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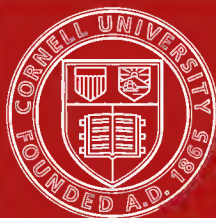
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Dublin translations into Greek and Latin



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DUBLIN UNIVERSITY PRESS SERIES.

DUBLIN TRANSLATIONS

INTO

.GREEK AND LATIN VERSE

EDITED BY

ROBERT YELVERTON TYRRELL

FELLOW OF TRINITY COLLEGE DUBLIN AND REGIUS PROFESSOR OF GREEK



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BY R. Y. TYRRELL.

BACCHAE of **EURIPIDES**. London: Longmans & Co., 1871.

MILES GLORIOSUS OF **PLAUTUS**. London: Macmillan & Co. (1st ed., 1881; 2nd ed., 1885; 3rd ed., 1889).

TROADES of **EURIPIDES**. Dublin: Browne and Nolan, 1889 (1st. ed., 1881; 2nd ed., 1884).

ACHARNIANS OF **ARISTOPHANES**:—Translated into English Verse. London: Longmans and Co., 1883.

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TO
THE PROVOST,
AND TO
THE SOCIETY OF
THE HOLY AND UNDIVIDED TRINITY NEAR DUBLIN
This Book
IS DEDICATED.

P R E F A C E.

THIS is the first collection which has ever been made of DUBLIN GREEK and LATIN VERSES. In 1867 some translations by myself and two friends were published under the title *Hesperidum Susurri*; and in 1869 I set on foot a terminal College magazine, called *Kottabos*, in which translations into Greek and Latin appeared, together with original English, Greek, and Latin verses, translations from ancient and modern languages, and a few light essays in prose. Most of the translations now brought together have already appeared in *Hesperidum Susurri* and *Kottabos*. They are all by Dublin men. With one or two exceptions, all the contributors are, or have been, Scholars of the House. Some of the translators are now connected, or have been

connected, with other Colleges and Universities. Messrs. Cullinan, Leech, and Ridgeway are Fellows of their Colleges in Cambridge. Mr. Davies is Professor of Latin in Galway; Mr. Crossley is Professor of Greek in Belfast; and Mr. Boulger is Professor of Greek in Cork. But I am authorized by these gentlemen to state that their verses are, in the fullest sense of the word, *Dublin Translations*, written under Dublin influences, and as the result of Dublin training.

I suppose no apology is needed for a collection like this. Whatever opinion may be held on the question whether versification should be required as a condition of success at examinations for prizes and honors in classics, it can hardly be denied that it is desirable to preserve the best efforts of those who have attained skill in this branch of classical study. In truth, the more verse-writing is disused as a test, the more reason does there appear to be for the publication of books like this. If the composer cannot secure as heretofore Scholarships and Fellowships by the exercise of his art, it is fair

that he should at least have the chance to recommend himself thereby to the good opinion of scholars, men of letters, and men of taste. In TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN, verse-writing is not disused as a test. Indeed, it never was more encouraged than it is now. But verse-writing does not, and never did, hold with us anything like the place which it used to hold in the Cambridge Tripos. Scholarships, Senior Moderatorships, even Fellowships, may be got with little or no skill in verse composition. But at all these examinations the marks are so allocated as to give a very considerable advantage to the skilful composer, and I think it would be difficult for a student to steadily maintain a position at the head of the men of his year without verse-writing.

I have had throughout the invaluable aid of my friend Professor Davies, and some of the principal contributors have from time to time favoured me with suggestions. But I was not able to furnish proofs to the various contributors—chiefly because they were widely scattered at the time when I was

making the compilation, and it was desirable that its publication should not be too long delayed. I must therefore make myself, and not the contributors, responsible for any errors which may be found.

ROBERT Y. TYRRELL.

4, TRIN. COLL., DUBLIN,
November, 1882.

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

Translations into Greek.

	PAGE
If you go on thus you will kill yourself	SHAKSPEARE 2
How now, my Lord ! why do you keep alone . . .	SHAKSPEARE 6
Hither came at noon Mournful CEnone	TENNYSON 12
Die Sonne tönt nach alter Weise	GOETHE 18
O unexpected stroke, worse than of death . . .	MILTON 22
Nimble mischance, that art so light of foot . . .	SHAKSPEARE 26
Child, if a man serve law through all his life . .	SWINBURNE 28
Though I could 'scape shot-free at London . . .	SHAKSPEARE 30
Ye shining hosts	COWPER 34
The king is kind ; and, well we know, the king . .	SHAKSPEARE 36
Can I cease to care	BURNS 40
Glorious Orb ! the idol Of early nature	BYRON 42
But, as he walk'd, King Arthur panted hard . . .	TENNYSON 46
Great honours are great burdens ; but on whom . .	BEN JONSON 52
Her arms across her breast she laid	TENNYSON 54
O well for him whose will is strong	TENNYSON 56
Had I beheld That sacrilege	TALFOURD 58
Now is the winter of our discontent	SHAKSPEARE 62
You all look strangely on me ; and you most . .	SHAKSPEARE 64
O gentlemen, see, see ! dead Henry's wounds . .	SHAKSPEARE 68
Thy voice is heard thro' rolling drums	TENNYSON 72

	PAGE
Then this most wretched father went his way . . .	LONGFELLOW 74
Shall all thy mother's hopes lie in one tomb . . .	SHAKSPEARE 76
Where Claribel low-lieth	TENNYSON 78
But now farewell. I am going a long way . . .	TENNYSON 80
Early wert thou taken, Mary	AYTOUN 82
Oh, that this too, too solid flesh would melt . . .	SHAKSPEARE 84
Ye quenchless stars ! so eloquently bright . . .	MONTGOMERY 86
Liest thou here so low, the child of one . . .	TENNYSON 90
Death closes all ; but something ere the end . . .	TENNYSON 94
Comme avec irrévérence	MOLIÈRE 96
In Love, if Love be Love, if Love be ours . . .	TENNYSON 98
Leucippus, thou art shot through with a shaft . . .	BEAU. & FLET. 100
O eine edle Himmelsgabe ist	SCHILLER 102
This is no answer, thou unfeeling man	SHAKSPEARE 106
Une jeune guenon cueillit	FLORIAN 112
But I remember	SHELLEY 114
As Saint Kevin he was walkin'	ANON. 118
My dearest love, since thou wilt go	HERRICK 124
Thou see'st it with a lovelorn maiden's eyes . . .	COLERIDGE 126
I have of late (but wherefore I know not) . . .	SHAKSPEARE 128
Relentless walls ! whose darksome round contains . . .	POPE 130
But as they left the darkening heath	SCOTT 134
Here a sheer hulk lies poor Tom Bowling	DIBDIN 136
Strew on her roses, roses	ARNOLD 140
This is strange : your father's in some passion . . .	SHAKSPEARE 142
Why did you melt your waxen man, Sister Helen . . .	ROSSETTI 146
The flower that smiles to-day to-morrow dies . . .	SHELLEY 156
Had'st thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground knife . . .	SHAKSPEARE 160
Then tenfold round the body The roar of battle rose . . .	MACAULAY 162
The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places . . .	2 SAMUEL 164
Meine Ruh' ist hin	GOETHE 166
Abhorred slave, Which any print of goodness wilt not take . . .	SHAKSPEARE 170
Three children sliding on the ice	G. GURTON 172
Come on, i' God's name, once more toward our father's . . .	SHAKSPEARE 174

	PAGE
Commend me to my loving countrymen	SHAKSPEARE 178
And after these things I saw four angels	REV. VII. 1-3 182
Est in Carpathio Neptuni gurgite vates	VIRGIL 184
Willkommen, schöner Jüngling	SCHILLER 188
How now, my lord ? why do you keep alone . . .	SHAKSPEARE 190
In these deep solitndes and awful cells	POPE 194
You have bestowed on me a second life	BEAUMONT 196
If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well .	SHAKSPEARE 198
O worship the king, all glorious above	GRANT 200
Whither away so fast, Aristodemus	SYMONDS 204
Strengthen ye the feeble hands	ISAIAH 210
Well, though it torture me, 'tis but the same . .	BYRON 212
What if this cursed hand	SHAKSPEARE 216
Lo, I stand Here on this brow's crown of the city's head	SWINBURNE 220
There was a king in Thulé	GOETHE 222
I see a man's life is a tedious one	SHAKSPEARE 226
This shalt thou Sustain not, nor thy son endure to see	SWINBURNE 230
Make no deep scrutiny Into her mutiny	HOOD 234
Come, is the bride ready to go to church	SHAKSPEARE 238
Here she lies a pretty bud	HERRICK 238
To be, or not to be: that is the question	SHAKSPEARE 240
Shall all thy mother's hopes lie in one tomb . .	SHAKSPEARE 246

Translations into Latin.

O you chorus of indolent reviewers	TENNYSON 248
Where, then, ah ! where shall poverty reside . .	GOLDSMITH 250
Billy Taylor was a brisk young fellow	INCERT. 254
Or, when the winter torrent rolls	SOUTHEY 258
Underneath the sod low-lying	ANON. 260
Call it not vain: they do not err	SCOTT 262
Thus the ideas, as well as children	LOCKE 264
Your hand is cauld as snaw, Annie	AYTOUN 266

	PAGE
Sweet Western Wind	HERRICK 268
Fair the face of orient day	BURNS 270
Come live with me, and be my love	DONNE 272
Ye have not sowed in vain	LYRA ANGL. 274
But, as the devil would have it	SHAKSPEARE 276
Meantime o'er rocky Thrace and the deep vales	THOMPSON 280
How calm, how beautiful comes on	MOORE 282
Armour rusting in his halls	WORDSWORTH 284
I am glad I am so acquit of this tinderbox	SHAKSPEARE 286
An arch accountant here is laid	INCERT. 288
'You are old, Father William,' the young man said	L. CARROLL 290
Thyrsis, when we parted, swore	GRAY 294
Of all the girls that are so smart	CAREY 296
Say, cruel Iris, pretty rake	GOLDSMITH 302
Few the words that I have spoken	KENNEDY 304
'Oh! it's time I should speak to your father'	LOVER 306
Methinks I fain would lie by the lone sea	B. CORNWALL 308
What! while our arms can wield these blades	MOORE 310
When lovely woman stoops to folly	GOLDSMITH 312
A plague of my master	DRYDEN 314
Come, old friend! sit down and listen	LONGFELLOW 316
Underneath this marble herse	BEN JONSON 320
Come not, when I am dead	TENNYSON 322
Strew on her roses, roses	ARNOLD 324
O many are the beauteous isles	WILSON 326
A widow bird sat mourning for her love	SHELLEY 328
How is 't, my noble lord	SHAKSPEARE 330
Push off the boat	GEORGE ELIOT 332
Thee Winter in the garland wears	WORDSWORTH 334
Stay now thy hand	INCERT. 336
Moral improvement	INCERT. 338
Oh, the praties they are small	INCERT. 340
Now all these charms, that beauteous grace	DRYDEN 342
In Beauty or Wit	POPE 344

		PAGE
Henceforward, too, the powers that tend the soul . . .	TENNYSON	346
The merchant to secure his treasure	PRIOR	348
Glaukopis forsakes her own	LYTTON	350
Poor tree ! a gentle mistress placed thee here . . .	CARLISLE	352
Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean . . .	TENNYSON	354
This only grant me, that my means may lie	COWLEY	356
Thou sleep'st, soft silken flower, would I were Sleep .	MERIVALE	358
Break, break, break	TENNYSON	360
Methinks I am batten'd well of late, grown lusty . .	FLETCHER	362
When we for age could neither read nor write . . .	WALLER	364
Why, why repine, my pensive friend	LANDOR	366
The mountain-ash deck'd with autumnal berries . .	WORDSWORTH	368
When Zephyr waves his balmy wings	HEMANS	370
Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn . . .	GOLDSMITH	372
Thy braes were bonny, Yarrow stream	LOGAN	374
Here lies our mutton-eating king	ROCHESTER	378
Go forth ! for she is gone	HEMANS	380
Led by the jocund train of vernal hours	LOVIBOND	382
When some brisk youth, the tenant of a stall . . .	BYRON	384
The rose, that in the springtide ventures forth . .	GRAVES	386
He is gone on the mountain	SCOTT	388
The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew	COLERIDGE	390
A literary lady	INCERT	392
She took my flowers with simple grace	MARTLEY	394
Fame, wisdom, love, and power were mine	BYRON	396
Here she lies, a pretty bud	HERRICK	398
Me gentle Delia beckons from the plain	POPE	400
When the Devil was sick in bed	INCERT	404
He rose at dawn, and, fired with hope	TENNYSON	406
There were two birds sat on a stone	G. GURTON	408
As the moon's soft splendour	SHELLEY	410
Come down, O maid, from yonder mountain height .	TENNYSON	412
Why, Damon, with the forward day	SEWELL	416
At the mid hour of night, when stars are weeping, I fly	MOORE	418

		PAGE
How seldom, friend, a good great man inherits . . .	COLERIDGE	420
And in a moment after, wild Limours . . .	TENNYSON	422
Come, give me back my blossoms . . .	BONAR	424
The world's great age begins anew . . .	SHELLEY	426
I no longer know my own house . . .	GOLDSMITH	428
Here's a bottle and an honest friend . . .	BURNS	430
But their way . . .	MILTON	432
Which when his ladie saw, she follow'd fast . . .	SPENSER	438
No fish stir in our heaving net . . .	ANON.	440
Why slumbers Gifford ? once was ask'd in vain . . .	BYRON	442
There were three sailors, of Bristol city . . .	THACKERAY	444
The world's a bubble, and the life of man . . .	BACON	448
What needs my Shakspeare, for his honoured bones . . .	MILTON	452
My pipe is lit ; my grog is mix'd . . .	HOOD	454
Our life is carried with too strong a tide . . .	COWLEY	462
The bride is dead ! the bride is dead . . .	B. CORNWALL	464
Idleness is a stream which flows slowly on . . .	SPECTATOR	466
Dear as remembered kisses after death . . .	TENNYSON	468
The frail flowers are dying . . .	TODHUNTER	470
O thou hollow ship, that bearest . . .	AYTOUN	474
We sat on the steps, for the evening was warm . . .	PUTNAM	476
There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet . . .	MOORE	478
By your truth she shall be true . . .	BROWNING	480
Go up and watch the new-born rill . . .	KEBLE	482
Yes, let me like a soldier fall . . .	FITZBALL	484
Lady Clara Vere de Vere . . .	TENNYSON	486
You ask me, wondering, why I sing . . .	ANON.	492
She had left all on earth for him . . .	HOUGHTON	494
Poor tree ! a gentle mistress placed thee here . . .	CARLISLE	496

Further translations into Greek.

		PAGE
They've lost some gallant gentlemen .	ANON.	497
Come, lovely and soothing Death .	W. WHITMAN	498
There once was a lady of Russia .	E. LEAR	500
The glories of our birth and state	SHIRLEY	502
When hungry fowl go roosting soon	L. COLLINS	504
Ho! fill me a flagon as deep as you please .	W. MELVILLE	506
My name is Caius Marcius	SHAKESPEARE	508
Yet once more, O ye laurels! and once more . . .	MILTON	510
There rose a hill that none but man could climb . .	TENNYSON	512
Yes! slain like Hector, smitten in the throat . . .	TYRRELL	514
Love, what ail'd thee to leave life that was made lovely, we thought, with love	SWINBURNE	516

LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS.

[The numbers indicate the page on which each composition begins.]

ALLEN, SAMUEL, 101, 263, 281, 333, 351, 367, 389, 463, 496.

BARRY, WILLIAM R., 347.

BEARE, J. I., 499, 507, 515.

BENSON, RALPH SILLERY, 295.

BOULGER, EDWARD VAUGHAN, 271.

BRADY, THOMAS JOHN BELLINGHAM, 75, 251, 267, 283, 289, 305, 325, 335,
353, 363, 373, 399, 407, 429, 441, 465, 475, 481, 483, 495.

BURY, JOHN B., 147, 167, 517.

COLLINS, RICHARD HENN, 381.

CROSSLEY, HASTINGS, 35, 59, 75, 171, 261, 265, 275, 291, 309, 329, 341, 359,
387, 409, 425, 445.

CULLINAN, MAXWELL CORMAC, 7, 29, 47, 65, 95, 115, 185, 197, 259,
343, 369.

DAVIES, JOHN FLETCHER, 3, 37, 57, 77, 99, 113, 129, 143, 161, 173, 191,
199, 239, 244, 249, 285, 317, 337, 365, 371, 375, 401, 419, 433,
453, 469.

DE BUTTS, GEORGE, 51.

DICKIE, JOHN, 489.

DOWDALL, LAUNCELOT, 131, 195, 205, 221, 231.

FLEMYNG, WILLIAM W., 41, 81, 137, 211, 239.

GABBETT, WILLIAM, 423, 439.

GRAVES, ALFRED PERCIVAL, 313.

GWYNN, EDWARD, 513.

HYDE, JOHN OLDFIELD, 471.

HITCHCOCK, FRANCIS, 505.

INGRAM, JOHN KELLS, 349.

JOYNT, ALBERT E., 503.

KEATING, JOHN, 383.

KEENE, CHARLES HAINES, 189.

KELLY, WILLIAM H., 487.

LEECH, HENRY BROUGHAM, 165, 246.

MAGUIRE, THOMAS, 19, 43, 135, 241, 311, 391, 421, 497.

MARTLEY, JOHN, 395.

MILLS, TOWNSEND, 79, 91, 355, 361.

MORGAN, WILLIAM MOORE, 23, 413.

MURRAY, JOHN, 479.

PALMER, ARTHUR, 83, 297, 321, 455.

QUILL, ALBERT, 27, 103.

RIDDALL, WALTER, 87, 327.

RIDGEWAY, WILLIAM, 119, 201, 223.

ROBERTS, WILLIAM, 63.

SULLIVAN, EDWARD, 431, 485.

STARKIE, W. J. M., 509.

TYRRELL, ROBERT YELVERTON, 13, 31, 55, 69, 85, 97, 125,
141, 157, 163, 183, 217, 237, 255, 277, 287, 303, 307,
315, 323, 331, 345, 357, 496, 501, 511.

TYRRELL, WILLIAM GERALD, 107, 175, 385, 443.

VERSCHOYLE, JOHN, 411.

WEST, JOHN, 273, 449.

WEST, RICHARD WHATELY, 127, 179, 213, 227, 339, 397,
417, 427, 467.

TRANSLATIONS INTO GREEK.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

ANTONIO—LEONATO.

A. If you go on thus you will kill yourself ;
And 'tis not wisdom thus to second grief
Against yourself.

L. I pray thee, cease thy counsel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitless
As water in a sieve : give not me counsel ;
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear,
But such a one whose wrongs do suit with
mine.
Bring me a father, that so loved his child,
Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
And bid him speak of patience ;
Measure his woe the length and breadth of
mine,
And let it answer every strain for strain ;
As, thus for thus, and, such a grief for such,
In every lineament, branch, shape, and form :
If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard,
And, 'sorrow, wag !' cry : hem, when he should
groan ;

EPICURUS NIHILI FACIT DOLOREM.

Α. ταῦτ' ἦν γένηται μᾶλλον οἰχθήσει θανών·
 κοῦ σωφρόνως τοι συμμαχεῖς ἀλγηδόνι
 ἐφ' αὐτὸν αὐτός.

Λ. λῆγέ μοι βουλὴν φέρων
 ἥτις δι' ὧτων εἰσιν ᾧδ' ἄχρηστος ὥς
 ἐς κόσκινον ῥεῖ νᾶμα· μὴ βούλευ' ἔτι·
 μηδεὶς δὲ μηδὲν ἡδὺ προσφέρῃ, κακῶς
 πλὴν εἴ τις ἔπαθεν ὥστ' ἰσορρεπεῖν ἐμοί.
 ἴτω πατήρ τις ἐξ ἴσου φιλῶν τέκνον,
 ἐφ' ἧ γέγηθεν εἰς ἴσην ὑπερβολήν,
 κεῖνος δ' ὑπείποι ταῦθ' ὅπως μαθήσομαι
 κούφως ἐνεγκεῖν· εἰ δ' ἀριθμήσας πόνοους
 ἀμφοῖν, ἐμῶν ἐς μῆκος ἐς δ' εὖρος μετρῶν,
 ὥστ' ἀντιτείνειν πῆμα πῆματος, τὸ μὲν
 τοῦ δ' ἀντισηκοῦν, κεῖνα δ' αὖ κείνων, κατὰ
 μέλη τε καὶ πρόσωπα καὶ δέμας τὸ πᾶν·
 ὁ δ' εἰ καταψῶν τὴν γένυν καὶ προσγελῶν
 'ἔρρ', ἄλγος' εἶπεν, εἰ δ' ἐπόππυσεν, δέον
 στένειν, ἐπέπλασεν δ' ἄχος παροιμίαις,
 τὴν συμφορὰν δ' ἐν τοῖς μεριμνηταῖς λόγων

Patch grief with proverbs ; make misfortune
drunk

With candle-wasters ; bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience.

But there is no such man ; for, brother, men
Can counsel, and speak comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel ; but, tasting it,
Their counsel turns to passion, which before
Would give preceptual medicine to rage,
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,
Charm ache with air, and agony with words.

No, no ; 'tis all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow ;
But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency,
To be so moral when he shall endure
The like himself : therefore give me no counsel :
My griefs cry louder than advertisement.

A. Therein do men from children nothing differ.

L. I pray thee, peace ; I will be flesh and blood ;
For there was never yet philosopher
That could endure the tooth-ache patiently ;
However they have writ the style of gods,
And made a push at chance and sufferance.

SHAKSPEARE.

ἐμέθυσεν, εἴ που γῆς τοιοῦτος ἔστ' ἀνὴρ,
 ἴτω, τρυγήσω δ' ὧδέ πως τὸ καρτερεῖν.
 ἀλλ' οὐ γὰρ ἔστιν· πᾶς δ' ἄπειρος ὢν κακῶν
 παρηγορεῖν τε καὶ φέρειν βουλὴν ἔχει·
 γεύσῃ δ' ἐπὴν τις αὐτόν, οἱ σοφοὶ λόγοι
 ὀργὴν ἐγείρουσ' οἷπερ ἤθελον τότε
 ὀδυνῶν βέβαια δεικνύναι τὰ φάρμακα,
 δῆσαί τε μανίαν ἐν μίτῳ βομβυκίων,
 ἄχος τ' ἐπώδαις, τὴν τ' ἀγωνίαν δύης
 φήμαις ἀκείσθαι· μὴ σύ γ'· ἀχθηδὼν ὅταν
 τρῦν κακῶν τιν' οὔτις ὅστις οὐ θέλει
 σύμβουλος εἶναι τοῦ φέρειν ῥᾶον κακά·
 παντὸς τόδ' ἔστιν ἔργον· ἀλλ' οὐδεὶς βροτῶν
 ἀνδρείως ὧδε κάστιν αὐταρκῆς φύσιν
 ὥς καὶ παθὼν ταῦτ' αὐτὸς ἐμμένειν λόγοις.
 ταῦτ' οὖν σὺ μὴ βούλευε· καὶ γὰρ οἱ πόνοι
 πάντων ὑπερβοῶσι κληδόνας λόγων.

- A. παίδων ἄρ' ἄνδρες διαφέρουσιν οὐκέτι.
 Λ. μὴ μοι λόγους ἔτ'· οὐ λίθος πέφυκ' ἐγώ·
 οὐδεὶς δ', ἐγῶμαι, τῶν ἄγαν σοφῶν ἔτλη
 ὀδόντας ἀλγῶν καρτερεῖν, εἰ καὶ μάλα
 ἔπη τὰ σέμν' ἔρριψεν, ὥς θεός τις ὢν,
 καὶ συμφοράς τε καὶ τύχας κατήλασεν.

MACBETH.

LADY MACBETH—MACBETH.

- L.M.* How now, my Lord ! why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions making,
Using those thoughts which should indeed
 have died
With them they think on ? Things without
 all remedy
Should be without regard ; what's done is done.
- M.* We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it :
She'll close and be herself ; whilst our poor
 malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let the frame of things disjoint, both the
 worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of those terrible dreams,
That shake us nightly : better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to
 peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie

ΚΥΡΙΟΙ ΕΤΝΩΜΟΤΑΙ.

- Γ. ἀλλ', ἀναξ, τί ταῦτα; ποίαν τήνδ' ἄγεις ἐρημίαν,
τοῖς ἄγαν λυπροῖς ὁμιλῶν καρδίας φαντάσμασιν,
χρώμενος γνώμαισιν οἴαις, τοῖσδ' ἄμ' ὦν γνώμη
 πέρρι,
ξυνθανεῖν θνήσκουσι χρήν ἄν; φροῦδα τὰ ξειργασ-
 μένα,
ξυμφοράς τ' ἐξωριάζειν τὰς ἀνηκέστους χρεῶν.
- Μ. ἡ τετρωμένη δ' ἔχιδνα καιρίαν μήπω τομὴν
τάχα παλιμβλαστῆς ἄσαντον ὥς πάρος φανεῖ φύσιν·
δύσφρονες δ' ἡμεῖς ματαίως τρέσομεν αὖ τὸ πρὶν
 δάκος.
εἴθε γὰρ στρεβλοῖτο γαίας πηγμάτων, εἴθε Τάρταρος
κούρανὸς πάθοι τι πρόσθεν ἢ 'μὲ σύνδειπνον πικ-
 ρὸν
δεῖμ' ἔχειν, ὕπνοις τ' ἀϋπνοῖς ὧδ' αἰεὶ κατ' εὐφρόνην
δυσπροσώποισιν τ' ὀνείροις ξυνταράσσεσθαι δέμας.
τοῖς κεκμηκόσι ξυνεῖναί φημι πρεσβεύειν πολύ,
οὗς ἐγὼ κῦρος ματεύων εἰσάπαξ ἐκοίμισα,
μᾶλλον ἢ ψυχὴν ἀλύειν νυκτιπλάγκτοισιν δύαις.

In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave ;
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well ;
Treason has done his worst ; nor steel, nor
poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further.

L. M. Come on ;
Gentle, my Lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks ;
Be bright and jovial among your guests to-
night.

M. So shall I, love ; and so, I pray, be you :
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo ;
Present him eminence, both with eye and
tongue :
Unsafe the while, that we
Must lave our honours in this flattering stream,
And make our faces vizards to our hearts,
Disguising what they are.

L. M. You must leave this.

M. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife !
Thou know'st that Banquo, and his Fleance,
lives.

L. M. But in them Nature's copy's not eterne.

M. There's comfort yet ; they are assailable ;
Then be thou joeund : ere the bat hath flown

τόν γε κοίρανον κατίσχει τύμβος, ὑπνώσσει βα-
θύν,

πίτυλον αἰῶνος περάσας, πυρετὸν ἀστάθμητον ὥς.
Προδοσία δ' ἐξείκε πάντα δὴ κάλων· οὐδὲ ξίφος,
οὐδ' ἐνοίκιος στάσις τις, οὐδ' ἐπηλύδων ἼΑρης,
οὐδὲ φάρμακόν τι, κεῖ τι τῶνδε δυσχιμώτερον,
τοῦδ' ἐφάπτεσθαι δύναιτ' ἂν οὐποτ' αὐθις ὕστε-
ρον.

Γ. ἄγε, φέριστ' ἄναξ, λεήνας τάσδε τραχείας ὀφρῦς,
νυκτεροῖς θοινατόρων κώμοισι φαιδρόνους πρέπε.

Μ. ὥς ἴδοις ἔμ' ὄντα τοιόνδ' οὔσα τοιαύτη, φίλη!
ἀλλὰ δεῖ σ' ὅπως μελήσει Βάγκον ἐν τιμῇ σέβειν
ρήμασιν τε καὶ προσόψει· τὸν γὰρ ἐν μέσῳ χρό-
νον

οὐχὶ κινδύνων ἄνευ 'στίν, ὥς μελιγλώσσοις λόγων
ρεύμασιν δεύειν γέρα δεῖ· δεῖ τε προσποιουμένους
ὄμμ' ὑπόβλητον καλύπτειν οἷα καλχαίνει κέαρ.

Γ. δεῖ δέ σ' ἐντεῦθεν γ' ἀφορμᾶν.

Μ. ὦ γύναι, κεντήμασιν

σκορπίων ἐμοὶ βρύει φρήν, οὐνεκ' ἐς ζῶντας τελεῖ
Βάγκος, ὥς σκεθρῶς ἐπίστα, χῶ νεανίας ἔτι.

Γ. ἡ φύσις δ' ὅμως ἐκείνοιον οὐχὶ συγγράψασ' ἔχει
τοῦ βίου τὸ ξυμβόλαιον εἰς τὸν αἰανῆ χρόνον.

Μ. ἔτι παραψυχὴ τις ἔστιν· τοῖνδ' γ' ἐμπίπτειν πάρα·
πρὸς τὰδ' οὖν εὐελπὶς ἴσθι· πρὶν γὰρ ἢ κατηρεφῇ

His cloister'd flight, ere to black Hecate's
summons

The shard-borne beetle with his drowsy hums
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall
be done

A deed of dreadful note.

L. M. What's to be done ?

M. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling
night,

Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day ;
And with thy bloody and invisible hand
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
Which keeps me pale ! Light thickens ; and
the crow

Makes wing to the rooky wood :
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,
Whiles night's black agents to their preys do
rouse.

Thou marvell'st at my words ; but hold thee
still ;

Things bad begun make strong themselves by
ill.

So, prithee, go with me.

SHAKSPEARE.

ἐν στοαῖς νυκτερίδα κυκλεῖν πτῆσιν, ἣ κολεόπτε-
ρον

κάνθαρον φαιοχίτωνος πρὸς Ἑκάτης ὑπάγγελον,
τὸν βρόμους βομβοῦνθ' ὑπνώδεις, νύκτ' ἐπιρροίβ-
δην λακεῖν,

ἄξιον πρᾶγός τι δεινοῦ σήματος πεπράξεται.

Γ. ἀλλὰ τί τόδε πρᾶγος εἶπας;

Μ. ἄϊδρις ἴσθι, φιλτάτη,
ἔστ' ἂν αὐτὸ τοῦργμ' ἐπαινῇς. Εἰ' ἄγ', ὀμματο-
στερὲς

Ἡμέρας ἐξομμάτωσον, Νύξ, φιλοίκτιρμον φάος,
αἵματορρύτῳ τε χειρὶ κασκόπῳ σεμνὸν τόδε
ξύμβολον διασπάραξον, ὃ μ' ἔτι λευκαίνει ῥέθος.
ἔα'

ξυννεφὲς τὸ φῶς θολοῦται, καὶ φιλόρνηθας κόραξ
πρὸς μυχοὺς ὕλης ποτᾶται· τᾶσθλὰ μὲν παρει-
μένα

ἡμέρας ἀμβλύνεται νῦν, οἱ δὲ λυγαῖοι σκότου
πρόσπολοι πάντες πρὸς ἄγραν ἐξεγείρονται βο-
ρᾶς.

τὰμὰ θαυμάσας' ἔχεις που· σίγα δ' εὐφήμως ἔχε'
τὰπὸ φροιμίων κακῶν τοι τοῖς κακοῖς ἀλδαίνεται.
πρὸς τὰδ' αἰρέ μοι, σ' ἱκνοῦμαι, κοινόπουν ῥυθμὸν
ποδός.

OENONE.

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

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

ΔΥΣΕΡΩΣ ΤΙΣ ΑΓΑΝ.

τηνεῖ δ' ἦνθ' ἔνδιος ἀγάστονος ἡλαίνουσα
 τὸν Πάριν Οἰνώνα διζημένα, ᾧ τὸ πάρος περ
 σύμπαισδ' ἀ μέγαλοιτος ἀν' ὥρεα βωκολέοντι.
 ἄνθος δὲ ῥοδόμαλον ὑπέρρρεε, τάκετο δὲ χρώς,
 ἐκ δὲ κάρης δεδόνατο κόμα λιπαροπλοκάμοιο,
 ἥε καὶ ἀτρέμας εὔσα δονευμένα ἔξοχ' ἐώκει.
 ῥωγάδι δ' ἐν πέτρᾳ κεκονιμένα οἶναρέοισι
 εὔ ἐνερειαμένα ὠδύρατο, μέσφ' ὅκα κώρας
 ὠριγνᾶθ' ἔρποισα πέτρας ἀπὸ λεπράδος ὀρφνά.

ἡνίδε τυ θνάσκοισά τυ τὰν πολυπίδακα βωστρῶ.
 κλῦθι, φίλα μᾶτερ, τὰ πανύστατα κλῦθί μεν, Ἰδα.
 ἡνίδε σιγῇ μὲν τὸ μεσαμβρινὸν ὥρεα καῦμα,
 οἱ δ' ἀκρίδες σιγῶντ', ἵκελος σκιᾷ ἄσυχ' ἰαύει
 σαῦρος ἐφ' αἵμασιᾷ, σιγὰν δ' ἔχει ἀχέτα τέττιξ.
 τὰ ῥόδα νεύει ἔρασδε, φίλα, ξουθά τε μέλισσα
 λευκοῖοισιν ἐνεύδει, ἐμὰ δ' οὐχ εὐδαι ἀνία.
 ὅσσε δεδάκρυνται, μέγα μὰν ποτικάρδιον ἔλκος,
 πᾶσα δ' ὄλωλ' ὑπ' ἔρωτος, ὑπ' ὀφρῦσι δ' ὄμματα ναρκῇ,
 οὐδ' ἔτ' ἐμὴν μέλεται ζῶειν τήνοιο χατεύσα.

O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida,
Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die !
Hear me, O earth ! hear me, O hills ! O caves
That house the cold-crown'd snake ! O mountain-
 brooks,
I am the daughter of a River-god ;
Hear me, for I will speak, and build up all
My sorrow with my song, as yonder walls
Rose slowly to a music slowly breathed,
A cloud that gathered shape : for it may be
That while I speak of it, a little while
My heart may wander from its deeper woe.

O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida,
Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die !
I waited underneath the dawning hills :
Aloft the mountain lawn was dewy-dark,
And dewy-dark aloft the mountain pine :
Beautiful Paris, evil-hearted Paris,
Leading a jet-black goat, white-horn'd, white-hoof'd,
Came up from reedy Simois all alone.

O mother Ida, hearken ere I die !
Far off the torrent call'd me from the cleft :
Far up the solitary morning smote

ἡνίδε τυ θνάσκοισά τυ τὰν πολυπίδακα βωστρῶ.
 κλῦθι, φίλα μᾶτερ, τὰ πανύστατα κλῦθί μεν, Ἰδα.
 φράσδεο, Γᾶ· φράσδεσθε, γεώλοφα· κέκλυθ' ἅ πάσχω,
 κρύπτοισαι σπήλυγγες ὄφιν τὸν ψυχροκάρανον·
 κλῦθι καταχῆς ὕδωρ τὸ κατὰ κραμινῶν κελαρύσδες,
 ἐκγέγαμες Ποταμῶ· πολυπενθέα δ' οἷτον ἔχουσα
 ἀσεῦμαι, τήνω δ' ὥς κράδεμνα πτολιέθρω
 ἐστάκαντι βάδην ὑπὸ δώνακος ἀδὺ πνέοντος,
 ὥς νέφος ἀγρόμενον βραδέως μόγις, ὧδε τάλαινα
 θράνοις ὠρανίοισιν ὑπέρμεγα πάζομαι ἄσμα,
 ἔντι γὰρ ὥς ποκ' ἐμὶν τάδε πένθεα δακρυοῖσα,
 ἅ κραδία πλαγχθείη ἀπ' ἄλγεος ἄλλ' ἡβαιόν.

ἡνίδε τυ θνάσκοισά τυ τὰν πολυπίδακα βωστρῶ.
 ἦν ὑπ' ἀκρωρείαισι δοκευμένα, ἄμος ἀνίει
 Ἄλιος, ἀκροκνέφαια δ' ἄνωθ' ἔστιλβε κάρανα,
 χὰ πίτυς ἀκροκνέφαιος ἐτέγγετο πρῶκί ποτόρθρῳ,
 ἀνὶκ' ἀπὸ θρυόεντος ἀμειβόμενον Σιμόεντος
 τὸν τὸ καλὸν ποθορεῦντα, τὸ πᾶν κακόν, εἶδον ἄγοντα
 αἶγα Πάριν χίμαρον, πάντων ἀπὸ νόσφιν ἐταίρων,
 ἀργικέρωτ', ἄργοπλον, ἅπαν περὶ δέρμα κελαινόν.

ἡνίδε τυ θνάσκοισά τυ τὰν πολυπίδακα βωστρῶ.
 ἐσχατῶν χείμαρρος ἀπὸ ῥωγμοῖό μ' ἐβώστρει,
 τηλόθε δ' ἀτρίπτοις νιφάσιν μωνόστολος Ἄως

The streaks of virgin snow. With down-dropt
eyes

I sat alone : white-breasted like a star,
Fronting the dawn he moved : a leopard-skin
Droop'd from his shoulder, but his sunny hair
Cluster'd about his temples like a god's ;
And his cheek brighten'd, as the foam-bow brightens
When the wind blows the foam, and all my heart
Went forth to embrace him coming ere he came.

Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die !
He smiled, and opening out his milk-white palm
Disclosed a fruit of pure Hesperian gold,
That smelt ambrosially, and while I look'd
And listen'd, the full-flowing river of speech
Came down upon my heart. ' My own CEnone,
Beautiful-brow'd CEnone, my own soul,
Behold this fruit, whose gleaming rind engrav'n
"For the most fair," would seem to award it
thine,

As lovelier than whatever Oread haunt
The knolls of Ida, loveliest in all grace
Of movement, and the charm of married brows.'

TENNYSON.

ἔμπεσεν ἐσχατιαῖς, τὰ δ' ἐπὶ χθονὸς ὄμματ' ἔπαξα
 ἐσδομένα κάτα μούνα, ὃ δ' ἀντολὰς ἦε ποθείκων,
 στήθεα δ' ἀστερόενθ' ὑπεφαίνετο, παρδαλέα δὲ
 ἡῶρειθ' ὑπὲρ ὦμω, ἀπὸ κροτάφων δὲ κίκιννοι,
 Ἄλιος ὥς, ἐκέχυντο, θεοῖς μακάρεσσιν ὅμοιοι·
 ταῖ δ' ἵκελαι ἴρισσιν ἐφαιδρύνοντο παρειαί
 τανίκα φαινομέναισιν ὄκα, πνείνοντος ἀήτου,
 ἀφρὸς κορθύεται, τὸν δ' ὥς ἴδον ὥς πανάποτμος
 ἐφθασσ' ἢ ἐπαρήμεν ὀρεξαμένα ἐφιλάσαι.

ἡνίδε τυ θνάσκοισά τυ τὰν πολυπίδακα βωστρῶ.
 ἀλλ' ὃ γὰρ χεῖρ' ὥρεξε (γέλως δέ οἱ εἶχετο χεῖλες)
 λευκοτέραν γλάγεος, καλὸν δέ τ' ἐδείξατο μᾶλον
 χρύσειον, Ἑσπερίδων κάπων ὃ θέημα τέτυκτο,
 ἀμβροσίας δὲ ποτῶσδεν, ἄφαρ δ' ἐπέων αἰτοῖσα
 ἐκ θυμῷ δέδεμαι, τὰ δέ τοι πλημμυρίδι ἴσα
 ἔρρεεν ἐκ στόματος, καί μεν φρενὸς ἄψατο πάντα.
 ὦ χαρίεσσ' Οἰνῶνα, ἐμὸς πόθος, ὦ κυάνοφρυ,
 ἡνίδε τὴν τόδε μᾶλον, ὅπερ φαίη κέ τις ἡμέας
 μούνα τὴν πρέπον ἄθλον, ὅτις τάδε γράμματα φλοιῷ
 ἀννείμαι γραφθένθ', ἅτις χαριεστάτα ἴσχοι'.
 θᾶσαι, ἐν Ὀρρεάδεσσι κεκασμένα, αἵτε πολεῦνται
 τὼς Ἰδας κναμῶς, σύνοφρυς κόρα, ἀβρὰ βιβᾶσα.'

ROBERT Y. TYRRELL.

PROLOG IM HIMMEL.

(DIE DREI ERZENGELEN TRETEN VOR.)

RAPHAEL.

Die Sonne tönt nach alter Weise
In Brudersphären Wettgesang,
Und ihre vorgeschriebne Reise
Vollendet sie mit Donnergang.
Ihr Anblick gibt den Engeln Stärke,
Wenn keiner sie ergründen mag;
Die unbegreiflich hohen Werke
Sind herrlich, wie am ersten Tag.

GABRIEL.

Und schnell und unbegreiflich schnelle
Dreht sich umher der Erde Pracht;
Es wechselt Paradieseshelle
Mit tiefer, schauervoller Nacht;
Es schäumt das Meer in breiten Flüssen
Am tiefen Grund der Felsen auf,
Und Fels und Meer wird fortgerissen
In ewig schnellem Sphärenlauf.

Ι Ξ Ι Ω Ν .

ΧΟΡΟΣ.

ξύγγονος ἥλιος ἀντηχήσας
 ἀστράσι μολπὴν οὐρανίοισιν
 δρόμον ἀέναον τέμνει δίφροις
 χαλκοκεράνους·
 ἐνέπνευσε δ' ἄλφω πάμβοτος ἰσχὺν
 μεγάλοισι θεοῖς, αὐτὸς ἄβυσσος·
 κόσμου δὲ μένει
 φύσις ἀθάνατος καὶ ἀγήρως.

γαίᾳς δ' ἰδέα ποικιλονώτου
 τροχοδινεῖται τάχος ἀφραστον,
 νυκτὸς κρυερᾶς ἡμαρ λευκὸν
 διαμειψαμένη·
 κύματα δὲ ζεῖ μακρὰ θαλάσσης
 νειόθεν ἄλμῃ σηράγγων ἕξ·
 ἄστρων δ' ἐν ὁδοῖς
 χέρσος θ' ὑγρά τε φοροῦνται.

MICHAEL.

Und Stürme brausen um die Wette,
Vom Meer auf's Land, vom Land auf's Meer,
Und bilden wüthend eine Kette
Der tiefsten Wirkung rings umher ;
Da flammt ein blitzendes Verheeren
Dem Pfade vor des Donnerschlags :
Doch deine Boten, Herr, verehren
Das sanfte Wandeln deines Tags.

ZU DREI.

Der Anblick gibt den Engeln Stärke,
Da keiner dich ergründen mag,
Und alle deine hohen Werke
Sind herrlich, wie am ersten Tag.

GOETHE.

ἄγριοι δ' ἄνεμοι πνεύμασι λάβροις
γαῖαν πόντῳ ξυμμίξαντες
ξυνέχουσιν ὅμως· πάντα γὰρ ἐντὸς
ψυχῇ νωμᾷ·
στεροπαὶ δ' ὀλοᾶς πρόδρομοι βροντῆς
ἐκλάμπουσιν· πάρεδροι δ' ὑπάτου
Ζηνὸς ἔκηλοι
θαμβοῦσιν πραότατον φῶς.

ὥς Ζεὺς αὖξει πάμβοτος ἰσχὺν
μεγάλοισι θεοῖς, αὐτὸς ἄβυσσος·
κόσμου δὲ μένει
φύσις ἀθάνατος καὶ ἀγήρως.

T. MAGUIRE·

EVE'S LAMENTATION.

O UNEXPECTED stroke, worse than of death !
Must I thus leave thee, Paradise ? thus leave
Thee, native soil ? these happy walks and
 shades,
Fit haunt of gods ? where I had hoped to
 spend,
Quiet though sad, the respite of that day
That must be mortal to us both ! O flowers,
That never will in other climate grow,
My early visitation, and my last
At even, which I bred up with tender hand
From the first opening bud, and gave ye
 names !
Who now shall rear ye to the sun, or rank
Your tribes, and water from the ambrosial
 fount ?

ΚΑΙ ΧΑΙΡΕ.

οἴμ' ὡς ἀέλπτῳ, καιρίας ὑπερτέραν
 πληγείσα, τῇδε συμφορᾷ διόλλυμαι.
 ὦ θεῖον ἄλσος, δεῖ σ' ἄρ' ἐκλείπειν ἐμέ,
 γενέθλιόν τε βῆσαν, ἔνθ' ὑπόσκιον
 χαρά μ' ὑφείρπε δαιμόνων κατάξιος·
 ἐν ἧ τὸ λειφθὲν τῆς τε νῦν μεταίχμιον
 καὶ τῆς φερούσης ἡμέρας βίου τέλος
 ἔκηλος ἄξειν ἤλπισ', ἀφιλον ἀλλ' ὅμως.
 ὦ χαίρετ' ἄνθη, βλαστάνειν γὰρ οὐδαμοῦ
 μελλήσεται ἄλλοθ', ὧν τροφήν ἅμ' ἡλίῳ
 τέλλοντι πρώτων καὶ φθίνοντι λιοισθίων
 φοιτῶσα χερσὶ μαλθακαῖς παρειχόμεν,
 ἃ τ' ὠνόμαζον κάλυκος ἐκ λοχευμάτων·
 τίς νῦν τάδ' ὑμῶν ἐκτρέφων πρὸς ἥλιον
 διακρινεῖ τε φύλα, καὶ θείας ἀπὸ
 κρήνης παρέξει χρησιμώτατον γάνος;

Thee lastly, nuptial bower, by me adorn'd
With what to sight or smell was sweet! from
thee

How shall I part, and whither wander down
Into a lower world, to this obscure
And wild? how shall we breathe in other air
Less pure, accustom'd to immortal fruits?

MILTON.

σὲ δ' ἂν προσαιδᾶν, ὦ στέγος γαμήλιον,
πανύστατον θέλοιμι, πᾶσιν ἐκπρεπές,
εἴ μοί τιν' ὁσμῇ καὶ χλιδῇ σαίνειν φιλεῖ·
σοῦ δὴ στερεῖσα πῶς ἀμείψωμαι πλάναις
ἔδρων σκοτεινὴν ἀντὶ τῶνδ' ἐρημίαν;
αὔρας δυσαύλου πῶς με θρέψουσιν πνοαὶ
ἀγηράτοις καρποῖσιν ὧδ' εἰθισμένην;

W. M. J. MORGAN.

SUNT LACRIMAE RERUM.

Q. NIMBLE mischance, that art so light of foot,
Doth not thy embassy belong to me,
And am I last that knows it? O, thou think'st
To serve me last, that I may longest keep
Thy sorrow in my breast. Come, ladies, go,
To meet at London London's king in woe.
What, was I born to this, that my sad look
Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke?
Gardener, for telling me these news of woe
Pray God the plants thou graft'st may never
grow.

G. Poor queen! so that thy state might be no
worse,

I would my skill were subject to thy curse.
Here did she fall a tear; here in this place
I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace:
Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,
In the remembrance of a weeping queen.

SHAKSPEARE.

ΑΘΗΣ ΠΑΓΚΛΑΥΤΟΝ ΘΕΡΟΣ.

- Α. ὦ τῆς μελαίνης ὠκύπουν ἄτης τέρας,
οὐ δῆτα κῆρυξ αἰὲν ἦσθ' ἐμοὶ κακῶν;
πῶς οὖν τάδ' ἔμαθον ὦδ' ἐν ὑστάτοις ἐγώ;
ἀλλ' ὕστερον γὰρ ἦλθες ἄγγελος βραδύς,
ὥς καρδία μήκιστον ἦδ' ἄχος τρέφῃ.
ἴτ' οὖν Ἀθήναζ' ὥστ' Ἀθηναίων ἰδεῖν
πενθοῦντ' ἄνακτα· μῶν δέδορκα φῶς τόδε
δώσουσα χάρμ' ἐχθροῖσι δακρύων ὑπο;
κηπουρέ, τῶνδ' ἐμοὶ λόγων κακάγγελε,
ὅλοιτο τοῦδε πρέμνοθεν κήπον φυτά.
- Κ. εἴ πως, ἄνασσα τλήμων, ὦδέ γ' εὐτυχοῖς,
πάντως ὅλοιτ' αὐτοῖσι κήπος ἄνθειςιν.
τῇδ' ἢ τάλαιν' ἔβαλλε δάκρυον πικρόν·
ἦ πήγανον τῇδ', ἐργάνην τῶν χερνίβων,
πικρὸν σπερῶ—πηγαὶ γὰρ ἐξ ὅσσων πικραὶ
τῇδ' ἐρράγησαν—μνήμα βασιλείου δύης.

A. W. QUILL.

ATALANTA.

CHILD, if a man serve law through all his
life,
And with his whole heart worship, him all
gods
Praise : but who loves it only with his lips,
And not in heart and deed desiring it,
Hides a perverse will with obsequious words,
Him heaven infatuates : and his twin-born fate
Tracks and gains on him, scenting sins far off,
And the swift hounds of violent death devour.
Be man at one with equal-minded gods,
So shall he prosper : not thro' laws torn up,
Violated rule, and a new face of things.
A woman armed makes war upon herself,
Unwomanlike ; and treads down use and wont,
And the sweet common honour that she hath,
Love, and the cry of children.

SWINBURNE.

ΔΙΚΑΣ Δ' ΕΠΕΙΔΕΤΑΙ ΠΥΘΜΗΝ.

εἰ γάρ τις, ὦ παῖ, παντὶ συμμέτρως βίῳ
 ὑπηρετεῖ νόμοισι, τιμαλφῶν δίκην
 εὖ παντὶ θυμῷ, τόνδ' ἐπαινοῦσιν θεοί·
 ὃς δ' ἂν φιλῇ νιν στόματος ἕξ ἄκρου μόνον,
 μήτ' ἔργασιν μήτ' ἐκ φρενῶν θηρώμενος,
 σκληρὸν καλύπτει μαλθακοῖς κέαρ λόγοις
 καὶ δαιμονᾷ θεοῖς· τῷδε Μοῖρ' ὁμόςπορος
 ἄσσει κατ' ἵχνη πομπίμοις ποσίν, κακῶν
 ἐκὰς πρὸς ὁσμὴν, καὶ σπαράσσουσιν κύνες
 Ἄιδου ταχεῖαι σάρκα. θεοῖσι δ' εὐφροσιν
 γένοιθ' ὁμόφρων, εἴ τις εὖ πράσσειν θέλει,
 καὶ μὴ νόμοισι πρέμνοθεν πανωλέθροις
 ἀναρχία τε καὶ νέαις καταστροφαῖς.
 γυνὴ μὲν αὐτῇ πολεμία 'σθ' ὥπλισμένη
 οὐ πρὸς γυναικός, καὶ καθιππεύει νόμον
 καὶ θεσμόν, ἥδιστόν τε πάγκοινων σέβας,
 ἔρωτα καὶ πρόσφθεγμα φίλτατον τέκνων.

MAX CULLINAN.

A PLAGUE OF ALL COWARDS, SAY I.

FALSTAFF—PRINCE HENRY.

F. THOUGH I could 'scape shot-free at London, I fear the shot here ; here's no scoring but upon the pate. Soft ! Who are you ? Sir Walter Blunt : there's honour for you ! here's no vanity ! I am as hot as molten lead, and as heavy too : God keep lead out of me ! I need no more weight than mine own bowels. I have led my ragamuffins where they are peppered ; there's not three of my three hundred and fifty left alive ; and they are for the town's end, to beg through life. But who comes here ?

P. What stand'st thou idle here ? lend me thy sword :

Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,

ΜΑΣΘΛΗΣ, ΕΙΡΩΝ, ΓΛΟΙΟΣ, ΑΛΑΖΩΝ.

Κλεώνυμος—“Ερρικός.

Κ. Ἐν τὰγορᾷ μὲν ἀσύμβολος ἂν ἀπωχόμην,
 βδύλλω δὲ ταύτῃ πολεμίω τὴν ξυμβολήν,
 πρὶν γάρ τι πράττεσθαι τιν', ἐκπραχθήσεται.
 βαβαί· τίς ὁ ταύτῃ κείμενος; λέγων κυρῶ
 Θρασύμαχον; ὦ Ζεῦ, τὸ κλέος οἱ τελεῖ βροτῶν
 οὐ δὴ φενακισμὸς μὰ Δία τὸ καλῶς κλύειν.
 θερμότερος οὐ μὲν τηκτὸς οὐδὲ βαρύτερος
 μόλυβδος, ὃν Ζεὺς ἀποτρέποι πλευρῶν ἐμῶν·
 ἄλλις τὸ γαστρίον τόδ' ὃ πιέζει μ' αἰεί.
 εἴ τοι λόχον ἐμόν, ῥακόδυντ' ὄντα καθάρματα,
 ἐνεχύτρις, ἐκ γὰρ τῶνδε πεντήκοντ' ἐγὼ
 τριακοσίω τ' ἐς οἶκον οὐ μὰ Δί' οὐδὲ τρεῖς
 ἔσωσα, πεινήσοντας ἐν φορυτῷ κακῶς
 παρὰ τὴν ἔπαλξιν.

Ε. οὗτος, ἐνθάδε τί παθὼν
 ἔστηκας ἀργός; φέρε δέ, φάσγανον τὸ σὸν
 ἀνύσας τι χρῆσον, ὥς τις εὐγενὴς χαμαὶ
 κεῖται γέλως ἐχθροῖσι, λὰξ πατούμενος,

Whose deaths are yet unrevenged ; I prithee,
lend me thy sword.

F. Oh ! Hal, I prithee give me leave to breathe
awhile. Turk Gregory never did such deeds in
arms, as I have done this day. I have paid
Percy, I have made him sure.

P. He is, indeed ; and living to kill thee.
I prithee lend me thy sword.

F. Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be alive, thou
get'st not my sword ; but take my pistol, if thou
wilt.

P. Give it me ; what, is it in the case ?

F. Ay, Hal ; 'tis hot, 'tis hot : there's that will
sack a city.

[The Prince draws it out, and finds it to be a bottle of sack.]

P. What, is it a time to jest and dally now ?

SHAKSPEARE.

φόνῳ πεπηγὼς πέλανος, ἀλλὰ τὸ ξίφος
χρήσων, φέρ'.

K. ἀλλὰ σ' ἀντιβολοῦμεν, φίλτατε,
δὸς καὶ βραχείαν ἀναπνοήν, οὐ γὰρ καλὰ
οὐδ' αὐτὸς ἔδρασ' ὁ Λάμαχος τοιαῦτά πω
οἷ' ἡμέρᾳ τῇδ' οὗτος ἀνὴρ· ἐτισάμην
Πέρσην, τὸ πρᾶγμ' ἄδηλον ὅποι προβήσεται,
οὗ τοι λέλοιπ'.

E. οὐ δῆτα, σῶ γὰρ ἐπ' ὀλέθρῳ
ζῇ κείνος, ἀλλ' ὡς τὸ ξίφος οὐ δώσων λέγεις;

K. οὐ μὰ τὸν Ἀπόλλω ζῶντος ἔκεινοντ' γ' ἐγώ,
ἀλλ' ἦν ἰδοὺ θώρακα τὸν ἐμὸν ἂν λάβοις.

E. ἀνύσας τι δὴ μοι δός· τί δ'; ἄρ' ἐν τῷλύτρῳ;

K. μάλιστα, νῆ τὸν Πᾶνα, καὶ πάνν χλιαρός,
σὺν τῷδε δ' ὡς ἄριστα τις θωρήξεται.

E. οὐ δεινὰ τοίῳ σε παραληρεῖν ἐν χρόνῳ;

ROBERT V. TYRRELL.

ADDRESS TO THE STARS.

YE shining hosts,
That navigate a sea that knows no storms,
Beneath a vault unsullied by a cloud,
As one who, long detained on foreign shores,
Pants to return, and when he sees afar
His country's weather-bleached and battered
rocks
From the green wave emerging, darts an
eye
Radiant with joy towards the happy land ;
So I with animated hopes behold,
And many an aching wish, your beamy fires,
That show like beacons in the blue abyss,
Ordained to guide the embodied spirit home
From toilsome life to never-ending rest.

COWPER.

Ω ΝΥΞ ΜΕΛΑΙΝΑ, ΧΡΥΣΕΩΝ ΑΣΤΡΩΝ ΤΡΟΦΕ.

ἄστρον φαεινῶν κοινόπλους ὀμιλία,
 τέμνουσα πόντον πνευμάτων ἀνήμεμον,
 πόλου κυκλωθεῖς αἰθρίῳ περιπτυχῇ,
 ὥσπερ χρονίζων δαρὸν ἀκταῖσι ξέναις
 ἐφίεται τις νοστήμου σωτηρίας,
 θαλασσοπλήκτους δ' εἰσιδὼν κρημνοὺς πάτρας,
 γλαυκῆς ἐπαντέλλοντας ἐκ βαφῆς σάλου,
 ἀφῆκε πρὸς γῆν εὐμενεστάτην ἐκάς
 ἐξ ὀμμάτων τόξευμα φαιδρωπὸν χαρᾶς·
 τοιῶδε κἄμὸν ἐντεθέρμανται κέαρ
 πόθῳ πτοηθὲν ἐλπίδων θυμοφθόρῳ,
 ἰδόντος αὐγὴν ἀστερωπὸν οὐρανοῦ
 βυθοῖσι κυανέοισιν, ἀγγάρου πυρὸς
 δίκην πρέπουσαν, ὡς βροτῶν τυφλὴ βάσις,
 τοιοῦδ' ὑψηλῆς ἐξηρημένης,
 εὐροῦσα δῖαν παῦλαν ἐκλήξῃ πόνων.

HASTINGS CROSSLEY.

‘YOU ARE A SHALLOW, COWARDLY HIND, AND YOU LIE.’

HOTSPUR.

THE king is kind; and, well we know, the
king

Knows at what time to promise, when to
pay.

My father, and my uncle, and myself,
Did give him that same royalty he wears :
And—when he was not six-and-twenty strong,
Sick in the world’s regard, wretched and
low,

A poor, unminded outlaw sneaking home—
My father gave him welcome to the shore :
And—when he heard him swear and vow to
God

He came but to be Duke of Lancaster,
To sue his livery, and beg his peace,
With tears of innocency and terms of zeal—
My father, in kind heart and pity mov’d,
Swore him assistance, and perform’d it, too.
Now, when the lords and barons of the realm

‘THIS KING OF SMILES, THIS BOLINGBROKE.’

ΟΖΟΠΥΡΟΣ.

ἀλλ' εὖ δίδωσι· τὸν δ' ἄνακτ' ἔγνωχ' ὅτι
 τὸ μὲν προτείνειν ἐκτελεῖν δ' ἐπίσταται
 καιρῷ τὰ δῶρ· ἔγνωκα δ' ὡς τοῦμοῦ πατρός,
 πατρὸς δ' ἀδελφοῦ δόντος, ἐν δὲ τοῖσδ' ἐμοῦ,
 τὸ σκῆπτρον ἔλαβε τοῦθ' ὅπερ τανῦν νέμει.
 οὐπω δ' ἐγείραντ' ἔκτον ἄνδρ' ἐπ' εἴκοσι
 (ἦν γὰρ πένης καὶ φαῦλος, ἡσθένει δ' ἅμα
 τὴν ἀξίωσιν, ἐκ φυγῆς δ' ἔχρηζέ πως
 λάθρα κατελθεῖν) πτωχὸν ἀπότιμον τότε
 οὐμὸς πατὴρ ἐδέξατ' ἐς δόμους πρόφρων.
 λαβὼν δ' ἔνορκον πρὸς θεῶν ἦ μὴν μόνον
 τιμὴν πατρώαν καὶ γέρας τὸ πρόσφορον
 ζητεῖν, ὑπαρχον ὥσπερ εὐμενοῦς φίλου,
 καὶ ταῦτα πολλοῖς λιπαροῦντα δάκρυσιν,
 ὡς δῆθεν εὖνον καὶ δίκαιον, εἴτ' ἐμὸς
 πατὴρ φίλοικτος τὰς λιτὰς αἰδούμενος
 ὄμνυσι σώζειν, καπέθηχ' ὅρκων τέλος.
 οἱ δ' οὖν ἀριστεῖς τῆσδε γῆς οἱ δ' ἐν τέλει
 ἐπεὶ τάχιστ' ἐπεῖδον ὡς Νορθύμβριος

Perceived Northumberland did lean to him,
The more and less came in with cap and
 knee ;
Met him in boroughs, cities, villages ;
Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes ;
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their
 oaths ;
Gave him their heirs ; as pages follow'd him,
Even at the heels, in golden multitudes.
He presently—as greatness knows itself—
Steps me a little higher than his vow
Made to my father, while his blood was poor,
Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurg ;
And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform
Some certain edicts, and some straight decrees,
That lay too heavy on the commonwealth :
Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep
Over his country's wrongs ; and, by this face,
This seeming brow of justice, did he win
The hearts of all that he did angle for.
Proceeded further ; cut me off the heads
Of all the favourites, that the absent king
In deputation left behind him here,
When he was personal in the Irish war.

SHAKSPEARE.

σταίη πρὸς αὐτοῦ, βαιὸς ὁ μὲν ὁ δ' αὖ πολὺς,
 ἤκουσι, γονυπετεῖς τε καὶ ψιλὸν κάρα
 ἔχοντες· ἐν δήμοισι καὶ κώμας κατὰ
 πόλεις τ' ἀπαντῶσ'· ἐν στενωποῖσιν πυκνοὶ
 κὰν ταῖς γεφύραις προσδοκῶντες ἔστασαν,
 εἷ που παρέλθοι· δῶρ' ἀνέθεσαν, ὀρκίων
 πίστιν παρείχον· ἄνθος ὥπασαν γένους,
 καὶ πᾶς τις αὐτῷ, λάτρης ὥς, συνέσπετο
 ὅπισθε, χρυσοῦ πλήθος ἄξιον συχνοῦ.
 ὁ δ' ὥς μέγας σύνοιδεν, οἷα γίγνεται,
 ἀρθείς, ὑπὲρ ταῦτ' ἐξέβη τῶμῳ πατρὶ
 ἄπερ συνήνεσ', εὐτελής τις ὦν τότε,
 γυμναῖς ἐν ἀκταῖς τῆς Κορωνείας χθονός.
 κἀνταῦθα δήπου κάρτα θαρσήσας τινὰς
 νόμους ἀνώρθου καὶ τὰ πικρὰ θεσμίων,
 ὥς δῆτ' ἐπαχθῇ τῇ πόλει· καὶ τοὺς κακῶς
 ἄρχοντας ἐξήλεγξε, κἀδόκει πόλιν
 θρηνεῖν κακῶς πάσχουσιν· ὅμματ' οἷν τάδε
 δείξας τε καὶ πρόσωπον ἔνδικον, τέλος
 θήραν ὅσῃν ἤγρευσεν, ἀφθονον χάριν,
 λαβὼν ἀπήει· τῶνδε καὶ περαιτέρω,
 ἔκοψεν ἡμῖν αὐχένας τῶν φιλτάτων,
 ὅσους ὑπάρχουσ' ἔλιπεν ἀποδημῶν ἀναξ,
 ἵν' αὐτὸς ἄρχοι τοῦ πρὸς Ἱέρνην στόλου.

ON CHLORIS BEING ILL.

CAN I cease to care,
Can I cease to languish,
While my darling fair
Is on the couch of anguish ?

Every hope is fled,
Every fear is terror ;
Slumber e'en I dread,
Every dream is horror.

Hear me, Powers divine !
Oh, in pity hear me !
Take aught else of mine,
But my Chloris spare me.

BURNS.

KOPINNA.

τίς ἐστ' ἐμοὶ μεριμνῶν
 φυγή, τίς ἐστι λύπης,
 ἕως φίλη Κόριννα
 νόσῳ δαμείσα κείται;

ἅπασ' ὄλωλεν ἐλπίς,
 κάκπλήττομαι φόβοισι·
 ὕπνον δέδοικα καὐτόν·
 ἅπαν πτοεῖ μ' ὄνειρον.

ἐμοῦ δ' ἄκουσον, ὦ Ζεῦ,
 ἄκουσον, οἴκτισόν τε·
 τά γ' ἄλλα πάντ' ἀφαιροῦ,
 σῶσον δ' ἐμοὶ Κόρινναν.

MANFRED.

GLORIOUS Orb ! the idol
Of early nature, and the vigorous race
Of undiseased mankind, the giant sons
Of the embrace of angels with a sex
More beautiful than they, which did draw down
The erring spirits, who can ne'er return.—
Most glorious orb ! that wert a worship, ere
The mystery of thy making was reveal'd !
Thou earliest minister of the Almighty,
Which gladden'd on their mountain tops the hearts
Of the Chaldean shepherds, till they pour'd
Themselves in orisons ! Thou material god !
And representative of the Unknown—
Who chose thee for his shadow ! Thou chief star,
Centre of many stars ! which mak'st our earth
Endurable, and temperest the hues
And hearts of all who walk within thy rays !
Sire of the seasons ! Monarch of the climes,

ΞΤΝΑΝΤΤΕΙ ΒΙΟΥ ΔΤΝΤΟΞ ΑΤΤΑΙΞ.

ὦ χρυσοφεγγές γηγενῶν πρῶτον σέβας
 νόσοις ἀθίκτων, οἷ, σθένει βρύων γόνος,
 γίγαντες ἠρόθησαν ἐκ θεῶν, γύαις
 θνητοῖσι νυμφῶν, ἀφθίτων καλλίοσιν,
 αἶ γ' ἐκπесόντας εἰσάπαξ παρήγαγον·
 ὦ φαιδρὲ κύκλε, καὶ θεὸς σύ γ' ἦσθα πρὶν
 σοφῶς πεφάνθαι μύδρον οὐκ αὐτόκτιτον,
 καὶ παγκρατοῦς δηναῖος ὦν λάτρης Διὸς
 ἀγρίους βοτῆρας ἐν νάπαισι ρυθμίσας
 χαρᾷ γ' ἐκίνεις ἐς χοροὺς ἀνειμένως,
 δαίμων ἐναργῆς ἀσκόπου τ' εἰκὼν θεοῦ
 αὐτοῦ τ' ἐπῆλυξ ἐκκριθείς, ἐν ἀστράσιν
 πρέσβιστος αὐτός, οὐρανὸν φλέγων μέσον.
 σὺ γαῖαν ἡμῖν ἀρμόσας φοίβῃ πυρὶ
 ἅπασι χροιάς καὶ πνοᾶς διώρισας,
 ὥρων τε ταμίας καύματός τε δεσπότης,

And those who dwell in them ! for near or far,
Our inborn spirits have a tint of thee,
Even as our outward aspects ;—thou dost rise,
And shine, and set in glory. Fare thee well !
I ne'er shall see thee more. As my first glance
Of love and wonder was for thee, then take
My latest look ; thou wilt not beam on one
To whom the gifts of life and warmth have been
Of a more fatal nature. He is gone :
I follow.

BYRON.

ἀνδρῶν θ' ὑπόντων, ἐγκεχρωσμένων φλογί,
φυὴν φρόνημά τ', ἐγγύθεν πρόσω θ' ὁμῶς·
χρυσοῦς δ' ἀνίσχων καὶ μεσῶν, χρυσοῦς δὲ δύς.
καὶ χαῖρε δῆ· σέ γ' ὕστατον προσόψομαι·
θαμβῶν φιλῶν τέ σ' ἔβλεπον βλαστῶν ἄπο,
καὶ νῦν δέχου μοι δέργμα τῷ θανουμένῳ,
οὐ γὰρ κατόψει θνητὸν αἶ, δώρημ' ὅτῳ·
θάλπους τροφῆς τ' ἄδωρον ὥς ἐκβήσεται.
καὶ μήν, ἔδν γάρ, οὐδ' ἐμοὶ μελλητέον.

T. MAGUIRE.

MORTE D'ARTHUR.

BUT, as he walk'd, King Arthur panted hard,
Like one that feels a nightmare on his bed
When all the house is mute. So sigh'd the King,
Muttering and murmuring at his ear 'Quick,
quick !

I fear it is too late, and I shall die.'
But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge,
Clothed with his breath, and looking, as he walk'd,
Larger than human on the frozen hills.
He heard the deep behind him, and a cry
Before. His own thought drove him like a goad.
Dry clash'd his harness in the icy caves
And barren chasms, and all to left and right
The bare black cliff clang'd round him, as he
based

His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang
Sharp-smitten with the dint of armed heels—
And on a sudden, lo ! the level lake,
And the long glories of the winter moon.

ΑΝΗΡ ΓΑΡ ΟΥ ΣΤΕΝΑΚΤΟΣ, ΑΛΛ' ΕΙ ΤΙΣ ΒΡΟΤΩΝ ΘΑΥΜΑΣΤΟΣ.

ἔως δ' ἔβαιν' Ἄρθουρος ἐψυχορράγει
ὥσπερ βλέπων τις ἐν λέχει φαντασμάτων
μορφὰς ἀμόρφους, παντὸς εὕδοντος δόμου,
οὕτως γ' ἐβρυχᾷθ', ᾧδ' αἰεὶ θροοῦμενος
πρὸς ὥτί· 'θᾶσσον, θᾶσσον ἔρπε, μὴ θάνω
ἣν ὑστερήσης·' ὁ δὲ πάγους ἀμείβεται
ταχέως βαδίζων, ἄσθμά τ' ἐστολισμένος,
λόφοις τε μείζων ἢ κατ' ἄνθρωπον πρέπων
κρυσταλλοπῆξι. τοῦπίσω μὲν οἷδατος
ἐν τῷ δὲ πρόσθεν ἔκλυεν γηρύματος·
ἔνδον δ' ὁ θυμός, κέντρον ὧς, ἥπειγέ νιν·
ψυχροῖς δ' ἐν ἄντροις καὶ ἀπανθρώποις μυχοῖς
κράμβως ἔκλαγξε θῶπλα· καὶ πάντη μέλας
πέριξ ἐδούπει κρημνός οἱ κραταίλεως
ἀγμοῖς τιθέντι σφαλερὸν ἀστείπτους ἵχνος,
οἱ χαλκοπλεύρων ἐκτύπουν ποδῶν ὑπο.
αὐτῶν δ' ἄποπτον ἦν θαλάσσιον θέναρ
ἄφαρ, φλέγουσα δ', ὥς γε χειμῶνος, τότε
κλεινὴ Σελήνη φῶς μάλισθ' ἐκήβολον.

Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,
Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,
Beneath them ; and descending they were ware
That all the decks were dense with stately forms
Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream—by these
Three Queens with crowns of gold, and from them
rose

A cry that shiver'd to the tingling stars,
And, as it were one voice, an agony
Of lamentation, like a wind, that shrills
All night in a waste land, where no one comes,
Or hath come since the making of the world.

TENNYSON.

κᾶπειθ' ἑώρων ναῦν τιν' ὡς κατήγετο,
 ἰδεῖν κνεφαία, νερτέρων ὅπως στολαί,
 ἐκ τοῦ κάτωθεν· καὶ κάτω βεβηκότες
 τὰ πάντ' ἐσεῖδον σέλματ' εὐπρεπεστάταις
 μορφαῖς πυκασθέντ', ἐστολισμέναις πέπλοις
 μελαγχίμοισι, νύκτερ' ὡς ὀνείρατα.
 ᾗσαν δ' ἄνασσαι τρεῖς, παρ' ὧν χρυσαμπύκων
 θρῆνος παραχθεὶς ἀστέρων ποικίλματα
 τρέμοντ' ἔβαλλε καὶ διανταῖος γόος,
 ὡς γῆρυς οἰκτρὰ νυκτέρων ἀημάτων,
 ῥοιβδοῦσα γῆν ἔρημον, ἀστιβῆ τὰ νῦν
 τὰ πρὶν τ', ἀφ' οὗ ἵστήρικτο πρῶτα γῆς βάθρον.

MAX CULLINAN.

CICERO'S SPEECH.

GREAT honours are great burdens ; but on
whom

They're cast with envy, he doth bear two
loads ;

His cares must still be double to his joys

In any dignity ; where, if he err,

He finds no pardon : and for doing well

A most small praise, and that wrung out by
force.

I speak thus, Romans, knowing what the
weight

Of the high charge you have trusted to me is ;

Not that thereby I would with art decline

The good or greatness of your benefit ;

For I ascribe it to your singular grace,

And vow to owe it to no title else,

Except the gods, that Cicero is your Consul.

I have no urns, no dusty monuments,

ΤΙΣ ΠΑΤΕΡ' ΑΙΝΗΣΕΙ ;

ἄχθος μὲν ἄρχειν, ἣν δὲ καὶ τις ἀλφάνη
 φθόνον πρὸς ἀστῶν, ἀντὶ τοῦ χαίρειν διπλᾶς
 ἔχει μερίμνας, οὐδ', ὅσωνπερ ἂν ποτε
 κυρῇ ἕξαμαρτῶν τῶνδε συγγνώμη πάρα·
 ὧν δ' αὖ καλῶς ἔδρασεν, ἀκόντων ἅπο
 μέρους ἐπαίνου τυγχάνει σμικροῦ μόλις.
 τοσαῦτα δ' εἶπον, ἄνδρες, οὐκ ἀγνώως πόνου,
 ἀλλ' εὖ κατειδώς, τῇδ' ὅσος προσγίγνεται
 ἀρχῇ, κρατοῦνθ' ἥς ἀρτίως ἔθεσθέ με.
 ὁμῶς δὲ τοίαν οὐχὶ βούλομαι χάριν
 κομψῶς παραυδᾶν, ἣ γὰρ ἐξ ὑμῶν μόνη
 εὐνοια κοῦδὲν ἄλλο πλὴν θεῶν ἐμὲ
 ἔστησεν ἄρχοντ'. οὐ γὰρ ἐκδεῖξαι πάρα
 οὐ τεῦχος, οὐ μνημεῖον, ἐκ μακροῦ χρόνου
 εὐρῶεν, οὐδ' ἀγάλαθ' ἡμίθραυστ' ἔχω
 πατέρων θανόντων, ὥτὸς ἢ δέονθ' ἐνός,
 ἢ ῥινός, οὐδὲ δέλτον εὖ πεπλασμένην
 ἢ ἑκμαρτυρήσει μ' εὐγενῇ πεφυκότα,

No broken images of ancestors,
Wanting an ear or nose ; no forged tables
Of long descents to boast false honours from,
Or be my undertakers to your trust ;
But a new man (as I am styled in Rome)
Whom you have dignified ; and more, in whom
You have cut a way, and left it ope for virtue
Hereafter, to that place which our great men
Held shut up with all ramparts for themselves ;
Nor have but few of them in time been made
Your Consuls so ; new men before me !—none !

B. JONSON.

ψευδῇ διδοῦσα κόμπον ἀξιομάτων,
σαφῇ τ' ἐν ὑμῖν πίστιν· ἀρτίως δ' ἐγὼ
τελῶν ἐς ἀστοὺς χῶ νέος καλούμενος,
γέρας λαβὼν τοσοῦτον, εὖβατον πόρον
ἀνέωξα νῦν ἄλλοισιν, ἧ ποθ' ἴξεται
ἐκείσε τιμῆς ἀρετῇ τῶν ἀξίων—
ἦν οἱ δοκοῦντες εὖ πεφραγμένην αἰὲ
αὐτοῖς ἔσωζον—ὧν περ ἐν τῷ πρὶν χρόνῳ
οὐ πλῆθος ὀλίγον ᾧδ' ἐφέστηκεν πόλει,
οὐδεὶς δ' ἐμοῦ γε πρόσθ' ἔπηλυσ ὧν ἀνὴρ.

G. DE BUTTS.

THE BEGGAR-MAID.

HER arms across her breast she laid,
She was more fair than words can say ;
Barefooted came the beggar-maid
Before the king Cophetua.

In robe and crown the king stepped down,
To meet and greet her on her way ;
'It is no wonder,' said the lords,
'She is more beautiful than day.'

As shines the moon in clouded skies,
She in her poor attire was seen ;
One praised her ankles, one her eyes,
One her dark hair, and lovesome mien.

So sweet a face, such angel grace,
In all that land had never been ;
Cophetua swore a royal oath,
'This beggar-maid shall be my queen.'

TENNYSON.

ΩΣ ΙΔΕΝ ΩΣ ΕΜΑΝΗ, ΩΣ ΕΣ ΒΑΘΥΝ ΗΛΑΤ' ΕΡΩΤΑ.

ἦ δ' ἄρ' ἐπὶ στήθεσφι θέτ' ἄμφω πῆχες καλῶ,
 γυμνοῖσιν δὲ πόδεσσιν ἀεικελίοισι ιδέσθαι
 βῆ ῥ' ἵμεν, αἶψα δ' ἵκανεν ἀγκαλειτὸν βασιλῆα,
 αἰτίζουσ' ἀκόλους, κάλλος δ' ἀπελάμπετο πουλὺ,
 ἄσπετον· αὐτὰρ ὁ τῆς γε, λιπὼν θρόνον ἔνθα θάάσσει,
 χρυσῷ τε στίλβων καὶ εἵμασι, θαῦμα ιδέσθαι,
 ἀντίον ἦε κιών, καὶ δεικανόωτο ἔπεσσι.
 ὧδε δέ τις εἶπεςκεν ἀγῶν ὑπερηγορούντων·
 ὦ πόποι, οὐ μάλα πάγχυ τάφος μ' ἔχει, οἱ' ἀγορεύει,
 τῇδ' ἐκεν οὐδ' Ἡὼς φαεσίμβροτος ἰσοφαρίζοι.
 ὥς ἔφαν· ἡὔτε δ' εἴσιν ἐν οὐρανῷ ἡερόεντι
 δῖα Σεληναίη, ἐπὶ δ' ἀχλὺν κίδναται αὐγή,
 ὥς ἐφάνη, τὰ δὲ λυγρὰ περὶ χροῖ' εἴματα ἔστο.
 οἱ δ' αὖτ' εἰσορόωντες ἐθάμβεον, ἄλλοθεν ἄλλος,
 οἱ μὲν φάεα κάλ', οἱ δ' αὖ σφυρὰ καλὰ ιδόντες,
 δέργματά θ' ἱμερόεντα, κόμας θ' ὑακίνθω ὁμοίας.
 οὐ γάρ πω τοίην ἴδον ἄνερες ὀφθαλμοῖσι,
 οὐ δέμας, οὐδὲ φυήν, ὅσσας γαῖ' ἐντὸς ἔργε.
 ἐν δ' ὁ γερούσιον ὄρκον ἄρ' ὤμοσεν, ἦ μὲν ἄκοιτιν
 κουριδίην θήσεσθαι ἀμύμονα ᾧ ἐνὶ οἴκῳ.

ROBERT V. TYRRELL.

WILL.

O WELL for him whose will is strong !
He suffers, but he will not suffer long ;
He suffers, but he cannot suffer wrong :
For him nor moves the loud world's random mock,
Nor all Calamity's hugest waves confound,
Who seems a promontory of rock,
That compass'd round with turbulent sound,
In middle ocean meets the surging shock,
Tempest-buffeted, citadel-crown'd.

But ill for him who, bettering not with time,
Corrupts the strength of heaven-descended Will,
And ever weaker grows through acted crime,
Or seeming-genial venial fault,
Recurring and suggesting still !
He seems as one whose footsteps halt,
Toiling in immeasurable sand,
And o'er a weary, sultry land,
Far beneath a blazing vault,
Sown in a wrinkle of the monstrous hill,
The city sparkles like a grain of salt.

TENNYSON.

ΠΥΚΙΝΟΣ ΝΟΟΣ.

εὔποτμος ὅστις τὴν φρέν' ἄγναμπτον τρέφει·
 καὶ δὴ ποτ' ἀλγῶν δαρὸν οὐκ ἀλγύνεται·
 ἀλγεί μὲν, ἀλγεί, παγκάλως δ' ἀλγύνεται.
 κινεῖ γὰρ οὐκ εἰκὴ σφε καὶ πολὺς βρέμων
 γέλως ποτ' ἀνδρῶν, οὐ κακῶν τρικυμία·
 πρόβλημα πόντου στερεὸν ἔστηκεν δοκεῖν·
 φύρδην δ' λάβροις περὶδρομον πάντη κτύποις
 ῥοθίων τε δεινὴν πελαγίων μίμνει βίαν,
 δυσχείμερόν τ' ἀνέθετο πυργῶδες στέφος.
 δύσποτμος ὅς δ' αὖ μὴ 'πὶ βέλτιον τραπεῖς
 γνώμης θεόρτου φθείρεται ῥώμην χρόνῳ·
 ἀνόσια ῥέζων καὶ πλέον κακύνεται,
 ἧ καὶ νόσος συγγνωστὸς εὐθυμὸς τ' ἰδεῖν
 αἰετ' ἐπισπᾶ καὶ παλίγκοτος μένει.
 οὕτω μεθῆκε βάσιν ὁδοίπορός ποτε,
 ψάμμον τις ἔρπων ἀσθενὴς ἀτέρμονα,
 ᾧ δυσπόνου δὴ καὶ δι' αὐχμηρᾶς πλακός,
 ἄνω φλέγοντος οὐρανοῦ κύκλῳ, μακρὰν
 ὄρων ἀπλάτων ἐμφυτευθεῖσα πτυχή,
 αἰλῶν τρύφος τι παμφαές, πρέπει πόλις.

JOHN F. DAVIES.

THE RETURN.

Ion.

HAD I beheld
That sacrilege, Adrastus had lain dead,
Or I had been torn piece-meal by his
minions.

But I was far away: when I return'd,
I found my father on the nearest bench
Within our door, his thinly-silver'd head
Supported by wan hands, which hid his
face

And would not be withdrawn:—no groan,
no sigh

Was audible, and we might only learn
By short convulsive tremblings of his frame
That life still flickered in it—yet at last,
By some unearthly inspiration roused,

ΑΝΑΓΝΩΡΙΣΙΣ.

εἵπερ κατεῖδον θεομυσῇ πρᾶξιν παρὼν
 κείνην, Ἄδραστος ὥχετ' ἂν λιπὼν φάος,
 ἧ' γὰρ σπαραγμοῖς προσπόλων τυραννικῶν
 διωλόμην ἄν· ἀλλὰ τηλουροὶ τόποι
 εἶχόν με. καὶ δὴ δωματῖτιν ἐστίαν
 παλισσύτου μολόντος, ἐξόδων ἔσω
 πατὴρ μὲν ἡμῖν ἀθλιωτάτας ἔδρας
 γέρων ἐθάκει, πλησίον πυλωμάτων,
 λεπταῖς ἐρείδων χερσὶ λευκανθὲς κάρα,
 αἷσπερ γεραιὰν ὄψιν ἐσκιάζετο·
 καθιέναι δ' οὐκ ἤθελ'· οὐκ οἰμωγμάτων
 παρῆν ἀκούειν, οὐ γόων· φοιτὰς δ' αἰεὶ
 αὔρα τις ἀντίσπαστος, ἀθλία νόσος,
 ἡμῖν ἐσήμην' ὥς ἐπὶ σμικρᾶς ἔτι
 ῥοπῆς βλέποι φῶς· ἀλλ' ὅμως χρόνῳ λαβὼν

He dropped his wither'd hands, and sat
erect

As in his manhood's glory—the free blood
Flush'd crimson through his cheeks—his
furrow'd brow

Expanded clear, and his eyes opening full,
Gleam'd with a youthful fire ; I fell in awe
Upon my knees before him.

TALFOURD.

θείόν τι πνεῦμα πρέσβυς ὄρθιον δέμας
αἶρει—πιτνούσης ἐς γόνυ ῥυσῆς χερός—
ἡβῶντος ὥσπερ, αἵματός τε χρώς νέαις
ἐπιρροαῖς ἥλλαξε πορφυρέαν βαφήν·
χρόνῳ πρόσωπον ἡλοκισμένον μακρῷ
φαιδρωπὸν ἐξεφαίνεται· ὀμμάτων δ' ἀπὸ
πληρουμένων ἥστραπτε πῦρ νεανικόν·
ἐγὼ δὲ θαμβῶν γονυπετεῖς ἔδρας πίτνω.

HASTINGS CROSSLEY¹

GLOSTER.

Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York,
And all the clouds that lower'd upon our
house
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
Now are our brows bound with victorious
wreaths,
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments,
Our stern alarums changed to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visaged War hath smooth'd his wrinkled
front,
And now—instead of mounting barbed steeds,
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries—
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.

SHAKSPEARE.

NUNC EST BIBENDUM.

νῦν δὴ σκεδάσας χειμῶνα δύης
 ἥλιος ἡμῖν σῆμα πατρῶον
 δείκνυσι θέρους σέλας εὐφεγγές·
 τὸ δ' ὕπερθ' οἴκων νέφος ἡμετέρων
 οὐκ ἔστιν ἰδεῖν στυγνόν, κεύθει δ'

ὦκεανοῦ κόλπος ἀβύσσου.

στείχομεν ἤδη κρείσσονες ἐχθρῶν,
 κοσμηθέντες κρᾶτας στεφάνοις,

μνήμα δὲ νίκης

ὄπλ' ἡμίθραυστ' ἐκρεμάσθη.

κοῦκέτι γαῖα στῖφος πολέμου
 παρέχει δεινῆς μεθ' ὅπλων καναχῆς,
 ἀλλ' εἰλαπίνας κόμους θ' ἱλαροῦς,
 ἀντὶ δ' Ἀρείας ὀρμῆς τερπναὶ

πόδ' ἐμὸν κατέχουσι χορεῖαι.

στυγνὴν δ' ὄφρ' ἄν γοργωπὸς Ἄρης
 λύσας ἀνδρῶν οὐκ ἐκπλήσσει
 φρένας ἀντιπάλων ἱππεύουσιν,
 κούραις δ' ἔραται νῦν ξυμπαίζειν,

καὶ πολυχόρδων

μολπῶν ὑπο κούφα χορεύει.

PRINCE HENRY.

KING—CHIEF JUSTICE.

K. You all look strangely on me: and you most;
You are, I think, assured I love you not.

C. J. I am assured, if I be measured rightly,
Your majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

K. No?
How might a prince of my great hopes forget
So great indignities you laid upon me?
What! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to
prison
The immediate heir of England! was this
easy?

May this be washed in Lethe, and forgotten?

C. J. I then did use the person of your father;
The image of his power lay then in me:
And, in the administration of his law,

ΕΣ ΤΕΛΟΣ ΕΞΕΛΘΟΥΣΑ ΔΙΚΗ ΥΠΕΡ ΤΩΡΙΟΣ ΙΣΧΕΙ.

A. δείν' ὥς ὁράτ' ἔμ', ἐκ δὲ τῶν μάλιστα σύ,
εἰδὼς γε δήπου μὴ τὸ σὸν στέργοντ' ἐμέ.

K. εἰδὼς μὲν οὖν, μετροῦντι τοῦμόν εὐλόγως,
ἐς τοὺς τυράννους κάρτ' ἀναίτιος γεγώς.

A. ἄληθες ; ὕβρεως δ', ἐς τοσοῦτον ἐλπίδων
βεβώς, γένοιτο πῶς ἂν ἀμνήμων ἄναξ ;
τὸ γὰρ βαλεῖν κακοῖσι κἀνδῆσαι πέδαις
τὸν γῆς ἀνάξοντ' αὖθις—ἦ τόδ' εὐμαρές ;
ἦ καί τι τοῦδε νίπτρον ἐκ Λήθης ἄκος ;

K. φορῶν γε μὴν τότ' ὄμμα τοῦ πατρὸς σέθεν
εἶχόν τι καὶ μίμημα τῆς τυραννίδος·
καίτοι δικάζων ἥνικ' ἀντὶ βασιλέως

Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,
Your Highness pleased to forget my place,
The majesty and power of law and justice,
The image of the king whom I presented,
And struck me in my very seat of judgement ;
Whereon as an offender to your father
I gave bold way to my authority
And did commit you.

SHAKSPEARE.

τῆς πατρίδος ἔσχον ἀσχόλως ὑπερπονῶν,
ἔλαθεν ἔδρα μου σὸν φρόνημ' ἀμνημονοῦν
Θέμις τε σεμνότης τε παγκρατοῦς δίκης
καὶ πρὸς τύπωμα τόδ' ἐν ἐμοὶ τυραννικόν,
πληγὰς δ' ἐν αὐτοῖς τοῖς δικαστικοῖς ἐμοὶ
ζυγοῖς ἔτεινας, καὶ τόθ' ἡνίας χαλῶν
προεδρίας, ἔδησα δεσμώτην σ' ἐγὼ
ὥς δὴ πανουργήσαντα πρὸς πατρός σέβας.

MAX CULLINAN.

DEAD HENRY.

ANNE—RICHARD.

A. O GENTLEMEN, see, see ! dead Henry's wounds
Open their congealed mouths and bleed afresh !
Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity !
For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood
From cold and empty veins, where no blood
dwells :
Thy deed, inhuman and unnatural,
Provokes this deluge most unnatural.
O God, which this blood mad'st, revenge his
death !
O earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his
death !
Either heaven with lightning strike the murderer
dead,
Or earth, gape open wide, and eat him quick,
As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood,
Which his hell-governed arm hath butchered !

ΚΕΡΤΟΜΙΟΙΣ ΕΠΕΕΣΣΙ.

- Α. ἴδεσθ', ἄνακτος χεῖλεσιν μαιφόνους
 ἔλκη κεχηνόθ' αἵματος νεορρύτους
 ῥήγνυσι πηγάς· σοὶ δέ, δυσχερές τέρας,
 στύγῃμ' ἄμορφον, οὐχὶ πορφυρέαν βαφὴν
 ἥλλαξε χροιά; σῆς γὰρ ἵεται πικρᾶς
 ὑπαὶ προσόψεως ἐξ ἀναιμάτων φλεβῶν
 κενῶν τε κηκίονσα συρίγγων λιβάς.
 σοὶ δ' ἔργ' ἀνοικτ' ἀνόσιά τ' ἐξεργασμένῳ,
 ἥδ' ἀνοσία πλημμυρὶς ἐξανέζεσεν.
 ἀλλ' ὦ θεοῦ τόδ' αἶμα φύσαντος σέβας,
 πεσήματός τε Γαῖα τοῦδ' ἀνδρόφθορον
 ῥοφοῦσα πέλανον, εἶα, φαίνεσθε σφαγῆς
 τίται· σὺ δ', οὐράν', αἰθαλοῦν σκήψας βέλος,
 τὸν αὐτοέντην πρῆσον, ἥ σύ, γῆς βάθρον
 μέλαν διαστάν, κρύψον οὐκ ἐς ἀμβολάς,
 ὥς αἶμα λάπτεις τοῦθ' ὃ νερτέρων ὑπο
 ἔδενσ' Ἑρινὺς αὐτόχειρ ὠρμημένα,

R. Lady, you know no rules of charity,
Which renders good for bad, blessings for
curses.

A. Villain, thou knowest no law of God nor
man :

No beast so fierce but knows some touch of
pity :

R. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.

A. O wonderful, when devils tell the truth !

R. More wonderful, when angels are so angry.

SHAKSPEARE.

- P. ποῦ δ' ἄρ' Αἰδῶς ἢ καλῶς δρῶσ', οὐ καλῶς πα-
 thoῦσ' ὅμως,
 εὖστομον γλῶσσαν παρασχούσ' ὕβρεως ἀντίσταθ-
 μον ;
- A. τοῦ δ' ἔχεις θεῶν, κάκιστε, τοῦ βροτῶν ἐπιστροφήν ;
 θῆρ γὰρ ἄγριος τίς οὕτως ὥστ' ἀκήλητος κλύειν ;
- P. ὄντ' ἔμ' οὖν ἄτεγκτον, ὥς σοι, θῆρα πῶς ὀρθῶς
 λέγεις ;
- A. ὦ πόποι, γλώσσης κακίστης οὐδαμῶς ψευδηγόρου.
- P. ὦ πόποι, γλώσσης ἀρίστης ἐκνόμως τεθηγμένης.

ROBERT V. TYRRELL.

‘THY VOICE IS HEARD.’

THY voice is heard thro’ rolling drums
That beat to battle where he stands ;
Thy face across his fancy comes,
And gives the battle to his hands :

A moment, while the trumpets blow,
He sêes his brood about thy knee ;
The next, like fire, he meets the foe,
And strikes him dead for thine and thee.

TENNYSON.

ΟΑΡΩΝ ΕΝΕΚΑ ΣΦΕΤΕΡΑΩΝ.

τύμπαν' ὅπου παταγοῦντα μάχης ὄρνυσι κυδοιμόν,
 σὴ φωνὴ κελαδεῖν ἀνδρὸς ἐν ὥσὶ δοκεῖ
 σόν, γύναι, ὀφθαλμοῖς, ὄναρ ὥς, φίλον ὄμμα πάρεστι,
 πίστιν ἀνικῆτου φυλόπιδος παρέχον.
 τυτθὸν δὴ, σάλπιγγος ὅσον περιάγνυται αὐδὴ,
 σὸν γόνυ παῖδας ἐοὺς ἀμφιχυθέντας ὀρά·
 αὐτίκα δ' ἀντιπάλουσι, δέμας πυρὸς αἶθομένοιο,
 ξυμβληθεὶς κτείνει τῶνδ' ἔνεκ' ἡδὲ σέθεν.

T. J. B. BRADY.

TORQUEMADA.

THEN this most wretched father went his way
Into the wood that round his castle lay ;
Where once his daughters in their childhood
 play'd
With their young mother in the sun and shade.
Now all the leaves had fallen ; the branches
 bare
Made a perpetual moaning in the air ;
And screaming from their eyries overhead,
The ravens sail'd athwart the sky of lead.
With his own hand he lopp'd the boughs, and
 bound
Faggots that crackled with foreboding sound ;
And on his mules, caparisoned and gay
With bells and tassels, sent them on their way.

LONGFELLOW.

ΘΥΣΙΑΙ ΒΡΟΤΟΚΤΟΝΟΙ.

ἐνθένδ' ἐς ὕλην ᾗσσεται τλήμων πατήρ,
 ἀρχαῖον ἀμφίβληστρον εὐθρίγκων δόμων,
 ἥπερ νεογνῶν δίπτυχον γονὴν τέκνων
 ξὺν τῇ τεκούσῃ, παιγμάτων λελιμμένην,
 ἐπεσκίαζε διαδοχαῖσιν ἡλίου.
 χαμαιπετὴ νῦν εἶδεν εὐφυλλον χλιδὴν,
 ψιλῶν δὲ δένδρων μυρίου στενάγματος
 παρῇν ἀκούειν· ἐκ δ' αἰὲ κλάζων λιγὺ
 πυκνὸς κατ' εὐνὰς ὑψιγεννήτους κόραξ
 ψαίρει κέλευθον αἰθέρος μελαγχίμου.
 ὁ δ' αὐτόχειρ βλαστήματ' εὐδένδρου νάπης
 τέμνει, θερίζει, γῆρυν οὐκ εὐάγγελον
 στόνων ἀφέντα· καπινώτιον ξύλον
 ὄνοισι δῆσας, οἷσι κωδωνόκροτοι
 λάμπουσι θύσανοι, νόστιμον πέμπει στόλον.

HASTINGS CROSSLEY.

ET PROPTER VITAM VIVENDI PERDERE CAUSAS.

TALBOT—JOHN TALBOT.

T. SHALL all thy mother's hopes lie in one
tomb?

J. Ay, rather than I'll shame my mother's
womb.

T. Upon my blessing I command thee go.

J. To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.

T. Part of thy father may be saved in thee.

J. No part of him but will be shame in me.

T. Thou never had'st renown, nor can'st not
lose it.

J. Yes, your renowned name; shall flight
abuse it?

T. Thy father's charge shall free thee from
that stain.

J. You cannot witness for me, being slain.

SHAKSPEARE.

ΦΕΤΓ' ΩΣ ΤΑΧΙΣΤΑ. ΠΟΙ ΔΗΤΑ ΦΕΤΓΩ;

Τ. ἄρα κοινὰ χρῆν ταφῆναι πάνθ' ὅσ' ἡ μήτηρ
φιλεῖ;

Ι. μὴ γὰρ ἄσπλαγχνος φανείην τὴν φύσιν, κείνης
γεγώς.

Τ. καὶ πρὸς εὐνοίας κελεύω τοῦδε τοῦ πατρὸς μολεῖν.

Ι. εἰς ἀγῶν' ἔγωγε θᾶσσον, οὐδ' Ἄρην ἐκστήσομαι.

Τ. οὐχ ἅπας, σοῦ ζῶντος, οὐδέ περ θανών, τέθνηκ'
ἐγώ.

Ι. ἐσθλὸς ἂν θάνοις ὁ φύσας, δειλὸς ἂν ζῶν ὁ φύς.

Τ. εἰ δὲ μή τις ἔσχε δόξαν, οὐδ' ἀφιέναι πάρα.

Ι. μὴ μὲν οὔν φυγῇ κνεφάζω λαμπρὸν ὄνομα σόν,
πάτερ.

Τ. ἀλλὰ γοῦν πατὴρ κελεύσας τοῦδέ σ' ἐκλύσει
ψόγου.

Ι. οὐ τορῶς ἐκμαρτυρήσεις ζῶντι τεθνηκῶς τάδε.

JOHN F. DAVIES.

CLARIBEL.

WHERE Claribel low-lieth
The breezes pause and die,
Letting the rose-leaves fall :
But the solemn oak-tree sigheth,
Thick-leaved, ambrosial,
With an ancient melody
Of an inward agony,
Where Claribel low-lieth.
At eve the beetle boometh
Athwart the thicket lone :
At noon the wild bee hummeth
About the moss'd headstone :
At midnight the moon cometh,
And looketh down alone.

•
TENNYSON.

ΣΙΜΜΙΟΥ ΤΟΥ ΘΗΒΑΙΟΥ

εἰς Κορίνθη ἐπίγραμμα.

ἦ κ' ἄνεμος καθύπερθε πνέων τύμβοιο Κορίννης
 συνθνήσκει πετάλοις τὰ ῥόδ' ἔραζε χέει·
 ἀμβροσίῃ δὲ μέλημα μελίζεται ὑψίκομος δρῦς
 δηναιόν, τὸ κόρης εὔνεκεν ἐντὸς ἔχει.
 τῇδ' ὑπὲρ οἰόφρονος πυκνόπτερος ἡχέτα θάμνους
 τέττιξ αἵσσει σιγῇ ἐν ἐσπερίῃ·
 ἧ τε μέλισσ' ἀνέχουσα λίθον πύκα ποιήεντα
 οὐ λήγει βομβοῦσ' ἡδὺ μεσημερίῃ·
 μήνη δ' ἔρχεται ᾧδε τάφον μεσονύκτιος, οἷη,
 τὸν κατέχοντα κόρην ὑψόθεν ὀψομένη.

TOWNSEND MILLS.

THE PASSING OF ARTHUR.

‘ BUT now farewell. I am going a long way
With these thou seest—if indeed I go
(For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)—
To the island valley of Avilion ;
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly ; but it lies
Deep-meadow’d, happy, fair with orchard
lawns

And bowery hollows crown’d with summer sea,
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound.’

So said he ; and the barge with oar and sail
Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted
swan

That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,
Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the
flood

With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere
Revolving many memories, till the hull
Look’d one black dot against the verge of
dawn,

And on the mere the wailing died away.

TENNYSON.

ΑΝΗΡ ΟΤ ΣΤΕΝΑΚΤΟΣ.

· νῦν δ' ἄγε, χαῖρε σύ μοι πύματον, Πατρόκλεις ἱππεῦ·
 εἶμι σὺν αἷς ὀράας δολιχὴν ὁδόν—εἰ ἐτεόν γε
 βήσομαι, ὥς καὶ ἐμοὶ δίχ' ὀρώρεται ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα
 θυμὸς ἀμηχανίῃ κεκαλυμμένος—ἔς τε μακαίρας
 ἐσπερίης νήσοιο νάπας, ἔνθ' οὔτε χάλαζα
 οὔτε Διὸς νιφετὸς ἐπιπίλναται, οὔτε ποτ' ὄμβρος,
 οὔτε μένος Ζεφύροιο μέγα πνέει, ἀλλὰ μάλ' αἰεὶ
 τέρπεται ἡσυχίῃ βαθυλείμων, ἀγλαόκαρπος,
 γουνῶ ἀλωάων λιπαρὴ σκικεραῖσί τε βήσσαις
 τὰς πέρι πόντος ἀλὸς μάλα νήνεμος ἐστεφάνωται·
 ἔνθα κεν ὠτειλῆς παύσω θυμοφθόρον ἄλγος.'

ὥς φάτο· νηὺς δ' ἄρ' ἔπειτα διαπρήσσουσα κέλευθον
 σπείροισιν λευκοῖσιν ἰδὲ ξεστῆς ἐλάττησιν
 κάλλιπεν ἡϊόνας, βαθυκόλπῳ κύκνῳ ὁμοίῃ,
 ἧ τ' ἄρα πρὶν θανέειν λιγυρὴν ἰάχῃσεν ἀοιδήν,
 καλὸν ἐπιπροχέουσα μέλος, πτέρυγας δονέουσα
 ψυχρὰς θεσπεσίας, κατέδυ θ' ἄλα ποσσὶ κελαινοῖς.
 πολλὰ δὲ τὰ ῥεχθένθ' ὀρμαίνων ὃν κατὰ θυμὸν
 ἴστατο Πάτροκλος δηρὸν χρόνον, εἰσόκεν ἡ νηὺς
 περκνόν τι προφάνεσκεν ἀπ' ἡελίου ἀνιόντος,
 παύσατο δὲ στοναχὴ λίμνην ὑπὲρ ἡερόεσσαν.

W. W. FLEMING.

EUTHANASIA.

EARLY wert thou taken, Mary,
In thy fair and glorious prime,
Ere the bees had ceased to murmur
Through the umbrage of the lime.

Buds were blowing, waters flowing,
Birds were singing on the tree,
Everything was bright and glowing
When the angels came for thee.

Death had laid aside his terror,
And he found thee calm and mild,
Lying in thy robes of whiteness,
Like a pure and stainless child.

Hardly had the mountain violet
Spread its blossoms on the sod,
When they laid the turf above thee,
And thy spirit rose to God.

AYTOUN.

ΟΥΚ ΕΘΑΝΕΞ, ΠΡΩΤΗ, ΜΕΤΕΒΗΞ Δ' ΕΞ ΑΜΕΙΝΟΝΑ ΧΩΡΟΝ.

ἄωρος, ὦ παῖ φιλτάτη, σύ γ' ἔφθισο,
 θάλλουσ' ἀκμαίαν καλλονῆς νέας χάριν,
 λήγοντος ἥρος, ἥνικα ξουθόπτερος
 μέλισσ' ἐβόμβει φιλυρίνην ἀνὰ σκιάν.
 λειμῶνες ἤνθουν, ὕδατ' ἔλαμπ' ἐν ὀργάσιν,
 ὄρνιθες ὕμνουν ἤμενοι κλάδους μέλη,
 ἐγέλα πρόσωπον γῆς γάνει θεοσδότῳ,
 πομπαῖος Ἑρμῆς ὥς σ' ἐκοίμισ', ὦ φίλη.
 οὐ σοί γ' ἐπῆλθε δεινὸν ἐκπνέων μένος
 Θάνατος· σὲ δ' οὐδὲν ἐπτοημένην, τέκνον,
 λευκοῖς ἐφεύρεν ἐν πέπλοις, ἀγνὸν κάρα,
 κακῶν ἄγευστον, νηπίου βρέφους δίκην.
 ἴοισι δὴ τότε ἡρινοῖς ὥρα νέα
 βήσσας ὀρείας ἀρτίως ἐπήνθισε,
 τὸ σὸν τ' ἐκρύφθη σῶμα μὲν χωστῶ τάφῳ,
 ψυχὴ δ' ἀπῆλθε χῶρον εἰς ἀμείνονα.

ARTHUR PALMER.

SOLILOQUY.

(HAMLET.)

OH, that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew !
Or that the Everlasting had not fixed
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter. O God ! O God !
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world !
Fie on 't ! ah, fie ! 'tis an unweeded garden
That grows to seed ; things rank and gross in
nature
Possess it merely. That it should come to this !
But two months dead : nay, not so much, not two.
So excellent a king ; that was to this
Hyperion to a satyr ; so loving to my mother
That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth !
Must I remember ?

SHAKSPEARE.

ΠΩΣ ΕΠΙ ΤΟΙΣ ΦΘΙΜΕΝΟΙΣ ΑΜΕΛΕΙΝ ΚΑΛΟΝ ;

τήκοιτο πῶς ἂν εἰς δρόσον καταρρυνὲν
 ἄγαν παχυνθὲν τοῦτο σάρκινον κύτος.
 εἴθ' ὥφελ' ἐκ θεῶν μὴ διωρίσθαι βροτοῖς
 κατ' αὐτοφόντου θεσμὸς ἀνθάδης χερός.
 ᾶ ᾶ· ἔα ἔα.

ὥς πάνθ' ἔωλα καὶ κόπου πολλοῦ πλέα
 καὶ ψυχρὰ τὰνθάδ' ἐστὶ κοῦκ ὀνήσιμα.
 φεῦ, φεῦ·

ὥς ἄσκαλός τοι κῆπος ἀγρίῳ σπόρῳ,
 οὕτω βρύει γῇ πᾶσι τοῖς ὑπερμέτρως
 βλάστημον ἀλδαίνουσιν ἐξωγκωμένον·
 τὸ δ' ἄχρι τούτου πρᾶγος ὠρίσθαι τόδε.
 καὶ δὴ δῖμηνος οἴχεται, χρόνον μὲν οὖν
 οὕπω δῖμηνον οἴχεται θανὼν ἄναξ.
 καίτοι καλός τ' ἦν, τοῦδε τ' εὐπρεπέστερος,
 Σατύροις Ἀπόλλων ὥς περίβλεπτος μέτα·
 μητρὸς δ' ἐμῆς ἔκπαγλον ἡράσθη πόθον,
 τοσοῦτον ὥστε κἀνέμων ἀήματα
 ἴσχειν ἂν, ἀγρίως μὴ θίγοι παρηΐδος.
 ὦ γῇ θεοί τε, τῶνδε δεῖ μνεῖαν τρέφειν ;

ROBERT V. TYRRELL.

BEAUTY OF A STARLIT NIGHT.

YE quenchless stars ! so eloquently bright,
Untroubled sentries of the shadowy night,
While half the world is lapp'd in blissful
 dreams,
And round the lattice creep your fairy beams,
How sweet to gaze upon those placid eyes
In lambent beauty looking from the skies !
And when, oblivious of the world, we stray
At dead of night along some noiseless way,
How the heart mingles with the moonlit hour,
And feels from heaven a sympathetic power !
See ! not a cloud careers yon pathless deep
Of molten azure—mute as lovely sleep ;
Full in her pàllid light the moon presides,
Shrined in a halo, mellowing as she rides ;

NOX ERAT.

ἄσβεστον ἄστρον φέγγος, οὐκ ἄναυδά πως
 δοκεῖτε λάμπειν, ἀτρεμῇ φρουρήματα
 νυκτὸς σκιώδους· νῦν δ' ἐν ᾧ φίλος βροτοῦς
 φίλαις ὄνειρος περιβολαῖσιν ἀμπέχει,
 ἐμὰς δὲ θυρίδας ἀμφέπουσ' ἀήσυροι
 ἀκτῖνες ὑμῶν, ὥς ἔμοιγε φίλτατον
 ἄνω γαληνὰ βλέφαρα προσλεύσσειν τάδε
 ἐξ οὐρανοῦ στάζοντα μείλιχον γάνος.
 καὶ νυκτὸς ἦν ποτ' ἐν καταστάσει μέσης
 πάντων ἀφροντίς ἀψόφους οἴμους τινὰς
 τύχῳ βαδίζων, ὥς σεληναῖον δοκεῖ
 θιγεῖν πρὸς ἥπαρ ὄμμα, καὶ σύνοιδέ τι
 πάσχουσ' ἄνωθεν συγγενὲς ψυχὴ πάθος.
 ἴδ' ὥς τὸ γλαυκὸν αἰθέρος τόδ' ἐμπύρου,
 ὥραϊος ὥσπερ ὕπνος, ἄστειπτον βάθος
 σιγ' ἡσυχάζει, κοῦ νέφος πορθμεύεται,
 χρυσᾶ δ' ὀχεῖται πανσέληνος, ἀστέρων

And far around the forest and the stream
Wear the rich garment of her woven beam.
The lull'd winds, too, are sleeping in their
 caves ;
No stormy prelude rolls upon the waves :
Nature is hush'd, as if her works adored,
Still'd into homage of her living Lord !

ROBERT MONTGOMERY.

πρέσβιστος, αἴγλης εὐαγοῦς περιστεφής,
λαμπρύνεται δ' ἰούσα, παντόθεν δὲ γῇ
πλεκτῶν ὕφασμα λιπαρὸν ἀκτίνων φορεῖ,
ῥοαί τε ποταμῶν, πᾶν τε φυλλάδων γένος.
κοιμώμεναι δ' εὐδουσιν ἐν μυχοῖς πνοαί,
οὐδ' οἶδμα πόντου δεινὰ φροιμιάζεται
καὶ πάντα σιγᾷ, χῶσπερ εὐφημεῖν δοκεῖ
τὸν αἰὲν ὄντα προσκυνοῦντ' ἀρχηγέτην.

WALTER RIDDALL.

ARTHUR TO GUINEVERE.

LIEST thou here so low, the child of one
I honour'd, happy, dead before thy shame?
Well is it that no child is born of thee.
The children born of thee are sword and fire,
Red ruin, and the breaking up of laws,
The craft of kindred, and the godless hosts
Of heathen swarming o'er the Northern Sea,
Whom I, while yet Sir Launcelot, my right
arm,
The mightiest of my knights, abode with me,
Have everywhere about this land of Christ
In twelve great battles ruining overthrown.
And knowest thou now from whence I come—
from him,
From waging bitter war with him ; and he,

ΔΥΣΜΕΝΕΣΙΝ ΜΕΝ ΧΑΡΜΑ.

κεῖσαι δὴ, τοίου τέκος ἀνέρος, ὃν περὶ κῆρι
τίμαον; ἦ μάκαρ ὃς πρὶν κάθανε, πρὶν σε
ιδέσθαι

ἐνθάδ' ἐμοῖς παρὰ ποσσὶ κυλινδομένην κονίησι.
ὦνήμην, ὅτι σ' οὔτι θέσαν θεοὶ μητέρα τέκνων·
ἦ σέθεν ἐκγεγάασι μάχαι τ' ἀνδροκτασίαι τε,
φωινήεσσά τ' ἰωκή, ἔρις τ' ἀθέμιστος, ἀφρήτωρ,
ἥδ' ἐ κασιγνήτων ἀπάται, τά τ' ἀπ' ὠκεανοῦ
ἔθνε' ἐπήτριμ' ἴασι, θεῶν ὅπιν οὐκ ἀλέγοντες,
ἡμετέρην ἐπὶ γῆν, Σκυθικῶν γένος ἄγριον ἀνδρῶν·
τοὺς ἐγώ, ὅφρ' ἐθέλεσκε κορύσσεσθαι πόλεμόνδε
Μηριόνης παρ' ἐμοὶ μέγ' ἄριστος δεξιόσειρος,
δῶδεκ' ἐνὶ κρατερῇσι κυδοίμεον ὑσμινῇσι
ἀλλύδιδι ἄλλῃ ἐπὶ χθόνα τὴν θεὸς ἀμφιβέβηκεν.
ἄλλο δέ τοι ἐρέω, σὺ δ' ἐνὶ φρεσὶ βάλλεο σῆσι·
ἴκω νῦν πόλεμον προλιπών, καὶ φύλοπιν αἰνῆν,
ἀντιβίην κείνῳ μίξας χεῖράς τε μένος τε·

That did not shun to smite me in worse way,
Had yet that grace of courtesy in him left,
He spared to lift his hand against the king,
Who made him knight; but many a knight
 was slain;
And many more, and all his kith and kin
Clave to him, and abode in his own land.'

TENNYSON.

οὐδ' ἐμοῦ ἀντίος ἦλθε (νεμεσσήθη τό γε θυμῷ,
οὐ μέν τοι νεμεσίζετο σῆς ἐπιβήμεναι εὐνῆς)
οὐνέκα τῷ ποτ' ἔδωκα μετὰ προμάχοισι μάχεσ-
θαι

αἰχμητήν τ' ἔμεναι· πολέεσσι δὲ θυμὸν ἀπηύρα·
ἄλλοι δ', ἐν δὲ ἔται καὶ ἀνεψιοὶ ὅσσοι ἔποντο,
πάρμειναν ᾧ ἐν τεμένει οἱ ἦρα φέροντες,
οὐδ' ἄμ' ἐμοὶ ἔθελον πόλεμον μέτα θωρηχθῆναι.

TOWNSEND MILLS.

ULYSSES.

DEATH closes all : but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with gods.
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks :
The long day wanes : the slow moon climbs :
 the deep
Moans round with many voices. Come, my
 friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and, sitting well in order, smite
The sounding furrows ; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down :
It may be we shall touch the Happy isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.

TENNYSON.

CRAS INGENS ITERABIMUS AEQUOR.

τελεῖ τὰ πάντα θάνατος, ἀλλὰ πρὶν τελεῖν
 ἔργον τι κεδνὸν εὐκλεὲς πράξαιμεν ἄν,
 τῶν τ' αἰχμασάντων πρὸς θεοὺς κατάξιον.
 ἐφέσπεροι λαμπτήρες ἐκ πετρῶν σέλας
 ἤδη φλέγουσιν· ἡμέρα τ' ἀποφθίνει
 μακρά· βραδεῖά τ' οὐρανοῦ Μῆνη πρόσω
 δρόμους ἀνέρπει· καὶ πέριξ ἀλίρροθοι
 πόροι στένουσι μυρίοις γηρύμασιν.
 φέρ' οὖν ἔτ' ἔστι καιρός, ὦ φίλοι, νέας
 ζητεῖν πέδον γῆς· ἀνάγετ', εὖ τε σέλματα
 θάσσοντες ἄλμην ῥοθιάδ' ἐκλευκαίνετε.
 ἔμοιγ' ἄραρεν ἡλίου φθινάσματα
 ἐφespέρων τε ποντίους ἄστρον σταθμοὺς
 παρεκπερῶντι ναυστολεῖν ἔστ' ἂν θάνω.
 τάχ' ἂν κατακλυζοίμεθ' ἀγκάλαις ἁλός,
 τάχ' ἂν δὲ μακάρων ἐς γύας προσσχοῖμεν ἄν,
 καὶ πρὸς ξύνηθες ὄμμ', Ἀχιλλέως βίαν.

MAX CULLINAN.

MERCURY AND SOSIA.

- M.* Comme avec irrévérence
Parle des dieux ce maraud !
Mon bras saura bien tantôt
Châtier cette insolence ;
Et je vais m'engager avec lui
Comme il faut.
- S.* Ah ! par ma foi j'avais raison,
C'est fait de moi chétive créature ;
Je vois devant notre maison
Certain homme dont l'encolure
Ne me présage rien de bon.
Pour faire semblant d'assurance
Je veux chanter un peu d'ici.
- M.* Qui donc est le coquin qui prend tant de
licence
Que de chanter, et m'étourdir ainsi ?
Veut-il qu' à l'étriller ma main un peu s'ap-
plique ?
- S.* Cet homme assurément n'aime pas la musique.

MOLIÈRE.

ΕΡΜΗΣ. ΣΩΣΙΑΣ.

Ε. ὥς οὗτος ἀκόλασθ' ἢ μιὰ κεφαλὴ θεοὺς ἔλεξεν,
ἀλλ' οὐ μακρὰν τηδὶ τυπεῖς σὺ χειρὶ μακρὰ
κλαύσει.

τί δὲ μελλόμεσθα; δεῖ γὰρ ὅπως φιαλοῦμεν αὐτίκ'
ἔργῳ.

Σ. οὐκ οὐν μὰ Δι' ἐτὸς ταῦθ' ὁ κακῶς ἀπολούμενος
δέδοικα,

ὄλωλα τουτονὶ πρὸ θυρῶν ἰδὼν βλέποντα δριμύ,
κοῦκ ἔσθ' ὅπως οὐ τῇδε τῇ κεφαλῇ κακὸν τάχ'
ῆξει.

φέρ' οὖν σκόλιον τί κωλύει τι τερπνὸν ἀναβαλέσθαι,
θαρρεῖν τὰδ' ὅπως δόξω;

Ε. τὸ κακὸν τουτὶ τί ἦν; ὅλοιον
πολυπραγμοσύνης, ὃς ἐκκεκώφηκας ταδί μ' ὑπά-
δων,

βούλει γὰρ οἰμώζειν, τὸ δεῖνα, κονδύλοις σπο-
δηθεῖς;

Σ. οὐκ ἔσθ' ὅπως οὐχ οὔτοσί γ' ἀτεχνῶς ἄμουσός
ἐστι.

ROBERT Y. TYRRELL.

VIVIEN'S TENDER RHYME.

IN Love, if Love be Love, if Love be ours,
Faith and unfaith can ne'er be equal powers ;
 Unfaith in aught is want of faith in all.

It is the little rift within the lute
That by-and-bye will make the music mute,
 And ever widening slowly silence all.

The little rift within the lover's lute ;
Or little pitted speck in garner'd fruit,
 Which rotting inward slowly moulders all.

It is not worth the keeping : let it go :
But shall it ? answer, darling, answer, No.
 And trust me not at all or all in all.

TENNYSON.

ΦΡΟΝΗΜΑ ΝΗΝΕΜΟΥ ΓΑΛΑΝΑΣ.

τοῖς ἐτεόν γε ποθεῦσι πόθον, νῶν δ' εἴ ῥα ποθεῦμες,
 οὔτοι ἀπιστίη δύναται χά πίστις ὅμοια·
 κῆν δύσπιστος ἔης τι τὸ πᾶν κεκλήσῃ ἄπιστος.
 ταῦτά γε χά μικκὰ πλαγιαύλῳ ῥῆξις ἔγεντο,
 ἃ ποκα χασκάσδουσ' ἀποκομπασεῖ ἀδὺ μέλισμα,
 ἦκα δ' αἰὲ μᾶλλον χαλάα μέχρι πάντα σιωπᾶν·
 ὥς τ' ἀπιστον ἔνεστ', ὀλίγον περ, τοῖσι ποθεῦσιν.
 ἦ ὥς ἐν ἐπομφαλίῳ μάλῳ σπῖλῳ ἵχνιον αὐτως
 σύμπαντ' ἐκτακεῦν εὐρωτιᾷ ἔνδοθι μᾶλλον.
 ὠτιδανὸν τὸ κτῆμ'· ἀπό νιν τόκα βάλλομες· οὐ γάρ ;
 φῆς ῥα, φίλῃ κεφαλῇ ; τὸ κρίθητ' ἄπο, μηδ' ἐπινεύσης,
 ἀλλὰ μοι ἦ πείσθητι τὰ πάντ' ἦ μὴ τύ γε μηδέν.

JOHN F. DAVIES.

CUPID'S REVENGE.

LEUCIPPUS, thou art shot through with a shaft
That will not rankle long, yet sharp enough
To sow a world of helpless misery
In this unhappy kingdom. Dost thou think,
Because thou art a prince, to make a part
Against my power? But it is all the fault
Of thy old father, who believes his age
Is cold enough to quench my burning darts.
But he shall know ere long that my dart loose
Can thaw ice, and inflame the wither'd heart
Of Nestor. Thou thyself art lightly struck;
But his mad love shall publish that the rage
Of Cupid has the power to conquer age.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

ΕΡΩΣ ΤΙΜΩΡΟΣ.

οἷστῳ κυρεῖς, Λεύκιππε, τοξευθεὶς δία
δαρὸν μὲν οὐ δάκνουντι, καιρίῳ δ', ὅθεν
κακῶν ἔοικεν ἄπορον ἑξαμῶν θέρος
πανώλεθρος χθὼν ἦδε. κοίρανος γεγῶς
ἐμοὶ σὺ τολμᾷς ἀντέχειν; ἀλλ' αἷτιος
ὅς σ' ἐξέφυγεν, ὅστις ὦν ψυχρὸς γέρων
πέποιθε τὰμὰ ζάπυρ' ἀποσβέσειν βέλη.
τάχ' εἴσεται δὲ τοῦμὸν ὥς οἷόν τε πως
τήκειν πάγον τόξευμα, καὶ ἀνθ' ἐκείνου
φλέγειν τὸ Νεστόρειον. ἐψαύσθης γε σύ,
ὁ δ' ἐμμανὲς ὦν πᾶσι δηλώσει σθένειν
Ἐρωτος ἥσσουν γῆρας ἡγριωμένον.

SAMUEL ALLEN.

WILLIAM TELL.

O EINE edle Himmelsgabe ist
Das Licht des Auges—Alle Wesen leben
Vom Lichte, jedes glückliche Geschöpf—
Die Pflanze selbst kehrt freudig sich zum Lichte.
Und er muss sitzen, fühlend, in der Nacht,
Im ewig Finstern—ihn erquickt nicht mehr
Der Matten warmes Grün, der Blumen Schmelz,
Die rothen Firnen kann er nicht mehr schauen—
Sterben ist nichts—doch leben und nicht sehen,
Das ist ein Unglück—Warum seht ihr mich
So jammernd an? Ich hab' zwei frische Augen
Und kann dem blinden Vater keines geben,
Nicht einen Schimmer von dem Meer des Lichts,
Das glanzvoll, blendend mir ins Auge dringt.

LUX IN TENEBRIS.

τὸ φῶς βροτοῖσι δῶρον ἐκ θεῶν ὅσον·
 φύσις γὰρ αἷης πᾶσα βόσκεται φάει,
 φάει δ' ἅπαντα τέρπεται· πρὸς ἡλίου
 φάος τετραμμέν' αὐτά πως χαίρει φντά·
 ἀλλ' ἐν σκότῳ κρυφθέντα τόνδε δεῖ μένειν·
 τοῦδ' οὐκ ὁ χλωρὸς εὐφρανεῖ λείμων κέαρ,
 οὐκ ἀνθέων ποικίλματ', οὐ τὰ πορφυρᾶ
 κρυσταλλοπήγων ἄκρα τῶνδε τῶν ὀρώων.
 θανεῖν μὲν οὐδέεν· ζῆν δὲ νυκτὸς ἐν δνόφοις
 κακῶν κάκιστον τοῦτο· πῶς ἄρ' ᾧδ' ἐμοὶ
 σκυθρωπὸν ὄμμα προσβαλεῖν ὑμᾶς ἐχρήν;
 ἄμφω γὰρ ὄμματ' ἔστ' ἐμοὶ σεσσωσμένω,
 καίτοι τυφλῷ τῷδ' οὐδ' ἓνα σπινθῆρ' ἔχω
 φῆναι βραχὺν τοῦδ' ἀσπέτου φάους, ὅσον
 κυκλεῖ, κλύδων ὥς, ὅσσ' ἀμερδούση φλογί,

Blinder, alter Vater,
Du kannst den Tag der Freiheit nicht mehr schauen ;
Du sollst ihn hören—Wenn von Alp zu Alp
Die Feuerzeichen flammend sich erheben,
Die festen Schlösser der Tyrannen fallen,
In deine Hütte soll der Schweizer wallen,
Zu deinem Ohr die Freudenkunde tragen,
Und hell in deiner Nacht soll es dir tagen !

SCHILLER.

τυφλὸν γεραῖον ἄθλιον πατρὸς κάρα,
ὄραν μὲν οὐ σοι γ' ἡμαρ ἔστ' ἐλεύθερον,
γνῶναι δ', ὅτ' αὐγὴ πομπίμου πυρὸς σκοπὰς
ὑπερθοροῦσ' ἐς αἰθέρ' ἐκπέμψει φλόγα,
ἐχθρῶν τ' ὀλεῖται σκληρὰ δὴ πολίσματα,
ἢ σοι φίλος τις, εἰσμολὼν ἐς αὐλιν,
καλὴν τότ' ὥσιν ἀγγελεῖ βάζιν φέρων·
σοὶ δ' ἐν σκότῳ περ λαμπρὸν ἐκλάμψει φάος.

A. W. QUILL.

SHYLOCK.

B. THIS is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

S. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

B. Do all men kill the things they do not love?

S. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

B. Every offence is not a hate at first.

S. What, would'st thou have a serpent sting thee
twice?

A. I pray you, think you question with the Jew:
You may as well go stand upon the beach
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
You may as well use question with the wolf
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops and to make no noise,
When they are fretten with the gusts of heaven;
You may as well do anything most hard,

ANTITA ΕΡΓΑ.

- B. ὦ λῆμ' ἄτεγκτον οὐδὲν ἀπεκρίνω, δι' ὃ
 ξυγγνώσεταιί τις σῶν τρόπων ὤμων ὁδόν.
- Σ. οὐ δεῖ λέγειν με σοὶ πρὸς ἡδονὴν λόγους.
- B. ἂν μὴ φιλῇ τις ταῦτα καὶ κτείνει λαβών;
- Σ. ἂν γὰρ κτανεῖν ὀκνῇ τις ἢ ταῦτα στυγεί;
- B. ἄπαξ δ' ἁμαρτῶν πᾶς τις εἴτ' ἐχθαρτέος;
- Σ. ἐκόντα γὰρ δις αὐτὸς ἂν δάκνοι σ' ὄφεις;
- A. ἀμνημονεῖς, ὦ φίλτατ', Ἑβραίῳ μάτην
 λόγους ξυνάπτων, οὐδὲ δράσειας γὰρ ἂν
 ἀνόνητα μᾶλλον εἰ παλίρροϊαν σάλου
 ἐστὼς παρ' ἀκτῇ μὴ θιγείν ἀπεννέποις
 ὄρων τελείων, οὐδὲ μᾶλλον, εἰ λύκῳ,
 οἷς δι' ὃν μέμηκεν ἄρνός ὀρφανή,
 λόγων δι' ἔλθοις, καὶ ξελέγξειας παρών,
 οὐδ' εἰ κελεύσαις ὑψιγεννήτους κλάδους
 πεύκας ὀρείας σίγ' ἔχειν θεοσσύτων
 ἀημάτων πνοαῖσιν ἡρεθισμένας,
 οὐδ' εἰ θέλοις δρᾶν τῶνδ' ἀμυχανώτερα,
 τοῦθ' ὅς μαλάσσειν σπλάγχχον Ἑβραῖον θέλεις

As seek to soften that—than which what's
harder?—

His Jewish heart: therefore, I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, use no farther means,
But with all brief and plain conveniency
Let me have judgement, and the Jew his will.

B. For thy three thousand ducats here is six.

S. If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them; I would have my bond.

D. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none?

S. What judgement shall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchased slave,
Which like your asses, and your dogs and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them: shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
Why sweat they under burdens? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be season'd with such viands? You will answer,
'The slaves are ours': so do I answer you:
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought; 'tis mine and I will have it.

ἄνοικτον, οὗ τί σκληρὸν ἐς πλεόν πέλει;
 τοιγάρ σ' ἀπαιτῶ μή τι προσφέρειν νέον,
 μὴ μόχθον αἶρειν μηδέν', ἀλλὰ σὺν τριβῇ
 ὅπως βραχίστη τοῦ προσήκοντος χρόνου
 δίκην ὑπόσχω τῷδε, δοὺς ὁ χρή λαβεῖν.

B. τάλαντ' ὀφείλει πέντε, δις τόσον δέχου.

Σ. ἕκαστον εἰ δέκ' ἦν τάλαντον ἐς μέρη
 σχιστόν, μέρος δ' ἕκαστον εἰ τάλαντον ἦν,
 οὗτοι λάβοιμ' ἅπ' ξυγγραφὴν ὑφεῖς ἐμήν.

ΒΑΣ. οἶκτον δ' ἀπαυδῶν πῶς τρέφεις ἐν ἐλπίσιν;

Σ. πῶς γὰρ φοβῶμαι κρίμα, μὴ 'δικῶν, τόδε;
 ὑμεῖς γε πολλοὺς ὠνίους παραστάτας
 κεκτημένοι τιμᾶτε τοῖς ὄνοις ἴσων
 κυσὶν τε καὶ πώλοισι τοῖς ζυγηφόροις,
 θῆσάν τε χρήσιν δουλίαν τε χρώμενοι
 ὡς ἀργυρωνήτοισιν· εἰ 'τούτους' φράσω
 'ἐλευθεροῦτε πάντας, ὥστε παρθένοις
 'ὑμῶν ἐπικλήροισι συμβῆναι λέχος·
 'τί φορτίοις χιδρῶτι δυστυχοῦσιν οὖς
 'ὑμῶν καθεύδειν μαλθακοῖς ἐν δεμνίοις
 'χρή, καὶ παροψωνήμαθ' ἡδύνειν στόμα
 'ταῦθ' ὑμῖν;' ἄρ' οὐκ ἀντερεῖτε 'δεσπότηι
 'τῶνδ' ἐσμέν.' ὧδ' οὖν κἀπ' ἐμοὶ κείσθω λόγος.
 κείνου γὰρ ἀνδρὸς σάρκα τήνδ' ὠνησάμην,
 ἣν ἐγκαλῶ νῦν, μυρίῳ τιμήματι.

If you deny me, fie upon your law !

There is no force in the decrees of Venice.

I stand for judgment : answer ; shall I have it ?

D. Upon my power I may dismiss this court,
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.

S. My lord, here stays without
A messenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.

D. Bring us the letters ; call the messenger.

B. Good cheer, Antonio ! What, man, courage
yet !

The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and
all,

Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

A. I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death : the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground ; and so let me :
You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,
Than to live still and write mine epitaph.

SHAKSPEARE.

οὐκουν νιν ἔξω κυρίως αἰτούμενος ;
 εἰ μὴ δ' ἔατε, τοὺς νόμους κλαίειν λέγω,
 καὶ τῇσδε χώρας δόγματ' εἰς οὐδὲν ῥέπει.
 δίκην μεθήκω, φράζετ' εἰ νεμεϊτέ μοι.

ΒΑΣ. τήνδ' αὐτοκράτορί μοι δίκην ἀφιέναι
 ἔξεστι, μὴ παρόντος ἐν τῇδ' ἡμέρᾳ
 Βελληρίωνος, ὃς τρίβων τὰ τοιάδε
 μετεστάλῃ μοι τοῦδε πράγματος βραβεύς.

ΣΑΛ. καὶ μὴν παρελθὼν ἄγγελός τις ἀρτίως
 ἀπ' Ἡλιδος, πέμψαντος ἀνδρὸς ὃν λέγεις,
 ἔξω πάρεστι γράμματ' ἐν χερσὶν φέρων.

ΒΑΣ. φέρ' οὖν τὰ γράμματ' ἄγγελόν τε προσκάλει.

Β. οὐ μὴ προλείψεις, φίλτατ', ἀλλ' εὐκαρδίως
 ἔξεις ἔτ' ; ἥ γὰρ σάρκ' ἐμὴν ξὺν αἵματι
 ὁστᾶ τε δώσω λύτρα, πρὶν σέ γ' αἵματος
 ἐμοῦ χάριν πέμφιγα πρὸς πέδῳ βαλεῖν.

Α. ὥς τὴν νοσώδη χρῆν ἔμ' ἐν ποίμναις οἷν
 ἄλλων τελευτᾶν πρόσθεν, ὡσαύτως θ' ὀρᾶς
 θᾶσσον πίτνοντα τὰσθενῇ καρπωμάτων.
 οὕτω δ' ἔχοι τᾶμ'· εὖ δ' ὅμως δράσεις φίλον
 θανόντ' ἔτι ζῶν, μνήματ' ἐγγράψας τάφῳ.

LA GUENON, LE SINGE, ET LA NOIX.

UNE jeune guenon cueillit
Une noix dans sa coque verte ;
Elle y porte la dent, fait la grimace, Ah ! certe,
Dit-elle, ma mère mentit
Quand elle m'assura que les noix étoient bonnes.
Puis, croyez aux discours de ces vieilles personnes
Qui trompent la jeunesse ! Au diable soit le fruit !
Elle jette la noix. Un singe la ramasse,
Vite entre deux cailloux la casse,
L'éplûche, la mange, et lui dit :
Votre mère eut raison, ma mie,
Les noix ont fort bon goût ; mais il faut les ouvrir.
Souvenez-vous que, dans la vie,
Sans un peu de travail on n'a point de plaisir.

FLORIAN.

ΠΙΘΗΚΟΙ.

πίθων νεᾶνις κάρνουν εὔρεν ἀκμάζον
 χλωρῷ λεπύρῳ, τοῖς δὲ γομφίοις πρόφρων
 παρέδωκεν· εἶτα, κάρχαρον σεσηρῦα,
 ἐφθέγξατ', οἴμοι, ψεῦδος ἔπλασεν μήτηρ
 ὥς δῆθεν εἶη κάρνουν ἡδύλον τρώγειν.
 τίς οὖν τὸ λοιπὸν γραδίῳ λόγῳ τούτων
 πίθοιτ' ἄν; εἵπερ τοὺς νέους φενακίζει.
 οὐκ ἂν φθάνοις ἐς κόρακας, ᾧ τράγημ', ἔρρον.
 λέγουσ' ἀφῆκε· τὸ δὲ πίθων νεανίσκος
 ἐκόμισατ', ἐν μέσῳ δὲ δύο λίθων θραύσας
 ἐξεῖλε τοῦψον, καὶ φαγὼν ἔφη κείνη·
 ἀλλ' οὐ κακῶς εἴρηκεν, ᾧ φίλη, μήτηρ,
 λαρὸν τὸ κάρνουν· πλὴν ἐχρῆν σφε κοκκίζειν.
 μέμνησο τοίνυν ὥς τις ἐν βίῳ τούτῳ
 οὔτοι πόνων ἄτερθεν ἡδονὴν ἔξει.

JOHN F. DAVIES.

THE AMBUSCADE.

BUT I remember :

Two miles on this side of the fort, the road
Crosses a deep ravine ; 'tis rough and narrow
And winds with short turns down the precipice,
And in its depth there is a mighty rock,
Which has, from unimaginable years,
Sustain'd itself with terror and with toil
Over a gulf, and, with the agony
With which it clings, seems slowly coming down ;
Even as a wretched soul, hour after hour,
Clings to the mass of life ; yet, clinging, leans ;
And, leaning, makes more dark the dread abyss
In which it fears to fall : beneath this crag,
Huge as despair, as if in weariness,
The melancholy mountain yawns—below

ΚΕΙΘΙ ΔΗ ΑΙΝΟΤΑΤΟΣ ΛΟΧΟΣ ΕΠΛΕΤΟ.

ἦ 'νθένδε δ' οὖν κελευθος, ὡς μνήμης ἔχω,
 πύργῳ πελάζουσ' οὐδ' ἀποῦσα δὴ μακρὰν
 περᾶ φάραγγα, καί, στένωπὸς ὥς, πυκναῖς
 ἐλίσσεται στροφαῖσι τῶν κρημνῶν κάτω,
 ἧς ἐν μυχοῖσιν ὀβρίμη στηρίζεται
 δεινὴ τε δύσχιμός τε τοῦ κάτω πέτρα
 βάθους ὑπερστᾶσ', ἄσκοπον μῆκος χρόνου,
 μόγισ τε κολληθεῖσά πως ῥέπειν βάδην
 ἔοικ' (ἐς ὄγκον ὡς ἐκολλήθη βίου
 ψυχὴ τάλαινά τις τὸν αἰαντὴ χρόνον).
 αἰεὶ τε, κολληθεῖσα, κατανεύει κάρα,
 νεύουσά τε σκότῳ τὸ φρικωδέστατον
 ἄγκος σκιάζει μᾶλλον, ἐμπίπτειν δ' ὀκνεῖ,
 ἀθυμίας μίμημα· δύσθυμον δ' ὕπο
 χάσκει, κεκμηκὸς ὥς, ὄρος· κάτωθεν αὖ

You hear, but see not, an impetuous torrent
Raging among the caverns, and a bridge
Crosses the chasm ; and high above there grow,
With intersecting trunks, from crag to crag,
Cedars, and yews, and pines ; whose tangled hair
Is matted in one solid roof of shade
By the dark ivy's twine.

SHELLEY.

κλύοις μὲν ἄν, βλέποισ δ' ἄν οὐ, χειμάρροον
βρέμοντ' ἐν ἄντροις, βάραθρα δ' ἀμφίζευκτ' ἔχει
γέφυρα, καπ' ἀγμοῖσιν ὑψόθεν κέδρος
σμῖλάξ τε πεύκη τ' ἐμπεπλεγμένοι κλάδους
κόμαισιν ἐνθήροισι μίγνυνται σκότον
κατηρεφῇ πλοκαῖσι κισσήρους σκιᾶς.

MAX CULLINAN.

‘THOU WAST NOT BORN TO DIE, IMMORTAL BIRD.’

As Saint Kevin he was walkin’
By the lake of Glendalough,
’Twas then he met with King O’Toole,
An’ he ask’d him for a shaugh.
Says the King, ‘ You’re but a sthranger,
Sure yer face I niver seen,
But if ye’ve got a taste of weed,
I’ll lend ye my dhudeen.’

As the Saint was kindlin’ up the pipe,
The Monarch heaved a sigh.
Says the Saint, ‘ What ails ye, King O’Toole,
And are ye goin’ to cry?’
Says the King, ‘ I had a gandher
That was given me by my mother,
But yesterday he cock’d his toe,
Wid some disease or other.’

XHN OT ΔΟΞΗΣ ΑΧΗΝ.

βῆ δ' ἵμεναι παρὰ θίνα Κεῖνος μάντις ἀμύμων
 λίμνης, τῷ δὲ ἄναξ ξύμβλητ', ἀγαθὸς Τυλείδης,
 τὸν δέ τε παρφάμενος μάντις κηώδεα φύλλα
 ᾗτε· τὸν δ' ἡμείβετ' ἄναξ ἀγανοῖς ἐπέεσσι·

ὦ ξεῖν', ἄγνωστος δ' ἐμοί ἐσσ', ἐπεὶ οὔτι θαμίζεις·
 εἰ δέ σε φύλλ' ὀδυνήφαθ' ἐλέσθαι θυμὸς ἄνωγεν,
 οὐκ ἀέκων σοι κοῖλον ἐμὸν νάρθηκα παρέξω.

ἦμος ὄγ' ἐκ νάρθηκος ἔδαιεν θεσπιδαῆς πῦρ,
 τῆμος νειόθεν ἐκ κραδίας βασιλεὺς στενάχιζεν,
 καί μιν φωνήσας προσέειπεν μάντις ἀμύμων·

ἦ ῥά τι νῦν ποθέεις; καὶ δακρύσονται ἔοικας.

τὸν δ' ὀλοφυρόμενος προσέφη κρατερὸς Τυλείδης·
 χήν μοι ἔην, ὦ μάντι, τὸν ὥπασε πότνια μήτηρ,
 τεκμήραντο δέ οἱ νοῦσον θεοὶ αἰὲν ἔόντες,
 ἰδνώθη δὲ πεσών, χθιζὸς δ' Ἀϊδόσδε βεβήκει.

‘Are ye cryin’ for your gandher,
You unfortunate ould goose?
Dhry up yer tears, stop cryin’, man,
In that there is no use ;
But see here, what will you give me
If yer gandher I revive?’
Says the King, ‘I’ll be yer sarvint
All the days that I’m alive.’

Says the Saint, ‘You ’re mighty civil,
But civility is cheap,
An’ I’d sooner have a taste of land,
To pasture my poor sheep.
Now I’ll revive yer gandher,
And make him whole and sound,
If you’ll give me just the bit of land
The gandher flies around.’

So the King went to his palace,
In haste to fetch the bird,
Though he hadn’t the laste intintion, mind ye,
Of stickin’ to his word.
When the bird came from the palace,
The Saint took him from the King,
And first he touch’d him on the beak,
And then he stroked his wing.

τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσεφώνεε μάντις ἀμύμων·
 ὦ χῆν, ἦ τοιός σε πόθος περὶ χηνὸς ἰκάνει·
 παῦσαι δακρυχέων, ταχέως δ' ἀπόληγε γόοιο,
 αὐτὼς μαψιδίως, καὶ κεν πολὺ κέρδιον εἴη·
 εἰ δ' ἄρα μιν ζωγρήσω, ἅποινά μοι ἄξια δώσεις;

τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη κρατερὸς Τυλείδης·
 ζώγρει, ἐγὼ δέ κε τοι εἰδέω χάριν ἥματα πάντα.

ὥς φάτο· τὸν δ' ἄρα μάντις ἀμύμων ἀντίον ἠΐδα·
 παρφάμενος ἐπέεσσιν γ' ἐπιτροχάδην ἀγορεύεις·
 ἀλλὰ παραίφασίς ἐστ' ἀνεμώλιος, οὐδ' ἀλεγίζω·
 χρεώ γε νομοῦ ἐμὲ μᾶλλον ἐν ᾧ φίλα μῆλα νομ
 εὔσω.

νῦν μὲν ἀναψύχειν ἐθέλω σοι χῆν' ἐρίηρον,
 νημερτὲς δ' ὀπάσαι μοι ὑπόσχεο, μηδ' ἀλιώσης,
 ἀγρόν, ὅσον περ ἀναπνεύσας χῆν ἀμφιποτῆται.

αὐταρ ἔπειτα δόμονδε ἄναξ σῦτό χῆν' ἐρίηρον
 οἰσόμενος, φάτο δ' οὐ τελέσαι ἔπος, ὥς μὲν ὑπέστη·
 τῷ δ' ἀπονοστήσαντι Κεῖνος δέξατο χῆνα·
 πρῶτον μὲν πτερὸν εὖ κατέρεξε οἶ, εἶτα δὲ χεῖλος,

He whisk'd him high into the air ;
He flew thirty miles around :
Says the Saint, ' I'll thank yer Highness,
For that little taste of ground.'
Then the King flew in a passion,
And he called the Saint a witch,
And sent off for his six big sons,
To throw him in the ditch.

' Nabocklish !' cried Saint Kevin,
' I'll soon settle them young urchins ;'
So he turn'd the King and his six sons
Into the Seven Churches.

ANON.

δινήσας τ' ὄρνιθα τάχ' ἦκ' ἀνέμοισι φέρεσθαι·
 ὑψιπέτης δ' εὐθὺς τέμενος ῥίμφ' ἀμφεποτάτο
 πεντηκοντόγουν. προσέφη δ' ἄρα μάντις ἀμύμων·
 ὦ βασιλεῦ, τόδε μοι τέμενος τέμν'. οὐδὲ γὰρ εὐρύ.
 ὀχθήσας δὲ ἄναξ προσέειπέ σε, μάντι δαΐφρον·
 ἕξ φίλοι, ὦ πολυφάρμακ', ἐνὶ μεγάροις γεγάασιν
 νῆες ἐμοὶ κρατεροί, θοῦριν ἐπιειμένοι ἀλκήν,
 κείσεαι ὦν ὑπὸ χερσὶ κυλινδόμενος κατὰ κόπρον.
 τὸν δ' αὖ κερτομίους μάντις ἐπέεσσι προσηύδα·
 ὦ πόποι, ἦ μέγα εἶπες ὃ καί τοι ῥίγιον ἔσται·
 ῥέα γὰρ σφέας παύσω κρατεροὺς περ νηπιεάων.
 ἐμμαπέως δὲ ἄνακτα καὶ νῆας λᾶας ἔθηκεν,
 τῶν κλέος ἄσβεστον, Νηοὶ δέ τε Ἑπτὰ καλεῦνται.

AMARYLLIS.

He. My dearest love, since thou wilt go,
And leave me here behind thee,
For love or pity let me know
The place where I may find thee.

She. In country meadows pearled with dew,
And set about with lilies,
There filling maunds with cowslips you
May find your Amaryllis.

He. What have the meads to do with thee
And with thy youthful hours?
Live thou at court, where thou mayst be
The queen of men, not flowers.
Let country wenches make 'em fine
With roses, since 'tis fitter
For thee with richest gems to shine,
And like the stars to glitter.

HERRICK.

FLUMINA AMEM SILVASQUE.

- Δ. ὦ χαρίεσσ' Ἀμάρυλλι, τύ γ' αἶ νυ τὸ δῆλεια, ὦδε
οἴχεσθαί μ' ἄστοργος ἐρημάζοντα λιποῖσα,
αἰ μὴ τὴν λίθος ἐστὶν ἀμάχανος ἔνδοθι θυμός,
φράσδε μοι, ὦ Ἀμάρυλλι, τὸ χωρίον, ᾧ τυ κιχείω.
- Α. ᾗ κρίνα δαιδάλλει χλοερὸν νομόν, αἶ τε τέρειναι
ἀργύρῳ ἰνδάλλονται ἐν εἰαμεναῖσιν ἔέρσαι,
εἶαρος ἐς ταλάρως πράτας τρυγάοισαν ἀπαρχάς,
τεῖδ' οὗ κα ζατῶν Ἀμαρύλλιδα Δάφνις ἀμάρτοι.
- Δ. ἀλλὰ τί τὴν μέλεται χλοερὸς νομός, εὖσα ἀνάβῳ;
στεῖχε ποτ' ἀφνειὰν Πτολεμαίῳ στεῖχε ποτ' αὐλάν,
αἰ λῆς οὐκ ἀνθέων βασιλεύεμεν, ἀλλ' αἰζήων.
κώρα τοι στέφανοι κατὰ τὸν νόον ἄτε νομεύει
ποίμνι', ἐριθακὶς εὖσα, κατ' ὥρεα, τὴν δ' ἐπέοικε
φαιδροτέραν χρυσοῖο, καὶ ἀστέρι λάμπεμεν ἴσαν.

ROBERT Y. TYRRELL.

'THE PICCOLOMINI' OF SCHILLER.

COUNTESS.

THOU see'st it with a lovelorn maiden's eyes.
Cast thine eye round, bethink thee who thou art.
Into no house of joyance hast thou stepp'd,
For no espousals dost thou find the walls
Deck'd out, no guests the nuptial garland wearing.
Here is no splendour but of arms. Or think'st thou
That all these thousands here are congregated
To lead up the long dances at thy wedding !
Thou see'st thy father's forehead full of thought,
Thy mother's eye in tears ; upon the balance
Lies the great destiny of all our house.
Leave now the puny wish, the girlish feeling :
Not to herself the woman must belong,
Annex'd and bound to alien destinies.
But she performs the best part, she the wisest,
Who can transmute the alien into self,
Meet and disarm necessity by choice ;
And what must be, take freely to her heart,
And bear and foster it with mother's love.

COLERIDGE.

Ο ΘΗΛΥΣ ΟΡΟΣ.

ταῦθ' ὡς κόρη τις περὶ γάμων μεμφθεῖς ὄρα·
 ἀλλ' ὅμμ' ἐπάρασ' ὡς ἔχεις τύχης φράσαι·
 οὔτοι γὰρ ἐμβᾶς οἶκον εἰς εὐήμερον,
 οὔτ' ἐν δόμοισιν εἰσοραῖς γαμηλίου
 τρυφῆς ἀγάλατ', οὔτε περιβεβλημένους
 τῆς μελλονύμφου στέμματ' εὐανθῇ χάριν,
 σέλας γὰρ οὐδὲν πλὴν ὅπλων ἐνταῦθ' ἐνι.
 ἦ καὶ δοκεῖς που τήνδ' ἀνήριθμον στάσιν
 μέλλειν ἀλλεῖς σοῖς χορεύσεσθαι γάμοις ;
 ἰδοῦ πατὴρ μὲν ὡς ξυνωφρωμένος
 πάρεστι, μήτηρ δ' ἀρτίδακρυς, ὡς ἐπὶ
 σμικρᾶς ῥοπῆς ἔστηκε τοῦ παντὸς κρίσις
 δόμοισιν ἀμοῖς· πρὸς τὰδ' οὔν δόξαν κενὴν
 χαίρειν μάλ' εἰπὲ παρθένου τ' εὐηθίαν.
 αὐτὴν δ' ἑαυτῆς κύρος οὐκ ἔχειν χρεὼν
 γυναικα, μᾶλλον δ' ἐπιτρέπειν παμπησίαν
 ἄλλοις· ἀπασῶν δ' ἐμφρονεστάτην λέγω
 ἣ τις ξυνῆψεν ἐκ δυοῖν ψυχὴν μίαν,
 φθάνουσ' ἀνάγκην αὐτοκινήτῳ φρενί,
 ἐν ἀγκάλαις τε φιλοτέκνοις τὸ γνήσιον
 βάσταγμ' ἔχουσα μὴ τροφὴν ἀποστερηῇ.

A LITTLE LOWER THAN THE ANGELS.

HAMLET.

I HAVE of late (but wherefore I know not) lost all my mirth, foregone all custom of exercises ; and, indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a steril promontory ; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you—this brave o’erhanging firmament—this majestical roof fretted with golden fire—why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is man ! how noble in reason ! how infinite in faculty ! in form and moving, how express and admirable ! in action, how like an angel ! in apprehension, how like a god !

SHAKSPEARE.

ΟΥΔΕΝ ΓΑΡ ΟΥΤΩ ΓΑΤΡΟΝ ΩΣ ΑΝΗΡ ΕΦΥ.

πάλαι ποτ' ἤδη πᾶσαν, οὐκ εἰδὼς ὅ τι,
 τέρψιν μεθήκα, γυμνικῶν δ' ἐνόσφισα
 τριβὴν ξυνήθη· δύσπονον δ' ἄλην μ' ἄγει
 φροντὶς τοιαύτην ὥστε γενναίως παγὲν
 τόδε χθονὸς τέχνημα δύσβατος πρέπει
 κἀνήμερος πρῶν· κομπῶν ἄερος τόδ' αἶ,
 ὄρα's, κατασκήνωμα, καὶ τόδ' αἰθέρος
 τηλαυγὲς ἀγλαῖσμ'—ὑπερτεῖνον τύπους
 τορευμάτων στέγασμα χρυσοδαιδάλων,
 ὑπερφνὲς θαῦμ'—οὐ μὲν οὖν φαντάζεται
 οὗ τῃ τάδ' ἄλλῃ πλην ἀτμῶν ὁμηγύρει
 μιαιφά γ' ἐμοὶ σκοποῦντι λοιμώδει τ' ἄγαν.
 παπαῖ· τὸ φῖτυμ' οἶον· ἄνθρωπον λέγω·
 τό τ' εὐφνὲς γὰρ τῆς λογιστικῆς ὅσον·
 τό τ' εὐπορον τοσῶνδε μηχανημάτων·
 ὅσον τὸ γαῦρον τοῦ καλοῦ μορφώματος,
 βάσεώς τε σεμνῆς· οἷα δαίμονος δίκην
 ἔρδει θ' ὅσ' ἔρδει καὶ νοεῖ θεοῖς ἴσον·

JOHN F. DAVIES.

ELOISA TO ABELARD.

RELENTLESS walls ! whose darksome round contains
Repentant sighs, and voluntary pains :
Ye rugged rocks ! which holy knees have worn ;
Ye grots and caverns, shagg'd with horrid thorn !
Shrines ! where their vigils pale-eyed virgins keep ;
And pitying saints, whose statues learn to weep !
Though cold like you, unmoved and silent grown,
I have not yet forgot myself to stone.
All is not Heaven's while Abelard has part,
Still rebel nature holds out half my heart ;
Nor prayers, nor fasts, its stubborn pulse restrain,
Nor tears, for ages taught to flow in vain.
Soon as thy letters trembling I uncloze,
That well-known name awakens all my woes.

✱

ΑΛΑΣΤΟΝ ΟΔΥΠΟΜΑΙ.

τοίχων ἄτεγκτ' ἄνοικτά τ' ἀμφίβληστρ' ἐν οἷς
 ἤχοῦσι θρήνοι πημοναί τ' αὐθαίρετοι,
 στρυφελοί τε πέτραι γονυπετεῖ τετριμμέναι
 ἔδρα, κατῶρυξ δ' αὖτ' ἀκανθίναις ἀκμαῖς
 πυκνῶς πυκασθεῖς, ἄντρα τ' ἡδ' ἀνάκτορα
 τὰ σέμνότημ', οὐ νυκτιφρουρήτοις λιταῖς
 τῶν παρθένων φίλοικτα δαιμόνων βρέτη
 δακρυρροεῖ· ψυχρά γε καίπερ οὔσ' ἐγὼ
 ὑμῶν δίκην νῦν, κάξ' ἀκινήτου ποδὸς
 εὐφημος, ἀμνήμων μὲν, οὐ πέτρα δ' ἔφυν.
 φεῦ· ξὺν θεοῖσι τῶν ἴσων μεθέξεται
 ἔρως ὁδ', αὐθάδης γὰρ ἀντέχει φύσις,
 ἦν οὔτε νῆστις οὔθ' ἰκνουμένη θεοὺς
 ἔχω κατασχεῖν, οὔτ' ἀπ' ὀμμάτων λίβα
 λείβουσα δαρὸν καὶ μάτην· λύω δ' ὅταν
 σφραγισμάτων ταρβοῦσα περιβολὰς σέθεν,
 εὐγνωστον ὄνομα ζωπυρεῖ δῦας νέας.

Oh, name for ever sad ! for ever dear !
Still breathed in sighs, still usher'd with a tear.
I tremble, too, where'er my own I find,
Some dire misfortune follows close behind.
Line after line my gushing eyes o'erflow,
Led through a sad variety of woe ;
Now warm in love, now withering in my bloom,
Lost in a convent's solitary gloom :
There stern religion quench'd the unwilling flame ;
There died the best of passions, Love and Fame.

POPE.

ὄνομα, σὺ δ' εἰ γοεδνὸν εὐφιλὲς δ' ὅμως,
 μιχθὲν στόνοις οἷς φροιμιάζεται δάκρυ.
 καὶ τοῦμὸν εὖρω που, δέδοικ' ἰδοῦσά νιν
 ὁμοστόλοισι συγκεκραμένον πόνοις·
 στίχους τε δέλτου, ποικίλ' ἐκμετρομένη
 πένθη, διαίνω δυσχίμῳ πλημμυρίδι.
 τὰ μὲν τέθαλπται δύσποτμον πόθῳ τὰ δὲ
 κέαρ κατέσκληκ' ἄμὸν ἐγκεκλημένης
 στέγαις ἐρήμοις, ἧ σέβας θρησκευμάτων
 ἄκουτ' ἔρωτ' ἀπέσβεσ'· ἔνθ' ἀπώχετο
 ἔρωσ κλέος τε, τὰν βροτοῖσι φίλτατα.

LAUNCELOT DOWDALL.

FLODDEN FIELD.

BUT as they left the darkening heath,
More desperate grew the strife of death.
The English shafts in volleys hail'd,
The horse in headlong charge assail'd,
Front, flank, and rear the squadrons sweep
To break the Scottish circle deep,

That fought around their king ;
Though thick the English shafts as snow,
Though charging knights like whirlwinds go,
Though billmen ply the ghastly blow,

Unbroken was the ring.
The stubborn spearmen still made good
Their dark, impenetrable wood,
Each stepping where his comrade stood,

The instant that he fell :
No thought was there of coward flight,
Link'd in the serried phalanx tight,
Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,

As fearlessly and well ;
Till utter darkness closed her wing
O'er their thin host and wounded king.

WALTER SCOTT.

ΝΥΚΤΟΣ ΟΜΜ' ΑΦΕΙΛΕΤΟ.

τὼ μὲν ἄρ' ὥς πεδῖον λιπέτην, σκιάωντο δ' ἄρουραι·
 ἡρτύνθη δὲ μάχη, περὶ γὰρ ψυχέων ἐμάχοντο·
 θρώσκον δ' ὥστε χάλαζα θαμὰ στονόεντες ὀϊστοί,
 προὔτυψαν δ' ἱππῆες ἀολλέες ἀντίον αἰεῖ,
 πρώτοισιν πυμάτοις τε μέσοισί τ' ἔπ' αἰσسونτες,
 εἴ τι μένει κρατερῷ πυκινὰς ῥήξαιντο φάλαγγας,
 αἰ φρῖσσον δοράτεσσιν ἐελμέναι ἀμφὶ ἀνακτα.
 ἦ μὲν δὴ νιφάδεσσιν ἐοικότες ἰοὶ ἔπιπτον,
 ἴθυσαν δ' ἱππῆες ἄμα πνοιῆς ἀνέμοιο,
 πεζοὶ δ' ἀξίνης αὐτοσχεδὸν οὐτήσασκον.
 ἀλλὰ καὶ ὥς Τρῶες, δρύες ὥς ἐν δασκίῳ ὕλη,
 πυκνοὶ ἐφέστασαν, οὔτε κακοῦ μνήσαντο φόβοιο,
 οὐ θῆς, οὐ βασιλεύς, ἀλλὰ σθένος ἰσώσαντο
 εἶ καὶ ἐπισταμένως, πύκα φράξαντες δόρυ δουρί,
 ἦ γὰρ νεκρὸς ἔπιπτεν ἐπήλυθεν ἐσθλὸς ἐταῖρος,
 ἕως νύξ παυροτέρους λαοὺς βασιλῆά τε κρύψειν,
 ἔλκεσι τειρομένους ὀλλύντας τ' ὀλλυμένους τε.

T. MAGUIRE.

TOM BOWLING.

HERE a sheer hulk lies poor Tom Bowling,
The darling of our crew ;
No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
For Death has broach'd him to.
His form was of the manliest beauty,
His heart was kind and soft,
Faithful below he did his duty,
But now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed :
His virtues were so rare :
His friends were many and true-hearted :
His Poll was kind and fair.
And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly,
Ah ! many's the time and oft !
But mirth is turned to melancholy,
For Tom is gone aloft.

ΕΥΔΕ, ΦΙΛΑ ΨΥΧΑ.

ὀλκάς ἄτ' ἀμφίκλαστος Ἀμύντιχος ἐνθάδε κείται·
 ὄμμ' ἦν εἰρεσίης καὶ φάος ἡμετέρης·
 λαίλαπος οὐκ ὀλοῆς ἔτ' ἀκούσεται ἄσπετον ἡχὴν,
 ᾧ παραβέβληκεν τὴν ἄκατον θάνατος.
 ἔπρεπεν εἰναλίοισιν ἐν ἀνδράσιν ὄψις ἀγήνωρ·
 ἦπιον αἰὲν ἔφνυ μειλίχιόν τε κέαρ·
 ἐνθάδε πάντα καλῶς πράξας, τὸν δεύτατον ἦδη
 εἰς μακάρων νήσους ἐξεπέρησε πλόον.
 οὐχ ἀνὴρ ἀλίωσεν ὑπόσχεσιν, ἦνπερ ὑπέστη,
 τόσσον ἔλαμψ' ἀρεταῖς ἔξοχα θαυμασίαις·
 πολλοῖς καὶ κεδνοῖς πεφιλημένος ἔπλετ' ἔτησιν,
 τὸν δ' ἔστερξε λήην ἢ χαρίεσσα Χλόη·
 ἄσματα γηθοσύνῳ θαμά τοι λαθικηδέα φωνῇ
 μυρί' ἂν ἤειδεν πᾶσι χαρὰν παρέχων·
 φρούδη δ' εὐφροσύνη, καὶ ὄρωρεν πένθος ἄλαστον,
 εἰς μακάρων νήσους ὡς ἐπέρησε πλόον.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
When He, who all commands,
Shall give, to call life's crew together,
The word to pipe all hands.
Thus Death, who kings and tars despatches,
In vain Tom's life has doff'd,
For though his body's under hatches,
His soul is gone aloft.

DIEDIN.

καὶ μὴν εὐπλοΐης τότ', Ἀμύντιχε, καὐτὸς ὀνήσει,
εὖθ' ὃ μέγα κρατέων ἐν χθονὶ καὶ πελάγει,
πάντας τηλεφανεῖ ὑπὸ νιγλάρου ὕστατον αὐδῇ
ἀγκαλέσει βιότου τοὺς περόωντας ἄλλα·
ὦδ' ὃ γ' ἴσως κατάγων θαλαμίτας ἡδὲ τυράννους
μὰψ θάνατος θερίσας τάνδρὸς ἔχει βίον·
σῶμα μὲν εἰς ἄντλον γὰρ κάππεσεν, ὕστατα δ' αὐτὸς
ἐς μακάρων νήσους ἐξεπέρησε πλόον.

W. W. FLEMING.

R. I. P.

STREW on her roses, roses,
But never a spray of yew ;
In silence she reposes—
Ah, would that I did too !

Her mirth the world required,
She bathed them in smiles and glee ;
But her heart was tired, tired ;
And now they let her be.

Her life was turning, turning,
In mazes of light and sound ;
But for peace her soul was yearning,
And now peace laps her round.

Her cabin'd, ample spirit
Panted and strove for breath ;
To-night it doth inherit
The vasty halls of death.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

ΕΤΡΕΝ ΕΛΕΥΘΕΡΙΗΝ.

Ζηνοφίλῃ ῥόδ' ἐμῇ, ῥόδ' ἐμῇ καταχεῖτε θανούσῃ,
 μηδὲ λυγρὰν μήτις σμίλακ' ἐπιστορέσῃ·
 πρῆυν ἐν ἡρεμίῃ εὖδαι μάλα νήγρετον ὕπνου—
 εὖδαι—κάμ' ὕπνος ὥς ὠφέλε τοῖος ἔχειν.
 νάμασιν εὐφροσύνης ἐτάρους ὑπέβρεξε συνόντας,
 δίψαον οἱ πασῶν ὧν ἔφερεν χαρίτων·
 ἀλλὰ κόπος κραδίην, κραδίην κόπος αἰὲν ἔτειρε·
 νῦν δὲ πόνους κεῖται πάντας ἀπειπαμένη.
 στρομβηδὸν δίνευε βίος, δίνευεν, ἀπάσαις
 ἐν δάδων αἰγλαῖς καὶ κιθαρῶν ἐνοπαῖς·
 ἡσυχίης δὲ τυχεῖν λίην ἐλιλαίετο θυμός,
 καὶ νῦν ἡσυχίῃ πάντοθεν ἡμφίασεν.
 ὥσπερ ἐν ἐρκταῖς ἥσπαιρεν καὶ ἐποίπνυνεν ἐντὸς
 σκῆνεϊ κῆρ κλησθὲν δαψιλὲς εἰν ὀλίγῳ·
 νῦν δὲ γαληναίης, νῦν εὐρέος εὐρέσι χώρον
 ἐν τοῖς Περσεφόνης κληρονομεῖ θαλάμοις.

ROBERT V. TYRRELL.

AD SOMNUM SI RES REDIT

F. THIS is strange : your father's in some passion
That works him strongly.

M. Never till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.

P. You do look, my son, in a mov'd sort
As if you were dismayed : be cheerful, sir :
Our revels now are ended : these our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air :
And like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this unsubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff

HOMERUS EADEM ALIIS SOPITU' QUIETE EST.

Φ. τί νέον; ἐφορμᾷ σὸς πατήρ θυμὸν βαρύν,
καὶ δεινὰ πάσχει.

Μ. νῆ Δί', ἐς τόδ' ἡμέρας
ἄθικτος ὀργῆς ὧδε δυσχίμου δοκεῖ.

Π. ὦ τέκνον, ὥς τις ἐπτοημένος ποθέν,
πρέπεις ἀλύων· μὴ σύ γ'· ἀλλ' εὐφρων γενοῦ.
ἔχει πέρας δὴ κῶμος, οἱ δ' ὑποκρίται
(ὃ προὔλεγόν σοι) πάντες, εἰδώλων σκιά,
βεβᾶσι λεπτῷ συντακέντες αἰθέρι.
καὶ τῆσδ' ἀμαυρῶν φασμάτων τέχνης δίκην,
πυργώματ' ἀστρογείτον' ἀγλαῶν δόμων,
ναοὶ μεγαυχεῖς, ἐν δ' ὁ πᾶς χθονὸς πόλος,
αὐτοῖσι διαλαχοῦσιν ἀναλυθεῖς, ἶσον
εἰδωλοπλάστῳ τῷδε νῦν προσχήματι,
οὐδὲν προλείψει τέκμαρ. ἐκ ταύτου γένους

As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep. Sir, I am vex'd :
Bear with my weakness : my old brain is
troubled.

Be not disturbed with my infirmity :
If you be pleased, retire into my cell,
And there repose : a turn or two I'll walk,
To still my beating mind.

SHAKSPEARE.

βροτοί τ' ὄνειροί τ' ὄντες ἐπὶ τὸ κύριον
ἔκελσαν ὕπνου τέρμ'. ἀδημονῶ, ξένε·
στροβεῖ τὸ γήρας τὴν φρέν'. ἀλλ' ἀνανδρία
χαλῶν σὺ μὴ δύσοιζε δειλίαν ἐμήν·
εἰ δ' ἐστὶ σοι θέλοντι σῆκον εἰς ἐμὸν
κοιμῶ παρελθών, τόνδ' ἐν ᾧ πατῶ στίβον,
ἄκος σφριγώσης καρδίας.

JOHN F. DAVIES.

SISTER HELEN.

‘ WHY did you melt your waxen man,

Sister Helen ?

To-day is the third since you began.’

‘ The time was long, yet the time ran,

Little brother.’

*(O Mother, Mary Mother,
Three days to-day, between Hell and Heaven !)*

‘ But if you have done your work aright,

Sister Helen,

You’ll let me play, for you said I might.’

‘ Be very still in your play to-night,

Little brother.’

*(O Mother, Mary Mother,
Third night to-night, between Hell and Heaven !)*

‘ You said it must melt ere vesper-bell,

Sister Helen ;

If now it be molten, all is well.’

‘ Even so,—nay, peace ! you cannot tell,

Little brother.’

*(O Mother, Mary Mother,
O what is this, between Hell and Heaven ?)*

ΦΑΡΜΑΚΕΥΤΡΙΑ.

‘ εἰπέ, τί τὰν δαγῦδα, τί τόνδε τὸν ἀνέρα τάκεις ;
 νῦν δ’ ἄμαρ τὸ τριταῖον ἀφ’ ὧ γ’ ἄρξας κατατάκειν.’
 ‘ αἱ καὶ συχνὸς ἐφαίνεθ’, ὁ δὲ χρόνος ἄνυτο φεύγων.’
 ἀμέρα ἄδε τρίτα τῷ πράγματι, πότνα Σελάνα.

‘ αἱ δὲ τόδ’ ἐκβαίνει κατὰ τὸν νόον ἔργον, ἀδελφά,
 ἦ ῥά με—πρὰν γάρ μοί ποχ’ ὑπέσχεο—παῖσδεν
 ἔασεῖς ;’

‘ τᾷδε πρέπει τᾷ νυκτὶ μάλ’ ἄσυχά παῖσδεν, ἀδελφέ.’
 ἄδ’, Ἐκάτα δασπλήτι, τρίτα νύξ ἔσσεται αὐτᾷ.

‘ ἀλλ’ εἰπᾶς ποκ’ ἐμίν, Ἑλένα, τὰ ποθέσπερα μέλλεν
 τόνδε τακασεῖσθαι· καλὸν ἔσσεται, αἶ γὰρ τελῇται.’
 ‘ καὶ μάλ’, ἴσως γὰρ—τὸ δ’, οὐ γὰρ ἴσας, ὦ μικκέ, σιώπη.’
 ἐς τί νυ ταῦτα τελεσσεῖταί ποκα, πότνα Σελάνα ;

‘ Oh the waxen knave was plump to-day,
Sister Helen ;
How like dead folk he has dropped away !’
‘ Nay now, of the dead what can you say,
Little brother ?’

*(O Mother, Mary Mother,
What of the dead, between Hell and Heaven ?)*

‘ See, see, the sunken pile of wood,
Sister Helen,
Shines through the thinned wax red as blood !’
‘ Nay now, when looked you yet on blood,
Little brother ?’

*(O Mother, Mary Mother,
How pale she is, between Hell and Heaven !)*

‘ Now close your eyes, for they’re sick and sore,
Sister Helen,
And I’ll play without the gallery door.’
‘ Aye, let me rest—I’ll lie on the floor,
Little brother.’

*(O Mother, Mary Mother,
What rest to-night, between Hell and Heaven ?)*

‘ Here high up in the balcony,
Sister Helen,
The moon flies face to face with me.’
‘ Aye, look and say whatever you see,
Little brother.’

*(O Mother, Mary Mother,
What sight to-night, between Hell and Heaven ?)*

‘ ἔνδιος παχὺς ἦς ὤνθρωπος ὁ κήρινος οὗτος,
 νῦν δ’ ἱκελὸς νεκροῖσι καταρρέων ἐκμεμάρανται.’
 ‘ καὶ πόκ’, ἀδελφὲ φίλος, τύ γ’ ἔχεις νεκρῶν πέρι φάσθαι;’
 τῶν γ’, Ἑκάτα δασπλήτι, νεκρῶν πέρι τίς βροτὸς
 οἶδεν;

‘ ἡνίδε, τῷ κηρῷ κατατακομένῳ διαφαίνων
 ὥς φακέλων θωμὸς φοινίσσεται αἵματι ἴσον.’
 ‘ ἀλλὰ τὸ πεί ποκ’, ἀδελφέ, ποτέδρακες ὄμμασιν αἶμα;’
 ὥχροτέρα ποτιδεῖν τήνα σέο, πότνα Σελάνα.

‘ κατ’ τύ γὰ κείσο μύσασα, νοσεῖ τὴν τῶμματ’· ἐγὼ δὲ
 ἐκτὸς ἰὼν τὸ θύρασδ’ αὐτὸς τερψεύμαι ἀθύρων.’
 ‘ ἀλλ’ ἴθι μάν, ἐθέλω γὰρ κειμένα εὐδεν ἐπ’ οὐδευς.’
 ἀλλ’, Ἑκάτα δασπλήτι, πόχ’ ἃ γὰρ δυνάσεται
 εὐδεν;

‘ ὦδ’ ἐπὶ τῷκροτάτῳ, Ἑλένα φίλα, ὑφ’ ὀθί πύργῳ
 πωτᾶται ποτορεῦσ’ ἐς ἐμεῦ τὰ πρόσωπα Σελάνα.’
 ‘ πάντοσε πάπτανον, κεῖπ’ αἰ τὸ ἰδὼν τι τύχῃσθα.’
 τᾶδε τί δὴ τᾶ νυκτὶ ἰδεῖν πάρα, πότνα Σελάνα;

‘ Outside it’s merry in the wind’s wake,
Sister Helen,
In the shaken trees the chill stars shake.’
‘ Hush, heard you a horse-tread as you spake,
Little brother ?’
*(O Mother, Mary Mother,
What sound to-night between Hell and Heaven ?)*

.

‘ The wind is loud, but I hear him* cry,
Sister Helen,
That Keith of Ewern’s like to die.’
‘ And he and thou, and thou and I,
Little brother.’
*(O Mother, Mary Mother,
And they and we, between Hell and Heaven !)*

.

‘ For three days now he has lain a-bed,
Sister Helen,
And he prays in torment to be dead.’
‘ The thing may chance if he has prayed,
Little brother !’
*(O Mother, Mary Mother,
If he has prayed, between Hell and Heaven !)*

.

* The brother of Keith of Ewern : he has come to implore Helen’s forgiveness.

‘ πάντα δοκεῖ σκιρτῆν γαθεῦντ’ ἀνέμοιο κατ’ ἶχνος,
 ἐν δὲ τινασσομένα ὕλα κρυέρ’ ἄστρ’ ἐτινάχθη.’
 ‘ σίγη νῦν· χαλᾶς κρότος ἵππω μ’ οὔατ’ ἔβαλλεν;’
 ἀλλ’, ‘ Ἐκάτα δασπλῆτι, τίς ὁ ψόφος οὗτος;
 ἴσας γάρ.

‘ βύκτας ὤνεμός ἐστιν, ὅμως βωστρεῦντος ἀκούω
 τῶνδρός· μέλλεν φατὶ τὸν Ἀγεάνακτα θανεῖσθαι.’
 ‘ τήνος μὲν μέλλει, μέλλεις δὲ τύ, μέλλω κῆγών.’
 τῆνοι μὰν μέλλοντ’ ἄμμες δέ τε, πότνα Σελάνα.

‘ Ὠγεάναξ δὴ κεῖται ἐπὶ κλιντῆρι τριταῖος,
 καὶ θάνατον σφακέλοις τετρυμένος εὐχεται ἐνθεῖν.’
 ‘ συμβαίη δέ κ’ ἴσως τό γα πρᾶγμ’, αἶ γ’ ἠὔξατο τήνος.’
 αἶ γ’, Ἐκάτα δασπλῆτι, τόδ’ ἠὔξατο, συμβαίη κα.

‘ He sends a ring and a broken coin,
Sister Helen,
And bids you mind the banks of Boyne.’
‘ What else he broke will he ever join,
Little brother ?’

(O Mother, Mary Mother,
Oh, never more, between Hell and Heaven !)

‘ He yields you these, and craves full fain,
Sister Helen,
You pardon him in his mortal pain.’
‘ What else he took will he give again,
Little brother ?’

(O Mother, Mary Mother,
No more, no more, between Hell and Heaven !)

‘ O sister Helen, you heard the bell,
Sister Helen !
More loud than the vesper-chime it fell.’
‘ No vesper-chime, but a dying knell,
Little brother !’

(O Mother, Mary Mother,
His dying knell, between Hell and Heaven !)

‘πέμπει μὰν πέπλω περόναν καὶ δακτύλιον τίν,
 κῶχθᾶν μεμνᾶσθαι τᾶν Καφισῶ τυ κελεύει.’
 ‘τίς περόνα ζωνὰν ἄψει πάλιν, ἂν ὃ γ’ ἔλυσεν;’
 τίς ποκα τοιαύταν τεύξειέ κε, πότνα Σελάνα;

‘ταῦτ’ ἀπὸ νῦν τὴν δούς δεῖταί σεο πόλλ’ ἱκετεύων
 φθειρομένῳ λυγραῖσιν ἔχειν ἔθεν οἶκτον ἀνίαις.’
 ‘ἦ καὶ τᾶλλ’ ὅσα οἱ κεχαρίσμεθα νῦν ἀποδωσεί;’
 οὐχ, Ἐκάτα δασπλήτι, τά γ’ οὐκ ἀπό τις ποκα
 δωσεί.

‘ἄκουσας κλαγγᾶς ὥσεὶ κώδωνος, ἀδελφά,
 λαμπρότερον κελαδεῦντος ἢ ὃς τό γα δείελον ἀχεῖ.’
 ‘οὐκ εἰς ἱρὰ καλεῖ, θανάτῳ δ’ ὥς ἄγγελος ἀχεῖ.’
 ἀχεῖ δὴ τήνῳ θαναταφόρα, πότνα Σελάνα.

‘ O the wind is sad in the iron chill,

Sister Helen,

And weary and sad they* look by the hill.’

‘ But he and I are sadder still,

Little brother !’

*(O Mother, Mary Mother,
Most sad of all, between Hell and Heaven !)*

‘ See, see, the wax has dropped from its place,

Sister Helen,

And the flames are winning up apace !’

‘ Yet here they burn but for a space,

Little brother !’

*(O Mother, Mary Mother,
Here for a space, between Hell and Heaven !)*

‘ Ah ! what white thing at the door has cross’d,

Sister Helen ?

Ah ! what is this that sighs in the frost ?’

‘ A soul that’s lost as mine is lost,

Little brother !’

*(O Mother, Mary Mother,
Lost, lost, all lost, between Hell and Heaven !)*

ROSSETTI.

* The father and brothers of Keith of Ewern.

‘ πνεῖ δ’ ἄνεμος ῥιγαλά, σιδάρῳ δ’ ὠρανὸς ἴσος·
 τὸν λόφον ἀμβαίνουντι κεκμακόσιν ὧνδρες ὅμοιοι.’
 ‘ τῶν δὲ πλέον θήν που κεκμάκαμες αὐτὸς ἐγὼν τε.’
 τώ γ’, Ἑκάτα δασπλήτι, κεκμάκατον ἔξοχ’
 ἀπάντων.

‘ ἦνίδε καππυρίσας κέχυται μὲν ὁ κηρὸς ἔρασδε,
 ἅ δ’ ἀνὰ φλόξ λάμπουσ’ ὀλίγω γὰ ποτ’ ὠρανὸν εἵκει.’
 ‘ αὐτόθι μὰν ἡβαιὸν ὅσον χρόνον αἵθεται αὐτά.’
 αἵθεται ἡβαιὸν χρόνον αὐτόθι, πότνα Σελάνα.

‘ φεῦ, παρὰ τὸν βαλὸν τί τὸ λευκὸν τῆνο παρήνθεν;
 καὶ τί νυ τὸ στοναχεῖν τό γ’ ὑπαίθριον ἐν πάγῳ ἔξω;’
 ‘ οὐλομένω ἅ ψυχά, ἀδέλφ’, ὥς ἅμὰ ὄλωλεν.’
 φεῦ, Ἑκάτα δασπλήτι, τὰ πάντα τοι ἐξαπόλωλεν.

TOUT LASSE, TOUT PASSE, TOUT CASSE.

THE flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow dies :
All that we wish to stay
Tempt, and then flies ;
What is this world's delight ?
Lightning that mocks the night,
Brief even as bright.

Virtue, how frail it is !
Friendship too rare !
Love, how it sells poor bliss
For proud despair !
But we, though soon they fall,
Survive their joy and all
Which ours we call.

ΨΕΤΔΗ ΤΑ ΠΑΝΤΑ ΚΑΙ ΣΑΠΡ' ΟΥΔΕ ΜΟΙ ΜΕΛΕΙ.

ὃ γελᾷ σήμερον ἄνθος χλιδανῶς
 αὔριον ὄλλυσ' αἰῶνα βραχύν·
 κούδεν μόνιμον πλὴν ὡς δόξαι,
 καὶ δόξαν ἅπαξ αἰψ' ἀποκλίνει·
 τί βίος; τί πέλει τὰνθάδε τερπνά;
 στεροπὴ δνόφον ἢ νυκτὸς ὑβρίζει,
 τάχα δ' αἰφνίδιον φλόγ' ἀμαυροῖ.
 ὡς σωφροσύνης τέλος ἄκραντον,
 καὶ φιλότητος σπανία πίστις,
 πόθος ὡς δώρων ἀντ' Ἀφροδίτης
 στερρὸν ἀδώρων πένθος ἀμείβει·
 τούτων δὲ χαρᾶς, καίπερ ἁώρων
 μάλ' ἀποιχομένων, περιλειπόμεθ' ὦν
 τά γε πρόσθ' ἡψοῦμεν ἔχοντες.

Whilst skies are blue and bright,
 Whilst flowers are gay,
Whilst eyes that change ere night
 Make glad the day ;
Whilst yet the calm hours creep,
Dream thou—and from thy sleep
 Then wake to weep.

SHELLEY.

σὺ δ'—ἔως λάμπει φοίβαισι βολαῖς
ἥλιος αὖξων ἀταλὰς κάλυκας,
κῆμαρ ἀγάλλει φαιδρὰ πρὸ νυκτὸς
φάος ἀλλάζοντ' ὄμματα λυπρόν,
πρὸς ἀκασκαῖαι δ' ἔρπονσ' ὦραι—
βαιὸν γ' ὀδυνῶν ὄναρ ἀμπνεύσης,
τέγγε δ' ἐγερθεῖς
δακρύων λιβάδας πολυκλαύστους.

ROBERT V. TYRRELL.

VARIO IRARUM FLUCTUAT AESTU.

- R.* HAD'ST thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground
knife,
No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,
But—banished—to kill me ; banished ?
O friar, the damned use that word in hell ;
Howlings attend it. How hast thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd,
To mangle me with that word—banished ?
- F.* Thou fond mad man, hear me a little speak.
- R.* O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.
- F.* I'll give thee armour to keep off that word ;
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.
- R.* Yet banished ? Hang up philosophy !
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom ;
It helps not, it prevails not ; talk no more.
- F.* O, then I see that madmen have no ears.
- R.* How should they, when that wise men have no
eyes ?

MENS SAUCIA AMORE.

‘ΡΩΜ. οὐ τάρ᾽α φάρμακ’, οὐ παρῆν θηκτὴ κόπις,
 τέλος θανάσιμον εὐτελές περ, ἀλλ’ ὅμως,
 φυγῇ δὲ πατρίδος ὤλεσας· φεῦ τῆς φυγῆς·
 πάτερ, τόδ’ ὄνομα τοῖς κάτω φθιτοῖς φίλον
 συζῇ στεναγμοῖς σύννομον· πῶς οὖν ἔτλης,
 σεμνὸς προφήτης, ὅσια δ’ εἰωθὼς φρονεῖν,
 ματῶν καθαρτής, πρὸς δ’ ἐμοὶ δῆθεν φίλος,
 ἅπαξ μ’ ἐκείνῃ πάνυ καταξαίνειν φάτει;

MON. οὐκ ἂν κλύοις μου σμικρά, παράκοπός περ ὦν;

‘ΡΩΜ. τὸ σόν γ’ ἂν εἴποις αὖθις αὖ φυγεῖν πάλιν.

MON. σαγῆν μὲν οὖν πρὸς τήνδε σ’ ἐνδύσω φάτιν,
 τὸ σωφρονεῖν γε, συμφορᾶς φίλον γάλα,
 ὃ κάρτα σ’ εἰ θρέψει τε καὶ τὴν σὴν φυγῇ.

‘ΡΩΜ. τόδ’ αὖτ’ ἐκείν’· ἐς φθόρον ἵτω τὸ σωφρονεῖν·
 εἰ μὴ τὸ σῶφρον Ἰουλίαν ἄλλην φύει,
 ταγοῦ τε λῆμα καὶ μεθίστησιν πόλιν,
 ἀχρεῖόν ἐστιν, οὐ σθένει, κοῦδὲν λέγεις.

MON. ἄρ’ οἱ μανέντες ᾧτ’ ἔχουσιν οὐκέτι;

‘ΡΩΜ. τί μὴν; ὅτ’ ὁμματ’ οὐκέτ’ ἐστὶ τοῖς σοφοῖς.

JOHN F. DAVIES.

BATTLE OF THE LAKE REGILLUS.

THEN tenfold round the body
The roar of battle rose,
Like the roar of a burning forest
When a strong north wind blows.
Now backward, and now forward,
Rocked furiously the fray,
Till none could see Valerius,
And none wist where he lay.
For shivered arms and ensigns
Were heaped there in a mound,
And corpses stiff, and dying men
That writhed and gnawed the ground ;
And wounded horses kicking,
And snorting purple foam :
Right well did such a couch befit
A consular of Rome.

MACAULAY.

ΑΡΗΣ ΑΛΛΟΠΡΟΣΑΛΛΟΣ.

ὥς δ' ἀναμαιμάει βαθέ' ἄγκεα θεσπιδαῆς πῦρ
 ἤχῃ σμερδαλέῃ, τό δ' ἐπιβρέμει ἰς ἀνέμοιο,
 ὥς μάλα δις τόσσον τε νέκυν πέρι δηριόωντο
 ἄβρομοι, αὔιαχοι, κρατερὸς δ' ὀρυμαγδὸς ὀρώρει·
 οἳ ῥ' ἦτοι κατὰ ἴσα τάνυσσαν φύλοπιν αἰνῆν,
 πεῖραρ ἐπαλλάξαντες ὁμοίου πολέμοιο,
 οὐδέ τις ὀφθαλμοῖσι Μενοίτιον ὄρχαμον ἀνδρῶν
 ὅππου κεῖτο πεσών κε ἴδοι μάλα περ σκοπιάζων,
 τόσσον τοι περί μιν τέρενα χροῶ πάντα κάλυψε
 δούρατα τ' ἀμφὶς ἀγέντα καὶ αἰόλα τεύχεα φωτῶν
 κείμενον ἐν νεκύων ἀγύρει, πολέες δέ τ' ἐπ' αὐτῷ
 γαῖαν ὁδὰξ λάζοντο, ἐλισσόμενοι περὶ δουρί,
 πνεύοντες δ' ἀφρὸν ῥινῶν ἄπο μώνυχες ἵπποι
 γῆν ποσὶ λάκτιζον βεβλημένοι ὅξεί' χαλκῷ·
 οὗ τοι ἀεικέλιος τοίων κοσμήτορι λαῶν
 τοίοις ἐν λεχέεσσιν ἐλὼν κάτα χάλκεος ὕπνος.

ROBERT V. TYRRELL.

'HOW ARE THE MIGHTY FALLEN!'

THE beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places :
How are the mighty fallen !

Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets
of Askelon ; lest the daughters of the Philistines
rejoice, lest the daughters of the uncircumcised
triumph.

Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew,
neither let there be rain, upon you, nor fields of
offerings : for there the shield of the mighty is
vilely cast away, the shield of Saul, as though he
had not been anointed with oil.

Saul and Jonathan were lovely in their lives,
and in their death they were not divided. . . .

How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of
war perished !

ΑΙΑΙΝΟΝ, ΑΙΑΙΝΟΝ ΕΙΠΕ.

ὥς τὸ σὸν ἄνθος ὄλωλε χαμαιπετές! ὄρθιον, αἶα,
 κλάζε, Παλαιστίνα, δυσκέλαδόν τε βοάν.
 μὴ λεγέτω Γάθεός τις ἐν εὐρυχόροισιν ἀγνιαιῖς
 δυστυχίαν στρατιᾶς τᾶσδε διολλυμένας·
 Ἄσκαλίων ἀμαθῆς ἔστω, μὴ τοῦτο κλύουσαι
 πῆμα Φιλίστιναι τέρψιν ἔχωσι κόραι.
 μηκέτι δ' ἀρδόντων Γιλβῶαν ἄσπετοι ὄμβροι,
 μηδ' ἱερεὺς κλιτῦς θύμασι πλουτισάτω,
 ἔνθα κάκιστ' ἀσπὶς βασιλέως ῥιφθεῖσα πρόκειται,
 ὥς κεφαλὰν ὀσίως οὐποτε χρισαμένου.
 ἦν χάρις ἀμφοτέροισιν ἕως ζωοῖσι μετῆσαν,
 κοῦ σφε διαρπάζειν ἡδύνατ' Αἷσα τέλος.
 οἱ τοπάρους δυνατοὶ φροῦδοι μάλ' ὀδυντὰ βεβᾶσιν,
 ἄμμιγα τ' αἰχματῶν πάντ' ἀπόλωλε βέλη.

HENRY BROUGHAM LEECH.

GRETCHEN AM SPINNRADE.

MEINE Ruh' ist hin,
 Mein Herz ist schwer,
Ich finde sie nimmer
 Und nimmermehr.

Wo ich ihn nicht hab',
 Ist mir das Grab,
Die ganze Welt
 Ist mir vergällt.

Mein armer Kopf
 Ist mir verrückt,
Mein armer Sinn
 Ist mir zerstückt.

Nach ihm nur schau' ich
 Zum Fenster hinaus,
Nach ihm nur geh' ich
 Aus dem Haus.

ΧΩΣ ΙΔΟΝ, ΩΣ ΕΜΑΝΗΝ, ΩΣ ΜΟΙ ΠΥΡΙ ΘΥΜΟΣ ΙΑΦΘΗ.

κάρζα μὲν δὴ μοι κέεται βαρεῖα
 ἄχθος ὥς ἐν στήθεσιν, ἀ δ' ἀπέπτατ'
 ἀσύχα φράν, κοῦ μελέα συνοίκην
 μέλλει ἐς αὖτις.

αἶ κεν ὤνηρ κῆνος ἀπῇ, δόκημι
 αἶψα τεθνάκην ὀλίγω 'πιδεύης,
 σὺν δὲ πάντ' ἴω γέγονεν χόλω τε
 μέστα χατεύσα·

μυρίαις δ' ἔντος πραπίδων ἀλύει
 νάπιον νόημ' ὀνίαις, δαῖχθεις δ'
 ὥσπερ ἔγχεσσιν φονίοις ταλαίνα
 θῦμος ὄλωλεν.

οὔποτ' ἦ ὥς ὀψομένα νιν εἶμι
 οἴκοθεν, πάντων δὲ μόνος ζάδηλος
 φαίνεται κῆνος σκοπίας ἀπ' ἄκρας
 ἑκκατοραίσφ.

Sein hoher Gang,
 Sein' edle Gestalt,
Seines Mundes Lächeln,
 Seiner Augen Gewalt,

Und seiner Rede
 Zauberfluss,
Sein Händedruck,
 Und ach ! sein Kuss !

Mein Busen drängt
 Sich nach ihm hin :
Ach, dürft' ich fassen
 Und halten ihn !

Und küssen ihn,
 So wie ich wollt',
An seinen Küssen
 Vergehen sollt' !

GOETHE.

βαῖνε μὰν ὤνηρ ἵκελος θεοῖσι,
 κῶππάτεσσι πῦρ ὑποδεδρόμακεν·
 ἦν φύα θεία, στύμα δ' οἶον ἦνθη
 μελλιχόμειδον. .

ἂ δὲ φῶνα φίλτρον ἔμαις ἀκούαις,
 ἂ δὲ χεῖρ, ὦ Ζεῦ φίλε, θιγγάνοισα
 χεῖρος ὡς θέλγει νόον· ἀλλὰ τοῖς φι-
 ῆμασί μ' οἶον
 πᾶσαν ἄγρει χάρμα· θέλω δὲ κῆνον
 ἐμπλέκην ἵμερτον ἐν ἀγκάλαισιν,
 στήθεος δ', ὡς ἐμπεφυῖ, ἔχουσθαι
 ἀμφιβάλοισα

χείρας· αἶ κεν μυριάκις κύσαισα
 καὶ κύνην αὖ μυριάκις λαχοίην.
 ἄδυσ' εἴη τῶνδρος ἐμοὶ κύνειντος
 πότμον ἐπίσπην.

CALIBAN.

ABHORRED slave,
Which any print of goodness wilt not take
Being capable of all ill ! I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each
hour
One thing or other : when thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endowed thy purposes
With words that made them known. But thy vile
race,
Though thou didst learn, had that in 't which good
natures
Could not abide to be with ; therefore wast thou
Deservedly confined into this rock,
Who hadst deserved more than a prison.

SHAKSPEARE.

ΑΝΙΑΤΩΣ ΚΑΚΟΣ.

ὦ δοῦλον ἦθος, ὦ καταπτυστὸν κάρα,
 ἀρετῆς ἄθικτος καὶ κακῶν ἄπληστος ὢν,
 ἐγὼ δι' οἴκτου μέν σ' ἔχων πάλαι, μόλις
 λέγειν διδάσκω, νήπιον πεφυκότα,
 καθ' ἡμέραν σόφισμά σοι δείξας νέον·
 θηρὸς δὲ θῆρ' ὄντ' ἐν τρόποις, ὦ βάρβαρε,
 ἰέντα κλαγγὰς δυσκρίτους γνώμης ἄτερ,
 ἔνουν σ' ἔθηκα καὶ λόγων ἐπήβολον.
 ἀλλ' ἦν τὸ σὸν γάρ πως ἀπάνθρωπον γένος,
 καίπερ μαθόντος, οὐχ ὁμιλητὸν βροτοῖς,
 δόμων πετραίων τῶνδ' ἔσω, μείζω πάθους
 δεδρακόθ' εἴργω σ', ἀξιοτάτην δίκην.

HASTINGS CROSSLEY.

UTILIUM SAGAX RERUM.

THREE children sliding on the ice,
All on a summer's day,
As it fell out, they all fell in,
The rest they ran away.

Now, had these children been at school,
Or sliding on dry ground,
Ten thousand pounds to one penny,
They had not all been drown'd.

You parents that have children dear,
And eke you that have none,
If you will have them safe abroad,
Pray keep them safe at home.

GAMMER GURTON.

MANTIS ΩΝ ΟΥ ΨΕΥΔΟΜΑΙ.

ὠλίσθανον λίμνην ἔν πεπηγυῖα ποτ' ἐπιπλέοντες
 τρεῖς παῖδες· ἦν δ' ἀκμὴ θέρους· ὥς δ' ἐκπεσεῖν ἔμελλεν
 ἀπαξάπαντες ἐνέπεσον· δρόμῳ δ' ἔφενγον ἄλλοι.
 καίτοι τότ' ἐν παιδοτρίβον δῆπουθεν εἰ καθίσαν,
 ἣ ποσὶν ἐπὶ ξηροῦ γέ πως ὠλισθον ἐπιπλέοντες,
 ἐνὶ στατῆρι μύρι' ἠθελησα παραβαλέσθαι
 τάλαντ' ἄν, εἰ μὴ παῖς τις ὑστέρησε τοῦ πνιγῆναι.
 πρὸς ταῦθ', ἵν' εἰδῇτ', ὧ γονεῖς παῖδας φίλους ἔχοντες,
 οὐδ' οὖν παρήσω τοὺς γονεῖς οἱ παῖδας οὐκ ἔφυσαν,
 ἦν τῷ μέλῃ μάλ' ἀσφαλεῖς ὅπως μενοῦσιν ἔξω
 οἱ παῖδες, ἀσφαλεῖς γέ μοι φυλαττέτω τις ἔνδον.

JOHN F. DAVIES.

KATHERINE AND PETRUCHIO.

P. COME on, i' God's name : once more toward our
father's.

Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the
moon !

K. The moon ! the sun : it is not moonlight now.

P. I say it is the moon that shines so bright.

K. I know it is the sun that shines so bright.

P. Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself,

It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,

Or ere I journey to your father's house.

Go on, and fetch our horses back again.

Evermore cross'd and cross'd : nothing but
cross'd.

H. Say as he says, or we shall never go.

K. Forward, I pray, since we have come so far,
And be it moon, or sun, or what you please :

ΠΑΝΤΑ ΣΤΗΜΦΕΡΟΤΣ' ΙΑΣΟΝΙ.

- Π. πρὸς θεῶν σπεύδωμεν ἐγκονῶμεν ἐς πατρὸς δόμον.
 ὦ φίλε Ζεῦ καὶ θεοί, τὸ χρήμα τῆς μήνης ὅσον.
- Κ. ἦν ἰδοὺ μήνης· τί μήνης; ἥλιος μὲν οὖν ὄδε.
- Π. φήμ' ἔγωγε τήνδε μήνην ἀργυροῦν φαίνειν σέλας.
- Κ. φήμ' ἐγὼ μάλ' αὖθις εἶναι Φοῖβον οὐκ ἄλλον τινά.
- Π. ἀλλ' ἐμῆς πρὸς μητρὸς υἱοῦ τοῦδ', ἐμὸν λέγω κάρα,
 ὥς δοκήσει μοι καλεῖς νιν, εἴτε μήνην εἴτε που
 ἀστέρων γέ τινα, πρὶν ἐλθεῖν πρὸς πατρῶα δώματα.
 πρόσπολοι, τάχ' ἀπάγεθ' ἵππους οἴκαδ' ἐς φάτνας
 πάλιν,
 ὥς αἰεὶ τις ἀντερεῖ μοι μυριάκις ἢ καὶ πλέον.
- Ὅ. σὺ δὲ διδάσκου πρὶν γε νοστεῖν, ὁμολόγει δὲ πᾶν
 πόσει.
- Κ. ἄγετ' ἴωμεν, ὥς ἐμοῦ γε πάντα συμφάσης λόγον,
 εἴτε μήνην εἴτε Φοῖβον οὐρανοῦ φάσκεις κρατεῖν,

An' if you please to call it a rush-candle,
Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.

P. I say it is the moon.

K. I know it is the moon.

P. Nay, then, you lie: it is the blessed sun.

K. Then, God be bless'd, it is the blessed sun :
But the sun it is not, when you say it is not ;
And the moon changes even as your mind.
What you will have it named, even that it is ;
And so it shall be so for Katherine.

SHAKSPEARE.

ὄντινούν εἴτ' ἀστέρ' ἄλλον, εἴτε που λύχνον φιλεῖς
ἀποκαλεῖν νιν, πάντ' ἀρέσκει ταῦτα, κοῦκ ἄλλως ἐρῶ.

Π. τήνδ' ἐγὼ μήνην λέγοιμ' ἄν.

Κ. ἐξεπίσταμαι καλῶς.

Π. φῆς, ἀναιδές; ἡλίου γὰρ θεῖον ὄμμα δέρκομαι.

Κ. ἔστιν ἀμέλει θεῖον ὄμμα, καὶ θεοῖς ἔχω χάριν,
σοῦ δὲ μὴ συναινέσαντος, οὐχί, καῶσα μείβεται
σαῖσιν ἀντίστοιχος ἀστάτοισιν ἢ μήνη φρεσίν.
ὅ τι καλεῖς, τοῦτ' οὖν κεκλήσθω, σὴ δὲ πᾶν στέρξει
γυνή.

WILLIAM G. TYRRELL.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

T. COMMEND me to my loving countrymen—

S. These words become your lips as they pass
through them,

And enter in our ears like great triumphers
In their applauding gates.

T. Commend me to them,
And tell them that, to ease them of their griefs,
Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,
Their pangs of love, with other incident throes
That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain
In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness
do them :

I'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades' wrath.

S. I like this well ; he will return again.

T. I have a tree, which grows here in my close,
That mine own use invites me to cut down,
And shortly must I fell it : tell my friends,

KEPTOMA BAZON.

- T. φίλοις πολίταις εὐμενῇ μ' εἶναι φράσον.
- B. πρέπει γε ῥῆμα τοῦτ' ἀφείσι χεῖλεσιν·
 χῆμῶν δι' ὧτων ῥῆξεν ὡς πομπαὶ πύλας
 νικηφόροι περῶσ' ὑπ' εὐφήμου βοῆς.
- T. χαίρειν μάλ' εἰπόν, καὶ λέγ' ὡς ἀλγυδόνων
 πληγῶν τ' ἀφέρτων παῦλαν εὐρήσω φίλοις,
 φθορᾶς τ', ἀδαγμοῦ τ' ἣν Ἔρωσ πολὺς ῥυῆ,
 κῆν που σαλεύῃ, λεπτὸν ὡς πλοῖον, φύσις
 βίου τύχαισι· τοιάδ' εὖ δ'ράσω φίλους,
 παῦσαι διδάσκων ὕβρεως τὸν Κλεινίου.
- B. καλῶς ἔχει τάδ'· εἴσι δ' ἄψορρος πάλιν.
- T. ἐμοί τι δένδρον σηκὸς ἀμπέχει δόμου,
 ὃ κέρδος ἔσται πρέμνοθεν τετμηκότι,
 κοῦκ ἐν μακρῷ τέμοιμ' ἄν' ἄγγειλον δ' ἐμοῖς

- Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree
From high to low throughout, that whoso please
To stop affliction, let him take his haste,
Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,
And hang himself. I pray you, do my greeting.
- F.* Trouble him no further : thus you still shall find
him.
- T.* Come not to me again : but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood ;
Who once a day with his embossed froth
The turbulent surge shall cover : thither come,
And let my grave-stone be your oracle.

SHAKSPEARE.

φίλοις πολίταις, πλουσίοις πτωχοῖς θ' ἅμα
κατ' ἀξίαν ἅπασιν, ὡς ἐὰν δύης
ζητῇ τις εὐρεῖν παῦλαν, ἐν τάχει χρεῶν
ἐλθόντα δεῦρο τοῦδ' ἀπάγξασθαι ξύλου
πρὶν ἢ τεμούντος πελέκεως αἰσθήσεται·
στεῖχ' εὐεπείας δῆτ' ἐμῆς βάξιν φέρων.

X. τοιοῦτον ὄντα μὴ πέρα κώτιλλέ νιν.

T. μὴ δεῦρ' ἀνέλθης, ἀλλὰ τῆμαυτοῦ πόλει
τοσαῦτ' ἰὼν ἄγγειλον, ὡς ἐφ' ἀλμυρᾷ
ἀκτῇ πετρώδους θινὸς οἰκήτωρ αἰεὶ
μένοιμ' ἂν ἐνθάδ', ἣν ἅπαξ ὀσημέραι
κλύζει πολὺν θάλασσα καχλάζουσ' ἀφρόν·
μολοῦσι δ' ὑμῖν οὐμὸς ἂν χρήσαι τάφος.

RICHARD W. WEST.

ALL SAINTS' DAY.

AND after these things I saw four angels standing on the four corners of the earth, holding the four winds of the earth, that the wind should not blow on the earth, nor on the sea, nor on any tree.

And I saw another angel ascending from the east, having the seal of the living God : and he cried with a loud voice to the four angels, to whom it was given to hurt the earth and the sea,

Saying, Hurt not the earth, neither the sea, nor the trees, till we have sealed the servants of our God in their foreheads.

QVAE VENTVRA TRAHVNTVR.

ὥς τοὺς μὲν ἔχε φύζα· θεοὺς δ' ἐπὶ πείρασι γαίης
 εἶδον ἐφεσταότας πίσυρας πισύρεσσιν ἐοῦσιν,
 κάδ' δ' ἄρ' ἔχον πισύρων ἀνέμων λαιψηρὰ κέλευθα,
 μὴ πνοιῇσιν ὁροίατ' ἐπὶ ζείδωρον ἄρουραν
 δένδρεά θ' ὑψιπέτηλα καὶ εὐρέα νῶτα θαλάσσης.
 ἐν δὲ ἴδον θεὸν ἄλλον ἀπ' ἡελίου ἀνιόντος
 οὐρανόθι πρὸ κιόντα, πατρὸς δ' ἔχεν αἰὲν ἐόντος
 χερσὶ ἐαῖς σφρηγίδα, θεοῖσι δ' ὁ μακρὸν αὔσε,
 τοῖς κράτος ἐγγυάλιξε πατὴρ ἀνδρῶν τε θεῶν τε
 σίνεσθαι γαίαν τε καὶ εὐρέα νῶτα θαλάσσης,
 τοῖς ὁ θεοῖς πισύρεσσιν ἐκέκλετο μακρὸν αὐτῶν·
 ἴσχετέ μοι χεῖρας, μὴ πρὶν κακὰ ἔρδετε γαῖαν
 δένδρεά θ' ὑψιπέτηλα καὶ εὐρέα νῶτα θαλάσσης,
 πρὶν κεν ἐπ' ὀφρύσι τῶν γε πατρὸς σφρηγίδα βαλῶμεν
 αἷσιμα οἱ ἔρδουσ', ὑπάτας τ' ἀλέγουσι θέμιστας.

ROBERT Y. TYRRELL.

PROTEVS.

Est in Carpathio Neptuni gurgite vates,
Caeruleus Proteus, magnum qui piscibus aequor
Et iuncto bipedum curru metitur equorum.
Hic nunc Emathiae portus patriamque revisit
Pallenen ; hunc et Nymphae veneramur et ipse
Grandaevus Nereus ; novit namque omnia vates,
Quae sint, quae fuerint, quae mox ventura tra-
hantur ;

Quippe ita Neptuno visum est, immania cuius
Armenta et turpis pascit sub gurgite phocas.
Hic tibi, nate, prius vinclis capiendus, ut omnem
Expediat morbi caussam, eventusque secundet.
Nam sine vi non ulla dabit praecepta, neque illum
Orando flectes ; vim duram et vincula capto

ΓΕΡΩΝ ΑΛΙΟΣ ΝΗΜΕΡΗΣ.

ναίει δὲ πόντου Καρπαθίους μάντις μυχοὺς
 Πρωτεὺς ἐνάλιος, ὅσπερ ἰχθύων ὄχοις
 ἵππων τε διπόδων ποντίας μετρέϊ πλάκας·
 δαίμων δ' ὅδ' ἤδη Θεσσαλῆς ὄρμον χθονὸς
 καὶ τὴν πατρώαν αὖτε Παλλήνην ἔβη.
 τούτῳ προσευχόμεσθα Νυμφικὸν γένος
 γέρων τε Νηρεὺς· οἶδε γὰρ μάντις τὰ νῦν
 τὸ δ' αὖ προσέρπον καὶ τὰ πρὶν βεβηκότα,
 ἄνακτι τοῦτο δόξαν, οὗ ποταίνιον
 φρούρημα φωκῶν βουκολεῖ 'ν ἄλὸς μυχοῖς·
 οὔτος, τέκνον, σοὶ πρῶθ' ἄλωτὸς ἐν πέδαις,
 ὅπως ἅπασαν αἰτίαν νοσήματος
 δείξῃ, διδῶ τε ξυμφορᾶς λύσιν τινά.
 αἰὲ γὰρ ἄκων πρὸς βίαν μαντεύεται
 λιτῶν ἄτεγκτος· πρὸς τὰδ' ἀγρίαν βίαν

Tende, doli circum haec demum frangentur inanes.

Ipsa ego te, medios cum sol accenderit aestus,

Cum sitiunt herbae, et pecori iam gratior umbra
est,

In secreta senis ducam, quo fessus ab undis

Se recipit, facile ut somno adgrediare iacentem.

VIRGILIUS.

καὶ δέσμ' ἀλόντι προσβάλῃς· οἱ γὰρ δόλοι
πάντες σφαλεῖεν ἂν τάχ' ἐν τούτοις κενοί.
ὅταν δὲ θάλπος ἥλιος μέσον φλέγῃ,
ἄνθος τε διψῇ, καὶ ποθεινὸς ἦ σκιὰ
ποίμναις, προπέμψω σ' ἐς γέροντος ἀσκόπους
κευθμῶνας, ἔνθ' ἂν ποντίαις κάμνονθ' ὁδοῖς
ὑπνω δεθέντα ῥαδίως ἔλοις θεόν.

MAX CULLINAN.

AN DEN FRUHLING.

WILLKOMMEN, schöner Jüngling !

Du Wonne der Natur !

Mit deinem Blumenkörbchen

Willkommen auf der Flur !

Ei ! Ei ! da bist ja wieder !

Und bist so lieb und schön !

Und freun wir uns so herzlich,

Entgegen dir zu gehn.

Denkst auch noch an mein Mädchen ?

Ei, Lieber, denke doch !

Dort liebte mich das Mädchen,

Und 's Mädchen liebt mich noch !

Fürs Mädchen manches Blümchen

Erbat ich mir von dir—

Ich komm und bitte wieder,

Und du ?—du gibst es mir.

Willkommen, schöner Jüngling !

Du Wonne der Natur !

Mit deinem Blumenkörbchen

Willkommen auf der Flur !

ΕΙΣ ΤΟ ΕΑΡ.

κάλλιστε χαῖρε παίδων,
 φίλον θεῶν ἄθρυμα,
 πολλῶν κανηφόρ' ἀνθέων
 λειμῶνα χαῖρ' ἀγάλλων.
 ἰδοὺ φανεῖς ἐσαῦθις
 ποθεινὸς εἶ καλός τε,
 ἡμῖν δέ σ' ἀσπάσασθαι
 μολόντα τερπνόν ἐστιν.
 κνίζει δ' ἔρωτι κούρης;
 ἐμοῦ γ' ἔκατι κνίζον·
 ἢ γὰρ φιλοῦσα τὸ πρὶν
 καὶ νῦν φιλεῖ με κούρη·
 ῥόδ' οὖν σε πολλὰ κούρην
 στέφειν θέλων τὸ πρόσθεν
 ἤτουν, πάλιν τέ σ' αἰτῶ·
 τί δὴ σύ; πόλλ' ὀπάζεις.
 κάλλιστε χαῖρε παίδων,
 φίλον θεῶν ἄθρυμα,
 πολλῶν κανηφόρ' ἀνθέων
 λειμῶνα χαῖρ' ἀγάλλων.

MACBETH DOES MURDER SLEEP, THE INNOCENT SLEEP.

Q. How now, my lord? why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions making?
Using those thoughts which should indeed have
died

With them they think on. Things without all
remedy

Should be without regard: what's done is done.

K. We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it;
She'll close, and be herself; whilst our poor
malice

Remains in danger of her former tooth.

But let the frame of things disjoint, both the
worlds suffer,

Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep

In the affliction of these terrible dreams,

That shake us nightly: better be with the dead,

ΟΙ ΑΥΤΩΙ ΚΑΚΑ ΤΕΤΧΕΙ ΑΝΗΡ ΑΛΛΩΙ ΚΑΚΑ ΤΕΤΧΩΝ.

ΚΛΤΤ. ὦναξ, τί σταντὸν ᾧδ' ἐρημωθέντ' ἔχων
 λυγρῶν λογισμῶν τήνδ' ὁμιλίαν σέβεις;
 τί δ' ὥς ἐταίροις ταῖσδε φροντίσιν σύνει
 οῖας ἄμ' ἐχθροῖς, ᾧν σὺ φροντίζεις πέρι,
 χρῆν συνθανεῖν; ἄγ', ᾧνπερ οὐδὲν ἔστ' ἄκος,
 μὴ βουκολήσης ταῦτ' ἐπ' ἐξειργασμένοις.

ΑΙΓ. ἔα· τὴν ἔχιδναν οὐκ ἐπαύσαμεν, μόνον
 σχίσαντες οὐ κτείναντες· ἡ δέ, τραυμάτων
 τὸ σχισθὲν ἰαθεῖσα, τὴν αὐτὴν πάλιν
 ὀργὴν ἂν ἴσχοι· παραμενεῖ δ' ἡμῖν κότος,
 ὁ δειλός, ἄρδιν τὴν πρὶν ὀρρωδῶν ἔτι.
 ἀλλ' οὖν φύσεως τὰ δεσμά τις σπαρασσέτω,
 πόντῳ κυκάτω γαῖαν, ἀλλ' ὅμως χαρὰς
 ἐδεσμάτων θαρσοῦσιν ἀπολαύειν θέμις,
 ὕπνου τε, δεινῶν τῶνδ' ὄνειράτων δίχα,
 ὅποια πάσης νυκτὸς ἐκσείει τινά.

Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to
peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;
Treason has done its worst: nor steel, nor
poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further.

SHAKSPEARE.

φεῦ· μᾶλλον ἂν θέλοιμι τοῖς φθιτοῖς κάτω
 ἅπαξ συνοικεῖν (οὓς τάφῳ κοιμᾶν ἔδει
 ὅπως τυράννοις δεμνίοις κοιμώμεθα)
 ἦ ἔν τῳ σφαδασμῷ τῶνδ' ἀκοιμήτων πόνων
 πεσεῖν ἀλύων. οὐχ ὁ δύστηνος πάλαι
 σύνεστιν Αἰῶν; κοῦκ ἄρ' ἐκ παλιγκότων
 βίου νόσων ἡδεῖαν εὐφρόνην ἄγει;
 ἐς τοῦσχατον γὰρ ἦλθε τοῦ δεινοῦ δόλος·
 οὐ φάρμακ', οὐ σίδηρος, οὐκ ἐμφύλιος
 στάσις ποτ', οὐκ ἔπακτος αἰχμητῶν στόλος,
 ἄψαιτ' ἂν αὐτοῦ τῶν ὑπηργμένων πέρα.

JOHN F. DAVIES.

ELOISA TO ABELARD.

IN these deep solitudes and awful cells,
Where heavenly-pensive contemplation dwells,
And ever-musing melancholy reigns,
What means this tumult in a vestal's veins ?
Why rove my thoughts beyond this last retreat ?
Why feels my heart its long-forgotten heat ?
Yet, yet I love ! From Abelard it came,
And Eloisa yet must kiss the name.
Dear fatal name ! rest ever unreveal'd,
Nor pass these lips in holy silence seal'd :
Hide it, my heart, within that close disguise
Where, mix'd with God's, his loved idea lies :
Oh, write it not, my hand !—the name appears
Already written—wash it out, my tears !
In vain lost Eloisa weeps and prays,
Her heart still dictates, and her hand obeys.

ΟΡΘΡΕΥΟΥΣΑΝ ΨΥΧΑΝ ΕΚΠΛΗΧΘΕΙΣΑ.

θείας στέγης ἐν τοῖσδ' ἀναύδοισιν μυχοῖς
 ὅπου γυναικῶν δαιμόνων ἐπίσκοπος
 στόλος καθήται, κῶμμα συννεφὲς βρύει
 αἰεὶ μερίμναις, πῶς ἀνεπτάμην νόσῳ
 ποταινία τῷ, θεῶν λάτρης γεγῶσ' ὅμως;
 τί δ' οὐκ ἀπείργ' ἡ λοισθία πόθους ἐμούς
 τὸ μὴ πλανᾶσθαι καταφυγή; καὶ τοῦ χάριν
 κέαρ τέθαλπται τοῦμόν ἡμέρου βέλει,
 ὃ δὴ διώλεσ' ἐκ μακροῦ; καὶ μὴν ἔτι
 θελκτήριον τόξευμά σου, φίλον κάρα,
 κεντεῖ με, τοῦνομ' οὗ χρεῶν σαίνειν μ' αἰεί.
 ἀτηρὸν ὄνομα, καὶ ἴσου φίλον φίλη,
 ἄφθεγκτον αἰὲν ἐντὸς ἐσφραγισμένων
 εὐφημία σὺν χειλέων κρύφθητί μοι.
 ἦπαρ, σὺ δ' αὐτὸ πύκασον, ὡς θεοῦ πέλας
 ποθεινὸν εἶδος εὖ λάθῃ κεκρύμμενον.
 χεῖρ, μὴ σὺ γράψῃς τοῦνομ'· ἀλλὰ φαίνεται
 γεγραμμένον· φέρ' ἐξαλείψατ', ὁμμάτων
 πίτυλοι. μάτην ἄρ' εὐγμάτων προσήγορος
 τέγγω παρειὰν δύσποτμος, τῆς γὰρ φρενὸς
 ἡ χεῖρ ἐφετμαῖς καὶ τι πειθαρχεῖν θέλει.

LAUNCELOT DOWDALL.

DUARTE.

Du. You have bestowed on me a second life,
For which I live your creature, and have better'd
What Nature framed imperfect. My first being
Insolent pride made monstrous, but this later
In learning me to know myself hath taught me
Not to wrong others.

Do. Then we live indeed
When we can go to rest without alarum
Given every minute to a guilt-sick conscience
To keep us waking, and rise in the morning
Secure in being innocent; but when
In the remembrance of our worser actions
We ever bear about us whips and Furies,
To make the day a night of sorrow to us,
Even Life's a burden.

Du. I have found and felt it;
But will endeavour, having first made peace
With these intestine enemies, my rude passions,
To be so with mankind.

BEAUMONT.

ΥΠΕΧΩΝ ΜΕΡΙΜΝΑΝ ΑΓΡΟΤΕΡΑΝ.

- Δ. ἀλλ' οὖν δέδωκας δεύτερον σύ μοι βίον,
 ὅθεν σός εἰμι, τοῦκ φύσεως γὰρ ἔλλιπες
 τελείς· τὰ πρῶτα γάρ με γεννηθένθ' ὕβρις
 ἐξηγρίωσε· γνόντα δ' οἶός εἰμι δὴ
 τρόποι ἰδίδαξαν μ' ὕστεροι τὸ μὴ ἀδικεῖν.
- Κ. χῆμεῖς τότ' ὀρθῶς φήσομεν λεύσσειν φάος
 ὅταν δυνώμεθ' ἐν λέχει πεσεῖν ἄνευ
 τῶν νυκτιπλάγκτων δυσθέου φρενὸς φόβων
 τῶν αἰὲν ὄντων· ἐξ ὕπνου δ' ἀνάστασιν
 στήναι δι' εὐσέβειαν εὐθαρσῶς· ἀτὰρ
 ὅταν λεώργων ἐργμάτων μεμνημένοι
 Ἑρινύας καὶ κέντρα περιφορώμεθα,
 δι' ὧν περ ἡμαρ ὡς βαρεῖα νύξ πρόπει,
 ἄχθος τὰδ' ἤδη, κοῦ βίος, γενήσεται.
- Δ. φρενοῖς δ' ἔμ' εἰδὼς εἰδότης εἶ, παθόντα τε.
 ἀνθ' ὧν ἐνοικίοισι δὴ συναλλαγείς
 ἐχθροῖς, δυσάρκτοις λήμασιν, πειράσομαι
 συναλλαγήναι τῇ βροτῶν ὁμιλίᾳ.

IF IT WERE DONE, WHEN 'TIS DONE.

IF it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly : if the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch
With his surcease success ; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all, here.
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
We'd jump the life to come. But in these cases,
We still have judgment here ; that we but teach
Bloody inventions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor.

SHAKSPEARE.

SICARIVS SECVM RATIOCINATVR.

εἰ τοῦτο ῥεχθὲν καὶ τελευτῶν τὸτ' ἂν
 σπουδῇ τις ἔρξας τοῦργον εὖ θείῃ τόδε.
 εἴ πὼς τις οἶός τ' ἦν περιστεῖλαι φόνον,
 τῆς ἐλπίδος λαχὼν μὲν, ἀστώσας δ' ἄγος·
 εἰ πᾶν δύναιθ' ἡ καιρία πληγὴ πέλειν,
 καὶ πᾶν περαίνειν, μηδὲ τὴν ἄτην τεκεῖν·
 χρόνου τις ἐκπεσὼν τόθ' ᾧδ' ἐφ' ἔρματι
 ἔρριπτεν ἂν κίνδυνον ὑστέρου βίου.
 ψῆφον δ' ἐκύρωσ' ἡ βροτῶν ἐμπειρία
 ὥς δὴ πέφυκε ταῦτα παράδοσιν φόνων
 ἄγῃ προπέμπειν διαδόχων, ἥπερ νόμῳ
 δεινὴν ἐπάξει τοῖς ἐφευροῦσιν νόσον.

JOHN F. DAVIES.

PSALM CIV.

O WORSHIP the King, all-glorious above ;
O gratefully sing His power and His love ;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavilion'd in splendour, and girded with praise.

O tell of His might, O sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space ;
His chariots of wrath deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

The earth with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty, Thy power hath founded of old,
Hath 'stablished it fast by a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.

ΘΕΟΣ ΠΡΟΣΩΘΕΝ ΕΤΜΕΝΩΣ ΠΡΟΣΔΕΡΚΕΤΑΙ.

ἄγε δὴ, θνητοί, τὸν κύδιστον, τὸν μεδέοντ' ὕψι σέ-
βεσθε,

ἔλεόν τε κράτος τ' ἄσμενοι ὑμνεῖτ'. ἀσπὶς δ' ἡμῖν καὶ
ἔρεισμα,

ὁ παλαιογενὴς ναίων αἵθρην καὶ περιέξωσμένος αἶγλη.
κλείετε δ' οὖν τοῦδ' ἀλκὴν καὶ δῶρ', ὅσπερ γε φῶος
ἐπιέσται,

ὧ τ' ἀμφιπεριστέφεται κόσμος, νεφελῶν τε φάλαγγα
διφρεύει

θυμαίνων, ὑπὸ δ' οἶμος μελανεῖ ποσὶν ἐν πτερύγεσσι
θυέλλης.

γαίης δ', ἀναρίθμου θησαυροῦ κτεάνων, πρόπαλαι
κατέθηκας,

Παγκρατές, αἰπὰ θεμείλια, ταύτην ἀλλύτῳ ψήφῳ δια-
κοσμῶν,

χλαμύδος δὲ δίκην ῥόον Ὠκεανοῦ τελέως τῇδ' ἀμφ-
εκάλυψας.

Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite ?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light ;
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail :
Thy mercies how tender ! how firm to the end
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer and Friend.

GRANT.

τίς δ' εὐφρον' ἔχοι χάριν ἂν γλώσση κελαδεῖν; πνεῖ
 γάρ μιν ἀήτης,
 ἐν δὲ φάει μαρμαίρουσ' ὀρέων τ' ἔκρεῖ πεδίονδέ τ'
 ἐπιρρεῖ
 ἦκα καταστάζουσα γλυκεράν τε δρόσον καὶ ῥέϋμ
 ὑετοῖο.
 ἡμεῖς δ' ὀλιγοδρανέες, πηλοῦ πλάσματα, φύλον σκιοει-
 δές,
 σοί γε πεποιθάμεν, οὐδέποτ' εὐχῆς ἐξημαρτήκαμεν ἡμῶν·
 ὥς σὺ φιλόανθρωπος γεγένησαι, πιστός τ' εὐφρων τε
 πέφυκας,
 δημοεργός θ' ἃμ' ἀλεξίκακός θ' ἡμᾶς σώζεις καὶ
 ἀμύνεις.

WILLIAM RIDGEWAY.

ARISTODEMUS.

M. WHITHER away so fast, Aristodemus ?

A. To find Callicrates, and tell him all.

M. Callicrates stands here, awaiting sentence.

The gods, who knew, delay'd him till thou
camest.

A. Speak to thy friend, Callicrates !

C. Speak thou.

My lips are seal'd from speaking : yet I listen.

A. Hear then the truth, O Minos, and thou, friend,
Whose love was dearer to my soul than life !

It was midsummer at Thermopylae,
Where we three hundred with our lion king
Lay in the Straits awaiting what should happen.
Then did the captain send me forth to seek
A privy passage through Trachinian hills :
For I was first of runners, stoutest-soul'd,
Men said, of athletes ; and the love I bore

ΕΡΩΣ ANIKATE MAXAN.

M. οὔτος, τί φεύγεις νωτίσας σπουδῇ δρόμον ;

A. Καλλικράτην ὥς ἂν κίχῳ, τὸ πᾶν φράσω.

M. καὶ μὴν τὸ δόξαν προσδοκᾷ κριταῖς παρῶν·
πρὶν γὰρ μολεῖν σ' ἐπέσχε θεός νιν εἶ μαθῶν.

A. φίλῳ λέγοις ἂν, φίλτατ'.

K.
νῦν βοῦς ἐπὶ γλώσση· σάφ' ἴσθι δ' ὥς κλύω.

M. Μίνως, σὺ δ' οὔν τᾶληθές, ὡσαύτως δὲ σὺ
ἄκουσον, οὗ τοσοῦτον ἡράσθην ἔρον.
θέρος μὲν ἤκμας' ἐν Πύλαις, ἡμεῖς ἵνα
ἐλοχήσαμεν τρὶς ἑκατὸν ἐν ταῖς ἐσβολαῖς,
Λεωνίδας τ' ἔθ', οἷα δὴ προβήσεται
καραδοκῶν, καὶ τηνίχ' ὁ στρατηλάτης
ἀφῆκέ μ' ἱχνεύσοντα Τραχίνος λόφων
στίβον κρυφαῖον· ἦν γὰρ ἐν πρώτοις δρομεὺς
ἄθλοις τ' ἀριστεύων τόθ', ὥς εἶχεν φάτις.

Callicrates had crown'd my name with honour.
So I, thus bidden, girt me; and could see,
Running, the vast barbarian host aflood
From sea-beach unto hill-side, toward our host
Surging, that rock-like rose to stem the tide.
But I the mountains clove. A dry white gorge
Mid towering crags received me, and I ran
Hour after hour; until what time the noon
Flamed in mid ether, and my strength was
 minish'd.

I came unto a barren scaur up-raised
Heaven-high above me. At its feet a pool
Lay slumbering, smooth and blue as polish'd
 steel,

Broad each way as the temple steps that front
Queen Hera's shrine in Argos: and therefrom
Gush'd a full stream pellucid-froth'd, and fill'd
Its rocky runlet down the mountain side,
Mid myrtles trembling a thin silver thread.
There on my knees I bow'd, and lean'd, and
 drew

Draughts that refresh'd my spirit, while above
Burn'd summer, and my brain with heat was
 heavy.

Καλλικράτους δέ μοι πόθος τιμῆς χλιδαῖς
 ἔστανεν ὄνομα, καὶ σταλεῖς ἐζωσάμην.
 ἀνὰριθμος ἦν τρέχοντι βαρβάρων ἰδεῖν
 κλύδων, ἀπὸ ῥηγμῖνος εἰς ὄρη ῥέων,
 μάχην ξυνάψων ἡμῖν, ὧν ἔστη στόλος
 πέτρας δίκην θάλασσαν εἰργούσης· ἐγὼ δ'
 ἔτεμον ὀρεινὴν ἀτραπὸν· ξηρὰ φάραγξ
 λευκὴ τ' ἐδέξατ' ἐν πάγοις πυργουμένοις·
 ἔδραμόν τ' ἐς ὥρας ὀψὲ δὴ διηνεκῶς.
 μεσημβρία δ' ὀπηνίκ' ἐκ τῆς αἰθέρος
 ἔφλεξε φῶς τῷδ' ἐκ κόπου παρειμένῳ,
 ἀφικόμην οὐράνιον ὀφρύην τινὰ
 ὀρᾶν λεπαίαν· ἥς κάτω, βρίζουσ' ὅπως,
 ἔκειτο λίμνη κυανέα λεία θ' ἄμα
 ὥσπερ σίδηρος ξεστός· ἠκάσθη δ' ὕδωρ
 Ἦρας ἐν Ἄργει ποτνίας νεὼ βάθροις
 προνωπίοις εἰς εὖρος, ἐνθ' ἀνέζεσε
 πολὺς ῥέων καὶ λαμπρὸς ἀφρίζων ῥύαξ·
 καὶ τὴν χαράδραν ἐξέπλησ', ἄκρων ἀπο
 ἀργύφειον ὕδασι λεπτὸν ἐν μύρτοις πλέκων
 μίτον· γονυπετῆς ὤκλασ' οὔν, ἔλκειν θέλων
 ἄμυστιν, ὡς μείλιγμα τῆς ψυχῆς, ἕως
 βολὰς θερείας Ζεὺς ἀνῆπτ' ἐν αἰθέρι,
 ὥστ' ἦν βαρὺς μοι θυμός· ἐστῶτος δ' ἐμοῦ—

But when I rose—nay, listen ; this is true—
There stood between me and the myrtle-boughs,
In blood-red chlamys like a boy array'd,
One on whose lips persuasion sat, whose eyes
Flamed fiercer than the light of summer noon.
He in his hands forth stretch'd a pomegranate,
Ripe, ruddy to the core, and smiled, and said,
' If thou would'st see Callicrates alive,
Eat this !' Then I, who long had served love
 well,
Cried : ' Even so, Lord Erôs.' For I knew
How Pan unto Pheidippides vouchsafed,
Mid vales Arcadian, speech, what time he ran
From Athens to fair Sparta, night and day ;
And in my soul I deem'd that love had deign'd
To smile on Hellas. So I took and ate
That cursèd fruit. Therewith deep slumber fell
Upon my drowsèd eyes.

SYMONDS.

λέγω δ' ἀληθές—ἐν μεταιχμίῳ σκιᾶς
 μύρτων παρῇν παῖς ὥς τις ἐστολισμένος
 φοινικοβάπτῳ χλαμύδι, καὶ τοῖς χεῖλεσιν
 ἐφίζε πειθῶ, καὶ σέλας κορῶν ἄπο
 μεσημβρινῆς ἔφλεξε λαμπάδος θέρους
 αἶθοψ πλέον· καὶ χερσὶν ἐκτείνας ῥόαν
 ἅπαντ' ἐρυθρὰν καὶ πέπειρον 'ἔσθε δῆ,'
 γελῶν προσεῖπ', 'εἰ ζῶντα τὸν Καλλικράτην
 χρήζεις θεᾶσθαι' κᾷτά τοι κεδνὸς γεγὼς
 δαρὸν λάτρει θεοῦ 'πῶς γὰρ οὔ;' γέγων' ἐγὼ
 'ὦναξ Ἔρως' οὐκ ἦν γὰρ ἀμνήμων ὅπως
 Φειδιππίδην Πὰν Ἀρκάδων ἐν ἄγκεσι
 προσφθεγμάτων ποτ' ἠξίωσ', ὅτ' ἔδραμε
 Ἀθήνοθεν Σπάρτηνδε τὴν ἐράσμιον
 ἴσοι κατ' ἡμαρ καὶ κατ' εὐφρόνην· τότε οὖν
 Ἔρως γὰρ ἐδόκει προσγελῶσιν Ἑλλάδα
 βλέμμασι δέχεσθαι, φεῦ στυγῆματος, ῥόαν
 τρώγῳ λαβὼν ἦν μήποτ' ὄφελον τραγεῖν,
 ἐνέπεσέ θ' ὕπνος ὄμμασιν παρειμένοις.

LAUNCELOT DOWDALL.

THE DAY OF THE LORD.

STRENGTHEN ye the feeble hands,
And confirm the tottering knees ;
Say ye to the faint-hearted—Be ye strong :
Fear ye not ; behold your God !
He Himself will come, and will deliver you.
Then shall be unclosed the eyes of the blind ;
The ears of the deaf shall be unstopp'd ;
Then shall the lame bound like a hart,
And the tongue of the dumb shall sing,
For in the wilderness shall burst forth waters,
And torrents in the desert :
And in the haunt of the dragon shall spring forth
The grass, with the reed and the bulrush.
No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast :
But the redeemed shall dwell there ;
And the ransom'd of the Lord shall return,
And come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy :
They shall obtain joy and gladness,
And sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

ISAIAH.

ΙΕΡΟΝ ΗΜΑΡ.

νῦν νέον σθένος λάβοιεν αἱ παρειμέναι χέρες
 καὶ τὰ γούνατ', ἀκρατῇ πρίν, νῦν κράτους εἴη πλέα·
 τοῖς κακοσπλάγχνοις θροεῖτε· νῦν γένεσθ' εὐκάρδιοι·
 καὶ τρέσητε δεῖμα μηδέν· εἰσίδεσθε Κύριον,
 ἐκ κακῶν ἐλευθερώσων Αὐτὸς ἵζεται βροτούς.
 τηνικαῦτα τῶν τυφλῶν μὲν ὅσσοι ἀνεωγμέν' ὄψεται,
 τῶν ἀνηκόων δὲ καὶ τότε ὥτ' ἀκληστ' ἀκούσεται·
 ἔλαφος ὧς, ὁ χωλὸς ἄλμα τηνικαῦτα κουφιεῖ,
 τοῦ δὲ κωφοῦ γλῶσσοι ἄφωνος ἄσεται μελωδίαν.
 καὶ γὰρ ἐν ξηροῖς τόποισι νάματ' ἐκραγήσεται,
 ἔν τ' ἐρημίαισι λάβρον ποταμίων ρείθρων σθένος.
 κὰν δρακοντείοις σταθμοῖσιν εὐθαλῆς αὐξήσεται
 ἢ πόα, σχοῖνός θ' ἔλειος καὶ μελάμφυλλος δόναξ.
 οὐ λέων ἐκεῖ ποτ' εἴσιν, οὐδὲ θήρ ποτ' ἄγριος,
 καὶ συνοικήσουσι μάκαρες, οἱ κακὸν πεφευγότες,
 καὶ στελοῦσιν ἐπιτυχόντες τῆς Θεοῦ σωτηρίας
 ἐς Σιών ἰόντες ὥδαίς σὺν τ' ἀγηράτῳ χαρᾷ·
 τέρψιν οἷδ' ἔξουσιν πολλὴν καὶ γλυκείαν ἡδονήν,
 πᾶν δὲ πένθος καὶ στεναγμὸς παντελῶς οἰχήσεται.

W. W. FLEMYNG.

MANFRED.

WELL, though it torture me, 'tis but the same ;
My pang shall find a voice. From my youth
upwards

My spirit walk'd not with the souls of men,
Nor look'd upon the earth with human eyes ;
The thirst of their ambition was not mine,
The aim of their existence was not mine ;
My joys, my griefs, my passions, and my powers,
Made me a stranger ; though I wore the form,
I had no sympathy with breathing flesh,
Nor midst the creatures of clay that girded me
Was there but one who—but of her anon.
I said, with men and with the thoughts of men,
I held but slight communion ; but instead,

ΑΠΑΝΘΡΩΠΟΣ ΣΤΙΒΟΣ.

ἀλλ' ἔξερω μὲν κεῖ λέγοντ' ἀλγεῖν με χρεῖ,
 τοῦμὸν γὰρ ἄλγος φθόγγον εὐρήσει τινά.
 ψυχὴ μὲν ἡμῇ δεῦρ' αἰὲ συνουσίας
 φεύγει βροτείας ἐξ ὅτου τὰ πρῶτ' ἔφυν.
 οὐ τὰνθάδ', ἦ χρεῖ θνητὸν ὄντ', ἐσκεψάμην,
 ἐστὶν γάρ, ὦν ἐρῶσ', ἐμῆς πρόσω φρενός,
 πρόσω δὲ τάργα καπιτηδεύσεις βροτῶν,
 οἷς τὰμὰ πάντ' ἀνάρσι, ἡδοναί θ' ἅμα
 λυπαί τ' ἐπιστροφαί τε μανιάδες φρενός.
 καγὼ μὲν ἔμπνουν σῶμα φύς οὐκ ἀντερῶ,
 τοῖς δ' αὖ τοιούτοις συμπονεῖν ἀμήχανος·
 ἐν πηλοπλάστοις δ' οἷς συνεζύγην τύποις,
 μούνη τις—ἀλλ' οὐκ ὀνομάσαι τανῦν ἀκμή.
 λέσχης μὲν οὖν ἦκιστ' ἐκοινούμην βροτοῖς,

My joy was in the wilderness—to breathe
The difficult air of the iced mountain's top,
Where the birds dare not build, nor insect's wing
Flit o'er the herbless granite ; or to plunge
Into the torrent, and to roll along
On the swift whirl of the new breaking wave
Of river stream, or ocean, in their flow.
In these my early strength exulted.

BYRON.

ἑτερπύμην δέ, χωρὶς ἀνθρώπων στίβου
πνοὴν ἀφύσσω αἰθρίαν ἄκρας ἐπὶ
κρυσταλλοπήγος, ἔνθα πᾶς ἀτύζεται
ὄρνις μετοικεῖν, οὐδ' ὑπὲρ στυφλῆς πέτρας
μυῖαι ποτῶνται· κατὰ δὲ πηδήσας ποτὲ
ῥοὰς ἔνηχον, ἐκδιδούς τοῦμόν δέμας
στροβεῖν ἐλίγδην ποντίοις κλυδωνίοις,
ἢ ποταμίαις δύναισι· τοῖσδ' ἡγαλλόμην.

RICHARD W. WEST.

THE KING'S SOLILOQUY.

WHAT if this cursed hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood ?
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heav'ns
To wash it white as snow ? whereto serves mercy
But to confront the visage of offence ?
And what 's in prayer, but this twofold force,
To be forestalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd being down ? Then I'll look up ;
My fault is past. But oh, what form of prayer
Can serve my turn ? Forgive me my foul murder !
That cannot be, since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the murder,
My crown, mine own ambition, and my Queen.
May one be pardon'd, and retain th' offence ?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice ;

ΨΥΧΗΣ ΠΛΑΝΗΜΑ.

καὶ δὴ πανώλης νῦν κασιγνήτῳ βρότῳ
 χεὶρ ἦδε καὶ διπλάσιον ἠϋξῆται πάχος·
 ἀλλ' οὐ φίλος Ζεὺς χιόνος ἔξανγεστέραν
 ὄμβρους τρέφει νύβοντας; ὥς λύει τί δὴ
 βροτοῖσιν οἶκτος, πλὴν ἢ ἐξ ἐναντίας
 στῇ ταῖς ἀμαρτίαισι; καὶ ποία λιτῶν
 χρεία ἔστιν, εἰ μὴ θατέρου τις ὥς τύχη—
 εἴθ' ὥς θεὸς πταίσοντα κουφίσας φθάσῃ,
 εἴτ' οὖν ἅπαξ σφαλέντι συγγνώμην διδῶ.
 ἀναβλέπω δ' οὖν, ὥς ἐπ' ἀμβλυνθέντι μου
 ἄγει κακίστῳ τῷδε· τίς δὲ προστροπὴ
 μέλλει, τίς ἔδρα μ' ὠφελεῖν; σύγγνωθί μοι
 ὁ δυσσεβὼς αἷμ' εἶλον; ἀλλὰ ποῖ βλέπων
 φῶ ταῦτ', ἔχων ὧν οὐνεκ' εἵργασμαι φόνον,
 σκῆπτρον, λέχος τε βασιλικόν, κράτος τ' ἐμόν;
 πῶς ἐγκρατεῖ τῳ τῶν βία λελησμένων
 ἀζημία πρόχειρος; ἢ διαστρόφοις
 ῥεῖ τὰνθάδε ῥοαῖσιν, ὥσθ' ἀμαρτίας

And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize itself
Buys out the laws. But 'tis not so above.
There is no shuffling ; there the action lies
In his true nature, and we ourselves compell'd,
Ev'n to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. What then ? what rests ?
Try what repentance can ? what can it not ?
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent ?
O wretched state ! oh bosom black as death !
Oh limèd soul, that, struggling to be free,
Art more engaged ! Help, angels ! make assay !
Bow, stubborn knees ; and, heart, with strings of
steel,
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe !
All may be well.

SHAKSPEARE.

δίκην παρωθεῖν χεῖρ σθένει χρυσουμένη,
 παρεμπολᾷ γὰρ ἄθλον ὀλέθριον φόνου
 τὰ πολλὰ θεσμούς· ἀλλ' ἐκεῖ νομίζεται
 οὐ ταῦτά γ'· οὐ στροφή τις· ἀλλ' ἀπλῶ τρόπῳ
 δικάζεται τὸ πρᾶγμα, καὶ φαῦλον χρεῶν
 αὐτῶν ἔναντα τῶν πεπλημμελημένων
 αὐτὸν καθ' αὐτοῦ φῶτα μηνυτὴν κυρεῖν.
 καὶ δὴ τί λοιπόν; εἶα, πειρῶμαι τάλας,
 τί τις δύναιτ' ἂν ὅς μετέγνωκεν; τί δ' οὐ;
 καίτοι λύσις τίς, μὴ μεταγνώναι παρόν;
 κακῶς πέπρακται πάντα· φεῦ, βουλευματα
 μελάντερ' Αἰδου, φεῦ τάλαινα φρήν, ὅσῳ
 μᾶλλον παλαίει, μᾶλλον, ἰξευθεὶς ὅπως
 ὄρνις, πεδηθεῖς· εἶ', ἀρήξατ', ὦ θεοί·
 στερρόν δὲ καμπὴν κάμψον ἱκεσίαν, γόνυ·
 σὺ δ', ὦ σιδήρου σπλάγχχνον ἐντονώτερον,
 ἄλλαξον ὀργὴν ἡπιωτέραν βρέφους,
 ἔξεστι γάρ πως πρᾶγος εἶ πίπτειν τόδε.

‘WELL FARES THE LAND THAT BEARS SUCH FRUIT.’

Lo, I stand
Here on this brow's crown of the city's head
That crowns its lovely body, till death's hour
Waste it; but now the dew of dawn and birth
Is fresh upon it from thy womb, and we
Behold it born how beauteous; one day more
I see the world's wheel of the circling sun
Roll up rejoicing to regard on earth
This one thing goodliest, fair as heaven or he
Worth a god's gaze, or strife of gods; but now,
Would this day's ebb of their spent wave of strife
Sweep it to sea, wash it on wreck, and leave
A costless thing contemned; and in our stead
Where these walls were and sounding streets of men,
Make wide a waste for tongueless water-herds,
And spoil of ravening fishes; that no more
Should men say, Here was Athens.

SWINBURNE.

ΒΡΥΧΙΑ Δ' ΗΧΩ ΠΑΡΑΜΥΚΑΤΑΙ.

καὶ μὴν καθέστηχ' ᾧδ' ἐπ' ὀφρύης κára
 πόλεως στεφούσης, ᾧ τόδ' ἐστέφθη καλὸν
 μόρφωμ', ἕως ἂν θανάσιμοι καταστροφαὶ
 ἄρδην αἰστώσωσι· νῦν δ' ἔω δρόσος
 λοχευμάτων τ' ἔπεστιν εὐαγεστάτη·
 ἡμεῖς θ' ὀρώμεν νεόγονον τέχνημ' ἐκεῖ
 οἶον τὸ κάλλος· καὶ κατ' ἡμαρ αὖ τόδε
 τροχὸν κυκλοῦντος ἡλίου παλίσσυτον
 δραμόνθ' ὀρώ, γέγηθε δ' εἰσβλέπων πατήρ
 κάλλιστον ἄνθος αὐτός, ἀγλαίαις Διὸς
 ὅμοιον, ὥς τε κείνος ἔνδυτον γάνει·
 θείων θ' ἀμιλλῶν θεῶν τε προσδεδορκότων
 ἄξιον, ἐγῴμαι· νῦν δ' ἂν ἄμπωτίς γε μὴν
 φθινὰς κλυδώνων φιλερίδων τῶν δαιμόνων
 κλύσειέ νιν πρὸς ἔρματ' ἐν βυθοῖς ἁλός,
 λιποῦσ' ἀτίμητόν τι, κοῦ πολλῆς τυχὸν
 ὥρας ἔτ' ἀνδρῶν, κἀντὶ τῶν θριγκωμάτων
 ἄστεως, θρόου τε τῶν ἐνοικούντων στέγας,
 φώκαις ἀναύδοις γῆν ἂν ἡρημωμένην
 ἔλωρ τιθείη καὶ λάβροισιν ἰχθύσιν,
 ὡς μὴδ' ἔχῃ τις μήποτ' ἐκφάσθαι λόγον,
 τὰδ' ἦν Ἀθῆναι.

ΟΥΚ ΕΣΤ' ΕΡΑΣΤΗΣ ΟΣΤΙΣ ΟΥΚ ΑΕΙ ΦΙΛΕΙ.

THERE was a king in Thulé,
And he loved an humble maid,
And she, who loved him truly,
When she came to her death-bed,

A golden cup she gave him,
Which none could better prize ;
And ever as he drank of it,
Tears dimm'd his flowing eyes.

And when he came to die,
To his heirs his wealth he told ;
Left all without a sigh
But his mistress' cup of gold.

As at the royal banquet
Among his knights sate he,
In the high hall of his fathers,
In their fortress o'er the sea,

ΜΝΗΜΑ ΠΟΘΩΝ.

ἔστι δέ τις νῆσος Θούλη μάλ' ἀμιχθαλόεσσα,
 ἔνθα ποτ' ἔσκε ἄναξ, θῆσαν δ' ὄγε φίλατο κούρην
 ἣ δέ ἐ παρθένος αὖτ' ἐφίλει, τὴν δ' Ἄρτεμις ἔκτα.
 ἣ μὲν δὴ θνήσκουσα δίδου δέπας ἀμφικύπελλον
 χρύσειον, περὶ δ' ἦν πάντων κεχαρισμένον αὐτῷ·
 ἐκ δ' ὅτε τοῦ βασιλεὺς μελιηδέα οἶνον ἔπιεν,
 δὴ τότε ἔμαρψ' ἀχλύς, κατὰ δ' ὀφθαλμῶν χύτο
 δάκρυ.

τὸν δ' ἄρα γῆρας ἐπῆλθε περιπλομένων ἐνιαυτῶν,
 χηρωστῆσι δ' ἔδωκε ἐκὼν κειμήλια πάντα,
 οὐ τι φίλον θυμὸν τετιημένος, οὐδ' ἀλεγίζων,
 σῶζε δ' ἔτ' αὖ φιάλην, τὴν οἱ δῶκέν ποτε κούρη.
 ἦμος ὁ δὴ δαίνυ μενοεικέα δαῖθ' ἐτάροισι,
 ἔξετό τ' ἐν κλισμῷ, εἰν ὑψηλοῖσι δόμοισι,
 τοὺς πρόγονοί ποτ' ἔδειμαν ἐπὶ ῥήγμινι θαλάσσης,

Up stood the gay old monarch,
For the last time up he stood ;
For the last time drain'd the blessed cup,
And threw it in the flood.

He saw it falling, filling,
And sinking in the sea :
His eyes lost sight of it, and sank,
And never more drank he.

GOETHE.

τῆμος ὁ τοῖς λιπαρῶς γηράσκων ὕστατ' ἀνέστη,
ὕστατ' ἀνέστη, ἔχων θ' ἄγνόν μετὰ χερσὶ κύπελλον
ἔκπιεν ὕστατ' ἄφαρ, τὸ δὲ κάββαλεν εἰς ἄλα δῖαν.
καὶ τὸ γέρων καταδὺν ποτιδέρκετο βένθεα λίμνης,
πιμπλάμενόν θ' ἄμα καὶ μαυρούμενον οἷδατι
πόντον,
ἀλλ' οὐ δὴν ἔσιδεν, μαυρώθησαν δέ οἱ ὅσσε,
οὐδέ ποθ' ὕστερον αὖτις ὄγ' ἔκπιεν αἶθοπα οἶνον.

WILLIAM RIDGEWAY.

IMOGEN.

I SEE a man's life is a tedious one :
I have tired myself, and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick,
But that my resolution helps me. Milford,
When from the mountain-top Pisanio show'd thee,
Thou wast within a ken : O Jove ! I think
Foundations fly the wretched ; such, I mean,
Where they should be relieved. Two beggars
told me
I could not miss my way : will poor folks lie,
That have afflictions on them, knowing 'tis
A punishment or trial ? Yes ; no wonder,
When rich ones scarce tell true. To lapse in
fulness
Is sorer than to lie for need, and falsehood

ΑΝΔΡΟΒΟΤΑΟΝ ΚΕΑΡ.

ἦ τᾶρα χρῆμ' αἰανὲς ἀρσένων βίος·
 καὶ δὴ τέτρυμαι, διάδοχον γὰρ εὐφρόνην
 ταύτην ἰαύω δευτέραν χαμαιπετής.
 ἐνόσουν ἂν ἦδη, μὴ πεπηγυίας φρενός.
 σὺ δ' ἦσθ' ὀρώσῃ δῆλος, ὦ λιμήν, ἐμοί,
 ὅτ' ἐξ ἄκρου σ' ἔδειξε Πείσανδρος λόφου.
 ὦ Ζεῦ, δοκοῦσι τοὺς ταλαιπώρους φυγεῖν
 χρείας ἀρωγοὶ δωμάτων ἀποστροφαί.
 ποῖ δὴ τράπωμαι; κοῦ πλανήσεσθαί μ' ὁδοῦ
 πτωχοὶ δὺ' ἄνδρες εἶπον· ἦ πράσσω κακῶς
 βάνανσος ὣν τις ψεύσεται, καὶ γνοὺς ὅτι
 τὰ δυσχερῇ δὴ πείραν ἦ ποινὴν θεὸς
 ἔθηκεν εἶναι; ταῦτα δ' οὐ θαυμάστ' ἐπεὶ
 καὶ τῶν τρυφώντων σπάνιον εὐορκεῖ γένος·
 σχετλιώτερός τοι πλημμελῶν ὁ πλούσιος
 ἢ δυσχερείας οὐνεχ' ὁ ψευδηγορῶν
 ψεύδος δ' ἀνακτι μείζον' αἰσχύνῃν φέρει

Is worse in kings than beggars. My dear lord !
Thou art one o' the false ones. Now I think on
thee,
My hunger 's gone ; but even before, I was
At point to sink for food. But what is this ?
Here is a path to 't : 'tis some savage hold :
I were best not call ; I dare not call : yet famine,
Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.
Plenty and peace breeds cowards : hardness ever
Of hardiness is mother. Ho ! who 's here ?
If anything that's civil, speak ; if savage,
Take or lend. Ho ! No answer ? Then I'll enter.
Best draw my sword ; and if mine enemy
But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look
on't.

SHAKSPEARE.

ἢ τοῖς πένησιν· ὦ φέριστε δεσποτῶν,
 σὺ δ' ἦσθα πρὸς ψευστῶν ἄρ'· ἡ λέληθά που
 ἄσιτος οὔσα, σοῦ γ' ἔχουσ' ἐπιστροφὴν·
 καὶ μὴν ἀπειπεῖν νῦν ἐπὶ σμικρᾶς ῥοπῆς
 ἤμελλον. ἀλλὰ πρὸς θεῶν, τί χρῆμ' ὀρώ;
 οὐκ ἐς φίλων ἦδ', ὡς ἔοικεν, αὔλιον
 οἰμός μ' ὁδώσει, προσμολεῖν δ' ἀτύζομαι·
 λῶστόν τ' ἂν εἴη μὴ μολεῖν· πείνη δ' ὅμως
 θήγειν φιλεῖ που πρὶν διαφθείρειν φύσιν·
 ῥαθυμίας τοι πλησμονὴ φυτοσπόρος,
 τοῦ δ' αὖ στερεῖσθαι στερεὸν ἔβλασται γένος.
 ὦή, τίς ἔνδον; ἦν τις ἡμέρων μὲν ἦς,
 φθέγξαι τι· κῆν τις ἄγριος φρέν' ἦς, ὅμως
 νῦν ἡ παραντίκ' ἀντ' ἀναγκαίας τροφῆς
 κέρδος τι λήψει· δεύτερον μάτην καλῶ
 ἐπορθιάζουσ' ἐκπέραμα δώματος.
 πρόκωπον οὔν εἴσειμι σείουσα ξίφος,
 καὶ, ὡς ἐγώ, σίδηρον ὀρρωδῇ, μόλις
 τὸ δεινὸν οὐχθρὸς ἀντέχων εἰσόψεται.

*

EXTINCTUS AMABITUR IDEM.

THIS shalt thou
Sustain not, nor thy son endure to see,
Nor thou to live and look on ; for the womb
Bare me not base that bare me miserable,
To hear this loud brood of the Thracian foam
Break its broad strength of billowy-beating war
Here, and upon it as a blast of death
Blowing, the keen wrath of a fire-soul'd king,
A strange growth grafted on our natural soil,
A root of Thrace in Eleusinian earth
Set for no comfort to the kindly land,
Son of the sea's lord and our first-born fire,
Eumolpus ! Nothing sweet in ears of thine
The music of his making, nor a song
Toward hopes of ours auspicious ; for the note
Rings as for death oracular to thy sons,
That goes before him on the sea-wind blown

STAT MAGNI NOMINIS UMBRA.

ταῦτα πῶς τλήσει δρακεῖν,
 πῶς καὶ τὸ σὸν φίτυμα; κοῦ γὰρ ἂν φθάνοις
 θανούσ', ἰδοῦσα ταῖσχος· οὐ με γὰρ κακὸν
 ἔφυσε γαστήρ, δυστυχῇ τεκοῦσά περ,
 ὥστ' ἱνὴν ἀφροῦ Θρηκίου βαρύβρομον
 ῥηγνύντ' ἀκούειν κυματοπλήγος μάχης
 εὐρείαν ἰσχὺν δεῦρο, κάσπαίρονθ' ἅμα
 ὡς ἄνεμον Αἴδου κοίρανον πικρῷ μένει
 φλογωπὸν, ἐμφυτευθὲν ἔρνος ἄγριον
 γαίᾳ πατρώᾳ, ρίζαν ἐκ Θρήκης χθονὶ
 Δημητρὸς ἐμβληθεῖσαν, ὡς παραψυχὴν
 ψυχρὰν φίλης γῆς, τὸν Ποσειδῶνος γόνον
 ἀρχήθεν ἐχθροῦ, τοῦτον Εὐμόλπον λέγω.
 οὐκ εὐμενὴς τοῦδ' οὔποτ' οὐδ' ἐπώνυμος
 στάζει δι' ὧτων οὔτις εἷ μολπὴν λίαν.
 κλάζει γὰρ ᾄσμα θάνατον ἐκγόνοις σέθεν,
 ὀλέθριον φόρημα ταῖς πνοαῖς φέρειν,

Full of this charge laid on me, to put out
The brief light kindled of mine own child's life,
Or with this helmsman-hand that steers the state
Run right on the under-shoal and ridge of death
The populous ship with all its fraughtage gone,
And sails that were to take the wind of time
Rent, and the tackling that should hold out fast
In confluent surge of loud calamities
Broken, with spars of rudders and lost oars
That were to row toward harbour and find rest
In some most glorious haven of all the world,
And else may never near it : such a song
The gods have set his lips on fire withal
Who threatens now, in all their names, to bring
Ruin ; but none of these, thou knowest, have I
Chid with my tongue or cursed at heart for grief,
Knowing how the soul runs reinless on sheer death
Whose grief or joy takes part against the gods.

SWINBURNE.

δεινῶν ἐφετμῶν τῶνδ' ἐμοὶ σεσαγμένον,
 φῶς εἴτ' ἀναφθὲν λεπτὸν αὐτόχειρ' ἐμὲ
 σβέσαι τέκους, εἴτ' αὐτὸν οἰακοστροφεῖν
 πόλιν πρὸς ἔρμ' ἄφαντον, εἷς τε πόντιον
 Αἶδην ὀκεῖλαι μυριοπληθῇ βία
 φορημάτων ναῦν ἔνδοθεν τητωμένην,
 ἄρδην ῥαγέντων ἰστίων, πλησίστιον
 ἄμελλεν οὖρον προσλαβεῖν χρόνου ποτέ,
 σκευῶν τε κρατερῶν συμφορᾶς ἀγαστόνου
 ἐν συρρόοις ὀρμαῖσιν ἐξεφθαρμένων,
 οἶακος ἀγαῖς καὶ πλατῶν ἐρειπίοις
 δι' ὧν ἂν ὄρμου τις τύχοι νανυσθλούμενος
 ἐν λιμένι κλεινῷ δὴ μάλιστα γῆς ὄλης·
 κἀμοῦ στερηθεὶς οὔτι μὴ θίγῃ χθονός.
 τοίοις ὑφῆψαν ἄσμασιν τούτου θεοὶ
 χεῖλη, σὺν οἷς τοῖς πᾶσιν ἀμαθύνειν πόλιν
 ἔτοιμος ἦκει· τῶν δ' ἄρ' οὐ κακορρόθοις,
 οἶσθ', οὐκ ἀπ' ἄκρας φρενὸς ἀραῖς κατηνχόμην
 λύπης ἕκατι, θυμὸν ὡς εἰδὼς δραμεῖν
 φιλοῦντ' ἐς αἰπὺν ὄλεθρον ἀχάλινον, χαρᾷ
 εἵπερ πτερωθεὶς ἦ πάθει θεοῖς μάχην
 τολμᾷ συνάψαι.

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

MAKE no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny,
Rash and undutiful.
Past all dishonour,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.
Still, for all slips of hers,
 One of Eve's family ;
Wipe those poor lips of hers
 Oozing so clammily.
Loop up her tresses
Escaped from the comb,
Her fair auburn tresses !
While wonderment guesses
 Where was her home ?

IRREMEABILIS UNDA.

φείδεσθε λίαν μή νιν ἀκριβῶς
 πόλλ' ὅσ' ἀβούλως ἄφρονι θυμῷ
 πόλλ' ἀκολάστως ἤμπλακε νωμῶν.
 ἐξήλειψεν κηλῖδα ματῶν,
 οὐ δ' ἐκράτησεν θάνατος μορφῆς.
 οὐ μὲν ἄμεμπτός γ', ἀλλ' ἀβρὸν ὅμως
 Εὐῆς παμμήτορος ἔρνος.
 εἶα, μυδῶντος πέλανον στόματος
 ψυχρὸν ὁμόρξατε, χαίτης τε χλιδὴν
 πλέκετε ξανθὴν
 ἄμπυκος ἄσσουσαν ἄδεσμον.
 ὄχλος ὡς θαμβεῖ, πᾶς τις ἐρωτῶν
 τὸν πέλας αἰὲ μνητέρα φράζειν
 τίς πόθεν εἶη· τίς δ' ὁ φυτεύσας·

Who was her father ?
Who was her mother ?
Had she a sister ?
Had she a brother ?
Or was there a nearer one
Still, and a dearer one
Yet than all other ?
Oh ! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
 Under the sun !
Oh ! it was pitiful,
Near a whole city full,
 Home she had none.
Fatherly, motherly,
Sisterly, brotherly
 Feelings had changed.
Love by harsh evidence
Thrown from its eminence,
Even God's Providence
Seeming estranged !

HOOD.

μῶν τι ταλαίηνη γένος ἔβλασται
 κοινὸν ὁμαίμων;
 μῶν τινὰ παντὸς Διὸς Ἑρκείου
 φίλτερον ἔσχευεν χῶμογενέστερον;
 οἴμοι γενέθλης νηλέος ἀνδρῶν
 δυσνοῦ τ' ἀμόροις· ἡῦρ' ἦδ' ἄμορος
 μυριοπληθῇ πόλιν ἐνθνήσκειν,
 αὐτῇ δ' ἀπολιν· πᾶν δ' ἥλλαξεν
 θυμὸν ἀνοικτον τοῦ πρὶν τὸ γένος·
 τέθνηκ' ἀπάτωρ τοῦ φύσαντος,
 μητρὸς ἀμήτωρ,
 τῶν τε συναίμων ἀνάδελφος.
 φεῦ· φροῦδος ἔρως σκληρᾶς βασάνου
 σκληρῷ δυσέρως ὥχετ' ἐλέγχῳ·
 πῶς οὖν τὰ βροτῶν
 ἐφορῶν ἐφάνη ποθ' ὁ δαίμων;

JULIET'S WEDDING-DAY.

F. COME, is the bride ready to go to church?

C. Ready to go, but never to return ;

O son, the night before thy wedding-day
Hath death lain with thy wife :—there she lies,
Flower as she was, deflowerèd by him.
Death is my son-in-law, death is my heir,
My daughter he hath wedded ! I will die,
And leave him all ; life leaving, all is death's.

SHAKSPEARE.

PARTA QUIES.

HERE she lies, a pretty bud,
Lately made of flesh and blood,
Who as soone fell fast asleep,
As her little eyes did peep.
Give her strewings ; but not stir
The earth, that lightly covers her.

HERRICK.

INFERNI MATRONA TYRANNI.

- Μ. στείχειν ἄρ' ἔσθ' ἢ μελλόνυμφος εὐτρεπής ;
 Π. στείχειν μὲν ἔστιν, οὐ δ' ὑποστρέψει πάλιν·
 τῆς εὐφρόνης γὰρ τῶν γάμων πάρος, τέκνον,
 λέκτροισιν Αἰδης σοῖσί σ' ἔφθασεν συνών,
 καρπὸν δ' ἄκαρπον ὠμόφρων ἐδρέψατο.
 Αἰδης ὁ γαμβρός ἐστι, κηδεστής τ' ἐμός,
 ἔχει γε γήμας τὴν κόρην· θάνομι δὴ,
 κείνῳ τ' ἀφείην πάντα, τόνδ' ἀφείεις βίον.

JOHN F. DAVIES.

ΕΥΘΑΝΑΣΙΑ.

ἔνερθε κείται Χλωρίς, ἔρνος εὐπρεπές·
 ἥπερ νεωστὶ σὰρξ ἐφαίνεθ' αἶμά τε,
 ὕπνῳ δαμείσαν Ζεὺς ἐκοίμισ', ἠνίκα
 ἔβλεψε πρῶτον ὄμμασι σμικροῖς φάος.
 δός, ὦ ξέν', ἀνθέων χεύματ'· εὐλαβοῦ δ' ἰὼν
 μὴ τυρβάσης κούφην χθόν', ἣ νιν ἀμπέχει.

W. W. FLEMYNG.

HAMLET.

To be, or not to be : that is the question :
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them ? To die : to sleep ;
No more ; and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep :
To sleep : perchance to dream : ay, there's the rub :
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause : there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life :
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of dispriz'd love, the law's delay,

ΑΜΒΛΗΤΗΣ.

ζῆν ἢ τὸ μὴ ζῆν—τοῦτο δὴ σκοπεῖν ἀκμή—
 εἴτ' οὖν σοφοῖσιν ἐστὶ κάλλιον καλῶς
 τλῆναι βέλη τε σφενδόνας τ' ὤμης Τύχης,
 εἴτ' αὐτόχειρα πημονὰς παῦσαι, θράσος
 ἅπαξ ἐφοπλισθέντα κύμασιν κακῶν.
 εἰ γὰρ τὸ κατθανεῖν μὲν ἦν ἀπλῶς δραθεῖν
 ὥς δῆθε λῦσαι τὰν βίῳ θυμοφθόρα
 λύπας θ' ἀπάσας πατρικὰς βροτῶν γένει,
 εὐχῶν τέλος δὴ τοῦτ' ἂν ἦν ἀντάξιον·
 εἰ δ' αὖ τὸ κατθανεῖν γε δαρθάνειν, τί μή;
 κακὲί γ' ὀνειράθ' ἔξομεν, προστρίβεται
 φεῦ τῇδε δὴ τὸ πρᾶγμα, καί μ' ἐρητύει
 ἂν τοῖς θανούσι δείματ' ἢ θράσσουνθ' ὕπνον
 ἀπαλλαγείσι σωμάτων θνητῶν φορᾶς·
 τοῦτ' ἦν τὸ μακραίωνα τὴν οἰζὺν τιθέν.
 ὕβρεις γὰρ αἰκίας τε τίς ζῶν ἂν φέροι,
 κόρον τε σεμνῶν, ζημίαν τε κρεισσόνων,
 πόθον τ' ἀποπτυσθέντα μὲν θάλποντα δέ,

The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscover'd country from whose bourn
No traveller returns, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprizes of great pith and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

SHAKSPEARE.

δικῆς τ' ἀναβολάς, ἀρχιδιά τ' ὠγκωμένα,
 σοφούς τε μῶρων τλημόνως ἡσσημένους,
 ἰδρῶν δ' ἔλοιτο καὶ στένων ἀντλεῖν κακά,
 διαλλαγῆναι φασγάνῳ δύαις παρόν,
 εἰ μὴ τὸ δεῖμα μὴ τι τοῖς θανούσιν ᾗ,
 ἔν' ἄσκοποι τείνουσιν ἀδιάλυτοι πλάκες,
 φρόνησιν εἶργεν ὥστε τάσδε συμφορὰς
 στέργειν ἐν οἴκῳ μᾶλλον ἢ θηρᾶν ἐκεῖ;
 ὥς ἄνδρα δουλοῖ ταῦτα συννοεῖν λίαν,
 ἄνθος δὲ θυμοῦ τῷ φρονεῖν μαραίνεται
 χῶτῳ τέθηλε ξύμφυτον ψυχῆς μένος·
 πληθουσα δ' ὁρμὴ πρινίνης εὐτολμίας
 τῇδε βλαβείσας οὐκέτ' ἰθύνει ροάς,
 ψευδωνύμως δ' ἄπρακτος εἰς οὐδὲν ῥέπει.

T. MAGUIRE.

ΟΧΘΗΣΑΣ Δ' ΑΡΑ ΕΙΠΕ ΠΡΟΣ ΟΝ ΜΕΓΑΛΗΤΟΡΑ ΘΥΜΟΝ.

τὸ ζῆν ἔτ' ἢ τὸ μηκέθ', ἥδ' ἄρ' ἡ ῥοπή·
 πότερά τι θάρσος εὐγενέστερον τρέφω
 τύχης ἀσελγοῦς τόσα φέρων ὑπώπια,
 ἢ 'ν τῷ συνάψαι τῇ πόνων ζάλη μάχην,
 ἐλὼν θ' ἀλῶναι, καὶ θανὼν ὑπνω πεσεῖν;
 ὁμοῖον· οἶον δ' ἡδὺ τῷδ' ὑπνω φυγεῖν
 τὸ δηξίθυμον καὶ τὸ μυρίον σίνος
 ὦν ζῆ βροτὸς κληροῦχος· ἡ καταστροφὴ
 τρίλλιστος αὐτῇ, κατθανόνθ' ὑπνω πεσεῖν.
 οἶμαί γ', ὀνειρών χωρίς. ἀλλ' ἀντιξοεῖ
 τὸ δυστόπαστον, μὴ πρὸς ὧδ' ὑπνουμένους,
 τοὺς τῶν βροτείων ἐκκυλισθέντας πεδῶν,
 ἔρπη τι δεινὸν φάσμ'. ἔτ', ἔτι μελλητέον.
 τοιαῦθ' ὑπονοῶν εἰκότως τὰ πῆματα
 ἴσχει τις ἄκων καὶ παλιμμήκους βίου.
 οὐ γὰρ φιλόψυχός τις ὧδ' ὑπερμέτρως
 ὥς κέντρα λύμην τ' αἰὲν αἰῶνος δία,

οἷσει, τυράννων θ' ὕβριν, ἐν δὲ τῶν ἄγαν
σεμνῶν προπηλακισμόν, ὀλιγωρουμένου δ'
ἔρωτος ἄλγος, καδίκους δίκης τριβάς,
τῶν δ' ἐν τέλει τρυφήν τε καὶ λακτίσματα,
τλήμων ὅσ' ἀρετὴ καρτεροῦσ' ἠνέσχετο
φαύλων ὑπ' ἀνδρῶν, ἣν λύσις πάντων παρῇ
γυμνοῦ ξίφους ἕκατι; τῶνδ' ἀχθηδόνων
τίς ἂν τὸν ὄγκον ὑπομένοι βρυχώμενος
ιδρῶν τε καμάτῳ τοῦ ταλαιπώρου βίου,
εἰ μή τι ταρβήσκει κατὰ τὰς νερετέρας
τὰς δυστεκμάρτους καὶ δυσεξόδους πλάκας
ὅθεν ἀνέκνυσεν οὗτις; ἔνθεν ἐκπλαγεῖς
ὁ νοῦς ἄβουλος συμβιοῦν προσίεται
κακοῖς παροῦσι μᾶλλον ἢ κάκ' ἄσκοπα
θηρᾶν ἄπειρος. ἦν ἄρ' ὅ τι συνειδότες
δειλοὶ γεγόναμεν πάντες, ἀποδύντες δ' ἄφαρ
χροιάς τόδ' ἄνθος τοῦ σφριγῶντος ἡμέρου
τῶν μαλθακῶν τὸ χλωρὸν ἀνταμείβομεν
ὥσπερ δὲ ποταμῶν ρεῖθρ', ἐπισπέρχοντά περ
σφόδρ' ἐς τὸ πόρσω, πρῶνες ἀνθεστηκότες
πλάζουσιν ἄλλη, ταῦτά χη' ῥύμη φρενῶν
ἄλλως αἴσσει, κούκ ἐπήβολος κλύει.

HENRY VI., PART I., ACT IV., SCENE 5, LINE 34.

[*The English will be found on page 76.*]

TALBOT—JOHN TALBOT.

T. τὴν τῆς τεκούσης ἐλπίδ' εἰς κρύψει τάφος ;

I. πρὶν τὴν τεκούσαν νηδὺν αἰσχῦναί γ' ἐμέ.

T. φεύγ', εἴ τί γ' εὐνοῦ τοῦδ' ἐφίεσαι κάτω.

I. ὥς συμβαλῶν τοῖσδ', οὐ κατοκνήσων ἐγώ.

T. ἐν σοὶ δὲ πατρὸς καὶ τι σωθείη μέρος.

I. οὐκ ἔσθ' ὃ σωθὲν οὐ μ' ἐν αἰσχύνῃ βαλεῖ.

T. οὐκ ἐκπέσοις ἂν οὔποτ' ἐσχηκὼς κλέος.

I. σόν γ' ὄνομα κλείνουν· ἄρ' ἀτιμάσω φυγών ;

T. τήνδ' ἀγνιεῖ κηλῖδ' ὃ σ' ὀτρύνας πατήρ.

I. ἐκμαρτυρήσαί μοι τάδ' οὐ δύνῃς θανών.

HENRY BROUGHAM LEECH.

TRANSLATIONS INTO LATIN.

HENDECASYLLABICS.

O YOU chorus of indolent reviewers,
Irresponsible indolent reviewers—
Look, I come to the test, a tiny poem,
All composed in a metre of Catullus;
All in quantity, careful of my motion,
Like the skater on ice that hardly bears him,
Lest I fall unawares before the people,
Waking laughter in indolent reviewers.
Should I flounder awhile, without a tumble,
Through this metrification of Catullus,
They should speak to me not without a welcome,
All that chorus of indolent reviewers.
Hard, hard, hard is it, only not to tumble,
So fantastical is the dainty metre.
Wherefore slight me not wholly, nor believe me
Too presumptuous, indolent reviewers.
O blatant magazines, regard me rather—
Since I blush to belaud myself a moment—
As some rare little rose, a piece of inmost
Horticultural art, or half-coquette like
Maiden, not to be greeted unbenignly.

TENNYSON.

CARMEN CATVLLIANVM.

ignavi male iudices quot estis,
exlegum pecus et pigerrimorum,
en parvum in trutinam poëma veni
perscriptum penitus modis Catulli,
certis temporibus, memorque motus,
ne lapsum, velut ire fune tento
coner, fabula multa in urbe fiam,
et dem iudicibus pigris cachinnos.
tantum si titubem, ruina nec sim,
hos dum versiculos sequor Catulli,
id, credo, id tacitum feram : sed omnis
Tarparum ista hara salva sit pigrorum.
durum est est modo ne cadam cavere,
tam mollis modus estque delicatus.
quocirca neque vile me neque expers
frontis ducite, iudices obesi.
quin balatibus, o libri, remotis
(iam tingit rubor ora glorianti)
vobis bellula sim rosa, elegantis
horti gloria, vel puella simplex,
qualem non licet alloqui proterve.

JOHN F. DAVIES.

AUBURN.

WHERE, then, ah ! where shall poverty reside,
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride ?
If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd,
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
And ev'n the bare-worn common is denied.
If to the city sped—What waits him there ?
To see profusion that he must not share ;
To see ten thousand baneful arts combined
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind ;
To see each joy the sons of pleasure know
Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.
Here while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artist plies the sickly trade ;
Here while the proud their long-drawn pomps
display,
There the black gibbet glooms beside the way ;

QVANTVM DIMISSA PETITIS PRAESTANT !

ergo ubi considet pauper cui proximus urgens
eripiat dives tecta brevemque larem ?
si pecus in nullo descriptos limite campos
egerit, ut sterilis gramina carpat agri,
arrogat at dives vel publica iugera campi,
pauperibusque situ vel loca senta negat.
quaesierit Romam—quid quaerere proderit immo ?
quippe sitit vetitas, Tantalus alter, opes :
in genus humanum coniuravisse nefandas
mille artes, luxus mille alimenta, videt ;
quot sibi Patricii delectamenta pararint
plebeiis cernit suppeditata malis.
scilicet ut Tyrio princeps splendescat in ostro
hic grave pallescens textor adurget opus ;
ducitur hic fulgens Capitolia ad alta triumphus,
illic crux maestis imminet atra viis ;

The dome where Pleasure holds her midnight reign,
Here, richly deckt, admits the gorgeous train :
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
Sure, scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy !
Sure, these denote one universal joy !
Are these thy serious thoughts ?—Ah ! turn thine
eyes

Where the poor houseless shiv'ring female lies.
She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,
Has wept at tales of innocence distress :
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn.
Now lost to all ; her friends, her virtue fled,
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head ;
And, pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the
show'r,

With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,
When idly first, ambitious of the town;
She left her wheel and robes of country brown.

GOLDSMITH.

hic epulantur ubi media de nocte beati
accipiunt festos atria festa choros ;
luce nitent, reboant lautae clamore Carinae,
dum pilenta ruunt dum rutilantque faces :
' nimirum,' dicas, ' tanta inter gaudia nunquam
surgit amari aliquid, laetus it usque dies !'
falleris ah ! demens—i, lumina flecte, puellam
contemplare istam, quae iacet, alget, eget :
illa, ut paganae cui quondam copia, flebat
si narraretur capta puella viro :
digna verecundo casulae decus addere vultu,
primula ceu mediis semireducta rubis ;
iam proiecta suis—proiecerat ipsa pudorem—
en ! corruptoris sternitur ante fores ;
et contracta gelu, pluviis tremebunda profusis,
flet male felicem corde dolente diem,
quom fatua, et fieri cupiens urbana, Minervam
contempsit tenuem carbaseosque sinus.

BILLY TAYLOR.

BILLY TAYLOR was a brisk young fellow,
Full of mirth and full of glee,
And his mind he did discover
To a maiden fair and free.

Four-and-twenty brisk young fellows,
Clad in jackets' blue array,
And they took poor Billy Taylor
From his true love out to sea.

His true love she follow'd after,
Under the name of Richard Carr,
And her hands they were bedaubed
With the nasty pitch and tar.

An engagement came on the very next morning,
Bold she fought among the rest ;
The wind aside did blow her jacket,
And discover'd her lily-white breast.

FVRENS QUID FEMINA POSSIT.

acer erat nulli non Mopsus idoneus arti,
festivum pleno cum salis ore caput ;
ille adiens facilem, qua non formosior ibat,
Phyllida, quo penitus ferveat igne, refert.
viginti iuvenes et bis duo, mascula pubes
(tincta nitescebat murice cuique chlamys),
corripiunt puerum, raptusque requirere amores
cogitur amissos, et freta longa sequi.
inde habitu sumpto Phyllis tituloque virili
abreptum pelagi per mala dura petit,
femineoque videt fastu retinacula tractans
saepe picem teneras commaculare manus.
proxima lux ridet : committitur aequore toto
pugna : furit mixtis acrior illa viris :
flamina crebrescunt : tunica fluitante resecta
femineum prodit nuda papilla sinum.

Now, when the captain he came for to hear of it,
Says he, 'What wind has blown you to me?'
'Kind sir, I be come for to seek my true love,
Whom you press'd and sent to sea.'

'If you be come for to seek your true love,
He from his ship is gone away ;
And you 'll find him in London streets, ma'am,
Walking with his lady gay.'

So she rose up early in the morning,
Long before the break of day,
And she found false Billy Taylor
Walking with his lady gay.

Straight she call'd for swords and pistols,
Which were brought at her command ;
And she kill'd poor Billy Taylor,
With his lady in his hand.

When the captain he came for to hear of it,
He very much applauded her for what she
had done,
And he made her first lieutenant
Of the gallant 'Thunder Bomb.'

quae res delata est postquam rumore magistro,
 ‘quisnam,’ ait, ‘huc, virgo, te tulit unde Notus?’
illa, ‘tot in casus, o dux metuende, marinos
 quem rapis, hunc quaerens per vada salsa vagor.’
‘per vada salsa vagans quem tu, fortissima, quaeris,
 navis amatorem non habet ulla tuum;
i, propera Romam : comitatum pellice cernes
 ornata puerum, qui fuit ante, tuum.’
proxima lux caelo non iam dimoverat umbras;
 surgit ab invisio fida puella toro;
it, properat Romam : comitatum pellice cernit
 ornata puerum, qui fuit ante, suum.
‘quis pharetram,’ clamat, ‘nemone huc ocius arcum?’
 nec mora : feminea sumpserat arma manu;
et puer amplexu nondum divulsus amicae—
 proh ! pudor—imbelli vulnere pressit humum.
quae res delata est postquam rumore magistro,
 ‘euge !’ ait, ‘infidos sic periisse iuvat;
‘et Ballista’—fuit navi hoc ab imagine nomen—
 ‘aequora te clavum, Phylli, regente secet.’

ROBERT Y. TYRRELL.

THALABA.

OR, when the winter torrent rolls
Down the deep-channelled raincourse foamingly,
Dark with its mountain spoils,
With bare feet pressing the wet sand,
There wanders Thalaba ;
The rushing flow, the flowing roar
Filling his yielded faculties,
A vague, a dizzy, a tumultuous joy.
Or lingers it a vernal brook,
Gleaming o'er the yellow sands ?
Beneath the lofty bank reclined
With idle eyes he views its little waves,
Quietly listening to the quiet flow ;
While in the breathings of the stirring gale
The tall canes bend above,
Floating, like streamers on the wind,
Their lank uplifted leaves.

TALABAS.

ubi in alveo imbre adeso fluvius ruit hiemans
spumas agens, iugorum spolians nigra capita,
madidas premens arenas niveis ibi pedibus
Talabas vagatur. olli fluviique tonitrua
animos tenent stupentes fremitusque celeripes ;
et iam dubia voluptas malesanaque trepidat.
ubi rivulus micanti sabulosus itinere
remoransque vere flavet, mare parvulum ibi videt
ripa sub ille celsa recubans, vagus oculos ;
placidusque in aure captat cava murmura placida ;
super interim inquietus recrepat ferus Aquilo,
et arundines acutae fluitantia veluti
vexilla deprimuntur curvata columina.

MAX CULLINAN.

DIRGE FOR A MAIDEN.

UNDERNEATH the sod low-lying,
Dark and drear,
Sleepeth one who left in dying
Sorrow here.

Yet they 're ever bending o'er her
Eyes that weep.
Forms that to the cold grave bore her
Vigils keep.

When the summer moon is shining
Soft and fair,
Friends that loved in tears are twining
Chaplets there.

Rest in peace, thou gentle spirit,
Throned above;
Souls like thine with God inherit
Life and love.

NAENIA.

heu tegit herboso Lalagen velamine caespes,
 lucifugaque domo ;
nunc humilis dormit quae nobis mortua liquit
 nil nisi maestitiam.

hanc tamen haud lacrimis dolor unquam pronus obortis
 spargere cessat humum ;
non oculos claudit vigiles, quicumque feretri
 triste subivit onus.

ast ubi candescens aestiva lampade Phoebe
 despicit in tumulum,
fletur, et intextas fletu, pia dona, coronas
 fingit amica manus.

sit tibi, molle caput, solium caeleste per annos ;
 sit tibi dia quies :
talibus ambrosium dabitur felicibus aevum
 associare deo.

THE POET'S DEATH.

CALL it not vain :—they do not err
Who say that, when the poet dies,
Mute Nature mourns her worshipper,
And celebrates his obsequies :
Who say, tall cliff and cavern lone
For the departed Bard make moan ;
That mountains weep in crystal rill ;
That flowers in tears of balm distil ;
Through his loved groves that breezes sigh,
And oaks in deeper groan reply ;
And rivers teach their rushing wave
To murmur dirges round his grave.

MORS POETAE.

non fabulas, non somnia inania
fingunt, poëtam mors ubi ademerit,
plorare Naturam, suique
exsequias celebrare mutam
cultoris. illum namque sub invidas
raptum tenebras aëriæ gemunt
rupes et antrorum recessus :
flumine flet vitreo soluta
montana moles : de lacrimantibus
stillant odores ambrosii rosis ;
perflantque per lucos amatos
sollicitas Zephyri querellas :
nec tristiores non referunt sonos
querceta ; nec non, qui tumultum lavat,
quae murmura effundant, ruentes
ipse suas docet amnis undas.

Not that, in sooth, o'er mortal urn
Those things inanimate can mourn ;
But that the stream, the wood, the gale
Is vocal with the plaintive wail
Of those who, else forgotten long,
Lived in the Poet's faithful song.

SCOTT.

MEMORY.

THUS the ideas, as well as children, of our youth
often die before us ; and our minds represent to
us those tombs to which we are approaching :
where, though the brass and marble remain, yet
the inscriptions are effaced by time, and the
imagery moulders away.

LOCKE.

at non—quis haec tam finxerit inscius?—
possunt ad urnam plangere talia
tam bruta feralem ; sed aurae
et nemora et fluvii loquellas
dant luctuosas, cum sibi naenias
illi cient, qui, ne sopor improbus
urgeret ignotos, fidelis
carminibus viguere vatis.

S. ALLEN.

MNE MOSYNE.

plurima sic mentis species, mihi si qua iuventa
grata fuit dulci, mox instar prolis obivit
incolumi genitore ; simillimaque ipsa videtur
mens excepturo nostri caput omne sepulcro.
stent lapides Parii, stent aera perennia ; voces,
quas scalpsit pietas haud immemor, oblinet instans
annorum series, fugaque innumerabilis aevi.

HASTINGS CROSSLEY.

ANNIE'S TRYSTE.

YOUR hand is cauld as snaw, Annie,
Your cheek is wan and white :
What gars ye tremble sae, Annie ?
What mak's your e'e sae bright ?

The snaw is on the ground, Willie,
The frost is cauld and keen,
But there's a burning fire, Willie,
That sears my heart within.

The Spring will come again, Annie,
And chase the winter's showers,
And you and I shall stray, Annie,
Amang the Summer flowers.

O bonnie are the braes, Willie,
When a' the drifts are gane ;
But my heart misgi'es me sair, Willie,
Ye'll wander there alane.

SI QVA FATA ASPERA RVMPAS !

pallent, Delia, cur genae ?
 friget cur nivibus frigidior manus ?
 cur artus teneri tremunt ?
 ardent insolita cur oculi face ?

durantur positae nives
 hiberni gelidis flatibus aetheris ;
 at pectus, Corydon, meum,
 heu ! caecis penitus carpitur ignibus.

brumam nubibus horridam
 grata ver roseum mox vice proteret :
 tum per rura vagabimur
 aestas flore novo quae decoraverit.

quom diffugerit alta nix,
 ridebunt nitidis prata coloribus ;
 at tristissima praescius
 erres ne sine me corda subit timor.

O will ye tryste wi' me, Annie ?
O will ye tryste me then ?
I'll meet you by the burn, Annie,
That wimples doon the glen.

I daur na tryste wi' you, Willie,
I maun na tryste ye here,
But we'll hold our tryste in Heaven, Willie,
In the spring time of the year.

AYTOUN.

SWEET WESTERN WIND.

SWEET Western Wind, whose luck it is,
Made rival with the air,
To give Perenna's lips a kiss,
And fan her wanton hair ;
Bring me but one, I'll promise thee
Instead of common showers,
Thy wings shall be embalmed by me,
And all beset with flowers.

HERRICK.

quin te constituis mihi
 venturam comitem vere novo meam,
ut quondam prope rivuli
 ripas per silvâam qui trepidat loquax ?

ah ! non constituam tibi,
 nec fas est, soliti margine rivuli.
sed, cum verna aderit dies,
 lucis Elysiis consociabimur.

T. J. B. BRADY.

AVRA VENI !

quod tibi, Note, contigit beato,
aëris levis aemulo, Perennae
labra basiolis tuis adire,
ventilare tibi comas protervas ;
huc, Note, huc ades, adferas vel unum,
sicque di, Note, sic deae me amabunt,
ut Iovis minime imbris madebit
rursus, at tua flosculis renidens
ala turiferas olebit auras.

ROBERT V. TYRRELL.

TO DELIA.

FAIR the face of orient day,
Fair the tints of opening rose ;
But fairer still my Delia dawns,
More lovely far her beauty shews.

Sweet the lark's wild warbled lay,
Sweet the tinkling rill to hear ;
But, Delia, more delightful still
Steal thine accents on mine ear.

The flower-enamour'd busy bee
The rosy banquet loves to sip :
Sweet the streamlet's limpid lapse
To the sun-brown'd Arab's lip :

But, Delia, on thy balmy lips
Let me, no vagrant insect, rove :
Oh ! let me steal one liquid kiss,
For, oh ! my soul is parch'd with love.

BURNS.

AD DELIAM.

pulcher est solis redeuntis ortus ;
pulcher est floris color explicati ;
pulchrior solem superas rosamque,
Delia, pulchram.

dulcis indoctae canor est alaudae ;
dulcis est lapsus trepidantis undae :
dulcior longe tua vox amantis
serpit in aurem.

sic apis gaudet studiosa florum
ore delibans roseos liquores ;
sic Arabs gaudet recreans scatebris
arida labra.

non apis ritu temere avolantis
in tuis labris mihi sit vagari ;
hinc sinas haustum rapiam, levemque
pectoris ignes.

THE BAIT.

COME live with me, and be my love,
And we will some new pleasures prove
Of golden sands and crystal brooks,
With silken lines and silver hooks.

There will the river whispering run,
Warm'd by thine eyes more than the sun ;
And there the enamell'd fish will stay,
Begging themselves they may betray.

When thou wilt swim in that live bath,
Each fish which every channel hath
Will amorously to thee swim,
Gladder to catch thee than thou him.

Let others freeze with angling-reeds,
And cut their legs with shells and weeds ;
Or treacherously poor fish beset
With strangling snare or windowy net ;

DVM CAPIMVS CAPIMVR.

huc, Galatea, veni ; mea lux, age, gaudia mecum
 plurima nec solitis hic aditura modis,
quot meus aureolis vitreus tibi rivus harenis
 cumque hamo tereti Serica lina ferant.
perstrepet apricos tibi garrula lympa lapillos
 sole minus visu quam calitura tuo ;
et tibi terga frequens pictus gemmantia piscis
 obvius astanti se feret ipse capi.
balnea sive petes quando haec piscosa, ciebis
 undique flumineos ad tua labra greges :
in te praecipiti ruet omnis amore protervus,
 cedet et in laetas, laetior ipse, manus.
frigidulus demptis calami moderator alutis
 conchis et rigida carice crura secet :
aut nassas vafer aut interlucentia nodis
 retia letiferis insidiosa paret :

Let coarse bold hands from slimy nest
The bedded fish in banks outwrest ;
Let curious traitors' sleeve-silk flies
Bewitch poor fishes' wandering eyes.

For thee, thou need'st no such deceit,
For thou thyself art thine own bait ;
The fish that is not catch'd thereby
Alas ! is wiser far than I.

DONNE.

PEACE, PEACE !

YE have not sowed in vain !

Though the heavens seem as brass,
And piercing the crust of the burning plain
Ye scan not a blade of grass ;

Yet there is life within,

And waters of life on high ;
One morn ye shall wake, and the spring's soft green
O'er the moisten'd fields shall lie.

LYRA ANGLICANA.

durus in arcano latitantia corpora limo
audaci rapiat rusticus ungue licet :
sive vagos pisces fallacis imagine muscae
aera recurva astu dissimulante trahat.
tu tamen illecebras, tali procul arte remota,
unica materia ducis ab ipsa tua :
piscis enim, qui te bene fugerit, aurea, visam,
hei mihi ! plus nobis, suspicor, ille sapit.

J. R. WEST.

GRATA SUPERVENIET QVAE NON SPERABITVR HORA.

non vana tellus semina condidit !
ardore Titan ferveat aereo,
glebamque vertenti calentem,
non tenuis caput herba tollat ;

vitale semper germen humo viget ;
fons dius edit nectareas opes ;
mox vernus humentes harenas
cinget honor viridi corona.

HASTINGS CROSSLEY.

BASE COMPARISONS.

FALSTAFF—PRINCE—POINS.

Fal. BUT, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves in Kendal-green came at my back and let drive at me; for it was so dark, Hal, that thou could'st not see thy hand.

Prince. These lies are like their father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou obscene, greasy tallow-catch—

Fal. What! art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

Prince. Why, how could'st thou know these men in Kendal-green, when it was so dark thou could'st not see thy hand? Come, tell us your reason: what sayest thou to this? .

Poins. Come, your reason, Jack; your reason.

MILES—PHILOCRATES—STASIMVS.

M. tum tres simitu tunicis herbeis viri,
dis meis iratis, homines intestabiles,
a tergo adorti valide me infestis petunt
machæris; nam adeo tenebricosa nox erat
non hercle nesses digitos tuos— *P.* eho,
plenior
periuriorum quam ipsa vaniloquentiast,
et mons mendaciorum manifestissime!
quin, totum omentum, dicedum, et totum lutum,
stultiloque, obstupideque, et stercorei sebi
hama—

M. quid? num es cerritus? quæ te intemperiae
tenent?

enim tune qui convincas vera repertus es?

P. dic quidum, qui non potueris digitos tuos
præ tenebris nosse, idem herbea istos cum
schema
noris; cedo argumenta. *S.* age, amabo loque-
redum!

Fal. What ! upon compulsion ? 'Zounds, an I were at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion ! If reasons were as plentiful as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion—I !

Prince. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin ; this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh—

Fal. 'Sblood ! you starveling, you elf-skin, you dried neat's tongue, you stock-fish ! O for breath to utter what is like thee ! you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing-tuck—

Prince. Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again : and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poins. Mark, Jack.

SHAKSPEARE.

- M.* mene argumenta invitum dare et ingratiis !
nollem equidem, si etiam scirem esse in mundo
mihi
tot cruciamenta apud Acheruntem quot cluent,
dare argumenta invitus atque ingratiis.
ita me di amassint, ut, si prae manu foret
argumentorum copia alga vilior,
dare denegarem invitus atque ingratiis.
- P.* sed quid ego cesso a me apstinere hoc flagitium?
hic muricidus lurco, lectorum Acheruns,
canteriorum lumbifragium, hic merus adeps—
- M.* vae tibi, ieiuniose ! vae aetati tuae,
mastruga, maena, vae ligula muriatica
vitulina !—qui mi vocula rebus suppetat
unorsis quas tis esse similes autumem !—
vaginula, toxotheca, tum nihili verum—
- P.* anhelitum ergo recipe, et eia ! denuo.
et exempla turpia ubi adfatim cumulaveris,
hoc animum advortas quod loquar. S. hem !
hoc age.

THE NURSERY OF NATIONS.

MEANTIME o'er rocky Thrace and the deep vales
Of gelid Haemus I pursued my flight ;
And, piercing farthest Scythia, westward swept
Sarmatia traversed by a thousand streams.
A sullen land of lakes and fens immense,
Of rocks, resounding torrents, gloomy heaths,
And cruel deserts black with sounding pine ;
Where Nature frowns ; though sometimes into smiles
She softens, and immediate, at the touch
Of southern gales, throws from the sudden glebe
Luxuriant pasture and a waste of flowers.
But, cold-compress'd, when the whole loaded heaven
Descends in snow, lost in one white abrupt
Lies undistinguish'd earth ; and, seized by frost,
Lakes, headlong streams, and floods, and oceans sleep.

THOMSON.

GENTIS CVNABVLA NOSTRAE.

interea Thraces scopulos gelidique per Haemi
ima viam tendo fugiens, Scythiaeque recessus
invadens vel ad occiduos iter usque novatum
Sauromatas flecto, fluviis bis mille rigatos,
si stagnantve lacus, largisve paludibus unda
saxa lavat ; reboant amnes ; stant horrida campis
tesqua salebrosis resona nigrantia pinu.
hic Natura dolet ; necnon tamen est ubi risus
solvitur in faciles, quotiens contacta Favoni
flaminibus subiti varios per vasta locorum
luxuriante solo submittit daedala flores.
at, cum frigoribus niveis onerantibus aether
deciderit totus, strictim promiscua cano
terra iacet tractu ; vaga tunc devincta pruinis
flumina, torrentes, aequor sopor occupat unus.

SAMUEL ALLEN.

LALLA ROOKH.

How calm, how beautiful comes on
The stilly hour, when storms are gone ;
When warring winds have died away,
And clouds beneath the glancing ray
Melt off, and leave the land and sea
Sleeping in bright tranquillity;
Fresh, as if day again were born,
Again upon the lap of morn !
When the light blossoms, rudely torn
And scattered at the whirlwind's will,
Hang floating in the pure air still,
Filling it all with precious balm,
In gratitude for this sweet calm ;
And every drop the thunder showers
Have left upon the grass and flowers
Sparkles, as 'twere that lightning gem,
Whose liquid flame is born of them.

MOORE.

EX IMBRI SOLES.

o quam venustus quam placidus redit
nimbis fugatis candidior dies !
 depraeliantes cum procellae
 iam rabiem posuere, et omnis
nubes tepenti numine vanuit
evicta Phoebi ; cum maris aequora
 campique, ceu blando sopore
 compositi, placide refulgent ;
partu recenti credideris novam
lucem renasci ; cum levia undique,
 erepta maternis iniqui
 turbinis arbitrio rosetis,
iam puriori germina in aethere
suspensa, ob iram depositam Aeolo
 grates odoratis rependunt
 muneribus ; pluviique rores,
si quos tonanti nube Diespiter
effudit herbis, illius illius
 flagrantis ardescunt gemelli,
 fulmina quam peperere, gemmae.

BROUGHAM'S CASTLE.

ARMOUR rusting in his halls
On the blood of Clifford calls :
' Quell the Scot,' exclaims the lance ;
' Bear me to the heart of France'
Is the longing of the shield.
' Tell thy name, thou trembling field ;
Field of death, where'er thou be,
Groan thou with our victory !
Happy day, and mighty hour,
When our Shepherd in his power,
Mail'd and horsed, with lance and sword,
To his ancestors restored,
Like a reappearing star,
Like a glory from afar,
First shall head the flock of war.'

WORDSWORTH.

ΑΥΤΟΣ ΓΑΡ ΕΦΕΛΚΕΤΑΙ ΑΝΔΡΑ ΣΙΑΗΡΟΣ.

desidem poscunt sobolem Metelli
arma se segni statione promat,
iam situ foedo nimiumque longa
pace peresa.

‘provoca Pictos!’ vetus hasta clamat :
‘meque Gallorum medium in tumultum
inferas!’ inquit veteri vieta

parma duello.

‘nuncupa campum’ repetunt minaci
ore ‘ubi in rixam trepidam ruamus :

‘redde quae fuso citius cruore

‘rura rubescant.

‘o dies pulcher, venias! avito

‘ense cum cinctus galeaque tectus

‘pastor heroum velit aemulari

‘pristina gesta

‘tot ducum! cum vel reducis cometae,

‘fulminisve instar procul audiendi,

‘prodeat, ducatque gregem sequacem

‘Martis in ignes!’

JOHN F. DAVIES.

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

FALSTAFF—NYM—PISTOL.

F. I AM glad, I am so acquit of this tinderbox ; his thefts are too open ; his filching is like an unskilful singer ; he keeps not time.

N. The good humour is to steal at a moment's notice.

P. Convey, the wise it call ; steal, foh ! a fico for the phrase !

F. Well, sirs, I am almost out at heels.

P. Why then let kibes ensue.

F. There is no remedy ; I must cony-catch ; I must shift.

P. Young ravens must have food.

F. Which of you know Ford, of this town ?

P. I ken the wight ; he is of substance good.

MILES—NYMPHIVS—PLATAGIDORVS.

M. di me ament ut congerronis volup est deliquio mei,
purus putus homo est malleolus ; nimium in pro-
patulo harpagat ;

prave succinit clependo, nihili cantorum modo.

N. ita mecastor bene subripies, dicto ut citius hoc
agas.

P. apagesis, non hoc ego empsim verbum ficu putida !
homines graphici conciliare non subripere se au-
tument.

M. per soleas dispiciunt calces.

P. siris igitur lippiant.

M. pol sum ad incitas redactus, venaturast iam mihi
aliquovorsum faciunda.

P. estur, inquiunt, corniculis.

M. Chariclem hic habitantem ecquis novit ?

P. novi callide, et scio
locupletem hominem.

F. My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.

P. Two yards, and more.

F. No quips now, Pistol: indeed, I am in the waist two yards about; but I am now about no waste; I am about thrift; briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife.

SHAKSPEARE.

EPITAPH ON A DEBTOR.

AN arch accountant here is laid,
Who borrow'd, and who never paid.
If he's in Heaven, I could swear,
That he is upon credit there.

M. scitin igitur quae mihi circumscriptio—

P. quinque enim vix cubitis minor.

M. hui ! captiones, obsecro,
face compendi : medio haud quaero quae mihi
circumscriptiost ;
sed vobis in medium quaero, mihiq̄ue ; ne longum
morer,
mulierem mi Chariclis huius in animo est circum-
scribere.

ROBERT V. TYRRELL.

CAELVM NON ANIMVM.

hoc qui sub tumulo iacet sepultus,
prudentissimus ille debitorum,
nunquam reddidit aera mutuatus.
si nunc arva tenet beata, naulum
ne vivam nisi debeat Charoni.

T. J. B. BRADY.

FATHER WILLIAM.

(From Alice in Wonderland.)

‘ You are old, Father William,’ the young man said,
 ‘ And your hair has become very white ;
And yet you incessantly stand on your head—
 Do you think at your age it is right ?’

‘ In my youth,’ Father William replied to his son,
 ‘ I fear’d it might injure the brain ;
But now I am perfectly sure I have none—
 Why I do it again and again.’

‘ You are old,’ said the youth, ‘ as I mention’d before,
 And have grown most uncommonly fat ;
Yet you turn’d a back-somersault in at the door—
 Pray, what is the reason of that ?’

‘ In my youth,’ said the sage, as he shook his grey
 locks,
 ‘ I kept all my limbs very supple
By the use of this ointment—one shilling the box—
 Allow me to sell you a couple ?’

CALLIDVS ALIPTES.

‘te, genitor, senuisse vides’ (ita filius olim);
 ‘albent matura tempora canitie :
vertice demisso pedibus sublimia captas?
 corporibus tardis haec, mihi crede, nefas.’
‘abstinui iuvenis,’ pater inquit, ‘talibus ausis,
 ne qua foret cerebro noxia facta meo :
at genio quis me nunc indulgere vetabit
 expertum capiti nuper inesse nihil?’
‘te senuisse vides, si fas iterare querellam ;
 crescunt crura tibi pingua, pingue latus ;
te tamen inversos dantem trans limina saltus
 miror : quae tanti causa furoris erat?’
Nestoreos agitans crines, ‘mihi contigit,’ inquit,
 ‘membrorum summa mobilitate frui :
hoc ceroma vides ; cessas emere? ungere; nummo
 (sume duos) uno venditur unus onyx.’

‘ You are old,’ said the youth, ‘ and your jaws are
too weak

For anything tougher than suet ;
Yet you finish’d the goose, with the bones and the
beak—

Pray, how did you manage to do it ?’

‘ In my youth,’ said his father, ‘ I took to the law,
And argued each case with my wife ;
And the muscular strength which it gave to my jaw
Has lasted the rest of my life.’

‘ You are old,’ said the youth ; ‘ one would hardly
suppose

That your eye was as steady as ever ;
Yet you balanced an eel on the end of your nose—
What made you so awfully clever ?’

‘ I have answer’d three questions, and that is enough,’
Said his father ; ‘ don’t give yourselves airs !
Do you think I can listen all day to such stuff ?
Be off, or I’ll kick you down stairs !’

LEWIS CARROLL.

‘ indoluit, genitor, quoties gingiva senilis,
 ipsa nocent tactu mollia larda suo ;
at, quaeso, anser ubi est? non ossa neque ora
 supersunt ;
 o vires raras insolitamque gulam !’
ille sub haec : ‘ olim causas ego publicus egi,
 ac reduci parvum fit domus ipsa forum ;
qui mihi maxillas his viribus induit usus,
 ut senio haud fractus manserit ille vigor.’
‘ at, pater, annoso nemo iam sanus oculo
 virtutem priscam credat inesse tuo ;
anguillam tamen hanc—opus admirabile—naso,
 dic mihi, librasti qua ratione, pater?’
‘ plura nefas ! tria iam dedimus responsa petenti ;
 hinc,’ genitor, ‘ fastus, hinc, puer, aufer,’ ait :
‘ tene diem totum nugas trivisse canentem !
 i—pedibus nostris eiiciendus abi !’

A LOVER'S MISGIVINGS.

THYRSIS, when we parted, swore
Ere the spring he would return—
Ah! what means yon violet flower,
And the bud that decks the thorn?
'Twas the lark that upward sprung!
'Twas the nightingale that sung!
Idle notes! untimely green!
Why this unavailing haste?
Zephyr winds and skies serene
Speak not always winter past.
Cease, my doubts, my fears to move—
Spare the honour of my love.

T. GRAY.

PLENA TIMORIS AMANS.

in mea iurabas proficiscens, perfide, verba,
 ‘ cum primo repetam, lux mea, vere domum ’ ;
quid sibi picta volunt multo violaria flore ?
 quaeque rubum decorant quid sibi, Thyrsi, rosae ?
fallor, an ille canor Philomelae percutit aures ?
 fallor, an alta petens spernit alauda solum ?
immature color ! non tempestiva querella !
 sicine iam vernus praeripiendus honor ?
detonuit num bruma, semel si Iuppiter albus,
 cogitur et Zephyro ponere flante minas ?
ah ! nolite metus, nolite movere timores—
 vivat amatoris non temerata fides.

RALPH S. BENSON.

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY.

OF all the girls that are so smart,
There's none like pretty Sally ;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.
There is no lady in the land
Is half so sweet as Sally ;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage-nets,
And through the streets does cry 'em ;
Her mother she sells laces long
To such as please to buy 'em :
But sure such folks could ne'er beget
So sweet a girl as Sally !
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

TOTA MERVM SAL.

nulla inter nitidas, puto, puellas
conferri lepidae potest Megillae :
meae deliciae est, mei lepores,
iuxta nos habitans in angiportu.
ecquae nobilis et superba virgo
tam mellitula quam Megilla vivit ?
illam depereo intimis medullis
iuxta nos habitantem in angiportu.
pauper cauliculis meae puellae
pater reticula et facit tuendis,
et venalia clamitat per urbem ;
at matercula venditat puellae
limbos, quisquis emet, laboriosos.
sed credas cave plebe de scelesta
tales delicias fuisse natas :
illam plus oculis amo gemellis
iuxta nos habitantem in angiportu.

When she is by I leave my work,
 I love her so sincerely ;
My master comes like any Turk,
 And bangs me most severely ;
But let him bang his bellyful,
 I'll bear it all for Sally ;
She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

Of all the days that's in the week,
 I dearly love but one day,
And that's the day that comes betwixt
 A Saturday and Monday ;
For then I'm drest all in my best
 To walk abroad with Sally ;
She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

My master carries me to church,
 And often am I blamed
Because I leave him in the lurch
 As soon as text is named ;
I leave the church in sermon-time
 And slink away to Sally ;
She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

ad nos cum mea ventitat puella,
confestim, quod erat mihi negoti,
qui tam perditæ amem, lubens omitto :
existit similis truci Britanno
iracundus erus, meisque malis
infringit colaphos severiores :
sed per me colaphis iecur saginet ;
plagas nil moror ob meam puellam :
meae deliciae est, mei lepores,
iuxta nos habitans in angiportu.
non huius facio dies profestos—
festi plus oculis meis amantur !
tum demum licet ire feriatum,
et cultum pretiosiore veste
cum cara spatiarier puella :
illam depereo impotente amore
iuxta nos habitantem in angiportu.
adsisto, domino trahente, sacris,
et male audio identidem, quod inde,
orarit bona verba cum sacerdos,
erum inter medias preces hiantem
linquens, aufugio ad meam puellam :
quae desiderium meum est, meum mel,
iuxta nos habitans in angiportu.

When Christmas comes about again,
O then I shall have money ;
I'll hoard it up, and box it all,
And give it to my honey :
I would it were ten thousand pound,
I'd give it all to Sally ;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

My master and the neighbours all
Make game of me and Sally,
And, but for her, I'd better be
A slave, and row a galley ;
But, when my seven long years are out,
O then I'll marry Sally—
O then we'll wed, and then we'll bed,
But not in our alley !

H. CAREY.

Saturnalia laeta cum redibunt,
prae manu quid erit mihi lucelli,
quantum quantum erit, arcula repostum,
dabo melliculo meo nitenti :
di faxint deciens sit ! usque ad assem
effundam in gremium meae puellae :
nam desiderium meum est, meum mel,
iuxta nos habitans in angiportu.
at vicinia tota erusque mordax
ludos me facit, et meos amores :
et credo, nisi quod levat puella,
vitam vivere liberaliorem
servos lautumiis datos in aevum :
sed post tempora tarda servitutis
a praetore meusque pileatusque
egressus dominam volens volentem
ducam, Hymen Hymenaeae !—at in malam rem
nostrum abire sinemus angiportum !

ARTHUR PALMER.

THE GIFT.

SAY, cruel Iris, pretty rake,
Dear mercenary beauty,
What annual offering shall I make
Expressive of my duty ?
My heart, a victim to thine eyes,
Should I at once deliver,
Say, would the angry fair one prize
The gift, who slights the giver ?
A bill, a jewel, watch, or toy,
My rivals give, and let 'em ;
If gems or gold impart a joy,
I'll give them—when I get 'em.
I'll give, but not the full-blown rose,
Or rosebud, more in fashion ;
Such short-lived offerings but disclose
A transitory passion.
I'll give thee something yet unpaid,
Not less sincere than civil ;
I'll give thee, ah ! too charming maid,
I'll give thee—to the d——.

GOLDSMITH.

ESSE QUID HOC DICAM?

dic, mea lux, emendos
quam iuvat risus facili saevitia negare,
 quae redeunte dona
largiens anno, doceam quo peream calore?
 demne manus? amantem
me tuis dedamne oculis, Lydia dura, captum?
 cui tamen haec iniquae
sordeat laurus nihili tantulum erit tropaeum.
 sarcinulis et auro
te petat si quis caleat, me nihil invidente,
 taliamille, talis
si iuvat cultus, tribuam, ni mihi di negarint.
 non rosa, non adulta
matre quae nostris potius gemma placet puellis,
 te doceat quid urar,
flos brevis, qualive iecur torquear igne lento.
 perpetui caloris
pignus, illaesaque fide, non tibi adhuc tributum,
 Lydia, dic amanti,
esse quid dicam: teneo: do laqueum puellae.

ROBERT V. TYRRELL.

THE SILENT LOVER.

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

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

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

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

MVTVS AMOR.

pauca quidem dixi, cultor taciturnus amabam,
fidus amans semper multa tacere solet ;
attamen indiciis mea corda silentibus usa
saepe tibi sensus exhibuere suos.
concordes animae quid egent interprete lingua ?
colloquii gemitus scilicet instar habent ;
literulis illae quid egent ? i, perlege guttam
luminibus teneris quae tremebunda nitet.
cum tibi sollicitae pallet flos iste genarum,
tum mea contristat mutuus ora dolor ;
et tibi laetanti vultus cum risus inaurat,
ora repercussa tum mea luce nitent.
quid quod lingua labat mediaque in voce resistit,
atque amor eloquium praepedit ipse suum ?
quod lateat tacito non enarrabile corde
pluribus indiciis tu, mea vita, tenes.

T. J. B. BRADY.

MARY.

‘ OH ! it’s time I should speak to your father,
Dear Mary,’ says I.

‘ Oh ! don’t speak to my father,’ says Mary,
Beginning to cry ;

‘ For my father he loves me so dearly,
He ne’er will consent I should go ;
If you speak to my father,’ says Mary,
‘ He’ll surely say no !’

‘ Then I think I must speak to your mother,
Dear Mary,’ says I.

‘ Oh ! don’t speak to my mother,’ says Mary,
Just wiping her eye ;

‘ For mother says men are deceitful ;
She never will give her consent,
And that girls in a hurry to marry
At leisure repent.’

ΤΕΤΑΑΘΙ ΜΟΙ, ΚΡΑΔΙΗ.

‘ iam manet orandus genitor tuus,’ inquit Alexis,
 ‘ o magis his oculis cara Corinna mihi.’
‘ heu ! minime’ clamat ‘ pater est adeundus amanti,’
 irrigat ut teneras lacrima fusa genas,
‘ ah ! nescis, nescis, quali foveatur amore
 filia, non questus audiet ille tuos ;
orabis frustra talem, carissime, patrem,
 invida ferventes auferet aura preces.’
‘ at genetrix oranda tamen ; nam mollior aegri
 femina non nihili pendere vota solet.’
‘ hanc quoque tu’ clamat, lacrimam dum siccet
 obortam,
 ‘ hanc caveas, nihili mollia verba facit ;
haec tibi num credet, nullam quae semper amanti
 quamvis iurato dictitat esse fidem ?
praeripiatque faces citius si vana iugales,
 mutatos sero flere dolore deos.’

‘ Then how shall I get you, my jewel,
 Dear Mary?’ says I;
‘ If your parents will both be so cruel,
 I surely must die.’
‘ Oh never say die, love,’ says Mary,
 ‘ The way to relieve you I see :
Since my parents are both so contrary,
 You’d better—ask me !’

S. LOVER.

SEA-SHORE STANZA.

METHINKS I fain would lie by the lone sea,
 And hear the waters their white music weave !
 Methinks it were a pleasant thing to grieve,
So that our sorrows might companion’d be
 By that strange harmony
Of winds and billows, and the living sound
 Sent down from heaven when the thunder speaks
 Unto the listening shores and torrent creeks,
When the swollen sea doth strive to burst its bound !

BARRY CORNWALL.

‘ dic igitur tandem, vita mihi carior ipsa,
dic misero, quonam sis potiunda modo.
non exorandi si te genuere parentes,
quid me ni fatis occubuisse manet ? ’
illa ‘ omen procul hoc absit, carissime ; restat
non tibi nil tantis quo medeare malis ;
si mens heu durat non exoranda parentum,
quin natam, frustra non abiturus, adis ? ’

ROBERT Y. TYRRELL.

HVMIDA ALBICANTIS LOCA LITORIS.

deserta ponti visere litora,
audire fluctus mens avet, albicans
qua spuma vocalem corollam
nectit aquis. socios dolores
fudisse tali fert animus loco !
sic cum querellis se magicum melos
misceret aurarum, gemente
oceano, quotiens caducos
caelum fragores detonuit, vada
aurita diis vocibus adloquens ;
cum saevus eruptis minatur
obiicibus vagus ire pontus.

HASTINGS CROSSLEY.

SOLACIA VICTIS.

(THE FIREWORSHIPPERS.)

WHAT ! while our arms can wield these blades,
Shall we die tamely ? die alone
Without one victim to our shades,
One Moslem heart, where, buried deep,
The sabre from its toil may sleep ?
No. God of Iran's burning skies,
Thou scorn'st th' inglorious sacrifice.
No, though of all earth's hopes bereft,
Life, swords, and vengeance still are left.
We'll make yon valley's reeking caves
Live in the awe-struck minds of men
Till tyrants shudder, when their slaves
Tell of the Gheber's bloody glen.
Follow, brave hearts ! This pile remains,
Our refuge still from life and chains ;
But his the best, the holiest bed,
Who sinks entomb'd in Moslem dead.

MOORE.

ΑΠΑΞ ΘΑΝΕΙΝ.

bracchia num languent? num sic moriemur inulti,
victima nec nostris ferietur Manibus ulla,
sanguine quo vili fessus requieverit ensis?
hoc—pro flammantis Sol lustrans ardua caeli—
respuis indignum. vivendi sordeat omnis
causa, sed armatis vita et vindicta supersunt.
hanc facite ut vallem tepidasque cruore cavernas
religione sua per pallida saecula nefandas
laetantes cantent servi trepidentque tyranni!
festinate mori mecum, fortissima corda!
vitam servitiumque dabit fugisse supremus
ignis et ille rogos. quamquam o latuisse iuvaret
strage sub hostili; virtus sic obruta gaudet.

T. MAGUIRE.

STANZAS ON WOMAN.

WHEN lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,
What charm can soothe her melancholy,
What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom, is—to die.

GOLDSMITH.

VLTIMA.

quae, virgo, in facilem male declinaris amorem,
 heu proditorem senties
 serius esse virum ;
quis poterit tantos Orpheus mulcere dolores ?
 culpam quis admissam valet
 eluere arte magus ?

tu si quaesieris, quae sit via sola medendi,
 ne plebe monstretur palam
 proditā nequities ;
quo leve cor luctus, quo vivus distrahat angor,
 misella, mortis i vīam—
 mors tua sola salus.

ALFRED P. GRAVES.

THE PLAGUE OF A SERVING-MAN.

A PLAGUE of my master to send me out this dreadful dark night to bring the news of his victory to my lady : and was I not bewitched for going on his errand without a convoy for the safeguard of my person ? How am I melted into sweat with fear ? I am diminished of my natural weight above two stone. I shall not bring half myself home again to my poor wife and family. I have been in ague fit ever since shut of evening, what with the fright of trees by the highway, which looked maliciously like thieves by moonshine, and with bulrushes by the river-side that shaked like spears and lances at me. Well, the greatest plague of a servingman is to be hired to some great lord ! They care not what drudgery they put upon us, while they lie lolling at their ease a-bed, and stretch their lazy limbs.

DRYDEN.

NVNTIVS.

di maxumo, ere, te mactent infortunio,
 qui tenebricosa hac noctu me emissti foras,
 tuas res bene gestas nuntiatum erae domum.
 ne ego hodie infelix dis meis iratissimis
 sine ullo praesidio, qui me praestarent fore
 incolumem, egressus fuvi. di bene me adiuvent
 ut in sudorem solvor prae formidine ;
 sum iam hercle libris levior praeut dudum fui
 viginti pondo ; vix equidem ad proprios Lares
 referam me dimidiatum. hanc noctem perpetem
 cum Vesperugo exortast, quartana horreo,
 ita mihi ad lunam ob viam obsitae arbores
 quasi fures essent miserum iniecerunt metum,
 et tragularum ad exemplum motae arundines.
 ecastor pestis nulla adaeque est atque ubi
 servit quis servitutem apud opulentum erum ;
 nam illi quidem lecto malaco malaci obdormiunt,
 nec curant quod servo exhibeant negotium.

DRINKING SONG.

COME, old friend ! sit down and listen !
From the pitcher placed between us,
How the waters laugh and glisten
In the head of old Silenus !

Old Silenus, bloated, drunken,
Led by his inebriate Satyrs ;
On his breast his head is sunken ;
Vacantly he leers and chatters.

Fauns with youthful Bacchus follow ;
Ivy crowns that brow supernal
As the forehead of Apollo,
And possessing youth eternal.

Round about him fair Bacchantes,
Bearing cymbals, flutes, and thyrses,
Wild from Naxian groves, or Zante's
Vineyards, sing delirious verses.

ΙΗΣΙ ΣΕΙΠΤΟΝ ΝΕΙΛΟΣ ΕΤΙΟΤΟΝ ΡΕΟΣ.

hospes, sodalem me veterem, vetus,
sic stratus audi. quam micat in cado
caelata Sileni per ora
Bandusiae liquor et renidet !

pinguem et madentem Capripedes ferunt
(ipsi madentes non levius) senem ;
qui, vertice in pectus relapso,
vana crepat vacuumque ridet.

Fauni sequuntur, non sine Libero ;
excelsa cui frons, qualis Apollinis,
vittata lascivis corymbis,
perpetua fruitur iuventa.

circa venustae Bistonides choro,
thyrsos ferentes, tympana, tibias,
bacchantur ; effusae Zacynthi
saltibus, uviferaeque Diae.

Thus he won, through all the nations,
Bloodless victories, and the farmer
Bore, as trophies and oblations,
Vines for banners, ploughs for armour.

Judged by no o'er-zealous rigour,
Much this mystic throng expresses :
Bacchus was the type of vigour,
And Silenus of excesses.

These are ancient ethnic revels,
Of a faith long since forsaken :
Now the Satyrs changed to devils
Frighten mortals wine-o'ertaken.

Now to rivulets from the mountains
Point the rods of fortune-tellers ;
Youth perpetual dwells in fountains—
Not in flasks, and casks, and cellars.

Claudius, though he sang of flagons,
And huge tankards fill'd with Rhenish,
From that fiery blood of dragons
Never would his own replenish.

sic orbe toto sanguinis inscios
egit triumphos ; cultor ubi ferox
nec signa traduxit nec arma,
vomere palmitibusque onustus.

haec non iniquus si reputaveris,
multum docebit te thiasus sacer ;
monstrante Sileno nocentem
luxuriam, Bromioque vires.

mutata cultum saecula pristinum,
et tot furores destituunt diu :
Faunosque iam vino petiti
et Furias pariter pavescent.

potanda monstrat iam radio magus
delapsa rivi flumina montibus.
Hebe colit fontes, perosa
horreaque et cyathos cadosque.

grandes lagenas Claudius ut canat,
quas vitis explet Rhaetica, ne suos
cavit coronaret culullos
ille cruor calidus draconum.

Even Redi, though he chaunted
 Bacchus in the Tuscan valleys,
Never drank the wine he vaunted
 In his dithyrambic sallies.

Then with water fill the pitcher,
 Wreath'd about with classic fables ;
Ne'er Falernian threw a richer
 Light upon Lucullus' tables.

Come, old friend ! sit down and listen !
 As it passes thus between us,
How its wavelets laugh and glisten
 In the head of old Silenus !

LONGFELLOW.

AN EPITAPH.

UNDERNEATH this marble herse
Lies the subject of all verse—
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother :
Death, ere thou hast slain another,
Learn'd and fair, and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.

BEN JONSON.

quin et peritus Reditus Evium
cantare Tuscis vallibus, haud tamen
tentator hausit dithyrambi
vina suo celebrata versu.

ergo disertis amphora fabulis
vestita circum sit mihi plena aquae :
non mensa Luculli refulsit
purpureo melius Falerno.

audi, sodalis, sic temere accubans :
dum nos revisit sic scyphus in vices,
caelata Sileni per ora
fluctuat ut liquor et renidet !

JOHN F. DAVIES.

H. S. E.

hoc femina iacet sub marmore sepulta
quam plurimi tollebant laudibus poetae.
soror fuit Metelli, Scipionis mater.
at antequam talem, mors, feminam rapueris
doctam, pulchram, probatam, qualis illa fuit,
ipsam petet letali te dies sagitta.

ARTHUR PALMER.

COME NOT WHEN I AM DEAD.

COME not, when I am dead,
To drop thy foolish tears upon my grave,
To trample round my fallen head,
And vex the unhappy dust thou would'st not save.
There let the wind sweep, and the plover cry ;
But thou, go by.

Child, if it were thine error or thy crime
I care no longer, being all unblest ;
Wed whom thou wilt, but I am sick of time,
And I desire to rest.
Pass on, weak heart, and leave me where I lie :
Go by, go by.

TENNYSON.

NEMPE TVAS LACRIMAS LITORA SVRDA BIBENT.

ne meum vanis lacrimis sepulcrum
fleris, insultans capiti perempto ;
quid quiescentem moveas opem cui
dura negabas

ferre viventi, cineresque vexes ?
saeviant Cori super ossa, parra
occinat ; sed tu cinerum facessas
immemor horum.

sive te lusit malesuadus error,
flagiti seu conscia mens adegit—
nil moror, quem sors manet hic ab omni
parte molesta ;

mens avet pacem ; piget huius aevi :
cui velis nubas sino, at hinc abito,
impotens, ito, cinerumque pergas
immemor horum.

ROBERT V. TYRRELL.

REQUIESCAT.

STREW on her roses, roses,
But never a spray of yew ;
In silence she reposes :
Ah, would that I did too !

Her mirth the world required,
She bathed them in smiles and glee ;
But her heart was tired, tired,
And now they let her be.

Her life was turning, turning,
In mazes of light and sound ;
But for peace her soul was yearning,
And now peace laps her round.

Her cabin'd ample spirit
Flutter'd and fail'd for breath ;
To-night it doth inherit
The vasty hall of death.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

FVNGAR INANI MVNERE.

huc adeste, rosae, rosae, puella
est vobis cumulanda ; sed profanae
taxi vos procul este ; quam profundum
dormit ! o utinam haud secus quiescam !
illa tam lepidaque tamque bella
in risusque soluta gaudiumque
urbs se posse carere denegabat ;
taedebat sed enim sui puellam,
taedebat ; sinite otio fruatur !
festis scilicet orbibus voluta
delicatioꝛ ibat, ibat aetas ;
ast inter strepitumque opesque Romae
hoc unum omnibus expetebat usque
votis ut requiesceret ; quiescit.
arto limite comprimente mundi
mens diviniꝛ aestuabat illa ;
mox elanguit, et tuam nova heres
nunc amplam, Libitina, crevit aulam.

ISLE OF PALMS.

OH many are the beauteous isles
Unknown to human eye,
That, sleeping 'mid the ocean's smiles,
In happy silence lie.
The ship may pass them in the night,
Nor the sailors know what a lovely sight
Is resting on the main ;
Some wandering ship who hath lost her way,
And never, or by night or day,
Shall pass these isles again.
There, groves that bloom in endless spring
Are rustling to the radiant wing
Of birds, in various plumage bright,
As rainbow hues, or dawning light.
Soft falling showers of blossom fair
Float ever on the fragrant air,
Like showers of vernal snow ;
And from the fruit-tree, spreading tall,
The richly-ripen'd clusters fall
Oft as sea-breezes blow.

OH, FORTVNATOS NIMIVM SVA SI BONA NORINT!

amaena, credo, plurima est sita insula,
ignota quae mortalibus
cubat beato dormiens silentio,
ridentia inter aequora.
praetervehetur nocte forsitan ratis,
nec navitae in mentem venit
spectanda rerum forma, quam tenet mare :
cursu vagata devio,
non rursus illa nocte, non die, ratis
praetervehetur insulam.
florens perenni vere ibi nemus strepit
pennis coruscis alitum,
quibus renidet pluma tot coloribus,
quot arcus aut Eoa lux.
molli cadentes imbre floreae comae
(sic vere descendunt nives)
auris odoris usque candidae natant :
late minantis arboris
matura poma, flabra cum spirant maris,
cadunt racemis aureis.

The sun and clouds alone possess
The joy of all that loveliness ;
And sweetly to each other smile
The live-long day—sun, cloud, and isle.
How silent lies each shelter'd bay !
No other visitors have they
To their shores of silvery sand,
 Than the waves that, murmuring in their glee,
All hurrying in a joyful band,
 Come dancing from the sea.

WILSON.

A WIDOW BIRD.

A WIDOW bird sat mourning for her love
 Upon a wintry bough ;
The freezing wind kept on above—
 The freezing stream below.

There was no leaf upon the trees,
 No flower upon the ground ;
And little motion in the air,
 Save of the mill-wheel's sound.

SHELLEY.

cum sole nubes gaudet una particeps
tanta loci dulcedine ;
longumque rident dulcia inter se diem
nubesque solque et insula.
tuto recessu quisque quam sinus silet !
nec ullus intrat advena
portus harenis splendidos argenteis,
ni cum beato murmure
laetoque saltans cum choro consortium
festinat unda ex aequore.

WALTER RIDDALL.

CONTRISTAT AQVARIVS ANNVM.

ales hiberno viduata ramo
assidens questus iterabat ; aura
desuper friget ; subeunt nivali
flumina lapsu.
nil fuit verni silüis amictus ;
floridi pratis aberant honores ;
et molae solus loca muta turbat
garrulus axis.

HASTINGS CROSSLEY.

HAMLET.

Mar. How is 't, my noble lord ?

Hor. What news, my lord ?

Ham. O wonderful !

Hor. Good, my lord, tell it.

Ham. No, you'll reveal it.

Hor. Not I, my lord, by heaven.

Ham. How say you then ? Would heart of man
once think it ?

But you'll be secret ?

Hor. }
Mar. } Aye, by heaven, my lord.

Ham. There's ne'er a villain dwelling in all Den-
mark——

But he's an arrant knave.

Hor. There needs no ghost, my lord, come from
the grave
To tell us this.

ΠΑΡΑ ΠΡΟΣΔΟΚΙΑΝ.

Mar. quid agis ?

Hor. ecquid nuntias novi ?

Ham. o mirificam fabulam !

Hor. facti, amabo, face nos simus iuxta tecum
gnarures.

Ham. minime. rem palam feretis.

Hor. non ego, ita di me adiuvent.

Ham. quid ergo ? numquid homini in mentem tale
venturum fuit ?

immemorabiles ambo eritis ?

Mar. huius rei superos deos
facimus testes.

Ham. nemo Athenis vivit scelerosissimus—
quin fua veterator idem merus.

Hor. hui ! non usus fuit
mortuo qui haec nuntiatum ex Acherunte
rebiteret.

THE SPANISH GIPSY.

PUSH off the boat,
Quit, quit the shore,
The stars will guide us back :—
O gathering cloud,
O wide, wide sea,
O waves that keep no track !

On through the pines !
The pillar'd woods,
Where silence breathes sweet breath :—
O labyrinth,
O sunless gloom,
The other side of Death !

GEORGE ELIOT.

AD SOCIOS.

nunc est eundum ; nunc, socii, ratem
vinclis solutam pellite, pellite ;
 ni fallor, illuc nos reducent
 siderei monitos nitores.

en ! colliguntur iam nebulae ; patet
pontus ; per aequor nil sibi semitae
 constabit undosae ; columnis
 coniferis peragrarè nigras

silvas oportet, qua bene suavis
quantum est quietis fragrat odoribus :
 en ! sole sublato tenebrae—
 ulterior labyrinthus Orci !

SAMUEL ALLEN.

THE DAISY.

THEE Winter in the garland wears
That thinly decks his few grey hairs ;
Spring parts the clouds with softest airs,
 That she may sun thee :
Whole summer fields are thine by right ;
And Autumn, melancholy wight !
Doth in thy crimson head delight,
 When rains are on thee.

Be violets in their secret mews
The flowers the wanton zephyrs choose ;
Proud be the rose, with rains and dews
 Her head impearling ;
Thou liv'st with less ambitious aim,
Yet hast not gone without thy fame :
Thou art, indeed, by many a claim,
 The poet's darling.

WORDSWORTH.

AT TENVIS NON GLORIA.

tu micas Brumae niveae capillos
rara per raros, tenuique nubes
dimovet vento tibi ver ut almo
sole nitescas.
mox et aestivi dominam fatentur
te suam campi, recreatque maestum
splendor Auctumnum capitis rubentis,
roribus udi.
urgeant antris violas protervi
subter umbrosis Zephyri : superba
imbrium gemmis variata frontem
se rosa iactet :
tu licet longam brevis inchoare
spem neges, at non sine laude vivis,
iure quam vatum chorus innocentum
semper amavit.

TATTA KAMOI ΣΤΝΔΟΚΕΙ.

STAY now thy hand !

Proclaim not man's dominion
Over God's works by strewing rocks and sand
With sea-bird's blood-stained plumes and broken
pinion.

Oh stay thy hand !

Spend not thy days of leisure
In scattering death along the peaceful strand
For very wantonness, or pride, or pleasure.

For birds' sake spare !

Leave it in happy motion,
To wheel its easy circles through the air,
Or rest and rock upon the shining ocean.

For man's sake spare !

Leave him this thing of beauty,
To glance and glide before him everywhere,
And throw a gleam on after days of duty.

TIO, TIO, TIO, TIO, TIOTIFÆ.

iam siste dextram : iam pudeat viros
 praestare rerum se dominos, data,
 per saxa, per litus cruentum,
 strage avium laceraeque plumae.

iam parce : noli conterere otium
 funesta marmor per placidum struens
 tropaea ; lascivae sit artis
 seu specimen studiumve praedae.

oro per ipsas te volucres : iter
 radant recurvum per spatia aëris
 qua fert libido ; seu nitenti
 oceano fluitare malint.

nec te per ipsos non homines precor :
 rem tam venustam sensibus intimis,
 dum splendet et gyros decoros
 ludit agens, memores reponant.

For God's sake spare !

He notes each sea-bird falling,
And in Creation's groans marks its sad share,
Its dying cry for retribution calling.

Oh stay thy hand !

Cease from this useless slaughter ;
For though kind nature from the rocks and sand
Washes the stains each day with briny water ;

Yet on thy hand,

Raised against God's fair creature,
Beware lest there be found a crimson brand
Indelible by any force of Nature.

MORAL IMPROVEMENT.

INFINITE toil would not enable you to sweep away a mist ; but by ascending a little you may often look over it altogether. So it is with our moral improvement. We wrestle fiercely with a vicious habit, which would have no hold upon us if we ascended into a higher moral atmosphere.

et per deorum te iubeo fidem,
iam parce : caesae vox volucris deos
non fallit, ut poenas iniqua
sors meritas Furiasque poscat.

sit finis : ultro detineas manus
vanae ruinae. scilicet in dies,
per saxa, per litus, nefandum
diluit oceanus cruorem :

frustra ; quod istis quas volucris manus
intendis, atri criminis insidet
tantum quod et Neptunus omni
aequore non valeat piare.

JOHN F. DAVIES.

SVRSVM CORDA.

irritus offusas oculis dispergere nubes
viribus Herculeis luctaberis : ille tamen te
mons procul expediet ; iam contemplator, easdem
despicias ; ratione fere hac vitium exuet omne
vir bonus et sapiens ; qui detrectabit, ut impar,
in campo vitiis obstare ; at templa secutus
edita virtutis ridebit fortior hostem.

RICHARD W. WEST.

A MEDITATION.

Oh, the praties they are small,

Over there !

Oh, the praties they are small,

Over there !

Oh, the praties they are small,

And they digs them at the fall,

And they ates them—skins and all—

Over there !

Oh, I wish I were a geese,

All forlorn !

Oh, I wish I were a geese,

All forlorn !

Oh, I wish I were a geese,

I would live and die in peace,

And accumulate much grease,

Eating corn.

LAVDO DIVERSA SEQVENTES.

ista ieiunas populo querenti
gleba radices parit ; imminente
effodit bruma, tunicasque sorbet
(nec pudet) ipsas.

si daret fatum, vagus anser essem,
fallerem vivus morererque laetus,
grana supremos adipis vorando
nactus honores.

HASTINGS CROSSLEY.

ORINDA.

Now all these charms, that beauteous grace,
The well-proportion'd shape and beauteous face,
Shall never more be seen by mortal eyes ;
In earth the much-lamented virgin lies.
Nor wit nor piety could Fate prevent,
Nor was the cruel Destiny content
To finish all the murder at a blow, .
To sweep at once her life and beauty too,
But, like a harden'd felon, took a pride
To work more mischievously slow,
And plunder'd first and then destroy'd :
A double sacrilege on things divine—
To rob the relic and deface the shrine !
But thus Orinda died ;
Heaven by the same disease did both translate ;
As equal were their souls, so equal was their fate.

ΕΣΤΙ ΔΕ ΚΑΙ ΤΙ ΘΑΝΟΝΤΕΣΣΙ ΜΕΡΟΣ.

iam raptae veneres iam vegetus decor ;
fugit forma decens et facies bona
conspectus hominum ; terraque virginem
ploratam tumulo tegit.

nec mens nec pietas fata retorserat :
tristis non habuit Parca satis necem
maturare semel, non rapuit tibi
vitamque et veneres simul.

sed patrare nefas, perditus ut latro,
cunctanter cupiit ; furtaque post ruit
ultro strage nova ; sacraque numinum
laesit plus vice simplici,

divellens statuam templaque diruens.
sic Orinda obiit. sustulit, heu, Deus
una peste duos. mens similis neque
sors his dissimilis fuit.

Meanwhile her warlike brother on the seas
His waving streamers to the winds displays ;
And vows for his return with vain devotion pays.
Ah, generous youth, that wish forbear !
The winds too soon will waft thee here.
Slack all thy sails, and fear to come.
Alas, thou knowest not thou art wreck'd at home.

DRYDEN.

A LEARNED WOMAN.

IN Beauty or Wit
No mortal as yet
To question your empire has dared ;
But men of discerning
Have thought that in learning
To yield to a woman is hard.
Impertinent schools
With dull musty rules
Have reading to females denied ;
So Papists refuse
The Bible to use
Lest flocks should be wise as their guide.

POPE.

heros interea frater in aequore
iam pandit tremulos in Zephyrum sinus,
frustraue in reditus vota suos facit.

eheu ! parce nimis pius !
naves aura tuas huc feret ocior.
iam iam contrahe vela, et reditu moram
imponas timidam ; naufragus es, miser
nescis, naufragus, ah, domi !

MAX CULLINAN.

ΑΓΑΝ ΣΟΦΗ.

forma floscule virginum et lepore,
nemo non tibi adhuc puellularum
assurgit ; tamen elegantiorum
sunt qui in litterulis ferant moleste
femellae tibi cedere eruditos.
quantum est cunque senum severiorum,
aevo scrinia putida adferentes,
doctrinam mulierculis recusant ;
sic sunt qui sibi summovent libellos
sacros, ne cito, si legant, magistro
fiant discipuli eruditiores.

ROBERT Y. TYRRELL.

GUINEVERE.

HENCEFORWARD, too, the powers that tend the soul,
To keep it from the death that cannot die,
And save it even in extremes, began
To plague and vex her. Many a time, for hours
Beside the placid breathings of the king,
In the dead night, grim faces came and went
Before her ; or a vague spiritual fear,
Like to some doubtful noise of creaking doors
Heard by the watcher in a haunted house,
That keeps the rust of murder on the walls,
Held her awake ; or, if she slept, she dream'd
An awful dream ; for then she seem'd to stand
On some vast plain, before a setting sun,
And from the sun there swiftly made at her
A ghastly something, and its shadow flew
Before it till it touch'd her, and she turned—
When lo ! her own, that broadening from her feet,
And blackening, swallow'd all the land, and in it
Far cities burnt—and with a cry she woke.

TENNYSON.

NVNC TE FACTA INPIA TANGVNT.

continuo hinc animas circumvolitantia nostras
numina, perpetua morte ereptura cadentes,
servatura eadem summo in discrimine lapsas,
reginam vexare minis; quin nocte profunda
dum placidus rex dormit et ad latus ipsa recumbit,
horribiles voltus ire atque redire per umbras
saepe diuque videt; fugat aut insueta sopores
nescio quo vexans formido corda pavore—
qualis ubi incertum stridentes cardine valvas
nocturnus stupuit custos ubi caede vetusta
conspersus paries et inulto sanguine livet,
ergo agit excubias illa, aut si forte sopore
lumina declinat, suspensam insomnia terrent:
scilicet inmenso visa est consistere campo,
subter vergentem solem; petere unde misellam
de iubare ipso exsanguie aliquid pernicibus alis
devectum, signansque viam praeceuntibus umbris—
ad cuius tactum se vertere, et ipsius umbra
ante pedis sese nigrans expandere eundo
laticior, involvens terras caligine dira;
sub qua magna, nefas, vulcano maenia late
fervere; dein somnum excussit, voxque excidit ore.

EUPHELIA AND CLOE.

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

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

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

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

AEMILIA ET CHLOE.

fictis, ut sibi sospitet,
cautus vector opes sub titulis tegit;
versus Aemiliam mei
laudent, sed penitus depereo Chloën.

ornanti Aemiliae comas
praesto forte chelys, deliciae meae,
et carmen lepidum iacet;
ut iungam fidibus verba rogat Chloë.

hanc sumptam modulator, cano,
sed suspiria cum carmine misceo;
vox sane Aemiliam sonat,
mens defixa Chloën tota inhiat Chloën.

illa avertitur, haec rubet,
canto ipse, et modulator, contueor, tremo;
dixit Cypris Amoribus,
'quam non dissimulant quisque suam facem!'

JOHN K. INGRAM.

APOLOGY FOR PLEASURE.

GLAUCOPIS forsakes her own ;
The angry gods forget us ;
But yet the blue streams along
Walk the feet of the silver song ;
And the night-bird wakes the moon ;
And the bees in the blushing noon
 Haunt the heart of the old Hymettus ?
We are fallen, but not forlorn,
 If something is left to cherish ;
As Love was the earliest born,
 So Love is the last to perish.
Wreathe then the roses, wreathe !
 The Beautiful still is ours ;
While the stream shall flow, and the sky shall glow,
 The Beautiful still is ours !
Whatever is fair or soft or bright
In the lap of Day or the arms of Night,

SPIRAT ADHVC AMOR.

cedit ab urbe sua—tanta est caelestibus ira—
immemor heu ! Pallas cedit ab urbe sua :
at, quae caeruleo praeter pede labitur, unda
integrat argenteos iam numerosa choros ;
iam Lunam Philomela ciet ; iam viscera Hymetti
sole rubescentis nota frequentat apes.
sternamur licet ; at non spe sternemur adempta,
si quid inextinctum quod foveamus erit :
non nisi primigenus—sic creditur—est Amor ortus,
non nisi supremus—crede—peribit Amor.
nectamus roseas, nectat sibi quisque, corollas ;
sit mihi de Paphiis nexa corolla rosis.
pulcher adhuc nobis nullus non volvitur amnis ;
pulcher adhuc nobis fulget uterque polus :
quidquid habet clari, quidquid tenerique bonique,
seu Nox sive Dies, hic gremio illa sinu,

Whispers our soul of Greece—of Greece—
And hushes our care with a voice of peace.
Wreath then the roses, wreath !

They tell me of earlier hours ;
And I hear the heart of my country breathe
From the lips of the strangers' flowers.

BULWER LYTTON.

ON A PINE TREE.

(Planted by the Countess of St. Germans in the Phœnix Park, 1855.)

Poor tree ! a gentle mistress placed thee here,
To be the glory of the glade around ;
Thy life has not survived one fleeting year,
And she too sleeps beneath another mound.

But mark what differing terms your fates allow,
Tho' like the period of your swift decay ;
Thine are the sapless root and wither'd bough ;
Her's the green memory and immortal day.

CARLISLE.

Hellade nos celebrat ; pavidos vox Helladis inde
nos mulcet placidas vaticinata vices.
nectamus roseas, nectat sibi quisque, corollas ;
aetatem redolent quae fuit ante rosae :
quippe mihi ex istis—audin' tu ?—floribus, hospes,
afflatur patriae spiritus ipse meae.

SAMUEL ALLEN.

NEFASTO TE POSVIT DIE.

arbor, te miseram posuit manus alma puellae
ut nemoris stares gloria magna tui ;
sed tibi vita brevem non suppeditavit in annum,
mortua sub tumulo dormit et illa suo.
at brevitate pares quamquam mors abstulit ambas,
impare sunt sortes condicione datae ;
est marcere tuum ramis arentibus, illa
floret in ore virum, floret in Elysio.

T. J. B. BRADY.

TEARS, IDLE TEARS.

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

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

Dear as remember'd kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feign'd
On lips that are for others ; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret,
Oh ! Death in Life, the days that are no more.

TENNYSON.

QVIS DESIDERIO SIT PVDOR AVT MODVS.

cur fonte guttae cordis ab intimo
surgunt inanes—crediderim deos
 sic flere—dum contemplor, anni
 pomiferi sata laeta lustrans,
fulsere soles qui mihi pristini?
quam mira, tristis quam morientibus
 extendit angustas trementi
 luce dies oculis fenestras
aestate prima, sol rediens choros
cum semisomnos concitat alitum;
 tam mira, tam tristis latescit
 corde dies reditura nunquam.
non tam negatis dulcia quae labris
fingunt amantes oscula; mortuae
 non illa quae caro puellae
 ore suae meminere pressa!
non ipse amator tam penitus nova
aetate primis uritur ignibus!
 quam vivus elapsos, sepulta
 spe, crucior meminisse soles!

TOWNSEND MILLS.

A VOTE.

THIS only grant me, that my means may lie
Too low for envy, for contempt too high ;

Some honour would I have,
Not from great deeds, but good alone :
Th' unknown are better than th' illknown ;

Rumour can ope the grave !
Acquaintance I would have, but when 't depends
Not on the number, but the choice, of friends ;

Books should, not business, entertain the light ;
And sleep, as undisturb'd as death, my night.

My house a cottage more
Than palace, and should fitting be
For all my use, no luxury :

My gardens painted o'er
With Nature's hand, not Art's, should pleasure yield
Horace might envy in his Sabine field.

HOC ERAT IN VOTIS.

detur minor res invidia, neque
fastidienti tenuia sordeat ;
 sed fama ne desit precanti,
 fama bonis bene parta factis ;
nam nomen amplum deprecor incliti,
mallem latenter vivere quam male
 audire ; rumori sepulcri
 porta patet stygiaeque fauces !
turbam salutantum atria ne vomant,
commendet at mi quemque fides sua ;
 nec luce me rixae forenses
 sollicitent mediusque Ianus
libris vacantem ; grata quies mihi
sit nocte, leto sit similis sopor ;
 et munda contingant, nocentes
 nescia suppeditare luxus,
tectata apta parco, non laris aemula
lauti potentum ; nec sciat addere
 ars ulla quaesitos honores
 sponte sua nitidis agellis

Thus would I double my life's fading space ;

For he who runs it well twice runs his race :

And in this true delight,

These unbought sports and happy state,

I would not fear nor wish my fate ;

But boldly say each night,

'To-morrow let my sun his beams display,

Or in clouds hide them ; I have lived to-day.'

COWLEY.

TO A LADY SLEEPING.

THOU sleep'st, soft silken flower! would I were Sleep,

For ever on those lids my watch to keep !

So should I have thee all my own, nor he

Who seals Jove's wakeful eyes my rival be.

C. MERIVALE.

Flacco invidendis. sic geminas datur
duxisse vitas ; nam spatium ampliat
aetatis hic, vitae diurnum
qui bene vir stadium cucurrit.
ah ! tanta nullo si maneat quies
venalis auro ! nec mihi deprecere
cultrum verendarum sororum,
nec nimium querar esse filum,
sed sorte degam laetus, et in dies
dixisse fas sit, ' viximus, optimus
vel sole cras puro, vel atra
nube polum pater occupato.'

ROBERT V. TYRRELL.

HENDECASYLLABICS.

dormis, o roseum aemulata florem !
vellem somnifer ipse divus essem,
ut supercilii tui sub umbra
custos non abiturus excubarem !
sic in nos amor iste totus iret,
nec qui lumina claudit arte Patri
certamen malus invidum moveret.

HASTINGS CROSSLEY.

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK.

BREAK, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O sea !
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy
That he shouts with his sister at play !
And well for the sailor lad
That he sings in his boat on the bay !

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill ;
But oh for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still !

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O sea !
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

TENNYSON.

WELTSCHMERZ.

dum glaucas gelidis cautes mare verberat undis,
cur quae mens agitet lingua referre negat?
felix heu ! nimium parvus piscator harena
quocum ludit ovans consociata soror :
tuque, puer, felix nimium, cui litora cantus
curva sinus reddunt, dum vada lintre secas !
non humilem cessat portum ratis alta subire :
cessat nota manus, vox et amata silet.
frangantur scopulis undae : non temporis acti
bis tenerum florem carpere fata sinunt.

TOWNSEND MILLS.

THE EPICURE.

METHINKS I am batten'd well of late, grown lusty,
Fat, high, and kicking—thanks to the bounteous
Rugio ;

And now, methinks, I scorn these poor repasts,
Cheese-parings and the stinking tongues of pilchers :
But why should I remember these? they are odious,
They are odious in my eyes: the full fat dish now,
The bearing dish is that I reverence,
The dish an able serving man sweats under,
And bends i' th' hams, as if the house hung on him;
The state of a fat turkey, the decorum
He marches in with, all the train and circum-
stance—

'Tis such a matter, such a glorious matter !
And then his sauce with oranges and onions,
And he displayed in all parts ! for such a dish now,
And at my need I would betray my father,
And for a roasted conger all my country.

FLETCHER.

EPICVRI DE GREGE PORCVS.

iamdudum mihi curato bene pinguis, opinor,
crescit aqualiculus, crescunt fastidia, naso
omnia suspendo; tanti est tua gratia nobis,
Virro, lautorum lautissime: nunc ego certe
vilis contemno convivia pauperiorum,
et lardi fragmenta et mucida frusta siluri;
quid tamen haec meminisse iuvat? surgit mihi bilis
atra recordanti: mensas nunc inter onustas
mazonomum veneror quo non spatiosior alter;
scilicet hunc portans contento poplite sudat,
sustineat veluti tota atria, magnus agaso.
quinetiam magni nasum (mihi crede) supinor
altilis introitu; quanto molimine, quanta
luxuria ingreditur, magna comitante caterva!
quali iure natat malis et caepe superba!
quam iacet et toto spectacula corpore praebet!
quam mihi si obtuleris pretium, et latraverit alvus,
proditor exstarem cari genitoris, et idem,
si modo contigerint assi mihi praemia congrui,
laxarem Romae metuendis claustra Britannis!

ON THE FOREGOING DIVINE POEMS.

WHEN we for age could neither read, nor write,
The subject made us able to indite :
The soul, with nobler resolutions deckt,
The body stooping, does herself erect :
No mortal parts are requisite to raise
Her, who unbody'd, can her Maker praise.

The seas are quiet, when the winds give o'er :
So, calm are we, when passions are no more !
For then we know how vain it was to boast
Of fleeting things, so certain to be lost.
Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
Conceal that emptiness which age describes.

The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made.
Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,
As they draw near to their eternal home.
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

EDMUND WALLER.

AVREA DICTA.

cum nec prae senio legere aut plus scribere possim,
ut dictare queam studium et res praestitit ipsa.
corpore curvato, tum demum accincta animae vis
consilium ad melius, sursum sese ardua tollit ;
nec corpus mortale opus est quo se levet, expers
corporis ipsa potens laudes celebrare Parentis.
aequor uti placidum vento cessante quiescit,
sic nobis quoque mens, animi cum concidit aestus ;
rescit enim rebus quam prave gaudeat illis
quae fluitant, quas sors non evitabilis aufert :
id iuvenem fallit quod nube cupidinis acta
cernit iam senior, quantum insit rebus inane.
ut tenebrosa domus quassata aevoque vieta
per rimas lumen iam plenius accipit intro,
sic macie validus, macie sapientior idem
fit vir quo propius sub finem venerit aevi ;
resque deumque hominumque simul, tellure relictas,
conspicit ingrediens insuetum limen Olympi.

JOHN F. DAVIES.

TO A PENSIVE FRIEND.

WHY, why repine, my pensive friend,
At pleasures slipt away ?
Some the stern Fates will never lend,
And all refuse to stay.

I see the rainbow in the sky,
The dew upon the grass ;
I see them, and I ask not why
They glimmer or they pass.

With folded arms I linger not
To call them back ; 'twere vain :
In this or in some other spot,
I know, they'll shine again.

W. S. LANDOR.

AD POSTVMVM.

quid, quid querella, Postume, flebili
dilapsa luges gaudia ? sunt enim
 donare quae tristis recuset
 Parca, neque ulla diu manebunt.

est ut nitescat nimbus in aethere ;
est ut nitescat ros quoque gramine ;
 specto ; neque, ut specto, rogare
 cur nitidi fugiant laboro.

per me recedant : nil moror ; irrita
incuriosus non revoco prece :
 ni fallor, huc ipsi fugaces
 aut alio referent nitores.

SAMUEL ALLEN.

OSWALD.

THE mountain-ash
Deck'd with autumnal berries, that outshine
Spring's richest blossoms, yields a splendid show
Amid the leafy woods : and ye have seen
By a brook-side or solitary tarn
How she her station doth adorn ; the pool
Glow's at her feet, and all the gloomy rocks
Are brighten'd round her. In his native vale
Such and so glorious did this youth appear ;
A sight that kindled pleasure in all hearts
By his ingenuous beauty, by the gleam
Of his fair eyes, by his capacious brow,
By all the graces with which Nature's hand
Had plenteously array'd him. As old bards
Tell in their idle song of wandering gods,
Pan or Apollo, veil'd in human form,
Yet, like the sweet-breath'd violet of the vale,

ARISTAEVS.

frondosis caput attollens in saltibus ornus
fert, decus autumni, bacas quae veris honores
divitis evincunt. viden, ut statione relucet
pulcra sua, ad ripas sive ad deserta paludum ;
infra lucescuntque lacus et tristia circum
undique saxa nitent. talem talique videbat
egregium forma iuvenem convallis avita ;
pectora conspectum rapuit dulcedine mira
cuncta sine arte decus, flagret quo purus ocellus
ardore, et latae quae surgat gloria frontis,
et si quas alias dextra natura benigna
addiderat veneres. vates antiqua crepantes
non secus errantes fingeant carmine divos,
cum seu Pan hominem indueret seu Phoebus Apollo,
frustra ; namque velut violarum proditor imis

Discover'd in their own despite to sense :
So through a simple rustic garb's disguise
In him reveal'd a scholar's genius shone,
And so not wholly hidden from men's sight
In him the spirit of a hero walk'd
Our unpretending valley.

WORDSWORTH.

SONG.

WHEN Zephyr waves his balmy wings,
To kiss the sweets of May :
When the soft melodies of spring
Resound from every spray ;
With thee, sweet maid, I'll rove along,
And tread the morning dews,
To hear the wood-lark's early song,
Or court the laughing Muse.

F. HEMANS.

e latebris odor est suavis, sic sensibus olim
humanis numen praesens (nec sponte) patebat :
sic non fallere mens potuit divinator olli
ruricolae quamvis simplex velabat amictus,
non itaque ignotus plane vestigia vallis
per fines humiles, spirans herosa, ferebat.

MAX CULLINAN.

‘O QVI ME.’

myrrheos sistens Zephyrus volatus
spiritum et Florae rosea ora libet ;
personet frondes ubicunque lenis
naenia veris,
Phylli, cum mecum mea visis herbas
mane gemmantes, vigilisque alaudae
carmen audire est, fruimurque Musa
dulce iocanti.

JOHN F. DAVIES.

AUBURN.

SWEET smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn :
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green :
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage scants thy smiling plain :
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day
But choked with sedges works its weedy way :
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest :
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvarying cries :
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall ;
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.
Ill fares the land to threatening ills a prey,
Whose wealth accumulates, and men decay ;
Princes and lords may flourish or may fade,
A breath can make them, as a breath has made ;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed can never be supplied.

GOLDSMITH.

SQVALENT ABDVCTIS ARVA COLONIS.

page placens, quo non ridebat amaeior alter,
et ludi et veneres praeteriere tuae;
per nemora et saltus domini violentia saevit,
et lugubre viret depopulatus ager.
possidet omne solum pulsus cultoribus unus,
arvaque defraudat dimidiata seges.
iam vitreus soles iterat non amplius amnis,
obsitus ille ulvis ire laborat iter.
ardea rauca canens circumvolat hospita saltus
unica, dum nidos protegit ipse suos;
non nisi triste sonat defessi montis imago
avia dum resonas voce, vanelle, tua.
strata iacent miseris umbracula laeta ruinis;
herba putri muro luxuriosa viget;
et tua raptorem fugiens tremebunda propago
exilio mutant arva aliena suis.
heu! terra infelix! properis, heu! debita fatis,
cui cumulantur opes degenerantque viri!
vel stent vel pereant reges regumque ministri;
(aura illos potuit gignere, et aura potest)
sed genus acre virum, patriae sed gloria pubes
rustica, si pereat non revocanda perit.

THE BRAES OF YARROW.

THY braes were bonny, Yarrow stream,
 When first on them I met my lover ;
Thy braes, how dreary, Yarrow stream,
 When now thy waves his body cover !
For ever now, O Yarrow stream,
 Thou art to me a stream of sorrow ;
For never on thy banks shall I
 Behold my love, the pride of Yarrow.

He promised me a milk-white steed
 To bear me to his father's bowers ;
He promised me a little page
 To squire me to his father's towers ;
He promised me a wedding ring,
 The wedding day was fixed to-morrow ;
Now he is wedded to his grave,
 Alas ! his watery grave in Yarrow.

ECLOGA HODIERNA.

praedulces inter ripas tunc, Hebre, fluebas,
 cum iuveni comitem me novus egit amor ;
sed nimium squallet mihi nunc tua ripa, venustum
 post tua quam iuvenem condidit unda meum.
usque mihi reliquos tu triste meabis in annos,
 Hebre, nec infaustum deseret omen aquas ;
nam neque in adspectum ripis venit amplius istis,
 nec veniet, patriae flos tener ille tuae.
' munus,' ait, ' mittam niveo candore caballum ;
 sic vectam soceri limen adire decet ;
vernulaque accedet cultu et spectabilis aevo,
 deducetque mei patris adusque fores.
tortile erit pignus certi tibi foederis aurum ;
 iuraque coniugii cras dabit orta dies.'
dixit : at exceptum subito sibi nympa maritum
 vindicat, et liquido nunc tenet, Hebre, toro.

Sweet were his words when last we met ;
My passion I as freely told him ;
Clasp'd in his arms I little thought
That I should never more behold him.
Scarce was he gone, I saw his ghost ;
It vanish'd with a shriek of sorrow ;
Thrice did the water-wraith ascend,
And gave a doleful groan through Yarrow.

His mother from the window looked
With all the longing of a mother ;
His little sister weeping walked
The greenwood path to meet her brother.
They sought him east, they sought him west,
They sought him all the forest thorough ;
They only saw the cloud of night,
They only heard the roar of Yarrow.

No longer from thy window look,
Thou hast no son, thou tender mother ;
No longer walk, thou lovely maid,
Alas ! thou hast no more a brother ;
No longer seek him east or west,
And search no more the forest thorough,
For, wandering in the night so dark,
He fell a lifeless corpse in Yarrow.

summum illud, memini, convenimus : acrius arsit ;
 urere me flammam sum quoque fassa parem ;
nec minimum, lentis teneor dum laeta lacertis,
 mens verita est posthac ut foret ille redux.
vix abiit : solique apparet amantis imago,
 continuoque ululans flebilis umbra fugit ;
deinde instar nebulae fluvii deus ipse resurgens
 ter maesto per aquas ingemis, Hebre, sono.
sollicita e patulis spectat matercula clathris,
 utque solent matrum corda timere timet :
parva nemus, flenti propior, germana petebat,
 obvius in viridi si foret ille via.
tum vero occasum versus, tum solis ad ortum
 lustrantes saltus avia quaeque petunt ;
sola tamen visa est caligo noctis, ad aures
 sola venit fera vox quam, pater Hebre, dabas.
non opus est patulis te prospectare fenestris,
 iam neque enim natum tu, pia mater, habes :
neve petas nemoris, virgo formosa, recessus,
 non etenim posthac frater ut ante redit.
iam neque in occasum nec quaerite solis in ortum
 lustrando saltus avia quaeque, viri ;
nempe sub incerta dum nocte errabat, in undis
 decidit, atque animam reddidit, Hebre, tibi.

The tear shall never leave my cheek,
No other youth shall be my marrow ;
I'll seek thy body in the stream,
And then with thee I'll sleep in Yarrow !
The tear did never leave her cheek :
No other youth became her marrow ;
She found his body in the stream,
And now with him she sleeps in Yarrow.

LOGAN.

EPITAPH ON KING CHARLES II.

HERE lies our mutton-eating king,
Whose word no man relies on ;
Who never said a foolish thing,
And never did a wise one.

ROCHESTER.

anne per assiduum fletum mihi vita trahenda est ?
ut, puto, pars animae sit quis, ut ille, meae !
immo in aquis illum quaeram, sociumque soporem
tu sponsis socii da, pater Hebre, tori.
dixit : et assidue flevit dum vita manebat ;
illi pars animae non fuit alter amans ;
sed sponso iuveni iuncta est sub flumine, et Hebrus
sic bene compositos tempus in omne premit.

JOHN F. DAVIES.

MONVMENTVM AERE PERENNIVS.

carnis rex iacet hic vorax ovinae :
non fides fuit asse pluris uno :
nil unquam ille locutus inficetum,
semper omnia fecit inficete.

ROBERT Y. TYRRELL.

THE BIRD'S RELEASE.

Go forth, for she is gone !
With the golden light of her wavy hair,
She is gone to the fields of the viewless air :
She hath left her dwelling lone !

Go forth, and like her be free !
With thy radiant wing and thy glancing eye,
Thou hast all the range of the sunny sky :
And what is our grief to thee ?

Is it aught even to her we mourn ?
Doth she look on the tears by her kindred shed ?
Doth she rest with the flowers o'er her gentle head,
Or float on the light wind borne ?

We know not—but she is gone !
Her step from the dance, her voice from the song,
And the smile of her eye from the festal throng—
She hath left her dwelling lone !

F. HEMANS.

OIXETAI, OIXETAI.

exi, fugit enim quae prius aureas
ibat fusa comas. vanuit et leves
eheu ! rapta sub auras
solam deseruit domum !

i, sis cum domina tu quoque libera,
scintillant oculi, pluma nitet tibi,
apricus patet aether,
non te noster adit dolor.

illam nostra valet tangere naenia ?
fletus anne videt ? floribus an caput
tectum molle quiescit ?
auris anne volantibus

fertur ? scire nefas. fugit et heu ! levis
nec pes ille iterum voxve inherit choris,
risu festa carebunt,
desertique gement lares.

RICHARD H. COLLINS.

MAY.

LED by the jocund train of vernal hours,
And vernal air, uprose the gentle May :
Blushing she rose ; and blushing rose the flowers
That sprang spontaneous in her genial ray.
Her locks with heaven's ambrosial dew were bright,
And amorous Zephyrs flutter'd on her breast ;
With every shifting gleam of morning light
The colours shifted of her rainbow vest.
Imperial ensigns graced her smiling form :
A golden key, and golden wand she bore :
This charms to peace each sullen eastern storm,
And that unlocks the summer's copious store.
Onward in conscious majesty she came,
The grateful honours of mankind to taste ;
To gather fairest wreaths of future fame,
And blend fresh triumphs with her glories past.

LOVIBOND

FLORA.

mitis Flora venit, vernis cum flatibus horae
 antevolant vernae, laeta caterva, deam ;
surgenti subit ora rubor, surgentibus idem
 floribus, iniussos luce quot alma ciet,
ambrosio crines respersi rore micabant,
 alludit teneros aura proterva sinus ;
quotque vices mutant orientis lumina solis,
 iride lucidior tot tunica illa refert.
regia ridentem decorabant signa figuram,
 aurea clavis inest, aurea virga, manu ;
hac pacare ferus si quando saeviat Eurus,
 illa aestatis opes mox reserare parat ;
incedit memores hominum ut delibet honores,
 scilicet imperii conscia diva sibi ;
carpat uti famae pulcherrima sarta futurae,
 utque novus veteri consocietur honor.

NE SVTOR SVPRA CREPIDAM.

WHEN some brisk youth, the tenant of a stall,
Employs a pen less pointed than his awl,
Leaves his snug shop, forsakes his store of shoes,
St. Crispin quits, and cobbles for the muse.
Heavens ! how the vulgar stare ! how crowds
applaud !

How ladies read, and *literati* laud !
If chance some wicked wag should pass his jest,
'Tis sheer ill-nature—don't the world know best ?
Genius must guide when wits admire the rhyme,
And Capel Lofft declares 'tis quite sublime.
Hear, then, ye happy sons of needless trade !
Swains, quit the plough, resign the useless spade ;
Lo, Burns and Bloomfield, nay, a greater far,
Gifford was born beneath an adverse star,
Forsook the labours of a servile state,
Stemm'd the rude storm, and triumph'd over fate.

ΕΡΔΟΙ ΤΙΣ ΗΝ ΕΚΑΣΤΟΣ ΕΙΔΕΙΗ ΤΕΧΝΗΝ.

impiger en ! iuvenis, cerdo prius, exsilit omni
 abiecto instrumento artis clausaque taberna ;
 et genium spernens infabre facta Camaenis
 munera fert, acie ut calamum cui subula praestet—
 constupet extemplo vulgus, plauditque beato,
 scripta legunt matronae, extollunt laude periti ;
 et si forte iocum tentaverit improbus olim,
 ‘ aerugo mera,’ vulgus ait, ‘ me iudice vincit,
 quid quaeris ? ’ nempe, urbanis mirantibus, ipsam
 Pallada crediderim stulto aspirasse poetae,
 pollice quem Bavius recitantem laudet utroque.
 quare agite, artifices, vana vos arte relictæ,
 et vos, agricolæ, spreta cum vomere marra,
 scribite ! quid ? raucus Codrus, Lucilius, ipso
 cum Flacco, Dis iratis duroque sub astro
 nati, serviles non destituere labores,
 fatis restantes tempestatique malorum ?

Then why no more ? if Phœbus smiled on you,
Bloomfield, why not on brother Nathan too ?
Him too the mania, not the muse, has seized ;
Not inspiration, but a mind diseased :
And now no boor can seek his last abode,
No common be enclosed, without an ode.

BYRON.

SONG.

THE rose, that in the springtide ventures forth
To woo the Zephyr with her crimson smiles
And odorous wiles,
Too often chances on the cruel North :
For every kiss of his cold lips
With poisonous blight her beauty nips,
Till one by one, with downcast head,
She weeps away her petals red,
And with the last bereft of life and light
Sighs forth her passionate soul on the dark lap
of night.

ALFRED P. GRAVES.

et quidni plures? siquidem largitur Apollo
 ingenium Codro, cur non Iudaeus haberet,
 quem stimulat cacoëthes, amor sive iste vocandus
 scribendi, malisanaque mens sine divite vena?
 quid? non nunc fiunt privati publica iuris
 iugera, nullus obit sacro sine vate bubulcus!

WILLIAM G. TYRRELL.

‘I FIORETTI DAL NOTTVRNO GELO CHINATI E CHIVSI.’

quae rosa iam tepente
 emicans anno Zephyrum sollicitat, rubores
 explicitura vernos,
 blanda odoratis opibus fallere, blanda risu,

 saepe nivalis aurae
 tacta languescit moriens asperiore labro.
 haud secus ac veneno
 tincta mordaci calyces forma relinquit aegros;

 ipsaque dum supina
 plorat effusi decoris primitias rubentes,
 cum gemitu supremo
 floreae accessura pyrae vita fugit sub umbras.

HASTINGS CROSSLEY.

CORONACH.

HE is gone on the mountain,
He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain,
When our need was the sorest.
The font re-appearing
From the rain-drops shall borrow,
But to us comes no cheering,
To Duncan no morrow!

The hand of the reaper
Takes the ears that are hoary,
But the voice of the weeper
Wails manhood in glory.
The autumn winds, rushing,
Waft the leaves that are searest,
But our flower was in flushing
When blighting was nearest!

Fleet foot on the correi,
Sage counsel in cumber,
Red hand in the foray,
How sound is thy slumber!
Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
Thou art gone, and for ever!

SCOTT.

VLVLATVS.

Aulus abest silvis, procul est a montibus Aulus ;
fons velut aestivis siccus egemus aquis.
cras fons auctus erit pluviis ; sed gaudia nostra,
te referet nullus crastinus, Aule, dies !
non nisi maturas messor succidit aristas ;
deflemus raptum nos iuvenile decus.
non nisi marcentes Auctumnus turbine frondes
decutit ; est nobis laesus Aprilis honor.
per iuga qui velox, inter discrimina cautus,
acer erat bello, quam sopor altus habet !
ceu fontis scatebrae, clivi ros, spuma fluenti,
Aulus in aeternum vanuit, Aulus abest.

SAMUEL ALLEN.

THE ANCIENT MARINER.

THE fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow follow'd free,
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
'Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea.

All in a hot and copper sky
The bloody sun at noon
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the moon.

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion,
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

HORRESCO REFERENS.

crebrescunt venti : canens respergitur unda,
insequitur limes latus sulcante carina,
audaces tacitum primi violavimus aequor.
en ventus cecidit, ceciderunt vela soluta,
ne tu quaere metus—verbis quis vincere possit ?
tantum ne regerent tam vasta silentia pontum
fugit ab ore sonus ; rutila ferrugine caelum
fervet ; sol medio malum supereminet aestu
ipse maligna rubens nec maior imagine lunae.
tarda dies, et quaeque dies haerentibus ibat
tardior, haud ullo vento fluctuve movente,
picta ratis veluti si pictis pendeat undis.

Water, water, everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink ;
Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot : O Christ,
That ever this should be !
Yea, slimy things with legs did crawl
Upon the slimy sea.

About, about, in reel and rout,
The death-fires danced at night ;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue, and white.

COLERIDGE.

‘I NVNC, EDERE ME IVBE LIBELLOS.’

A LITERARY lady once asked Dr. Johnson for his candid opinion on a recent work of hers, adding that, if it did not meet his approbation, she had other irons in the fire ; whereon the great critic, with grim humour, advised her to put the book where her other irons were.

undique fluctus erat, tabulas squalere videres,
 undique fluctus erat, fauces sitis arida torret.
 di nobis meliora ! putrescit pontus ab imis
 sedibus ipse, et foeda modis animalia miris
 lenta trahunt lentum tabentia crura per aequor.
 nunc hinc nunc illinc noctu circumsilit ignis
 intentatque necem ; fluctus variante colore
 aestuat, ut quondam, saga miscente, venena.

T. MAGUIRE.

ΣΟΦΗΝ ΔΕ ΜΙΣΩ.

‘ legisti modo quem misi tibi, Tarpa, libellum ?
 non nullas veneres hic, nisi fallor, habet.’
 cui salsum ridens, ‘ Veneris tu, docta, marito
 has veneres Tarpa iudice iure dabis.’

ROBERT V. TYRRELL.

AMONG THE FLOWERS.

SHE took my flowers with simple grace,
And then I breath'd the truth she knew ;
No flush, the while, was on her face ;
I ceased, and she was silent, too.
At length she speaks, with heaving breast,
Of duty owed to adverse powers ;
She hints at feelings long suppress'd,
And hides her face among the flowers.

Blest garland ! fleeting years have sped ;
Your bliss is past ; your bloom is o'er ;
Fades, too, this cheek, this bosom dead,
These lips that sue and sigh no more ;
Lives, lives relentless Fate alone ;
Still Hope is born in leafy bowers,
But when the blushing buds have blown,
Still finds her grave among the flowers.

JOHN MARTLEY.

LATET ANGVIS IN HERBIS.

non inopinatas molli bibit aure loquellas,
nativa ut cepit simplicitate rosas ;
virginis interea solitus color occupat ora ;
mox taceo ; et nullos lingua dat illa sonos.
denique pauca refert tremefacti conscia cordis,
‘vota parum facili debita nostra deo,’
et vix fassa premi veteres sub pectore curas,
contegit obductis ora puella rosis.
o nimium laeti quibus irrevocabile flores
tempus laetitiam corripuitque decus !
hae quoque nempe genae pallent, haec corda
quiescunt,
et mihi languenti iam prece labra vacant ;
haec pereunt ; vos, vos tamen improba Fata vigetis ;
spem loca nascentem semper amaena foveant ;
sed non ante rubet flos primo indutus honore,
spes nova quam nato flore sepulta iacet.

VANITY OF VANITIES, SAITH THE PREACHER.

FAME, wisdom, love, and power were mine,
And health and youth possess'd me ;
My goblets blush'd from every vine,
And lovely forms caress'd me ;
I sunn'd my heart in beauty's eyes,
And felt my soul grow tender ;
All earth can give or mortal prize,
Was mine of regal splendour.

I strive to number o'er what days
Remembrance can discover,
Which all that life or earth displays
Would lure me to live over.
There rose no day, there roll'd no hour
Of pleasure unembitter'd ;
And not a trapping deck'd my power !
That gall'd not while it glitter'd.

MATAIOTHΣ MATAIOTHTON.

doctrinae famaëque expertus praemia quondam
rex ego et incolumi robore amator eram.
cuncta rubescebat pateris vindemia nostris,
inque manus molles membra fovenda dabam.
saepe mihi intuitu, medio ceu sole, puellae
leniter incaluit pectus, abique rigor;
quicquid terra tulit, quot honorem regibus augent,
quicquid avent homines, cuncta fuere mea!
saepe dies actos memori de corde revolve,
si quos e multis laetius isse dies
inveniam, quales, quavis mercede repensos,
vincar ut anteactos nunc iterare velim.
sed frustra; quoniam sensi miser omnibus horis
semper amari aliquid demere laetitiam.
urebant torques, magni gestamina regis,
ceu diro amplexae colla nitore faces.

The serpent of the field, by art
And spells, is won from harming ;
But that which coils around the heart,
Oh ! who hath power of charming ?
It will not list to wisdom's lore,
Nor music's voice can lure it ;
But there it stings for evermore
The soul that must endure it,

BYRON.

AN EPITAPH.

HERE she lies, a pretty bud,
Lately made of flesh and blood ;
Who as soone fell fast asleep,
As her little eyes did peep.
Give her strewings, but not stir
The earth that lightly covers her.

HERRICK.

letifera in silvis quae tecta fefellerat anguis,
sunt quibus est nulli docta nocere modis ;
sed qui se sinuat circum praecordia, verbis
queis fiet, quali mitior arte dolor ?
non hic attentas praeceptis praebuit aures ;
attonitus nullis vocibus obstupuit !
haeret in aeternum, stimulisque infixus adurget
corda, quibus tutae stat via nulla fugae.

RICHARD W. WEST.

MINOR IGNE ROGVS.

hoc infans rosa dormit in recessu,
suci quae modo sanguinisque plena
quos iam vix reseraverat tenellos
somno clausit in altiore ocellos.
spargas lilia, sed levem sepultae
pulverem moveas cave, viator.

T. J. B. BRADY.

POPE'S FIRST PASTORAL.

STREPHON.

ME gentle Delia beckons from the plain,
Then, hid in shades, eludes her eager swain ;
But feigns a laugh, to see me search around,
And by that laugh the willing fair is found.

DAPHNIS.

The sprightly Sylvia trips along the green ;
She runs, but hopes she does not run unseen ;
While a kind glance at her pursuer flies.
How much at variance are her feet and eyes !

STREPHON.

O'er golden sands let rich Pactolus flow,
And trees weep amber on the banks of Po ;
Blest Thames's shores the brightest beauties yield.
Feed here, my lambs, I'll seek no distant field.

A T E N S O N.

STREPHON.

Delia me nutu medio stans provocat horto,
abdita mox tenebris avidum deludit amantem ;
sed risum simulat cum me videt undique frustra
quaerere, et est proprio male tristis prodita risu.

DAPHNIS.

et levis exultim per gramina Silvia ludit :
me fugit, at fugiens sese cupit ante videri :
iam vultu molli respectat pone sequentem :
quantum oculos interque pedes disconvenit illos !

STREPHON.

auratas dives Pactolus lambat harenas,
succinaque Eridani ripis fleat Helias arbôr :
his Tamesis ripae nimium dulcedine praestant.
hic mihi pascite, oves, nam sordent cetera rura.

DAPHNIS.

Celestial Venus haunts Idalia's groves :
Diana Cynthus, Ceres Hybla loves :
If Windsor shades delight the matchless maid,
Cynthus and Hybla yield to Windsor shade.

STREPHON.

All nature mourns, the skies relent in showers,
Hush'd are the birds, and closed the drooping flowers ;
If Delia smile, the flowers begin to spring,
The skies to brighten, and the birds to sing.

DAPHNIS.

All nature laughs, the groves are fresh and fair,
The sun's mild lustre warms the vital air ;
If Sylvia smile, new glories gild the shore,
And vanquish'd nature seems to charm no more.

STREPHON.

In spring the fields, in autumn hills I love,
At morn the plains, at noon the shady grove ;
But Delia always ; absent from her sight,
Nor plains at morn, nor groves at noon delight.

DAPHNIS.

Sylvia's like autumn ripe, yet mild as May,
More bright than noon, yet fresh as early day :
E'en spring displeases, when she shines not here,
But, bless'd with her, 'tis spring throughout the year.

DAPHNIS.

Idaliae lucos proles colit alma Diones,
flava Ceres Hyblam, Cynthum Latonia virgo ;
haec nostrae placeant formosae prata puellae,
his pratis cedent Cynthi iuga, cedet et Hybla.

STREPHON.

omnia iam lugent ; iam fletu solvitur aër ;
conticuere et aves ; cessant se pandere flores :
Delia si ridet, cito se flos explicat, aër
incipit effulgere, et aves renovare canorem.

DAPHNIS.

omnia iam rident ; lucus viret et nitet herba ;
vitales auras modico Sol temperat aestu :
Silvia si ridet, decorat venus altera campos ;
victa iacet, nec iam natura habet ipsa lepores.

STREPHON.

Vere ager, Auctumno ventosa cacumina montis,
mane placent campi, mediisque ardoribus antrum :
Delia grata aderit semper ; sin absit, acerbus
et campus mane est, mediisque ardoribus antrum.

DAPHNIS.

Maius habet flores, Auctumnus poma, calores
Sol medius, roremque recens lux orta tenellum :
Silvia habet pulchri quodcunque est ; displicet ipsum
Ver si quando abeat ; redeat, redit assiduum Ver.

STREPHON.

Say, Daphnis, say, in what glad soil appears
A wondrous tree that sacred monarchs bears :
Tell me but this, and I'll disclaim the prize,
And give the conquest to thy Sylvia's eyes.

DAPHNIS.

Nay, tell me first, in what more happy fields
The thistle springs, to which the lily yields :
And then a nobler prize I will resign,
For Sylvia, charming Sylvia, shall be thine.

GOOD RESOLUTIONS.

WHEN the Devil was sick in bed
The Devil a monk would be ;
But when the Devil was well again
The devil a monk was he.

STREPHON.

dic quae sit tellus tam laeta ut, Daphni, timendos
mira ferat reges ramis felicibus arbor ;
hoc modo si doceas agnum tibi cedimus ultro,
eximiaeque feret primas tua Silvia formae.

DAPHNIS.

immo age dic ubi sit tanto felicius arvom
ut tribulos pariat quales non lilia vincant :
dic, tibi enim longe pulcherrima praemia cedam :
virgineumque decus te Silvia nostra sequetur.

JOHN F. DAVIES.

AEGROTI SOMNIA.

‘ me mala crux agitet,’ clamabat Vappa, ‘ Catonem
ni salvus referam,’ febre tenente latus.
audiit aegrotum facili deus aure. quid ille ?
me mala crux agitet si Cato Vappa fuit !

ROBERT V. TYRRELL.

THE SAILOR BOY.

HE rose at dawn, and, fired with hope,
 Shot o'er the seething harbour bar,
And reach'd the ship and caught the rope,
 And whistled to the morning star.
And, while he whistled long and loud,
 He heard a fierce mermaiden cry,
' O boy, tho' thou art young and proud,
 I see the place where thou wilt lie.
The sands and yeasty surges mix
 In caves about the dreary bay,
And on thy ribs the limpet sticks,
 And in thy heart the scrawl shall play.'
' Fool,' he answer'd, ' death is sure
 To those that stay and those that roam;
But I will never more endure
 To sit with empty hands at home.

MANET OCEANVS CIRCVMVAGVS.

surgit mane puer—spes scilicet acrior urget—
spumiferasque secans Ostia linquit aquas ;
et iam navis adest, funem iam dextera prendit,
Luciferoque suum navita cantat ‘ave.’
carmina dum resonat late clarissima pontus,
Nereis horrendis vaticinata modis,
‘a ! miser,’ exclamat, ‘tibi cor iuvenile superbit,
at video funus qua ferat unda tuum.
litora se caveis en ! desolata receptant,
mista ubi ferventi spumat harena sale ;
mitulus, heu miserum ! costis obscaenus inhaeret,
illudit cordi squilla proterva tuo.’
cui puer, ‘a ! demens, non evitabile fatum,
sive errare mihi seu remanere placet ;
dedignor segnes trivisse domesticus horas,
otia praetrepidans rumpere pectus avet.

My mother clings about my neck,
 My sisters crying "Stay, for shame!"
My father raves of death and wreck—
 They are all to blame! they are all to blame!
God help me! save I take my part
 Of danger on the roaring sea,
A devil rises in my heart,
 Far worse than any death to me.'

TENNYSON.

NURSERY RHYME.

THERE were two birds sat on a stone,
 Fa la la la lal de :
One flew away, and then there was one,
 Fa la la la lal de :
The other flew after, and then there was none,
 Fa la la la lal de :
And so the poor stone was left all alone,
 Fa la la la lal de.

GAMMER GURTON.

haeret in amplexu mater, flentesque sorores,
 'ire paras,' ululant, 'nec pudor ipse vetat?'
 'naufragus occumbes,' genitor male sanus, 'in undis,'
 augurat—heu! peccat, peccat amore domus!
 actum est de nobis (sed di prohibete benigni!),
 ni tentem tumidas aequoris ipse minas;
 nescio quid sceleris mea mens malesuada revolvit,
 ibimus! est levius bisque quaterque mori.'

T. J. B. BRADY.

 ΑΠ' ΟΙΩΝΩΝ ΦΑΤΙΣ.

traditur in saxo par insedissee volucrum;
 (favete linguis, civium profane grex.)
 nec mora: deserta quin avolet una sorore.
 (felix volucrum nosse qui mentes potest!)
 protinus en rapidis sequitur comes altera pennis,
 (cur, quaeris? heu! non scire fas est omnia.)
 quo factum ut scopulus Gabiis desertior esset.
 (narrata vobis fabula est. iam plaudite.)

HASTINGS CROSSLEY.

NIGHT'S HARMONIES.

As the moon's soft splendour
O'er the faint pale starlight of heaven
Is thrown,
So thy voice most tender
To the strings without soul has given
Its own.
The stars will awaken
Though the moon sleep a full hour later
To night ;
No leaf will be shaken
While the dews of your melody scatter
Delight.
Though the sound overpowers,
Sing again ; with your dear voice revealing
A tone
Of some world far from our's,
Where music and moonlight and feeling
Are one !

SHELLEY.

MVSAEA MELE.

Cynthia mulcentem diffundit in aethera lucem ;
 sidereae pallent frigida signa faces :
sic tua vox inter blandas blandissima chordas
 mente sua donat, vivaque chorda sonat.
dormiat ipsa licet nocturnam luna per horam,
 astra tamen solitis ignibus orta trement,
nullaque frons usquam spirante movebitur aura
 dum tua ceu rores carmina molle fluent.
me penetrant captum nimia dulcedine voces :
 nunc cane ! nunc iterum, rara puella, cane !
prata novo sub sole mihi felicia pandis,
 qua veneres sociant Cynthia, cantus, amor.

JOHN VERSCHOYLE.

A SMALL SWEET IDYLL.

COME down, O maid, from yonder mountain height;
What pleasure lives in height (the shepherd sang):
In height and cold, the splendour of the hills?
But cease to move so near the Heavens, and cease
To glide a sunbeam by the blasted Pine—
To sit a star upon the sparkling spire;
And come, for Love is of the valley, come!
For Love is of the valley, come thou down
And find him: by the happy threshold he,
Or hand in hand with Plenty in the maize,
Or red with spirted purple of the vats,
Or foxlike in the vine; nor cares to walk
With Death and Morning on the silver horns;
Nor wilt thou snare him in the white ravine,
Nor find him dropt upon the firths of ice,
That huddling slant in furrow-cloven falls
To roll the torrent out of dusky doors:

CANTANDO RIGIDAM DEDVCIT MONTE PVELLAM.

quin ades huc, virgo, quin deseris ardua montis ?
(incipit upilio) ; quid enim te summa morantem
frigora delectant tantum, candorque iugorum ?
desine cunctari caelo vicinior, exstas
seu delapsa velut pinus iubar inter obustas,
vertice seu stellae ritu subnixa corusco.
tolle moras ; invade viam ; si quaeris Amorem,
incola vallis Amor ; fert laeta ad limina gressum,
vel divae iunctus dextrae ditantis aristas
it comes, elisove rubescit sanguine prelis,
vel sub vite latet ceu vulpes. nulla per albas
mortis et Aurorae sequitur vestigia cautes ;
non tibi in anfractu niveo captandus agenti,
aequora non sidit supra glacialia, sulcis
concretum trudunt quae per declivia pondus
certatim, ut luteis effundant faucibus amnem.

But follow ; let the torrent dance thee down
To find him in the valley. Let the wild
Lean-headed Eagles yelp alone, and leave
The monstrous ledges there to slope, and spill
Their thousand wreaths of dangling water-smoke,
That like a broken purpose waste in air :
So waste not thou ; but come, for all the vales
Await thee : azure pillars of the earth
Arise to thee : the children call, and I
Thy shepherd pipe, and sweet is every sound ;
Sweeter thy voice, but every sound is sweet :
Myriads of rivulets hurrying through the lawn,
The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
And murmuring of innumerable bees.

TENNYSON.

at sequere, ut rivus te desiliente sequacem
vortice corripiat ; pete gaudia vallis, et ales
regia det macro sine raucos gutture questus
sola sibi ; proni cum strata immania montis
vellera defundant pendentia mille vaporum,
quae mox vanescent, ceu mens infracta, per auras ;
tu ne vanescas ; cito sed delabere, nam te
expectant valles ; tibi surgit caerula fumo
quaeque columna focus ; te clamat cuncta iuventus ;
te mea pastoris suspirat fistula ; circum
omnia dulce sonant, sed vox tua dulcior omni—
plurimus hos properat per saltus rivus, et ulmos
assiduo annosas complent maerore palumbes,
innumeraeque apium miscentur murmure gentes.

WILLIAM MOORE MORGAN.

IN A GARDEN.

WHY, Damon, with the forward day
Dost thou thy little spot survey,
From tree to tree with doubtful cheer
Pursue the progress of the year,
What winds arise, what rains descend—
When thou before that year shalt end?

What do thy noon-tide walks avail,
To clear the leaf, and pick the snail,
Then wantonly to death decree
An insect usefuller than thee?
Thou and the worm are brother kind,
As low, as earthy, and as blind.

Vain wretch! canst thou expect to see
The downy peach make court to thee?
Or that thy sense shall ever meet
The bean-flower's deep enbosom'd sweet
Exhaling with an evening blast?
Thy evenings then will all be past.

VITAE SVMMMA BREVIS.

noto quid horti redderis angulo,
vergente Phoebo, Postume? quid iuvat
his flore vestitis et illis
arboribus numerare menses,
queis forte ventis, quove Diespiter
descendat imbri quaerere? gaudia
cur vana sectaris, supremus
hic tibi si properatur annus?
quidve ambulantis profuerit labor,
frondis voracem si cocleam novae
calcaris avolsam proterva
dignior ipse perire planta?
fraterna caecum condicio tenet
utrumque; eodem pulvere conditi
sordetis. expectasne demens,
pruna tibi domino rependens
dum iactet arbor mitia? num tuis
halare odores naribus intimos,
sub noctis adventum, fabarum
flos quoties recreatur aura,

Thy narrow pride, thy fancied green
(For vanity's in little seen),
All must be left when Death appears,
In spite of wishes, groans, and tears ;
Nor one of all thy plants that grow
But rosemary shall with thee go.

SEWELL.

SI ABEST QVOD AMAS, PRAESTO SIMVLACRA TAMEN SVNT.

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

MOORE.

optas? supremum condideris diem,
fastusque et horti dulce reliqueris
solamen angusti, superbus
scilicet exiguo colonus.
non vota tecum non lacrimae valent
auferre in Orcum quae misero tibi
arbusta florescunt, marini
fonde brevi comitande roris!

RICHARD W. WEST.

ΚΕΛΟΜΑΙ ΜΝΗΣΑΣΘΑΙ ΕΜΕΙΟ.

nocte ego de media fugio, rorantibus astris,
seclusam ad vallem, quae, cum fulgeret ocellis
vitae flamma tuis, quondam gratissima risit;
saepius ut mecum reputem num sedibus almīs
caeli se possint umbrae subducere furtim,
ut visent iterum loca laeta, aevique prioris
delicias. quod si fas est, huc advehere et tu,
teque vel in caelo dicas meminisse tuorum.

JOHN F. DAVIES.

THE GOOD GREAT MAN.

‘ How seldom, friend, a good great man inherits
Honour and wealth, with all his work and pains !

It seems a story from the world of spirits
When any man obtains that which he merits,

Or any merits that which he obtains.’

For shame, my friend, renounce this idle strain !

What would’st thou have a good great man obtain ?

Wealth, title, dignity, a golden chain,

Or heaps of corpses which his sword had slain ?

Goodness and greatness are not means, but ends.

Hath he not always treasures, always friends,

The good great man ? Three treasures—love, and
light,

And calm thoughts, equable as infant’s breath ;

And three fast friends, more sure than day or night—

Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death.

COLERIDGE.

IDEM STOICE.

incolumis virtus quam raro sumit honores,
aut modicum victum! Numa sanctus spondeat auctor
fortunam similem meritis, huic credere noli.’
cui tu verba miser? Mendose colligis, amens;
divitias fasces molitos strage triumphos,
quae tu summa putes, virtus num curat habere?
at propter se non aliud fuit ipsa petenda
iustitia et virtus: virtuti suppetit usu
vera dies communis amor tranquilla sereni
ingenii lux: virtutem non deserit unquam
ipsa deusque parens et mors quae liberet aequa.

T. MAGUIRE.

GERAINT.

AND in a moment after, wild Limours,
Borne on a black horse, like a thunder cloud,
Whose skirts are loosened by the breaking storm,
Half ridden off with by the thing he rode,
And all in passion, uttering a dry shriek,
Dashed on Geraint, who closed with him, and bore
Down by the length of lance and arm beyond
The crupper, and so left him stunned or dead ;
And overthrew the next that followed him,
And blindly rushed on all the rout behind.
But at the flash and motion of the man
They vanished, panic-stricken, like a shoal
Of darting fish, that on a summer morn
Adown the crystal dykes of Camelot
Come slipping o'er their shadows on the sand ;
But if a man who stands upon the brink
But lift a shining hand against the sun,

AENEAS.

qualis per caelum prurpto turbine densus
volvitur interdum nimbus glomeratque procellas,
haud mora, Turnus adest ;—campo niger ecce !
furentem

ipse furens sonipes vehit, et vix audit habenas ;—
sic ruit, et pro voce sonus fugit aridus ore :
illum autem Aeneas venientem excepit, et, hastam,
porrecta quantum potuit protendere dextra,
in tantum proturbat equo, stratumque relinquit ;
inde, ducem sequitur qui proximus, Actora fortem
sternit, et in medium caeco ruit impete volgus.
at quale interdum aestivo sub sole videmus
leni per vitreas incessu labier undas
squamigerum genus ; et notat imas subter harenas
umbra quisque sua pingens, luduntque natantes ;
tum si forte astans aliquis de margine ripae
porrigat elatam dextram, ut videre trementes
ut fugere illi ; nusquam lucere videres

There is not left the twinkle of a fin
Betwixt the cressy islets white in flower ;
So, scared but at the motion of the man,
Fled all the boon companions of the Earl,
And left him lying in the public way ;
So vanish friendships only made in wine.

TENNYSON.

THE GAIN OF LOSS.

‘ COME, give me back my blossoms,’
Sigh’d the palm-tree to the Nile ;
But the river flow’d unheeding
With its soft and silver smile.
It seem’d to say, ‘ ’Tis better far
To leave your flowers to me ;
I will bear their yellow beauty on
To the wond’ring, wond’ring sea.’
The amber tresses vanish’d,
And the dear spring fragrance fled ;
But the welcome fruit in clusters
Came richly up instead.

HORATIUS BONAR.

vel minimam squamam de tot modo millibus unam,
floribus albentes qua lympha interluit ulvas—
haud secus, experti rueret quo turbine, campo
diffugere omnes quos secum in bella sodales
duxerat infelix Turnus, linquuntque iacentem.
tantum quippe valet pactum inter pocula foedus.

WILLIAM E. GABBETT.

PER DAMNA DVCIT OPES.

‘ rivule, da flores (ita margine palma gemebat)
da redeant flores, gloria prisca, mei !’
it liquidas, velut ante, vias argenteus amnis ;
purius argento ridet in amne iubar.
illi lympha fugax ‘ nostro sapientius,’ inquit,
‘ florea credideris dona ferenda sinu ;
sic fluitent, donec mirantibus aequora nymphis
flavescant croceo munere tincta tuo.’
intereunt flores, fragrantior interit aetas ;
marcent effusae, lutea turba, comae ;
at vernum posuit grata vice ramus odorem,
mutaturus opes, pomifer anne, tuas.

HASTINGS CROSSLEY.

THE GOLDEN YEAR.

THE world's great age begins anew,
The golden years return,
The earth doth like a snake renew
Her winter weeds outworn :
Heaven smiles, and faiths and empires gleam
Like wrecks of a dissolving dream.

A brighter Hellas rears its mountains
From waves serener far ;
A new Peneus rolls its fountains
Against the morning star.
Where fairer Tempes bloom, there sleep
Young Cyclads on a sunnier deep.

A loftier Argo cleaves the main,
Fraught with a later prize ;
Another Orpheus sings again,
And loves, and weeps, and dies.
A new Ulysses leaves once more
Calypso for his native shore.

SHELLEY.

NOVVS RERVVM ORDO.

aetas iam redit integra
confectae senio tempus et aureum
terrae. iam, positis velut
post brumam exuviis, terra micat recens.
caelo fausta redit dies,
exilesque simul regum apices fugat,
pallentesque patrum deos,
discussas veluti noctis imagines ;
Hellasque altera fluctibus
e diis potior ducit origines
lympharum. rapit obviam
Peneus latices Lucifero suos ;
iam iam Cycladas alteras
primaevi requies alta tenet maris,
instaurata virent ubi
Tempe. findit aquas altera grandior
Argo, praemia posterae
virtutis rapiens. altera flebilem
aufert Orphea mors novum.
iam Laertiades alter Atlantide
mutat litora patriae.

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.

HARDCASTLE—MARLOW.

Hard. I no longer know my own house. It's turned all topsy-turvy. His servants have got drunk already. I'll bear it no longer; and yet, from my respect for his father, I'll be calm. Mr. Marlow, your servant. I'm your very humble servant.

Marl. Sir, your humble servant. (*Aside*) What's to be the wonder now?

Hard. I believe, sir, you must be sensible, sir, that no man alive ought to be more welcome than your father's son, sir. I hope you think so?

Marl. I do, from my soul, sir. I don't want much entreaty. I generally make my father's son welcome wherever he goes.

Hard. I believe you do, from my soul, sir. But though I say nothing to your own conduct, that of your servants is insufferable. Their manner of

CHREMES—PAMPHILUS.

Chr. res hercle apparet. ipse quod agas nil moror,
sed servolorum flagitia haud ferenda sunt :

drinking is setting a very bad example in this house, I assure you.

Marl. I protest, my very good sir, that is no fault of mine. If they don't drink as they ought they are to blame. I ordered them not to spare the cellar. I did, I assure you. Here, let one of my servants come up. My positive directions were, that, as I did not drink myself, they should make up for my deficiencies below.

Hard. Then they had your orders for what they do? I'm satisfied!

Marl. They had, I assure you. You shall hear from one of themselves.

GOLDSMITH.

A BOTTLE AND A FRIEND.

HERE'S a bottle and an honest friend!

What wad ye wish for mair, man?

Wha kens, before his life may end,

What his share may be o' care, man?

Then catch the moments as they fly,

And use them as ye ought, man;—

Believe me, happiness is shy,

And comes not aye when sought, man.

BURNS.

exemplo eorum—sic bibunt—miserrime
corrumpitur mi familia.

Pam. pol si res itast,
ipsos, senex, non me quidem culpaveris,
namque imperavi cantharis ne parcerent.
heus Parmenonem huc evoca servom meum—
namque ita iubebam potaturus ipse nil,
cum superi sicci madidi ut essent inferi.

Chr. tun haec iubebas? sat habeo si res itast,

Pam. ego vero iussi, ex ipsis audi nunciam.

T. J. B. BRADY.

NEC PARCE CADIS TIBI DESTINATIS.

est tibi vini cadus et sodalis,
Grosophe, nec supra rogitare fas est—
cui licet vivo sibi destinatos
scire dolores ?
carpe iucundum fugientis aevi,
si sapis, florem—neque dedecebit—
non tibi semper veniet vocanti
rara voluptas.

EDWARD SULLIVAN.

COMUS. PROLOGUE.

BUT their way
Lies through the perplex'd paths of this drear wood,
The nodding horror of whose shady brows
Threats the forlorn and wandering passenger ;
And here their tender age might suffer peril,
But that by quick command from sovereign Jove,
I was despatch'd for their defence and guard :
And listen why, for I will tell you now,
What never yet was heard in tale or song,
From old or modern bard, in hall or bower.

Bacchus, that first from out the purple grape
Crush'd the sweet poison of misused wine,
After the Tuscan mariners transform'd,
Coasting the Tyrrhene shore, as the wind listed,
On Circe's island fell : who knows not Circe,
The daughter of the Sun ? whose charmed cup
Whoever tasted lost his upright shape,
And downward fell into a groveling swine.

‘ΕΡΜΕΙΑΣ ΑΚΑΚΗΤ’ ΕΠΙΟΤΝΙΟΣ.

sed atra

semita silvarum per devia tesqua patebit.
ingressi nigrae formidinis ora superne
impendere vident pavidī, aut se cernere fingunt,
spectraque per tenebras, contracta fronte, minantur.
hic impuberibus forsā fraus caeca noceret
ni dux et custos, missu Iovis ipsius, irem
impiger. expediam maior quae deinde subesset
causa viae; fando quam nemo audivit, et omnis
et novus et priscus vates non rettulit usquam.

purpurea princeps domita qui vite Lyaeus
ad culpam causas et grata venena paravit,
cum Tuscis nautis faciem mutasset, et ultra
ventorum arbitrio Tyrrhenas raderet oras,
appulit et Circes terras: incognita nulli est
insula Soligenae miscentis pocula cantu;
pocula quae si quis gustaret forma peribat
recta, volutantisque luto suis induit ora.

This nymph, that gazed upon his clustering locks,
With ivy berries wreathed, and his blithe youth,
Had by him, ere he parted thence, a son,
Much like his father, but his mother more,
Whom therefore she brought up, and Comus
named :

Who, ripe and frolic of his full-grown age,
Roving the Celtic and Iberian fields,
At last betakes him to this ominous wood,
And, in thick shelter of black shades embowered,
Excels his mother at her mighty art,
Offering to every weary traveller,
His orient liquor in a crystal glass,
To quench the drouth of Phoebus: which as they
taste .

(For most do taste through fond intemperate thirst)
Soon as the potion works, their human countenance,
The express resemblance of the gods, is changed
Into some brutish form, of wolf, or bear,
Or ounce, or tiger, hog, or bearded goat,
All other parts remaining as they were ;
And they, so perfect is their misery,
Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
But boast themselves more comely than before,
And all their friends and native home forget,

nympha dei spissos crines nexosque corymbis
respicit, et primo laetantem vere iuventam :
iamque fovens retinet dum prolem est nixa virilem,
multa patrem ingenio referentem, plurima matrem.
sic genitum mater tollit Comumque vocavit :
qui simul ac florem est et luxum puberis aevi
nactus, abit peregre ; et per Gallica rura et Ibera
protinus erravit ; donec vestigia vertit
illius infaustae sub densa umbracula silvae ;
optavitque sibi sedes, ubi conditus usu
assiduo validas genitricis vinceret artes.
ille viatori, si cui venit obvius, ultro
eoos latices et myrrhina pocula tendit,
aestivaeque sitis solatia ; quae simul hospes
credulus ore trahit (quod vulgo, captus amore
potus, et nimia dulcedine) non mora, vultus
ille honor humani, superisque simillima forma,
excidit, ut primum coeperunt posse venena.
induiturque adeo speciem sibi quisque ferinam ;
fit lupus aut ursus, fit lynx, fit barbiger hircus,
aut aper aut tigris faciem ; nam cetera membra
certa sede manent. adeoque est plena malorum
sors, ut, quam foede vitientur corpora, nulli
sit ratio ; at multo sibi pulchrior esse videtur :
cura domus dulcis periit gentisque suorum :

To roll with pleasure in a sensual sty.
Therefore, when any, favour'd of high Jove,
Chances to pass through this adventurous glade,
Swift, as the sparkle of a glancing star,
I shoot from Heaven, to give him safe convoy,
As now I do : but first I must put off
These my sky robes, spun out of Iris' woof,
And take the weeds and likeness of a swain,
That to the service of this house belongs,
Who, with his soft pipe, and smooth-dittied song,
Well knows to still the wild woods when they roar,
And hush the waving woods ; nor of less faith :
And in this office of his mountain watch,
Likeliest and nearest, to the present aid
Of this occasion. But I hear the tread
Of hateful steps ; I must be viewless now.

MILTON.

spurcities cordi est, et harae sub sorde cubare.
quod si forte aliquis, quem Iuppiter aequus amavit,
ire per hos saltus temerarius ausit iniquos,
tum quam stella facem ducens perniciosior alis
demittor caelo, fraudem aversurus eunti.
id iam munus ago ; sed et exuere ante necesse est
vestem caeruleo quam stamine texuit Iris :
oraeque dehinc servi pannosque imitabor agrestis
his dominis qui debet opus, mollisque cicutae
suaviloquo cantu callet sedare tumultus
ventorum, quamvis Aquilonis saeviat ardor ;
cui silvae gemitu positoque furore quiescunt :
nec pietate minor ; sed in his quorum indiget usus
opportunos adest consors et idoneus idem,
excubias quod agit iuga per vicina domorum.
quid plura ? ille pedum iam nostras fertur ad aures
invisus sonitus, visuque abscondar ab omni.

JOHN F. DAVIES.

VLTOR ADEST.

WHICH when his ladie saw, she follow'd fast,
And on him catching hold 'gan loud to crie,
Not so to leave her, or away to cast,
But rather of his hand besought to die.
With that he drew his sword all wrathfully,
And at one stroke cropp'd off her head with scorne,
In that same place wherat it now doth lie.
So he my love away with him hath borne,
And left me here both his and mine own love to
mourn.

'Aread,' quoth he, 'which way then did he make?
And by what marks may he be known again?'
'To hope,' said he, 'him soon to overtake,
That hence so long departed, is but in vain;
But yet he prickéd over yonder plain,
And, as I mark'd him, bore upon his shield
(By which it's easy him to know again)
A broken sword within a bloody field,
Expressing well his nature who the same did yield.'

SPENSER.

DABIS IMPROBE POENAS.

at postquam mulier iam prodita sensit, inhaeret
pone sequens dextrae, funditque has ore loquellas :
‘ mene fugis, coniunx ? mene aversatus abibis ?
quin peremis dextra ? sic iam iuvat ire sub umbras.’
ecce ! furens animi gladio conixus amantis
heu ! caput abscisum multa deiecit harena.
nunc quoque onus terram visu miserabile foedat,
is raptu potitur ;—raptu spoliatus amore
hanc, illam doleo, sortem miseratus utramque.
‘ ast age,’ ait, ‘ praedo qua dein regione viarum
cesserit ; hoc saltem ; tum quae sint signa doceto.
ille autem, ‘ si iam tanto superare priorem
posse brevi reris, spes, o bone, pascis inanes.
sed si tantus amor cursus cognoscere,—campo
illuc flexit iter ; clipeique insigne cruentum—
infractumque ensem, pugnamque, et vulnera cruda—
quippe sui specimen gerit, inceditque superbus.’

LES TRAVAILLEURS DE LA MER.

No fish astir in our heaving net,
The sky is dark and the night is wet,
And we must ply the lusty oar,
For the tide is ebbing from the shore.
And sad are they whose faggots burn,
So kindly stored for our return.
Our boat is small, and the tempest raves ;
And nought is heard but the lashing waves,
And the sullen roar of the angry sea,
And the wild winds piping drearily :
Yet sea and tempest rise in vain,
We'll bless our blazing hearths again.
Push bravely, mates ; our guiding star
Now from its turret streameth far :
And now along the nearing strand
See swiftly move yon flaming brand :
Before the midnight hour is past,
We'll quaff our bowl and mock the blast.

ANON.

ΠΟΝΤΟΝ ΕΠ' ΙΧΘΥΟΕΝΤΑ.

nubila contristant noctem, ruit imbribus aether,
 nostra reluctanti retia pisce vacant ;
robore iam valido lentandus in aequore remus,
 nam pelagus refluxas litore sorbet aquas ;
triste per augurium sponsae sua pectora ducunt,
 dum cumulant nobis ligna reposta focis.
parvula nostra ratis, bacchatur et ira procellae,
 nil nisi sollicitus fluctus in aure sonat ;
et quidquid desaevit inexorabilis unda,
 et quidquid vasti sibilat aura noti.
sed frustra pontus frustra que procella minatur,
 ardentes dabitur mox celebrare lares.
quare agite, o socii, remis incumbite, nobis
 fundit ab excelsa lumina turre pharus.
iamque propinquantis passim per littoris oras
 cernitis accensas pervolitare faces.
ante poli mediam quam nox traiecerit arcem
 ducemus spreto pocula plena noto.

ENGLISH BARDS AND SCOTCH REVIEWERS.

WHY slumbers Gifford? once was ask'd in vain.
Why slumbers Gifford? let us ask again.
Are there no follies for his pen to purge?
Are there no fools whose backs demand the scourge?
Are there no sins for Satire's bard to greet?
Stalks not gigantic vice in every street?
Shall peers or princes tread pollution's path,
And 'scape alike the law's and Muse's wrath?
Nor blaze with guilty glare through future time,
Eternal beacons of consummate crime?
Arouse thee, Gifford! be thy promise claim'd,
Make bad men better, or at least ashamed!

BYRON.

EXORIARE.

‘Flaccus ubi est?’ dudum frustra, ‘vigilatne?’
rogamus.

‘Flaccus ubi est?’ magna pellentes voce soporem,
‘nunc demum dormit, male cum delirat ubique
stultitia, et stulti praebeant sua crura flagello?’
‘at peccant’ inquis ‘satira non digna notari.’
haud ita : nequities late spatiata superbit
per plateas, regesque luto maculantur eodem
ridentes legisque notas irasque Camaenae.
suntne parum meriti sceleris lucentia taedis
stare mali monimenta viris horrenda futuris?
an non iam vigilet sceleratae Bestius urbis,
ut, si non Virtus, teneat modo Rumor iniquos !

WILLIAM G. TYRRELL.

THE THREE SAILORS.

[Version taken from the Preface to O. W. HOLMES' 'Wit and Humour.']

THERE were three sailors, of Bristol city,
Who took a boat and went to sea ;
But first with beef and captain's biscuit
And pickled pork, they loaded she.
There was guzzling Jack and gorging Jimmy,
And the youngest he was little Billee.
Now very soon they were so greedy,
They did not leave not one split pea.
Says guzzling Jack to gorging Jimmy,
'I am confounded hungry.'
Says gorging Jim to guzzling Jacky,
'We have no wittles, so we must eat we.'
Says guzzling Jack to gorging Jimmy,
'O gorging Jim, what a fool you be!
There's little Bill, as is young and tender :
We're old and tough ; so lets eat he.'

SESQVIVLIXES.

olim Brundusio tria fortia corda relicto
 conducta tentant aequora vasta rate.
ante tamen fama est epimenia mucida farris
 cumque subus salsas imposuisse boves.
Perniciosus erat Penius Barathroque Macellus,
 latrantes stomachi ; Telemachusque puer.
nec mora : non restat murem quod pascere posset
 unum ; adeo insignis mansit utrique gula.
quae cum vidisset Penius sic orsus : ‘ amice,
 dispeream, ventrem ni premit arta fames ! ’
tum Barathro : ‘ victus quoniam non suppetit usus,
 nostrum alter vereor ne sit edendus ’ ait.
olli indignanti similis similisque iocanti :
 ‘ ecquem stultitiae ponis, inepte, modum !
Telemachi succo turgent (conciditur ?) artus ;
 non faciunt denti corpora dura senum.

O Bill, we're going to kill and eat you :
 So undo the collar of your chemee.
When Bill he heard this infamation,
 He used his pocket handkerchee :
' O let me say my catechism,
 As my poor mammy taught it me ! '
' Make, haste, make haste,' says guzzling Jacky,
 While Jim pull'd out his snickersnee.
So Bill went up the maintop gallant mast,
 Where down he fell on his bended knee :
He scarce had said his catechism,
 When up he jumps, ' There's land I see ! '
There's Jerusalem and Madagascar,
 And North and South Ameriky.
There's the British fleet a-riding at anchor,
 And Admiral Nelson, K.C.B.
So when they came to the Admiral's vessel,
 He first hanged Jack, then flogg'd Jimmy :
But as for little Bill, he made him
 The captain of a seventy-three.

stat tibi mactatum ferro consumere corpus ;
 ' da, puer, a tunica libera colla tua.'
audierat iuvenis : lacrimamque premebat obortam
 cum subito emunctis naribus esset opus.
' o bone, bis senas liceat recitare tabellas,
 quas olim didici, matre docente, puer.'
' tolle moras ' Barathro, ' res est properanda ! ' securi
 terribilis stricta, Perniciose, taces.
interea mali fastigia summa secutus
 incipit aëria flectere sede genu ;
vixque sacris functus puer, ' o gratissima, ' clamat
 ' tellus ' erecto corpore ' visa mihi ! '
apparet Dodona, apparet et ultima Thule,
 et gemina Hesperio terra potita polo—
apparet classis (puppis habet ancora), regnum
 cuius, honoratum nomen, Agrippa tenet.
quo cum perventum est, Barathro, tibi pascere corvos
 contingit : loris urere terga, Peni :
at puer est navi praefectus, qualis in hostem
 quino per medias remige fertur aquas.

THE WORLD.

THE world's a bubble, and the life of man
 Less than a span ;
In his conception wretched, from the womb,
 So to the tomb ;
Curst from his cradle, and brought up to years,
 With cares and fears ;
Who, then, to frail mortality shall trust,
But limns on water or but writes in dust.

Yet whilst with sorrow here we live oppress'd,
 What life is best ?
Courts are but only superficial schools
 To dandle fools ;
The rural part is turn'd into a den
 Of savage men ;
And where's a city from foul vice so free
But may be term'd the worst of all the three ?

HEV, HEV, NOS MISEROS, QVAM TOTVS HOMVNIO NIL EST!

omnia bullatae quam sunt sine pondere nugae!
quam nihili angustae properata diecula vitae!
materie miser a prima, miser editus alvo,
funus obire miser miserum cito pergit homullus.
a cunis agit omne infaustus et iratis dis
aerumna gravis in mediis terroribus aevum.
ergo si quis avet mortalia credulus, unda
exprimit effigiem, scribitque in pulvere nomen.
dum tamen hic aegri in tanto maerore moramur
optima quaenam sit vitae via forte requiras?
stultitiae numquid nisi porticus aula tyranni,
vecordum nutrix, vera ratione carentum?
rura rudes habitant, inculti, pectora bruta;
orbe pererrato terrarum ubi viseris urbem
vincere quam vitiis non rus fatearis et aulam?

Domestic cares afflict the husband's bed,

Or pains his head :

Those that live single take it for a curse,

Or do things worse :

These would have children ; those that have them
moan,

Or wish them gone :

What is it, then, to have or have no wife,

But single thralldom or a double strife ?

Our own affections still at home to please

Is a disease ;

To cross the seas to any foreign soil,

Peril and toil ;

Wars with their noise affright us ; when they cease,

We're worse in peace :

What, then, remains, but that we still should cry

For being born, and, being born, to die ?

BACON.

sollicitant secreta domus et amara maritos
semper, et infestant genialem plurima lectum.
caelibe qui vita degit, sibi castus iniquam
fortunam gemit, aut stupris lascivit adulter :
progeniem cupit hic ; qui possidet, esse parentem
infelix queritur se, atque orbis invidet : ergo,
dic mihi, quid differt uxorem duxeris an non ?
hic sibi vivit onus ; nocet huic sociasse laborem.
si natale solum placuitque domestica cura
taedia iam subeunt ; trepidum discrimina versant
trans mare qui currit peregrinisque exulat oris.
bella truci clangore expallent dissona cives ;
instant securae graviora pericula paci.
quod superest, quaeso, numquid nisi flere decet nos
nascentes, natos incepta cedere vita ?

JOHN R. WEST.

ON SHAKSPEARE.

WHAT needs my Shakspeare, for his honoured bones,
The labour of an age, in piled stones ?
Or that his hallowed reliques should be hid
Under a star-ypointing pyramid ?
Dear son of Memory, great heir of Fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name ?
Thou, in our wonder and astonishment,
Hast built thyself a livelong monument.
For whilst, to the shame of slow endeavouring art,
Thy easy numbers flow ; and that each heart
Hath, from the leaves of thy unvalued book,
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took ;
Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving ;
And, so sepulchred, in such pomp dost lie,
That kings, for such a tomb, would wish to die.

MILTON.

‘DO THY WORST, OLD TIME.’

quid prodest nostrae vati sanctaeque favillae
per saeculum lapides labor acer si struere instet ?
aut, si quid divi restat mortale poetae,
pyramis ut condat ferienti sidera mole ?
Mnemosynes soboles dulcissime, maxime Famae
heres, non istos curant tua nomina testes.
dum stupet adspectans cantus miracula lector
exigis ipse tibi marmor quod duret in aevum.
nam tibi, quo pudeat pigram conaminis artem,
dum faciles numeri manant, sensusque per omnes
dum tuus insculpit liber aureus undique nostrae
menti sortilegumque et non debile carmen,
surripis ingenio vires, nimiumque ciendo
corda hominum, paullatim ipsos in marmora vertis ;
immanique adeo cumulatus honore quiescis
ut mutare velint reges ea funera vita.

JOHN F. DAVIES.

THE BACHELOR'S DREAM.

My pipe is lit ; my grog is mix'd :
My curtain's drawn, and all is snug.
Old Puss is in her elbow-chair,
And Tray is sitting on the rug.
Last night I had a curious dream,
Miss Susan Bates was Mistress Mogg :
What do you think of that, my cat ?
What do you think of that, my dog ?

She looked so fair, she sang so well,
I could but woo, and she was won.
Myself in blue, the bride in white,
The ring was placed, the deed was done.
Away we went in chaise-and four,
As fast as grinning boys could flog :
What do you think of that, my cat ?
What do you think of that, my dog ?

SOMNIVM CAELIBIS.

herba ardet fragrans, cepit cratera Lyaeum,
 praebet ridentem clausa fenestra larem.
iam felis propriam requiescit nacta cathedram,
 et Glaucis, quanta est, sternitur ante focum.
praeterita Rufo sopito nocte Metellam
 nubere portendit prodigiosa quies.
talìa dic, felis, moneant quid somnia, tuque,
 dic, catula, et quo sint conicienda modo !
bella fuit facies : belle cantabat : amavi :
 quid facerem ? atque dedit rara puella manus.
virgo albata venit, mihi vestis caerula fulget,
 anulus et sacrum rite coronat opus.
ponimur in reda pueris ridentibus : ‘ heia ’ !
 virga crepat, rapidis avehimurque rotis.
talìa dic, felis, moneant quid somnia, tuque,
 dic, catula, et quo sint conicienda modo !

What loving tête-à-têtes to come !

But tête-à-têtes must still defer !

When Susan came to live with me,

Her mother came to live with her ;

With sister Belle she couldn't part :

But all my ties had leave to jog.

What do you think of that, my cat ?

What do you think of that, my dog ?

Her mother brought a pretty Poll,

A monkey, too : what work he made !

Her sister introduced a beau ;

My Susan had a favourite maid.

She had a tabby of her own,

A snappish mongrel christen'd Gog :

What do you think of that, my cat ?

What do you think of that, my dog ?

The monkey bit, the parrot scream'd ;

All day the sister strumm'd and sung :

The petted maid was such a scold,

My Susan learned to use her tongue.

Her mother had such wretched health

She sat and croaked like any frog :

What do you think of that, my cat ?

What do you think of that, my dog ?

qualia cum sola finxi mihi gaudia soli !
 gaudia quis faciunt fata maligna moram.
nam secum ad Rufi deducta Metella Penates
 adduxit matrem, filia grata, suam.
addidit huic Annam non divellenda sororem,
 sed parvi duxit me caruisse meis.
vos o concilium fidum, felisque canisque,
 dicite, quid monstrent somnia mira novi !
cur te, rauce, queror comitari, psittace, socrum ?
 simia vastabat, pestis alenda, domum.
sectari nitidus visus mihi Trossulus Annam,
 visaque mi dominae Latris adesse suae.
non suus aelurus, catulus non defuit illi,
 cui nomen Titan, hybrida, dente minax.
o canis et felis, Rufi vos este senatus,
 res nova defertur ; quid sibi visa volunt ?
simia dum mordet, dum clamas, psittace, Musas
 dum colit aversas voce lyraque soror,
voce furit Latris, dominae dulcissima rerum,
 ipsaque fit lingua prompta Metella sua.
perpetuo tardos odiosa loquacula morbos
 voce malae ranae questa sedebat anus.
taliam dic, felis, moneant quid somnia, tuque
 dic, catula, et quo sint conicienda modo !

No longer 'deary,' 'duck,' and 'dove,'

I soon came down to simple M. ;

The very servants cross'd my wish ;

My Susan let me down to them.

The poker hardly seem'd my own :

I might as well have been a log.

What do you think of that, my cat ?

What do you think of that, my dog ?

My clothes they were the queerest shape ;

Such coats and hats she never met :

My ways they were the oddest ways !

My friends were such a vulgar set !

Poor Tomkinson was snubb'd and huff'd ;

She could not bear that Mister Blogg :

What do you think of that, my cat ?

What do you think of that, my dog ?

At times we had a spar, and then

Mamma must mingle in the song :

The sister took a sister's part ;

The maid declared her master wrong.

The parrot learn'd to call me 'fool !'

My life was like a London fog :

What do you think of that, my cat ?

What do you think of that, my dog ?

dulcia nomina *anas, mea vita, columba* silentur :
 littera nunc Rufo est ista canina satis.
mox famulis ipsis, facinus miserabile, coram
 obloquitur fracto saeva puella viro.
iamque super foculo componere ligna timebam,
 nec potui stipes vilior esse domi.
talìa dic, felis, moneant quid somnia, tuque
 dic, catula, et quo sint conicienda modo !
saepe querebatur de prava veste mariti ;
 risus erant petasi, nec placuere togae :
saepe viro mores, saepe exprobrabat amicos,
 dedignata ortos inferiore loco.
insperata bono fecit convicia Balbo :
 ‘ an tolerandus’ ait ‘ Ponticus iste mihi !’
talìa dic, felis, moneant quid somnia, tuque
 dic, catula, et quo sint conicienda modo !
cum vero altercamur, init certamina mater,
 et partem pugnae vindicat ipsa sibi.
cara soror carae succurrit voce sorori :
 condemnatque reum non proba Latris herum.
‘ *stulte*’ ! salutabat me psittacus ore perito,
 visaque mi nebulis tristior ire dies.
talìa dic, felis, moneant quid somnia, tuque,
 dic, catula, et quo sint conicienda modo !

My Susan's taste was superfine,
As proved by bills that had no end.

I never had a decent coat :

I never had a coin to spend.

She forced me to resign my club,

Lay down my pipe, retrench my grog.

What do you think of that, my cat ?

What do you think of that, my dog ?

Each Sunday night we gave a rout

To fops and flirts—a pretty list ;

And when I tried to steal away,

I found my study full of whist.

Then, first to come and last to go,

There always was a Captain Hogg :

What do you think of that, my cat ?

What do you think of that, my dog ?

Now, was not that an awful dream,

For one who single is and snug ;

With Pussy in her elbow-chair,

And Tray reposing on the rug ?

If I must totter down the hill,

'Tis safest done without a clog :

What do you think of that, my cat ?

What do you think of that, my dog ?

HOOD.

uxorem minime esse rudem docuere libelli
argenti expensi, sed sine fine, virum.
sordidus ipse foris frustra spatiabar in urbe,
asse uno, si quid forte placeret, egens.
non me passa frui sociorum est improba coetu,
non refici calamo, non caluisse mero.
heu ! heu ! spectati, felisque canisque, sodales,
dicite, quid Rufi somnia dira canant !
turba die festo pueri nitidaeque puellae
complebant totam luxuriosa domum.
quaque latere volo sonat alea iacta recessu,
fallere bacchantes nec datur ulla via.
ante omnes Verres, nisi nomine fallor, adesse,
Verres post omnes visus abire domo.
ei mihi ! quo spectant, felis, mea somnia dira ?
quo, catula, et quo sunt conicienda modo ?
prodigiosa quidem narraui somnia caelebs,
cui segura quies, cui sine lite domus.
cui felis magna dormit composta cathedra,
et Glaucis placidum sternitur ante focum.
tutius ad Manes, Parcae, sufflamine nullo
descendam tardas impediante rotas.
hoc melius : nonne huc spectant mea somnia, felis ?
sic coniecta tibi nonne, catella, placent ?

THE SHORTNESS OF LIFE.

OUR life is carried with too strong a tide ;
A doubtful cloud our substance bears,
And is the horse of all our years :
Each day doth on a winged whirlwind ride ;
We and our glass run out, and must
Both render up our dust.

But his past life who without grief can see,
Who never thinks his end too near,
But says to Fame, ‘ Thou art my heir,’
That man extends life’s natural brevity :
This is, this is the only way
To outlive Nestor in a day.

COWLEY.

AD THALIARCHVM.

aestuat fluctu nimis inquieto
vita ; subter nos posita dolosa
nube per quotquot numerantur omnes
labimur annos.

nulla non nobis rapitur volatu
lux procelloso ; nisi traditurus
lampada aetatis stadium cucurrit
nemo diurnum.

qui tamen cursum placidus peractum
respicit, qui iam propiore viso
fine securus, ‘ mihi sit superstes
gloria,’ dixit ;

hic sibi fato breve destinatum
ampliat vitae spatium : vel uno
sole sic demum, Thaliarche, totum
Nestora vives.

THE BRIDE IS DEAD.

THE bride is dead ! the bride is dead !

Cold and fair and frail she lieth ;
Wrapt is she in sullen lead ;
And a flower is at her head ;
And the breeze above her sigheth,
Through the night and through the day,
' Fled away ! fled away ! '

Once—but what can that avail ?—

Once she wore within her bosom
Pity which did never fail ;
A hue that dash'd the lily pale ;
And upon her cheek a blossom
Such as yet was never known :—
All is past and overthrown !

Mourn ! the sweetest bride is dead ;

And her knight is sick with sorrow
That her bloom is lapp'd in lead ;
Yet he hopeth, fancy fed,

He may kiss his love to-morrow.
But the breezes—what say they ?
' Fled away ! fled away ! '

BARRY CORNWALL.

LVGETE O VENERES CVPIDINESQVE.

mors rapuit nuptam, rapuit mors ferrea nuptam ;
frigidulis membris forma tenella iacet ;
constringit miseram non exorabilis arca,
floreaque exornat rite corolla caput :
et circumvolitans nocturna diurnaue, 'fugit,'
'fugit,' flebilibus murmurat aura sonis.
quid prodest miserae miseros relevare quod olim
gaudebat, cura sedula, larga manu ?
pectora quid prosunt, superans quid lilia candor ?
quid flos non alio qualis in ore fuit ?
heu ! quidquid pulchri ridebat, amabile quidquid,
abstulit atra dies, heu ! decus omne fuit.
lugete o Veneres ! rapuit mors aspera nuptam,
heu ! rapuit qua non dulcior ulla fuit ;
insolabiliter dolet aegro corde maritus
lurida delicias quod tenet arca suas ;
spem tamen ille fovet, 'cum crastina venerit Eos,
basia dilectae, basia mille, dabo.'
a spem fallacem ! quid murmurat aura susurrans ?
'fugit' flebilibus murmurat aura sonis.

T. J. B. BRADY.

IDLENESS.

IDLENESS is a stream which flows slowly on, but yet undermines the foundation of every virtue. A vice of a more lively nature were a more desirable tyrant than this rust of the mind, which gives a tincture of its nature to every action of one's life. It were as little hazard to be lost in a storm as to lie thus perpetually becalmed: and it is to no purpose to have within us the seeds of a thousand good qualities, if we want the vigour and resolution necessary for exerting them. Death brings all persons back to an equality; and this image of it, this slumber of the mind, leaves no difference between the meanest intellect and the greatest genius. A faculty for doing things remarkably praiseworthy, thus concealed, is of no more use to the owner than a heap of gold to the man who dares not use it. To-morrow is still the

IMPROBA SIREN.

lenta quidem pigroque simillima labitur amni
desidia ; at rectos eadem valet unica mores
subruere. hac potior mentis robigine versat
te dominus, si delicto vemente tumet cor.
illa etenim suffectus ab omni parte laboras
imbecillus, inops, nullis par rebus agendis.
deprensus quanto magis est metuenda procella
quam quae lenta fame consument otia ponto
haerentes medio ? caeco sub corde Catonem
cur geris, inde nihil referens, ignave, Catonis ?
non aliam ingenii mensuram insignis et imi
mors facit ; exaequatque ignavia, mortis imago,
vilibus egregias nullo discrimine mentes.
viribus occultis tantum profeceris ergo
quantum congesto qui parcit dives acervo.
at ‘cras expergiscar’ ais delusus ; adest ; lux

fatal time when all is to be rectified: to-morrow comes; it goes, and still I please myself with the shadow while I lose the reality, unmindful that the present time alone is ours, the future is yet unborn, and the past is dead. The time we live ought not to be computed by the number of years, but by the use that has been made of it. Thus it is not the extent of ground, but the yearly rent which gives the value to the estate. Wretched and thoughtless creatures! In the only place where covetousness were a virtue, we turn prodigals.

SPECTATOR, 1711.

IRREPARABILE TEMPVS.

DEAR as remembered kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
O Death in Life, the days that are no more!

TENNYSON.

quae modo cras fuerat retro iam cessit, et umbra
captum te vana rerum res ipsa fefellit !
fas est (quod nescis) solum praesentibus uti
rebus ; adhuc nullum est quod nondum vexerit
hora,
quodque retro est, periit. non est vitalis habendus
annorum longam seriem qui respicit, at qui
multa tulit fecitque ; neque is qui possidet agri
iugera bis totidem, sed cui seges amplior implet
horrea, divitior. nulli quae sola nocere
posset avaritia, hac caeci miserique caremus.

RICHARD W. WEST.

SANCTE PVER, CVRIS HOMINVM QVI GAVDIA MISCES.

sic animo recolit quae raptae coniugis olim
oscula ferret amans ; vel quae suavissima mentis
(nam premere ipsa nefas) mentitur credulus error,
exspes : sic iuvenis primos ardentis amores
cura furit, penitusque eadem dulcedine tangit :
funera quin actum nec funera ducitur aevum.

JOHN F. DAVIES.

AN AUTUMN LOVE-SONG.

THE frail flowers are dying,
The thistledown flying,
 Summer is past !
The first leaves that wither
Roam hither and thither
 With the treacherous blast ;
And away to dark ruin he will ravish at last
 Their green mates from the bough,
 Where they sigh and tremble now.

The surges are shatter'd,
The tough ragweed tatter'd,
 By the gusts of the gale ;
O'er lowland and highland,
And round the green island,
 A wanderer pale
Strays the sunshine ; the moor seethes with whis-
 pers of wail,
As its reed-grasses quake,
 And sorely shudders the brake.

AD LYDEN.

flores depereunt, Notus
 hic illic rapidis turbinibus leves
pappos spargit, et abripit
 frondes queis viduat perfidus arbores.

rara luget adhuc coma
 cum lugente nemus ; mox et honoribus
his raptis Dryades gement.
 pulsis spuma maris pumicibus fremit,

algas dilacerat Notus
 lentas ; vix radiis sol iuga, pallidus
erro, vixque cubantia
 tangit rura, virens qua patet insula ;

murmur quassat arundines,
 et per tesqua vagus maeror inhorruit.
flores, nil moror, aridi
 et maestas iterent aequora naenias ;

The leaves and the surges
May chant their wild dirges,
 The pale flowers pine.
My heart at their voices
More hugely rejoices ;
 One draught of Love's wine
Unwinters the earth ! thou art mine, thou art mine !
Let the wind have its will
And rave : I glow in its chill !

Thy kisses, warm clinging,
My heart have set singing ;
 Autumn's at bay !
One rose blooms unmarr'd in
My yew-cloistered garden—
 I'll pluck it to-day,
And bid it go die in thy bosom, and say,
With its passionate breath,
 ' Love greets thee—victor o'er death ! '

JOHN TODHUNTER.

evoe ! corde salit meo

sanguis, sola hiemis solvere vinculis
terram sola potes, Venus.

ventus nunc igitur saeviat ; ut meam

mentem recreet, hoc tuum est ;

Flaccum namque tuis muneribus beas.
autumnum procul arceo
cum Lyde calidis concitat osculis

exultantia pectora.

inter floret adhuc unica funebres
taxos sera vigil rosa ;
hanc decerpam hodie, marceat ut meae

in Lydes tenero sinu,
expiransque animam dicat amabilem,
' hoc esto indicio tibi
ipsa posse magis morte Cupidinem.'

JOHN O. HYDE.

OENONE.

‘ O THOU hollow ship, that bearest
 Paris o’er the faithless deep,
Would’st thou leave him on some island
 Where alone the waters weep !
Where no human foot is moulded
 In the wet and yellow sand—
Leave him there, thou hollow vessel,
 Leave him on that lonely land !
Then his heart will surely soften,
 When his foolish hopes decay,
And his older love rekindle
 As the new one dies away.
Visionary hills will haunt him,
 Rising from the glassy sea,
And his thoughts will wander homeward
 Unto Ida and to me !’

SVSTINET OENONEN DESERVISSE PARIS.

‘navis, Priamidem per freta quae volas
nobis abripiens perfida perfidum,
qua solum mare plangit,
illum desere in insula !

illum linque, precor, navis, inhospita
terra ; linque, precor, nullus ubi virum
pes signarit arenas
flavas, fluctibus uvidas !

tum corda incipient ferrea flectier,
spes postquam fatuae deciderint ; amor
antiquus revirescet,
cum defloruerit novus.

illi conscia mens finget imagines
surgentum vitreo marmore montium ;
Idae mox vaga colles
Oenonenque petet suam.’

Thus lamented fair Oenone,
 Weeping ever, weeping low,
On the holy mount of Ida,
 Where the pine and cypress grow.
In the self-same hour Cassandra
 Shrieked her prophecy of woe,
And into the Spartan dwelling
 Did the faithless Paris go.

AYTOUN.

WHAT MATTER ?

WE sat on the steps, for the evening was warm ;
The scent of the hay-field crept up from the farm ;
We spoke very softly—and as to his arm—
It was just Cousin Jack—and so what was the harm ?
We were quite in the dark, save the fire-flies' swarm ;
A bird whirring out from the hedge broke the charm ;
He bent, as I started in foolish alarm,
And —— 'twas only old Jack, and so where was the
 harm ?

ELEANOR PUTMAN.

Oenone teneris talia questibus
flebat, perpetuis questibus, in sacra
pinus quaque cupressus
Ida consociant nemus :

ast illo tonuit praescia cladium
Cassandrae fera vox tempore : perfidus
illo tecta subibat
Spartanae Paris hospitae.

T. J. B. BRADY.

APOSIOPESIS.

nos ambo cepit fugientes porticus aestum ;
suave recens messos rus redolebat agros ;
voce loquebamur submissa ; bracchia—sed quis
sobrinis Paphiam credat inesse facem ?
nox erat, interdum lucens lampyridis igni ;
excita dat pennis sepe columba sonum ;
terrata subsedi ; caput hic admoverat ;—at quis
sobrinis ullam credat inesse facem ?

ROBERT V. TYRRELL.

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

THERE is not in the wide world a valley so sweet,
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters
meet ;

Oh ! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my
heart !

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

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

AVOCA.

illa convalles mihi praeter omnes
vallis arridet, gremio micantes
quae foveat rivos. mihi vel suprema

fugerit ipsi

aura vitalis, gelidisque venis
repperit sanguis tenuis, priusquam
illius vallis memori exularit

corde venustas ;

non quod ornassent nemus omne Nymphae
vitrea lympha viridique ripa,
monsque cum rivo decus addidisset

molle viretis :

suavius quoddam mihi amaeniores
fecit has umbras ; aderant amati
queis magis risit tua pulchritudo,

dulcis Avoca,

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

MOORE.

CONSTANCY.

By your truth she shall be true,
 Ever true, as wives of yore :
And her ' Yes ' once said to you
 Shall be ' Yes ' for evermore.

E. B. BROWNING.

quod mihi risit simul. oh, libenter
hoc sinu grato placidus foverer
cum pio coetu comitum Catullus
pace repostus.
tum ferae longe fugient procellae
quae brevem vitam lacerant, et, amnes
ceu tibi, nobis sociata tandem
corda quiescent !

JOHN MURRAY.

‘CONCORDIA FATA DVORVM.’

illa quidem coniunx fido tibi fida manebit,
laudatur qualis Penelopea fides ;
cumque in verba semel iuraverit illa mariti
vox ea perpetui pignus amoris erit.

T. J. B. BRADY.

GO UP AND WATCH THE NEW-BORN RILL.

Go up and watch the new-born rill
Just trickling from its mossy bed,
Streaking the heath-clad hill
With a bright emerald thread.

Canst thou her bold career fortell,
What rocks she shall o'erleap or rend,
How far in Ocean's swell
Her freshening billows send ?

Perchance that little brook shall flow
The bulwark of some mighty realm,
Bear navies to and fro,
With monarchs at their helm.

Or canst thou guess, how far away
Some sister nymph, beside her urn
Reclining night and day,
'Mid reeds and mountain-fern,

Nurses her store with thine to blend
When many a moor and glen are past,
Then in the wide sea end
Their spotless lives at last ?

KEBLE.

FUTURI TEMPORIS EXITVS.

spectes petita fontis origine,
destillet herba rivus ut uvida,
 montisque depingat genistas
 purpurei viridante filo.

narrare cursus num potes arduos?
quae saxa rumpat? quae saliat super?
 salsumve mutarit salubri
 quatenus oceanum fluento?

fors in remotis praevalidi fluet
munimen oris rivulus imperi,
 portabit huc illuc triremes,
 rege manu moderante clavum.

num scis locorum Nais ubi altera
aequalis urnam caeruleam prope
 noctuque procumbens dieque,
 subter arundineas latebras,

opes aquosas condant, ut, avios
emensa cursus, amne sororio
 commista, mox reddat marinis
 hausta fretis animam innocentem?

T. J. B. BRADY.

OH, WHO WOULD NOT REST WITH THE BRAVE ?

YES, let me like a soldier fall
 Upon some open plain,
This breast expanding for the ball,
 To blot out every stain !
Brave manly hearts confer my doom,
 That gentler ones may tell,
Howe'er forgot, unknown my tomb,
 I like a soldier fell.

I only ask of that proud race
 Which ends its blaze in me,
To die the last and not disgrace
 Its ancient chivalry.
Though o'er my clay no banner wave,
 Nor trumpet requiem swell,
Enough, they murmur o'er my grave—
 ' He like a soldier fell ! '

E. FITZBALL.

SPECTANDVS IN CERTAMINE MARTIO.

sit mihi, qua vacuo se pandunt aequore campi,
ut decet armiferum non sine laude mori !
sic capiam laetus nudato pectore vulnus,
sic scelerum purus vindice morte cadam !
quid si longa meum subeant oblivia bustum,
exitium referent fortia corda mihi :
et tenerae dicent submissa voce puellae—
‘quo decet armiferos more perire perit !’
quid si magnanimae peream spes ultima gentis ?
quid si tota domus me pereunte ruat ?
felix sorte mea moriar si gloria patrum
non erit exitio dedecorata meo.
quamvis nulla meum decorent vexilla sepulcrum,
nulla licet tristes det tuba rauca sonos—
intumulata satis mihi si super ossa susurrent,
‘quo decet armiferos more perire perit !’

EDWARD SULLIVAN.

LADY CLARA VERE DE VERE.

LADY Clara Vere de Vere,

Of me you shall not win renown :
You thought to break a country heart
For pastime, ere you went to town.
At me you smiled, but unbeguiled
I saw the snare, and I retired :
The daughter of a hundred earls,
You are not one to be desired.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,

I know you proud to bear your name,
Your pride is yet no mate for mine,
Too proud to care from whence I came.
Nor would I break, for your sweet sake,
A heart that doats on truer charms,
A simple maiden in her flower
Is worth a hundred coats of arms.

FASTVS INEST PVLCHRIS.

Iulia, non de me spoliis laudabere raptis ;

Iulia, clarorum nomine clara patrum :
ruricolam ludens voluisti occidere telis

Cypridis, urbanos mox aditura procos.
ast ego perspexi vultus mendacia blandi,
et reduci vito retia tensa gradu.

sit genus a centum priscis tibi regibus ortum,
est mulier nulli talis amanda viro.

Iulia, sublimi tumeant tua pectora fastu,
nomina dum iactas eximiumque genus ;
sed magis elatos animos ego, Iulia, iacto,
cui genus haudquaquam referat unde traham.

non moriar, fueris quia tu crudelis amanti ;
nempe magis digno pectus amore calet.
stemma tibi placeat, centumque insignia gentis ;
me tenero simplex flore puella iuvat.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
Some meeker pupil you must find,
For were you queen of all that is,
I could not stoop to such a mind.
You sought to prove how I could love,
And my disdain is my reply.
The lion on your old stone gates
Is not more cold to you than I.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
You put strange memories in my head.
Not thrice your branching limes have blown
Since I beheld young Lawrence dead.
Oh ! your sweet eyes, your low replies :
A great enchantress you may be ;
But there was that across his throat
Which you had hardly cared to see.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
When thus he met his mother's view,
She had the passions of her kind,
She spake some certain truths of you.
Indeed I heard one bitter word
That scarce is fit for you to hear ;
Her manners had not that repose
Which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere.

Iulia, discipuli tibi sunt aliunde petendi,
qui facili leges mente subire velint ;
nam licet Aethiopes, tibi pareat ultima Thule,
sperneret indignum mens mea ferre iugum,
quae caeca voluisti accendere pectora flamma,
hoc audi : ‘ talis nunc mihi sordet amor ’ ;
nil moveor durus ; non limina servat avita
pectore marmoreo durior iste leo.
heu ! me conturbas, crudelis, imagine dira,
quae iactas gentis nomina clara tuae :
nondum, ex quo iuvenem vidi Corydona peremptum,
ramosae tiliae ter tibi flore virent.
ah ! dulces oculi tibi sunt, blandique susurri,
atque ars Circaea quae magis arte valet ;
signa tamen iugulo nonnulla impressa ferebat,
mente parum laeta conspicienda tibi.

WILLIAM H. KELLY.

Iulia, celsa domus cui sanguine fulget Iūli,
sic positum iuvenem matris ad ora ferunt.
femina, si quaeris, nec voci iraeque pepercit,
nec timuit meritis te violasse probris.
una etiam incautae vox excidit aspera linguae,
auribus illa quidem vix satis apta tuis ;
non tegere affectus poterat nec fingere vultum,
sicut in Aeneae nata puella domo.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
 There stands a spectre in your hall :
The guilt of blood is at your door :
 You changed a wholesome heart to gall.
You held your course without remorse,
 To make him trust his modest worth :
At last you fix'd a vacant stare,
 And slew him with your noble birth.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
 From yon blue heavens above us bent
The grand old gardener and his wife
 Smile at the claim of long descent.
Howe'er it be, it seems to me
 'Tis only noble to be good.
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
 And simple faith than Norman blood.

I know you, Clara Vere de Vere,
 You pine among your halls and towers :
The languid light of your proud eyes
 Is weary of the rolling hours.
In glowing health, with boundless wealth,
 But sickening of a vague disease,
You know so ill to deal with time,
 Your needs must play such pranks as these.

Iulia, celsa domus cui sanguine fulget Iūli,
incestat patrios umbra nefanda Lares.
quod sanum pectus vitio mutaveris, ultrix
assidua pulsat limina Poena manu.
te non paenituit vana spe ludere amantem,
non 'meritis' timido dicere 'fide tuis,'
frigora mox duri plorat despectus ocelli,
et nimia occisus nobilitate perit.
Iulia, celsa domus cui sanguine fulget Iūli,
scilicet aetheria despicit arce deūm
Deucalion, lapides vacuum qui iecit in orbem ;
Deucalion magnos ridet et uxor avos.
solus enim, dicant alii quaecunque, videtur
ingenuus, cui sit mens generosa, mihi.
effigie potiora patris bona pectora, sordet
nobile prae fida simplicitate genus.
te (bene enim novi), Teucrorum clara propago,
sollicitam misere turris et aula tenent.
languidiore tibi iam lumine fulget ocellus,
et quereris longum tardius ire diem.
scilicet ignota marcescis tabe peresa,
dum solidae vires, dum cumulantur opes ;
cogeris immitem sic ludere, Iulia, ludum,
fallere cessantes non bene docta dies.

Clara, Clara Vere de Vere,
If time be heavy on your hands,
Are there no beggars at your gate,
Nor any poor about your lands ?
Oh ! teach the orphan-boy to read,
Or teach the orphan-girl to sew,
Pray Heaven for a human heart,
And let the foolish yeoman go.

TENNYSON.

SMILES AND TEARS.

You ask me, wondering, why I sing,
And why my lips in laughter part ;
The ripples of my mirth all spring
From the deep sorrow at my heart.
A smile is easier than the tear
That serves to keep sad memories green,
And always through what was I hear
The echoes of what might have been.

Iulia, celsa domus cui sanguine fulget Iūli,
 si nimium lenta labitur hora fuga,
respice mendicos ad limina, respice num sit
 squalidus in patriis unus et alter agris.
cura sit orbatae dare lanea pensa puellae,
 discat et orbatus reddere verba puer,
posce deos humana tibi dent corda, colatque
 rura miser, stulto liber amore, puer.

JOHN DICKIE.

ΔΑΚΡΥΟΝ ΓΕΛΑΣΑΣΑ.

tu ne quaesieris sociem cur carmina chordis,
 et risus circum cur mea labra volet,
ortum qui simulans ipso de flore leporum
 ex imo penitus fonte doloris habet.
triste quidem risus, sed lacrima tristior aegri
 vulnera cum cordis scissa coire negant ;
id neque adest menti fuerat quod amarius olim ;
 quod, si venisset, dulce fuisset, adest.

ROBERT Y. TYRRELL.

LIFE'S FITFUL FEVER.

SHE had left all on earth for him—

Her home of wealth, her name of pride ;
And now his lamp of love was dim,
And, sad to tell, she had not died.

She watched the crimson sun's decline
From some lone rock that fronts the sea—
' I would, O burning heart of mine,
There was an ocean-rest for thee.

' The thoughtful moon awaits her turn,
The stars compose their choral crown,
But those soft lights can never burn
Till once the fiery sun is down.'

LORD HOUGHTON.

MORTE BEATIOR.

nobilitate domus florens et laude pudoris
omnia perdiderat posthabuitque viro ;
iamque viro marcebat amor, nec fata puellae
heu ! miserae dederant occubuisse prius.
e scopulo solo solum qui prospicit aequor
purpureum vidit praecipitare iubar ;
' ah ! ubi flammato dabitur requiescere cordi,'
dixit, ' ut Hesperiiis sol requiescit aquis ?
sidera gemmantes nectunt sociata choreas,
consciaque expectat Luna subire vices ;
mitibus at nunquam datur his splendescere flammis
dempserit igniferis dum iuga Phoebus equis.'

T. J. B. BRADY.

FLEBILIS ARBOR.

[*The English will be found on page 352.*]

sevit infaustam pia te propinqui
in decus pagi manus : en ! sepultae
vix eras annum dominae fugacem,
pine, superstes ;
nec tamen, quamvis pariter caduca,
sorte gavisura pari ; vietae
ramus arescit tibi, vernat illi
fama perennis.

SAMUEL ALLEN.

o factum male ! quae, misella pinus,
Lydes hic posita es manu tenella,
ut ruri decus addereris, annus
suffecit brevis unus abstulisse ;
quae te severat annus abstulisse
suffecit brevis ; at manet gemellas
sors quam non parilis, pari ruina -
quas mors consociavit ocio !
aret marcidulum, miselle trunce,
honoris quod erat tui, sed illi
laus vernat nova, luxque noctis expers :
o factum bene ! io beata Lydè !

ROBERT V. TYRRELL.

SHERIFF MUIR.

They've lost some gallant gentlemen
 Among the Highland clans, man ;
 I fear my Lord Panmure is slain
 Or fallen in Whiggish hands, man.
 Now wad ye sing this double fight,
 Some fell for wrong and some for right,
 But mony bade the world good night.
 Then ye may tell how pell and mell,
 By red claymores and muskets' knell,
 Wi' dying yell the Tories fell,
 And Whigs to Hell did flee, man.

ΣΤΕΡΝΟΝ ΣΤΕΡΝΩΙ.

πολλοὶ Ὅμοιοι ἀπεσσοῦαν·
 Τέλλεις Ἰθωμαίοις ἄλω.
 τὸ δ', ἔτα, τὴνῶ κωτίλλων
 κλόνον οὐδάλλον καὶ λέξον
 περὶ μὲν σκολίων περὶ δ' εὐθρων
 πολλοὺς πόλλ' αὐδὴν χαιρῆν·
 αὐτοσχεδίαν δ' ἀλαλάτῳ
 ξίφεσιν φονίοις ἀτράκτοις
 ἄμμε γε κείσθαι, Ἰθωμαίους δ'
 ἀλασκαζῆν κῆν Ἄδα.

T. MAGUIRE.

EUTHANASIA.

Come, lovely and soothing Death,
Undulate round the world, serenely arriving,
arriving,
In the day, in the night, to all, to each,
Sooner or later, delicate Death.

Praised be the fathomless universe,
For life and joy, and for objects and knowledge
curious ;
And for love, sweet love—But praise ! praise !
praise !
For the sure-enwinding arms of cool-enfolding
Death.

Dark Mother, always gliding near, with soft feet,
Have none chanted for thee a chant of fullest wel-
come ?
Then I chant it for thee—I glorify thee above
all ;

Ω ΓΛΥΚΤΣ ΑΙΔΑΣ, ΕΤΝΑΣΟΝ Μ' ΕΤΝΑΣΟΝ.

ὦ Μοῖρα φίλη, μείλιγμα κακῶν,
 ἄγε δὴ γαῖαν περιειλίσσου,
 νήνεμον ὥσεί κῦμά τι πόντιον,
 ἥματι τοῖς μὲν, τοῖς δὲ δι' ὄρφνης,
 πᾶσιν δὲ χρόνῳ,
 πελάθονσ', ὦ πότνα, βροτοῖσιν.
 ἡμῖν δέ πρέπει τὴν τοῦ παντὸς
 φύσιν εὐφημεῖν
 οὔσαν ἄβυσσον, τὴν βιόδωρον
 κῶλβοδότειραν, τῆς μὲν σοφίας
 μητέρα, τῆς δὲ γλυκερᾶς, ὦ Ζεῦ,
 τῆς Ἀφροδίτης·
 ἀλλὰ τρὶς ὕμνεῖν τόδε δὴ με χρέων,
 ὅτι νημερτῶν πρόσπτυγμα χερῶν
 ψυχρόν μ' ἔτι, Μοῖρα, κατευνᾶς.
 ὦ μελάνειμον μῆτερ ἐφέρπουσ'
 ἐγγύθεν αἰὲν ποσὶ κουφοτάτοις,
 οὐδεὶς σ' ὕμνησ' ἀσπαζόμενος
 τῶν μουσοπόλων; ἀλλ' οὖν ὅδ' ἐγὼ
 μάλα δὴ σ' ὕμνῳ καὶ πρεσβεύω,
 καί σ' ἱκετεύω μούσαν ἐγείρων,
 εὖτ' ἂν ἀνάγκη καμοὶ προφανῆς,

I bring thee a song that when thou must indeed
come, come unfalteringly.

Approach strong Deliveress !
When it is so—when thou hast taken them, I joy-
ously sing the dead,
Lost in the loving, floating ocean of thee,
Laved in the flood of thy bliss, O Death.

WALT WHITMAN.

A TARTAR.

There once was a lady of Russia,
Who scream'd so that no one could hush her ;
Her screams were extreme,
You ne'er heard such a scream
As was scream'd by this lady of Russia.

E. LEAR.

ἀόκνως ἀόκνῳ προφανήναι.
 δεῦρ' ἴθι σώτειρ' ὦ μέγ' ἀρίστη·
 καὶ γὰρ ὅταν δὴ θνητοῖσι παρῇ
 κύριον ἡμαρ,
 σὺ δέ νιν κομίσης, ἥδ' αὖτε αἰδῶ
 τοὺς οἰχομένους· ὦ μάκαρ ὅστις
 κατὰ σῆς μὲν ἔδω, πότνα, θαλάσσης
 τῆς εὐμενέος, τῆς ἀκαλάρρον,
 φροῦδος αἴστος, σοῖσι δ' ἐτέγχθη
 κατακλυζόμενος
 λουτροῖς, ὦ Μοῖρα, πανόλβοις.

J. I. BEARE.

ΜΕΓΑΣ ΚΩΚΥΤΟΣ.

γυνή ποτ', ἀβάτοις ἔμπολις Σκυθῶν γύαις,
 ἔρρηξ' ἰνγὴν οὐ φίλοις κατάσχετον,
 λαμπράν, διατόρον, οὐχ ὑπερτοξεύσιμον
 γυναικογηρύτοισιν ὀρθιάσμασιν.

R. Y. TYRRELL.

DEATH'S FINAL CONQUEST.

The glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things ;
There is no armour against fate :
Death lays his icy hands on kings :
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill ;
But their strong nerves at last must yield ;
They tame but one another still.
Early or late
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

ΚΑΤΘΑΝΕ ΚΑΙ ΠΑΤΡΟΚΛΟΣ.*

εὐγενέας μεγάλου τε κόμπος ὄλβου
 πέλετ' εἶδωλον μόνον κενεὸν σκιά τ',
 οὐδ' ὄπλῳ θάνατόν γ' ἀλέξασθαι δύνῃ,
 κρυεροῖσιν ὃς χερσὶ καὶ βασιλέας δαμά· καὶ δὲ
 χρυσοδέτους τάχα
 στεφάνους τε καὶ σκᾶπτα κοιρανίας
 πίτνειν ἀνάγκα, τὰ δ' ἐν κονίαις
 ἴσον κῦδος ἔξει
 καμπύλῳ δρεπάνῳ πένητί τε σκαφείῳ.

ἔγχρῃ μὲν θερίσαιτό κέν τις ἀνδρῶν
 στίχας αἰχματᾶν, ἐπευχόμενός τε φύοι δάφνας
 κλάδον ἐν φόνῳ νικαφόρον,
 ἐτέρῳ δ' ἀμοιβὰν δαμείς ἀπέτισ' ἴσαν,
 γουνάτων τ' ἐλύθη χρόνῳ
 σθένος, εὖτ' ἄφυκτον ζυγὸν στυγερὸν
 μοίρας ὑπαχθεῖς στεγὰς Ἀΐδα,
 δίκαν αἰχμαλώτου,
 σὺν γόῳ ποτιερπύζων βίον ῥ' ἀποπνέει.

* The metre is that of Simonides' Ode, ἔνδρ' ἀγαθὸν μὲν ἀλαθέως γενέσθαι.

The garlands wither on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds :
Upon death's purple altar now
See where the victor victim bleeds :
Your heads must come
To the cold tomb :
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.

SHIRLEY.

BLEAK DECEMBER.

When hungry fowl go roosting soon,
And nightly shines the crystal moon
O'er silent rills,
And icy winds their bugles blow,
And crisper sheet the powdery snow
Out o'er the hills ;
Then merrily, merrily trim the fire,
Merrily troll about the bowl,
And merrily sing to your hearts' desire ;
For to solace the winter lack
There's nothing so good as song and sack ;
So merrily, merrily trim the fire.

LUCAS COLLINS.

ἀλλ' ἐπὶ γὰρ κροτάφοις δάφνας μαράνθη
 χλοερᾶς ἱρὸν στέφος, τί σε δεῖ ματαίοις
 τεὸν κράτος ἔργα θ' ὑμνῆσαι λόγοις;
 θανάτου γὰρ ὡς βωμὸν αἱματόεντα μοῖρα
 παλιντραπέλω δαμεῖς
 ὁ κανὼν κατέχρωσεν ἐξ ἐτέρων.
 πᾶν τοι κάρα τύμβον ἱκνέεται·
 τὸ πραχθὲν δικαίως
 μοῦνον ἄνθεσι κἂν κόνι νέοις μέμικται.

A. E. JOYNT.

ΠΟΤΤΟ ΠΤΡ.

τῶρνεον ἐφίζανει
 λιμηρὸν ἤδη κλάδοις,
 ὑπαὶ Σελήνης ῥέος
 σιγηλὸν ἡλεκτρίνου
 φέγγεται πάννυχον,
 πνέυματ' αὐλεῖ κρυερά,
 κρῖμνον οὐλῇ χιῶν
 κατὰ κολωνῶν χέει,
 σύμποτ' οὔν ἄδην σκαλεῦσον,
 κάσμένως δέπας χορεῦσον,
 κἀνδρικῶς αἵρου, μέλος·
 οὐ γὰρ ἔσθ' ἥδιον ἄλλο χείματος μῆχαρ πικροῦ,
 ἢ τιν' ἄδειν καὶ διέλκειν, ἥδὺς οὔν σκάλευε πῦρ.

F. HITCHCOCK.

DRINKING SONG OF THE CAVALIERS.

Ho ! fill me a flagon as deep as you please ;
Ho ! pledge me the health we all quaff on our
 knees ;
And the knave who refuses to drink till he fall,
Why, the hangman shall crop him, ears, lovelocks,
 and all.

 Then a halter we'll string,
 And the rebels shall swing,
For the gallants of England are up for the king.

Ho ! fling me my beaver, and toss me the glove,
That but yesterday clung to the hand of my love ;
To be bound on my crest, to be borne in the van,
And the rebel that reaps it must fight like a man.

 For the sabre shall swing,
 And the head-pieces ring,
When the gallants of England are up for the king !

WHYTE MELVILLE.

ΣΚΟΛΙΟΝ.

ἔγχει ζωρὸν ἀφειδέως· τόδ' ἡμᾶς
 εὐφήμεοις στόμασιν χρέων προπίνειν·
 ὃ δὲ μὴ θέλων καὶ μεθύειν
 κειρόμενος κόμας ᾧτά τε κλαύσεται.

οὐκ ἀνάψομεν ἀρτάνας, ἑταῖροι,
 τοῖς ἐχθροῖσι μόρον κρεμαστόν; ἐς γὰρ
 τὸν ἀγῶν' ὑπὲρ τοῦ βασιλέως
 πιστὸς Ἄρης χθονὸς ξυγκαταβαίνομεν.

οἶσε δεῦρο κυνῆν, λόφῳ δ' ἔνεσται
 χειρὶς, χθιζὸν ἐρωτίδος φόρημα·
 τόδε δ' ἄθλον οὐξαράμενος
 οὐκ αἰδρις μάχης τις μὰ Δί' ἔσσεται.

ἔσται γὰρ στεροπὴ ξιφῶν διπάλτων,
 πρὸς δὲ θεινομένων κρανῶν ἀραγμὸς,
 ὅτε τὴν ὑπὲρ τοῦ βασιλέως
 ἐσθλὸς Ἄρης χθονὸς δῆριν ἐπόρσομεν.

CORIOLANUS.

My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done
To thee particularly, and to all the Volsces,
Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may
My surname, Coriolanus; the painful service,
The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood
Shed for my thankless country, are requited
But with that surname; a good memory,
And witness of the malice and displeasure
Which thou shouldst bear me; only that name
remains;

The cruelty and envy of the people,
Permitted by our dastard nobles, who
Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest;
And suffer'd me by the voice of slaves to be
Whoop'd out of Rome. Now, this extremity
Hath brought me to thy hearth; not out of hope,
Mistake me not, to save my life; for if
I had fear'd death, of all men i' the world
I would have 'voided thee; but in mere spite
To be full quit of these my banishers.

SHAKESPEARE.

ΦΙΛΕΙ ΤΙΚΤΕΙΝ ΤΒΡΙΣ.

ἦν Μάρκιός μοι τοῦνομ', ὅς δράσας ἔχω
 πάντας μὲν ἀστούς, ἐκ δὲ τῶν μάλιστά σε,
 πάμπολλα δὴ καὶ δεινὰ· ταῦτα μαρτυρεῖ
 σοῦ φρουρίου μοι τοῦνομ' αὐτεπώνυμον·
 μόχθων γὰρ οὖν λυπηρὰ κίνδυνοί τ' ἄκροι
 καὶ φοίνια σταλάγμαθ', ἀχύθη πάτρας
 πρὸ δυσχαρίστου, τοῦνομ' ὡς μισθὸν τόδε
 φέρει, καλὸν δὴ μνήμα καὶ τεκμήριον
 κότου τε κᾶχθρας ἦν χρεῶν σ' ἔχειν ἐμοί·
 λοιπὸν τόδ', οὐδὲν ἄλλο. δῆμον γὰρ φθόνος
 ὕβρις τε τᾶλλ' ἔδαψαν, ἄψυχοι δὲ δὴ
 πρόμοι πέτρεψαν, ὧν με προὔδωκεν τίς οὐ;
 ῥώμης δ' ἐφείντό μ' ἐκκεκηρῦχθαι βοῇ
 δούλων· ἀναγκὴ δ' οὖν με σὴν ἐφ' ἐστίαν
 ἦδ' ἡγαγ', οὐκ αὐχοῦντα, μὴ ψευσθῆς, βίον
 σώσειν· τὸ κατθανεῖν γὰρ εἰ μ' ἔσχεν φόβος,
 σὲ δὴ μάλιστ' ἂν, εἴ τιν', ἐξέστην βροτῶν.
 κότῳ μὲν οὖν, ὡς ἀντιτισώμεσθ' ἄδην
 τοὺς μ' ἐκβαλόντας, δεῦρό σοι καθέσταμεν.

LYCIDAS.

Yet once more, O ye laurels ! and once more,
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
I come to pluck your berries, harsh and crude,
And with forced fingers rude
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
Compels me to disturb your season due ;
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer :
Who would not sing for Lycidas ? He knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.

He must not float upon his watery bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind
Without the meed of some melodious tear.
Begin then, sisters of the sacred well,
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring ;
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.
Hence with denial vain and coy excuse,
So may some gentle muse
With lucky words favour my destined urn,
And, as he passes, turn
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.

MILTON.

PINDARUM QUISQUIS.

ΣΤΡ.

Νῦν δὴ τὴν αὖτις, ᾧ δάφνας ἄωτον, τὴν δέ, θαλλὲ
 μυρσίνας ἰοδνεφέος, σὺν κισσῷ νεοθαλεῖ,
 καρπὸν ἄωρον ἔμπα ματέρος ὠμοδρόπου
 ἔρχομαι τρυγᾶν, στυφλοῖς τε χερσὶν
 ῥαίσας φθάσσαι ὀπωρινοῦ παντελὲς ἔτεος τέκμωρ.
 ἀλλὰ γὰρ ἃ μ' ἀνάγκα τεθμὸν βιάται τὸν ὥρᾶν
 ἀχνύμενόν περ ὅμως ταρασσεῖν·
 ὥς ἀμῶν Λυκίδας βέβαχ', ᾧ τίς ἐστ' ἐναλίκιος;
 ξυνοῦ θ' ἀλικίας μέτρον ἀτέμβεται.
 μῆν' αἰοιδᾶς κελαδέειν τίς Λυκίδα κ' ἀπείποι;
 εἴ γ' αἰεΐδειν ὑπερέσσαι τε λάβρον πύργον ἐπίσταθ' ὕμνων.

ΑΝΤΙΣΤΡ.

ἀλλ' οὐ θέμις γὰρ ἀλίδονον φέρεσθαι, καδάκρυτον
 ῥιπέων αὔσταλέαις σκέλλεσθαι πτερύγεσσιν,
 μὴ δὲ λαχεῖν ἄποινα τῶν Χαρίτων τὰ δάκρυ.
 ἄρχετ' ὦν, Διὸς κόραι, μέδοισαι
 κράνας ἂν ἀνετεῖλαθ' ἀγνᾶς ὑπὸ Κρονίδα θρόνων,
 ὀξυτέρῳ τε πλάκτρῳ βρομίαν λύραν σοῦσθ' ἐγείρειν.
 αὐτὰρ ἀπαγοριᾶν ματαίαν
 ὥς πόρσιστ' ἀναβάλλομαι πάρφασιν κενεᾶν· ἐμοὶ
 οὕτω μαλθακοφώνων ὁ πεπρωμένος
 τύμβος αἰῶν τε πεδέχοι, καὶ παριῶν τις εἴποι,
 'χαῖρε, χλαῖναν φθιμένων λευγαλέαν νῶτ' ἐπιδιμένους περ.'

HOLY GRAIL.

There rose a hill that none but man could climb,
Scarr'd with a hundred wintry watercourses—
Storm at the top, and when we gained it, storm
Round us and death ; for every moment glanced
His silver arms and gloom'd : so quick and thick
The lightnings here and there to left and right
Struck, till the dry old trunks about us, dead,
Yea, rotten with a hundred years of death,
Sprang into fire : and at the base we found
On either hand, as far as eye could see,
A great black swamp and of an evil smell,
Part black, part whiten'd with the bones of men,
Not to be crost, save that some ancient king
Had built a way, where, link'd with many a bridge,
A thousand piers ran into the great Sea.

TENNYSON.

ΑΕΘΛΟΣ ΑΑΑΤΟΣ.

πρὸς οὐρανὸν λόφος τις ἔστηρίξατο
 δυσάμβατος πλὴν ἀνδρί· μυρίαὶ ῥοαῖς
 κλιτὺν φάραγγες ἔσχισαν δυσχεῖμεροι·
 χεიმῶν μὲν ἄκραν εἶχεν, ἦν καθήμενοι
 χεიმῶνα κύκλῳ κῶλεθρον προσεῖδομεν·
 θαμινὰ γὰρ ὅπλων ἀνδρὸς ἀργυρηλάτων
 ἔλαμψεν εἴτ' ἄφαντον ᾤχετ' αὐτὴ σέλας·
 στεροπὴ δὲ πολλὴ νῦν μὲν ἐξ ἀριστερᾶς
 στράψασα νῦν δ' ἐκ δεξιᾶς αὖτων δρύων
 στελέχη καθῆψεν, ἃ γὰρ πάλαι σεσηπότα,
 χρόνου μὲν οὖν ὀλωλὸτ' ἀμετρήτῳ τριβῇ,
 ἔρρηξε κραιπνὸν φῶς· λόφου δὲ πρὸς ποδὶ,
 ὅσον περ ἔνθεν κἄνθεν ἦν ὅσοις σκοπεῖν,
 ἔλους κάκοσμον μῆκος ἐξετείνετο·
 ὀρφναῖον ἦν τά γ' ἄλλα πλὴν ἀνδρῶν ὅσον
 λεύκαινεν ὀστᾶ· τοῦτο δ' οὐκ ἂν ἦν περᾶν
 εἰ μὴ κέλευθόν τις ποτ' ἔκτισεν πάλαι
 ἄναξ, γεφύραις ἢ συχναῖς ἐζευγμένας
 κρηπίδες ἐς θάλασσαν ἐξεῖχον πυκναί.

EDWARD GWYNN.

ON THE DEATH OF COL. BURNABY IN THE SOUDAN.

Yes ! slain like Hector, smitten in the throat,
Where lights the speediest death from foeman's
hand,
Low lies brave Burnaby. On that burnt strand
Haply some swarthy warrior well did note
With fell intent, even as the fierce Phthiote,
Where best to plant in him the deathful brand,
Madden'd with blood upsteaming from the sand
Of kinsmen whom the giant guardsman smote,
And still was smiting. Sped the savage shaft,
And his sword dropp'd ; and from his towering
height,
Reeling, he fell. Beneath the unquiet sun
A huge dead man lay quiet. And the fight
Went on around him : gone his knightly craft
Clean out of mind, and all his riding done.

R. V. TYRRELL.

ΚΕΙΤΟ ΜΕΓΑΣ ΜΕΓΑΛΩΣΤΙ, ΛΕΛΑΣΜΕΝΟΣ ΙΠΠΟΣΤΝΑΩΝ.

ὥς ὅτε Πριαμίδης βεβλημένος ἄλκιμος Ἴκτωρ
 λαυκανίην, ἵνα τε ψυχῆς ὤκιστος ὄλεθρος,
 ὥς ἄρα καὶ κεῖται κρατερὸν μένος Ἴπποθόοιο.
 ἦ νύ τοι Ἀιθιόπων τις ἐνὶ στροφάλιγγι κονίης
 μαινόμενος,—ῥῆ δὴ που ἐταίρους ἕκτα μὲν ἦρως,
 νωλεμέως δ' ἔκτεινε, πελώριος, ὄρχαμος Ἀγγλων,
 θῦε δὲ γαῖα φόνω,—φρονέων κακὸν, ὥς ποτ' Ἀχιλλεύς,
 εἰσορόων χρόα καλὸν, ὅπῃ εἷξειε μάλιστα,
 τῇ ῥα κατὰ κληῖδα τυχὼν βάλεν· ἐκ δ' ἄρα χειρὸς
 ἤριπεν ὄβριμον ἔγχος, ὃ δ' ὑψόθεν ἤύτε πύργος
 δινεύων δούπησεν, ὑπ' ἡελίου τ' ἀκάμαντος
 κείτο μέγας μεγαλωστί· βοῇ δ' ἀλίαςτος ὁρώρει
 μαρναμένων ἀμφ' αὐτὸν, ὃ δ' οὐ πτολέμοιο μεμηλὼς
 ὕπνον χάλκεον εἶδε λελασμένος ἵπποσυνάων.

J. I. BEARE.

CHORIAMBICS.

Love, what ail'd thee, to leave life that was made
lovely, we thought, with love ?
What sweet visions of sleep lured thee away, down
from the light above ?
What strange faces of dreams, voices that call'd,
hands that were raised to wave,
Lured or led thee, alas, out of the sun, down to the
sunless grave ?
Ah, thy luminous eyes ! once was their light fed
with the fire of day ;
Now their shadowy lids cover them close, hush them
and hide away.
Ah, thy snow-colour'd hands ! once were they chains,
mighty to bind me fast ;
Now no blood in them burns, mindless of love,
senseless of passion past.
Ah, thy beautiful hair ! so was it once braided for
me, for me ;
Now for death it is crown'd, only for death, lover
and lord of thee.

Ω ΤΥΜΒΟΣ Ω ΝΥΜΦΕΙΟΝ.

οἴχεται, τί πάθοις ; οὐκ ἔρατός σοι βίος ἦν
 ἔρω ;
 τίς παραγορίαις θέλγε σε σὸν φέγγος ἄνω
 λίπην ;
 τίς σοι φαίνεται ὄναρ ; τίς σ' ἐκάλη ; τίς χέρ'
 ἔσειε ; τί
 φάσμι' ἐπέλκετ' ὕπαιθ' ἀελίῳ 'ς τύμβον
 ἀνάλιον ;
 ᾧ τέ' ὄππατα φαίδρυνε τὸ πῦρ ὄππατος
 ἀμέρας,
 νῦν δὲ συσκιάσαις ἀμφικαλύπτει γλεφάρων
 πτύχα.
 ᾧ, λευκώλενε, σαὶ δέσμιον εἶχόν μέ ποτ'
 ὠλέναι,
 ἀλλ' ἀναίματοι ἤδη λελάθοντ' ἱμέρῳ ἥδ'
 ἔρω.
 καῖμοι πρὶν γε κόμα σὰ πλέκετ', ὦ καλλίκομ',
 ᾧ ρ' ἔμοι·
 νῦν δ' Αἰδα στέφεται ὅς σε σύννευος φιλέει
 μόνος.

Sweet the kisses of death, set on thy lips, colder
are they than mine ;

Colder, surely, than past kisses that love pour'd for
thy lips as wine.

Lov'st thou death ? Is his face fairer than love's,
brighter to look upon ?

Seest thou light in his eyes, light by which love's
pales and is overshadowed ?

Lo, the roses of death, grey as the dust, chiller of
leaf than snow !

Why let fall from thy hand loves that were thine,
roses that loved thee so ?

Large red lilies of love, sceptral and tall, lovely for
eyes to see ;

Thornless blossom of love, full of the sun, fruits that
were rear'd for thee.

Now death's poppies alone circle thy hair, girdle thy
breasts as white ;

Bloodless blossoms of death, leaves that have sprung
never against the light.

Nay, then, sleep if thou wilt ; love is content ; what
should he do to weep ?

Sweet was love to thee once ; now in thine eyes
sweeter than love is sleep.

ᾧ φιλάματα κήνω, φίλα, οὐ θερμότερ'
 ἐστὶν ἢ
 τὰ πρὶν λεῖβέ ποτ' ὥς Φοῖνον Ἔρος σοὶ κατὰ
 χειλέων.
 ᾧ ρ' Αἶδαν σὺ φίλης; φαιδρότερον κάλλος οἶ
 ἢ γ' Ἔρω;
 κήνω δ' ὅππατα φαίνει σοι Ἔρω λαμπροτέραν
 χάριν;
 ἴδ', Αἶδα Φρόδα λευκ' ὥστε κόνις, ψυχρότερ'
 ἢ χίων.
 τίπτε σᾶς χέρος ἔκχευας ἃ σοι δῶκεν Ἔρος
 Φρόδα;
 τίπτε λείρια φοινίκεα κάλ' ἱμερόεντ'
 ἴδην,
 ὅσσα τ' ἄνθεμ' Ἔρω 'ν θειλοπέδῳ αὔξετο
 σοὶ μόνα;
 νῦν λευκ' ἄνθεα λεύκαν σε δέραν ἥδε
 κόμαν στέφει,
 ἄνθη στύγν' ἀλίβαντ' οὐδὲ τὰ φύλλ' εἶδε
 φάος ποτά.
 δαῦ' ὦν αἰ τὸ θέλεις, δαῦε' μέλει κλαίεμεν
 οὐκ Ἔρω.
 φίλον σοὶ ποτ' Ἔρος, νῦν δὲ φίλης ἴπνον
 Ἔρω πλέον.

ἀλίβας. See Schneider's *Callimachea*, fr. 88.

J. B. BURY.

