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PADERBORN

The Works Of Horatio Walpole, Earl Of Orford

In Five Volumes

Walpole, Horace

London, 1798

On the Translation of Anacreon

[urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-59887](https://nbn-resolving.org/urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-59887)

A LOOKING-GLASS.

I COUNTERFEIT all bodies, yet have none;
Bodies give shadows, shadows give me one.
Lov'd for another's sake, that person yet
Is my chief enemy whene'er we meet;
Thinks me too old, though blest with endless youth;
And, like a monarch, hates my speaking truth.

A SUN-DIAL.

THOUGH made by art, 'tis nature gives me voice.
I answer all, yet never speak by choice.
One only language I can talk, yet should
In every country be understood.
Unless peculiarly inspir'd—I'm dumb,
Yet know not what is past, or what's to come.
What I said yesterday, to-day is new,
And will be so to-morrow, yet be true.

The

On the TRANSLATION of ANACREON.

ON gay Anacreon's joy-inspiring line
 Pour'd all his juice the glowing god of wine.
 But in the poet's bowl his tame translator
 Has mix'd such suffocating draughts of water,
 That yawn to yawn and nod to nod succeeds,
 And Drunkenness grows sober as she reads.

WHEN Theseus from the fair he ruin'd fled,
 The nymph accepted Bacchus in his stead.
 The allegory, to my humble thinking,
 Means, that deserted ladies take to drinking.

R I D D L E S.

T O - D A Y.

BEFORE my birth I had a name,
 But soon as born I chang'd the same;
 And when I'm laid within the tomb,
 I shall my father's name assume.
 I change my name three days together,
 Yet live but one in any weather.

A LOOKING-