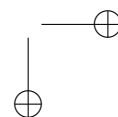
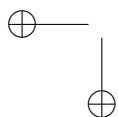
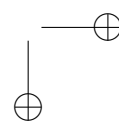
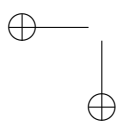
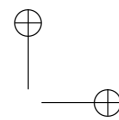
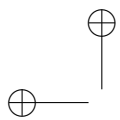
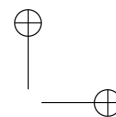
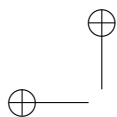


Horace's *Aequam Memento*
A Collection of Translations







Horace's *Aequam Memento*

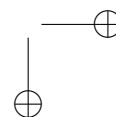
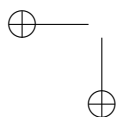
A Collection of Translations

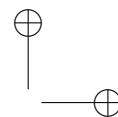
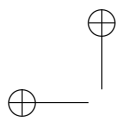
Isaac Waisberg

Science proceeds, and man stands still;
Our "world" to-day's as good or ill, –
As cultured (nearly),
As yours was, Horace! You alone,
Unmatched, unmet, we have not known.

AUSTIN DOBSON, *To Q. H. F.*

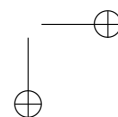
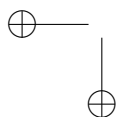
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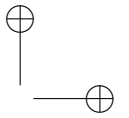
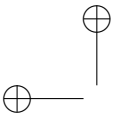




2022

Selection and Design by Isaac Waisberg





IN LIEU OF A PREFACE

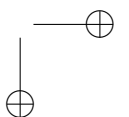
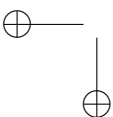
“I put to myself recently a question, with which most people have at some time played: If you were sent into exile and allowed to take with you only one book, what book would you choose? The answer came at once and spontaneously: ‘Horace.’ ... There is an element in Horace that peculiarly charms, uplifts and comforts. He is, above all writers, the poet of middle age and I personally have learned to love and admire his balanced contentment, his quiet courage, his gratitude for and enjoyment of the good things of life and his unruffled patience and equanimity. His philosophy is not deep but it is eminently satisfying. He teaches us not to expect too much of life, to make the best of things as they are, to be wary of ambition and not to worry unduly. The world to-day, beset with problems not vastly different from those which Horace’s epoch faced, – and to some extent solved, – would be all the better for some inspiration from his sanity, good-humour and moderation.” (J. S. Blake-Reed, *Twentyfive Odes of Horace*, 1942)

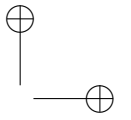
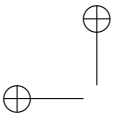


“Admiring at the fact that for two and a half centuries hardly a scholar or man of letters had lived in England who had not once or oftener in his life been moved to try his hand at a translation from Horace, I was long ago inspired, in the days of enthusiastic youth, to compile an anthology of these fugitive efforts. It was not a bad book, nor an uninteresting, though I say it, and I am an unprejudiced judge, for it brought me in nothing – my publisher, with unnecessary prolixity, being careful to demonstrate to me the exact number of pounds, shillings, and pence he had lost by the venture.” (Charles Cooper, *Horace in English*, 1896)



“The system of education in vogue at the beginning of the last century was certainly narrow in range; while many branches of knowledge now considered most important were neglected, at all events familiarity with certain of the classics and especially the Odes of Horace was considered absolutely indispensable to an educated gentleman. Rare were the speeches made in Parliament that did not contain some reference to such well-known Horatian tags as ‘*aequam memento rebus in arduis*,’ ‘*monumentum aere perennius*’; but we have changed all that; quotations of prices have driven out Horace. Classical quotations are rarely attempted; one half of the members would own themselves shaky in their quantities; to the other half the words would be unintelligible.” (J. V. W., *Quotation as an Art*, 1904)

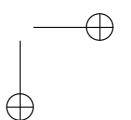
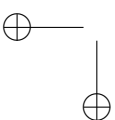


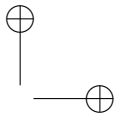
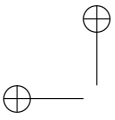


“So large a portion of evil is necessarily mixed with the more agreeable objects of every man’s wishes, and so numerous are the difficulties and disappointments which we are sure to meet with in this chequered scene of life, that the acquisition of that degree of complacency and indifference to the impulses of external objects, which will prevent a man from becoming the sport of his passions, and enable him to endure, with decency and propriety, any little calamity which may be inflicted on him by the hand of Providence, must be considered as one of the most desirable attainments that can occupy any one’s wishes and exertions. In order to accomplish this, it is not necessary, nor perhaps even desirable to possess the stubborn insensibility of a stoic, or the invincible firmness of a Cranmer or a Latimer. The number of those men who are ever exposed to severe trials is infinitely small, when compared with those, who, without any rational cause of complaint, consider themselves the most miserable of created beings, and are constantly rendering themselves and their friends unhappy, by their tedious repinings at the accumulated weight of ideal miseries by which they are oppressed, and by the habitual dejection of countenance, by means of which they endeavour to excite sympathy in the breasts of those unfortunate beings, to whom they assiduously communicate their unharmonious lamentations. The unhappy race of mortals who thus render themselves the voluntary victims of wretchedness, may be distinguished by the names of the croakers, the peevish, the frantic, and the sulky.” (William Jerdan & George Manners, EDS., *Satirist, or Monthly Meteor*, 1811)

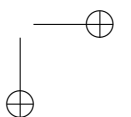
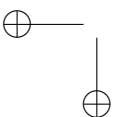


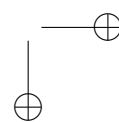
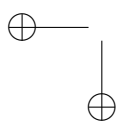
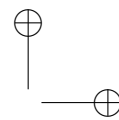
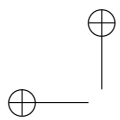
“As with the Psalter itself, the *Odes* have in them repetitions, inequalities, faults of matter and manner. Some of their contents seem unworthy of their place: mannered, uninspired, questionable in their use and their actual present value. Some we may think (but we had better think twice and thrice) we could well do without. We have to make allowances in both for religious or literary conventions; for Jewish narrowness and vindictiveness, for Roman coarseness. But both volumes have been taken to the heart of the world, and have become part of ourselves. It is interesting to remark that both have this note of intimacy, that the Psalms and the *Odes*, or at least the most familiar among them, are habitually referred to, not by their titles (for they have none), nor by their number in the series, but simply by their opening words. We do not usually speak of the 95th or 114th, the 127th or 130th Psalms, if we wish to be understood, but of the *Venite*, the *Ju exitu Israel*, the *Nisi Dominus*, the *De profundis*. And so with Horace one speaks familiarly of the *Integer vitae*, the *Aequam memento*, the *Eheu fugaces*, the *Otium divos*. This secular Psalter, like its religious analogue, has to be supplemented, enlarged, reinterpreted, possibly even cut, for actual use, for application to our own daily life. But both, in their enormously different ways, are central and fundamental; permanent lights on life and aids to living.” (J. W. Mackail, *Classical Studies*, 1925)

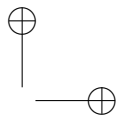




“You are about to enter on the career which is closing upon me, and I feel much more solicitude for you than for myself. You have so reluctantly consented to engage in public life, that I fear you will feel too much annoyed by its troubles and perplexities. You must make up your account to meet and encounter opposition and defeats and slanders and treacheries, and above all fickleness of popular favor, of which an ever memorable example is passing before our eyes. Let me entreat you, whatever may happen to you of that kind, never to be discouraged nor soured. Your father and grandfather have fought their way through the world against hosts of adversaries, open and close, disguised and masked; with many lukewarm and more than one or two perfidious friends. The world is and will continue to be prolific of such characters. Live in peace with them; never upbraid, never trust them. But – ‘don’t give up the ship!’ Fortify your mind against disappointments – *aequam memento rebus in arduis servare mentem*, – keep up your courage, and go ahead!” (John Quincy Adams to Charles Francis Adams, 28 Nov. 1840)

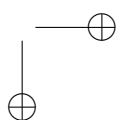
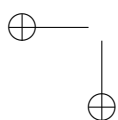


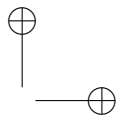




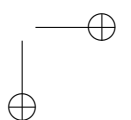
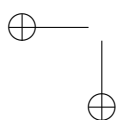
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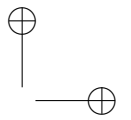
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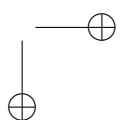
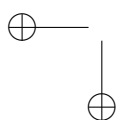


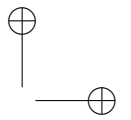
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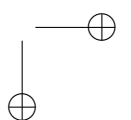
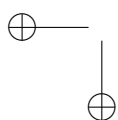


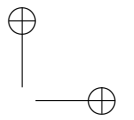
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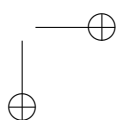
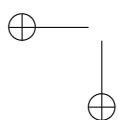


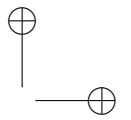
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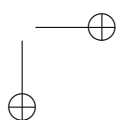
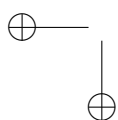


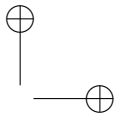
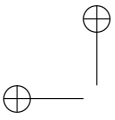
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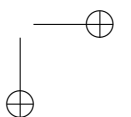
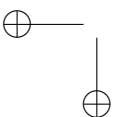
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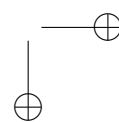
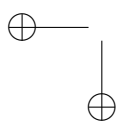
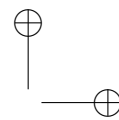
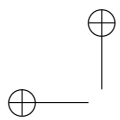




“Every man howls who is driven out of his ordinary course by any trouble. A man howls if he goes about frowning always.” “Do I frown?” “Or laughing.” “Do I laugh?” “Or galloping over the country like a mad devil who wants to get rid of his debts by breaking his neck, *Æquam memento* – You remember all that, don’t you?” “I remember it; but it is n’t so easy to do it.”

ANTHONY TROLLOPE, *The Prime Minister*, 1893





Q. HORATI FLACCI, AEQUAM MEMENTO, 23 B.C.

*Aequam memento rebus in arduis
servare mentem, non secus in bonis
ab insolenti temperatam
laetitia, moriture Delli,*

*Seu maestus omni tempore vixeris
seu te in remoto gramine per dies
festos reclinatum bearis
interiore nota Falerni.*

*Quo pinus ingens albaque populus
umbram hospitem consociare amant
ramis? Quid obliquo laborat
lympha fugax trepidare rivo?*

*Huc vina et unguenta et nimium brevis
flores amoenae ferre iube rosae,
dum res et aetas et sororum
fila trium patiuntur atra.*

*Cedes coemptis saltibus et domo
villaque flavos quam Tiberis lavit,
cedes et exstructis in altum
divitiis potietur heres.*

*Divesne prisco natus ab Inacho
nil interest an pauper et infima
de gente sub divo moreris,
victima nil miserantis Orci.*

*Omnes eodem cogimur, omnium
versatur urna serius ocus
sors exitura et nos in aeternum
exsilium inpositura cumbae.*

Liber Secundus

DUM res & gratias hoc est dum
est & unde et dum per gratiam hoc
debet facere. et dum facta permittit
vivere. et si a fororum parum
tur pro eo quod est dum ipse foro
res patitur hoc est parce quorum
sua sunt atra.

FILLA atra. Propter mortem di
xit atra. aliquando atra filia pro in
fodici vita ut alba pro foelici. Iuue.
& pido postquam parce meliora
benigna Demia manu ducit. Iulias
res. & (tamis albe laudice quo)
nia ait vita humana inuili habet
progressum & finem. Hec tria per
tres parcas antiqui notant haru
noia sunt Clotho. lachesis et Atro
poe. Clotho colli cui penso gestat vt
lit otus nolet qui materia viuen
di prebet. Lachesis autem filii ex
penso ducit enim. est tepus illud
quod ad viuendum sortiti sumus. Ter
tia vero filum iam a lachesi ductu
obtruncat. quia abrumpt vitam
& mortem aiferit.

DIVES ne Ordo est. nil inter
est an dives natus fueris a prisco in
acho an pauper et de gente infima
moris id est habitus sub dio id est
are & sine domo victima felicit
eris nihil miserans orci.
INACHO. Inachum autem pro
nobilitate generis posuit. Rex enim
argurosum Inachus nobilissimus
fuit a quo & Iunius quia in ipso
mortuus est nomen accepit unde
& Vir pro nobilitate. Et tunc si
prima domus reperatur origo ina
chus acutusq; pater.

^{familiares}
^{inuita}
Dum res & gratias fororum

^v
Filiatrum patiuntur atra

^{migratio a} ^{scilicet} ^{duo} ^{aut} ^{quod}
^{esse} ^{bona}
Cedes coemptis salubus & domo

^{arabibus} ^{vide} ⁱⁿ ^{di} ^{ad} ^{de} ^q
Villag; filaus quam ryberis lauit

^{copiosi} ^{vt} ^{fecit} ^{capitibus}
Cedes & extructis in altum

^{vicitur} ^{ergo} ^{no} ^{ubi} ^{sed}
Diuitijs ponitur heres

^{nobili}
Dives ne prisco natus ab inacho

^{efficit} ^{sumus} ^{generis}
Nil inter est an pauper & infima

^{ae}
De gente sub dyo moris

^{et} ^{implacabile}
Victima nil miserantis orci

^{compelluntur}
Omnes eodem cogimur annium

ⁱⁿ ^e ^{omni}
Versatur vna serius ocus

^p ^{more}
Sors exitura. & nos in eternum

^{naut} ^{charonis}
Exilium impostura cymbg.

PAPPER dicitur fortunae in
iurias ponit. quae vulgus maxi
mas puras & quod pauper. sic &
ignobilis.

VICTIMA. Veluti victima
que Plutoni mactetur. Seruius
cumam esse ait que diis pro hosti
bus ductis sacrificabantur. hosti
autem que sacrificatur cum sit con
tra hostes eundem. ergo victima
gratias referimus pro beneficio ac
cepto hostia ut illud accipimus
precamur tamen Ouidius ait vici
ma quod dextra cecidit vici
catur hostibus a dominis hostia
nomen habet.

VERSATUR vna. Ordo
est. Sors omniū exitura serius vel
ocius et nos impostura cymbg et
delicet impostura est nos vt in ger
num dirigit eadum.

SERIVS vna. Poetice q. d. ex
vna sorte ducta moriturus has
mines Erat ro ne confuendo pro
pter infinitas penes causas vt omniū
litigantium nomina in vnam co
ficent. & forte inde educerent. &
quibus primo fortes euenire illi
prius audiebatur eorumq; lites
decidebantur. Iuue. Expectandus
erit qui lites incho et annis horum
ad diuersa moriendi tempora ven
lit. Horatius.

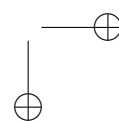
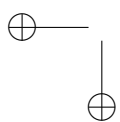
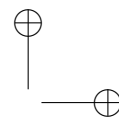
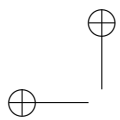
ETERNVM Vna syllaba
abundat. ergo cum sequens dicitur
one alterius versus (scandens).

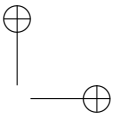
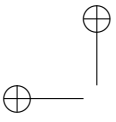
Argumentum odes. iiii

Ratphoeo phillis ancilla quae certe amore persequatur ait poeta id sibi non esse dedecori. Achil
les. n. Brisaida; Ajax Tegmessam; Agamennō Callandram captiuas etiā & ancillas adamarit.
Probat inde phillida quoc; regium genus vti illas habuisse moribusq; & forma nobilem. que omnia
decori amatoribus potiusq; dedecori possunt accedere. Hoc dicit

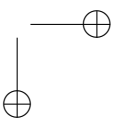
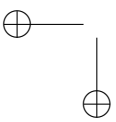


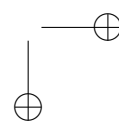
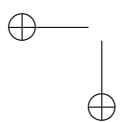
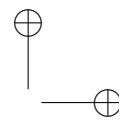
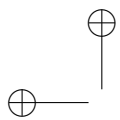
(First Illustrated Edition of Horace, Grüninger, 1498, LOC)





THE TRANSLATIONS







SIR NICHOLAS BACON, 1509–79

(1509–79; Government Official, Father of Francis Bacon)

The righteste course in lyfe to keepe
Is not to presse alwayes to runne
With sayles vppe hoyste in the mayne deepe,
Nor yet for feare the storme shoulde come
The crooked shore to nere to creepe.

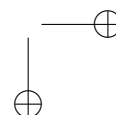
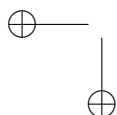
The golden meane whosoe loues well
Shall safe and free thereby eschewe
The lothesome howse with filthe and smelle
And envious spighte the which is due
To suche as in the Pallace dwell.

The greate proude Pyne eache wynde dothe shake,
The loftier tower mounted on hye
The greater falle on grounde dothe make:
The Lighteninge brime fallen from the Skye
The mountaynes huge with flames dothe take.

A mynde well taughte standes suer and faste,
When fortune frownes hopeinge of better:
And when she smiles it makes noe haste,
Knoweing that Jove oft with his Septer
Brynges and removes the winters blaste.

Althoughe nowe ill not ever be
With lowringe looke and with bowe bente,
Thoughe Phebus nowe dothe threate greate woe,
Or it be longe with harpe full Jente
His mirthe shall force all feare thee froe.

In stormye tymes have courage stoute,
And in forewyndes sayleinge at will
Gather in thye sayles with wynde puffed oute,
And thus thou shalte throwe rede and will
Rvnne the righte race withoute all doute.





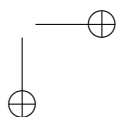
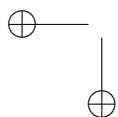
ANONYMOUS, 1621

(Horace in English, D. S. Carne-Ross and Kenneth Haynes)

Remember, when blinde Fortune knits her brow,
Thy minde be not dejected over-lowe:
Nor let thy thoughts too insolently swell,
Though all thy hopes doe prosper ne'r so well.
For, drink thy teares, with sorrow still opprest,
Or taste pure vine, secure and ever blest,
In those remote and pleasant shady fields
Where stately Pine and Poplar shadow yeelds,
Or circling streames that warble, passing by;
All will not help, sweet friend: For, thou must die.

The house, thou hast, thou once must leave behind thee,
And those sweet babes thou often kissest kindly:
And when th' hast gotten all the wealth thou can,
Thy paines is taken for another man.

Alas! what poor advantage doth it bring,
To boaste thy selfe descended of a King!
When those, that have no house to hide their heads,
Finde in their grave as warm and easie beds.

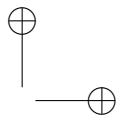




SIR THOMAS HAWKINS, 1625

(c. 1590–1640; Poet and Translator)

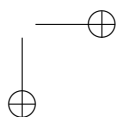
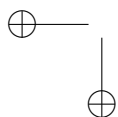
In adverse chance, an equall mind retaine,
As in best fortunes temp'red, free from vaine
Of mirth profuse: For (Delius) thou must dy,
Though with sad thoughts oppress'd, thou silently;
Or, on Feast dayes retyr'd to grassie shade,
Thou with choyce Falerne wine art happy made:
Where the white Poplar, and the lofty Pine,
In friendly shade their mutuall branches twine:
And Rivers swiftly gliding strive, apace
'Bout crooked bankes, their trembling streames to chase.
Bring hither Wine, and od'rous Unguents. Bring
The dainty Rose, a faire, but fading thing.
While Fortune, age, and wealth yeeld seasons fit,
And the three Sisters sable loomes permit:
Thou from thy house must part, and purchas'd woods,
From village lav'd, with yellow Tybers floods,
And thy vast hoarded heaps of wealths excesse,
An Heire (perhaps) ungrateful shall possesse.
No matter 'tis, whither thou rich art borne,
Of Argive Kings; or low, expos'd to scorne,
Sprung from poore Parents, liv'st in open fields;
Thou art Death's sacrifice, (who never yeelds.)
Wee all are thither brought, 'tis hee that turnes,
And'windes our mortall life's uncertaine Urnes.
Sooner or later each man hath his lot,
And hence exil'd, embarques in Charon's Boat.

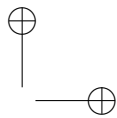


HENRY RIDER, 1638

(Born c. 1605; "Master of Arts of Emmanuel College, Cambridge")

Remember *Gellius*, since thou must die,
To keepe a strong mind in adversitie,
And in best state from haughty glorying free,
Whether thou all thy life time pensive be,
Or whether that thou do'st thine owne selfe feast;
Being in some secret Arbour laid to rest,
With long stor'd liquor of the *Falerne* Vine
On every holiday, where the tall Pine,
And white leav'd Poplar with their boughes doe love
To knit in one an hospitable grove.
What's here to doe? the gliding river prides
To run with murmurs by his winding sides
Goe bid the boyes bring wine and odours hither,
And fragrant buds of Roses that soone wither,
While our estates, and yeeres, and blacke threed-skeanes
Of the three sisters doe afford us meanes.
Your purchas'd fields, and house, and farme shall lose,
By which the yellow-sanded Tiber flowes;
These you shall part from and your heire shall reape
Your riches raised to a mighty heape.
It skills not whether you be rich in store,
Descended from old *Inachus*; or poore,
And of the meanest ranck ith' fields dost dwell;
Thou'rt but a feast for all-devouring hell:
Thither we all are driven, all mens fate
Is shaken in one box, that soone or late
Must have an end, and us in *Charons* wherrie
To everlasting banishment must ferry.





JOHN SMITH, 1649

(*The Lyrick Poet*)

Remember *Delius*, since that thou must die,
To keep a mind well temper'd, and to flie,
As well in thy felicity as woe,
The great extreames, in this way thou must goe.

Whether that all thy life thou dost live sad,
Or in thy floury fields thy self made glad;
Through out thy life, where thou dost sup and dine,
And lying down thou drink'st *Falernian* wine.

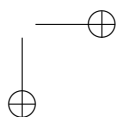
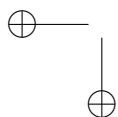
Where the tall Pines, white Poplers love to meet,
And with close boughes they willingly doth greet;
And the swift water labours with sweet sound,
And windes about thee with a river round.

Bring hither wines, ointments and fragrant flowers
Of sweeter Roses, which time soon devours:
Whilst riches, age, and the third Sisters knife,
Doth spare to cut the black thrids of our life.

Thou must depart from thy bought house, thy lands,
Thy village plac'd near yellow *Tibers* sands,
And for thy riches, heaped up with care,
To be enjoy'd by thy unthankfull heire.

Though rich thou com'st from *Inachus* old race,
It nought availes, or borne in meaner place
Or houslesse art, an offering thou must be
To *Pluto*, who will never pittie thee.

Later or sooner thether we must turne,
And all must come in compasse of that Urne,
Our last lot is eternall banishment,
And into *Charons* boat we shall be sent.





SIR RICHARD FANSHAWE, 1652

(1608–66; Poet, Translator, and Diplomat)

Keep still an equal minde, not sunk
With stormes of adverse chance, not drunk
 With sweet prosperitie,
 O *Dellius* that must die,

Whether thou live still melancholy,
Or stretcht in a retired valley;
 Make all thy howers merry
 With bowls of choicest Sherrie.

Where the white Poplar and tall Pine
Their hospitable shadow joyn,
 And a soft purling brook
 With wrigling stream doth crook;

Bid hither Wines and Oyntments bring,
And the too short sweets of the Spring,
 While wealth and youth combine,
 And the Fates give thee Line.

Thou must forgoe thy purchas'd seats,
Ev'n that which golden *Tyber* wets,
 Thou must; and a glad Heir
 Shall revel with thy care.

If thou be rich, born of the Race
Of antient *Inachus*, or base
 Liest in the street; all's one,
 Impartial death spares none.

All go one way; shak'd is the pot,
And first or last comes forth thy lot,
 The Pass, by which thou'rt sent
 T' Eternal banishment.



BARTEN HOLIDAY, 1653

(1593–1661; Dramatist, Translator, and Divine)

*When Fortune Frowns, keep a just ballanc'd mind,
So when she Gleams, in measure be confin'd,
Not with boundless joys elate.*

O *Delius* thou must yeeld to Fate,
Though all thy dayes transacted be in thralls,
Or thou on Grass retir'd on Festivals,
Drunkest off by blessed hap

Old *Falern* Wine o'th' better tap:
Vast Pines, fair Poplars there in lovely brades
Combine their boughs for hospitable shades,
And swift streams with trembling glide
In their *Meandrian* chanel's slide.

Cause Wine and Unguents, and the too short-dated
Delicious Roses hither be translated:

Whilst State and Age leave affords,

And the three Sisters sable Cords.

Then shalt thy purchas'd Forrests, and thy house,
And Grange desert, where yellow *Tibur* flow;

All thy Treasures pil'd on high,

Thine Heir shall spend luxuriously.

*It boots not weather Rich thou beest, and come
Of Inachus old stem, or Vulgar scum,*

Liv'st i'the' open Plains, thou dyes

Remorslefs Pluto's Sacrifice:

*Dye we all must. All men conclude their lot
Sooner or later in the fattal Pot:*

And from Charon's Boat are sent

Unto eternall punishment.



FRANCIS ATTERBURY, 1682

(1663–1732; Anglican Bishop, Polemical Writer and Orator)

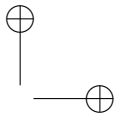
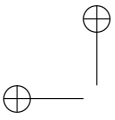
Be calm, my Dellius, and serene,
However Fortune change the scene!
In thy most dejected state,
Sink not underneath the weight:
Nor yet, when happy days begin,
And the full tide comes rolling in,
Let a fierce unruly joy
The settled quiet of thy mind destroy:
However Fortune change the scene,
Be calm, my Dellius, and serene!

Be thy lot good, or be it ill,
Life ebbs out at the same rate still:
Whether, with busy cares opprest,
You wear the sullen time away;
Or whether to sweet ease or rest
You sometimes give a day;
Carelessly laid
Underneath a friendly shade,
By pines and poplars mix'd embraces made;
Near a river's sliding stream,
Fetter'd in sleep, bless'd with a golden dream.

Here, Here, in this much envy'd state,
Let every blessing on thee wait;
Bid the Syrian nard be brought,
Bid the hidden wine be sought,
And let the rose's short-liv'd flower,
The smiling daughter of an hour,
Flourish on thy brow:
Enjoy the very, very now!
While the good hand of life is in,
While yet the fatal sisters spin.

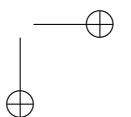
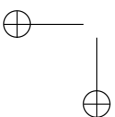
A little hence, my friend, and thou
Must into other hands resign
Thy gardens and thy parks, and all that now
Bears the pleasing name of thine!
Thy meadows, by whose planted tides
Silver Tyber gently glides!
Thy pleasant houses, all must go;
The gold that's hoarded in them too:
A jolly heir shall set it free,
And give th' imprison'd monarchs liberty.

Nor matters it, what figure here
Thou dost among thy fellow-mortals bear;



How thou wert born, or how begot;
Impartial Death matters it not:
With what titles thou dost shine,
Or who was first of all thy line;
Life's vain amusements! amidst which we dwell;
Nor weigh'd, nor understood, by the grim god of hell!

In the same road, alas! all travel on!
By all alike the same sad journey must be gone!
Our blended lots together lie,
Mingled in one common urn:
Sooner or later out they fly;
The fatal boat then wasts us to the shore,
Whence we never shall return,
Never! – never more!





THOMAS CREECH, 1684

(1659–1700; Fellow of Wadham College, Oxford)

An even Mind in ev'ry State,
Amidst the Frowns and smiles of Fate;
Dear mortal *Delius*, always show;
Let not too much of cloudy Fear,
Nor too intemperate Joys appear
Or to contract, or to extend thy Brow:

Whether thy dull unhappy Years
Run slowly clogg'd with Hopes and Fears;
And fit too heavy on thy Soul;
Or whether crown'd on Beds of Flow'rs
Mirth softly drives thy easie Hours,
And chears thy Spirits with the choicest Bowl.

Where Poplars white, the lofty Pine
And Myrtles friendly Branches joyn,
And hospitable Shades compose;
Where near a purling Spring doth glide
In winding Streams, end softly chide
The interrupting Pebble as it flows.

There bring thy Wine, thy Odors spread,
Let fading Roses crown thy Head,
Whilst Wealth, and Age and Life will bear;
For you must leave your Groves, your house,
And Farm, where yellow *Tiber* flows;
And thy heap'd Wealth shall fill thy greedy Heir.

For, whether sprung from Royal Blood,
Or from the meanest of the Crowd;
'Tis all a Case, for nought can save;
The Hand of Fate doth strike at all,
And thou art surely doom'd to fall,
A Sacrifice to the impartial Grave:

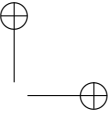
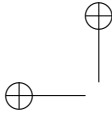
Our Lots are cast, Fate shakes the Urn,
And each man's Lot must take his turn
Some soon leap out, and some more late:
But still 'tis sure each Mortals Lot
Will doom his Soul to *Charon's* Boat,
To bear th' eternal Banishment of Fate.



JOHN HARINGTON, 1684

(c. 1627–1700)

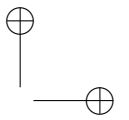
Wise even *Mind* in Fortune's frown,
And *Smiles* retain; not much cast down,
Nor swell'd with insolent jollity,
For my DELIUS thou mast *dye*:
Whether in *Grief* thy days be clos'd,
Or *Festivals* on bank repos'd,
With wine of Mark conceal'd and best,
Choice *Falernum*, th' art made blest:
Where the White Poplar lofty Pine
Their *Boughs* for courteous *Shade* entwine;
Where fleeting *Brook* laborious ways
(Trembling *Stream*) obliquely strays.
Bid hither *Wine*, sweet Unguents bring,
Flow'rs, lovely *Rose* soon perishing:
Whilst wealth and *Youth*, three *Sisters* yet
(Joyn'd their *Sable* Wheels) permit.
Thou *House* shalt leave, thy purchas'd *Woods*,
Grange wast'd with yellow *Tiber's* floods;
Those piled heat of *Golden* bliss
Some unthankful *Heirs* call his.
Though rich thou be'st, of *Royal* race,
Or poor, *Field-born* for Rank, and base,
To that unbrib'd *infernal* Womb
Sacrifice thou must become:
All thither forc'd; *Death* shakes the *Urn*;
Whence early or late *Lots* pour by turn,
And we by *Stigian* Boat are sent
To eternal Banishment.



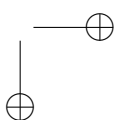
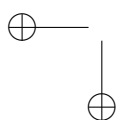
JOSEPH ADDISON, 1704 (IMITATED)

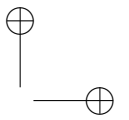
(*Horace: Translations of Various Odes, v. 2, Philip Francis, 1846*)

The man resolved and steady to his trust,
Inflexible to ill, and obstinately just,
May the rude rabble's insolence despise,
Their senseless clamours and tumultuous cries;
 The tyrant's fierceness he beguiles,
And the stern brow, and the harsh voice defies,
 And with superior greatness smiles.
Not the rough whirlwind, that deforms
Adria's black gulf, and vexes it with storms,
The stubborn virtue of his soul can move;
Nor the red arm of angry Jove,
That flings the thunder from the sky,
And gives it rage to roar, and strength to fly.
Should the whole frame of nature round him break,
 In ruin and confusion hurl'd,
He, unconcern'd, would hear the mighty crack,
 And stand secure amid a falling world.
Such were the godlike arts, that led
 Bright Pollux to the bless'd abodes;
Such did for great Alcides plead,
 And gain'd a place among the gods;
Where now Augustus, mix'd with heroes, lies,
And to his lips the nectar bowl applies:
His ruddy lips the purple tincture show,
And with immortal stains divinely glow.
By arts like these did young Lyæus rise:
His tigers drew him to the skies;
 Wild from the desert, and unbroke,
In vain they foam'd, in vain they stared,
In vain their eyes with fury glared;
He tamed them to the lash, and bent them to the yoke.
 Such were the paths that Rome's great founder trod,
When in in a whirlwind snatch'd on high,
He shook off dull mortality,
 And lost the monarch in the god.
Bright Juno then her awful silence broke,
And thus th' assembled deities bespoke:
"Troy," says the goddess, "perjured Troy has felt
The dire effects of her proud tyrant's guilt;
The towering pile, and soft abodes,
Wall'd by the hand of servile gods,
Now spreads its ruins all around,
And lies inglorious on the ground.
An umpire partial and unjust,
And a lewd woman's impious lust

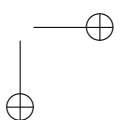
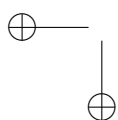


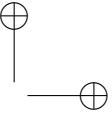
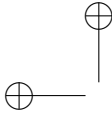
Lay heavy on her head, and sink her to the dust.
Since false Laomedon's tyrannic sway
That durst defraud th' immortals of their pay,
Her guardian renounced their patronage,
Nor would the fierce invading foe repel;
To my resentment, and Minerva's rage,
The guilty king and the whole people fell.
And now the long protracted wars are o'er,
The soft adulterer shines no more;
No more does Hector's force the Trojans shield,
That drove whole armies back, and singly clear'd the field
My vengeance sated, I at length resign
To Mare his offspring of the Trojan line:
Advanced to godhead, let him rise,
And take his station in the skies:
There entertain his ravish'd sight
With scenes of glory, fields of light:
Quaff with the gods immortal wine,
And see adoring nations crowd his shrine.
The thin remains of Troy's afflicted host
In distant realms may seats unenvied find,
And flourish on a foreign coast;
But far be Rome from Troy disjoin'd,
Removed by seas from the disastrous shore,
May endless billows rise between, and storms unnumber'd roar.
Still let the cursed, detested place
Where Priam lies, and Priam's faithless race,
Be cover'd o'er with weeds, and hid in grass,
There let the wanton flocks unguarded stray;
Or, while the lonely shepherd sings,
Amid the mighty ruins play,
And frisk upon the tombs of kings.
May tigers there, and all the savage kind
Sad solitary haunts and deserts find;
In gloomy vaults and nooks of palaces,
May th' unmolested lioness
Her brinded whelps securely lay,
Or, couch'd, in dreadful slumbers waste the day.
While Troy in heaps of ruins lies,
Rome and the Roman capitol shall rise;
Th' illustrious exiles unconfined
Shall triumph far and near, and rule mankind.
In vain the sea's intruding tide
Europe from Afric shall divide,
And part the sever'd world in two:
Through Afric's sands their triumphs they shall spread,
And the long train of victories pursue
To Nile's yet undiscover'd head.





Riches the hardy soldiers shall despise,
And look on gold with undesiring eyes,
Nor the disbowell'd earth explore
In search of the forbidden ore;
Those glittering ills, conceal'd within the mine
Shall lie untouch'd, and innocently shine.
To the last bounds that nature sets
The piercing colds and sultry heats,
The godlike race shall spread their arms,
Now fill the polar circle with alarms,
Till storms and tempests their pursuits confine;
Now sweat for conquest underneath the line.
This only Jaws the victor shall restrain;
On these conditions shall he reign:
If none his guilty hand employ
To build again a second Troy,
If none the rash design pursue,
Nor tempt the vengeance of the gods anew.
A curse there cleaves to the devoted place,
That shall the new foundations raise;
Greece shall in mutual leagues conspire
To storm the rising town with fire,
And at their armies' head myself will show
What Juno, urged to all her rage, can do.
Thrice should Apollo's self the city raise,
And line it round with walls of brass;
Thrice should my favourite Greeks his works confound,
And hew the shining fabric to the ground:
Thrice should her captive dames to Greece return
And their dead sons and slaughter'd husbands mourn."
But hold, my muse, forbear thy towering flight,
Nor bring the secrets of the gods to light:
In vain would thy presumptuous verse
Th' immortal rhetoric rehearse;
The mighty strains, in lyric numbers bound,
Forget their majesty, and lose the sound.

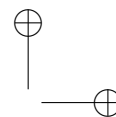
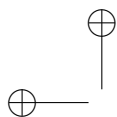




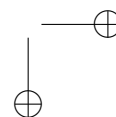
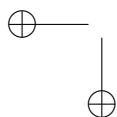
ELIJAH FENTON, 1704 (IMITATED)

(*Horace: Translations of Various Odes, v. 2, Philip Francis, 1846*)

An honest mind, to virtue's precepts true,
Contemns the fury of a lawless crew:
Firm as a rock he to his purpose stands,
And thinks a tyrant's frowns as weak as his commands,
Him loudest storms can't from his centre move,
He braves the almighty thunder e'en of Jove.
If all the heavenly orbs, confus'dly hurl'd
Should dash in pieces, and should crush the world
Undaunted he the mighty crush would hear,
Nor in his breast admit a thought of fear.
Pollux, and wandering Hercules of old,
Were by such acts among the gods enroll'd.
Augustus thus the shining powers possess'd,
By all the immortal deities caress'd;
He shares with them in their ethereal feasts,
And quaffs bright nectar with the heavenly guests
This was the path the frisking tigers trod,
Dragging the car that bore their jolly god,
Who fix'd in heaven his crown and his abode.
Romulus by Mars through this bless'd path was shown,
And 'scaped the woes of gloomy Acheron.
In virtue's ragged road he took his way,
And gain'd the mansions of eternal day;
For him e'en Juno's self pronounced a word,
Grateful to all the ethereal council board.
Oh Ilion! Ilion! I with transport view
The fall of all thy wicked, perjured crew;
Pallas and I have borne the rankling grudge
To that cursed shepherd, that incestuous judge;
Nay, e'en Laomedon his gods betray'd,
And basely broke the solemn oath he made.
But now the painted strumpet and her guest,
No more are in their pomp and jewels dress'd;
No more is Hector licensed to destroy,
To slay the Greeks, and save his perjured Troy.
Priam is now become an empty ghost,
Doom'd with his house to tread the burning coast.
The god of battle now has ceased to roar,
And I, the queen of heaven, pursue my hate no more.
I now the Trojan priestess' son will give
Back to his warlike sire, and let him live
In lucid bowers, and give him leave to use
Ambrosia, and the nectar's heavenly juice;
To be enroll'd in these serene abodes,
And wear the easy order of the gods.



In this bless'd state I grant him to remain,
While Troy from Rome's divided by the main;
While savage beasts insult the Trojan tombs,
And in their caves unlade their pregnant wombs,
Let the exiled Trojans reign in every land,
And let the capitol triumphant stand,
And all the tributary world command,
Let awful Rome, with seven refulgent heads
Still keep her conquest o'er the vanquish'd Medes.
With conquering terror let her arms extend
Her mighty name to shores without an end;
Where midland seas divide the fruitful soil
From Europe to the swelling waves of Nile.
Let them be greater by despising gold,
Than digging it from forth its native mould,
To be the wicked instrument of ill.
Let sword and ruin every country fill
That strives to stop the progress of her arms;
Not only those that sultry Sirius warms;
But where the fields in endless winter lie,
Whose frosts and snows the sun's bright rays defy.
But yet, on this condition I decree
The warlike Romans' happy destiny;
That, when they universal rule enjoy,
They not presume to raise their ancient Troy;
For then all ugly omens shall return,
And Troy be built but once again to burn;
E'en I myself a second war will move,
E'en I, the sister and the wife of Jove.
If Phœbus' harp should thrice erect a wall,
And all of brass, yet thrice the work shall fall,
Sack'd by my fav'rite Greeks; and thrice again
The Trojan wives should drag a captive chain,
And mourn their children and their husbands slain.
But, whither wouldst thou, soaring muse, aspire,
To tell the councils of the heavenly choir?
Alas! thou canst not strain thy weakly strings,
To sing, in humble notes, such mighty things:
No more the secrets of the gods relate,
Thy tongue's too feeble for a task so great.





ANONYMOUS, 1706

(*The Third Part of Miscellany Poems*, John Dryden, 1706)

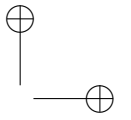
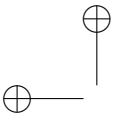
Be calm, my *Delius*, and serene,
However Fortune change the Scene!
In thy most dejected State,
Sink not underneath the Weight;
Nor yet, when happy Days begin,
And the full Tide comes rolling in,
Let a fierce unruly Joy
The settled Quiet of thy Mind destroy:
However Fortune change the Scene,
Be calm, my *Delius*, and serene!

Be thy Lot good, or be it ill,
Life ebbs out at the same rate still:
Whether with busie Cares opprest,
You wear the sullen Time away;
Or whether to sweet Ease and Rest,
You sometimes give a Day;
Carelesly laid,
Underneath a friendly Shade
By Pines, and Poplars, mixt Embraces made;
Near a River's sliding Stream;
Fetter'd in Sleep, bless'd with a Golden Dream.

Here, here, in this much envy'd State,
Let ev'ry Blessing on thee wait;
Bid the *Syrian Nard* be brought,
Bid the hidden Wines be sought,
And let the Roses short-liv'd Flow'r,
The smiling Daughter of an Hour,
Flourish on thy *Brow*:
Enjoy the very, very now!
While the good Hand of Life is in,
While yet the fatal Sisters Spin.

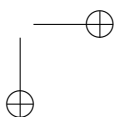
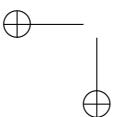
A little hence, my Friend, and Thou
Must into other Hands resign
Thy Gardens and thy Parks, and all that now
Bears the pleasing Name of *Thine*!
Thy Meadows, by whose planted Tides,
Silver *Tyber* gently glides!
Thy pleasant Houses; all must go;
The Gold that's hoarded in 'em too:
A jolly Heir shall set it free,
And give th' imprison'd Monarchs Liberty.

Nor matters it, what Figure here,
Thou dost among thy Fellow-Mortals bear;



How thou wert born, or how begot
Impartial Death matters it not:
With what Titles thou dost shine,
Or who was First of all thy Line:
Life's vain Amusements! amidst which we dwell,
Nor weigh'd, nor understood, by the grim God of Hell!

In the same Road (alas!) all travel on!
By all alike, the same sad Journey must be gone!
Our blended Lots together lye,
Mingled in one common Urn;
Sooner or Later out they fly:
The fatal *Boat* then wasts us to the Shore,
Whence we never shall return,
Never! – never more!





WILLIAM OLDISWORTH, 1713

(1680–1734; Author and Translator)

Be calm, my Friend! be easie and sedate,
And bend your Soul to ev'ry State:
However Fortune smiles or knits her Brow,
Let not your Passions rise too high, or sink too low.

Be calm, tho' heavily thy Moments pass,
Or tho' reclining on the Grass
You spend the Day in Mirth, and chear your Soul
With rich *Falernian* Liquor from the sparkling Bowl.

There, where the Poplar and the stately Pine
Meet in the Shade, and closely twine,
To form the Bow'r with thick intangled Bows,
And where the limpid Stream in curling Murmurs flows;

Now let your Slaves their Wines and Odours bring,
And all the Flow'rs that grace the Spring,
Whilst Plenty lasts, whilst you are gay and young,
And the indulgent *Fates* your Silken Thread prolong.

You must your Fields and pleasant Seat forego,
Where *Tiber's* yellow Waters flow;
You must to *Pluto's* gloomy Realm repair,
And leave your heaps of Wealth to a luxurious Heir.

What matters your high Blood and noble Birth,
When you are tumbled low in Earth?
'Tis the same thing, if naked on the Shore
You lye expos'd a Prey to Hell's relentless Pow'r.

In the eternal Urn our Lots are cast,
And to the Shades below we haste;
The grisly *Ferryman* shall waft us o'er,
Thence never to return to Earth's bright Confines more.



THOMAS HOLLIER RIDOUT, 1717

(*Poems and Translations*)

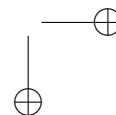
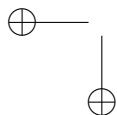
When Fortune frowns, preserve a steady Mind,
Nor swell with too much Joy, when Fortune's kind;
With Moderation temper either State;
To die at last, O *Dellius*, is your Fate,
Whether you joyless waste your Time away,
While pining Sorrows on your Vitals prey;
Or gayly chearful, on a Turf reclin'd,
With racy Wine exhilarate your Mind.
Where the large Pine and spreading Poplar aid,
With twining Boughs to give a grateful Shade;
And a swift Brook with murm'ring Eddies flows,
Kissing the winding Banks, and trembling as it goes;
Hither Perfumes, and Wine, and Roses bring,
And all the short-liv'd Odors of the Spring;
While Youth and Opportunity allow,
Nor with the Weight of feeble Age you bow.
Hence you must go and leave your purchas'd Grove,
The Seat where *Tiber's* yellow Waters rove;
Hence you must go; your Treasures pil'd on high,
Your happy Heir shalt speedily enjoy.
Whether you're Rich, and sprung from Royal Race,
'Tis still the same, as if but Poor and Base;
All must submit to *Pluto's* dreadful Sway,
When he commands, both Rich and Poor obey.
None are exempt; our Lots are in the Urn,
Too soon, alas! 'twill be our fatal Turn,
And *Charon's* Boat shall quickly waft us o'er,
Banish'd for ever to the *Stygian* Shore.



HENRY COXWELL, 1718

(*The Odes of Horace*)

If thou dost meet with Troubles here below,
Or if the Gods Prosperity bestow,
Let neither over thy great Soul prevail,
But poise thy Temper with an even Scale;
And this consider, *Delius*, after all,
The Happy with th' Unfortunate must fall;
If thou do'st never see a chearful Day,
And shalt with meagre Sorrow pine away,
Or if thou tak'st a Glass of cordial Wine,
That will thy Spirits, and thy Blood refine,
Beneath some pleasant Shade, 'tis all as one,
'Tis all forgotten when thy Years are gone.
Then bring sweet Unguents, fill my Bowl up high,
Bring short-liv'd Roses, that just blow and die,
E'er Youth, and happy Days do all forsake,
And th' fatal Thread of the Three Sisters break.
Thou must thy House, and Mannors leave behind,
And to a narrow'r Compass be confin'd,
And then what thou hast gotten in Times past,
Thy prodigal young Heir will spend as fast.
It nought avails, though from the ancient King
Great *Inachus*, thy wealthy Race did spring;
Or of some poor, and despicable Race,
And hast no Dwelling, or abiding Place,
Thou must depart at meagre Death's Command,
A Victim fall by his impartial Hand.
All take their Chance, some early, and some late
Die by the secret Ordinance of Fate,
And to perpetual Exile needs must float
O'er the pale River, in the common Boat.





JOHN GLANVILL, 1726

(c. 1664–1735; Barrister, Poet, and Translator)

O *Delius*, mindful of thy mortal Frame,
Calm, and with Temper play Life's various Game,
And whate'er Fortune is, be ever thou the same.
Nor in hard Times, and by the ruder Frown
Dispirited, and cast desponding down;
Nor by false Smiles and Blandishments decoy'd,
Giddy with Joy, or insolent with Pride;
But just, and steady, and no way inclin'd,
In a wise Equilibrium keep thy easy Mind.
Why shou'dst thou triumph here, or languish there?
'Tis but a while thou canst rejoice or bear.
Fortune soon chang'd another Pitch may fly;
But shou'd not Fortune change, yet thou art sure to die.
Die, die thou must, whether in Care and Strife
Thou lead'st an anxious gloomy Life,
Or wisely, to thy self a better Friend,
Thou good Occasions tak'st thy Labours to unbend;
When in some silent, green Recess,
Reclin'd upon the flow'ry Plain,
With th' inmost Vault's select Champaign,
Thou dost thy happy self caress;
There, where the Poplar, and the Pine,
Their social Branches amicably joyn,
Repell the Sun that wou'd invade,
And love to weave a hospitable Shade;
Whilst a fresh Stream check'd in its winding Way,
Lab'ring to vanquish the unkind Delay,
Glides trembling by with a soft murmuring Noise,
To hush thy peaceful Mind, and lull the gentle Joys.

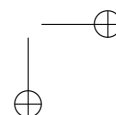
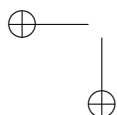
Here, here, to this divine Retreat,
Bring all that's pleasing, all that's sweet;
The Wines, the Essences, the rosy Flow'rs,
To furnish out luxurious Hours;
Whilst Age, and Fate, and Fortune all combine
To give the Leave, enjoy them while they're thine.
For, oh! my Friend, the Time is short,
And thou from all must surely part;
Part from thy House, thy Groves, thy Villa which the *Thames*
Washes so kindly with delightful Streams;
And all thy high-pil'd Wealth shall be the Share
Of thy then happy, thy succeeding Heir.

Whether thou wanton'st in abounding Store,
Or begg'st, a Wretch, from Door to Door,
Th' expanded Heav'n thy bleaky Canopy,



A naked vagrant Tenant of the Sky;
Whether from ancient Stock, and Blood of Kings,
Thy high illustrious Lineage springs,
Or thy low despicable Birth and Name
From the vile Dregs and Refuse of the Rabble came,
Tis to th' Affair of Dying all the same;
Alike thou must resign thy common Breath;
Alike the certain Victim of unpitying Death.

All, all are bound to the same gloomy Shore,
Only some follow after, and some go before,
Fate shakes for all a common Urn,
And soon or late our Lot must take its Turn.
Then sentenc'd shall we from this dear-lov'd Country go,
Transported to the wild Plantations down below;
There into everlasting Banishment be hurl'd,
Cast out from Life, and Exiles of the World.





THOMAS HARE, 1737

(“Master of Blandford School”)

Let Fortune smile, or be unkind,
Still, Delius, keep an equal Mind,
Nor in Prosperity elate,
Nor abject in an adverse State;
Let chearful Mirth, and mod’rate joy
Your transitory Span employ.

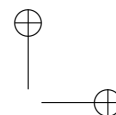
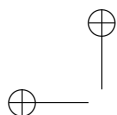
Alike grim Death will seize his Prey,
Whether you mourn your Life away;
Or else, when festal Days succeed,
Seek the Retirement of the Mead,
On easy Grass your Limbs recline,
And gaily drink your choicest Wine.

Beneath an hospitable Shade
By social Pines and Poplars made,
Nigh which a winding Riv’let glides,
And murm’ring strikes its jutting Sides:
Come, Wine and Oil, and Roses bring,
The short-liv’d Glories of the Spring,
Whilst blooming Youth and Wealth remain,
And e’er your Thread be cut in twain.

Depart you must from all that’s here,
From all that in the World is dear:
Your Country-Seat and spacious Groves,
Near which the yellow *Tyber* roves,
Your City-House, and Heaps of Store
Shall be your Heir’s, and yours no more.

No matter, whether rich or not,
Of Parents high or low begot;
Whether in Beds of State you lie,
Or see no Cov’ring but the Sky:
Hell’s Victim you alike must prove,
For *Pluto*’s Pity none can move.

We all must go or soon or late,
All share our Lot, and yield to Fate;
Sail Exiles to the *Stygian* Coast,
There doom’d for ever to be lost.

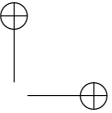
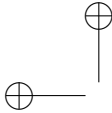


DAVID WATSON, 1741

(1710-56)

O Dellius, who *some time or other* must die, be mindful to preserve an Equality of Mind in Adversity, and in like manner in Prosperity, a Mind restrained *from giving way to immoderate Joy; you must die, Dellius*, whether you have passed the time of your Life in Sadness, or reclining yourself, on Days of Joy and Festivity, upon a remote Turf, have indulged yourself with a Glass of your most excellent *Falernian Wine*, where the tall Pine and white Poplar love to unite their Branches, and form an hospitable Shade, and the moving Water strives to murmur along in its winding Channel. Here give Orders to bring Wine, Ointments, and the too soon fading Flowers of the sweet Rose, while Time, Circumstance, and the Threads of the three fatal Sisters permit. You must relinquish these Groves, which you bought, and *embellished* at a vast Expencc; you must relinquish your House and *Villa*, washed by the yellow *Tiber*; an Heir shall enjoy these Riches which you have piled up in Heaps. 'Tis no matter whether you are rich, and sprung from antient *Inachus*, or poor and descended of an ignoble Race, you live in this World a Victim of inexorable Death. We shall all be brought to the same Place; the Urn of all is in Motion; sooner or later the fatal Lot will appear, that shall place us in the Boat doom'd to convey us into eternal Banishment.





ANONYMOUS, 1742 (IMITATED)

(*The Gentleman's Magazine*)

Sir Jonn, preserve an equal mind,
Unmov'd, if she proves cross, or kind.

Scorn to be *Fortune's* creature;
Nor own that she has made you great,
With title, lands, and senate-seat;
To be *yourself* is greater.

Since you must die, your purse will bear it
Instead of port, indulge with claret,
Nor die without good living;
Were you in life's dull path to trudge,
As grave and sober as a judge;
From death there's no relieving.

Chuse then some hospitable shade,
By the old knight's plantations made,
Trees close with trees uniting;
Where your fine water's peaceful wave
Glides gently, as if loth to leave
A landskip so delighting.

Here take your glass, and strew your roses,
Whose short life warns with hearty doses
To seize each present minute;
Enjoy like them, now while you may,
A life tho' short, yet sweet and gay,
'Tis all that life has in it.

Since *Lynn* and *Warbam* you must quit,
Your charming lake, your shady seat,
Still merry let us find you;
Nor plague your thoughts to raise a sum,
For if you cou'd scrape up a plumb,
You must leave all behind you.

How rich, or poor soe'er your are,
A begger, or Sir *Charles's* heir,
Differs not as to dying;
For Death makes no more beds than one,
And tho' a friend may add a stone,
That alters not your lying.

Here we must all, or soon or late,
Be lodg'd together, small and great,
As we receive our summons;
And while fate's wheel turns up each lot,
Old *Charon* in his scurvy boat
Plies for king, lords, and commons.



PHILIP FRANCIS, 1743

(1708–73; Clergyman and Writer)

In arduous Hours an equal Mind maintain,
Nor let your Spirit rise too high,
Though Fortune kindly change the Scene,
Alas! my Dellius, Thou wert born to die,
Whether your Life in sadness pass,
Or wing'd with Pleasure glide away;
Whether reclining on the Grass,
You bless with choicer Wine the festal Day,
Where the pale Poplar and the Pine
Expel th' inhospitable Beam;
Where in kind Shades their Branches twine,
And toils, obliquely swift, the purling Stream.
There pour your Wines, your Odours shed,
Bring forth the rosy, short-liv'd Flower,
While Fate yet spins thy mortal Thread,
While Youth and Fortune give th' indulgent Hour.
Your purchas'd Woods, your House of State,
Your Villa wash'd by Tiber's Wave,
You must, my Dellius, yield to Fate,
And to your Heir these high-pil'd Treasures leave.
Though you could boast a Monarch's Birth,
Though wealth unbounded round Thee flows,
Though poor, and sprung from vulgar Earth,
No Pity for his Victim Pluto knows;
For all must tread the Paths of Fate,
And ever shakes the mortal Urn,
Whose Lot embarks us, soon or late,
On Charon's Boat, ah! never to return.

THOMAS MARTIN, 1743

(*Imitations and Translations of Horace*)

If Fortune, *Delli*, prove unkind,
Let not her Frowns deject your Mind;
Nor raise your Hopes too high,
Building on her deceitful Smiles;
Consider various are her Wiles,
And you were born to die;

Whether your Days you choose to spend,
In Melancholy without End;
Or in some private Field,
On each returning Festival,
Yourself and Friends with Wine regale,
The best your Cellars yield;

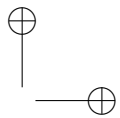
Where the white Pop'lar and tall Pine
Their Branches lovingly entwine,
And form a pleasant Shade;
Where Rills in winding Channels stray,
And guggling work and force their Way
Along the verdant Mead:

Hither your Wines and Ointments bring,
And the short Glory of the Spring,
The Roses fragrant Flow'r;
Whilst both your Income and your Years,
And the three Sisters fatal Shears
Yet leave it in your Pow'r.

Your Lands and Houses you must leave;
Your Villa wash'd by *Tyber's* Wave;
Your Riches without End,
Heap'd up by you with Thought and Care,
Believe me, to your joyfull Heir
Must all one day Descend.

Say where the mighty Diff'rence then,
Whether amongst the Sons of Men
You claim the foremost Place?
Or meanly born reign your Breath
On the cold Earth, since after Death
All vain Distinctions cease:

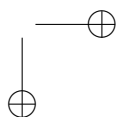
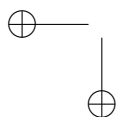
Death knows nor Pity nor Remorse;
All soon or late must feel his Force;
Charon, as from the Urn
Of Fate leaps forth each Mortal's Lot,
Seizes, and wafts him in his Boat
Thither, whence none return.



EUGENIO, 1748

(*Universal Magazine*)

Dellius, remember still to keep
In every fate an even mind,
Least fickle fortune spoil thy sleep,
Whose wheel obeys each puff of wind,
Whether a melancholy veil
Of grief depress thy pensive soul,
Or on the grass thou dost regale,
And gayly quaff the sparkling bowl:
Where an umbrageous cool retreat
Of pines and poplars weave a shade,
And sweetly murm'ring at thy feet,
The brook steals thro' the pebbly glade:
Hither thy choicest viands bring,
With *Flora's* mantle o'er thee spread;
O pluck the rose buds as they spring,
Before the sisters cut thy thread.
For soon thy splendid dome you'll leave,
And visto's that so far extend,
Trembling in *Thames'* pellucid wave,
Soon to thy smiling heir descend.
Whither from *Bourbon's* line you come,
Or own the plainest pedigree;
No plea shall mitigate thy doom;
Or change the fix'd severe decree.
All mortals bow to rigid fate,
And all partake one common lot;
What matters then, if soon or late,
We step in *Charon's* dismal boat?





WILLIAM POPPLE, C. 1750

(1700–64; Poet and Playwright)

Mortal Dellius in each state
Keep! ah! keep thy mind sedate;
Insolence of joy is wrong,
Sorrow, if it bear too strong.

Whether plung'd in Scenes of woe,
Thou no hours of pleasure know;
Whether streched on tufts of grass
Wine & Mirth make moments pass.

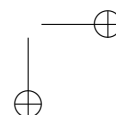
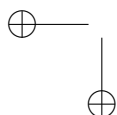
Where the Poplar & the Pine
Love their social arms to twine,
Where the Rill it's course has made,
Murm'ring thro' the verdant Glade.

Hither Wine & Oyntments bring,
Roses shorter-liv'd than Spring;
Whilst the Sister-Fates permit,
Revel in the season fit.

Houses, Forrests, Lawns, and all,
To thy greedy Heir will fall –
All thy Riches, all thy store,
Will, alas! be thine no more.

Mean or noble 'tis all one,
Cruel Orcus pities none;
High or low-born – King or Slave –
No distinction in the grave.

One way Mortals all must go,
Some move quick & some move slow –
Soon or late we all shall take,
Passage o'er the Stygian lake.





J. MILLER, 1754

(*Poems on Several Occasions*)

Thro' all the adverse Turns of Fate,
Remember, *Delius!* to maintain
An equal Mind; nor if thou'rt great,
Be proud, or insolently vain.
Obnoxious still to Death,

Whether to dreary Grief a Prey,
In Tears thou wear'st away thy Life,
Or in some Grove remote, the Day
Do'st spend in Feasts, and mirthful Strife,
Quaffing choice *Falern* Wines.

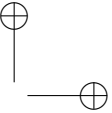
Where the tall Pine; and Poplar white;
In am'rous Union blend their Boughs,
And with their friendly Shade delight,
Whilst a clear Rill, meandering flows,
In Murmurs by thy Side.

Haste then, my Friend! and bid them bring
The choice Perfumes, and chearing Wines,
And the gay Rose, sweet Child of Spring!
Whilst yet thy Thread the *Parcæ* twine,
And Time and Youth permit.

For soon thy House and costly Woods,
Thou to another must resign,
And *Villa*, wash'd by *Tyber's* Floods,
And all this heap'd-up Wealth of thine
To Joy a future Heir.

Art Rich? or do'st thou owe thy Rise
To great *Inachus?* antient Name!
Or ly'st beneath inclement Skies
Of Lineage mean! 'tis all the same!
No Victim *Orcus* spares.

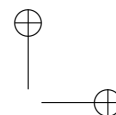
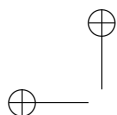
To the same common End all move;
The Urn is turn'd, and soon or late
The Lot will rise, and we shall prove
Eternal Exile for our Fate;
And the Boat wast us o'er.



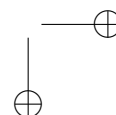
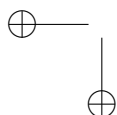
ELIZABETH TOLLET, 1756

(1694–1754; Poet and Translator)

Why thus dejected? can you a Cure
In mourning Ills which you endure?
Without Redress you grieve:
A melancholy Thought may sour
The Pleasures of the present Hour
But never can the Past retrieve.
Who knows if more remain for Fate to give?
Unerring Death alike on all attends;
Alike our Hopes and Fears destroys:
Alike one silent Period ends.
All our repining Griefs and our insulting Joys.
Not thy Expencc; nor thy Physicians Skill
Can guard thee from the Stroak of Fate:
Thou yield'st to some imaginary Ill
Thy very Fears of Death create.
With the fantastick Spleen oppress'd,
With Vapours wilder Indolence possess'd,
Thy stagnant Blood forgets to roll,
And Fate attacks thee from thy inward Soul,
Vain is Resistance, let's retreat
To some remote, some rural Seat;
Where on the Grass reclin'd we may,
Make ev'ry Day an Holy-day:
Where all to our Delights combine,
With Friendship, Wit, and chearful Wine.
Where the tall Poplar and aspiring Pine
Their hospitable Branches twine:
Among their Roots a silver Current strays,
Which wand'ring here and there, its Course delays,
And in *Meanders* forms its winding Ways.
Perfumes, and Wine; and Roses bring!
The shortliv'd Treasures of the Spring!
While Wealth can give, or Youth can use,
While that can purchase; this excuse,
Let's live the present Now!
'Tis all the fatal Sisters may allow.
Tho' thou should'st purchase an immense Estate,
Tho' the clear Mirror of the rolling Tide
Reflect thy *Villa's* rising Pride,
And Forest shading either side,
Yet must thou yield to Fate:
To these shall thy unthankful Heir succeed;
And waste the heapy Treasures of the Dead.



Nor shall it aid thee them to trace:
Thy Ancestors beyond the Norman Race:
Death, the great Leveller of all Degrees,
Does on Mankind without Distinction seize,
Undaunted Guards attend in vain
The mighty Tyrant to repel;
Nor does this Cruelty disdain
The lab'ring Hind and weary Swain
Who in obscure Oblivion dwell,
When from the fated Urn the Lot is cast,
The Doom irrevocable past,
Still on the Brink the shiv'ring Ghosts wou'd stay:
Imperious Fate brooks no Delay;
The Steersman calls, away! away!





ANDREW HERVEY MILLS, 1767 (IMITATED)

(fl. 1755–67; Poet)

Let Fortune use you as she will,
Appear the man of temper still;
And keep, tho' in the midst of woe,
Thyself in – *Equilibrio* –

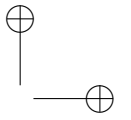
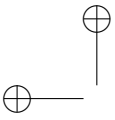
But yet the harder task we find,
Justly to poize the tow'ring mind,
When that good lady, at a slap,
Lets fall a ticket in our lap.

Well, let her frown, or let her smile,
I'll be her dupe but for a while;
And soon, upon the grass, forget
The very name of such a cheat –
There, with my lass and bottle, play,
In a perpetual roundelay;
Or where, to heighten our delight,
Those interwoven shades invite;
Which (stranger to a noon-tide ray)
Can make a twilight of the day,
And give young folks an hint to join
Embrace, like them – like them, intwine –
While water, unperceiv'd, distils,
To feed the little *subter-rills* –
Which, huddling in a thousand streams,
Sweetly excite poetic dreams –

– Come, pr'ythee set thy forehead free
From all those wrinkles which I see:
If talking will not do, I'll try
The grand specific – *Burgundy!*
We'll strew the place with ev'ry flow'r;
And crop those roses (of an hour)
Which else, perhaps, like you or I,
May droop to-morrow, fall, and die.

– Let's laugh and sing – for, who's afraid?
Death's but my shadow 'till I'm dead!
And, then, believe for once the poet,
Happy for us! we never know it –

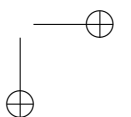
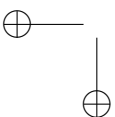
– That pretty box, and range of trees,
Where, now, you revel at your ease;
And, day by day, with hope beguile,
May fall to *John-a-Noke*, or *Stile* –
Some rav'nous, scraping heir or other;
Some bastard, or forgotten brother –

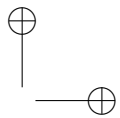


Will make those golden heaps a level,
And with your lordship at the Devil;
Because some little, paltry sum,
Is wanting to compleat the *plumb* –

– Sooner, or later, we must hence,
And pay th' old ferryman his pence.
The last poor solitary coin
His worship suffers to be thine –

– The wretch, who breath'd in open air,
A life of misery and care—
Or he who, cloath'd in rich array,
Far'd sumptuously – but ev'ry day!
Kings, poets, and the Lord knows what,
Forgetting, die – and are forgot;
And, then, who has the most to say?
He who, like me, has liv'd to-day –
This, and this only, my good friend!
Will hold a maxim to the end;
And more immortalize your fame,
Than wealth without an honest name;
Which then, as in the moments past,
Will bring you curses to the last!





ANONYMOUS, 1771

(The Gentleman's Magazine)

Ne'er thou repine at Fate's decree,
But live contented with thy state,
From all immoderate pleasures free; –
My Dellius you must yield to fate.

Whether your life slide dull away,
Or, whether laid upon as the grass
Remote from men, each festal day,
You joyous take your cheerfull glass.

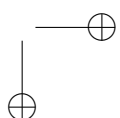
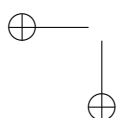
Where poplars white, the lofty pine
Admit of no perplexing ray;
And where the labouring waters twine
Slow murm'ring in their winding way.

Here bring thy wine, and sweet perfumes,
With short-liv'd roses deck thy heat;
Whilst life in fullest vigour blooms,
And Fate prolongs the vital thread.

For you must leave your house and woods,
Where Tiber's yellow waters flow;
Your heap'd up wealth, and splendid goods
To your ungrateful heir must go.

Tho' you a monarch's blessings share,
Tho' streams of gold around thee flow,
Or meanly bred in open air,
To none will Pluto mercy show.

We all must share an equal fate,
'Tis thus our mortal urn goes round
In Charon's boat, or soon, or late,
T'eternal banishment we all are bound.





WILLIAM GREEN, 1777

(A New Poetical Translation of All the Odes)

Preserve an equal mind, serene
Alike, in fortune low, or high,
In mirth not insolently vain,
Remembring thou must change the scene
O Dellius, doom'd to die,

Or be thy life in cares deprest,
Or to the daily genial feast
Given up – with choice Falerny blest.

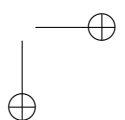
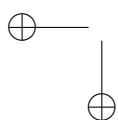
Where Poplar white, and lofty pine,
Consocial branches, loving, twine,
And dimpling brooks obliquely stray,
And fretting quest their weary way.

Here then rich wine and odours bring,
And the roses short-lived spring,
And every fragrant grace,
While youth, and health, and all agree,
While runs the thread of Sisters THREE,
The fable spinsters of our days.

Thy purchas'd villa thou must leave,
And dome, which Tyber's waters lave,
And piles of gold, which you amass,
All must unto another pass;
He pious, lays thee in the grave,
And mourning takes thy place.

Of Inachus, or Hercules,
Or Æacus, thy boasted race,
Or poor or rich, or high or low,
The coward, brave, and good,
All – victims to th' unsparing GOD,
Unmercifully go.

All crowded to one goal, altern
To each comes forth th' Eternal lot,
Shook from capacious urn,
Embarking – exiles in the boat
Doom'd, never to return.





JOHN PARKE, 1781

(1754–89, First American Translation, Dedicated to George Washington)

In adverse times preserve, my friend,
An even, steady mind;
Or should the fates prove kind,
And fortune, more propitious, send:
Let not your heart with too much joy dilate;
Remember, we must all submit to fate!

Whether your life in sorrow pass,
Or glides in mirth away,
In festive sports and play:
Reclin'd at ease upon the grass,
You drain the liquor from the sparkling bowl,
And with Falernian juice expand the soul.

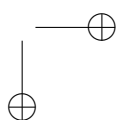
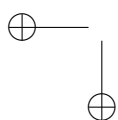
Where the white poplar and the pine,
Unite their friendly boughs,
And kindest shades compose;
While intermingled sprays, together twine;
And as the riv'let's streams obliquely glide,
Seem the rough pebble, as they pass, to chide:

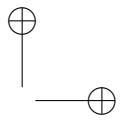
There wine and odours, ointment spread,
And sweetest roses bring,
The short-liv'd birth of spring;
While sprightly youth adorns your head:
Now while your mortal thread, the Parcae spare,
And health and fortune bless you ev'ry year.

Your purchas'd forests, country seat,
Where Tibur's yellow wave,
The splendid villa lave;
My *Dellius* must yield to fate:
All, all the wealth you fondly have amass'd,
Must to your greedy heir descend at last.

Though sprung from Inachus of old,
When you are laid in earth,
What then avails your birth?
Though you possess vast stores of gold;
Though from the meanest of the crowd you spring,
Nought can assuage the dire, infernal king.

To death's drear realms we all must go;
Ah! never to return!
Fate shakes the mortal urn,
That sinks us to the shades below.
In *Charon's* boat we all shall ferry o'er,
Ne'er to revisit earth's bright regions more.





J. A., 1786

(The Gentleman's Magazine)

O friend, amid this transient scene
Of intermingled joy and woe,
Still learn to keep a soul serene,
Nor swell too high, nor sink too low.

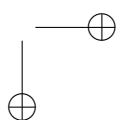
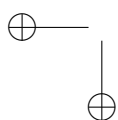
Whether involv'd in thought you sit,
And pensive muse the hours away;
Or, 'midst the flow of wine and wit,
At ease indulge the festal day;

Within your favourite bower reclin'd,
Around where freshest odours breathe,
Where varied shades aloft are twin'd,
And limpid waters purl beneath;

Here be the sparkling goblet crown'd,
The liberal board with garlands drest;
Be short-lived roses scatter'd round,
While Fate permits you to be blest.

Too soon your villa's stately pride,
And all the useless wealth you spare,
Your spreading lawns, and meadows wide,
Shall go to glut some unknown heir.

All mortal-born, alike our doom;
The prince, the peasant, and she slave,
Alike all journey to the tomb;
In dust all mingle in the grave.





WILLIAM BOSCAWEN, 1793

(1752–1811; Barrister, Author, and Translator)

With stedfast soul thy course maintain,
Should griefs assail thee, toils oppress;
Nor less from boundless joy refrain,
Should pleasure smile, and fortune bless.

For, Dellius, death's sure lot is thine,
Though grief embitter every hour,
Though richest, best Falernian wine
Court thee within the mossy bower,

Where the tall pine in stately rows,
With poplars, forms a friendly shade,
Where the swift stream obliquely flows,
And, quivering, murmurs through the glade. –

Soon must thou quit thy dear-bought wood,
Thy treasures pil'd with ceaseless care,
Thy villa wash'd by Tiber's flood,
Thy stately mansion, to thine heir.

Though great thy wealth, renowned thy birth,
Nor birth nor opulence can save.
Though poorest, humblest child of earth,
Still doom'd to the relentless grave.

To the same bourn impartial fate
Devotes us, when she shakes the urn:
There, wretched exiles, soon or late,
The bark conveys us, – never to return.



GILBERT WAKEFIELD, 1795

(1756–1801; Classical Scholar and Politician)

When storms, my Friend! around thee rise,
And clouds of woe involve the skies,
 Maintain a mind serene:
Or, if thy sun break out and smile,
Let no proud thoughts thy soul beguile
 Amidst the gaudy scene.

For, know, should Fortune's brightest ray
Illume with mirth each live-long day,
 Or frowning sorrow gloom;
From Misery's cell, or Pleasure's bower,
Soon, soon th' inevitable hour
 Consigns thee to the tomb.

With aspect grim, and footstep rude,
See the fell tyrant Death intrude,
 And daunt thy gay retreat;
Where pines and poplars weave their shade;
Where Rills meander through the glade,
 And trip with warbling feet.

Here thy choice wines and dainties bring;
Let each frail flower, that robes the Spring,
 Their mingled fragrance shed;
While Youth and Fortune yet are thine,
While yet the fable sisters twine
 Life's short and lessening thread.

That sumptuous pile, those fruitful meads,
Those verdant vales, where Tiber spreads,
 Well-pleas'd, his yellow wave,
Thy heir will seize; and all the gold
Those piles of ample coffers hold,
 To riot o'er thy grave.

Whether our branch of lineage springs
From noble stem of ancient kings,
 Or ancestry unknown;
Whether we walk this clod of earth
Of base or of illustrious birth;
 Death marks us for his own.

Alike, when our short race is run,
We quit this air, this sky, this sun,
 And all the joys of Light
Immur'd in Death's cold dreary cell,
Where horror, sadness, silence, dwell
 With everlasting night.



EDMUND JOHN EYRE, 1797

(1767–1816; Actor)

Amidst the storms and calms of Fate,
In 'midst of Grandeur's regal-state,
 Preserve an equal mind;
Let no vain pomp attract your eye,
Remember thou wer't born to die,
 Nor be to virtue blind.

Whether in solitude you pass
 The live-long night and day,
Or, sitting on the verdant-grass,
 You drink your cares away;

Where the high-poplar, and the pine,
Their leaves in friendly union twine,
 Or, curling waters flow;
Where breezes wanton with the wind,
And bounteous Nature, ever kind,
 Repels the tide of woe.

Hither with hasty paces bend,
Let here your slaves with wine attend,
 And bring the rosy-crown;
Whist Fate permits, and youth's in bloom,
To this retreat, ah! quickly come,
 For here Contentment's known.

Your farm, your groves, and costly-house,
Where yellow Tiber bubbling flows,
 Must to your heirs descend;
Whilst glit'ring heaps of massy plate,
With orient gems, the pride of state,
 Are lavish'd on a friend.

What, tho' with Inachus you claim
A kindred blood, and royal name,
 Or breathe Life's dew in tears –
Yet, when the Monarch of the Grave,
Entombs us in the vaulted-cave,
 Our greatness disappears.

All of Oblivion's draught must drink,
 When Fate shall shake the urn,
And leave us on the Stygian-brink,
 Ah, never to return!



ANONYMOUS, 1797

(*The Philanthrope*)

Since death, my Dellius, is the lot of all;
And you must sink beneath his powerful hand;
Attend to Wisdom's voice, to Reason's call:
Your warring passions, and your heart command.

When storms of adverse fate your soul oppress;
When Fortune's sunshine bids the tempest fly –
The plaintive murmurs of your heart suppress;
Suppress the folly of tumultuous joy.

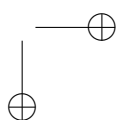
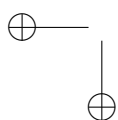
For know, my Dellius, 'tis of no avail,
Whether you pass your fleeting days in grief;
Or, on the bosom of a silent vale,
From wine solicit and obtain relief.

Where, with the poplar's intertwisting boughs,
The lofty pine affords a grateful shade;
And in meanders, trembling as it flows,
The rill would run, but loiters in the glade.

Call for Falernian wine, for soft perfume;
Call for the rose, sweet emblematic flower!
The short-liv'd rose! and in your early bloom,
Enjoy, while Fate allows, the festive hour.

Erelong, from earth my Dellius must depart;
Your groves and palace shall be yours no more:
When Death shall pierce you with unerring dart,
Your heir will riot in your treasur'd store.

If rich or poor, alike will be our fate;
We all must tread th' inevitable road
Uncertain when, but certain soon or late,
We all must quit this tiresome – drear abode.





JAMES ELLIOT, 1798

(*Poetical and Miscellaneous Works*)

Since life, my friend, is transient, ne'er
 Beneath misfortune, sink too low,
Nor insolently proud appear
 When fortune's prosp'rous breezes blow.

Alike will be your final doom,
 Whether, while time's swift circles move,
You lead a life of care and gloom,
 Or tread the paths of joy and love.

Then while your happy days endure,
 Regale on rich *Falernian* wine,
And from the ills of life secure,
 In verdant bowers at ease recline:

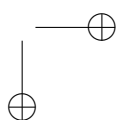
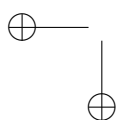
Where lofty pines, forever green,
 And trembling poplars, form a shade;
Where the clear current flows serene,
 And gently murmurs thro' the glade.

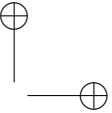
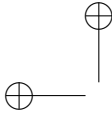
While fate and fortune grant you hours,
 Here bid your slaves the goblets bring,
And sweet perfumes, and grateful flowers,
 And the too transient rose of spring.

You must your numerous groves forsake;
 And that fair seat on *Tiber's* shore;
And a young heir, perhaps a rake,
 Will soon possess your wealthy store.

Why should we wish to boast the wealth
 INACHUS owns? Or shun the field
Where poverty resides with health?
 Since all alike to PLUTO yield.

We all the self same road pursue;
 Each lot is trembling in the urn;
And those dread realms we soon must view,
 From whence no exile can return.





ANNA SEWARD, 1799 (IMITATED)

(1747–1809; Poet)

Conscious the mortal stamp is on thy breast,
O, Erskine! still an equal mind maintain,
That wild Ambition ne'er may goad thy rest,
Nor Fortune's smile awake thy triumph vain,

Whether thro' toilsome tho' renowned years
'T is thine to trace the Law's perplexing maze,
Or win the SACRED SEALS, whose awful cares
To high decrees devote thy honor'd days.

Where silver'd Poplars with the stately Pines
Mix their thick branches in the summer sky,
And the cool stream, whose trembling surface shines,
Laboriously oblique, is hurrying by;

There let thy duteous Train the banquet bring,
In whose bright cups the liquid ruby flows,
As Life's warm season, on expanded wing,
Presents her too, too transitory rose;

While every Muse and Grace auspicious wait,
As erst thy Handmaids, when, with brow serene,
Gay thou didst rove where Buxton views elate
A golden Palace deck her savage scene.

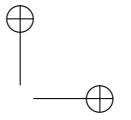
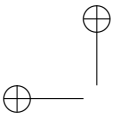
At frequent periods woo th' inspiring Band
Before thy days their summer-course have run,
While, with clos'd shears, the fatal Sisters stand,
Nor aim to cut the brilliant thread they spun.

Precarious Tenant of that gay Retreat,
Fann'd by pure gales on Hampstead's airy downs,
Where filial troops for thee delighted wait,
And their fair Mother's smile thy banquet crowns!

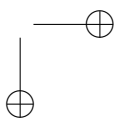
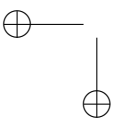
Precarious Tenant! – shortly thou may'st leave
These, and propitious Fortune's golden hoard;
Then spare not thou the stores, that shall receive,
When set thy orb, a less illustrious Lord.

What can it then avail thee that thy pleas
Charm'd every ear with TULLY's periods bland?
Or that the subject Passions they could seize,
And with the thunder of the GREEK command?

What can it then avail thee that thy fame
Threw tenfold lustre on thy noble Line?
Since neither birth, nor self-won glory, claim
One hour's exemption from the sable shrine.



E'en now thy lot shakes in the Urn, whence Fate
Throws her pale edicts in reverseless doom!
Each issues in its turn, or soon, or late,
And lo! the great Man's prize! – a SILENT Tomb!





JOHN NOTT, 1803

(1751–1825; Physician and Classical Scholar)

In adverse fortune fail not to maintain
An equal mind; in prosp'rous fortune too
Alike from joy that's prodigal
Refrain; O Dellius, who art sure to die!

Whether thy time all sorrowing thou shalt spend;
Whether, reclin'd on verdant turf remote,
Through festive days thou shalt enjoy
Falernian taken from thy deep-laid store:

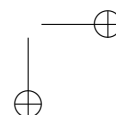
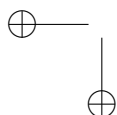
Where the huge pine, and the pale poplar boughs.
Delight to weave a hospitable shade;
And the swift runnel labours on
With sidelong current, tremblingly in haste.

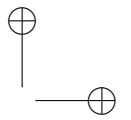
Command wines, unguents, the too transient flow'rs
Of charming roses hither to be brought,
So long as thy concerns, thy youth,
And the three Sisters' gloomy thread allow.

Thy woods all purchas'd thou must quit; thy home,
Thy villa quit, which yellow Tiber laves;
And thine inheritor enjoy
The hoard of treasure thou hast heap'd so high.

Whether enrich'd, and sprung from the long line
Of Inachus, it matters not; or poor,
And meanly born, by the mere sky
Shelter'd; still cruel Pluto's victim thou!

We all unto one point are driv'n; of all
The urn is turn'd about, whence, late or soon,
The lot will issue, and embark
Us in the skiff to endless banishment.





B. F., 1804

(The Poetical Magazine)

In adverse days, unruffled keep thy mind,
Restrain immoderate joy in prosp'rous times.

Remember this, my Dellius,
Who art but mortal man;

Whether thy clouded hours are mournful spent,
Or whether, stretch'd on plains retir'd, thou crown'st
A festive day with wine
Falernian, time-mellow'd.

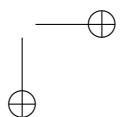
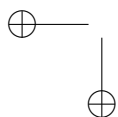
Where the tall pine, and white-leav'd poplar form,
With boughs entwining, a luxuriant shade;
And where the lab'ring wave
Flows in its course oblique:

There sparkling wine, perfumes, and roses sweet,
Though transient, bring, while wealth and youth permit,
And the three Sister-Fates
Thy thread of life befriend.

Thy purchas'd groves, thy house, thy villa too,
Which Tiber's river laves, – all must thou quit!
Thy heir must soon possess
The treasures thou hast heap'd.

Though, rich, thy birth from Inachus thou claim'dst;
Or poor, thy race obscure, the air thy house,
Pluto, impartial, shows
Pity to none, his victims.

It is the same for all; the lot of all,
Revolving in the urn, or soon, or late
In Charon's boat will place us,
Never to return.

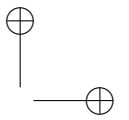




ANTHONY HARRISON, 1806

(Poetical Recreations)

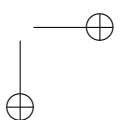
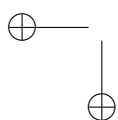
O Mortal Man, in each extreme,
Be firm, collected, and serene:
And meet the Winter's stormy Day
As jocund, as the Vernal May!
When Fortune frowns, my Friend, beware
Of Doubt, Disquiet, and Despair;
And when she smiles, with tempting lure,
Still deem her Favour insecure;
Nor those, to whom her Boon's denied,
Insult, with Arrogance and Pride!
 An equal Mind, in every State,
Is far the choicest Gift of Fate;
Whether the adverse, angry Pow'r
Shall cloud, with Woe, thy fleeting Hour;
Or smiling, from her ample Store,
Profusely ev'ry Blessing pour,
Reclin'd beneath the Lime-tree's Shade,
By murm'ring Rill or hoarse Cascade,
Secluded, from the World's Uproar,
By DERWENT's sweet, romantic Shore,
Then bring the Bowl, the Music bring,
And seize the Roses in their Spring!
Whilst Wealth and Youth and Life remain,
Convert the present Hour to gain!
For Death will come, without Reprieve,
When all must their Possessions leave;
Those dear Possessions, few will share,
May pass to an unthankful Heir:
Then what avail, tho' you may trace
Your Noble Blood, from HOWARDS's Race;
Or, base-born, poor, be left to die,
Beneath the bleak, inclement Sky?
Each meets the strict, impartial Doom
Of the dark Confines of the Tomb;
Each must alike his Passage take
Across the sad and silent Lake;
All, in the Grave, will equal lie,
Tho' blest as You, tho' poor as I!



ANNA JANE VARDILL, 1809

(1781–1852; Poet)

Above capricious fate's controul,
Preserve, my friend, an equal soul;
Amidst the toys of shining state,
Still be that soul serenely great.
This life, this cherish'd life must end;
Whether to empty cares consign'd:
Our barren moments waste away,
Or on sequester'd turf reclin'd,
Warm'd by the treasure of the vine,
We give to joy the festive day,
Where fondly with the ample pine,
The poplar's silver tendrils blend:
While murm'ring thro' their devious way,
Yon truant streamlets softly stray.
Yet call for odours, call for wine,
Here bring the brief but balmy rose;
While yet our brittle thread is twin'd,
Ere time and fortune are our foes!
Too soon to eager heirs resign'd,
On you these princely gates shall close;
For you the Tiber's saffron tide,
Shall lave these rural shades no more
This dome shall be another's pride,
And others grasp your golden store!
Tho' from the far-fam'd Argive king,
Or from plebeian dust we spring,
Or tho' beneath the unsheltering sky,
A prey to cruel fate we lie;
Alike our destin'd path is spread,
Our lots in equal order fall;
Alike to gloomy Styx convey'd,
Eternal exile waits us all!





THOMAS ROBINSON, 1810

(The Tyrolese Villagers, or, A Prospect of War)

Dellius, my friend, whose final hour,
Impell'd by Time's incessant power,
 Must soon arrest thy course;
Whether adversity thy life annoy,
Or wealth exalt thy bounding heart with joy,
 Stand calmly firm, nor yield to either's force.

But, cherish still an equal mind,
In pain and bliss alike resign'd,
 Which keeps the unvarying mean;
For, whether worn by penury or care,
Scorn'd by the world, and harass'd by despair,
 You act your mournful part in life's sad scene;

Or with your friends, a jocund throng,
Listless the green turf thrown along,
 Where pines and poplars wave;
Where gentle rills in soothing sighs repine
Idly you quaff the rich Falernian wine
 These gusts of grief or joy must settle in the grave.

Be jovial then, and fill more wine;
Let odours with the rose combine,
 To charm the passing hour
While the relentless three to strike delay,
While time and circumstance permit, be gay,
 And catch the fleeting joy while in your power.

Your villa, wash'd by Thames's tide,
Your costly groves, so late your pride,
 Too surely you must leave.
Your heaps of wealth, long pil'd with painful toil,
Another's lavish hand will quickly spoil,
 And thousands may the radiant dust receive.

Whether of Howard's noble line,
While gold the haughty lineage join,
 To make him great and high;
Or from a cottage sprung, and humbly poor,
Man not a moment rests on earth secure;
 Slave of disease and pain, his business here's to die.

Th' unchangeable decree is past,
Each instant nearer brings our last,
 Still moves th' unwearied urn;
Soon will the fatal lot that marks our doom
Appear, and point us to the dreary tomb,
 To scenes of light and joy, O, never to return!



JAMES SMITH AND HORATIO SMITH, 1813 (IMITATED)

(JS 1775–1839, HS 1779–1849)

When Fortune, fickle jade's unkind,
Preserve the philosophic mind,
 That dignifies it's bearer;
And when the goddess opes her hand,
Receive her purse, but scorn the band
 That blinds its subject wearer.

Whether condemn'd, by fate's decree,
To toil in town, and learn, like me,
 Economy from Rumford;
Or bless'd in all that you desire,
Living, as now, a jovial squire,
 In luxury and comfort.

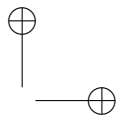
In Windsor's green romantic glades,
The "Monarch's and the Muses" shades,
 By silver Thames reclining,
Unfetter'd now your mind may soar,
On Aganippe's hallow'd shore,
 The muse's wreath entwining.

Quaff, while you may, your choicest wine,
Let beauty and the muse combine
 To crown your classic leisure;
Snatch what the fickle fates supply,
Enjoy the roses 'ere they die,
 And give a loose to pleasure.

Death pays no deference to name,
Peasant or Prince 'tis all the same;
 Unsparing king of terror,
His warrant cannot be delay'd,
Nor his proceedings quash'd or stay'd
 By any writ of error.

Your heir, perchance, when you're removed,
Improving on what you improved,
 To give his taste expansion,
May fell your groves, implant the lawn,
And with a newer grace adorn
 Your metamorphosed mansion.

Grim Cerberus at random snaps;
Life is a stage laid out in traps,
 A pantomimic vision;
Some live to see the curtain drop,
And down some prematurely pop,
 Like Banquo's apparition.



ANONYMOUS, 1813

(Poems by Three Friends)

Remember to preserve your mind
Unmoved, unshaken, did resign'd,
 In dark adversity;
Nor suffer insolence and pride,
Triumphant in your breast to ride
 Amidst prosperity.

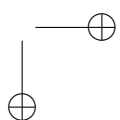
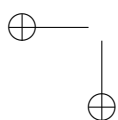
O Delius! know that we must die,
Whether we sadly sit and sigh,
 And o'er our sorrows pine;
Or whether, every festive day
Stretched on the grass we pass away,
 Blessed with Falernian wine:

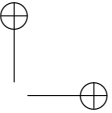
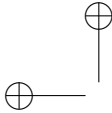
Where the tall poplar and the pine
Delight their branches to entwine,
 And form a grateful shade;
Whilst, toiling with resistless force,
The streamlet winds its devious course,
 In murmurs through the glade.

Bring hither wines and sweet perfume,
And roses of too short a bloom,
 With every fragrant flower;
Learn we, ere yet our glass is run,
Ere yet the fatal thread is spun,
 To enjoy the fleeting hour.

For soon these scenes will fade away,
Long night succeed the cheerful day,
 And death's terrific gloom!
Your villa then on Tiber's shores,
Your wide domains, your golden stores,
 Shall heirs unknown consume.

No matter whether rich or poor,
Each must alike his fate endure,
 The monarch and the slave;
On an unfathomed, dread abyss,
We launch to endless woe or bliss,
 In realms beyond the grave.





GEORGE DANIEL, 1814 (IMITATED)

(1789–1864; Poet and Book Collector)

Though fortune crown the labors of thy Muse
 With present fame, and profit to excess,
Though Hypercritics hail, and Scotch Reviews,
 Thy heavy quartos issuing from the press:
Though prudent L-g-ns puff with all their might
 Each trick revive, each low expedient try,
Short is their passage to eternal night,
 For *Rokeby*, spite of all, was born to die,
Yet some applause is due – nor let thy pride
 From unbought, honest, approbation shrink;
I love thy open type, thy margin wide,
 And much admire the color of thine ink;
For one am I, in these degen’rate days,
 Who give the palm to Dryden’s magic shell;
Yet own thy splendid volume (meagre praise!)
 Like Peter Pindar’s razors – made to sell.
Whether, a deep recluse, you strike the lyre
 In Scotland’s bleak inhospitable land;
Or, Brother of the ancient Grub-street choir,
 You warble from a garret in the Strand;
Still rhyme, and print, nor heed what Critics say,
 Let perseverance prompt the golden hour;
Infatuation’s charm will soon decay,
 And fame and fortune now are in your pow’r.
Let Pope, in notes so musically clear,
 In virtue’s cause the moral strain prolong;
Let Prior’s flowing numbers charm the ear,
 And nature bloom again in Thomson’s song;
Let Goldsmith tell of Auburn’s simple train,
 And Churchill’s manly sense our wonder raise;
Do thou, my Scott, pursue thy northern strain,
 Be thine the *profit*, theirs the empty praise.
'Twas *Darwin*’s fate, with *Della-Cruscan* verse,
 To please the varying whimsy of the town,
A huge imperial quarto fill’d his purse,
 And fashion gave the laurell’d Bard renown.
But Fame, capricious being! comes and goes,
 For mark, Oblivion steals o’er ev’ry line;
On dusty shelves *his* pond’rous works repose,
 With Blackmore, Godwin, Carr – and so shall *thine*.

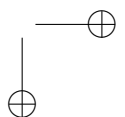
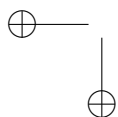


LORD BYRON, 1815 (FRAGMENT)

(*Horace: Translations of Various Odes, v. 2, Philip Francis, 1846*)

The man of firm and noble soul
No factious clamours can control;
No threat'ning tyrant's darkling brow
 Can swerve him from his just intent:
Gales the warring waves which plough
 By Auster on the billows spent,
To curb the Adriatic main,
Would awe his fix'd, determin'd mind in vain.

Ay, and the red right arm of Jove,
Hurling his lightnings from above,
With all his terrors then unfurl'd,
 He would unmoved, unawed behold:
The flames of an expiring world
 Again in crashing chaos roll'd,
In vast promiscuous ruin burl'd,
Might light his glorious funeral pile:
Still dauntless mid the wreck of earth he'd smile.





CHARLES FREDERICK WATKINS, 1816

(1794–1873; Anglican Clergyman)

When fortune wears her darkest guise,
 A mind unshaken still maintain;
And if she smile with favouring eyes,
 From rash intemperate joy refrain:
Let not thy soul be raised too high,
For, Dellius, thou wert born to die.

Whether through life by care opprest,
 Or on the cool sequestered green,
With rich Falernian vintage blest,
 Thy calm and gilded hours have been,
Where the pale poplar loves to twine
Its shady branches with the pine –

Where murmuring waters glide and play,
 In winding rivulets near thy bower, –
With wine and odours there convey
 The lovely rose's transient flower,
While youth and wealth their blessings shed,
And the trine Sisters spare thy thread.

Thy costly woods and palace fair,
 Thy villa, laved by Tiber's stream,
Must soon descend to bless that heir,
 For whom thy glittering coffers teem;
And wealth and lineage ne'er can save
A mortal from his lowly grave.

For Death, with stern unpitying look,
 Alike regards the poor and great;
And lo! the urn is ever shook,
 That dooms its victim, soon or late,
By Charon to be wafted o'er
The stream that we repass no more.



THOMAS GRIMES, 1819

(Monthly Magazine)

Be not, when Fortune smiles, elate,
Nor when she frowns depress'd;
So fickle is uncertain fate,
A moderate mind is best.

Whether with endless grief annoy'd,
Or should'st thou on the grass recline,
In days of festive mirth, employ'd
On rich Falernian wine;

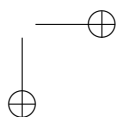
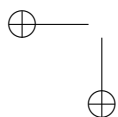
Where poplar boughs, with pines inwove,
Repel the solar beam,
And where with toil is heard to rove
The swift meand'ring stream.

Thither let sweet perfumes and wine,
With roses, be convey'd;
While causes, time, and fate, combine
The present joy to aid.

The groves and farm, where Tiber glides,
Must be to him resign'd,
Whom, for the wealth thy care provides,
Thy death shall leave behind.

Whether thou boast a noble birth,
From old Inachus' line,
Or wander indigent on earth,
Th' infernal doom is thine.

We all are destin'd to the spot
Whence no return is giv'n;
And soon or late, as falls our lot,
To endless exile driv'n,



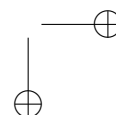
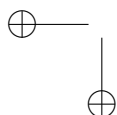


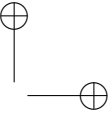
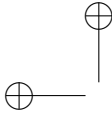
FRANCIS WRANGHAM, 1821

(1769–1842; Archdeacon of the East Riding, Author and Translator)

Still, Dellius, guard from gloom thy mind
'Mid Fortune's frowns, and when she's kind,
Alike from insolence of joy
Restrain'd: for 'tis thy doom to die –
Whether life's lengthen'd course thou lead
Cheerless; or, in sequester'd mead
Reclined, thine old Falernian gay
Quaff each returning holiday;
Where poplar pale and towering pine
Fondly their branches intertwine,
Whose hospitable glades among
The fleet stream gurgling winds along.

Hither, then, wine and odours bring,
And all the short-lived pride of spring;
While fortune's store, and youth's brisk glow,
And the dread Sisters three allow.
Groves join'd to groves, and mansion proud,
And villa bathed by Tiber's flood,
Thou must resign. Thy treasured hoard,
High-piled, shall own another lord.
Whether a regal stem be thine,
And wealth; or, meanly born, thou pine
On penury's bleakest wild – 'tis one:
Thee will He seize, who pities none.
We all approach one common bourn;
And, soon or late, from Fate's dark urn
Our names shall leap – in Charon's boat
To endless exile doom'd to float.





SPORTING KYD, 1821 (IMITATED)

(*The British Stage & Literary Cabinet*)

Dear Jack, preserve an equal mind;
And, whether Fortune's cross or kind,
 Disdain to be her creature;
Nor own that *she* has made you great,
With tenants, lands, and country-seat,
 To be *yourself* is greater.

Since, then, your Five-per-Cents will bear it,
Indulge in Hock, Champagne, and Claret,
 Nor die without good living;
For, tho' through life's dull path you trudge
As grave and sober as a judge,
 From death there's no relieving.

Select some cool, umbrageous shade,
By lofty pines and poplars made,
 Trees close with trees uniting;
Where silver Trent's pellucid wave
Glides slowly by, as loath to leave
 A landscape so inviting.

There thick with roses spread the earth,
Whose fleeting bloom incites our mirth
 With ev'ry passing minute,
That we may boast, as well as they,
Our life, though brief, is sweet and gay,
 With nought of sadness in it.

Since all enjoyments you must quit,
Your charming wife and splendid seat,
 Let each day merry find you;
Nor fret your soul to raise a sum,
For, if you could scrape up a plum,
 You must leave all behind you.

It matters nothing, if you are
A clown's or rich Sir Charles's heir,
 As to the point of dying;
For, Death makes no more beds than one;
And, tho' you sleep neath sculptur'd stone,
 'T will alter not your lying.

There we must all, or soon or late,
Pig in together, small and great,
 As each receives his summons;
Which fate's dark urn decides by lot,
And Charon, in his scurvy boat,
 Ships off Kings, Lords, and Commons.



FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS, 1823

(1793–1835; Poet)

Firm be thy soul! – serene in power,
 When adverse Fortune clouds the sky;
Undazzled by the triumph's hour,
 Since, Delius, thou must die!

Alike, if still to grief resign'd,
 Or if, through festal days, 'tis thine
To quaff, in grassy haunts reclined,
 The old Falernian wine:

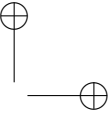
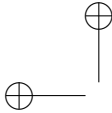
Haunts where the silvery poplar-boughs
 Love with the pine's to blend on high,
And some clear fountain brightly flows
 In graceful windings by.

There be the rose with beauty fraught
 So soon to fade, so brilliant now,
There be the wine, the odours brought,
 While time and fate allow!

For thou, resigning to thine heir
 Thy halls, thy bowers, thy treasured store,
Must leave that home, those woodlands fair,
 On yellow Tiber's shore.

What then avails it, if thou trace
 From Inachus thy glorious line?
Or, sprung from some ignoble race
 If not a roof be thine?

Since the dread lot for all must leap
 Forth from the dark revolving urn,
And we must tempt the gloomy deep,
 Whence exiles ne'er return.



GEORGE W. DOANE, 1824

(1799–1859; American Churchman and Educator)

Though adversity should harm thee,
Still thy equal mind maintain;
Though prosperity should charm thee,
Be not insolently vain:
For whether clogged with sadness, life's brief moments pass us by,
Or winged with wine and gladness, still, my Delius, we must die.

Where the pine and poplar blending,
Fling their hospitable shade,
And the limpid stream descending,
Gently murmurs through the glade,
Bring the wine, and perfume rare, with the rose's short-lived flower,
While the fatal sisters spare, and life lends a summer hour.

For soon the world resigning
Thou shalt leave thy house and lands,
And the well-piled treasures shining,
To thy heir's delighted hands:
Nor shall fields, dear bought, avail thee, lashed by Tiber's yellow wave,
Nor thy noble birth preserve thee, from the dark and narrow grave.

Oh! think not then 'twill matter thee,
How low soe'er thy lot;
Nor deem that death would flatter thee,
Though royally begot!
Whether palace, rich and rare, should receive thy every breath,
Or it flit in open air; it is all the same to Death.

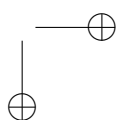
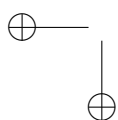
To his rule we all are destined
Whether soon or late our turn:
Nor may its lot be questioned –
That inexorable urn;
Nor the boat that wafts us over, to that undiscovered shore,
From whose eternal exile, we return again no more.



ANONYMOUS, 1824

(The Odes of Horace)

Though hardships press, and fortune prove unkind,
Be thine, my Dellius, the unconquered mind;
Or if prosperity shall gild thy day,
O calm thy joy, nor trust her fleeting ray,
For die you must, though in this life you know
But one long course of never-ending woe;
Or whether oft your sparkling goblets shine,
On Festal day with rich Falernian wine;
At ease beneath some grassy covert laid,
Where pines and poplars twine a grateful shade;
And where the streamlet, in meand'ring maze,
Breaks o'er its channel, murmuring as it strays.
Then while you may – while yet no locks of snow,
Betiding death, are scattered o'er your brow,
Bring forth the perfumes, and the dark-hued wine,
And weave the wreath of rose and jessamine;
For soon the wealth you hoard with secret care
Shall bless the revel of a worthless heir,
And you forsake for dark and lowly grave
Your pillared mansion by the Tiber's wave.
Though high descent from Inachus you trace,
Or spring ignoble from a nameless race,
Alike you sink to dust, alike you tread
The sunless mansions of the silent dead.
There is our common home, and soon or late
Forth from the urn shall spring each dreaded fate,
When we shall launch our vessels on a main,
From whence no traveller e'er returned again.





GEORGE FLEMING RICHARDSON, 1825

(c. 1796–1848; Geologist and Poet)

Remember, Delius, be thy soul
In adverse fortune all resigned!
And thus, alike, thy joys control,
If fortune change, and fate prove kind.

For ah! my friend, one fate is ours,
Whether in pain and grief we pine,
Or couch'd in Pleasure's shady bowers,
Drain bowls of rich Falernian wine.

Where tow'ring pines and poplars white
Delight to weave their grateful shade;
Or where the streamlet shuns the sight,
And seeks the far sequester'd glade.

Then bring me perfumes, bring me wine,
And roses of too transient bloom;
Ere yet the deadly sisters twine,
And cut the fatal thread of doom.

For thou, my friend, must leave thy home
And villa on fair Tiber's shore,
Thine heirs will claim thy splendid dome,
And share thy heaps of shining ore.

Nor can the claims of wealth and power
Avail, the forfeit life to save,
Avert the dark, but certain hour,
Or snatch one victim from the grave.

For we are hasting onward all,
And soon or late must meet our doom;
Obey our fate's imperious call,
And sink for ever to our common tomb!



ANONYMOUS, 1833

(The University Magazine)

Firm be thy soul serene in power,
 When adverse fortune clouds the sky;
Undazzled by the triumph's hour,
 Since, Dellius, thou must die!

Alike, if still to grief resign'd;
 Or if through festal days 'tis thine,
To quaff, in grassy haunts reclin'd,
 The old Falernian wine:

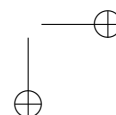
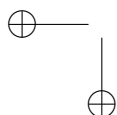
Haunts, where the silvery poplar-boughs
 Love with the pines to blend on high,
And some clear fountain brightly flows
 In graceful windings by.

There be the rose, with beauty fraught
 So soon to fade, so brilliant now;
There be the wine, the odours brought,
 While time and fate allow!

For thou, resigning to thine heir,
 Thy halls, thy bowers, thy treasur'd store,
Must leave that home, these woodlands fair,
 On yellow Tyber's shore.

What then avails it, should'st thou trace
 From Inachus thy glorious line?
Or, sprung from some ignoble race,
 If not a roof be thine?

Since the dread lot for all must leap
 Forth from the dark revolving urn,
And we must cross the gloomy deep
 Whence exiles ne'er return.





W. H. CHARLTON, 1834

(Poems)

Whether, in scenes of pleasure or of pain,
Thine hours shall slowly wend or swiftly fly,
An equal mind in ev'ry state maintain –
Thou, who art born to die!

Whether a train of anxious cares be thine,
Or on the green turf indolently laid,
Well-pleas'd thou sip Falernia's choicest wine,
Beneath the tranquil shade,

Where poplars pale, to check the noontide rays,
With stately pines their social boughs unite;
And the fantastic rill, in sportive maze,
Darts by, with trembling light.

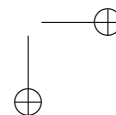
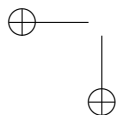
Bring hither perfumes! bring delicious wine!
Sweet roses bring! too brief, alas, their date!
These joys, my Delliis, shall not long be thine:
Soon must thou yield to fate!

Yes, thou must leave thy fair domain, where waves
Majestic shade; nor longer thine shalt call
That stately pile which yellow Tiber laves:
Thou must forego them all.

These purchased joys, and all thou valu'st most
Another shall possess. When life shall fail,
Say, what shall noble birth (that empty boast)
Say, what shall wealth avail?

Alike if great or lowly be thy doom,
Or cloudy or serene the present day;
Peasant and prince must sink into the tomb,
An undistinguish'd prey!

One common way we tend: one common urn
Dispenses fate to all. By heaven's decree,
The gloomy bark must waft us each, by turn,
Into eternity.





JOHN HERMAN MERIVALE, 1838

(1779–1844; Barrister and Man of Letters)

When dangers press, a mind sustain
 Unshaken by the storms of Fates;
And when delight succeeds to pain,
 With no glad insolence elate;
For death will end the various toys
Of hopes, and fears, and cares, and joys.

Mortal alike, if sadly grave
 You pass life's melancholy day,
Or, in some green retirèd cave
 Wearing the idle hours away,
Give to the Muses all your soul,
And pledge them in the flowing bowl:

Where the broad pine, and poplar white,
 To join their hospitable shade
With intertwined boughs delight;
 And, o'er its pebbly bed conveyed,
Labours the winding stream to run,
Trembling, and glittering to the sun.

Thy generous wine, and rich perfume,
 And fragrant roses hither bring,
That with the early zephyrs bloom,
 And wither with declining spring,
While joy and youth not yet have fled,
And Fate still holds the uncertain thread.

You soon must leave your verdant bowers
 And groves, yourself had taught to grow;
Your soft retreats from sultry hours,
 Where Tiber's gentle waters flow,
Soon leave; and all you call your own
Be squandered by an heir unknown.

Whether of wealth and lineage proud,
 A high patrician name you bear,
Or pass ignoble in the crowd
 Unsheltered from the midnight air,
'T is all alike; no age or state
Is spared by unrelenting Fate.

To the same port our barks are bound;
 One final doom is fixt for all:
The universal wheel goes round,
 And, soon or late, each lot must fall,
When all together shall be sent
To one eternal banishment.



J. DILLON, 1839

(The Westminster Contribution)

Preserve, my friend, an equal mind,
In sorrow's hours repress the sigh; –
Nor pride in happier fortune find, –
Born, Dellius – and about to die.

Whether, with woes and cares oppressed,
You court the melancholy hours; –
Or every festal day be blessed
With choicest wines in grass-grown bowers;

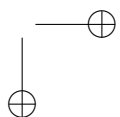
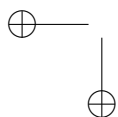
Where the tall pines with poplars blend,
Entwining shade and, social, soar: –
Where the wild flood, with erring trend,
Labours along the winding shore; –

There bid them pour the oil – the wine –
Shed roses, blooming as they're brief! –
While time and place and fates divine
Allow short interval of grief.

Retire you must from sumptuous dome –
From parks on Tiber's banks retire,
Far from your high piled riches roam; –
Your sons shall watch when you expire.

Though wealthy as th' Inachian race, –
Or poor as e'er drew mortal breath,
It matters not; the high – the base,
Equal, submit to ruthless death.

All tread one path; – no name, forgot,
But in the urn is shaken o'er; –
And – soon or late – comes forth the lot
That exiles to the fatal shore.





ROBERT NEEDHAM CUST, 1840

(1821–1909; Administrator and Judge in India)

When Fortune frowns, an equal mind
Your best, your surest, friend you'll find:

 But in the prosp'rous hour
Exult not with unseeming pride,
Nor trust too much to Fortune's tide,
 Nor mock the tyrant's power.

Whether through endless years of pain
You've mourned stern Fortune's iron reign;
 Or all the livelong day,
With wine, that marked with ancient date
Has scaped the greedy hand of fate,
 You've whiled stern care away;

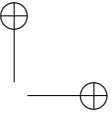
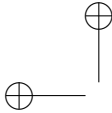
Where the tall pine, and poplar grey,
A hospitable shade display;
 Where canopied on high,
Tinged by the sun's receding beam,
Down the smooth rock the wandering stream
 Runs gently murmuring by:

Bring garlands of the blushing rose,
Fit emblems of our short repose;
 The sparkling goblet fill,
While fate allows us, and the thread
Of human bliss is not yet sped
 At the drear Sisters' will.

Your parks, for which you thousands gave,
Your villas washed by Thames' wave,
 Must go when you decay:
All that your thrifty hand can spare,
In secret hoard some greedy heir
 Too soon will bear away.

Whether with Rothschild wealth you shine,
Or sprung from Stuart's royal line,
 You draw this fleeting breath;
Or whether through the world you roam
Without a purse, a friend, a home,
 Still you must bow to death.

All, all must go, or soon, or late:
Of all mankind the dubious fate
 Lies in the destined urn:
The boat must bear us o'er the stream,
Where never solar splendours gleam,
 Whence we must ne'er return.



HENRY THOMAS LIDDELL, LORD RAVENSWORTH, 1841

(1797–1878; Statesman and Poet)

Dellius! since all are born to die,
Remember, in adversity,
 To show thyself resigned;
Nor less when Fortune's favouring gale
Impels thy bark with swelling sail,
 Maintain a placid mind.

Whether relentless Care hath cast
Her gloomy shadows o'er the past,
 Or Indolence and Ease
Have seen thee woo the vernal wind
And quaff the purple grape, reclined
 Beneath the waving trees;

Where the tall pine and poplar white
Their mingled foliage unite
 In hospitable shade;
And where the struggling rivulet
In rocky channel seems to fret
 Its winding course delayed.

Where bring the perfumes, bring the wine!
And round thy brow fresh roses twine
 Ere yet their bloom be fled;
Or ere the Fates, stern Sisters three,
Have past th' immutable decree
 To cut Life's slender thread.

Then must thou leave thy lands and home,
Thy noble villa's lofty dome,
 And Tiber murmuring nigh;
Resign thy groves and gardens fair,
To gratify thy longing heir
 With riches heaped on high.

What now are titles, wealth, or fame, –
The glories of ancestral name?
 Alike the rich, and they
That starve in wintry snows, or sweat
Beneath the sultry Dog-star's heat,
 Relentless Fate obey.

We all must pass that dreaded bourne
From whence no travellers return;
 And all alike explore
Early or late those regions dark,
Where Charon plies his fatal bark
 To th' undiscovered shore.



JAMES USHER, 1842

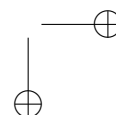
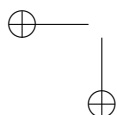
(Buonaparteé, The Royal Exchange, Odes of Horace)

O Dellius, since but born to die
Preserve your equanimity,
Ev'n in the surges of distress!
As well obstrep'rous mirth suppress.

Whether the woes which life assail,
With constant sadness you bewail,
Or quaff, reclin'd in easy-state,
Falernian of the richest date.
In some cool bower where lofty pine
And hoary poplar boughs combine,
And the clear current purls along
The glade, the flow'rets wild among,
Direct your maids, rich wine to bear,
Odours, and gaatefuls flowers prepare,
And the too transitory rose,
While fortune smiles and age allows,
Before the sable threads are done,
For you, by fatal sisters spun.

Your large possessions you must leave,
No more your mansion shall receive,
At that delightful country-seat,
No longer visits to repeat,
Well stor'd with all that life can cheer,
Which yellow Tiber washes near,
But leave, the fruit of so much care,
Your high-pil'd riches to your Heir.

Ah! Dellius, it shall nought avail,
Whether illustrious your entail,
From ancient Inachus deduc'd,
Or from plebian-race confus'd;
You live without a humble shed,
To shelter from the wind your head,
The victim of relentless death,
A mortal, you must yield your breath.
Since all compell'd the self-same road,
All destin'd to the strange abode,
For in the universal urn,
The lots are shaken for our turn,
And soon or late, its sure to come,
T'embark us to th' eternal home.



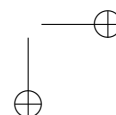
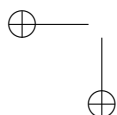


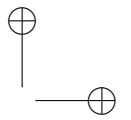
JOHN SCRIVEN, 1843

(The Odes of Horace)

Calm and unruffled be thy mind
When fortune frowns; – in seasons kind,
From joy's intemperate raptures fly,
My Dellius, doom'd – like all – to die.
Whether you live, to grief a prey,
Or, on the festal holiday,
Blest in some distant mead recline,
Quaffing the old Falernian wine;
Where lofty pine, and poplar white,
– In social shade – their boughs unite,
And crystal streams, with slanting force,
Struggle along their trembling course.

Bring perfumes – wine – and, oh! too brief!
The odorous rose-flower's grateful leaf;
While fortune wills – years yet unsped –
And the three sisters' sable thread.
Nor purchas'd groves, nor home thou'lt save,
Nor seat, by Tiber's yellow wave;
And all the wealth you now possess,
– Pil'd up aloft – the heir shall bless.
Though rich – from Inachus you come,
Though poor – of meanest birth in Rome,
Boasting no covering but the sky,
Unpitying Orcus bids thee die.
One common road we all must take;
The urn alike each lot must shake;
– The fatal lot! – which, soon or late,
Consigns us to our Stygian fate.





ANONYMOUS, 1845

(The Celestial Union and Other Poems)

Watch, – mortal Delli! – ever to preserve
In good and evil fate an even mind;
Be never tempted from this rule to swerve,
Though fortune frown, or show herself most kind.

Whether in sorrow all your days you spend,
Or in secluded lawns at ease recline;
Happy in all that festive hours can lend,
From choicest bins of best Falernian wine.

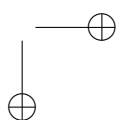
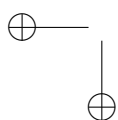
Where lofty pines and silver'd poplars love
A grateful shade with social boughs to join;
And the clear streamlet in its oblique cove,
Tremulous flying, labours to move on.

Hither let wines, – let perfumes here be set, –
And sweet rose flow'rs that too soon must fade;
Whilst time and opportunity permit,
And fate defers to cast its gloomy shade.

Yet must you from these valued lawns depart,
From house – from villa, which bright Tiber laves;
“All must” you leave, “tho’ with a sorrowing heart:”
The heir enjoys the wealth of him who saves.

Though rich, – from ancient Inachus your line, –
Or pauper, to the poorest owe your breath;
Yet must you to immortal Jove resign,
And be the victim of remorseless death.

To the same place impell'd we all must go,
Sooner or later comes the “fatal chance;”
The future lot will soon be drawn to show
The boat that bears the eternal exile hence.





G. J. WHYTE MELVILLE, 1850

(1821–78; Etonian Former Army Officer, Country Gentleman and Novelist)

Keep thou an even temper's balance, still
 When times are hard; so when good luck is nigh
Let no presumptuous joy thy spirit fill,
 Since, Dellius, thou art doomed, like all, to die!
Whether thy weary life drags on in woe,
 Whether in jolly mood stretched on the grass,
For thee Falernian casks are tapped to flow
 Their choicest store the festive days to pass.
Where the tall pine and silver poplar spread
 Their welcome shelter from the noon-tide ray,
Where eddying down the river's winding bed
 The rippling stream steals murmuring on its way.
Here bid them perfumes bring, and joyous wine,
 And the sweet rose – alas! too fragile flower;
While youth and fortune and the Three that twine
 The thread of fate leave us one happy hour.
For thou must lose thy costly groves, thy hall,
 Thy lawns that slope to Tiber's golden wave –
Must bid a long farewell to these, and all
 Thy treasured stores the exulting heir shall have
Glorying in wealth, and ancestors begot
 By ancient Inachus, or born in shame
And clothed in poverty – it matters not:
 Unpitying Orcus will its victim claim.
All tread the destined path, and soon or late
 For all, the fatal lot leaps from the urn;
Nor will the ghastly boat forego its freight
 Of shadowy exiles never to return.





WILLIAM SEWELL, 1850

(1804–74; Divine, Tutor and Author)

A soul true-balanced in distress,
Mind thou maintain; and not the less
Midst blessings, one attemper'd mild
From joy presumptuous and wild;
O Dellius, thou about to die,
Whether each hour in misery
Lived hast thou, or on elbow sank
On some sequester'd grassy bank,
Hath bless'd thee throughout days divine
With inner seal of Falern wine;
Where giant fir and poplar white
A hospitable shade delight
To blend with boughs, and struggles ill
To huddle past with slanting rill
The flitting crystal water. Here
Wines and spiced unguents bid them bear,
And sweet rose-blossoms of a date
Too shortlived; while as yet the state
Of things, and age, and sable twine
Of the three sisters grant it thine.
Thou shalt retire from parks amass'd
By purchase oft, and mansion vast,
And villa, which that amber river
Tiber doth lave – retire for ever;
And of thy wealth, up-piled on high,
Thine heir shall have the mastery.
Be rich, from Inachus of yore
A child, it matters naught, or poor,
And number'd with the rabble rout,
Thy life unhoused eke thou out
Beneath the sky, the victim still
Of nought-compassionating Hell –
There is a hand to one same spot
Urging us all; – of all the lot
Is turning in the vase about,
Sooner or later to spring out,
And in the boat embark us, sent
Into eternal banishment.



FRANCIS WILLIAM NEWMAN, 1853

(1805–97; Professor of Latin, University College London; Brother of Cardinal Newman)

Watch in danger's hour thy heart
Calm to keep, – in happy lot
Temper'd alike from insolent gladness,
Dellius! Oh, to death predestin'd,

Whether sad thou alway live,
Or, in grass remote reclin'd
On festal day, with old Falernian
Choice of seal, thou bless thy Genius;

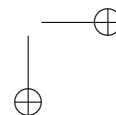
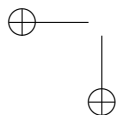
Where the boughs of mighty pine
Love with poplar white to weave
A friendly shade; and fleeting waters
Strive in course oblique to hurry.

Hither wine and perfumes send,
Hither roses' shórtliv'd bloom;
While age, estate, and gloomy tissues
Wrought by Sisters Three, allow thee.

Sóon must thou' from purchas'd glades
Yield, where yellow Tiber laves
Thy palace-home; and keen successors
O'er thy high-built wealth shall revel.

Whether rich, of Inachus'
Ancient race thou bé, – or poor,
Of meanest breed, unhous'd, – concerns not
Thee, unpitying Orcus' victim.

All to one abode are bound:
Lots for all are toss'd, which soon
Leap from the urn or late, and waft us
On the boat's eternal exile.





FRANCIS ADAMS, 1853

(“A Scotch Physician”)

In adverse times, mind to maintain
An even mind, and to refrain
 In prosp'rous from insulting glee,
 O Dellius, no less, since death thy lot must be,
Whether thy life in sorrow pass,
Or stretch'd on some lone plot of grass,
 Through festal days the joy be thine,
 Fetch'd from thine inner vault to quaff Falernian wine;
Where the huge pine and poplar white
A hospitable shade delight
 With boughs to form, and struggles still
 The fleeting wave to glide along the winding rill.
Hither your wines and your perfume,
And the sweet rose's too short bloom
 Command to bring, while your means yet,
 Your age and the dark threads of Sisters Three permit.
Your purchased forests you shall leave,
Your dome, and seat the yellow wave
 Of Tiber washes, and anon
 Your riches piled on high another heir shall own.
Rich, though from Inachus you trace
Your ancient birth, or of low race
 And poor, in open air you stay, –
 All shall avail you nought, unpitying Orcus' prey.
All are driven to the self-same bourne,
And soon or late from the same urn
 Our lot shall leap and shall us send
 Away in Charon's boat to exile without end.



J. T. BLACK, 1857

(Select Odes of Horace)

Prepared in adverse Fortune's darkest hour,
With calm composure, Dellius, man thy soul;
Nor light inflated, when her fickle power
Smiles on your hopes, since death must crown the whole;

Whether sad cares o'er life their gloom have shed,
Or, quaffing bowls of rich Falernian wine,
With mirthsome glee high festal days you 've sped
In some sweet glade inviting to recline;

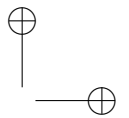
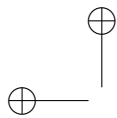
Where the tall pine and light hued poplar grow,
Whose mingling branches lend their welcome shade;
And murm'ring soft the riv'let toils to flow,
In many a turn its winding stream has made.

Bright wines and perfumes hither bid them bring
With roses, ah! too transient in their bloom;
While joy and youth their light enchantments fling,
And yet the fatal Sisters stay your doom.

The purchased groves, and seats you must resign,
And villa washed by Tiber's yellow tide,
Your treasured heaps by Fate's award condign,
Unconscious all the expectant heir abide.

Vain, if from ancient Inachus you claim
Your race and wealth; – or sprung from vilest source,
Have wandered houseless owning scarce a name, –
His stern demands sad Orcus will enforce.

Compelled we near the common bourne of all;
Forth from the urn in which our Fates are mix'd,
Or soon or late, the lot of each will fall,
And lead to shades irrevocably fix'd.



WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE, 1858

(1809–98; Statesman, Four Times Liberal Prime Minister)

An even mind in days of care,
And in thy days of joy to bear
A chastened mood, remember: why?
'T is, Dellius, that thou hast to die.

Alike, if all thy life be sad,
Or festal season find thee glad,
On the lone turf at ease recline,
And quaff thy best Falernian wine.

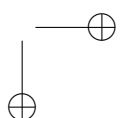
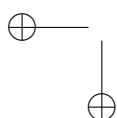
Why do tall pine and poplar white
To weave their friendly shade delight?
This fitting stream, why hath it sped
So headlong down its wandering bed?

Bring wine, bring perfumes, bring fresh flowers
Of roses, all too brief their hours!
While purse, and age, and Sisters Three
Permit, though dark their threads may be.

This home, these glades, no longer thine,
Which auburn Tiber laps, resign;
Resign the towering heaps of gold,
Which one thine heir, not thou, shall hold.

Be hoary Inachus thy sire,
Or be thou risen from the mire;
Be rich, or poor, it boots thee not:
Unpitying Orcus casts thy lot.

All, all, we drive to doom. The urn
Discharges every Life in turn:
For every Life, or soon or late,
The boat, and endless exile, wait.





SIR THEODORE MARTIN, 1860

(1816–1909; Biographer of the Prince Consort)

Let not the frowns of fate
 Disquiet thee, my friend,
Nor, when she smiles on thee, do thou, elate
 With vaunting thoughts, ascend
Beyond the limits of becoming mirth,
For, Dellius, thou must die, become a clod of earth!

Whether thy days go down
 In gloom, and dull regrets,
Or, shunning life's vain struggle for renown,
 Its fever and its frets,
Stretch'd on the grass, with old Falernian wine,
Thou giv'st the thoughtless hours a rapture all divine.

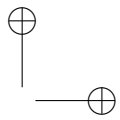
Where the tall spreading pine,
 And white-leaved poplar grow,
And mingling their broad boughs in leafy twine,
 A grateful shadow throw,
Where runs the wimpling brook, its slumb'rous tune
Still murmuring, as it runs, to the hush'd ear of noon;

There wine, there perfumes bring,
 Bring garlands of the rose,
Fair and too short-lived daughter of the spring,
 While youth's bright current flows
Within thy veins, – ere yet hath come the hour,
When the dread sisters three shall clutch thee in their power.

Thy woods, thy treasured pride,
 Thy mansion's pleasant seat,
Thy lawns wash'd by the Tiber's yellow tide,
 Each favourite retreat,
Thou must leave all – all, and thine heir shall run
In riot through the wealth thy years of toil have won.

It recks not, whether thou
 Be opulent, and trace
Thy birth from kings, or bear upon thy brow
 Stamp of a beggar's race;
Be what thou wilt, full surely must thou fall,
For Orcus, ruthless king, swoops equally on all.

Yes, all are hurrying fast
 To the one common bourne;
Sooner or later will the lot at last
 Drop from the fatal urn,
Which sends thee hence in the grim Stygian bark,
To dwell for evermore in cheerless realms and dark.



ANONYMOUS, 1861

(Translations from the Classics)

Whate'er the lot assign'd to you by fate,
Be not depressed, nor yet too much elate,
 But with a mind unmoved and free,
 Meet and fulfil your destiny.

You have to die; whether your life you pass
In grief, or whether on the mossy grass
 Secluded, you at ease recline,
 Enjoying choice Falernian wine;

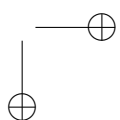
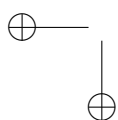
Where the pale poplar and the spreading pine
In hospitable shade, their boughs entwine,
 Where water, from the murm'ring brook,
 Runs rippling tow'rds some shady nook,

Have wine brought out, and ointments for the brow,
While yet the Fates, and wealth, and youth allow,
 And flowers, and perfumes, chiefly those
 Of the too transitory rose.

From those tall groves, along whose sloping side
The yellow Tiber's silent waters glide,
 You soon must part: and leave those fair
 And rich possessions to your heir.

It naught avails you, whether, nobly born,
You live in wealth, or needy and forlorn,
 Since you are destined soon or late,
 To yield to unrelenting fate.

The wheel is turning, and we each, in turn,
Must get our summons from the fatal urn;
 And the boat waits to take us o'er,
 In endless exile, to the Stygian shore.





JOHN CONINGTON, 1863

(1825–69; Corpus Professor of Latin, Oxford)

An equal mind, when storms o'ercloud,
 Maintain, nor 'neath a brighter sky
Let pleasure make your heart too proud,
 O Dellius, Dellius! sure to die,
Whether in gloom you spend each year,
 Or through long holydays at ease
In grassy nook your spirit cheer
 With old Falernian vintages,
Where poplar pale and pine-tree high
 Their hospitable shadows spread
Entwined, and panting waters try
 To hurry down their zigzag bed.
Bring wine and scents, and roses' bloom,
 Too brief, alas! to that sweet place,
While life, and fortune, and the loom
 Of the Three Sisters yield you grace.
Soon must you leave the woods you buy,
 Your villa, wash'd by Tiber's flow,
Leave, – and your treasures, heap'd so high,
 Your reckless heir will level low.
Whether from Argos' founder born
 In wealth you lived beneath the sun,
Or nursed in beggary and scorn,
 You fall to Death, who pities none.
One way all travel; the dark urn
 Shakes each man's lot, that soon or late
Will force him, hopeless of return,
 On board the exile-ship of Fate.

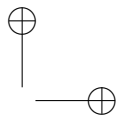




ANONYMOUS, 1863

(West Philadelphia Hospital Register)

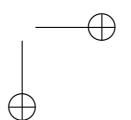
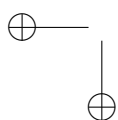
O, Delius, since you were but born to die,
 In days unhappy keep an equal mind;
But when life's scene is brightest to your eye,
 (Mark thou thy shades that silent steal behind.)
Do this, my friend, though adverse fortunes grieve
 Your heart from youth to age's evening chill,
Do this, although in idle hours you leave
 The noisy town for some clear country rill –
And stretched at ease where cool and dark entwine,
 The lofty pine, and hoary poplar boughs,
You drown the past in old Falernian wine,
 (Or seal on dewy lips a lover's vows.)
Here where the current glides with trembling breast,
 Command your slaves the banquet to array,
And on each brimming goblet let them rest,
 The rose whose beauty lives but for a day.
Yes, pleasure seek while youth and fortune yield
 Spirit and zest to life's too transient hour,
Till the bright eye by pallid death is sealed,
 And the black thread has felt Atropos power.
Then must you go from all your purchased groves,
 From stately house, and country seat depart,
A stranger through your cherished garden roves,
 (And your lost love enthralls another's heart.)
Such is your doom, no matter whence you came,
 From Inachus' proud line, or lowly cot,
The fate we meet here ever is the same,
 No mortal yet by Pluto was forgot
Our lots are shaking in the general urn,
 Sooner or later must the cast be o'er,
On the same pathway must our faces turn,
 In exile endless on the Lethean shore.



GEORGE HOWLAND, 1865

(1824-92)

Remember, your mind undisturbed
 To preserve, when adversity's nigh,
And from joy too great, Dellius, curbed
 In prosperity, since you must die,
If in sorrow you pass all your age,
 Or in some grassy nook should recline,
And the troubles of life should assuage
 With some good, old Falernian wine.
Where the pine and the poplar unite,
 With their boughs a cool shadow to throw,
And the waters all "sparkling and bright"
 In their winding course murmuring flow,
There command to bring perfumes and wine,
 And sweet roses, too quickly to fade,
While youth and the means are still thine,
 And the stroke of dark Fate is delayed.
Soon your home and the fields you have bought,
 And estate on the Tiber, you'll leave;
You'll leave, and the wealth you have sought
 To pile high, soon your heir will receive.
Whether rich, of old Inachus' name,
 Or of lowliest birth, and in need,
Matters not, since the victim, the same,
 Of pitiless Orcus decreed.
We are all to the same country driven,
 Soon or late, from the urn for us all,
The sad lot, by which passage is given
 To an exile eternal, must fall.





HUGO NICHOLAS JONES, 1865

(The I and II Books of the Odes of Horace)

Oh Dellius, endeavour
 Thy breast to inure,
To what trial soever
 'Tis thine to endure;
Whate'er be thy fate,
 Since thy life's but a span,
Let not fortune elate,
 Let not sorrow unman.

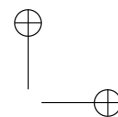
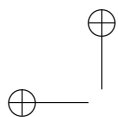
Whether care shall have festered
 Thy heart to its core,
Or in some green sequestered
 Retreat thou shalt pour,
Old Falernian wine,
 By the wandering stream,
Where the poplar and pine
 Weave a shade from the beam.

While fortune smiles on thee,
 Ere yet the frail thread
That the Destinies spun thee,
 In darkness hath sped,
Bring the richest perfume,
 Quaff the wine as it flows,
'Mid the fast fading bloom
 Of the exquisite rose.

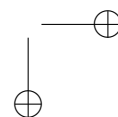
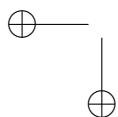
Yellow Tiber, his billow,
 When thou shalt be naught,
Shall roll on by the villa
 And groves thou hast bought,
But could'st thou not claim
 Even a roof from the blast,
It will all be the same
 When this bleak world is past.

When "life's happy measure"
 Thou canst not recall,
And some heir to thy treasure
 Is lord of thy hall,
What descent hath been thine,
 It matters not then,
From old Inachus' line,
 Or the meanest of men.

One path lies before us;
 For each in his turn



The lot trembles o'er us,
It shakes in the urn;
And sooner or late
Shall the last fleeting breath
Waft the exile of fate,
On the voyage of death.





CHRISTOPHER HUGHES, 1867

(The Odes and Epodes of Horace)

Dellius! You too must die with all mankind;
Endeavour then to keep an even mind
In difficult affairs, and let no pride,
When most you prosper, in your looks abide:
Whether through all your days you wail and weep,
Or happily each festal day may keep,
And stretched sequestered on the soft grass sleep
With best Falernian filled, where the great pine
And silvery poplar's mingled boughs combine,
Giving a kindly shade, where glidingly
Past winding banks the rippling stream flows by,
Here wine and unguents order them to bring,
And pleasant rose leaves, too soon withering:
While wealth and youth are ours, while slow we find
Runs the black thread the sisters three unwind. –

But you must soon lose home and wide-spread woods,
The villa washed by Tiber's yellow floods,
These you must yield, and then your heir shall reap
Your riches, piled in such a lofty heap.
Whether you may be wealthy, whether sprung
From ancient Inachus or basely flung
Unhoused among the poor, you must obey
Unpitying Oreus on your dying day.
All are alike compelled; the fateful urn
Sooner or later for us all shall turn:
The lot flies forth, in Charon's dismal boat
We all must then to endless exile float.



CHARLES STEPHENS MATHEWS, 1867

("Formerly of Pembroke College, Cambridge")

Remember, Dellius, to maintain
 Equality of mind
In arduous circumstance, and when
 In fortunate, confined
From supercilious airs no less,
And more than due elatedness,

Assured, howe'er you fared, to fade;
 Whether it was to mope
Your term, or, indolently laid
 On green secluded slope,
Through festive days to bless yourself
With parcel, by the mark from shelf

Interior, of Falernian wine,
 Where hospitable shade
Gigantic cedars intertwine
 With poplar white, and stayed
For faster flight fair lymph to seek
The meadow's level toils oblique.

Here drink and perfume, ghosts of flowers,
 Send up, with the sweet rose
Exhaling still from all its pores
 A life too soon to close,
Quick! while by sufferance this may be
Of the black thread and Sisters Three.

The heavy-timbered vast estates
 Bought up on all sides, ay
The house and grounds that Tyber wets,
 You'll leave them on a day,
And piles on piles of wealth transfer
To the enjoyment of your heir.

Or rich or poor, born high, born base,
 To Inachus or to
Progenitors in lowest place,
 And lodging under dew,
No matter: this or that, he dies,
Unpitying Orcus' sacrifice.

All are compelled to Him: his urn
 Is shaken up for All:
From which a lot by earlier turn
 Or later, must outfall,
Me too for exile to denote,
Returnless exile by the Boat.



ICHABOD CHARLES WRIGHT, 1867

(1795–1871; Scholar, Poet, and Accountant)

An even mind be thine to keep –
Not too cast down in time of woe,
Nor too elate when Fortune smiles –
Since, Delius, Death must lay thee low.

Whether thy life hath all been sad;
Or whether, on the distant grass
Stretched out, thou quaff Falernian wine,
And festal days in gladness pass;

Where yield a hospitable shade
The poplar pale, and lofty pine;
As over thee they lovingly
Their verdant branches intertwine;

While, swiftly flowing through the vale,
The waters of the river stray,
Their winding course as they pursue, –
Toiling and trembling on their way.

Hither bring wine, and the sweet rose
That fadeth in its early prime;
While fortune, age, and the black thread
Of the three sisters grant thee time.

House, trees, and villa by the stream
Of Tiber, – thou must leave them all:
These must thou leave; and to an heir
Thy riches, heaped on high, must fall.

It boots not whether thou art rich –
From ancient Inachus thy birth;
Or poor, and mean, – a victim still
Of death, that spares no son of earth.

All to one place are bound. The lot
Of each is shaken in the urn;
And soon, or late we cross the stream,
Whence exiled man shall ne'er return.



JAMES WALTER SMITH, 1867

(The Odes of Horace, Books I and II)

Remember, Dellius, in rugged times
 To keep an even mind, nor be elate
And boastful when your fortune shines;
 Because to die must be your fate.

Whether in tears you pass your hours away,
 Or on sequestered lawn your limbs recline,
And spend a happy holiday
 With best Falernian wine,

Where the tall pine-tree and the poplar hoar
 Consort the hospitable shade to make,
And flying brooks, with crooked shore,
 Their trembling way laborious take.

Thither bring wine and unguents merrily
 And have the far too short-lived roses spread;
But only while the sisters three,
 And time, forbear to cut the thread.

Your purchased groves enjoy a little while,
 And villa built on amber Tiber's strand;
And then your wealth's exalted pile
 Must come to your successor's hand.

If sprung from Inachus and bred in luxury,
 Or if from humblest race and penniless
You roofless live, you still must be
 The prey of Pluto pitiless.

We're fellow-travellers all: for each the wheel
 Revolves, and, soon or late, his lot must cast,
Consigning him, in Charon's keel,
 To exile which must ever last.

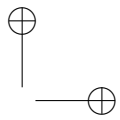




E. H. BRODIE, 1868

(“One of Her Majesty’s Inspectors of Schools”)

A constant temper thine be seen,
An equanimity serene,
 When difficulties press;
Nor, Dellius, made of mortal mould,
Too loudly be the triumphs told
 Of insolent success,
Whether by clouds of gloom o’ercast
Thy melancholy life be passed,
 Or happier thou’st partook
Of rich Falernum’s oldest cask,
Joyous on festal days to bask
 In some sweet country nook,
Where poplar white and soaring pine
Their hospitable boughs incline
 To lend a friendly shade,
And the chafed streamlet hurries down
’Mid banks, that half across it thrown
 The channel would invade.
Here wines and unguents bring, and oh!
Bring roses sweet while yet in blow,
 That have so short a date,
While years and fortune still permit,
And, pausing our black threads to slit,
 The sisters respite fate.
Nor house, nor costly groves you’ll save,
Nor villa Tiber’s amber wave
 Wets flowing on beneath;
Those costly piles you vainly rear
For him who will your honours wear
 When you are laid in death.
Or rich and sprung from oldest king,
Or but the meanest creeping thing
 That makes the sky his shed,
It matters not – for all must die,
Beneath the ruthless Pluto’s eye
 Unransomed captives led;
All tread compulsion’s path, for all,
Or soon, or late, the lot shall fall
 From the revolving urn,
The inevitable boat at hand
To embark us waits an exiled band
 Doomed never to return.



T. HERBERT NOYES, JR., 1868

(An Idyll of the Weald, with Other Lays and Legends)

In adversity remember
 To preserve an even mind,
So in prosperous days your spirits
 In due bounds will be confined,
Free from arrogance, my friend,
Not unmindful of your end.

Whether all your life is sadness,
 Or at ease, on some green knoll,
Through long days of endless revel
 You have comforted your soul
With Falernian, from the bin
Of your favourite brand within,

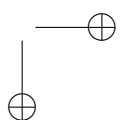
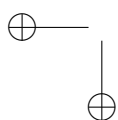
Where huge pines and hoary poplars
 Love to weave a grateful shade,
Waving welcome with their branches,
 While the streamlet in the glade
Winding, delving through the soil,
Seems to tremble with its toil.

Thither with the wine and perfumes,
 Bid them bring the sweet frail rose,
While as yet on youth fair fortune
 All its choicest gifts bestows,
And the sisters that we dread
Leave uncut the triple thread.

You must leave your purchased forest,
 You must leave your mountain home,
You must leave your villa, watered
 By the Tiber's yellow foam;
And some reckless heir will spend
Heaps of wealth you loved to tend.

Whether you are born a Dives,
 With an ancient pedigree,
Little matters, or a pauper
 Living 'neath the open sky;
Ruthless fate will have its way!
You must be the spoiler's prey!

One sure road we all must travel,
 For us all there is an urn,
Which one day must be inverted,
 And our lot be drawn in turn:
O'er the ferry to be sent
To eternal banishment!





FATHER PROUT, 1868

(1804–66; Irish Humorist and Journalist)

Thee, whether Pain assail
Or Pleasure pamper,
Dellius – whiche'er prevail –
Keep thou thy temper;
Unwed to boisterous joys, that ne'er
Can save thee from the sepulchre;

Death smites the slave to spleen,
Whose soul repineth,
And him who on the green,
Calm sage, reclineth,
Keeping – from grief's intrusion far –
Blithe holiday with festal jar.

Where giant fir, sunproof,
With poplar blendeth,
And high o'er head a roof
Of boughs extendeth;
While onward runs the crooked rill,
Brisk fugitive, with murmur shrill.

Bring wine, here, on the grass!
Bring perfumes hither!
Bring roses – which, alas!
Too quickly wither –
Ere of our days the spring-tide ebb,
While the dark sisters weave our web.

Soon – should the fatal shear
Cut life's frail fibre –
Broad lands, sweet Villa near
The yellow Tiber,
With all thy chattels rich and rare,
Must travel to a thankless heir.

Be thou the nobly born,
Spoil'd child of Fortune –
Be thou the wretch forlorn,
Whom wants importune –
By sufferance thou art here at most,
Till death shall claim his holocaust.

All to the same dark bourne
Plod on together –
Lots from the same dread urn
Leap forth – and, whether
Our's be the first or last, Hell's wave
Yawns for the exiles of the grave.



EDWARD YARDLEY, JR., 1869

(1835–1908; Writer)

Preserve an even temper still,
Whether thy fate be low or high,
Nor raised by good, nor prest by ill,
Oh! Delius about to die;

Whether a wretched time be thine,
Or, stretched in quiet on the sward,
Thou spend'st glad days in drinking wine,
The best the cellar can afford;

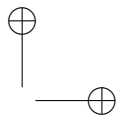
Where mighty pine and poplar white
Mingle their hospitable shade,
And, urging its laborious flight,
The brook its winding course has made.

There wine and unguents order thou,
And roses, all too short of date,
Whilst Youth and Circumstance allow,
Nor yet are cut the threads of Fate.

The woodlands that thou purchased hast,
Thy villa by the yellow river,
Thy other house, thy wealth amassed,
Death to thy heir will soon deliver.

When entering Hell's eternal door,
'T will little signify to us,
If we be poorest of the poor
Or sprung from ancient Inachus.

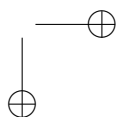
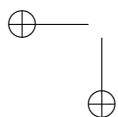
We all go one way; and our lot
Must soon or late leap from the urn,
When we must voyage in the boat
Of Charon, never to return.



JOHN BENSON ROSE, 1869

(Satires, Epistles, and Odes of Quintus Horatius Flaccus)

May it be thine, an equal mind preserving,
Ne'er to succumb to Fortune undeserving,
 Nor, Delius, about to die,
 Puffed be by prosperity.
Whether thy days have all been sadly flowing,
Or whether, where the shades their balm bestowing,
 Placed thy lot on herbage fine,
 Quaffing sealed Falernian wine.
Where poplars pale and pine trees intertwining,
Hallow the spot to mirth and joy inclining,
 Where the bubbling rivulet
 Sparkles in its oblique jet.
Thither bring wine, the unguents, and the flowers,
Bring summer roses living briefest hours,
 Ere Fortune and the sisters three
 Twining black thread disagree.
All thy possessions beside Tiber's river
Thou must resign, nor canst thou be their giver.
 They unto thy heir must fall,
 Villa, sacred grove, and all.
Whether thou be from Inachus descended,
Or rich or poor, or graced, or unbefriended,
 Or from gods derived your birth,
 Orcus spares no son of earth.
All to one bourn are exiled and for ever,
Enter the boat and pass the river, never
 O silent spirit to return,
 But for trial by the urn.





WILLIAM THOMAS MERCER, 1869

(1821–79; Colonial Administrator)

Dellius, when adverse thine affairs,
Be not borne down by weight of cares,
When prosperous, lift thee not too high,
For, Dellius, thou wert born to die.

If thou thy days, it matters not,
 Hast spent in sadness and in woe,
Or with Falernian wine hast taught
 The costly cup to overflow;

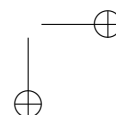
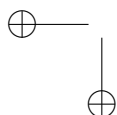
Where the huge pine and poplar white
To form a peaceful shade unite,
And where the brook with gentle force
Rolls ever on its rippling course,

Come, bid the boy that on thee waits
 Bring the brief rose's beauteous flower,
And generous wine, while yet the Fates
 Forbear to clip the fleeting hour.

Ah, thou must quit thy purchased woods
And mansion washed by Tibur's floods,
These thou must quit, and piled on high
The treasure shall thine heir enjoy.

It matters not if thou thy line
 From ancient Inachus can trace,
Thou must endure thy lot; 'tis thine
 Alike with his of lowly race;

To the same point we all are borne,
All lots are shaken in the urn,
And when our own appears, we wait
In Charon's boat our lasting fate.





EDWARD BULWER-LYTTON, LORD LYTTON, 1870

(1803–73; Politician)

With a mind undisturbed take life's good and life's evil,
Temper grief from despair, temper joy from vainglory;
For, through each mortal change, equal mind,
O my Dellius, befits mortal-born,

Whether all that is left thee of life be but trouble,
Or, reclined at thine ease amid grassy recesses,
Thy Falernian, the choicest, records
How serenely the holidays glide.

Say, for what do vast pine and pale poplar commingle
Friendly boughs that invite to their welcoming shadow?
Wherefore struggles and murmurs the rill
Stayed from flight by a curve in the shore?

Thither, lo, bid them bring thee the wine and the perfumes,
And the blooms of the pleasant rose dying too swiftly;
While thy fortune, and youth, and the woof
Of the Three Fatal Sisters allow.

Woodlands dearly amassed round the home proudly builded,
Stately villa with walls laved by Tiber's dun waters,
Thou must quit; and the wealth piled on high
Shall become the delight of thine heir.

For no victim has death either preference or pity,
Be thy race from the king who first reigned o'er the Argive,
Or thy father a beggar, thy roof
Yonder sky, – 'tis the same to the Grave.

Driven all to that fold; in one fatal urn shaken,
Soon or late must leap forth the sure lot for an exile
In the dark passage-boat which comes back
To the sweet native land never more.



THOMAS CHARLES BARING, 1870

(1831–91; Banker and Politician)

Thy heart content and calm when life seems hard
Preserve; nor less, if Fortune's highest card
 Thou hold, unseemly mirth deny
 Thyself; for, Dellius, thou must die. Whether in sadness
 all thy years thou pass;
Or on fête-days far hence amid the grass
 Thou lie, and sip at day's decline
 Thy choicest old Falernian wine, Where overhead tall pine
 and poplar white
For shade their hospitable boughs unite,
 And in its zigzag course below
 The babbling brooklet tries to flow.
There bid thy wines and unguents rich be laid,
With sweet rose-garlands that too soon must fade,
 Whilst time and circumstance are fit,
 And the weird Sisters' skeins permit.
Thou soon shalt leave thy home, thy new-bought wood,
Thy country-place by Tibur's yellow flood,
 And all thy wealth has built resign
 To thy expectant heir of line.
Whether thou'rt rich, and lineage dost claim
From ancient Inachus, or bear'st a name
 To want well known, no difference makes:
 Orcus on nothing pity takes.
All go the same road: from his box for all,
Sooner or later, will the ballot fall:
 All must in Charon's boat be sent
 To everlasting banishment.

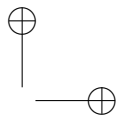




JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS, 1871

(1840–93; Poet)

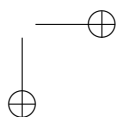
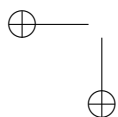
In trouble keep your courage high
And calm, but yet in happier fate
Be not with rapture too elate –
For one day, Dellius, you must die.
Whether through dreary days you pine,
Or on the far sequestered grass
Luxurious holidays you pass
Quaffing your old Falernian wine:
I know the spot – by poplar pale
And lofty pines a friendly shade
With intertwining branches made;
And hard by struggles through the vale
The winding water: – there we'll set
Wines and rich perfumes; boys shall bring
Roses too briefly blossoming;
While Youth and Fortune smile, while yet
Their dark threads spin the sisters three.
Ah me! your parks, your pleasant home
Washed by the Tiber's tawny foam
You'll leave; and all your wealth shall be
But for your heir. If rich and one
Of Inachus' old line and name,
Or poor and basest born, the same
Your doom to Orcus pitying none.
To the grim ferry all must go;
Our lots are cast into one urn,
And soon or late comes out our turn
For endless banishment below.



NICHOLAS J. GANNON, 1873

(Mary Desmond and Other Poems)

Do thou preserve a tranquil soul
When clouds of danger o'er thee roll;
When gladdened by prosperity,
O, mortal Dellius, humble be.
Act thus if sorrow shade thy brow,
Or if, on sward reclining low,
Thou mak'st the festive days divine,
With draughts of old Falernian wine;
Where mighty pine, and poplar white,
Their hospitable shades unite;
And murmuring waters love to rove
Beneath the winding banks above.
Thither bring wine, the short-lived rose,
And unguent that in odour flows;
While care, and age, and gloomy thread
Of sisters three are round thee spread.
Thy purchased woods, thy house and lands,
Shall quickly pass from out thy hands;
Thy villa, too, which Tiber laves
So freshly with his yellow waves:
And all this pomp and splendor fair,
Shall soon enrich another heir.
It matters not though poor or great,
We all must march through Pluto's gate;
One certain fate for all remain,
The urn of Death the lots contain;
Early or late, we mount the bark,
And exiles sail into the dark.





JAMES LONSDALE AND SAMUEL LEE, 1873

(JL 1816-92, SL 1837-92)

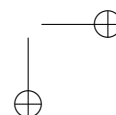
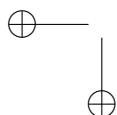
Be careful to preserve amid difficulties a tranquil mind; no less in prosperity one restrained from overweening joy, my Delliis, you that are doomed to die, whether you have lived in sorrow all your years, or if, reposing in some grassy nook, you have made yourself happy throughout the holidays of life with a deep-stored cask of Falernian.

Where the mighty pine and the white poplar love to unite their branches' hospitable shade, and the fleeting brook strives to hurry onward down its winding channel, – hither bid them bring wine, and perfumes, and the too short-lived blossoms of the pleasant rose; while circumstances and youth allow us, and the gloomy threads of the three sister-fates.

You will quit all those wooded domains you have purchased, and the mansion, and the villa which yellow Tiber washes; you will quit them, and your heir will enjoy the wealth that you have piled on high.

Whether the rich descendant of ancient Inachus, it matters not, or poor and of the lowliest birth you sojourn beneath the sky, the victim of Orcus who never feels compassion.

We all are driven to the same place; the lot of us all is shaken in the urn, sooner or later sure to come forth, and embark us in the boat for a region of endless exile.





ROBERT M. HOVENDEN, 1874

(“Formerly of Trinity College, Cambridge”)

In time of crisis learn to hold
 A mind in poise: if good befall,
My Dellius, be not over bold
 To vaunt thy joy; death ends it all,
Whether thy life in sadness droop,
 Or on sequester'd lawn supine,
The feast-day through, thou drain a stoop,
 The choicest, of Falernian wine.
Why leave the hospitable shade
 By poplar cast and spreading pine,
Whence, hurrying on from grove to glade,
 The windings of the river shine?
Bring wine and oil; our sylvan fare
 With roses, short-lived roses, wreath,
While yet the three weird sisters spare
 The life of health and wealth we breathe.
Soon must thou leave these purchased lands,
 Thy rural home by Tiber laved,
And soon must pass to other hands
 The hoarded gold thy prudence saved.
The noble perish with the base:
 Death levels all and cares no more
For Inachus' time-honour'd race
 Than for the beggars at their door.
One drove, one road: for all in turn,
 To-day, to-morrow it may be,
Their lots in issuing from the urn
 Eternal banishment decree.

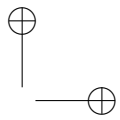




J. M. MERRICK, 1874

(1838-79)

Preserve a firm, well-balanced mind
 When fortune on thee frowns;
Nor less a mind from pride set free
 When she thy labor crowns.
O Dellius, thou who soon shalt die,
 Howe'er thy time is spent,
Though thou to sorrow giv'st thy life,
 Or art on mirth intent;
What though on grassy slopes reclined,
 With wine of ancient brand
Thou mak'st good cheer on festal days? –
 On *thee* death lays his hand.
Where do the pine and poplar white
 A social shade ally?
Where doth the tortuous brooklet strive
 To hurry murmuring by?
There bid them bring perfumes and wine,
 The roses' sweet brief flower;
While Fortune, Youth, the sisters' threads
 Leave these joys in our power.
From purchased lawns and lofty house
 By yellow Tiber's stream,
Thou shalt depart – o'er all thy wealth
 Thy heir shall reign supreme.
Art rich, and sprung from Inachus?
 Art poor, of mean descent?
It matters nothing to the dead,
 Their course one way is bent.
Or soon, or late, our lot will leap
 From Fate's unpitying urn;
And they who once with Charon sail
 From exile ne'er return.



MORTIMER HARRIS, 1874

(The Odes of Horace)

Remember, Delius, since you needs must die,
In adverse times a mind of even poise
To keep, and one which from unbridled joys
Is free in seasons of prosperity:

Whether in sadness all your days you pass,
Or with Falernian of the choicest kind
Indulge yourself on festive days, reclined
In some secluded spot upon the grass;

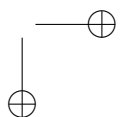
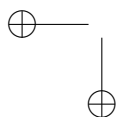
Where the tall pine and poplar white enlase
Their boughs to form a hospitable shade;
And where the rippling streamlet's light cascade
Strives through its sinuous bed a way to trace.

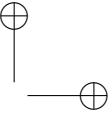
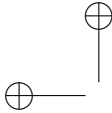
Here bid them bring the unguents and the wine,
And of sweet roses the too short-lived flowers;
Whilst our affairs permit, and youths' bright hours,
And the dark threads which the three sisters twine.

You from your purchased groves must part, your home,
The villa yellow Tiber rushes by;
And all the riches you have heaped on high
Must pass to the enjoyment of your heir.

Though, rich, from ancient Inachus you may
Trace your descent, it matters not – or poor,
And homeless from the lowest class – 'tis sure
You must of ruthless Orcus be the prey.

To the same bourne we all perforce must wend:
From the dark urn will issue soon or late
The lot of each, and in her boat will Fate
Conduct us to an exile without end.





KNAPDALE, 1874 (IMITATED)

(Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine)

Keep a stout heart when times are bad, my boy,
And don't forget when things are looking better,
To guard against extravagance in joy,
For Death *will* come – a foe no man can fetter –

Whether your life has passed in cheerless gloom,
Or 'midst the song and dance and mirth and revel;
Unmindful that for ever gapes the tomb,
Where every man at last will find his level.

Then – to a nook where aged trees entwine
Their mingling arms, and cast a grateful shadow;
And crystal streams leap forth to cool your wine,
Then run, exulting, towards the sunny meadow –

Bring wine and olives, and too short-lived flowers,
And every choice invention of kind pleasure;
While young and rich, and while the Sister-powers
Leave still unclipped your life's uncertain measure.

For you must quit your country-house and club,
River and park, and well-beloved plantations;
And all you die possessed of – there's the rub –
When you are gone, must go to your relations.

Art thou a millionaire? Canst trace thy blood
Right upwards to the Conquest? – 'tis no matter;
Still you must die and cross death's sable flood,
Just like a pauper, or a common "hatter."

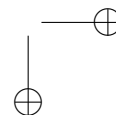
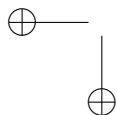
Our lines in one great Central Station meet;
From out the dread urn each one's ticket's shaken
Sooner or later; and our final seat
In the Down Train must certainly be taken When
the bell tolls.



ARTHUR WAY, 1876

(1847–1930; Scholar and Translator, Headmaster of Wesley College, Melbourne)

Remember thou to keep in time of hardship
Constant thy soul, which else can not be chastened
 From overweening exultation
 In wealth, O Delliuss, who must die
Whether thou hast lived all thy life in sorrow,
Or all through festal days on lawn secluded
 Hast, there reclining, cheered thyself
 With inner brand of wine Falernian.
Why love the giant pine and silver poplar
With boughs to link a hospitable shade?
 Why doth the fleeting water struggle
 To flutter down its winding channel?
Bid them bring hither wines and perfumes, also
The lovely rose's blooms too early-fading
 While fortune yet permits, and life,
 And black threads of the Sisters Three.
Thou shalt forsake thy purchased parks and mansion,
Thy villa that the tawny Tiber lappeth
 Thou shalt forsake, and of thy riches
 High-piled thy heir shall take possession.
No matter whether 'neath the sky thou dwellest
Rich, and from Inachus of old descended,
 Or poor, and of the meanest house,
 Thou victim of unpitying Orcus.
To the same bourn we all are driven. The lot
Of all within the urn is tossing, sooner
 Or later to leap forth and place us
 Within the boat for endless exile.





WILLIAM JOHNSTON HUTCHINSON, 1876

(Poems of Sentiment and Reflection)

Dellius, repel not from your mind
That life, a dream, by you must be resigned,
Since this is so, your stores of joy expand
If you bethink its changings to withstand:
Do not shrink under Fortune's angry frown, –
The fruitful germ the husbandman cast down,
Which, lying hidden long in deepest gloom
Sprang forth, bore fruit, and gladdened with its bloom:
Nor yet, if viewing some unhoped result,
Think o'er your friend, less happy, to exult.
If nurturing sadness in remotest spot,
Or, if to pleasure gods your hours allot
And lead you on to some inviting vale
With ease and wine your hours to regale,
While you recline within some grateful shade,
The lofty pine and hoary poplar made,
And upward gaze as sunny cloudlets flit,
Or drink with rapture from the rivulet,
It is decreed, and these change not your fate –
Our hours the coming Sisters but await!
Bid slaves bring wine, perfumes of wondrous cost:
Not for a future let this day be lost.
Think, Dellius, depart, and soon, you must;
With you your treasures crumble not to dust.
O no! a longing and impatient heir
Makes them his waking and his sleeping care;
Surveys your villas and computes your groves,
And, penniless, expectant master roves,
It matters not if sprung from humblest race,
Whose ancestors no ancient records trace;
Nor yet could Argos claim thy noble sire –
From this fair scene you surely shall retire.
All are alike – unsheltered from the air;
And envious Pluto takes all for his share.
Remorseless Fates yet turn the restless wheel,
And Atropos yet grasps the severing steel
Too soon to cut the unresisting thread –
Forth from the breast the living spark hath fled!
Our destiny – born, linger here a while;
Embark with Charon for a long exile!



W. E. H. FORSYTH, 1876

(1845–81; Lawyer in Bengal)

In trouble's dark hour don't give way to despair,
For, Delius, our days are but brief;
And when you're in luck learn as wisely to bear
The good fortune of life as its grief.

However you live, whether sadly or not,
Or whether, reclined on the grass,
You quaff the best wine in a snug little spot,
And make the days jollily pass:

Where poplar and pine join their branches on high,
And form an acceptable shade,
Where, struggling the bend of the bank to flow by,
The murmuring brook is delayed.

So bring here your perfumes, your wines, and your flowers,
And roses whose bloom is soon fled:
While we've money and youth let's enjoy a few hours
Before the Fates spin out our thread.

You must leave your own groves and your houses, my friend,
And your villa beside the fair river;
And the wealth that you've gathered and never will spend,
Your heir will enjoy every stiver.

Are you rich and descended from Inachus old,
Or poor, living out in the air?
It matters not – off you must go when you're told;
No victim will Orcus e'er spare.

On the same gloomy voyage we're all of us bound –
The urn must be shaken for all;
And sooner or later our lot will be found,
And he'll bear us away past recall.



RICHARD TROTT FISHER, 1876

(Rakings Over Many Seasons)

Mind to keep an even temper, though thy path in life be rough;
Nor the less, should Fortune smooth it, mind, O Delius! to curb
All insolence of joy:
For die thou must:

Whether thou hast spent in sadness all thy span of mortal life,
Or on holidays reclining in the quiet grass hast cheer'd
Thy genius with old
Falernian.

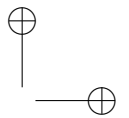
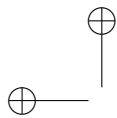
Where the tall pine and white poplar join their boughs as if for love,
Wearing hospitable shelter; where the shy and trembling brook
Winds busily adown
Its rugged way;

There let wine and liquid perfume, there delicious flowers be brought
Ere the roses fade, while Fortune favours thee and Youth, before
The fatal Three shall cut
Thy thread of life.

Go thou must; and leave behind the new-bought forests, and the hall,
And thy villa which the yellow Tiber washes: thou must go,
And all thy heaps of wealth
Thy heir will take:

Be thou rich, it matters not: or sprung from ancient Inachus,
Or a pauper of the lowest, sleeping under the bare sky,
The victim each alike
Of ruthless Death.

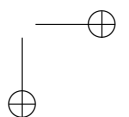
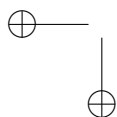
All are bound for the same haven: soon or late the lot of each,
Turning in the fatal urn of Destiny, shall fall, and doom
Eternal banishment
Alike to all.



WILLIAM THOMAS THORNTON, 1878

(1813–80; Economist, Civil Servant, and Author)

Temper serene in arduous circumstance,
And, likewise, in prosperity's advance
 From glee's excess held under rein,
 Heedfully, Dellius, death-doomed, maintain:
Whether, through life entire, thou sorrowing pinest,
Or whether, livelong festive days, reclinest
 In grassy nook, indulging in
 Falernian from the inner bin –
Where the huge pine-tree and the poplar whit
To weave a hospitable shade delight
 With mingling boughs, while, fugitive,
 With the brook's curve, clear ripples strive.
Hither with wine and perfumes bid them bring
Sweet rose blossoms too briefly blossoming,
 While age and means so let it be,
 And black threads of the sisters three.
From house and purchased groves must thou be gone
– Villa which yellow Tiber laves – and on
 The riches piled by thee on high
 Thine heir will enter forcibly.
Whether thou'rt baseborn, homeless, indigent,
Or opulent, and of antique descent
 From Inachus, all one to thee,
 Stern Pluto's victim equally.
Unto one goal we all are forced: of all
Shaketh the urn, whence soon or late shall fall
 Lot of a place in Charon's boat
 To banishment eterne to float.

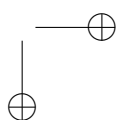
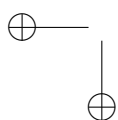


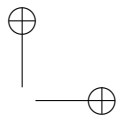
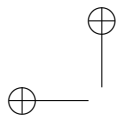


SIR PHILIP PERRING, 1880

(1828–1920)

Remember in the days of ill
An even mind to hold fast still,
Nor less in prosperous times be spare
Of mirth, extravagance, and cheer,
O Dellius, mortal that you are,
Whether in sorrow life you pass,
Or, leaning back in nook of grass,
You keep high festal-tide with wine
Fetched from the cellar's inmost bin.
What serves it that the poplar white
And the huge pine with boughs delight
A hospitable shade to unite?
Or in its winding channel why
Huddles the brook so swiftly by?
Bring hither unguents, wines, the rose –
Fair flower that all too short-lived blows –
While circumstance, and age permit,
And the black threads, the Sisters slit.
Thou'lt quit thy purchased parks, and home,
And seat on Tiber's yellow foam;
Aye, quit, and all that earthly hoard,
Thou hast piled up high, an heir shall lord!
It boots not whether rich thou be,
Of Inachus' ancient pedigree,
Or poor, of lowest family –
A little while beneath the sun,
Then Orcus' victim pitying none!
All to the self-same bourn must go,
The urn is shaken for all below,
And soon or late comes forth the lot,
And we must step aboard the Boat
For banishment that endeth not.

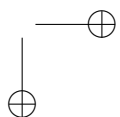
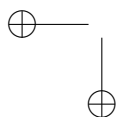


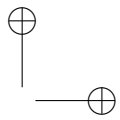


HENRY HUBBARD PIERCE, 1884

(1834–83; “Erudite Mathematician and Latin Scholar”)

Since born to die, O Dellius, be thou calm!
 When troubles press thee, bravely meet thy doom;
With favoring signs restrain contemptuous joy:
 Should cruel Fortune fill thy life with gloom,
Or prone at ease on some sequestered bank
 Where waving pines with silvery poplars blend
Their loving boughs to weave a friendly shade,
 And timorous waters of the purling brook
With many a winding thread the peaceful glade,
 Thy soul be warmed with wine from sunny slopes,
The stout Falernian, earliest vintage sealed,
 And full fruition crown thy fondest hopes.
While Fortune smiles, ere envious age deny,
 The Sisters weave their sable threads at noon,
Ah! thither bid thy slave bring sparkling wine
 With fragrant balm, the rose that fades too soon.
Thy costly groves must all be left behind,
 That shade thy home where pure enjoyments dwell;
Thy villa reared by Tiber’s golden flood;
 To all, believe me, must thou say farewell!
A thankless heir shall count thy hoarded wealth.
 When frowning Pluto claims thy victim shade,
'Twill naught avail to boast Inachian stock.
 Thou’lt fare the same to trace ignoble birth
From yonder swain who tends his meagre flock,
 Without a roof to keep the storms away.
Each foot shall tread the same unerring path;
 Within the urn must every lot be cast;
The fatal hour will soon or later come;
 The surly Boatman make his choice at last:
His leaden skiff shall waft thee o’er the tide
 To dreary exile, earthly greetings past!

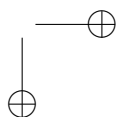
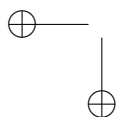




HERBERT GRANT, 1885

(*Odes of Horace*)

Since life, O Delli! has an end,
Be tranquil thou should ill impend,
No less, when fortune smiles again,
From all intemperate joys abstain:
If sad you've always been in mind,
Or, on some quiet lawn reclined,
With old Falernian vintage choice
You've bid the festal hours rejoice;
Where giant pine, and poplar white
Their hospitable shade unite,
The purling brook with tortuous force
Glides trembling down its channelled course,
Wine, and the briefly-blossomed rose,
And perfumes let thy slaves dispose
Whilst youth and wealth permit the cheer
And the black threads of life run clear:
From wooded slopes laid out with art,
And fretted dome thou soon must part,
Thy villa washed by Tiber's tide,
And gold shall for thine heir provide;
Though sprung of high ancestral birth,
Or houseless vagrant on the earth,
It matters nought, unsparing death
Ere long shall hush thy failing breath;
Thither are all compelled; for all
The urn is shaken, great or small;
The lot leaps out; see Charon wait!
Eternal exile seals our fate.





CHARLES WILLIAM DUNCAN, 1886

(The Odes and Saecular Hymn of Quintus Horatius Flaccus)

Dellius, ere long to die, do thou maintain
 In poverty a steadfast heart;
Nor, if thou should'st prosperity attain,
 Let it a boastful joy impart!

Whether in sorrow hath thy life been spent,
 Or thou thro' festal days recline
In some secluded rustic home content,
 Quaffing the old Falernian wine,

Where the tall pine and silver poplar love
 Their boughs to join in grateful shade;
Where the swift brooklet dashes through the grove,
 With rippling stream o'er winding bed.

Here wines and perfumes order to be borne,
 And short-liv'd buds of dainty rose,
Whilst means, and youth, and sable threads unspun
 Of the three sisters, fate allows.

From purchased groves, from home, thou must depart,
 Thy villa tawny Tiber by;
Thine heir shall take the wealth which now thou art
 With anxious labour piling high.

It matters not however rich thou be,
 From ancient Inachus descend;
Or poor and low, thine only roof the sky,
 Unpitying Orcus is thine end.

To the same bourne Fates ev'ry mortal drive;
 In the same urn of all the lot
Is cast; to endless exile we arrive,
 Sooner or later by the boat.





T. RUTHERFURD CLARK, 1887

(The Odes of Horace)

Calm in the storm thy bosom be,
And chastened, when the winds caress,
From overweening happiness;
For death, my Dellius, waits on thee,
Though all thy days be sour and sad,
Or idling in thy vacant hour
Reclined in some sequestered bower,
Thy best Falernian make thee glad.
And why are shade and welcome lent
By pines with poplars close embraced?
Or why the murmur and the haste
Of brooks in tortuous channels pent?
There pour the wines, the perfumes shed,
Strew the sweet rose that fades too soon,
While age and fortune grant the boon,
And the three Sisters' mystic thread,
For thou must go from mansions fair,
And homes by Tiber's tawny flow,
And wealth of woodlands; – thou must go,
The high-heaped treasures wait an heir.
Small matter though of affluence won
From Inachus, and ancient race,
Or roofless, nameless, beggared, base, –
Yet art thou Death's, who pities none.
All to one fold are driven; of all,
Tossed in the urn, or soon or late
The lot leaps out, and Charon's freight
Goes forth to exile past recall.



ARTHUR PLATT, 1887

(The Cambridge Review)

Keep thou thy spirit nor too low nor high
In evil seasons or prosperity,
 Free from deep gloom, free from exulting joy,
O Dellius, for thou too art doomed to die.

It is all one if thou hast lived austere,
O, keep the festal days throughout the year,
 With some choice jar of old Falernian
Stretched idle on the grass thy soul to cheer.

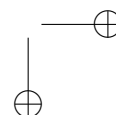
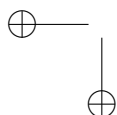
Why do the poplar and the soaring pine
Their boughs in hospitable shade entwine?
 Why does the fleeting water of the rill
Glance rippling laughter where the sunbeams shine?

Bring hither wine and ointment, hither bring
Fast-fading roses of fast-fading spring,
 While life and fortune and the sisters three
Grant thee a brief space yet for revelling.

Thou wilt depart from woodland and from hall,
Thy high-piled riches to thine heir will fall;
 Thou wilt depart, and wilt no longer see
The yellow Tiber lave thy villa-wall.

Art rich and sprung of glorious ancestry?
Or art thou poor and lowly of degree?
 No matter; short thy sojourn in the light,
For Orcus pities none, and will not thee.

One way we all are driven, and of all
Sooner or later from the urn will fall
 The lot to bid us leave the sun, and hence
In death's eternal banishment to call.





SIR STEPHEN DE VERE, 1888

(1812–1904; Poet and Country Gentleman)

Be mindful thou, when storms of adverse fate
Encompass thee, to meet still unsubdued
 Their worst with manly fortitude: –
 When Fortune, fickle Deity,
Smiles once again, grateful yet unelate
Accept the gift, Dellius foredoomed to die;
 Whether in gloom austere
 Thou liv'st, or whether, when the year
Renews its feasts, on some sequestered sward,
 By cooling streams reclined,
 Thou quaff'st Falernian draughts long-stored,
Where the huge pine, and poplar silver-lined
 With branches interlaced have made
 A hospitable shade,
And where by curving bank and hollow bay
The tremulous waters work their silent way.
 Send thither wine and rich perfume,
 And the loved rose's short-lived bloom,
 While wealth is thine, and youthful years,
And pause as yet the fatal Sisters' shears.
One day thy stately halls, thy dear-bought woods,
Thy villa bathed by Tiber's yellow floods,
Shall see their loving master's face no more; –
And lavish heirs shall waste his high-heaped store.

 What boots it, friend, albeit you trace
From Inachus your rich and ancient race?
What boots it though beneath the stars you lie
Base-born; unfriended in your poverty?
 Death claims his victim. All must tread
One common path, the highway of the dead:
Fate shakes the urn, and o'er the Stygian river
Soul after soul to exile fleets forever.



W. E. SURTEES, 1888

(Seven Odes of Horace)

With equal mind when danger presses,
And not the less when fortune blesses,
Never insulting nor deprest.
Remember to keep constant breast;

For Delius thou art doomed to die
Whether thy life were misery,
Or else, where pine and poplar made
Combined an hospitable shade,

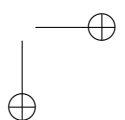
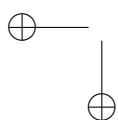
And sheltered from the summer beam
The trembling rill hastes to the stream,
Reclining on a grassy bank
The best Falernian wine thou drank.

Here, then, bid wine and ointment laid
And roses which too soon must fade,
While age and while occasion fit
And the Fates' thread such joys permit.

Thou must depart from groves and home
And villa kiss'd by Tiber's foam.
Thou must depart, and leave thy heir
That wealth thy prudence loved to spare.

Whether from Argos' earliest king,
Or meanest sires your race you bring,
Unpitying Orcus shall the same
In high and low his victim claim.

For all the urn is turn'd. For all,
Or soon or late, the lot must fall,
And we to Charon's boat be sent,
Condemned to endless banishment.





E. H. STANLEY, 1889

(A Metrical Version of the Odes of Horace)

Preserve, oh my Dellius, whatever thy fortunes
A mind undisturbed, 'midst Life's changes and ills,
Not cast down by its sorrows nor too much elated
If sudden good-fortune thy Cup overfills.

Whether all that is left Thee of life be but sorrow
Or midst pastures delicious thy future shall stray,
Where reclining at ease with the choicest Falernian
In enjoyment and rapture the days pass away.

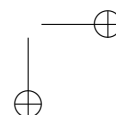
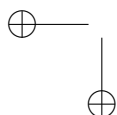
Where the Pine trees and Poplars' green branches entwining
Hospitality offer, inviting repose,
Where struggles the streamlet, whose song half repining
Reproaches with murmurs the bank as it flows.

Yes – there let them bring Thee the Wine and its perfume
And blossoming roses deliciously fair –
Which Fortune and Youth and the Three fatal Sisters
With woof still unravelled permit Thee to share.

All at last must thou leave – all – thy home and thy woodland,
Thy Villa so stately – its Tiber-washed walls –
All the Gold thou hast heaped up with care so unceasing
Delighting the Heir to whose power it falls.

Though from Inachus tracing a lineage so wealthy,
Or a Beggar – a wanderer – thy roof yonder sky –
'Tis no matter, the grave has no pity for either,
All are victims alike, in its depth all must lie!

The fatal Urn shaken, or sooner or later,
Thy lot shall leap forth, then to that darkened shore
Towards which all are driven – to Exile unending,
Death's Boat shall bear Thee; to return nevermore!





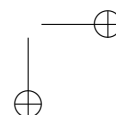
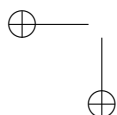
SIR ALFRED COMYN LYALL, 1889

(1835–1911; Poet and Civil Servant in India)

Keep up your spirits in grief, my friend,
And an equal temper, if luck runs low:
When times grow better and fortunes mend,
Don't be too ready to chuckle and crow;
For whether you swelter the live-long day
Toiling under an Indian sun,
Or whether you lie amid English hay
Drinking the summer hours away –
What will it matter? – when life is done.

When the spreading beech, and the poplar tall
Join their boughs o'er a shady nook,
Just when the slanting waterfall
Hurries the flow of the gliding brook,
Carry my wine to that cool green bower,
Light me a leaf of choice Manille,
Cull me the rose which blooms for an hour,
While lasts our money, and life's young flower,
While the Fates still pity and spare us still.

Soon you must leave your favourite wold,
And the pleasant villa by Isis laved,
And the heir will reckon your piles of gold,
Hardly won, and thriftily saved.
Be you a wretched labouring kerne
Or a Baron rich with a blazoned coat,
Soon as your lot is drawn from the urn
Go you must – there is no return,
When you have stepped into Charon's boat.





J. LEIGH S. HATTON, 1890

(“Late of Worcester College, Oxford”)

Remember, Dellius, mortal as thou art,
 In troublous times to keep thy mind at rest,
Nor let vain glory overflow thy heart,
 If with good fortune blest;

Whether thy life sad sorrow seems to fill,
 Or in some grassy dell thou dost recline,
And make the festal days more festive still
 With good Falernian wine.

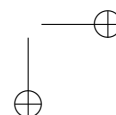
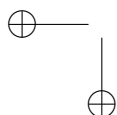
Where the white poplar and the pine advance
 Their netted arms to give thee friendly shade,
Where in and out the swift bright waters dance
 And hurry down the glade,

Here let the perfume and the wine be spread,
 And lovely roses that too soon decay,
While the Three Sisters weave no dusky thread,
 And youth and fortune stay;

For thou must leave those widespread lands of thine,
 And the sweet home with yellow Tiber nigh,
And to thy heir the gathered wealth resign,
 That thou hast piled so high.

It matters little to relentless death
 If some rich scion of a kingly race,
Or some poor wanderer draws his latest breath,
 And takes the victim’s place;

All find the bourne, for all – or soon or late –
 The lot falls shaken from the fatal urn,
And we go forth the exile’s boat to freight,
 And never more return!





EUGENE FIELD, 1891

(1850–95; American Journalist and Poet)

Be tranquil, Dellius, I pray;
For though you pine your life away
 With dull complaining breath,
Or speed with song and wine each day,
 Still, still your doom is death.

Where the white poplar and the pine
In glorious arching shade combine,
 And the brook singing goes,
Bid them bring store of nard and wine
 And garlands of the rose.

Let 's live while chance and youth obtain;
Soon shall you quit this fair domain
 Kissed by the Tiber's gold,
And all your earthly pride and gain
 Some heedless heir shall hold.

One ghostly boat shall some time bear
From scenes of mirthfulness or care
 Each fated human soul, –
Shall waft and leave its burden where
 The waves of Lethe roll.

*So come, I prithee, Dellius mine;
Let 's sing our songs and drink our wine
 In that sequestered nook
Where the white poplar and the pine
 Stand listening to the brook.*



CHARLES POLLARD COCKE, 1891 (PARAPHRASED)

(Arcade Echoes: Selected Poems from the Virginia University Magazine, 1856–1890)

Remember thou a changeless mind in adverse fate to keep,
Nor let thy heart 'mid prosperous things in pride within thee leap,
O Dellius, destined soon to go to dreary Hades' realms below.

Whether thou liv'st thy span of life, endued with all regret,
Or stretched in some green, shady nook, thy sorrows doth forget,
Or through the festal days recline, blessed with Falernia's lusty wine,

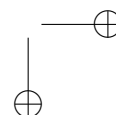
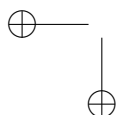
Where overhead, with loving leaves, a shelt'ring shade entwine,
The silver poplar's branches and the sprays of mighty pine,
And where the murmuring streamlet pranks, the brightest blossoms from
her banks,

Bring thither wines and perfumes and the short-lived blooms that blow,
The roses' blooms that fade and fall with coming of the snow:
These – these enjoy while youth from thee keeps weftage of the Sisters
Three.

For thou must yield thy acres broad and naught from thy house save,
And leave thy villa which the floods of tawny Tiber lave,
An heir the wealth will soon obtain, which thou heap'st up, O man, in
vain.

It nothing matters whether sprung from Inachus of old,
A rich man, or a pauper born of even the lowliest mould,
Thou dwellest under earth's clear sky, thou who with death must dwell
for aye.

We mortals all are forced to come unto the self-same bourne,
The lot of each falls soon or late from out the shaken urn,
And launches him upon the sea ruled o'er by pale Persephone.





JOHN B. HAGUE, 1892

(The Odes and Epodes of Horace)

Calm in the midst of threat'ning ill,
And calm in joy, the steadfast will
True wisdom finds – O Dellius, why
Afflict thyself, so sure to die,

Whether the hours pass sad away,
Or life is all a festal day,
And thou on grassy couch recline,
And taste thine old Falernian wine.

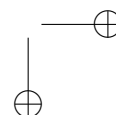
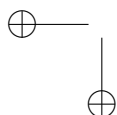
Where pines and silver poplars rise,
Whose clasping foliage shades the skies,
And purling streamlet all the day
Labors along its winding way,

Here bring the wine and rich perfume,
And short-lived rose, and seize its bloom,
While fortune, youth, and Fate's dark thread
Shall keep thee from the silent dead.

Your stately mansion, costly wood,
Fields laved by Tiber's golden flood,
Your piles of wealth – all this you leave,
Your happy heirs the boon receive.

Tho' rich, and Argos' line you trace,
Or poor, and of ignoble race,
The sky your roof – 't is all the same,
Stern Orcus shall his victim claim.

The lot goes from the urn to all,
Sooner or later comes the call,
And Charon's boat bears us away,
No more to see the realms of day.





BENJAMIN WEST BALL, 1892

(1823-96)

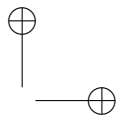
Since to death your nature dooms you,
 You will calmly face your lot –
Triumph will not o'er-elate you,
 Hard disaster scare you not.
Naught is lasting, joy nor sorrow –
 All our mortal moods soon end;
Thus a level head and spirit
 Best befit us, O my friend.

Whether you your life in sadness
 Shall have passed, it matters not,
Or with old Falernian mellow
 Revelled in some grassy spot.
Death to mourner and to feaster
 Comes alike to close the scene.
Equal to whate'er betides us
 Let us live with souls serene.

Where the stately pine and poplar
 Love to weave a social shade,
And by brook obliquely running
 Murmurous melody is made,
Bid your servitors bring thither,
 Where in shadow you repose,
Wine and unguents and sweet blossoms
 Of the too brief-blooming rose.

Bid them hasten, ere the Sisters
 Dusky threads of fate have spun,
While your age knows naught of waning
 And rejoices you the sun.
Lordly mansions, woods, and pastures
 You will surely leave behind,
And your hoarded wealth new owner
 At your exit instant find.

Matters not our grade, possessions,
 Lowly born or long-descended –
We are victims all of Orcus
 When the light of life is ended.
To eternal exile going
 Down the same dark route all fare –
O'er the dim Styx ferried all are
 Undistinguished shadows there.



GEORGE HORTON, 1892

(1859–1942; Member of the United States Diplomatic Corps)

Be brave in trial and in pain;
 With placid mind thy griefs defy,
And let not Fortune make thee vain,
 O Dellius, for thou must die.

Whether thy life must all be sad,
 Or days of festive joy be thine,
While grassy lollings make thee glad,
 And draughts of old Falerian wine.

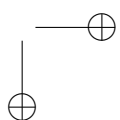
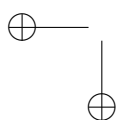
Where giant pine and poplar white
 Weave lovingly their wooing shade,
And where the rill takes mazy flight
 With silvery laughter down the glade,

There order wines and perfumes sent,
 With sweet rose blooms too quickly fled,
While life and youth to thee are lent,
 And ere the dark Three snap thy thread.

Thou must depart that villa fair,
 Those lawns by tawny Tiber's side;
Thou must depart, and then an heir
 With thy vast wealth will glut his pride.

Art rich, and sprung from ancient kings?
 Or poor, and made of vilest clay?
No difference such distinction brings,
 For all are cruel Orcus' prey.

The same end waits for all; or late
 Or soon thy lot must leave the urn,
When Charon's bark must be thy fate –
 An exile, never to return.





JOHN OSBORNE SARGENT, 1893

(1811–91; Lawyer and Author, Friend of Oliver Wendell Holmes)

When the outlook is dark and your star on the wane,
 Take care that your mind never loses its poise;
And when Fortune, my Delliis, smiles brightly again,
 With the same equanimity temper your joys.

For your goal is the grave, run your race as you may, –
 Whether always dejected you toil and repine,
Or on feast-days in grassy nook moisten your clay
 With a bottle of choice old Falernian wine.

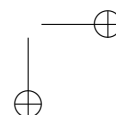
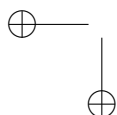
Where the silver-leaved poplar and towering pine,
 With boughs interlaced, to their shadows invite;
Where the brook cuts the turf in a tortuous line,
 And flashes and frets in its tremulous flight;

Bring hither wines, perfumes, and, sweetest of flowers,
 The rose, – though so fleeting it blooms but to wither;
While the Fates spare your life, make the most of its hours;
 With youth, health, and riches, O haste to come hither.

Your seat on the Tiber, your pleasant domains,
 The home and the garden, your joy and your care,
You must leave them and lose them, in spite of your pains;
 You have only been heaping a pile for your heir.

Whether scion of Inachus, oldest of kings,
 Or the child of a pauper, he draws his first breath, –
It matters to none whence his lineage springs,
 All, all are the victims of pitiless death.

To the same place are bound all the children of men,
 Our lots are all shaken in one common urn;
All are drawn from it, sooner or later, and then
 We embark on the voyage whence we never return.





T. A. WALKER, 1893

(*The Odes of Horace*)

Remember, Dellius! born one day to die,
To keep an equal mind whate'er betide;
In times of danger not to weep and sigh,
Nor yield in safety to exultant pride,
Whether thy livelong years be always dull and sad,
Or made on festive days by old Falernian glad.

At ease reclining in some grassy nook,
Where lofty pine with hoary poplar weaves
A social shade, beside a purling brook
That, as it flows, the trembling surface cleaves,
Bid them bring hither wine and scents and roses now,
While the three sisters' threads and age and means allow.

Thy dearly purchased groves renounced must be,
(Black are the sisters' threads, short-lived the rose)
An heir must own thy well-filled treasury,
And villa built where yellow Tiber flows.
From these thou must depart, whate'er thy present state –
Groves, villa, home, and hoards of high-piled riches great.

No matter if from Inachus of old
Thou trace descent, a wealthy man, or poor,
And of ignoble birth, the wintry cold
Thou dost without a covering endure;
For, where the ruthless fates no love nor pity show,
To Orcus and to Styx thou must a victim go.

Towards the same region we are driven all,
The lot of each is shaken in the urn,
Sooner or later from thereout to fall,
And on the boat to place us in our turn,
To carry us away, from earth's enjoyments rent,
Across the Stygian lake to endless banishment.



ALFRED COCHRANE, 1894 (IMITATED)

(1865–1948; Cricketer)

You, who are anxious to possess
A mind serene when cares oppress,
Be warned by me, or you may find
Yourselves with too serene a mind.

Once some one told me that the world
Might into particles be hurled,
And yet the stars would circle on,
Without observing we had gone.

From mastering that fact I date
This irritating mental state
Of calmness, which at every turn
Views Life with stolid unconcern.

Once with a really genial thrill
I burnt an inconvenient bill,
But now, when I escape a dun,
I find it only moderate fun.

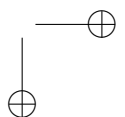
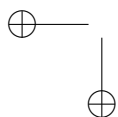
I love a maid, or think I do,
With comely face and eyes of blue;
And, quite astounding though it be,
She does not care a straw for me.

She will refuse to be my wife,
Which ought, I know, to blight my life;
But will, I fear, produce a blight
That leaves me when my pipe's alight.

Oh! he's degenerate, this Care,
Who sits behind me on my chair,
I give his ribs a friendly poke,
When I can see him through the smoke.

And yet methinks his laugh he takes
On mornings when my bootlace breaks;
Then will he wait to have his say,
Until my language clears away,

And whisper, 'Fair and broad the tide
Where rivers of Damascus glide!
Yet can my pattern Stoic face
Black Care astride a broken lace?'





OSWALD A. SMITH, 1895

(Horace in Quantity)

In times of adverse Fortune, O Dellius,
Preserve an even temper; in happy days
 Indulge not in boasting; rejoice not
 Immoderately; the tomb awaits thee,
Whether by constant clouds of unhappiness
Thy life be cross'd, or, stretch'd in a grassy nook,
 Through festive hours thou quaff Falernian
 Merrily, sealed as a dainty vintage;
Where lofty pines with silvery poplar yield
From their united branches a kindly shade,
 And through the brook's windings the swift wave
 Struggles along in a ripple trembling.
Dark threads the Fates weave, that triple Sisterhood!
Ere these be cut, whilet young, with a competence,
 Here call for wine, scents, lovely roses,
 Fated alas! to so brief a blooming.
To woods around bought up, to the villa-walls
By tawny Tiber lav'd, to beloved Home,
 Thou must a farewell bid, resigning
 Riches amass'd for an heir to squander.
No matter if rich scion of Inachus
Ancestral, or born basely, beneath the sky
 Thou dwell'st a pauper, still a prey to
 Orcus, alike for us all remorseless.
Towards the same goal each one is hurried on;
The fatal urn must, later or earlier,
 A lot for each emit, to cast him
 Into the bark of eternal exile.





CYRIL E. F. STARKEY, 1895

(Verse Translations from Classic Authors)

If hard thy fortune, steel thy heart;
 If prosperous, raise not hope too high:
Subdue thy soul to either part,
 My friend, for thou must die!

If dark and dreary be thy way,
 Or if, in grassy nook supine,
Thou keepest summer holiday
 With choice Falernian wine –

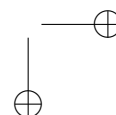
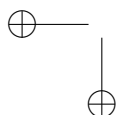
The mighty pine and poplar white
 Will gladly lend their branching shade,
– Why chafes the stream in restless flight? –
 There be our couches quickly laid!

Bring hither wine and unguents, boy,
 And roses rare of fleeting bloom,
Ere dreary eld can blight our joy,
 And the grim sisters, weaving doom.

Soon must thou leave thy mansion fair
 Where tawny Tiber frets the shore,
Thy parks, thy glades, aye, soon thine heir
 Shall gain thy high-heaped store.

The rich man, and the nobly-born,
 The poor of lowliest degree,
Who drags beneath the smiling morn
 His chain of misery,

Puppet of a relentless fate –
 One road we all alike shall tread,
From Fortune's urn, or soon, or late,
 Leap forth *our* names, and we are sped
To that sad shore where all await
 The vessel of the dead!





J. HOWARD DEAZELEY, 1895

(“Merton College, Oxford”)

When life is hard, your soul possess
 In calm serene; when times are fair,
 Refrain from triumph's haughty air,
For, Dellius, death will come no less

If length of days be wholly spanned
 With grief, or if, as glad hours laugh,
 You lie in quiet meads and quaff
Falernum's wine of choicest brand,

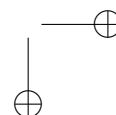
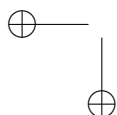
Where lofty pines and poplars white
 Their boughs in friendly shade entwine
 Together, and with winding line
The brooklet babbles in its flight.

Here call for wine and nard and bloom
 Of roses fading all too fast,
 While youth remains and fortunes last
And Fate still spares the thread of doom.

The lawns you buy you must forsake,
 The home by tawny Tiber's wave;
 The growing stores for which you slave
In heirship will another take.

What boots your wealth or long descent
 From Inachus? As well to lie
 A lowly beggar 'neath the sky
For any ruth in Death's intent.

One bourne constrains us all; for all
 The lots are shaken in the urn,
 Whence, soon or late, will fall our turn
Of exile's barge without recall.





CHARLES L. GRAVES, 1895 (IMITATED)

(1856–1944; *The Hawarden Horace*)

Henry, sore shattered by this trying summer,
Pray keep a level head like mine, nor deign
To play the mad Mephistophelean mummer,
Should fickle fortune favour us again.

Whether you toil in London like a nigger,
Or, snatching hurriedly a breathing space,
At some familiar German baths you figure,
Quaffing the waters with impassive grace,

Scorn not the wine-cup, puff the Melachrino,
And pluck the pallid Primrose while you may,
Ere Time, that mocks at Holloway and Eno,
O'er Truth's own editor shall assert his sway.

For there will come an hour when you, my Labby,
Must quit your charming villa and your lands
At Twickenham, and (resting in the Abbey)
Bequeath your modest pile to other hands.

What though to noble Frenchmen famed in story
You trace your blood's cerulean tint, I fear
The least sophisticated rural Tory
In mere longevity may prove your peer.

Death waits on all, impartial, unrelenting,
And none of mortals may the summons brave
That bids us, or resigned or unconsenting,
Fare forth upon th' irremeable wave.



A. S. AGLLEN, 1896

(“Archdeacon of St. Andrews”)

Remember in misfortune’s strain,
 To keep an equal mind;
Nor less when things grow bright again
 To keep your joy confined
In bounds, nor let it soar too high,
For Dellius! you are sure to die.

Whether through all the years behind,
 A housemate grief would stay;
Or, in some grassy nook reclined,
 You passed each holiday,
Glad, with the wine-cup in your hand,
Falernian of the choicest brand.

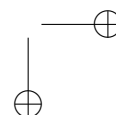
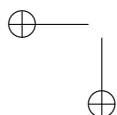
Why does huge pine, and poplar white,
 With branches interlaced,
To hospitable shade invite?
 Why? does the streamlet haste
To let its eager waters go
In zig-zag passage to and fro?

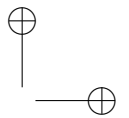
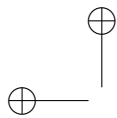
Hither bring unguents – tell your boy –
 And wines, and roses too,
Sweet flowers that yield too short a joy,
 While Fortune favours you,
And youth permits, and Destiny –
Dark thread spun by the Sisters three.

From woods, for which such sums you gave,
 From dwelling, you must flit:
The villa, which the yellow wave
 Of Tiber laves, must quit;
The wealth you piled to such a height,
Your heir will take it as his right.

What matters whether rich you trace
 To Inachus of old
Your birth, or, of the lowest race
 And poor, beneath the cold
You linger, of the open sky;
Death pities none! we all must die!

We all are driven one road; for all
 Is shaken, soon or late,
The lot of destiny to fall,
 From out the urn of fate,
And us to our sure doom devote,
The endless exile of the boat.





PHILIP E. PHELPS, 1897

(The Odes of Horace)

See thou preserve a true equanimity
In seasons adverse, and in prosperity
 A mind restrain'd from overweening
 Joy, for, my Dellius, thou art mortal!

Whether in sorrow all thy life long thou live,
Or in a distant glade on some holiday,
 Thou lie at ease, the summer day long,
 Quaffing the specially-mark'd Falernian; –

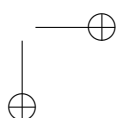
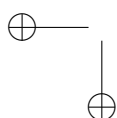
Where the huge pine and snowy-white poplar-tree
Join boughs in shade of sweet hospitality,
 And sparkling waters strive to hurry
 Down from the crag in a sidelong current.

Here bring thy ointments, wine, and too transient
Flowers of the blooming beautiful summer-rose,
 While age and circumstance permit thee,
 And the dark threads of the Fatal Sisters –

Yes! thou must leave thy lately-bought groves, and house,
And Villa, wash'd by old Tiber's golden waves –
 Must leave them, and thy pil'd up riches
 Shall be possess'd by thy next descendant –

Say, art thou wealthy, born from old Inachus?
It matters not – or poor, and of low descent,
 Living expos'd to open-air life
 Victim thou art of unpitying Orcus –

We all are forc'd the same way; – the lot of all,
Toss'd in the urn, comes sooner or later out,
 And launches us in Charon's vessel,
 Passengers to an eternal exile.





A. HAMILTON BRYCE, 1897

(“Trinity College, Dublin; Classical Master in the High School of Edinburgh”)

Forget not in adversity to keep an even mind, as well as one restrained in prosperous days from vaunting joy, O Dellius, bound as you are to die, whether you've spent your life in constant grief, or resting in some grassy nook have blessed yourself in festive times with riper jars of old Falernian. Why do the lofty pine and silver poplar join in fond sympathy their friendly shade? Why does the fleeting stream toil ever on in bustling haste adown its tortuous bed? Bid wine be brought and ointment, and the grateful rose's flower so soon to die, while means allow, and age, and the sisters' dismal threads. From pastures bought, from city home, and from your country house by yellow Tiber washed, you must depart: depart you shall, and then your heir shall gain your riches, now piled up so high. It matters not if born to wealth, a son of ancient Inachus, or if a pauper and of lowest grade you dwell beneath the open sky, - 'tis all the same, you are a victim doomed to unrelenting Orcus. To that same fold we all are gathered; the lots of all are shaken in the urn, bound to come forth, be't soon or late, and place us in the bark for an exile whence “no traveller returns.”

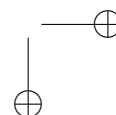
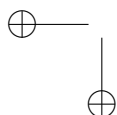




ALFRED DENIS GODLEY, 1898

(1856–1925; Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford)

Ever preserve a mind well balanced in adversity, nor less control undue delight in Fortune's smile, remembering, Dellius, that thou must die: whether thy life be one long sorrow, or reclined in some grassy nook thou makest holiday with Falernian of inmost brand to bless thine ease. Why else do tall pine and poplar pale love to intertwine their branches' hospitable shade? why strives yon fleeting current to speed adown its winding bed? Hither bid wines be brought and perfumes and the lovely rose's o'er-short-lived bloom, while fortune and age and the three sisters' dark threads permit thee. Thou wilt leave thy bought glades, thy palace, thy park that tawny Tiber laves; all shalt thou leave, and thine heir enjoy thy high-heaped riches. Whoe'er thou art that dwellest awhile beneath the sky, whether rich and of Inachus' ancient line, or poor and lowly born, it matters not: alike wilt thou be the victim of pitiless death. To one bourne we all are driven: the lot of each will soon or late leap from the urn wherein 'tis shaken, and set us in the boat that bears us to endless banishment.





WILLIAM COUTTS, 1898

(1857–1903; “Senior Classical Master, George Watson’s College, Edinburgh”)

Remember to keep your soul serene in trying times, and equally, in happy days, restrained from intemperate joy, my Delliis, for you must die, whether you live in sorrow all your time, or, stretched on some grassy retreat, regale yourself on festive days with Falernian of older brand. To what end do the tall pine and white poplar love to combine their boughs into a hospitable shade? Why strives the fleeting wave to bicker down its sloping bed? Here bid them bring wines and perfumes and the too brief blossoms of the lovely rose, while fortune and youth and the sable threads of the three Sisters allow. You must bid farewell to your purchased lawns, and mansion, and villa that yellow Tiber laves, you must bid them farewell, and your wealth piled up on high will be owned by an heir. Whether you are the rich scion of old Inachus, or poor and of the lowest stock, sojourning under the open sky, it matters not, for the victim you are of unpitying Orcus. We all are driven to the same place, the lot of all is shaking in the urn, sooner or later to drop out, and embark us in the boat for eternal exile.





W. C. GREEN, 1903

(“Rector of Hepworth and Formerly Fellow of King’s College, Cambridge”)

A mind well balanced in adversity
See that thou keep, nor less
In wealth a mind not joying to excess,
Dellius, for thou must die.

Yea, whether thou hast lived for ever sad,
Or hast on feast-days lain
In grassy nook, and from thy cellar ta’en
Choice wine to make thee glad.

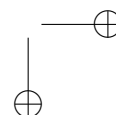
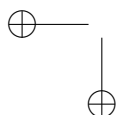
Where yon huge pine and poplar white bestow
On guests their blended shade,
And waters near still hurrying, still delay’d,
In zigzag channel go;

Hither bid wine and unguents gather’d be,
And rose too brief of bloom,
While wealth and youth permit, and threads of doom
Spun by the sisters three.

For thou thy purchased parks, house, villa fair
By yellow Tiber laved,
Shalt quit; yea quit, and piles of treasure saved
Will but endow thine heir.

Rich, born of olden kings, or (’tis the same)
Beggar and base, thy breath
Draws upper air awhile, then hell and death
Ruthless their victim claim.

All are one-whither driven; stirr’d in one urn
All lots or soon or late
Leap out, and make us of that boat the freight
Whose exiles ne’er return.





CLARENCE CARY, 1904

(1845–1911; American Lawyer and Sportsman)

Remember, that ever unruffled in hardship,
Preserv'd be thy spirit: when prosperous, likewise
 Restrained from all vaunt of rejoicing,
 O Dellius, to perish aye fated!
This, whether in sadness thy span thou shalt live, or
May'st dally, 'midst verdure retired, as on feast-days,
 Reclined in thine ease, and regaled with
 Falernian marked of the ripest.
Why then towering pines, and the poplars of silver,
Should generous shades love to mingle in union
 Of branches; why labors to wander,
 The swift stream, through murmuring channels?
Here, wine now, and ointment; alike too, the short lived
Sweet flowers of roses, command to be brought, whilst
 Affairs, and thine age; the Three-Sisters
 As well – with their dark thread – permit thee.
Thou leavest thy pastures of purchase; thy home, ay,
The villa that tawny-waved Tiber now washes;
 And leav'st too, the heap thou hast high built,
 Of wealth, for an heir to rejoice o'er!
Nay, rich thus, or whether from ancient Inachus
Descended, avails naught – or paupered, and lowly
 Of race, dwelling bare 'neath the heavens –
 A prey art thou still, to the pitiless Pluto.
Lo, ever the same are we driven; for all, too,
Is shaken that Urn, whence, aye, sooner or later,
 The lot must be drawn for eternity's
 Exile, and Charon's grim barge to embark in!



ECCLESTON DU FAUR, 1906

(1832–1915; Public Servant and Patron of Arts and Letters)

Dellius, an equal mind to hold
Remember, in hard times; and fly,
In better ones, from joy too bold; –
Thou hast to die!

Whether be sad all days that pass;
Or, free from care, thou can'st recline
In holidays, on distant grass.
With choicest wine;

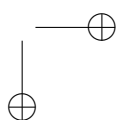
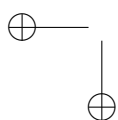
Where giant pine, and poplar white,
An hospitable shade have dressed;
And rippling brook, in winding flight,
Strives to seem pressed.

Tell them to bring perfumes, and wine,
And blossoms of too short-lived rose;
Cares, age, of Sisters three the twine,
Forget all those;

Thou'lt yield thy groves, bought far and nigh;
House, and estate by Tiber's wave,
Thou'lt yield: thy riches, heaped on high,
An heir shall have.

If rich, and sprung from Inachi,
Or in a poor and lowly state,
No matter: victim, thou must die,
To ruthless Fate.

All soon or late, the same Force speeds,
Our lots are shaken in the urn,
And issue for the barque that leads
To the last bourne.





WILLIAM GREENWOOD, 1907

(1845–1931; “Formerly Professor of Languages, Highland Park College”)

Let not the frowns of fate
 Disquiet thee, my friend;
Nor, when she smiles on thee, do thou, elate
 With vaunting thoughts, ascend
Beyond the limits of becoming mirth,
For, Delliis, thou must die, become a clod of earth.

Whether thy days go down
 In gloom, and dull regrets;
Or, shunning life’s vain struggle for renown,
 Its fevers and its frets,
Stretched on the grass, with old Falernian wine
Thou giv’st the thoughtless hours a rapture all divine.

Where the tall spreading pine,
 And white-leaved poplar grow,
And, mingling their broad boughs in leafy twine,
 A grateful shadow throw;
Where down its broken bed the wimpling stream
Writhes on its sinuous way with many a quivering gleam, –

There wine, there perfumes bring,
 Bring garlands of the rose,
Fair and too short-lived daughter of the spring,
 While youth’s bright current flows
Within thy veins, – ere yet hath come the hour,
When the dread sisters three shall clutch thee in their power.

Thy woods, thy treasured pride,
 Thy mansion’s pleasant seat,
Thy lawns washed by the Tiber’s yellow tide,
 Each favorite retreat,
Thou must leave all – all, and thine heir shall run
In riot through the wealth thy years of toil have won.

It recks not, whether thou
 Be opulent, and trace
Thy birth from kings, or bear upon thy brow
 Stamp of a beggar’s race;
In rags or splendor, death at thee alike,
That no compassion hath for aught of earth, will strike.

One road, and to one bourne
 We all are goaded. Late
Or soon will issue from the urn
 Of unrelenting Fate
The lot that in yon bark exiles us all
To undiscovered shores, from which is no recall.



EDWARD R. GARNSEY, 1907

(The Odes of Horace: A Translation and an Exposition)

An even mind remember to preserve
In arduous times, conversely, in the good
 One tintured with no overweening joy,
 For you will die (Gillo)
Whether you live at all times sad,
Or whether on distant lawn reclined
 Through days of feast you are made glorious
 From inmost cellar of Falernian.
Where the giant pine and silver poplar love
To blend with boughs an hospitable shade,
 And where the fleeing water frets
 To ripple o'er a crooked course,
Hither bid bring the wines and oils and lovely blooms
Of roses too short-lived, while age,
 And means, and the dim webs,
 Of the Sisters three allow.
You will depart from bought up glades,
From mansion and estate which yellow Tiber laves:
 You will depart; your heir will take
 Your wealth built in the deep.
It matters not that you be rich and sprung
From ancient Inachus, or that of lowest birth,
 And poor, you dwell beneath the open sky,
 Victim of Orcus pitying none.
We all are driven alike. The lot of all
Is tossed within the urn, later, sooner,
 To come forth and place us in the boat
 Hieing to eternal banishment.



JOHN MARSHALL, 1907

(1845–1915; “Rector of the Royal High School, Edinburgh”)

Brace thee, my friend, when times are hard, to show
A mind unmoved; nor less, when fair thy state,
A sober joy. For Death doth wait
As surely, whether woe

Dogs all thy days, or fortune bids thee bask
On peaceful lawn reclined while life goes well,
And quaff thy wine, from inner cell
Drawn at Falernian cask.

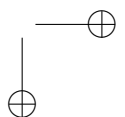
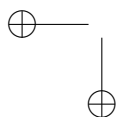
Why else do soaring pine and poplar white
Love with twined boughs a hospitable nook
Thus to enlace? Why speeds the brook
Thus swift in swirling flight?

Hither the wine-cup, scents, and short-lived flowers
Of the gay rose, bid bring; while years, estate,
And the three Sisters’ threads of fate
Grudge not the golden hours!

Soon shalt thou pass from each fair purchased field;
From home, from seat where yellow Tiber rolled,
Thou’lt pass; and all thy treasured gold
Thou to thy heir shalt yield.

Whether from ancient blood, to wealth and fame
Thou’rt born, or whether poor and base of birth
Thou lingerest stretched on pauper earth,
Grim Death strikes just the same.

To the same bourne we’re driven; in the urn for all
Death spins a lot that must erelong be cast,
And each in Charon’s boat at last
To endless exile call.





FRANCIS LAW LATHAM, 1910

(“Brasenose College, Oxford”)

In arduous case an equal mind to hold
Remember, likewise in prosperity
One tempered and not insolently bold,
O Dellius doomed to die,

Whether in sadness thou dost brood alway,
Or some sequestered grassy nook within
With choice Falernian cheer'st thy holiday,
Brand of the inner bin.

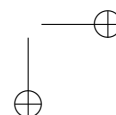
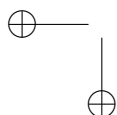
Where the pale poplar and the giant pine
Love with their boughs and hospitable shade
To entwine, and struggling in course serpentine
Brawls the brook down the glade;

Here wine and perfumes and too quickly shed
The blossoms of the lovely rose bid place,
While time and circumstance and the black thread
Of the three Fates give grace.

The wolds thou bought, thy mansion thou must leave,
Thy villa by the yellow Tiber's shore,
Leave, and departing to an heir bequeath
Thy piles of treasure-store.

If rich and from old Inachus begot
Beneath the sky thou draw'st thy lingering breath,
Or poor and rabble born it matters not,
Victim of ruthless death.

We all obey one law; the lot of all
Is shaken in the urn or soon or late
To doom to endless exile at its fall
Us the grim wherry's freight.





GEORGE M. WHICHER AND GEORGE F. WHICHER, 1911

(GMW 1860–1937, GFW 1889–1954)

This shifting bubble sages call thy soul
Wilt thou not keep it, Friend, in firm control?
Nor Joy nor Grief o'er-throws his level mind
Who learns the Wisdom hidden in the Bowl.

Whether thou pass thy gloomy days in pain,
Or fling the Balm-of-life abroad like rain,
Alike the bitter or the sparkling Cup
Thou quaff'st – to sleep and wake no more again.

I sometimes think that never flows the Wine
So red, as 'neath the Poplar and the Pine.
Wer't not a shame? O Friend, wer't not a shame,
If they in vain their pleasing shade combine?

And to what end, think'st thou, this rivulet
Doth in its winding Channel fume and fret?
O pluck To-day! and make no vain pursuit
Of This and That, which thou may'st never get.

The Wine, the Perfume, and the lovely Rose
That buds at dawn and with the evening goes, –
That man whom Wealth permits, and Youth and Fate,
He knows about them all – He knows – He knows!

The aureate earth thou sett'st thy Heart upon,
The River-gardens thy heaped treasure won, –
All must thou leave; nor cares the heir one jot
For all thy toil and thee, once thou art gone.

Though Kaikobad the Great thy sires begot,
Or thou art beggar's spawn, – it matters not.
The Potter molded from the same red clay
And at his pleasure shatters every pot.

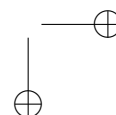
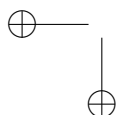
All to the one dark realm are we addrest;
On every brow one fatal sign is prest;
When nods the dark Ferrash, the caravan
Moves to the dusty desert, – and we rest.



SIR WILLIAM S. MARRIS, 1912

(1873–1945; Civil Servant and Classical Scholar)

Be tranquil when the times are bad,
 And when thy days are prosperous
Be not inordinately glad,
 For thou must die, my Delius,
Alike if all thy years have gone
 In sorrow, or thy feasts are spent
At ease upon some quiet lawn
 With wine of the more excellent.
Else wherefore do the pine-tree slim
 And poplar white enlace their sprays
In kindly shade? why frets the stream
 To wimple down its winding ways?
Bid bring the wines and scents and bloom
 Of roses sweet that fade apace,
While yon dark Sisters of the loom
 And time and fortune show us grace.
Thy purchased parks, thy palace tall,
 Thy house by tawny Tiber's wave –
Thou must forgo, forgo them all:
 Those golden heaps thy heir shall have.
Be thou of Inachus' high name,
 Or meanest wretch that bides beneath
The naked sky, 'tis all the same:
 Thou art the prey of ruthless Death.
We all are sped to one same mark,
 And late or soon from one same urn
Out leaps the lot, and we embark
 For exile whence is no return.





A. L. TAYLOR, 1914

Whether despair and gloom shall darken all the way,
Or fair and feateous hours shall raise thy soul on high,
When thou on lawn remote reclining glad and gay,
With troops of friends and cups of cool Falernian nigh,

Death must be thine, my Dellius. Ah, the solemn hour
Awaits thee, and the thought from arduous vain should free:
A sovran calm beseems, if grief should be thy dower,
A tempered joy, if life shall grant felicity.

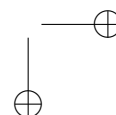
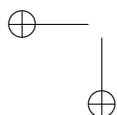
Lo, how the lofty pine extends its branches wide,
How the white poplar loves to join its grateful shade:
With windings fair and sweet the babbling waters glide,
The things of beauty call, oh, hearken unafraid.

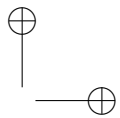
Yes, bring the gleaming wine, the fragrant perfumes shed,
Bring roses, ah, so fair but of so short a space! –
Ere youth and love be past and ere the sisters dread
Sever the thread of doom and part thee from thy place.

For thou must leave them all, the groves and palaces,
The mansions proud the streams of yellow Tiber lave:
Thy boasted treasure soon shall benefit and bless
The impatient heir that longs to see thee in thy grave.

Ah, Orcus spares not him whose wealth is piled on high,
No homeless wretch so poor to make him quite disdain,
No lineage so proud that it can e'er defy,
No birth so mean and low to make his hand refrain.

One end awaits us all; and, soon or late, the lot
That lies within the urn shall leap to tell our doom,
And we shall cross the stream with him who tarries not,
For endless banishment in the eternal gloom.

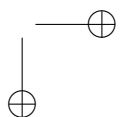
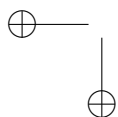




CHARLES E. BENNETT, 1914

(1858–1921; American Classical Scholar)

Remember, when life's path is steep, to keep an even mind, and likewise, in prosperity, a spirit restrained from over-weening joy, Dellius, seeing thou art doomed to die, whether thou live always sad, or reclining in grassy nook take delight on holidays in some choice vintage of Falernian wine. Why do the tall pine and poplar white love to interlace their branches in inviting shade? Why does the hurrying water strive to press onward in the winding stream? Hither bid slaves bring wines and perfumes and the too brief blossoms of the lovely rose, while Fortune and youth allow, and the dark threads of the Sisters three. Thou shalt leave thy purchased pastures, thy house, and thy estate that yellow Tiber washes; yea, thou shalt leave them, and an heir shall become master of the wealth thou hast heaped up high. Whether thou be rich and sprung from ancient Inachus, or dwell beneath the canopy of heaven poor and of lowly birth, it makes no difference: thou art pitiless Orcus' victim. We are all being gathered to one and the same fold. The lot of every one of us is tossing about in the urn, destined sooner, later, to come forth and place us in Charon's skiff for everlasting exile.





CHARLES E. BENNETT, 1917

(1858–1921; American Classical Scholar)

Fail not to keep, when Troubles sore oppress,
A Mind that wavers not in Storm and Stress,
 And when the Winds of favoring Fortune blow,
Tempt not thy Fate by wanton Recklessness.

For never canst thou doff thy mortal Shape,
Though Sorrow like a Shroud thy Soul may drape,
 Or if on some sequestered grassy Bank
Thou dost make merry with the jocund Grape.

Look to the Pine and Poplar, how they shed
A grateful coolness o'er thy weary Head,
 While at thy Feet the fretting Streamlet glides
And hurries seaward down its winding Bed.

Bring Wine and Perfume hither, where still blows
The short-lived blossom of the lovely Rose,
 While Youth and Fortune have their little Hour,
Ere yet the Hand of Fate your Record close.

Your Villa by the tawny Tiber's wave,
Home, Herds and Meadows – all your Heart may crave –
 Tomorrow, will or nil, you must resign:
Your Heir shall spend what you have toiled to save.

Whether from Inachus your race you cry,
Or poor and nameless linger neath the Sky,
 Not Wealth nor Birth may stay your destined Hour,
Nor ruthless Orcus spare you by and by.

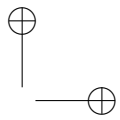
Your Life and mine may none save One discern;
Your Lot and mine revolve within the Urn.
 Who knows but soon 'twill mark us for the Bark
Bound for that Bourne whence none may e'er return?



WARREN H. CUDWORTH, 1917

(1877–1927)

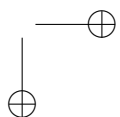
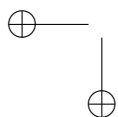
In trials bear a mind serene,
 And when prosperity is nigh
Let no exultant pride be seen,
 Since, Dellius, thou art doomed to die,
Tho' thou the time in sadness pass,
 Tho' thou thro' happy days recline
In nook retired upon the grass
 With jars of choice Falernian wine.
Why do tall pines and poplars white
 Weave with their limbs a pleasing shade?
Why do pellucid streams take flight
 In sinuous windings down the glade?
Send perfumes here, the vintage red,
 And rose whose blossoms fade too soon,
While the Three Sisters' sable thread,
 Fortune, and Youth permit the boon.
Thou soon must quit thy home, thy lands,
 Thy villa yellow Tiber laves,
Quit these, and leave thine heir whose hands
 Itch for the hoarded wealth he craves.
From ancient Inachus tho' born
 And rich, tho' of the baser host,
Poor, shelterless, thou live forlorn –
 Still ruthless Dis will claim thy ghost.
We all are mustered; soon or late
 Our lots leap forth the shaken urn,
And Charon's boat conveys us straight
 To exile whence is no return.

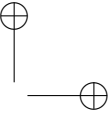
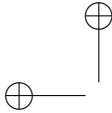


GERARD FENWICK, 1918

(Odes of Horace, Book II)

An even mind when fortune smiles,
A steadfast heart when storms run high,
Dellius, remember to preserve,
 We all must die.
Whether in gloom we pass our days,
Or on a grassy bank recline
And celebrate each holiday
 With vintage wine.
Why else do pine and poplar white
Their branches join in pleasant shade,
And underneath a babbling stream
 Runs through the glade?
Then while the sisters three permit
And youth and fortune, free from care,
Bid slaves bring unguents forth, and wine,
 With roses fair,
Those farms, those houses must be left,
The mansion lapped by Tiber's wave,
Another shall possess the wealth
 Which now you save.
Whether you are with riches blest
Or pass your nights beneath the sky,
In palace or in hovel born –
 We all must die.
The same hard fate compels us all
Our lot now tossing in the urn.
Some day will come, and we must go,
 Not to return.





LIONEL LANCELOT SHADWELL, 1920

(1845–1925; Barrister)

With mind composed resolve to bear the strain
Of evil times, nor less with balance just
From insolent elation to refrain
In fortune's hour; for, Dellius, die thou must,
If all thy life in sorrow have gone by,
Or if on every holiday apart
In grassy nook thou have been wont to lie
With old Falernian comforting thy heart.
For what doth yon tall pine its boughs enlance
With the white poplar, welcome shade to spread?
Why toils the brook so eagerly to race
Down through the winding channel of its bed?
Bid hither bring wine, oil, and fragrant bloom
Of rose too quick to fade, while wealth to thee
And youth remain, and the black thread of doom,
Runs yet unsevered by the sisters three.
The acres broad that thou hast bought, thy hall
In Rome, and villa washed by Tiber's wave
Thou to thine heir shalt yield, nor canst of all
Thy treasure piled on high a tittle save.
If riches and high lineage be thine,
Or if a beggar and without a name
Heaven's air thou breathe, the inevitable shrine
Of pitiless Orcus will its victim claim.
We all to one sure goal are driven. The fate
To each allotted lies within the urn,
And leaping forth will bear him soon or late
To Charon's ferry, never to return.



WILLIAM FREDERICK LLOYD, 1920

(Versions and Perversions)

Take this advice, my worthy friend,
 And bear distress with even mind,
And if success the gods may send
 And you rejoice that fate is kind;
To curb your spirits you should try –
Remember, man is born to die.

Perchance your days are full of grief,
 Or you may drink Falernian wine,
But if you wish to gain relief
 And ever more at ease recline,
Retire to your country seat
And take the bitter with the sweet.

Go seek some grassy bank, and there
 Beneath the shelter of the trees
In perfect peace, without a care,
 You meditate and take your ease ,
Or watch from some sequestered nook
The winding of the sparkling brook.

And then you order perfumes fine,
 And blossoms sweet, and roses gay,
And when you drink the rarest wine,
 With pleasure you can spend the day
Till Atrops, whom all must dread,
Takes up her shears and cuts the thread.

And those dear woods you loved so well,
 You then must leave and see no more;
And that sweet house in which you dwell
 On yellow Tiber's pleasant shore;
All these, and riches gained with care
Must now enrich your greedy heir.

Trace your descent from ancient Kings,
 Or wealthy prince of noble name;
Or if-by any chance you spring
 From humble birth, unknown to fame;
Yet not to these is mercy shown
When Pluto claims them for his own.

The lonely journey comes at last,
 We can't avoid the stern decree
The Fates may send; our lot is cast
 And we must face our destiny:
From this long exile no one's spared,
Old Charon calls: – The boat's prepared.



MORRIE RYSKIND, 1921 (IMITATED)

(1895–1985; American Dramatist, Screenwriter, and Newspaper Columnist)

*You've got to go across the Styx
When Charon calls out "All aboard!"
Although you own a Super Six –
Although you can't afford a Ford.*

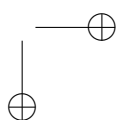
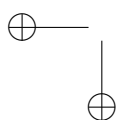
Death is the Ultimate Reward
For City Folks and Country Hicks;
And, though it's much to be deplored,
You've got to go across the Styx.

So what's the use of kicking? Kicks,
You know, are sure to be ignored:
You can't escape by any tricks
When Charon calls out, "All aboard!"

Suppose you've saved a little hoard –
It will not save you from your fix.
For Death refuses to be flooded
Although you own a Super Six.

Life is a game in which Death picks:
Riches may not avert the sword –
Nor poverty – you can't say "Nix!"
Although you can't afford a Ford.

So bring the wine and have it poured!
For – darn the metaphors we mix! –
No one but hears the fatal chord,
And, when your Final Second ticks,
You've got to go!

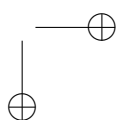
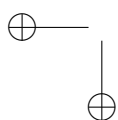




WILLIAM HATHORN MILLS, 1921

(1848–1930; Writer)

Remember, Dellius, doomed to die
 Some day, to keep a level mind
When times are hard, nor pridefully
 Exalt your horn when Fate seems kind –
Aye, doomed to die, whether each dawn
 Renews your griefs, or days of rest
Comfort you, couched on some far lawn,
 With old Falernian of the best.
Why does white poplar interlace
 With mighty pine its welcoming shade?
Why does fleet rivulet toil to race
 Adown the maze its frets have made?
Bid them bring hither wines, nards, blooms –
 Rose-blooms, sweet all too brief a space –
While means and youth and the dark looms
 Of the three Sisters grant us grace.
You'll leave parked hall and villa fair,
 With yellow Tiber rolling by;
All that you bought you'll leave; your heir
 Will own the wealth you heaped on high.
Rich scion of Inachus, or poor
 And lowliest-born, with heaven's bare ceil
For roof – no matter, Orcus dour
 Will set on you his ruthless heel.
One bourn awaits us all; each lot,
 Tossed in the urn, or soon, or late,
Leaps forth, and – doom that changes not –
 Exiles us on the bark of Fate.

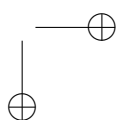
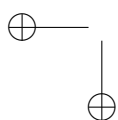




JOHN FINLAYSON, 1921

(The Odes of Horace)

Dellius, who diest soon or late,
Take heed, when felled by adverse fate,
Or standing blithe in Fortune's gate,
 Staid mind be thine;
Whether long sadness cloud thy day,
Or festive hours beguile thy way,
Or stretched at ease in loose array
 Thou quaff old wine.
Why do tall pine and poplar white
In grateful shade their boughs unite,
Or the clear current's trembling flight
 Wind past thy bower,
Save but to shield thee from life's woes?
To this sweet spot of calm repose
Go bring thy perfumes, wines, and rose.
 Too short-lived flower,
While life and fortune yet remain,
Enjoy thy day ere it shall wane,
And the dark Sisters Three ordain
 Thy thread to spare:
Ere of thy gathered riches all,
Thy house, thy groves, thy villa tall,
Laved by the yellow Tiber, fall
 To thankless heir.
For, sprung from Inachus of old,
Or lowly beggar 'neath the cold
Of Heaven's vault – thou art enrolled
 For Charon's wherry.
We all are bound to one same bourne.
Or soon or late leaps from the urn
The lot to sail – ne'er to return
 Across the ferry.





GEOFFREY ROBLEY SAYER, 1922

(1887–1962; Civil Servant and Historian)

Friend, when fortune goes astray
Keep a level head alway,
 And when luck is on your side
 Happy be, but curb your pride.

Death awaits you though you pass
Holidays amid the grass
 With a jug of ancient brew.
 Death awaits the kill-joy too.

Why do pine and poplar white
In welcome shade their boughs unite?
 Why does the streamlet hurrying by
 Thus slope its banks invitingly?

Hither wine and ointment bring
And roses sweet, brief-blossoming.
 Fortune holds and youth is thine,
 Ere the three Sisters snap the twine.

House and villa, acres wide
Washed by Tiber's yellow tide,
 All must go: and riches mount
 But to swell an heir's account.

Be you scion of wealth and fame,
Or a child without a name
 Dying homeless; high or low,
 Death does no distinction know.

Spins the wheel, the wheel of fate,
Comes your number soon or late
 Sending you, no matter whom,
 To the exile of the tomb.



EDWARD DOUGLAS ARMOUR, 1922

(1851–1922; Lawyer, Educator and Poet)

Oh Dellius, born to die, an even mind
Preserve; though care and poverty may grind,
Or fortune with her lavish gifts incite
To undue and immoderate delight;

Whether a life of sadness you bewail,
Or, passing happy days, you should regale
Yourself with wine, reclining at your ease
In grateful shadow of embowering trees.

Why else should pine and hoary poplar meet
In hospitable shade, a cool retreat,
And winding brooks make music as they pass
In rippling wavelets through the teeming grass?

Command your slaves to bring Falernian wine,
And fragrant roses in your locks entwine,
While age permits, and the three sisters dread
Forbear awhile to cut the fatal thread.

Stern Fate, in executing her decrees,
Will rend you from your house and groves of trees,
Your villa washed by yellow Tiber's flow,
And on your heir your riches will bestow.

Whether to dazzling fortune you are heir,
Or born to poverty and want and care,
What boots it, since you never can evade
The path that leads to Pluto's gloomy shade!

Unceasingly the universal urn
Revolves, and when at length the fatal turn
Our lot shall cast, to exile we must go,
And join the ghostly company below.



RICHARD A. ZEREGA, 1924

(1866–1956)

Delius, thou that art doomed to die, remember, amid difficulties, to keep a tranquil mind, nor less, in prosperous circumstances, one restrained from arrogant exultation, whether thou hast lived in sorrow all thy years, or whether, while reposing in some secluded mead, thou hast regaled thyself on festal days with some choice brand of Falernian. Where the mighty pine and the silver poplar delight to join in forming with their branches a welcome shade, and where the fleeting stream strives to hurry past down its winding bed, thither bid them bring wine, ointments and the blossoms, too short lived, of the lovely rose, so long as circumstances, youth and the sable threads of the Three Sisters permit. Thou shalt leave the woodlands which thou hast purchased, thy dwelling and thy villa which the yellow Tiber washes; thou shalt leave them and thy heir shall enjoy the riches that thou hast piled up on high. It matters nothing whether thou art a rich descendant of Inachus of yore, or whether, a poor man of the lowest origin thou dost Pass thy days in the open air, thou shalt become the victim of Orcus that knows no pity. To the same place are we all driven; the lot of us all is shaken in the urn, sooner or later to come forth to put us aboard the bark, for eternal exile.





LEONARD CHALMERS-HUNT, 1925

(1901–60; Barrister, Founder and First Secretary of the Horatian Society)

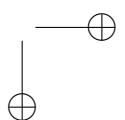
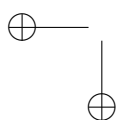
Strive in necessity, a mind
Well-balanced to attain!
And if meanwhile Fortune may smile,
Arrogant joy restrain!
Yet know O Delliis, years soon fly,
Or sad your life has been.
Or flushed with wine full many a time,
You've lingered on life's green.

Where lofty pine and poplar white,
Unfold a generous shade.
Where now with rapid course the stream,
Flows winding through the glade.
Here bring you wine and unguents fine,
The fragrant rose display!
Careless, what age or fate may bring,
Rose-petals have short stay.

For soon enough the sisters three,
Will draw the darkened thread!
Soon, soon enough your house, your groves,
Shall know no more your tread!
O soon enough your heir-at-law,
Inherit shall your wealth,
Be happy then by Tiber's stream,
Death cometh on by stealth!

'Tis all alike, or rich or poor –
To claim high lineage!
Sprung from ancestral Inachus,
Plebeian-born or sage!
So that care-free you breathe the air,
Beneath an open sky,
So that you learn of life, just this,
Death pitiless is nigh!

For all are mortals of one kin
One end, one place, the same!
Hurried along in one vast throng,
Nor matters wealth or fame!
The lot of each, or soon or late,
Is shaken from the urn.
And we aboard the eternal boat,
Pass, never to return!

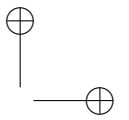




HUGH MACNAGHTEN, 1926

(1862–1929; Vice Provost of Eton College)

To keep an even mind, when all's awry,
Remember, friend, and in prosperity
 Beware the fool's extravagance of joy,
For, Dellius, forget not you must die,
Whether you choose the sorrowfuller way
Or take your ease on every holiday,
 And cheer your heart in some lone grassy nook
With wine, which inmost in the cellar lay.
For whom have high pine and white poplar made,
With loving boughs that meet, so kind a shade,
 If not for us? For us frets yonder rill
Its curving channel and will not be stayed.
Let wine be brought, and, prithee, scent and those
Soon-fading blossoms of the lovely rose,
 While youth and means allow it, and our tale
Of threads not yet the three dark Sisters close.
Your many parks, town house, and country home,
Past which the waves of yellow Tiber foam,
 You'll leave, perforce you'll leave them, and an heir
To all the wealth you piled so high will come.
You on descent from Inachus, and on
Your wealth rely: another is the son
 Of toilers, roofless too: what's that to Death?
He lays his hand on all and pities none.
Fate drives us all one way to one event:
The lots of all in th' equal urn are blent
 And shaken forth: by lot we climb the boat
And pass to everlasting banishment.



SAIDI HOLT, 1926

(Measures and Rhymes of Diverse Times)

Thy mind unruffled, Dellius still preserve
When times are hard as well as in goodly days,
 Restrained from insolent elation,
 Since to thee also is death approaching.

Though sadly thou shouldst live through thy length of time,
Or throughout festal days at thine ease reclined
 In grassy nook thyself with oldest
 Brand of Falernian wine regaling.

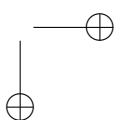
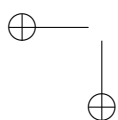
For what do lofty pine and the poplar hoar,
Their branches love to mingle in welcome shade?
 And why goes purling, tumbling zigzag
 Quivering water along the brooklet?

That ointment here and wine thou shouldst bid them bring,
And blooms of charming roses too brief in life,
 While yet affairs and age and sable
 Threads of the trio of sisters let thee.

For thou must leave the groves thou hast bought and joined,
Thy house and villa washed by the Tiber's gold,
 Depart away from piled up riches,
 Owned shall they be by the heir succeeding.

A wealthy shoot of earliest Inachus
Thou mightst be or a pauper of lowest race
 And live unsheltered: Naught availeth –
 Orcus shall ruthlessly claim thee victim.

Alike we all are doomed and the lot of each
Within the urn is tossed and will soon or late
 Come forth and each embark on Charon's
 Boat that will bear us to lasting exile.

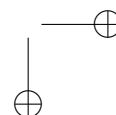
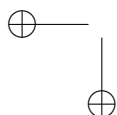




ALEXANDER WILLIAM MAIR, 1929

(1875–1928; Professor of Greek, University of Edinburgh)

A level head neath Fortune's slings,
A humble heart when Fortune's pleasant,
Seek still, for in the end of things
One doom awaits us, peer and peasant,
Alike if you should never smile,
Or if, on holiday unbending,
You picnic on the grass awhile
And take the best of Heaven's sending.
Wherefore do pine and poplar pale
Unite to frame a shade inviting?
Why hastes the rivulet down the dale
Impatient, eye and ear delighting?
Bring wine and unguent, nor forget
To bring the, ah! too fleeting, roses,
So long as means and youth permit
Nor yet the Book of Fate forecloses.
One day you'll leave both house and lands,
Your villa by the Tiber yellow,
The wealth you've piled with eager hands –
Your heir will be the lucky fellow!
Whether you're rich, of ancient race,
Or poor, the humblest in the city,
It matters not: we fly apace,
Victims of Death who knows no pity.
One way we all are driven, of all
The lots are shaken for the Ferry,
And soon or late 'twill be our call
To step aboard old Charon's wherry.





ALEXANDER FALCONER MURISON, 1931

(1847–1934; Professor of Roman Law, University College, London)

Remember to preserve an even mind
 When Fortune frowns, and in prosperity
So keep your heart from all excess of joy,
 O Dellius, who art doomed to die,
Whether your life be one continued sadness
 Or whether every holiday you find
Gladdening your heart with choice Falernian,
 On some secluded lawn reclined.
The white-leaved poplar and the mighty pine,
 Why do they charmingly their boughs unite
For hospitable shade? Why, bickering, struggles
 The limpid stream in winding flight?
Bid hither bring the wine, the scents, the flowers –
 The flowers too shortlived of the lovely rose –
While fortune, age, the Sisters' sable threads
 Still leave you undisturbed repose,
For quit you must your many purchased pastures;
 Your house, your villa yellow Tiber washes,
You must depart from; and your heaps of riches
 Your heir shall own when you are ashes.
It matters nothing whether here you sojourn
 A man of wealth, of lineage long and pure,
Or needy and of humblest birth: you're doomed
 Relentless Orcus' victim sure.
We all are driving to the self-same bourne;
 The lots of all are tossing in the urn,
To leap forth soon or late and us embark
 For exile whence is no return.



ATTICUS, 1933

(Some Odes of Horace)

Remeber, Dellius, not to sigh
When mundane matters go awry;
And, equally, don't be too gay
When matters tend the other way,
In short, maintain an even mind,
Though Fate be cruel, or Fortune kind.
Remember, too, you'll have to die;
Whate'er your status – low or high –
Whether your days in sadness pass;
Or whether on the verdant grass,
In rural bliss, midst scenes divine,
You quaff your old Falernian wine.
Where stately pine and poplar white
Their friendly boughs, in shade, unite;
And where the limpid purling rill
Warbles, its winding banks to fill;
There, whilst your years and means permit,
And Fate's dark thread remaineth knit,
Bring long-stored cask, brief rosebud flowers,
Sweet scents to charm the fleeting hours.
Your mansion home, your sylvan dale,
You cannot take beyond the veil.
Your villa by old Tiber's brink
Must from those nerveless fingers shrink;
Whilst that vast wealth, your present joy,
Of future heir shall be the toy.
This one is rich – of lineage royal –
This other poor – a son of toil –
Beggard or prince – it matters not,
For ruthless Orcus claims the lot.
Or soon, or late, revolving urn
Our earth's demission forth will churn;
And friends and foes, in varying grades,
Pass to that strand where memory fades.
The crazy craft casts off from shore,
And rugged Charon plies his oar.





H. B. MAYOR, 1934

(“Late Scholar of King’s College, Cambridge”)

In danger’s hour preserve a soul
 Untroubled, and in victory
All insolence of joy control,
 My Dellius; for thou must die,
Whether thou didst in sadness live,
 Or through the festal days recline
On grassy lawn contemplative,
 Gladdening thy heart with choicest wine.
Why do tall fir and poplar white
 Rejoice a friendly shade to spread?
Why does yon brook with waters bright
 Go dancing down its winding bed?
Bring wine and myrrh and garlands fit
 Of short-lived rose and eglantine,
While age and fortune still permit
 And those dark threads the Sisters twine!
Mansion and park and wide demesne,
 Where yellow Tiber murmurs by,
All thou must leave; thine heir will glean
 The riches thou hast heaped on high.
It nothing matters whether thou
 Wast sprung from Inachus the great,
Who upon earth dost sojourn now,
 Or born a serf of mean estate;
Lords of vast wealth or beggars vile,
 Victims of Dis who will not spare,
Though we may linger here awhile,
 All to the self-same goal must fare;
The lot of each in the dread urn
 Is shaken; soon or late ’twill fall,
And the Barge bear us to the bourn
 Of exile whence is no recall.



MAJOR ALFRED MAITLAND ADDISON, 1935

(The Four Books of Horace's Odes)

Remember, Dellius, not to sigh
When mundane matters go awry;
And, equally, don't be too gay
When matters tend the other way.
In short, maintain an even mind,
Though Fate be cruel, or Fortune kind.
Remember, too, you'll have to die;
Whate'er your status – low or high –
Whether your days in sadness pass;
Or whether on the verdant grass,
In rural bliss, midst scenes divine,
You quaff your old Falernian wine.
Where stately pine and poplar white
Their friendly boughs, in shade, unite;
And where the limpid purling rill
Bubbles, its winding banks to fill;
There, whilst your years and means permit,
And Fate's dark thread remaineth knit,
Bring long-stored cask, brief rosebud flowers,
Sweet scents to charm the fleeting hours.
Your mansion home, your sylvan dale,
You cannot take beyond the veil.
Your villa by old Tiber's brink
Must from those nerveless fingers shrink;
Whilst that vast wealth, your present joy,
Of future heir shall be the toy.
This one is rich – of lineage royal –
This other poor – a son of toil –
Beggard or prince – it matters not,
For ruthless Orcus claims the lot.
Or soon, or late, revolving urn
Our earth's demission forth will churn;
And friends and foes, in varying grades,
Pass to that strand where memory fades.
The crazy craft casts off from shore,
And rugged Charon plies his oar.



JOHN B. QUINN, 1936

(Educator and Translator)

I urge you, Dellius, doomed to die,
Your trials with contentment bear,
And when successful, try
To curb your joy with equal care.

Come weal or woe, from day to day,
As you upon your lawn recline,
You'll pass your time away
Carefree, with old Falernian wine!

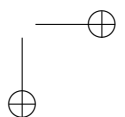
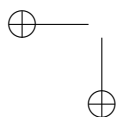
Where bend the poplar and the pine
To blend their branches and their shade,
Where does the rill incline
To haste its course through winding glade,

There bid your lads bring mint and wine,
And fragrant roses soon to fade,
While youth and fortune shine,
And you the Sisters' threads evade.

You'll leave the woods you bought and home,
And villa Tiber's waters lave;
You'll leave, – your heir will come
And seize, – the hoarded wealth you save.

Though rich and sprung from Inach's race,
Or poorly live in open air,
A man of men most base,
You're doomed to Orcus' ruthless care!

Thence we are pressed; and from the urn,
Though soon or late, our lot will come
To take the boat in turn
Exiled forever from our home.





SIR EDWARD MARSH, 1941

(1872–1953; Scholar and Civil Servant)

To hold your balance true, is all in all:
Not to despair when evil hours befall,
Nor ride too high in triumph when they mend –
 Death being the one certain end,

Whether a man have had his lot in pain,
Or far from sorrow in the soft grass lain,
With old Falernian of the choicest year
 Blessing his days in endless cheer.

Where the white poplar and the towering pine
Their cool and hospitable shades combine
Beside the untiring rivulet that speeds
 Down its thwart channel through the reeds,

There, good my Delliuss, bid a feast be spread,
With wine, and roses sweet that bloom and fade,
While youth and fortune and the Sisters Three
 Vouchsafe their opportunity.

Your wide-bought acres, your famed country seat
By Tiber washed, your mansion, you must quit:
All these, and all the wealth you heaped so high,
 A gloating heir shall occupy.

Rich you may be, and sprung from ancient kings,
Or poor, and born of nameless underlings,
It makes no matter: once your days are done,
 Pluto unpitying claims his own.

All to one fold are herded; first or last,
The lot from out the shaken urn is cast
That posts each wight across the Stygian sound,
 For everlasting exile bound.



SIR JOHN SEYMOUR BLAKE-REED, 1942

(1882–1966; Judge)

Joy not o'ermuch when life is kind
And when your days are cast in sorrow,
Learn still to keep a tranquil mind,
For, Dellius, you may die to-morrow.

Though all your days to sadness dawn,
Or in secluded country bowers
You take your ease on shaded lawn,
While rich Falernian speeds the hours, –

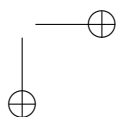
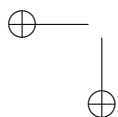
Where pine and poplar overhead
With chequered shade the grass-plot stipple
And, crystal in their winding bed,
The waters of the streamlet ripple, –

Hither your wines and unguents bring,
While fortune stands and youthful years,
With short-lived roses of the spring,
While Atropos withholds her shears.

Your villa by the Tiber's sands,
The purchased glades, the stately hall, –
All you must leave; to other hands
Your store of hoarded gold must fall.

For, scion of a sceptred line
Or homeless wanderer at his gates, –
To each one end the fates assign;
For each unpitying Orcus waits.

For all alike one end in store;
Sooner or late the lot must fall:
And Charon's skiff, the Stygian shore
And endless exile wait for all.





FREDERICK CHARLES WILLIAM HILEY, 1944

(The Odes of Horace)

Calm west your mind in times of stress,
And when your fortune rises high,
Turn not your pride to wantonness,
 For, Dellius, you must die,

Whether your life be one long ill
Or whether you at ease recline
On some far lawn, and drink your fill
 From bins of choicest wine.

The towering pine and poplar white
Why else conjoin their friendly shade?
Why else displays its tortuous flight
 The tumbling wild cascade?

Bring wine, bring ointments, bind the brow
With scented, short-lived rosemary:
While fortune, age and fates allow
 Spun by the Sisters three.

Woods joined to woods, house, pleasaunce, field
Where yellow Tiber laps your wall,
Your wealth amassed, you needs must yield:
 Your heir shall seize it all.

To Inachus your line you trace?
Or in the open, fine or wet,
Sleep you, a needy churl and base?
 Stern Orcus claims you yet.

Doom drives us all – to each his fate
Leaps from the urn fast spinning round:
The ferry bears us, soon or late,
 To endless exile bound.



LORD DUNSANY, 1947

(1878–1957; English Writer and Dramatist)

Remember, Dellius, when times are bad
 Keep a calm mind, and in good times no less
 Let it be tempered against all excess
Of insolent rejoicing. Whether sad
You live, or whether upon holidays,
 Along a green lawn far secluded laid,
 Where the great pine-tree's branches join their shade
With that of the white poplars, you shall raise
Cups of the best Falernian, while there flows
 A slanting rivulet that hurries by
 With rippling waters, some day you must die.
Here bid them bring wine, unguents and the rose,
Whose flower lasts for such a little space,
 While the occasion and your youth permit,
 And the dark threads where the three sisters sit.
Your woods your mansion and your country place
That yellow Tiber washes you will leave.
 Aye, you will leave your riches, and an heir
 Will come to have for his enjoyment there
The wealth that you have laboured to achieve.
Rich, of the line of Inachus of old,
 Or beggarly and of some mean descent,
 It matters not; beneath the firmament
Awhile you linger, then will Orcus hold
Unpitying his victim. We are all
 To one place driven; soon or late the urn
 Throws out the fatal lot for each in turn
Which sends us to the boat with no recall.



LEWIS EVELYN GIELGUD, 1951

(1894–1953; Writer, Intelligence Officer, and Humanitarian Worker)

Be sure, when times are out of joint,
To keep a level head, and try
To keep a cool one, when things point
To triumph, Tom. You too must die.

Death waits for all – for men that fret
Day in, day out, and men that dine
At festal boards in arbours set,
And drink their toasts in vintage wine.

Here, cedars tall and poplars grey
Touch branches, mingling shade with shade,
And streams essay to wash away
The banks their busy currents made,

So let refreshments here be brought
And lovely, evanescent roses –
For health is nothing, wealth is nought,
When unrelenting Fate forecloses.

Your towered halls and broad estate
Will still be there, when you are dead.
The river place you could not wait
To buy, will be inherited.

The hand of Death no more will spare
A gentleman of high degree
Than any beggar, poor and bare
And basely born as base can be.

One end awaits us all. Our fate
Is fixed. The ferry-boat is sent
To carry all men, soon or late,
To their perpetual banishment.



SKULI JOHNSON, 1952

(1888–1955; Classical Scholar)

Remember to maintain, when life is steep,
A level mind, and likewise it to keep,
When life is smooth, from joy excessive free,
My Dellius, doomed to man's mortality,

Whether in sadness all your years you pass,
Or on days sacred, mid sequestered grass,
You quaff to gladden you at ease reclined,
Falernian vintage of the finer kind.

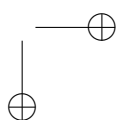
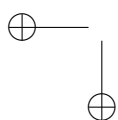
Why love the poplar pale and lofty pine
A hospitable shadow to entwine
With boughs? Why does the fleeting water pant
To hurry down the brooklet's bed aslant?

Bid wines brought here, and perfumes and the lief
Blossoms of roses that have life too brief,
While means and age allow you, and the thread
Of life assigned you by the Sisters dread.

You'll pass from purchased lands and residence
And villa washed by yellow Tiber; hence
You'll pass and all your pelf of piled-up gain,
For his possession, will your heir obtain.

Rich be you and from Argos' first lord trace
Your line – no matter! – or of lowliest race,
And poor, are mid the living lingering:
You're Orcus' victim who's unpitying.

We all are driven to one fold, the fate
Of all is destined, either soon or late,
To issue from the urn, and us convey
On Charon's bark to banishment for aye.



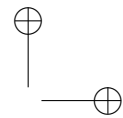
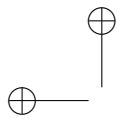


R. E. BATES, 1952

(John Osborne Sargent Prize Translation)

A mind, unmoved when troubles rise,
Nor overjoyed at Fortune's smile,
Keep, Dellius mine – a little while –
Remember – and my Dellius dies,
Whether he live forever sad,
Or in some grassy nook recline,
With mellow old Falernian wine
To make each festal season glad.
Huge pine and silvery poplar bring
Their boughs to weave one friendly shade –
Why, think you? Why this brook's delayed
Wild flight through banks meandering?
Have wines and perfumes hither borne,
And sweet, brief-blowing roses, now
While fortunes and while age allow –
Ere yet the Fates' dark thread be shorn.
Your villa – with its woodlands vast –
Which Tiber's yellow waters lave –
Your high-piled wealth – an heir shall have –
Yes, you must yield it all at last.
Unpitying Orcus waiteth nigh
Alike, if Argive blood you claim,
Or pauper, of an unknown name,
You dwell beneath the open sky.
We all are gathered to one doom:
The shaken Urn sends forth our lot
Or soon or late – and we are caught
To Stygian exile's endless gloom.





ROBERT MONTRAVILLE GREEN, 1953

(1880–1955; Anatomist, Classicist, Poet, and Translator)

Preserve an even temper in distress,
A mind refraining in prosperity
From insolent extravagance no less,
 Thou who art soon to die,

Whether thou live sedately all thy days
Or on secluded sward gaily recline,
Making thy heart glad with secret cachets
 Of rare Falernian wine.

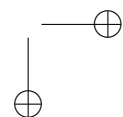
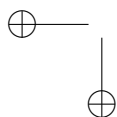
Why do the mighty pine and poplar white
Their boughs in hospitable shade unite?
Why doth the fleeting brook to hasten seek
 In rivulet oblique?

Hither bid bring wine and spikenard to thee,
And brief but lovely blossoms of the rose,
While time, tide, and black thread of the Sisters Three
 Suffer thy fond repose.

Thy home, thy lands amassed by purchases,
Thy villa, where tawny Tiber washes by,
Thou shalt depart, and the harsh heir possess
 Thy riches heaped on high.

Whether high-born from ancient Inachus,
Or from the lowest dregs thou draw thy breath
'Neath heaven, it matters not; thou must end thus,
 Victim of pitiless death.

For all, under the same compulsion dark,
Sooner or later shall come from fate's urn
The lot that sends us off in Charon's bark
 Into exile eterne.





FRED BATES LUND, 1953

(1865–1950; A Boston Physician)

A level head when times are hard
Remember, Dellius, to keep,
In good times, none the less, to guard
'Gainst pride exultant; you must sleep

Death's long sleep some day, if in care
You spend your life, or good old wine
Through happy days in peace you share –
On distant grassy slopes recline,

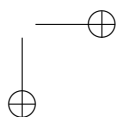
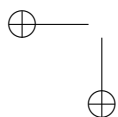
Where poplar white and lofty pine,
Their hospitable branches twine,
While, twisting, striving to be free,
The swift brook hastens toward the sea.

Here wine and nard, and roses fair
(Too soon alas to fade and die)
Do you command, while age doth spare
Nor the dread sisters' shuttles fly

Too swiftly. Soon to that fair field
And villa washed by Tiber's flow
You'll bid good-by, for you must yield
Your riches to your heir, and go.

It matters not if rich or poor,
Of noble birth or pauper clan,
Unpitying death comes swift and sure
To all beneath the sky's wide span.

By the same rod we're driven, all!
Eternal exile, soon or late
Awaits us, when the lot shall fall
Spilled from the urn that holds our fate.

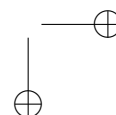
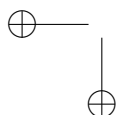




ARTHUR SALUSBURY MACNALTY, 1955

(1880–1969; Medical Scientist and Chief Medical Officer of the UK)

O Dellius born to die from life distracting,
Be even-tempered yet in times exacting.
Equally with prosperity at thy side
Refrain from exultation in thy pride.
Whether life's sadness bids the sun not shine,
Or happy days bring thee Falernian wine,
Regaling thee remote from cares of State
With a rare vintage of the oldest date.
At ease reclined on grassy sward that's made
So welcome by the pine and poplar's shade
Weaving their boughs above, while onward gleams
The trembling current purling on its streams.
Wine, perfumes, short-lived roses ere they wither,
Order thy slaves to bring for comfort hither,
While the three sisters with black threads allow,
While age and fortune smile upon thy brow.
You must depart from all the groves you bought,
From your house also and that villa sought.
That villa washed by Tiber's yellow wave,
An heir inherits all that wealth you save.
It matters not, if well endowed with gold,
You claim descent from Inachus of old,
Or whether poor, of most ignoble race,
Without a roof the elements you face.
Merciless Pluto claims you as his slave.
We all are driven onwards to the grave.
The lot of all is shaken in the urn.
Each of us soon or late must take his turn,
Come forth and by the shores of Styx afloat,
Embark for exile endless in the boat,
That Charon ferries with a funeral knell
To land us ghosts before the gates of Hell.





LOUIS MACNEICE, 1956

(1907–63; Poet)

A level mind in crooked times
Preserve, preserve; nor in better fortune
 Dash into rash self-glory,
 My brother bound for death –

Whether your life be a string of doldrums
Or whether you loll on days of festa
 At a private fête champêtre
 With a bottle of vintage wine.

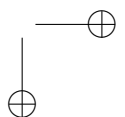
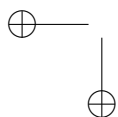
Towering pine and silver poplar –
Why do they intermingle their friendly
 Shade? And why do these cantering waters
 Jockey their way through winding banks?

Here is the place for wine and perfume
And the too fleeting bloom of the rose
 While Time and Chance and the black threads
 Of the three Fates give chance and time.

You must leave the estates you bought, the house
You built, which yellow Tiber washes,
 Leave them – and all that pinnacled wealth,
 Your work, will fall to another master.

If rich and of ancient lineage, it makes
No odds; no odds if born a beggar
 You lived your life in the foulest slum,
 Victims all of the pitiless Reaper.

All of us briefed the same; for all of us
Our lot is rattled like dice and sooner
 Or later will fall and embark our souls
 On the packet boat to eternal exile.





JAMES BLAIR LEISHMAN, 1956

(1902–63; Scholar and Translator)

Preserve, amid more difficult circumstance,
a calm of mind like that which in kindlier
 abstained from heedless exultation,
Dellius, lent on the same conditions
life, whether passed in joyless monotony,
or couched, on days of calendared festiveness,
 on some sequestered lawn and rendered
sweet with the taste of an ancient vintage.

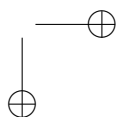
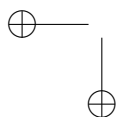
Why else do pine and shimmering poplar tree
so love with meeting boughs to confabricate
 inviting shade, and fleeting waters
press so apace in their winding channels?

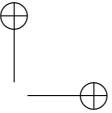
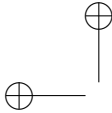
Bid wine be served you, unguents, and, ah, the brief,
the darling rose's fugitive coronal,
 while means at hand and youth and sombre
threads of the destining Sisters let you.

You'll leave the bought-in pastures; the house in town,
the rural seat brown Tiber perambulates,
 you'll leave, and all that still ascending
structure of riches an heir shall enter.

You're still, no matter whether in opulence
and ancestor'd by mythical Inachus,
 or poor and knowing no roof but heaven,
victim of never-renting Orcus.

We're all being herded on to the quay, for all
the urn revolves that swiftly or tardily
 outleaping embarkation-card that
puts us aboard for eternal exile.

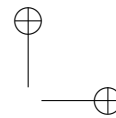
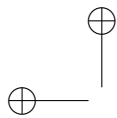




HELEN ROWE HENZE, 1961

(1899–1973; Poet, Translator and Singer)

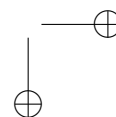
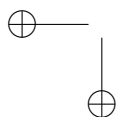
Remember to preserve an unruffled mind,
Though hard and steep your path; in prosperity
Likewise no overweening gladness,
Dellius, since you are doomed to perish,
What though you lived in sadness through all your years,
What though in some far meadow you leaned at ease
And through the festal days took pleasure
There with the choicest Falernian vintage.
Why do the silver poplar and mighty pine
Delight to join their boughs into welcome shade?
Why does the fleeing water strive to
Huny along in its winding channel?
Here bid them bring the wines and the fragrant oils,
The too-brief blossomings of the lovely rose,
While youth and fortune and the sable
Thread of the Three Sisters still permit it.
For you will leave the woodlands which once you bought,
Your home, your villa the tawny Tiber laves,
Yes, you will leave; your heir will lord it
Over the wealth you piled up so proudly.
It matters not a whit if you're tich or poor,
Of lowly birth or Inachus' ancient line,
You linger 'neath the light of heaven,
Victim of Orcust who knows no pity.
We all are driven, all, to the selfsame place,
And later... sooner... out of the shaken urn
Our lot will leap; on Charon's bark then
We shall be set toward eternal exile!



FREDERICK WILLIAM WALLACE, 1964

(Senior Scholar of Emmanuel College, Cambridge)

A steady heart in days of stress
See thou dost keep, and schooled no less
In happy days 'gainst joy too high,
Friend Dellius, for thou must die,
Though lifelong sorrow be thy fate
Or in some secret lawn, elate
With choice Falernian, you laze
A life of gladsome holidays.
Why else white poplar, giant pine
Their branching shade in welcome twine?
And why through banks meandering
Wrestles and writhes the startled spring?
Come now, for wines and perfumes send,
Rose-petals fair too swiftly dead,
While age and fortune condescend
And triple Sisters' sombre thread.
From wide-bought woodlands thou must fare,
From country-seat by Tiber's sand,
From city mansions, then an heir
Finds thy heaped treasures in his hand.
Though ancient-born, or royal-rich,
Or beggar groundling thou dost cling
To light and life, no matter which,
Thou Death's unpitied offering,
One fold pens all together. Fate
Shakes lots for all. Or soon or late
Out jumps our lot. Aboard we're sent
The bark of endless banishment.





ALAN MCNICOLL, 1979

(1908–87; Rear Admiral, Royal Australian Navy)

In times of trial a tranquil mind maintain,
And in the days of your prosperity
From pride and overweening joy refrain;
For ponder, Dellius, you are doomed to die

Whether your footsteps walked in sorrow's way,
Or else, reposing in some grassy nook,
Happy you lived through life's long holiday,
And from a deep-stored cask your pleasure took.

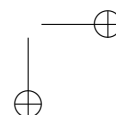
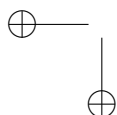
Here where the mighty pine and poplar blend
Their twined branches' hospitable shade –
Where the brook hastens onward to its end,
And threads its winding channel through the glade –

Hither bring wine and perfumes, and the fair
And short-lived blossoms of the pleasant rose,
While youth and time and place allow us, ere
The sister Fates their gloomy web disclose.

Soon you must leave the wide domains you own,
The villa by the yellow Tiber nigh,
The mansion too, and after you are gone
Your heir will spend the wealth you piled on high.

Whether of ancient Inachus begot,
Or poor, and born among the lowliest
That dwell beneath the sky, it matters not,
For no compassion dwells in Orcus' breast.

We all are driven to the self-same place.
The lot of all is shaken in the urn
And soon or later is drawn forth, to face
The journey to the land whence none return.

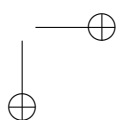
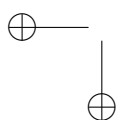


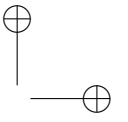
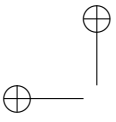


STUART LYONS, 2007

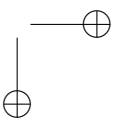
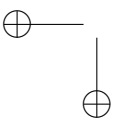
(Born 1943; Former Scholar of King's College, Cambridge)

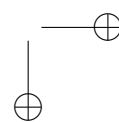
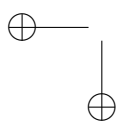
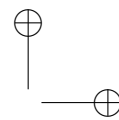
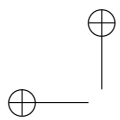
Keep a cool head when things are hard;
 In good times curb excessive gladness!
For death will be your last reward,
 Whether you live a life of sadness
Or, lying in the distant grass,
 You sip your best Falernian wine
And toast the holidays that pass.
 The white poplar and the great pine
Form love's alliance, and so marry
 Branches to cover shady arbours;
The shimmering brook must never tarry,
 As by the slanting bank it labours.
Here, send for wine and perfumes sweet,
 The flowers of the rose soon dead,
While age and circumstance permit,
 And the three Fates spin their black thread!
You'll leave the woodlands you did buy,
 Your home, the farm yellow Tiber laps.
The wealth that you have piled up high
 Your heir will drink. Though rich perhaps
And born of Inachus' ancient line,
 Or poor and of the meanest caste
Of men under the heavens divine,
 No matter! You will go at last,
A victim by cruel Orcus taken.
 We are all forced to the same fate;
The destiny of all is shaken
 In fortune's cup sooner or late.
Into eternal exile we
Shall go, on board the last ferry.





BACK MATTER







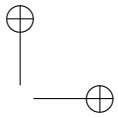
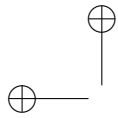
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(*H* = Horace; *QHF* = Quintus Horatius Flaccus)

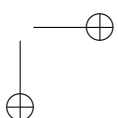
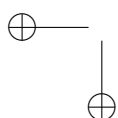
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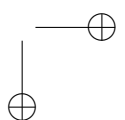
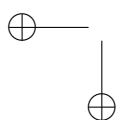
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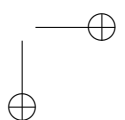
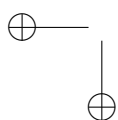
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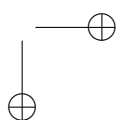
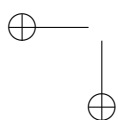


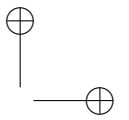
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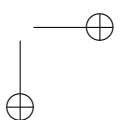
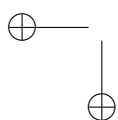




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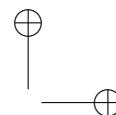
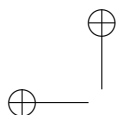
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