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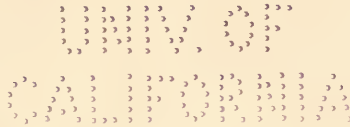
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TRANSLATIONS

INTO

GREEK AND LATIN VERSE



BY

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¹

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L&D

TO MY FATHER.

M260965

PREFACE.

THIS book comes of a wish to gather up some work in which I have found pleasure for years.

Forty-three translations are brought together here. Thirty of these are revisions of pieces already published elsewhere. In the *Arundines Cami*: 14, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25. In the *Sertum Carthusianum*: 2, 7, 15, 16, 17, 19, 30, 31. In the *Folia Silvulae*: Part I. 3, 5, 10, 11, 13, 26, 29, 40: Part II. 4, 8, 9, 12, 18, 20, 27, 28. Leave to revise and reprint these pieces has been given by the Editor in each case.

The other thirteen translations have not been published before—I, 6, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 41, 42, 43.

The metres into which I have tried to do ‘Abt Vogler’ are those of the fourth Pythian.

I wish to express my thanks for advice and help in preparing this book to M. Ch. Chauvet; to Dr Kennedy, Regius Professor of Greek in the University of Cambridge; to Mr F. A. Paley; and to Mr Sidney Colvin, Fellow of Trinity College and Slade Professor of Fine Art.

TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

March, 1873.

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ERRATA.

- p. 85, l. 4. For ἐδελξαμεν δέ read ἐδειξε δ' αὐτοῖς.
 p. 85, l. 20. For ἀκίληται read ἀνάλυται.



ABT VOGLER.

WOULD that the structure brave, the manifold music I build,
 Bidding my organ obey, calling its keys to their work,
Claiming each slave of the sound, at a touch, as when
 Solomon willed
 Armies of angels that soar, legions of demons that lurk,
Man, brute, reptile, fly,—alien of end and of aim,
 Adverse, each from the other heaven-high, hell-deep re-
 moved,—
Should rush into sight at once as he named the ineffable
 Name,
And pile him a palace straight, to pleasure the princess
 he loved!

Υ Μ Ν Ο Σ.

εἴθε μίμνοι ποικιλόφωνον ἔδος, στροφή.
δῶμ' ὃ τεύχῳ δαιδαλόεν, καλέσαις αὐλῶν κλυτὰν πειθάνορ' ὑπη-
ρεσίαν,
πρόσπολ' ὄρσαις φθέγμαθ' ἔτοιμα θιγῶν, ὡς δαιμόνων ὄρσεν
ποτανὰν
οὐρανίων τε βίαν Σολόμων καὶ ταρταρείων,
ἄνδρα τε θῆρᾶ τε μυῖαν θ' ἔρπετόν τ', ἐναντίους
ἔργον ἀλλάλοις μέριμνάν τ', οὐρανὸς ὡς ἐρέβευς, προθορεῖν,
ὡς κρέοντ' αὐδασ' ἀναύδατον, φίλας αἰρέμεν
δόμον ἄφαρ μείλιγμ' ἀνάσσας·

Would it might tarry like his, the beautiful building of mine,
This which my keys in a crowd pressed and importuned
to raise!

Ah, one and all, how they helped, would dispart now and
now combine,

Zealous to hasten the work, heighten their master his praise!
And one would bury his brow with a blind plunge down
to hell,

Burrow awhile and build, broad on the roots of things,
Then up again swim into sight, having based me my
palace well,

Founded it, fearless of flame, flat on the nether springs.

And another would mount and march, like the excellent
minion he was,

Ay, another and yet another, one crowd but with many
a crest,

Raising my rampired walls of gold as transparent as glass,

Eager to do and die, yield each his place to the rest:

For higher still and higher (as a runner tips with fire,

When a great illumination surprises a festal night—

Outlining round and round Rome's dome from space to spire)

Up, the pinnacled glory reached, and the pride of my
soul was in sight.

εἶθε μοι τοῖον μένοι ἱμερόεν ἀντιστροφῆ.

δῶμ' ὃ παμφώνοισιν ἀολλέες ἠπέιγονθ' ἀμίλλαις χόρδαι ἐπικο-
δομῶν·

ὡς ἕκασται συμπόνεον, σποράδαν εἶτ' ἰλαδόν, πρόθυμοι

δεσπότου ἔργου ἐπουρίσαι εὐκλειάν τ' ἐπαίρειν·

καθ' ὃ μὲν ἐς δνοφερὸν πρανῆς κολυμβῶν Τάρταρον

γᾶς πλατείας ἀμφὶ ρίζας σκάπτε τέως πονέων κέλαδος,

εἶτ' ἀνάσσει, εὖ δῶμά μοι παγᾶν κτίσας νερτερᾶν

πυρὸς ἀθίκοις ἐν θεμέθλοις·

ἄλλος αὖ σὺν τ' ἄλλος ἄνω βεβαώς, θαυμαστὰ λατρέων
στρατὸς ἐπώδός.

εἷς ἑκατογκεφάλας, πάγχρυσον ἦρεν λαμπροτέρων ὑάλου

ἔρμα πύργων, δρᾶν τι πᾶς τις καὶ θανέμεν μεμαώς,

τῷ πέλας εἶκων· ὡς γὰρ εὐτ' ἔκρηξ' ἀφράστου φέγγεα παννυχίδος,

θεῖ τις πυρὶ βυσσόθεν ἐς κορυφᾶν τηλαυγῆς ἰρὸν

ἐκστέφων Ρώμας ἄωτον, τοῖον ἀεὶ

καλλιπύργου θαύματος αἰρομένου χάρμα μοι ψυχᾶς ἐφάνθη·

In sight? Not half! for it seemed, it was certain, to match
man's birth,

Nature in turn conceived, obeying an impulse as I;
And the emulous heaven yearned down, made effort to
reach the earth,

As the earth had done her best, in my passion, to scale
the sky:

Novel splendours burst forth, grew familiar and dwelt with mine,

Not a point nor peak but found and fixed its wandering star;
Meteor-moons, balls of blaze: and they did not pale nor pine,
For earth had attained to heaven, there was no more
near nor far.

Nay more; for there wanted not who walked in the glare
and glow,

Presences plain in the place; or, fresh from the Protoplast,
Furnished for ages to come, when a kindlier wind should blow,

Lured now to begin and live, in a house to their liking at last;
Or else the wonderful Dead who have passed through the
body and gone,

But were back once more to breathe in an old world
worth their new:

What never had been, was now; what was, as it shall be anon;
And what is,—shall I say, matched both? for I was
made perfect too.

ἀλλὰ μὰν οὐδ' ἄμισύ πω κάτιδον στροφή.
 τίκτε γὰρ δὴ χά Φύσις ἀντιπάλους θναταῖσι βλαστὰς ἴσ' ἐμοὶ
 αὐτόματος,
 καὶ χθόν' αἰθῆρ προσκύσαι ἀντεράων ὠρέξατ' ὄργαίνων ἄνωθεν,
 οἶα καὶ αἰθέρ' ἐμαῖς ἀναβᾶμεν γαῖ' ἐν ὄρμαϊς·
 φέγγεα δ' ἀμετέροις ἀλλοῖα μίχθη συντρόφως,
 πᾶν τ' ἀκρὸν μήνας τε λάμπάς τ', ἄστρα πλανήτ', ἔχ' ἐφεζομένης·
 οὐδ' ἐτείρονθ'· ὡς γὰρ ἤδη γᾶς πόλονδ' ἰγμένας
 τό τε πρόσω ταυτὸν τό τ' ἐγγύς.

ἦν δὲ καὶ πρὸς τοῖσδέ τιν' εἰσοράαν ἀντιστροφή.
 ἐντόπων πάμπρεπτα πρόσωπα πυριφλέκτοις ἀναστρωφόμεν' ἐν
 ἀγλαιΐαις·
 εἴτ' ἐπ' αἰῶν' οὖρια πνευσόμενον θείοις νεοκτίστους τύποισιν
 καινίσαι ἄρτι βίον δόμος ἄρμοι θέλξ' ἐαδῶς·
 εἴτε διαπταμένων σεμνὰν νεκρῶν ὁμήγουρι
 πεῖσ' ἀνελθεῖν τὰνθάδ' ἴσα τοῖς ἐκεῖ· ἦν γὰρ ἂ πρὶν μὲν ἀπῆν,
 πρὶν δ' ὅσ' ἦν, ἦν οἷ' ἔτ' ἔσται· τοῖς δ', ὅσ' ἔστ', ἦρισε·
 τέλεα γὰρ καὶ ταμάγ', εἰπεῖν.

All through my keys that gave their sounds to a wish of
my soul,

All through my soul that praised as its wish flowed
visibly forth,

All through music and me! For think, had I painted the whole,
Why, there it had stood, to see, nor the process so wonder-
worth :

Had I written the same, made verse—still, effect proceeds
from cause,

Ye know why the forms are fair, ye hear how the tale is told;
It is all triumphant art, but art in obedience to laws,
Painter and poet are proud in the artist-list enrolled :—

But here is the finger of God, a flash of the will that can,
Existent behind all laws, that made them and, lo, they are!
And I know not if, save in this, such gift be allowed to man,
That out of three sounds he frame, not a fourth sound,
but a star.

Consider it well : each tone of our scale in itself is nought ;
It is everywhere in the world—loud, soft, and all is said :
Give it to me to use! I mix it with two in my thought
And, there! Ye have heard and seen : consider and bow
the head!

πᾶν τόδ' αὐλῶν τ' ἔργον, ἐμᾶς κελαδησάντων κατ' εὐχολὰν
 φρενός, ἐπιφιδός.

καὶ φρενός ἃ νοέοισ' εὐχὰν ἀνευφάμασ' ἐπιτελλομένας,
 χάρμ' ἐμοὶ κείνοισί τ'. εἰ γὰρ τεῦξα γραφαῖς τάδ', ἰδὼν
 τίς κεν ἀγάσθη μαχανάν; εἰ δ' ἐν πτυχαῖς ᾠκισ' ὕμνων, ὃ τε δρῶν
 δῆλος τό τε δρᾶμ'. ὅθεν ἐστὶ καλὸν σχῆμ', ἴσθ', ὃ τ' αἶνος
 οἶα λέξ'. ὠρισμένας ταῦτ' ἄθλα τέχνας·
 ἐς τεχνίτας γὰρ τελείειν, τόδ' αἰδοῖς κλέος καὶ ζωγράφουσιν·

νῦν δὲ δαίμων ἐξεκάλυψε βίαν, στροφή.
 ἀστραπὴν ὥς, παντοπόρου κραδίης, θεσμῶν κνεφαῖον τέκτον'
 ἀριπρεπέων·

ποῦ γὰρ ἐξῆν ἄλλο βροτοῖς τι τοιόνδ', οἷον κτύπους τρεῖς συμ-
 πλάσαντι

μὴ τέτρατον κτύπον ἀλλὰ σέλας πάμφλεκτον αἴρειν;
 αὐτό τοι ἀρμονίας φώναμ' ἕκαστον εὐτελές,
 δαμόθρουν, μέγ' εἶτε λεπτόν, ῥῆμ' ἀπλόον· τὸ δ' ἐγὼ κεράσας
 σὺν δυοῖν ἄλλοις τί τεῦξ'; ἠκούσατ', εἶδετε·
 θέσκελον θαυμάζετ' ἀλκάν.

Well, it is gone at last, the palace of music I reared ;

Gone! and the good tears start, the praises that come
too slow ;

For one is assured at first, one scarce can say that he feared,

That he even gave it a thought, the gone thing was to go.

Never to be again! But many more of the kind

As good, nay, better perchance : is this your comfort to me?

To me, who must be saved because I cling with my mind

To the same, same self, same love, same God : ay, what
was, shall be.

Therefore to whom turn I but to Thee, the ineffable Name?

Builder and maker, Thou, of houses not made with hands!

What, have fear of change from Thee who art ever the same?

Doubt that Thy power can fill the heart that Thy power
expands?

There shall never be one lost good! What was, shall live
as before ;

The evil is null, is nought, is silence implying sound ;

What was good, shall be good, with, for evil, so much
good more ;

On the earth, the broken arcs ; in the heaven, a perfect
round.

εἶεν, οἷχει δῆ, πολύχορδον ἔδος, ἀντιστροφῆ.
 δακρύων τ' ἔρρωγ' ἐπ' ὀλωλότι χλωρὸν δεῦμα παιάν τ' ὀψέ περ
 ὀρνύμενος·

ἤρχομένη γὰρ θαρσαλέως, ἔτυμ' εἰπεῖν, οὔτε δείσας οὔτε δηχθείς,
 τοῦδ' ὃ βέβακεν ὁδὸν προνοήσας μοιρόκρατον·
 τοῦτο μὲν οὐκέτ' ἄρ' ἔστ'· ἔσται δὲ δηθὲν ἄλλ' ἴσα
 κάτι κρείσσω. ψυχρὰ θρυλεῖς. οὐ γὰρ ἐὼν ἐγὼ αὐτὸς αἰεί,
 ταῦτά τ' αἰὲν πατρὶ σὺν ταυτῶ σέβων, σάζομαι;
 ὅσα πάροιθ' ἦν, φαμ' ἔσεσθαι.

ποῖον οὖν εἰ μὴ σέγ', ἐπωνυμίαν ἄρρητον ὀνομασμένη, ἐπωδός.
 προστρέπομαι, μελάθρων χείρεσσι οὐ τεκταινομένων γενέτωρ;
 ἄστροφος πῶς ἂν στραφήσει; πῶς κέαρ ἀμπετάσας
 οὐ κορέσεις; οὐδὲν θανεῖται χρηστόν· ἐσλὰ ζήσει ἔθ' ὅσσα
 πρὶν ἦν·

σιγῶν δ' ἀγαθὸν τὸ κακόν, πλέον οὐδέν. χρήστ' ἔτ' ἔσται
 πάνθ' ὅσ' ἦν, τόσσοις σὺν ἄλλοις ἀντὶ κακῶν·
 γαῖα μὲν γὰρ κῶλα ῥαγέντα κύκλου, Ζεὺς δ' ὄρᾳ κύκλον τέλειον·

All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good, shall exist ;
Not its semblance, but itself ; no beauty, nor good, nor
power

Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the
melodist

When eternity affirms the conception of an hour.
The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,
The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard ;
Enough that he heard it once : we shall hear it by-and-by.

And what is our failure here but a triumph's evidence
For the fulness of the days ? Have we withered or
agonized ?

Why else was the pause prolonged but that singing might
issue thence ?

Why rushed the discords in, but that harmony should be
prized ?

Sorrow is hard to bear, and doubt is slow to clear,
Each sufferer says his say, his scheme of the weal and woe :
But God has a few of us whom he whispers in the ear ;
The rest may reason and welcome: 't is we musicians know.

πάνθ' ἅ βουλαῖς ἐλπίσι τ' ἐπλάσαμεν στροφή.
 χρήστ', οὐκ οὐκ οὐκ, ἔσεται, οὐκ οὐκ οὐκ ἄλλ' αὐτά· κενδὸν πᾶν
 σθεναρόν τ' ἐρατόν τ',
 οὐ γ' ἅπαξ φωνὰ κελάδησε, μένει τοῖσι φωνήσασιν, εὔτε
 κραινὴ ἐφημερίων ὑπονοίας πλεῖστος αἰών.
 ὑψίφρον εἴ τι λῖαν, εἰ θέσκελον φάνη βροτοῖς,
 εἰ δ' ἔρωσ τις γᾶν προλείπων πλάζετ' ἐπ' αἰθέρ', ἔπεμψε θεῶ
 τοῦτ' ἐραστῆς φθέγμ' αἰδός τ'. εἰ δ' ἅπαξ ἦσθητο
 θεός, ἀκούοιμὲν κ' ἔτ' ἄνδρες.

εἰ δὲ νῦν ἐσφάλμεθ', ἐπαγγελία ἀντιστροφή.
 τοῦτο νίκας ἅμασι σὺν τελείοις. ἠθλήσαμεν που πολλὰ μαραι-
 νόμενοι·
 ἀλλ' ἀναύδου μῆνες ἀμαχανίας πῶς οὐχ ὕμνους μέλλουσι τίκτειν,
 καὶ πόθον ἀρμονίας ἐπιβᾶσαι πλημμέλειαι;
 δύσφορός ἐστιν ἀνία δύσλυτόν τε τᾶσαφές·
 πᾶς δὲ τις τό τ' εὔ ρυθμίζων καὶ τὸ κακὸν λαλέει νοσέων·
 ἔστι δ' οἷς φράζει δι' ὠτὸς Ζεὺς· σκοπεῖθ', ἄτεροι·
 φαμὲν ἐπίστασθαι μελωδοί.

Well, it is earth with me ; silence resumes her reign :

I will be patient and proud, and soberly acquiesce.

Give me the keys. I feel for the common chord again,

Sliding by semitones, till I sink to the minor,—yes,

And I blunt it into a ninth, and I stand on alien ground,

Surveying awhile the heights I rolled from into the deep ;

Which, hark, I have dared and done, for my resting-place
is found,

The C Major of this life : so, now I will try to sleep.

BROWNING.

εἶεν· ἐξάλλαξα πάλιν χθαμαλὸς σιγὰν βρέμοντος οὐρανοῦ· ἐπφθός.
τλάσομαι ὑψιφρόνως· χορδῶν, φέρ', ὄρσαις ἀρχέτυπον κέλαδον,
βαθμίσι φωνῶν πολυξέστοισι καθιέμενος,
κλίνομαι εἰς ἀμβλύν τιν' ἄχον, τοῦ πρὶν ἐκβὰς τέρμ'· ἄγαμαι
δὲ τέως

ῥυμνων κορυφὰς ἄλ' ὄθεν κατενέχθην εἰς ἄπειρον·
ἀμπνέω δὴ τλὰς τόδ' ἔρδειν· πλᾶξα μέσαν,
ἐλπίδων κρηπίδα βροτοῖς βίότου· νῦν δ' ὕπνου γένοιτ' ἰαύειν.

TITHONUS.

THE woods decay, the woods decay and fall,
The vapours weep their burthen to the ground,
Man comes and tills the field and lies beneath,
And after many a summer dies the swan.
Me only cruel immortality
Consumes: I wither slowly in thine arms,
Here at the quiet limit of the world,
A white-hair'd shadow roaming like a dream
The ever silent spaces of the East,
Far-folded mists, and gleaming halls of morn.

TITHONUS.

Marcescunt nemorum, nemorum labuntur honores,
roriferae deflent nubes, oriuntur et arvis
incumbunt subterque hominum defuncta recumbunt
secla, nec aestates non deciduntur oloris.
solus ego immortale trahens aegerrimus aevom
carpor: inaresco, te complectente, quietum
limen ad hoc mundi, dum cana remetior umbra
secretas orientis imagine vanior aulas,
multiplices nebulas, sublustria templa diei.

Alas! for this gray shadow, once a man—
So glorious in his beauty and thy choice,
Who madest him thy chosen, that he seem'd
To his great heart none other than a God!
I ask'd thee, "Give me immortality."
Then didst thou grant mine asking with a smile,
Like wealthy men who care not how they give.
But thy strong Hours indignant work'd their wills,
And beat me down and marr'd and wasted me,
And though they could not end me, left me maim'd
To dwell in presence of immortal youth,
Immortal age beside immortal youth,
And all I was, in ashes. Can thy love,
Thy beauty, make amends, though even now,
Close over us, the silver star, thy guide,
Shines in those tremulous eyes that fill with tears
To hear me? Let me go: take back thy gift:
Why should a man desire in any way
To vary from the kindly race of men,
Or pass beyond the goal of ordinance

heu senis hanc umbram, prius e terrestribus unum
quom specie florens et te dignante cubili,
dignabaris enim, quicquid sublime minatus
quin darer in superos adeo nil rebar abesse!
concilies, dixi, caelum mihi. blanda roganti
annuis: haud aliter terrae quoque plenior heres
largirique solet nec habere quod imputet illud.
sed rabiem explerunt ultrices acriter Horae
et stravere graves et mutavere terendo,
quodque necem citra poterant, deformis adessem
aeternae voluere iuventutisque senectus
divinae divina, meae facis ipse superstes.
num vel amor tanti, pulcerrima? sidere quanquam
dum loquor impendente, tuae duce lampadis albo,
suave coruscantes oculi miserantis obortis
stant lacrimis? absolve, precor, retro exime donum.
cur velit humani generis transcendere quoquam
foedus homo aut sanctos ultra procedere fines?

Where all should pause, as is most meet for all?

A soft air fans the cloud apart; there comes
A glimpse of that dark world where I was born.
Once more the old mysterious glimmer steals
From thy pure brows, and from thy shoulders pure,
And bosom beating with a heart renew'd.
Thy cheek begins to redden through the gloom,
Thy sweet eyes brighten slowly close to mine,
Ere yet they blind the stars, and the wild team
Which love thee, yearning for thy yoke, arise,
And shake the darkness from their loosen'd manes,
And beat the twilight into flakes of fire.

Lo! ever thus thou growest beautiful
In silence, then before thine answer given
Departest, and thy tears are on my cheek.

Why wilt thou ever scare me with thy tears,
And make me tremble lest a saying learnt,
In days far off, on that dark earth, be true?
'The Gods themselves cannot recall their gifts.'

Ay me! ay me! with what another heart,

hic cunctis claudenda, hic clausa probabitur aetas.

intremuit zephyro nubes : hiemale meorum
nosco exul litus, senis incunabula nosco.
ecce tuo miror de vertice lumen oriri,
miror ab ambrosio non enarrabile collo,
miror rite novam sumentia pectora vitam.
iamque tepere genas sensim et splendescere cerno
instantis dulces oculos, necdum orbibus illi
astra hebetant plenis, necdum exultantia fervent
corda reposcentum sibi quae moderetur equorum,
effunduntque iubas ut opaca volumina currus
discutiat tenebrarum insultetque ignifer umbris.

en tua te quoties inter mea vota venustas
induit, expectans quid responsura moreris
deseror et lacrimis astans umector euntis.

quo lacrimis me usque exanimas ? quo me usque timentem
ne sit verum, angis, quod egeno lucis in aevo
nocte laborantum memini portendere famam,
ipsos, quae dederint, non posse resumere divos ?

hei mihi, quam non his oculis Tithonus inhaerens,

In days far off, and with what other eyes
I used to watch—if I be he that watch'd—
The lucid outline forming round thee ; saw
The dim curls kindle into sunny rings ;
Changed with thy mystic change, and felt my blood
Glow with the glow that slowly crimson'd all
Thy presence and thy portals, while I lay,
Mouth, forehead, eyelids, growing dewy-warm
With kisses balmier than half-opening buds
Of April, and could hear the lips that kiss'd
Whispering I knew not what of wild and sweet,
Like that strange song I heard Apollo sing,
While Ilion like a mist rose into towers.

Yet hold me not for ever in thine East :
How can my nature longer mix with thine ?
Coldly thy rosy shadows bathe me, cold
Are all thy lights, and cold my wrinkled feet
Upon thy glimmering thresholds, when the steam
Floats up from those dim fields about the homes
Of happy men that have the power to die,

ille ego si spiro, quam non hoc corde tuebar
gliscere te cingens iubar et pallentis apricos
stare comis cirros miramque subire videbar
te subeunte vicem, penitus magis ossa calescens
quo portae magis et rubor ardescebat obortae!
at tua labra mihi crebrum irrorantia nectar
os frontemque dabant resupino et lumina circum
oscula quis verna non germina suavius halant
semireducta rosae; nec secius oscula figens
nescio quid clementis inexpertique canebas.
crescere sic Phoebi plusquam mortale recordor
carmen, at in turres nebulosam assurgere Troiam.

ne tamen aeternum his claustris orientis in aevom
saepiar: an leti fruar immortalibus heres
amplius? en roseis involvor frigidus umbris,
frigida candescunt tua limina, friget eoum
sub pede rugato limen, cum mane vapores
submittunt procul obscuro cingentia tractu
arva domos hominum, quis posse perire beatis

And grassy barrows of the happier dead.
Release me, and restore me to the ground ;
Thou seest all things, thou wilt see my grave :
Thou wilt renew thy beauty morn by morn ;
I earth in earth forget these empty courts,
And thee returning on thy silver wheels.

TENNYSON.

contigit aut fato caespes potiore sepultis.
da moriar, da reddar humo: tu cetera lustras,
tu senis agnosces tumulum: reparabis honorem
tu, dea, quot redeunt luces: me terra recondet
terrenum: per me sileant haec templa licebit
tuque albis volvare revolvarisque quadrigis.

SONG.

HOME they brought her warrior dead :
She nor swoon'd, nor utter'd cry :
All her maidens, watching, said,
'She must weep or she will die.'

Then they praised him, soft and low,
Call'd him worthy to be loved,
Truest friend and noblest foe ;
Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

C A R M E N.

Mortuus e bello sua fertur in atria miles :
nec fluit ad terram sponsa nec ore gemit :
aspiciunt unaque canunt haec voce puellae ;
a! fleat—est lacrimis, ne moriatur, opus.
inde viri repetunt summisso murmure laudes :
dignus erat, narrant, quem sequeretur amor,
fidus amicitiiis, ipsos generosus in hostes ;
illa tamen nullos dat stupefacta sonos.

Stole a maiden from her place,
Lightly to the warrior stept,
Took the face-cloth from the face ;
Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
Set his child upon her knee—
Like summer tempest came her tears—
'Sweet my child, I live for thee.'

TENNYSON.

provenit e mediis elapsa puella ministris,
fert levis ad feretrum qua iacet ille pedem;
dimovet a rigido feralem sindona voltu:
illa tamen siccis torpet ut ante genis.
surgit anus denos novies emensa Decembres;
in gremium pignus dat puerile viri:
imber ut aestivos rupit pia lacrima fontes;
tu, puer, in vita cur morer, inquit, eris.

WORCESTER. HOTSPUR. NORTHUMBERLAND.

WOR. Peace, cousin, say no more!
And now I will unclasp a secret book,
And to your quick-conceiving discontents
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous,
As full of peril and adventurous spirit
As to o'er-walk a current roaring loud
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

HOT. If he fall in, good night! or sink or swim:
Send danger from the east unto the west,

ΑΝΑΚΤΕΣ. ΘΡΑΣΥΜΑΧΟΣ.

ΑΝΑΞ Α. εὔφημον, ᾧ ξύναιμε, κοίμισον στόμα·
δέλτου δ' ἀνοίξας νῦν ἀπορρήτους πτυχὰς
πρὸς μανθάνειν φθάνοντας ὡς δεδηγμένους
μελαμβαθές τι πρᾶγος ἐξηγήσομαι,
θερμοῦ θ' ὁμοίως κάπικιδύνου θράσους
ὥσπερ χάρυβδι ἐκπερᾶν βαρύβρομον
δορὸς γεφυρωθεῖσαν ἀστάτῳ βάσει.

ΘΡΑΣ. ἴτω γ' ὁ πίπτων· νεῖν γὰρ ἢ θανεῖν ἀκμή·
ἀπ' ἀντολῶν τὸ δεινὸν ἐς δυσμὰς ἄφες,

So honour cross it from the north to south,
And let them grapple: O, the blood more stirs
To rouse a lion than to start a hare!

NORTH. Imagination of some great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

HOT. By heaven, methinks it were an easy leap
To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon,
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks;
So he that doth redeem her thence might wear
Without corrival all her dignities:
But out upon this half-faced fellowship!

SHAKESPEARE.

ἦν γ' ἀνταφῆς βορρᾶθεν ἐς νότον κλέος,
τὼ δ' οὖν ἀμιλλάσθωσαν· ὡς ἀνεπτάμην
λέοντ' ἐγείρων μᾶλλον ἢ φοβῶν πτάκα.

- N. ἔοικεν ἀνὴρ ἔνθεος λαμπροῦ τινὸς
ἔργου φέρεσθαι τοῦ φρονεῖν ἔξω δραμῶν.
- Θ. ὦ θεοί, τόδ' ὡς πῆδημ' ἂν εὐχερῶς δοκῶ
πηδῶν σελήνης ἀρπάσαι τ' εὐδοξίαν
χρυσῶπ' ἀπ' ἀργυρῶπος, ἔς τε ποντίους
βυθοὺς κολυμβῶν ἔνθα μὴ κέλσει στάθμη
κομῶν κατακλυσθεῖσαν ἐξανασπάσαι,
ἐφ' ᾧ τὸν ἐκσώσαντα τὴν παμπησίαν
τιμῆς ἄλυπον τοῦ μεθέξοντος φορεῖν·
ἢ δ' ἀμφίλεκτος ἐρρέτω κοινωνία.

THE DYING SWAN.

THE wild swan's death-hymn took the soul
Of that waste place with joy
Hidden in sorrow: at first to the ear
The warble was low, and full and clear;
And floating about the under sky,
Prevailing in weakness, the coronach stole
Sometimes afar, and sometimes anear;
But anon her awful jubilant voice,
With a music strange and manifold,
Flow'd forth on a carol free and bold;

OLOR MORIENS.

Quae loca ferali penitus dulcedine cantus
cepit olor moriens. primo summissa venire
murmura plorantis liquidoque arguta susurro,
dum vaga depressis humili sub nubibus ala
grassatur trepidando aut longe nenia serpens
aut propior: sed mox plenum increbrescere carmen
morte triumphantis, graviorque in sidera paeon
mille rapi numeris et gloria fervere cantus:

As when a mighty people rejoice
With shawms and with cymbals, and harps of gold,
And the tumult of their acclaim is roll'd
Thro' the open gates of the city afar,
To the shepherd who watcheth the evening star.
And the creeping mosses and clambering weeds,
And the willow-branches hoar and dank,
And the wavy swell of the soughing reeds,
And the wave-worn horns of the echoing bank,
And the silvery marish-flowers that throng
The desolate creeks and pools among,
Were flooded over with eddy song.

TENNYSON.

qualis ubi magno in populo si tympana festum
mixta tubis celebrant citharisque sonatur et auro
it strepitus portis, et ovantia murmura volvi
vesperis exaudit tremulo sub lumine pastor.
iamque comas muscorum humiles herbaeque sequacis
gramina, iam canis saliceta madentia ramis,
quaeque terunt fluctus resonantis cornua ripae,
quaeque sinus vastos desolatasque paludes
innumero decorant argentea lilia coetu,
obruit exundans numeroso gurgite carmen.

Silence.

THEY seem'd to those who saw them meet
The worldly friends of every day :
Her smile was undisturbed and sweet,
His courtesy was free and gay :
But yet, if one the other's name
In some unguarded moment heard,
The heart you thought so calm and tame,
Would struggle like a captur'd bird ;
And letters of mere formal phrase
Were blister'd with repeated tears.

Silebant.

Verba serunt isti, poteras conviva putare,
qualia convivae quotidiana serunt :
illa nihil trepidum, nil triste prementis ad instar
ridet; in urbanos par vacat ille sales.
si tamen alterius non praevigilantis ad aurem
alterius nomen vox inopina tulit,
tam, reor, apta iugo, tam scilicet inscia flammae
corda micant qualis capta columba micat :
quaeque salutantis frigebat epistola nugis
plus semel affusa tabuerat lacrima.

And this was not the work of days,
But had gone on for years and years.
Alas, that Love was not too strong
For maiden shame and manly pride!
Alas, that they delay'd so long
The goal of mutual bliss beside!
Yet, what no chance could then reveal,
And neither would be first to own,
Let fate and courage now conceal,
When truth could bring remorse alone.

LORD HOUGHTON.

nec brevium spatio mens venerat illa dierum;
creverat annorum lentus amaror opus.
digna viro gravitas pudor o si virgine dignus
obstabant, utinam praevaluisset amor!
o utinam voti stantes iam fine sub ipso
ivissent positis quo voluere moris!
quod tamen haud usquam fors tempestiva reclusit,
quodque prior fari segnis uterque fuit,
id sua fata tegant, id fortia corda recondant,
ne pigeat frustra dissimulata loqui.

FEDALMA. ZARCA.

No, no—I will not say it—I will go!
Father, I choose! I will not take a heaven
Haunted by shrieks of far-off misery.
This deed and I have ripened with the hours:
It is a part of me—a wakened thought
That, rising like a giant, masters me,
And grows into a doom. O mother life,
That seemed to nourish me so tenderly,
Even in the womb you vowed me to the fire,
Hung on my soul the burden of men's hopes,
And pledged me to redeem.—I'll pay the debt!
You gave me strength that I should pour it all

ΦΕΙΔΑΛΜΗ. ΞΑΡΚΗΣ.

Φ. μὴ δῆτ'· ἐρῶ τόδ' οὐποτ'· ἀλλ' ἄμ' ἔψομαι.
 πάτερ, δέδοκται· μηδ' ἴση ζώην θεοῖς
 φρίσσουσα κωκυτοῖσιw ἐκτόπου δύης.
 ἐμοὶ γὰρ ἔργον συντρόφως τόδ' ἤκμασεν
 ὡς συμπεφυκός· οὗ μὲλημ' ἐγρηγορὸς
 γίγας τις ὡς πάνταρχον αἵρεται φρενῶν,
 δίκην ἀνάγκης βρῖθον· ὦ ζωῆς γάνος
 μητρῶον, ὦ δόξασά μ' ἠπίως τρέφειν,
 κὰν γαστρί μ' οὔσαν πῦρ ἄρ' ὄρισας περᾶν,
 ψυχῆς δ' ἀπαρτῶσ' ἐλπίδας πολλῶν μιᾶς
 τελείῃw κατηγγύησας· ὥσπερ οὖν τελῶ.
 σθένος γὰρ εἶ μοι δοῦσ' ἵν' ἐγχείαιμι πᾶν

Into this anguish. I can never shrink
Back into bliss—my heart has grown too big
With things that might be. Father, I will go.
O Father, will the women of our tribe
Suffer as I do in the years to come
When you have made them great in Africa?
Redeemed from ignorant ills only to feel
A conscious woe? Then—is it worth the pains?
Were it not better when we reach that shore
To raise a funeral pile and perish all?
So closing up a myriad avenues
To misery yet unwrought? My soul is faint—
Will these sharp pains buy any certain good?

Zarca. Nay, never falter: no great deed is done
By falterers who wish for certainty.
No good is certain, but the steadfast mind,
The undivided will to seek the good:
The greatest gift the hero leaves his race,
Is to have been a hero.

GEORGE ELIOT.

εἰς τήνδ' ἀνίαν· οὐδ' ἂν εἰς στενὴν χαρὰν
 θυμὸν κατισχνάναιμ' ἔτ' ἐξωγκωμένον
 ἔρωτι τοῦ μελλοντος· ἔψομαι, πάτερ.
 ἦ χᾶτέραις, γεννήτορ, ἐμφύλων μένει
 ἐμοῖς ἴσ' ἀντλεῖν καὶ μεταῦθις ἄλγεσιν,
 ἐδρῶν κρατούσαις, σὴν δόσω, Λιβυστικῶν;
 ἐξ ἀγνοουσῶν ἦ ξυνειδυίαις τρέφειν
 λύπας πάρεσται; κᾶτα δρᾶν προὔργου τάδε;
 οὐ κρεῖσσον ἀκτὴν ἰγμένοις Λιβυστικὴν
 κοινῇ πυρὰν νήσασιν ἐξολωλέναι,
 ἀνηρίθμους εἶρξασιν προσβολὰς κακῶν
 μῆπω φανέντων; φεῦ· φρέν' ὡς βαρύνομαι·
 μῶν κέρδος ὠδὶς ἐμπολᾶ πικρὰ σαφές;
 Ξ. μὴ νυν ὀκνήσης μηδέν· ὡς ὅσοι σαφῆ
 ποθοῦντες ὀκνοῦσ' οὐδὲν αἴρονται μέγα.
 σαφές γὰρ ἀγαθὸν φρήν ἀκίνητος μόνου,
 σπουδῆ τ' ἀκραιφνῆς τὰγάθ' ἐξιχνοσκοπεῖν.
 λείπει δ' ὁ δράσας λαμπρὰ τοῖς ἐμφυλίοις
 τοῦτ' αὐτὸ λῶστον, λαμπρὰ καὶ δεδρακέναι.

Dost thou look back?

DOST thou look back on what hath been,
As some divinely-gifted man,
Whose life in low estate began
And on a simple village green;

Who breaks his birth's invidious bar,
And grasps the skirts of happy chance,
And breasts the blows of circumstance,
And grapples with his evil star:

Who makes by force his merit known,
And lives to clutch the golden keys,
To mould a mighty state's decrees,
And shape the whisper of the throne:

Ut meminit nostri?

Terraene caelo perfrueris memor,
qualem insiti divinitus ingeni
dotes in angustis foventem
pauperies tulit arcta pagi:

qui vincit obstans immerito genus,
praetervolanti se citus applicat
Fortunae et adversis repugnat
sideris impatiens iniqui:

vim donec instans protulit igneam,
et clave tandem praeditus aurea
stat Roma quid decernat auctor,
quo patribus sonet ore Caesar:

And moving up from high to higher,
 Becomes on Fortune's crowning slope
 The pillar of a people's hope,
The centre of a world's desire ;

Yet feels as in a pensive dream,
 When all his active powers are still,
 A distant dearness in the hill,
A secret sweetness in the stream,

The limit of his narrower fate,
 While yet beside its vocal springs
 He play'd at counsellors and kings,
With one that was his earliest mate ;

Who ploughs with toil his native lea,
 And reaps the labour of his hands,
 Or in the furrow musing stands ;
'Does my old friend remember me ?'

TENNYSON.

mox arce rerum semper in altius
tendens resistit, publica civium
tutela, quem sperans in uno.
sollicitus veneratur orbis.

idem remissis est ubi viribus
collem quieta deses imagine
requirit Arpinum, requirit
dulcis adhuc saliceta rivi,

angustiorum limitis artium,
donec canoris accola fontibus
reges senatoresque primi
cum socio simulabat ævi:

qui sulcat aegre rus patrium, metens
quos sevit agros, aut patitur boves
cessare, dum secum: meine
forte vetus meminit sodalis?

TIMON.

YET thanks I must you con,
That you are thieves profess'd, that you work not
In holier shapes: for there is boundless theft
In limited professions. Rascal thieves,
Here's gold. Go, suck the subtle blood o' the grape,
Till the high fever seethe your blood to froth,
And so 'scape hanging; trust not the physician;
His antidotes are poison, and he slays
More than you rob; take wealth and lives together;
Do villany, do, since you protest to do't,

TIMON.

δει μὴν τιν' ἀλλὰ τοῦδέ μ' εἰδέναι χάριν,
οἷ γ' ἐκ προδήλου κλέπτετ' οὐδὲ τ' ἀσεβείῳ
ὡς εὐσεβεῖς ἀσκέιτε· ταῖς γὰρ ἐννόμοις
τεχνῶν ἔπονται μυριοπληθεῖς κλοπαί.
ὄδ', ὦ πανούργοι, χρυσός· ἔρρετ', ἀμπέλου
αἷμ' ὄξυ κάρτ' ἐκπίνεθ', ὥστ' ἀκμῇ φλογὸς
ζέοντα πέλανον ἐξαφρίζεσθαι φλεβῶν,
αἵδου κρεμαστοῦ φεύξιν· ἰατρῶ δ' ὅπως
πέισεσθε μηδέν· ὅλοα γὰρ τὰ φάρμακα,
κτείνει δὲ πλείους κείνος ἢ συλᾶ κλοπεύς.
οὐχ οὖς ἀποστερεῖτε κάξολεῖθ' ἅπαξ,
μηδ' ἦν ἐπαγγέλλεσθε χειρωναξίαν

Like workmen. I'll example you with thievery :
The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea : the moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun :
The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears : the earth's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen
From general excrement ; each thing's a thief ;
The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power
Have uncheck'd theft.

SHAKESPEARE.

χρήσεσθ' ἀτέχνῳ; καὶ τὰ συγκλέπτουτ' ἐρῶ·
κλοπεὺς ὁ Φοῖβος, ὅς γ' ἄλ' ἄσπετον πολὺς
ἔλκων μαραίνει· ταῦτ' οὐκ ὀφλισκάνει
Φοίβου σελήνη χλωρὸν ἀρπάζουσα φῶς;
κλέπτει δὲ πόντος ἀλμυρὸν μήνης δάκρυ
τήκων ὑγρῶ κλύδωνι· τῷ δὲ δρῶσ' ἴσον
γῆ παντόφυρτον κλέμμα παγκοίνου σκατὸς
κνεῖ ροφούσα· κούδεν ἔσθ' ὁποῖον οὐ
κλέπτει· χαλινὸς αὐτίχ' οἱ νόμοι κλοπῆς
μάστιξ τ' ἔχουσ' ἄπειρον αὐθαδεῖς κλοπῆν.

Tears, idle tears.

TEARS, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy Autumn-fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
That brings our friends up from the underworld,
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge ;
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Desiderium.

O lacrimae, lacrimae, quo numine miror, inanes,
nescio quid lacrimae plusquam mortale sequentes
ingenti desiderio, nascuntur in imo
corde, rigant oculos, simul aurea messibus arva
conspicor et lapsos revoco sub pectore soles.

quale novom velo iubar albescente renidet,
devexis cui forte sui redduntur ab austris;
quale iubar maestis supremum navis inaurat
carbasa, dimidium vitae abscondentis in aequor;
tam veteri manet albus honor, tam lugubris aevo.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awaken'd birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

TENNYSON.

ac veluti dubiis sub lucem aestate tenebris
fit vigilum male nidorum vagitus; at aegro
auscultat sensu moriens, cui lumina cernunt
sublustrem iam stare magis magis aegra fenestram;
tam lapsi subit aegra die, tam tristis imago.

STANZAS.

IN a drear-nighted December,
Too happy, happy tree,
Thy branches ne'er remember
Their green felicity;
The north cannot undo them,
With a sleety whistle through them,
Nor frozen thawings glue them
From budding at the prime.

In a drear-nighted December,
Too happy, happy brook,
Thy bubblings ne'er remember
Apollo's summer-look;

CARMEN.

Horreant, arbos, tenebrae Decembris ;
at, quater fausto Iove, te vietam
nulla fortunae speciosioris
cura remordet.

sibilans tutis aquilo minatur
grandinem ramis : male pertinaci
stringit amplexu glacialis umor
vere novandos.

rive, contristet fera bruma noctes ;
tu tamen, dulci nimis use fato,
immemor spumas calido decori
sidere Phoebi :

But with a sweet forgetting
They stay their crystal fretting,
Never, never petting
About the frozen time.

Ah! would 'twere so with many
A gentle girl and boy!
But were there ever any
Writhed not at passéd joy?
To know the change and feel it,
When there is none to heal it,
Nor numbéd sense to steal it—
Was never said in rhyme.

KEATS.

tu remulcentis patiens veterni
vitrea parcis trepidare lymphā,
nescius pigrae vicis insolenter
ferre catenam.

virgines o si iuvenesque nuper
fervidi Lethen biberent eandem!
sed quis angori moderetur orbus
deliciarum?

‘unde quo veni?’ dolor ingementis,
nulla quem vincit medicina, nullus
decipit torpor, quibus exprimatur
carmina quaerit.

DARKNESS.

I had a dream, which was not all a dream.
The bright sun was extinguished, and the stars
Did wander darkling in the eternal space,
Rayless and pathless, and the icy earth
Swung blind and blackening in the moonless air;
Morn came and went—and came, and brought no day.

* * * * *

The rivers, lakes and ocean all stood still,
And nothing stirred within their silent depths;
Ships sailorless lay rotting on the sea,

ΣΚΟΤΟΣ.

ὄνειρον εἶδον ᾧ τι κακ θεοῦ προσῆν·
φλόξ ἡλίου γὰρ ἔφθιτ', ἐπλανᾶτο δὲ
σκότου δεδορκότ' ἄστρα πρωτάρχω χάει
ἀμαύρ', ἀβουκόλητα· γῆ δ' ἐπάλλετο
κρυσταλλοπήξ κατ' αἰθέρ' οὐ μήνης ὑπο
τυφλή, κελαινωθειῖσα· φωσφόρος δ' ἕως
διεξόδοισιν οὐ ξυνείπεθ' ἡμερῶν.
ἠῦδον δὲ λίμναι, ρεῖθρά θ' ἠῦδ', ἠῦδεν Θέτις,
ἦν δ' οὐδὲν ἀψόφοισιν ἔμφυχον βυθοῖς·
νῆες δ' ἐσήπονθ', ὥστ' ἀποιμάντου σκάφους

And their masts fell down piece-meal : as they dropp'd
They slept on the abyss without a surge—
The waves were dead : the tides were in their grave,
The moon, their mistress, had expired before ;
The winds were wither'd in the stagnant air,
And the clouds perish'd ! Darkness had no need
Of aid from them—She was the Universe.

LORD BYRON.

σαθρὸν καταρρεῖν ἰστόν, ὃς καταρρνεῖς
αὐτοῦ θαλάσση νηέμῳ κοιμίζεται.
οὐκ ἦν κλυδῶν ἔτ', οὐ παλιρροία σάλου,
μήγη θανούση ξυθανούσα κυρία·
ἔβριξε δ' αἰθῆρ πάσαν ἀνάνας πνοήν,
φροῦδαί τε νεφελαί· συμμαχῶν γὰρ οὐκ ἔδει
τούτων τυραννεύοντα τοῦ παντὸς σκότον.

Many a year is in its grave.

MANY a year is in its grave
Since I cross'd this restless wave;
And the evening, fair as ever,
Shines on ruin, rock and river.

Then in this same boat beside,
Sat two comrades, old and tried;
One, with all a father's truth;
One, with all the fire of youth.

Umbrac.

Plurima iam periit volvendis mensibus aestas
mobilis ut nostram transtulit unda ratem :
nec iuga nunc alia tingit dulcedine vesper,
cana situ tingit moenia, tingit aquas.
tum geminos notaeque fide veterisque sodales
non aliud mecum cymba ferebat iter :
alter in officiis constans mihi paene paternis ;
ut iuvenes fervent, fervidus alter erat.

One on earth in silence wrought,
And his grave in silence sought :
But the younger, brighter form
Passed in battle and in storm.

So, whene'er I turn my eye
Back upon the days gone by,
Saddening thoughts of friends come o'er me,—
Friends who closed their course before me.

Yet what binds us friend to friend
But that soul with soul can blend ?
Soul-like were those hours of yore—
Let us walk in soul once more !

Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee—
Take, I give it willingly ;
For, invisible to thee,
Spirits twain have crossed with me.

LONGFELLOW.

alterius tacitos exhaustit vita labores,
 exhaustum tacita morte reliquit opus :
sed puer ille ferox et ovans volitare per ora
 martis ab horisonis fugit in astra minis.
sic lapsi quoties sub corde remetior aevi
 tempora praeteritos respicioque dies,
tristis amicorum viduo succurrit imago,
 quis prior obvenit quam mihi meta viae.
quid tamen est aliud quod amico nectat amicum
 quam quod mente potest mens propiore frui ?
viximus ut vivont exutae corpora mentes :
 mentibus hic etiam quid vetat ire pares ?
ivimus—at triplex tu, portitor, accipe naulum,
 accipe non segni dona repensa manu :
scilicet una lacum transibat et altera mecum,
 sic tamen ut visus falleret umbra tuos.

BRUTUS.

It must be by his death : and for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd :
How that might change his nature, there's the question.
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder ;
And that craves wary walking. Crown him ?—that ;—
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins

ΒΡΟΥΤΟΣ.

φονᾶ τὸ πρᾶγμα· κατ' ἔμοιγ' ἀνὴρ δοκεῖ
κόλασμα λακπάτητον οὐκ ὀφλισκάνειν,
εἰ μὴ τι τοῖς πλείστοισι· κοιρανέιν ἐρᾶ·
μέλλων τί πάσχειν; τοῦτο δὴ ζητητέον.
πρόσειλος ἢ γ' ἔχιδνά τοι φαντάζεται,
ἵν' εὐλαβεῖσθαι τοῖς ὄδοιπόροις ἀκμή.
καὶ δὴ τύραννος γέγονε· χαιρέτω πόλις·
κέντρον γὰρ εἶη τῷδ' ἄν, οὐκέτ' ἀντερῶ,
ἐνθεῖσ' ὅτῳ δύναται ἄν οὖς θέλοι δάκνειν.
διαφθορὰ γὰρ ἦδε τῆς ἀρχῆς ἔφω
ἐν ᾧ τὸν οἶκτον τοῦ κράτους ἐχώρισεν

Remorse from power : and, to speak truth of Cæsar,
I have not known when his affections sway'd
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber upward turns his face :
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend. So Cæsar may ;
Then, lest he may, prevent.

SHAKESPEARE.

ἐκμαρτυρήσω δ' οὐκ ἰδὼν τῷ Καίσαρι
γνώμης ποτ' αἰδῶ κρείσσον' ἴσχουσαν ῥοπήν.
καίτοι θάμ' ἦν ἔνδηλος ἢ ταπεινότης
κλίμαξ τις οὖσ' ἄρχοντι μειζόνων ἐρᾶν,
πρὸς ἣν τις ἐστήριξεν ἀμβάτης κάρα·
ἄκρον δὲ βαθμὸν οὐ φθάνει κατασχεθῶν
καὶ νωτίσας τὴν κλίμακ' εἶτ' ἀπεστράφη,
μετάρσιόν τ' ἔβλεψεν, αἷς ἐπήκρισεν
ἐξωριάζων δουλίους προσαμβάσεις.
ἂ καὶ ποιῆσαι Καίσαρ· ἀλλ' εἵργειν τὸ μί.

THE GENIUS OF THE WOOD.

I.

O'ER the smooth enamell'd green,
Where no print of foot hath been,
Follow me, as I sing
And touch the warbled string :
Under the shady roof
Of branching elm, star-proof,
Follow me :
I will bring you where she sits
Clad in splendour as befits
Her deity :
Such a rural queen
All Arcadia hath not seen.

SILVANUS.

Qua gemmis nitet integrum
gramen, nec viridi pes nocuit solo,
mecum pergite, dum meis
subtiles modulos carminibus fides,
ulmos sub patulas, nemus
astrorum radiis impenetrabile.
ducam qua solium tenet
dignis illa suo numine vestibus
splendens: nec dea rusticos
hac unquam tenuit pulcrior Arcadas.

II.

Nymphs and shepherds, dance no more
By sandy Ladon's liliated banks,
On old Lycæus or Cyllene hoar
Trip no more in twilight ranks:
Though Erymanth your loss deplore
A better soil shall give ye thanks.
From the stony Mænalus
Bring your flocks and live with us:
Here ye shall have greater grace
To serve the lady of this place;
Though Syrinx your Pan's mistress were,
Yet Syrinx well might wait on her:
Such a rural queen
All Arcadia hath not seen.

MILTON.

vos, nymphae et pecorum duces,
 neu Lado choreas nectere gaudeat
praetexens vada liliis,
 neu Pani videant sacra cacumina
Cylleneve diutius
 incertum trepidos ad iubar ordines.
vos arces Erymanthiae
 plorent, dum melior det plaga gratiam.
vestras Maenaleis procul
 saxis his pecudes addite pascuis:
hic nostri nemoris dea
 cultorum veniet lenior agmini.
ut vestro placeat deo
 Syrinx, iure tamen pareat huic erae
Syrinx: nec dea rusticos
 hac unquam tenuit pulcrior Arcadas.

Ode.

I.

THE merchant, to conceal his treasure,
Conveys it in a borrow'd name;
Euphelia serves to grace my measure,
But Cloe is my real flame.

II.

My softest verse, my darling lyre
Upon Euphelia's toilet lay,
When Cloe noted her desire
That I should sing, that I should play.

Ad Chloen.

Ut proprias ficto qui mittunt nomine merces
dumque opibus metuont infitiantur opes,
sic in amore Chloes Glyceræ mentimur amorem :
haec speciem confert versibus, illa facem.
nugor apud Glyceram : mecum lyra cessat ibidem,
apta satis domini questibus, apta dolis :
versiculos idem attuleram non melle carentes :
forte rogat, nectam verba modosque, Chloe.

III.

My lyre I tune, my voice I raise,
And with my numbers mix my sighs ;
And whilst I sing Euphelia's praise,
I fix my soul on Cloe's eyes.

IV.

Fair Cloe blush'd : Euphelia frown'd :
I sung and gazed ; I play'd and trembled :
And Venus to the Loves around
Remark'd how ill we all dissembled.

PRIOR.

nec mora, praeludo fidibus, cantare paratus :

spirat amor, spirat mixtus amore timor.

ast ita de Glycera quod bellum est cumque loquebar

ut colerem voltu plura loquente Chloen.

nec color huic unus nec frons innubila laesae :

ipse queror, stupeo, blandior, uror, amo.

at Venus irridens dum multa iocantur Amores,

istud ut infabre dissimulatur! ait.

ASIA.

HE gave men speech, and speech created thought,
Which is the measure of the universe ;
And Science struck the thrones of earth and heaven,
Which shook, but fell not ; and the harmonious mind
Pour'd itself forth in all-prophetic song ;
And music lifted up the listening spirit
Until it walk'd, exempt from mortal care,
Godlike, o'er the clear billows of sweet sound ;
And human hands first mimick'd and then mocked,
With moulded limbs more lovely than its own,

ΑΣΙΑ.

φθογγὴν βροτοῖς ἔδωκεν, ἐκ δὲ φθεγμάτων
ἔβλαστε τοῦ ξύμπαντος ἐν μέτρον λόγος·
Σοφία δ' ἔπηλυσ γῆς τε καὶ θεῶν θρόνους
ἔσεισεν οὐ σφαλέντας· εὐρυθμος δὲ φρῆν
ἐπέδραμ' ὕμνων ἀναβολὰς χρηστηρίους,
μελωδίαισιν ὥστ' ἀναπτερούμενον
θιητῶν τι' ἔξω ξυμφορῶν θεοῦ δίκην
βαίνειν ἐφ' ὑγροῖς κύμασιν τερπνοῦ μέλους.
καὶ δὴ τελευτῶν εἶδος ἔσκωψεν βροτῶν
ὁ τοῦθ' ὑπερβαίνουσαν ἐκ μιμουμένης

The human form, till marble grew divine,
And mothers, gazing, drank the love men see
Reflected in their race, behold, and perish.
He told the hidden power of herbs and springs,
And Disease drank and slept. Death grew like Sleep.
He taught the implicated orbits woven
Of the wide-wandering stars ; and how the sun
Changes his lair, and by what secret spell
The pale moon is transform'd, when her broad eye
Gazes not on the interlunar sea.
He taught to rule, as life directs the limbs,
The tempest-wingèd chariots of the ocean,
And the Celt knew the Indian. Cities then
Were built, and through their snow-white columns flow'd
The warm winds, and the azure æther shone,
And the blue sea and shadowy hills were seen.
Such, the alleviations of his state,
Prometheus gave to man ; for which he hangs
Withering in destin'd pain.

SHELLEY.

μορφήν διαρθρῶν ἰσοθέοις τυκίσμασιν,
 ὦν κάλλος αἰ γυναῖκες ἐνθυμούμεναι
 ἔτικτον ἄς τίς οὐκ ἰδὼν ἀλίσκεται ;
 ἐδείξαμεν δὲ τὰκ φυτῶν κρηνῶν τ' ἄκη,
 αἰρεῖ δὲ τοὺς πίνοντας ἐξ ἄλγους ὕπνου,
 ὕπνου δὲ θάνατος ἐξομοιοῦται τρόποις.
 πολυπλάνων δ' ἔφραζε συμπεπλεγμένας
 ἄστρων κελεύθους στροφάδας, ἥλιόν θ', ὅθεν
 τίν' ἔρχεται κευθμῶνα, καὶ μήνης κύκλον,
 ποίαις ἐπωδαῖς ὠχρίᾳ κηλούμενος
 πελάγους ἀναυγήτοισιν ἐν μεταλλαγαῖς.
 λινόπτερ' οὖν ὀχήματ' ἐμψύχοις ἴσα
 τίς ἄλλος ἐξηγήσατ' οἰακοστροφεῖν ;
 ἔγνω δὲ Κέλτης Ἴνδον. εἶτα πλινθυφῆ
 ἦν σταθμά, λευκὴν δ' εὐαεῖς παραστάδα
 διῆσσον αὔραι, κυάνεος δ' ὠφθη πόλος
 πόντου τε γλαυκὸν κῦμ' ὑπόσκιόι τ' ἄκραι.
 τοιαῦτ' ἀφέρτου δαίμονος κουφίσματα
 βροτοῖς Προμηθεὺς ἠῦρεν, ὦν μετάρσιος
 ταῖς μοιροκράντοις πημοναῖς αἰκίζεται.

On An Early Death.

A PEARLY dew-drop see some flower adorn
And grace with tender beam the rising morn ;
But soon the sun permits a fiercer ray,
And the fair fabric rushes to decay.
Lo, in the dust the beauteous ruin lies ;
And the pure vapour seeks its native skies.
A fate like this to thee, sweet boy, was given—
To sparkle, bloom and be exhaled to heaven.

LORD BYRON.

Elegia.

Nonne vides, luci quo pulcrior adsit origo,
 roscidus ut violae suave renidet honos?
mox simul indulget nimio sol fervidus igni
 candida festinat veris alumna mori.
sternitur, a, media quam non inhonesta ruina!
 halitus in caelum fragrat abitque suum.
par tibi sors, miserande puer: sic gratia fulsit,
 mellea sic animae redditur aura Iovi.

Ode.

AWAKE, Aeolian Lyre, awake!

And give to rapture all thy trembling strings ;

From Helicon's harmonious springs

A thousand rills their mazy progress take :

The laughing flowers that round them blow

Drink life and fragrance as they flow.

Now the rich stream of music winds along

Deep, majestic, smooth and strong,

Through verdant vales and Ceres' golden reign :

Ad barbiton.

Accende cantus, barbite, Lesbios,
praesentioris conscia numinis
 accende sopitos calores :
 mille fluont Heliconis orti
puro scatentis carmine fontibus
rivi vagantes, daedala quos humus
 praetexit errantum renidens
 ducere nectareos odores.
nunc, leve marmor, Pierium melos
alto quietum flumine labitur
 valles per umbrosas et agros
 auricomae Cereri subactos :

Now rolling down the steep amain
Headlong, impetuous, see it pour ;
The rocks and nodding groves rebellow to the roar.
O sovereign of the willing soul,
 Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
 Enchanting Shell! the sullen Cares
And frantic Passions hear thy soft control.
On Thracia's hills the Lord of War
Has curb'd the fury of his car,
And dropt his thirsty lance at thy command :
Perching on the sceptred hand
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king
With ruffled plumes and flagging wing :
Quenched in dark clouds of slumber lie
The terror of his beak and lightnings of his eye.

GRAY.

nunc a iugorum culmine prouens
insanienti gurgitis impetu
defertur : immugit ruina
rupibus et nemori corusco.
o grata menti, non humilis sciens,
regina, cantus, tu potes igneos
lenire, testudo, furores,
difficilem potes, alma, curam :
quin et iubenti Threicius tibi
frenat volantes Armipotens equos
hastamque ponit gestientem
purpureos agitare rivos :
regi volucrum tu Iovis in manu,
dum torpet ala languidus horrida,
blandire, trux rostrum soporis
nube premens oculique fulmen.

PRINCE ARTHUR. HUBERT.

A. HAVE you the heart? When your head did but ache,
I knit my handkerchief about your brows,
(The best I had, a princess wrought it me,)
And I did never ask it you again:
And with my hand at midnight held your head;
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheered up the heavy time;
Saying, What lack you? and, Where lies your grief?

ἌΡΤΟΥΡΟΣ. ὈΥΒΕΡΤΟΣ.

Α. τλαίης δὲ πῶς ἄν; σοὶ γὰρ εὖτ' ἤλγει κάρα,
ζώνην κόμαισι σαῖς ἐπιζεύξας ἐμήν,
ἐμῶν γ' ἀρίστην, βασιλίδος δ' ἔργον χερός,
εἶτ' οὐκ ἀπήτουν' καὶ τὸ σὸν χεροῖν ἐμαῖν
κάρα μεσοῦσης εὐφρόνης ἐβάστασα·
γνώμων γὰρ ἔρπονθ' ὡς βάδην τηρεῖ χρόνον
ἐγερτὶ πικρὰν ᾧδ' ἐκούφιζον τριβήν,
λέγων, τί χρήζεις; πῆ δὲ τάλγος ἰζάνει;

Or, What good love may I perform for you?
Many a poor man's son would have lain still
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
But you at your sick service had a prince.
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,
And call it cunning; do, an if you will:
If heaven be pleased that you must use me ill,
Why then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes that never did nor never shall
So much as frown on you?

H.

I have sworn to do it,
And with hot irons must I burn them out.

SHAKESPEARE:

ποίας δὲ δεῖ σε φιλάτης ὑπουργίας ;
φαύλου μὲν εἰσὶ πατρὸς οἷς βρίζειν παρὸν
οὐκ ἠξίωσάν σ' οὐδ' ἂν εὖ προσενέπειν·
σοὶ δ' αὖ νοσοῦντι πρόσπολος παρῆν ἀναξ.
ἀλλ' οὐ φιλοῦντα δῆθεν εὐπρεπῆς λόγος
προσήκασεν φιλοῦντι· φάσκ', εἴ σοι χάρις·
εἰ δ' οὖν μολεῖν σε τοῦδε λυμαντήριον
θεοῖς δέδοκται, τοῦργον ἔστ' ἐργαστέον.
τλήσει σὺ τῶνδ' ἐμ' ὀμμάτων τητώμενον,
τῶν οὔτε πρόσθεν οὐδ' ἐπισχόντων γε σοὶ
σκύθρωπον ὄψιν οὔτ' ἐφεξόντων ποτέ ;
Ὅτ'. ἐνώμοτος γάρ εἰμι ποιήσειν τάδε·
ἀκμαῖς δὲ χρή σοι μ' ἐμπύρους φθείρειν κόρας.

To a Lady's Girdle.

THAT which her slender waist confined
Shall now my joyful temples bind :
No monarch but would give his crown
His arms might do what this has done.

It was my heaven's extremest sphere
The pale which held that lovely deer :
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love
Did all within this circle move.

A narrow compass! And yet there
Dwelt all that's good and all that's fair ;
Give me but what this riband bound—
Take all the rest the sun goes round.

WALLER.

Ad zonam.

Zona, solet gracilem qua cingere Lesbia formam,
quam bene temporibus fit diadema meis!
Mygdonia vellet Croesus dicione pacisci,
huic quod erat, Croeso munus ut esset idem.
haec mihi formosam saepsit custodia cervam,
saepsit inaccessus quicquid Olympus habet.
spes ubi plena metus, ubi versaretur amandi
dulcis amarities, sat dabat una loci.
zona quod haec vinxit proprio concede fruamur;
sic tibi quod passim Phoebus oberrat habe.

Iphigenia.

BUT she, with sick and scornful look averse,
To her full height her stately stature draws ;
“My youth,” she said, “was blasted with a curse :
“This woman was the cause.

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

Iphigenia.

Tristis ad haec odiis voltuque aversa superbo
altior assurgens spectanda regia forma
illa refert : nostram scelus exitiale iuventam
abrupit : stetit haec caussae. de virginis aevo
transactum semel est : refugit crudelia castra
nunc etiam meminisse animus litusque nefandum.
astabat pater et dextra velaverat ora :
ipsa laborantes fletu gliscente susurros

“Still strove to speak : my voice was thick with sighs,

“As in a dream. Dimly I could descry

“The stern black-bearded kings with wolfish eyes

“Waiting to see me die.

“The high masts flickered as they lay afloat,

“The crowds, the temples waver'd, and the shore ;

“The bright death quivered at the victim's throat ;

“Touch'd ; and I knew no more.”

TENNYSON.

nitor ut expediam : sed creber anhelitus illos
turbat, ut aegra trahens singultit murmura somnus.
vix torvi apparent reges, vix effera cerno
lumina, barbatam cerno expectare coronam
dum moriar. celsi procul in statione coruscant
ante oculos mali, iam coetus inhorruit undans,
iam curvos fluitat sinus et trepidante vacillant
templa iugo, sacrae fulgor iam letifer instat
cervici tetigitque semel sensumque peremit.

ARCITES.

ME thy pupil,
Youngest follower of thy drum, instruct this day
With military skill, that to thy laud
I may advance my streamer, and by thee
Be styled the lord o' day! Give me, great Mars,
Some token of thy pleasure!

[*There is heard clanging of armour, with
thunder, as the burst of a battle: they all
rise and bow to the altar.*]

O great corrector of enormous times,

ΑΡΚΙΤΗΣ. ΧΟΡΟΣ.

- Α. σὺ δὴ με σοῦ μαθόντα σάλπιγγος δὲ σῆς
ὄπαδὸν ἀνδρόπαιδα σήμερον δορὸς
ἔργ' ἐκδιδάσκων δὸς τὸ σόν τ' αὖξιν κλέος
πρόσω τε χωρήσαντα σημείων χλιδῆ
σοῦ καλλίνικον εὖγμ' ἀνειπόντος λαβεῖν.
ἴθ', ὦ μέγιστε, δείξον εὖ φρονῶν, ὦ Ἄρες.
- ΧΟ. ἔφριξεν αἰθήρ· προσκυνῶμεν, ὦ φίλοι.
- Α. μνημιάτων ἄλαστορ οὐκ ἀνασχετῶν,

Shaker of o'er-rank states, thou grand decider
Of dusty and old titles, that heal'st with blood
The earth when it is sick, and cur'st the world
O' the plurisy of people: I do take
Thy signs auspiciously, and in thy name
To my design march boldly.—Let us go.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

πόλεις ὁ σείων τὰς ἄγαν ὠγκωμένας,
χρόνῳ μυδωσῶν παγκρατὲς τιμῶν βραβεῦ,
τομαῖς τομῶσαν γῆς ὁ κουφίζων νόσον,
ὁ σώμασιν σφριγῶσαν ἰσχυαίνων χθόνα,
ἐδεξάμην τὸν ὄρνυ, ἐντολῇ δὲ σῆ
ἐς πείραν εἶμ' ἄτρεστος· ἀλλ' ὀρμώμεθα.

The Praise of Virtue.

THE sturdy rock, for all his strength,
By raging seas is rent in twain ;
The marble rock is pearsed at length
With little drops of drizzling rain ;
The oxe doth yield unto the yoke,
The steele obeyeth the hammer's stroke ;
The stately stagge that seems so stoute
By yelping hounds at bay is set ;

Laus Virtutis.

Sensit furentis saevitiam freti
arx nesciarum cedere rupium :
nituntur immortale marmor
exiguae terebrare guttae :
collo iuvenus fert docili iugum,
incude mucro fingitur, obstitit
urgente latratu Laconum
fisa suae modo cerva formae.

The swiftest bird that flies about
Is caught at length in fowler's net ;
The greatest fish in deepest brooke
Is soon deceived by subtle hooke ;
Yea, man himself, unto whose will
All things are bounden to obey,
For all his wit and worthie skill,
Doth fall at last and fade away.
There is no thing but time doeth waste ;
The heavens, the earth consume at last.
But Vertue sits triumphing still
Upon her throne of glorious fame :
Though spiteful death must body kill,
Yet hurts he not his vertuous fame,
But life or death, whatso betides
The state of Vertue never slides.

MARSHALL.

praecellat ala, serius ocius
auceps volucrem retibus implicat :
 rex ipse rivorum doloso
 decipitur cito piscis hamo.
quin et potentes nos animantium,
tot nos honesti dotibus ingeni
 artis tot insignes, caduci
 labimur effluimusque seculo.
nil est quod annis non pereat : perit
tellus, peribunt sidera : siderum
 triumphat et terrae superstes
 fulta sedens adamante Virtus,
secura leti gentibus invidi,
intaminatis integra laudibus,
 immota, seu nudantur enses
 seu quatiunt Acheronta manes.

DOROTHEA.

THOU fool!

That gloriest in having power to ravish
A trifle from me I am weary of:
What is this life to me? not worth a thought;
Or, if it be esteemed, 'tis that I lose it
To win a better: even thy malice serves
To me but as a ladder to mount up
To such a height of happiness, where I shall
Look down with scorn on thee and on the world;

ΔΩΡΟΘΕΑ.

ὦ μῶρ', ὅς ἀρχεῖς εἶ μ' ἀφαρπάζειν σθένεις
φαῦλόν τι, φαῦλον κτήμα δύσφορόν θ' ἅμα·
τοῦ ζῆν ἔμοι τί κέρδος; οὐδαμοῦ λέγω·
πλὴν ἐς τοσοῦτον, εἰ μεταλλάξω βίον
τοῦ νῦν ἀμείνω· σὴ μὲν οὖν λάβῃ μόνον
ἐπακριούση, βαθμὸς ὧς, ὑπηρετεῖ
ὑψίθρονον πρὸς ὄλβον, οὗ καθημένῃ
καταφρονήσω σοῦ τε καὶ θνητῶν δύης·

Where, circled with true pleasures, placed above
The reach of death or time, 'twill be my glory
To think at what an easy price I bought it :
There's a perpetual spring, perpetual youth ;
No joint-benumbing cold, or scorching heat,
Famine, nor age, have any being there.

MASSINGER.

οὐ χαρμοναῖσι γνησίαις κυκλουμένη,
ἀειθαλής, ἄφθαρτος, εὐφρανθήσομαι
οἷ' ἐκτίνοντες ἠλίκ' ἀντειλήφαμεν.
ἦβη γὰρ ἔνθ' ἄπαστος ἄφθιτόν τ' ἔαρ·
οὐκ ἀρθροκηδὲς ψῦχος, οὐ λάβρον σέλας,
οὐ λιμὸς οὐδὲ γῆρας οὐδέν ἐστ' ἐκεῖ.

MYCERINUS.

So spake he, half in anger, half in scorn :
And one loud cry of grief and of amaze
Broke from his sorrowing people : so he spake ;
And turning, left them there ; and with brief pause,
Girt with a throng of revellers, bent his way
To the cool region of the groves he loved.
There by the river-banks he wandered on,
From palm-grove on to palm-grove, happy trees,

MYCERINUS.

Dixerat, iratus pariter pariterque superbus :
quem lamentantum excepit vox una suorum,
una indignantum. nec plura locutus in uno
destitit obtutu haerentes, nec multa moratus
lascivo stipante choro vestigia flexit
in nemus umbriferum placitaque sub arbore frigus.

illic ad ripas fluvii in palmeta meabat
addita palmetis, silvae felicitis in umbras

Their smooth tops shining sunwards, and beneath
Burying their unsunned stems in grass and flowers :
Where in one dream the feverish time of Youth
Might fade in slumber, and the feet of Joy
Might wander all day long and never tire :
Here came the king, holding high feast, at morn,
Rose-crowned ; and ever, when the sun went down,
A hundred lamps beamed in the tranquil gloom,
From tree to tree, all through the twinkling grove
Revealing all the tumult of the feast,
While the deep-burnished foliage overhead
Splintered the silver arrows of the moon.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

cuius leve nitent in solem culmina, at infra
sole caret gemmantem abdens se truncus in herbam.
possit ibi sopita semel ferventior aetas
fallere dum teritur: laetus velit error ibidem
ire dies totos neque delassetur eundo.

huc epulas rite instaurans rex flore rosarum
mane nitens aderat crines; hic semper amoenas
centum elucebant Phoebō vergente per umbras
perpetuis lychni ramis, quibus omne micabat
huc illuc nemus et festis laeta orgia mensis:
at ferrugineo rutilantes desuper auro
lunae interceptiunt frondes argentea tela.

Diaphenia.

DIAPHENIA like the daffadowndilly,
White as the sun, fair as the lily,
Heigh ho, how I do love thee!
I do love thee as my lambs
Are belovéd of their dams;
How blest were I if thou would'st prove me

Diaphenia like the spreading roses,
That in thy sweet all sweets encloses,
Fair sweet, how I do love thee!
I do love thee as each flower
Loves the sun's life-giving power;
For dead, thy breath to life might move me.

In Lydiam.

Albae par violae, magis
puro sole, magis candida liliis,
eheu, Lydia, qui meum
pertentans animum fervet amor tui!
hoc te quo subolem gregis
matres lacteolam pectore prosequor:
quis felicior audiat,
tu spectare fidem si properes meam?
o laetae similis rosae,
o quaecunque vigent unica continens
in te suavia, quam places
semper pulcra mihi, semper amabilis!
flores ut teneri iubar
almum solis amant, sic ego Lydiam:
lucis scilicet exuli
aspirans animam tu mihi suscites.

Diaphenia like to all things blesséd,
If all thy praises were expresséd,
Dear joy, how I do love thee!
As the birds do love the spring,
As the bees their careful king;
Then in requite, sweet virgin, love me!

CONSTABLE.

o dicenda quod uspiam
fausti, tot veneres si foret eloqui,
omnes o mihi gaudium
praeter delicias, gratior enites
quam ver est avibus novom,
quam prudens populis, Lydia, rex apum.
cessas, quin face mutua
mollescens referas, lux mea, gratiam?

THE KING OF DENMARK.

O, MY offence is rank, it smells to heaven,
It hath the primal eldest curse upon it,
A brother's murder!—Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will;
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;
And, like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect. What if this curséd hand

ΒΑΣΙΛΕΥΣ.

οἶμοι, μίασμ' ἔχθιστον, οὐρανοῦ μύσος,
τουμὸν τόδ' ἀμπλάκημα, πρωτάρχου δ' ἀράς
κληροῦχον, αὐτάδελφος αὐθέντης φόνος·
καὶ προστροπαῖς μὲν οὐδ' ἔαν τεθηγμένη
φρῆν συνθέλη τὸ δόξαν ἐγκεῖσθαι σθένω·
σπεύδοντα γὰρ τὸ κρείσσον ἀντισπᾶ κακόν·
ὄρμας δὲ δισσὰς εἰς ὅποι' ἄρμημένος
πότερον προτίσω χρῆμ' ἀμηχανῶν λόγῳ
οὐδέτερον ἔργοις ἐκφέρω. καὶ δὴ φόνῳ

Were thicker than itself with brother's blood ?
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
To wash it white as snow ? Whereto serves mercy
But to confront the visage of offence ?
And what's in prayer, but this twofold force,
To be forestalléd ere we come to fall,
Or pardoned, being down ? Then I'll look up ;
My fault is past. But O, what form of prayer
Can serve my turn ? Forgive me my foul murder !
That cannot be ; since I am still possessed
Of those effects for which I did the murder,
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.

SHAKESPEARE.

πανώλεθρος χεῖρ ἤδε διπλάσιον πάχος
πέπηγ' ὀμαίμῳ χερνίβων διόσδοτον
οὐ ρεῦμα παγκαίνιστον ὥστε κἄν ἴσην
χιόνι καθαίρειν; ἢ θεῶν τί βούλεται
οἶκτος μὲν εἰ μὴ σφάλματ' ἀντιπρῶρ' ὄραν,
τί δ' ἄλλο κέρδος πλὴν τόδ' ἐν λιταῖς διπλοῦν,
τὸ μὲν φθάνειν σώζοντας ἄπταιστον θεοῦς
τὸ δ' αὖ νέμειν πταίσαντι σύγγοιαν βροτῶ;
πρὸς ταῦτά τοι κατηφὲς ὀρθώσω βλέπος
ὡς ἐκπεφευγώς. εἶτ' ἐγὼ ποίας λέγων
εὐχὰς τύχοιμ' ἄν; τῷ παλαμναίῳ, θεοί,
συγγνώτε· πῶς γάρ, κτήμαθ' ὅς γ' ἔθ' ὄντων
ἕκατι κἀφόνευσα τοὺς θρόνους τ' ἔχω
καὶ τὴν δάμαρτα καὶ τὸ φιλότιμον ξυνόν;

THE LAST MAN.

ALL worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,

The Sun himself must die,

Before this mortal shall assume

Its Immortality!

I saw a vision in my sleep,

That gave my spirit strength to sweep

Adown the gulf of Time!

I saw the last of human mould,

That shall Creation's death behold,

As Adam saw her prime!

MORTALIUM SUPERSTES.

Fas daedalae telluris imagines,
ipsum tenebris fas Hyperiona
 marcere : sic demum caduci
 sidereum iubar induemus.
vidi sub altis nocte soporibus
volvenda fassum tempora somnium,
 quo raptus annorum per aequor
 mente feror trepidante vates.
vidi, quot auras terricolae bibent,
unum peremptis stare superstitem,
 cui funus ostendetur orbis,
 ut nova luxuries Adamo.

The Sun's eye had a sickly glare,
The Earth with age was wan,
The skeletons of nations were
Around that lonely man!
Some had expired in fight,—the brands
Still rusted in their bony hands;
In plague and famine some!
Earth's cities had no sound nor tread;
And ships were drifting with the dead
To shores where all was dumb!

Yet prophet-like that lone one stood
With dauntless words and high,
That shook the sere leaves from the wood
As if a storm passed by,
Saying, We are twins in death, proud Sun,
Thy face is cold, thy race is run,

languibat oris sol male luridus,
tellus anili pallida taedio :

stat gentis humanae superstes
quem populi posuere circum
ossa interempti : marte sub hostico
hos scabra in albis spicula dexteris
testantur occisos, necarat

hos famis, hos mora lenta morbi.
stratis viarum non sonitus pedum,
non murmur ardet praetereuntium :

torpente torpentes in oras
remigio vaga fertur alnus.
stabat severi prodigus auguri,
stabat superbis impavidus minis,
frondesque ut autumnalis auster
flavicomu quatit aesculeto
vox gloriantis, Par venit exitus
utrique nostrum : te quoque frigora,
Sol magne, te fatalis urget
terminus et miseranda divis

'Tis Mercy bids thee go :
For thou ten thousand thousand years
Hast seen the tide of human tears,
That shall no longer flow.

CAMPBELL.

sors aegra terrae. sat veteris mali,
sat lacrimarum secula seculis
nectens tuebaris: dolorum
ille semel requievit aestus.

From 'Enoch Arden.'

ALL these he saw; but what he fain had seen
He could not see, the kindly human face,
Nor ever hear a kindly voice, but heard
The myriad shriek of wheeling ocean-fowl,
The league-long roller thundering on the reef,
The moving whisper of huge trees that branch'd
And blossom'd in the zenith, or the sweep
Of some precipitous rivulet to the wave,

Naufragus.

Haec videt: illud abest quod maxima cura videndi,
vultus abest humanus, abest humana loquella,
non videt haec, non audit, at audiit innumerorum
stridere mergorum torquentia secula gyros,
audiit ex alto glomerantum pondus aquarum
saxa fragore quati, vel in aethere murmura summo
bracchia motantis silvae, motantis honores
aerios, vel praecipitem prono agmine rivom

As down the shore he ranged, or all day long
Sat often in the seaward gazing gorge,
A shipwreck'd sailor, waiting for a sail :
No sail from day to day, but every day
The sunrise broken into scarlet shafts
Among the palms and ferns and precipices ;
The blaze upon the waters to the east ;
The blaze upon the island overhead ;
The blaze upon the waters to the west ;
Then the great stars that globed themselves in Heaven,
The hollower-bellowing ocean, and again
The scarlet shafts of sunrise, but no sail.

TENNYSON.

in mare devolvi; sive errat solus ad undas
seu pelagus spectante diem sub caute fatigans
naufragus expectat navem: lux trudere lucem,
nulla venire rates, sed solibus addere soles
per palmas frangenda rubentis tela diei,
per iuga, per filices: furit ignibus aequor eois,
terra furit mediis, furit excedentibus aequor,
mox orbis magni astrorum grandescere caelo,
mox gravius mugire salum, mox rursus oborti
tela rubere die—nullum, nullum undique velum.

SATAN.

WHAT though the field be lost?

All is not lost; the unconquerable will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield,
And what else is not to be overcome:—
That glory never shall his wrath or might
Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace
With suppliant knee, and deify his power

ΣΑΤΑΝΑΣ.

τί δ' εἰ κυροῦμεν τῆς μάχης γ' ἐσφαλμένοι;
οὐ καὶ τὰ πάντ' ἐσφάλμεθ'. οὐ τὸ καρτερεῖν,
οὐ τὰς ἀσάντους καὶ μεταδρόμους ἀράς,
οὐ τὸν καμείσθαι μῆθ' ὑποπτῆξειν ποτὲ
μέλλοντα θυμὸν ἄλλο τ' εἴ τι δύσμαχον,
ταῦτ' οὐτ' ἀπειλῶν κείνος οὔτε μὴ βία
ἔμ' ἐξέλη ποτ'. ἀλλὰ προσπεσόνθ' ἔδρας
θακεῖν γονυπετεῖς ἐξισοῦν τε δαίμονι

Who from the terror of this arm so late
Doubted his empire; that were low indeed,
That were an ignominy and shame beneath
This downfall; since, by fate, the strength of gods,
And this empyreal substance, cannot fail:
Since, through experience of this great event,
In arms not worse, in foresight much advanced,
We may with more successful hope resolve
To wage by force or guile eternal war,
Irreconcilable to our grand foe,
Who now triumphs, and in the excess of joy
Sole reigning holds the tyranny of heaven.

MILTON.

τὸν ἄρτι παπτήμαντα μὴ τυραννίδος
πρὸς τοῦδ' ἀμάρτοι· παντὸς αἴσχιον τόδε
καὶ πτωμάτων ἂν οἶα νῦν πεπτώκαμεν
ἔχθιον εἴη πταῖσμα· τοιαύτην θεῶν
ἰσχύν τε σῶμά τ' ἐκ πυρὸς κεκραμένον
φθίνειν πέπρωται μήποτ'· εἰδότες δ' ἂν αὖ
οἶον τόδ' ἠγωνίσμεθ', ἐς δορὸς κρίσιν
χείρους μὲν οὗ, κρείσσους δὲ πρὸς προμηθίαν,
μετ' ἐλπίδος μέλλοιμεν εὐτυχεστέρας
ἢ χερσὶν ἢ δόλοισιν ἀσπόνδῳ στάσει
ἔλᾶν ἀπαύστως τὸν μέγα στυγούμενον,
ὅς νῦν μεγαυχῆς περιχαρεῖ φρονήματι
ἔχει μόναρχος εἰς θεῶν τυραννίδα.

THE PROGRESS OF POESY.

YOUTH rambles on life's arid mount,
And strikes the rock, and finds the vein,
And brings the water from the fount,
The fount which shall not flow again.

The man mature with labour chops
For the bright stream a channel grand,
And sees not that the sacred drops
Ran off and vanished out of hand.

AETATES POETAE.

Ire libet iuveni deserta per ardua vitae;

fausta manus rupem percutit, unda salit:

prolicet arcanum iuvenis de fonte liquorem,

unde nihil posthac prolicietur aquae.

ille viro labor est, opus exercere ligonis,

alveus ut pateat cui data lympha micet.

nescit enim tenues divino e flumine guttas,

cum semel exierint, deperiisse semel.

And then the old man totters nigh
And feebly rakes among the stones,
The mount is mute, the channel dry,
And down he lays his weary bones.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

mox loca nota senex gressu titubante revisens
saxa quid umoris, quaerit, adusta tegant.
a, scatebrae siluere iugo, caret alveus unda,
nec mora quin duro procubet ipse solo.

THE COMING OF ARTHUR.

AND the fringe

Of that great breaker, sweeping up the strand,

Lash'd at the wizard as he spake the word,

And all at once all round him rose in fire,

So that the child and he were clothed in fire.

And presently thereafter follow'd calm,

Free sky and stars: "And this same child," he said,

"Is he who reigns; nor could I part in peace

ΑΡΤΟΥΡΟΣ ΕΠΙΦΑΙΝΟΜΕΝΟΣ.

ἀκτῇ δ' ἐπενθοροῦσα ταῦτ' εἰρηκότα
ἔθειεν ἄκρα μάντιν ἢ τρικυμία,
πύρπρους τ' ἐπιζέσασα πᾶσ' ἀνήλατο
ὥστ' ἀμπέχεσθαι παῖδ' ὁμοῦ καὶ τὸν πυρί.
κάτ' ἦν γαλήνη, καθαρὰ τ' ἐξεφαίνετο
καθαράς δι' αἴθρας ἄστρ'. ὁ δ', ἔσθ' ὄδ', εἶφ', ὁ παῖς
ἀρχῆς ὁ νῦν κληροῦχος· οὐ γὰρ ἦν θέμις
ἐκπνεῖν ἐκλήλῳ τοῖσδ' ἐπ' ἀρρήτοις ἐμοί.

Till this were told." And saying this the seer
Went thro' the strait and dreadful pass of death,
Not ever to be question'd any more
Save on the further side; but when I met
Merlin, and ask'd him if these things were truth—
The shining dragon and the naked child
Descending in the glory of the seas—
He laugh'd as is his wont, and answer'd me
In riddling triplets of old time, and said :

“Rain, rain, and sun! a rainbow on the lea!
And truth is this to me, and that to thee;
And truth or clothed or naked let it be.

Rain, sun, and rain! and the free blossom blows;
Sun, rain, and sun! and where is he who knows?
From the great deep to the great deep he goes.”

TENNYSON.

τοσαῦτα λέξας δυσπέρατον ἐκπερᾶ
 στενωπὸν Ἰαίδου μάντις, οὐ̄ περαιτέρω,
 οὐδ' εἴ τις ἐξέροιτο, πλὴν ἐκεῖ, φράσων.
 ἐγὼ δὲ τῷ Κάλχαντι συντυχοῦσ' ὄτε
 εἰ ταῦτ' ἐτήτυμ' εἶτε πλάστ' ἀνηρόμην,
 κέλσαι θαλάσσης παμφαοῦς περιστεφῆς
 γυμνὸν δράκοντι ξὺν παναιόλω βρέφος,
 γελῶν τὸ δὴ ξύνηθες ἀντεφθέγγατο
 αἰνιγματωδεῖς καὶ παλαιφάτους στίχας·

τῆδε μὲν αὐγῶν τῆδε δ' ἀπ' ὄμβρων
 κέχυται πολύχρους ἴρις ἐπ' ἀγροῖς·
 ἔστι δ' ἀληθῆς τοῦτο μὲν ἡμῖν,
 ὑμῖν δ' ἕτερον· σαφὲς οὖν ἔστω,
 κεκαλυμμένον εἶτ' ἀκάλυπτον.

ἠδὺ μὲν ὄμβροις ἠδὺ δ' ἐν εἴλη
 καλύκων ἀνθεῖ γάνος αὐτοφυές·
 τίς δὲ διέγνω δνοφέρ' εἰλικρινῶν
 βροτός; ἐξ ἀφανοῦς προφανέντ' ἀφανῆς
 κευθμῶνος ἐδέξατο κευθμών.

ALTHÆA.

BUT thou, son, be not filled with evil dreams
Nor with desire of these things ; for with time
Blind love burns out ; but if one feed it full
Till some discolouring stain dyes all his life,
He shall keep nothing praiseworthy, nor die
The sweet wise death of old men honourable,
Who have lived out all the length of all their years
Blameless, and seen well-pleased the face of gods,
And without shame and without fear have wrought
Things memorable, and while their days held out
In sight of all men and the sun's great light

ΑΛΘΑΙΑ.

ὦ παῖ, σὺ δ' αἰσchrῶν μήτ' ὄνειράτων γέμε
μήθ' ἡμέρου τοιῶνδε· καρτεροῦντι γὰρ
μαραίνεται τὸ μαργόν· ᾧ δ' ἄν ἐκτραφέν
κηλιδ' ἅπαντος θῆ μελαμπαγῆ βίου,
τὰ χρήσθ' ὄδ' οὐ σώσαιτ' ἄν, οὐκ εὐθνήσιμος
σοφῆς τελευτήσειεν ἕξ εὐγηρίας,
ἀναμπλάκητον καὶ τριτόσπουδον βίον
δίκην λαχόντων, οἳ κατ' ὄμμα δαίμοσιν
ἐλθόντες εὐφράνθησαν, αἰσχύνης δ' ἄτερ
ἤθλησαν οὐ τρέσαντες οὐκ ὀλούμενα,
αἰῶν δ' ἕως ἀντίχεν οὐκ ἀμάρτυροι
πρὸς πάντ' ἐποπτεύοντος ἡλίου φάος

Have gat them glory and given of their own praise
To the earth that bare them and the day that bred,
Home friends and far-off hospitalities,
And filled with gracious and memorial fame
Lands loved of summer or washed by violent seas,
Towns populous and many unfooted ways,
And alien lips, and native with their own.
But when white age and venerable death
Mow down the strength and life within their limbs,
Drain out the blood and darken their clear eyes,
Immortal honour is on them, having past
Through splendid life and death desirable
To the clear seat and remote throne of souls,
Lands undiscoverable in the unheard-of west,
Round which the strong stream of a sacred sea
Rolls without wind for ever, and the snow
There shows not her white wings and windy feet,
Nor thunder nor swift rain saith anything,
Nor the sun burns, but all things rest and thrive.

SWINBURNE.

δόξαν μὲν ἐκτήσαντο, τῆς δ' εὐδοξίας
θρέπτρ' ἀντέδωκαν παντρόφου τ' αὐγῇ θεοῦ
καὶ μητρὶ Γαίᾳ, χάρμα τοῖς πρὸς αἵματος
κῆρυγμα δ' εὐξένοισι πολύφημον δόμοις·
καὶ τῶνδ' αἰίνως εὐχαρίς τ' ἔχει λόγος
θέρει ξυναύλους εἴθ' ἀλικλύστους πλάκας,
ἀγορῶν τε κύκλους ἀστιβεῖς τ' ἐρημίας
ἐγχωρίων τε στόματα κάλλοθρῶν ἄμα.
λευκὸν δ' ἰδοῦσι γῆρας εἴθ' Ἄιδου σέβας
στερνῶν παρηβήσασαν ἔξαμαῖ βίαν,
αἶμ' ἔξαμανρῶν ὄμμα δ' ἀμβλωπὸν τιθεῖς,
γέρας τότ' ἔστ' ἄφθαρτον ἔξαφιγμένοις
κλεινὸν δι' αἰῶν' εὐφιλῆ τ' ἀπαλλαγὴν
μακάρων τιν' εἰς εὐῶπα τηλουρόν θ' ἔδραν,
ἀνευρέτους ἀγνώτος Ἑσπέρου γύας,
οὐς δὴ θέορτος αἰὲν ἀμφελίσσεται
ἀνήνεμος πλημμυρίς, οὐδ' ἀελλόπους
λευκοπτέροις ῥιπαῖσιν ἔρχεται χιών,
οὐ σκηπτός, οὐκ ὀξεία δυσφημεῖ ψακάς,
οὐ καῦμ' ἔφλεξε, πάντα δ' εὐεστῶ τρέφει.

Her sufferings ended with the day.

HER sufferings ended with the day ;
Yet lived she at its close,
And breathed the long, long night away
In statue-like repose.

But when the sun in all his state
Illumed the eastern skies,
She passed through glory's morning gate
And walked in Paradise.

JAMES ALDRICH.

Mora.

Iamque die non illa quidem vergente laborat,
sed licet emeritam terra parumper habet ;
noctis enim tristes ultro remorata per horas
linquere marmoreum noluit aura sinum.
at dubias splendens quom sol discusserat umbras,
aurea quom toto lux oriente rubet,
digna triumphantem quae sic intraret Olympum
asseritur superis mane Serena choris.

ROMEO.

O MY love! my wife!
Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.
Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?
O, what more favour can I do to thee,
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain
To sunder his that was thine enemy?

ΡΩΜΕΩΝ.

ὦ φίλτατόν μοι νεογάμου νύμφης δέμας,
Ἄιδης ὅς ἐκπέπωκε σὸν πνοῆς μέλι
οὐπω προσωμίληκε τῇ γ' εὐμορφία·
σὺ δ' οὐχ ἐάλως, ἀλλ' ἔθ' ὡς παρῆδ' ἔχων
χείλη τ' ἐπαίρει σῆμα πορφυροῦς Ἑρως,
ὁ δ' ὠχρὸς Ἄιδης οὐ τρόπαι' ἔστησέ πω.
Τύβαλτε, σοῦ δ' αὖ πτώμα φοίμιον τόδε ;
οἴμοι, τί δρῶν ἂν σοὶ χαριζοίμην πλέον
ἢ τὸν σὸν ἦπερ συνταμῶν ἔχω βίον
ταύτη καθαιρῶν καὶ τὸν ἐνστάτην χερί ;

Forgive me, cousin! Ah, dear Juliet,
Why art thou yet so fair? shall I believe
That unsubstantial death is amorous,
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour?
For fear of that, I still will stay with thee:
And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again: here, here will I remain
With worms that are thy chamber-maids; O, here
Will I set up my everlasting rest,
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh.

SHAKESPEARE.

συγγνώθι, σύγγον'· ἀλλὰ, φιλάτη, τί σοὶ
ἀκραιφνὲς ὧδε κάλλος; ἢ πεισθήσομαι
σκιάν περ Ἰαίδην εἶτ' ἐρώντα τυγχάνειν,
σὲ δ', ὄντ' ἄναιμον καὶ βροτοστυγῆ θεόν,
αὐτῶ ξυνοικήσουσαν ἐν σκότῳ τρέφειν;
ὃ μὴ γένηται συμπαραστατεῖν δοκεῖ,
ἀποστατεῖν δὲ μηκέτ' ἐξ ἀηλίῳν
νυκτὸς μελάθρων· ἐνθάδ', ἐνθάδ' ἐμμενῶ
εὐλαῖς τὸ λοιπὸν σαῖσι προσπόλοις ξυνῶν
τούτων μέτοικος ἐγγραφεῖς αἰώνιος,
θηγαῖς ἀπειπῶν ξυμφοραῖσι, δαίμονος
δυσδαίμονος λέπαδνον ἐκτραχηλιῶ.

Witch-elms that counterchange the floor.

WITCH-ELMS that counterchange the floor
Of this flat lawn with dusk and bright ;
And thou, with all thy breadth and height
Of foliage, towering sycamore ;

How often, hither wandering down,
My Arthur found your shadows fair,
And shook to all the liberal air
The dust and din and steam of town :

Laelius.

O mista fundens nigra clarioribus
in aequor, ulme, graminis,
o brachiis superba diffluentibus,
sycomore, celso vertice :
quam saepe non invitus urbe Laelius
mutabat haec umbracula,
benigniori traditurus aetheri
lites, Suburam, fenora.

He brought an eye for all he saw ;
He mixt in all our simple sports ;
They pleased him, fresh from brawling courts
And dusty purlieus of the law.

O joy to him in this retreat,
Immantled in ambrosial dark,
To drink the cooler air, and mark
The landscape winking thro' the heat :

O sound to rout the brood of cares,
The sweep of scythe in morning dew,
The gust that round the garden flew,
And tumbled half the mellowing pears !

O bliss, when all in circle drawn
About him, heart and ear were fed
To hear him, as he lay and read
The Tuscan poets on the lawn :

nec venit arvis ipse non idoneus
 Iudove dispar simplici,
raucis libenter actionibus vacans,
 Libone, Ianis, Marsya.
o quale tenebris otium fragrantibus
 reductioris anguli,
auraeque gratum frigus et nictantia
 vapore rura solstiti!
quo dissipentur ocuis curae sono
 quam mane falcis impigrae,
vel quod piris hinc inde mitescentibus
 trahat ruinam, flaminis?
o quom beati cingeremus Laelium
 stratum in virenticaespite,
quam cordibus vox, quam placebat auribus
 vates legentis Atticos!

Or in the all-golden afternoon
A guest, or happy sister, sung,
Or here she brought the harp and flung
A ballad to the brightening moon.

TENNYSON.

vergente mox cantabat aureo die
aut hospes aut Calpurnia,
vel illa sumpta iam nitescentem lyra
admurmurabat Cynthiam.

DUKE. VIOLA.

VIO. Ay, but I know—

DUKE. What dost thou know?

VIO. Too well what love women to men may owe:
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter loved a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.

DUKE. And what's her history?

ἌΝΑΞ. ὈΥΙΟΛΗ.

ΟΥ. καίτοι σάφ' οἶδα

Α. πράγματος τίνος πέρι;

ΟΥ. λίαν τόδ', οἶον ἀνδρὸς ἡμερον γυνή
τρέφειν πέφυκεν ὡς ἐτητύμως δοκῶ
ἀνδρῶν γυναικας πίστιν οὐχ ἦσσω τελεῖν.
ἦν πατρὶ τῶμῳ παῖς τις, ἣ πόθῳ κέαρ
ἀνδρὸς κατέσχεθ', ὥσπερ εἰ καὶ γὰρ γυνή
κυρῶν ἔρωτι σῶ κατασχοίμην, ἄναξ.

Α. τύχας ἂν ἤδη τῆσδ' ἀναπτύσσοις κόρης.

VIO. A blank, my lord. She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek : she pined in thought,
And with a green and yellow melancholy
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?
We men may say more, swear more : but indeed
Our shows are more than will ; for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

SHAKESPEARE.

ΟΤ. κενήν γε δέλτον· οὐ γὰρ ἐξεῖπέν ποτε
ἔρωτα δηξίθυμον· ἢ σιγή δ' αἰί,
λειχῆνος ἐν κάλυξιν ἠριναῖς δίκην,
χροιᾶς ἐβόσκει' ἄνθος· ἐν δὲ φροντίσιν
ἐτήκετ'· ὠχρὰ δ' ἄλγεσιν μελαγχόλοις
κάθητο, τλήμων ὥς τις ἐν στήλῃ θεά,
γελῶσα λύπη· πῶς τάδ' οὐκ ἔργοις ἔρωσ;
λόγων μὲν ὄρκων θ' ἄνδρες ἀφθονώτεροι,
τῆς δ' εὐπρεπείας λείπεται προθυμία·
καὶ γὰρ λόγῳ μὲν πόλλ' ὑπισχνόμεσθ' αἰί,
ἔρωσ δ' ἐπ' ἔργοις σμικρὸς ἐξελέγχεται.

ARTHUR.

YET think not that I come to urge thy crimes;
I did not come to curse thee, Guinevere,
I, whose vast pity almost makes me die
To see thee laying there thy golden head,
My pride in happier summers, at my feet.
The wrath which forced my thoughts on that fierce law,
The doom of treason and the flaming death,
(When first I learnt thee hidden here) is past.

ΑΡΤΟΥΡΟΣ.

μή νυν παρείναί μ' ὡς κατήγορον δόκει·
ἤκω γὰρ οὐκ ἀραιά σ' αὐδήσων, γύναι,
μόνον μὲν οὖν, ὡς ᾤκτισ', οὐ ψυχorraγῶν,
ἰδῶν σε θείσαν ᾧδε χρυσανθὲς κάρα
θερῶν ἄγαλμα φιλτέρων χαμαιπετές.
ὄργη γὰρ ἢ μ' ἐπ' ὤμῶν ἢ γ' ὠμῆ νόμον
φέροντα τοῖς προδοῦσιw ἔμπυρον δίκην,
ὡς πρῶτον ἦδη σ' οἱ πέφευγας, οἴχεται.

The pang—which while I weigh'd thy heart with one
Too wholly true to dream untruth in thee,
Made my tears burn—is also past, in part.
And all is past, the sin is sinn'd, and I,
Lo! I forgive thee, as Eternal God
Forgives: do thou for thine own soul the rest.
But how to take last leave of all I loved?
O golden hair, with which I used to play
Not knowing! O imperial moulded form,
And beauty such as never woman wore,
Until it came a kingdom's curse with thee—
I cannot touch thy lips, they are not mine,
But Lancelot's: nay, they never were the king's.

TENNYSON.

ἄλγος δ', ὃ τὰμὰ πρὸς τὸ σὸν σταθμωμένῳ
πίστ' ὄντα μᾶλλον ἢ σέ μὴ πιστὴν νέμειν
κλαῦμ' ἦπτε θερμόν, καὶ τόδ' ἔσθ' ἔν' οἴχεται.
τί δ' οὐ παρῶχικ'; εἴργασαί μ' οἷ' εἴργασαι·
κάγώ, βροτοῖσιν ὥσπερ ἄφθιτος πατήρ,
ιδού, ξυνέγνω· σὴν σὺ τᾶλλ' ἀκοῦ φρένα.
χαίρειν δὲ πῶς δὴ τλῶ λέγειν τὰ φίλτατα;
ὦ χρυσοφεγγεῖς, παῦγμ' ἐμὸν χεροῖν, τρίχες,
ἤδη γὰρ οὐδέν· ὦ δέμας τυραννικόν,
ὦ κάλλος οἶον τίς ποτ' εἴληχεν γυνή,
ἔστ' ἠμπολήθη, σοὶ ξυνόν, λύμη πόλει·
χείλη τάδ' οὐ φιλοῖμ' ἂν οἷς Πάρις φίλος,
αἰνῆρ δ' ὄδ' οὐκέτ'· ἦν μὲν οὖν οὐπώποτε.

The Dead.

HE who hath bent him o'er the dead
Ere the first day of death is fled,
The first dark day of nothingness,
The last of danger and distress,
(Before Decay's effacing fingers
Hath swept the lines where beauty lingers,
And marked the mild angelic air,
The rapture of repose that's there,

Mortua.

Qualis inhaeret amans qui lumina clausit amatae,
cum trahitur damno prima recente dies,
prima dies tenebrarum, orbatu prima silenti,
summa laborantis speque metuque precis,
ante resolvendae quam signa morantia formae
tabida Persephones audet obire manus :
ora velut placidae cernit clementia divae
non enarrandum pacis habere iubar ;

The fix'd yet tender traits that streak
The languor of the placid cheek,
And—but for that sad shrouded eye,
That fires not, wins not, weeps not now,
And but for that chill, changeless brow,
Where cold obstruction's apathy
Appals the gazing mourner's heart,
As if to him it could impart
The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon;
Yes, but for these and these alone,
Some moments, ay, one treacherous hour,
He still might doubt the tyrant's power;
So fair, so calm, so softly seal'd,
The first, last look by death reveal'd!
Such is the aspect of this shore,
'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more!

LORD BYRON.

purpureae cernit vestigia mollia lucis
tingere languentes, nec maculare, genas.
quin nisi quod maerens oculis obducitur umbra,
qui face, qui fletu blanditiisque carent;
nescius humano nisi quod mollescere luctu
ille rigor durae marmora frontis habet,
unde reformidans gelidae contagia mortis
horret, et horrescens, quod timet, orbus amat;
cetera paulisper possitve beatus in horam
credere Plutonis non domuisse minas:
tanta quies, tam dulce silens componit honestas
quod suprema dies fertque rapitque decus.
non alius decor hac etiam spectatur in ora:
Graecia, sed non iam Graecia viva, manes.

THE DREAM.

A CHANGE came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The Boy was sprung to manhood : in the wilds
Of fiery climes he made himself a home,
And his soul drank their sunbeams : he was girt
With strange and dusky aspects : he was not
Himself like what he had been ; on the sea
And on the shore he was a wanderer ;
There was a mass of many images

ὄΝΕΙΡΟΝ.

καῦθις τροπαίαν προσγελά μ' ὄναρ πνέον·
ὁ παῖς γὰρ ἐξήνδρωτο· γῆς δ' ἀνημέρου
ἐπιστροφὰς κατεῖχεν ἡλιοστιβεῖς,
εὐῶπα δ' ἐξέπινεν ἡλίου βίαν·
μέλας μὲν ἀμφεχέιτο βάρβαρος λεώς,
ἔπασχε δ' ἔσθ' ὁ καυτός· εἶχε δ' οἰόφρων
θαλασσόπλαγκτον καπὶ ῥηγμῖνος πλάνην.
ἐνταῦθ' ἐπιρρεῖ πυκνὰ μὲν πλημμυρίδος

Crowded like waves upon me, but he was
A part of all ; and in the last he lay
Reposing from the noontide sultriness,
Couch'd among fallen columns, in the shade
Of ruin'd walls : where by his sleeping side
Stood camels grazing, and some goodly steeds
Were fastened near a fountain : and a man
Clad in a flowing garb did watch the while,
While many of his tribe slumbered around :
And they were canopied by the blue sky,
So cloudless, clear and purely beautiful,
That God alone was to be seen in Heaven.

LORD BYRON.

τρόποισι φάσμαθ', ᾧ δ' ἐκεῖνος οὐ προσῆν,
ὅσ' εἶδον, οὐδ' ἔν· καὶ τὰ μὲν παρώχετο·
ὁ δ' ἠΐδεν ἤδη πῦρ μεσημβρινὸν φυγών,
κλιθεὶς ἐν ἄγαις κίωνων, ἐρειπίοις
τοίχων σκιασθείς· οὐ παρεστάτου λέχει
νομάδες κάμηλοι, καί τι πρὸς κρήνη τέλος
εὐπωλον ἦν σειραῖον· εἰμένος δέ τις
στολμοὺς ποδήρεις ἴσταθ' ἡμεροσκόπος,
ἐν φυλέταις ἄϋπνος εἰς κοιμωμένοις·
τοῖς δ' ἦν κατασκήνωμα λαμπρὸν αἰθέρος,
ἄχραντον, εὐπρόσωπον, εὐαγὲς γελῶν
ὥστ' ἄλλο μηδὲν πλὴν τὸ θεῖον ἐμπρέπειν.

H Y M N

ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

It was the winter wild,
While the Heaven-born Child
 All meanly wrapped in the rude manger lies :
Nature in awe to Him
Had doffed her gaudy trim,
 With her great Master so to sympathize :
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.

HYMNUS.

Stridebat auras sollicitans hiemps

quom sordido velamine rustici

praesepis in cunis iacebat

Patre Puer genitus supremo :

cui laetum amictus exuerat decus

Natura sorti morigerans Dei :

non illa lascivo protervam

igne frui sinit hora solis.

Only with speeches fair

She woos the gentle air

To hide her guilty front with innocent snow,
And on her naked shame,
Pollute with sinful blame,

The saintly veil of maiden white to throw,
Confounded, that her Maker's eyes
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

But He, her fears to cease,

Sent down the meek-eyed Peace ;

She, crowned with olive green, came softly sliding
Down through the turning sphere
His ready harbinger,

With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing,
And waving wide her myrtle wand,
She strikes an universal peace through sea and land.

tantum precatur lene sonantibus
obedientem vocibus aera,
celetur incestata castis
frons nivibus, tegat impudico
contaminatae flagitio scelus
candore vestis virgineo premens,
ne labe pollutam nefanda
Rex oculo propiore visat.
atqui timentem Caelipotens iubet
Pax lenis astans lumine mulceat ;
quae laeta delabens ab axe
nuntia sidereo, revincta
crines olivae fronde, sequacia
ceu turtur ala nubila dividit,
myrtoque vibrata quietum
alma salum domat, alma terras.

No war or battle's sound
Was heard the world around :
 The idle spear and shield were high up hung ;
The hookéd chariot stood
Unstained with hostile blood ;
 The trumpet spake not to the arméd throng ;
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by.

But peaceful was the night
Wherein the Prince of Light
 His reign of peace upon the earth began :
The winds with wonder whist
Smoothly the waters kissed,
 Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charméd wave.

non orbe toto martis erat sonus,

non conferentum signa cohortium :

hastile defunctamque parmam

militia paries habebat :

non falx cruorem traxerat hosticum,

non excitabant armigeros tubae :

Regem fatebantur venire

ora metu pavefacta regum.

nox ipsa puro consiluit polo

qua splendorum Sceptringer ordinum

decrevit immortale pacis

imperium stabilire terris :

aurae stupentes oscula fluctibus

dantes quietis gaudia praecinunt,

quos ala parcentes moveri

alcyonum premit incubantum.

The stars with deep amaze
Stand fixed in stedfast gaze,
 Bending one way their precious influence,
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light,
 Or Lucifer that often warned them thence ;
But in their glimmering orbs did glow,
Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

And though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,
 The sun himself withheld his wonted speed,
And hid his head for shame,
As his inferior flame
 The new enlightened world no more should need ;
He saw a greater Sun appear
Than his bright throne, or burning axletree, could bear.

haerent in uno sidera desuper
intenta visu, dum pia numine
unum superfuso coronant :
nec reducis face pulsa lucis
cedunt monenti⁴ Lucifero fugae,
ignes micantum non prius orbium
pressura quam tempus morandi
Caelipotens vetet ipse duci.
quin, orta quanquam dispulerat dies
umbras nigrantes, ipse volantibus
nolebat indulgere bigis
sol faciem pudebundus abdens :
non his beatas senserat ignibus
egere terras, non tolerabilem
sedi coruscanti rotisque
flammiferis renitere Solem.

The shepherds on the lawn,
Or e'er the point of dawn,
 Sat simply chatting in a rustic row ;
Full little thought they then,
That the mighty Pan
 Was kindly come to live with them below ;
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,
 As never was by mortal finger strook,
Divinely-warbled voice
Answering the stringéd noise,
 As all their souls in blissful rapture took :
The air, such pleasure loth to lose,
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly close.

herba sedentes ordine rustico
simplex bubulci colloquium novae
sub lucis adventum serebant :
quos latuit, reor, otiosos
Pan magnus astris terricolum domos
mutare dignans. maior ovilium,
fortasse maior distinebat
cura leves animos amorum.
tum mentem et aures alliciunt soni
iucundiores quam quibus intremat
terrestre plectrum ; dum canoris
caelicolum velut arte chordis
vox apta sensus commovet intimos,
cui mille lentus reddit imagines,
ne maius humano repente
intereat modulamen, aer.

Nature that heard such sound,
Beneath the hollow round
 Of Cynthia's seat, the airy region thrilling,
Now was almost won
To think her part was done,
 And that her reign had here its last fulfilling;
She knew such harmony alone
Could hold all heaven and earth in happier union.

At last surrounds their sight
A globe of circular light,
 That with long beams the shamefaced night arrayed;
The helméd cherubim,
And sworded seraphim,
 Are seen in glittering ranks with wings displayed,
Harping in loud and solemn quire,
With unexpressive notes to Heaven's new-born Heir.

quas ipsa voces aetheris in plagis
Natura lunae sub solio poli
convexa pertentare mirans
paene suo fore iam labori
regnoque finem credidit ultimum:
nec postulari iam sua foedera
ut terra cum caelo iugetur,
quos melius iuget ille cantus.
mox solis instar suspicientibus
affulget orbis, flammifer immicans
noctis verecundae tenebris:
stant galea gladioque clari
Regis ministri caelitis alites,
dum rite pleno murmure carminum
non eloquendorum Parentis
exoriens celebratur Heres.

Such music (as 'tis said)
Before was never made,
 But when of old the sons of morning sung,
While the Creator great
His constellations set,
 And the well-balanced world on hinges hung,
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel keep.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres,
Once bless our human ears
 (If ye have power to touch our senses so),
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time,
 And let the base of heaven's deep organ blow,
And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full consort to the angelic symphony.

cantasse solos huic parili lyra
nascente mundo caelicolas ferunt,
cum finxit Aeternus lacunar
sidereum, stabilivit orbis
iusto renixos pondere cardines,
rerum columnas inviolabiles
abstrusit, undantis subegit
claustra pati maris uda fluctus.
delectet aures o semel insonans
crystallinorum carminis orbium
quod fas sit exaudire nobis :
o numeros crepet in canoros
subtile plectrum, dum gravior tonat
immugientis spiritus aetheris,
vocesque caelestum sequatur
vox novies modulata caeli!

For if such holy song
Enwrap our fancy long,
 Time will run back and fetch the age of gold,
And speckled Vanity
Will sicken soon and die,
 And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mould,
And Hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

Yea, Truth and Justice then
Will down return to men,
 Orbed in a rainbow; and like glories wearing
Mercy will sit between,
Throned in celestial sheen,
 With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering,
And Heaven, as at some festival,
Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.

nam sacra cordi musa diutius
si blandietur, tempus in aureum
horae recurrent, iam libido
tabe diem maculosa claudet,
noxae resolvet terricolas lues,
ipsum inferorum ius abolebitur,
rimanda pendentur diei
atria Tartarei doloris.
tum cincta crines iride Veritas
terris redibit Iustitiae comes ;
quas inter effulgens, sororum
par decori decus ipsa gestans,
nubes coruscas mille coloribus
splendente findet tramite Lenitas,
et feriantur reclusis
templa poli spatiosa portis.

But wisest Fate says no,

This must not yet be so,

 The Babe lies yet in smiling infancy,

That on the bitter cross

Must redeem our loss

 So both Himself and us to glorify :

Yet first to those ychained in sleep

The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through the deep,

With such a horrid clang

As on Mount Sinai rang,

 While the red fire and smouldering clouds out brake :

The aged earth aghast,

With terror of that blast,

 Shall from the surface to the centre shake ;

When at the world's last session

The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread His throne.

at Parca prudens hoc negat illico
sic exiturum. parvus adhuc Puer
subridet in cunis, acerba
in cruce terricolis piamen
laturus olim, qua sibi gloriam
nobisque quaerat: sed prius (audient
sopore devincti) profundum
fata ciens tuba personabit:
qualis minarum vox Sinaitidas
concussit arces quom rutilantibus
flammis et exundante fumo
ignivomae micuere nubes:
grandaeva miro territa classico
tellus medullis pertremet intimis,
quom sede Quaesitor supremum
gentibus aera residet.

And then at last our bliss

Full and perfect is,

But now begins ; for, from this happy day,

The old dragon, underground

In straiter limits bound,

Not half so far casts his usurpéd sway,

And, wroth to see his kingdom fail,

Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

The oracles are dumb,

No voice or hideous hum

Runs through the archéd roof in words deceiving.

Apollo from his shrine

Can no more divine,

With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.

No nightly trance, or breathéd spell,

Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell.

tum plena demum gaudia nos manent,
nunc ordiuntur. primus enim dies

hic claustra lucescit draconi

Tartareo magis arcta passo,
iniuriarum dimidio minus

ius proferenti, dum solio fremit

orbandus et quassat retorquens

squamigeræ fera flagra caudæ.

oracla torpent: non laquear replent

horrenda vanis murmura vocibus:

non ipse Delphorum futura

praecinit ex adytis Apollo,

ferale, rupem dum fugit, eiulans:

non somnio, non carmine mystico

pallentis obtutum ministri

fatidicum penetræle turbat.

The lonely mountains o'er

And the resounding shore

A voice of weeping heard and loud lament ;

From haunted spring and dale

Edged with poplar pale

The parting genius is with sighing sent ;

With flower-inwoven tresses torn

The nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.

In consecrated earth

And on the holy hearth

The Lars and Lemures moan with midnight plaint ;

In urns and altars round

A drear and dying sound

Affrights the Flamens at their service quaint ;

And the chill marble seems to sweat,

While each peculiar power foregoes his wonted seat.

solis iugorum nenia, litori

immurmuranti flebilis insonat :

iam carmen ad caeleste fontes

iam solitas trepidare valles,

quas cana cingit populus, ingemens

Faunus relinquit, iam nemoris Dryas

spissi per obscurum revinctas

flore comas lacerata maeret.

ad busta noctu flent Lemures, gemit

intaminati Lar periens foci :

urnis inhorrescens et aris

lugubris et moriens querella

prisca exsequentes carmina flamines

terret, videntur frigida marmora

sudare dum sedem relinquens

quisque suam fugit incolarum.

Peor and Baälim

Forsake their temples dim,

 With that twice battered god of Palestine ;

And moonéd Ashtaroth,

Heaven's queen and mother both,

 Now sits not girt with taper's holy shine ;

The Lybic Hammon shrinks his horn,

In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz mourn.

And sullen Moloch fled

Hath left in shadows dread

 His burning idol all of blackest hue ;

In vain with cymbals' ring

They call the grisly king,

 In dismal dance about the furnace blue ;

The brutish gods of Nile as fast,

Isis, and Orus, and the dog Anubis, haste.

delubra iam sublustria deserunt
Peorque Belusque et Syriae deus
quem stravit haud simplex ruina :
cornua iam Libycus retraxit
Ammon, iacentem iam Tyriae gemunt
Thaumanta frustra, nec genitrix deum
et praeses Astarte Selenes
cincta piis levat ora taedis.
formidolosis in tenebris atrox
linquens Moluchus fugit imaginem
ignes per admotos nigrantem :
nec chorus ut quatiat laborans
circa caminum cymbala luridum,
rex torvus audit. par rapit Isidem,
par terror Horum, par Anubim,
Niliacae sacra monstra ripae.

Nor is Osiris seen
In Memphian grove or green,
 Trampling the unshowered grass with lowings loud :
Nor can he be at rest
Within his sacred chest,
 Nought but profoundest hell can be his shroud ;
In vain with timbrelled anthems dark
The sable-stoléd sorcerers bear his worshipped ark.

He feels from Juda's land
The dreaded Infant's hand,
 The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyn ;
Nor all the gods beside
Longer dare abide,
 Not Typhon huge ending in snaky twine :
Our Babe, to show His Godhead true,
Can in His swaddling bands control the damnéd crew.

iam non Osirim, dum nemoris vias,
dum prata passu proterit arida,
miratur immugire Memphis:
cista deum premit inquietum
imi premendum tegmine Tartari:
frustra, insonantes carmina tympanis
horrenda, ferali vehentes
veste magi venerantur arcam.
intendit Infans Iudaicis procul
surgens in oris attonito manum:
visus laborantes oborti
lux hebetat nova Bethlemitae:
nec ceteri iam di neque desinens
Typhon in orbis anguineos manet:
testatur in cunis quis instet
ausa regens Puer impiorum.

So when the sun in bed,
Curtained with cloudy red,
 Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
The flocking shadows pale
Troop to the infernal jail,
 Each fettered ghost slips to his several grave,
And the yellow-skirted fays
Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-loved maze.

But see the Virgin blest
Hath laid her Babe to rest,
 Time is our tedious song should here have ending.
Heaven's youngest-teemed star
Hath fixed her polished car,
 Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attending :
And all about the courtly stable
Bright-harnessed angels sit in order serviceable.

MILTON.

sic quom cubilis sol etiam latens
post vela rubris texta vaporibus
os fulcit eois fretorum,

Tartareus rapit agmen umbras
exsanguie carcer : quaeque suum petunt
vinctae sepulcrum, nec croceae choros
luna sub arridente nectunt

noctis equos famulae sequentes.
ast ecce. Natum composuit sinu
felice Virgo ; iam numeros decet
finire longos : ecce leves

qua minima nitet aethra currus
iam stella iunxit, fax domini torum
ministra servans, dum stabulum tuens
regale caelestum sub armis
prompta cohors operae refulget.

O D E.

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM RECOLLECTIONS
OF EARLY CHILDHOOD.

I.

THERE was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
 To me did seem
 Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore ;
 Turn wheresoe'er I may,
 By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

ΑΝΑΜΝΗΣΙΣ.

ἦν χρόνος εὖτε νάπαι καὶ πίσσα καὶ ῥυτὸν ὕδωρ
καὶ χθονὸς ὅσσα τύχοιμι συνήθεά περ ποτιλεύσσω
φέγγος ἐφαίνεται ἔμοιγε διόσδοτον ἀμφιέσασθαι,
θεσπεσίην ἀκτῖνα ποταίνιον ὥσπερ ὀνείρου·
ἀλλ' ἂ τότ' ἦν ἔστ' οὐκέτ'. ἐγὼ γὰρ ὅποι κε τράπωμαι
οὔθ' ὀρώω νύκτωρ τὰ πρὶν εἴσιδον οὔτε μετ' ἡμαρ.

II.

The Rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the Rose,
The Moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare,
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair ;
The sunshine is a glorious birth ;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath past away a glory from the earth.

III.

Now while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
And while the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound,
To me alone there came a thought of grief :
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
And I again am strong :
The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep ;
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong ;
I hear the Echoes through the mountains throng,
The Winds come to me from the fields of sleep,

ἔρχεαι ὡς πάρος, Ἴρι, καὶ οἴχεται ἡδὺ δὲ λάμπει
ὄμμα ῥόδου, χαίρει δὲ περισκοπέουσα σελήνη
οὐρανὸν εὖτ' ἀκάλυπτος ὑπερράγη ἄσπετος αἰθήρ·
ἡμερόεν δέ τι νυκτὸς ὑπαὶ πόλῳ ἄστερόεντι
νάματα μαρμαίρει, μάλα τ' ἡλίου ἀγλαομειδῆς
ὀρνυμένοιο πρόσωπον· ἐγὼ δέ τοι οἶ κεν ἀλώμαι
ἔσθ' ὃ τι δὴ χθονὸς οἶδα παναίολον ἐξαπολωλός.

νῦν δ', ὅτε πᾶς ὄρνις φιλόφρον μέλος ὦδε μελίξει,
εὖτ' ἄρνες σκαίρουσι νεότροφοι οἶον ὑπ' αὐλῶν,
μόνῳ ἐπήλθεν ἔμοιγέ τι πένθιμον· ἀλλ' ἐπικαίρως
ἐξειπὼν τόδ' ἔλυσα καὶ ἔρρωσμαι πάλιν ἤδη.
σαλπίζουσι μὲν ὑψόθ' ἀπ' ἡλιβάτιο φάραγγος
ῥηγνύμενοι χεῖμαρροι· ἐγὼ δέ τοι αἴσιον ὦρην
οὐκέτ' ἄχει μιανῶ· διὰ γὰρ πτύχας ἀρθὲν ὄρεινὰς
Ἦχοῦς μυριόφωνον ἐπιρροθέει κελάδημα,
λειμώνων τέ μοι ὕπνου ἀποπνεύουσιν αὐτμαί·

And all the earth is gay ;
Land and sea
Give themselves up to jollity,
And with the heart of May
Doth every beast keep holiday ;—
Thou Child of Joy,
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou
happy Shepherd-boy !

IV.

Ye blessed Creatures, I have heard the call
Ye to each other make ; I see
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee ;
My heart is at your festival,
My head hath its coronal,
The fulness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it all.
Oh evil day ! if I were sullen
While Earth herself is adorning,
This sweet May-morning,
And the Children are culling
On every side,
In a thousand valleys far and wide,
Fresh flowers ; while the sun shines warm,
And the Babe leaps up on his Mother's arm :—

χθών τε γέγηθεν ἅπασα, φιλοφροσύνησί τ' ἀνείται
πόντος ὁμοῦ καὶ γαῖα, θέρει τε σὺν ἠπιοθύμῳ
πάνθ' ἄμ' ἑορτάζοντα συνήδεται ἔθνεα θηρῶν·
Εὐφροσύνη φίλε κοῦρε, σὺ δ' ἀμφί μοι αἶρε βοητύν,
οἰοπόλ', ὡς ὀλόλυγμα τορῶς σέθεν, ὄλβι', ἀκούω.

ἔκλυον, οὗ με παρήλθε, μακάρτατοι, οἶα θροεῖτε
ἀντίτυπ' ἀλλήλοις, ἴδον ἀνθεστήρι' ἀγόντων
αἰθέρ' ὕπερθε γελῶντα, πάρειμι δὲ καὐτὸς ἑορτῆ
ὄσσον ὁμοφρονέειν γε, κόμας τ' ἀνέδησα καὶ αὐτὸς
μυρὶ ἱαινόμενος μετὰ μυρὶ ἱαινομένοισιν.

ἦ μάλα κεν πελοι ἡμαρ ἀναίσιον εἰ σκυθρὸς εἶην
νῦν ἐγὼ εὖτ' ἠῶθι θέρους γλυκυμειλίχου ὄρη
γαῖα μὲν ἀγλαΐην περιβάλλεται, ἐν δὲ νάπησιν
ἀνθ' ἀνηρίθμοισιν ἑερσήεντα δρέπονται
παῖδες ἑκάς τε πέλας τε, φίλον τ' ἐπιδέδρομεν εἴλης
καῦμα, βρέφος τ' ἀνάθρωσκει ἐν ἀγκαλίδεσσι τεκούσης·

I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!
—But there's a Tree, of many, one,
A single Field which I have looked upon,
Both of them speak of something that is gone :
 The pansy at my feet
 Doth the same tale repeat :
Whither is spread the visionary gleam?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

v.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting :
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
 Hath had elsewhere its setting,
 And cometh from afar :
 Not in entire forgetfulness,
 And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
 From God, who is our home :
Heaven lies about us in our infancy !

ἦ τάδ' ἀκήκο', ἀκήκο', εὐφράνθην δέ τ' ἀκούων.

ἀλλὰ γὰρ ἐκ πολλῶν μεμέληκέ μοι ἔν γέ τι δένδρον

εἰς ἀγρός, ὃ τ' ἄμφω μὲν ἐπέδρακον εἰσορόων δέ

οἶδά τι καὶ ποθέων· τὸ δὲ παρ ποσὶ ταυτὸν ὑπέϊπε

λευκόϊον· ποῖ δὴ φάσμ' ἀγλαὸν ἐκπεπόταται;

ποῦ κ' ἔτι μαρμαρόεντος ἰδοίμεθα φέγγος οὐνείρου;

κῶμα μόνον λήθη τε βροτῶν γένος· ἦ δὲ σὺν ἡμῖν

ψυχὴ γιγνομένοισιν ἀνέσχεθε, μόρσιμος ἀστήρ,

ἄλλοθί που καταδύσ' ἕκαθεν ποθεν ἐξανέτειλεν.

οὐκ ἄρα δὴ πάντων γε λελασμένοι, οὐκ ἄρα γυμνοὶ

πάντη γ', ἀλλ' αἰγλην τιν' ἐφελκόμενοι νεφελάων

δῶμα πατρὸς προλιπόντες ἰκάνομεν ἀθανάτοιο.

ἀμφὶ βρέφος νεαρὸν τέταται φάος οὐρανώων·

Shades of the prison-house begin to close
 Upon the growing Boy,
But He beholds the light, and whence it flows
 He sees it in his joy ;
The Youth, who daily farther from the east
 Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,
 And by the vision splendid
 Is on his way attended :
At length the Man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

VI.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own :
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
And even with something of a Mother's mind,
 And no unworthy aim,
 The homely Nurse doth all she can
To make her Foster-child, her Inmate Man,
 Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came.

παιδὶ δ' ἐπ' αὐξομένῳ στυγερὸν κνέφας ἄσσον ἐφέρπει,
εἰρκτῆς οἶα δεθείσιν· ὅμως δ' ἐπίδερκτον ἐκείνῳ
φῶς τε μένει πηγαί τε φάους ταρφθέντι νοῆσαι·
ὄς δ' ἄρ' ἔφηβος ἐὼν φέυγει πλάκ' ἐπ' ἡμαρ ἐώαν,
ἔστ' ἔτι τῆς Φύσεως ἱερεὺς ὄδε, λαμπρὸν ἔθ' ἔρπει
φάσμα πρόπομπον ἔχων· ὁ δ' ἐν ἀνδράσιν εὖτε λέλεκται,
δὴ τότε ἀποφθιμένων ὕπαρ εἴσιδε φαῦλον ὀνειρών.

τερπνὰ μὲν ἐκ κόλπων, ὄσα γήϊνα, γαῖα πρότεινει·
ἔστι γὰρ ὡς θνητῇ θνητῶν πόθος· ὡς δέ γε μήτηρ
κεδνὰ φρεσὶν νωμῶσα, τροφός περ ἄγρικοις ἐούσα,
θρέμμ' ἐὼν ἰμείρει, βροτὸν ὃν τ' ἔχει ᾧ ἐνὶ οἴκῳ,
ἐκλελαθεῖν ὄσ' ἀγαστὰ πάρος ποτ' ἔχαιρε θεωρῶν
οἶά τε δώματ' ἔλειπεν ἐπουρανίου βασιλῆος.

VII.

Behold the Child among his new-born blisses,
A six years' Darling of a pigmy size!
See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
With light upon him from his father's eyes!
See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
Some fragment from his dream of human life,
Shaped by himself with newly-learned art ;
 A wedding or a festival,
 A mourning or a funeral,
 And this hath now his heart,
And unto this he frames his song :
 Then will he fit his tongue
To dialogues of business, love, or strife ;
 But it will not be long
 Ere this be thrown aside,
 And with new joy and pride
The little Actor cons another part ;

ἠνίδε γὰρ νεαρὸν μετὰ χάρμασι παῖδα νεόρτοισ,
ἔξαιεές τι θάλος, τυτθὸν δέμας, ὄμμα δόμοιο·
ἠνίδε χειρὸς ἐῆς νῦν ἐν ἔργμασι κείμενον, οἷοις
μητρὸς ἐπισσυμένοισι φιλήμασι πυκνὰ πέπασται,
ὡς γανῶν οἱ πατρὸς ἐπιρρέει ἕμερος ὄσσων·
ἠνίδε δέλτιόν οἱ τι παραὶ ποσὶν ἢ τι πλάσμα,
δείγμα βίου τὸν τ' αὐτὸς ὄνειροπολῶν ὑπέγραψεν,
ἀρτιδαεὶ τεύχων σοφίῃ γάμον ἢ τιν' ἑορτῆν
εἴτε ταφῆς πένθημα· φιλεῖ γὰρ νῦν τάδε θυμῷ,
τῶνδε μέλος τεκταίνει ἐπίσκοπον· εἶτα νεμόντων
πράγματ' ἐριζόντων τε λόγοις δάροισί τ' ἐραστῶν
γλῶσσαν ἂν ἀρμόσσειε· χρόνος δ' οὐ πολλὸς ἐπέσται
καὶ τάδε μὲν ρίψει, καινῇ δέ κε τέρψει γαίῳν
ἄλλο μαθὼν δρᾶμ' αὐθις ἀγωνίζοιτο νεοσσός·

Filling from time to time his "humorous stage"
With all the Persons, down to palsied Age,
That Life brings with her in her equipage;
 As if his whole vocation
 Were endless imitation.

VIII.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
 Thy Soul's immensity;
Thou best Philosopher, who yet dost keep
Thy heritage, thou Eye among the blind,
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
Haunted for ever by the eternal mind,—
 Mighty prophet! Seer blest!
 On whom those truths do rest,
Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave;
Thou, over whom thy Immortality
Broods like the Day, a Master o'er a Slave,
A presence which is not to be put by;

κωμωδῶν δ' ἐσάγει τὰ μὲν ἄρτι πρόσωπα, τὰ δ' ἐξῆς,
παντοδᾶπ', ἐν δὲ γέροντας ἐκωμώδησε τελευτῶν
γυῖ' ἀμενεῖς, ὅσσοισι βίος σὺν ὀπάοσι πομπήν
πέμπει ἐφημερίων, ὡς οὐκ ἄρ' ἐπ' ἄλλο τι ταχθεῖς
πλὴν τόδε, μιμήσεις μιμήσεσιν ἔμπεδ' ἀμείβειν.

ὦ βρέφος, οὗ δοκέει φαῦλον δέμας εἰσορόωντι,
ἀλλὰ σύνοικον ἔχει ψυχῆς μέγα κάρτος ἀπείρου·
ὦ πανάριστε σοφῶν, ὃς ἔτ' οὐρανόθεν τά τ' ἐδέξω
σώζεαι, ἔν τε τυφλοῖσι βλέπων μόνος, οὔτε τι φωνῶν
οὔτε κλύων, δέρκει τελετὰς αἰῶνος ἀβύσσου,
ταῖς σε νόος μνέων αἰώνιος οὐκ ἀπολήγει·
μάντι μέγιστε, πάνολβε, καταστεφές οὐρανοδείκτων
οἶα διαὶ βίον ἄνδρες ἀμαυροὶ ψηλαφόωμεν
εἰν ὄρφνης πλαγχθέντες ἀναυγήτοις Ἀΐδαο·
σεῖο γὰρ ἀθάνατος δαίμων Ἵπερίονος αὐγαῖς
ἴσος ὑπερκρέμαται, βασιλεύς θ' ὡς θῆτος ἀνάστων
ἠνεκέως τε πάρεστι καὶ οὐκ ἔθελει παρεῶσθαι·

Thou little Child, yet glorious in the might
Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,
Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
Full soon thy Soul shall have her earthly freight,
And custom lie upon thee with a weight,
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

IX.

O joy! that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive!
The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction; not indeed
For that which is most worthy to be blest;
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of Childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast:—

παιδίον, ἰσχυῖ θάλλον ἐλευθερίας θεοφάντω
ζωῆς ἐν κορυφήσιν, τί δὴ χρόνον ᾧδέ σ' ἀνάγκης
ἐνζεύξαι σπεύδων κέλειαι σπεύδοντα καὶ αὐτόν,
ᾧδε μάτην σῆς αὐτὸς εὐτυχίης πολεμίζων;
δέξῃαι ὡς ναύτης φρεσὶ μόρσιμον αὐτίκα φόρτον,
καὶ τὸ νομιζόμενόν σοι ἐπέσσεται, ἄχθει βρῖθον
ὡς παγετός, ζωῆς δ' ὅσον οὐχ ὑπὸ βένθεα δύνων.

ᾧ βροτοὶ εὐτυχέες, τῶν ἐν φρεσὶ δαιμονίῃ φλόξ
οὐδὲ καταψυχθεῖσά περ ἔφθιται, ἀλλὰ πέφυκεν
ἐς βραχὺ παρμείνασα μακρὸν πόθον ἐγκαταθεῖναι.
ἢ θεὸν εὐλογίησιν ἐποίχομαι, εὔτε βίοιο
τοῦ πρὶν ἔχω μνήμην· οὐ μὲν τόσον εἴνεκα κείνων
ᾧν τις ἔμελλε μάλιστ', οὐ τέρψιος αὐτονόμοιο,
οὐδὲ νόου παίδων εὐηθέος οἷς φιλοέργοις
εἴτ' ἀργοῖς κέαρ ἐλπίς ὑπόπτερος ἄρτι πατάσσει·

Nor for these I raise
The song of thanks and praise ;
But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings ;
Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realised,
High instincts before which our mortal Nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised :
 But for those first affections,
 Those shadowy recollections,
 Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
Are yet a master light of all our seeing ;
 Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal Silence : truths that wake,
 To perish never :
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,

οὐ διὰ κείν' ἀνέβη παιὰν ἐμὸς ἀλλ' ἐπὶ τούτοις,
οὐνεκ', ὅσ' αἰσθήσει τις φράζεται, οὐκ ἀποκάμνει
ταῦτ' ἐς ἔλεγχον ἄγων, κεῖ κάρτα πεφυκότ' ἀπορρεῖν
πρὶν καταληφθῆναι φροῦδ' οἴχεται· οὐνεκά θ' αὐτῷ
πᾶς τις ἄπιστος ἀλάται ἀμήχανος, ἀμφιπολεύων
ληπτὰ μὲν οὐ περίληπτα δ', ἀνὴρ τ' ἐπὶ θεία προβαίνων
δαιμόνιον τι πέπονθε, παθῶν δ' ἄρα δείματι φρίσσει
ὥσθ' ὅτε τις φωρᾶται ἀτασθαλῆς ἐπιχειρῶν·
ταῦτ' ἄγαμαι καὶ τοῦτό γ', ὀθούνεκα γιγνομένοισιν
εὐθὺς ἔρως τις ἀμαύρ' ὑπομιμνήσκων ἐνυπάρχει,
ὧν ἀσαφῆς τίς ἄρ' ἐστί, φάους δ' οὖν ὅσσον ὀρῶμεν
ἄρχων τ' ὀρτυμένου καὶ ὀρωρότος ἡγεμονεύων·
ὅς θ' ἡμᾶς ἀνέχει τε τροφῆς τ' ἀγανῆσιν ἀτάλλει
καὶ δύναται τόσον ὥστε βροτῶν αἰῶνα φανῆναι
ἀθανάτων βιώτοιο μέρος τι βράχιστον ἔοντα,
εὐφῆμου κελαδειῶν, ἐφήμερον ἀλλήκτοιο·
τοῖος ἔρως ἰδέας ἀψευδέας αἰὲν ἔόντων
ἐν φρεσὶν οὐκέτ' ἔπειτ' ἀφανιζομένας ἀναφαίνει
καὶ τόνδ' οὐκ ἀμέλει, οὐκ οἰστροδόνητος ἐφορμή,

Nor Man nor Boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy!
Hence in a season of calm weather
Though inland far we be,
Our Souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the Children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

x.

Then sing, ye Birds, sing, sing a joyous song!
And let the young Lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound!
We in thought will join your throng,
Ye that pipe and ye that play,
Ye that through your hearts to-day
Feel the gladness of the May!

οὐκ ἀνδρῶν φύσις, οὐ παιδῶν, οὐκ εἴ τι κατέστη

δύσφρον ἐϋφροσύνησι, πανώλεθρον ἐξάλαπάξει.

τοῦνεκ' ἄρ' ἀκραιφνῆς νεφελῶν ὅτε πέπταται αἶθρη

καίπερ ἄνω μάλα βάντες ὁμως φρεσὶν εἰσορόωμεν

ἄφθιτον ὃν πλώσαντες ἐκέλσαμεν ἐνθάδε πόντον,

ρίμφα τ' ἐκείσε ποτώμεθ' ἐπ' ἠϊόνεσσί τε παῖδας

δερκόμεθ' οἷ ποιέουσιν ἀθύρματα νηπιέησιν,

οἰδμά τ' ἄφραστον, ἄπαυστον ἐπησθόμεθ' ὠκεανοῖο.

ἀλλ' ἄγετ' οὖν εὐθυμον αἰίδετ' αἰίδετ' αἰοιδὴν

ὄρνιθες, ποσί τ' ἄρνες ὁμοῦ νέαι οἷον ὑπ' αὐλῶν

σκαίρετ' ἐν ὑμετέρῳ δὲ χορῶ κεί μὴ ποσὶν ἡμεῖς

ἀλλὰ νόῳ γ' οὖν κοινὰ χορεύσομεν οἷ τ' αὐλεῖτε

οἷς τε μέλει παίζειν οἷ τ' ἐν φρεσὶ σήμερον ἴστε

μειλίχιον θέρεος στέργηθρον ἐνισταμένοιο.

What though the radiance which was once so bright
Be now for ever taken from my sight,
 Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower ;
 We will grieve not, rather find
 Strength in what remains behind ;
 In the primal sympathy
 Which having been must ever be ;
 In the soothing thoughts that spring
 Out of human suffering ;
 In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

XI.

And O, ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and Groves,
Forebode not any severing of our loves !
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might ;
I only have relinquished one delight

εἶτα τί δέϊ γοάαν κεί μηκέτ' ἐπόψομαι αἴγλην
τὴν τότε μαρμαρόεσσαν, ἔπεισί τε μήποτ' ὀπίσσω
κεῖνος ἐμοὶ χρόνος αὖθις ὄτ' ἀγρονόμῳ θεόσεπτος
ἐν ποίῃ τις ἔλαμπεν ἔλαμπε δ' ἐπ' ἀνθεσιν αὐγῇ;
οὐ ποθέειν χρῆ φροῦδ' ἀλλ' ἐρρῶσθαι φρονέοντας
ὅσσα μένει· τοίῃ θνητοῖσι πρὸς ἄμβροτα μίμνει
πρώταρχος φιλότης ἢ τ' ὡς γέγον' αἰὲν ἂν εἴη·
μίμνουσιν δὲ βροτοῖς ἐκ πημονέων παλίνορτοι
φροντίδες ἠδύπνοιοι, πίστις μένει ἢ τε δέδορκε
καὶ τὸ πέρην θανάτοιο, μένουσι παρηγορέοντες
σωφρονέειν ἀδόλοισι παρηγορήης ἐνιαυτοί.

μή νύ τοι, ὦ κρήναι καὶ πίσε' ὄρη τε νάπαι τε
ἔλπετ' ἔθ' ὡς φιλέοντες ἀφησόμεθ' ἀντιφιλεύντων·
νῦν γὰρ ἔθ' ὑμετέροισι χαίρω μάλα κήροθι θέλκτροις·
εἰ δὲ μῆς παρέηκά τι τέρψιμος, ἀλλ' ἐπαοιδῆς

To live beneath your more habitual sway.

I love the Brooks which down their channels fret,

Even more than when I tripped lightly as they ;

The innocent brightness of a new-born Day

Is lovely yet ;

The Clouds that gather round the setting sun

Do take a sober colouring from an eye

That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality ;

Another race hath been, and other palms are won.

Thanks to the human heart by which we live,

Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,

To me the meanest flower that blows can give

Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

WORDSWORTH.

ζῶ συνεχῶς ἔτι μᾶλλον ὑπήκοος ὑμετερῆσι.
τὼς γὰρ ἐμοὶ φίλα ρεῖθρα τὰ παφλάζει κατ' ἐναύλους
ὥσπερ ὄτ' ἴσ' αὐτοῖς ἐλαφρῶ ποδὶ καυτὸς ἐπήδων·
ἰμερόεσσα δ' ἔτ' ἔστ' ἄκακος νέον ὀρνυμένοιο
ἡματος ἀγλαΐη· νεφελὰ δὲ ταὶ ἡλίοιο
ἀμφὶ δύσεις συνάγονται ἔμοιγε πρέπουσ' ὀρόωντι
σεμνότεραί τινες ἦδη, ὅς οὐ κέκμηκα θεωρῶν
ἄθλους θνητογενῶν· ἅμα γὰρ δρόμον ἀνδράσιω ἔγνω
ἄλλον ἔχοντα τέλος στεφάνων τε λελογχότας ἄλλους.
ἦ κραδίη χάριν οἶδα τροφῶ θνητοῖσι βίοιο,
μειλιχίη κραδίη, φιλογηθεί, δειματοέσση
ὡς ἐμὲ δὴ θάμ' ἐπήρην ὃ φαυλότατον βρύει ἀνθῶν
κρέσσονα καὶ δακρύων μελεδήματα βυσσοδομεύειν.

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