ERIN.

1. THERE came to the beach a poor exile of Erin ;  
     The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill :  
 For his country he sigh'd, when at twilight repairing  
     To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.  
 But the day-star attracted his eyes' sad devotion,  
 For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean ;  
 Where once, in the fire of his youthful emotion,  
     He sang the bold anthem of Erin-go-bragh.
2. Sad is my fate, said the heart-broken stranger ;  
     The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee ;  
 But I have no refuge from famine and danger,  
     A home and a country remain not to me.  
 Never again, in the green sunny bow'rs  
 Where my forefathers liv'd, shall I spend the sweet hours,  
 Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flow'rs,  
     And strike to the numbers of Erin-go-bragh.
3. Erin ! my country ! though sad and forsaken,  
     In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore :  
 But alas ! in a far foreign land I awaken,  
     And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more.  
 O cruel fate ! wilt thou never replace me  
 In a mansion of peace, where no perils can chase me ?  
 Never again shall my brothers embrace me ?  
     They died to defend me, or live to deplore.
4. Where is my cabin door, fast to the wild wood ?  
     Sisters and sire ! did ye weep for its fall ?  
 Where is the mother that look'd on my childhood,  
     And where is the bosom-friend, dearer than all ?

## [ 4 ]

1. **ASTITIT** in ripâ miser exsul Hibernus ; at illi  
 Commaduit vestis frigida rore gravi.  
 Pro patriâ lugebat, oberrans lucis ad ortum  
 Solus ventisoni per juga celsa maris.  
 Huic oculos strinxit tristeis Venus, inde resurgens,  
 Insula ubi arridebat ei pätria Oceanitis,  
 Quâ juvenis quondam salvere jubebat Iernen,  
 Audax cantandi, turbidus igne novo.
2. **Vae** mihi, qualis agor ! dixit cor saucius hospes :—  
 Vel lupus ad latēbras ac fera dama fūgit :  
 Sed mihi perfugium nusquam est famis atque pericli ;  
 Nulla mihi restat pätria, nulla domus.  
 Nec suaveis posthac horas per äprica vireta,  
 Antè meis laete proavis celēbrata, morabor ;  
 Nec lyra mi resonans salvere jubebit Iernen,  
 Floribus aucta novis, quos ager ipse plicet.
3. **O** pätria ! ejectus quanquam, tua moestus, Ierne !  
 Per somnos video littora pulsa mari.  
 Sed vigil heu ! perēgre procul angor ; quotquot amabam,  
 Divulsos semper, corde calente petens.  
 O fatum crudele meum, nunquamne reponar  
 Pacis in hospitium, quod nulla pericla fatigent ?  
 Fratribus anne iterum circum dem brachia, qui me  
 Plorant usque, meâ seu periere vice.
4. **Propter** ägrete nemus, vosne, O pater atque sorores !  
 Flevistis, quando janua nostra ruit ?  
 Ah ubinam latitat, puerum quae cara fovebat  
 Me visu mater ? carior illa ubinam ?

- O my sad heart, long abandon'd by pleasure,  
 Why did it doat on a fast-fading treasure ?  
 Tears, like the raindrop, may fall without measure ;  
 But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.
5. Yet, all its sad recollections suppressing,  
 One dying wish my lone bosom can draw :  
 Erin ! an exile bequeaths thee his blessing ;  
 Land of my forefathers ! Erin-go-bragh !  
 Buried and cold when my heart stills its motion,  
 Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean !  
 And thy harpstriking bards sing aloud with devotion,  
 Erin mavournin ! Erin-go-bragh !

#### MIDNIGHT BEFORE 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 gaz'd upon them shining  
 And turn'd to earth without repining,  
 Nor wish'd 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 murmur'd meekly as the brook.

Vah ego mersē mālīs, pridem cui cassa voluptas,  
 Quod citō marcescit, cur tanto amplector amore ?

Imbre licet lăcrimer, non exsultantia cordi

Gaudia restituam, non veneres oculis.

5. Voce tamen solus moribundā vota prōfundam,

Pectore sub caeco tristia quaeque premens.

Almā te periens exsul prece donat, Ierne !

Salve, sancta parens, pristina terra pătrum !

Quum mihi sistet humo gelidum cor, usque virescas,

Insula in oceano tu quae dulcissima fulges ;

Et vatum pia vox, " Salve, carissima Ierne !

" Salve, cara ! iterum : " concinat alta lyrae.

[ 5 ]

Nox media allapsa est : fuscis os montibus instat

Lunae rotundum frigidae.

Caeruleae volvuntur aquae ; sup̄er, altera pendent

Extenta pelagi caerulea,

Insula ubi indomitos fulgores plurima jactat

Mente acriore fervidos.

Quis, tantum obtuitus splendorem, despicit infra,

Nec aeger animi deperit,

Alas exoptans quibus avolet, in jubar illud

Se sempiternum ut misceat ?

Caerulea, pura, serena jacebant aequora, utroque

In littore, instar aetheris ;

Et vix disjiciens undarum crista lapillos

Crepabat, ut rivus brevis.

The winds were pillow'd on the waves ;  
 The banners droop'd 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 neigh'd oft and shrill,  
 And echo answer'd 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 pray'r :  
 It rose, that chanted mournful strain,  
 Like some lone spirit's o'er the plain.  
 'Twas musical, 'twas sadly sweet ;  
 Such as when winds and harpstrings meet,  
 And take a long unmeasur'd tone  
 To mortal minstrelsy unknown.

### THE WATERFALL.

1. THE waterfall ! the waterfall !  
 How sounds its sweet melodious call  
     The Alpine valleys through !  
 It streaks the dark rock's distant side ;  
 Its foam upon the air doth ride.  
 Thou beautiful ! the mountain's bride ;  
     Far gliding into view.

Nam summis in aquis dormitat ventus ubique :  
     Vexilla fluxa decidunt,  
 Atque insigne, sūpra circumfluitantibus exstans,  
     En ! luna crescens praenitet.  
 Prorsus conticuere loci, nisi quā vigil astans  
     Miles reclamat tesseram ;  
 Vel si quā, sonitu geminato a collibus, hinnit  
     Equus protervus acriter ;  
 Seu trucis illius crepitat vox caeca catervae,  
     Ut frondium, mari ad mare ;  
 Dum mediā de nocte sacerdos ritē sūetam  
     Solemnis ad precem vocat.  
 Hujus at insurgit per campos, daemonis instar  
     Lugūbre solitarii,  
 Carmen, blandisonum maestoque canore refertum :  
     Ut, aurn siquando ingruit,  
 Nacta fides, sine more fremit praelonga querelam,  
     Egressa mortales lyras.

## [ 6 ]

1. O quæ præcipiti salis undā devia, clivo  
     Delapsa montis infimo,  
 Quam dulci numerosa tuo vox ore profundit  
     Valleis per Alpinas melos !  
 Ventosis eques in spumis, procul albida, saxum  
     Pallore distinguis nigrum ;  
 Et longinqua oculis, montis nova nupta ! relecto  
     Formosa velo prænites.



2. Nearer I come ; and o'er thy form,  
 As if to quell the beauteous storm  
     That ever battles there,  
 I see a veil of tender hue,  
 A rainbow of ethereal dew,  
     Hang lightly in the air.
3. The mighty brother pines have shed  
 Their fruits around thy rocky bed :  
 The eagle's wing is slowly spread  
     Above thy cloud of foam.  
 Has Nature a more glorious child  
 Than thou, the wonderful and wild  
     In thine own mountain home ?
4. Yet, as I stand upon thy brink,  
 It seems, that but a feeble link  
 Restrains my footsteps, ere they sink  
     In that bright waste below :  
 But who would wish, the secret things  
 The wonders of the angry springs,  
     In thy abyss to know ?
5. Thou seem'st a child of wrath, and yet  
 Those smiles upon thy waters set  
     Tell not of passion's strife.  
 If passion-born thy music ring  
 Surely thou art the fairest thing  
     That discord gives to life.

2. At (prope si veniam) suspensus leniter, ecce !  
 Pulcris duellis arbiter  
 Considit variis tenërisque coloribus arcus  
 E rore textus ætheris.
3. Celsa cohors fratrum, pini, stravere cubili  
 Tuo nuceis in saxeo ;  
 Perque tuam nebulam lentissima panditur ala  
 Aquilæ natantis æere.  
 Num Natura pãrens prolem sibi conscia jactat  
 Visu creatam pulcriùs  
 Quàm te, quæ fulges regnarier inscia, sede  
 Miranda semper in tuâ ?
4. Servantur (credo) tenui vix compede gressūs  
 Astantis oras per tuas,  
 Ne petat immaneis pessum projectus abyssos  
 Argenteorum fluctuum.  
 Quis velit explorare, tuo qui gurgite in imo  
 Mirandus abditur furor ?
5. Nata furore potes reputari ; tu tamen ore  
 Suavi renidens ex aquis  
 Abnuis irarum rixas. Si gignitur irâ  
 Modulamen istud, unicam  
 Nae te concordem peperit discordia. Montis  
 Sublimitati nupta tu,

6. It is not passion. Canst thou be  
 Other than sonorous, wild and free,  
 To mountain glory wed ?  
 Thy sisters are the lauwine's roar,  
 The glacier's castellated floor,  
 The sheet of snow, which mantles o'er  
 The tall peak's needling head.
7. Farewell ! though now thy beauty seems  
 No more the presage of my dreams,  
 A mighty thing, whose image teems  
 With glory yet unseen ;  
 Still wast thou beautiful and bright  
 As to my visionary sight  
 When by thee I have been.
8. Thy veil of light is on my eye,  
 And on my ear it cannot die—  
 Thy music's distant sound.  
 What lovely spirit threads her way  
 Through thy thin labyrinth of spray,  
 I know not : but a thought will say,—  
 How glorious thou wast found !

### THE LOCUST.

THE Locust is fierce and strong and grim  
 And a mailèd man is afraid of him.  
 He comes like a wingèd shape of dread,  
 With his shielded back and his armèd head,

6. Non potes insanire ! decet furiosa\* sonare,  
 Cui consöbrina terna sunt  
 Dira ruina tonans de monte, gelatus et amnis  
 Turritus alte, tum nivis  
 Taenia, quae montis praeacuta cacumina vestit.
7. O mira ! sed vale, vale ;  
 Etsi non mihī jam per somnia pulcrior astas  
 Visuque major indies,  
 Nec tua me vigilem praeclarior urget imago  
 Ingentiorque somniis ;  
 At tu pulcra tamen restas praeclaraque, qualem  
 Te credidi fanaticus,
8. Dudūm ; adhuc etenim tua fulgida mī pluit unda,  
 Neque auribus perit melos  
 Istud longisonans. Tenuis asperginis almus  
 Quisnam per ambageis tuæ  
 Spiritus insinuetur, ego haud sciō : tu tamen una  
 Reperēris illustrissima.

## [ 7 ]

1. TORVA lōcusta, ferox, fortisque est ; quam timet armis  
 Hērōs amictus squameis :  
 Quae, galeata caput, dorsum clipeata, Pavoris  
 Ostentat instar alitis,

\* *Furiosa*, neut. pl. accus.

[*Locusta*, as a proper name, has ō long in Juvenal. As the name of an insect, it is not found in Latin poetry.]

And his double wings for hasty flight,  
 And a keen unwearying appetite.  
 He comes with Famine and Fear along,  
 An army a million million strong.  
 The Goth and the Vandal, and dwarfish Hun  
 With his swarming people wild and dun,  
 Brought not the dread that the locust brings,  
 When is heard the rush of their myriad wings.

From the deserts of burning sand they speed,  
 Where the lions roam and the serpents breed,  
 Far over the sea, away ! away !  
 And they darken the sun at noon of day.  
 Like Eden the land before they find,  
 But they leave it a desolate waste behind.  
 The peasant grows pale, when he sees them come,  
 And standeth before them weak and dumb :  
 For they come like a raging fire in power,  
 And eat up a harvest in half an hour.  
 The trees are bare, and the land is brown,  
 As if trampled and trod by an army down.  
 There is terror in every monarch's eye,  
 When he hears that this terrible foe is nigh :  
 For he knows that the might of an armed host  
 Cannot drive the spoiler from out his coast ;  
 And that terror and famine his land await ;  
 That from north to south 'twill be desolate.

Thus the ravening Locust is strong and grim :  
 And what were an armed man to him ?

- Duplicibus pennis pernix ; sed venter amarâ  
 Tentatur aeternùm fame.  
 Pone trahunt, numero plures, sine fine catervae  
 Anni famelicos metūs.  
 Non Geta, Vandāliusve, aut nanâ prole feroci  
 Hunni scatentes fulvidâ,  
 Tantum concussere animos, quantum ala locustae  
 Stridens superne myrias.
2. A tesquis, fervens rabidis ubi turget arena  
 Leonibusque et viperis,  
 Diffusae longe lateque super mare, Solem  
 Meridianum obnubilant.  
 Inveniunt prae se Paradisea rura ; relinquunt,  
 Se pone, inania omnia.  
 Hâc coram legione tremens, pallore colonus  
 Correptus elingui stupet :  
 Se jaculantur enim cum vi, furiosus ut ignis,  
 Messemque sēmihôrâ vorant.  
 Arbor nuda dolet, squalēt humus herbida, tanquam  
 Obtrita gressu praeagravi :  
 Nec quisquam impavidos oculos rex sustinet, harum  
 Percussus adventu mǎlo ;  
 Gnarus, tale sōli monstrum non militis armis  
 De segete cessurum suâ,  
 Sed victrice fame grassarier, undique cultas  
 Ruris per oras devorans.
3. Tam tetrae ac validae raptrici, dic, quid obsesset  
 Armis vir horrens ferreis ?

Fire turneth him not, nor sea prevents :  
 He is stronger by far than the elements.  
 The broad green earth is his prostrate prey,  
 And he darkens the sun at noon of day.

### THE CHILD OF THE SEA.

1. THE sea! the sea! the open sea!  
 The blue, the fresh, the ever free!  
 Without a mark, without a bound,  
 It runneth the earth's wide regions 'round;  
 It plays with the clouds; it mocks the skies;  
 Or like a cradled creature lies.
2. I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!  
 I am where I would ever be;  
 With the blue above and the blue below,  
 And silence whereso'er I go;  
 If a storm should come and wake the deep,  
 What matter? I shall ride and sleep.
3. I love (oh! how I love) to ride  
 On the fierce foaming bursting tide,  
 When every mad wave drowns the moon,  
 Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,  
 And tells how goeth the world below,  
 And why the south west blasts do blow.
4. I never was on the dull tame shore,  
 But I loved the great sea more and more,  
 And backwards flew to her billowy breast,  
 Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest:

Quam neque flamma fugat, nec praepedit unda ; sed ipsis  
 Validior elementis viget,  
 Et lâte sata laeta vorans interrita, Solem  
 Meridianum obnubilat.

[8]

1. O mare coeruleum vegetum, latissima fusum  
 Per spatia, semper liberum ;  
 Tu patulum circà telluris voveris orbem,  
 Expers ubique termino ;—  
 Vel caelo minitans, colludens nube,—vel insons  
 Infantis instar dormiens.
2. Jam superingredior maris aequor, amabile semper  
 Et semper in votis mihi.  
 Undique cuncta tacent ; atque omnia, desuper, infra,  
 Purum relucent coeruleum.  
 Nec rêfert, mare si tumeat surgente procellâ ;  
 Ego vectus etenim dormiam.
3. Me juvat, O nimium ! per aquas equitare feroceis,  
 Spumas et undae turbidas ;  
 Quae modo suffundit lunam furiosa, modo altè  
 Rêfert procellae sibilos,  
 Utque habeant se res infra pronunciat, et cur  
 Effrenis Africanus furat.
4. Littoribus quoties in brutis segnibus asto,  
 Magis mare ingens diligo.  
 Sicut avis, quae matris amat lâtus, hujus ad uber  
 Volò procellosum rëtro.



- And a mother she *was* and *is* to me ;  
 For I was born on the open Sea !
5. The waves were white, and red the morn,  
 In the noisy hour when I was born ;  
 And the whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,  
 And the dolphins bared their backs of gold ;  
 And never was heard such an outcry wild  
 As welcomed to life the ocean child !
6. I've lived since then, in calm and strife,  
 Full fifty summers a sailor's life,  
 With wealth to spend and a power to range,  
 But never have sought, nor sighed for change ;  
 And Death, whenever he comes to me,  
 Shall come on the wild unbounded sea.

### THE NORTHERN SEAS.

1. UP, up ! let us a voyage take !  
 Why sit we here at ease ?  
 Find us a vessel tight and snug,  
 Bound for the Northern seas.
2. I long to see the Northern lights,  
 With their rushing splendours, fly  
 Like living things with flaming wings,  
 Wide o'er the wondrous sky.
3. I long to see those icebergs vast,  
 With heads all crown'd with snow,  
 Whose green roots sleep in the awful deep  
 Two hundred fathoms low.

- Nam pro matre fuit sanè : quippe est mihi mater,  
 Nāto patente in aequore.
5. Albebant fluctūs, lux matutina rubebat  
 Natalibus oriens meis ;  
 Aurea delphini dum nudant terga, remugit  
 Bālaena, porcus† se rotat.  
 Non aliàs tantus strepitus quatit aethera, quantus  
 Nascente filio maris.
6. Exin tranquillus turbatus, navita degi  
 Decem per annos quinquies.  
 Aut peregrè potis ire aut aes expendere, vitam  
 Mutare nunquam pertuli :  
 Nec me corripiet Mors ipsa, nisi in mare vadet,  
 Cursura per fluctūs vagos.

[ 9 ]

1. SURGITE ! per maria incursemus magna ! Sedere  
 Cur otiosos hic juvat ?  
 Sanam concinnamque mihi jam quaerite navem,  
 Quae pelagus Arcticum petit.
2. Lumina nam spectare velim Borealia, caeli  
 Procul stupendas trans vias,  
 Quae, velut igniferis animalia concita pinnis,  
 Splendore volitant mobili.
3. Ingenteis aveo monteis spectare gelatos,  
 Caput coronatos nive,  
 Quorum stirps viridans, ducentis amplius ulnis,  
 Torpet sub horrendo mari.

+ Porcus marinus, *porpoise*.

4. I long to hear the thund'ring crash  
    Of their terrific fall,  
    And the echoes from a thousand cliffs,  
    Like lonely voices, call.
5. There shall we see the fierce white bear,  
    The sleepy seals aground,  
    And the spouting whales, that to and fro  
    Sail with a dreary sound.
6. There may we tread on depths of ice  
    That the hairy mammoth hide,  
    Perfect, as when in times of old  
    The mighty creature died.
7. And while the unsetting sun shines on  
    Through the still heav'ns deep blue,  
    We'll traverse the azure waves, the herds  
    Of the dread sea-horse to view.
8. We'll pass the shores of solemn pine,  
    Where wolves and black bears prow! ;  
    And away to the rocky isles of mist,  
    To rouse the northern fowl.
9. Up there shall start ten thousand wings  
    With a rushing whistling din ;  
    Up shall the auk and fulmar start,—  
    All but the fat penguin.
10. And there in the wastes of the silent sky,  
    With the silent earth below,  
    We shall see far off to his lonely rock  
    The lonely eagle go.
11. Then softly softly will we tread  
    By inland streams, to see,

4. Horum et terrificum juvat auscultare fragorem,  
Si quâ ruina decidit ;  
Reflexosque sonos, qui mille ex rupibus astant,  
Loquela solitudinis.
5. Terribileis illic ursos spectabimus albos  
Phocasque in orâ torpidas,  
Balaenasque vagas, tristeis mugitibus, alte  
Occipite quae vomunt salum.
6. Illic mî liceat pedibus tentare profundas  
Glacies, ubi elephas integer  
Conditur hirsutus, primaevâ qualis in undâ  
Interiit ingens bellua.
7. Sol dum clara poli tranquilli coerulea lustrat  
Nocteis diesque pervigil ;  
Vaccarum, praeter venetas spectabimus undas,  
Greges marinos grandium.
8. Lustra lupique nigrique ursi linqnamus, in oris  
Pino severâ consitis ;  
Atque ubi vallatur nebulosis insula saxis,  
Venemur Arcticas aveis.
9. Pennarum exsiliunt sexcentum millia, et acri  
Stridore verrent aëra :  
Longa brevisve alas, nisi quas pinguedō gravatur,  
Citō volabit impetu.
10. Illic, tranquilli per vasta silentia caeli,  
Infraque dum tellus silet,  
Contigerit, tristeis aquilae spectare regressūs  
Ad saxa solitaria.
11. Vel pede suspenso gradientes molliter, intus  
Secreta praeter flumina,

- Where the Pelican of the silent North  
Sits there all silently.
12. But if thou love the *Southern* seas  
And pleasant summer weather,  
Come let us mount this gallant ship  
And sail away together.

### THE SOUTHERN SEAS.

1. Yes, let us mount this gallant ship,  
Spread canvas to the wind,  
Up! we will seek the glowing south,  
Leave care and cold behind.
2. Let the shark pursue through the waters blue  
Our flying vessel's track,  
Let strong winds blow and rocks below  
Threaten ;—we turn not back.
3. Trusting in Him who holds the sea  
In his Almighty hand,  
We'll pass the awful waters wide,  
Tread many a far off strand.
4. Right onward as our course we hold,  
From day to day the sky  
Above our head its arch shall spread  
More glowing, bright and high.
5. And from night to night, oh what delight  
In its azure depths to mark  
Stars all unknown come glitt'ring out  
Over the ocean dark.

- Visemus Pelecāna, silenti qui sedet ore,  
 Boreale per silentium.
12. Sin vos aestivae dulcis capit halitus aerae  
 Ferventiore ab aequore,  
 Illam agite O, fortem mecum conscendite navem,  
 Et mare pererremus simul.

## [ 10 ]

1. ERGO agite; hanc fortem navem conscendite : ad auram  
 Tu pande vela liberā.  
 Arva remota polo, regnata calore, petamus,  
 Curā relictā ac frigore.
2. Surgite ! carchārias piscis vestigia navis  
 In aquis sequatur coeruleis :  
 Flamina per ventosa, maris super abdita saxa,  
 Retro tamen non vertimur.
3. Olli confisi, solo qui numine fluctūs  
 Maris tremendos continet ;  
 Oceanum augustum transvecti, littora gressu  
 Longe prememus plurima.
4. Dum stabili cursu rectā procedimus, Austros  
 Petente, desuper simul  
 Clarius expandet cameram ferventior altam  
 Caelestis indies polus.
5. De nocte in noctem volupe est dignoscere porro,  
 Cyanea per sublimia,  
 Nigranti super oceano radiantia clare  
 Ignota nobis sidera :

6. The moon uprising like a sun,  
So stately, large and sheen,  
And the very stars, like cluster'd moons,  
In the crystal ether keen.
7. While all about the ship below  
Strange fiery billows play,  
The ceaseless keel through liquid fire  
Cuts wondrously its way.
8. But oh ! the South, the balmy South !  
How warm the breezes float !  
How warm the amber waters stream  
From off our basking boat !
9. Come down, come down from the tall ship's side:  
What a marvellous sight is here !  
Look ! purple rocks and crimson trees,  
Down in the deep so clear.
10. See where those shoals of dolphins go,  
A glad and glorious band,  
Sporting among the daybright woods  
Of a coral fairy land.
11. See on the violet sands beneath  
How the gorgeous shells do glide !  
O Sea, old Sea ! who yet knows half  
Of thy wonders and thy pride ?
12. Look, how the seaplants trembling float,  
All like a mermaid's locks,  
Waving in thread of ruby red  
Over those nether rocks.

6. Quum jam luna, velut sol ipse, resurgit ab undis  
 Augusta, grandis, lucida ;  
 Astraque, lunarum coetūs imitantia, puri  
 Crystallinum aetheris secant.
7. Et dum flamma superludens mirabilis ambit  
 Quidquid videtur aequoris,  
 Indefessa carina suo persulcat aratro  
 Viam per igneis liquidos.
8. Austrinis ab agris tepidae quàm suaviter aerae,  
 Oh Auster, enatant tuae !  
 Succinei tepidae pelagi quàm suaviter undae  
 Scaphis apricis defluunt !—
9. Proclinate caput celsâ de nave ; videte  
 Spectaculum mirabile ;—  
 Purpureas cauteis imo sub gurgite claras,  
 Ostroque rutilas arbores.
10. En quoque delphinûm festiva caterva sub undis !  
 Haec gestiens corallinas  
 Per silvas ludit magicas, quae sole renident  
 Clarae nec umbris obtegunt.
11. Aspiciate et conchas, ut plurima serpit arenis  
 Pulcerrima in violaceis !  
 O Mare, quis veteris gremii tua dimidiatim  
 Miranda decõra noverit ?
12. En, tamquam crines Nerëidis, herba marina  
 Natat tremore mobili ;  
 Cujus ab infernis subtemina coccinea saxis,  
 Elata, pressa,\* fluctuant ;

\* Pressa for Depressa : so Virgil Georg. 2, 203, Aen. 4, 81.



13. Heaving and sinking, soft and fair,  
 Here hyacinth, there green,  
 With many a stem of golden growth  
 And starry flow'rs between.
14. But away! away to upper day ;  
 For monstrous shapes are here :  
 Monsters of dark and wallowing bulk  
 And horny eyeballs drear.
15. The tusked mouth and the spiny fin,  
 Speckled and warted back,  
 The glittering swift and the flabby slow,  
 Ramp through this deep seatrack.
16. Away! away to upper day,  
 To glance o'er the breezy brine,  
 And see the nautilus gladly sail,  
 The flying fish leap and shine.
17. But what is that? 'tis land, 'tis land :  
 'Tis land; the sailors cry.  
 Nay : 'tis a long and narrow, cloud,  
 Betwixt the sea and sky.
18. 'Tis land, 'tis land ; they cry once more :  
 And now comes breathing on  
 An odour of the living earth,  
 Such as the sea hath none.
19. But now I mark the rising shores,  
 The purple hills, the trees ;  
 Ah! what a glorious land is here !  
 What happy scenes are these !

13. Mollis quaeque et pulcra, hyacinthina sive colorem  
 Sit, sive viridis : inter has  
 Flores stellati sparguntur, et aurea culmi  
 Contexta fila plurimi.
14. Ast agite O : superas petite auras. Prodigiosa  
 Nam monstra, nigranti cute,  
 Hic revolutantur, deformia, crassa, oculorum  
 Globis nefanda corneis.
15. Dorsum verrucosa nōtis, spinosave pinnas,  
 Serrata denteis osseos,  
 Quotquot sive corusca vigent, seu flaccida torpent,  
 Hoc infimum infestant mare.
16. Quare agite O ! superum petite aera ; respicite aurâ  
 Alăcria mobili vada,  
 Piscis ubi exsultantis ab unda squama coruscat,  
 Hilarisque cursat nautilus.
17. Illud sed quid enim est ? Terra est ; “ O terra,”  
 Verbo accinentes, navitae. [reclamant,  
 “ Immo : sed nihil est nisi longa angustaque nubes,  
 Quae dividat coelum a mari.”
18. Sed “ Terra ” ingeminant iterum : mox spirat in altum  
 Tanquam salutans hospites,  
 Qualis odor pelago non gignitur ; auraque ab ipsâ  
 Tellure viva promeans.
19. Purpurei montes, surgentia littora, et ipsae  
 Passim notantur arbores.  
 Illic nae regio floret pulcerrima ; credo,  
 Beata sedes incolis.

20. See how the tall palms lift their locks  
 From mountain cliffs! what vales,  
 Basking beneath the noontide sun,  
 That high and hotly sails!
21. Yet all about the breezy shore,  
 Unheedful of the glow,  
 Look how the children of the South  
 Are passing to and fro!
22. What noble forms! what fairy place!  
 Cast anchor in this cove:  
 Push out the boat: for in this land  
 A little we must rove.
23. We'll wander on through wood and field:  
 We'll sit beneath the vine:  
 We'll drink the limpid cocoa-milk  
 And pluck the native pine.
24. The breadfruit and cassada root,  
 And many a glowing berry  
 Shall be our feast: for here at least  
 Why should not we be merry?
25. For 'tis a Southern Paradise,  
 All gladsome; plain and shore:  
 A land so far, that here we are,  
 But shall be here no more.
26. We've seen the splendid southern clime,  
 Its seas and isles and men:  
 So now, back to a dearer land,  
 To England back again!

20. Palmarum elatas ex montibus aspice fissis  
 Sublime proceras comas.  
 En, qualis, calido sole scandente, renidet  
 Aprica vallis subjacens !
21. Progenies Austrina tamen, secura calorum  
 Meridie flagrantium,  
 Ventoso dispersa maris sub littore longe  
 Sursum deorsum cursitat.
22. Quales assurgunt ! magica est regio ipsa. Magister !  
 Hôc in sinu jace ancoram !  
 Quumque locis paulisper in his errare velimus,  
 Detrudite ocius scapham !
23. Per silvas veteres, per culta vagabimur arva,  
 Sub vite considerebimus.  
 Lac cocui purum potabimus, atque ananassam  
 Carpemus ex humo integram.
24. Arboreus panis, rubicundaque plurima bacca,  
 Radix fãrinũlentaque,  
 Suppeditent epulas : hilareis namque esse decebit  
 Isto sub axe scilicet.
25. Nos velut Elysium hic Australe, ubi littus agerque  
 Laetantur, ecce ! invēnĩmus.  
 Hic semel adsisto, nunquam rediturus eodem :  
 Tanta est loci longinquitas.—
26. Austrini tractũs pulcerrima vidimus arva,  
 Hominesque mareque et insulas :  
 Jamque retro terram, quae dilectissima restat  
 Nobis, petamus Angliam.

## THE TIME OF CHARLEMAGNE.

1. THERE was plenty in the forest ;  
     There was plenty on the plain ;  
 Lusty peasants, noble heroes,  
     In the time of Charlemagne :  
 Right was right and wrong was evil ;  
     Truth was never then too plain ;  
 All the heart came forth in music,  
     In the time of Charlemagne.
2. Every man was free to follow  
     Bird or wild beast to its den ;  
 Every man maintained his quarrel  
     With the sword and not the pen :  
 Manly thoughts and simple habits  
     Brought us health, and banished pain :  
 We have changed,—(for worse or better ?)  
     Since the time of Charlemagne.
3. Beauty won her bloom from Nature ;  
     Wives were constant, maidens true ;  
 Men were bold, strong, clear, unbending,  
     As the brave bright steel they drew ;  
 None did rise but by his merit ;  
     None did sell his soul for gain ;  
 Words did never hide man's meaning,  
     In the time of Charlemagne.

## [ 11 ]

1. LIBERTAS fuit in silvâ, fuit uber in arvo,  
Virique fortes strenui,  
Regnante magno Cârôlo.  
Veridicâ jus aut injuria voce sonabat.  
Pectus cănebat întęgre,  
Regnante magno Carolo.
  
2. Quisque ad lustra feras immunis sponte premebat.  
Lites secabant ensibus,  
Pugnare calamis inscii.  
Ingenui mores, mens mascula, corpore morbos  
Pellebat : anne mortuo  
Profecimus quid Carolo ?
  
3. Naturalis erat cunctis flos pulcer in ore :  
Castae fuere conjuges,  
Fideque certâ virgines,  
Tollebat praeclara viros audentia rectâ  
Virtute, flexileis minus  
Mucrone ferreo suo.  
Nemo tunc animum lucro vendebat, et imum  
Sensum occulebat pectoris,  
Regnante magno Carolo.

4. What a King! He fought and vanquished  
 Lombard, Saracen, Saxon, still  
 Ruling every race he conquered  
 With a deep consummate skill.  
 Once alone false Fortune checked him,—  
 Once, on Roncesvalle's plain :  
 Save that day, all else was cloudless  
 Through the time of Charlemagne.
5. But—he died! and he was buried  
 In his tomb of sculptured stone ;  
 And they robed and placed his body  
 Upright on his golden throne ;  
 With his sword and with the bible  
 Which through life he did maintain,  
 All strewn o'er with gems and spices,  
 Sate the dead King Charlemagne!
6. Since his time, the world is altered ;  
 Yet,—let's hope to see again,  
 All the sword's old valour, mingled  
 With the wisdom of the pen :  
 Till those days shall come, dear Poets,  
 Let us not perplex our brain ;  
 But, content, love truth and valour  
 Though in time of Charlemagne.

4. O qualis rex ille fuit, qui Saxōna pugnans  
 Devicit, et Mauros truceis,  
 Latamque Langobardiam.  
 Ille feros homines devictos arte regebat  
 Summâ. Fefellit hunc semel  
 Fortuna, cetera innocens.  
 Praeterquam Rontes in valle, serena fluebat  
 Et fausta sors victoriae,  
 Regnante magno Carolo.
5. Mortuus, in solio angusta cum veste sedebat  
 Erectus aureo, latens,  
 Saxi in parietibus cavi.  
 Cum gladio sanctoque libro, quem vivus honore  
 Tollebat, ibi gemmis litus  
 Aromatisque permanet.
6. Tempora mutantur : sed nos speremus, ut olim  
 Ensem videre strenuum,  
 Cordi sagaci subditum.  
 Interea, O vates, sincerè et fortiter ausa  
 Et nunc amemus et prius  
 Regnante magno Carolo.



## SECTION II.

1. YE mariners of England  
Who guard our native seas,  
Whose flag has brav'd, a thousand years,  
The battle and the breeze ;  
Your glorious standard launch again  
To match another foe,  
And sweep through the deep  
While the stormy tempests blow.  
While the battle rages loud and long  
And the stormy tempests blow.
2. 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 hearts shall glow,  
As ye sweep through the deep,  
While the stormy tempests blow,  
While the battle rages loud and long  
And the stormy tempests blow.
3. Britannia needs no bulwark,  
No tow'rs along the steep :  
Her march is o'er the mountain-wave,  
Her home is on the deep.

*Anapaestic.*

[ 12 ]

1. ANGLI nautae, qui protegitis  
     marium littus patriorum ;  
 Queis vexillum, mille per annos,  
     auras ac proelia durat ;  
 Signi decus hoc alios iterum  
     promittite compar in hosteis,  
 Et per pelagus verrite, quanquam  
     valido flent turbine venti,  
 Dum pugna furens strepit ac longum  
     validi cum flamine venti.
2. Vos atavorum magnos maneis  
     spectabitis aequore in omni,  
 Quos per nautica praelia claros  
     gremium maris obtinet ingens.  
 Ubi decubuit Blacus ac Nelson,  
     cor vobis acre flāgrabit  
 Perverrentibus aequora, quanquam  
     valido flent turbine venti,  
 Dum pugna furens strepet ac longum  
     validi cum flamine venti.
3. Nec castellis nec in abruptâ  
     muris eget Anglia rupe,  
 Quae decumanos superincedit  
     fluctus, habitatque per aequor.

With thunders from her native oak  
 She quells the floods below,  
 As they roar on her shore,  
 When the stormy tempests blow ;  
 While the battle rages loud and long,  
 And the stormy tempests blow.

4. The meteor-flag of England  
 Shall yet terrific burn,  
 Till Danger's troubled night depart,  
 And the star of Peace return.  
 Then, then, ye ocean-warriors !  
 Our song and feast shall flow  
 To the fame of your name,  
 When the storm has ceas'd to blow ;  
 When the fiery fight is heard no more  
 And the storm has ceased to blow.

#### HUNGARIAN HYMN.

1. O MAGYAR, by thy native land  
 With faithful heart abide !  
 Thy cradle first, thy grave at last,  
 It nurs'd thee, and shall hide.
2. For thee the spacious world affords  
 As home no other spot :  
 Here must thou live, and here must die ;  
 Be weal or woe thy lot.
3. Upon this soil thy father's blood  
 Flow'd to redeem thy claims :

- Populare\*** tonans robore querno  
 maris undas temperat infra,  
 Obstrepitanteis littoris orae  
 diro sub turbine venti,  
 Dum pugna furens strepit ac longum  
 validi cum flamine venti.
4. Vexilla feris aspera flammis  
 nunquam non Anglia pandet,  
 Donec abibit nox dura Metûs  
 et Pacis stella revertet.  
 Tunc, tunc pelagi bellatores !  
 fluet ex epulis celebrantûm  
 Vestra quotannis nomina carmen  
 validi post flamina venti,  
 Ignea postquam pugna residet  
 validique insania venti.

[ 13 ]

1. PATRIÆ fidus, Măgyăre ! măne :  
 dedit haec cunabula prima,  
 Bustumque dabit : quae nutrit, vit,  
 gremio te protenus abdet.
2. Alibi nusquam tibi terra domum  
 spatioso in pectore pandit :  
 Hic vivendum 'st, hie moriendum ;  
 sit sors tua tristis an alma.
3. Super hōcce sōlo păt̄rius sanguis  
 fusus tua jura redemit ;
- *Populare tonans*, uttering its country's thunder.

- Upon this soil ten centuries  
 Engrave immortal names.
4. Here struggled Arpad's gallant troop  
 To win our father-land,  
 And here the yoke of slavery  
 Was snapt by Hunyad's hand.
  5. Here Freedom's banner, dyed in blood,  
 Shone proudly from afar ;  
 Here fell the bravest of our brave  
 In long protracted war.
  6. Yet, after many a fateful chance  
 And dangers wild and grand,  
 Still lives, diminish'd but uncrush'd,  
 A nation in the land.
  7. Father of Peoples ! mighty World !  
 Of thee it claims repose :  
 Or life or death is fairly earn'd  
 By its millennial woes.
  8. It cannot be that all in vain  
 Have countless tears been shed,  
 Or vainly for the father-land  
 Unnumber'd hearts have bled.
  9. It cannot be that strength and wit  
 And purpose pure and high,  
 Crush'd by the weight of endless curse  
 Should pine away, and die.
  10. There yet will come a better day,—  
 Yes, come it will, it must,—

- Super hęc anni mille secărunt  
nomina nunquam moritura.
4. Huc Arpădii bona turma prius  
pătriam nactura mĭgravit ;  
Hęc Hunnyădis diffracta manu  
juga servitii cecidĕre.
5. Hęc procul arsit libertatis  
vexillum sanguine clarum,  
Semperque novo periit bello  
nostrae flos gentis iniquĕ.
6. Sed post varias vicibus cladeis  
et mira pericula rerum,  
Mănet hęc in ăgro gens laude minor,  
vivit tamen ac viget intus.
7. A te petit haec, Spiritus Orbis !  
requiem, Pater O pőpulorum !  
Millennialibus en ! aerumnis  
aut mors aut vita \*meretur.
8. Ne crediderim, frustra lacrimas  
numero plureis cecidisse,  
Neve ob patriam stillăsse probò  
nequicquam corda cruore.
9. Nequeunt vires atque ingenium  
prăecelsa ac pura petentŭm  
Oppressa feră vi Dirarum  
tabescere, mox moritura.
10. Etiam veniet melius seclum,—  
veniet cum numine fati ;

\* Passive.

For which the pray'rs of myriad lips  
Aspire in fervent trust.

11. Else, come there shall, if come it must,  
An ever-glorious doom,  
Where a whole nation greatly sinks  
In a blood-hallow'd tomb.
12. Then crowding round that nation's grave  
The peoples all shall stand,  
And millions consecrate the tear  
To bless the *martyr*-land.
13. O Magyar, to thy country act  
A firm and faithful part!  
She gives thee strength; and if thou fall,  
She hides thee in her heart.

#### ODE ON AN AGRICULTURAL CELEBRATION.

1. FAR back in the ages  
The plough with wreaths was crown'd:  
The hands of kings and sages  
Entwin'd the chaplet round;  
Till men of spoil Disdain'd the toil  
By which the world was nourish'd,  
And dews of blood enrich'd the soil  
Where green their laurels flourish'd.  
Now the world her fault repairs,  
The guilt that stains her story;  
And weeps her crimes amid the cares  
That form'd her earliest glory.

Pro quo e multis fervida millibus  
assurgunt vota piorum.

11. Sin fata jubent, veniat sane  
clades semper memoranda,  
Ut tota cubet gens auguste,  
sancti scrobe mersa cruoris.
12. Scrobe tunc illâ super astabunt  
populi denso agmine cuncti,  
*Promachoque*\* suo læcrimas grati  
castas sine fine sãcrabunt.
13. Pãtriae fidus, Magyãre ! mane :  
tibi vireis illa ministrat ;  
Et quum vitã deficiëris,  
deinceps te corde recondet.

## [ 14 ]

1. INTER genteis procul antiquas  
mãnibus regum ac sapientũm,  
Propter honorem, florum sertis  
obvolvebatur aratrum.  
Mox temnebant spoliatores  
operam altricem atque benignam ;  
Quorum sicubi laurũs vigeant,  
humus undat rore cruento.  
Sed praeteritae sceleris maculae  
nostrum jam poenitet orbem,  
Interque operas olim claras  
sua flens peccata resarcit.

\* *Promachus*, Gr. champion.



2. The proud throne shall crumble,  
 The diadem shall wane ;  
 The tribes of earth shall humble  
 The pride of those who reign,  
 And war shall lay His pomp away.  
 The fame that heroes cherish,  
 The glory earn'd in deadly fray  
 Shall fade, decay, and perish.  
 Honour waits o'er all the earth  
 Through endless generations  
 The art that calls her harvests forth  
 And feeds the expectant nations.

#### ERIN'S DAYS OF OLD.

1. LET Erin remember the days of old,  
 Ere her faithless sons betray'd her ;  
 When Malachi wore the collar of gold,  
 Which he won from the proud invader.  
 When her kings, with standard of green unfurl'd,  
 Led the *Red Branch*\* knights to danger,  
 Ere the emerald gem of the western world  
 Was set in the crown of a stranger.

\* *Curaidhe na Craiobhe Ruadh*

2. Ruet imperii sella : peribit  
 regum diadema superbum :  
 Violenta virûm stirps dominatrix  
 cultori cedit honesto :  
 Bellisque mălo decöre exutis,  
 rixâ quaesita malignâ  
 Laus, quam sitiunt bellatores,  
 senio marcente peribit.  
 Sed in aeternum, quà terra patet,  
 decus hanc comitabitur artem,  
 Segetes gravidas elicentem,  
 pöpulorum pabula late.

[ 15 ]

1. TEMPUS Ierne revocet veterum,  
 Prava priusquam sua progenies  
 Infidè proderet ipsam :  
 Quum colli decus aurea torquis,  
 Derepta superbo invasori,  
 Malachaeum laudibus auxit ;  
 Regesque sui, viridi elato  
 Panno, miniâ fronde \*Quirites  
 Ducebant per fera bella ;  
 Necdum regia nostra maragdus  
 Maris Hesperii gemma refulsit  
 Tempora circum peregrini.

\* The Irish *Curaidhe* (knights) seems to me etymologically identical with the Sabine *Quirites* ; from *Quiris* a spear : Irish, *Coir*, a spear.

2. On Lough Neagh's bank as the fisherman strays  
 When the clear, cold eve's declining,  
 He sees the Round Towers of other days  
 In the wave beneath him shining.  
 Thus shall Memory often in dreams sublime  
 Catch a glimpse of the days that are over ;  
 Thus, sighing, look through the waves of time  
 For the long faded glories they cover.

#### BATTLE OF HOHENLINDEN.

1. ON Linden, when the sun was low,  
 All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,  
 And dark as winter was the flow  
 Of Iser rolling rapidly.
2. But Linden saw another sight,  
 When the drum beat at dead of night,  
 Commanding fires of death to light  
 The darkness of her scenery.
3. By torch and trumpet fast array'd,  
 Each horseman drew his battle-blade ;  
 And furious every charger neigh'd  
 To join the dreadful revelry.
4. Then shook the hills with thunder riv'n,  
 Then rush'd the steed to battle driv'n,

2. *Neiate* lacu, dum frigidulâ  
 Sudus in aurâ refūgit Vesper,  
 Piscator si quis oberrat  
 Littōra praeter, vada perspiciens,  
 Videt antiquas Teretes Turreis  
 Lucenteis aequore subter.  
 Saepe ita, moeste penitus meditans  
 Res sublimeis, mens praeteritos  
 Strictim aspexit memor annos :  
 Mox dispiciens suspiravit,  
 Siquid veteris marcens decōris  
 Tegat infra temporis unda.

## [ 16 ]

1. Lindĕně quum sol super occideret,  
 Necdum pede nix nec sanguine tincta.  
 Alba manebat, fluctuquĕ Isĕris  
 Nigrans hiemale ruebat.
2. Alia at ruris patuit facies  
 Lindĕně, quando tympana noctu  
 Pulsata jubent atra locorum  
 Mortis lustrarier igni ;
3. Pārensque tubae, citō sub face quisque  
 Eques instructus gladium stringit,  
 Dum fremebundus praegestit equus  
 Diro exsultare tumultu.
4. Jam conquassat tonitrus colleis,  
 Jamque instat equi concitatus ardor,

- And louder than the bolts of heav'n  
Far flash'd the red artillery.
5. But redder yet that light shall glow  
On Linden's hills of stained snow,  
And bloodier yet the torrent flow  
Of Iser rolling rapidly.
6. 'Tis morn ; but scarce yon level sun  
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,  
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun  
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.
7. 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.
8. 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.

## SAILOR'S SONG.

1. While clouds on high are riding  
The wintry moonshine hiding,  
The raging blast abiding  
O'er mountain waves we go.  
With hind the dry land reaping,  
With townsman shelter keeping,  
With lord on soft down sleeping  
Change we our lot ? Oh no !

Procul et caeli fulmine majus  
 Strepitant rŭbra fulgura belli.

5. At, at, -rŭbrior his super arcibus  
 Illa flāgrabit nive sanguineâ  
 Lux tincta ; ruetquē Isëris porro  
 Veloce cruentior undâ.
6. Luciscit ; necdum ille humilis sol  
 Lurida Martis penetrat nubila,  
 Vis ubi Franci atque impetus Hunni  
 Tecti sub sulfure clangunt.
7. Acrius ardent. Ite O prorsum,  
 Quotquot decus e morte oppetitis.  
 Mōnāchi ! heus ! tua signa agitā, jacta :  
 Si quid potes, irrue fortis.
8. Multi cōeunt, pauci excedēt :  
 Plures lodix nivis obvolvēt .  
 Quā pes graditur cunque, sub omni  
 Requiescet cespite miles.

[ 17 ]

1. Nos, dum nebulae jubar hibernum  
 Lunae abdentes equitant sŭpra,  
 Furias inter venti, fluctus  
 Exsuperamus decumanos.  
 Num cum messore arva per arida,  
 Cum bene tecto pōpulo urbano,  
 Cum rege cubante lēvi in plumâ  
 Sortem mutabimus ? immo,

2. On stormy waves careering,  
 Each seamate seamate cheering,  
 With dauntless helmsman steering  
     Our forthward course we hold.  
 Their sails with sunbeams whiten'd  
 Themselves with glory brighten'd,  
 From care their bosoms lighten'd,  
     *Who* shall return ? The bold.

#### THE SEA SONG OF GAFRAN.

1. WATCH ye well ! the moon is shrouded  
     On her bright throne.  
 Storms are gathering : stars are clouded :  
     Waves make wild moan.  
 'Tis no night of hearthfires glowing,  
 And gay songs and wine-cups flowing ;  
 But of winds, in darkness blowing  
     O'er seas unknown.
2. In the dwellings of our fathers  
     Round the glad blaze  
 Now the festive circle gathers  
     With harps and lays.  
 Now the the rushstrewn halls are ringing,  
 Steps are bounding, bards are singing :  
 Ay, the hour to all is bringing  
     Peace, joy or praise,

2. Nos super undis perque procellas  
 Socii fr̄eti sociis, hilares  
 En ! progredimur, navem impavido  
 Rectà moderante magistro.  
 Quando in vēlis jubar albescet  
 Sōlis, quis tum laude refulgens,  
 Positis curis, corde redibit  
 Laetato ? quis, nisi fortis ?

[ 18 ]

1. VIGILATE, viri ! sidera nusquam :  
 Lunae solium  
 Nubila clarum glomerata premunt,  
 Ululantque minaciter undae.  
 Hâc nocte neque hic lar rubet igni,  
 Nec carmen ovat, calicesve mero  
 Sputant : venti sed tenēbrosi  
 Flant ignotum super aequor.
2. Quà flāgrat ignis pātriis hilaris  
 Domibus nostris,  
 Nunc cum citharâ cōit et cantu  
 Noctis festiva corona.  
 Nunc stratâ tēgēs insonat aulā,  
 Pulsā chorēis : recinit vates :  
 Scilicet illis hora quietem,  
 Laudem vel gaudia portat.



3. Save to *us*, our night-watch keeping  
 Storm-winds to brave,  
 While the very sea-bird sleeping  
 Rests in its cave.  
 Think of us, when hearths are gleaming ;  
 Think of us, when mead is streaming ;  
 Ye, of whom our souls are dreaming  
 On the dark wave.

#### TURKISH SUNSET.

1. WARM o'er the waters the red sun is glowing :  
 'Tis the last parting glance of his splendour and might :  
 While each rippling wave on the bright shore is throwing  
 Its white crest, that breaks into showers of light.
2. Each distant mosque and minaret  
 Is shining in the setting sun,  
 Whose farewell look is brighter yet  
 Than that with which his course begun.
3. On the dark blue mountains his smile is bright :  
 It glows on the orange-grove's waving height,  
 And breaks through its shade in long lanes of light.
4. No sound on the earth and no sound in the sky,  
 Save murmuring fountains that sparkle nigh,  
 And the rustling flight of the evening breeze,  
 Who steals from his nest in the cypress trees,

\* *Scapus*, shaft (of a pillar), here used for Minaret.

3. Nos sed noctu dira procellae  
 Pervigilamus,  
 Quando in latēbris accola fluctūs  
 Avis ipsa suis requiescit.  
 Nostri sitis, nostri, memores,  
 Splendente foco, plenâ paterâ,  
 Vos, O de quibus aequore in atro  
 Nostrum cor somniat aegrum.

## [ 19 ]

1. SUMMAS per aquas roseo fervet  
 Splendore suo sol extremo,  
 Cum majestate recedens.  
 Maris in littus niveâ cristam  
 Spumâ tremulae jaciunt undae,  
 Diffractâ luce pluentem.
2. Săcra quaeque aedes et quisque procul  
 Scăpus\* occiduo sole coruscat,  
 Cujus radians semper vultus  
 Degredientis clarior ardet  
 Quàm cursūs occipientis.
3. In purpureis montibus haeret  
 Blandè arridens; quàque aurantia  
 Culmine surgit crebra undanti,  
 Linea lucis plurima longae  
 Teretes intermicat umbras.
4. Nihil in terrâ, nihil e caelo  
 Sonitūs oritur, nisi quem fontes  
 Clari referunt, crepitansque aurae  
 Fuga vespertinae, quae cyparissis

*And\** a thousand dewy odours fling,  
As he shakes their white bud from his gossamer-wing.

### THE MINSTREL'S LAST WISH.

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  
Shall 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 has been;  
Seems as to me of all bereft  
Sole friends thy streams and woods are left,  
And thus I love them better still  
Ev'n 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 wither'd cheek;  
Still lay my head on Teviot-stone,  
Though there, forgotten and alone,  
The bard may draw his parting-groan.

\* "*Which* a thousand, &c."?

Nido delabitur alto,  
 Tenuisque suâ discutit alâ  
 Germina candida, mille remittens  
 Fragranteis roris odores.

[ 20 ]

O FERA mater, torva Cælëdon !  
 Pueri nutrix vatis idonea,  
 Silvis hispida, gramine fusco,  
 Turgida montibus ac fluminibus,  
 Terra meorum dilecta pãtrum !  
 Numqua resolvet vis mortalis  
 Pia vincla, tuam queis salëbrosam  
 Constringor semper ad oram ?  
 Loca prospectans nõtã ; quod est nunc,  
 Quodque ante fuit, meditans ; videor  
 Nil nisi flumina silvasque tuas  
 Carum retinere, omnibus orbis.  
 Quantoque premor gravius, tanto haec  
 Magis amplector. Propter Iarri  
 Pervager undas usque, tametsi  
 Mihi nemo pedem dirigat aegrum.  
 Usque Ettricii praecipitantia  
 Flamina captem,  
 Licet haec algens gena marcescat.  
 Usque reponam Teviate meum  
 Caput in cippo, quanquam ibi solus,  
 Memorem fallens hominum mentem,  
 Vates peream gemebundus.

## THE OLD GRAY THRUSH.

1. OF all the birds of tuneful note,  
That warble o'er field or flood,  
O give me the thrush with the speckled throat  
The king of the ringing wood.
  
2. For he sits upon the topmost twig,  
To carol forth his glee,  
And none can dance a merrier jig,  
Or laugh more loud than he.
  
- A. So the thrush, the thrush, the old gray thrush,  
A merry blithe old boy is he ;  
You may hear him on the roadside bush  
Or the topmost twig of the mountain tree.
  
3. Ere Spring, arrayed in robes of green,  
Bids beautiful flow'rets start,  
He cheereth up dull December's scene,  
With a song from his gushing heart.
  
4. But sweeter far are his notes to me,  
When, piping to the morn,  
He woos the bright sun o'er the lea  
With a flourish of his horn.
  
- A. So the thrush, &c.

## [ 21 ]

1. MEUS, ex avibus, quotquot per āgros  
Aut in flumina voce vībranti  
Resonant, turdus sit, maculoso  
Fulgens jugulo,  
Silvae rex obstrepitantis.
2. Namque ille, sedens summo in palmite,  
Gaudium in audax amat effundi ;  
Nec quisquam alācri melius saltu  
Certat, vel ovans  
Quatitur majore cachinno.
- A. Vetus ille mihi ravā turdus  
Fulgens plumā,  
Quasi verna \*jocare hilaris gestit :  
Cujus resonat vox ex dumo  
Juxtaque vias ; sive in montibus,  
E virgis arboris altæ.
3. Aura priusquam Verīs jubeat  
Viridis florum germina pandi,  
Cantūs scatēbris hicce Decembris  
Rigidas horas  
Ex imo pectore mulcet.
4. Suavius at mihi, mānē recenti  
Quod carminibus pipilat altis ;  
Clangente tubā quando invitat  
Solem augustum  
Latis splendescere campis.
- A. Vetus ille, &c.

\* In prose, Jocer,-āri. Plautus has the older form, Joco,-āre.

5. To come with the balmy breath of spring,  
 And ~~chant~~ to the orient beam,  
 To hop on his favourite bough, and sing,  
 When rich ruby sunsets gleam ;

To feed his love in her moss-built nest,  
 To rear us a singing brood,  
 And fire with song the poet's breast,  
 He haunteth the green-roof'd wood.

A. Oh the thrush, &c.

### THE HUMMING-BIRD.

1. THE humming-bird, the humming-bird !  
 So fairy-like and bright,  
 It lives among the sunny flow'rs  
 A creature of delight.
2. In the radiant islands of the East,  
 Where fragrant spices grow,  
 A thousand thousand humming-birds  
 Go glancing to and fro.
3. Like living fires they flit about,  
 Scarce larger than a bee,  
 Among the broad palmetto leaves,  
 And through the fan-palm tree.

5. Ut, cum tepido Veris flatu  
 Veniens, ortum jubar acclamet ;  
 Subque occiduo sole rubenti,  
     Frondem in nōtam  
     Volitans obliqua, recantet ;
6. Ut, sub musco conjuge fotâ,  
 Prole canorâ nos exhilaret,  
 Vatisque acuat carmine pectus ;  
     Propterea, aio,  
     Cameras petit ille virenteis.
- A. Vetus ille, &c.

[ 22 ]

1. FLORES fulgens inter âpricos  
 Avicula vivit Bombilans,  
 Scilicet hortis divula quaedam  
 Ut nata gaudio mero.
2. Ubicumque Oriens fundit odores,  
 Claras per insulas, suos,  
 Hâc atque illâc mille coruscae  
 Millies aviculae bombilant.
3. Vivus ut ignis, vix ape grandior,  
 Oberrat haec alâ lēvi,  
 Ingente super Coryphâ, et palmae  
 Per lata folia nanulae.



4. And in these wild and verdant woods,  
    Where stately *moras* tow'r,  
Where hangs from branching tree to tree  
    The scarlet passion-flow'r ;
5. Where on the mighty river-banks,  
    La Plate or Amazon,  
The cayman, like an old tree-trunk,  
    Lies basking in the sun ;
6. There builds her nest the humming-bird  
    Within the ancient wood,  
Her nest, of silky cotton-down ;  
    And rears her tiny brood.
7. She hangs it to a slender twig,  
    Where waves it light and free,  
As the Campanero tolls his song,  
    And rocks the mighty tree.
8. All crimson is her shining breast,  
    Like to the red red rose ;  
Her wing is the changeful green and blue  
    That the neck of the peacock shows.
9. Thou happy happy humming-bird !  
    No winter round thee lours :  
Thou never saw'st a leafless tree  
    Nor land without sweet flow'rs.

4. Ubi luxurians nemore in viridi  
 Praecelsa prominet *morus* ;  
 Ubi ramosis ex arboribus  
 Suspensa *clāmatis* rubet ;
5. Sive ingentis fluvii in ripis,  
 Laplātis aut Amazōnis,  
 Crocodilus ubi, vetus ut stipes,  
 Membris āpricans sternitur ;
6. Ibi, sub veteris latēbrā silvae,  
 Ex sericā lanugine  
 Nido posito, teneram prolem,  
 Avicula bombilans ! alis.
7. Nidum a virgā suspendis, ubi  
 Liber lēvisque fluctuet,  
 Dum tinnuncula carmine plangit  
 Grandemque quassat arborem.
8. Sed tibi cocco nitidum 'st pectus,  
 Instar rosae ruberrimae,  
 Alaque collum pāvonis ūti,  
 Quod viride miscet coeruleo.
9. Tu neque brumae pressa es frigore,  
 Beata avicula bombilans !  
 Neque vidisti sine flore solum,  
 Nudamve foliis arborem :

10. A reign of summer joyfulness  
To thee for life is given :  
Thy food the honey from the flow'r,  
Thy drink the dew from heav'n.
  
11. How glad the heart of Eve would be  
In Eden's glorious bow'rs,  
To see the first first humming-bird  
Among the first spring flow'rs,
  
12. Among the rainbow-butterflies,  
Before the rainbow shone,  
One moment glancing on her sight,  
Another moment gone !
  
13. Thou little shining creature !  
God sav'd thee from the flood,  
With the eagle of the mountain-land  
And the tiger of the wood.
  
14. Who car'd to save the elephant,  
He also car'd for thee,  
And gave those broad lands for thy home  
Where grows the cedar-tree.

10. Tibi laetitiae regnum aestivae  
Ad vitam agendam proditur :  
Tu caelestem potas rorem :  
Tu melle florum vescēris.
  
11. Dio in horto quàm gaudebat  
Primigena mulier, conspicans,  
Primo ut veris flori insidēret  
Avicula prima bombilans,
  
12. Modo collucens, modo vanescens ;  
Immixta pāpīlōnibus,  
Arcu pluvio nondum genito,  
Arcūs nitore perlītis.
  
13. Ex diluvio conservavit,  
Fulgens colore parvula !  
Te, simul aquilā cum montanā  
Et tigrīde silvestri, Deus.
  
14. Elephantum qui voluit salvum,  
Respexit idem te quōque ;  
Et āgros, e quēis cēdrus assurgit,  
Pro latifundiis dedit.

## SECTION III.

## THE WOUND OF IRELAND.

1. As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow,  
While the tide runs in darkness and coldness below,  
So the cheek may be ting'd with a warm sunny smile,  
Though the cold heart to ruin runs darkly the while.
2. One fatal remembrance, one sorrow, that throws  
Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes,  
To which life nothing darker or brighter can bring,  
For which joy has no balm and affliction no sting ;
3. Oh, this thought in the midst of enjoyment will stay,  
Like a dead leafless branch in the summer's bright ray.  
The beams of the warm sun play round it in vain :  
It may smile in his light, but it blooms not again.

## THE DEATH ANGEL.

1. How oft has the Benshee cried !  
How oft has Death untied  
Bright links that Glory wove,  
Sweet bonds entwined by Love !  
Peace to each manly soul that sleepeth ;  
Rest to each faithful eye that weepeth.

(Choriambic).

[ 23 ]

1. UT lustrare jubar \*summa potest aquae,  
Ima etsi gelidas sub tenebras ruant ;  
Sic, risus calidis dum rubet in genis,  
Caecum cor penitus frigore diffluit.
2. Unus sub memori mente reconditus†  
Umbrat laeta simul moestaque atro dolor,  
Algens ; quem nihil aut dirius asperet  
Vitae per reliqua, aut mitiget almius.
3. Hic, hic deliciis lentus adest comes :  
Clarâ aestate velut marcida si calet  
Frons, sôlis radiis fota flâgrantibus,  
Nequicquam niteat : non reviret decor.

[ 24 ]

1. FATALIS quoties vox Furiae strepens  
Audita est ! quoties compedis annulos  
Fregit Mors fera, quos Gloria nexuit  
Claros, seu teneros Amor !  
Forti cuique quies sit bona mortuo :  
Fidum quemque oculum fletus alat tener :

\* Summa, acc. neut. pl.

† This line is borrowed from a translation by Mr. N. L. Torre.

- Long may the fair and brave  
Sigh o'er the hero's grave.
2. We're fall'n upon gloomy days :  
Star after star decays.  
Every bright name, that shed  
Light o'er the land, is fled.  
Dark falls the tear of him who mourneth  
Lost joy, or hope that ne'er returneth :  
But brightly flows the tear,  
Wept o'er a hero's bier.
3. Oh, quench'd are our beacon-lights !  
Thou, of the hundred fights !  
Thou, on whose burning tongue  
Truth, peace and freedom hung !  
Both mute : but long as Valour shineth,  
Or Mercy's soul at war repineth,  
So long shall Erin's pride  
Tell how they liv'd and died.

#### MASSACRE OF GLENCOE.

1. O TELL me, harper, wherefore flow  
Thy wayward notes of wail and woe  
Far down the desart of Glencoe,  
Where none may list their melody ?  
Say, harp'st thou to the mists that fly,  
Or to the dun deer glancing by,  
Or to the eagle, that from high  
Screams chorus to thy minstrelsy ?

- Ploret cum nitidâ virgine vir diu,  
 Quà vir strenuus occubat.
2. Atris nos tenēbris excipiunt dies :  
 Stellae lux alii post aliam perit,  
 Et jam cuncta, quibus pātria lucidum  
 Fulset, nomina defluunt.  
 Si qui amissa dolent gaudia, vel suas  
 Spēs nunquam redūces, luridus hos premit  
 Ægor : sed lācrimis splendor inest tepens  
 Herois ferētro super.
3. Ah ! extincta cadunt lumina nostra ; Tu,  
 Centum qui suberas proelia ; Tuque item,  
 Cui linguâ ex calidâ pax bona, veritas,  
 Libertasque pependerit.  
 Obmutescit uterque : ast animosa vis  
 Dum claret, bonitasque arma vetat gemens,  
 Ierne memorans, quàm steterint probi  
 Vitâ ac morte, superbiet.

## [ 25 ]

1. Dic, quaeso, fidicen ! cur tibi defluit  
 Cantus tristitiâ saevitiâque ātrox  
 Glencōvis penitus per loca vasta, ubi  
 Nemo percipiat melos ?  
 Num pulsas nebulis æriis fides ?  
 An russis rapidè praetereuntibus  
 Cervis ? anne aquilae, quae procul aspere  
 Respondet numeris tuis ?—



2. No, not to these ; for they have rest.  
 The mist-wreath has the mountain-crest,  
 The stag his lair, the \*erne her nest,  
     Abode of lone security.  
 But those for whom I pour the lay,  
 Not wild wood deep nor mountain gray,  
 Not this deep dell that shrouds from day  
     Could screen from treacherous cruelty.
3. Their flag was furl'd and mute their drum :  
 The very household dogs were dumb,  
 Unwont to bay at guests that come  
     In guise of hospitality.  
 His blithest notes the piper plied,  
 Her gayest snood the maiden tied,  
 The dame her distaff flung aside  
     To tend her kindly housewifery.
4. The hand that mingled in the meal,  
 At midnight drew the felon steel,  
 And gave the host's kind breast to feel  
     Meed for his hospitality.  
 The friendly hearth which warm'd that hand  
 At midnight arm'd it with the brand,  
 That bade destruction's flames expand  
     Their red and fearful blazonry.
5. Then woman's shriek was heard in vain ;  
 Nor infancy's unpitied plain  
 More than the warrior's groan could gain  
     Respite from ruthless butchery.

\* Bewick calls the Sea Eagle, *the Great Erne*.

2. Immo : perfugium queis m̄anet, haud cano.  
 Montano nebula in vertice praesidet :  
 Cervum lustra vocant atque aquilam sua,  
 Sōlitaria tutaque.  
 Illos ast, ego quos carmine lugeo,  
 Non silvae feritas canave montis arx,  
 Non inum hoc caveae, quod cohibet diem,  
 Saevis eripuit dolis.
3. Vexillis positis, destiterant soni  
 Martis : conticuere hospitibus canes  
 Ipsi ; siquis inops hospitium petat,  
 Sueti parcere vocibus.  
 Tibicen numeris laetior exstrepit,  
 Virgo caesariem praenitidam ligat,  
 Curas occipiens alma domesticas  
 Uxor deposuit colum.
4. At quae se dapibus miscuerat manus,  
 Ferro nocte micat dira nefario,  
 Reddens hospitii praemia pectori  
 Mansueto domini casae.  
 Solans igne focus, quo caluit manus  
 Illa, idem rutilam nocte dedit facem,  
 Flammas horribileis exitio jubens  
 Latè serpere subdolo.
5. Auditur strepitans femineus pavor  
 Frustra ; nec gemitus magnanimi viri  
 Vagitusve tener jam rabiem feram  
 Obtruncantibus impedit.

The winter wind that whistled shrill,  
 The snows that night that choked the hill,  
 Rough, wild and pitiless, had still

Far more than Southron clemency.

6. Long have my harp's best notes been gone ;  
 Few are its strings and faint their tone :  
 They can but sound in desert lone  
 Their gray-hair'd master's misery.  
 Were each gray hair a minstrel string,  
 Each chord should imprecations fling,  
 Till startled Scotland loud should ring  
 "Revenge for blood and treachery."

#### A LADY MORALISING.

1. THE rain is falling ; the wind is loud ;  
 The morning is hiding behind a cloud ;  
 The stars are scattered by dawn of day,  
 But where is my lover ? Afar—away !
2. The east is brighter ; the wind is still :  
 The sun is rising beyond the hill.  
 It cometh—it shineth ; the dawn of day ;  
 And the step of my lover—? it comes this way.
3. Ah, the sky—it changeth, the rain—the sun ;  
 As the hope that we cherish is lost or won.  
 What care for the shadows, if hearts be gay ?  
 What use in the summer, if friends decay ?

Rauce vociferans aura hiemis, nives  
 Illâ nocte vias quae rigidae ac truces  
 Opplevēre, tamen pectore Saxonas  
 Vincebant tenero nimis.

6. Pridem mī citharae gratia deperit :  
 Paucis ex fidibus languidior sonat,  
 Quae per vasta queant canitiem sui  
 Saevam collācrimare heri.  
 Si de quôque foret crine meo fīdis,  
 Diras quisque preces mitteret, usque dum  
 " Poenas barbariae " Scotia " perfidae "  
 Experrecta reclangeret.

## [26]

1. DESTILLANT pluviae; ventus ātrox strepit ;  
 Matutina latet, nubila pone, lux.  
 Lucescente die diffugiunt rētro  
 Stellae : sed meus ille ubi ?  
 Anne meus procul est amator ?
2. Clarescīt Oriens, aura quieta flat :  
 Sol insurgit, adhuc colle reconditus.  
 Jamque aurora redit ; fulgor adest die :  
 Huc, huc, ille meus, meus,  
 Progreditur pede jam fideli.
3. Heu, coelum variat : spes ut abit—vēnit—  
 Sic sol et pluviae praetereunt—mānent.  
 Salvis quos adamo, quid mihi obest hiems ?  
 Aestas pulcra nihil valet,  
 Si mihi dispereunt amati.

4. The bloom of the seasons will come, will fly ;  
 And the heavens will alter, we know not why ;  
 But the mind that we temper is our domain ;  
 And the truth of the Spirit should conquer pain.

### MELROSE ABBEY.

If thou would'st view fair Melrose aright,  
 Go visit it by the pale moonlight ;  
 For the gay beams of lightsome day  
 Gild but to flout the ruins gray.  
 When the broken arches are black in night,  
 And each shafted oriel glimmers white :  
 When the cold light's uncertain shower  
 Streams on the ruin'd central tower ;  
 When buttress and buttress alternately  
 Seem fram'd of ebon and ivory ;  
 When silver edges the imagery,  
 And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die ;  
 When distant Tweed is heard to rave,  
 And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave ;  
 Then go,—but go alone the while,—  
 Then view St. David's ruined pile ;  
 And home returning, soothly swear,  
 Was never scene so sad and fair.

4. *Anni luxuries advēnit—avolat :*  
*Coeli temperies vertitur insciis*  
*Causarum : tamen est imperio mihi*  
*Mens regnanda : animo mānet*  
*Ingenuo superandus aegror.*

[ 27 ]

*PULCRAM Melbrōsiam probè*  
*Si spectare vēlis, sub jubare albedo*  
*Lunae visere eam decet :*  
*Nam nudans radiis aureolis dies*  
*Cānas fulgidus aedium*  
*Fractarum veneres opprobrio premit,*  
*Sed noctu loca permeans*  
*Lux incerta pluit frigida desuper ;*  
*Nigrant fragmina fornicum,*  
*Et virgata fenestra albicat enitens.*  
*Mox fulcimina moenium*  
*Alterna aspicias aut ebum aut ebur,*  
*Turri astantia maximae*  
*Diffractae : tenui et margine continet*  
*Lux argentea saxeas*  
*Ambageis vario, scriptaque quae docent*  
*Rectè vivere seu mori.*  
*Si demente procul Tueda sono furat,*  
*Et bustis ululet super*  
*Bubo ; visere tunc te jubeo sacri*  
*Moles Dāvīdis inclutas,*  
*Sōlum : tuque redux testis eris mihi*  
*(Juratusque quidem) prius*  
*Tam pulchrè tenèrè triste fuisse nil.*

## MIDHOUR OF NIGHT.

## I.

At the midhour of night, when stars are weeping, I fly  
 To the lone vale we lov'd, when life was warm in thine eye.  
 And I think, that if spirits can steal from the regions of air  
 To revisit past scenes of delight, thou wilt come to me there,  
 And tell me our love is remember'd, ev'n in the sky.

## II.

Then I sing the wild song it once was rapture to hear,  
 When our voices commingling breath'd like one on the ear.  
 And as Echo far off through the vale my sad orison rolls,  
 I think, O my love! 'tis thy voice from the kingdom of souls,  
 Faintly answering still the notes that once were so dear.

## CHAMOUNI.

SCENES long unknown to stranger sight,  
 Make all thy vales, romantic Chamouni,  
 A wonder and delight.  
 The goatherd and the shepherd and their flocks  
 Pasturing the crags around ;

## [28]

NOCTEM sub mediam, obsequens  
 Stellis moestificis, en ! ad āgros volō  
 Solos, quos adamavimus  
 Tum, quum vita oculis incaluit tuis.  
 Nam si evadere desuper  
 Possent huc animae, sique reviserent  
 Notos deliciis locos ;  
 Illuc tu quoque me, crediderim, petes.  
 Demonstrare volens, mei  
 Inter caelicolas te memorem tamen.

2. Mox voce indomitā cāno,  
 Quae quondam, nimio percīta gaudio,  
 Uno ex ore velut, simul  
 Spirabamus ibi carmine mutuo.  
 Et dum rura procul meas  
 Responsante preces votaue tristia  
 Volvunt murmure ; Te, meae !  
 Credo, deliciae ; sedibus ex piis  
 Voce agnoscere languidā  
 Carmen, quod fuerat dulce tibi prius.

## [29]

OB spectacula, quae diu  
 Externorum oculis abdita, Chāmōni !  
 Stabant,—cunctus ager tuus  
 Mirandis hominum deliciis scatet.  
 En hīc cum gregibus dūces,  
 Capris sive ovibus, quae scopulos prope  
 Pascuntur ; gremio casae  
 Saxorum implicitae, cum viridis sōli



And, bosom'd mid the ranges of the rocks,  
 Cots with their green enclosures ; and clear rills  
 Wandering with pleasant sound :  
 Groves grac'd with fruit, and fields of golden grain,  
 That supplicate the sun,  
 In the brief circle of his summer reign  
 To stay the glacier ; where, with all his force,  
 Winter, embodying in one mass the snows,  
 Brood of a thousand years,  
 Slow, silent, imperceptible on course,  
 Heaves the ice-lava and uproots the earth,  
 Forest and field, and all their blissful birth,  
 Inheritance of ages. Other part,  
 Prone torrents on the ærial precipice  
 Chain'd in their fall ; and mountains, height on height,  
 Alp pil'd on Alp, belting the central isle,  
 The emerald gem, set in eternal ice,  
 Where summer flow'rs mid frozen oceans smile :  
 And, eminent o'er all thy range and rise,  
 Mont Blanc ! sun-diadem'd with purple glow,  
 When all is night below.

\* Solem orant refrænare, i.e. ut refrænent, is justified by Virgil Ecl. 2, 43,  
 Thestylis abducere orat, for, ut liceat sibi abducere.

Septis ; et pede tinnuli  
 Rivi clarivago ; tum nemora auctuum  
 Spe fulgentia mitium ;  
 Et spicae segetum, quas creat aureas  
 Æstas. Hae prece supplices  
 Solem orare volunt, per calidos dies  
 Regnantem breviter, gelu  
 Refraenare\* fluens. Quippe suas Hiems.  
 Vi moleis nivium ferâ,  
 Annorum sobolem mille, recolligens,—  
 Cursu tarda silens diu  
 Fallenti,—glaciem, ceu domitam ignibus  
 Ætnae materiem, ruit,  
 Abraditque simul prata, nemus, solum,  
 Et quidquid sibi vindicat  
 Illinc longa dies, cui dominae omnia  
 Nascuntur bona pulcraque.  
 Rivi parte aliâ praecipites supra  
 Vinclo frigoris horrido  
 Dependent rigidi ; vastaque montium  
 Moles altior altior,  
 Alpes Alpe super ; quique maragdeam  
 Succingunt mediam insulam,  
 Gemmam perpetuo compositam gelu  
 Naturae artificis manu ;  
 Quippe æstivus ubi flos nitet obsitus  
 Praeduro, nivibus, mari.  
 Excelsisque aliis qui superemines  
 Cunctis, Candide Mons ! jūgis,  
 Ferves purpureo cum diademate  
 Solis numine percitus,  
 Infra quum tenēbris omnia nox tegit.

## [30] PSALM 19.

## I.

COELUM concelebrat Dei  
 Numen, cujus opus praenitet aethere.  
 Fatur verba dies die,  
 Et noctem remonet nox sapientiae.  
 Harum vox tacita, omnium  
 Per genteis hominum consonat impareis,  
 Sub quâcunque colant plâgâ,  
 Terras Oceanus quâ lavat ultimas.  
 Hic Sôli Deus inclitas  
 Ædeis constituit, qui nitidum caput  
 Effert, sponsus uti novus,  
 Exsultans spatiis cursor in arduis.  
 Terrarum loca fervidis  
 Collustrans radiis, torquet agens iter  
 Longinquum penitus retro ;  
 Nec quidquam latitans vim fûgit illius.

## II.

Quam lëgem posuit veridicam Deus,  
 Lapsos restituit, perdocet imbuens  
 Menteis sancta rudeis, pectora rëcreat,  
 Purâ luce oculos beat.  
 Durat perpetuo rectus honor Dei :  
 Verax judicium est, aequa jubens, Dei :

Auro quod potius quis rutilo aestimet,  
 Melle et dulcius e favo.  
 Illius monitis sedulus obsequens,  
 Servus laeta tuus praemia colligit.  
 Fraudeis quis proprias noverit ? ah, mihi  
 Labeis deme reconditas.  
 Motu ne cupido neve superbia  
 Vecordi famulus corripiar tuus ;  
 Sed per te, properum quidquid alit scelus,  
 Vitem purus et integer.  
 Sic quae verba foras ore profabor, et  
 Intus quidquid agam corde, probabitur,  
 O Supreme, tibi ; \*qui mihi Vis et Arx,  
 Propugnator et Ultor es.\*

## [ 31 ] PSALM 23.

PASTOR ipse mihi Deus,  
 Nil mihi deficiet : per virideis agros  
 Hic me ducit, ubi laetus  
 Lentas propter aquas projiciam meum.  
 Si langueverit intimi  
 Cordis robur, at hic, quidquid erit malum,  
 Purgat leniter, ad vias  
 Sanctas me retrahens ipse in fide.  
 Quanquam per tenebras ego  
 Solus progredior, valle sub aspera

\* Or by a milder interpretation : qui valida meum  
 Asservas animum manu.

Mortis, nil metuam mǎli :  
 Hujus nam baculus me fovet ac pedum.  
 Tu coram rabie hosticâ  
 Mensam mi reparas, atque oleo caput  
 Ungis : tu mihi poculum  
 Supra labra bonis deliciis rēples.  
 Sane, quotquot erunt dies,  
 Vivum cura Dei me comitabitur  
 Clemens : cujus in atriis  
 Gratam perpetuo constituam domum.

## [ 32 ] PSALM 42.

Sicco ut captat anhelitu  
 Cervus flumen aquae, sic animus meus  
 Te desiderat, O Deus !  
 Vitalem\* sitiens arida quaerito  
 Per deserta Deum : Deum  
 Ecquando obtuitu simplice perlegam ?  
 Noctu perque dies meris  
 Jam vescor lăcrimis, dum rogitant, " meus  
 Quò decesserit Arbiter."  
 Mecum si repeto talia, protinus  
 Cor effunditur intime.  
 Quondam namque alăcri cum pōpulo, die  
 Festâ, laetus in atriis  
 Sanctis astiteram, concelēbrans piâ.  
 Gratus voce Deum, Deum.  
 O cor ! tu quid enim te pavide<sup>r</sup>geris ?

\* As, Vitalis aura.



Quis te sollicitat timor ?  
 Spes innixa Deo sit tibi in Unico :  
     Posthac aspiciens Deum  
 Firmabor : mea tum vox cita profluet  
     Sanctam vim venerans memor.

Eheu ! spes animi concidit, O Deus !  
     Sed cur, mi Deus ? ecce enim  
 Te commentor aquas propter Iordānis,  
     Te sub vallibus Hermōnum,  
 Te supra Mīsāris colle fideliter :  
     Quanquam sub fremitu tuo  
 In me surgit atrox imbris aestuans  
     Gurges gurgite concitus.  
 At tu mănē tuam blandus opem dabis,  
     Jamque et nocte cāno tibi,  
 Vitalis repetens alloquium Dei.  
     ARCEM nunc equidem meam  
 Compello dubiā cum prece, Ni mei  
     Forte oblītus es, O Deus,  
 Quare saevitiā perprimor hostium ?  
     Quorum vox, gladius velut  
 Scindens ossa, vēnit laeta prōbro, “ meus  
     Num discesserit Arbitr.”—  
 O cor, tu quid enim te pavidè geris ?  
     Quis te sollicitat timor ?  
 Spes innixa Deo sit tibi in Unico.  
     Illum laude colam novā  
 Posthac, lucem oculis atque mihi Deum.

## VENICE BY NIGHT.

1. NIGHT in her dark array | steals o'er the ocean,  
And with departed day | hush'd seems its motion.  
Slowly o'er you blue coast | onward she's treading,  
Till its dark line is lost | neath her veil spreading.  
The bark on the rippling deep | hath found a pillow,  
And the pale moonbeams sleep | on the green billow.
2. Bound by her emerald zone | Venice is lying,  
And round her marble crown | night winds are sighing  
From the high lattice now | bright eyes are gleaming,  
That seem on night's dark brow | brighter stars beaming.
3. Now o'er the blue lagoon | light barks are dancing,  
And neath the silver moon | swift oars are glancing.  
Strains from the mandolin | steal o'er the water :  
Echo replies between | to mirth and laughter.  
O'er the wave seen afar | brilliantly shining,  
Gleams like a fallen star | Venice reclining.

## THE STORMY PETREL.

1. A THOUSAND miles from land are we,  
Tossing about on the roaring sea ;  
From billow to bounding billow cast,  
Like fleecy snow on the stormy blast :  
The sails are scattered about like weeds ;  
The strong masts shake, like quivering reeds ;  
The mighty cables and iron chains,  
The hull, which all earthly strength disdains,  
They strain and they crack ; and hearts of stone  
Their natural hard proud strength disown.

## [ 33 ]

1. JAM Nox oceanum suo | furtim obvolvitur amictu  
 Nigro, languidius die | decedente fluentem.  
 Tardo progreditur pede, | collium procul orae,  
 Quae nunc caerulea prominet, | obductura tenēbras :  
 Atque undā viridi maris | lux quā pallida lunae  
 Dormit in tremulā, | sopor vel navem suus urget.
2. En cubat Veneta urbs, marag|do succincta ; sed olli  
 Circa marmoreum caput | noctis ingemit aura.  
 Ex altis oculi micant | transennis radiantes,  
 Clariora quasi astra fronte | in noctis tenebrosā.
3. Nunc in caeruleâ lēvis | saltat cymba palude,  
 Et remi celeres sub ar|genteâ luce coruscant.  
 Illabuntur aquâ soni | de testudine dulces ;  
 Retro laetitiae jocisque | interclamitat Echo.  
 Talis visa procul suo in | fluctu clara recumbens,  
 Terris urbs Veneta annitet, | delapsum velut astrum.

## [ 34 ]

1. Terrâ millia mille nos | disjungit mare magnum,  
 Cujus in strepitu truci | resultantibus undis  
 Volutamur, ūti nives | colludente procellâ.  
 Vela dissiliunt fero, | tanquam stramina, vento ;  
 Mālorumque, ut arundinum, | vis robusta vībratur.  
 Ancoralia maxima | ferreaeque catenae,  
 Et, robur supereminens, | compago trabis imae  
 Laborat, crepitat, gemit : | tandem et saxea vireis  
 Suas corda renunciant, | vi devicta, superbas.



2. Up and down ! up and down !  
 From the base of the wave to the billow's crown,  
 And amidst the flashing and feathery foam  
 The stormy Petrel finds a home,—  
 A home, if such a place may be,  
 For her who lives on the wide wide sea,  
 On the craggy ice, in the frozen air,  
 And only seeketh her rocky lair  
 To warm her young and to teach them spring  
 At once o'er the wave on their stormy wing !
3. O'er the deep ! o'er the deep !  
 Where the whale and the shark and the sword-fish sleep.  
 Outflying the blast and the driving rain,  
 The Petrel telleth her tale—in vain ;  
 For the mariner curseth the warning bird,  
 Who bringeth him news of the storms unheard !  
 —Ah ! thus does the prophet, of good or ill,  
 Meet hate from the creatures he serveth still :  
 Yet he ne'er falters :—So, Petrel ! spring  
 Once more o'er the waves on thy stormy wing !

“ BELIEVE, IF YOU CAN.”

1. HOPE cannot cheat us or fancy betray,  
 Tempests ne'er scatter the blossoms of May ;  
 The wild winds are constant by method and plan.  
 Oh believe me, believe me, believe if you can !
2. Young Love, who shows us his midsummer light,  
 Spreads the same halo o'er winter's dark night :

2. Elati citò mergimur, | depressique lēvamur  
 Ex imo penitus mari | cristas rursus ad ipsas.  
 At quā plurima in aëre | spumae pluma coruscat,  
 Domum constituit suam | Procellarius ales.  
 Si forsan domus illius | non stulte memoretur,  
 Qui salsum sibi deligit | pro Penatibus aequor  
 Udum, seu glacie rigens, | coeli et arva gelati.  
 Qui saxi latēbras sui | tunc demum petit almas,  
 Pullos ut foveat pie | caros, edoceatque  
 Persultare procelleâ | pennâ desuper undas.
3. Vastos per maris Arctici | campos, quā gladiator  
 Vel squalus viget impiger, | vel balaena quiescit ;  
 Illic, praepetior volans | imbre ac flamine venti,  
 Nunciata rēfert sua | procellarius augur,  
 Ingratis : volūcreis enim | culpat nauta sinistras,  
 Quae longinqua monent viris | impendēre pericla.  
 Sic et, seu bona nunciet | verē, seu mālā narret  
 Vates, invidiam capit | vulgo, pro benefactis.  
 Perstat hic tamen. Atque tu, | Procellarie Merge !  
 Alis usque procellēis | Irruas super undā.

[ 35 ]

1. Te nec spes vaga fallat, | Nec te somnia mentis  
 Prodent ; discutietve vis | venti germina Maia.  
 Flaborum ratio viâ | constat certa ferorun.  
 Crede mihi, crede mihi, si modō possis.
2. Qualis splendor Amoris | Summā aestate tenelli  
 Lucet, usque hiemes item | durat per tenēbrosas.

- And Fame never dazzles to lure and trepan.  
Oh believe me, believe me, believe if you can !
3. Friends of the sunshine endure in the storm :  
Never they promise and fail to perform ;  
And the night ever ends as the morning began :  
Oh believe me, believe me, believe if you can !
4. Words softly spoken, no guile ever bore :  
Peaches ne'er harbour a worm at the core ;  
And the ground never slipt under high-reaching man.  
Oh believe me, believe me, believe if you can !
5. Seas undeceitful, calm smiling at morn,  
Wreck not, ere midnight, the sailor forlorn ;  
And gold makes a bridge, every evil to span.  
Oh believe me, believe me, believe if you can !

#### TO A DECEASED SISTER.

1. I THINK of thee, my sister,  
In my sad and lonely hours ;  
And the thought of thee comes o'er me  
Like the breath of morning flow'rs.  
Like music that enchants the ear,  
Like sights that bless the eye,  
Like the verdure of the meadow,  
The azure of the sky ;  
Like rainbow in the evening,  
Like blossom on the tree,  
Is the thought of thee, dear Charlotte,—  
Is the tender thought of thee.

Perstringens oculos, tamen | fallit gloria nunquam.

Crede mihi, crede mihi, si modo possis.

3. Qui sub sole sequuntur, | Juxta nube sub atrâ  
Perstant, atque fideliter | tunc promissa patrabunt.  
Qualis măně fuit color, | talis vespere constat.

Crede mihi, crede mihi, si modo possis.

4. Verba suaviloquentis | Nil falsi tibi produnt :  
Nunquam vermiculus tui | poni in corde latebat,  
Nec quisquam pede labitur, | captans ambitiosa.

Crede mihi, crede mihi, si modo possis.

5. Măně, si mare ridet | Blandum, navita nunquam  
Noctem sub mediam miser | tempestate peribit.  
Quidvis transilies mălorum, | auri in ponte perăgrans.

Credé mihi, crede mihi, si modo possis.

[ 36 ]

1. DE te clam meditor, soror !  
Horas per tacitas dolens ;  
Tuique instat imago mî,  
Măně ut flosculus halans.  
Aureis cantus ut allicit,  
Atque ut visa oculos beant ;  
Prati luxuries velut,  
Sive caerulea caeli ;  
Arcus vespere ceu nitet,  
Vel ceu germina in arbore ;  
Talis me, Chărŭlě ! tui  
Suavis tangit imago.

2. I think on thee, my sister,  
 I think on thee at even,  
 When I see the first and fairest star  
 Steal peaceful out of heaven.  
 I hear thy sweet and touching voice  
 In each soft breeze that blows,  
 Whether it waft red autumn-leaf  
 Or fan the summer rose.  
 Mid the waste of yon lone heath,  
 By this desert moaning sea,  
 I mourn for thee, dear Charlotte,  
 And shall ever mourn for thee.

SUNNY ISLE OF OUR OWN.

1. Oh had we some bright little isle of our own,  
 In a blue summer ocean; far off and alone,  
 Where a leaf never dies in the still blooming bow'rs,  
 And the bee banquets on through a whole year of flow'rs;  
 Where the sun loves to pause.  
 With so fond a delay,  
 That the night only draws  
 A thin veil o'er the day;  
 Where simply to feel that we breathe, that we live,  
 Is worth the best joy that life elsewhere can give.
2. There, with souls ever ardent and pure as the clime,  
 We should love as they lov'd in the first golden time.

2. De te clam meditor, soror !  
 Tum quum vespere siderum  
 Primum irrepere leniter  
 Cerno, luce renidens.  
 Sive Æstas agitet rosam  
 Auctumnusve rŭbram vehat  
 Frondem, tu tenèrè sonas  
 Omni suavis in aurâ.  
 Ad mare hoc sterile ac gemens,  
 Illa ad tesqua silentia,  
 Memor te, Chărŭlĕ, fleo,  
 Fleturus sine fine.

[ 37 ]

1. NOBIS insula si procul  
 Clara in oceano foret  
 Æstivo data caerulo, | solitaria, parva :  
 Quà nunquam arboribus virens  
 Frondis gratia marceat,  
 Floridique lĕgat dapes | integras apis anni :  
 Quos sol almus amans locos  
 Suavi permaneat morâ,  
 Et nox ipsa lĕvi dies | occultet modò velo !  
 Siquis hìc animam trahat,  
 Is gustaverit indies  
 Quidquid laetitiae optimae | vita donat ubivis.
2. Tunc, ut tempore in aureo  
 Prisco, et pectore simplici,

The glow of the sunshine, the balm of the air,  
 Would steal to our hearts and make all summer there.

With affection as free

From decline as the bow'rs,

And with Hope, like the bee,

Living always on flow'rs,

Our life should resemble a long day of light,

And our death come on holy and calm as the night.

#### THE BREEZE FROM SHORE.

1. Joy is upon the lonely seas,  
 When Indian forests pour  
 Forth to the billow and the breeze  
 Their odours from the shore :  
 Joy, when the soft air's fanning sigh  
 Bears-on the breath of Araby.
2. O welcome are the winds that tell  
 A wanderer of the deep,  
*Where* far away the jasmines dwell  
 And *where* the myrrh trees weep.  
 Blest, on the sounding surge and foam,  
 Are tidings of the citron's home.
3. The sailor at the helm they meet,  
 And hope his bosom stirs,  
 Upspringing mid the waves to greet  
 The fair Earth's messengers ;

Caeli ardore flagrantius | inter nosmet amemus.  
     Fervidum jubar, aëris  
     Fragrans halitus, intime  
 Per prae cordia diffluens, | aestatem ferat illuc.  
     Æternus vigeat, velut  
     Silvae luxuries, Amor ;  
 Et Spes, instar apis, novo | semper flore epuletur.  
     Tum longo similis die  
     Labens vita reluceat,  
 Lenisque ingruat ipsa mors, | ut nox, sancta, serena.

## [ 38 ]

1. GAUDENT vasta maris loca,  
     Lucis sicubi ab Indicis  
     Longe littora fluctibus  
     Halant suave per auram :  
     Gaudent, quum varii spiritus aëris  
     Blandus Arabicum gemit.\*
2. Gratae flant animae procul,  
     Nautam quae moneant vagum,  
     Quanam crescat iasmenum,  
     Quanam lacruma myrrhae :  
     Gratae, per sonitus aequoris asperos,  
     Quae prodant patriam citri.
3. Rector navis eas trahit,  
     Surgitque huic medio in mari  
     Spes sub pectore, nunciis  
     Terraë suavis adulans,

\* *Arab. gem.* "gives the sigh of Arabia."



- That woo him from the moaning main  
 Back to her glorious bow'rs again.
4. They woo him, whisp'ring lovely tales  
 Of many a flow'ring glade,  
 And fount's bright gleam, in island-vales  
 Of golden-fruited shade.  
 Across his lone ship's wake they bring  
 A vision and a glow of Spring,
5. And O, ye masters of the lay,  
 Come not ev'n thus your songs,  
 That meet us on life's weary way  
 Amidst her toiling throngs ?  
 Yes, o'er the spirit thus they bear  
 A current of celestial air.
6. Their pow'r is from the brighter clime  
 That in our birth hath part :  
 Their tones are of the world, which Time  
 Sears not within the heart.  
 They tell us of the living light  
 In its green places ever bright.
7. They call us with a voice divine  
 Back to our early love,—  
 Our vows of youth at many a shrine,  
 Whence far and fast we rove.  
 Welcome high thought and holy strain,  
 That make us Truth's and Heav'n's again.

Ex plangente salo quae tenēre ad suas  
Umbras lactat amabiles.

4. "Saltūs floriferos, aquas  
"Claras, vallibus aureos  
"Fructūs" blandiloque sonant  
"Insulas per opacas ;"

Et post terga ratis solivagae ferunt  
Veris somnia fervidi.

5. Sic, qui carmina pangitis  
Vates, vestra canora vox  
Turbas spirat in anxias  
Curâ corda prementeis,  
Et lassos animos haud secus halitu  
Cælesti penitus rigat.

6. Si quâ nascimur altiùs,  
Vireis inde suas trahens,  
Tinnit aetherium melos,  
Pulsum corde perennem,  
De vivâ remonens luce, virentia  
Mentis per loca quae micat.

7. Tum, siquis juvenis pie  
Quondam pectus amans boni  
(Heu ! rursus cito perfidus)  
Multâ vovit in aede ;  
Felici hunc recolens carmine, dia mens  
Sancto restituit Deo.

## THE ALBUM.

1. TAKE back the virgin page,  
White and unwritten still :  
Some hand more calm and sage  
The leaf must fill.  
Thoughts come, as pure as light ;  
Pure as ev'n you require :  
But oh ! each word I write,  
Love turns to fire.
  
2. Yet let me keep the book :  
Oft shall my heart renew,  
When on its leaves I look,  
Dear thoughts of you.  
Like you, 'tis fair and bright ;  
Like you, too bright and fair,  
To let wild Passion write  
One wrong wish there.
  
3. Haply, when from those eyes  
Far, far away I roam,  
Should calmer thoughts arise  
Tow'rds you and home ;  
Fancy may trace some line  
Worthy those eyes to meet,  
Thoughts that not burn but shine,—  
Pure, calm and sweet.

[ 39 ]

1. **ALBAM** rētrahe paginam,  
 Dum scripti maculâ vacat.  
 Istam callidior manus  
     Ac tranquillior ornet.  
 Nam spirat mihi quale tu  
 Poscis, luce melos scatens  
 Purâ : sed properos Amor  
     Lucem vertit in igneis.
  
2. At librum teneam tamen,  
 Quâ cor saepe tui memor  
 Caras conflet imagines,  
     Chartam commeditanti.  
 Nempe, ut tu, placide nitet ;  
 Ut tu, casta micat nimis,  
 Ne quid huc ferus impetus  
     Scriptum pravius optet.
  
3. Sed, tuis oculis procul  
 Si de te patriâque quid  
 Firmius mediter vagans ;  
     Tum mens nonnihil ausit  
 Forsan ingenio tuo  
 Dignum fingere ; quod queat  
 Collucere, nec ardeat ;  
     Purum, suave, serenum.

4. And as the records are,  
 Which wandering seamen keep,  
 Led by their hidden star  
 Through the cold deep ;  
 So may the words I write  
 Tell through what storms I stray,  
*You* still the unseen light  
 Guiding my way.

#### A MOORISH SERENADE.

1. WHILE my lady sleepeth, | the dark blue heav'n is bright :  
 Soft the moonbeam creepeth | round her bow'r all night.  
 Thou gentle, gentle breeze, | while my lady slumbers,  
 Waft lightly through the trees | echoes of my numbers.  
 Her dreaming ear to please.
2. Should ye,—breathing numbers, | that for her I weave,—  
 Should ye break her slumbers, | all my soul would grieve.  
 Rise on the gentle breeze | and gain her lattice height,  
 O'er yon poplar trees : | but be your echoes light,  
 As hum of distant bees.
3. All the stars are glowing | in the gorgeous sky :  
 In the stream scarce flowing | mimic lustres lie.  
 Blow, blow gentle breeze, | but bring no cloud to hide  
 Their dear resplendencies : | nor chase from ZARA'S side  
 Dreams bright and pure as these.

4. Atque ut per mare navitae  
 Frigidum memores viam  
 Conscribunt dubiam, suo  
 Ducti sidere caeco :  
 Sic, quae condiderim libro,  
 Dicant, quàm validis ferar  
 Ventis ; dum per opaca tu  
 Clam praesis, velut astrum.

[ 40 ]

1. CAELUM purpureum nitet, | dum dormit mea cara,  
 Cujus alma torum fovens | pernox luna quiescit.  
 Lenis aura ! per arborès, | dum dormit mea cara,  
 Leniter numeros reper- | cussos, aura ! meos vehe,  
 oblectatura soporem.
2. Si vos, carmina ! propter hanc | quae spirantia texo,—  
 Si ciebitis e sopore, | omnis corde dolebo.  
 Aurà insurgite languidâ, | illasque intrate fenestras.  
 Illas vincite pōpulos : | verum, ut bombus apum procul,  
 leni flate canore.
3. In caelo rutilant suprâ | cuncta en ! astra superbo :  
 Horum rursus imagines | lento in flumine fulgent.  
 Lenis aura ! move, move, | nec nubem vehe, cara  
 Clara lumina conditum : | nec Zarae eripe somnium,  
 tanquam sidera clarum.

## SECTION IV.

## THE FOREST.

1. 'TIS merry in greenwood, (thus runs the old lay,  
In the gladsome month of lively May,  
When the wild bird's song on stem and spray  
Invites to forest bow'r.
2. Then rears the ash his airy crest,  
Then shines the birch in silver vest,  
And the beech in glistening leaves is drest,  
And dark between shows the oak's proud breast,  
Like a chieftain's frowning tow'r.
3. Though a thousand branches join their screen,  
Yet the broken sunbeams glance between,  
And tip the leaves with lighter green,  
With brighter tints the flow'r.
4. Dull is the heart that loves not then  
The deep recess of the wildwood glen,  
Where roe and red-deer find sheltering den,  
When the sun is in his pow'r.
5. Less merry perchance is the fading leaf,  
That follows so soon on the gather'd sheaf,  
When the greenwood loses the name.
6. Silent is then the forest-bound,  
Save the redbreast's note, and the rustling sound

(Choriambic, less regular.)

[ 41 ]

1. O quàm laeta mihi omnia | (Sic carmen veterum sonat)  
 Silvam per viridem nitent | Maii mense protervo ;  
 Quando fronde super novâ | Libera insiliens avīs  
 Convexum in nemus allicit | cantillans generosum.
2. Tum bētūla comas gerit | Argenti ; aërio prope  
 Surgit vertice fraxinus,  
 Fagus et nitidum virens | lautâ in veste relucet.  
 Mox intervēnit, improbi | Turris ut nīgra reguli,  
 Pectus indomitum, suo | fretum robore, quercūs.
3. Quanquam millia frondium | Praetexant tenēbras simul,  
 At fractum jubar immicat,  
 Sub quo pallidius virent | mucrones foliorum,  
 Depictusque colore flos | clariore coruscat.
4. Nemo tunc nisi cor hebes  
 Convallem nemoris cavam  
 Temnit, quâ ruber, invēnit  
 Cervus cum cāprēis feras, | sole ardente, latēbras.
5. Forsan exhilarat minus,—  
 Postquam condita messis est,  
 Nec ultra viridis viret | silva,—frons peritura.
6. Tum silent nemoris viae,  
 Ni quâ forsav avīs rübros | fundit pectore cantum ;



Of frost-nipt leaves that are dropping round,  
 Or the deep-mouth'd cry of the distant hound  
 That opens on his game.

7. Yet then too I love the forest wide ;—  
 Whether the sun in splendour ride  
 And gild its many colour'd side,—
8. Or whether the soft and silvery haze  
 In vapoury folds o'er the landskip strays,  
 And half involves the woodland maze
9. Like an early widow's veil ;  
 Where wimpling tissue from the gaze  
 The form half hides and half betrays  
 Of beauty wan and pale.

#### THE NAUTILUS.

1. LIKE an ocean-breeze afloat,  
 In a little pearly boat—  
 Pearl within and round about,  
 And a silken streamer out,  
 Over the sea, over the sea,  
 Merrily, merrily saileth he !
2. Not for battle, not for pelf,  
 But to pleasure his own self,  
 Sails he on for many a league,  
 Nor knoweth hunger nor fatigue ;  
 Past many a rock, past many a shore,  
 Nor shifts a sail, nor lifts an oar :  
 O the joy of sailing thus,  
 Like a brave old Nautilus !

- Fronde deciduæ crepant  
 Morsae frigore, dum procul  
 Plenâ voce alâcris boat | venatu cãnis instans.
7. Silvam tunc quoque latam amo ;  
 Sive sol equitans sũpra  
 Scenam perlinat, aureũm | splendens, versicolorem ;
8. Sive obducta vaporẽis  
 Spiris rura pererret ar|genti flaccida nubes,  
 Perplexum nemus implicans ;
9. Crispati juveni velut | viduæ licia veli  
 Celant lumina pallidæ  
 Pulcritudinis anxia, | vel subinde revelant.

## [ 42 ]

1. Ut Nerẽide et Æolo  
 Quaedam progenies sata ;  
 Denatans scaphulâ in suâ  
 Unionibus ambitâ | pulcris intus et extra :  
 Laetus per mare, per mare, | Laete Nautilus explicat  
 Carbasi tenuis cutem | sericam fluitantis.
2. Non ob bella, neque ob lucrũ,\*  
 Sed suo genio placens,  
 Lassitudinis ac famis | nescius, parasangas  
 Per multos meat impigre.  
 Praeter littora plurima | Praeter saxaque, non movet  
 Velum, remige nil opu' 'st.  
 O quàm me lubet, ut vetus  
 Fortis navita Nautilus, | sic cursare per altum !

\* *Lucri* has *u* short in *Plaut. Pers. 4, 4, 118*, and apparently elsewhere.

3. Much doth know the northern Whaler,  
More the great Pacific sailor ;  
And Phœnicians, old and gray,  
In old times knew more than they ;  
But, oh ! daring voyager small  
More thou knowest than they all !  
Thou didst laugh at sun and breeze,  
On the new crested seas :
4. Thou wast with the dragon broods  
In the old sea solitudes,  
Sailing in the new-made light  
With the stony ammonite !
5. Thou didst survive the awful shock,  
That turned the ocean-bed to rock ;  
And changed its myriad living swarms  
To the marble's veined forms—  
Fossil scrolls that tell of change  
Sudden, terrible and strange !
6. Thou wast there ! thy little boat,  
Airy voyager, kept afloat  
O'er the waters wild and dismal,  
O'er the yawning gulfs abysmal.  
Amid wreck and overturning,  
Rock-imbedding, heaving, burning—  
Mid the tumult and the stir,  
Thou, most ancient mariner,  
In that pearly boat of thine,  
Sat'st upon the troubled brine !

## 3. Multa noverit, Arctico

Qui venatur in aequore | balaenas glaciali :  
 Plura, qui mare trameat | Ingens Pacificum, tenet :  
 Et plura his quoque forsitan | Cāno tempore primitus  
 Poeni calluerint senes. | Sed tu, parvule nauta !  
     Cunctis callidius sapis ;  
     Qui recens-genito in mari  
 Risisti impavidus, tuo | sole laetus et aurâ.

## 4. Solitudine tu maris

In priscâ, suboli arbiter | Drăconum intereras ferae :  
 Et sub lucè recens satâ | Susque deque mari vagus  
 Ammōnitidis impiger | cornutae cōmēs ibas.

## 5. Nae tu vivīs adhuc, licet

Telluris tremor extulit  
 Saxeam maris alveum | cum fragore tremendo ;  
     Vivosque innumerabileis  
 Molluscas variis novi | Vēnīs marmoris indidit,  
 Quae cladem memorant adhuc, | chartae fossilis instar.

## 6. Illic tu astiteras : tuus

Lintor, Nautile pervicax  
 Et ventose ! feris nīgris  
 Denatabat aquis simul, | gurgites ad hianteis.\*  
 Rerum fābrica quandō vi | Circum corruerat malâ ;  
     Inter omnia naufraga,  
     Flammas et sonitūs feros,  
     Saxa condita et edita ;  
 Antiquissime navita ! | Margaritea te tua  
 Vexit cymbula, per salum | turbatum, sine noxâ.

\* Lucan; *hiant undae*.

7. Then thou saw'st the settling ocean,  
Calming from its wild commotion ;  
And less mighty than the first  
Forth a new creation burst !
  
  8. Saw'st each crested billow rife  
With ten thousand forms of life ;  
Saw'st the budding sea-weed grow  
In the tranquil deeps below,  
And within the ocean-mines  
Hourly branching corallines.
  
  9. Thou didst know the sea, ere man  
His first voyage had begun—  
All the World hadst sailed about  
Ere America was found out ;  
Ere Ulysses and his men  
Sailed for Ithaca again ;  
Ere among the isles of Greece,  
Went Jason for the golden fleece.
  
  10. Thou wast sailing o'er the sea,  
Brave old voyager, merrily,  
While within the forest grew  
The tree which made the first canoe.  
Daring circumnavigator,  
Would thou wert thine own narrator !
-

7. Dein motūs inamabileis  
 Vidisti positos maris ;  
 Quando provēnit altera  
 Rerum forma, minor tamen | majestate prioris.
8. Vidisti quoque tu geni  
 Spumosis ab aquis novas | vitae mille figuras,  
 Lentoque in pelago infimo  
 Algae germina crescere ;  
 Et quae ex fronde cōrallinā  
 Hortis Oceanitibus | agnascuntur in horas.
9. Tu prius mare iniveras,  
 Quàm remis homo tenderet :  
 Orbis tu prius ambitum  
 Nôras, quàm novus afforet | nobis cognitus orbis ;  
 Antequam repetiverat  
 Ulixes Ithacam suam ;  
 Vel Graecas apud insulas  
 Vellus arietis aureum | requirebat Iason.
10. Per fluctūs hilaris vetus  
 Fortis nauta nataveras  
 Tunc tu, dum nemore in suo  
 Lintris primigenae cavi | mater surgeret alnus.  
 Nautile ! historias maris  
 Narres ipse utinas tuas, | errabundus et audax!

## MARS AND VENUS.

1. LIGHT sounds the harp when the combat is over,  
     When heroes are resting and joy is in bloom ;  
 When laurels hang loose from the brow of the lover  
     And Cupid makes wings of the warrior's plume.  
 But when the foe returns, | again the hero burns ;  
     High flames the sword in his hand once more.  
 The clang of mingling arms | is then the sound that charms,  
     And brazen notes of war by thousand trumpets roar.  
 Oh then comes the harp, &c.
  
2. Light went the harp when the War-god reclining  
     Lay lull'd on the white arm of Beauty to rest ;  
 When round his rich armour the myrtle hung twining,  
     And flights of young doves made his helmet their nest.  
 But when the battle came | the hero's eye breath'd flame;  
     Soon from his neck the white arm was flung ;  
 While to his wakening ear | no other sounds were dear,  
     But brazen notes of war by thousand trumpets sung.
  
3. But then came the light harp, when danger was ended,  
     And Beauty once more lull'd the War-god to rest ;  
 When tresses of gold with his laurels lay blended,  
     And flights of young doves made his helmet their nest.

## [ 43 ]

1. LENIS est citharæ canor, | ut victoria fulget,  
 Quando laude novâ fruens | hēros gaudet alācris,  
 Et virescit amantis in | fronte pendula laurus,  
 Alasque ex galeæ facit | cristis ipse Cupido.  
     Atqui si redit hostis, | Rursum provolat hēros,  
         Esis mox iterum strenuus emicat ;  
     Tum stridor ferientis | Pectus fascinat imum  
         Clangentisque sonus Martis ahenēus,  
             Mille ubi litui strepunt.  
 Tum redit citharæ canor, | ut victoria &c., &c.
  
  2. Lenis cantus erat lyrae, | hēros dum recubabat  
 Ulnâ suaviter ambītus | \*Pulcritudinis albâ.  
 Myrtus pensilis hujus arma | implicabat opima,  
 Cassidemque columbuli | pro nido retinebant.  
     Sed quum pugna redibat, | vultu fulgurat acer,  
         Cervice excutiens brachia candida.  
     Aureis evigilantis | nil lactat nisi clamor,  
         Clangentisque sonus Martis ahenēus,  
             Mille ubi litui strepunt.
  
  3. Tum molles redeunt fides | post finita pericla ;  
 Militique Venus suo | instaurans alma triumphum,  
 Lauros illius aurēis | suis crinibus ambit,  
 Pro nidoque columbuli | sidunt casside tecti.
- \* The Latins never personify *Pulcritudo*, because they have a more solid personification in *Venus*.



## ERIN'S RAINBOW.

1. ERIN ! the tear and the smile in thine eyes  
Blend like the rainbow that hangs in thy skies.  
Shining through sorrow's stream,  
Saddening through pleasure's beam,  
Thy suns with doubtful gleam | weep while they rise.
2. Erin ! thy silent tear never shall cease ;  
Erin ! thy languid smile ne'er shall increase ;  
Till like the rainbow's light,  
Thy various tints unite,  
And form in Heav'n's sight | one arch of Peace.

## OMEN TO MARMION.

1. WHERE shall the lover rest, | whom the Fates sever  
From his true maiden's breast | parted for ever ?  
Where through groves deep and high | sounds the far billow ;  
Where early violets die, | under the willow ;  
*Eleu loro !* | soft shall be his pillow.
2. There through the summer's day | cool streams are laving :  
There, while the tempests sway, | scarce are boughs waving.  
There thou thy rest shall take, | parted for ever,  
Never again to wake, | never, oh never :  
*Eleu, loro !* | never, oh never.
3. Where shall the traitor rest, | he, the deceiver.  
Who could win maiden's breast | ruin and leave her ?  
In the lost battle, | borne down by the flying,  
Where mingles war's rattle | with the groans of the dying ;  
*Eleu, loro,* | there shall he be lying.

## [44]

1. CAELO ut discolor e tuo | pendet arcus, Ierne !  
Sic risus lacrumâ tibi | miscetur per ocellos.  
Gaudii e radiis truces, | clari moestitiae per imbrem,  
Luce cum dubiâ tui | soles flent orientes.
2. Nae tu muta doloribus | semper flebis, Ierne !  
Ridenteis oculos premet | languor semper, Ierne !  
Donec se varii tui | jungent Iridis ut colores,  
Et Pacis camaram struent | unam, in lumine dio.

## [45]

1. QUO quiescet amans loco, | quem Parcae male raptum  
Fidae virginis e sinu | disjungunt sine fine ?  
Quâ luci per opaca celsi | longinqua remugit unda,  
Quâ crudae violae cadunt | sub languente salicto,  
Ah ! heu ! Illi molle cubile erit.
2. Hic die aestifero meat | rivorum gelida aura ;  
Hic ventis dominantibus | vix se virgula motat.  
Hic te, conjugiiis negatis, | aeterna quies tenebit,  
Somni compede jugiter | vinctum (eheu) nimis arctâ.  
Ah ! heu ! Securus nimium sopor.
3. Quo loco requiescet hic, | qui pellar malefidè  
Nactus virgineum s'num, | relinquit spoliatam ?  
In pugnâ trepidâ, suorum | sub strage fugâque pressus,  
Quâ Mortis gemitu feros | miscet Mars ululatûs.  
Ah ! ha ! Illuc iste jacebit, ha !

4. Her wing shall the eagle\* flap | o'er the false-hearted :  
 His warm blood the wolf shall lap | ere life be parted.  
 Shame and dishonour sit | O'er his grave ever :  
 Blessing shall hallow it, | never, oh never !  
*Eleu loro, | Never, oh never.*

## HARP OF TARA.

1. THE harp that once through Tara's halls  
 The soul of music shed,  
 Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls,  
 As if that soul were fled.
2. So sleeps the pride of former days ;  
 So glory's thrill is o'er ;  
 And hearts, that once beat high for praise,  
 Now feel that pulse no more.
3. No more to chiefs and ladies bright  
 The harp of Tara swells :  
 The chord alone, that breaks at night,  
 Its tale of ruin tells.
4. Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes ;  
 The only throb she gives,  
 Is when some heart indignant breaks,  
 To show that still She lives.

## THE DECEASED MAIDEN.

HERE's the bow'r she lov'd so much,  
 And the tree she planted.  
 Here's the harp she us'd to touch :  
 O how that touch enchanted !

\* Vulture ?

4. Alis volturius super | falso pectore plaudet,  
 Et vivi calidum lupus | linget ore cruorem.  
 Labes opprobriumque semper | busto residebit hujus ;  
 Nemo id voce piâ beabit, neque omine fausto.  
 Ah ! ha ! Famae nil erit huic bonae.

## [ 46 ]

1. Tāricis quondam lyra quae profudit  
 Atriis animam Camoenae,  
 Tārico nunc pariete muta pendet,  
 Illâ tanquam animâ fugatâ.
2. Sic ferox virtus periit priorum,  
 Gloriamque tremor quiescit :  
 Corda enim, quae laus quatiebat olim,  
 Nunc sopore jacent sepulta.
3. Regulis non jam lyra feminisque  
 Splendidis strepit illa Taræ ;  
 Rumpitur sed nocte fidis subinde,  
 Prodens una suas ruinas.
4. Sic item vitale salit fugato  
 Libertas revoluta somno,  
 Si quis indignans jecur ipse rumpit,  
 Illam vivere adhuc revelans.

## [ 47 ]

1. EN nemus, quod prorsus amabat illa,  
 Virgultumque quod ipsa sevit.  
 En lyra haec, quam percutiebat illa,  
 Heu ! cantamine fascinanti.

Roses now unheeded sigh :  
 Where's the hand to wreath them ?  
 Songs around neglected lie :  
 Where's the lip to breathe them ?  
 Spring may bloom ; but she we lov'd  
 Ne'er shall feel its sweetness.  
 Time, that once so fleetly mov'd,  
 Now hath lost its fleetness.  
 Years were days, when here she stray'd ;  
 Days were moments near her :  
 Heav'n ne'er form'd a brighter maid,  
 Nor Pity wept a dearer.

#### THE SEA GULL.

1. BIRD of the Ocean, | graceful in motion,  
 Swift in thy passage from inland to sea !  
 Oft I in fancy pace | over thy dwelling place,  
 Dear to thy nestlings, and precious to me.
2. Bright in eccentric flight, | gleaming with purest white,  
 Floating through ether all buoyant and free !  
 Raptur'd I've seen thee swerve | from thy fantastic curve,  
 Dropping with callnote to sport on the lea.
3. Oft when the billows foam, | far from thy native home,  
 Shelter'd by woodland, near meadow and brook ;  
 Over a rugged stile | thoughtful I've lean'd awhile,  
 Watching thee play with some blackamoor rook.
4. And on the shore I've stood, | marking thy snowy brood  
 Dive neath the silver wave, searching for prey ;

Jam rosae neglecta vagatur aura :  
 Consortura manus recessit.  
 Jam jacent incognita dona vatis ;  
 Cantatura labella desunt.

2. Ver potest frondere, sed hanc amatam  
 Nunquam deliciis fovebit.  
 Hora, quae quondam properans abibat,  
 Non jam se praehibet volūcrem.  
 Hanc prope, annus instar erat diei ;  
 Dies nil fuit, hâc manente.  
 Virgo nec festivior est creata,  
 Nec fletum tulit almiorem.

[48]

1. O vasti volūcris maris, | quae, pulcerrima motu,  
 Velox inter āgros et mare comneas ;  
 Tuae saepe mihi domūs | obversatur imago,  
 Pullis cara tuis, nec mihi non placens.
2. Tu, candore mero nītens, | errabunda volatu,  
 Per densum fluitas aethera libērē ;  
 Gyrove absiliens vago, | cūcūbansque in āgrestem  
 Ludum praecipitas, cor mihi fascinans.
3. Te, spumante salo, tuā | longè a sede remotam  
 Pratenseis ad aquas, sub nemore abditam,  
 Septum trans rude ligneum | scandens, saepe tuebar,  
 Corvo quum cuperes ludere cum nīgro.
4. Et vidi niveam tuum, | stans in littore, prolem  
 Praedam subter aquis quaerere limpidis :

Then to the surface rise, | soar to the fleecy skies,  
Coo to thy comrades, and hasten away.

5. Bird of the Ocean, | graceful in motion !  
Had I the pinions of Genius to soar ;  
Wild as thy airy flight, | I'd on her wings of light  
All the fair regions of fancy explore.

#### THE EAGLE.

1. NOT in the meadow and not on the shore,  
And not on the wide heath with furze covered o'er,  
Where the cry of the plover, the hum of the bee,  
Give a feeling of joyful security ;  
And not in the woods where the nightingale's song  
From the chesnut and orange pours all the day long ;  
And not where the martin has built in the eaves,  
And the redbreast once cover'd the children with leaves ;—  
Shall ye find the proud eagle. Oh, no ! come away !  
I will show you his dwelling, and point out his prey.
2. Away ! let us go where the mountains are high,  
With tall splint'ring peaks tow'ring into the sky ;  
Where old ruin'd castles are dreary and lone,  
And seem as if built for a world that is gone.  
There, up on the topmost tow'r, black as the night,  
Sits the old monarch eagle in full blaze of light.  
He is king of these mountains. Save him and his mate,  
No eagle dwells here : he is lonely and great.  
Look, look how he sits, with his keen glancing eye  
And his proud head thrown back, looking into the sky.

- Supra mox redūces, gregi | cantillant sociarum,  
 Et caeli profugae vellera subvolant.
5. Motu pulcra! avīs O maris! | si pennis amicirer  
 Claris ingenii; tum, jubar insidens,  
 Te ferocior altiorque, | explorare flagrarem  
 Pulcrarum pātriam et dulcium imaginum.

## [ 49 ]

1. NON tu littora per maris | nec per prata, vel amplos  
 Campos aureolis sentibus obsitos,  
 In queis bombus apum sonat, | garritique attagen, almā  
 Securos animos laetitiam fovens;  
 Nec quā castaneum nemus | sive aurantia fundit  
 Per diem teneros luscinae sonos,  
 Aut rübēcūla parvulos | frondibus pia texit;  
 Nec quā hirundo tenet sub tegulis laeis;—  
 Incurres aquilam feram. | Heus, heus, aspice mecum  
 Quas praedas aquilae, quas habeant domos.
2. Huc abscede, ubi de mero | montium praeacuti  
 Diffissique apices aethere promicant;  
 Quā confracta dolet situ | solitaria turris,  
 Tanquam praeterito condita seculo.  
 Illic, ater ut atra Nox, | summo in vertice celsus,  
 Plenā luce fruens, rex sedet alitum,  
 Rex horum quōque montium: | nam cum conjuge solus  
 Solā pollet ibi, comparis inscius.  
 En, qualis sedet, intimā | nictans luce, superbo  
 Rejecto capite, atque ardua suspicit.



- And hark to the rush of his outspreading wings,  
 Like the coming of tempest, as upward he springs.  
 And now, how the echoing mountains are stirr'd !  
 For that was the voice of the eagle you heard.  
 Now see how he soars ! Like a speck in the height  
 Of the bluevaulted sky, and now lost in the light,  
 Now downward he wheels, as a shaft from a bow  
 By a strong archer sent, to the valleys below.  
 And that is the bleat of a lamb of the flock !  
 One moment ; and he reascends to the rock.  
 Yes, see how the conqu'ror is winging his way,  
 And his terrible talons are holding their prey.
3. Great bird of the wilderness ! lonely and proud,  
 With a spirit unbroken, a neck never bow'd ;  
 With an eye of defiance, august and severe,  
 Who scorn'st an inferior, and hatest a peer :  
 What is it that giveth thee beauty and worth ?  
 Thou wast made for the desolate places of earth,  
 To mate with the tempest ; to match with the sea :  
 And God show'd his pow'r in the lion and thee.

#### THE PALE FLOWER.

1. How fair is thy face, Pale Flow'r !  
 The stars look down on thee,  
 And our Father's sister gazeth  
 Thy loveliness to see.  
 Bright, bright is their deathless ray,  
 But they know thou 'rt fairer than they.  
 Pale Lily of the water ! sweet flow'r !—sleep.

- Mox alae patulae sonant, | ut surgente procellâ,  
 Enitentis iter per superum æeris.
- Jam montes strepitu vibrant ; | nam se protulit ipsa  
 Verae vox aquilae, stridula personans.
- Sublimemne vides ? poli | puro fornice substat  
 Vix instar maculae, lux quoad auferat.
- Mox conversus, ūti manu | forti emissa sagitta,  
 In valleis penitus se jacit infimas.
- Grex diffūgit ; at audio | balatūs ; scopulumque  
 Surgens æeriâ jam repetit fugâ,
- Victor : nam revolat domum | dirus auspice fausto,  
 En ! agnum rapidis unguibus attinens.
3. Ales O spatii feris | solitarius instans,  
 Invictis animis, nescius et jūgi,  
 Augustis oculis ferox ; | tu, qui, jure superbus,  
 Aspernare parem, despicias imparē :—  
 Tantâ te quid enim tuâ | pulcritudine donat ?  
 Qui, telluris agros natus ad asperos,  
 Tempestatibus ut fores | consors, Oceanoque ;  
 (Juxta teque leo) vim celebras Dei.

## [ 50 ]

1. O QUAM pulcra nītes, pallide flos, mihi,  
 In quam sidera amant tueri !  
 Os in dulce tuum clara Pătris soror  
 Summi, despicit ex profundo.  
 Praefulget jubar horum exitio carens,  
 At nōrunt tibi se minores.  
 Iris suaveolens albida, dormias !

2. I've seen our loveliest maidens :  
 Their eyes as stars are bright.  
 Their voices are sweet as a fountain's,  
 That murmurs in the light.  
 But they were not a joy to me,  
 As thou, when I look on thee.  
 Pale Lily of the water, sweet flow'r ! sleep.
3. Why droopeth thy head, lone captive ?  
 Mourn not the lov'd ones blest.  
 In the White man's happy islands  
 Their spirits are at rest.  
 Thy image to them shall beam,  
 As they are beheld in thy dream.  
 Pale Lily of the water, sweet flow'r ! sleep.
4. My brother is rude to thy sorrow ;  
 He hath a warrior's soul.  
 He is terrible in the battle :  
 He scorns a maid's controul.  
 But afar in our father's home  
 Thou shalt in my bosom bloom.  
 Pale Lily of the water, sweet flow'r ! sleep.

#### OMEENA'S LAMENT.

1. WHERE is the foam of the waters ?  
 White on the golden sand it shone,  
 But a wave from the deep came dark and high ;  
 I look'd, and the foam was gone.  
 It might not linger.

2. Vultūs virgineos hīc ego amabileis  
 Vidi, sidereo micanteis  
 Obtutu ; tenerā et voce, velut suā  
 Fons in luce gemit coruscans.  
 At non tantopere hae laetitiam dabant,  
 Quantam tu, mihi contuenti.  
 Iris suaveolens albida, dormias !
3. Ne, captiva ! fleas, orba licèt tuis ;  
 Nec lugere decet beatos,  
 Albis Oceani quotquot in Insulis  
 Mānes exsultant tuorum.  
 Qualeis cara tibi somnia dant tuos,  
 Talis tu radiabis illis.  
 Iris suaveolens albida, dormias !
4. Frater moestitiam spernit atrox meus,  
 Bellatore animo superbus ;  
 Nec, qui terribilis praelia conserit,  
 Perfert imperium puellae.  
 In nostrā, procul hinc, tu pātriā tamen  
 Hōc sub pectore germinabis.  
 Iris suaveolens albida, dormias !

[ 51 ]

1. Quònam spuma abiit maris,  
 Quae modo albida in-aurēis | interluxit arenis ?  
 Quando desuper ingruit | praeceps unda nigrescens,  
 Spumă mōram pati nequibat,  
 Mīque evanuit intuenti.

2. Where is the snow-wreath of winter ?  
     Pure in the forest depths it lay :  
     But the Great Spirit looked from the stormless heav'ns,  
     And the snow-wreath pass'd away,  
     In its own breathing.
3. Where is the cloudlet of Summer ?  
     Palely it slept on the sky's calm breast :  
     But the winds blew strong and the tempest rose ;  
     The cloud found a darker rest,  
     No more returning.
4. Lovely wast thou, my sister !  
     Gentle and sad as the night's low breath.  
     Ah ! if thou hadst been less sweet and fair,  
     Thou wouldst not have charm'd cold Death,  
     Nor griev'd Omeena.
5. Vain is the voice of my sorrow.  
     Never again to the earth nor me  
     Thy spirit returns from the shadowy land :  
     And with tears shall I gaze, like thee,  
     On stars and flow'rs.
6. Yet will I cease from my mourning ;  
     Child of the moonlit Ocean foam !  
     For, a captive and orphan and lonely in woe,  
     Manitto hath call'd thee home,  
     To meet the long-lost.
7. Soon may I come to thee, dearest !  
     Sorrow and tears and the tomb are not there,  
     And the flow'rs have no fading, the storm never comes,  
     And joy fills the boundless air.  
     Sleep, sleep, thou dreamless !

2. Ubi taenia nunc nivis  
 Brumalis ; nemorum recess|su quae casta jacebat,  
 Dum demisit ab arduo | Mens Suprema serenos  
 Intūtūs ; suoque cirrus  
 Halitu liquitur nivalis.
3. Quò nubecula transiit,  
 Dudum pallida dormiens | caelum aestiva per alnum ?  
 Vi surgente tamen supra, | crudescente procellâ,  
 In tēnēbrosiora nubes  
 Occidit, reditura nunquam.
4. Sanè amabilis, O soror,  
 Fuisti, mea ! Moesta tu, | clemens noctis ut aura.  
 Ah ! minus sī amabilis, | minus pulcra fuisses,  
 Nec gelidae tu Mortis esca  
 Fōres, nec dolor Omiēnae.
5. Nequidquam tibi lūgeo.  
 Umbrarum ex domibus retrorsum | ad meq' ad superosque  
 Vitâ non redeunt novâ | Mānes : jamque ego, tanquam  
 Tu, lācrīmosa contuebor  
 Flores signaque mira caeli.
6. Sed finem lācrimis sinam ;  
 O lunâ radiantibus | spumis nata marinis,  
 Capta ab hostibus, orba item, | solitaria luctu !  
 Quam Pātēr hinc domum vocavit  
 Ex desiderio tuorum.
7. Te, carissima ! consequar  
 Cīto,—ūbi perēgrina sunt—moeror, lācrima, bustum.  
 Illic ventus ātrox abest, | non marcent ibi flores,  
 Laetitiâ sed undat āer.  
 Dormi, O, inscia somniorum.

## THE LONE SEA SHORE.

BY the lone sea shore | mournfully beat the waves.  
 Mournfully evermore | the wild wind sobs and raves.  
     A sadness and a sense of deep unrest  
     Brood on the clouds and on the water's breast.  
 But lo! the white sea mew careering | floats indolently by;  
 And lo! a snowy sail appearing | gleams fair against the sky;  
     The sadness and the loneliness depart,  
     And Nature smiles with sympathy of heart.  
 From snowy mountain peak | how sadly we look down  
 On purple moorland bleak | ungladden'd by a town!  
     The solemn grandeur is akin to pain:  
     We look for sympathy and sigh in vain.  
 But if we hear the kine deep lowing | or voice of chanticleer,  
 Or watch the azure smoke upflowing | from cottage homesteads  
     The lonely landscape glitters in the sight,                   [near,  
     And human gladness robes it with delight.

## S P R I N G.

1. 'Tis merry in the mead  
     When tree and flow'r and weed  
 Unfold their tender leaflets to wanton in the spring;  
     When the linnet in the croft  
     And the lark a mile aloft  
 And the blackbird in the thicket attune their throats to sing.

## [ 52 ]

1. PLANGUNT lugūbriter maris | sōlo in littore fluctūs :  
Ventus lugūbriter ferus | singultatque furitque.  
    Infra nubila caeca | Pectori maris incubat  
        Moeror intimus, inquiresque.
2. Sed cursu gavia otio|so praetervolat alba :  
Sed velum niveum procul | fulget nubila contra.  
    Solitudinis expers, | Tum Natura recīprocūm  
        Arridet, recreata corde.
3. Montis culmine vix placet | despectus glaciali,  
Si non sede aliquā virūm | rūbra tesqua beantur.  
    Est cognata dolori | Majestas, tibi mutuos  
        Affectūs prohibens superba.
4. Sin galli strepitūs bovesque | audimus gemebundas,  
Altève aspicimus casae | fumi coerulea parvae ;  
    Jam rus fulget, amictu | Nōvae laetitiae calens,  
        Solitudine liberatum.

## [ 53 ]

1. RIDENT undique prata, ubi | Verē luxuriantes  
Explicant teneras comas | flos et arbor et herba ;  
Si fringilla vagans āgris, | et sublimis alauda,  
    Et dumo merula ex nīgro  
        Cantum gutture consonant.



2. O 'tis merry out of doors  
 On the daisy spangled floors  
 Of the balmy fields and pastures in the sweet sweet month of  
 When the heart of youth is light [May;  
 And the face of Care grows bright,  
 And the children leap for gladness in the morning of the day.
3. Oh 'tis beautiful to see  
 How the blushing apple tree  
 And the odour laden hawthorn and the cherry and the sloe  
 Have put on their bridal gear  
 For the nuptials of the year,—  
 The bridemaids of the Earth, with their garments white as
4. And how the happy Earth [snow:  
 Growing young again in mirth,  
 Has prank'd herself in jewels to do honour to the day,—  
 Of gold and purple bright,  
 Of azure and of white,  
 Her diadem and bracelets the meadow flow'rs of May.
5. Come forth, come forth, ye sad!  
 Look at Nature, and be glad.  
 Come forth, ye toiling millions! the universe is fair.  
 Come forth from crowded street,  
 And cool your feverish feet  
 With a trample on the turf in the pleasant open air.
6. The children in the meads  
 String the buttercups like beads.  
 Be not too wise to join them, but sport as well as they.  
 Come and hear the cuckow sing:  
 Come and breathe the breath of spring,  
 And gild your life's October with the memories of May.

2. Rident pascua, sicubi | dulcis bellide Maius  
 Mensis suaveolentium | distinguit sōla āgrorum :  
 Quum frons Sollicitudinis | nitet, corque Juventae  
 Turget, luceque gestiunt  
 Saltantes pueri novā.
3. Mālos tunc video libens | erubescere, et albam  
 Spinam floriferam frāgrantem, | et prunum, cerasumque :  
 Nam Ver pignoribus sācris | cum Tellure jugatur,  
 Prōnūbæque, novis stolis  
 Amictae, niveum micant.
4. Jam Tellus, hilaris ānīmi, | denuo juvenescens,  
 Gemmis se decorat novis, | horae in hujus honorem,  
 Flores pro diademate et | pro armillis radianteis  
 Maii luteolos, rūbros,  
 Albos, coeruleos gerens.
5. Plebs o fessa laboribus ! | provenite, venite :  
 Naturae faciem venustam | exsultate videntes.  
 Egressi strepitu, mero | sub dio, gradientes  
 Herbā frigidulā super,  
 Allevatē pedum fēbrim.
6. In pratis pueri struunt | gilvo e flore catenas :  
 Tu ne sis sapiens nimis, | sed partem cape ludi.  
 Ausculta cucūli sonos ; | halitum trahe vernum ;  
 Octobrisque tuus, memor  
 Maii, defluat aureus !

## THE ARCTIC LOVER.

1. GONE is the long long winter night.  
     Look, my beloved one,  
 How glorious, thro' his depths of light,  
     Rolls the majestic sun !  
 The willows, wak'd from winter's death  
 Give out a fragrance like thy breath :  
     The summer is begun.
2. Ay ! 'tis the long bright summer day :  
     Hark to the mighty crash !  
 The loosen'd iceridge breaks away :  
     The smitten waters flash.  
 Seaward the glittering mountain rides,  
 While down its green translucent sides  
     The foamy torrents dash.
3. See, love ! my boat is moor'd for thee  
     By Ocean's weedy floor.  
 The petrel does not skim the sea  
     More swiftly than my oar.  
 We'll go, where on the rocky isles  
 Her eggs the screaming seafowl piles  
     Besides the pebbly shore.
4. Or bide thou where the poppy blows  
     With wind flow'rs frail and fair,  
 While I, upon his isle of snow,  
     Seek and defy the bear.  
 Fierce tho' he be and huge of frame,  
 This arm his savage strength shall tame,  
     And drag him from his lair.

1. Nox praelonga hiemis praeteriit : viden',  
     Meo carissima cordi ?  
 Quàm fulgidum caput efferens  
     Sol augustissimus ambit !  
 Morte ex hiemis salices redivivae  
 Fragranter olent, vel spiritus ut tuus :  
     Et nunc nempe incipit aestas.
2. En aestiva dies lucida longaque !  
     Praegrandem audisne fragorem ?  
 Sane moles glacie ruens  
     Splendores suscitât undae.  
 Jam mons praelucidus ad mare serpit,  
 Cujus virideis lâterum crystallos  
     Perrumpit spumeus humor.
3. Inum cymba tibî stat maris ad solum  
     Per algas vincta : sed aequor  
 Radit remo citior meo  
     Non âles ipse procellae.  
 Ad saxa fretis divisa exhibimus,  
 Ubi obstreperae gaviae sua condunt  
     Scruposas ova per oras.
4. Illic me maneat, quâ tenui rubet  
     Ventoso flore papaver ;  
 Ego namque ipsius in insulis  
     Quaeram nivalibus ursum :  
 Quem, viribus indomitis immanem,  
 Tamen ex propriis latëbris mea brachia  
     Protractum vi superabunt.

5. When crimson sky and flamy cloud  
 Bespeak the summer o'er,  
 And the dead valleys wear a shroud  
 Of snows that melt no more,  
 I'll build of ice thy winter-home  
 With glistening walls and glassy dome,  
 And spread with skins the floor.
6. The white fox by thy couch shall play ;  
 And from the frozen skies  
 The meteors of a mimic day  
 Shall flash before thine eyes :  
 And I (for such thy vow) meanwhile  
 Shall hear thy voice and see thy smile,  
 Till that long midnight flies.

#### THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

1. THE breaking waves dash'd high  
 On a stern and rock-bound coast,  
 And the woods against a stormy sky  
 Their giant branches toss'd.  
 And the heavy night hung dark  
 The hills and waters o'er,  
 When a band of exiles moor'd their bark  
 On the wild New England shore.
2. Not as the conqueror comes,  
 They the truehearted came ;  
 Not with the roll of the stirring drums  
 And the trumpet that sings of fame.

5. Quando in puniceâ lurida nube lux  
 Aestatem abire monebit,  
 Et vallis exanimas rigens  
 Albo nix funere condet;  
 Tibi tunc glacialia moliar atria,  
 Vitreo cum fornice, pariete fulgida, et  
 Indam pro stramine pelleis.
6. Ad cubile tuum ludere gestiet  
 Vulpecula alba : gelatum  
 Per coelum flamma, meridiem  
 Simulans, cõrusca meabit.  
 Ast interea mihi tu ridebis,  
 Me colloquio solabere, (certum'st),  
 Dum nox aufugerit atra.

[ 55 ]

IN triste littus rupibus asperum  
 Sublime plangit æquor, et ardua  
 Cœlo procelloso minanter  
 Brachia se nemorum retorquent.  
 Supra nigrescens incubuit gravis  
 Marique nox et collibus, in feras  
 Novanglicas ut exsul oras  
 Navigium manus alligabat.  
 Non cum superbâ pectore simplices  
 Venere pompâ : tympana non strépunt  
 Gyros ovantùm, non celébres  
 Buccina clara citat triumphos.

Not as the fleeing come,  
 In silence and in fear :—  
 They shook the depths of the desert gloom  
 With their hymns of lofty cheer.

3. Amidst the storm they sang,  
 And the stars heard and the sea ;  
 And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang  
 To the anthem of the free.  
 The ocean-eagle soar'd  
 From his nest by the white waves' foam,  
 And the rocking pines of the forest roar'd :  
 This was their welcome home.
4. There were men with hoary hair  
 Amidst that pilgrim band :  
 (Why had they come to wither there,  
 Away from their childhood's land ?)  
 There was woman's fearless eye,  
 Lit by her deep love's truth :  
 There was manhood's brow serenely high,  
 And the fiery heart of youth.
5. What sought they thus afar ?  
 Bright jewels of the mine ?  
 The wealth of seas ? the spoils of war ?  
 They sought a faith's pure shrine.  
 Ay, call it holy ground,  
 The soil where first they trod :  
 They have left unstain'd what there they found,—  
 Freedom\* to worship God.

\* This is incorrect. Roger Williams at Rhode Island, *escaping from persecution* of the colonists, first established religious freedom.

At nec silenti vel pavidâ fugâ  
 Vēnere, quamvis siut profugi domo ;  
 Sed voce forti personantes  
     Concutiunt vacuum profundi.  
 Inter procellas qualia concinant,  
 Auscultat aequor sideraque aetheris ;  
     Nigrasque libertatis hymnus  
     Per nemorum cameras strepebat.  
 Montana pinus contremuit fremens :  
 Nido relicto sursum aquila evolat  
     Spumis marinis, ut decoram  
     Exsulibus jubcat salutem.  
 Inter catervam quae perēgre fūgit,  
 Ibant verendi canitie senes ;—  
     (Ætate cur tandem vietâ  
     E patriâ vetere exsultantes ?).  
 Ibant sereno lumine feminae,  
 Cui fulsit intus candida caritas :  
     Ibatque frons constans virorum,  
     Pectus et igniferum juventae.  
 Quid hi petebant tam procul a domo ?  
 Clarasne gemmas, an pretium e mari  
     Bellive praedam ? sed petebant  
     Relligione frui severâ.  
 Sanctus profectò, quò profugi pedem  
 Primum extulerunt, sit locus ; a quibus  
     Legata libertas nepotum 'st  
     Intemerata Deum colendi.



## BANNOCKBURN.

1. Scots, wha hae wi Wallace bled ;  
 Scots, wham Bruce has aften led ;  
 Welcome to your gory bed,  
 Or to glorious victorie.  
 Now's the day and now's the hour :  
 See the front of battle lour :  
 See approach proud Edward's pow'r,  
 Edward, chains and slaverie.
  
2. Wha will be a traitor knave ?  
 Wha will fill a coward's grave ?  
 Wha sae base as be a slave ?  
 Traitor, coward, turn and flee !  
 Wha for Scotland's king and law  
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw,  
 Freeman stand or freeman fa',—  
 Caledonian ! on with me.
  
3. By oppression's woes and pains,  
 By our sons in servile chains,  
 We will drain our dearest veins,  
 But they shall be, shall be free !  
 Lay the proud usurpers low ;  
 Tyrants fall in every blow :  
 Libertie 's in every blow :  
 Forward : let us do or die !

1. O multa passi cum duce Wallicho,  
Ausique Brucho plura sub auspice ;  
Adeste laeti aut ad cubile  
Sanguineum, aut celēbrem ad triumphum.
2. Scoti ! dies atque hora acie nigrans  
Praesto 'st superbā : jamque ferocibus  
Edvardus armis instat, ecce !  
Vincula servitiumque portans.
3. Quis proditoris suscipiat scelus ?  
Explere inertis quis cupiat scrobem  
Turpisve servi pensa ? tergo  
Proditor ! effuge, inersve ! verso.
4. Pro jure, rege et legitimo suo,  
Quis audet ensem stringere liberum,  
Liber mori, vivusque liber ?  
Scote ! Cālēdōnie ! irruamus,
5. Per servitutis supplicia et prōbra,  
Per filios qui compedibus gemunt !  
Ni liberentur, gutta ab imo  
Profluet ultima corde nostro.
6. Valde tyrannos dejicite asperos ;  
Tyrannus est nam, quisquis ibi cadat ;  
Ictaque libertas in omni 'st,  
Quem ferit immoriturus heros.

## ENGLAND'S DEAD.

1. SON of the Ocean Isle,  
 Where sleep your mighty dead ?  
 Show me what high and stately pile  
 Is rear'd o'er glory's bed.  
 Go, stranger ! track the deep ;  
 Free, free the white sail spread :  
 Wave may not foam, nor wild wind sweep,  
 Where rest not England's dead.
  
2. On Egypt's burning plains  
 By the pyramid o'ersway'd,  
 With fearful pow'r the noontday reigns,  
 And the palm-trees yield no shade.  
 But let the angry sun  
 From heav'n look fiercely red,  
 Unfelt by those whose task is done !  
*There* slumber England's dead.
  
3. The hurricane hath might  
 Along the Indian shore ;  
 And far by Ganges' banks at night  
 Is heard the tiger's roar.  
 But let the sound roll on !  
 It hath no tone of dread  
 For those that from their toils are gone :  
*There* slumber England's dead.

[57]

1. INSULAE Oceanitidis  
 Proles ! dic mihi, vestra ubi,  
 Celsis condita molibus,  
 Pubes Martia conquiescat.  
 O hospes, albă per mare liberum  
 Tu vela pandas : sicubi gentium  
 Insanit aura, spumat unda,  
 Flos tenet Anglus ibi sepulcrum.
2. Subter pyramide arbitrâ,  
 Ægypto riguâ procul,  
 Regnat saeva meridies\*  
 Nec jam palma ministrat umbram.  
 Spectet ruber sol desuper arduus  
 Vultu feroce ; nil tulerit mali  
 Heröibus virtute functis,  
 Quotquot ibi cubat Angla pubes.
3. Oras perfurit Indicas  
 Tempestas nigra turbine :  
 Nocturnos tigrum sonos  
 Audit undique ripa Gangis.  
 Furant fremantque cum strepitu truces :  
 Formidolosi nil tamen afferent  
 Heröibus virtute functis,  
 Quotquot ibi cubat Angla pubes.

\* Since *Dies* (sing.) may always be fem. in poetry, so also, I suppose, may *Meridies*.

4. Loud rush the torrent floods  
 The western wilds among,  
 And free in green Columbia's woods  
 The hunter's bow is strung.  
 But let the floods rush on :  
 Let the arrow's flight be sped :  
 Why should they reck, whose task is done ?  
*There* slumber England's dead.
5. The mountain-storms rise high  
 In the snowy Pyrenees,  
 And toss the pine-boughs through the sky,  
 Like rose-leaves on the breeze.  
 But let the storm rage on :  
 Let the fresh wreaths be shed :  
 For the Roncesvalles' field is won ;—  
*There* slumber England's dead.
6. On the frozen deep's repose  
 'Tis a dark and dreadful hour,  
 When round the ship the icefields close,  
 And the northern night-clouds lour.  
 But let the ice drift on !  
 Let the cold blue desert spread !  
*Their* course with mast and flag is done :  
 Ev'n there sleep England's dead.
7. The warlike of the isles,  
 The men of field and wave,

4. Inter tesqua Columbiae

Amnes occidui ruunt,

Venatoris ubi feri

Per vireta resultat arcus.

Ferantur amnes protenus; involet

Stridens sagittā: non animum movent

Herōibus labore functis,

Quotquot ibi cubat Angla pubes.

5. Turbāt aura rosas lēves:

Alte dilacerans jacit

Ventus pinea fragmina,

Pyrenen agitans nivosam.

Quassetur arbor luxurians; novae

Cadant coronae; sed tamen inclutā

Vicere pugnā Rontevallis

Quotquot ibi cubat Angla pubes.

6. O rerum facies atrox,

Quum noctu glacies maris

Circumcludit iners ratem

Et nubes borealis umbrat!

Vento feratūr algida vastitas

Agri natantis caeruleo gelu:

Quippe, arte navali peractā,

Plurima ibi cubat Angla pubes.

7. Undis atque acie boni,

Nōstri herōēs ab insulis

Pro busto scopulos habent,

Littus vel mare pro cubili.

Ergo hospes! albā per mare liberum

Are not the rocks their funeral-piles,  
 The seas and shores their grave ?  
 Go, stranger ! track the deep :  
 Free, free the white sail spread.  
 Wave may not foam, nor wild wind sweep,  
 Where rest not England's dead.

[In the Latin I have ventured to add a verse, without which the piece seems to me deficient in moral weight. F. W. N.]

### ROSE OF ARGYLESHIRE.

1. At\* the silence of twilight's contemplative hour  
 I have mus'd in a sorrowful mood  
 On the wind-shaken weeds which embosom the bow'r,  
 Where the home of my forefathers stood.  
 All ruined and wild is their roofless abode,  
 And lonely the dark raven's sheltering tree ;  
 And travelled by few is the grass-cover'd road,  
 Where the hunter of deer and the warrior trode  
 To his hills that encircle the sea.
  
2. Yet wandering, I found on my ruinous walk  
 By the dial-stone aged and green  
 One rose of the wilderness left on its stalk,  
 To mark where a garden had been.  
 Like a brotherless hermit, the last of its race,

\* Qu. In ?

Tu vela pandas : sicubi gentium  
 Insanit aura, spumat unda,  
 Flos tenet Anglus ibi sepulcrum.  
 [8. At, carissima gentium  
 Meo p̄tria pectori !  
 Juris legitimum caput,  
 Juri sit tua vis ministra !  
 Tum sempiternis floreat Angliae  
 Vis, sanctitati subdita, laudibus ;  
 Nec prodigant frustra cruorem,  
 Quotquot ubique gemuntur Angli.]

## [ 58 ]

1. DUM tranquilla crepusculi  
 Per silentia ruminor, | Subtristis reputabam  
 Ut, quā stabat avīs domus  
 Infra arbusta meis, ferum | Nutet grāmen ad auram.  
 Restant en ! neque tecta parieti,  
 Nec quercu sua nigra cornix,  
 Et pauci pede jam vias terunt  
 Obsitas, agitabat unde  
 Cervos vel sua bella vir rudis  
 Per monteis, mare queis inerrat.  
 2. Inter rudera dum vāgor,  
 Quā mucet viridi situ | Horae saxeus index ;  
 Unam repperio rosam,  
 Horti quae revocet locum, | Suo in caule relictam.  
 Naturā tacitam sub efferā,



All wild in the silence of nature, it drew  
 From each wandering sunbeam a lonely embrace :  
 For the night-weed and thorn overshadowed the place,  
 Where the flow'r of my forefathers grew.

3. Sweet bud of the wilderness! emblem of all  
 That remains in this desolate heart!  
 The fabric of bliss to its centre may fall,  
 But patience shall never depart ;  
 Though the wilds of enchantment, all vernal and bright,—  
 In the days of delusion by fancy combin'd  
 With the vanishing phantoms of love and delight,—  
 Abandon my soul like a dream of the night,  
 And leave but a desert behind.
4. Be hush'd, my dark spirit! for wisdom condemns,  
 When the faint and the feeble deplore :  
 Be strong as the rock of the ocean, which stems  
 A thousand wild waves on the shore.  
 Through the perils of chance and the scowl of disdain  
 May thy front be unalter'd, thy courage elate :  
 Yea, even the name I have worshipp'd in vain  
 Shall awake not the sigh of remembrance again :  
 To bear is to conquer our fate.

Orbam, e stirpe suâ supremam,  
 Si quod solivagum tepet jubar,  
 Solitariam amore fovit.  
 Nam rosas ubi coluerant avi,  
 Nunc cicuta vëprisque obumbrat.

3. Nae tu per vacuos locos  
 Orbi cordis imaginem | Praebes, florida perstans  
 Sola : sic Patientia,  
 Si destructa Beatitas | Corruat, tamen astet.  
 Atqui somnia lucis avolant,  
 Ut noctis, populata pectus,  
 Quum conficta nitore gaudii  
 Verno blanditiisque amoris,  
 Pellexere juventam imaginum  
 Perfusam magicâ\* vagantum.

4. Atra mens mea, vah, sile :  
 Querelam sapientia | Spernit fortis inertem.  
 Sed robur cape, qualiter  
 Rupes mille feras maris | Pervicax domat undas,  
 Per pericula fortis erige  
 Spiritûs : oculo superbi  
 Coram, pallidior genas tamen  
 Ne sis : nec venerata† frustra.  
 Jam tremore animum ciat tuum.  
 Ferre est vincere nostra fata.

\* Magicâ (arte).      † Venerata, *passive*.

## THE VOICE OF SPRING.

1. I COME, I come : ye have called me long :  
I come o'er the mountains with light and song.  
Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth  
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,  
By the primrose-stars in the shadowy grass,  
By the green leaves opening as I pass.
  
2. I have breath'd on the south, and the chesnut flowers  
By thousands have burst from the forest-bowers ;  
And the ancient graves and the fallen fanes  
Are veil'd with wreaths on Italian plains.  
But it is not for me in my hour of bloom  
To speak of the ruin or the tomb.
  
3. I have look'd o'er the hills of the stormy north,  
And the larch has hung all his tassels forth,  
And the fisher is out on the sunny sea,  
And the reindeer bounds o'er the pastures free ;  
And the pine has a fringe of softer green,  
And the moss looks bright, where my foot hath been.
  
4. I have sent through the wood paths a glowing sigh,  
And call'd out each voice of the deep blue sky ;  
From the night bird's lay through the starry time  
In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,  
To the swan's wild note by the Iceland lakes,  
Where the dark fir-branch into verdure breaks.

[59] (*Dithyrambus.*)

1. Veris ! en potens, venio : | diu saepe vocata,  
Luce cincta ac suave canens, | cunctis collibus adsum.  
Expergiscentes per agros | pedum signa meorum  
Monstrat aura, quâ violae | natae commemorantur,  
Monstrat herbosae radians | umbrae primula veris,  
Germen et virens, mihi se | pandens praetereunti.
  
2. Meridiei patulis | exhalans super arvis,  
Silvae affudi castaneae | mille millia florum ;  
Passimque in campis Italis | virtum prisca sepulcra  
Dilapsaeque aedes viridi | nitent tecta coronâ.  
Sed me juvenas prohibet, | replens membra vigore,  
Ne de ruinis memorem | moestis, neve sepulcro.
  
3. In procellosos Boreae | colleis despicienti  
Cirris fimbriata laerix | lentis se mihi jactat ;  
Jamque piscator per aquas | evagatur apricas,  
Et vernos tarandus agros | persultat pede liber.  
Pinus et lautâ facie | molliore virescit,  
Et muscus nitescit, ubi | meus pes peragravit.
  
4. Per saltus vireta laeris | auram fervida misi,  
Quae caelo de purpureo | vocem quamque cievit ;  
Sive quam nocturna sonat | luco arguta tepenti  
In insulis Hesperidum | subter astra volucris ;  
Sive quam palustris olor | Insulâ in Glaciali  
Clangit, ut recentem abies | sumit nigra virorem.

5. From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain :  
They are sweeping on to the silvery main.  
They are flashing down from the mountain brows,  
They are flinging spray o'er the forest boughs.  
They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,  
And the earth resounds with the joy of waves.
  
6. Come forth, O ye children of gladness, come !  
Where the violets lie may be now your home.  
Ye of the rose-lip and dew-bright eye  
And the bounding footstep, to meet me fly.  
With the lyre and the wreath and the joyous lay  
Come forth to the sunshine : I may not stay.
  
7. Away from the dwellings of care-worn men :  
The waters are sparkling in grove and glen.  
Away from the chamber and sullen hearth :  
The young leaves are dancing in breezy mirth.  
Their light stems thrill to the wild-wood strains,  
And youth is abroad in my green domains.

5. Magnis resolvi fluviis | fontibusque catenam ;  
 En ! argenteum propere | ruunt ad maris aequor.  
 Montium de verticibus | splendent resonantes,  
 Silvarum super foliis | flant aspergine molli ;  
 Ex antris saxo vitreis | exsultant juvenales,  
 Et gaudentium strepitu | tellus tinnit aquarum.
6. Exite, exite, O pueri, | quotquot gaudia nôrint :  
 Vestra, quâ cubant violae, | domus nunc queat esse.  
 Si cui rorant luce oculi, | sive halat rosa labris,  
 Sive gressûs exsultant, | me procurrite coram.  
 Cum sertis, necnon fidium | cantu et carmine laeto,  
 Ad solis venite jubar : | non queo remanere.
7. Exite tectis hominum | curâ demorientûm :  
 Aquae in convalli nemorum | vagae quâque relucent.  
 Exite septis domuum | morosi a laris igne ;  
 Gaudio, en ! perflata novo | saltat frons juvenalis,  
 Et palmes sonore lævis | silvestri tremit intus ;  
 Juventas enim viridis | perâgrat mea regna.

## SECTION V.

## IMMORTALITY OF LOVE.

THEY sin, who tell us love can die :  
 With life all other passions fly ;  
 All others are but vanity.  
 In heav'n Ambition cannot dwell,  
 Nor Avarice in the vaults of hell.  
 Earthly these passions of the earth,  
 They perish where they have their birth.  
 But Love is indestructible :  
 Its holy flame for ever burneth :  
 From heav'n it came, to heav'n returneth.  
 Too oft on earth a troubled guest,  
 At times deceiv'd, at times opprest,  
 It here is tried and purified,  
 Then hath in heav'n its perfect rest.  
 It soweth here with toil and care,  
 But the harvest-time of Love is there.

## PEACE AFTER WAR.

Now is the winter of our discontent  
 Made glorious summer by this sun of York ;  
 And all the clouds that lour'd upon our house  
 In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.

*Iambic and Mixed Metre.*

[60]

NEFAS, Amorem posse qui dicant mori:  
 Nam ceteri fugantur affectus, citâ  
 Fugiente vitâ : quippe vani ceteri.  
 Neque Ambitionem admittit aula caelitum,  
 Neque Avaritiam profunda camera Tartari.  
 Terrena quae sunt, sorte terrenâ fluunt :  
 Ubi nascitur quid, ibi profecto idem perit.  
 Sed exitu letoque liber est Amor.  
 Illius aura, sancta sempiternaque,  
 Delapsa caelis, ardet ; in caelum redit.  
 Vexatus ille noster hospes saepius,  
 Nunc fraude captus, vi merâ nunc obrutus ;  
 Probatur ac purgatur in terris morans,  
 Requiem superne mox habebit integram.  
 Laboriose hic anxieque seminat,  
 At fruitur illic messe perfectissimâ.

[ 61 ]

NOBIS hiems morosa tandem splendida  
 Evasit aestas sole sub Eböræco ;\*  
 Nubesque cunctae, quae domum obscuraverant,  
 Evanuerè, penitus immersae mari.

\* Eboræcum and Eboracum are variously defended.



Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths,  
 Our bruised arms hung up for monuments,  
 Our stern alarums chang'd to merry meetings,  
 Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.  
 Grim-visag'd War hath smooth'd his wrinkled front,  
 And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds  
 To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,  
 He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber  
 To the lascivious\* pleatings of a lute.

#### THE ASTRONOMER.

1. UPON thy lofty tow'r,  
 O lonely sage,  
 Reading at midnight hour  
 Heav'n's awful page!  
 Thine art can poise the sun  
 In balance true,  
 And countless worlds that run  
 Beyond our view.  
 Thou scannest with clear eyes  
 The azure cope;  
 To thee the galaxies  
 Their secrets ope.  
 Thou know'st the track sublime  
 Of every star:  
 Space infinite and Time  
 Thy problems are.  
 O sage; whose mental span  
 Thus grasps the sky,

\* *I.e.*, voluptuous.

Victore serto intexta nunc est nostra frons ;  
 Suspensa remonent arma fracta proelii.  
 Ad arma nemo, sed ad hilaritatem vocat,  
 Ubi feris pro cantibus suavis canor.  
 Mars torvivultus ore rugas absterit ;  
 Nec ille equis jam veste ferri squameis  
 Insultat, animis hostium metum inferens ;  
 At feminarum in atriis saltat lævis,  
 Se delicato carmini attorquens lyrae.

[ 62 ]

1. O QUI sedens in turre solitarius.  
     Insomnis excelsâ, sagax,  
 Mediam sub horam noctis evolvis mihi.  
     Coeli verendam paginam ;  
 Tu ponderare rite solem noveris  
     In lance veraci tuâ,  
 Orbesque claros, hominis aciem qui procul  
     Mille evagantur millies.  
 Penetrante visu dispicis tu coerulei  
     Convexa mira fornix,  
 Nec tibi recondunt lacteae quidquam viae  
     Mysteriorum in abditis.  
 Astri supernam nullius non comperis,  
     Quamvis vagentur, orbitam,  
 Immensitates strenuus qui Temporis  
     Spatiique noscendas capis.  
 Mirande, cujus mens quasi in palmâ merâ  
     Coelumprehendit maximum,

- How great the soul of man  
That soars so high !
2. But yet thou canst not guess  
With all thy skill  
What seas of happiness  
My bosom fill.  
Thou canst not track the woe,  
The hope, the faith,  
That prompt the ebb and flow  
Of my poor breath.  
Outspeeding with thy thought  
The solar ray,  
Thou canst not, knowledge-fraught,  
Discern my way.  
My love,—its depth and height,—  
Thou canst not sound,  
Nor of my guilt's dark night  
Pierce the profound.  
O student of the sky !  
My pride departs.  
Worlds undiscover'd lie  
In both our hearts.

### IRELAND'S DESPAIR.

1. WEEP on, weep on ! your hour is past :  
Your dreams of pride are o'er :  
The fatal chain is round you cast,  
And you are men no more.

- O quantus ille est hominis animus, qui polum  
 Sublimis istum subvolat !
2. Utut peritus artis attamen sies,  
 Conjicere neutiquam vales,  
 Beatitatis quantus exundet meum  
 Per pectus aestus uberis.  
 Nec spem potes fiduciamve persequi,  
 Dirum vel angorem, quibus  
 Cujusque anhelat intus exhalatve cor  
 Aegri pusilli homunculi.  
 Velocitate qui jubar sōlis potest  
 Evincere animus artifex,  
 Cumulatus etsi sit scientiā, meam  
 Ignorat idem semitam.  
 Neque ille amoris altitudinem mei  
 Pertentet artis regulā,  
 Nedum valebit pravitatis intimam  
 Penētrare per caliginem.  
 Vanescit animo nimia mea superbia,  
 O computator siderum ;  
 Nam penitus in meo tuoque pectore  
 Mundi latent incogniti.

[ 63 ]

1. O FLETE, flete prorsus : hora vestra  
 Spesque praeteriit superba.  
 Fatalis en ! vos impedit catena,  
 Nec jam restat honor virilis.

In vain the hero's heart hath bled ;  
 The sage's tongue hath warn'd in vain :  
 O Freedom ! once thy flame hath fled,  
 It never lights again.

2. Weep on ! perhaps in after days  
 They'll learn to love your name ;  
 When many a deed shall wake in praise,  
 That now must sleep in blame.  
 And when they tread the ruin'd isle,  
 Where rest at length the lord and slave,  
 They'll wondering ask, how hands so vile  
 Could conquer hearts so brave.
  
3. 'Twas Fate (they'll say,) a wayward Fate  
 Your web of discord wove ;  
 And while your tyrants joined in hate,  
 You never join'd in love.  
 But hearts fell off, that ought to twine,  
 And man profan'd, what God hath given,  
 Till some were heard to curse the shrine,  
 Where others knelt to heaven.

#### SCOTCH FISHERMAN'S SONG.

1. O SWIFTLY glides the bonny boat  
 Just parted from the shore,  
 And to the fisher's chorus-note  
 Soft moves the dipping oar.

Frustra cruorem forte cor profudit,  
 Frustra lingua sagax monebat :  
 Nec flamma semel exstincta rursus unquam  
 Libertas ! tua fulget.

2. Sed flete prorsus ; hique amare forsan  
 Posthac nomina vestra discant,  
 Quum multa, turpi nunc sepulta culpâ,  
 Mox laudanda viris resurgent.  
 Insistet ut quis insulae ruinis,  
 Servos quae teget ac tyrannos,  
 Stupebit, ut vi potuerit domari  
 Virtus tanta malignâ.

3. Fato, patebit, pervicace Fato  
 Vobis dissiluisse corda.  
 Odisse nempe vestra, junxit illos ;  
 Vos sed nullus amor ligavit.  
 Nam digna caritas sôli rejecta 'st,  
 Spreta et relligio sâcrorum ;  
 Quam genibus alter dum piis honorat,  
 Probris inquinat alter.

[ 64 ]

1. NAE velox bona cymba labitur,  
 Quae jam recedit littore.  
 Remus pulsat aquam leni sono,  
 Dum constrepit vox nautica.

- His toils are borne with lightsome cheer ;  
 And ever may they speed,  
 Who feeble age and helpmates dear  
 And tender bairnies feed.
2. We cast our lines in Largo Bay ;  
 Our nets are floating wide :  
 Our bonny boat, with yielding sway.  
 Rocks lightly on the tide.  
 And happy prove our daily lot  
 Upon the summer sea,  
 And blest on land our kindly cot,  
 Where all our treasures be.
3. The mermaid on her rock may sing ;  
 The witch may weave her charm :  
 Nor water-sprite nor eldrich\* thing  
 The bonny boat can harm.  
 It safely bears its scaly store  
 Through many a stormy gale,  
 While joyful shouts rise from the shore  
 Its homeward prow to hail.

#### THE FATE OF THE OAK.

1. THE owl to her mate is calling ;  
 The river his hoarse song sings ;  
 But the oak is marked for falling,  
 That has stood for a hundred springs.

\* Elfish.

Nautæ dura hilares maris ferunt,

(Faustoque redeant exitu !)

Caras ut socias et parvulos

Ævoque debiles alant.

2. Nobis linea Largico in Sinu

Projecta retium natat :

Oscillans\* bona cymba leniter

Jactante cedit aequore.

Æstivoque mari sors prospera

Nobis quotidiana sit,

Et terrâ casa suavis, arx tegens

Quae quisque habet carissima.

3. Laevè Nerëis in saxo canat,

Et saga carmen implicet :

Atqui nec lemures cymbam bonam

Nec saeva laedet Nerëis.

Squamosas revehit tutas opes

Multo e procelloso mari,

Laeti dum celebrant e littore

Proram revertentem soni.

[ 65 ]

1. BUBO consociam vocat suam,

Fluenta rauce concinunt.

Succidenda fãbro quereus datur,

Quae centies ver pertigit.

\* *Oscillo*, a rare verb : found in Schol. Bob. to Cicero ; also in Festus.



- Hark!—a blow, and a dull sound follows,  
 A second,—he bows his head ;  
 A third,—and the wood's dark hollows  
 Now know that their king is dead.
2. His arms from their trunk are riven ;  
 His body all barked and squared ;  
 And he's now, like a felon driven  
 In chains to the strong dockyard :  
 He's sawn through the middle, and turned  
 For the ribs of a frigate free ;  
 And he's caulked, and pitched, and burned ;  
 And now—he's fit for sea !
3. Oh ! now,—with his wings outspread  
 Like a ghost (if a ghost may be),  
 He will triumph again, though dead,  
 And be dreaded in every sea :  
 The lightning will blaze about,  
 And wrap him in flaming pride ;  
 And the thunder-loud cannon will shout,  
 In the fight from his bold broadside.
4. And when he has fought, and won,  
 And been honoured from shore to shore ;  
 And his journey on earth is done,—  
 Why, what can he ask for more ?  
 There is naught that a king can claim,  
 Or a poet or warrior bold,  
 Save a rhyme and a short-lived name,  
 And to mix with the common mould.

- Reddit ha ! icta hebetem semel sonum,  
 Caput iterato pronuit ;  
 Tertio, antra gemunt silvestria  
 Decêsse reginam suam.
2. Trunco brachia dissecant, quãdrant,  
 Atramque demunt corticem :  
 Vinctam more nocentis, aream  
 Navalium in clausam trahunt.  
 Perserrant mediam : trabeis stãtim  
 Pangunt liburnae nobilis :  
 Mox pix ignea, rimis obditis,  
 Idoneam parat mari.
3. Cuncta terribilis per aequora,  
 Alas, ut umbra, (si queunt  
 Umbrae pandere) pandet, et novos  
 Vincet triumphos mortua.  
 Circum fulguribus flagrantibus,  
 Flammae superbiam gerit,  
 Dum lato ex lãtère ipsius tonat  
 Loquela pugnae lucida.
4. Quae victrix acie sit undique,  
 Honore ubique praedita,  
 Vitae praeteritis laboribus,  
 Quid jam rogabit amplius ?  
 Nil queat sibi postulare rex,  
 Vates, vel armis inclutus,  
 Praeter carmina cum famã brevi,  
 Sortemque humi promiscuam.

## LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

1. Oh, the days are gone, when Beauty bright  
     My heart's chain wove ;  
 When my dream of life, from morn to night,  
     Was Love, still Love.  
     New hope may bloom,  
     And days may come  
     Of milder calmer beam,  
 But there's nothing half so sweet in life,  
     As Love's young dream :  
 Oh, there's nothing half so sweet in life,  
     As Love's young dream.
2. Though the bard to purer fame may soar,  
     When wild youth's past ;  
 Though he win the wise, who frown'd before,  
     To smile at last ;  
     He'll never meet  
     A joy so sweet  
     In all his noon of fame,  
 As when first he sang to woman's ear  
     His soul-felt flame,  
 And at every close she blush'd to hear  
     The one-lov'd name.
3. Oh, that hallow'd form is ne'er forgot,  
     Which First Love trac'd :  
 Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot  
     On Memory's waste.

1. TEMPUS praeteriit, quo Venus aurea  
 Mī rete cordis nexuit ;  
 Quando praeripuit semper Amór,—Amor,—  
 Mentem diemque somniis.  
 Forsan spes nova floreat  
 Posthac, et veniat dies  
 Lucens mitius almius ;  
 At sane nihil hic dimidio mihi  
 Tam melle plenum deferet,  
 Quàm mentis species, quas oculis vigil  
 Amor tenellus somniat.
2. Si vatis fuerit gloria sanctior  
 Functi juventute efferá ;  
 Si contracta prius frons sapientium  
 Jám huic serena arriserit :  
 At non summa meridies\*  
 Laudis, corde sub intimo,  
 Tantam laetitiam feret,  
 Quantá personuit femineis suos  
 Primos amores auribus ;  
 Illa autem erubuit, versibus infimis  
 Se, solam amatam, se cani.
3. Quam primam speciem pinxit Amor semel  
 In corde, sacra permānet.  
 Haec et, Praeteriti per loca marcida,  
 Siquae potissimùm virent,

\* So in "England's Dead" I make *meridies* feminine.

'Twas odour, fled  
 As soon as shed ;  
 'Twas morning's wingèd dream :  
 'Twas a light that ne'er can shine again  
     On life's dull stream :  
 Oh; 'twas light that ne'er can shine again  
     On life's dull stream.

### KINDRED HEARTS.

1. OH ask not, hope not thou, too much  
     Of sympathy below :  
 Few are the hearts whence one same touch  
     Bids the sweet fountains flow ;  
 Few ; and by still conflicting pow'rs  
     Forbidden here to meet.  
 Such ties would make this life of ours  
     Too fair for aught so fleet.
2. It may be, that thy brother's eye  
     Sees not as thine, which turns  
 In such deep reverence to the sky,  
     Where the rich sunset burns.  
 It may be, that the breath of spring,  
     Born amidst violets lone,  
 A rapture o'er thy soul can bring,  
     A dream, to his unknown.
3. The tune that speaks of other times,  
     (A sorrowful delight,)

Illic assidet : ast odos  
 Ut profusus abit simul,  
 Atque ut praecipiti nimis  
 Matutina fugâ somnia divolant,  
 Sic visio praelabitur ;  
 Qualis non iterum lux hebetem mei .  
 Lustrabit aevi rivulum.

## [ 67 ]

1. NĒ speres, homo tu ! neve petas, nimis  
 Ut mutuo cor sentiat.  
 Paucis ex animis prolicitur simul  
 Affectus alme ebulliens :  
 Paucis : hosque adeo, ne coëant, premit  
 Fati potestas dissona.  
 Sane namque aliter\* vita decus brevis  
 Indueret homine grandius.
2. Forsan tu venerans longe alio polum,  
 Ac frater, obtutu capis,  
 Qui sanctos, ubi sol occiduum flāgrat  
 Opimus, hauris spiritūs.  
 Forsan, qui violis nascitur in novis  
 Per rura Veris halitūs,  
 Pertentans animum caelite vi tuum,  
 Inanis illi effunditur.
3. Quod de praeteritis obloquitur melos,  
 (Subtristis oblectatio.)—

\* For the prosaic *alioquin*, "were it not so."

The melody of distant chimes,  
 The sound of waves by night,  
 The wind, that with so many a tone  
 Some chord within can thrill,—  
 These may have language all thine own,  
 To *him* a mystery still.

4. Yet scorn not thou for this the true  
 And steadfast love of years ;  
 The kindly that from childhood grew,  
 The faithful to thy tears.  
 If there be one that o'er the dead  
 Hath in thy grief borne part  
 And watch'd through sickness by thy bed,  
 Call *his* a kindred heart.
5. But, for those bonds all perfect made  
 Wherein bright spirits blend,  
 Like sister flow'rs of one sweet shade,  
 With the same breeze that bend ;  
 For that full bliss of thought allied,  
 Never to mortals given,—  
 Oh lay thy lovely dreams aside,  
 Or lift them into heaven.

#### WILD FRITILLARY OR SNAKE HEAD.

1. LIKE a drooping thing of sorrow,  
 Sad to-day, more sad to-morrow ;  
 Like a widow dark weeds wearing,  
 Anguish in her bosom bearing ;  
 Like a nun in raiment sable,

Campanae numeris dulcicrepae procul,—  
 Nocturnus undarum sonus,—  
 Ventus, qui, modulans multimodis, valet  
 Fibras ciere cordium ;—  
 Clarâ cuncta tibi voce loqui queant,  
 Illi tametsi elingua.

4. Atqui ne tibi sit propterea lævis,  
 Quae crevit annis caritas ;  
 Quae constans fidei, semper amabilis,  
 Inde ex puertiâ fuit.  
 Si quis, collacrimans funera, particeps  
 Tui doloris exstitit,  
 Asseditque toro pervigilans tuo ;  
 Hunc " mutuum cor" aestima.
5. Sin tu vincula vis nobiliora, quae  
 Maneis supernos complicant,—  
 Unâ stirpe velut progeniti vibrant  
 Flores eodem spiritu ;—  
 Si tu laetitiam non homini datae  
 Concordiae intimam petis !  
 Vah, jucunda nimis projice somnia,  
 Vel caelitum alleva plâgis.

## [ 68 ]

1. TANQUAM sicubi quid tristius, aegrius,  
 Moerore languet indies ;  
 Pullis ut vidua in vestibus, intimo  
 Sub corde luctum comprimens ;  
 Ut furvâ residet Nonna dolens stolâ,



- Sorrow-bow'd, inconsolable ;  
 Like a melancholy Fairy,  
 Art thou, Meadow-Fritillary !
2. Like the head of snake enchanted,  
 Where whilom the life hath panted ;  
 All its purple chequerings scaly,  
 Growing cold and dim and paly ;  
 Like a dragon's head well moulded,  
 Scaly jaws together folded :  
 Is the bud so dusk and airy  
 Of the wild Field-Fritillary.
3. Like a joy my memory knoweth,  
 In my native fields it groweth ;  
 Like the voice of one long parted,  
 Calling to the faithful hearted ;  
 Like an unexpected pleasure,  
 That hath neither stint nor measure.  
 Like a bountiful good Fairy  
 Do I hail thee, Fritillary !

#### FAIRY NUMBERS.

No, not more welcome the fairy numbers  
 Of music fall on the sleeper's ear,  
 When, half awaking from fearful slumbers,  
 He thinks the full quire of heav'n is near ;  
 Than came that voice, when, all forsaken,  
 This heart long had sleeping lain,  
 Nor thought its cold pulse would ever waken  
 To such benign blessed sounds again.

Solantis exspes nuntii ;  
 Aut ut Parca domûs moestior ;—**Anguiceps**  
 Pratensis ! appāres mihi.

2. **Anguis** quale caput sub magicâ stupens,  
 Pulsante dudum sanguine ;  
 Cui tessella suae squamea purpurae  
 Pallore marcet frigido :  
**Squamosis** veluti faucibus affābre  
 Gryphi figuratur caput :  
 Talis gemma nigrat folliculo lēvi  
 Silvestris **Anguiceps** ! tua.
3. **Ornat** semper āgros haec pātrios mihi,  
 Vetusta recolens gaudia ;  
 Direntique diu vox velut intimi,  
 Pectus fidele personat ;  
**Inesperata** velut laetitia ingruit  
 Intemperata et impotens.  
 Ergo ut Parca domûs lenis et alma, sic  
 Sis salva mī bona **Anguiceps** !

[ 69 ]

1. **Non** dormienti gratior  
**Permulsas** numeris suis | cantus fascinat aureis ;  
 Quando, ex quiete vix vigil  
**Dirā**, caelicolas putat | conspirare canoros ;  
 Quān vēnit illa vox, ubi  
**Desertum** penitus meum | longus cor sopor ursit,  
 Frigens, quasi ad suaveis sonos  
**Pulsus** hand queat ipsū | faustosque evigilare.

Sweet voice of comfort ! 'twas like the stealing  
 Of summer wind through some wreathed shell ;  
 Each secret winding, each inmost feeling  
 Of all my soul echoed to its spell.  
 'Twas whisper'd balm ; 'twas sunshine spoken :  
 I'd live years of grief and pain,  
 To have my long sleep of sorrow broken  
 By such benign b'lessèd sounds again.

### THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

1. UNDER a spreading chestnut tree  
 The village smithy stands.  
 The smith, a mighty man is he,  
 With large and sinewy hands,  
 And the muscles of his brawny arm  
 Are strong as iron bands.
2. His hair is crisp and black and long ;  
 His face is like the tan :  
 His brow is wet with honest sweat :  
 He earns whate'er he can,  
 And looks the whole world in the face ;  
 For he owes not any man.
3. Week in, week out, from morn to night,  
 You can hear his bellows blow :  
 You can hear him swing his heavy sledge  
 With measur'd beat and slow,  
 Like a sexton ringing the village bell,  
 When the evening sun is low.

2. Qualis, per intortam means  
 Concham, spiritus insonat | Æstatis ; penetrales  
 Clam fusa per sensus, mei  
 Solatrix animi respon|sum vox alma cievit.  
 Susurrus ipse vulneri  
 Lenimen, tenëbris jubar. | Oh, quàm degere vellem  
 Annos dolore torpidos,  
 Si demum tenero sono | tam fausto recrearer !

## [ 70 ]

1. Castaneâ stat sub patulâ  
 Ferraria officina,  
 Nervosis ubi vir manibus  
 Ingentibusque fingit,  
 Brachia dura toris retagens,  
 Ut calceata ferro.
2. Crine nigro, crasso, longo ;  
 Oris colore furvus ;  
 Fronte probâ sudat large,  
 Meretque pro virili ;  
 Nec populi timet ille oculos,  
 Ut nemini obligatus.
3. Praeter festa, die solido  
 Folles strepunt perennes,  
 Malleus et ferit immanis  
 Metroque temperatus,  
 Ædituus velut, occiduo  
 Sub sole, tinnit ære.

4. And children coming home from school  
 Look in at the open door :  
 They love to see the flaming forge  
 And hear the bellows roar,  
 And catch the burning sparks that fly  
 Like chaff from a threshing floor.
5. He goes on Sunday to the church  
 And sits among his boys :  
 He hears the parson pray and preach ;  
 He hears his daughter's voice,  
 Singing in the village choir ;  
 And it makes his heart rejoice.
6. It sounds to him like her mother's voice,  
 Singing in Paradise.  
 He needs must think of her once more  
 How in the grave she lies ;  
 And with his hard rough hand he wipes  
 A tear out of his eyes.
7. Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,—  
 Onward thro' life he goes,  
 Each morning sees some task begin,  
 Each evening sees it close :  
 Something attempted, something done,  
 Has earn'd a night's repose.
8. Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,  
 For the lesson thou hast taught.  
 Thus at the flaming forge of life  
 Our fortunes must be wrought,  
 Thus on its sounding anvil shap'd  
 Each burning word and thought.

4. Discipuli e ludo redūces  
 Per aperta contuentur,  
 Quos flammae alliciunt rapidae,  
 Follesque mugientes,  
 Scintillaeque, velut pāleae  
 Ex āreā emicantes.
5. Assidet ipse suis pueris  
 In contione sanctā,  
 Orantemque sacerdotem  
 Auscultat ; at puellā  
 (Credō) suā gaudet potius,  
 Inter chorum cānente.
6. Nae matris vox illa sonat  
 Cantantis in beatis,  
 Hancque rēfert animo memori,  
 Humo in sacrā cubantem :  
 Tum sibi deterget lācrimam  
 Durā manu tenellam.
7. Gaudeat an doleat, jūgi  
 Ætatem agit labore,  
 Et quod māne exposcit opus,  
 Id vesperi rependit.  
 Ex aliquā demum ille operā  
 Noctu meret quietem.
8. Talia commonstrans, bone vir !  
 Grates mereris amplas :  
 Nostra et vita tuo veluti  
 Conflatur in camino,  
 Consiliumque incude flāgrans  
 Effingitur sonante.

" MY BEAUTIFUL SPRING."

1. WHERE hast thou been, my beautiful Spring ?  
 To the sultry South, on the swallow's wing ?  
 Kissing the little kidnapp'd slave,  
 Ere borne away on the deep blue wave ?  
 Brushing the tear from the mother's cheek,  
 As she wept for her child at Mozambique ?  
 Else, whence comest thou with this potent charm,  
     Chaining the winds to the frigid zone ;  
 Making the breast of nature warm,  
     And stilling old Winter's undertone ?
  
2. Where hast thou been, my beautiful Spring ?  
 Away with the honey-bee wandering ?  
 Sipping the nectar of fam'd Cashmere ?  
 Sporting amid the Turks parterre ?  
 Quaffing warm Araby's balmy breeze,  
 And spicy scents of the Ceylonese ?  
 Else, whence comest thou with thy odorous breath,  
     Chafing the cheek to a rosy bloom,  
 And scattering the poisonous air of death,  
     By flinging abroad a rich perfume ?
  
3. Where hast thou been, my beautiful Spring ?  
 Up, mid Heav'n's music revelling ?  
 For the tones of thy song from the greenwood bush,  
 The lark in the sky, and the mountain thrush,

## [ 71 ]

1. O mea pulcra, potens Veris, | quonam sed abfuisti ?  
 An cūm hirundine tu calidum | meridiem petebas,  
 Æthiopem tenēris puerum | clam suaviis salutans,  
 Quem super aequore purpureo | jamjam avehunt lātrones ;  
 Discutiensque genā lācrimam | matris Mōzambicanae,  
 Ereptum quae filiolum | contracta corde plorat ?  
 Unde ergo tam grata vēnis | potensque fascinandi ?  
 An gelidas intra zonas | ventos feros ligabas,  
 Pectoribus Terrae rigidis | impertiens teporem,  
 Morosaeque Hiemis fremitūs | jugo premens sub acri ?
  
2. O mea pulcra, potens Veris, | quonam sed abfuisti ?  
 Mellificā cūm api forsan | vagas vias secuta 's,  
 Libans nectar apud Sēreis | alicunde fabulosos,  
 Luxuriāve fruens Turcis | in hortulis reclinis ?  
 Numne auras Arabīs tepidas | felicitis hauriebas,  
 An tū odoriferum potius | aroma Taprōbānum ?  
 Ast alioquin unde vēnis | spirans mihi frāgranter,  
 Et roseo fervore genas | perfundis, atque opima  
 Spargis suffimenta, luem | quae dissipent atrocem ?
  
3. O mea pulcra, potens Veris, | quonam sed abfuisti ?  
 Num comissabunda sācros | ad cælitum canores ?  
 Namque tui qui sub viridi | dumo soni loquuntur,  
 Turdus ovans in monte tuus, | sub nube alaunda cantans,



Speak as if it were given to thee  
 To list to seraphic minstrelsy.  
 Ay : there thou hast been. Not sunny France  
 Or old Italia's land of song,  
 Can furnish such notes for the poet's dance,  
 As the melody pour'd from thy musical tongue.

4. Where hast thou been, my beautiful Spring ?  
 Plucking rich plumes from the paroquet's wing ?  
 Robbing the clouds of their rainbow crest ?  
 Bathing thyself in the glorious West ?  
 Robbing thy form in the peacock's hues,  
 And gathering pearls from the orient dews ?  
 Else, whence comest thou with this proud array  
 Of beauties to sprinkle the russet wood,  
 Those Lent-lilies bending as if to pray,  
 And hyacinths fringing the marge of the flood ?
5. And tell me, whence cometh,—my beautiful Spring !  
 Each star of the earth, each odorous thing ;  
 These white-fringed daisies with golden-dipped eyes,  
 These buttercups gleaming like summer-lit skies,  
 These violets adorned with rich purple and blue,  
 These primroses fragrant and innocent too :  
 And lastly, the sweetest and richest, I ween,  
 Of all thy fair daughters, my beautiful Spring !  
 The buddings that stud all thy pathways with green,  
 Say, where were they gather'd, to shake from thy wing ?

Tale ēdunt caeleste melos, | caelo velut rediris.  
 Est caeleste quidem : neque enim | Gallorum āpricus aēr,  
 Nec vetus Italiae tellus | cantare sueta pridem,  
 Harmoniam resonant talem | poēticae chorēae,  
 Quale melos tua diffundit | canora lingua Verīs.

4. O mea pulcra, potens Verīs, | quonam sed abfuisti ?  
 Num plumam evellens variis | e psittacis opimam,  
 Nubibus eripiens proprium | arcūs decus superni,  
 Occiduo fulgore tuos | artūs rigans venustos ?  
 Num pictis radiante nōtis | pāvone temet ornas,  
 Anne ex rore novos gelido | decerpis ūniones ?  
 Tanto tu decōrum cumulo | ad nos vēnis superba,  
 Distinctura colore novo | rubiginosa silvae ;  
 Lilia ubi caput incurvant | tanquam profecto adorent  
 Mense sācro, praetexit item | ripas hyacinthus albus.
5. Jam, mea pulcra, mihī narra : | unde assolet vēnire  
 Quidquid suaveolet, quidquid | gemmat nitore terram ?  
 Bellidēs auratis oculis, | cum margine albicanti,—  
 Aestivis Calyces gilvi | fulgoribus nītentēs,—  
 Pectore purpureo Violae | et coerulo decorae,—  
 Primigenaeque tuae flores | fragrantis integraeque ?  
 Demum e prole tuā pulchrā | (quod suavitate, opinor,  
 Ubertate etiam superat) | gemmas, virore gressūs  
 Quae tibi distinguunt cunctos ; | decerpis unde ? (dic mī,  
 O mea pulcra, potens Verīs !) | quas excutis sub alā.

## "T O - D A Y."

THE breath of Morn, the opening rose,—the sun that shines  
above,—

The happy birds that soar and sing,—the lips that whisper  
love,—

Old *Yesterday*, though he be dead, took none of these away ;  
He could not steal them, if he tried ; but left them for *To-day*.

*To-day* shall not exhaust the gifts : he's liberal in his turn :  
And tho' he die, shall fire not glow and true affection burn ?  
But,—dark *To-morrow* !—let him come : we'll face him as we  
may.

We'll change his name, but not his heart ; and treat him as  
*To-day*.

## MANLY SORROW.

1. It is not the tear at this moment shed,  
When the cold turf has just been laid o'er him,  
That can tell how belov'd was the friend that's fled,  
Or how deep in our hearts we deplore him.  
'Tis the tear, through many a long day wept,  
Through a life by his loss all shaded ;  
'Tis the sad remembrance, fondly kept,  
When all lighter griefs have faded.
2. Oh, thus shall we mourn ; and his memory's light,  
While it shines through our hearts, will improve them.

## [ 72 ]

1. AURORAE teneras animas | rosamque vix patentem,  
Praenitidumve jubar Solis, | aveisque subvolanteis  
Cum cantu felice ; læbra et | amantium susurra ;—  
Tale nihil *Hesternæ* vetus | secum dies ademit  
Emoriens ; nec furari, | si vellet, evaleret ;  
Ast *Hodiernæ* cuncta die | legata dereliquit.
  
2. Nec magis illa Hodierna dies | hæc, liberalis etsi  
Ipsa suâ vice, conficiet. | Num caritas gelascet,  
Fessa die ? vel flamma suo | calore deseretur ?  
*Crastina* sed tenebrosa dies ? | et hanc venire præstat,  
Utque licet, conferre pedem. | Nomen novabõ, non cor :  
Sic, meditans Hodierna, velim | cùm hâc negotiari.

## [ 73 ]

1. NON ista, quam nunc lacrimam profundimus,  
Quum vix cespite frigido | carum condidimus caput,  
Signare, quàm dilectus obierit, queat,  
Vel quantus penitus dolor | tentet corda gementium :  
Sed illa, quæ recursat e longo gravis,  
Vitæ gaudia posterae | flebili maculâ linens ;  
Qualis memoria cordis hæret intimi,  
Quum, siquod lævius situm 'st | vulnus, tempore marcuit.
  
2. Sic usque lugeamus : at mens conscia,  
Hujus luce fruens, novas | virtutes memor imbibet :

For worth shall look fairer and truth more bright,  
 When we think how he liv'd but to love them.  
 And as buried saints have shed perfume  
 Through shrines where they've long been lying,  
 So our hearts shall borrow a sweet'ning bloom  
 From the image he left there in dying.

### MEETING OF THE WATERS.

THERE is not in the wide world a valley so sweet  
 As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet.  
 Oh, the last rays of feeling and life must depart,  
 Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it was not that Nature had shed o'er the scene  
 Her purest of crystal and brightest of green :  
 'Twas not the soft magic of streamlet and hill :  
 Oh no ! it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the belov'd of my bosom, were near,  
 Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear ;  
 And who felt how the best charms of nature improve,  
 When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet vale of Ovoca ! how calm could I rest  
 In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,  
 Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease,  
 And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

Probitasque nobis veritasque pulchrior  
 Splendebit, reputantibus, | quantum has vivus amaverit.  
 - Atque ut sepulti jamdiu sancti viri  
 Halitu (bene creditur) | ex se templa repleant bono ;  
 Sic suavis efflorescet ex imagine,  
 Finxit quam moriens simul, | nostris gratia cordibus.

## [ 74 ]

1. PRAE ceteris mi suavis illa vallis est,  
 Cujus in placido sinu | clarae conveniunt aquae.  
 Hujus viror non corde vanescet meo,  
 Ni sensus radii ultimi | jamque et vita recesserit.

2. Non quòd locis Natura in his profuderit  
 Quidquid seu liquidè liquet | seu viret viridissime.  
 Haud rivulorum tenera fascinatio  
 Colliumque movebat ; at | quiddam (mehercule) blandius.

3. Quòd prope tenebam pectori carissimos,  
 Qui scenae magicæ insuper | novas delicias dabant ;  
 Gnari, locis quantum ampliet pulcerrimis  
 Pulcritudinis, icta lux | caris ex oculis retro.

4. Opaca vallis ! inter ora dulcia,  
 Quam tranquillus, Ovoca ! suavi | in tuo gremio cubem ;  
 Quà, post procellas seculi hujus frigidas,  
 Corda nostra, tuos velut | rivos, misceat alma pax.

## ODE TO WINTER.

WHEN first the fiery mantled Sun  
 His heavenly race began to run,  
 Round the earth and ocean blue  
 His children four, the Seasons, flew.  
 First, in green apparel dancing,  
 The young *Spring* smil'd with angel-grace.  
 Rosy *Summer* next advancing  
 Rush'd into her sire's embrace ;  
 Her bright-hair'd sire, who bade her keep  
 For ever nearest to his smiles,  
 On Calpe's olive-shaded steep,  
 On India's citron-cover'd isles.  
 More remote, and buxom-brown,  
 The *Queen of Vintage* bow'd before his throne :  
 A rich pomegranate gemm'd her crown ;  
 A ripe sheaf bound her zone.

But howling *Winter* fled afar  
 To hills that prop the polar star ;  
 And loves on deer-borne car to ride,  
 With barren Darkness by his side,  
 Round the shore, where loud Lofoden  
 Whirls to death the roaring whale ;  
 Round the halls, where Runic Odin  
 Howls his war-song to the gale.

[ 75 ]

Cursūs flammiger arduos | ut Sol coepit obire,  
 Terras et mare caerulum  
 Circum convolat ipsius | proles, quattuor Horae.\*  
 Primum, caelite cum lepōre  
 Arridens, juvenile *Ver*  
 Succinctum viridi choros | vestitu saliebat.  
*Æstas* tum rosea antegressa  
 In patris gremium ruit,—  
 Sui claricomi patris | qui risu jubet illam  
 Conjungi penitus suo ;  
 Umbras quā super arduam | Calpen spargit oliva,  
 Indicasve per insulas | fulgent citrea māla.  
 Jam subfusca, remotior,  
 Flexili impigra robore,  
 Auctorem venerans suum,  
*Vindēmiæ domina* astitit.  
 Mālo tempora Punico | distinguuntur opinē,  
 Fascis et mediam ligat, | maturo gravis anno.

Atqui fūgit *Hiems* exululans procul,  
 Ad monteis, columen sideris Arctici,  
 Insultare suis hippelaphis amans,  
 Caligo sterilis dum comes assidet,  
 Circa littora, quā monstra vorat maris  
 Stridens altisonum turbō Lōfōdinis,

\* The four Seasons are called *Horae* by a sort of Grecism, as a liberty of poetry.



Save when adown the ravag'd globe  
     He travels on his native storm,  
 Deflowering Nature's grassy robe,  
     And trampling on her faded form,  
 Till light's returning lord assume  
     The shaft that drives him to his polar field,  
 Of pow'r to pierce his raven plume  
     And crystal-cover'd shield.

O sire of storms ! whose savage ear  
 The Lapland drum delights to hear,  
 When Frenzy with her bloodshot eye  
 Invokes thy dreadful deity ;  
 Archangel ! pow'r of desolation !  
     Fast descending as thou art,  
 Say, hath mortal invocation  
     Spells to touch thy stony heart ?  
 Then sullen Winter, hear my pray'r,  
     And gently rule the ruin'd year,  
 Nor chill the wanderer's bosom bare,  
     Nor freeze the wretch's falling tear.  
 To shuddering Want's unmantled bed  
     Thy horror-breathing agues cease to lend,  
 And gently on the orphan head  
     Of Innocence descend.

But chiefly spare, O king of clouds !  
 The sailor in his airy shrouds ;  
 When wrecks and beacons strew the steep,  
 And spectres walk along the deep.

Circumque atria, quâ Runicus Odīnes  
 Ventos claricitat praelia nuncians.  
     Interdum tamen in procellâ  
     Illa exit peregrè suâ,  
     Naturam fera proterens,  
 Vestis floriferae virore | aegram despoliato ;  
     Lucis dum rediens pater  
 Fineis claudat in ipsius | retrusam borealeis,  
     Spargens tela, nigræ rigorem  
 Evincentia cassidis, | scutique glaciati.

    Tu, cui spiritus est procella,  
 Aure quae bibis asperâ | rudis tympana Lappi ;  
     Tuam vim quoties Furor,  
 Luce sanguineâ tuens, | invocat prece diram :  
 O celsipotens, tetrâ lue praecipitans atroci !  
 Siquâ potest vox hominis tangere te querelâ,  
 Saxea cor, tristis Hiems ! vota precantis audi.

    Vastatum rege lenis an-  
     num, neu frigore pectus Ex|torris percute nudum,  
 Neve Inopis tu lacrimam stringe gelu cadentem.

    Algens quâ tenui cubat | panno subter Egestas,  
 Ne rigidos incutias horrida tu tremores,  
 Innocuaeque alma cadas in caput Orbitatis.

    At, quae nubibus imperas,  
     Quando littus in arduum  
     Sternuntur lacerae rates  
 Pharique, et Furiae simul | vadunt per maris aequor ;  
     Tum nautae miserere tu,

Milder yet thy snowy breezes  
 Pour on yonder\* tented shores,  
 Where the Rhine's broad billow freezes,  
 Or the dark-brown Danube roars.

Oh winds of winter, list ye there  
 To many a deep and dying groan ;  
 Or start, ye demons of the midnight air,  
 At shrieks and thunders louder than your own.  
 Alas ! ev'n *your* unhallow'd breath  
 May spare the victim, fallen low ;  
 But Man will ask no truce to death,  
 No bounds to human woe.

### TYROLESE HYMN.

1. MERRILY every bosom boundeth, merrily oh !  
 Where the song of Freedom soundeth, merrily oh !  
 There the warrior's arms | shed more splendor,  
 There the maiden's charms | shine more tender !  
 Every joy the land surroundeth, merrily oh !
2. Wearily every bosom pineth, wearily oh !  
 Where the bond of Slavery twineth, wearily oh !  
 There the warrior's dart | hath no fleetness,  
 There the maiden's heart | hath no sweetness.  
 Every flow'r of life declineth, wearily oh !

\* Written in 1800, before the Peace.

Funeis ærios super | scandentis pede nudo.  
 Spira vim nivium tuarum  
 Illa in littora mitiorem | albicantia castris ;  
 Quà Rheni gelat unda plena, | aut furvus strepit Ister.

Hiberna fiabra ! vos salutat plurima  
 Profundùm ubique Mors gemens.  
 Dî noctis atræ ! terreat vos planctus hic  
 Clangorque, vestris obfremens.  
 Heu ! heu ! cadenti victimæ scelesta vox  
 Vel vestra novit parcere :  
 Nullos sed hominis homo mälorum terminos  
 Mortisve ferias petit.

[ 76 ]

1. HILARE corda palpitant | cuncta, ubi liberum  
 Voce carmen acriter | liberâ personat.  
 Bellica illic micant arma fulgentius,  
 Gratia illic nitet virginis tenerius.  
 Illa sanè gaudiis | terra cunctis scatet.
2. Tabe tristi cor perit | tristiter, quâ virum.  
 Vincla serviti premunt | tristiter tristia.  
 Bellica illic volant tela languentius,  
 Virginis cor suâ deficit gratiâ.  
 Marcet omnis omnium | flos ibi tristiter.

3. Cheerily then from hill and valley, cheerily oh !  
 Like your native fountains sally, cheerily oh !  
 If a glorious death, | won by bravery,  
 Sweeter be than breath | sigh'd in slavery,  
 Round the flag of Freedom rally, cheerily oh !

#### THE SEA-KING.

COME sing, come sing, of the great Sea-King,  
 And the fame that now hangs o'er him,  
 Who once did sweep o'er the vanquished deep,  
 And drove the world before him !  
 His deck was a throne, on the ocean lone,  
 And the sea was his park of pleasure,  
 Where he scattered in fear the human deer,  
 And rested,—when he had leisure !  
     Come,—shout and sing  
     Of the great Sea-King,  
 And ride in the track he rode in !  
     He sits at the head  
     Of the mighty dead  
 On the red right hand of Odin !  
 He sprang, from birth, like a God on earth,  
 And soared on his victor pinions,  
 And he traversed the sea, as the eagles flee,  
 When they gaze on their blue dominions.  
 His whole earth-life was a conquering strife,  
 And he lived till his beard grew hoary,  
 And he died at last, by his blood-red mast,  
 And now—he is lost in glory.  
     So,—shout and sing, &c.

3. Igitur alăcritur, viri, | pătria ut flumina,  
 Monte, valle desuper | currite O fortiter.  
 Quandō quaesita virtute mors inclutâ  
 Dulcior sit pigro servitî spiritu,  
 Convenite fortiter | signa circum pătrum.

[ 77 ]

AGITE, rege de marino | concinamus maximo :  
 Gloriam pronunciate, | quae perennis huic viret,  
 Qui supercursabat olim | victor in magno mari,  
 Omnia ante se retrudens, | siquid obviam foret.  
 Pro throno foros habebat, | solitarius regens :  
 Pontus ipse suppetebat | suave venatorium,  
 Ubi paventis ferret ageret, | otiove se daret.

Ergō clamemus et concinamus simul

Regi marino maximo ;

Persequamurque ves|tigia illius,

Qui viris mortuis | maximis super

Ad rŭbram Wōdinis | dexteram sedet.

Hicce natus exsilivit | illico, velut deus,  
 Subvolans victrice pennâ, | pătiam spernens humum.  
 Maria trameavit audax, | aquila tanquam pervolat,  
 Quae procul coerulea regna | sua oculo considerat.  
 Proelio quidem perenni | vixit et victoriâ,  
 Usque quoad albedō barbae | tingeret pilos rŭbros.  
 Denique ad mālum rubentem | morte fortiter cubans,  
 Posterorum nunc beatus | laude vanescit probâ.

Ergō clamemus, &c.

## SECTION VI.

## DIRGE ON A FALLEN CHIEF.

1. O TRUST not to the gun and the sword :  
The spear of the unbeliever prevails.  
Boo Khalloom, the good and the brave is fallen :  
Who can now be safe ?
2. As the moon among the little stars,  
Such was Boo Khalloom among men.  
What defence henceforth can Fezzan hope to find ?
3. Men mourn in silent sadness for his loss :  
Women sob and shriek,  
Rending the air with their cries.  
For as a shepherd to his flock,  
Such was Boo Khalloom to Fezzan.
4. Give him songs ! give him music !  
But what songs can equal his praise ?  
His heart was as large as the desert,  
His money bags nourish'd all his people,  
Like the rich udder of the she camel,  
Overflowing with abundant streams of milk.

*(Penthemimeric.)*

[See Note at end.]

[78]

1. AH ! ne ignipultae fidite ! ne gladio  
     Hasta impiorum praevalet.  
     Abūcalumbes occidit ille bonus  
     Fortisque : quis nunc tutus est ?
2. Ut inter astra luna minora nitet,  
     Talis viris praecelluit  
     Abūcalumbes :—praesidiumne aliud  
     Aspectat urbs Fezzan dēhinc ?
3. Ut destituti, tristitiā tacitā  
     Moerent viri ; sed feminae  
     Luctu gementes aëra dilacerant.  
     Nam qualis est pastor gregi,  
     Tutela talis ille suis aderat  
     His Fezzāntis assēclis.
4. Cantūs date ācreis : ferte sonos fidium :  
     Laudem sed illi debitam  
     Qui cantūs aequat ? pectus enim, veluti  
     Immensa solitudinum,  
     Illud patebat : illius arca, velut  
     Uber camelae lacteum,  
     Ex quo redundat vena meri laticis,  
     Opima nutribat suos.



5. As the flow'rs perish without rain,  
 So does Fezzan droop,  
 For Boo Khalloom returns home no more.  
 His body lies in the land of the heathen.  
 The poison'd arrow of the unbeliever has conquer'd.
6. Oh trust not to the gun and the sword :  
 The weapon of the infidel prevails :  
 Boo Khalloom the good is fallen :  
 Who can be safe henceforth ?

## D E A T H.

1. O DEATH, thou great invisible !  
 Pale monarch of the unending Past !  
 Who shall thy countless trophies tell,  
 Or when shall be the last ?
2. By thee high thrones to earth are flung ;  
 By thee the sword and sceptre rust :  
 By thee the beautiful and young  
 Lie mouldering in the dust.
3. Into thy cold and faded reign  
 All glorious things of earth depart :  
 The fairest forms are early slain  
 And quench'd the fiery heart.
4. But in yon world thou hast not been,  
 Where joy\* can fade nor beauty fall :  
 O mightiest of the things unseen,  
 Save ONE that ruleth all !

\* "Neither joy"—Greek ellipsis ?

5. In rure flores ut sitiēte sōlo,  
 Sic Fezzānīta flos perit,  
 Abūcālumbē non redeunte domum.  
 In impiorum (eheu !) jacet  
 Tellure corpus nobile ; vicit enim  
 Telum veneno barbarum.
6. Ah ! ne ignipultae fidite ! ne gladio !  
 Sagitta vincit impia :  
 Abūcālumbes occīdit ille bonus :  
 Quisnam dēhinc securus est ?

## [79]

1. O MORS, potestas effugiens oculos !  
 Regina vasti pallida Præteriti !  
 Tuos triumphos quis numerare queat ?  
 Limite quis cohibere certo ?
2. Per te ruinam celsa trahunt solia :  
 Enses tuâ vi sceptraque dispereunt :  
 Per te decōris corporibus juvenes  
 Pulvere dissolūuntur atro,
3. Regnum in gelascens tabificumque tuum  
 Terrena, quotquot splēduerant, abeunt.  
 Si quid venusti 'st, vi citiore cadit,  
 Pectus et igniferum domatur.
4. Sed illum in orbem non tua vis adiit,  
 Ubi virescens stat sine tabe decor :  
 Rerum abditarum cætera tu superas,  
 Te tamen amplior exstat Unus.

## SONNET TO NIGHT.

- A. MYSTERIOUS Night! when our First Parent knew  
 Thee from report divine and heard thy name,  
 Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,  
 This glorious canopy of Light and Blue ?
- B. Yet, 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,  
 Bath'd in the rays of the great setting flame,  
 Hesperus with the host of heaven came,  
 And lo! Creation widen'd in man's view.
- C. Who could have thought such darkness lay conceal'd  
 Within thy beams, O Sun? or who could find,  
 Whilst fly and leaf and insect stood reveal'd,  
 That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind ?
- D. Why do we then shun Death with anxious strife ?  
 If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life ?

## SONNET ON THE ALMIGHTY.

- A. WHAT art Thou, Mighty One, and where thy seat ?  
 Thou broodest on the calm that cheers the lands,  
 And thou dost bear within thine awful hands  
 The rolling thunders and the lightnings fleet.
- B. Stern on thy darkwrought car of cloud and wind  
 Thou guid'st the northern storm at night's dread noon,  
 Or on the red wing of the fierce monsoon  
 Disturb'st the sleeping giant of the Ind.

[ 80 ]

- A. O MIRA Nox sacris ! simul ac homini  
 Dei loquela te tuumque nomen | primigeno retulit,  
 Nonne hic venustae | contremuit camerae,  
 Cui luce fulgent tecta coeruloque ?
- B. Sed rore vestitus liquido, radiis  
 Perfusus orbis ignei cadentis, | Hesperus ecce ! venit  
 Princeps suâ cum sidereâ legione,  
 Et hominis oculo mundus ampliatur.
- C. Tales putaret quis tenēbras jubare in  
 Tuo lātēre, Sol ! quis autumaret | te folio in minimo  
 Qui commeanteis bestiolas retegis,  
 Tot lumina abdidisse luce caecâ ?
- D. Cur ergō mortem solliciti fugimus ?  
 Si fraude tantâ lux animos laqueat,  
 Cur non vita quoque ipsa fallat ?

[ 81 ]

- A. QUIDNAM vel ubīnam, Maxime Solipotens,  
 Imaginer te, qui lates sereno | cuncta quod exhilarat ;  
 Tuisque portas terrificis manibus  
 Raucum tonitruum, fulgur et volūcre ?
- B. Nigrante curru nubis ātrox rapidae,  
 Summo sub astro noctis, in procellâ | deveheris Boreae,  
 Etesiam vel daemona turbinibus  
 Alēs coruscis excitas in Indos.

- c. In the drear silence of the polar span  
 Dost thou repose? or in the solitude  
 Of sultry tracts, where the lone caravan  
 Hears nightly howl the tiger's hungry brood?
- D. Vain thought, the confines of his throne to trace,  
 Who glows through all the fields of boundless space.

## BEFORE THE BATTLE.

1. A. By the hope within us springing,  
 Herald of to-morrow's strife,  
 By that sun, whose light is bringing  
 Chains or Freedom, death or life;
- B. Oh remember, life can be  
 No charm for him, who lives not free.  
 Like the daystar in the wave,  
 Sinks a hero in his grave,
- C. Mid the dewfall of a nation's tears.  
 Happy is he, o'er whose decline  
 The smiles of home may soothing shine,  
 And light him down the steep of years.  
 But oh, how grand they sink to rest,  
 Who close their eyes on Victory's breast!
2. A. O'er his watchfire's fading embers  
 Now the foeman's cheek turns white,  
 When his heart that field remembers,  
 Where we dimm'd his glory's light.
- B. Never let him bind again  
 A chain, like that we broke from then.

- C. Arctoa num silentia per vacua, anne  
 In aestuosâ solitudine altam | caecus habes requiem,  
 Famelicos quâ tigriduli fremitûs  
 Audit caterva nocte commeantûm ?
- D. Frustra sed ejus finierim solium  
 Mêtis, in omneis qui vegetus spatii  
 Tractûs perpenâtrat remoti.

## [ 82 ]

1. A. PER spes, ab imo pectore quae saliunt,  
 praesagientes crastinum periculum ;  
 Solem per illum, cui comites venient  
 jam vincla libertasve, vita morsve :
- B. Nae tu memento, liber homō nisi vivat,  
 vita nil huic attulerit volupe.  
 Velut sub undâ Vesperus, occubat hēros,  
 rore conspersus populi lācrimarum.
- C. Beatus is, cui signa oculo e tenero  
 domi coruscant dulcia, dum properat .  
 Ætas inerti prona : sed ille vicens,  
 victoriae qui corrui in gremio ;—  
 O quàm magnificè quiescit !
2. A. Super favillâ deficiente vigil,  
 nunc pallet hosti vultus excubanti,  
 Certamen illud dum meminit, tenēbris  
 quod jam suos confuderit nitores.
- B. Quam tum catenam rupimus, hanc iterum  
 ne nectat ! En ! cornu vocat acre viros.

- Hark! the horn of combat calls.  
 Ere the golden evening falls,
- c. May we pledge that horn in triumph round!  
 Many a heart, that now beats high,  
 In slumber cold at night shall lie,  
 Nor waken ev'n at Victory's sound.  
 But oh how blest that hero's sleep,  
 O'er whom a wondering world shall weep.

#### AFTER THE BATTLE.

1. NIGHT clos'd around the conqueror's way,  
 And lightnings show'd the distant hill,  
 Where those, who lost that dreadful day,  
 Stood few and faint, but fearless still.
2. The soldier's hope, the patriot's zeal,  
 For ever dimm'd, for ever cross'd!  
 O who shall say what heroes feel,  
 When all but life and honour's lost?
3. The last sad hour, of freedom's dream  
 And valour's task, mov'd slowly by;  
 While mute they watch'd, till morning's beam  
 Should rise, and give them light to die.
4. There is a world, where souls are free;  
 Where tyrants taint not nature's bliss.  
 If death that world's bright opening be,  
 O who would live a slave in this?

- O vina si victoribus hocce prius  
 nobis ministret, quàm flāgret occiduus sol!
- c. Tum multa sistent frigore corda fero  
 sopita, quae nunc pulsus agit calidus;  
 Nec, victor etsi Mars vocet ipse, resurgent.  
 Dormit at feliciter hic, lācrimis  
 Quem gentes venerantur orbae.

[ 83 ]

1. VICTORIS hostis nox cohibebat iter,  
 Collemque monstravere procul positum  
 Fulgura, quā reliqui | stetere pauci languidique,  
 Ex acie intrepidi tremendā.
2. Spes militaris, ardor amans pātriae,  
 Retusa, fracta, tempus in omne jacent.  
 Quis miseros crucia|tūs dicet herōum, quibus jam  
 Nil nisi vita decusque restat?
3. Virtutis acris munera, somnia li-  
 bertatis,—aegrè, sed tamen,—intereunt;  
 Et taciti vigilant, | dum fulgor Aurorae resurgat  
 Ultimus, irradietque mortem.
4. Est orbis, in quo libera meus perāgrat,  
 Nec quae Deus dat gaudia, caeca hominis  
 Vis temerat. Aditūs | si mors nītentes huic recludat,  
 O juga quis ferat hīc superba?



## SILVAN RETIREMENT.

- A. COVER me with your everlasting arms,  
 Ye guardian giants of this solitude,  
 From the ill sight of men, and from the rude  
 Tumultuous din of yon wide world's alarms.
- B. Oh knit your mighty limbs around, above,  
 And close me in for ever? let me dwell  
 With the woodspirits, in the darkest spell\*  
 That ever with your verdant locks ye wove.
- C. The air is full of countless voices, join'd  
 In one eternal hymn :—the whispering wind,  
 The shuddering leaves, the hidden watersprings,  
 The worksong of the bees, whose honey'd wings
- D. Hang in the golden tresses of the lime,  
 Or buried lie in purple beds of thyme.

## HARP OF THE NORTH.

1. A. HARP of the North, that mouldering long hast hung  
 On the wyche elm, that shades St. Fillan's spring,
- B. And down the fitful breeze thy numbers flung,  
 Till envious ivy did around thee cling,  
 Muffling with verdant ringlet every string ;—
- C. O minstrel harp, still must thy accents sleep?  
 Mid rustling leaves and fountains murmuring,  
 Still must thy sweeter sounds their silence keep,
- D. Nor bid a warrior smile, nor teach a maid to weep?

\* Dell?

## [ 84 ]

- A. HAS O stupendae quae colitis latēbras,  
 Æterna lāte brachiā vestra mihi  
 Pandite ; resque hominum | celate pravas, et minaces  
 Praeproperae strepitūs catervae.
- B. Vestros sed artūs nectite praevalidos  
 Circum, süpra : quaecunq̄ue nigerrima vos  
 Antra comâ viridi | contextuistis, claudar istuc  
 Daemonibus nemorum sodalis.
- C. Abundat äer vocibus innumeris  
 Junctis in unum perpetuumque melos.  
 Crispa sonant folia : | susurrat aura. : fons remugit  
 Caecus ; apique suus laboris
- D. Exsurgit hymnus, quae super auricomâ  
 Coruscat alas mellifluas tiliâ  
 Purpureove thymo sepultas.

## [ 85 ]

1. A. SEPTEMTRIONIS O lyra ! mucida quae glabrâ diu  
 pendes ab ulmo, fonte super Fylānis sancti pröfusâ ;
- B. Æstate priscâ tu jaculans numeros auram tuos  
 per mobilem dabas, quoad invida circum adhaesit hedera,  
 singulas cirro viridante hebetans fideis canoras :
- C. Num dormiendum 'st, O lyra vaticinans, adhuc tibi ?  
 frondesque siccum dum crepitant et aquae submurmurant,  
 num suaviores hisce tui taceant semper soni,
- D. Nec leniter risum movebunt | militis, aut lacrimas puellae ?

2. A. Not thus in ancient days of Caledon  
       Was thy voice mute amid the festal crowd,  
 B. When lay of hopeless love or glory won  
       Arous'd the fearful or subdued the proud.  
       At each according pause was heard aloud  
 C. Thine ardent symphony sublime and high.  
       Fair dames and crested chiefs attention bow'd :  
       For still the burden of thy minstrelsy  
 D. Was knighthood's dauntless deed and beauty's  
       matchless eye.
3. A. O wake once more ! how rude soe'er the hand  
       That ventures o'er thy magic maze to stray.  
 B. O wake once more ! though scarce my skill command  
       Some feeble echoing of thy earlier lay.  
       Though harsh and faint and soon to die away,  
 C. And all unworthy of thy nobler strain ;  
       Yet, if one heart throb higher at its sway,  
       The wizard note hath not been touch'd in vain.  
 D. Then silent be no more ! Enchantress, wake again !

### MOUNTAIN WILDERNESS.

1. A. STRANGER, if e'er thy ardent step hath trac'd  
       The northern realms of ancient Caledon,  
 B. Where the proud queen of wilderness hath plac'd  
       By lake and cataract her lonely throne ;  
       Sublime but sad delight thy soul hath known

2. A. At non in antiquis ita temporibus Cālēdōnis,  
convivii turbam tua muta fuit vox per celēbrem :
- B. Quandoque desperatus amor vel adepta gloria ignavos cievit carmina per tua, seu fregit superbos ;  
usque per vicem, caderent quoties vōces canentūm,
- C. Sublimis augustusque tui strepitū surgebat ardor,  
feminas pulcras prōcēres galeatosque attinens  
tremore raptos ; dum recinens memoras, audacium
- D. Quot sint virorum gesta, quaeve  
    blanda oculis Venus antecellat.
3. A. Excussa somno nunc iterum erigitor, quamvis rudis  
tuas per ambageis manus haec magicas audet vagari.
- B. O surge rursus ; quanquam iterare resultu languido  
vetustiores vix mea polleat ars istos canores,  
aspera ipsa ac debilis, et celeri lapsura morte,
- C. Nec digna sane nobiliore tui ritu soni ;  
unum tamen si cor micet altius ad cantū meos,  
non vana sagarum digitis fidium fit tactio.
- D. Ergo amplius tu muta ne sis : evigila, mea fascinatrix !

[86]

1. A. HOSPIES ! vetustae forte Cālēdōniae si terminos  
Septentrionalis pedibus tetigisti, ācer pererrans ;
- B. Tesquorum ubi regina praeardua solitariam,  
juxta lacū et praecipiteis fluvios, sedem tenet ;  
sublimis est, sed tristis inusta tuae menti voluptas,

- c. Gazing on pathless glen and mountain high,  
 Listing where from the cliffs the torrents thrown  
 Mingle their echoes with the eagle's cry,  
 D. And with the sounding lake and with the moaning sky.
2. A. Yes, 'twas sublime, but sad. The loneliness  
 Loaded thy heart ; the desert tir'd thine eye ;  
 B. And strange and awful fears began to press  
 Thy bosom with a stern solemnity.  
 Then hadst thou wish'd some woodman's cottage nigh,  
 c. Something that show'd of life, though low and mean.  
 Glad sight its curling wreath of smoke to spy,  
 Glad sound its cock's blithe carol would have been,  
 D. And children whooping wild beneath the willows green.
3. A. Such are the scenes, where savage grandeur wakes  
 An awful thrill that softens into sighs.  
 B. Such feelings rouse them by dim Rannoch's lakes ;  
 In dark Glencoe such gloomy raptures rise :  
 Or farther, where beneath the northern skies  
 c. Chides wild Loch Eribol his caverns hoar.  
 But, be the minstrel judge, they yield the prize  
 Of desert dignity to that dread shore,  
 D. That sees grim Coolin rise, and hears Coriskin roar.

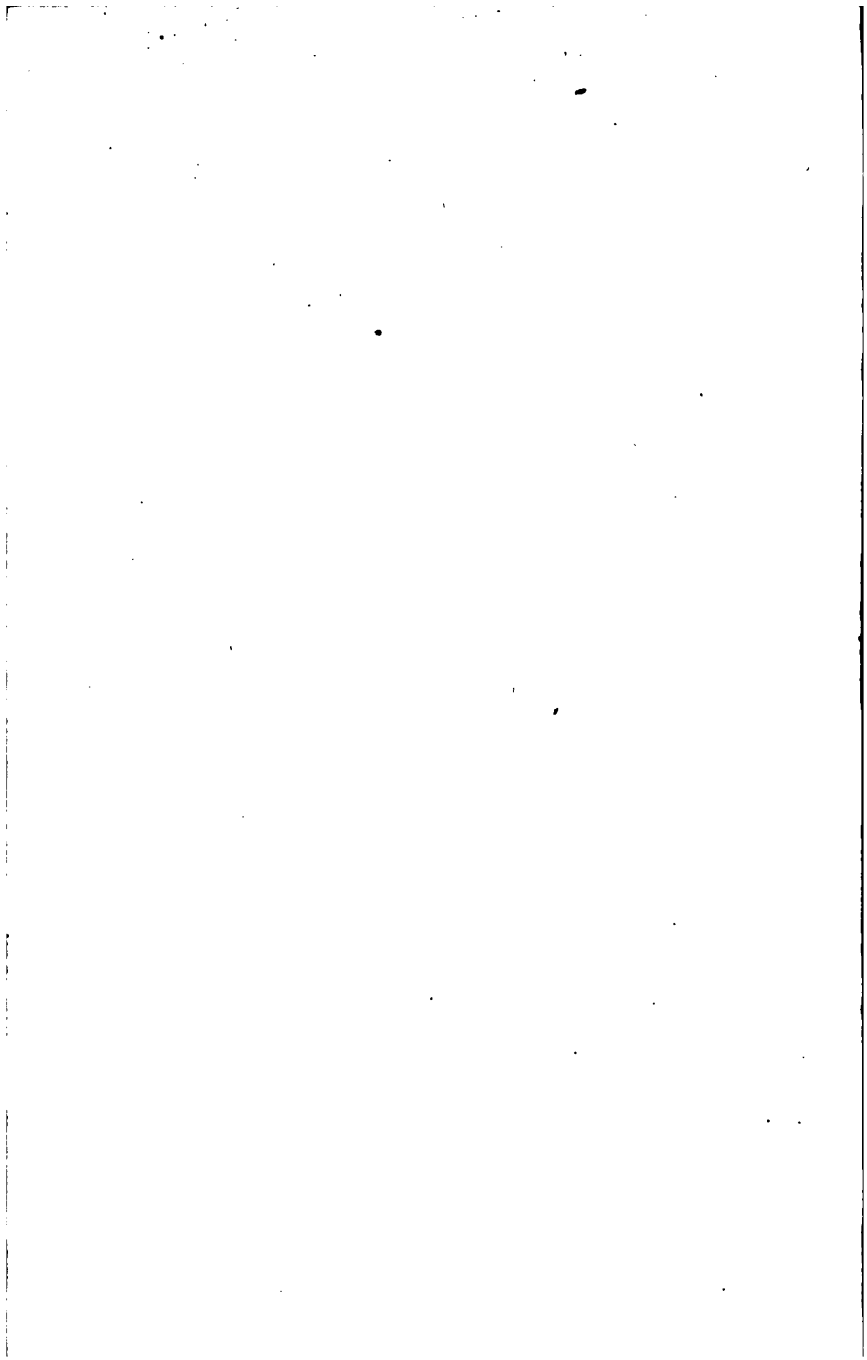
- c. Lustrantis oculis avia saltuum et alta montium,  
captantis aure, quos fluvii scōpulis proni cadentes  
assonant mistos strepitūs aquilae stridoribus.
- D. Luget lacus caelumque luget,  
murmure contrepidans aquarum.
2. A. Sublime vero ac triste fuit : vacuus cultu virâm  
mundus premebat cor, oculosque fatigabat dolentis.
- B. Sanè novae (formidine nescio quâ) curae tuum  
coepere pectus carpere tristitiâ motum sacrâ ;  
praestòque quaevis laeta tibi casa silvestris fuisset,
- C. Si quid notaret vivere adhuc homines, vel sordidum.  
Fumi libenter conspiceres glomerari vorticem ;  
gallus libentem te strepitante citaret gaudio,
- D. Puerique turbido boantes  
agmine sub viridi salicto.
3. A. Pertentat isto multimodis feritas augusta cor  
horrore, quem suspiria relligiosa mox serenant.
- B. Me tale quid pungit prope Rannöchis obscuri lacūs :  
Glencöve talis flamma nĳgro nĳgra fervet gaudii :  
vel, confluens sub ulteriora ferus septentrionis,
- C. Suas ubi cānas Erfbölius objurgat cavernas :  
sed, coronae iudicium mihi si vati cadat,  
immanis oram terrificam penes illam laus mānet,
- D. Cui torvus assurgit Cölinus,  
fluctibus et reboat Coriskis.

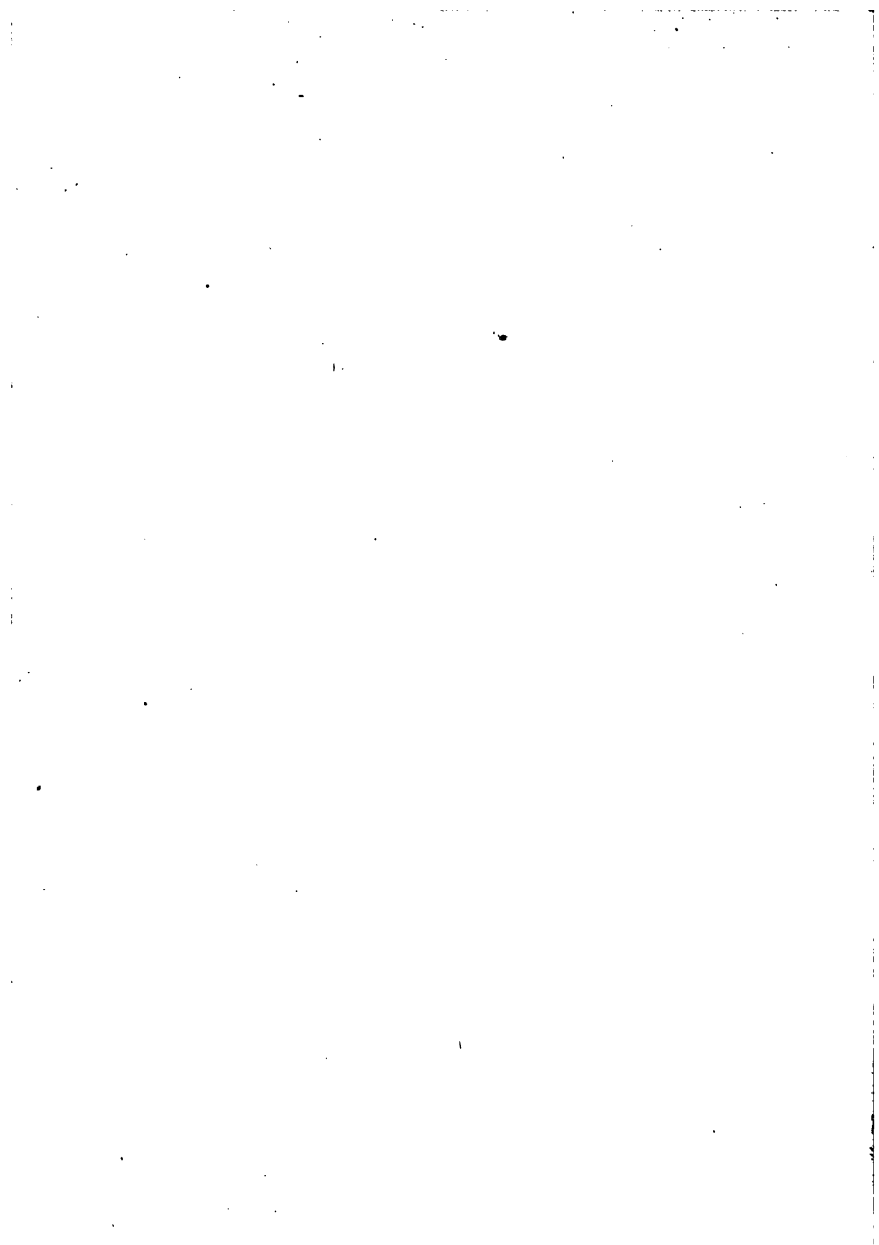
## NOTE ON THE METRE OF SECTION VI.

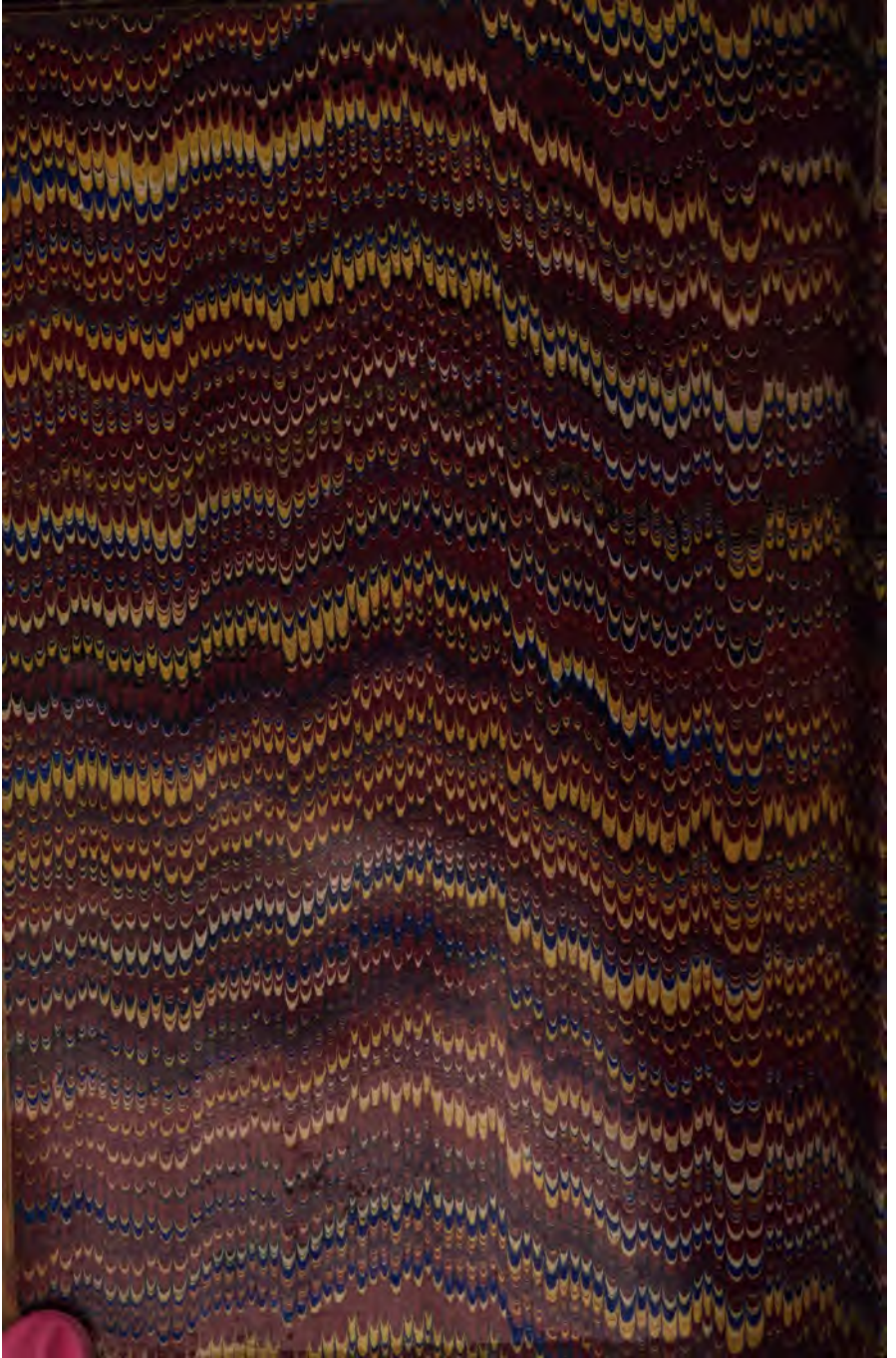
Many odes in Pindar and in the Greek Tragedians have a peculiar metre, of which the elements are  $2\frac{1}{2}$  Dactyls, (as: *Vellera fertis oves*;) and  $2\frac{1}{2}$  Iambus, (as: *Sed innocentis*;) but in the latter, the tendency is to make the doubtful syllables (the first and fifth) *long*; as: *Quærunť latentes*. Each combination of  $2\frac{1}{2}$  is called a Penthemimeris; that is, *five half feet*. Hence the metre may be conveniently called Penthemimeric. (See Pindar, Olymp. 3. Olymp. 8. Pyth. 4.) There is often the addition or subtraction of a syllable before the ictus at the beginning of the line: as: *Ca|nás Eribólinus ob|jurgat cavernas*; *Dormit at fe|liciter hic, læcrimis*. The Dactylic and the Iambic element oftenest *alternate*; though the Dactylic is sometimes doubled. It is common to insert one Dactylic between two Iambic Penthemimers, as: *Captantis aure | quos fluvii scopulis | proni cadentes*; or, cutting off the unaccented syllable from each end. Assonant *mis|tos strepitus aquilæ | stridoribus*. Still longer combinations might be called a single verse: thus in pieces 85, 86, the portions marked A B C D are virtually only four lines, though too long to print as such. The last line of an Alcaic stanza is merely a mutilation, as will be seen by *Daemonibus nemorum | sodalis [esto]*. It must be added, that *Iambic dimeter + one syllable*, or the third line of an Alcaic, often appears between Dactylic Penths. (as in B, C of 85, 86), if we make several lines into one very long line. See Soph. Antig. 582, 3; Eurip. Med. 410, 1.

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