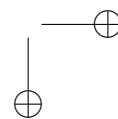
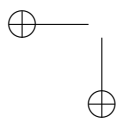
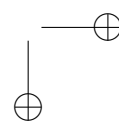
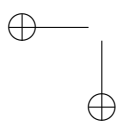
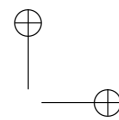
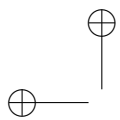
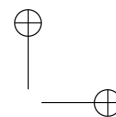
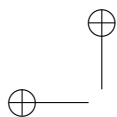


Horace's Fons Bandusiae
A Collection of Translations







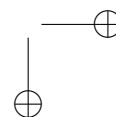
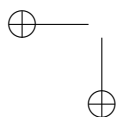
Horace's Fons Bandusiae
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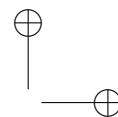
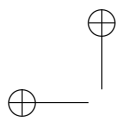
Isaac Waisberg

Yet fare thee well, thou lovely spring,
And never may thy nymphs desert thee,
For while one Bard on earth may sing,
Not all the powers of earth can hurt thee:
And tho' no lamb to thee we give,
Blest shalt thou be as long as lambkins live.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE

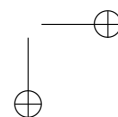
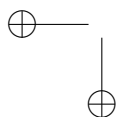
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2023

Selection and Design by Isaac Waisberg





IN LIEU OF A PREFACE

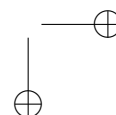
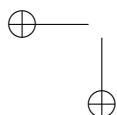
“The things which, for lack of better names, we try to suggest by culture, discipline, taste, standards, criticism, and the historic sense, they hate. Or, if you prefer, they are completely insensitive to them and wish to impose their own insensibility upon the coming generation. They are genuinely skeptical of intellectual discriminations which they do not perceive, and aesthetic values which they do not feel. They are fiercely resentful of what they deem the supercilious arrogance of those who possess or strive for some far-off touch or faint tincture of the culture and discipline which they denounce as shibboleths, taboos, and the arbitrary conventions of pedants. . . . The purpose, or, at any rate, the tendency of their policies is to stamp out and eradicate these things and inculcate exclusively their own tastes and ideals by controlling American education with the political efficiency of Prussian autocracy and in the fanatical intolerance of the French anticlericalists. Greek and Latin have become mere symbols and pretexts. They are as contemptuous of Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, Racine, Burke, John Stuart Mill, Tennyson, Alexander Hamilton, or Lowell, as of Homer, Sophocles, Virgil, or Horace.” (Paul Shorey, *The Assault on Humanism*, 1917)

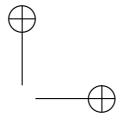
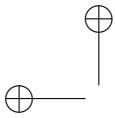


“Great is my debt to that remarkable man, for midway in the first winter he promised me that I should read Horace the following year. Moreover he pledged his word that no French should enter into the transaction; and by way of sealing the bargain he gave me (being, as I have said, unlike any other teacher in the world) a really beautiful edition of the poet. In those days all schoolbooks were as repulsive as publishers could make them. Their appearance went a long way in discouraging any intimacy with their contents. The costliness of my Horace suggested to me the propriety of covering it with paper muslin, a glazed and rattling substance much used for such fell purposes. This thrifty proposal was imperatively vetoed. The book, I was told, was to be looked at this year, read next year, and loved all my life.

“Suppose I don’t love it?” I asked destructively.

“There was no reply. A glance at the elderly gentleman sitting on the other side of the table told me plainly what he had in his mind; but as he was





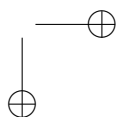
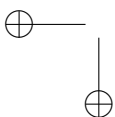
a highly paid master in a highly respectable school, he forbore to give utterance.” (Agnes Repplier, *Eight Decades*, 1937)

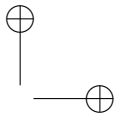
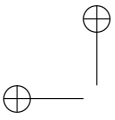


“At this time I began reading some of the ‘Odes of Horace,’ who also would be disallowed as a poet by many modern critics and is sometimes even disallowed by name. ‘It does not ring true’ people say of him as they say of Villon. What should be remembered is that the *attitude* in Horace, as in many Latin poets, is something consciously applied – one more convention within which the poet has to work. People misunderstand Horace because they miss the grain of salt and because they demand of him directness and simplicity or a purely lyrical poet, whereas Horace is a contemplative poet writing odes which have something of the involved pattern of Pindar, though on a much smaller scale. As a boy I liked the glitter of Horace – *O fons Bandusiae splendidior vitro* – and admired his tidiness, realizing that English with its articles and lack of inflexions could hardly ever equal Horace either in concentration or in subtlety of word-order.” (Louis MacNeice, *Modern Poetry*, 1938)



“Let me insert here an explanation, which relates to a single word in a poem of mine recently published. I spoke of ‘Blandusia’s’ fountain instead of Bandusia, and was corrected by two correspondents: one a true scholar, who made his correction in very lively and pleasant verse, as a private communication. The other, probably more recently from his text-books, treated the error more seriously. The fact is just this: In verifying the quotation, a precaution one ought always to take, and too often neglects, I took the nearest one of the four editions of Horace standing on my shelves, and followed that without questioning its authority. It was a lovely little Elzevir of 1628, which Daniel Heinsius *ex emendatissimis editionibus expressit, et representavit*. This edition has Blandusia, as has also the Delphine edition. The two others have the more correct spelling, Bandusia. I will not say *malo errare cum Heinsio*, – I had rather be wrong with Heinsius than right with the last schoolboy manual; but if one does make a mistake, one likes to have it a scholarly one. I remember a story which my father, a more accurate writer than his son ever was, told me of one of his boyish experiences, which, after slumbering in my recollection for the greater part of a century, turns up at last to help me out in my apology. He must needs take down a sickle, which the reaper had left hanging on the bough of an old apple-tree, and try his skill at reaping.

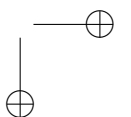
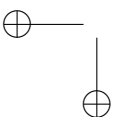


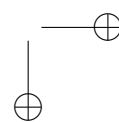
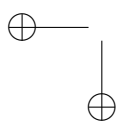
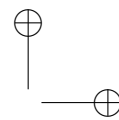
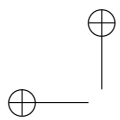


The consequence was a grand cut near one of his knuckles, of which he used to show me the scar. But he was always pleased to add that the reapers looked at his cut with strong commendation, and assured him that the place and form of the wound showed that he had held his sickle excellently well, and that there was no doubt that by practice he might become a very good reaper. The scar of my classical error shows, at any rate, that I was handling an approved classical implement in the legitimate method.” (Oliver Wendell Holmes, *After Our Hundred Days*, 1888)



“Horace has, perhaps, attracted more English translators than any other Latin poet. Few indeed are his readers (even those of the class-room) who do not feel at some time a voluntary impulse toward making a written version of a favorite ode. Persons of every class and temperament have not only succumbed to this impulse, but have even entrusted to print its results. Among their numerous ranks may be found famous literati so diverse as Sir Philip Sidney and Dean Swift, Ben Jonson and William Cowper; famous statesmen, such as Gladstone and Warren Hastings; men not famous at all. They present an interesting example of the tendency of humankind to fly in the face of principles which it freely accepts and acknowledges. Every one of them, probably, would agree to the dictum of Shelley (himself an offender) concerning ‘the vanity of translation’ – a dictum which states wisely and beautifully the idea we express blunderingly and on the whole untruthfully when we say that it is impossible to dissociate form and content. Nay, they will go farther, and, if they write prefaces to their translations, will almost inevitably declare that Horace is, owing to certain characteristics, even more untranslatable than most poets. I suppose any translator would admit this fact; indeed, he usually takes it into account in his preface, if he have one, and gives it as his reason for adopting some particular method of procedure. And in the vast majority of cases it leads him to translate Horace into verse. Conington, for example, frequently said to be on the whole the most successful renderer of Horace, sets down as the first requisite of a translation ‘some kind of metrical conformity to [the] original.’” (Mary Rebecca Thayer, *On Translating Horace*, 1918)

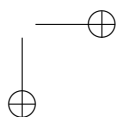
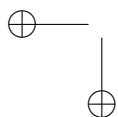


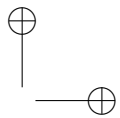




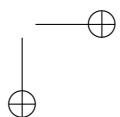
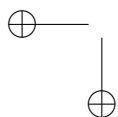
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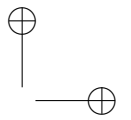
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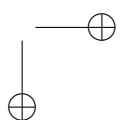
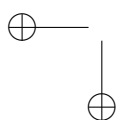


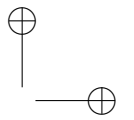
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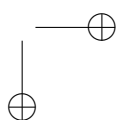
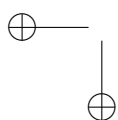


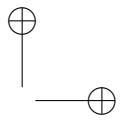
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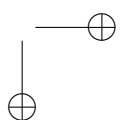
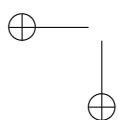


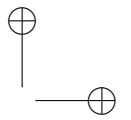
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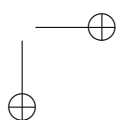
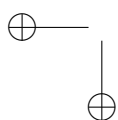


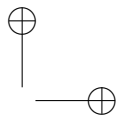
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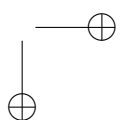
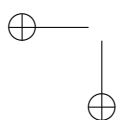


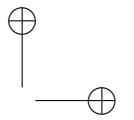
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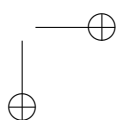
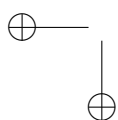


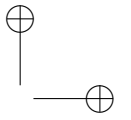
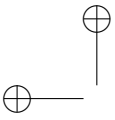
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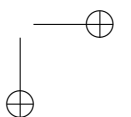
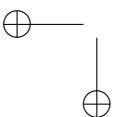


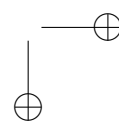
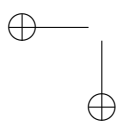
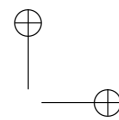
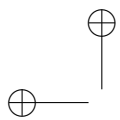
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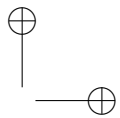




“I greatly love Hans Christian Andersen’s Tales, and I am deeply interested in folklore and fairy tales. I believe in ghosts, in witches and in fairies. I should like to own a big astronomical telescope, and a 24-tune music box. My heroes in history are Martin Luther, Mme. Lamballe, Abraham Lincoln; my favorite poems are Korner’s ‘Battle Prayer,’ Wordsworth’s ‘We are Seven,’ Newman’s ‘Lead, Kindly Light,’ Luther’s Hymn, Schiller’s ‘The Diver,’ Horace’s ‘Fons Bandusiae,’ and Burns’ ‘Cottar’s Saturday Night.’”
(Eugene Field, *An Auto Analysis*, 1896)

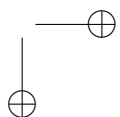
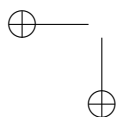


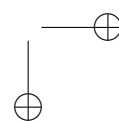
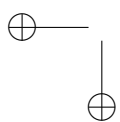
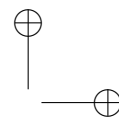
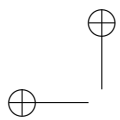


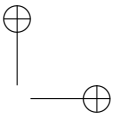
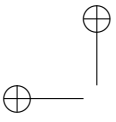


Q. HORATI FLACCI, FONS BANDUSIAE, 23 B.C.

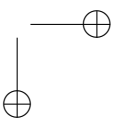
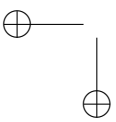
*O fons Bandusiae splendidior vitro
dulci digne mero non sine floribus
cras donaberis haedo,
cui frons turgida cornibus
primis et venerem et proelia destinat;
frustra: nam gelidos inficiet tibi
rubro sanguine rivos
lascivi suboles gregis.
te flagrantis atrox hora Caniculae
nescit tangere, tu frigus amabile
fessis vomere tauris
praebeas et pecori vago.
fies nobilium tu quoque fontium,
me dicente cavis impositam ilicem
saxis, unde loquaces
lympphae desiliunt tuae.*

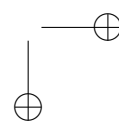
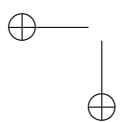
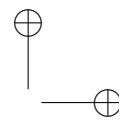
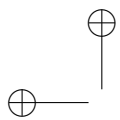


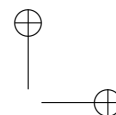
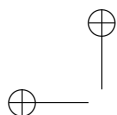




THE TRANSLATIONS





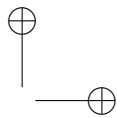


HENRY RIDER, 1638

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

Fountaine of Blandusia, that dost thine,
Clearer than glasse, deserving pleasant wine,
Nor without store of flow'rs, thou with a kid
To morrow morning shalt be honoured;
Whose fore-head, with his first hornes fretted out,
For lust and war (in vain tho) hunts about.
For this same youngling of the wanton traine,
Thy cooling streames with his red bloud shall staine,
Thee the hot dog-stars dire time cannot taint:
Thou gentle cooling yeelddst to oxen faint
With plowing, and to stray beasts: verily
Thou shalt be made a sacred spring, while I
The oakes set round thy hollow rocks will sing,
Out of the which thy murmuring waters spring.

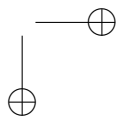
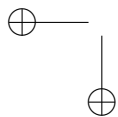




JOHN SMITH, 1649

(*The Lyrick Poet*)

O Fountaine of *Blandusia*! thou dost shine,
More clear then glasse, worthy of sweetest wine;
Not without flowers, to morrowes Sacrifice
Shall be a Kid, whose swelling hornes do rise,
Being newly budded, but in vaine prepare,
In *Venus* quarrel to begin to war.
For that lascivious off-spring with red bloud,
Thy colder streames shal staine as with a floud:
The parching time of the hot *Scirian* star
Shal not thee touch: to cattle wandring far,
And to the Oxen wearied with the plough,
Behold cold shades, and water dost allow:
And thou of Noblest fontaines shalt be made,
When upon hollow rocks a holme-tree laid
I shall sing forth: from whence thy waters slide,
And with sweet murmur alwayes seem to chide.





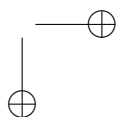
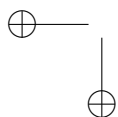
MILDMAY FANE, 1623–50

(c. 1600–66; Politician and Writer)

O sacred Fountaine, clearer farre
Than purest Cristalls are.
Worthy, like to a Pow'r divine,
A Sacrifice of Wine:
And to be deckt about thy brinke
With Violet, and Pinke:
Tomorrow I doe promise Thee
To offer up a hee-
Kidd butted, for a Sacrafice
Whose blood (like to the Skies
When Phebus setts) sprinkled shall be
In honour of thy Purity.

Thee nor the scorching Dogdaies heat,
Nor cann the Sun-beams beat
Through those same shades, which o're thee grow,
First sprung from thy overflow;
But thou art coolest then, when heat
Causeth the Flock to bleat
For water. –

Thou shalt hereafter counted be
'Mongst the nobility
Of Fountaines; and thy purling spring
In pibbles make a murmuring.

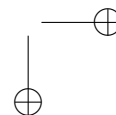
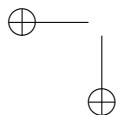


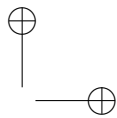


BARTEN HOLIDAY, 1653

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

Blandusian Spring, translucenter than glass,
Worthy Wine-offerings, deck's with flowry grass,
I'll slay to thee to morn
A Kid crown'd with youthfull horn,
Choosing his Mate, and conflicts; all in vain:
For a lascivious Ofspring shall distain,
And fyle thy frigid flood
With mixture of Purple blood.
Thou'rt free from Dog-star's fervent influence:
Thou do'st thy sweet refreshing Streams dispense
To Bullocks tired out,
And Heards roving all about.
Ev'n thou shalt be a far-renowned Spring,
Whil'st I of Rocks crown'd with the *Ilex* sing:
Whence thy loud waters rush
Down head-long with vilent gush.



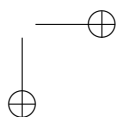
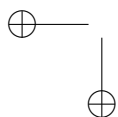


R. N., 1666

(The Poems of Horace Rendered in English Verse, Alexander Brome)

A Pleasant Spring doth rise within my Grove
(The Scene of my retired Contents & Love)
To which my Muse shall bring
For a greatful Offering
No lascivious wanton Kid,
With pamper'd lusts, and armed head,
To stain the Crystal flood
With unclean and lustful blood;
But her sacrifice shall be,
Love, divine Loved drest up in Poetry.

Lo how the officious Trees their branches spread
Thickned with leaves over thy Head,
As if afraid each scorching Ray
On thy cold streams with too much Heat should play
Hither the panting Flocks for shelter run
When beaten from the Plains by the hot Sun,
Whist from the bubbling streams below,
Such murmuring Languages do flow,
That none but Lovers and the Muses know.





THOMAS CREECH, 1684

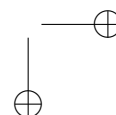
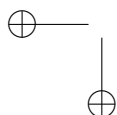
(1659–1700; Fellow of Wadham College, Oxford)

Blandusia's Spring, more clear than Glass,
That bubbles thro' the rising Grass,
Thee Wine should sweeten, Crowns adorn;
But now a wanton Ridgling dies
A pious humble Sacrifice,
His flowing Blood shall paint the rising Morn:

With budding Horns he dares to fight;
His Fury hastens to Delight;
Courage with Love together grows
In vain, in vain; his wanton Blood
Shall surely stain thy cooler Flood,
And pay the mighty Debt his Master owes:

The furious Dog-Star's burning Beams
In vain attempt thy living streams,
In vain they strike thy sacred Deep;
You yield delightful liquid Snow
To Oxen wearied with the Plow,
And cool the thirsty Heat of wandring Sheep:

You rank'd shall be 'midst nobler Springs;
And high in Fame, while Horace sings,
The shady *Beech* that rising grows
Where, by great *Neptune's* Trident strook,
A Passage opens thro' the Rock,
And whence thy pratling Stream of Water flows.

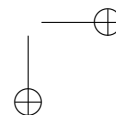
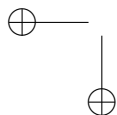


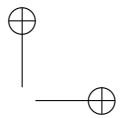
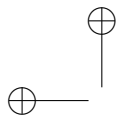


JOHN HARINGTON, 1684

(c. 1627–1700)

Blandusia *Fount*, whose *cheek*-like glass most bright,
Worthy sweet *Wine*, and *Flow'rs*; to Morrow's light
 Gives thee *Kid* in Sacrifice,
 Whose *Front* first horn'd doth rise.
In vain that Off-spring from the wanton heard
Both lust, and *Frays* intends with *Rival* fear'd;
 Since soon he shall besprinkle ore
 Thy *Stream* with crimson *Gore*.
The burning *Dog-star's* time and wrathful power
Cannot touch thee; who dost refresh that hour
 Plough-share weari'd *Ox*, as kind
 To th' wandring *Sheep* inclin'd.
Thou too shalt one o'th' Noble *Springs* be made;
Whilst I that *Elm* commend, whose Branches shade
 Shrouds th' hollowed *Rock* from whence below
 Thy pratling *Streams* do flow.

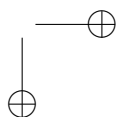
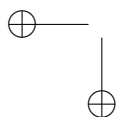




WILLIAM OLDISWORTH, 1713

(1680–1734; Author and Translator)

Lovely Spring! as Crystal clear!
 Accept this Wine, these fragrant Flow'rs;
Soon as the Morning shall appear,
 A Goat, with budding Horns, is yours;
Young and Wanton, fit to try
 The lusty Leap, or hardy Fight;
His Blood your limpid Streams shall die,
 Your Streams, with purple Mixture bright.
From the *Dog's-stars* scorching Ray
 You still defend the tender Flock;
With you the Herds their Thirst allay;
 And Oxen, sweating with the Yoke.
Every Spring shall yield to you,
 Whilst I the shady Scene rehearse,
The Rocks from whence your Waters flow;
 And Speak your Murmurs in my Verse.





HENRY COXWELL, 1718

(*The Odes of Horace*)

Blandusia's Fountain, as thou glidest by,
Thou'rt purer than the Christal to mine Eye;
Delightful Spring, to excellency fine,
Worthy of Flowers, and the best of Wine;
I'll sacrifice a Kid unto thy Fame
To Morrow, that has tasted of thy Stream;
A wanton Kid, whose Horns just newly grow,
And just begins his wanton Tricks to show.
The Dog-Star's Fury does not thee invade,
Nor scorching *Phæbus* penetrate thy Shade;
The Cattle from the Breez, and burning Sun,
From distant Pastures to thy Shelter run;
The weary Ox from th' heavy Yoke releas'd,
Amidst thy Shades, and Waters is refresh'd.
Thy Fame, Inviting Current, shall be told
With famous celebrated Springs of old;
I'll sing the Grove that on the Rock does grow,
From whence thy gentle whisp'ring Streams do flow.



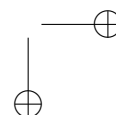
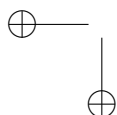


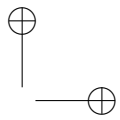
JOHN HANWAY, 1720

(*Translations of Several Odes of Horace*)

Thou, *Blundusia's* Spring, more clear
Than the pure Chrystal all the Year;
Worthy the sweetest Flow'rs and Wine,
That can be laid upon thy Shrine;
Where I'll a Kid To-morrow put,
With sprouting Horns that thinks to butt
His rival Lover, but in vain:
For thy pure Streams his Blood shall stain,
While it runs guggling from the throat
Of this lascivious wanton Goat.
For here the cool and shaded Streams
Ne'er feel the Dog-Star's sultry Beams;
Here wand'ring Sheep, and Oxen made
Weary at Plough, find happy Shade.

Among the Springs of noble Fame
I'll too Record in Song thy Name,
And the Rock, which an Oak o'ergrows,
From whence thy prattling Water flows.





THOMAS HARE, 1737

(“Master of Blandford School”)

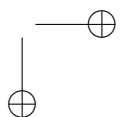
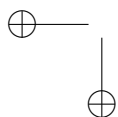
O Fair *Blandusia* Spring divine,
That dost with Crystal Mirror shine,
Deserving Wine and Flow’rets gay,
To thee a Sacrifice I’ll pay.

To-morrow shall a Kid be led
With Horns just budding from his Head;
Shall on thy faced Bank be slain,
Prepar’d for Love and Fight in vain:

To-morrow shall the Victim bleed,
A wanton Son of leach’rous Breed;
And with a Tide of reeking Blood
Empurple o’er thy icy Flood.

Fierce Phœbus, when the Dog-Star sways,
Ne’er taints thy Streams with sultry Rays;
The weary Steers and fleecy Kind
In thee a cool Refreshment find.

Thou too shalt shine a famous Spring
While I thy pleasing Honours sing;
The Oak above the Rock that grows,
From whence thy prattling Riv’let dancing flows.



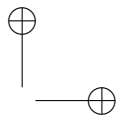


PHILIP FRANCIS, 1743

(1708–73; Clergyman and Writer)

Fountain, whose waters far surpass
The shining face of polish'd glass,
To thee, the goblet, crown'd with flowers,
Grateful, the rich libation pours;
A goat, whose horns begin to spread,
And, bending, arm his swelling head,
Whose bosom glows with young desires,
Which war, or kindling love inspires,
Now meditates his blow in vain; –
His blood shall thy fair fountain stain.
When the fierce dogstar's fervid ray,
Flames forth, and sets on fire the day,
To vagrant flocks, that range the field,
You a refreshing coolness yield.
Or to the labour-wearied team,
Pour forth the freshness of thy stream.
Soon shalt thou flow a noble spring,
While in immortal verse I sing
The oak, that spreads thy rocks around,
From whence thy babbling waters bound.

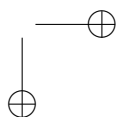
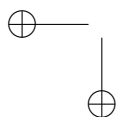


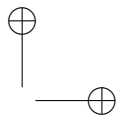


THOMAS WARTON, 1746

(1728–90; Camden Professor of History, Oxford; Poet Laureate in 1785)

Ye waves, that gushing fall with purest stream,
Blandusian Fount! to whom the products sweet
 Of richest vines belong,
 And fairest flowers of spring;
To thee, a chosen victim will I slay,
A kid, who glowing in lascivious youth
 Just blooms with budding horn,
 And with vain thought elate
Yet destines future war: but ah! too soon
His reeking blood with crimson shall enrich
 Thy pure translucent flood,
 And tinge thy crystal clear.
Thy sweet recess the sun in mid-day hour
Can ne'er invade, thy streams the labour'd ox
 Refresh with cooling draught,
 And glad the wand'ring herds.
Thy name shall shine with endless honors grac'd,
While on my shell I sing the nodding oak,
 That o'er thy cavern deep
 Waves his embowering head.





JAMES BEATTIE, 1760

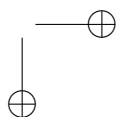
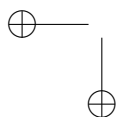
(1735–1803; Philosopher and Poet)

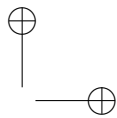
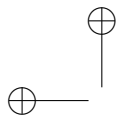
Bandusia! more than crystal clear!
Whose soothing murmurs charm the ear!
Whose margin soft, with flow'rets crown'd,
Invites the festive band around,
Their careless limbs diffused, supine,
To quaff the soul-enlivening wine.

To thee a tender kid I vow,
That aims for light his budding brow,
In thought, the wrathful combat proves,
Or wantons with his little loves:
But vain are all his purposed schemes,
Delusive all his flattering dreams;
To-morrow shall his fervent blood
Stain the pure silver of thy flood.

When fiery Sirius blasts the plain,
Untouch'd thy gelid streams remain.
To thee the fainting flocks repair
To taste thy cool reviving air;
To thee, the ox, with toil oppress'd,
And lays his languid limbs at rest.

As springs of old renown'd, thy name,
Bless'd fountain! I devote to fame,
Thus, while I sing in deathless lays
The verdant holm, whose waving sprays,
The sweet retirement to defend,
High o'er the moss-grown rock impend,
Whence prattling in loquacious play,
Thy sprightly waters leap away.

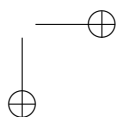
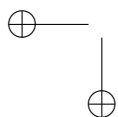


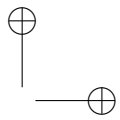


CHRISTOPHER SMART, 1767

(1722–71; Academic and Poet, Friend of Samuel Johnson)

Hail, clear as crystal to the eyes,
Blandusia's fav'rite spring;
O worthy to receive the prize
Of wine and flow'rs we bring:
To-morrow we shall give thy flood
A kid, whose horns begin to bud,
And fight and wantonness portend:
In vain – his pranks must be no more –
For shortly with his sacred gore
He thy cool stream shall blend.
Thee scorching Sirius cannot touch –
You yield a pleasing shade,
Which for the steers, when work'd too much,
And wand'ring flock's display'd.
Thou shalt be register'd by fame,
A fountain of illustrious name,
Whilst I thy useful beauties book;
The oak so happy on the spot,
To overhang thine hollow grot,
Whence spouts thy prating brook.

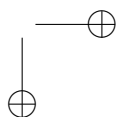
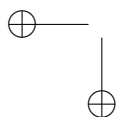




BROCKILL NEWBURGH, 1769

(c. 1659–1741; Irish Politician)

Blandusian Font whose Streams surpass
The Clearness of transparent Glass;
To-morrow's Sun shall see thy Shrine
Bedeck'd with Flowers, or stain'd with Wine,
A Kidling too for thee shall bleed,
Offspring of the lascivious Breed;
With butting Horns who frisking roves,
And Battles meditates or Loves.
In vain! – for soon the Wanton's Blood
Shall stain thy cool, thy limpid Flood.
Amid thy Rills and waving Trees,
Where ever breathes the cooling Breeze,
To shun the Dog-stars fervid Heat
The Flock's and languid Herd's Retreat.
Hail sacred Spring! – still let thy Praise
Melodious murmur in my Lays.
There let that Oak long rear its Head,
O'er hollow Rocks his Branches spread
Adown whose craggy Channels glide
Thy pratling Rills and chrystal Tide.

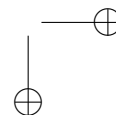
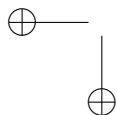


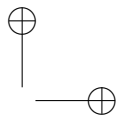


WILLIAM GREEN, 1777

(*A New Poetical Translation of All the Odes*)

Hail Fount! whose waters far surpase,
The brightness of the purest glass,
Hail Bandusia! spring divine,
To thee, the goblet crown'd with wine;
Thy Bard, a *pure* libation pours;
And not without the festal flowers,
A kid, with horns new-budding led,
Who learns to point with wicked head;
Whom, youthful Spring to warm desires
Of love, and bloody battle fires,
In vain – to-morrow with his blood
Efus'd, this hot *lascivious* brood,
Shall stain thy cold transparent flood:
To thee, the Dog of sultry ray,
When in his rage he fires the day,
Comes never near – thy shady feat
The wand'ring noontide flocks' retreat;
Refreshing to the thirsty Steer;
Fatigued with labours of the year;
And hallow'd in this song of mine;
I down to future times consign,
Among the founts of noblest fame,
Henceforth renown'd Bandusia's name;
And pendent woods, and rocky Caves,
Whence, salient burst by babbling waves.





WILLIAM LIPSCOMB, 1784

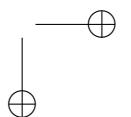
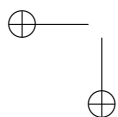
(1754–1842; Clergyman, Poet, and Translator)

Fairest spring! whose waters glide
Purer than the chrystal tide,
To thee shall ivied Bacchus pour
All his sweet delicious store,
And e'er long to thee decreed
A firstling of the herd shall bleed,

A spotless kid, whose tender brow
Just feels the budding antlers grow,
And idly-sportive tries to prove
Deeds of war and feats of love,
In vain – for ah! his wanton blood
Soon shall dye thy virgin flood.

E'en the sultry dog-star's heat
Cannot pierce thy cool retreat,
The fainting herd, the yoke-gall'd steer
Haunt at eve thy margin clear,
There refresh'd forget their pain,
Taste of thee, and live again.

The oak, from whence thy waters flow
Babbling o'er the rocks below,
Which o'er thee bends his friendly shade;
Shall bloom in verse and never fade:
And thou immortaliz'd shall shine,
Fairest thou of Springs divine!





JOHN PARKE, 1786

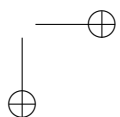
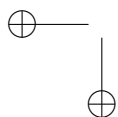
(1754–89, First American Translation, Dedicated to George Washington)

Fountain! more transparent far
 Than crystal; that of wine,
And flowers deserv'st the noblest share;
A kid whose horns just sprouting are,
 Shall be to-morrow thine.

Both love and combats he now seems
 To meditate in vain;
The wanton, when he little deems,
Shall with his crimson blood, thy streams
 Of icy coldness stain.

On thee, the dog-days know not how
 Their fiery rays to dart:
To oxen wearied with the plough,
Thou dost thy streams refreshing, thou
 To wand'ring sheep impart.

Thou prince of fountains shall commence,
 While I the beach tree sing,
Which, lovely for its shade's defence,
O'erlooks those hollow rocks from whence,
 Thy prattling waters spring.



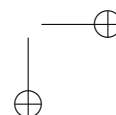
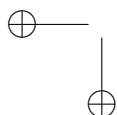


THOMAS SKELTON DUPUIS, 1789

(1766–95)

Hail, silver stream! whose glassy tide
Doth as the polish'd chrystal glide.
To thee the goblet, deck'd with flow'rs,
Its due libations richly pours.
A goat, whose antlers 'gin to spread
Their barrier round his turgid head,
Whose bosom glows with young desires,
Which kindling *love* or *war* inspires,
Before to-morrow's rising dawn,
Thy faced altar shall adorn.

In vain the Dog-star's fervid ray
Flames forth its rage and fires the day;
While you refreshing coolness yield,
To the parch'd flocks that range the field;
Or to the labour-wearied team
Distil the coolness of thy stream:
Soon shalt thou flow a regal spring,
While, in immortal verse, I sing
The groves which clothe the rocks around,
From whence thy purling waters bound.

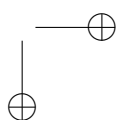
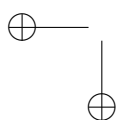


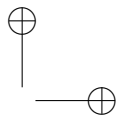


LAURENCE HYNES HALLARAN, 1789

(1765–1831; Writer and Schoolmaster)

Blandusian Fountain! whose transparent stream
In purling rills of liquid chrystal flows;
Whose soothing murmurs captivate the soul,
And lull th' enchanted senses to repose.
Sweet Fount! to whom the grape's nectareous juice,
Ambrosial Wine, in sparkling streams should flow,
From splendid goblets crown'd with fragrant flow'rs;
Accept the grateful off'ring I bestow.
To thee devoted, e'er to morrow's sun
Shall streak with burnish'd gold the western sky;
A Kid, designing future feats in vain,
With sprouting horns in sacrifice shall die.
Thy stream, impervious to the Dog-star's heat,
With crimson ting'd, thy cooling stream shall run,
Where the tir'd ox, and ranging cattle find
A grateful shelter from the mid-day sun.
The oak, by me made famous, shall advance
Thy fame; that oak, whose spreading boughs impend,
With verdant foliage o'er the hollow rock,
Bounding from whence thy bubbling rills descend.

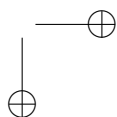
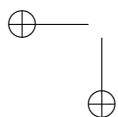


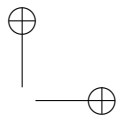
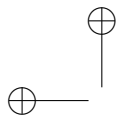


WILLIAM BOSCAWEN, 1793

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

Oh gentle fount, whose streams divine,
Clear as the glassy mirror fine,
Blandusia! crown'd with many a rose,
To thee the genial goblet flows.
To-morrow's dawn, thy shrine to grace,
The goat shall yield it's wanton race,
Whose gently swelling horns presage
The fire of love, the battle's rage,
In vain: for soon his crimson blood
Shall stain thy cold transparent flood.
Ne'er can the dog-star's raging heat
Invade thy calm, thy blest retreat,
Where, in the cool refreshing wave,
The herds, the wearied oxen, lave.
Noblest of founts! my verse shall raise
Thy honour'd name to deathless praise;
Shall paint the oak's majestick shade
Wide o'er the hollow rocks display'd,
Whence rushing from the airy height,
Thy babbling rills first spring to light.

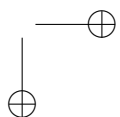
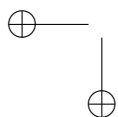


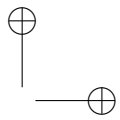


WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, C. 1794

(1770–1850; Poet)

Blandusian Spring, than glass more brightly clear,
Worthy of flowers and dulcet wine,
To-morrow shall a kid be thine,
Whose brow, where the first budding horns appear,
Battles and loves portends – portends in vain,
For he shall pour his crimson blood
To stain, bright Spring, thy gelid flood,
Nor e'er shall seek the wanton herd again.
Thee Sirius smites not from his raging star;
Thy tempting gloom a cool repose
To many a vagrant herd bestows,
And to faint oxen weary of the share;
Thou too 'mid famous fountains shalt display
Thy glory while I sing the oak
That hangs above the hollow rock
Whence thy loquacious waters leap away.



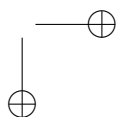
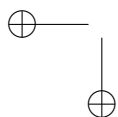


GILBERT WAKEFIELD, 1795

(1756–1801; Classical Scholar and Politician)

Bandusia's fount! whose rock distills,
Than lucid chrystal, purer rills;
The meed of flowery wreaths be thine,
And hallow'd stream of luscious wine!
To thee shall view to-morrow's sun
A votive kid's life-current run,
Whose gently-swelling forehead proves
Nascent fights and budding loves.
His blood, gay youth and frolic vain!
The coolness of thy stream shall stain.
Thee not the furious Dog-star's ray
Can pierce in Summer's flaming day.
The plough-tir'd ox delights to lave
His sides in thy refreshing wave.
The wandering flocks thy water greet,
Solace of thirst, and balm of heat.

Henceforth, in rolls of Time thy name
Shall shine, 'mid fountains dear to Fame.
That holm, whose leaves the rock embower,
Whence with sweet babbling murmurs pour
Thy waters clear and cool, my lays
Shall consecrate to deathless praise.





ANNA SEWARD, 1799

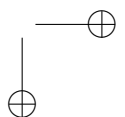
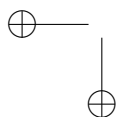
(1747–1809; Poet)

Nymph of the stream, whose source perpetual pours
The living waters thro' the sparkling sand,
Cups of bright wine, enwreath'd with summer flowers,
For rich libation, round thy brink shall stand,
When on the morrow, at thy Bard's decree,
A young and spotlefs Kid is sacrificed to thee.

He, while his brows the primal antlers swell,
Conscious of strenght, and gay of heart prepares
To meet the female, and the foe repel. –
In vain he wishes, and in vain he dares!
His ardent blood thy pebbly bed shall stain,
Till each translucent wave flows crimson to the plain.

In vain shall Sirius shake his fiery hairs
O'er thy pure flood, with waving poplars veil'd,
For thou, when most his sultry influence glares,
Refreshing shade, and cooling draughts shalt yield
To all the flocks, that thro' the valley stray,
And to the wearied steers, unyok'd at closing day.

Now dear to Fame, sweet Fountain, shalt thou flow,
Since to my lyre those breathing shades I sing
That crown the hollow rock's incumbent brow,
From which thy soft, loquacious waters spring.
To vie with streams Aonian be thy pride,
As thro' Blandusia's Vale thy silver currents glide!

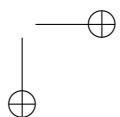
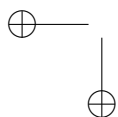




GILBERT THOMPSON, 1801

(Select Translations from the Works of Homer and Horace)

O Spring Blandusian, bright as crystal sheen,
Deserving richest wine and fairest flow'r's,
 To-morrow's kid is thine,
 Whose forehead, swoln with budding horns,
Already meditates both love and war:
In vain; for soon, infected by the blood
 Of that lascivious race,
 Thy gelid streams shall purple flow.
Thee, not the fiery dog-star's raging hour
Can injure: thou the cool delicious draught
 To the toil-wearied steers
 Dost offer, and to wand'ring flocks.
Thou too shalt rank with fountains of renown;
While I, the praises of that oak, rehearse,
 Which crowns the rocky cave
 From whence thy prattling waters spring.

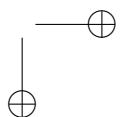
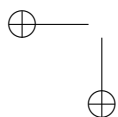




EDWARD SMEDLEY, 1803

(1788–1836; Clergyman and Writer)

Where round the smooth Bandusia's glassy pride
Eternal verdure decks the streamlet's side,
Ere on thy waves the frolic sunbeams play,
Ere the pale morning ripens into day,
Thy much-loved poet's hand shall deck the shrine,
Cull the gay wreath, and pour the generous wine;
Then shall thy bloodstain'd waters as they flow,
Proclaim the grateful gift my flocks bestow.
Safe from the raging dogstar's torrid ray,
To thee the shepherd plods his weary way:
The babbling rill, the grove's o'er-arching gloom,
The flowers that on thy bank perpetual bloom,
The nodding beech that crowns the rising glade,
And round thy margin spreads a pleasing shade,
For these, whene'er the sun forbids their toil,
The wearied heifers quit the furrow'd soil;
There on thy grassy couch reclines the swain,
And softly pours to thee his jocund strain.
Nor yet shall Flaccus quit thy gentle stream,
Where fav'ring zephyrs cool the noontide beam;
But where from yonder rock thy waters flow,
And gently murmur through the vale below,
For thee, fair rill, a tender oak shall spread
Its shadowy branches o'er the mountain head;
For thee shall Flaccus build the lofty rhyme,
And teach thy name to live for endless time.





CHARLES ABRAHAM ELTON, 1804

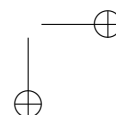
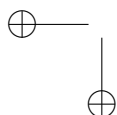
(1778–1853; Officer in the British Army and Author)

Fountain! whose waves appear
As glass resplendent-clear,
Worthy the luscious wine and er'ry flow'r;
A goat whose horns untried
Now teem in swelling pride
Shall bleed thy victim at the matin hour.

In vain he burns to prove
The pleasing strife of love,
And aims the meditated fight in vain;
His wanton-glowing blood
Shall pour a copious flood,
And tinge thy gelid rills with redd'ning stain.

From thy secluded stream
The Dog-star's flagrant beam
Pow'rless recoils; the flock slow-wand'ring lare
In noonday's faint unrest,
And Oxen toil-deprest
Court the delicious chillness of thy ware.

Soon shall my lyre proclaim
'Mong those of nobler name
Thy spring divine – the while its lays resound
Yon Oak that high o'ershades
The rocks and cavern'd glades
Whence garrulous thy limpid waters bound.



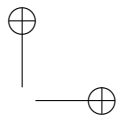


PEMBREY, 1805

(The Gentleman's Magazine)

Blandusian Fount! oh, more than chrystal clear,
Thy brink adorned with wild flow'rs scatter'd near,
 Worthy of wine, thy rock;
For thee to-morrow shall the kid be slain,
Whose horns now bud for War and softer Love;
Useless to him, for his red blood shall stain
Thy limpid stream, and with its glow improve,
Poor offspring of the flock!
That parching hour, when fierce the dog-star rides,
Affects not thy translucent cooling tides,
Which keep their pleasing chill;
For thou to oxen, weary from the ploughs
And wandering cattle, giv'st thy freshening wave.
I, as the oak on these scoop'd rocks which grows,
Rank thee with noblest founts, as from the cave
Soft prattling fall, thy rill!

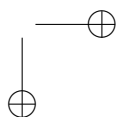
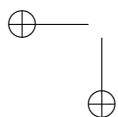




ANONYMOUS, 1806

(The Port Folio)

Bandusian fountain, sweet transparent rill,
More pure and clear
Thy waves appear
Than glass that's polish'd with superior skill.
When Phebus rises from the main,
A kid upon thy altar slain
To thee his streaming blond shall spill;
His wanton loves and fights are vain,
And little sprouting horns; for ne'er shall he again
Pursue the flock in amorous play, and sport along the plain.
The wandering cattle to thy shade repair,
A cool retreat;
Revival sweet
Thou giv'st to oxen, wearied with the share
Nor can the dog-star's blazing beam,
Tho' eager, reach thy murm'ring stream.
Immortal soon shall be thy name,
Whilst I in verse declare thy fame,
And sing the shadowy trees whose boughs around thee spread,
The lofty oaks and craggy rocks that grace thy gushing head.



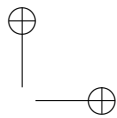
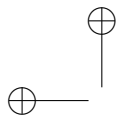


ANNA JANE VARDILL, 1809

(1781–1852; Poet)

Pure crystal fount, Blandusia's pride!
For thee our rich libation flows,
For thee the captive kid we wound,
His budding brow with garlands crown'd,
And while with love and rage he glows,
His blood shall warm thy gelid tide!
Far from the flaming dog-star's sway,
Thy shades the fervid hour allay;
The vagrant flock and weary team
Seek the cool banquet of thy stream:
And Fame thy lov'd retreat shall trace,
When yon proud oak shall be my theme,
Whose arms thy parent rock embrace:
While from its arch with tuneful trills
Thy tide of liquid pearl distils.

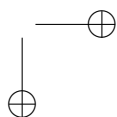
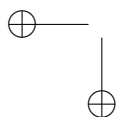


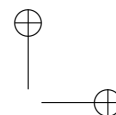
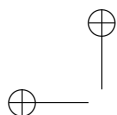


ANONYMOUS, 1809

(Imitations and Translations)

O font! with fair unruffled face,
More clear than crystal and more bright than glass;
To thee my only bowl shall pour
The sweet libation crown'd with many a flower.
To thee a sportive kid shall bleed,
Proud of the spreading honours of his head;
Who meditates the angry shock,
For some first love the fairest of the flock.
In vain! for Venus will not save –
His youthful blood shall tinge thy azure ware.
Not Phoebus, with his summer beams,
Can penetrate thy shade, and gild thy streams;
But ever from the dog-star's heat
The wearied herds require thy green retreat.
Let other bards their fountains sing,
A bard shall love and celebrate thy spring;
The secret shelter of thy wood,
And bubbling rills that fall into thy flood.



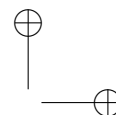
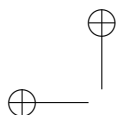


ROBERT MOREHEAD, 1813

(1777–1842; Scottish Clergyman and Poet)

Fount of Bandusia, crystalline, most pure,
Worthy wine-offerings, and the flower-wove wreath!
To-morrow, vow'd to thee, a kid beneath
The knife shall bleed, whose swelling brows mature
Bud with their primal horns, and seem secure
Of future fight, and love already breathe
Wanton: Vain presage! for he soon in death
Shall stain thy streams with ruddy drops impure.
Thy icy streams the dog-star's burning hour
Afflicts not; in their cool the toil'd ox laves
His scorched sides; thy shades refresh the flocks.
Fame too is thine, if aught the poet's power
Who sings thy dipping oaks, romantic caves,
And prattling rills light-leaping from their rocks.

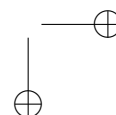
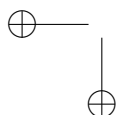




C. E., 1813

(Belfast Monthly Magazine)

Fountain Bandusia, more clear than glass,
Worthy of richest nectar, crown'd with flowers:
To-morrow in thy name a kid shall bleed,
Whose forehead rough with newly budding horns,
On Venus meditates, and many a war,
In vain: for soon this firstling of the herd
Shall tinge with his red blood the gelid stream,
The flaming dog-star in his deadliest hour
Dares not profane thy consecrated seat:
Thou to the oxen weary with the plough,
And to the vagrant flock with heat oppress'd,
Suppliest the pleasant cool. Thou too shalt rank
Among the noble fountains, when I sing
The oak that overshades the cavern'd rocks,
Down which thy ever-babbling waters bound.





CHARLES ABRAHAM ELTON, 1814

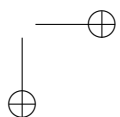
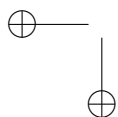
(1778–1853; Officer in the British Army and Author)

Oh Blandusia's fount! more clear
Than glass; oh worthy luscious wine
And sprinkled flowers; let dawn appear,
A goat shall then be thine.

With budding horns his forehead teems,
And love and battle tempt his pride;
In vain: – His blood with scarlet streams
Shall stain thy ice-cold tide.

The dog-star's flaming hours descend
Unfelt; and o'er thy limpid pool
Stray flocks, and plough-worn oxen, bend,
To breathe thy lovely cool.

Thou too shalt roll ennobled waves,
While the green oak inspires my theme,
That canopies the rocky caves,
Whence leaps thy babbling stream.



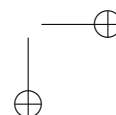
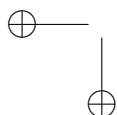


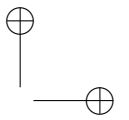
FRANCIS WRANGHAM, 1821

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

Fount of Bandusia, glassy spring,
Worthy of hallow'd offering,
Of scatter'd flowers and sweetest wine!
A kid tomorrow shall be thine,
Whose budding horns threat love and war –
Falsely, alas! poor wantoner!
To-morrow with his heart's red tide
Thy gelid streamlet shall be dyed.

Thee not the dog-star's fiery may
Visits with unrelenting day:
Th' o'er-labour'd ox, the roving kine,
Glad in thy cool fresh shade recline.
Rank amid noblest brooks shalt thou,
Whilst in my song the oak shall grow
Based on the rock, with sparkling flash
Whence down thy headlong waters dash.





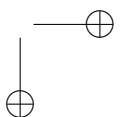
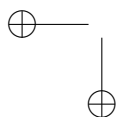
EDWARD HOVELL-THURLOW, 1821

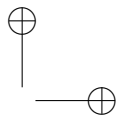
(1781–1829; Poet)

Fountain, more clear than glass can be,
Belov'd Bandusia, to thee
Sweet cups of wine are fitly paid,
With flowers, upon thy margin laid;
And to-morrow thou shalt have
A kid, upon whose forehead brave
The kindling horns yet mock the sight,
And threaten Venus and the fight:
In vain: for with his ruddy blood
He shall stain thy gelid flood,
Offspring of a wanton brood.

The flaming dog-star's madd'ning hour
Hath upon thy wave no power:
A sweet coldness thou dost yield
To flocks, that wander in the field,
And oxen, weary from the plough.

Amidst the noble fountains thou
Shalt flow for ever, whilst I sing
The ilex, that o'ershades thy spring,
Whose roots i' the mossy marble creep,
From which thy murmuring waters leap.



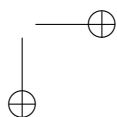
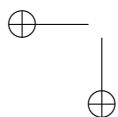


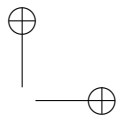
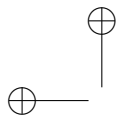
ANONYMOUS, 1821

(Sporting Magazine)

More dear than polish'd glass thy waters shine,
Worthy sweet flowers and goblets crown'd with wine:
A tender kid prepar'd for love,
Whose budding horns the contest prove,
(Pride of the wanton flock,) to-morrow slain,
With scarlet gore thy gelid stream shall stain.

Screen'd from the burning dog-star's potent glare,
To thy cool brink the ranging herds repair:
Thou lasting honour shalt acquire,
Whilst gently on my sounding lyre,
I sing the oak which shades thy murmuring rill,
Trickling from sandy rocks adown the turfy hill.

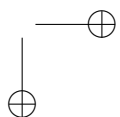
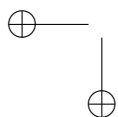


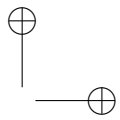


C. A. ELTON, 1822

(Time's Telescope)

Bandusia's spring! more glittering-clear than glass,
Thy due the mellow wine, with no scant flowers,
 A kid at dawn is thine:
 Whose brow, just bourgeoning
With firstling horns, decides for love and war
In vain: the stripling of the wanton fold
 Shall tinge with ruddy blood
 Thy crystal, cooling rills.
Thee the fierce dog-star in his blazing hour
Despairs to touch: thou welcomest the herd,
 Yoke-harassed, and stray flock,
 With thy voluptuous cool.
Thy place is with the famous streams: for I
Have sung the green oak that o'er-canopies
 Yon cave-worn rocks, whence leap
 Thy bubbling water-falls.





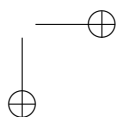
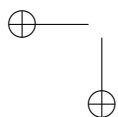
FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS, 1823

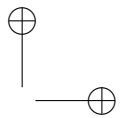
(1793–1835; Poet)

Oh, worthy fragrant gifts of flowers and wine,
Bandusian fount, than crystal far more bright!
Tomorrow shall a sportive kid be thine,
Whose forehead swells with horns of infant might:
Ev'n now of love and war he dreams in vain,
Doomed with his blood thy gelid ware to stain.

Let the red Dog-star burn! – his scorching beam,
Fierce in resplendence shall molest not thee!
Still sheltered from his rage, thy banks, fair stream,
To the wild flock around thee wandering free,
And the tired oxen from the furrowed field;
The genial freshness of their breath shall yield.

And thou, bright Fount! ennobled and renowned,
Shall by thy poet's votive song be made;
Thou and the oak with deathless verdure crowned,
Whose boughs, a pendant canopy, o'ershade
Those hollow rocks, whence, murmuring tale,
Thy chiming waters pour upon the vale.

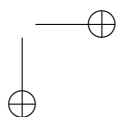
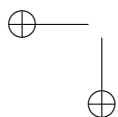


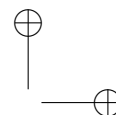
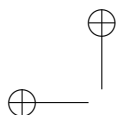


ANONYMOUS, 1824

(The Odes of Horace)

Pure fountain, whose transparent hue
 Outvies the chrystal's ray,
To whom a votive bowl is due,
 With festive flowerets gay;
A kid, around whose branching head
The infant horns begin to spread,
 Now feels in vain the amorous glow,
And meditates the future fight;
For, with to-morrow's purpling light,
 His blood shall stain thy silvery flow.
In vain the dog-star would invade
 Thy cooling close retreat,
And still thou yield'st a grateful shade
 To herds oppressed with heat.
Thou yet shalt be a noble spring,
While I in deathless numbers sing
 The blooming honours which adorn
Thy shady banks, the sacred oak
Whose boughs embower the hollow rock,
 In which thy babbling streams are born.





JAMES STRINGER, 1829

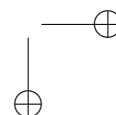
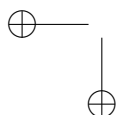
(A Cantab's Leisure)

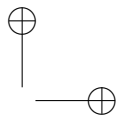
Oh, bright Bandusia, glassy spring,
Worthy of flowers and generous wine!
An offering to thee I'll bring –
A kid to-morrow shall be thine.

For sportive love and war in vain
The horns are sprouting from his brow;
His wanton blood thy stream shall stain,
And blended with the current flow.

The dog-star's most oppressive day
On thee ne'er darts its melting heat –
To thee the weary oxen stray –
To thee the wand'ring flocks retreat.

The oak, which hangs across the cave,
From whence thy babbling waters glide,
I'll sing; then may thy fame outbrave
Oblivion's overwhelming tide!

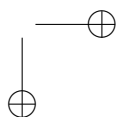
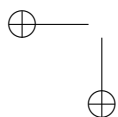




LAUNCELOT PENDENNIS, 1830

(Cornish Carelessness)

Blandusia's glassy font! worthy art thou
Of sweet libations and a flowery offering!
 To thee a goat shall fall
 Whose forehead's budding horns
As yet do meditate attack in vain,
For the young offspring of the wanton herd
 Shall stain with blood-red stream
 Thy cool, pellucid wave.
Thee the fierce Dog's intolerable heat
Knows not t' affect – Thou to the weary steers
 And idly wandering herds
 Offerest thy freshening stream –
And thou shalt rank among the noblest fountains,
For I thy broad, impending oak will sing
 And cavern'd rocks from whence
 Leap forth thy babbling waters –





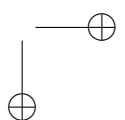
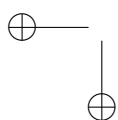
STEPHEN SANDERSON, 1833

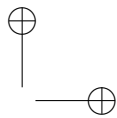
(Poems)

Sweet Fountain, hail! whose crystal rills
Plenty, diffusive Power, distils:
Thou, worthy of the sparkling juice
The vine-empurpled hills produce –
When new again to mortal eyes
To-morrow's cheerful light shall rise,
Forth to thy sacred source I'll lead
An offering, as thy wonted meed –
Of kids that on the flow'ry ground
Along in wanton gambols bound,
One with high branching horns so gay,
That burns to join the stormy fray.
The red blood of its mantling vein
Shall soon thy surface pure distain.
The raging star, with beating beam,
Can never pierce the lovely stream.

Thou, gentle Fountain, thou canst yield
To wearied oxen from the field
Retiring slow, their labour done,
Refreshing cool at setting sun.
The wand'ring cattle Pleasure brings
Oft to thy clear and healthful springs.

The Muse shall frequent tell thy name,
And give to loud undying fame:
While I, thy vot'ry, strike the lyre
With all the poet's rapture, fire;
And sing the oak whose branches spread
Their wavy shadows o'er my head –
The oak on rocks that takes its stand,
Piled up by Nature's careless hand: –
And thence thy playful waters flow,
Sweet rippling in their course below.

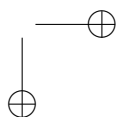
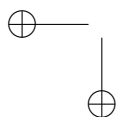


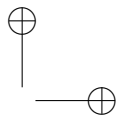


MOSES BIRNIE, 1834

(Poems: Consisting of Epistles, Satires, Odes, Tales, Sacred Melodies, &c.)

Bandusia's Fountain that doth shew
A surface brighter than the glass,
The goblet crown'd with flowers to you
I raise, and pour upon the grass
The rich libation it contains,
An off'ring from the grateful swains.
The goat that would thy surface view
And thence entic'd to love or strife,
He soon the sad mistake may rue,
And pay the folly with his life:
In thy fair bosom he in vain
A foe or lover seeks to gain.
When the dog-star with flaming ray
Makes herds and flocks to seek the shade;
They to endure the scorching day,
By thy refreshing coolness made,
Enjoy a life which but for thee,
Would soon be clos'd in misery.
Flow, ever flow thou noble Spring,
To cheer the hind and wearied team,
I, in immortal verse, shall sing
The trees that grow beside thy stream,
The trees, around the rocks that grow
From which thy bubbling waters flow.





W. H. CHARLTON, 1834

(Poems)

While thy waves, sweet fountain, shine,
Clear within their glassy bed,
Ever may the votive wine
To thy sacred name be shed!

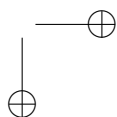
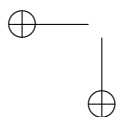
See yon wanton kid delight
On thy flow'ry marge to feed!
By to-morrow's dawning light
Shall the destin'd victim bleed.

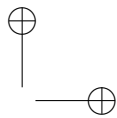
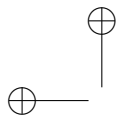
Sprouting brows prepar'd for strife,
Augur future feats in vain:
Soon his crimson streams of life
Shall thy lucid mirror stain.

Ever may thy limpid stream
Thus in shady coolness run;
And the dogstar's fervid beam
Thy secure recesses shun!

Hither may the flock retreat
When the noonday heats invade;
And the steer his weary feet
Turn to thy delicious shade!

Grateful verse thy name shall save,
While the bending oaks I sing,
O'er the hollow rocks that wave,
Whence thy prattling waters spring.

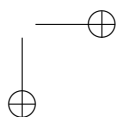
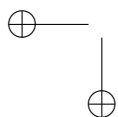




ANONYMOUS, 1839

(A Posie of Poesies)

Blandusian Fount! to thy pure crystal spring
Are wine and flowers a worthy offering;
To-morrow shall a kid be slain, whose brow,
Which swells where budding horns begin to grow,
On love and war is youthfully intent:
But all in vain – for e'er long shall be spent,
Of that poor wanton kid, the dear life's-blood,
To tinge with ruddy hue thy cooling flood;
The scorching strokes of July's hottest hour
Know not the access to thy leafy bower.
Thou to the toilworn ox and wandering sheep,
Sendest cool streams from out thy watery deep;
Yea, among fountains shalt thou noble be,
Whilst I, thy poet, sing the old holm tree
That grows hard by the hollow rocks, from where
Thy falling murmurs fill the attentive air.





FRANCIS WOLFERSTAN, 1840

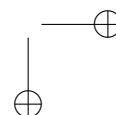
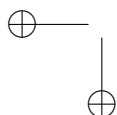
(Eight Odes of Horace)

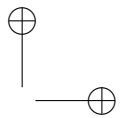
O Fountain of Bandusia, sprinkling showers
Of liquid chrystal! we should bring to thee
Pure wine and sweet; and not undecked with flowers,
To-morrow shall a Kid presented be:

On whose brow, swollen with budding horns, we trace
How soon a jealous foe shall be withstood.
Vain thought! This offspring of the wanton race
Shall tinge thy limpid stream with crimson blood.

When the fierce dogstar reigns, no fervid ray
Has power to reach thee. To thy cooling stream
Hie the stray flock; and thee, at close of day,
Loosed from the ploughshare, seek the weary team.

And Fame, with founts renowned thy name shall blend;
When sung by me that Ilex, shadowing all
The hollow rock, among whose clefts descend
Thy babbling rills, rebounding as they fall.



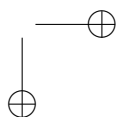
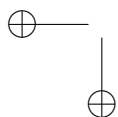


JOHN SCRIVEN, 1843

(The Odes of Horace)

Bandusian fount, whose waters stray
– Brighter than glass – along their way;
Worthy of flowers, and generous wine,
A kid to-morrow shall be thine,
Whose shooting horns his vigour prove,
Portentous both of fight and love:
In vain, alas! – thy limpid stream shall pour,
Empurpled deeply with the wanton's gore.

The raging dog-star's fiery beam,
– Harmless – descends upon thy stream;
To thee the unyok'd oxen fly,
And wandering flocks thy coolness try:
Of noblest fountains shalt thou be,
Since Flaccus sings thy oaken tree,
Whose pleasing shade o'erhangs the rocky cave,
Whence – bounding – leaps thy babbling crystal wave.





J. B. N., 1843

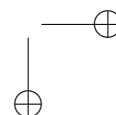
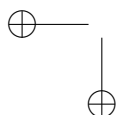
(Folia Opima)

Clearer than glass, Bandusian spring!
Worthy of fowers and streams of wine!
To-morrow a votive kid shall bring
Whose horns the bursting brows confine!

His first ! but sprung from a wanton fold
He pante for battle and loves in vain;
He dies for Thee; and thy waters cold
To-morrow his ruby blood shall stain.

The raging dogstar spares thy stream
Where a pleasing chill ever is nigh,
When the yoke is off for the weary team
Of oxen, and focks that wander by.

What fount than thee shall be better known
If I those hollow rocks but sing
With many an ilex over-grown,
From whence thy babbling waters spring!



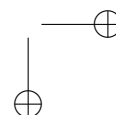
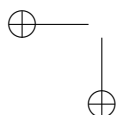


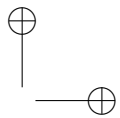
HENRY GEORGE ROBINSON, 1846

(The Odes of Horace)

Clearer than glass, Bandusian font,
Oh! worthy thou of sweetest wine.
Nor wanting flowers; to-morrow thine
 A kid shall be, whose budding front
Sprouts his first horns, already bent
On love and battles – vain intent!
For soon this hapless progeny
Of the lascivious herd, for thee,
Shall with his young and ruddy gore
Thy gelid streamlet crimson o'er.

Thee the fierce Dogstar's blazing hour
Cannot affect; thou on the ox,
Plough-wearied, and the rambling flocks,
 Dost a refreshing coolness shower.
Among the founts of noblest fame
Thou too shalt have a foremost name,
Through me, who of yon ilex sing,
The hollow rocks o'ershadowing,
Downward from whence, with prattling sound,
Thy limpid waters gaily bound.

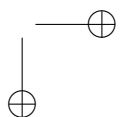
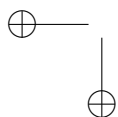


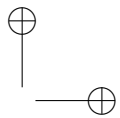


SIR JOHN CAM HOBHOUSE, 1846

(1786–1869; Politician and Writer)

O font! with fair unruffled face,
More clear than crystal and more bright than glass;
To thee my only bowl shall pour
The sweet libation crowned with many a flower.
To thee a sportive kid shall bleed,
Proud of the spreading honours of his head;
Who meditates the angry shock,
For some first love the fairest of the flock.
In vain! for Venus will not save –
His youthful blood shall tinge thy azure wave.
Not Phoebus, with his summer beams,
Can penetrate thy shade, and gild thy streams;
But ever from the dog-star's heat
The wearied herds require thy green retreat,
Let other bards their fountains sing,
A bard shall love and celebrate thy spring,
The secret shelter of thy wood,
And bubbling rills that fall into thy flood.





THOMAS KING, 1849

(Poems)

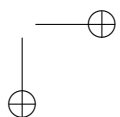
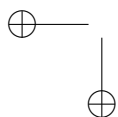
Clearer than glass, Blandusian fount!

Worthy of flow's, and sweetest wine,
Soon as to-morrow's sun shall mount,
A tender kidling shall be thine,

Whose branching head, for love or fight,
Had destin'd him, alas! in vain,
This gentle kid, the flock's delight,
Thy cooling stream with blood shall stain.

The blazing dog-star warms thee not;
Beneath his rage, as cool as now
Thou glid'st for flocks that haunt this spot,
And oxen wearied with the plough.

O fount! illustrious shalt thou rank,
Now, that thine oak hath been my theme,
Plac'd on the rocks, time-worn and dank,
Down which descends thy prattling stream.

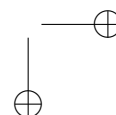
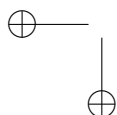




WILLIAM GEORGE THOMAS BARTER, 1850

(Poems)

O thou, Bandusia's fount
Shining as is thy wont,
Than crystal far more bright,
And worthy sweetest wine,
Where flowers in garlands twine,
Thou shalt ere morrow night
 A kid receive,
 Whose brow doth give,
Garnish'd with budding horn,
Earnest of love and fight,
In vain, for in the morn
Shall stain thy gelid spring
With his right ruddy blood,
The wanton flocks' offspring.
Thee, in his fiery mood
Smites not the dog-star wood;
Thou profferest pleasant cool
To the plough-weary bull,
And wand'ring flock as well.
Thou too shalt be anon
Of noble fountains one,
When of the oak I tell
That hollow rocks grows on,
From whence down-leaping do
Thy prattling waters flow.



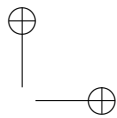
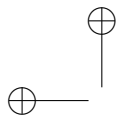


G. J. WHYTE MELVILLE, 1850

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

Brighter than glass Bandusia's crystal rill,
To thee choice wine from flower-crowned cups we spill,
 To thee the destined kid we vow,
 Upon whose swelling brow
Bud the young horns for love and war in vain;
Thine ice-cold stream to-morrow shall he stain
 (That scion of the wanton crew)
 With blood of scarlet hue.
The blazing dog-star's heat thou canst defy;
Cool and refreshing still to thee draws nigh,
 Loosed from the plough, the wearied ox –
 To thee the ranging flocks.
And thou, too, shalt become a famous spring;
Thy crowning oaks, thy beetling crag I'll sing;
 Where through the grey rock's riven side
 Thy murmuring waters glide.

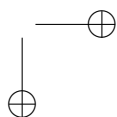
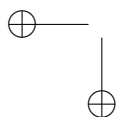




WILLIAM SEWELL, 1850

(1804–74; Divine, Tutor, and Author)

O Fount of Bandusie, brighter than crystal,
Worthy of luscious wine, not without blossoms,
 To-morrow with a kid shalt thou be gifted,
 Whose brow with its fresh horns is budding.
And it on love and on frays is resolving, –
Bootlessly all, since thine icy-cold streamlets
 With crimson blood to greet thee it shall stain,
 Though the petulant flock's little nursling.
Thee the fierce season of Sirius blazing
Cannot contaminate; coolness delicious
 Thou lendest to the plough-bewearied steers,
 And unto the wide-straying cattle.
Thou shalt be ranked, thou alike, in the number
Of fountains of story, while I chant the ilex
 Imperch'd upon thy hollow-grottoed rocks,
 Whence thy clear babbling waters are bounding.





FRANCIS WILLIAM NEWMAN, 1853

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

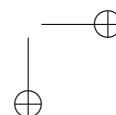
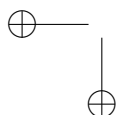
Well of Bandosie, as crystal bright,
Luscious wine to thee with flowers is due.

 Tomorrow shall a kid
 Thine become, who with horny front

Budding new, designs amours and war.
Vainly: since this imp o' the frisky herd
 With life-blood's scarlet gush
 Soon shall curdle thy icy pool.

Thee the dogstar's hour out-blazing fierce
Knoweth not to reach. Thy lovely cool,
 When toil is o'er, recruits
 Jaded oxen or roaming herd.

Thou too shalt be nam'd mid famous wells,
Whilst thy poet sings the holm-oak, perch'd
 In rocky hollows, whence
 Leap thy streams with a noisy plash.

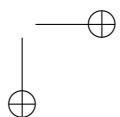
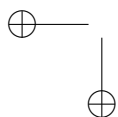


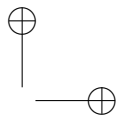


J. M. L., 1855

(Hagar and Ishmael)

Blandusia's fount, than glass more sparkling bright,
Rich wine to thee is due, with flowers dight;
 To-morrow thine shall be a kid,
 Turgid with budding horns his head;
And love and battles both designs in vain,
Since the life-blood shall flow and purple stain
 Thy current cold, of him so late
 Of the amorous herd the mate;
Thy depths, the fierce and burning dogstar's hour
Can never touch; thy coolness, sweet and pure,
 The ploughing wearied ox invites,
 And, hither wandering sheep delights.
Thou, too, 'midst famous founts shalt noted be,
The whilst thy poet sings the holm-oak tree,
 Above the hollow rocky steep,
 From whence thy babbling waters leap.





JOHN EAGLES, 1857 (IMITATED)

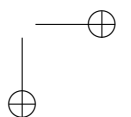
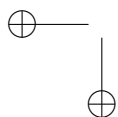
(1783–1855; Artist and Author)

Fount of St. Peter's Pump, more clear
Than Phoenix glass or Chequer's beer,
 Bright sparkling in the cup;
To-morrow at thy sacred well
I'll sacrifice the constable,
 That comes to lock thee up.

Tho' like a goat he run full butt
His horns at every scolding slut,
 And threaten chain and lock,
And raise his new acquired staff,
And curse and swear, insult and laugh;
 His blood shall stain thy cock.

To thee in dog days cool, his crutch
The beggar drops, and wonders much
 Heav'n's bounteous, Man unkind;
St. Peter's vagrants bring to thee
Their kettles for consoling tea,
 The maim'd, the halt, the blind.

Indeed thou art a noble spring,
And shalt be so whilst I can sing, –
 Thou all the poor possess –
Yes – I will praise thy brazen spout,
That lets the gushing water out
 Impatient, but to bless.





WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE, 1858

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

O fountain meet for flowers and wine,
 Bandusia, more than mirror bright,
A kid to-morrow shall be thine
 Whose forehead augurs love's delight,
And battle's, by the bursting horn;
 But vainly: ere the sun be high,
His blood, although so wanton-born,
 Thy cooling streams with red shall dye.
Thee never doth the Dog-star strike
 At fiercest: to plough-wearied ox
Thy cool, refreshing touch alike
 Thou lendest, and to ranging flocks.
Thee too with fame my Muse shall bless,
 Still singing how the ilex bends
O'er the deep-hollowed cave's recess,
 From whence thy babbling stream descends.





HENRY THOMAS LIDDELL, LORD RAVENSWORTH, 1858

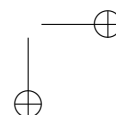
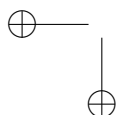
(1797–1878; Statesman and Poet)

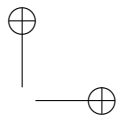
Bandusian Fount! where many a flower
 Reflected in thy margin blows;
Before to-morrow's twilight hour
 Duly to thee I'll pay my vows.

A wanton kid with crested head
 For love or war prepared in vain,
Shall with his life-blood newly shed
 Thy pure and sparkling current stain.

When scorching Sirius fiercest glows,
 Or noontide Phoebus' sultry beam,
Their languid limbs the herds repose
 Beside thy cool refreshing stream.

That stream shall be for aye renowned,
 If I its sylvan glories sing;
And famed that rock with ilex crowned
 From which thy babbling waters spring.



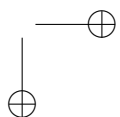
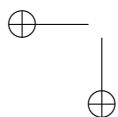


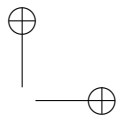
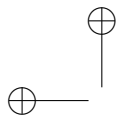
SIR THEODORE MARTIN, 1860

(1816–1909; Biographer of the Prince Consort)

O fountain of Bandusia,
Sparkling brighter in thy play,
Far than crystal, thou of wine
Worthy art and fragrant twine
Of fairest flowers! To-morrow thou
A kid shalt have, whose swelling brow,
And horns just budding into life,
Give promise both of love and strife.
Vain promise all! For in the spring
And glory of his wantoning,
His blood shall stain thy waters cool
With many a deep-ensanguined pool.

Thee the fiery star, the hot
Breath of noonday toucheth not.
Thou a grateful cool dost yield
To the flocks that range afield,
And breathest freshness from thy stream
To the labour-wearied team.
Thou, too, shalt be one erelong
Of the fountains famed in song,
When I sing the ilex bending
O'er thy mosses, whence descending
Thy delicious waters bound,
Prattling to the rocks around.





C. S. CALVERLEY, 1861

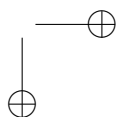
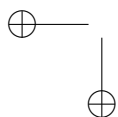
(1831–84; Poet)

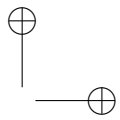
Bandusia, stainless mirror of the sky!
Thine is the flower-crown'd bowl, for thee shall die,
 When dawns yon sun, the kid;
 Whose horns, half-seen, half-hid,

Challenge to dalliance or to strife – in vain!
Soon must the firstling of the wild herd be slain,
 And those cold springs of thine
 With blood incarnadine.

Fierce glows the Dogstar, but his fiery beam
Toucheth not thee: still grateful thy cool stream
 To labour-wearied ox,
 Or wanderer from the flocks:

And henceforth thou shalt be a royal fountain:
My harp shall tell how from yon cavernous mountain,
 Where the brown oak grows tallest,
 All babblingly thou fallest.



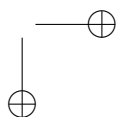
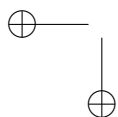


WILLIAM ROBERT EVANS, 1861

(Lays of Other Lands)

Bandusian Fountain, clearer far
Than finest glass thy waters are,
And worthy of the richest wine
From cups where fairest flowers entwine.
To-morrow, as an offering, thou
Shalt have a kid, upon whose brow
The budding horns sprout into sight,
For sportive freak or vengeful fight:
In vain; for with his scarlet blood
The wanton dyes thy limpid flood.

The Dog-star in the sky may gleam,
But never can affect thy stream.
Refreshing coolness dost thou yield
To weary oxen from the field,
Or wandering flocks that pant with heat.
Delicious streamlet, it is meet
Among the fountains known to fame
That I should register thy name,
And celebrate the oak outspread
In pleasant shade above thy bed,
Uprising from the rocky steep
From whence thy prattling waters leap.





TOM HOOD, 1861

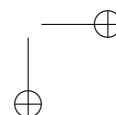
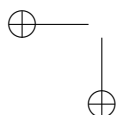
(1835–74; Humorist, Playwright, and Author)

Clearer than crystal, Bandusian spring,
Worthy of goblets of flower-crowned wine!
Hither to-morrow a kid will I bring,
Bring as a gift to these waters of thine.

Flower of the flock, the young wanton in vain
(With the horns on his brow just beginning to bud)
Plans the wars he shall wage, or the loves he shall gain,
For to-morrow thy ripples shall blush with his blood.

The Dog-star, when fiercest it rages on high,
Cannot touch thy cool wave. To the plough-wearied ox
Deep draughts of delight the sweet waters supply,
And a stream cold as ice to the wandering flocks.

Thou shalt be first 'mid the springs of renown,
This oak will I sing that o'ershadows thy head,
From under whose roots thy bright waters flow down
With laughter and song o'er the rocks in their bed.





EDWARD SMITH-STANLEY, EARL OF DERBY, 1862

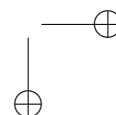
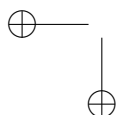
(1799–1869; Statesman)

Bandusia, purest fount, as crystal bright,
Well worthy floral wreaths and festal rite,
 To thee shall bleed, to-morrow morn,
 A kid, whose newly budding horn

Gives hopes of future loves, and battle's shock:
Vain hopes! the scion of the wanton flock,
 With the red tribute of his blood
 Must stain thy cold and silv'ry flood.

Thou by the fiery Dog-Star's fiercest heat
Remain'st untouch'd; thy shelt'ring cool retreat
 Is welcome to th' o'er-labour'd ox,
 Loos'd from the plough, and wand'ring flocks.

Nor shalt thou want, 'mid founts, an honour'd name;
While I, thy bard, consign to future fame
 The cavern'd rocks, with ilex crown'd,
 Down which thy babbling waters bound.

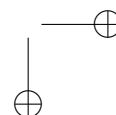
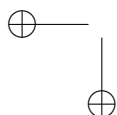




JOHN CONINGTON, 1863

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

Bandusia's fount, in clearness crystalline,
O worthy of the wine, the flowers we vow!
To-morrow shall be thine
A kid, whose crescent brow
Is sprouting all for love and victory.
In vain: his warm red blood, so early stirr'd,
Thy gelid stream shall dye,
Child of the wanton herd.
Thee the fierce Sirian star, to madness fired,
Forbears to touch: sweet cool thy waters yield
To ox with ploughing tired,
And lazy sheep afield.
Thou too one day shalt win proud eminence
'Mid honour'd founts, while I the ilex sing
Crowning the cavern, whence
Thy babbling wavelets spring.





ELLINOR J. S. MAITLAND, 1863

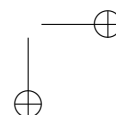
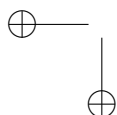
(Poems)

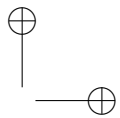
Fount of Bandusia! more than crystal bright,
And sweet, as luscious wine! with flowers bedight,
For thee, to-morrow, a young kid I'll bring,
Whose budding horns invite of love to sing,

And playful contests – all in vain, – for soon
Thy cool delicious banks the ruby boon
Of his fast-ebbing life, in sooth, shall drink,
And he, the sturdiest of the flock, shall sink!

The dogstar's sultry hours touch not thy wave,
Where oxen, weary from the plough, may lave,
And wandering cattle to thy stream repair,
Whose grateful freshness fills the ambient air!

Fount! thou shalt ennobled spring,
By this ilex, as I sing,
Which o'er the hollow rock is growing,
Whence thy gurgling rills are flowing!

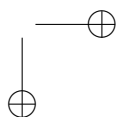
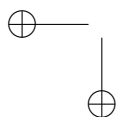


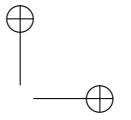
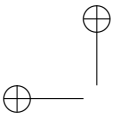


JAMES NETHERBY, 1865

(Songs and Poems)

Bandusian fount, of crystal sheen,
Worthy the flower-crown'd cup, I ween
To-morrow I will offer thee
A kid, which vainly, haughtily,
With scarce-arm'd frontlet swelling high,
Meditates love and victory.
That scion of a wanton line
Shall crimson these cold streams of thine –
Streams which you star of flame, though much
'Tis dreaded, knows not how to touch.
Still toil-worn ox, and foot-sore sheep,
These streams in grateful coolness steep!
Aye! thou shalt be a storied spring,
For I thy praises still will sing,
Where the oak tow'rs, o'er cavern deep,
From whence thy murm'ring waters leap.



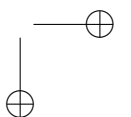
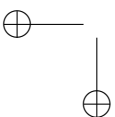


ANONYMOUS, 1865 (IMITATED)

(Fun)

O, FOUNTAIN of the mighty BASS,
Far clearer than the clearest glass,
 And nobler far than wine;
To-morrow I shall turn the key,
That holds the tap, and welcome thee
 With viands half divine.

In middle summer's potent heat
Thou art refreshing! Some retreat
 I'll seek, and all I ask
Is one small pitcher, which shall be
For ever famous, and through me –
 Who celebrate thy cask.



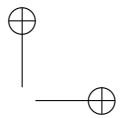
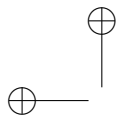


CHRISTOPHER HUGHES, 1867

(The Odes and Epodes of Horace)

Blandusian fount! Than glass more brightly clear,
Sweet wine and flowers may fitly you adorn,
A kid to-morrow we will give you here
Whose swelling front proclaims the springing horn,
And calls to love and battles: but in vain:
This offspring of the wanton herd must die,
And his red blood your icy stream must stain.
You never felt the raging Dogstar nigh:
Your pleasant coolness to the bull you give,
Galled by the plough, and to the wandering flock.
With famous fountains, too, your name shall live,
While I sing of you and your hollow rock
Where grows the ilex, bending o'er the steep
From whence your ever murmuring waters leap.

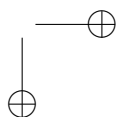
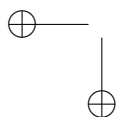


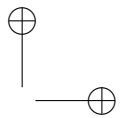


CHARLES STEPHENS MATHEWS, 1867

(“Formerly of Pembroke College, Cambridge”)

O for that more than crystalline
Perfect transparency of thine,
Blandusia! worthy of these showers
Of prefatory wine and flowers,
To-morrow look to have from me
Of all my kids the finest he,
The nascent bump upon whose brow
Is making promise only now
To give the callous tokens light
Expressing him for love and fight,
In vain: for though derived from stock
The wantonest in all the flock,
He must resign his fires, his games,
My Naiad! for thy frigid claims,
In Venus' lieu, in lieu of strife,
Must tincture thee with ruby life.
The dogstar's most outrageous hour
Knows to respect Blandusia's bower,
Knows still to leave to vagrant kine
That amiable cold of thine,
To steers that tired from plough return,
The sunless favour of thine urn.
Sweet source! thou too shalt into count
Henceforward with the noblest fount
In virtue of my note of thee
And that dependent ilex-tree
Fantastic planted on the steep
Thyymph loquacious loves to leap.





D. A. C., 1867

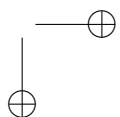
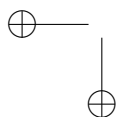
(The Round Table)

Bandusian fount! as crystal clear,
Of garlands worthy and of wine,
A kid tomorrow shall be thine,
Whose swelling brows just budding bear

The borne presaging love and strife,
How vainly! For his glowing blood
Shall stain the silver of thy flood
With all the fold's most wanton life.

The flaming dogstar's noontide beam
Knows not thy secret nook; the ox
Parched from the plough, the fielding flocks
Lap grateful coolness from thy stream.

Thee, too, 'mid storied founts my lay
Shall shrine; thy bending holm I'll sing
That shades the grottoed rocks whence spring
Thy laughing waters far away.

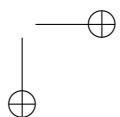
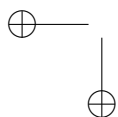




ANONYMOUS, 1867

(The Cheltonian)

O crystal clear Bandusian spring
Well worthy the sweet offering
Of wine, and flowers engarlanding;
A goat to-morrow morn I vow
Whose budding horns upon his brow
 Forebode his lustihood,
His fights and loves – but all in vain,
His life-blood red ere long, must stain
 Thy cooling waterfood.
The fiery Dog-star's angry heat
Touches not thee; thy cool retreat
The tired plough-oxen know and love,
And all the flocks that round thee rove
 Have found thy waters sweet.
Thou too with famous streams shalt be
Enrolled in new nobility,
For sake of this my song that sings
The oak-crowned rocks whereout thy springs
 Come leaping laughingly.





E. H. BRODIE, 1868

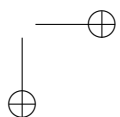
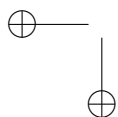
(“One of Her Majesty’s Inspectors of Schools”)

Clearer than glass Bandusia’s crystal spring,
Fitably for thee sweet wine, fresh flowers they bring,
 I too to-morrow morn
 A kid, whose budding horn

The rising jealousies of love proclaime;
Vainly – for, destined to far other aims,
 The wanton youngling’s blood
 Stains redly thy pure flood.

Midsummer’s sultry star, the scorching pest,
Ne’er finds out thee, beside whose cool ware rest
 Tired with his plough, the ox,
 And the stray rambling flocks.

Among the famous fountains shalt thou be,
When my song tells the glory of that tree,
 The hollow rocks’ high crown,
 Whence thy waves babble down.





T. HERBERT NOYES, JR., 1868

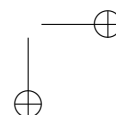
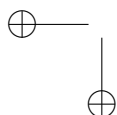
(An Idyll of the Weald, with Other Lays and Legends)

Oh! clearer than glass is this fountain of thine,
Bandusia, worthy of flowers and wine,
A kid I'll present thee to-morrow, I vow,
Whose first budding horns, just adorning his brow,

Give promise of prowess in love and in fight; –
Vain promise, alas! for thy ripples so bright
Will soon be stained red with the torrents of blood
This scion of wantons will pour in thy flood.

The days when the dog star is blazing above
Will do thee no harm – no, the cool that they love,
Thou'lt find for the oxen released from the team,
And stray roving herds that resort to thy stream.

Among the most noted of founts wilt thou be
When I shall have sung of that old Ilex tree
Which grows on the hollow rocks, over the caves,
Whence leaps the cascade of thy murmuring waves.



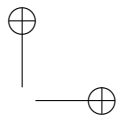


HENRY DUTTON, 1868

(College Courant)

O lovely fount, whose waves appear
Than glass more bright, than crystal clear;
A kid from my own flock shall be
To morrow sacrificed to thee,
Whose forehead, swelling with new horns,
Designs of love and battle forms;
In vain: for soon the wanton's blood
Shall tinge thy clear and gelid flood.
The piercing heat of Sirius' beam
Cannot affect thy frigid stream;
A lovely shelter you afford
The weary ox and wandering herd.
Among the founts in song renowned,
Thy name, Bandusia, shall be found;
For I will sing the lofty oaks,
Planted among the hollow rocks,
Springing from which, with gurgling sound,
Thy sweetly murmuring waters bound.





EDWARD YARDLEY, JR., 1869

(1835–1908; Writer)

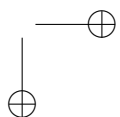
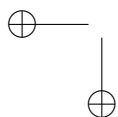
Fount Bandusia, that dost shine
Bright as glass, the flowers and wine
Thou deservest shall be thine;

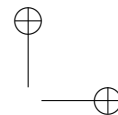
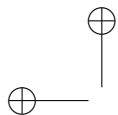
And to thee I will devote
On the morrow a young goat
Whose new-budding horns denote

Coming love and war; in vain:
Since for thee he will be slain
And with blood thy waters stain.

Howsoe'er the dog-star glow,
To the oxen from the plough
Grateful coolness givest thou.

From thy source beneath the tree
Bubbling, famous wilt thou be,
Since thou hast been sung by me.

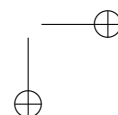
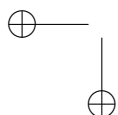


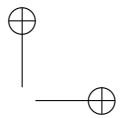
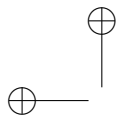


JOHN BENSON ROSE, 1869

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

Fountain Blandusian, purer than glass can be,
Worthy the wine and the flowers we offer thee,
 Tomorrow I will hither lead,
 Garlanded, a kid to bleed;
With his incipient horns just appearing,
Destined to amorous frolic and daring,
 Vainly so, his ruby blood
 Shed, shall tinge thy silvery flood.
Raging Canicula cannot touch this sweet seat,
It will a refuge be, and a secure retreat,
 Where wearied ox or roaming sheep
 May repose in slumbers deep.
Fountain Blandusian, I, too, thy bard will be,
Safe in thy sacred cleft, stretched 'neath the ilex tree,
 There to celebrate and sing
 Thy babbling waves and virgin spring.



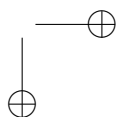
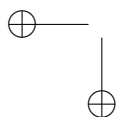


MAX CULLINAN, 1869

(Kottabos)

O my Bandusian fount, than glass more bright,
Well worthy of flower-offerings and sweet wine;
A kid to-morrow shall become thy right,
Whose brow with fresh horns swelling doth design
Battle and Love. In vain!
For he, the youngling of the flock so brave,
Will dye with purpling blood thy chilly wave.

To touch thee hot Canicula's fierce hour
Skills not. Thou givest to plough-wearied steer
And roving herd a welcome cooling bower.
Of thee, too, 'mid famed fountains shall men hear;
For I to sing am fain,
The holm-oak which yon grotto'd cliff doth crown,
Whence run thy waters prattling bouncing down.





EDWARD BULWER-LYTTON, LORD LYTTON, 1870

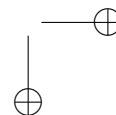
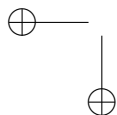
(1803–73; Politician)

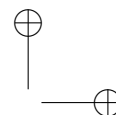
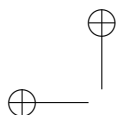
Fount of Bandusia, more lucid than crystal,
Worthy of honeyed wine, not without flowers,
I will give thee to-morrow a kid,
Whose front, with the budded horn swelling,

Predicts to his future life Venus and battles;
Vainly! The lymph of thy cold running waters
He shall tinge with the red of his blood,
Fated child of the frolicsome people!

The scorch of the dog-star's fell season forbears thee;
Ever friendly to grant the sweet boon of thy coolness
To the wild flocks that wander around,
And the oxen that reek from the harrow.

I will give thee high rank and renown among fountains,
When I sing of the ilex o'erspreading the hollows
Of rocks, whence, in musical fall,
Leap thy garrulous silvery waters.

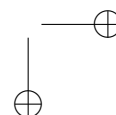
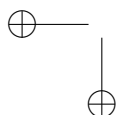




THOMAS CHARLES BARING, 1870

(1831–91; Banker and Politician)

O fount of Bandusia, crystal-clear,
 Thou art worth a libation and flowery wreath;
To-morrow, or ever his horns appear,
 A kid in thy honour shall meet his death.
Love's earliest promptings he feels in vain,
 And vainly he longs for the battle's shock:
His red life-blood shall thy clear stream stain,
 Though he be the flower of the wanton flock.
From the fiercest heat of the dread dog-star
 Thee greenwood coverts in safety keep:
Ever cool and refreshing thy shallows are
 To the plough-tired oxen and wandering sheep.
Thou too among springs shalt be famous made,
 When I sing the depths of thy cavern gray,
And the evergreen oak, from beneath whose shade
 Thy chattering waters leap out to the day.





H. E. MADDELING, 1873 (IMITATED)

(Hints of Horace on Men and Things Past, Present, and to Come)

O front of blandishment and blarney,
As cool as ice, as smooth as glass,
'Cute as the kittens of Killarney,
As hollow and as bold as brass.

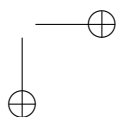
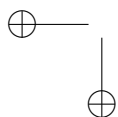
O Pat! I would that I to-morrow
Could plant, upon your turgid brow,
A pat, should make you, to your sorrow,
What means a right good flooring, know.

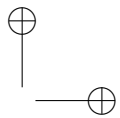
Yes, you're the fellow, in a jiffy,
To drive your brethren out of doors,
And coolly drown men in the Liffey,
Because their game don't square with yours.

If hot, your heat's all *hate* and passion,
No gentle warmth can touch that heart;
If cool, your chill is of a fashion
To make one's very fingers smart.

Out, then, and spout and flaunt and flout you,
Your mug I see with froth is full;
And bring your blundering herd about you
Of bullies to abuse John Bull.

And we, the while our whisky quaffing
Under a broad oak in the cool,
Will laugh, and crack our sides with laughing,
To see you make yourself a fool.

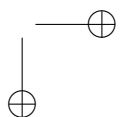
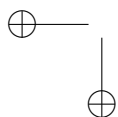




ROBERT M. HOVENDEN, 1874

(“Formerly of Trinity College, Cambridge”)

Bandusian fountain, crystal-bright,
 With duly offer'd flowers and wine
 Tomorrow shall a kid be thine,
Whose front, with sprouting horns bedight,
Foretokens love and battle-shock:
 Vain token; for thy chilling flood
 Must take the crimson of his blood,
Young promise of the wanton flock.
In sultry dog-day's hottest noon,
 Unsun'd, a cool repose art thou
 To oxen from the toilsome plough,
To wandering sheep a welcome boon.
Henceforth run on, patrician spring,
 Made noble by my verse, that gare
 To fame that ilex-shelter'd care
Whereon thy babbling waters ring.





MORTIMER HARRIS, 1874 (1)

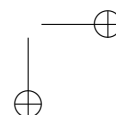
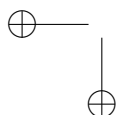
(The Odes of Horace)

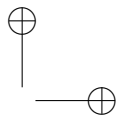
Bandusian fount, more clear than crystal welling,
Worthy of flowers and of sweet wine,
A kid tomorrow shall be thine
Whose forehead with its earliest horns is swelling,

And who is combats now and love expecting
In vain; for with his crimson blood
The offspring of the wanton brood
Will thy refreshing waters be infecting.

Thee the fierce moments of the dog-star glowing
Touch not; delicious coolness thou
On oxen wearied with the plough
And on the wandering flocks too art bestowing.

And thou 'midst famous fountains wilt be keeping
Thy place, whilst I the ilex sing
Those hollow rocks o'ershadowing
From which thy babbling waters down are leaping.





MORTIMER HARRIS, 1874 (2)

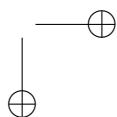
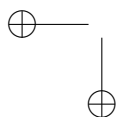
(The Odes of Horace)

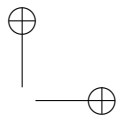
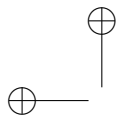
Be thine the cup with roses crowned,
Bandusian fount, that from the ground
 As crystal clear dost rise:
A tender kid upon whose head
Its earliest horns have just been shed,
 For thee tomorrow dies;

Which now, unconscious of its fate,
In vain the combat's joys doth wait,
 And those of love in vain:
The scion of the wanton brood,
Tomorrow with its purple blood,
 Thy limpid wave shall stain.

The dog-star's heat, intense and fierce,
Thy sparkling waters cannot pierce,
 Nor to thy depths descend;
To wandering herd, and weary beast,
When by the galling yoke opprest,
 You grateful coolness lend.

Amidst the founts the Muse has graced,
Shall thine, an honored name, be placed,
 Whilst I the ilex sing
That grows those hollow rocks among;
From which, with many a murmuring song,
 Thy bubbling waters spring.



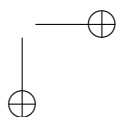
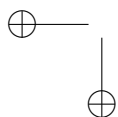


JOHN TUNNARD, 1874

(Some Odes of Horace)

Bandusia's fount, than glass more bright,
Worthy sweet wine with flowers dight;
To-morrow I'll give thee a kid,
Whose budding horns on swollen head
Battles and love e'en now descry,
But all in vain: for he shall dye,
In prime of life, with crimson blood,
Wanton herd's seed, thy gelid flood.

Thee the fierce Dog-star's scorching hour
Knows not to touch; thou yield'st a shower
Of lovely coolness, ever thine,
To plough-worn bulls and roving kine.
Thou too shalt rank 'mongst noble founts.
I'll sing the ilex on those mounts
Caverned: whence all thy waters flow
Babbling, and leaping down below.

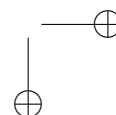
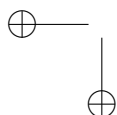


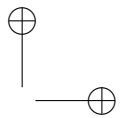


THOMAS ASHE, 1874

(1836–89; Poet)

Bandusian fount, more clear and bright
Than glass, and worthy wine and flowers,
 Tomorrow shalt thou have
 A lusty kid, whose front,
Swoll'n with fresh-budded horns, intends
Love's battles, vainly: soon he shall
 Thy gelid stream for thee
 With ruddy blood imbue.
Thee direful season of midsummer heats
Never shall touch: thou with a friendly cold
 Healest the plough-worn ox,
 And cattle straying wide.
Thou shalt be made a fount of founts; for I
Will sing the ilex o'er thy hollow rocks;
 Whence, with a soothing sound,
 The prattling waters leap.





L. L. E., 1875

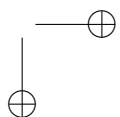
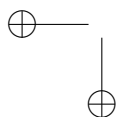
(The Harvard Advocate)

O fount of Bandusia, than crystal more clear,
Bright garlands are due thee with sweetest of wine;
To-morrow the kid, whose young horns just appear
From rough, shaggy brow, shall most gladly be thine.

His forehead, alas! has been swelling in vain;
For strife or for love he shall use it no more;
But – a wanton herd's son as he is – he shall stain,
In honor of thee, thy cold streamlets with gore.

Thy streamlets, – they know not Canicula's fire,
The fierce, burning heat when its season is nigh;
Ah, no! thou refreshest the oxen which tire
Of the plough; thou refreshest the herd passing by.

Some fountains the greatest of glories have known;
Thou too, when I sing, shalt seem worthy renown;
When I sing of the oak that is shading the stone
From whose heart thy clear water leaps prattlingly down.

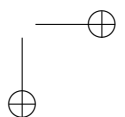
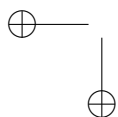




ARTHUR WAY, 1876

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

Fount of Bandusia, than crystal brighter,
Of sweet wine worthy, and of flowers, to-morrow
 With kidling shalt thou be presented
 Whose forehead with the young horns pouting
Gives promise both of Venus and of battles;
But all in vain, for he is going to crimson
 Thy cool streams with his ruddy life-blood –
 That scion of the wanton herd.
Thee the fierce season of the blazing Dog-star
Is powerless to taint; 'tis thou dost proffer
 Delicious coolness to the oxen
 Plough-wearied, and the roaming flock.
One of the noble fountains shalt thou also
Become, what time I sing the oak-tree leaning
 Over the hollow rocks wherefrom
 Down-leaping come thy babbling waters.





W. E. H. FORSYTH, 1876

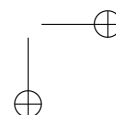
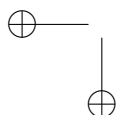
(1845–81; Lawyer in Bengal)

Bandusian fount, whose waters shine
More clear than crystal, worthy wine
And flowers, to-morrow I'll devote
In honour of your stream a goat,

Whose front displays a budding horn,
And marks for love and battle born;
In vain, for soon his wanton blood
Shall stain with red your cooling flood.

From the fierce dogstar's raging heat
Your waters form a safe retreat;
For weary oxen you have made,
And wandering flocks, a grateful shade.

More famed than you no fountain flows;
For I have praised the oak which grows
Above the caverned rocks, where leap
Your babbling waters from the steep.



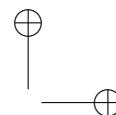
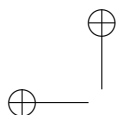


RICHARD TROTT FISHER, 1876

(Rakings Over Many Seasons)

Well of Bandusia, that outsparklest crystal,
Well worthy thou of luscious wine and flowers!
 To-morrow I am sped
 To offer thee a kid,
Whose early horns just budding on his forehead
Already seem to threaten love and battle:
 In vain: – his wanton blood
 Shall stain thy limpid flood.
Thee never do fierce dog-day heats distemper:
Within thy pleasant shades the ox, plough-weary,
 Makes him a quiet home,
 And flocks forget to roam.
E'en thou too shalt be rank'd with famous fountains;
Since I have sung the holly-crested cavern
 Down from whose rocky head
 Thy babbling stream is shed.



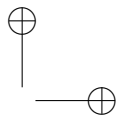


ANONYMOUS, 1876

(The Mill Hill Magazine)

Bandusian fount, crystal compared to thee
Is dim, that dost with margin flow'ret crowned
Invite to cool sweet wine: to thee I vow
The tender kid, whose budding brow for love
And battles marks him out, alas! in vain;
For on the morrow, with his crimson blood,
This scion of the wanton flocks shall dye
Thy ice-cold wave. The blazing dog-star's heat
Fails thee to touch; a grateful cooling shade
Thou giv'st to oxen wearied with the plough;
The herd with languid limbs to thee repair.
A fount ennobled thou! since thus I sing
The ilex hanging o'er the mossy crag
From whence thy babbling stream bounds sprightly down.





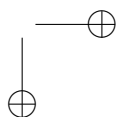
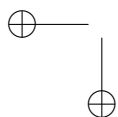
AUSTIN DOBSON, 1877

(1840–1921; Poet and Critic)

O babbling Spring, than glass more clear,
Worthy of wreath and cup sincere,
 To-morrow shall a kid be thine
 With swelled and sprouting brows for sign, –
Sure sign! – of loves and battles near.

Child of the race that butt and rear!
Not less, alas! his life-blood dear
 Must tinge thy cold wave crystalline,
 O babbling Spring!

Thee Sirius knows not. Thou dost cheer
With pleasant cool the plough-worn steer, –
 The wandering flock. This verse of mine
 Will rank thee one with founts divine;
Men shall thy rock and tree revere,
 O babbling Spring!





SHADWORTH HOLLWAY HODGSON, 1877

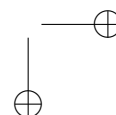
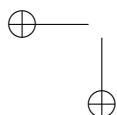
(1832–1912; Philosopher)

Fount of Bandusia, lucent spring,
Thy due of wine and flowers we bring,
And with the morn shall offer'd be
A wanton youngling kid to thee.

Look how his arching forehead swells,
And love and war alike foretells;
In vain, – his life-blood freely shed
Shall tinge thy cold clear wave with red.

Thee the fierce hour of dog-star heat
Can touch not in thy cool retreat,
Now sought by ranging flocks, and now
By oxen resting from the plough.

Thou too a fountain fam'd shalt be,
And men shall list thy praise from me,
Thy cave, thy rocks, their ilex crown,
Whence leap thy streamlets babbling down.





ERNEST MYERS, 1877

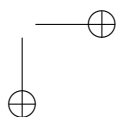
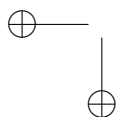
(1844–1921; Poet and Classicist)

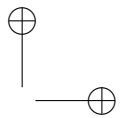
O crystal-clear Bandusian spring,
Well worthy the sweet offering
Of wine, with flowers engarlanding,

A kid to-morrow morn I vow,
Whose budding horns upon his brow
Foretell his lustihood,
His fights and loves; but all in vain,
So soon his sacrifice must stain
The rills of thy cold flood.

The fiery dogstar's angry heat
Touches not thee; thy cool retreat
The tired plough-oxen know and love,
And all the flocks that round thee rove
Have found thy waters sweet.

Thou too with famous streams shalt be
Enrolled in new nobility,
For sake of this my song that sings
The oak-crowned rocks whereout thy springs
Come leaping laughingly.





WILLIAM THOMAS THORNTON, 1878

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

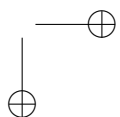
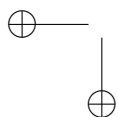
Thou art worthy, O fount Bandusian,
Whose brilliance doth glass outshine,
That the vineyard's luscious effusion,
Not without flowers, were thine.

To-morrow shalt thou be gifted
With a kid, on whose tumefied brow
Horns, vainly now first uplifted,
Of Venus and battle foreshow:

For, in honour of thee, the slaughter
Of that offspring of parentage lewd
Shall tinge the refrigerant water,
With crimsoning life-blood imbued.

Noxious days of dog star flagrant
Nigh thee cannot come: tis thine
Pleasant chill to offer to vagrant
Sheep, and plough-wearied kine.

Mid noble fountains, moreover,
Shalt thou rank, now that I the holm sing
Whose branches the hollow stones cover
Whence thy garrulous waters down spring.

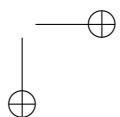
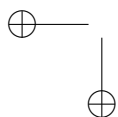




HENRY A. BEERS, 1878

(1847–1926; Professor of English Literature, Yale University)

Bandusian spring – thou crystal well –
 Worthy sweet wine with many a flower,
Tomorrow shalt thou have for dower
 A kid, whose brow begins to swell
With budding horns that playful seem
 To threaten love and war: in vain:
The wanton flock's young shoot must stain
 With his red blood thine icy stream.
Thy depths the hot midsummer shine
 Knows not to reach: sweet coolness thou
To bullocks weary of the plow
 Dost offer, and to wandering kine.
Thou too shalt be a storied well,
 When of the hollow, rocky steep
From which thy talking waters leap
 Under the holms, my lute shall tell.

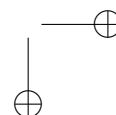
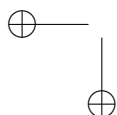




F. B. DOVENTON, 1880

(Snatches of Song)

Oh, my Bandusian fount, than glass more clear,
Worthy of choicest wine and flowers most fair,
A kid to-morrow shall be slaughtered here,
Whose sprouting horns predict for him a share
Of stubborn contests and of amours rude,
Alas, in vain! for thy translucent rills
Shall be dyed deeply with the crimson blood
Of the flocks' firstlings (from the neighbouring hills).
Thee the fierce dog-star with his scorching beams
Cannot affect, but to the wearied steer
Thou giv'st thy pleasant shade and cooling streams,
And wandering cattle love to gather here:
Among the famous founts shall thou be found
Whilst I the oak immortalise in song
That crowns thy hollow rocks, whence with a sound
Subdued and sweet thy waters babble on.





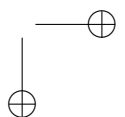
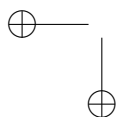
MAUDE MOORE, 1880

(Songs of Sunshine and Shadow)

O fountain of Bandusia!
That sparkling flow of thine
Is clearer far than crystal –
Full worthy thou of wine,
And of the fairest flowers,
A rosy, fragrant twine!
Tomorrow then I'll bring thee
A kid whose swelling brow
And horns gave budding promise
Of love and strife, but now –
Vain promise – in the spring-time
And glory of his might,
His blood shall stain thy waters
With many a blood-red light!

For thee the fiery dog-star,
The hot noon, gloweth not!
A grateful cool thou yieldest
The flocks that seek thy grot,
And to the labor-wearied,
Thy breathings fresh have sought.

Thou, too, O leaping fountain!
Thou, too, shalt be ere long,
When I shall sing thy praises,
A fountain famed in song;
When I shall sing the ilex
That o'er thy mosses strays,
The cool delicious water
Among thy rocks that plays,
And the music of thy prattle
In thy descending ways!

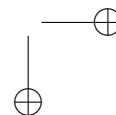
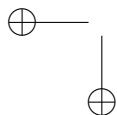


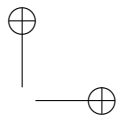


JAMES INNES MINCHIN, 1881

(The Academy)

Bandusia's fountain! glassy clear,
 Worthy of flowerets and of wine,
To thee a kid I'll offer here
 Whom sprouting horn incline
Alike to love and war: in vain:
 The wanton scion of the fold
With blood incarnadine shall stain
 Thy waves translucent cold,
The flaming Dog-star's burning beam
 Touches thee not; thou dost unlock
Thy coolness to the wearied team,
 And to the wandering flock.
Mid famous founts I place thy niche,
 While singing of the holm that grows
Amid the hollow rocks, from which
 Thy prattling water flows.

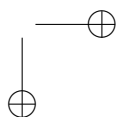
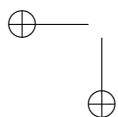




W. P. T., 1881

(The Virginia Univeristy Magazine)

O font of Bandusia! than crystal more clear,
Both worthy of flowers and honeyed-sweet wine,
To-morrow I'll give thee a young kid of mine;
For whom the swelled forehead, with first horns now near,
Doth destine sweet Venus and the harsh battle's shock
In vain; for thy cold running brooklet he'll stain
With his red life-blood, fresh slain,
The progeny of a frolicsome flock.
The dog-star's fell season so burning to bear,
Knows not how to touth thee: for thou dost bestow
Thy coldness to cattle that wandering go,
And oxen so wearied of the plowshare.
Oh! thou shalt be one of noble fountains also,
The while I am singing of the oak trees place
With the hollow rocks its base,
Whence thy babbling waters flow.





WILLIAM BAYLEY, 1883

(Bouquet)

O clearer than the crystal,
 O Dear Bandusian Spring,
O Fountain meet for wine-draught sweet,
 And rose-engarlanding!

Thine is a kid to-morrow,
 His front with horns a-bud,
Of love to-day and battle fray
 He dreams, in his young blood:

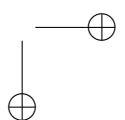
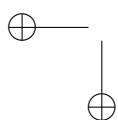
Deams – but in vain; that life-blood
 Shall chequer thy cold stream
With rills of red, and he lie dead,
 The wanton and his dream.

The hot noon of the Daystar
 To thee is twilight gray,
No flash knows where to enter there,
 Or touch thee on thy way.

Kine, by the share o'erwearied,
 Thy loving freshness drink;
The stragglng flock leaves down and rock
 To revel on thy brink.

One of Earth's famous fountains
 Shalt thou become through me,
As by that spring I sit and sing
 The song of yon holm-tree:

The Ilex that o'erarches
 The rock-rift in the wall,
s Whence down the steep thy waters leap
 And prattle as they fall.





HENRY HUBBARD PIERCE, 1884

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

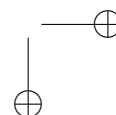
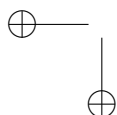
Blandusia’s limpid fount divine,
 More clear than crystal welling,
I pledge thy charms in ruby wine,
 With roses crown thy dwelling!

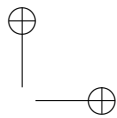
A kid the morn, too young for strife
 Or love, with horns just growing,
Shall stain with crimson drops of life
 Thy lucid waters flowing.

Thy shades defy the ardent rays
 When torrid suns are burning.
In thee the weary ox allays
 His thirst from labor turning.

The rambling flocks find solace here
 From rugged slope or mountain.
To brute and swain thy pool is dear,
 Thy rills are sweet, O fountain!

O gurgling font! thy fame shall spread
 When songs of mine are telling
Of yonder oak that lifts its head
 Above thy rocky dwellings!





HERBERT GRANT, 1885

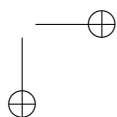
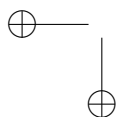
(Odes of Horace)

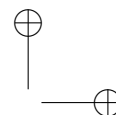
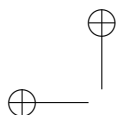
Bandusian fount than glass more clear,
Worthy of flowers and wine!
Tomorrow will I offer here
A goat upon thy shrine,

Whose swelling horns for combat grow
Or dalliance, in vain;
For thee his crimson blood must flow
And thy cold current stain.

Screened from the dogstar's blazing heat
Oftimes the laboured ox
Beside thee finds a cool retreat,
And the far-roving flocks:

Earth's noblest founts you rank among,
As of the holm-oak I sing,
Deep-rooted hollow rocks along,
Whence prattling leaps thy spring.





CHARLES WILLIAM DUNCAN, 1886

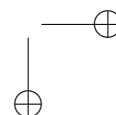
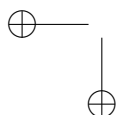
(The Odes and Saecular Hymn of Quintus Horatius Flaccus)

Bandusian font, as crystal bright,
Of wine and flowers deserving quite,
To thee to-morrow shall be borne
A kid, whose newly-sprouted horn

In love ne'er destined to display,
Nor join in battle's stern array;
The offspring of the sportive team
With crimson gore shall dye thy stream.

The blazing Dog-Star's sultry hour
Ne'er o'er thine icy pool shall lour,
But wearied bulls and wand'ring sheep
Shall in thy grateful coolness steep.

Oh! Fountain of the noblest name,
My song shall spread thy worthy fame;
From hollow rocks, the oak below,
Thy babbling waters swiftly flow.





HUGH HALIBURTON, 1886 (IMITATED)

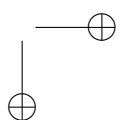
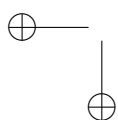
(Horace in Homespun)

Thou bonnie modest mountain spring,
That tinkles oot aneth a stane
An' seems to thy ainsel' to sing –
For listener near is nane –
There's neither birk nor rowan tree
Bends owre thy brink to shelter thee,
An' but ae gowan fra the lea
Has wandert here its lane.

I thocht nae cretur near enoo,
Till, as I loutit down to drink,
Awa' wi' fichterin' flurry flew
A lintie fra the brink.
I'm dootfu' if it *was* a bird,
Sae still it sat afore it stirr'd,
Then, swifter than I'll say the wird,
Gaed by me in a blink.

Was it the fairy o' the fount
Disturbit in her maiden dream,
That, takin' fricht on my account
Was startled fra her hame?
Thou lovely Thocht o' Solitude!
Na mair will I wi' footstep rude,
An' harsh an' hasty wirds, intrude
Upon thy haly stream.

Sae fare-thee-weel, sweet Maiden's Well!
Baith sun and weet thy watters spare!
Thou minds me o' a maid thysel',
Sae meek thy modest air.
Thy siller thread is hardly seen
Winding the solemn hills between,
Yet a' the way thy banks o' green
Give proof that thou art there.





T. RUTHERFURD CLARK, 1887

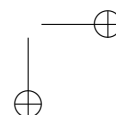
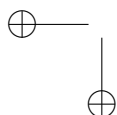
(The Odes of Horace)

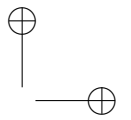
Bright crystal well, oh! worthy thou
Sweet wine and flowers; the morn
Shall offer thee a kid whose brow
Scarce hides the budding horn,

Auguring love and war: in vain,
In vain: the frolic fold
Must give their offspring's blood to stain
These waters icy cold.

Not the fell Dog-star's hours of rage
Pierce where thy pleasant pools
The thirst of wandering herds assuage,
And labour-weary bulls.

Bandusia, thee for all time hence
Great among wells I make,
Singing the grot oak-shadowed whence
Thy babbling waters break.





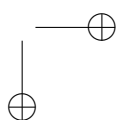
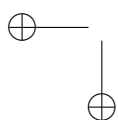
SIR STEPHEN DE VERE, 1888

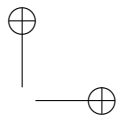
(1812–1904; Poet and Country Gentleman)

Fount of Bandusia, crystal spring,
To thee with wine and flowers I bring
A kid whose budding horns prepare
For wanton gambols, or for war: –
Prepare in vain! His victim blood
Shall stain thy pure and gelid flood.

When the red Dogstar fames on high
He harms thee not. Th' o'er-laboured steer
And panting herds that wander by,
Draw from thy loving breast draughts cool and clear.

Thou too, O sacred spring,
Shalt have thy place with founts long-loved, far-known;
Whilst I, thy poet, sing
The ilex hoar thy margin shadowing,
The runnels from thy moss-grown cares that flow
Whispering in murmurs light and low
A language all their own.





W. E. SURTEES, 1888

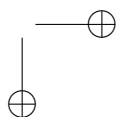
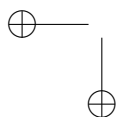
(Seven Odes of Horace)

Bandusian fount, whose fresh'ning showers
Demand a gift of wine and flowers,
To-morrow's festival shall bring
To thee a costlier offering,

A kid, whose horns just budding prove,
Incipient thoughts of war and love.
But promise vain! Thy crystal flood
Shall soon be tinctured with his blood.

The noxious dogstar's fiery beam,
Cannot infect thy shady stream.
A pleasing cool thy banks allow,
To herds and oxen from the plough.

Thou shalt be famed, for I will sing
The holm oaks that their shadows sling
Upon the moss-clothed rocky caves.
From which leap forth thy babbling waves.





E. H. STANLEY, 1889

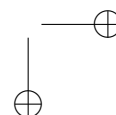
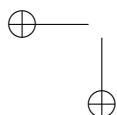
(A Metrical Version of the Odes of Horace)

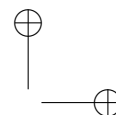
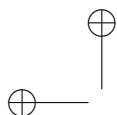
Oh Fountain of Bandusia, more pure than crystal clear
Thou art worthy of the Wine and the Flow'rets of the year,
In thine honour will I offer a young kid whose budding horns
Show how proudly he for love and for battle, danger scorns.

Alas, alas, in vain! – on the morrow shall he lie
A sacrifice to beauty, and his blood thy waters dye,
Thy cold pure waters tinging – oh happy fate to be
Reserved for a young kidling, so frolicsome as he!

The Dog star comes not near thee to mar the cool repose
Where are shadows ever welcome, as the wearied oxen knows,
And the wandering herds seek shelter, how well they find the way
Beneath the spreading branches where thy sparkling waters play.

Of all fountains, oh Bandusia, thou shalt be the most renowned,
When I sing the branching Lilacs, and the caverns they surround –
When I praise thy waters leaping wildly o'er the rocks to fall,
And in falling sing thy praises in tunes most musical.



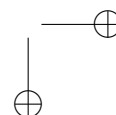
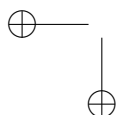


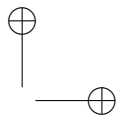
JOHN J. HAYDEN, 1889

(Rythmical Trifles)

Bandusian fount, whose waters course
More clear than crystal from their source,
O worthy flowr's and sweetest wine,
A kid to-morrow sall be thine,
Just rough with budding horns his head,
He dreams of loves, and battles bold,
In vain – his hot blood, gushing red,
Shall stain thy currents cold.

Far from the dog-star's fiery glow,
In sylvan shade thy cool waves flow,
The oxen weary from the plough,
Seek thee; thy stream the cattle know.
Thou too, 'midst springs, shalt live in song,
My verse still green that oak shall keep,
That shades thy channelled rocks whence 'long
Thy laughing waters leap!

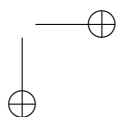
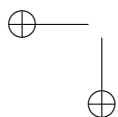




J. LEIGH S. HATTON, 1890

(“Late of Worcester College, Oxford”)

O clearer far than crystal!
 O worthy sweetest wine!
O fountain of Bandusia!
 That garlands should entwine,
To-morrow will I give thee
 A young kid, on whose brow
The horns are gently budding
 For love or war I trow,
And yet how vainly budding,
 For soon the ruby blood
Of that wild child of Nature
 Shall stain thine icy flood.
O when the dog-star rises,
 When comes the scorching heat,
It knows not how to touch thee
 Within thy cool retreat;
How dear to weary oxen,
 And wandering flocks around
The deep delicious coolness
 By thy sweet waters found.
One of our noble fountains
 Thou shalt be when I sing,
The Ilex by the caverns
 Whence laughing waters spring.





GOLDWIN SMITH, 1890

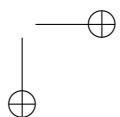
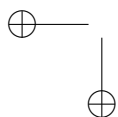
(1823–1910; Scholar, Historian, and Controversialist)

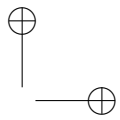
Spring of Bandusia, crystal clear,
Worthy this cup of mantling wine,
These votive flowers which here I bear;
To-morrow shall a kid be thine –

Yon kid whose horns begin to bud
And tell of coming love and fight,
In vain; the little wanton's blood
Is doomed to dye thy streamlet bright.

Midsummer's noon with scorching ray
Taints not thy virgin wave, and dear
Is its cool draught at close of day
To wandering flock and weary steer.

Thou too shalt be a spring renowned,
If verse of mine can fame bestow
On yonder grot, with holm-oak crowned,
From which thy babbling waters flow.





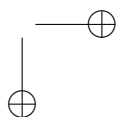
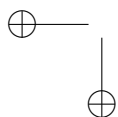
EUGENE FIELD, 1891

(1850–95; American Journalist and Poet)

O fountain of Bandusia!
 Whence crystal waters flow,
With garlands gay and wine I'll pay
 The sacrifice I owe;
A sportive kid with budding horns
 I have, whose crimson blood
Anon shall dye and sanctify
 Thy cool and babbling flood.

O fountain of Bandusia!
 The Dog-star's hateful spell
No evil brings into the springs
 That from thy bosom well;
Here oxen, wearied by the plow,
 The roving cattle here
Hasten in quest of certain rest,
 And quaff thy gracious cheer.

O fountain of Bandusia!
 Ennobled shalt thou be,
For I shall sing the joys that spring
 Beneath yon ilex-tree.
Yes, fountain of Bandusia,
 Posterity shall know
The cooling brooks that from thy nooks
 Singing and dancing go.





ROSWELL MARTIN FIELD, 1891

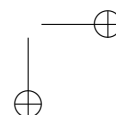
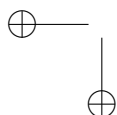
(1807–69; American Lawyer and Politician)

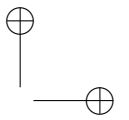
O fountain of Bandusia! more glittering than glass,
And worthy of the pleasant wine and toasts that freely pass;
More worthy of the flowers with which thou modestly art hid,
Tomorrow willing hands shall sacrifice to thee a kid.

In vain the glory of the brow where proudly swell above
The growing horns, significant of battle and of love;
For in thy honor he shall die, – the offspring of the herd, –
And with his crimson life-blood thy cold waters shall be stirred.

The Dog-star's cruel season, with its fierce and blazing heat,
Has never sent its scorching rays into thy glad retreat;
The oxen, wearied with the plow, the herd which wanders near,
Have found a grateful respite and delicious coolness here.

When of the graceful ilex on the hollow rocks I sing,
Thou shalt become illustrious, O sweet Bandusian spring!
Among the noble fountains which have been enshrined in fame,
Thy dancing, babbling waters shall in song our homage claim.





EDWARD HENRY PEMBER, 1891 (IMITATED)

(1833–1911; Parliamentary Barrister and Poet)

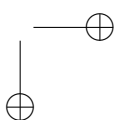
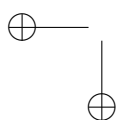
Oh, Boldre Water, dear to me
As e'er Bandusia's spring could be
 To him who sang of it so sweetly,
 One more of Moët I drink to thee!

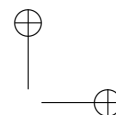
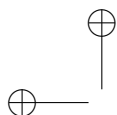
Thy suns give all that summer needs
To bronze the spear-tips on thy reeds,
 And prank with wealth of gold and purple
 Thy breadths of rushes and grassy meads.

From reach to reach, at food or play,
Thy herds of cows and horses stray,
 Or 'neath thy friendly birch and alder
 They lazily doze their noons away.

And I, my rod in hand, the while
I seek thy fishes to beguile,
 Oft trail a careless fly, and ponder
 Uncertain whether to sigh or smile;

And say, "Oh, were I like to him
Who basked beside Bandusia's rim,
 The fame of pleasant Boldre Water
 No lapse of summers should ever dim!"





JOHN B. HAGUE, 1892

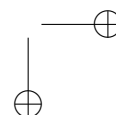
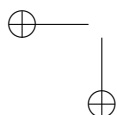
(The Odes and Epodes of Horace)

Bandusia fair, than glass more clear,
Worthy of wine and flowers,
To morrow yields from teeming fields
A kid for thy sweet bowers.

The horns that swell, his future tell
Of love and battle, vain –
Poured out to thee, high destiny,
His blood thy rills shall stain.

The burning rays of summer days
Touch not thy shady brink,
Where wearied ox, and panting flocks
Delicious coolness drink.

Sweet Fount, thy name goes down to fame,
Thy rustling oaks my lay,
And rocky seams with babbling streams
That pour the livelong day.





HENRY DAVID JARDINE, 1892

(Trinity Verse)

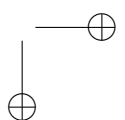
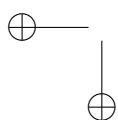
Oh fountain of Bandusia!
More sparkling clear than liquid glass,
Thy stream all bright with ruby wine,
And strewn with flowers should pass.

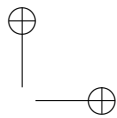
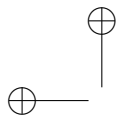
A kid whose horns have just appeared,
To-morrow shall be offered thee;
His eye in vain is bright for love
Or yearns for victory.

The offspring of the sprightly flock,
The joys of life he shall not know;
For soon his crimson blood shall stain
Thy waters as they flow.

The dog-star's heat can harm thee not;
Refreshing are these streams of thine
To oxen wearied with the plow,
And to the wandering kine.

Thou, too, a far-famed fount shall be,
Through one who sings the oak which grows
Upon the covered rock from whence
Thy babbling current flows.





JOHN OSBORNE SARGENT, 1893

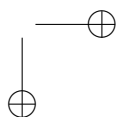
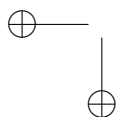
(1811–91; American Lawyer and Author, Friend of Oliver Wendell Holmes)

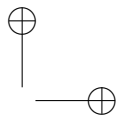
O crystal Bandusia, fountain of ours,
Worthy of sweet wine and not without flowers,
 On thine altar to-morrow
 A kid comes to sorrow.

Buds of young horns on his forehead are swelling,
Proudly of love and love's battles foretelling,
 But his hopes are all vain,
 Thee his red blood shall stain.

No rage of the dogstar thy freshness invades,
Steers tired of the plough seek repose in thy shades,
 Straying flocks at thy brink
 Of the cold waters drink.

Famed among fountains thou ever shalt be,
While with oaks overhanging ennobled by me
 Thou shalt prattle and leap
 Down the rocks to the deep.

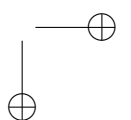
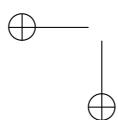


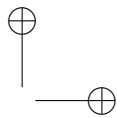


T. A. WALKER, 1893

(The Odes of Horace)

O fountain of Bandusia mine,
Clearer than crystal bright!
O worthy of delicious wine
With flowers not unbedight!
A kid thou'lt have to-morrow morn,
Whose forehead hard with budding horn
At love and conflict aims;
In vain, for his rose-coloured blood
Shall tinge for thee thy cooling flood,
For all his wanton games.
The dog-star season fiercely hot,
Howe'er severe, affects thee not:
Oxen fatigued at plough,
And wayworn sheep, will find in thee
Refreshing coolness; poesy
Shall thee with fame endow:
For of the scarlet oaks that o'er
Thy rocky caverns bend,
I'll carol, whence, as they outpour
From off the hills,
Thy babbling rills
In cataracts descend.





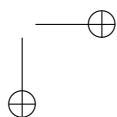
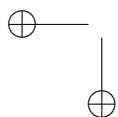
GEORGE M. DAVIE, 1894

(1848–1900; American Lawyer and Poet)

Fount of Bandusia, limpid as crystal,
Worthy the tribute of wine and of flowers,
To thee to-morrow a kid shall be offered;
Whose swelling forehead, with tender horns budding,
Vainly presages of love and of battles.
His rosy blood shall thy cool waters hallow, –
Child of the frolicsome tribe!

Then, the fierce heats of the noons of midsummer
Never shall fall on the waters refreshing
That thou art yielding the plow-weary oxen,
And to the wandering herds.

And thou, O Fount! shalt be famous forever,
By this my song, of the rock-guarded hollow
Whence – by the leaves of the oak overshadowed –
Thy babbling waters leap down.





WILLIAM P. TRENT, 1894

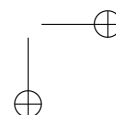
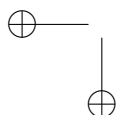
(1862–1939; Professor of English Literature, Columbia University)

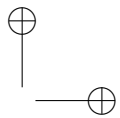
O fount of Bandusia, than crystal more clear,
Worthy of honey-sweet, flower-crowned wine,
To-morrow thou'lt be given a young kid of mine,
Whose forehead with first horns near,

Budding, doth seem to predestine the shock
Of battles as well as sweet Venus – in vain,
For with his red blood thy cold streams he will stain,
This scion of gamesome flock.

The dog-star's fell season that burns doth not know
How to touch thee, for thou thy cold gifts dost not spare
To offer to oxen weighed down by the share,
And cattle that wandering go.

Among noble fountains thou also shalt shine,
I singing the ilex that rooted doth grow
From the cavernous rocks whence downward flow
Those chattering waves of thine.



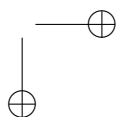
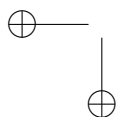


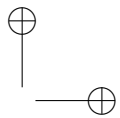
JOHN SWANWICK DRENNAN, 1895

(1809–93; Irish Poet)

Bandusian Fount, more clear than glass,
With wine and wreaths, donations due,
To-morrow as an offering new
A votive kid shall do thee grace;
One of a wild and wanton brood,
With budding brows for love and strife,
In vain. A sacrificial knife
Shall streak thy cold waves with his blood.

The Dog-Star fierce of parching heat
Affects not thee. Thou yieldest still
The plough-fagged steers a grateful chill,
The panting herds potations sweet.
Sung thus by me a name thou'lt keep
'Mongst famous founts for ever known
With th' ilex o'er the caverned stone
Wherefrom thy babbling waters leap.

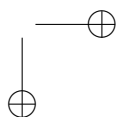
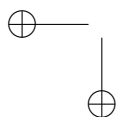


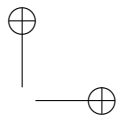


OSWALD A. SMITH, 1895

(Horace in Quantity)

Fount of Bandusy, more clear than a mirror is,
Sweet wine, flowery gift, rightly belong to thee;
For thee shall be to-morrow
This kid slain; on his youthful head
Horny just budded, alas! vainly predict for him
Loves and battle to come; child of a wanton herd
Ere long shall he thy cool depths
Stain with blood of a crimson hue.
Untouch'd e'en when on high fiery Sirius
Blazes fiercely, thy tide gushes, agreeably
Cool for plough-tired oxen,
For flocks after a wandering.
Thou too shalt have a name worthy to rank among
Founts of story, when I tell of an oak-cover'd
Rock-girt grotto, beneath which
Wavelets noisily leap away.





CYRIL E. F. STARKEY, 1895

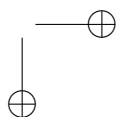
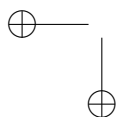
(Verse Translations from Classic Authors)

Bandusia's fount of crystal gleam,
 Libations are your due
And garlands; ere to-morrow's beam
 A kid shall die for you,

With budding horns that mark him out
 For love and strife – in vain –
O'er your cold stream his blood shall spout,
 And dye with ruddy stain.

The Dogstar's blaze, with madness fired,
 Spares you; you ever keep,
For oxen with the ploughshare tired
 And restless thirsty sheep,

Your cooling balm. You'll take your place
 'Mid fountains of renown,
For I will sing your cavern's grace,
 With hoary ilex crown,
The cavern, whence in merry race
 Your waters babble down.





J. HOWARD DEAZELEY, 1895

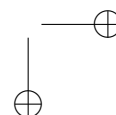
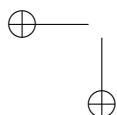
(“Merton College, Oxford”)

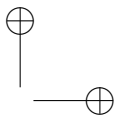
Bandusia’s spring, than glass more clear
And worthy both of flow’rs and wine,
A kid to-morrow shall be thine,
Upon whose swelling brows appear

The budding horns, that point to shock
Of war and love in vain: for he
Shall dye thy chill stream red for thee,
Poor offspring of the wanton flock.

The blazing dog-star’s frenzied might
Can touch thee not: for herds that roam
And oxen, that come wearied home
From ploughing thou hast cool delight.

Mid famous springs thou too thy part
Shalt have, when of the oak I tell
That crowns thy grotto’s hollowed swell
Whence babbling waters downward dart.

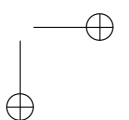
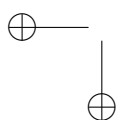




JOHN A. GOODCHILD, 1895

(1851–1914; Physician and Author)

Bandusia's fount, peerlessly crystalline,
Worthy strewn flowers and luscious wine, at morn
I vow a kid as thine,
Whose brow, with budding horn,
Plans vainly battles, sports, and love. Behold,
The scion of my frolic flock with blood
Shall stain the margents cold
Of thine encarmined flood.
Thou by the blazing dogstar's swartest hour
Art still unscathed. The plough-worn oxen sleep
In thy cool pleasant bower
Beside the wandering sheep.
Thou too art noble amongst springs, since I
Have sung of how the holmoaks overcrown
Those caverned rocks, whence fly
Thy babbling naiads down.





JOHN RUSSELL HAYES, 1895

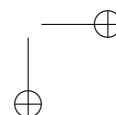
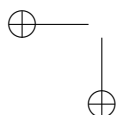
(1866–1945; Educator, Poet, and Librarian)

O fount that dost the glass outshine,
May flagons wreathed with flowers be thine!
Tomorrow I shall give to thee
A kid, whose forehead swelling free
In vain foretokens war and love.

Child of the flocks that frisk and play;
His budding life shall ebb away,
To color like the rosy wine
Thy surface cool and crystalline.

Fierce, burning Sirius knows thee not;
The plough-worn oxen seek the spot
Where thy sweet water flecked with foam
Refreshes all the race that roam.

I'll rank thy name
With founts of fame,
While singing of the ilex tall
That overhangs thy waterfall,
Bandusian Spring!



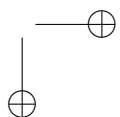
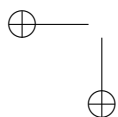


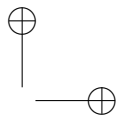
CHARLES NEWTON-ROBINSON, 1895

(1853–1913; Barrister and Author)

Fount of Bandusia, more clear than glass!
Of dulcet wine and blossoms take thy due!
To-morrow do I vow to thee a kid;
Whose forehead, swelling into horns – his first –
Portends him love and battles, both in vain;
For this last scion of the wanton herd
Shall tinge thy cool banks with his purple blood!

The blazing Dogstar, in his fellest hour,
Can harm not thee. A pleasant coolness yet
Is thine for oxen weary from the plough,
And loitering flocks. Full soon shalt thou be known
As of the company of honoured springs,
When I shall celebrate the ilex-tree
Which overhangs the hollow crag whence down
Thy babbling waters leap!





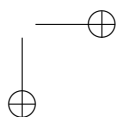
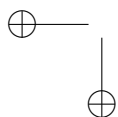
MYRA MANNING, 1895

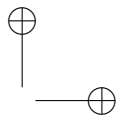
(The Unit)

O crystal clear Bandusian fount,
Full worthy e'er for thee we count
The rosy wine and flower we vow.
To-morrow a kid, whose swollen brow
Gives promise of strength and conquering power, –
He lacks no trace of beauty's dower, –
I'll offer thee, O sparkling fount.

Alas! his beauty and strength are vain,
For soon his warm red blood will stain
Thy waves, so cold from the hollow rock, –
The sportive child of the wanton flock.
To touch thee Canicula wists not how;
And oxen wearied from the plough,
Oft seek thy freshness, icy fount.

And wandering flocks all worn with heat,
Oft quaff thy crystal waters sweet; –
Thou, too, mid honored founts shalt be
Since thou art praised now by me –
The crowning oak tree, too, I'll sing,
Beside the rocky cave, whence spring
Thy babbling water, limpid fount.

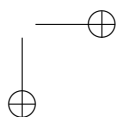
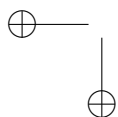


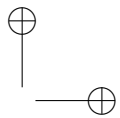


C., 1895

(The Cambridge Review)

Bandusia! fount, whose drops outshine
Clear crystal, flowers and honey wine
 Shall pay thy worth
 At morrow's birth,
And tender kid with swollen forehead's sign
Of horns that herald love and war;
In vain; for he must dapple o'er
 With red life-blood
 Thine icy flood,
Nor wanton with his frisky brethren more.
Thee vexeth not the furious heat
Of raging Sirius; thou dost greet
 Beside thy chill
 Beloved rill
Far-roaming flocks and steers' plough-weary foot.
Thou too shalt live a sister spring
Of royal fountains, when I sing
 The oak that wares
 Down-hung o'er caves,
Where break thy tumbled waters chattering.





A. S. AGLLEN, 1896

(“Archdeacon of St. Andrews”)

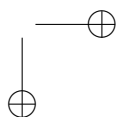
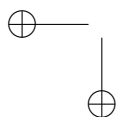
O fountain of Bandusia, spring
 Than brightest crystal still more bright,
Sweet wine were thy due offering,
 A goblet crowned with flowers thy right.

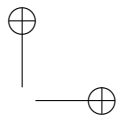
To-morrow I a kid present,
 A ram, whose horns just budding, show
He is for love and battle meant,
 Should the young creature live and grow.

Vain is the youthful promise, vain;
 For thy cool stream must crimson run,
His blood thy limpid wave must stain:
 His sport among the herd is done.

The dog-days' sun, at fiercest noon,
 Can reach thee with no scorching heat;
Cool fount, to wearied ox a boon,
 To wand'ring sheep a sweet retreat.

'Mid founts of fame thy fame shall be
 A fame secure, since now I sing,
I sing the rocks and ilex tree,
 From which thy babbling freshets spring.





PHILIP E. PHELPS, 1897

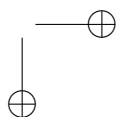
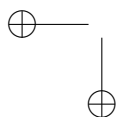
(The Odes of Horace)

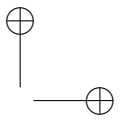
O Bandusia's fount, clearer by far than glass,
Worthy thou of sweet wine, not without fragrant flow'rs,
Thine to-morrow the kid dies,
Whose face, swelling with budding horns,

Grown but newly, proclaims love-sport and wantonness,
All in vain! for his blood soon, with its crimson stain,
(Offspring he of a wanton flock,
Shall thy streamlets incarnadine.

Thee the season of fierce scorching Canicula
Strikes not, – Thou bringest forth cool and refreshing streams
To the yoke-wearied oxen,
And the wandering herds of kine.

'Mid the fountains of fame thou too shalt have thy place,
While in verse I proclaim thine the dark ilex-shade
Overshad'wing the boulders
Whence thy waters leap babbling down.





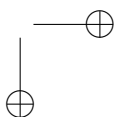
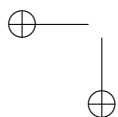
HENRY RUTGERS REMSEN, 1897

(Daughter of Ypocas)

O fountain of Bandusia,
 More clear than crystal glass,
Let ruddy wine and garlands fine
 Now deck thy waving grass.
For when tomorrow's light shall glow
 Across thy sparkling spring,
With footsteps reverend and slow,
 A kid to thee I'll bring
Whose budding horns his might shall show
For love or war, caress or blow.

O fountain of Bandusia,
 In vain his playful mood.
Thy silver brook in every nook
 Shall purple with his blood.
The dog star's baneful time shall wane
 And leave thee purling still;
And oxen tired with the strain
 Of ploughing vale and hill,
Shall seek thy shaded stream again;
 While wandering sheep shall browse and sleep,
Lulled by thy low refrain.

O fountain of Bandusia,
 Thou too shalt famous be,
For I shall sing of thy clear spring,
 And of the holm-oak tree
Which spreads its gnarled branches wide
 And sweeps the hollow wall
Where welling out in laughing rout
 Thy limpid waters fall.





ROBERT TILNEY, 1898

(Gleanings from Poetic Fields)

Bandusia! clearer than crystal
And worthy of wine and of flowers!

I will choose a kid from the younglings
Of my wanton flocks in thy honor;

Whose crest shows its first horns just budding,
To battles and love in vain destined:

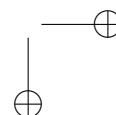
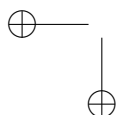
For his red blood shed in thy service
Shall tinge thy cool streams on the morrow.

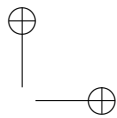
The fierce burning heat of the dog-star
Cannot touch the cool shade thou affordest

In the oxen weary with ploughing
And herds that are quietly grazing.

And famed shalt thou be among fountains,
When I sing of the oak that is planted

Mid the hollow rocks whence thy waters
Flow forth with continuous babbling.





ANONYMOUS, 1900

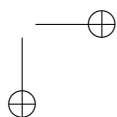
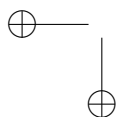
(The Grotonian)

O fount Bandusia, more than crystal clear,
 Worthy of sweetest wine; with flowers strown,
Tomorrow shall a kid be given thee,
 True marks of conflict are his horns new-grown.

Yet vainly shall these signs his forehead bear,
 This wanton off-spring of a wanton race,
For doomed is he with blood of crimson hue,
 Thy frozen streams to stain before thy face.

The dog-star's season with its raging heat
 Has not the power to give thy charms a blight,
To oxen worn and wearied with the plough,
 And wandering sheep, thou givs't a cool delight.

I need but tell of over-hanging oaks,
 By which thy caverned rocks are shaded still,
And picture where thy babbling streams leap forth,
 Then famed as storied founts shall be thy rill.

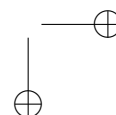
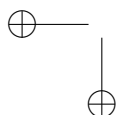




BENJAMIN F. MEYERS, 1901

(1833–1918; American Politician)

Fount of Bandusia, clearer than glass,
 Worthy of sweet wine, nor yet without flowers,
I will give thee a kid, ere to-morrow shall pass,
 With a front on which horns are just hinting their powers,
Venus and battles foretelling; in vain;
 Redden'd thy cool stream to-morrow shall be,
With his life-blood out-pouring its crimsoning stain,
 The young shoot of the frolicsome herd on the lea.
Touches thee never Canicula's rage;
 Herds that around thee incessantly roam,
And the oxen plow-worn to the weariest stage,
 To thy coolness refreshing all eagerly come.
Famous 'mong fountains thou surely wilt be
 When of the oak overhanging thy source
In the cliff I shall sing, whence thy waters flow free,
 Leaping down to the pool in their soft prattling course.





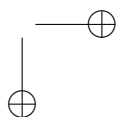
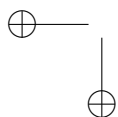
ANONYMOUS, 1901

(The Round Table)

Oh, fountain of Bandusia
 Than crystal far more clear,
To thee sweet wine and flowers I'll give
 The finest of the year;
A little kid to thee I'll give
 With budding horns, whose blood,
Though telling now of love and war,
 Shall dye thy babbling flood.

The baneful star Canicula
 No heat nor evil brings
Unto the laughing, dancing stream
 That from thy bosom springs;
The oxen, wearied by the plow,
 Find here a cool retreat:
The weary plowman plodding home
 Quaffs here thy waters sweet.

Oh, fountain of Bandusia
 Thy praises I will sing
And I will tell of joys that dwell
 Near thee, beloved spring.
Oh fountain of Bandusia
 Thou shalt ennoble be:
Of thy shady nooks and pleasant brooks
 I'll tell posterity.





W. C. GREEN, 1903

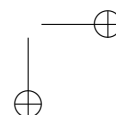
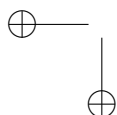
(“Rector of Hepworth and Formerly Fellow of King’s College, Cambridge”)

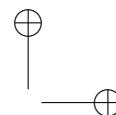
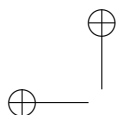
O fount Bandusian, crystal-clear,
Worthy of flowers and wine’s sweet cheer,
 To-morrow a kid is thine,
 Whose forehead shows design

With budding horns of love and war:
Design all vain, for with red gore
 He’ll stain thy stream ice-cold,
 That kidling blithe and bold.

Thee Sirius fierce in hour of heat
Knows not to touch. A coolness sweet
 Thou giv’st to labour’d ox
 And pasture-roaming flocks.

And thou shalt rank with noble wells,
Whenas my song thy holm-oak tells
 Rock-perch’d o’er grot, whence steep
 Thy babbling waters leap.



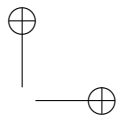


WILLIAM J. NUGENT, 1903

(Holy Cross Purple)

O Fountain of Bandusia,
 More splendid than the crystal bright,
Thou'rt worthy of the flowers of May.
 The wine that's pure and stowed away
Is not as sweet as is thy sight,
 O Fountain of Bandusia.
A ram we offer, young and gay,
 Whose budding horns portend much fight.
Thou'st worthy of the flowers of May,
 O Fountain of Bandusia.
We slay him, then, after a day,
 For he is thine by merit's right,
O Fountain of Bandusia.
 Thy murmuring waters bound away
From cave oak-shaded, and leap light;
 Thou'rt worthy of the flowers of May.
Thy coolness makes shepherds delay,
 And gives, in summer's heat, delight.
O Fountain of Bandusia,
 Thou'rt worthy of the flowers of May.

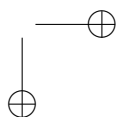
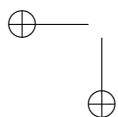




CLARENCE CARY, 1904

(1845–1911; American Lawyer)

O fount of Bandusia, more limpid than crystal,
Aye worthy of wine of the sweetest, and flowers,
 To-morrow shall give thee the kid with
 It's frontlet of horns which is sprouting
But newly, and eke for love's battles predestined
In vain too. For here must thine icy stream tinged be
 With roseate blood then, he being
 Of herds that are wanton an offspring.
Nor may the fierce hours of a Dog-Star, relentless,
Yet touch thee in season, since cooling refreshment,
 Aye freely, for plow-wearied oxen,
 And flocks that here wander thou yieldest.
Nay, also, of wells shalt thou always be famous –
I singing in praise of the oak that is planted
 Thy cavern'd rock over, whence babble
 The waters that flow with thy plashings.



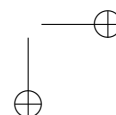
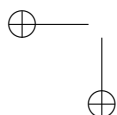


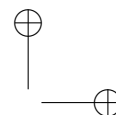
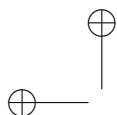
J. R. NEWELL, 1904

(Poems and Songs)

O Fount of Banducia, than crystal more clear,
Embellished with flowerets, and worthy of wine,
Tomorrow a kid thou'lt receive, which shall wear
Its fresh-sprouting horns, as it hastens to join
In love and in war, but in vain; for the blood
Of this offspring of wantons shall crimson thy flood.

The dogstar can pierce not thy shade when he burns;
Thou coolest the oxen fatigued at the plow
And thou cheerest the flock as it hither returns,
O Fount, that shalt yet be more famous than now;
For I'll sing of the oak, which throws shadows below
O'er the rock, whence thy streams prattle down in their flow.

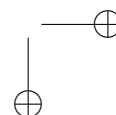
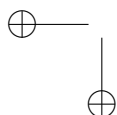




M. JOURDAIN, 1904

(Translations of the Odes of Horace)

O well, whose waters are as glass to shine,
 Bandusia, worthy vintage to be shed,
 And not without a flower visited,
A kid with swelling brow to-morrow is thine,
Whose horns to war and wantonness destine.
 In vain; in vain, for his dark blood shall spread
 Child of the frolic fold, in thy chill bed;
When the hot Dog-star's hours to rage incline,
They pierce thee not, that profferest pleasant cold
 To flocks that range, and labour-weary bulls;
Thou too from all time forward shalt be told
Great among wells of name, by me that sing
The ilex shadowing thy stone-bound spring
 Whence issues all the tumult of thy pools.





ECCLESTON DU FAUR, 1906

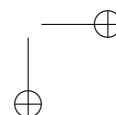
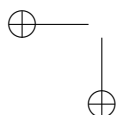
(1832–1915; Public Servant and Patron of Arts and Letters)

Bandusian fount, than glass more clear, –
 Worthy of wine, and flowers, – my best, –
A kid, to-morrow, shall be here;
 In vain its swelling crest,

With budding horns, foretells of love,
 And wars; on thy cool banks, thy fane,
The firstling of the wanton drove,
 With ruby blood shall stain.

Here, Dog-Star, with his flaming heat,
 Intrudeth not; Thou, plough-worn steer
Dost ease, with grateful draughts; and greet
 The flocks that wander near.

Thou'lt join of noted founts the group,
 When my song tells how, chattering,
From rocky grot, where willows droop,
 Thy limpid waters spring.

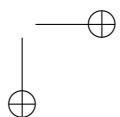
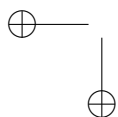




EDWARD R. GARNSEY, 1907

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

O fount of Bandusia, more bright than glass,
Worthy of mellow wine, not lacking flowers,
 To-morrow thou shalt be presented with a kid
 Whose poll, swelling with its first horns,
Marks him for battles and for Love in vain:
For the child of the gambolling flock
 Shall in thine honour tinge
 Thy runnels cool with ruby blood.
Flaming Canicula's fierce hour cannot
Touch thee, a pleasing chill thou offerest
 To oxen weary with the share,
 And to the roving herd:
And thou also shalt be of the famous founts,
With me to sing the holm oak poised above
 The hollow rocks from which
 Thy babbling rills, leap down.





WILLIAM GREENWOOD, 1907

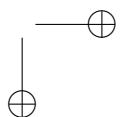
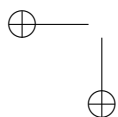
(1845–1931; “Formerly Professor of Languages, Highland Park College”)

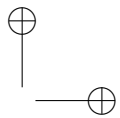
O fountain of Bandusia’s dell,
 Than crystal clearer, that of wine
Art worthy, and of flowers as well,
 Tomorrow shall be thine

A kid, whose horns just budding, dream
 Of love and battles both. In vain.
For the young rake thy gelid stream
 With ruddy gore shall stain.

’Gainst flaming Sirius’ fury thou
 Art proof, and grateful cool dost yield
To oxen wearied with the plough,
 And flocks that range afield.

Thou, too, shalt rank with springs renowned,
 I singing, how from umbrage deep
Of caverned rocks, with ilex crowned
 Thy babbling waters leap.





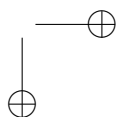
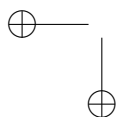
H. C. SHELLEY, 1908

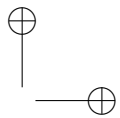
(Untrodden English Ways)

“O babbling Spring, than glass more clear,
Worthy of wreath and cup sincere,
 To-morrow shall a kid be thine
 With swelled and sprouting brows for sign, –
Sure sign! – of loves and battles near.

“Child of the race that butt and rear!
Not less, alas! his life blood dear
 Must tinge thy cold wave crystalline,
 O babbling Spring!

“Thee Sirius knows not. Thou dost cheer
With pleasant cool the plough-worn steer, –
 The wandering flock. This verse of mine
 Will rank thee one with founts divine;
Men shall thy rock and tree revere,
 O babbling Spring!”





FRANCIS LAW LATHAM, 1910

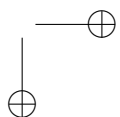
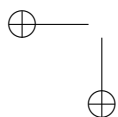
(“Brasenose College, Oxford”)

O worthy flowers and luscious wine,
 Bandusia’s fount than glass more clear,
To-morrow shall a kid be thine,
 Whose budding horns that just appear

And swell his brow bode, all in vain,
 Battles and love: with crimson blood
The wanton flock’s young hope shall stain
 The icy current of thy flood.

The Dogstar’s cruel hour of glare
 Leaves thee untouched; thy waters hold
For cattle weary from the share
 And stragglng sheep delicious cold.

Thou shalt be ranked with streams renowned,
 While I rehearse thy ilex tree
Rooted on hollow rocks, whence spring
 Thy streams to light with prattling glee.





HAROLD BAILY DIXON, 1910

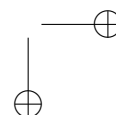
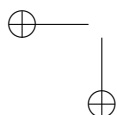
(1852–1930; Chemist, Sometime Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford)

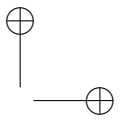
O crystal spring,
Bandusia, than glass more clear!
To thee we bring
A kid whose budding horns appear –
Sure sign of loves and battles near!

But all in vain
The wanton herd bequeathed that sign:
His blood shall stain
With richer red than rose or wine
And thy cold wave incarnadine!

The Dog-star's rage
Can find no path to thy cool rocks,
Whose streams assuage
With freshest draught the laboured ox
And thirsty wanderer of the flocks.

'Mid founts divine
Thou too shalt take thy rank withal,
While voice of mine
Shall sing thy ilex-guarded wall –
The music of thy waterfall.

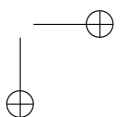
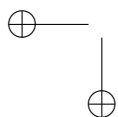


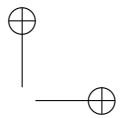
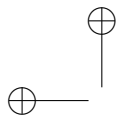


KATHRINA BANKS, 1910

(Westwind)

Of thee I sing
Bandusian spring
Oh fountain, crystal clear,
Thy mead, sweet wine
And flowers to twine
Thy banks and ripples dear.
Tomorrow's sun
Shall see upon
Thy waters clear and cold
The blood run warm
Of sportive lamb,
A youngling from the fold.
The summer sere
May not come near
Thy cool refreshing brim,
Where wandering flocks
And wearied ox
Relax the lagging limb.
I sing the fame
Thy noble name
Shall hold in years to come;
Though time may still
Thy prattling rill,
That leaves its rocky home.

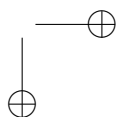
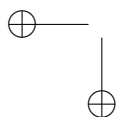


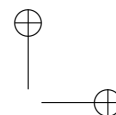
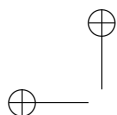


GEORGE M. WHICHER AND GEORGE F. WHICHER, 1911

(GMW 1860–1937, GFW 1889–1954)

Bandusian fountain! worthy of sweet wine
Nor lacking garlands strewn, thy glassy stream;
To-morrow from the frolic herd I deem
The tenderest kid of any shall be thine.
His pulsing blood shall tinge thy crystalline
Cold water, though by budding front he seem
Destined to wax in love and war supreme:
But vain his destiny. To weary kine
And wandering flocks thy runnel, icy cool,
Gives grateful rest when flaming Sirius reigns.
Among the founts in noble numbers known
Thou too shalt be exalted, while my strains
Extol the rills, from ledges ilex-grown,
That murmuring fill thy pure pellucid pool.





SIR WILLIAM S. MARRIS, 1912

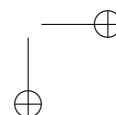
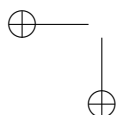
(1873–1945; Civil Servant and Classical Scholar)

Bandusia, crystal fountain! meet
For thee are wine and garlands sweet,
Lo, in thine honour dies at morn
A tender kid, whose budding horn

Marks him for love and wars – in vain:
His ruby blood shall surely stain,
Though youngest wanton of the fold,
Thy limpid runnels, clear and cold.

The Dog-star with his fiercest beam
Can never touch thy shaded stream,
Cool refuge for the weary ox
With ploughing spent, and roaming flocks.

'Mid founts of fame thou too shalt be,
What time I sing the ilex tree
That overhangs the grotto deep
From which thy babbling waters leap.





GEORGE MURRAY, 1912

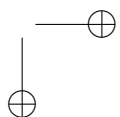
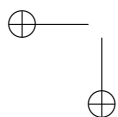
(1830–1910; Canadian Educator and Journalist)

Bandusian Spring, as crystal clear,
With flowers, thy due, and pleasant wine,
A kid to-morrow shall be thine,
Whose horns just budding forth appear,

Portending love and war. In vain!
Child of the wanton flock, his blood
The ice-cold current of thy flood
Ere long with crimson hue shall stain.

The blazing Dog-star's scorching heat
Doth touch thee not. Oh! grateful thou
To oxen wearied of the plough,
And the faint herd with wandering feet.

Thou, too, ennobled, shalt be found
Among Earth's fountains, while I sing
Thy bubbling rills, that downward spring
From hollow crags with ilex crown'd.



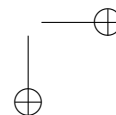
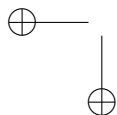


GEORGE FORESTER, 1912

(Poems)

Brighter than crystal, clear Bandusia's spring,
Worthy sweet wine, worthy the flowers I vow,
For thee to-morrow shall thy votary bring
A kid, whose horns just sprouting on his brow
Predestine love and war. Ah, forecast vain!
For he, poor scion of a wanton brood,
Shall dye thy cold streams red with blood.
Thee, though the baleful dog-star blaze amain,
No heat can touch. A cool delight hast thou
For the poor oxen wearied with the plough,
And the wild flock that wanders o'er the plain.

Thou too upon the list shalt be
Of springs renowned. For I will sing the tree,
The ilex, of those hollow rocks the crown,
Whence leap thy waters garrulously down.





A. L. TAYLOR, 1914

(The Odes of Horace)

Fount of Bandusia, crystal-clear,
If to thy waters wine be dear,
Or dear be golden flowers,
Receive those radiant dowers.

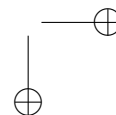
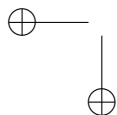
At noon a fair unblemished kid
With swelling horns that soon shall bid
In love and strife contend
Our hands shall meetly send.

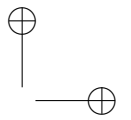
How vain his hope: that scion fierce
Of wanton flocks, whose throat we pierce
Shall stain thy cool, clear flood
With warm and scarlet blood.

Not thine to feel the Dog-star's heat:
The oxen trail their weary feet
To drink thy cooling spring,
And flocks meandering.

Lo, in the days to come thy name
Shall rank with fountains known to fame,
With that Castalia e'en
Dice and Hippocrene,

As thus I sing thine ilex boughs
And waters that in sweet carouse
Out of thy shadowy caves
Leap in melodious waves.

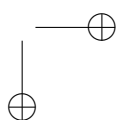
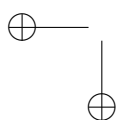


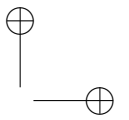


WARREN H. CUDWORTH, 1917

(1877–1927)

Bandusia's fountain, more than crystal bright,
Worthy of mellow wine and wreaths of flowers,
For thee to-morrow I shall smite
A kid whose swelling forehead lowers
With budding horns, portending, tho' in vain,
Sweet love and battles; he thy runnels cold
With crimson blood shall deeply stain,
The offspring of the wanton fold.
Thee the hot season of the Sirian star
Can never touch; thou to the plow-worn steer,
And to the cattle ranging far,
Dost proffer cool, refreshing cheer.
Thou shalt be reckoned mid the storied wells
When I have sung the ilex tree that grows
Beside the hollow, rocky cells
Whence swift thy babbling water flows.





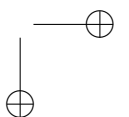
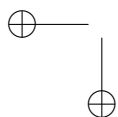
CHARLES E. BENNETT, 1917

(1858–1921; American Classical Scholar)

Bandusia's fountain, crystal clear,
Sweet flowers, and wine of yester-year
 Shall be thy worthy meed;
And with tomorrow's rising morn
A firstling kid, whose budding horn
Of love and wanton strife doth warn,
 Shall for thee bleed.

In vain his lusty pomp and pride,
For with his life-blood's crimson tide
 Thy waters he shall stain,
That still the Dog-Star's withering heat
May enter not thy cool retreat,
Where cattle quaff thy waters sweet
 In thirsty train.

Thy name shall live, O beauteous spring;
All men shall listen while I sing
 My love and reverence deep.
Thy dusky cave, with oaks o'erhung,
Thy mossy rocks shall e'er be sung,
Whence loud with many a babbling tongue
 Thy waters leap.





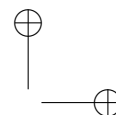
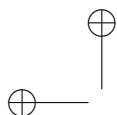
LOUIS UNTERMAYER, 1919 (IMITATED)

(1885–1977; American Editor and Poet)

Bandusian Spring, I've known thee long (*in various translations*)
And now at last I sing of thee; (*with anything but patience*)
Worthy of wine and flowers, (*like a hackneyed "Hymn to Victory"*)
Brilliant as glass. (*A metaphor both trite and contradictory.*)
To-morrow shall a kid be thine, (*a spring with butchered goats on it!*)
His blood shall dye thy crystal stream; (*and Horace simply gloats on it.*)
On thee the dog-star's hour of rage (*that part was never clear to me*)
Shall lay no hand. (*In fact this ode, though famed, is far from dear to me.*)

Thou givest freely of thy wealth (*a feeling I don't share at all*)
To all who seek thy cooling side; (*yet, somehow, I don't care at all*)
The bull that's wearied of the plow, (*"and I, for one, don't blame him";*)
The sheep that's strayed. (*And, entre nous, the fox that's sure to claim him.*)

Thou too shalt rank with famous founts, (*you note how Horace hates himself*)
For I shall be thy laureate; (*thus modestly he rates himself;*)
I will immortalize thy rocks, (*and now the light that glowed is dun*)
Thy babbling streams. (*And, thank the Lord, the babbling with this Ode is done!*)



FRANKLIN P. ADAMS, 1920 (IMITATED)

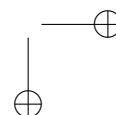
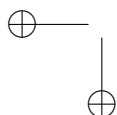
(1881–1960; American Newspaper Columnist)

Worthy of fowers and syrups sweet,
O fountain of Bandusian onyx,
Tomorrow shall a goatling's bleat
Mix with the sizz of thy carbonics.

A kid whose budding horns portend
A life of love and war – but vainly!
For thee his sanguine life shall end –
He'll spill his blood, to put it plainly.

And never shalt thou feel the heat
That blazes in the days of Sirius,
But men shall quaff thy soda sweet,
And girls imbibe thy drinks delirious.

Fountain whose dulcet cool I sing,
Be thou immortal by this Ode (a
Not wholly meretricious thing),
Bandusian fount of ice-cream soda!





LIONEL LANCELOT SHADWELL, 1920

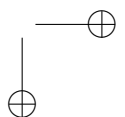
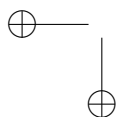
(1845–1925; Barrister)

O brighter than clear glass, Bandusian spring,
Well worthy of sweet wine, and flowers withal,
To-morrow for my offering
To thee a kid shall fall,

Whose budding horns prowess in love and war
Presage; vain hope, for he, of wanton strain
The progeny, with crimson gore
Shall thy cold current stain.

In his fierce hour ne'er reaches thy retreat
The flaming Dog-star. Thou for herds that stray,
And for yoke-weary bulls, the heat
Dost with cool draughts allay.

Thou too shalt rank with fountains of renown,
With me to sing the rocky cavern deep,
Whence 'neath the ilex gush, and down
Thy waters babbling leap.





WILLIAM STEBBING, 1920

(1831–1926; Journalist)

Fount of Bandusia! as, sparks of spray,
Crystals, you leap, with, in each, a sun's ray,
 The Nymph sometimes whose voice you are takes shape;
Will, when a Muse invites, step forth and play.

Be you to-morrow with us at my pray'r.
For yourself the feast is that I prepare.
 See with what pride the kid points budding horns;
Already views the troop with a lord's air.

The day's honours, although he knows it not,
Are his, as they are yours. A happy lot!
 In place of the brief lordship of a flock,
Never, while music lives, to be forgot.

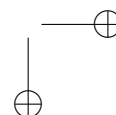
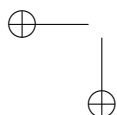
What rational kid with a soul, or half
Of one, would not sell life to hear your laugh,
 As guests for the feast halt upon their way,
Stoop theirs to your glad lips, and kiss and quaff!

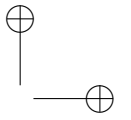
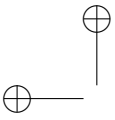
Ah! who could resist, many-dimpled Elf,
Your blandishments? Not the Dog Star himself.
 In his scorching fury he knows not how,
Has not heart, to vex your water-worn shelf.

Shepherds, counting their flocks at eve, tell where
They will find sheep that have escaped their care.
 Amiable drip – drop by drop – sun-proof veil –
Dream of tired cattle as they drag the share!

And of Me too! Sip of the ruddy wine
I offer; and be near me while I twine
 For you flow'rs you wash with unfailing show'rs,
My Naiad, as sweet as you are Divine!

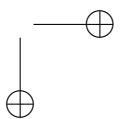
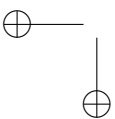
The ilex shadows, as I sing, the rocks
O'er your pool; and though Echo's chatter mocks
 My wooing, you beckon, not sore displeased,
From forth the coy screen of your golden locks.





Strange that among the springs which bards acclaim,
None sang you, Bandusia, till I came,
 And for Hippocrene or Castaly,
Took pen and wrote as inspiring a name.

Pilgrims from far will hear, if faint, a call
From our hills, doubled, voice and waterfall.
 Neither shall, while the Muses breathe, be mute;
Your fount will laugh, I sing my madrigal!





WILLIAM FREDERICK LLOYD, 1920

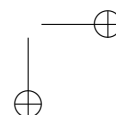
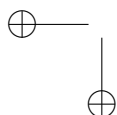
(Versions and Perversions)

Noble fountain, clear and fair,
 For as crystal bright you shine,
Water worthy to compare
 With the best Falernian wine.
So you ought to be renowned
And your cup with flowers crowned.

I to-morrow shall devote
 To your honour and your fame.
For I'll sacrifice a goat
 Just to celebrate your name.
Till thy water as it flows,
With a blood red colour glows.

When the Summer's parching heat
 Scorches up a lesser pool,
Roving flocks then turn their feet
 To thy waters clear and cool.
And the oxen from the team
Hasten to thy limpid stream.

I for thee, the Muse invoke,
 And thy fame it will prolong,
When the glories of thy oak
 Are the subject of my song.
Ceaseless as thy waters pour,
Thou shalt live for evermore.



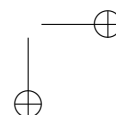
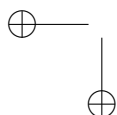


FRANCIS COUTTS, LORD LATYMER, 1920

(1852–1923)

With flowers and sweet wine,
Worthy to deck thy shrine,
Fount of Bandusia, more than crystal clear,
To-morrow shall a firstling of the year
Be given to thee; his brow, with horns in bud,
Betokens love and battles; but in vain;
The offspring of the frolic flock shall stain
Thine icy outpour with his warm red blood.

Not thee the seasons fierce
Of blazing Sirius pierce,
But on plough-wearry oxen, coming home,
And flocks as tired with the long day's roam,
Thy grateful coolness thou dost oft bestow:
Numbered with far-famed founts shall be thy spring,
Since the ilex planted o'er thy grot I sing,
Whence leap thy waters, babbling as they flow.





HUBERT DYNES ELLIS, 1920

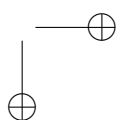
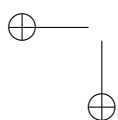
(Selections from the Odes)

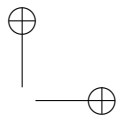
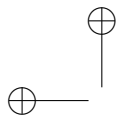
Oh, crystal-clear Bandusian spring,
A tribute of the sweetest wine
In goblets wreathed with flowers were thine!
At morrow's dawn a votive kid I'll bring

Whose front that swells with sprouting tine
In love and war shall play no part;
The life-blood of that wanton heart
Shall thy pellucid rill incarnadine.

The burning Dogstar's torrid noon
Leaves thee untouched; the lowing ox
Loosed from the weary plough, and flocks
Wide scattered, know thy cool refreshing boon.

And while, sweet fountain, I acclaim
Thine oak that crowns the rocky cell
Whereout thy babbling waters well,
Thou hast 'mong famous springs thy meed of fame.

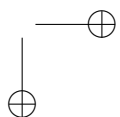
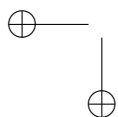


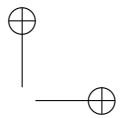
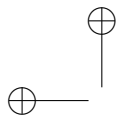


JOHN FINLAYSON, 1921

(The Odes of Horace)

Bandusia's Fount, so crystal-clear,
 O meet are flowers and wine for thee!
I'll bring at morn my offering here,
 A kid, whose sprouting horn, now see,
For love and war in vain prepared,
 This scion of the wanton fold
Whose crimson tide shall not be spared,
 But dye thy streamlet pure and cold.
No dog-star fierce on thee doth glow,
 Sweet cooling shade thy banks afford
To wearied ox released from plough,
 And flocks that wander oer thy sward.
A famous fount shalt thou become
 When I the ilex-tree shall sing,
That bends above the shaded home
 From whence thy lispings waters spring.

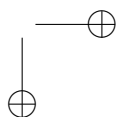
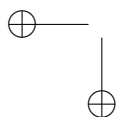


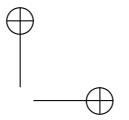


WILLIAM HATHORN MILLS, 1921

(1848–1930; Writer)

Fount of Bandusia, crystal-clear
 Aye, clearer – worthy flowers and wine,
 Tomorrow shall a kid be thine
Upon whose front young horns appear,
That threat love-battles presently.
 In vain they threat, for with red blood
 This scion of a lustful brood
Shall stain thy stream's fresh purity.
The flaming Dog-Star's spell of heat
 Touches thee not; to weary ox,
 Tired of the plough, and wandering flocks,
Thou art refreshment cool and sweet.
Thou shalt be of the founts men call
 Famous, when of the oak I tell
 That crowns the hollow rocks, whence well
Thy babbling waters to their fall.





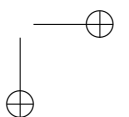
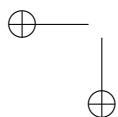
A. GORDON MITCHELL, 1921

(The Odes of Horace, Book III)

Fount Bandusian, that glass
In thy clearness dost surpass,
Meet to mingle in the tasse
Flower-enwreathed of nectared wine,
On the morrow shall be thine
Kid whose horns in vain presage
War and love's approaching age.
Offspring of a wanton brood,
He shall dye thy wave with blood.

Burning heat of Summer ray
Cannot touch thee; herds that stray,
Oxen weary of the share
To thy cooling rill repair.

Doubt not an enduring name
Mid the founts of noblest fame,
Since my song, inspired by thee,
Celebrates the oaken tree
Spreading o'er the hollow steep
Whence thy babbling waters leap.





GEOFFREY ROBLEY SAYER, 1922

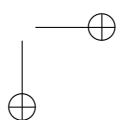
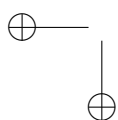
(1887–1962; Civil Servant and Historian)

O crystal rill, tomorrow brings
 A kid upon whose forehead swell
 The tender horns that do foretell
The day of loves and buffetings.

In vain, O fit for flowers and wine,
 The stripling of the sportive flock
 Will but thy cooling waters mock
And with his blood incarnadine.

Untouched by Dog-star's hot embrace
 To wandering sheep thou giv'st thy brow.
 And oxen weary of the plough
May kiss thy cool and lovely face.

So thou, while I the oak-tree sing
 Upon thy hollow cavern grown
 Whence leap the chattering waters down,
Wilt famous be, Bandusian spring.





EDWARD DOUGLAS ARMOUR, 1922

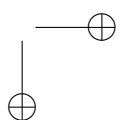
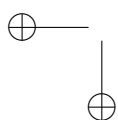
(1851–1922; Lawyer, Educator, and Poet)

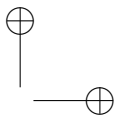
Oh, crystal spring in shady bowers,
 Libations of the purest wine,
From goblets wreathed with dewy flowers,
 Tomorrow shall be thine.

A tender kid, new-horned for strife
 Or amorous battle all in vain,
Shall render unto thee his life,
 His blood thy waters stain.

Secluded from the dog-star's ray,
 Thy cooling streams refresh the ox,
Work-weary, and at close of day
 Revive the wandering flocks.

Oh, never shall thy glory fade,
 Or fame depart, while I can sing
Thy sounding rocks, thy oaken shade,
 Bandusia, beauteous spring.





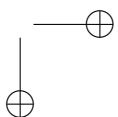
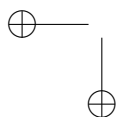
EDWARD DOUGLAS ARMOUR, 1922 (IMITATED)

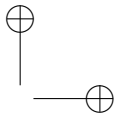
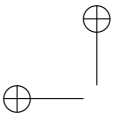
(1851–1922; Lawyer, Educator, and Poet)

Oh, Spring of Bandusia, crystal spring!
It was all very well for Horace to sing
Of your beauty; but what an extravagant thing
 To empty good wine in the stream!
How ruthless to rifle the beds and the bowers
In order to give you a handful of flowers,
So much better left to the dews and the showers!
 At any rate so it would seem.

And then just imagine how Horace would gloat
When he captured a poor little kid of a goat,
And sat on the bank with a knife at his throat!
 It really makes a man shiver.
And I think you'll agree that it's perfectly clear
That the wandering flock and the weary old steer,
When they came for a drink, would consider it queer
 To find all the blood in the river.

Though the poet might sing of your beauty divine,
I know that he always preferred to take wine
As he sat in the shade of his olive or vine,
 Or, mayhap, *sub tegmine fagi*.
And it makes our hearts heavy and ready to sink,
When we sit with our Horace and moodily think
That we, in Ontario, have nothing to drink,
 But two per cent. Radnor and Magi.





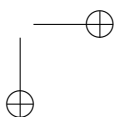
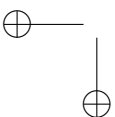
FRANKLIN P. ADAMS, 1925

(1881–1960; American Newspaper Columnist)

O shining crystal fountain deserving flowers and wine,
Tomorrow shall a sacrifice – a tender kid – be thine:
A firstling kid whose horns, that start to sprout his brow above,
Are frankly symbolistic of the arts of war and love.

Alas! what futile emblems! for the goatling's vivid blood
Shall make thy fair limpidity a darkly crimson flood.
Thee blazing Sirius cannot touch in summer's fervid heat:
To cattle weary of the plough, and wandering flocks thou'rt sweet.

Yes, thou among the fountains shalt go flowing down to fame:
The song I sing shall glorify Bandusia's liquid name.
The oak that spreads its welcome shadows where thy waters spring
Shall bear thy glory's burden through the simple song I sing.





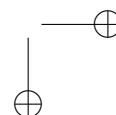
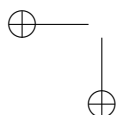
LEONARD CHALMERS-HUNT, 1925

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

O fountain of Bandusia,
More lucent e'en than glass.
Deserving of the choicest wine,
Of flowers thou dost surpass.
The morrow's gift shall be a kid,
For mating battles born,
Whose hardy forehead's rising stumps,
Show each incipient horn!

In vain, nor call of love nor war,
From destined fate can save.
This offspring of the nimble flock,
Shall crimson thy cold wave.
Thee, nor Canicula can touch,
With torrid heat of noon,
Who giv'st cool flow to plough-worn ox,
To wand'ring kine a boon.

And thou shalt be my honoured fount,
By me extolled thine oaks,
Whence the full-voiced torrents fall,
From far sonorous rocks.





HUGH MACNAGHTEN, 1926

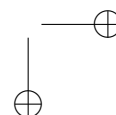
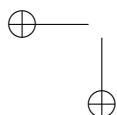
(1862–1929; Vice Provost of Eton College)

Bandusia, fountain crystalline,
Worthy of sweetest flowers and wine,
 To-morrow you shall have
 A kid, whose forehead brave

And little budding horns foreshow
Much love and many fights: but no!
 That pretty playful thing
 Shall warm and dye your spring.

The dog-star cannot touch you. Still
Your waters keep the pleasant chill
 For th' ox who toils all day,
 For sheep that idly stray.

Yours too a fountain famed shall be
With that rock-cave, 'neath th' ilex tree,
 My theme, and breaking through,
 Babbling and bubbling you.





ROSELLE MERCIER MONTGOMERY, 1929

(1874–1933; American Poet)

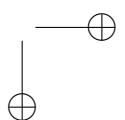
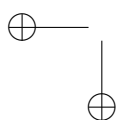
O fountain of Bandusia,
 Than crystal's self more crystalline,
Well worthy, thou, of proffered wreaths
 And votive wine.

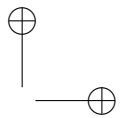
A tender kid whose budding horns
 Love and love's wars prognosticate
I'll fetch for thee tomorrow morn
 And dedicate.

Gay youngling of a wanton herd,
 For him they prophesy in vain,
Those hopeful horns! Thy cold, clear deeps
 His blood shall stain.

The dog-star's heat can never touch
 Thy leaf-protected, shadowed pool,
Where plow-freed ox and straying flocks
 Seek refuge cool.

Far-flung thy name and fame shall be
 Because I sing thy rocky caves
And leaning oaks that bend above
 Thy leaping waves.





ALEXANDER FALCONER MURISON, 1931

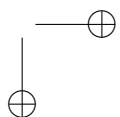
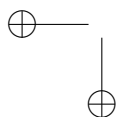
(1847–1934; Professor of Roman Law, University College, London)

Fount of Bandusia, more than crystal clear,
Worthy the meed of mellow wine
With wreaths of flowers, to-morrow thine
Shall be a kid whose bulging brows now bear

The sprouting horns presaging love and war.
In vain: this youngling of the herd
Shall dye thy gelid streamlets blurred
With intermixture of his scarlet gore.

The flaming Dog-star's shafts reach not to thee;
Delightful coolness yieldest thou
To oxen wearied with the plough
And to the herds that range the meadows free.

Thee too shall men 'mong famous fountains tell,
When I the noble ilex sing
That crowns the hollow rocks whence spring
Thy limpid waters babbling down the dell.

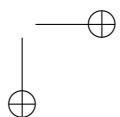
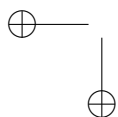




H. B. MAYOR, 1934

(“Late Scholar of King’s College, Cambridge”)

Bandusian spring, than glass more clear,
 Sweet wine and garlands are your due;
To-morrow shall be offered here
 A kid, whose horns, just pushing through
Upon its forehead, seem to bode
 Battle and love; but all in vain
The playful victim’s ruby blood
 Will soon your ice-cold waters stain.
The fiery Dog-star’s scorching heat
 Touches you not; your pools allow
To wandering flocks a cool retreat
 And oxen wearied with the plough.
You too with fountains far renowned
 Shall be remembered, when I sing
Those arching rocks with ilex crowned,
 From which your babbling waters spring.

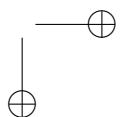
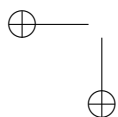


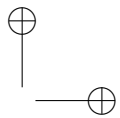


MAJOR ALFRED MAITLAND ADDISON, 1935

(1862–1949)

O fountain of Bandusia! than glass more crystal-clear,
Thou worthy art of flowerets, and of the wine's clad cheer.
To-morrow shall present thee with a sacrificial kid,
Whose budding horns are still beneath the swelling tissues hid;
Which, offspring of a lustful herd, of love and war may dream –
In vain – or soon its crimson blood shall fleck thy icy stream.
On thee the blazing dog-star's rays their heat can never shed;
To oxen, weary from the yoke, thy grateful sips are fed.
The herds that wander o'er the plain, on thy cool shade partake.
I will of thee, in tuneful verse, a fount ennobled make.
I'll sing, too, of the ilex-trees amid the hollow crags
Whence babbling waters tumble down, as fast thy sweet tongue wags.





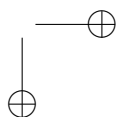
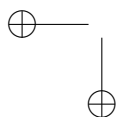
MAURICE BARING, 1936

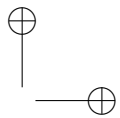
(1874–1945; Poet, Novelist, and Man of Letters)

Spring of Bandusia,
Red wine and festal garlands are thy need.
To-morrow I shall offer thee a kid
For whom his waxing brow and budding horns
Foretell both love and war.
But all in vain; the blood of this wild offspring
Thine icy waters must incarnadine.

The dogstar, and the incandescent days
Can parch thee not; and weary of the plough,
The oxen and the silly sheep astray
Shall find in thee delicious cool retreat.

Thou shalt be numbered amongst famous springs:
The rocks, the ilex, whence thy ripples fall
Tinkling, shall live forever in my verse.





JOHN B. QUINN, 1936

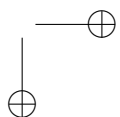
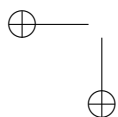
(Educator and Translator)

Bandusian Spring that art clearer than glass,
So worthy of wine and the fragrance of flowers,
Thou wilt be bestowed ere the morrow shall pass
A kid on whose frontlet incipient powers,

For love and for war, are beginning to show
In horns that will burgeon in vain; he will stain
With innocent blood thy cool streams as they flow
A crimson, – this child of the wanton herd's train!

The period of the Dog-Star's blazing heat
Produces no change on thy coldness; the stock
When wearied from plowing with coolness you greet,
Refreshing, and eke to the wandering flock.

Thou wilt be most noted of all of Earth's springs,
Whilst tower the oaks over cavernous ground
In rocks, near thy basin, where Horace now sings,
And murmuring waters in ripples rebound.





SIR EDWARD MARSH, 1941

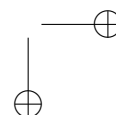
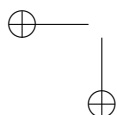
(1872–1953; Scholar, Civil Servant, and Patron of Arts and Letters)

Fair spring Bandusia, more than crystal bright,
None worthier to be sued with flowers and wine,
 This day I pledge to thee
 A kid whose budding horns

Presage him prowess both for love and war,
In vain! for to bereave his lusty tribe
 My knife with his red blood
 Shall tinge thy cold clear stream.

Thee the swart season of the Dogstar's glare
Can touch not; thou delicious cool dost bring
 To the plough-wearied ox
 And wayward-nibbling herd.

Thus on the roll of memorable springs
I write thee, telling how the ilex crowns
 The hollow rock from whence
 Thy babbling waters leap.





SIR JOHN SEYMOUR BLAKE-REED, 1942

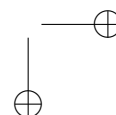
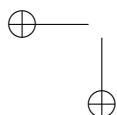
(1882–1966; Sometime Judge of the Egyptian Mixed Courts)

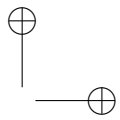
Clear, crystal spring, this bowl of wine
To pledge thy fame with flowers I'll twine:
The morn a frolic goat shall see
His young life render, Nymph, to thee.

In vain his sprouting horns foreshow
The loves, the strife he ne'er shall know;
With purple of his warm life's tide
Thy cooling waters shall be dyed.

The fiery Dog-star's angry heat
Can ne'er invade thy cool retreat;
To oxen wearied of the plough
Or browsing herd how dear art thou.

Bandusia's fount, 'mid classic springs
Thy name shall sound while Horace sings
The oak that shades thy grottoed source,
The murmurous music of thy course.





G. S. FRASER, 1944

(1915–80; Scottish Poet and Literary Critic)

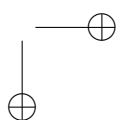
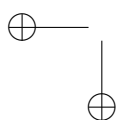
To thee I gave a limpid glass, most limpid,
Worthy of ambrosial vintage and of flowery
 Garlands, and will to-morrow give,
 O fountain of Bandusia,

A youngling kid, one from whose swelling
Forehead the tenuous horns sprout already
 Almost ripe for amorous
 And for rougher battles,

Who with his vermeil blood will tinge,
Fountains, thy fresh and freezing streams;
 To-morrow, this firstling fruit
 Of the lascivious herd.

You give to the ox weary from the ploughshare
And to the flocks delightful freshness freely:
 O may the hateful burning
 Of the sun not consume thee,

Thee noble among fountains, if I praise
In song the erect ilex and the concave
 Pebbles where on their voluble way
 Your pure waters are flowing.





FREDERICK CHARLES WILLIAM HILEY, 1944

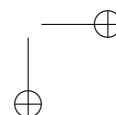
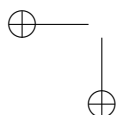
(The Odes of Horace)

Bandusia's fount, than glass more crystalline,
Worthy a sweet wine-cup, not unadorned
With flowers, to-morrow shall a kid be thine,
 With forehead newly horned,

For lust and battle with his peers marked out,
Hope of the wanton herd – but all in vain;
Soon shall the torrent of his red blood spout
 And thy chill waters stain.

Thee shall the scorching Dogstar's noonday fire
Leave all unscathed; thou givest welcome shade
To toil-worn bullocks and to flocks that tire
 Down from the meadow strayed.

Thou too with famous fountains shalt have place,
When I have sung the holm-oak that doth crown
Thy hollow rocky lair, whence lightly race
 Thy babbling waters down.





EDITH M. A. KOVACH, 1945

(Classical Outlook)

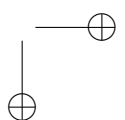
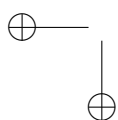
O fountain of Bandusia,
More bright than crystal's gleam,
Today shall wine and flowers gay
Enrich thy pleasing stream.

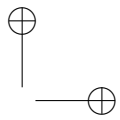
Today shalt thou be honored
With kid of youthful vigor
Whose tender horns betoken
Love and harsh war's rigor.

Alas, the sportive kid doth grow.
His twin horns sprout in vain,
For soon thy limpid, crystal pools
His crimson blood shall stain.

The Dog Star shuns thy pleasing chill
That beckons wandering flocks
And has an urgent, clarion call
For parched and wearied ox.

Soon thou shalt bubble 'midst applause,
Once I have praised thy wave,
And the holm-oaks placed on the hollow rocks
Which thy gurgling streamlets lave.

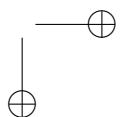
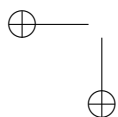


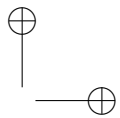


LORD DUNSANY, 1947

(1878–1957; Writer and Dramatist)

O fountain of Bandusia, more clear
 Than glass, well worthy of sweet wine and flowers,
A kid tomorrow will I offer here
 Whose forehead is now budding with the powers
Of love and battles, but they bud in vain,
 For this young offspring of the lustful flocks
With its red blood thy cooling stream will stain,
 A sacrifice to thee. Upon thy rocks
The flaming Dog-star knows not how to beat
 In its worst hour: weary with the plough
Thou shelterest the oxen from the heat
 And all the wandering herds. Thou, even thou,
Shalt be among the fountains known to fame,
 When I have told of how, the ilex grow
Upon thy hollow rocks, and when I name
 The babbling rivulets that from thee flow.

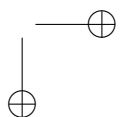
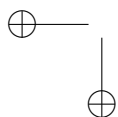


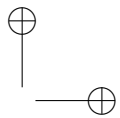


HERBERT EDWARD MIEROW, 1947

(Classical Outlook)

Bandusian fountain, clearer than crystal far,
Of wine deserving, crowned with a floral wreath,
 Tomorrow shall a kid be offered,
 Destined for love and the battle royal.
By horns yet hidden, swelling his glossy head,
In vain. His life-blood, flowing for your delight,
 Shall dye with red the icy waters,
 Red like the blood of his wanton sires.
The dreadful season, parched with the dog-star's heat,
Can never touch you, you who afford cool shade
 For oxen weary of the plough's yoke,
 Shade for the wandering herd or cattle
With famous fountains named thou shalt be in song
When I, in singing, tell of the ilex green
 That shades the caverns, whence thy waters
 Downward are leaping with babbling laughter.

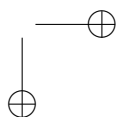
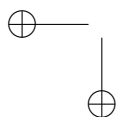


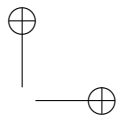


SKULI JOHNSON, 1952

(1888–1955; Classical Scholar)

Bandusia's spring, so sparkling, crystalline,
Worthy of fresh wine and the flowers we vow,
Tomorrow shall be thine
A kid, whose swelling brow
With young horns heralds love and victory;
In vain: the herd's son wantoning will shed
In thy cool stream for thee
His life's blood, warm and red.
Thee the fierce heat of Dog-days knows not how
To touch; by thee is coolness sweet conferred
On oxen, tired of plough,
And on the wandering herd.
Thou too shalt be among the rills renowned,
When I in honour of the ilex sing
Wherewith the cave is crowned,
Whence leaps thy laughing spring.





FRED BATES LUND, 1953

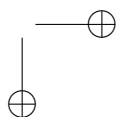
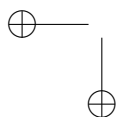
(1865–1950; A Boston Physician)

Bandusia's fountain, gleaming fair
And crystal clear beneath the skies,
Sweet wine and flowers I'll prepare
Tomorrow, and for sacrifice,

A kid whose destiny, foretold
By sprouting horns upon his head,
Is love and strife, but No! thy cold
Clear stream his blood shall tinge with red.

The raging Dog Star's baleful glare
Can touch thee not. The wandering sheep
And oxen, weary of the share,
Of thy cool, grateful stream drink deep.

Noblest of fountains, 'tis of thee
I sing and of the ilex tree
That shades the towering rocky steps
Down which thy prattling streamlet leaps.





ROBERT MONTRAVILLE GREEN, 1953

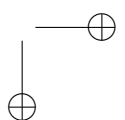
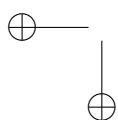
(1880–1955; Anatomist, Teacher, Classicist, and Poet)

O fountain of Bandusia,
 Whose sparkling waters shine
Brighter than clearest crystal,
 Sweeter than purest wine,
Tomorrow in thine honor
 Fain would I sacrifice
A firstling of the sheepfold
 With tender pleading eyes.

Nay, for such immolation
 Thy cool green marge would stain
With crimson-flowing lifeblood
 Cruelly shed in vain.
Rather I'll crown with garlands
 This grassy bank of thine,
And quaff thy rarest vintage
 Unmixed with baser wine.

The Dog Star cannot touch thee
 With his fierce-blazing heat;
To weary sheep and cattle
 Thou givest comfort meet.
And because I am singing
 The beauty that is thine,
Henceforth shalt thou be numbered
 Among the springs divine.

Sweeter than Arethusa,
 Purer than Hippocrene,
More noble than Castalia,
 The haunt of heaven's queen,
And dearer than Pieria
 Where dwell the Muses high,
Thou too shalt be immortal,
 Bandusia, thou and I.





G. S. FRASER, 1955

(1915–80; Scottish Poet and Literary Critic)

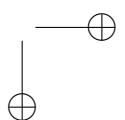
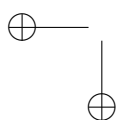
To thee, than glittering crystal more translucent,
Worthy of ambrosial vintage and of flowery
Garlands, I shall tomorrow give,
O fountain of Bandusia,

A youngling kid, one from whose swelling
Forehead the tenuous horns sprout already
Almost ripe for amorous
And for rougher battles,

And all in vain. Bright blood shall tinge,
Fountain, thy fresh and freezing streams,
Tomorrow, this firstling fruit
Of the lascivious herd.

Thou giv'st to the ox weary from the ploughshare
And to the flocks delightful freshness freely;
And so fierce dogday burnings
Of the sun cannot touch thee.

Have fame, too, among fountains: I shall praise
In song the tall oaks sheltering the hollowed
Rock where on their voluble way
Thy pure waters are flowing.





JAMES BLAIR LEISHMAN, 1956

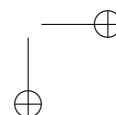
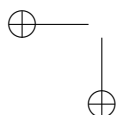
(1902–63; Scholar and Translator)

Hail, Bandusia, hail, more than crystalline spring,
well-deserving of sweet wine and of flowers strown,
 you to-morrow a firstling
 kid shall honour, with budding horns

deemed foretellers of one famous in love and war –
ah, but vainly, for your coolly-pellucid waves
 soon this child of the wanton
 flock shall stain with a darker hue.

You, when blazing in fierce splendour the Dog-star reigns,
flow intangibly on, proffer unfailingly
 oxen weary with ploughing,
 roaming flocks, a delicious chill.

You too men shall account one of the nobler springs,
while these verses of mine tell of the ilex-tree
 overhanging the grotto
 whence your chattering waters leap.





GILBERT HIGHET, 1957

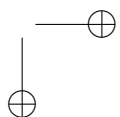
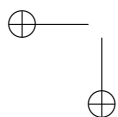
(1906–78; Professor of Latin Language and Literature, Columbia University)

Hail, Bandusian spring, clearer than crystal pure,
fountain worthy of sweet wine and of wreaths of flowers.

 Take my gift of a young kid
 whose head, swelling with early horns,
even now promises love, promises battles too –
vain forecasts: for he shall, after tomorrow's dawn,
 dye your coolness with red blood,
 he, once gayest of all the herd.

Untouched, even in the fierce hour of the blazing Dog,
unwarmed, you with your streams offer delightful cold
 to bulls tired with the heavy plough
 and to wandering herds of kine.

You too shall be among fountains of high renown,
when my song celebrates this overarching oak,
 this dark hollow of rocks whence
 leaps your chattering waterfall.





HELEN ROWE HENZE, 1961

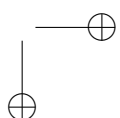
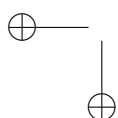
(1899–1973; Poet and Translator)

Fount of Bandusia, shining more bright than glass,
Worth the sweetest of wine not without garlands crowned,
 On the morrow a young kid
 Will be given you, one whose brow

Swollen with his first horns marks him for love and fight;
In vain: for with his blood, crimson blood shall he dye
 All your icy cold streams; the
 Offspring, he, of a wanton flock.

You the blazing Dog Star's season of savage heat
Is unable to touch; and to the straying sheep,
 Oxen tired from the plowshare,
 You give welcome and cooling rest.

You shall also become one of our honored streams
When I tell of the oak anchored upon the rocks,
 Ilex crowning the cavern
 Whence your talkative waters leap.



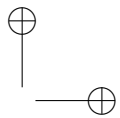


FREDERICK WILLIAM WALLACE, 1964

(Senior Scholar of Emmanuel College, Cambridge)

Bandusia Fountain, more than crystal clear,
Sweet wine thou meritest and many a flower,
A kid I'll give thee in the morning hour
Whose swelling brow with horns that first appear
Predestines him for lists of love and war.
Tomorrow's dawn will prove that promise vain.
That nursling of the wanton flock will stain
Thine ice-cold waters with his crimson gore.
The Dogstar season of relentless fire
Knows not to touch thee, and to give is thine
To wandering herd and ploughshare-weary kine
The boon of icy coolth which they desire.
Thou too with noble springs shalt bear renown,
When my verse sings thy holm oak's leafy shade
Crowning thy hollowed rocks, and thy cascade
Of waters leaping thence and babbling down.





BURTON RAFFEL, 1970

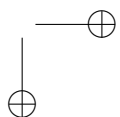
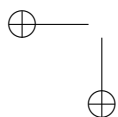
(1928–2015; Poet and Translator)

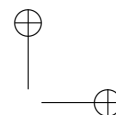
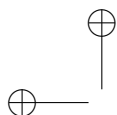
Bandusia, Fountain, clearer
Than glass, worthy
Of wine spilled in Your honor, of flowers
Poured in Your name, tomorrow
I will bring you a kid, horns
Sprouting on his forehead, swelling

With life: In vain.
He came from an amorous flock,
But tomorrow Your cool water
Will be red with his blood.

You, Fountain, untouched
By the dog-star's heat,
Cool to straggling cattle,
Cool to weary oxen
Free from the plow:

Fountain, You too are famous,
Now, as I sing the oak-tree
Jutting above You,
Rooted in the hollow rocks
You leap from, noisy,
Bright.





ALAN MCNICOLL, 1979

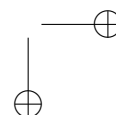
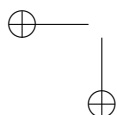
(1908–87; Rear Admiral, Royal Australian Navy)

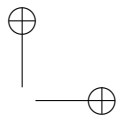
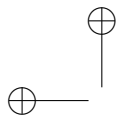
Bandusian spring, more clear than glass,
With wine extolled, with flowers adorned.
Tomorrow at thy side shall pass
A kid with brows new-horned.

Designed alike for love or strife.
The offspring of the playful herd
Shall do thee honour, and his life
Will dye thy stream with blood.

The Dog-star's brightness knows not how
To find thy source, and shine on thee;
While oxen wearied from the plough
In thy sweet coolness lie.

First among fountains shalt thou be.
My song shall clothe with fair renown
The crags, crowned with the ilex tree,
From whence thy brooks dance down.





CEDRIC WHITMAN, 1980

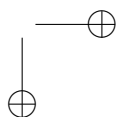
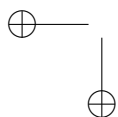
(1916–79; American Poet and Academic)

Fountain of Bandusia, glassy waters gleaming,
You call to us for gifts, sweet wine and flowers today,
 Tomorrow a spruce goat,
 Pride of the lusty herd,

With young horns just swelling, ready for fight and rut.
But no, his destiny is here, to consecrate
 His blood, and tinge with winding
 Red your cooling brooks.

You stream untouched by summer and Dogstar fire, your gift
Of freshness long desired sets free the wearied oxen
 From under plough, and flocks
 From long days' wandering;

From this hour you are counted among the springs of fame,
And here am I, singing to the oak that overslants
 Your hollowed rocks, your leaping
 Waters, full of voices.





STUART LYONS, 2007

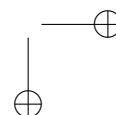
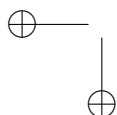
(Born 1943; Former Scholar of King's College, Cambridge)

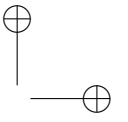
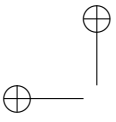
Spring of Bandusia more bright than glass,
Honoured with pure sweet wine and flowers afloat,
Tomorrow you'll be given a billy goat,
His forehead swollen with the earliest press

Of horns that forecast love and war, – in vain!
For this offspring of the lascivious herd
Is destined to spill out his crimson blood
And dye your ice cold currents with the stain.

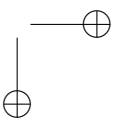
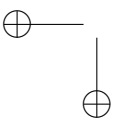
The blazing dog days at their fiercest hour
Can't touch you with their violence; you know how
To give warm cold to bulls tired from the plough
And cattle that come wandering from afar.

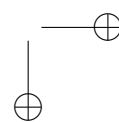
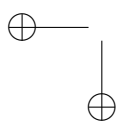
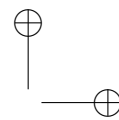
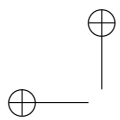
Of all the noble springs you'll win renown,
When I tell of the oak tree on your ridge
Of hollow rocks, and your clear waters which
Chatter away as they come tumbling down.

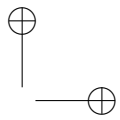




BACK MATTER



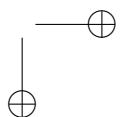
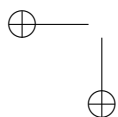




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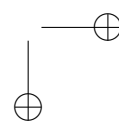
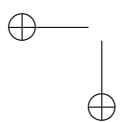
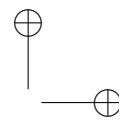
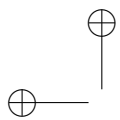


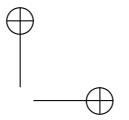
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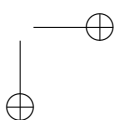
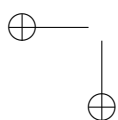
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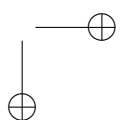
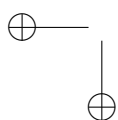




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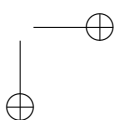
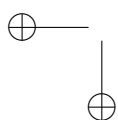
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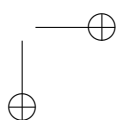
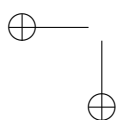


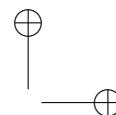
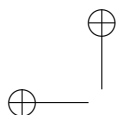


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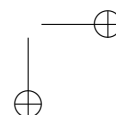
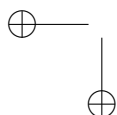


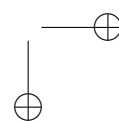
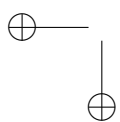
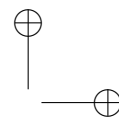
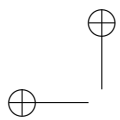
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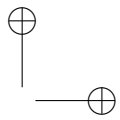
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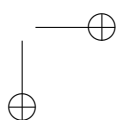
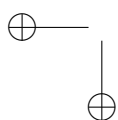


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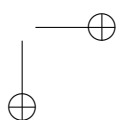
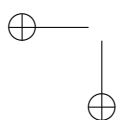


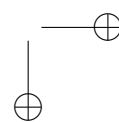
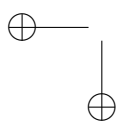
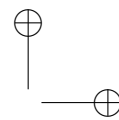
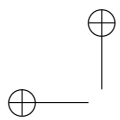
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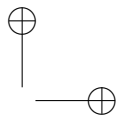




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