



The Works Of Alexander Pope Esq.

In Nine Volumes Complete. With His Last Corrections, Additions, And Improvements; As they were delivered to the Editor a little before his Death

Containing His Miscellaneous Pieces In Verse and Prose

Pope, Alexander

London, 1751

Imitations of Horace.

Nutzungsbedingungen

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IMITATIONS

O F

HORACE.

EPISTOLA VII.

QINQUE dies tibi pollicitus me rure futurum,

Sextilem totum mendax desideror. atqui,

Si me vivere vis sanum recteque valentem;

Quam mihi das aegro, dabis aegrotare timenti,

Maecenas, veniam: dum ficus prima calorque

Designatorem decorat licitoribus atris:

Dum pueris omnis pater, et matercula pallet;

Officiosaque sedulitas, et opella forensis

Adducit febris, et testamenta resignat.

Quod si bruma nives Albanis illinet agris;

Ad mare descendet vates tuus, et sibi parcat,

Contractusque leget; te, dulcis amice, reviset

Cum Zephyris, si concedes, et hirundine prima.

E P I S T L E VII.

Imitated in the Manner of Dr. SWIFT.

TIS true, my Lord, I gave my word,
 I would be with you, June the third;
 Chang'd it to August, and (in short)
 Have kept it—as you do at Court.
 You humour me when I am sick, 5
 Why not when I am splenetick?
 In town, what Objects could I meet?
 The shops shut up in ev'ry street,
 And Fun'ral black'ning all the Doors,
 And yet more melancholy Whores: 10
 And what a dust in every place?
 And a thin Court that wants your Face,
 And Fevers raging up and down,
 And W* and H** both in town!
 “The Dog-days are no more the case.” 15
 'Tis true, but Winter comes apace:
 Then southward let your Bard retire,
 Hold out some months 'twixt Sun and Fire,
 And you shall see the first warm Weather,
 Me and the Butterflies together. 20

Non, quo more pyris vesci Calaber jubet hospes,
Tu me fecisti locupletem. Vescere sodes.
Jam satis est. At tu quantumvis tolle. Benigne.
Non invisa feres pueris munuscula parvis.
Tam teneor dono, quam si dimittar onustus.
Ut libet : haec porcis hodie comedenda relinques.
Prodigus et stultus donat quae spernit et odit :
Haec seges ingratos tulit et feret omnibus annis.
Vir bonus et sapiens, dignis ait esse paratus ?
Nec tamen ignorat, quid distent aera lupinis ?
Dignum praestabo me, etiam pro laude merentis.
Quod si me noles usquam discedere ; reddes
Forte latus, nigros angusta fronte capillos :

Ep. VII. OF HORACE. 5

My Lord, your Favours well I know;
'Tis with Distinction you bestow;
And not to ev'ry one that comes,
Just as a Scotsman does his Plumbs.

“ Pray take them, Sir,—Enough's a Feast: 25

“ Eat some, and pocket up the rest —

What rob your Boys? those pretty rogues!

“ No, Sir, you'll leave them to the Hogs.

Thus Fools with Compliments besiege ye,

Contriving never to oblige ye. 30

Scatter your Favours on a Fop,

Ingratitude's the certain crop;

And 'tis but just, I'll tell ye wherefore,

You give the things you never care for.

A wise man always is or shou'd 35

Be mighty ready to do good;

But makes a difference in his thought

Betwixt a Guinea and a Groat.

Now this I'll say, you'll find in me

A safe Companion, and a free; 40

But if you'd have me always near —

A word, pray, in your Honour's ear.

I hope it is your Resolution

To give me back my Constitution!

Reddes dulce loqui : reddes ridere decorum, et
Inter vina fugam Cynarae moerere protervae.

Forte per angustam tenuis vulpecula rimam
Reperat in cumeram frumenti ; pastaque, rursus
Ire foras pleno tendebat corpore frustra.

Cui mustela procul, Si vis, ait, effugere istinc ;
Macra cavum repetes arctum, quem macra subisti.
Haec ego si compellor imagine, cuncta resigno ;
Nec somnum plebis laudo satur altilium, nec
Otia divitiis Arabum liberrima muto.

Saepe verecundum laudasti : Rexque, Paterque

Ep. VII. OF HORACE. 7

The sprightly Wit, the lively Eye, 45
Th' engaging Smile, the Gaiety,
That laugh'd down many a Summer Sun,
And kept you up so oft till one :
And all that voluntary Vein,
As when Belinda rais'd my Strain. 50

A Weasel once made shift to flink
In at a Corn-loft thro' a Chink ;
But having amply stuff'd his skin,
Could not get out as he got in :
Which one belonging to the House 55
('Twas not a Man, it was a Mouse)
Observing, cry'd, " You scape not so,
" Lean as you came, Sir, you must go."

Sir, you may spare your Application,
I'm no such Beast, nor his Relation ; 60
Nor one that Temperance advance,
Cramm'd to the throat with Ortolans :
Extremely ready to resign
All that may make me none of mine.
South-sea Subscriptions take who please, 65
Leave me but Liberty and Ease.

NOTES.

VER. 50. *As when Belinda*] A compliment he pays himself and the public on his *Rape of the Lock*.

Audisti coram, nec verbo parcius absens :

Inspice, si possum donata reponere laetus.

* * * * *

* * * * *

Parvum parva decent. mihi jam non regia Roma,

Sed vacuum Tibur placet, aut imbellè Tarentum.

Strenuus et fortis, causisque Philippus agendis
 Clarus, etc.

'Twas what I said to Craggs and Child,
 Who prais'd my Modesty, and smil'd.
 Give me, I cry'd, (enough for me)
 My Bread, and Independency! 70

So bought an Annual Rent or two,
 And liv'd — just as you see I do;
 Near fifty, and without a Wife,
 I trust that sinking Fund, my Life.
 Can I retrench? Yes, mighty well, 75

Shrink back to my Paternal Cell,
 A little House, with Trees a-row,
 And, like its Master, very low.
 There dy'd my Father, no man's Debtor,
 And there I'll die, nor worse nor better. 80

To set this matter full before ye,
 Our old Friend Swift will tell his Story.

“Harley, the Nation's great Support,”—
 But you may read it, I stop short.

NOTES.

VER. 66. *Craggs and Child,*] Mr. Craggs gave him some South-sea subscriptions. He was so indifferent about them as to neglect making any benefit of them. He used to say it was a satisfaction to him that he did not grow rich (as he might have done) by the public calamity.

S A T I R A VI.

HOC erat in votis : modus agri non ita magnus,
Hortus ubi, et tecto vicinus jugis aquae fons,
Et paulum silvae super his foret. auctius, atque
Dî melius fecere. bene est. nil amplius oro,
Maia nate, nisi ut propria haec mihi munera faxis.
Si neque majorem feci ratione mala rem,
Nec sum facturus vitio culpave minorem :
Si veneror stultus nihil horum, O si angulus ille
Proximus accedat, qui nunc denormat agellum !
O si urnam argenti fors quae mihi monstret ! ut illi,
Thesauro invento qui mercenarius agrum
Illum ipsum mercatus aravit, dives amico

S A T I R E VI.

The first Part imitated in the Year 1714, by
Dr. SWIFT; the latter Part added afterwards.

I'VE often wish'd that I had clear
For life, six hundred pounds a year,
A handsome House to lodge a Friend,
A River at my garden's end,
A Terras-walk, and half a Rood
Of Land, set out to plant a Wood.

Well, now I have all this and more,
I ask not to encrease my store;
' But here a Grievance seems to lie,
' All this is mine but till I die; 10
' I can't but think 'twould sound more clever,
' To me and to my Heirs for ever,
' If I ne'er got or lost a groat,
' By any Trick, or any Fault;
' And if I pray by Reason's rules, 15
' And not like forty other Fools:
' As thus, " Vouchsafe, oh gracious Maker!
" To grant me this and t'other Acre:
" Or, if it be thy Will and Pleasure,
" Direct my Plow to find a Treasure:" 20

Hercule : si, quod adest, gratum juvat : hac prece
te oro,

Pingue pecus domino facias, et caetera praeter
Ingenium ; utque soles, custos mihi maximus adfis.
Ergo ubi me in montes et in arcem ex Urbe re-
movi,

Quid prius illustrem Satiris Musaque pedestri ?
Nec mala me ambitio perdit, nec plumbeus Auster,
Autumnusque gravis, Libitinae quaestus acerbae.

Matutine pater, seu Jane libentius audis,
Unde homines operum primos vitaeque labores
Instituunt, (sic Dîs placitum) tu carminis esto
Principium: Romae sponforem me rapis : Eia,
Ne prior officio quisquam respondeat, urgue :
Sive Aquilo radit terras, seu bruma nivalem

' But only what my Station fits,
 ' And to be kept in my right wits.
 ' Preserve, Almighty Providence!
 ' Just what you gave me, Competence:
 ' And let me in these shades compose 25
 ' Something in Verse as true as Prose;
 ' Remov'd from all th' Ambitious Scene,
 ' Nor puff'd by Pride, nor sunk by Spleen.'

In short, I'm perfectly content,
 Let me but live on this side Trent; 30
 Nor cross the Channel twice a year,
 To spend six months with Statesmen here.

I must by all means come to town,
 'Tis for the service of the Crown.
 " Lewis, the Dean will be of use, 35
 " Send for him up, take no excuse."
 The toil, the danger of the Seas;
 Great Ministers ne'er think of these;
 Or let it cost five hundred pound,
 No matter where the money's found, 40
 It is but so much more in debt,
 And that they ne'er consider'd yet.

" Good Mr. Dean go change your gown,
 " Let my Lord know you're come to town.

Interiore diem gyro trahit, ire necesse est.

Postmodo, quod mihi obfit, clare certumque locuto,
cuto,

Luctandum in turba, et facienda injuria tardis.

Quid tibi vis, insane? et quas res agis? improbus
urget

Iratis precibus. tu pulses omne quod obstat,

Ad Maecenatem memori si mente recurras.

Hoc juvat, et melli est; ne mentiar. at simul
atras

Ventum est Esquilias; aliena negotia centum

Per caput, et circa saliunt latus. Ante secundam

Sat. VI. O F H O R A C E. 15

I hurry me in haste away, 45

Not thinking it is Levee-day ;

And find his Honour in a Pound,

Hemm'd by a triple Circle round,

Chequer'd with Ribbons blue and green :

How should I thrust myself between ? 50

Some Wag observes me thus perplext,

And smiling, whispers to the next,

“ I thought the Dean had been too proud,

“ To jostle here among a croud.”

Another in a surly fit, 55

Tells me I have more Zeal than Wit,

“ So eager to express your love,

“ You ne'er consider whom you shove,

“ But rudely press before a Duke.”

I own, I'm pleas'd with this rebuke, 60

And take it kindly meant to show

What I desire the World should know.

I get a whisper, and withdraw ;

When twenty Fools I never saw

Come with Petitions fairly penn'd, 65

Desiring I would stand their friend.

This, humbly offers me his Case —

That, begs my int'rest for a Place —

Roscius orabat sibi adesses ad Puteal cras.
De re communi scribae magna atque nova te
Orabant hodie meminisses, Quinte, reverti.
Imprimat his cura Maecenas signa tabellis.
Dixeris, Experiar : Si vis, potes, addit ; et instat.
Septimus octavo propior jam fugerit annus,
Ex quo Maecenas me coepit habere suorum
In numero : duntaxat ad hoc, quem tollere rheda
Vellet, iter faciens, et cui concedere nugas
Hoc genus, Hora quota est? Threx est Gallina
Syro par.

A hundred other Men's affairs,
 Like bees, are humming in my ears. 70

“ To-morrow my Appeal comes on,
 “ Without your help the Cause is gone—

The Duke expects my Lord and you,
 About some great Affair, at Two —

“ Put my Lord Bolingbroke in mind, 75

“ To get my Warrant quickly sign'd:

“ Consider, 'tis my first request.—

Be satisfy'd, I'll do my best: ———

Then presently he falls to teize,

“ You may for certain, if you please; 80

“ I doubt not, if his Lordship knew —

“ And, Mr. Dean, one word from you —

'Tis (let me see) three years and more,
 (October next it will be four)

Since HARLEY bid me first attend, 85

And chose me for an humble friend;

Would take me in his Coach to chat,

And question me of this and that;

As, “ What's o'clock?” And, “ How's the Wind?”

“ Who's Chariot's that we left behind? 90

Or gravely try to read the lines

Writ underneath the Country Signs;

Matutina parum cautos jam frigora mordent :
Et quae rimosa bene deponuntur in aure.
Per totum hoc tempus, subjectior in diem et horam
Invidiae noster. ludos spectaverit una :
Luserit in campo: Fortunae filius, omnes.
Frigidus a Rostris manat per compita rumor :
Quicumque obvius est, me consulit; O bone (nam te
Scire, Deos quoniam propius contingis, oportet)
Num quid de Dacis audisti? Nil equidem. Ut tu
Semper eris derisor! At omnes Dî exagitent me,
Si quicquam. Quid? militibus promissa Triquetra

Or, "Have you nothing new to-day
"From Pope, from Parnel, or from Gay?
Such tattle often entertains 95

My Lord and me as far as Stains,
As once a week we travel down
To Windsor, and again to Town,
Where all that pass'es, *inter nos*,
Might be proclaim'd at Charing-Cross. 100

Yet some I know with envy swell,
Because they see me us'd so well:
"How think you of our Friend the Dean?
"I wonder what some people mean;
"My Lord and he are grown so great, 105

"Always together, *tête à tête*,
"What, they admire him for his jokes—
"See but the fortune of some Folks!
There flies about a strange report
Of some Express arriv'd at Court; 110

I'm stopp'd by all the fools I meet,
And catechis'd in ev'ry street.
"You, Mr. Dean, frequent the Great;
"Inform us, will the Emp'ror treat?
"Or do the Prints and Papers lye? 115

Faith, Sir, you know as much as I.

Praedia Caesar, an est Itala tellure daturus?
Jurantem me scire nihil miratur, ut unum
Scilicet egregii mortalem atque silenti.

Perditur haec inter misero lux; non sine votis,
O rus, quando ego te aspiciam? quandoque licebit,
Nunc veterum libris, nunc somno et inertibus
horis,

Ducere sollicitae jucunda obliviae vitae?

O quando faba Pythagorae cognata, simulque
Uncta satis pingui ponentur oluscula lardo?

O noctes coenaeque Deum! quibus ipse meique,
Ante Larem proprium vescor, vernasque procaces
Pasco libatis dapibus: cum, ut cuique libido est,
Siccant inaequales calices conviva, solutus

Sat. VI. OF HORACE.

21

“ Ah Doctor, how you love to jest ?
 “ ’Tis now no secret — I protest
 ’Tis one to me—“ Then tell us, pray,
 “ When are the Troops to have their pay ? 120
 And, tho’ I solemnly declare
 I know no more than my Lord Mayor,
 They stand amaz’d, and think me grown
 The closest mortal ever known.

THUS in a sea of folly tofs’d, 125
 My choicest Hours of life are lost ;
 Yet always wishing to retreat,
 Oh, could I see my Country Seat !
 There leaning near a gentle Brook,
 Sleep, or peruse some ancient Book, 130
 And there in sweet oblivion drown
 Those Cares that haunt the Court and Town.
 O charming Noons ! and Nights divine !
 Or when I sup, or when I dine,

NOTES.

VER. 125. *Thus in a sea, etc.*] Our Poet excels his friend in his own way of modernizing Horace. But this way is infinitely inferior to his own. For tho’ Horace be easy, he is not familiar ; or, if he be, it is the familiarity of Courts, which is never without its dignity. These things burlesque verse cannot reconcile, nor indeed any other, that I know of, but the foregoing *imitations* of our Poet.

Legibus insanis : seu quis capit acria fortis
 Pocula ; seu modicis uvescit laetius. ergo
 Sermo oritur, non de villis domibusve alienis,
 Nec male necne Lepos saltet : sed quod magis ad
 nos

Pertinet, et nescire malum est, agitamus ; utrumne
 Divitiis homines, an sint virtute beati :

Quidve ad amicitias, usus rectumne, trahat nos :

Et quae sit natura boni, summumque quid ejus.

Cervius haec inter vicinus garrit aniles

Ex re fabellas. si quis nam laudat Arellî

Solicitas ignarus opes ; sic incipit : Olim

Rusticus urbanum murem mus paupere fertur

Accepisse cavo, veterem vetus hospes amicum ;

My Friends above, my Folks below, 135
Chatting and laughing all-a-row,
The Beans and Bacon set before 'em,
The Grace-cup serv'd with all decorum:
Each willing to be pleas'd, and please,
And ev'n the very Dogs at ease! 140
Here no man prates of idle things,
How this or that Italian sings,
A Neighbour's Madnefs, or his Spouse's,
Or what's in either of the Houses:
But something much more our concern, 145
And quite a scandal not to learn:
Which is the happier, or the wifer,
A man of Merit, or a Miser?
Whether we ought to chuse our Friends,
For their own Worth, or our own Ends? 150
What good, or better, we may call,
And what, the very best of all?

Our Friend Dan Prior, told (you know)

A Tale extremely *à propos*:

Name a Town Life, and in a trice, 155
He had a Story of two Mice.

Once on a time (so runs the Fable)

A Country Mouse, right hospitable,

Asper, et attentus quaesitis; ut tamen arcum
 Solveret hospitiis animum. quid multa? neque
 ille

Sepositi ciceris, nec longae invidit avenae:

Aridum et ore ferens acinum, semesaque lardi

Frustra dedit, cupiens varia fastidia coena

Vincere tangentis male singula dente superbo:

Cum pater ipse domus palea porrectus in horna

Effet ador loliumque, dapis meliora relinquens.

Tandem urbanus ad hunc, Quid te juvat, inquit,

amice,

Praerupti nemoris patientem vivere dorso?

Vin' tu homines urbemque feris praeponere sylvis?

Carpe viam (mihi crede) comes: terrestria quando

Mortales animas vivunt fortita, neque ulla est,

Aut magno aut parvo, leti fuga. quo, bone, circa,

Receiv'd a Town Mouse at his Board,
Just as a Farmer might a Lord. 160

A frugal Mouse upon the whole,
Yet lov'd his Friend, and had a Soul,
Knew what was handsome, and would do't,
On just occasion, *coute qui coute*.

He brought him Bacon (nothing lean) 165
Pudding, that might have pleas'd a Dean;
Cheese, such as men in Suffolk make,
But wish'd it Stilton for his sake;
Yet, to his Guest tho' no way sparing,
He eat himself the rind and paring. 170

Our Courtier scarce could touch a bit,
But show'd his Breeding and his Wit;
He did his best to seem to eat,
And cry'd, "I vow you're mighty neat.
" But Lord, my Friend, this savage Scene! 175
" For God's sake, come, and live with Men:
" Consider, Mice, like Men, must die,
" Both small and great, both you and I:
" Then spend your life in Joy and Sport,
" (This doctrine, Friend, I learnt at Court) 180
The veriest Hermit in the Nation
May yield, God knows, to strong temptation.

Dum licet, in rebus jucundis vive beatus:
 Vive memor quam sis aevi brevis. Haec ubi dicta
 Agrestem populere, domo levis exfilit: inde
 Ambo propositum peragunt iter, urbis aventes
 Moenia nocturni subrepere. jamque tenebat
 Nox medium coeli spatium, cum ponit uterque
 In locuplete domo vestigia: rubro ubi cocco
 Tincta super lectos canderet vestis eburnos,
 Multaque de magna supereffent fercula coena,
 Quae procul exstructis inerant hesternae canistris.
 Ergo ubi purpurea porrectum in veste locavit
 Agrestem; veluti succinctus cursitat hospes,
 Continuatque dapes: nec non verniliter ipsis
 Fungitur officiis, praelibans omne quod affert.

Away they come, thro' thick and thin,
 To a tall house near Lincoln's-Inn;
 ('Twas on the night of a Debate, 185
 When all their Lordships had fate late.)

Behold the place, where if a Poet
 Shin'd in Description, he might show it;
 Tell how the Moon-beam trembling falls,
 And tips with Silver all the walls; 190

Palladian walls, Venetian doors,
 Grottesco roofs, and Stucco floors:
 But let it (in a word) be said,
 The Moon was up, and Men a bed,
 The Napkins white, the Carpet red: 195

The Guests withdrawn had left the Treat,
 And down the Mice fate, *tête à tête*.

Our Courtier walks from dish to dish,
 Tastes for his Friend of Fowl and Fish;
 Tells all their names, lays down the law, 200

“ Que ça est bon ! Ah gouter ça !

*“ That Jelly's rich, this Malmsey healing,
 “ Pray, dip your Whiskers and your Tail in.”*

Was ever such a happy Swain ?

He stuffs and swills, and stuffs again. 205

“ I'm quite ashamed—'tis mighty rude

“ To eat so much—but all's so good,

Ille cubans gaudet mutata forte, bonisque
Rebus agit laetum convivam : cum subito ingens
Valvarum strepitus lectis excussit utrumque.
Currere per totum pavidi conclave ; magisque
Exanimes trepidare, simul domus alta Molossis
Personuit canibus. tum rusticus, Haud mihi vita
Est opus hac, ait, et valeas : me sylva, cavusque
Tutus ab insidiis tenui solabitur ervo.

Sat. VI. OF HORACE. 29

“ I have a thousand thanks to give —

“ My Lord alone knows how to live.”

No sooner said, but from the Hall 210

Rush Chaplain, Butler, Dogs and all:

“ A Rat, a Rat! clap to the door —

The Cat comes bouncing on the floor.

O for the heart of Homer's Mice,

Or Gods to save them in a trice! 215

(It was by Providence they think,

For your damn'd Stucco has no chink.)

“ An't please your Honour, quoth the Peasant,

“ This same Dessert is not so pleasant:

“ Give me again my hollow Tree, 220

“ A Crust of Bread, and Liberty!

L I B E R IV.

O D E I.

A D V E N E R E M.

INTERMISSA, Venus, diu
 Rurfus bella moves? parce precor, precor.
 Non sum qualis eram bonae
 Sub regno Cynarae. desine, dulcium
 Mater saeva Cupidinum,
 Circa lustra decem flectere mollibus
 Jam durum imperiis: abi
 Quo blandae juvenum te revocant preces.
 Tempestivius in domum
 Paulli, purpureis ales oloribus,
 Comissabere Maximi;
 Si torrere jecur quaeris idoneum.
 Namque et nobilis, et decens,
 Et pro folicitis non tacitus reis,

B O O K IV*.

O D E I.

To VENUS.

A GAIN? new Tumults in my breast?
Ah spare me, Venus! let me, let me rest!
I am not now, alas! the man
As in the gentle Reign of My Queen Anne.
Ah sound no more thy soft alarms,
Nor circle sober fifty with thy Charms.
Mother too fierce of dear Desires!
Turn, turn to willing hearts your wanton fires.
To *Number five* direct your Doves,
There spread round MURRAY all your blooming
Loves;
Noble and young, who strikes the heart
With ev'ry sprightly, ev'ry decent part;
Equal, the injur'd to defend,
To charm the Mistress, or to fix the Friend.

NOTES.

* This, and the unfinished imitation of the ninth Ode of the fourth Book which follows, shew as happy a vein for the Odes of Horace as for the Epistles.

Et centum puer artium,

Late signa feret militiae tuae.

Et, quandoque potentior

Largi muneribus riserit aemuli,

Albanos prope te lacus

Ponet marmoream sub trabe citrea.

Illic plurima naribus

Duces thura; lyraque et Berecynthia

Delectabere tibia

Mixtis carminibus, non sine fistula.

Illic bis pueri die

Numen cum teneris virginibus tuum

Laudantes, pede candido

In morem Salium ter quatient humum.

Me nec femina, nec puer

Jam, nec spes animi credula mutui,

Nec certare juvat mero,

Nec vincire novis tempora floribus.

He, with a hundred Arts refin'd,
 Shall stretch thy conquests over half the kind;
 To him each Rival shall submit,
 Make but his Riches equal to his Wit.
 Then shall thy Form the Marble grace,
 (Thy Grecian Form) and Chloë lend the Face:
 His House, embosom'd in the Grove,
 Sacred to social life and social love,
 Shall glitter o'er the pendent green,
 Where Thames reflects the visionary scene:
 Thither, the silver-sounding lyres
 Shall call the smiling Loves, and young Desires;
 There, ev'ry Grace and Muse shall throng,
 Exalt the dance, or animate the song;
 There Youths and Nymphs, in consort gay,
 Shall hail the rising, close the parting day.
 With me, alas! those joys are o'er;
 For me, the vernal garlands bloom no more.
 Adieu! fond hope of mutual fire,
 The still-believing, still-renew'd desire;
 Adieu! the heart-expanding bowl,
 And all the kind Deceivers of the soul!
 But why? ah tell me, ah too dear!
 Steals down my cheek th' involuntary Tear?

Sed cur, heu! Ligurine, cur

Manat rara meas lacryma per genas?

Cur facunda parum decoro

Inter verba cadit lingua silentio?

Nocturnis ego somniis

Jam captum teneo, jam volucrem sequor

Te per gramina Martii

Campi, te per aquas, dure, volubiles.

Ode I. OF HORACE. 35

Why words so flowing, thoughts so free,
Stop, or turn nonsense, at one glance of thee?
Thee, drest in Fancy's airy beam,
Absent I follow thro' th' extended Dream;
Now, now I seize, I clasp thy charms,
And now you burst (ah cruel!) from my arms;
And swiftly shoot along the Mall,
Or softly glide by the Canal,
Now shown by Cynthia's silver ray;
And now, on rolling waters snatch'd away.

LIBER IV.

ODE IX.

NE forte credas interitura, quae
Longe fonantem natus ad Aufidum
Non ante vulgatas per artes
Verba loquor socianda chordis;
Non, si priores Maeonius tenet
Sedes Homerus, Pindaricae latent
Caeaque, et Alcaei minaces
Stesichorique graves Camenae:
Nec, si quid olim lusit Anacreon,
Delevit aetas: spirat adhuc amor,
Vivuntque commissi calores
Aeoliae fidibus puellae.

Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
Multi; sed omnes illacrymabiles
Urgentur ignotique longa
Nocte, carent quia vate sacro.

Part of the NINTH ODE
Of the FOURTH BOOK.

LEST you should think that verse shall die,
Which sounds the Silver Thames along,
Taught, on the wings of Truth to fly
Above the reach of vulgar song;

Tho' daring Milton fits sublime,
In Spencer native Muses play;
Nor yet shall Waller yield to time,
Nor pensive Cowley's moral lay.

Sages and Chiefs long since had birth
Ere Cæsar was, or Newton nam'd;
These rais'd new Empires o'er the Earth,
And Those, new Heav'ns and Systems fram'd.

Vain was the Chief's, the Sage's pride!
They had no Poet, and they died.
In vain they schem'd, in vain they bled!
They had no Poet, and are dead.

MISCELLANIES