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SPECIMENS

OF

GREEK AND LATIN VERSE.

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SPECIMENS

OF

GREEK AND LATIN VERSE:

Chiefly Translations.

BY

CHARLES RANN KENNEDY.

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THE STRAITS SETTLEMENTS
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THE STRAITS SETTLEMENTS

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THE ISLES OF GREECE.

[The lines of Lord Byron are printed, on account of the similarity of
some passages in the Greek.]

The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece,
 Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
 Where grew the arts of war and peace,—
 Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung!
 Eternal summer gilds them yet,
 But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,
 The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
 Have found the fame your shores refuse;
 Their place of birth alone is mute
 To sounds which echo further west
 Than your sires' 'Islands of the Bless'd.'

THE ISLES OF GREECE.

[This Ode obtained the Gold Medal in the University of Cambridge.
A few alterations have been made in it since.]

Εἴθε τις κούφαις πτερύγεσσιν ἄρας
τῆλ' ἐπ' ἀκτὰν Λεσβίδ' ἀναρπάσαι με·
τᾶς γὰρ ἰμείρω χερὶ συλλαβεῖν φόρ-
μιγγα λιγείαν,

ἄ ποτ' εἰς ἔρωτα καὶ ἀδονὰν κῆρ
ἐξέγειρεν Ἑλλάδος· ὦ, πόθεν μοι
φίλτρα τ' ἔλθοι καὶ μελίγαρυς ὀμφὰ
οἷ' ἐλέλισδε

χαρμονὰν ἄβαν τε πνέοισα χορδάς·
πολλὰ μούνα μελιχιᾶν ὑπ' αἰγλᾶν
ἐσπέρας ἀκύμονα πρὸς θάλασσαν
στᾶσ' ἐπὶ πρωνὸς

καρδίας θρῆνον δυσέρωτ' ἐφώνει·
ἔκλυον δρυμοί θ' ἀλίαι τε πέτραι,
πενθέων τ' οἴκτω γλυκερῶν αἰοιδᾶς
λάθετ' ἀηδῶν·

The Mountains look on Marathon—

And Marathon looks on the sea ;

And musing there an hour alone,

I dream'd that Greece might still be free ;

For standing on the Persians' grave,

I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sate on the rocky brow

Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis ;

And ships, by thousands, lay below,

And men in nations :—all were his !

He counted them at break of day—

And when the sun set where were they ?

And where are they ? and where art thou,

My country ? On thy voiceless shore

The heroic lay is tuneless now—

The heroic bosom beats no more

And must thy lyre, so long divine,

Degenerate into hands like mine ?

τᾶς δὲ κηληθμοῖς ὁ σιδαροχάρμας
 θελγεθ' ὑμνατῆρ, καὶ ἄρειον ὄρμᾶν
 ἔσχε, καὶ τερπναῖς μανίαισι πάντα
 θυμὸν ἔδωκεν.

ἦν τὰδ'· Αἰγαίας χέλυος πέπαυται
 φθόγγος· ὑμνατῶν χάρις ἐξόλωλε·
 κῦμα νῦν μόνον ποτὶ θῖν' ἐρήμαν
 πένθιμον ἄδει.

ἀλλ' ἐμ' ἀδειᾶν ψιθυρίσματ' αὐρᾶν
 τηλόθεν σαίνει· φέρετ' ὦ θεοί με
 νηνέμου δι' αἰθέρος, ἔνθα ναίει
 ἄμβροτον εἶαρ,

καὶ φλέγει μειδήμασιν Ἀφροδίτας
 γᾶ τε καὶ πόντος· φέρετ' ἔνθα νᾶσοι
 κάλλει στέφουσιν ἀνάριθμοι κρυσ-
 τάλλινον οἶδμα·

θέσκελαι νᾶσοι, παρὰ ταῖσι καλὰ
 πάντα, πλὴν ἀνδρῶν γενεᾶς, τέθαλε·
 βοτρυῶν ἐκεῖ γάνος, ἀλίῳ χρυ-
 σοῖο γένεθλον,

'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,
 Though link'd among a fetter'd race,
 To feel at least a patriot's shame,
 Even as I sing, suffuse my face ;
 For what is left the poet here ?
 For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

Must *we* but weep o'er days more bless'd ?
 Must *we* but blush ?—Our fathers bled.
 Earth ! render back from out thy breast
 A remnant of our Spartan dead !
 Of the three hundred grant but three,
 To make a new Thermopylæ !

What, silent still ? and silent all ?
 Ah ! no ;—the voices of the dead
 Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
 And answer, " Let one living head,
 But one arise—we come, we come !"
 'Tis but the living who are dumb.

πορφυρῶν ῥήγνυσι δι' ἀμπελώνων·
 πάρ τε κρανῶν ἀργυρόεντι φέγγει
 εὐστομεῖ σύμφωνα καταρρέουσι
 νάμασιν ὄρνις.

ἀδὺ βασσάων ῥόδον· ἀδὺ κώρας
 νασιώτιδος ῥόδον ἐν παρειᾷ·
 τοῦ τε παγαίου μέλεος γλυκίου
 τὸ στόμα τήνας.

καλὸς ἀστήρ, ὃς κατ' ἀτέρμον' αὐγὰν
 ποντίας λεύσσει πλακός· ἀλλὰ πουλὺ
 καλλίον φέγγος τὸ νεανικῶν ἀσ-
 τράπτου ἀπ' ὄσσω.

πᾶ ποτ' ἐστὲ, δαίμονες ; οὐκέθ' ὑμᾶς
 παρθένων χοροστασίαι σέβοντι·
 οὐκέθ' ᾗς Πάφου κατὰ μυρσινῶνας
 Κύπρις ἀθύρει.

ἀφθίτων τεχνῶν πάτερ, ἐκλέλοιπας
 γὰν τεὰν, Ἀφαιστέ· πελώριον σῶν
 ἀκμόνων εὔδει μένος· οὐκέτ' ἐκ γᾶς
 σμερδαλέου πῦρ

In vain—in vain : strike other chords ;
 Fill high the cup with Samian wine !
 Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
 And shed the blood of Scio's vine :
 Hark ! rising to the ignoble call—
 How answers each bold bacchanal !

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,
 Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone ?
 Of two such lessons, why forget
 The nobler and the manlier one ?
 You have the letters Cadmus gave—
 Think ye he meant them for a slave ?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !
 We will not think of themes like these !
 It made Anacreon's song divine :
 He served—but served Polycrates—
 A tyrant : but our masters then
 Were still, at least, our countrymen.

ἀσπέτοις ἐρευγόμενον θυέλλαις
 καππέδον κυλίνδεται. Ἕριπες τὺ,
 γηγενὲς πύλωμα Ῥόδου. Θεῶ μάλ'
 εἴκελον ἔστας

ὑψίπουν βῆμ', ὑψικάρανον εἶδος,
 κυμάτων τηλέσκοπον· αἱ δ' ἔνερθεν
 ἀμβλεποῖσαι νᾶες ὑπερφυᾶ τεχ-
 νάματ' ἐθάμβευν.

Τηίων τίς μοι μελέων προφάταν
 κερνάτω κρατήρα Σάμου· σὺ δ' οὔρου
 Μοῖσ' ἴει πλασίστιον· ἠνίδ' ὡς ἔ-
 λαμψε δι' αἶθραν

μαρμαροῦν Πάρου σέλας· ὦ φαεννᾶν
 Κυκλάδων ἄνασσα, μάκαιρα Δῆλός,
 χαῖρε, χαῖρ'· αἰέν σ' ἐφίλασε Φοῖβος,
 Ἄρτεμις αἰέν.

σᾶ γὰρ ἐν νάπα γόνυ κάμψε Λατῶ,
 δυστόκων τ' ἀμπνευσε πόνων· πέριξ μιν
 χεῦσε δάφνα φύλλα, κατηρεφής θ' ὑ-
 περθ' ἀναφῶσα

The tyrant of the Chersonese

Was freedom's best and bravest friend;

That tyrant was Miltiades!

Oh! that the present hour would lend

Another despot of the kind!

Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!

On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,

Exists the remnant of a line

Such as the Doric mothers bore;

And there, perhaps, some seed is sown

The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—

They have a king who buys and sells;

In native swords, and native ranks,

The only hope of courage dwells;

But Turkish force, and Latin fraud,

Would break your shield, however broad.

ὠλένας φοῖνιξ, μαλακὸν σκίαμα,
 τεῖνεν· εἰς φάος δὲ φανέντ' ἔρανον
 τέκνα προσγέλαξεν, ἀμαχάνω τ' ὀ-
 ρέγματι χειρῶν

θέλγε ματρῶον κέαρ. ᾧ, τίς ἀχὼ
 τυμπάνων ἐπληξέ μ' ; ἰδοῦ, πέδονδε
 Ναξίου κατ' ὄρεος εὐμαρεῖ σκιρ-
 τήματι πίπτει

κισσοχαῖτ' ἀναξ, Βρόμιος· καὶ εὐοῖ
 Μαινάδες τὸν εὖιον ἀμβοῶσιν,
 εὐίοις βοάμασιν ἀντιπλήξ βακ-
 χεύεται ἀκτά.

ρίπτε νῦν κώμου νόμον, Ὀρφέως δὲ
 ἔνθεον στάθεσσιν ἔγειρε φωνάν.
 Θρακίων ἀνδύσά μ' ἀπ' ὠρέων ἐ-
 πέπτετ' ὀμίχλα,

καί τις αὐδᾶ σεμνόν· ἐκάς, βέβαλοι·
 δεῦρ' ὅς εὐδαίμων, πρᾶπίδεσσιν ἰγναῖς
 δρέψαι ἀρρήτων τελετᾶν ἄωτου
 ὀλβοδοτειρᾶν.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine,
Our virgins dance beneath the shade—
I see their glorious black eyes shine ;
But gazing on each glowing maid,
My own the burning tear-drop laves,
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marble steep,
Where nothing, save the waves and I,
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep ;
There, swan-like, let me sing and die :
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine !

ἅ μᾶται' οὐείρατα· τίς γὰρ ἀνὴρ
φαίνεται Πάτμου κατ' ἔρημον ἄλσος;
ὄλβιος δὴ τις· περὶ δ' οἱ πρόσωπον
ἴσταται ἀστήρ·

προπρὸ δ' ὀφθαλμῶν μέγα φάσμ' ὄρωρεν·
ἦνι, χρυσαῖς λαμπάσιν ἐμπρέπει Τις
χαλκόπους, πυρωπὸς, ἔχει δ' ἄρ' ὠρα-
νοῖο καὶ αἰδοῦ

ἐν χεροῖν κλαΐδας· ὄρημ', ὄρημι
παμφαῆς Πατρὸς σέβας, ἴρισίν τε
τὸν θρόνον στίλβοντα· κλύω, κλύω σάλ-
πιγγοσ αὐτὰν

ἄσχετον· τρέμ' ὠρανὸς, ἔτρεμ' αἰθῆρ,
καὶ θάλασσα συντεταραγμένα, γᾶ δ'
ἐρράγη βροντῆσι διαμπερές. θαυ-
μάστ' ἀνέφηγε

καρδίαισ πιστῶν Θεός· ἀλλὰ νῦν μοι
χαιρέτω· πάντ' ἔσσεται, εὔτε θνατοῖς
λάμπεται τὸ κύριον ὑψόθεν τε-
λεσφόρον ἅμαρ.

FROM MILTON'S PARADISE LOST.

BOOK V.

Hear, all ye angels, progeny of light,
 Thrones, dominations, principedoms, virtues, powers,
 Hear my decree, which unrevoked shall stand.
 This day I have begot, whom I declare
 My only Son, and on this holy hill
 Him have anointed, whom ye now behold
 At my right hand; your head I him appoint;
 And by myself have sworn; to him shall bow
 All knees in heaven, and shall confess him Lord:
 Under his great vicegerent reign abide
 United, as one individual soul,
 For ever happy: him who disobeys,
 Me disobeys, breaks union, and that day,
 Cast out from God and blessed vision, falls
 Into utter darkness, deep ingulf'd, his place
 Ordain'd without redemption, without end.

THE SAME TRANSLATED.

Κλῦτέ μεν, οὐράνιοι, φωτὸς γένος αἰθερίοιο,
 Κοιρανίαι, δυνάμεις τε, θρόνοι τ', ἀρεταί τε, κράτη τε,
 Κλῦτε Θεοῦ βούλευμα, τὸ καὶ τετελεσμένον ἔσται.
 Σήμερον ἐξ ἡμῶν φύεται, τὸν Παῖδ' ὀνομάζω,
 Μοῦνον Παῖδ' ἀγαπητόν· ἔχρισα δέ μιν κατὰ κλιτὺν
 Τήνδ' ἱεράν· ὃν ἐμοίγε παρήμενον εἰσοράασθε
 Δεξιτερῇ· τοῦτον δ' ὑμῖν ἄρχοντ' ἐπέθηκα·
 Καὶ κεφαλῇ κατένευσ' ἐπὶ δὲ μέγαν ὄρκον ὄμοσσα.
 Τοῦτον γουνυπετεῖς πάντων γένος οὐρανίωνων
 Ὑμνήσουσιν ἀνακτα· πατρὸς δ' ἀρχὴν διέποντι
 Πειθόμενοι, μάκαρες καὶ ὅμοιοι πάντες ἔσονται,
 Ὡς μία τις ψυχὴ· δυσδαίμων δ' ὅς κ' ἀπίθηται·
 Κεῖνος ἐμοὶ μάχεται, θείην θ' ὁμόνοϊαν ἀτίζει·
 Καὶ μάλα τοῦτο κατ' ἡμᾶρ ἐμοῦ τ' ἀπο καὶ μακαριτῶν
 Νόσφιν ἀπορρίφθεις, ὑπὸ τάρταρον εἶσιν ἄπειρον
 Εἰς βάθεα σκοτόεντα, καὶ αὐτόθι δῶμα κιχίσει
 Μόρσιμον· οὐδ' ἐκ τῶνδε λύσις πέλετ' οὐδὲ τελευτή.

THE ROSE.

Here is verdure and bloom on the bush and the tree,
And many a flower sweetly blows :
But one is the dearest of all to me ;
'Tis the joy of my heart, 'tis the Rose.
The snowdrop is fair, and the pansies are gay,
The daisy with smile cheers the ground ;
And sweet in the bush is the white-thorn of May,
And woodbine that clusters around :
But the flower of my soul hath a lustre more bright,
And a loveliness deeper than those ;
The pride of the garden, the summer's delight,
Oh ! the queen of them all is the Rose.

The lily with grace doth her petals unfold,
The tulip with rich scarlet glows,
The daffodil wears a mantle of gold,
But all these must yield to the Rose.

THE SAME TRANSLATED.

Rus mihi pandit opes ; viret hic et germinat arbor,

Larga mihi florum copia, largus odor ;

Sed tamen ex omni numero carissimus unus.

Cordis amor nostri deliciæque, Rosa.

Primula vere nitet ; redolent violaria dumi ;

Exhilarat risu candida bellis humum ;

Suavis et in spinâ qui flos diffunditur albâ,

Amplexumque rubos suave periclymenon :

At facies, dilecta, tibi formosior illis,

Lumen amabilius, gratia major inest ;

Hortorum decus, æstatis lectissima proles.

Tu mihi flos florum, tu, Rosa, noster amor.

Lilia regalem tollunt illustria formam,

Tulpia coccineâ fulget amicta togâ,

Miraturque suo sese narcissus in auro ;

Cedere sed nostræ cuncta necesse Rosæ.

She blushes like fairest of maidenkind,
 She laughs like the Goddess of day ;
 She sheds pearly tears, and the beam and the wind
 Contend who shall kiss them away.
 Then, virgins, your posies, your garlands entwine,
 Mingle hues of each flower that grows ;
 But none shall compare with this flowret of mine :
 Thee I wear next my heart, lovely Rose.

The summer is short, and the winter must come,
 With her hail, and her storm, and her snows,
 And things that are fairest in our pleasant home
 Must wither alike with the Rose :
 O'er glade and o'er valley the glories of June
 Bleak winds of December shall sweep,
 And leaves, now that glitter, on earth shall be strewn,
 And flowers in their cold bed shall sleep :
 But whilst I have life my love shall endure ;
 Like a fountain for ever that flows,
 Like a sunbeam that shines immortal and pure,
 Is the love of my heart for the Rose.

Illa puellarum rubet ut pulcherrima, ridet
 Ut Dea quæ croceum fundit ab ore diem ;
 Flet similes gemmis lachrymas ; at basia siccant,
 Æmula quæ teneræ sol dat et aura genæ.
 Vos igitur, nymphæ, varios miscete colores,
 Nectite virgineis florea sarta comis ;
 Noster enim veneres superabit flosculus omnes ;
 Proxima tu cordi, tu, Rosa cara, meo.

Heu, brevis est æstas ; venient et tempora brumæ
 Horrendæque nives et glaciale gelu ;
 Jucundæque domûs pulcherrima quæque videbo
 Cum tenerâ pariter deperiisse Rosâ :
 Sole sub æstivo quicquid florescit amœni
 Arva per et valles turbine verret hyems ;
 Et frondes sternentur humi, et viduabitur arbor,
 Dormiet in tristi gemma calyxque toro :
 Sed meus hic durabit amor, dum vita manebit ;
 Ut scatet e vivo fonte perennis aqua,
 Ut jubar æternæ lucis quod origine manat,
 Sic mea mens puro fervet amore Rosæ.

FROM MILTON'S COMUS.

To the ocean now I fly,
And those happy climes that lie
Where day never shuts his eye,
Up in the broad fields of the sky :
There I suck the liquid air
All amidst the gardens fair
Of Hesperus, and his daughters three
That sing about the golden tree :
Along the crispèd shades and bowers
Revels the spruce and jocund Spring ;
The Graces and the rosy bosom'd Hours
Thither all their bounties bring ;
There eternal Summer dwells,
And west winds, with musky wing,
About the cedar'd alleys fling
Nard and cassia's balmy smells.
Iris there with humid bow

THE SAME TRANSLATED.

Εἰς ὠκεανὸν πέτομαι, μάκαράς τ'
 εὐρέας ἀγροὺς τοὺς αἰθερίους,
 οἷς ἐπ' ἄϋπνον κίδναται ἡμαρ·
 πίομαι αὔρας δρόσον ἐν κήποις
 οὖς μετὰ κουρῶν Ἑσπερος οἰκεῖ
 χρυσοῦν δένδρον περιμελπουσῶν.
 ἔνθ' ἀνὰ δρυμοὺς εὐσκιά τ' ἄλση
 παῖζον χαίρει φαίδιμον εἶαρ,
 χάριτές θ' ὠραι θ' αἰ ῥοδόκολποι
 πλοῦτον παντοῖον ἄγουσιν·
 κἀνθάδε ναίει θέρος ἀέναον,
 ζέφυροί τ' ἀγανὰ πτερὰ σείοντες
 περὶ τὰς κεδρίνας πάσσουσιν ὁδοὺς
 νάρδου σμύρνης τ' ὀσμὴν γλυκεράν·
 ὑγρῶ τ' Ἴρις ραίνει τόξῳ

Waters the odorous banks, that blow
Flowers of more mingled hue
Than her purpled scarf can show ;
And drenches with Elysian dew
(List, mortals, if your ears be true)
Beds of hyacinth and roses,
Where young Adonis oft reposes,
Waxing well of his deep wound,
In slumbers soft, and on the ground
Sadly sits the Assyrian queen ;
But far above, in spangled sheen,
Celestial Cupid, her famed son, advanced,
Holds his dear Psyche sweet entranced
After her wandering labours long,
Till free consent the gods among
Make her his eternal bride,
And from her fair unspotted side
Two blissful twins are to be born,
Youth and Joy : so Jove hath sworn.

μαλακὰς ὄχθας, καλὰ πνεούσας
 ἄνθη ποικίλα, τοῖς οὐκ αὐτῆς
 ἴσα πουλυβαφῆς πέπλον ἐμφαίνει.
 χεῖ δ' ἄρ' ἐέρσης ψεκὰδ' Ἑλυσίας
 (κλύετ' ὦ θνητοῖ, θέμις οἷσι κλύειν)
 εἰς λέκτρα ῥόδων ἠδ' ἰακίνθων,
 οἷς ἐπ' Ἄδωνις θαμὰ, τῆς πικρᾶς
 ἐξ ὠτειλῆς ὑγιαζόμενος,
 κεῖται μαλακῶς, ἢ τ' Ἀσσυρία
 βασίλεια χαμαὶ πενθοῦσ' ἴξει·
 παῖς δ' ἐρικυδῆς ὁ ποθεινὸς Ἑρως,
 ὑψοῦ στίλβων ἀστεροφεγγές,
 τὴν ἀγαπητὴν Ψυχὴν ἀνέχει
 μετὰ τὰς μακρὰς ὄναρ ἠδὲ πλάνας,
 εἰς ὃ μιν ἄξει θείαν γαμετὴν
 ἐπινευσάντων οὐραγιῶνων,
 καὶ γεννήσει σώματος ἀγνοῦ
 διδύμας, Ἑβην ἠδ' Εὐφροσύνην,
 ὀλβιομοίρους·
 τοῦτον Ζεὺς ὤμοσεν ὄρκου.

FROM MILTON'S PARADISE LOST.

BOOK VII.

Meanwhile the tepid caves, and fens, and shores,
Their brood as numerous hatch, from the egg that soon
Bursting with kindly rapture forth disclosed
Their callow young ; but feather'd soon and fledge
They summ'd their pens ; and, soaring the air sublime,
With clang despised the ground, under a cloud
In prospect. There the eagle and the stork
On cliffs and cedar-tops their eyries build :
Part loosely wing the region, part more wise
In common, ranged in figure, wedge their way,
Intelligent of seasons, and set forth
Their aëry caravan, high over seas
Flying, and over lands, with mutual wing
Easing their flight. So steers the prudent crane
Her annual voyage, borne on winds ; the air
Floats, as they pass, fann'd with unnumber'd plumes :
From branch to branch the smaller birds with songs
Solaced the woods, and spread their painted wings
Till even : nor then the solemn nightingale

THE SAME TRANSLATED.

Interea cava terrarum tepidæque paludes
 Littoraque innumeros ovis prægnantia fœtus
 Parturiunt. Rupere almi simul ova calores,
 Emicat implumis soboles ; mox lævia sumit
 Tegmina plumarum, teneras et concutit alas ;
 Mox rapit in sublime viam, et clangore sonanti
 Spernit ovans terram, et caput inter nubila condit.
 Hic aquilæ proles, hic alta ciconia ponit
 Montibus et summo cedrorum in culmine nidum.
 Pars temere ac diversa volat ; pars agmine certo
 Communem cuneis cursum sapientius urgent,
 Tempora cœlorum expertæ, solitæque vagari
 Trans mare, trans terram, et junctis sibi mutua pennis
 Præstare auxilia, et facilem super æera curram.
 Sic iter aerium venturæ provida brumæ
 Grus peragens, vento invehitur : ruit ordine longo
 Agmen, et ingenti sub verbere fluctuat aura.
 At frondes intersaliens gens parva volucrum
 Carmine solatur sylvas, et mille colores

Ceased warbling, but all night tuned her soft lays :
Others on silver lakes and rivers bathed
Their downy breast ; the swan with archèd neck,
Between her white wings mantling proudly, rows
Her state with oary feet ; yet oft they quit
The dank, and, rising on stiff pennons, tower
The mid aërial sky : others on ground
Walk'd firm ; the crested cock, whose clarion sounds
The silent hours, and the other whose gay train
Adorns him, colour'd with the florid hue
Of rainbows and starry eyes.

Explicat ad solem, donec vehit Hesperus umbras.
Tunc etiam haud cessat questus philomela canoros
Audiri modulans; noctem canit illa per omnem.
Argenteis aliæ rivis lacubusque lavare
Pecteraque et molles humeros. Ibi navigat æquor
Remigio crurum, et curvamine colla superbo
Flectit olor, niveas inter nutantia pennas.
Nonnunquam genus hoc stagnis petere alta relictis,
Viribus alarum conniti, et findere nubes.
Ast aliæ terrâ incedunt; cristatus in illis
Gallus, qui lituo taciturnas nuntiat horas
Claricitans; caudamque trahit formosior alter,
Centum quæ radiat stellis, velut iride cœlum.

SONG, BY MOORE.

Oh the days are gone when beauty bright
 My heart's chain wove,
When my dream of life from morn till night
 Was love, still love.
 New hope may bloom,
 And days may come
 Of milder, calmer beam,
But there's nothing half so sweet in life
 As love's young dream.
Oh, there's nothing half so sweet in life
 As love's young dream.

Though the bard to purer fame may soar
 When wild youth's past ;
Though he win the wise who frown'd before
 To smile at last ;

THE SAME TRANSLATED.

Οἶμοι, πέφευγεν ἡμαρ,
 ὅτε καρδίας ὑφαίνε
 δέσμωνά μοι τὸ κάλλος,
 τό τε φροντίδων ὄνειρου
 ἠῶθεν ἠδὲ νύκτα
 ἦν οὐδὲν ἄλλ' ἔρωτος.
 τάχ' ἂν νέα ποτ' ἐλπὶς
 μαλακώτερόν τε λάμπον
 φάος ἡμερῶν ἀνέλθοι·
 ἀλλ' ἐν ζόῳ βροτεία
 οὐδὲν ποθεινὸν οὔτως
 ἔρωτος ὡς ὄνειρου.
 Ἄοιδός ἂν ποθ' ἦβης
 ἀκολαστίαν περάσας
 ἄροιτο κῦδος ἐσθλόν,
 σοφίαν τε τὴν σκυθρωπὸν
 τρέποι ποτ' εἰς γέλωτα·

He'll never meet
 A joy so sweet
 In all his noon of fame,
 As when first he sang to woman's ear
 His soul-felt flame ;
 And at every close she blush'd to hear
 The one loved name.

Oh, that hallow'd form is ne'er forgot
 Which first love traced !
 Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot
 In memory's waste ;
 'Twas odour fled
 As soon as shed,
 'Twas morning's wingèd dream ;
 'Twas a light that ne'er can shine again
 On life's dull stream ;
 Oh, 'twas light that ne'er can shine again
 On life's dull stream !

ἀλλ' ἐν κλέει φλέγοντα
 οὐδέν μιν ὦδε τέρψει,
 ὡς πῦρ ὃ κῆρ ἔθαλπε
 ὅτ' ἐν ὠσίν ἦδε κούρης,
 ἢ δ', οὔνομ' εὐτ' ἐπίσχοι
 τὸ φιληθὲν ἔξανειπὼν,
 ἠρευθία κλύουσα.

Οὐκ ἂν ποθ' ἀγνὸν εἶδος
 ἀποφθίνοι, τὸ πρῶτον
 ἔγραψ' ἔρωσ νεάζων,
 χροινιώτατον δὲ μίμνει
 τὸ μνημον ἔνθα κῆρος
 ἐν ἐρημία τέθηλεν·
 ὁσμή τις ἦν ὁποία
 πνεύσασ' ἄμ' ἐσκεδάσθη·
 ὄναρ πτερωτὸν ἠούσ·
 αὐγὴ τις ἢ τὸ νωθὲς
 ῥέος οὐ δύναιτ' ἂν αὐθις
 ἐπιφωτίσαι βίοιο.

FROM AKENSIDE.

Mind, mind alone, (bear witness earth and heaven,)
 The living fountains in itself contains
 Of beauteous and sublime : here, hand in hand,
 Sit paramount the Graces ; here enthroned
 Celestial Venus with divinest airs
 Invites the soul to never-fading joy.
 Look then abroad through nature, to the range
 Of planets, suns, and adamantine spheres,
 Wheeling unshaken through the void immense ;
 And speak, O man ! does this capacious scene
 With half that kindling majesty dilate
 Thy strong conception, as when Brutus rose
 Refulgent from the stroke of Cæsar's fate
 Amid the crowd of patriots ; and his arm
 Aloft extending, like eternal Jove
 When guilt brings down the thunder, call'd aloud
 On Tully's name, and shook his crimson steel,
 And bade the father of his country hail ;
 For lo ! the tyrant prostrate in the dust,
 And Rome again is free.

THE SAME TRANSLATED.

Fons sacer est animus, (terram hanc et sydera testor,)
 Quo fluit ex uno pulchrum et sublime quod usquam est.
 Hic Charites junxere manus; cœlestia ridens
 Hic solium tenet alma Venus, suavique lepore
 Allicit invitans divina ad gaudia pectus.
 Aspice naturæ faciem, quâ parte pererrant
 Syderaque et soles, creberque adamantinus orbis
 Volvitur æterno vastum per inane meatu;
 Et dic, mortalis; num te spectacula mundi
 Ista movent tantum, tantâque micantia corda
 Majestate tument, quam cum de cæde refulgens
 Cæsaris assurgit Brutus, tollitque lacertum
 Ad conjuratos patriam defendere cives
 Sublimem, (velut omnipotens cum fulmina mittit
 Jupiter in terras ultricia,) Tullium et altâ
 Voce vocat, quatiens respersum sanguine ferrum,
 Et patriæ salvere patrem jubet? Ecce tyrannus
 Pulvere fœdavit crines, et libera Roma est!

SONG.

We met—'twas in a crowd,
And I thought he would shun me;
He came—I could not breathe,
For his eye was upon me :

He spoke—his words were cold,
And his smile was unalter'd ;
I knew how much he felt,
For his deep-toned voice falter'd.

I wore my bridal robe,
And I rivall'd its whiteness;
Bright gems were in my hair ;
How I hated their brightness !

He called me by my name,
As the bride of another :
Oh ! thou hast been the cause
Of this anguish, my mother.

THE SAME TRANSLATED.

Ἦλθομεν εἰς ἓνα χῶρον, ὄχλος δ' ἀμφίστατο πούλυς,
 οὐδ' ἄρ' ἔφην πελάσαι Δάμον' ἐμείο θέλειν·
 ἀλλ' ὁ μὲν ἦλθε πέλας, πνεῦσαι δ' ἐγὼ οὐκ ἐδυνήθην,
 Δάμονος ὀφθαλμῶν εἰς ἐμὲ πηγνυμένων.
 εἶπε δ' ἔπος, μάλα τι ψυχρὸν, χεῖλει δέ τις ἄκρω
 κοῦφος ἐπῆν, ὅσσω δ' οὐκ ἐνέλαμπε γέλωσ·
 ἔγνω δ' ὅσσον ἄχος πραπίδων ἔντοσθε πίεζεν,
 ὡς ἀφίει τρομερῶς τὴν βαρύφωνον ὄπα.
 αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ γ' ἐφόρουν περὶ σώματι νυμφικὸν εἶμα,
 δεσποσύνης οὐδὲν λευκότερον χροΐης,
 ἦσαν δ' ἐν πλοκάμοισι λίθοι, περικαλλὲς ἄγαλμα,
 λαμπρὸν ἰδεῖν, κραδίη δ' οὐ μάλ' ἄρεσκευ ἐμῆ·
 καί μ' ὀνόμασσευ ἀνὴρ, γαμετὴν δὲ κάλεσσε γυναῖκα·
 ἐκ σέθεν, ὦ μῆτερ, πᾶν τόδ' ὄρωρε κακόν.

And once again we met,
And a fair girl was near him;
He smiled and whisper'd low,
As I once used to hear him :

She leant upon his arm ;
Once 'twas mine and mine only :
I wept, for I deserved
To feel wretched and lonely.

And she shall be his bride ;
At the altar he'll give her
The love that is too true
For a heartless deceiver:

The world may think me gay,
For my feelings I smother :
Oh ! thou hast been the cause
Of this anguish, my mother.

δεύτερον ἀλλήλοις συνεκύρσαμεν, ἴστατο δ' ἐργὸς
 ἠϊθέου καλὴν ὄψιν ἔχουσα κόρη,
 τὴν βλέπε μειδιῶν, ψιθύριζε δὲ μείλιχ' ἐν ὤσιν,
 οἶα ποτὲ γλυκερῶς ἐψιθύριζεν ἐμοί·
 ἀνδρὸς δ' οὐκ ἀέκουσα βραχίονος εἶχετο κούρη·
 φεῦ, φεῦ· πρὶν ἐμὸς ἦν οὗτος, ἐμός γε μόνης·
 καὶ τότε' ἀπ' ὀφθαλμῶν δάκρυ μοι ῥέεν· ἦν γὰρ ἔρημος,
 ἦν ἀθλίη, λυγρῆς εἶνεκ' ἀτασθαλίης.
 τὼ ζεύξει μακάριστος Ὕμην, ὁ δὲ τὴν ἐπὶ βῶμον
 χεῖρὸς ἄγων φιλήης ὄρκια πιστὰ τεμεῖ,
 αἰδίου φιλήης, τῆς οὐ θέμις ἐστ' ἀπολαῦσαι
 ψεύδορκον νύμφην ἢ φίλον ἄνδρα προδῶ·
 εἰμὶ δ' ἐγὼ φαιδρωπὸς ἰδεῖν· τὰ γὰρ ἄλγεα κρύπτω.
 μήτηρ ἐμὴ κάκοφρον, σὴ μ' ἀπόλεσσε τέχνη.

SONG, BY MOORE.

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

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

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

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

THE SAME TRANSLATED.

Cum sceleris titulos et fati præter acerbi
 Nil tibi de fido cive superstes erit,
 Tune dabis lachrymas, quod me convicia lædant.
 Qui tibi do vitam, terra paterna, meam ?

Sis tu flere memor ! tunc, si maledixerit hostis,
 Delebunt lachrymæ tristia probra tuæ :
 Testor enim cœlum ; quanquam illi justa querela est.
 Te nimiâ tantum dicar amâsse fide.

Prima mihi puero arrisit tua dulcis imago,
 Unica tu mentis cura virilis eras :
 Et Domino moriens cum verba precantia fundam,
 Juncta meum nomen vota tuumque ferent.

Felix, quisquis erit tibi sospes amicus, Ierne,
 Promissum fatis cum feret hora decus :
 Carus at hic cœlo, vix illi sorte secundus,
 Cui licuit pro te sic statuuisse mori.

FROM ROMEO AND JULIET.

Rom. He jests at scars, that never felt a wound—
 But soft! what light from yonder window breaks?
 It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!—
 Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
 Who is already sick and pale with grief,
 That thou her maid art far more fair than she:
 Be not her maid, since she is envious;
 Her vestal livery is but sick and green,
 And none but fools do wear it: cast it off.—
 It is my lady; Oh, it is my love!
 Oh that she knew she were!—
 She speaks, yet she says nothing; What of that?
 Her eye discourses; I will answer it.
 I am too bold; 'tis not to me she speaks:
 Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
 Having some business, do intreat her eyes
 To twinkle in their spheres, till they return.

THE SAME TRANSLATED.

This Translation obtained the Porson Prize. Some alterations
have since been made.

ῬΩΜ. Οὐλαῖς γελᾷ τις τραυμάτων ἄπειρος ὢν.
τί δῆτ' ἐκείνης θυρίδος ἐξέλαμψε φῶς;
ἔως ἄρ' ἦν τόδ', ἥλιος δ' Ἰουλία.
ἀνέλθε, καλλιφεγγὲς ἥλιε, κτενῶν
φθοερὰν σελήνην, ἣ τέτηκεν ἄλγεσι,
σοῦ τῆς γε δούλης καλλονῆ νικωμένη.
τί τῆ φθορούση λάτρεις εἶ; τί σοι μέλει
ἔσθημα παρθένειον; ὡς μελαγχολεῖ,
μῶραί τε νιν φοροῦσι· σοὶ δ' ἐκδυτέα.
δέσποιν' ἐμὴ πέφηνε, καρδίας ἐμῆς
τὰ φίλταθ'· ὡς γὰρ εἰδέναί τόδ' ὄφελε.
φωνεῖ τι, φωνεῖ· κούδὲν εἰφ' ὅμως· τί μήν;
ὅσσων με σαίνει φθέγμα· τοῦτ' ἀμείψομαι.
ἄγαν γ' ἀναιδῆς εἰμ'· ἐμ' οὐ προσεινέπει
ἀλλ' ἀστέρ' ἀσχολοῦντε καλλίστω τινε
λίσσεσθον αὐτῆς ὀμματ', ἔστε δὴ πάλιν
ἱκνήσθον, ἐν τοῖς οἴσιν ἀνγάξειν κίκλοις.

What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
 The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
 As daylight doth a lamp; her eye in heaven
 Would through the airy region stream so bright,
 That birds would sing, and think it were not night.
 See how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
 Oh, that I were a glove upon that hand,
 That I might touch that cheek!

Jul.

Ah me!

Rom.

She speaks; —

Oh, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
 As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
 As is a wingèd messenger of heaven
 Unto the white-upturnèd wondering eyes
 Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
 When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
 And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?
 Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:
 Or if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
 And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

εἰ δ' ἦν ἐκεῖ μὲν ὄμματ', ἐν δ' αὐτῆς κάρᾳ
 ἄστρω μετοικισθέντε, πρὸς παρηΐδα
 μαυροῖτ' ἂν ἄστρα, λαμπὰς ὡς παρ' ἥλιον,
 μετάρσιός τ' ὀφθαλμὸς οὐρανοῦ διὰ
 πέμποι σέλας τηλαυγῆς, ὀρνίθων μέλη
 ἐῶα κινῶν, ὡς σκότου πεφευγότες.
 ἴδ' ὡς παρειὰν εἰς χέρ' ἀγκλίνας' ἔχει·
 εἴθ' ἦν ἐκείνης δεξιᾶς χειρὶς ἐγὼ,
 ὅπως ἐκείνης ἠπτόμην παρηΐδος.

ἸΟΥΛ. ὦ μοι·

ῬΩΜ. ἐφθέγγατ'· ὦ φθέγγαιο, φαιδιμή, πάλιν·
 ὑπερθε γάρ μου τῆσδ' ἄγαλμα νυκτὸς εἶ,
 ὡς εὖτε θνητοῖς ἦλθεν ἄγγελος Θεοῦ,
 οἱ δ' ἐκπλαγέντες ὑπτιάζουσιν κόρας,
 καὶ τοῦπίσω κλίνουσιν ὥστε προσβλέπειν
 νεφελῶν ἐφιππεύοντα τῶν βραδυστόλων,
 πτεροῖσι ναυστολοῦντα κόλπον αἰθέρος.

ἸΟΥΛ. ὦ Ῥωμεῶν, τί δῆτα Ῥωμεῶν ἔφες;
 πατέρα τ' ἀναίνου κῶνομ'. εἰ δὲ μὴ θέλεις,
 ὄμνυ φιλήτωρ τῆσδε πιστὸς ἐμμενεῖν,
 καὶ γὰρ δόμων τε καὶ γένους ἐξίσταμαι.

SONG, BY MOORE.

Fond soother of my infant tear,
Fond sharer of my infant joy,
Doth not thy shade still linger here?
Am I not still thy soul's employ?
And oh, as when at close of day
Our virgins climb'd the sacred mount,
And harping sang their choral lay
And danced around Cassotis' fount;
As then 'twas all thy wish and care
That mine should be the simplest mien,
My voice and lyre the sweetest there,
My step the lightest on the green;
So now, each line of grace to mould,
Around my form thine eyes are shed,
Arranging every snowy fold,
And guiding every mazy tread.
And when I lead the hymning choir,
Thy spirit still unseen and free
Hovers between my lip and lyre,
And weds them into harmony.

THE SAME TRANSLATED.

O mihi quæ teneros mulcebas anxia fletus,
 Quæ teneri risûs læta sodalis eras,
 Non umbram hic, dilecta, tuam juvat usque morari?
 Non animæ tibi sum cura superstes ego?
 Nam memini, quoties sacri ad fastigia clivi
 Sera puellarem duceret hora chorum,
 Margine saltarent illæ Cassotidis undæ,
 Et canerent socios voce lyrâque modos,
 Hoc tibi erat curæ, summa hæc et sola voluntas,
 Simplicior vestis ne foret ulla meâ,
 Ne qua lyrâ nec voce canens me suavius illic,
 Ne levior molli planta volaret humo.
 Nunc etiam, ut veneres fingant mihi quasque decenter,
 Lumina per formam sunt tua fusa meam,
 Quemque mihi celeris passûs rectura meatum,
 Quemque mihi niveum compositura sinum.
 Et tuus in sacro qui me duce tollitur hymno
 Spiritus aërii numinis instar adest,
 Et citharam medius volitans interque labellum
 Suave melos junctis elicit e numeris.

FROM HENRY VIII.

Griffith. This cardinal,
 Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
 Was fashion'd to much honour. From his cradle
 He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one ;
 Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading :
 Lofty and sour to them that loved him not ;
 But to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.
 And though he were unsatisfied in getting,
 (Which was a sin,) yet in bestowing, madam,
 He was most princely : ever witness for him
 Those twins of learning, that he raised in you,
 Ipswich, and Oxford ! one of which fell with him.
 Unwilling to outlive the good that did it ;
 The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
 So excellent in art, and still so rising,
 That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
 His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him ;
 For then, and not till then, he felt himself,

THE SAME TRANSLATED.

This translation obtained the Porson prize. Some important alterations
have since been made.

ΓΡΙΦ. Οὐκ ἔσθ' ὅπως οὐ τιμιωτάτην φύσιν
 ἱερεὺς ὄδ' ἔσχε, δυσγενῆς περ ὦν, ὅμως.
 πολλῶν γὰρ ἴδρις παῖς ἔτ' ἦν μαθημάτων,
 σοφὸς λέγειν τε πιθανὸς, ὡς οὐδεὶς ἀνὴρ·
 τοῖς μὴ φιλοῦσι δυσπροσήγορος, πικρὸς,
 τοῖς δ' εὐμενῶς ἔχουσιν ἠδίων θέρουσ'·
 λαβεῖν μὲν οὖν ἄπληστος, (οὐ τόδ' ἦνεσά·)
 δοῦναί γε μέντοι καὶ μάλ' ἀφθόνῳ χερὶ
 πρόθυμος ἦν, δέσποινα. Μάρτυρας δ' ἐγὼ
 Ὀξωνίαν καλοῖμ' ἄν' Ἰψοϊκόν τ', ἐν αἷς
 κατόκις οὗτος διπτύχους Μουσῶν ἔδρας·
 ὦν ἢ μὲν αὐτῷ ξυμμέτρως διώλετο,
 οὐ γὰρ λελεῖφθαι τοῦ κτίσαντος ἠθέλεν·
 ἢ δ', ἐνδεής περ τῆς τελεσφόρου χερρὸς,
 εἰς τοῦτο κίδους καὶ τέχνης ἐλήλυθε,
 καὶ δὴ τοσοῦτον αὔξεται καθ' ἡμέραν,
 ὥστ' ἄσεται μιν γαῖα πᾶσ' εὐεργετήν.
 ἐν ᾧ δ' ἐπιπτε, πλείστ' ἄν' ὀλβίζοιμ', ἐπεὶ
 ἔγνω τότ' αὐτὸς αὐτὸν, οὐκ εἰδὼς πάρος,

And found the blessedness of being little :
 And, to add greater honours to his age
 Than man could give him, he died fearing God.

Katharine. After my death I wish no other herald,
 No other speaker of my living actions,
 To keep mine honour from corruption,
 But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
 Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
 With thy religious truth and modesty,
 Now in his ashes honour : peace be with him !—

PSALM CIV.

1. PRAISE the Lord, O my soul : O Lord my God, thou art become exceeding glorious ; thou art clothed with majesty and honour.

2. Thou deckest thyself with light as it were with a garment, and spreadest out the heavens like a curtain.

3. Who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters, and maketh the clouds his chariot, and walketh upon the wings of the wind.

εὐρέν. θ' ὁποῖον κτῆμα τὸ σμικρὰ φρονεῖν·
 μείζω δὲ τιμὴν ἢ κατ' ἀνθρώπου δόσιν
 γῆρας προσῆψεν· ἔσεβε γὰρ θνήσκων Θεόν.

ΚΑΘ. τοιόσδε μοι γένοιτο τῶν πεπραγμένων
 κῆρυξ θανούση, τῆς ἐμῆς δόξης φύλαξ,
 σοί γ' ἔξ ὁμοίου πιστὸν ἀψευδὲς στόμα.
 ὄν γάρ ποτ' εἶχον ζῶντ' ἐν ἐχθίστοις, σύ με
 τὰ σῶφρον' εἰπὼν καὶ δίκαι' ἠνάγκασας
 τιμᾶν τεθνηκότ'. ἀλλ' ἐκεῖ πράξειεν εὖ.

THE SAME TRANSLATED.

Cor meum, lauda Dominum. Quis Ejus
 Digna mortalis scit honore fari?
 Summa majestas Dominum, perennis
 Gloria cingit.

Luce vestiris, Deus: ante vultum
 Tendis immensi cava templa cœli;
 Et trabes ipsas penetralium sus-
 pendis in undâ.

4. He maketh his angels spirits, and his ministers a flaming fire.

5. He laid the foundations of the earth, that it never should move at any time.

6. Thou coveredst it with the deep like as with a garment: the waters stand in the hills.

7. At thy rebuke they flee; at the voice of thy thunder they are afraid.

8. They go up as high as the hills, and down to the valleys beneath, even unto the place which thou hast appointed for them.

9. Thou hast set them their bounds which they shall not pass, neither turn again to cover the earth.

10. He sendeth the springs into the rivers, which run among the hills.

11. All beasts of the field drink thereof, and the wild asses quench their thirst.

12. Beside them shall the fowls of the air have their habitation, and sing among the branches.

Nubibus lectis facit Ille currum ;
 Flaminum passim spatiat alis :
 Spiritus mandata ferunt ; coruscant
 Igne ministri.

Firma sit terræ stabilisque sedes,
 Dixit ; et firmo stabilita fundo est ;
 Æquor innavit placidum ; steterè in
 Collibus undæ :

Sin es iratus, fugiunt ; pavescunt,
 Fulminat cum vox tua ; te jubente,
 Montium scandunt apices, vel imâ in
 Valle residunt.

His tamen certos dedit esse fines,
 Ut super terram nequeant reverti :
 Fontibus pascit fluvios, jubetque
 Murmure leni

Ire per campos, pecori atque onagris
 Utilem potum ; prope quos volucrum
 Saltet in ramis chorus, impleatque
 Carmine sylvam.

13. He watereth the hills from above ; the earth is filled with the fruit of thy works.

14. He bringeth forth grass for the cattle, and green herb for the service of men ;

15. That he may bring food out of the earth, and wine that maketh glad the heart of man, and oil to make him a cheerful countenance; and bread to strengthen man's heart.

16. The trees of the Lord also are full of sap, even the cedars of Libanus which he hath planted,

17. Wherein the birds make their nests : and the fir-trees are a dwelling for the stork.

18. The high hills are a refuge for the wild goats ; and so are the stony rocks for the conies.

19. He appointed the moon for certain seasons, and the sun knoweth his going down.

20. Thou makest darkness that it may be night, wherein all the beasts of the forest do move.

21. The lions roaring after their prey, do seek their meat from God.

22. The sun ariseth, and they get them away together, and lay them down in their dens.

23. Man goeth forth to his work, and to his labour, until the evening.

24. O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all; the earth is full of thy riches.

25. So is the great and wide sea also, wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts.

26. There go the ships, and there is that Leviathan, whom thou hast made to take his pastime therein.

27. These wait all upon thee, that thou mayest give them meat in due season.

28. When thou givest it them they gather it; and when thou openest thy hand they are filled with good.

29. When thou hidest thy face they are troubled; when thou takest away their breath they die, and are turned again to their dust.

30. When thou lettest thy breath go forth they shall be made: and thou shalt renew the face of the earth.

Et cibum poscit Dominum : sed illi
 Mane se condunt latebris ; laborans
 Perstat humanum genus usque seram ad
 Vesperis horam.

Quis tuæ dicat monumenta dextræ.
 O Deus, rerum Pater Artifexque
 Providens ? Tellus operum tuorum
 Et mare plenum.

Quis sub undoso numeret profundo
 Piscium gentes ? Ibi vela celsæ
 Explicant naves ; ibi magna volvunt
 Corpora cete :

Illa Pastori Tibi fisa ludunt ;
 Quam paravisti potiuntur escâ ;
 Tu manum tendas, ea dives implet
 Copia manans :

Occulas vultum, capit illa mœror ;
 Spiritum tollas, periire letho :
 Cuncta Tu spirans renovas per orbem,
 Gignis, et auges.

31. The glorious Majesty of the Lord shall endure for ever : the Lord shall rejoice in his works.

32. The earth shall tremble at the look of him : if he do but touch the hills, they shall smoke.

33. I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live ; I will praise my God while I have my being.

34. And so shall my words please him : my joy shall be in the Lord.

35. As for sinners, they shall be consumed out of the earth, and the ungodly shall come to an end. Praise thou the Lord, O my soul, praise the Lord.

Regnat æternum Deus, et creati
Luce lætatur facieque mundi :
Ejus aspectu tremit icta tellus ;
Culmina tangat

Montium, fumant. Ego nomen altum
Usque, dum vivam, Domini sonabo ;
Concinam lætus ; Dominoque nostra
Verba placebunt.

At scelestorum male gens peribit,
Finis in terris erit impiorum :
Cor meum, lauda Dominum ; perenne
Numen adora.

FROM HENRY VIII.

Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness !
This is the state of man : to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him ;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost ;
And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening,—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
These many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth : my high-blown pride
At length broke under me : and now has left me,
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye ;
I feel my heart new opened : O, how wretched
Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favours ?

THE SAME TRANSLATED.

Βέβηκε τούμῳ εὐτυχές, βέβηκέ μοι.
 θνητοῦ γὰρ ἦδε μοῖρα· πρῶτον ἐλπίδος
 φύλλ' ἀβρὰ φύσας, δευτέρην καθ' ἡμέραν
 χρυσαῖσιν αὐγαῖς ἀνθέων πυκάζεται·
 κρύος δὲ δὴ τριταῖον, ὀλέθριον κρύος,
 ἐπῆλθε· κακείνος μὲν, εὐήθης ἀνὴρ,
 πέποιθεν αὐτῷ πλοῦτον ἀκμάζειν· τὸ δὲ
 ρίζαν διέφθειρ', εἶτα δ' οἱ ἐγὼ πίτνει.
 ἐγὼ γὰρ ἐν τόσωνδε περιτροπαῖς θερῶν,
 παῖς ὡς ἐπ' ἀσκῶν κουφόνους φορούμενος,
 κλέους ἔπλευσα πέλαγος, οὐδ' ἔφρόντισα
 μακρὰν προβαίνων ξυμμέτρου βάθους πέρα.
 διαρῥαγὲν δ' ὄγκωμ' ὑπέρφρονος τύχης
 χρόνῳ γεραιόν μ' ἔλιπε καὶ κεκμηκότα,
 ρείθρου σαλεύειν ἀγρίου πρὸς ἡδονὴν,
 ὃ χρὴ καλύψαι τούμῳ εἰσαεὶ κᾶρα.
 ὡς νῦν κενὸν κόμπασμα καὶ κλέος βροτῶν
 στυγῶ, διδαχθεὶς ὄψε γούν τὸ σωφρονεῖν·
 ᾧ κτεῖρα δ', ὅστις βασιλέων θηρᾶ χάριν

There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
 That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
 More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
 Never to hope again.—

TRANSLATION FROM THE ŒDIPUS REX
 OF SOPHOCLES.

What man is he, whom prophet-tongued Parnassus
 doth proclaim
 The author of the bloody deed, too terrible to name?
 'Twere time to flee more rapidly than coursers of the
 wind,
 For on him rushes lightning-arm'd dread Phœbus;
 and behind
 Relentless Fates are following! From Delphi's snowy
 peak
 A warning voice hath burst on all, "The hidden one
 to seek!"

μῶρος· φίλων γὰρ ὦν ἐρᾷ γελασμάτων
 τέλος μὲν ἄτη, δειμάτων δ' ἔχει πλέου
 ἢ πόλεμος ἢ γυναῖκες οὖν μέσφ χρόνος·
 πεσῶν δ' ἀνελπιδι, Φωσφόρου δίκη, ἔβη.

THE SAME.

Quem vox sacrorum præscia collium
 Infanda dextrâ nunciat impiâ
 Patrâsse? Nunc prævertat ille
 Alipedem fugiens procellam.

Jam jam corusci fulguris impetu
 Illi Tonantis filius insilit
 Armatus; et diræ sequuntur
 Passibus haud dubiis Sorores.

Clamat nivoso e culmine Delphica
 Rupes: Nocentem quærite, quærite:
 Nunc antra desertasque rupes
 Et tacitæ nemorosa sylvæ,

O'er rock and cave and wilderness he wanders sorrowful,
 As roams in exile from the herd some solitary bull :
 Those central powers oracular he cannot shun, for they
 With never-flagging energy still hover round the prey.

FROM MACBETH.

Is this a dagger, which I see before me,
 The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch
 thee:—

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
 Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
 To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
 A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
 Proceeding from the heat-oppresèd brain?
 I see thee yet, in form as palpable
 As this which now I draw.

Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going ;
 And such an instrument I was to use.
 Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
 Or else worth all the rest : I see thee still :
 And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,

Ceu taurus exul, tristis obambulat ;
 Vocemque frustra sperat Apollinis
 Vitare, quæ circum minaci
 Imminet irrequieta pennâ.

THE SAME TRANSLATED.

Ἡ φάσγανον πάροιθεν ὀμμίτων τόδε ;
 κώπη πρόχειρος ἦδε μοι ; μάρψωμεν οὖν.
 οὐ δῆτ' ἔχω σε, καίπερ εἰσορῶν ἔτι·
 ἄρ' οὐχὶ, φάσμα λυγρὸν, ἄπτεσθαί σεθεν
 ἔξεστιν, ὥσπερ ὄμμασιν δεδορκέναι ;
 ἢ δόξα μούνον ἦσθα καὶ γέννημά τι
 ὄνειρόφαντον τῆς ἀλυούσης φρενός ;
 καίτοι τὸ σὸν μόρφωμ' ἐναργὲς ὧδέ μοι
 ὅμοια τῷ νῦν σπωμένῳ προφαίνεται·
 σύ μοι πρόδεικνυς ἦνπερ ἐστάλην ὁδὸν,
 τοίῳ τ' ἐμελλον ἄρα χρήσασθαι βέλει.
 ἢ σῶμα πρὸς τ' ἄλλ' ὄμμα μορίαν ὄφλει,
 ἢ παντός ἐστιν ἄξιον. βλέπω σε μῆν,
 κώπη τε καὶ κνώδουσιν αἱματόρρῦτοι

Which was not so before.—There's no such thing :
 It is the bloody business, which informs
 Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half world
 Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
 The curtain'd sleeper ; witchcraft celebrates
 Pale Hecate's offerings ; and wither'd Murder,
 Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
 Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
 With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
 Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set earth,
 Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
 Thy very stones prate of my whereabouts,
 And take the present horror from the time,
 Which now suits with it.—Whiles I threat, he lives ;
 Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.
 I go, and it is done ; the bell invites me.
 Hear it not, Duncan ; for it is a knell
 That summons thee to heaven, or to hell.

θρόμβοι πρόσσεισιν, οἵπερ οὐκ ἦσαν πάρος.
 μέμηνα. φονίων πλάσματ' ἦν βουλευμάτων.
 σχεδόν τι πάνθ' ὅμοια τοῖς τεθνηκόσι
 τὰ χθόνια κείται, κακὰ δὲ τοὺς κοιμωμένους
 ὄνειρα λυπεῖ· νῦν δὲ τῇ χλωρᾷ Θεῶ
 μάγοι τελοῦσιν ἱερά, χῶ ξηρὸς φονεὺς,
 λύκων ἐγερθεὶς νυκτερῶν βρυχήμασι,
 στείχει πρὸς ἔργου, τὸν ταχύπτερου πύδα
 σιγῇ πορεύων ὡς ἀναίματος σκιά.
 ὦ γῆς βέβαιον ἔδαφος, εἰσάκουε μὴ
 βαίνοντος ἵχνη τὰμὰ, μὴ με σοὶ λίθοι
 βοῶντες ἔνθα τυγχάνω τὸ καίριον
 φρικωδὲς ἀπελῶσ'· ἀλλὰ μέλλομεν τὸ δρᾶν·
 ζῆ κείνος· ἔργω δ', οὐ λόγῳ, μαχητέα.
 εἶμ' οὖν, πεπράξεταιί τε· κωδώνισμα γὰρ
 λέλακε· βασιλεῦ, σοὶ δὲ μὴ κλύειν λέγω·
 εἰς οὐρανὸν γάρ σ' ἢ τάχ' εἰς ἄδην καλεῖ.

TRANSLATION FROM THE BACCHÆ OF EURIPIDES.

ver. 817
κ. τ. λ.

When the night revel-dance, Bacchus, shall I share,
 Barefoot leap, toss my neck in the dewy air ;

Like a deer young and gay
 From the lawn chased away,
 When the toils spread around
 She hath clear'd with a bound,
 Still with dogs and halloo
 The fierce hunters pursue ;

All by the river-side like a storm she flies,
 For the deep wilderness, for the desert hies ?

Who his foe vanquishes, he is blest indeed,
 He is wise, God-beloved : sweet is honour's meed.

The Gods are slow to wrath,
 Yet swerve not from their path ;
 With vengeance ever sure
 They track the evil-doer,
 The impious, the insane,
 Who dares their power disdain :

Oft in long ambush hid wily snares they lay,
 But at length, soon or late, circumvent the prey.

THE SAME.

O quam mox pede candido
 Nocturnis saliam Mænas in orgiis,
 Jactans roscidum in æthera
 Cervicem; veluti pulsa virentibus

Mollis damula pascuis,
 Circumjecta super cum levis arduo
 Saltu retia fugerit;

At clamore canes urgeat insequens

Venator; ruat illa vi
 Ventorum citior per cava vallium,
 Et spissâ nemorum comâ
 Desertisque volans gaudeat aviis?

Hoc orem Superos; nihil
 Hôc majus dederint, quam caput hosticum
 Victrici ut teneam manu:
 Virtutis merito nil pretiosius.

Segnes, at memores tamen
 Irarum Superi; serius ocyus
 Ultores caput impium
 Captant insidiis, supplicio premunt.

Do not thou deem thyself wiser than the laws ;
 From the great God they flow, from th' Almighty Cause.

It costs not much to fear,
 To honour and revere,
 What custom hath received,
 What man hath aye believed,
 Whate'er his essence be,
 The name of Deity.

Who his foe vanquishes, he is blest indeed,
 He is wise, God-beloved : sweet is honour's meed.

Blest is he, who escaped from a troubled sea,
 Gains the port, after toil finds security.

The fates to human kind
 Have different dooms assign'd
 Some stand, while others fall :
 Yet hope remains to all,
 Which oft success portends,
 Oft in delusion ends :

But of all happiness, his the most I praise,
 Who can win present joy from the passing days.

Diis credere tutius :
Numen, quicquid id est, sæcla per omnia
Lex naturaque consecrat :
His parere decet ; plus sapere est furor.

Felix, post mare turbidum
Quem portus recipit, quem recreat quies
Victis grata laboribus.
Est ut sorte bonâ vir superet virum ;

At spes usque oriens nova
Nunc fructus habeat, nunc cadat irrita :
Cunctis ille beatior,
Cui jucundi aliquid quæque ferat dies.

FROM MACBETH.

Old M. Three score and ten I can remember well ;
 Within the volume of which time I have seen
 Hours dreadful and things strange ; but this sore night
 Hath trifled former knowings.

Rosse. Ah, good father,
 Thou seest the heavens, as troubled with man's act,
 Threaten his bloody stage : by the clock 'tis day,
 And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp.
 Is it night's predominance, or the day's shame,
 That darkness does the face of earth intomb,
 When living light should kiss it ?

Old M. 'Tis unnatural,
 E'en like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last
 A falcon, towering in her pride of place,
 Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd.

Rosse. And Duncan's horses, (a thing most strange and
 certain,)
 Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
 Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,

THE SAME TRANSLATED.

ΓΕΡ. Ἐγὼ μὲν ἐξήκοντα καὶ δέχ' ἡλίου
τροπὰς κατεῖδον, δεινά τ' ἐν μέσῳ χρόνῳ
θαύμαστά τ' ἔργα · τήνδε δ' εὐφρόνην πάρα
ἅπαντα τᾶλλα λήρος.

ῬΟΣΣ. Οὐχ ὄραῖς, γέρον,
ἂ νῦν παραχθεῖς φοινίῳ βροτῶν γένει
αἰθὴρ ἀπειλεῖ; νῦξ γὰρ ἐν μεσημβρία
μέλαιν' ἀπάγχει τὴν ὀδοιπόρον φλόγα.
ἦ νῦξ κρατεῖ τόδ'; ἢ πρόσωπον ἡμέρας
αἰδῶς σκότῳ ἔτυμβευσεν, εὐτέ νιν κύσαι
προσήκεν ἀγνὸν φῶς;

ΓΕΡ. Ὑπερφυῆ μὲν οὖν,
ὅμοια τοῖς παραχθεῖσι. καί τιν' ἄρτι δὴ
κίρκον μέσου κατ' αἰθέρ' αἰωρούμενοι
γλαυῆξ εὐτέλης μάρψασ' ὄνουξιν ὤλεσεν.

ῬΟΣΣ. πῶλοί τ' ἀνακτος, (οὐδ' ἀπιστήσαί σε χρὴ,)
καλοὶ, ποδάρκεις, ἄνθος ἔκκριτον γένους,
ἕξω σταθμῶν ἐρρήξαν ἠγριωμένοι,

Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would make
War with mankind.

Old M. 'Tis said they ate each other.

Rosse. They did so ; to the amazement of mine eyes,
That look'd upon 't.

FROM WORDSWORTH.

Up with me ! up with me into the clouds,
For thy song, Lark, is strong ;

Up with me, up with me into the clouds,
Singing, singing,

With clouds and sky about thee ringing ;
Lift me, guide me, till I find

That spot which seems so to thy mind !

I have walk'd through wildernesses dreary,
And to-day my heart is weary ;

Had I now the wings of a fairy,
Up to thee would I fly.

There is madness about thee, and joy divine
In that song of thine ;

Lift me, guide me high and high
To thy banqueting-place in the sky.

ὀργῇ τ' ἐχώρουν πρὸς βίαν πειθαρχίας,
ὥσπερ ξὺν ἀνθρώποισιν ἄψοντες μάχην.

ΓΕΡ. Λέγουσι δ' ὡς φάγοιεν ἀλλήλους.

ῬΟΣΣ.

Ἐγὼ

φάγοντας εἶδον, καὶ κατέπτησσον φόβῳ.

THE SAME TRANSLATED.

Mecum scande volans cærulea nubium ;
Magnâ voce canens, usque canens vola !

Duc me, suavis alauda,
Cœlum carmine personans,

Dum visam, tibi qui sic placeat, locum.

Jam deserta diu tristia permeo ;

Ægrum cor mihi languet :

At si quis mihi cœlitûm

Pennas indueret, me tibi jungerem.

Nam dulcis furor est cantibus in tuis !

Duc me, duc ubi cœlum

Purâ te recreat dape.

Joyous as morning,
 Thou art laughing and scorning ;
 Thou hast a nest for thy love and thy rest ;
 And though little troubled with sloth,
 Drunken lark ! thou wouldst be loth
 To be such a traveller as I.

Happy, happy liver,
 With a soul as strong as a mountain river,
 Pouring out praise to the almighty Giver !
 Joy and jollity be with us both !

Alas ! my journey, rugged and uneven,
 Through prickly moors or dusty ways must wind.
 But hearing thee, or others of thy kind,
 As full of gladness and as free of heaven,
 I, with my fate contented, will plod on,
 And hope for higher raptures, when life's day
 is done.

Aurorâ levior, lætior ebrio
 Cum risu volitas : sed placidus tibi
 Est cum conjuge nidus :
 Nolles quas ego prosequi

Errabunda vias, strenua quamlibet.
 Felix ! montivago flumine fortior,
 Gratas omnipotenti
 Laudes rite canis Deo.

Felices ego sim tuque ! Sed asperos
 Per dumos mihi, per squalida pulvere
 Et spinosa vagandum :
 Esto : te tamen audiens,

Te coetusque tuos, par tibi gaudium
 Sumam, tollam animum liber in æthera ;
 Vitæ spe melioris,
 Hujus tædia perferam.

FROM RICHARD III.

Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death,
And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave?
My brother kill'd no man, his fault was thought;
And yet his punishment was bitter death.
Who sued to me for him? who, in my wrath,
Kneel'd at my feet, and bade me be advised?
Who spake of brotherhood? who spake of love?
Who told me, how the poor soul did forsake
The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me?
Who told me, in the field at Tewkesbury,
When Oxford had me down, he rescued me,
And said, *Dear brother, live, and be a king?*
Who told me, when we both lay in the field,
Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me
Even in his garments; and did give himself,
All thin and naked, to the numb-cold night?
All this from my remembrance brutish wrath
Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you
Had so much grace to put it in my mind.
But, when your carters, or your waiting-vassals,

THE SAME TRANSLATED.

Ἄρ' οὖν καταγνοὺς τοῦ κασιγνητοῦ θανεῖν,
 ἔπειτα δούλοις ἀνδράσιν ξυγγνώσομαι ;
 ἀδελφὸς οὐμὸς οὐδέν' ἔκτεινεν βροτῶν,
 βουλῶν δ' ἄποινα, θάνατον ἠντλησεν πικρόν·
 καὶ μὴν ἐκείνου τίς μ' ἐδεῖθ' ὕπερ ; τίς ἦν
 ὁ νοουητήσας γουυπετήσ θυμούμενον,
 φύσιν ξύναιμον καὶ φιλόφρονας τρόπους
 φράζων ; τίς εἶπεν, ὡς ὁ δυσδαίμων ἀνὴρ,
 μέγαν στρατηγὸν πενθερόν θ' αὐτοῦ λιπῶν,
 ἐμοὶ ξυνέμαχισ' ; οἶά μ' Ἀρέος ἐν κλόμφ
 κεῖνος πεσόντ' ἐρρύσατ', ἔκ τ' ἠΰδησ' ἔπος,
 ζῆ καὶ τυράννευ', ὦ κασιγνητὸν κάρα ;
 τίς εἶφ', ὑπαιθρίοισιν ὡς ἐκείμεθον
 πάγοισιν ἠμιθνήθ', ὁ δ' ἀμπισχῶν ἐμὲ
 τοῖς οἴσι πέπλοισ, εἶτα γυμνωθὲν δέμας
 αὐτὸν παρέσχε νυκτὸς ἀτηρῶ κρύει ;
 ἦδειν τάδ'· ὀργῇ δ' ἠγριωμένος τότε
 κακῶς διώλεσ'· οὐδ' ἄρ' εἰς ὑμῶν ἐμοῦ
 οὕτως ἐκήδεθ', ὥστ' ἀναμνήσαι πάλιν
 ἀλλ' οἰκετῶν γ' ἐπεὶ τίς ἢ διακόνου

Have done a drunken slaughter, and defaced
 The precious image of our dear Redeemer,
 You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon ;
 And I, unjustly too, must grant it you :
 But for my brother not a man would speak,
 Nor I, ungracious, speak unto myself
 For him, poor soul !—The proudest of you all
 Have been beholden to him in his life ;
 Yet not a man would once plead for his life.
 O God ! I fear, thy justice will take hold
 On me, and mine, and you, and yours for this.

FROM BYRON.

The kiss, dear maid, thy lip has left
 Shall never part from mine,
 Till happier hours restore the gift
 Untainted back to thine.

ὕβριν πάροιον ὕβρις', αὐτούργῳ χερὶ
 φθείρας Θεοῦ Σωτῆρος εἰκαστὸν δέμας,
 προσπίπτει, ἀναβοᾷτε σύγγνοιάν μ' ἔχειν,
 καγὼ ξυνέγνω, ἄδικα μὲν, πεισθεῖς δ' ὅμως.
 ὑπὲρ δ' ἀδελφοῦ φθόγγον οὐδέν' ἦν κλύειν
 ἀλλ' οὐδ' ἐν οἴκτῳ προὔθέμην τλήμων ἐγὼ
 τὸν οἴκτρα πάσχοντ' · ὅστις, ὅν γ' ἔζη χρόνου,
 τοῖς ἐν πόλει πρώτοισιν ἦν εὐεργετής,
 ξυνήγορον δ' οὐχ εὔρε τοῦ σῶσαι βίον.
 φεῦ, φεῦ · μέτεισι δὴ τις ἐκ Θεοῦ δίκη
 πράξαντας ἡμᾶς ταῦτα, πᾶν θ' ἡμῶν γένος.

THE SAME TRANSLATED.

Tuum labellis hæret impressum meis.

Dilecta virgo, basium ;

Hærebit usque, donec intactum tibi

Reddat dies felicior.

Thy parting glance, which fondly beams,
 An equal love may see ;
The tear, that from thine eyelid streams,
 Can weep no change in me.

I ask no pledge to make me blest
 In gazing when alone,
Nor one memorial for a breast,
 Whose thoughts are all thine own.

Nor need I write ; to tell the tale
 My pen were doubly weak ;
Oh ! what can idle words avail,
 Unless the heart could speak ?

By day or night, in weal or woe,
 That heart, no longer free,
Must bear the love it cannot show,
 And silent ache for thee.

Abitura vultu me benigno conspicias
 Amans amantem non minus ;
 Caditque ocello lachryma ; sed nunquam, fides
 Quod nostra mutetur, cadet.

Haud pignus ullum, cujus aspectu fruar
 Te solus amissâ, rogo :
 Haud quærit anima nostra monumentum tui,
 Quæ tota de te cogitat.

Scriptisne tecum vis loquamur literis ?
 At calamus impotens foret.
 Nam verba quid me juverint inania,
 Ni possit ipsum cor loqui ?

Necesse, fato quicquid accidat novi,
 Noctes diesque cor meum
 Lugere, amorem dum silentio premat,
 Frustraque te desideret.

PSALM CXXXVII.

1. By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept, when we remembered thee, O Sion.

2. As for our harps, we hanged them up, upon the trees that are therein.

3. For they that led us away captive required of us then a song, and melody, in our heaviness: Sing us one of the songs of Sion.

4. How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?

5. If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning.

6. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; yea, if I prefer not Jerusalem in my mirth.

7. Remember the children of Edom, O Lord, in the day of Jerusalem, how they said, Down with it, down with it, even to the ground.

8. O daughter of Babylon, wasted with misery; yea, happy shall he be that rewardeth thee, as thou hast served us.

9. Blessed be he that taketh thy children, and throweth them against the stones.

THE SAME TRANSLATED.

Βαβυλῶνος ἐν βήσσαισι ναμάτων πέλας
 κλαίοντες ἐζόμεσθα, σοῦ φίλη Σίῳν
 μεμνημένοι· λύραι δὲ πλησίων ἀπὸ
 δενδρῶν ἐκρήμναντ'· οἱ δ' ἐλόντες ἠθέλοι
 μέλποντας ἡμᾶς δουλίῳ περ ἐν ζυγῷ
 βαρέας ἀκοῦσαι· “Τῶν Σίῳνος ἄδετε
 μολπῶν τιν’,” εἶπον· ἀλλὰ πῶς τολμῶμεν ἄν
 ᾄσαι μέλος τὸ θεῖον ἐν ξένη χθονί;
 εἰ γὰρ λαθοίμην πάτρις ὦ φίλη σέθει,
 ἢ δεξιὰ λάθοιτο τῶν αὐτῆς τεχνῶν·
 καὶ γλῶσσ' ἐπ' ἄκρω στόματι προσκολλητό μοι
 εἴ ποῦ τι χάρμα τὸν σὸν ἐξέλοι πόθον·
 ἀλλ' ὦ Θεὸς μέμνησ' Ἰδυμαῖον λεῶν,
 ὡς εἶπον ἡμῶν εἰς πόλιν, “Πορθεῖτέ νιν,
 πανώλεθρον πορθεῖτε.” καὶ σύ που φθινεῖς
 νόσοισι, Βαβυλῶν, καὶ μάλ' εὐδαίμων ἔφυ,
 ὅς τῶν τόθ' ἡμᾶς τίσεται σ' εἰργασμένων,
 ἢ καὶ σὰ ρίψας τέκνα προσκρούσει πέτραις.

FROM MOORE.

'Tis the last rose of summer
Left blooming alone,
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone ;
No flower of her kindred,
No rosebud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes
Or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To pine on the stem ;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go sleep thou with them :
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

THE SAME TRANSLATED.

Restas ultima suavium rosarum
 Quas æstas genuit, perisse moerens
 Horti delicias, tuæque gentis
 Florem non superesse flosculumve
 Ullum, qui rubeat rubente tecum
 Aut suspiria reddat aut odores.

Infelix ! ego in arbore interire
 Solam non patiar : jacebis inter
 Pulchras quæ prope dormiunt sorores :
 Illarum folia indecora circa
 Putrescunt ; tua nunc manu benignâ
 Decerpens placidum in cubile fundo.

So soon may I follow,
 When friendships decay,
 And from love's shining circle
 The gems drop away :
 When true hearts lie wither'd
 And fond ones are flown,
 Oh, who would inhabit
 This bleak world alone ?

FROM RICHARD III.

I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,
 Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,
 Best fitteth my degree, or your condition :
 If, not to answer,—you might haply think,
 Tongue-tied ambition, not replying, yielded
 To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty,
 Which fondly you would here impose on me ;
 If to reprove you for this suit of yours,
 So season'd with your faithful love to me,
 Then, on the other side, I check'd my friends.

Sic, cum suavis amantium corona
 Languescet mihi decidentque gemmæ,
 Amissos mihi subsequi sodales
 Quamprimum liceat! Quis optet esse
 Caris atque fidelibus superstes
 Et tristem hunc habitare solus orbem?

THE SAME TRANSLATED.

Οὐκ οἶδα πότερα σίγ' ἀπαλλίξαι πόδα,
 ἢ τοὺς παρόντας πίκρ' ὄνειδίξειν ἔπη,
 πρέπον τ' ἐς ὑμᾶς ἔστ' ἐμοῦ τ' ἐπάξιον.
 τὸ μὲν γὰρ—εἰ χρὴ μὴδὲν ἀντειπεῖν—τάχ' ἂν
 φιλοτιμίᾳ δόξαιμ' ἐπεστομισμένους
 ζυγὸν δέχεσθαι χρύσειον μοναρχίας,
 ᾧ σπεύδεται ἀμαθία με περιβαλεῖν κῆρα.
 ἦν δ' ἐξελέγξω τάσδε τὰς ὑμῶν λιτὰς
 πρόσχημ' ἐχούσας εὐμενῶν θωπευμάτων,
 φήσει μέ τις φίλοισι μέμφεσθαι λίαν.

Therefore,—to speak, and to avoid the first ;
 And then, in speaking, not to incur the last,—
 Definitively thus I answer you.

Your love deserves my thanks ; but my desert
 Unmeritable shuns your high request.

First, if all obstacles were cut away,

And that my path were even to the crown,

As my ripe revenue and due of birth ;

Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,

So mighty and so many my defects,

That I would rather hide me from my greatness,

(Being a bark to brook no mighty sea,)

Than in my greatness covet to be hid,

And in the vapour of my glory smother'd.

But, God be thank'd, there is no need of me ;

(And much I need to help you, if need were) ;

The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,

Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,

Will well become the seat of majesty,

And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign.

On him I lay what you would lay on me,

The right and fortune of his happy stars,

Which God defend that I should wring from him !

ὡς οὖν θέλοντος πάντα δὴ φυγεῖν ψόγον,
 καὶ μήτε σιγᾶν μήτ' ἐρεῖν ἀγνώμονα,
 τάδ' ἀντακούεθ' ὡς διαρρήδην λέγω.
 χάριν μὲν ὑμῖν οἶδα τῆς προθυμίας,
 ἀνάξιος δ' ὢν δωρεὰς ὀκνῶ λαβεῖν·
 ἐμοὶ γὰρ εἰ καὶ μηδὲν ἐμποδὸν ἔτ' ἦν,
 τὸ μὴ οὐχ ἰκέσθαι τὴν τυραννικὴν ἔδραν,
 κτῆσιν δικαίαν καὶ προσήκουσαν γένει,
 οὕτω ταπεινός εἰμι τῷ φρονήματι,
 οὕτω δὲ σοφίας κἀρετῆς λελειμμένος,
 ὥσθ' εἰλόμην ἂν μᾶλλον ἐκστῆναι τύχης,
 (πόντου γὰρ εὐρὺν πλείν ἔφυν ἀμήχανος,) ἢ
 ἢ λάμπρὰ νῦν μὲν σχεῖν, ἔπειτα δὲ σκότον,
 κλέους τ' ἐν ἀτμῷ πνικτὸς ἐξολωλέναι.
 ἀλλ' οὐτ' ἐμοῦ δεῖσθ', ἐν Θεῷ πράσσουντες εὖ,
 οὐτ', εἰ δέοισθε, πόλλ' ἂν ὠφελοῖμ' ἐγώ.
 δένδρου γὰρ ἤδη βλαστάνων τυραννικοῦ
 καρπὸς πέφυχ' ὅμοιος, ὃς χρόνῳ πέπων
 θρόνων πατρῶων ἄξιος γενήσεται,
 ἡμῖν τ' ἀνάσσων ὄλβιον στήσει βίου.
 τούτῳ δίδωμι πάνθ' ἃ νῦν ὑμεῖς ἐμοί·
 κείνου γὰρ ἔστι μακαρίας τύχης δόσει·
 γνώμης δ' ἔχοιμι μήποθ' ὡς ἀποστερῶν.

PSALM C.

1. O be joyful in the Lord, all ye lands : serve the Lord with gladness, and come before his presence with a song.

2. Be ye sure that the Lord he is God : it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves ; we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.

3. O go your way into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise : be thankful unto him, and speak good of his name :

4. For the Lord is gracious, his mercy is everlasting : and his truth endureth from generation to generation.

THE SAME TRANSLATED.

Omnes Terræ jubilate,
 Læti Deum adorete,
 Cumque cantu festinate
 In conspectum Domini.

Dominum scitote Deum
 Nobis esse, solum eum;
 Deus est qui nos creavit;
 Sumus illi, quos curavit,
 Pecus atque populi.

Ejus ante portam state,
 Ejus curias intrate;
 Nomen ejus collaudate;
 Redditote gratias.

Namque Deus laude dignus,
 Semper clemens et benignus,
 Særus vindex peccatorum;
 Inque sæcla sæculorum
 Durat ejus veritas.

FROM THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

How use doth breed a habit in a man !
This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns :
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And to the nightingale's complaining notes
Tune my distresses, and record my woes.
O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless ;
Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was !
Repair me with thy presence, Silvia ;
Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain !—
What halloing, and what stir is this to-day ?
These are my mates that make their wills their law,
Have some unhappy passenger in chase :
They love me well, yet I have much to do
To keep them from uncivil outrages.

THE SAME TRANSLATED.

Ὡς τὸ ξυνηθὲς ἐν βροτοῖς τίκτει νόμους·
 ὕλην ἔρημον τήνδε καὶ δρυμῶν σκιὰν
 ἐγώ γε πόλεων μᾶλλον εὐάνδρων φιλῶ.
 ἐνταῦθ' ἄποπτος ὀμμάτων ἡμαι μόνος,
 ἀηδόνος τε πευθίμῳ μελωδίᾳ
 ξύμφωνος ἄδω κάποδύρομαι πάθη·
 ὦ τῆς ἐμῆς οἰκουῦσα καρδίας μυχοῦς,
 μὴ δαρὸν οὔτω δῶμ' ἀοίκητον λίπησ,
 μή πως ὀληται πρεμινόθεν σαθρὸν γεγῶς,
 καὶ τοῦ πρὶν ὄντος πᾶν αἰστωθῆ τέκμαρ.
 ὦ πότνια, σῆ με κούφισον παρουσίᾳ,
 οἴκτειρ' ἐραστήν Σιλβία δυσδαίμονα.
 ἔα. τίνος βοῆς ἤκουσα καὶ ποδῶν κτύπον;
 ἀκόλαστος ὄχλος τῶν ἐμῶν ὀπαύων
 ὀδοιπόρον τιν' ἄθλιον διωκάθει.
 εὖ τοι φιλοῦσί μ', ἀλλ' ἐμοίγ' οὐ ράδιον
 τούτων βιαίαν ἔστ' ἐρητύειν ὕβριν.

FROM MILTON'S PARADISE LOST.

BOOK VI.

So said, he, o'er his sceptre bowing, rose
 From the right hand of Glory where he sat :
 And the third sacred morn began to shine,
 Dawning through heaven. Forth rush'd with whirl-
 wind sound
 The chariot of Paternal Deity,
 Flashing thick flames, wheel within wheel undrawn.
 Itself instinct with spirit, but convoy'd
 By four Cherubic shapes ; four faces each
 Had wondrous ; as with stars, their bodies all
 And wings were set with eyes ; with eyes the wheels
 Of beryl, and careering fires between.
 Over their heads a crystal firmament,
 Whereon a sapphire throne, inlaid with pure
 Amber, and colours of the showery arch.
 He, in celestial panoply all arm'd
 Of radiant Urim, work divinely wrought,
 Ascended ; at his right hand Victory
 Sat eagle-wing'd ; beside him hung his bow,
 And quiver with three-bolted thunder stored ;
 And from about him fierce effusion roll'd
 Of smoke, and bickering flame, and sparkles dire.

THE SAME TRANSLATED.

Dixit; et a dextrâ, nutans in sceptrâ, paternâ,
 (Illi quæ sedes, quæ gloria summa,) resurgit.
 Tertia jamque dies apparuit aurea cœlo
 Exoriens: simul ingenti quasi turbinis exit
 Cum sonitu Patris currus: quem vivida circum
 Flamma micat, creberque rotarum volvitur axis
 Orbibus impediens orbes: nec spiritus ipsi
 Defuit: æthereæ tamen huic traxere figuræ
 Quatuor, aspectu miræ, quibus ora quaterna,
 Et cujusque oculis distinctum et corpus et ala
 Sidereis: ornant oculi spatia ampla rotarum
 Beryllo similes, atque intercurstat ignis.
 At supera caput impendens crystallinus æther
 Sapphiro rutilum et puro tenet intertextum
 Electro solium, pluviique coloribus arcûs.
 Filius, effulgens Urimi præstantibus armis,
 Tegmine divino, ascendit. Victoria dextrâ
 Explicuit pennis, aquilæ surgentis ad instar:
 Post humeros arcus pendet, trifidisque pharetra
 Fulminibus gravis: at circum violentia fumî,
 Nietans flamma volat scintillarumque procella:

FROM MILTON'S COMUS.

Comus. What chance, good lady, hath bereft you thus?

Lady. Dim darkness, and this leafy labyrinth.

Comus. Could that divide you from near-usher-
ing guides?

Lady. They left me weary on a grassy turf.

Comus. By falsehood, or discourtesy, or why?

Lady. To seek i' the valley some cool friendly
spring.

Comus. And left your fair side all unguarded, lady?

Lady. They were but twain, and purposed quick
return.

Comus. Perhaps forestalling night prevented them.

Lady. How easy my misfortune is to hit!

Comus. Imports their loss, besides the present need?

Lady. No less than if I should my brothers lose.

Comus. Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom?

Lady. As smooth as Hebe's their unrazor'd lips.

Comus. Two such I saw, what time the labour'd ox
In his loose traces from the furrow came,
And the swink'd hedger at his supper sat:
I saw them under a green mantling vine,
That crawls along the side of yon small hill,
Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots.

THE SAME TRANSLATED.

- ΚΩΜ. Γύναι, τί ταύτην σ' ἤγεν εἰς ἐρημίαν ;
 ΓΥΝ. Σκότος κνέφαιον πολύκομοί θ' ἕλης πτυχαί.
 ΚΩΜ. Ὅη ταυτ' ὀπαδῶν πλησίων σ' ἐνόσφισεν ;
 ΓΥΝ. Ἐλειπον ἐν πόσῃ με κάμπτουσαν γόνυ.
 ΚΩΜ. Ψεύδοντες, ἢ ἔμελοῦντες, ἢ ποίω τρόπῳ ;
 ΓΥΝ. Ζητοῦντες ἐν νάπαισι πηγαίου ρέος.
 ΚΩΜ. Καθ' ὧδ' ἀφρακτον προὔλιπον τὸ σὸν δέμας ;
 ΓΥΝ. Δύ' ὄντε, καὶ μέλλοντε νοστήσειν ταχύ.
 ΚΩΜ. Ὅηπου φθάσασα νύξ ἐκώλυσεν μολεῖν ;
 ΓΥΝ. Ὡς ῥαδίον γε τοῦμὸν εἰκάσαι πάθος.
 ΚΩΜ. Μέλει τι γάρ σοι, τῆς γε νῦν χρειᾶς πέρα ;
 ΓΥΝ. Πῶς δ' οὐκ, ἀδελφοῖν εἴ γ' ἐμοῖν στερήσῃμι ;
 ΚΩΜ. Ἐβῆς τίς ἀκμήν ἔχετον ; ἄνδρες ἢ νέοι ;
 ΓΥΝ. Ἄχρουν γενειάδ', οὐ τεθιγμένην ξυρῶ.
 ΚΩΜ. Τοιῶδ' ἐδέρχθην, εὔτε ταῦρος ἐργάτης
 ἀνειμέναις σείραισιν ἐξ ὄγμου παρῆν,
 καμών τε δόρπῳ γάπυος παρέζετο.
 εἰδὸν σφε χλωρᾶς ἀμπέλου σκιᾶς ὑπο,
 ἢ τοῦ ταπείνου πλευρ' ἀνερπύζει πάγου,
 βότρυς πεπεείρας ἐκ κλάδων καρπουμένων.

TE DEUM.

We praise thee, O God: we acknowledge thee to be the Lord.

All the earth doth worship thee, the Father everlasting.

To thee all Angels cry aloud; the Heavens, and all the Powers therein.

To thee Cherubin and Seraphin continually do cry,

Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Sabaoth;

Heaven and earth are full of the Majesty of thy Glory.

THE SAME TRANSLATED.

Deum Deum te laudamus
 Dominumque appellamus ;
 Omnes te terrarum gentes
 Clamant, Patrem confitentes
 Sempiterni Numinis.

Te Potentiæ cœlorum,
 Mille coetus Angelorum,
 Unâ voluntate moti
 Dominum te Sabaoti
 Sanctum Sanctum clamitant.

Omnem tu adimples mundum ;
 Cœlum tellus et profundum
 Tuâ majestate plena ;
 Omnium te cantilena
 Celebrat viventium ;

The glorious company of the Apostles praise thee.

The goodly fellowship of the Prophets praise thee.

The noble army of Martyrs praise thee.

The holy Church, throughout all the world, doth
acknowledge thee :

The Father, of an infinite Majesty ;

Thine honourable, true and only Son ;

Also the Holy Ghost, the Comforter.

Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ.

Thou art the everlasting Son of the Father.

When thou tookest upon thee to deliver man :
thou didst not abhor the Virgin's womb.

When thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death,
thou didst open the Kingdom of Heaven to all believers.

Thou sittest at the right hand of God, in the Glory
of the Father.

Agmen te Apostolorum,
 Cohors Martyrum victorum,
 Nobilisque chorus Vatum.
 Et per orbem terræ latum
 Pia vox Ecclesiæ ;

Patrem confitentes rite,
 Majestatis infinitæ,
 Verum illum unicumque
 Tui Natum, Spiritumque
 Paracletum nominant.

Christe, rex es gloriarum,
 Patris lumen semper carum ;
 Hominem cum statuisti
 Conservare, non sprevisi
 Sinum puræ Virginis.

Dura mortis cum vicisti,
 Coelum tū aperuisti
 Omnium piorum spei ;
 Dextrâ sedes ipse Dei
 In paternâ gloriâ.

We believe that thou shalt come to be our Judge.

We therefore pray thee, help thy servants, whom thou hast redeemed with thy precious blood.

Make them to be numbered with thy Saints, in glory everlasting.

O Lord, save thy people, and bless thine heritage.

Govern them, and lift them up for ever.

Day by day we magnify thee ;

And we worship thy name ever, world without end.

Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this day without sin.

O Lord, have mercy upon us ; have mercy upon us ;

O Lord, let thy mercy lighten upon us, as our trust is in thee.

O Lord, in thee have I trusted : let me never be confounded.

Credimus te mox venturum
 Nostrum iudicem futurum :
 Opem ergo te rogamus,
 Tuo qui redempti stamus
 Pretioso sanguine.

Fac beatis adscribamur,
 Sede sanctâ potiamur :
 Tolle, Deus, et gubernâ,
 In salute sempiternâ
 Tuum tene populum.

Indies te honoramus,
 Sine fine laudem damus.
 Hodie nos tueare
 Et prohibeas peccare :
 Miserescas, Domine.

Fulgeat pro spe fideli
 Nobis lux benigna cœli :
 Tibi fesus sum, O Deus ;
 Sis tu liberator meus ;
 Noli me confundere.

ELYSIUM.

Beyond the Acherontian pool
 And gloomy realms of Pluto's rule
 The happy soul hath comè :
 And hark, what music on the breeze ?
 'Twas like the tune of summer-bees,
 A myriad-floating hum.

From spirits like himself it flow'd,
 A welcome to his blest abode,
 That melody of sound :
 And lo, the sky all azure clear,
 And liquid-soft the atmosphere :
 It is Elysian ground.

To mortals, who on earth fulfil
 The great Olympian Father's will,
 Are given these happy glades ;
 Where they, from all corruption free,
 In unrestricted liberty
 May dwell, ethereal shades.

All shrubs for them of rich perfume,
 Amaracus and myrtle bloom,
 And flowers of brightest hue,

THE SAME TRANSLATED.

Felix paludem trans Acherontiam
 Et regna pœnis horrida Tartari
 Sedes ad optatas piorum et
 Elysios venit Umbra lucos :

At vox susurrans innumerabilis
 Adfertur aures : qualis apum solet
 Æstiva misceri caterva, et
 Cum strepitu glomerare carmen ;

Gratantium illi turba sodalium
 Occurrit ingens : mollior halitus
 Inspirat aurarum, micantque
 Purpurei super arva coeli .

Virtute functis hic animis datur
 Casto Deorum munere perfrui ;
 Hic labis immunesque lethi
 Aeriæ spatiantur Umbrae.

Flores amœnos inter et arbores
 Errare passim est : hic et amaracus,
 Laurique collataeque myrti
 Dulcis odos, hyacinthinâque

The rose, the hyacinthine bell,
 And amaranth and asphodel
 Are ever young and new.

And silver-sparkling rivers meet,
 Or glide with undulation sweet
 Their verdant shores along ;
 And echoes are in every dale
 Of airy harp and nightingale
 And babbling water-song.

There is no bound of time or place ;
 Each spirit moves in endless space ;
 Advancing as he wills :
 The summer lightnings gleam not so,
 As life with ever varying flow
 The tender bosom thrills.

And memory is unmixt with pain,
 Though consciousness they still retain
 Of joys they left behind :
 Whate'er on earth they held most dear,
 To pure enjoyment hallow'd here
 In golden dream they find.

Suffusa multâ luce rosaria ;
 Sparsimque pratis asphodeli calyx
 Effulget, æternique rore
 Se recreans amaranthus ævi.

Argenteorum leniter amnium
 Labuntur oras ad virides aquæ ;
 Auditur occulto recessu
 Unda cadens, aviumque cantus,

Et mota blando chorda Favonio.
 Haud finis ullus temporis aut loci ;
 Utcunque mutavere sedes,
 Arva patent vacuique campi.

Et tædiorum gens ea nescii :
 Æstiva non tam fulgura luserint,
 Quam vita pertentat beatos
 Perpetuâ vice gaudiorum.

Impune mentes præteritum movet,
 Et sæpe dulci ludit imagine,
 Ut si quid in terris amâssent
 Sanctius et melius resurgat.

The pilgrim oft by whispering trees
 Hath stretcht his weary limbs at ease
 And laid his burden down :
 The reaping-man hath dropt his scythe,
 Around him gather'd harvests blithe
 The field with plenty crown.

The warrior-chief in soft repose
 Bethinks him of his vanquish'd foes,
 And martial sounds begin
 To rattle in his slumbering ear,
 The rolling drum, the soldier's cheer,
 And dreadful battle-din.

The lover, whom untimely fate
 Hath sever'd from a worthy mate,
 Expects the destin'd hour,
 When she shall come, his bliss to share,
 In beauty clad, divinely fair,
 With love's immortal dower.

Meanwhile in many a vision kind
 He sees her imaged to his mind ;
 And for her brow he weaves
 A mystic bridal coronel,
 Such as no poet's tongue can tell,
 Nor human heart conceives.

Viator altâ sub platano jacit
 Defessa longis membra laboribus ;
 Et falce decisas colonus
 Lustrat opes cerealis agri.

Dormit quieti margine rivuli,
 Et gesta quondam se duce prælia
 Miratur apparere somnis
 Bellipotens : oritur repente

Tumultus hastarum et litui strepor,
 Et mox phalangum ad bella ruentium
 Concursus, et sævi furores,
 Et medii fremitus duelli.

Conjux ademptus conjugis a sinu
 Expectat horam, quâ sibi, quâ suis
 Cum dote cœlesti refulgens
 Connubiis redeat puella ;

Cernitque jam nunc aurea somnians,
 Qualemque vates nec cecinit, neque
 Humana concepere corda,
 Ipse parat capiti coronam.

And now the stranger with a band
 Of fond companions hand in hand
 Is led into the grove ;
 And straight for his beloved he looks ;
 Around the vales, the meads, the brooks,
 His eyes impatient rove :

Whom on a bank of mossy green
 Reclined he sees, by her is seen,
 And in a moment both
 Together rush, like sunbeams meet,
 And in a perfect union sweet
 Renew their early troth :

And all the fond Elysian band
 Around the pair in rapture stand,
 And songs triumphal chime :
 Oh, this is love, and life to live,
 Such joy as Hymen cannot give ;
 Soul-harmony sublime !

Videsne ? ducunt in nemus advenam
Læti sodales : ille per obvia

Vireta lucorumque flexus
Sollicitum jaciens ocellum

Quærit maritam ; quam viridi super
Ripâ jacentem protinus aspicit

Aspectus, incurritque fidos
Alter in alterius lacertos :

Ceu lymp̄ha lymp̄hæ mobilis influit,
Et flamma flammam sueta prehendere,

Sic Umbra commiscetur Umbræ
Ut veteres renovent amores.

Ornata vittis agmina Manium
Circumsteterunt ; et chorus incipit

Cantare, pæan mille vocum,
Mille simul resonare chordæ :

En vita felix ! en amor unicus,
Quem nescit Hymen jungere vinculo ;

Sublimis, incorrupta virtus,
Consocians animos fideles !

TRANSLATION FROM PETRARCH.

Creatures there are of such a piercing sight
 That can endure upon the sun to gaze,
 While others, whom the mighty sunbeams daze,
 Come not abroad but in the dim twilight :
 Others are found whom yearnings strange incite
 To feel the flame that hath such beauteous rays.
 Which coming near, they perish in the blaze :
 Of the last tribe am I, unhappy wight.
 The dazzling beauties of my lovely maid
 These weak and tearful eyes do overpower ;
 Yet still I gaze upon her ; 'tis my doom :
 Nor will I seek to screen me by the shade
 Of dusky places, or the twilight hour,
 But follow her who doth my heart consume.

THE SAME TRANSLATED.

Sunt quorum ocellis visus est acerrimus,
 Solem intueri ut audeant ;
 Ast alia gens ardente radio territa
 Non prodit ante vesperem ;
 Aliisque mirus est amor viventibus
 Sentire flammaram jubar,
 Cui cum propinquant, illa fulgor enecat :
 Sum talis infelix ego.
 Nam qui puellæ splendor e vultu micans
 Præstringit oculos debiles,
 Spectare cogit dira me necessitas ;
 Nec animus est caliginis
 Umbraculo me tegere vel crepusculo,
 Sed pectus urentem sequi.

TRANSLATION FROM PETRARCH.

When in the virgin throng my Laura's face
Array'd I see in loveliness divine,
The more she seems all others to outshine,
With firmer hold doth she my love embrace.
Then do I bless the time, the hour, the place,
That with such noble passion warm'd these eyne,
And say ; My soul, a happy lot is thine,
That worthy found thee of so high a grace :
She did in thee the amorous thought inspire,
Which teaches thee the greatest good to know,
Esteeming not what other men desire ;
She made in thee the buoyant strength to grow,
Which heavenward guides the way, and here below
Cheering my path in hope exalts me higher.

THE SAME TRANSLATED.

Cum mea virgineas inter stat Laura catervas
 Eximio vestita decore,
 Quo magis excellens alias nitet, hęc magis arctā
 Me retinet complexa catenā :
 Tunc soleo laudare locum, tunc tempus et horam,
 Quæ mihi castum accenderit ignem,
 Atque animæ, Fortuna tibi faustissima, dico,
 Dignetur quæ munere tali.
 Illa tibi sensum prima inspiravit amandi,
 Summum ut scire bonum potis esses,
 Quæque aliis in honore viris contemnere nugas :
 Et virtutem increscere fecit,
 Unde mihi ad cœlum pateat via, dura ferentem
 Interea sublimis alat spes.

TRANSLATION

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

The learned of our land,
 Her tongue who understand,
 With all their skill combine
 The structure to explore,
 And ever more and more
 To polish and refine.

While they our outward speech
 With all its beauties teach
 Expertly to unfold,
 Ye men of German breed,
 'Tis yours by life and deed
 Its inward strength to mould.

'Tis yours to give the light,
 The purity, the might,
 Which hearts alone inspire ;
 The full poetic glow,
 From which mankind may know
 'Tis warm'd with heavenly fire.

THE SAME TRANSLATED.

In hęc laborant nostra doctorum manus,
 Usum ut loquendi patrium
 Lustrare possint, quęque pulchra cognitis.
 Ornatiorem reddere.
 Solerter illi dum refingendi modum
 Sermonis externi docent,
 Firmare vos oportet, Anglorum genus.
 Interna linguę robora ;
 Sic agere, sic sentire, voci ut influant
 Vis, lumen, atque puritas,
 Poeticusque fervor, unde appareat
 Quo caleat illa spiritu.

Let nothing shame you so
 As falsehood's guileful show ;
 Still in the right be strong :
 Let honest German truth
 Be planted in your youth,
 With words of German tongue.

Use not your lips to prate
 In amorous debate ;
 But still in language clear
 Your duteous thoughts express,
 Your simple trustfulness
 And earnest love sincere.

Lisp not in courtly phrase,
 To soothe with empty praise
 The proud, the vain man's ear ;
 But speak in lofty strain,
 Like freemen who maintain
 The rights they hold most dear.

And when our speech improved
 And all its faults removed
 Shall crown your great design,
 Ye ne'er shall speak, but they
 Who hear your words shall say,
 Ye breathe a voice divine.

Virtute fretis sit pudori maximo

Struxisse mendacem dolum ;

Et cum Britannis hæreat vocabulis

Britanna cordi veritas.

Ne garrientes cum puellarum choro

Inepta nugari juvet,

Sed fari honesto quæ quis animo sentiat

Simpliciter ac fideliter.

Ne vana balbutite quæ potentium

Subblandiantur auribus :

Clametis altâ voce digna liberis

Qui sancta jura vindicant.

Sic vestra linguam norma cum correxerit,

Mendis remotis omnibus,

Quisquis loquentes audiet fatebitur

Vos ore divino loqui.

TO CECILIA.

[The Lady to whom these lines are addressed is now living, together with her father, and deservedly held in high esteem by all her friends.]

To help the sightless Homer of our land,
A daughter's faithful service was at hand,
Recalling to his ear full many a page
Of ancient wisdom and a classic age ;
Blest maiden, who could recompense the care
Of such a father, and his loss repair!
Nor less, Cecilia, do we view in thee
An image true of filial piety ;
Whose parent through a dreary length of years
Afflicted sore a double burden bears.
An ear is his with cold obstruction bound,
Dead to the world of harmony and sound ;
Eyes lustreless, that never greet the day
Or feel the bright effulgence of her ray :

AD CECILIAM.

Capto lumine maximo poetæ
 Dulcem filia præstitit laborem,
 Doctam cum senis admoneret aurem
 Thesauris sapientiæ legendis.
 Felix illa, ter ampliusque felix,
 Pro multâ bonitate cui liceret
 Tali reddere gratiam parenti.
 Nec, Cecilia, tu minora patri
 Præstas officia, O fidele nobis
 Exemplar pietatis invidendæ.
 Multos jam senior laborat annos
 Ærumnâ duplici graviq̄ue damno :
 Ejus nam neque dia lux ocello
 Ostendit radium, neque ejus auri
 Ullam reddit imaginem loquela :

But for a daughter's love, the same sad gloom
That wraps the senses would the mind entomb.
Thou, fond one, at his side art ever near,
His wants to aid, his solitude to cheer :
A skill is thine, a patience nought can tire,
By finger-speech to commune with thy sire ;
By touches light and nimble to convey
Whatever pen could write or tongue could say.
From silent darkness thou hast set him free ;
Thou mak'st the deaf to hear, the blind to see.
Thus, ere the Christian breathes his latest sigh,
An Angel to the lonely couch draws nigh,
There, whispering peace and comfort to the breast,
His trouble and his sorrow lulls to rest,
And, earthly mist dispelling from the sight,
The prospect opens of eternal light.

Absque te foret atque amore fido,
Par sensus animumque nox teneret.
Tu solatia, tu levamen ægro
Custos et comes assidens ministras;
Palmâ tu digitisque! miram enim artem
Contactu varioque mobilique
Exerces, vice functa nunc loquentis,
Nunc lecto recitantis e libello.
Ergo illi taciturnitas, tenebræ
Solvuntur: sonus est in aure surdâ;
Cæco lux patefacta. Sic suprema
Quandocunque pio propinquat hora,
Soli stat super angelus cubili,
Et suavissima pectori susurrans
Luctum et solitudinem serenat,
Et spes erigit ad beatiores
Pandens æthera januamque cœli.

ITALIA ANTIQUA.

[The greater part of this Ode is taken from one which obtained the Gold Medal at Cambridge.]

Lugere terram quid facit Italam?
 Non aura tetro polluit halitu,
 Non bruma devastavit agros,
 Aut nebulâ malus urget æther :

Non flos in hortò, non rosa virginis
 Pallescit ori ; spirat adhuc amor,
 Rident et æstates serenæ
 Et placidum sine nube cœlum :

Et sole puro et fluctibus aureis
 Ludens ad oras Oceanus salit,
 Fontesque non absunt loquaces
 Nec tremuli lacuum susurri :

At mœsta terram sors premit Italam ;
 Heroes illi in pulvere dormiunt,
 Vatumque cessavere plectra,
 Et liquidæ siluere voces :

Mœret virorum quod periit genus ;
 Proles aviti nominis immemor
 Fas ducit amplecti catenam, et
 Otia præposuisse laudi,

Illic ubi olim Brutus, et impigri
 Robur Camilli natum ; ubi Quintius
 Sudabat exercens aratro
 Jugera, fecit et alta virtus

Parvo potentem Fabricium. O pudor !
 Hic Reguli vox non sibi providi
 Flexit senatores, petentis
 Clarius exilium triumpho :

Hæc illa tellus, quæ tulit ultimas
 Terrarum ad oras signa minantia,
 Laurusque victoresque currus
 Cum ducibus Numidumque regum

Duxit tropæis ad Capitolium.

Eheu ! jacentes nunc aquilas tenet

Somnus perennis ; fortiumque

Nullus honor superest favillæ.

Sed pristinorum lux mihi suaviter

Ridet dierum. Visere me juvat

Urbesque desertumque campum et

Templa suis spoliata Divis :

Lustrare flavâ quas Tiberis lavat

Oras arenâ, aut Nar violentior

Qua surgit, aut obliquus errat

Mincius. O sacer amnis, annon

Unquam trementes inter arundines

Moesti susurrat vox tibi Virgilî ?

Auditur : haud ripam relinquat

Musa tuam : calet et calebit

Semper Camcænæ spiritus igneæ,

Et fabulosis sedibus immorans,

Per saxa, per valles, suâque

Prata volat celebrata chordâ.

Ibo; ruentûm Tibur ubi strepit
 Fragore aquarum ; visam ego frigidum
 Præneste, curvatamque fluctu
 Parthenopen, vacuasque Cumas.

Dic, O vetustæ filia Chalcidis,
 Phœbea sedes, quid superest tui ?
 An marmor usquam, et sculptor audax
 Dædalus, historiæque miræ ?

Et fana et ædes O ubi sunt ? jacent
 Oblivioso mersa silentio ;
 Murum ruinososque vicos
 Gramineum tumulat sepulchrum :

Nec garrulorum murmura civium
 Audire nunc est ; sed regio horrida
 Occultat infestas latronum
 Insidias : male tunc apertis

Erratur agris, cum niger Hesperus
 Induxit umbras, et juga terruit
 Gaurana concentus propinquas
 Per silvas ululans luporum.

O quis Sibyllæ fatidicam domum
 Lustrare mecum, quis nemus audeat,
 Et mille per flexus hiantes
 Tartareas specuum latebras ?

Quo ferre quondam non timuit pedem
 Trojanus heros ; deinde sub infera
 Descendit, et ductu Sibyllæ
 Ad Stygium penetravit amnem ;

Dîs carus : ille et sæcula posteris
 Promissa vidit, sceptraque Julia,
 Et cuncta terrarum per orbem
 Missa sub imperium Quirini.

Arce profanos : nam sacer est locus :
 Duc me recessus, Diva, per avios,
 Qua tela non intrant diei, et
 Sulphurei latices Averni

Lethale virus faucibus evomunt.
 Jam stagna propter, jam videor cava
 Per tesqua, per dumos vagari,
 Et Triviæ penetrare Divæ ;

Atrasque taxos inter et ilices
 Feralis horror gliscit, opacaque
 Nutant cupressorum, canitque
 Triste melos agitata pinus,

Ruptoque cœpit sub pedibus solo
 Mugire tellus, lunaque luridum
 Lucere per frondes, levique
 Mira volant simulacra formâ.

O magne Apollo, quo rapior? Patet
 Caliginosum trans aditum specus ;
 Passis et apparet capillis
 Labra movens taciturna vates,

Grassantium formidine numinum
 Pallens, tremiscens. Ecce, Deus, Deus
 Irrupit : illi plena fato
 Corda novæ quatiunt procellæ ;

Phœbumque demens excutit. Audio
 Singultientem : murmurat intima
 Rupes, percussæque circum
 Cum gemitu reboant cavernæ.

Siletur : oris detumuit furor,
 Solusque ventus flebiliter sonat
 Per claustra suspirans, humique
 Sternitur exanimis sacerdos.

Attolle fessum, Deiphobe, latus;
 Et voce clarâ sæcula nuntia
 Ventura! Nec fatale carmen
 Da foliis ; ea verret Auster

Dispersa : sed tu fare perennia
 Arcana Divûm. Te caput urbium
 Audit, triumphatura passim
 Roma: tuo capit arma jussu

Miles Sabellus ; te Latium ferox,
 Et magna vatem agnovit Etruria ;
 Regesque devictæque gentes
 Dicta tui tremuere Phœbi.

POLYPHEMUS AD GALATEAM.

[An Eclogue in imitation of Theocritus.]

Qua properas, Galatea fugax? quid spernis amantem!
 O superans candore nives, O mollior agnâ,
 Uvis lucidior, tenero petulantior hædo!
 Nescis quem fugias: ego te, Galatea, vocavi,
 Neptuni genus, et nulli virtute secundus
 Cœlicolûm. Cyclops ego sum, cui maxima parat
 Insula. Nonne vides flavis quæ messibus arva
 Ditescant? mea sunt. Siculos mihi mille per agros
 Mugitus armenta cient; plenisque capellæ
 Uberibus, longæ inciderunt eum mentibus umbrae.
 Deveniunt: nunquam spumantia lacte recenti
 Sina mihi desunt, nec toto caseus anno.
 Hei mihi! nil horum solatia præstat amori.
 Conjicio quæ causa fugæ: quia lucret ocellus
 Unicus hæc in fronte, puto: quia prominet ingens
 Nasus ab hirsutâ facie; quia pulchrior alter.

Hinc precibus clausum nostris et pectus et aures
 Dura tenes : quotiens nobis requiescere dulce est,
 Et sopor altus humi prostratos detinet artus,
 Oceano egrederis velut astrum in luminis oras,
 Littus amas solemque, leves ubi cineta puellis
 Ducis in orbe choros et vix pede radis arenam :
 At simul excutio somnos, fugis improba, qualis
 Aspecto fugit agna lupo : tunc nullus amceni
 Solis amor, non lætus ager, non florida tellus,
 Non sic apta choro te suadet arena morari.
 Nescio quid tam dulce tibi, quæ tanta voluptas
 Sub salso queat esse vado ! Næ, tu Polyphemum,
 Haud terram refugis : mea nympham turbat imago.
 Est etiam in terrâ cui non comes ire recuses.
 Stulta, quid Acis amas ? dignas cur solus amari
 Acis habet veneres ? Non filius ille Deorum,
 Aut Divo similis : non scit radicibus ulmos
 Eruere, aut vastas saxis avellere moles :
 Nec nivei pecoris dives, nec lactis abundat.
 Hæc ego polliceor : tibi nunc et quinque juvencas,
 Matres cum vitulis, præstanti corpore, servo.
 Huc ades, O Galatea ; marinas linque latebras,
 Utque velint steriles volvant se ad littora fluctus.
 O utinam liquidi piscis mihi more liceret

Ad te nare sub alta: tui, Galatea, labelli
 Aut teneræ saltem libarem basia palmae:
 Eximios legerem flores, tuque ipsa doceres
 Nectere formosis aptissimaserta capillis;
 Lilia cum violis, quas per dumeta latentes
 Scrutarer, teneras ferrem cum baccare myrtos,
 Fulgentesque crocos et quicquid suave rosarum est.
 Cara veni Galatea: tibi jam mitia poma
 Arboribus pendent onus, invitantia morsus,
 Castaneæque nuces, et cærea pruna rubescunt.
 Est mihi lympha domi, potius quam nectare potum
 Albis e nivibus mittit mons frigidus Ætna:
 Quæmaque ligna super, duræ medicamina brunæ.
 Atque indefessum servat focus aridus ignem.
 Est mihi—sed venias: dominam te cuncta vocabunt.
 Hic vives securo mali, somnosque salubres
 Leniter excutiet vox matutina volucrum.
 Hic plenas mulgebis oves, aut ditia pascos
 Armenta, aut viridi frigus captabis in antro,
 Qua superimpendet laurus, gracilisque cypressus,
 Atque hedera, et dulces turgent in vitibus uvæ.
 Hic nemus Hyblæis apibus dat pabula mellum:
 Huc jucundus eas tremulæ sonus allicit undæ:
 Tum quatiant alas tiliarum in fronde, saumque

Miscent cum placido foliorum murmure carmen.
 Sæpe foras errare juvat, cum vesperis aura
 Vix tremit in foliis, altaeque silentia sylvæ
 Personat in convalle canens pastoris arundo.
 Suave (puto) canere est ; suave est audire canentes ;
 Suave etiam vocem caræ cum voce puellæ
 Jungere cantando. Sed non sumus omnia docti.
 Tu venias : modo quid possit mea fistula tecum
 Experiar, modo castaneæ sedisse sub umbrâ
 Et pendere tuo liceat cantantis ab ore.
 Fas nobis (neque enim feritas huic insita cordi est)
 Discere quid sit amor : discam te, nymp̄ha, magistrâ.
 Sit satis hoc, Galatea, tibi, mecum esse beatæ.
 Heu ! nil respondes, et surdas alloquor undas :
 Illarum confluxus et illætabile murmur
 Semper in aure sonat ; rupes et saxa querelis
 Irrident, rapiuntque preces ad nubila venti.
 Sed quid ago infelix ? jam plenas lacte reducit
 Vesper oves, jam strata jacent armenta per herbas,
 Mulgendæque domum redeunt a monte capellæ.
 O Cyclops, Cyclops, quæ te dementia cepit ?
 Multæ te cupiunt, multæ petiere puellæ,
 Multæ ridentes Galateâ suavius ardent.
 Præsentem mulge ; fugientem quærere noli :
 Invenies aliam, quando hæc te spernit, amantem.

“TUNC VARLE VENERE ARTES; LABOR OMNIA VINCIT
IMPROBUS, ET DURIS URGENS IN REBUS EGESTAS.”

[Some of these Verses were written as a School Exercise.]

Ars, operum mater, salve! Tua munera gratus,
 Quamvis non humili voce canenda, cano.
 Ecce miser duri jussis parere magistri
 Cogor, et in certos verba referre modos.
 Musa veni, clamo; non audit Musa vocantem:
 Phœbe fave; nullus dat mihi Phœbus opem.
 Quid faciam? Tu major ades mihi Diva precanti:
 Sis mihi tu dubiæ duxque comesque via.
 Ergo Pieridas Phœbumque valere jubebo;
 Carmine dicta meo carminis auctor eris.
 In varias partes converto lumina; passim
 Ostendunt oculis se tua dona meis.
 Quem teneo calamum; qui nigricat humor in illo;
 Quam toties maculo, debita charta tibi est.

Vitam homini Natura dedit; sed pluris habenda,

Quæ facias vitæ munere posse frui.

Illa creat nudos; nudos tu vestibus ornas;

Tu domibus terram, quam dedit illa, tegis.

Illa pluit, gelidamque facit sævire procellam;

Tu pluvias arces et Boreale gelu.

Illa per immensum dispersit semina mundum,

Quæ rapiant venti, nox premat, unda veret:

Tu trahis e latebris, servas ea, condis in usum,

Quicquid habent aperis multiplicasque boni.

Squalebant steriles miseris mortalibus agri:

Ecce boves jungis, vomere findis humum:

Et jam lætus ager flaventibus undat aristis;

Falce cadunt segetes; horrea messe gemunt;

Vite rubent colles: needum sumus omnia nacti;

Quid segetes prosunt? cruda quid uva sapit?

Panem frumento, vinum mutavimus uvâ:

Dīs nihil invideo, si sibi nectar habent.

Nec requies, quin cœnandi percussus amore

Nil intentatum, te duce, linquat homo.

Cuncta novos illi reddunt elementa sapes;

Dat mare, dat tellus, dat levis aura cibum.

Præsidium non sylva feris, non piscibus altum;

Dejicit aerias plumbeus imber aves.

En, quis equum nobis docuit parere ferocem ?

Tu Dea, tu frænis ausa domare tuis ;

Tu cohibere caput, volucrique insistere dorso,

Præcipitisque fugæ mille docere modos :

Tu currus junxisse : tibi crepat axis anhelans,

Lubrica per duram se rota volvit humum.

Nequicquam populum populo disternat æquor :

Ædificas naves ; trans mare tuta volas.

Impiger extremas currit mercator ad oras,

Et rapido cursu jungit utrumque polum ;

Vendit, emit ; cumulos argenti portat et auri,

Vina refert, gemmas, multaque mira domum.

Quid vero ? sine te sese haud vicinia nôrit :

Tu penetras montes, aspera plana facis.

Sternis ubique vias : sectus rigat arva canalis

Labitur effosso merx onerata solo.

Oppida quadrantur plateis ; rus influit urbi ;

Convenit in pleno civica turba foro.

Missa levi passim festinat epistola pennâ,

Et quod lingua nequit, nuncia verba docent.

Exiit incultos mores tibi gramen et arbor,

Fitque decens hortus, quæ modo sylva fuit.

Per te dispositos miramur in ordine flores,

Marmoreos fontes, Elysiumque nemus.

An memorem quo tu polias fera pectora cultu,
 Quamque rudes animos pacis amica regas?
 An memorem vivâ fulgentem luce tabellam,
 Æraque Phidiacâ quæ calucre manu?
 An quæ cœlesti modulans dulcedine cantor
 Nunc plectro moveat, nunc vafer ore mele?
 Hæc fuerant ignota diu, dum more volucrum
 Indocili linguâ rauca sonabat homo:
 Ars tamen e ligno, nervis, atque ære canoro
 Venit inauditos elicitura sonos;
 Quid spirare fides docuit, quid tibia posset,
 Quid bene compactis organa clara tubis.
 Ars etiam miseris membrorum damna reponit,
 Ars reparat vires et juvenile decus.
 Os aperire suum non amplius Anna recusat,
 Cui niveos dentes suppeditavit ebur.
 Aspicit Elisam jam sexagesimus annus,
 Nec rosa nec flavæ deseruere comæ.
 Crus Lepido abscissum est; at querno crure potitus,
 Corripit impavidum, firmus ut ante, gradum.
 Quid tam prisca moror? Major mihi nascitur ordo
 Carminibus; tantum hæc sæcla tulere novi.
 Mira loquar, sed visa mihi, sed cognita multis,
 Et, nisi vidissem, vix habitura fidem.

Nunc etiam muti cunctarum nomina rerum

Edere condiscunt, colloquioque frui ;

Indicibus digitis sensus animumque recludunt :

Per noctem et tenebras en patefacta dies !

Sed quis hic est ? Centum partes agit unus et idem,

Vir, puer est, juvenis, nupta, puella simul :

Jam succensentem rudens imitatur asellum,

Jamque canis latrat, jamque susurrat apis :

Nunc prope, nunc procul est, hinc exauditur et illinc,

Mobilis undique vox ; stat tamen ipse loco.

An magus est ? quidnam esse putes ? Non labra moventur,

Lingua tacet ; linguæ munia venter agit.

Quid nequeant homines, cum porci scripta doceri.

Et cantare queat mus, et alauda loqui ?

Exiguos pulices fulgentia vidimus arma

Induere, et sumptâ bella movere tubâ.

Nunc in amicitiam cocunt et vulpis et anser,

Pacem cum timido passere milvus agit ;

Et felis cum mure toro requiescit in uno ;

Aurea Saturni regna redire putes.

Vela rates antiquorum remique movebant,

Ut facerent longas ventus et unda moras :

Ecce ratem, venti quæ vim contemnit et undæ,

Per medios fluctus acta vapore volat.

O vapor omnipotens ; lymphâ tu natus et igne,
 Ingenium matris, vim genitoris habes :
 Cuncta moves, impellis, agis. Tibi machina parens
 Tenue secat filum, vel grave tollit onus :
 Lanæ contextis, ferrum fabricaris et æra ;
 Emicat e prelo pagina docta tuo.
 Quid non perficies ? Nexi longo ordine currus
 Fulmineas torquent te rapiente rotas :
 Mille viatorum conjungitur agmen amicum,
 Et tacito fugiunt tempus et hora pede ;
 Dum fugiunt, confectum iter est ; lætusque viator
 Obstupuit, cum se comperit esse domi.
 Prandimus ad Thamesis ripas, cœnamus Edinæ ;
 Anglia nos hodie, Prussia vidit heri.
 Ergo inter varias crescent commercia gentes,
 Latius imperium terra Britannia reget.
 Flumina fluminibus jungentur, et urbibus urbes ;
 Idem mox populus Scotus et Indus erunt.
 O duras hominum mentes ! Percurrimus omnes
 Terrarum latebras, et freta cuncta maris :
 Nec satis est : audax genus ad majora paratum,
 Scandimus in nubes sidereasque domos.
 Nequicquam pennas homini Natura negavit ;
 Adjicit Ars pennas ; surgitur Artis ope.

Ætheris in spatium, magnâ plaudente catervâ,
 Se rapit expanso serica cymba sinu :
 Protinus ex oculis urbes collesque recedunt ;
 Radit iter liquidum nauta ferente Noto :
 Sub pede terrestris globus est ; nant nubila circum ;
 Vasta patent cœli ; nec tamen ille tremit.
 Ast ego, Diva, tuas si perstem dicere laudes,
 Dejiciat calamum jam mihi fessa manus.
 Omnia non possim : numerum quis nôrit arcuæ ?
 Sunt tibi qui credant nil superesse novi :
 Hoc ego non credam : sed quod tibi restat agendum,
 Dicturos vates postera sæcla ferent.

“TRAHIT SUA QUEMQUE VOLUPTAS.”

Velle suum cuique est. Illic quod Paradisus Adamo
 Fudit ab innocuo flumine nectar amat :
 Ille nefas credit contemnere dona Deorum,
 Et fruitur paterâ, Liber amice, tuâ.
 Sit mihi firma salus, hic sobrius optat. At ille,
 Non podagram timeo ; da mihi dulce merum.
 Pallidus hic lymphâ ; nasus felicior illi
 Ardet, ut in Siculo torrida messis agro.

Miles in arma ruit, paucos et sanguine nummos

Comparat, et magni regis amore calet :

At placidam sequitur pacem prudentior alter,

Et regi solvit justa tributa domi.

Lentulus, in pugnâ dum fortiter arma gerebat,

Procidit, abscisso crure, cruentus humi :

Non tamen Aufidio visa est victoria tanti ;

Crure domum salvo, sed sine laude redit.

Ventre Lacon oculos majoris pendit et aures ;

Hos epulæ recreant, uritur ille fame :

Pulcher opum cumulus mirantem pascit ocellum,

Argenti crepitus suavis in aure sonat ;

Venter at esuriens, " Pœnam dabis improbe," clamat,

" Cuncta meus penetrans ibit in ossa dolor."

Vera monet ; sine thesauris vir dives ad Orcum

Mittitur, et rapto flet puer orbis avo :

Flet puer ; at tristes solata pecunia luctus,

Vina, dapes, nymphas, omnia læta parat ;

Deperitura brevi, ceu, ver ubi risit amœnum,

Defluit a summis mane pruina jugis.

Utilis Æmilio, tibi ludo est alea, Quinti ;

Et minus est ludo cara crumena tibi :

Pauperior tu semper abis, locupletior ille ;

Quis putet ad similes edita vota Deos ?

Tota domus resonat, Pauli mirata lepores,

Nam lepor est, Pauli quicquid ab ore cadit :

Os aperit Paulus ; rident juvenesque senesque ;

Ore locuturo tot micuere sales.

Cotta jocos odit, nec scit bene Cotta jocari ;

Vir sapiens ego sum, murmurat ipse sibi :

Et puto, si quis inest torvo sapientia vultu,

Cotta sibi in toto non habet orbe parem.

Si qua fides Mopso, Phyllis dulcissima rerum est.

Pulchrior Aurorâ, purior illa nive ;

Phyllide jam nuptâ se prædicat esse beatum.

Et fruitur dulci credulitate senex :

O pudor ! ingrata est Phyllis, juvenesque protervos

Magnanimo fertur præposuisse viro.

Carmina condit ovans, et amat sua carmina Faustus ;

Jure suam prolem possit amare parens :

Utque pater caris pueros ostendit amicis,

Quo fallat sociæ tædia longa dapis ;

Carmina convivis recitat post prandia Faustus,

Pascat ut ingenium nobiliore cibo :

Rufus et Aufidius tollunt super astra poetam,

Bisque rogant eadem terque quaterque legat :

Illi audire solent, quæ sint pulcherrima nôrunt,

Plaudere quo deceat, quoque tacere loco ;

Ast alii nutant omnes, et pulchra Corinna

Dormit in ambrosio semisupina toro.

“Libertate opus est, O patria!” clamat Iulus;

“Crede mihi; felix, libera, dives eris.”

Vindicat humani generis carissima jura;

Interea pessum res sinit ire suas;

Negligit uxorem, natos, patrimonia, famam;

Pro patriâ vivit, pro patriâque perit.

Silvius a patriâ titulos accepit et aurum;

Præmia virtutis talia dona putat:

Despicit infidum vulgus, populumque profanum,

Et patriam credit quod videt ipse domi.

Aspicis? In varias divisa Britannia partes,

Nunc hinc incertum, nunc movet inde pedem.

Huc proceres studiis, rapit illuc mobile vulgus;

Quisque suos sequimur, credula turba, duces.

Sunt quorum vili sententia veneat auro,

Ira furens multos, et malus ardor agit.

Tu rogitas, bone vir, recti studiosus et æqui,

Te quibus adjungas, quo duce tutus eas.

Hoc ego respondere tibi, nihil amplius ausim;

Judicio fides, si sapis, ipse tuo.

"PUERILIA LUSIMUS OMNES."

Mens etiam pueris varia est ; sua quemque voluptas

Allicit ; haud spes est una, nec unus amor.

Dic age, quæ sanctâ cum turre Salopia surgens

Ditia fœcundis messibus arva vides,

Fluminaque antiquos præterlabentia muros,

Cara meo fratri flumina, cara mihi ;

Quot ludos agitent, quales post seria nugas,

Quos foveas almo fida magistra sinu.

Conveniunt. Locus est medio porrectus in agro,

Qua levis attritu canduit herba pedum :

Protinus hunc certo designat limite, seque

Dividit in partes gens animosa duas :

Jamque ferunt celeremque pilam, baculosque sonantes :

Illa indefessam corripit usque fugam :

Nunc per humum saliens, nunc icta resurgit in auras

Mobilis, et varias itque reditque vias.

It clamor cœlo ; fervet certamine campus ;

Fronte fluit sudor ; fulgurat igne gena.

Parte aliâ ardentem cohibet minor area ludum,
 Qua resonat paries icta minore pilâ.
 Ast alii teretes volvunt mirâ arte lapillos,
 Mutuaque inter se bella ciere docent.
 Hic rota se tenuis, movet inde volubile buxum,
 Tortilis ignavas punit habena moras.
 An loquar, ut plumis levior volitantibus uter
 Per medias acies turbinis instar eat?
 Impulsu ruit ille pedum. Concursus ubique,
 Et strepitus discors, iraque mixta joco:
 Jurgia non absunt: hostis colliditur hosti,
 Pronus in immundam volvitur alter humum.
 Quid soleæ possint, laceri testantur amictus,
 Cruraque non unâ livida facta notâ.
 Ne pueri, ne vos animis assuescite rixas;
 Non est e tali lite petendus honor.
 Est qui flumineas armatus arundine ripas
 Quærit, ubi multo pisce natantur aquæ;
 Quem fluitans summo delectat in æquore suber,
 Nec piget ingratae tædia ferre moræ.
 Nonnunquam in gremio tumidæ sublata Sabrinæ
 Allicit audacem parvula cymba chorum:
 Incumbunt transtris; salit alto hiscente carina,
 Suaviter in numerum remus et unda canunt.

Sin calet æstivo campus sub sole refulgens.

Hora monet gelido membra lavare freto :

Ingentem videas, exutâ veste, catervam

Acri ter in fluvium præcipitare caput :

Nunc juvat adversos animoso pectore fluctus

Scindere, nunc prono leniter amne vehi :

More levis ranæ, ruit urinator in ima,

Salmonum scrutans Naiadumque domos.

Ah ! caveat, quisquis nondum sine cortice navit :

Tutius in placido luxuriare vado.

Carolus agricolæ peragrat temerarius arva,

Septaque præcipiti frangit opaca viâ ;

Invaditque ferox ditatum fructibus hortum,

Nec metuit vigili quem videt ore canem :

Ecce pyri dulces, cerasique, et poma rubescunt ;

Porrigit ad cerasos, poma, pyrosque manum.

Julius in plateas prodit, cui se Gulielmus

Dat comitem, et multâ construit arte dolos.

En civem innocuum, nitidâ cum veste decorum :

Putribus hunc ovis dexter uterque ferit :

Respicit iratus, circumspicit, omnia lustrat ;

Nullus adest ; tantum risus in aure crepat.

Jam foribus pulsus fugere ; hiat ante reclusas,

Et magico falsam se putat Anna sono.

Jamque macella petunt, tripodas quàm fune ligatos
 Evertunt, flentes ut speculentur anus.

Sæpe juvat portâ cornicem avellere ; sæpe
 Missilibus saxis fracta fenestra placet.

Sic ferulæ immemores sæviturique magistri,
 Tempora ridentes non revocanda terunt.

Tu tamen, O quisquis laudes et præmia quæris,
 Indigna ingenio gaudia temne, puer.

Seria cum nugis misce, sic otia degens
 Providus, ut fructus sint habitura bonos.

I, cane, si quid habes ; vel tu, penicilla, papyrum
 Accipe ; quid possis experiare manu.

Sunt quibus interdum fas te recreare libelli,
 Qui levia, at lectu non inhonesta, docent.

Sæpe habeas dulcem, qui te comitetur, amicum :
 Colloquio melius pulchra monente nihil.

Interea firmes robusto membra labore :
 Corpore cum sano mens tibi sana manet.

Utile sic dulci junges, ludoque reffectus
 Acrior ad solitum te revocabis opus.

AD PICTOREM.

Huc ades O nostram cui tradita cura puellam
 Eximium tabulis perpetuare caput ;
 Huc ades, ingenioque simul dextrâque labora :
 Digna est ingenio, digna labore Chloe.
 Pingendæ teneræque manus teretesque lacerti,
 Collaque montanâ candidiora nive,
 Flavaque cæsaries, et celsæ gloria frontis,
 Et gena Pæstanæ tincta colore rosæ,
 Et labium, cujus fragrantia basia vincant
 Nectareos haustus ambrosiamque Jovis.
 Omnia non possim numerare, sed ipse videbis
 Qualia sint quæ me surripuere mihi :
 Nam veneres tot in ore micant, quot in aquore risus.
 Cum levis Oceani concitat aura sinum.
 Hoc vereor, cum stes præclarâ virgine coram,
 Cor tibi ne trepidet deficiatque manus.

An poteris vivum chartæ committere vultum,
 Qui miranda solet, voce tacente, loqui?
Ejus enim non est imitabile fulgur ocelli:
 Ne tua præstringat lumina luce, cave.
Cætera cum possis, hoc ars tibi deerit ad unum:
 Tentandum tamen est; incipe pictor opus.
Fors erit, ut dulcem capiant tibi corda furorem,
 Et quasi conspectâ sint animata Deâ.
Eveniat precor hoc, votis optabile nostris,
 Nec tamen in damnum, pictor amice, tuum;
Scilicet ut ridens adsit Venus ipsa labori,
 Ipse tibi præsens auxilietur Amor.
Haud mora: jam magici tingent penicilla colores,
 Et quoquo inciderint lumen et ignis erit;
Attonitoque tibi crescet vitalis imago,
 Stabit et in tabulis altera nata Chloe.

AN EPITAPH.

Duo hic sepulti sumus,
Una duos tegit humus,
 Una domus continet ;
Si quis huc direxit passum,
Ne discedat hinc incassum,
 Verum pauca legens stet.

Dum in terrâ vivebamus,
Fidi conjuges eramus,
 Quos perenni vinculo
Junxit exoptatus hymen,
Pace beans nostrum limen
 Et amore mutuo.

Quatuor et quinque facti,
 Cuncta quæ sperata nacti,
 Dies lætos egimus
 Sed humana sors amara ;
 Pignora amoris cara
 Morte rapta vidimus.

Summa nobis spes fuere ;
 Rapta diu reliquere
 Triste desiderium ;
 Donec, bonitate Dei,
 Lux benignioris spei
 Attulit solatium.

Mox e tumulo surgemus,
 Filiosque revisemus,
 Ubi nos acerba vis
 Nulla unquam separabit,
 Corda purus animabit
 Amor immutabilis.

“MOVEAT CORNICULA RISUM
FURTIVIS NUDATA COLORIBUS.”

Traditur, (antiqua est ea fabula,) graculum paternæ
Sprevisse gentis corpus et colorem.

“Cur mihi non facies melior data?” Sic solebat ille
Questus inanes pipilare secum :

“Cur non crista rubens in vertice? non venusta eyeni
“Candore cervix elegantîaque ?

“Stellatis radians Junonius ales est ocellis :
“Indignor hanc me non habere laudem.”

Talia plorabat quondam miser, aspicitque pluma
Stellis micantes forte qua jacebant :

Attollit spolia, et vitrei prope marginem fluenti
Suis laborat implicare pennis;

Qualis et ad speculum sedet anxia comiturque nympha,
Longas adornans se moratur horas ;

Deinde novâ lætatus imagine vadit ambulatque
Collumque jactat erigitque caudam ;

Pavonumque gregi, quasi plaudere possit ipsa Jumo,
Pavone jungit se superbiorem,

Ostentans avidè spectacula risui futura.

Quid multa ? Cernit agmen omne fraudem ;

Invadunt rostris non lenibus, exuuntque prædâ,

Locoque pellunt improbum fugantes.

In propriâ te pelle tene; simulata vix, opinor,

Aut feminas latebit aut volucres.

Nonne vides? Sacharissa nitens ubi prodit in catervas.

Nullam fefellit fucus is puellam;

Invidus extemplo præstantia risus ora curvat,

Meat malignus hinc et hinc susurrus.

Graculus infelix quo verteret? Ad suos sodales,

Pœnam daturus heu severiorem,

Avolat. "O generis turpissime," sic repulsus audit;

"Nostrosne cœtus ausus es redire?"

"Ludibrio cum sis pavonibus, anne graculorum

"Consortio videris esse dignus?"

"Ut tu temnebas alios, ita temneris vicissim;

"Hæc justa merces insolentiarum."

R. CLAY, PRINTER, BREAD STREET HILL.





