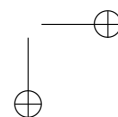
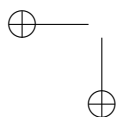
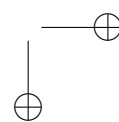
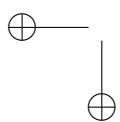
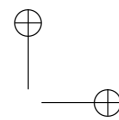
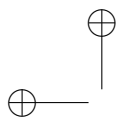
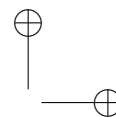
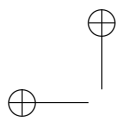


Horace's Carpe Diem
A Collection of Translations







Horace's Carpe Diem

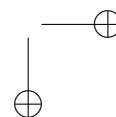
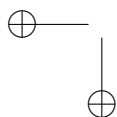
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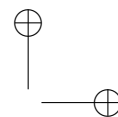
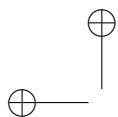
Isaac Waisberg

Lucy, do not look ahead:
We shall be a long time dead.
Take whatever you can see:
And, incidentally, take me.

RUDYARD KIPLING, *To Lucy*

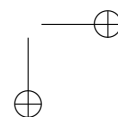
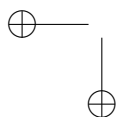
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2022

Selection and Design by Isaac Waisberg





IN LIEU OF A PREFACE

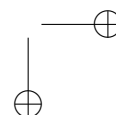
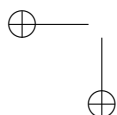
“Through a long period in the Middle Ages it was the cloister that saved Horace from oblivion, as it saved so much of the world’s literature. A monk of Fleury bequeathed a manuscript of Horace to the library of his order, and thus – it was rumoured – delivered his own soul from hell. Occasionally enthusiasts went too far. Miss Helen Waddell, in her enchanting book *The Wandering Scholars*, tells the story of Vilgardus of Ravenna, a poor little grammarian who, in the year 1028, ‘saw Virgil and Horace and Juvenal in a dream, like unto gods, and was thanked by them for his good offices to their memory and promised a share in their immortality. After that he taught openly that the words of the poets are in all things worthy of belief, even as Holy Writ, but he expiated that heresy in the fire.’” (Alfred Noyes, *Portrait of Horace*, 1947)

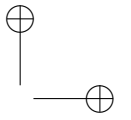
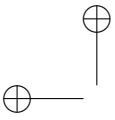


“I put to myself recently a question, with which most people have at some time played: If you were sent into exile and allowed to take with you only one book, what book would you choose? The answer came at once and spontaneously: ‘Horace.’ . . . There is an element in Horace that peculiarly charms, uplifts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



“It has become almost a truism that Horace is untranslatable, but it has never been the truth. Ask Vergil, and he will tell you of his oarsmen,





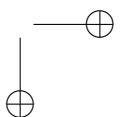
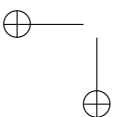
‘they can because they think they can,’ and those words have an universal application, and abide eternally true. Indeed even the many attempts that have been made to translate Horace are equivalent to so many proofs that at any rate all those who have made the venture believed success not to be impossible. Certainly I hold that view myself, and this fact convicts me not of conceit but of sanity, since only an insane man will attempt to achieve that which he believes to be incapable of achievement. Two qualifications are indispensable to success, the first an infinite capacity for taking pains, the second a little breath of inspiration. Horace, it will be remembered, had both these gifts: ‘a Matinee bee,’ he sings, ‘is type of me,’ adding, ‘I mould with pains my puny strains’: in the Epilogue to the first three books he bids Melpomene ‘put the glory on, won by desert.’ I know that I possess the first of the two qualifications: as to the second my readers must decide. But of this I am certain: it is only the acceptance of the view that Horace is untranslatable which can ultimately prevent him from being translated with complete success. His memorial may ‘outsoar the pyramids,’ it may even outsoar Mount Everest, but it is as certain that Horace will one day be translated as it is that Mount Everest will one day be climbed. It is no slight task, but then, as Vergil himself has told us, neither is the glory slight, if Apollo graciously consents to the prayer. No slight task and yet not impossible, provided that the translator remembers Ovid’s epithet and thinks of Horace as ‘numerous,’ i.e. in Mr A. B. Ramsay’s felicitous phrase ‘the poet of the tunes.’” (Hugh MacNaghten, *The Odes of Horace*, 1926)

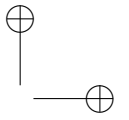
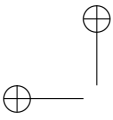


“Admiring at the fact that for two and a half centuries hardly a scholar or man of letters had lived in England who had not once or oftener in his life been moved to try his hand at a translation from Horace, I was long ago inspired, in the days of enthusiastic youth, to compile an anthology of these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



“Horace Walpole was entirely of the Horatian school of philosophy in such matters; as where he writes of his valued neighbour Mrs. Clive, then in ‘very declining’ health, ‘The conditions of mortality do not bear being

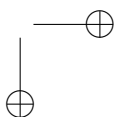
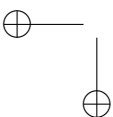


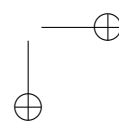
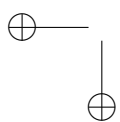
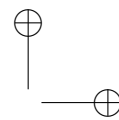
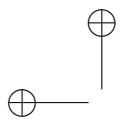


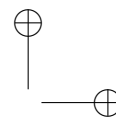
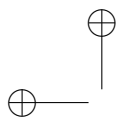
pryed into; nor am I an admirer of that philosopher that scrutinises into them: the philosophy of deceiving one's self is vastly preferable. What signifies anticipating what we cannot prevent?' *Tu ne quæsieris*, Horace (not of Strawberry-hill) bids Leuconoë, – for *scire nefas*, – *Quem mihi, quem tibi Finem Di dederint*. Far better lie down content in a quiet ignorance." (Francis Jacox, *Visions Ill Foreseen*, 1867)



“The desire of knowing future events, is one of the strongest inclinations in the mind of man. Indeed, an ability of foreseeing probable accidents is what, in the language of men, is called wisdom and prudence: but, not satisfied with the light that reason holds out, mankind hath endeavoured to penetrate more compendiously into futurity. Magic, oracles, omens, lucky hours, and the various arts of superstition, owe their rise to this powerful cause. As this principle is founded in self-love, every man is sure to be solicitous in the first place about his own fortune, the course of his life, and the time and manner of his death. If we consider that we are free agents, we shall discover the absurdity of such inquiries. One of our actions, which we might have performed or neglected, is the cause of another that succeeds it, and so the whole chain of life is linked together. Pain, poverty, or infamy, are the natural product of vicious and imprudent acts; as the contrary blessings are of good ones; so that we cannot suppose our lot to be determined without impiety. A great enhancement of pleasure arises from its being unexpected; and pain is doubled by being foreseen. Upon all these, and several other accounts, we ought to rest satisfied in this portion bestowed on us; to adore the hand that hath fitted every thing to our nature, and hath not more displayed his goodness in our knowledge than in our ignorance. It is not unworthy observation, that superstitious inquiries into future events prevail more or less, in proportion to the improvement of liberal arts and useful knowledge in the several parts of the world. Accordingly, we find that magical incantations remain in Lapland; in the more remote parts of Scotland they have their second sight; and several of our own countrymen have seen abundance of fairies. In Asia this credulity is strong; and the greatest part of refined learning there consists in the knowledge of amulets, talismans, occult numbers, and the like.” (Joseph Addison, *The Spectator*, Oct. 8, 1714)

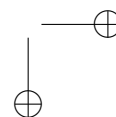
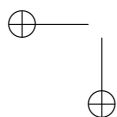


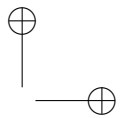
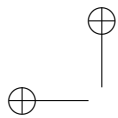




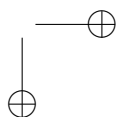
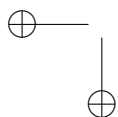
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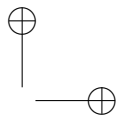
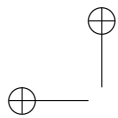
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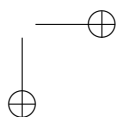
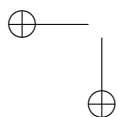


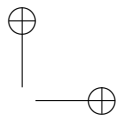
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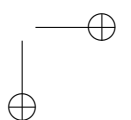
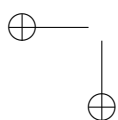


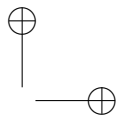
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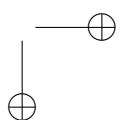
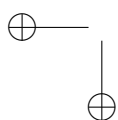


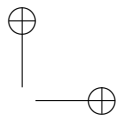
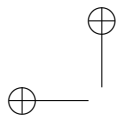
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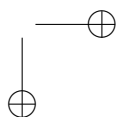
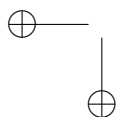


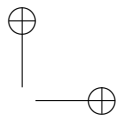
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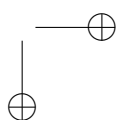
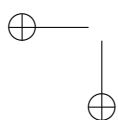


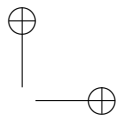
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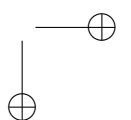
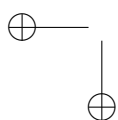


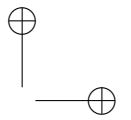
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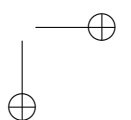
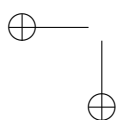


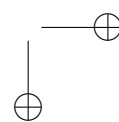
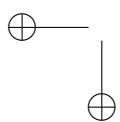
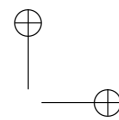
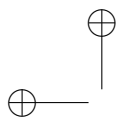
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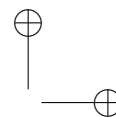
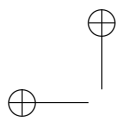




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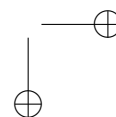
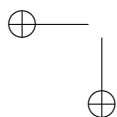


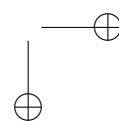
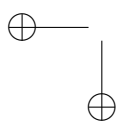
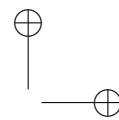
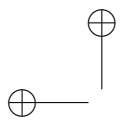


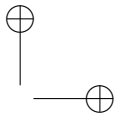
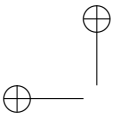


Go thy way, eat thy bread with joy, and drink thy wine with a merry heart; for God now accepteth thy works. Let thy garments be always white; and let thy head lack no ointment. Live joyfully with the wife whom thou lovest all the days of the life of thy vanity, which he hath given thee under the sun, all the days of thy vanity: for that is thy portion in this life, and in thy labour which thou takest under the sun. Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest.

ECCLESIASTES, 9.7-10

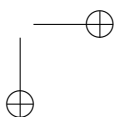
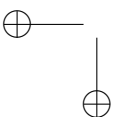


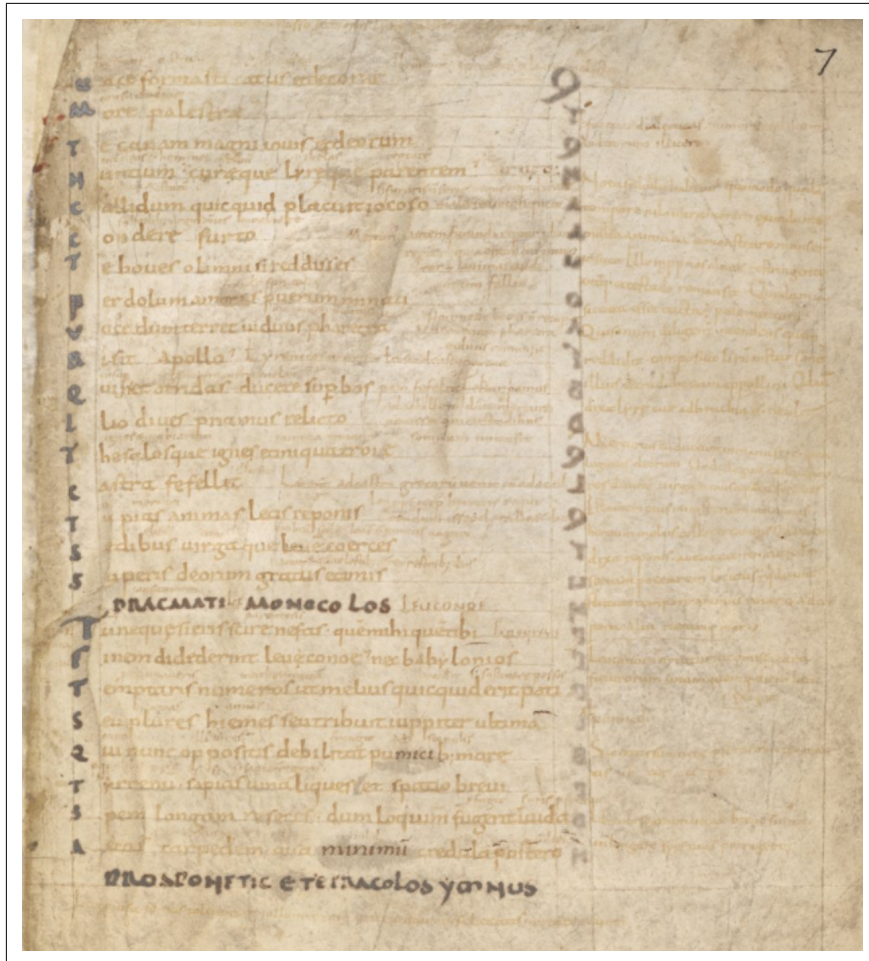




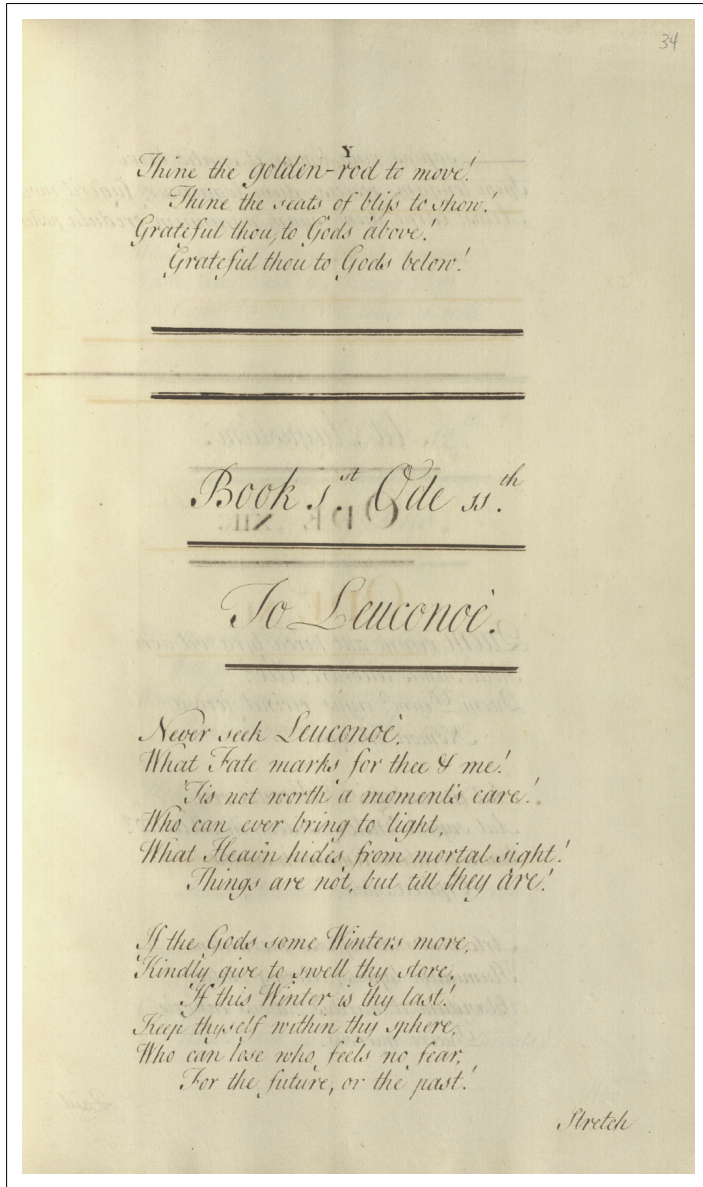
Q. HORATI FLACCI, CARPE DIEM, 23 B.C.

*Tu ne quaesieris, scire nefas, quem mihi, quem tibi
finem di dederint, Leuconoe, nec Babylonios
temptaris numeros. ut melius, quidquid erit pati,
seu pluris hiemes seu tribuit Iuppiter ultimam,
quae nunc oppositis debilitat pumicibus mare
Tyrrhenum: sapias, vina liques, et spatio brevi
spem longam reseces. dum loquimur, fugerit invida
aetas: carpe diem, quam minimum credula postero.*

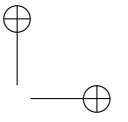
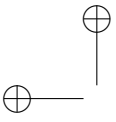




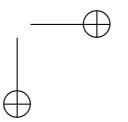
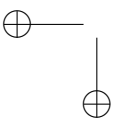
(Harley Manuscript 2725, 4th Quarter of the 9th Century, British Library)

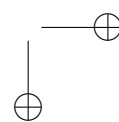
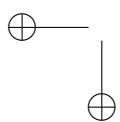
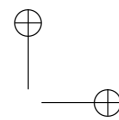
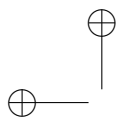


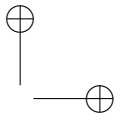
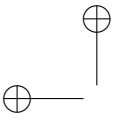
(William Popple, c. 1750; Osborn Collection, Beinecke Library, Yale University)



THE TRANSLATIONS



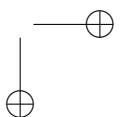
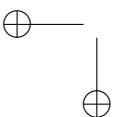


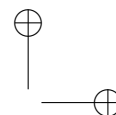
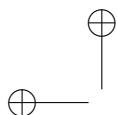


SIR THOMAS HAWKINS, 1631

(c. 1590–1640; Poet and Translator)

Strive not, Leuconoë, to know what end
The gods above to me or thee will send;
Nor with astrologers consult at all,
That thou mayst better know what can befall;
Whether thou liv'st more winters, or thy last
Be this, which Tyrrhen waves 'gainst rocks do cast.
Be wise! drink free, and in so short a space
Do not protracted hopes of life embrace,
Whilst we are talking, envious time doth slide:
This day's thine own; the next may be denied.

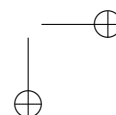
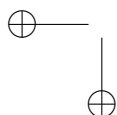


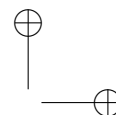
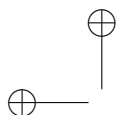


HENRY RIDER, 1638

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

(It is a sin) doe not thou seek to know
What fate the gods will on my selfe bestow,
What upon thee, *Leuconoe*, nor trie
The Babylonian Astrologie;
The better to endure what ere may bee,
Whether more Winters *Jove* will grant to thee,
Or this thy last, which with opposed rocks
In thunder breakes the Tyrrhene ocean shocks.
Be wise, and rack thy wines up, and quite breake
Thy long hope off in short space: while we speake,
Envious time flyes: lay hold upon this day,
Trusting the next as little as you may.

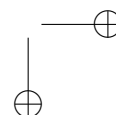
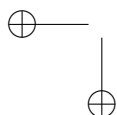


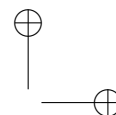
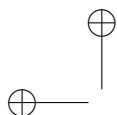


BARTEN HOLIDAY, 1653

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

Be not t' inquis'tive (O 'tis sin!) what end
(*Leuconoe*) Gods award us: nor attend
To Number's power. Better all Fates to bear,
(Though *Jove* deign more, or now the latest year,
Which with oppos'd Rocks breaks the *Tyrrhen* Main)
Broach Wines, and let *Short life Long hope* restrain.
Ev'n while we speak, the envious Hower runs:
Enjoy this Day, and trust no Future Sunns.

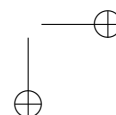
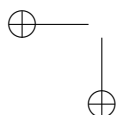




SAMUEL WOODFORD, 1666

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

Ne're strive *Leuconoe*, ne're strive to know
What *Fates* decreed for thee and me, nor go
To an *Astrologer*; 'tis half the Cure,
When ill, to think it will not long endure;
Whether *Jove* will another Winter give,
Or whether 'tis your last that now you live;
Be *wise*, and since you have not long to stay,
Fool not with tedious hopes your Life away,
Time, while we speak on't flies; now banish sorrow;
Live well to *day*, and never trust to *morrow*.





THOMAS CREECH, 1684

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

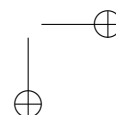
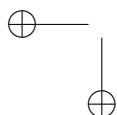
Ah do not strive too much to know,
My dear Leuconoë,
What the kind Gods design to do
With me and thee,

Ah do not You consult the Stars,
Contented bear thy Doom,
Rather then thus increase thy Fears
For what will come:

Whether they'll give one Winter more,
Or else make this thy last;
Which breaks the Waves on Tyrrhene Shore
With many a Blast,

Be Wise, and Drink; cut off long Cares
From thy contracted Span,
Nor stretch extensive hopes and fears
Beyond a Man.

E'en whilst we speak, the Envious Time
Doth make swift haste away;
Then seize the Present, use thy Prime,
Nor trust another Day.

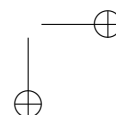
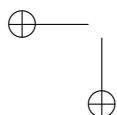


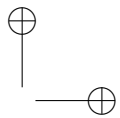
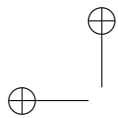


JOHN HARINGTON, 1684

(c. 1627–1700)

Search not, LEUCONOE, what *Destiny*
Gods have reserv'd ('twere ill) for thee and me,
Shun th' *Astrologick* art, to lessen care;
Whether more Winters JOVE ordain thy share,
Or this thy *Last*, which tired *Seas* doth awe
By *Rocks* oppos'd; drink wine, long *Hopes* withdraw
From *Lifes* short term; while speak'st th' *Hour's* gon with Sorrow:
Use th' instant *Day*, believing nought the *Morrow*.

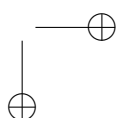
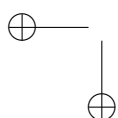




APHRA BEHN, 1684 (PARAPHRASED)

(1640–89; Playwright and Poet)

Dear *Silvia* let's no farther strive,
To know how long we have to Live;
Let Busy Gown-men search to know
 Their Fates above, while we
Contemplate Beauties greater Power below,
Whose only Smiles give Immortality;
 But who seeks Fortune in a Star,
 Aims at a Distance much too far,
 She's more inconstant than they are.
 What though this year must be our last,
 Faster than Time our Joys let's hast;
 Nor think of Ills to come, or past.
Give me but Love and Wine, I'll ne'er
Complain my Destiny's severe.
Since Life bears so uncertain Date,
With Pleasure we'll attend our Fate,
And Chearfully go meet it at the Gate.
The Brave and Witty know no Fear or Sorrow,
Let us enjoy to day, we'll dye to Morrow.





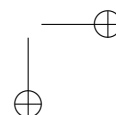
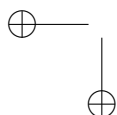
JOHN GLANVILL, 1685

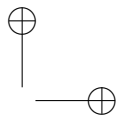
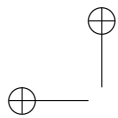
(c. 1664–1735; Barrister, Poet, and Translator)

Forbear, my Friend, forbear ('tis Sin) t'enquire
 What mine shall be, or what thy End;
Seek not the promising Astrologer,
 Nor on his Stars and Schemes depend.
Our Fate is fix'd; let it be private too,
What we can't change, why should we strive to know?

Whether the Gods shall think it fit or not
 More Years of Life than this t' allow,
Take you no Thought; you'll better bear the Lot;
 Which unexpected you receive.
Good Fortune by Surprise does greater show;
And ill none sure wou'd covet to foreknow.

Drink Man, nor let extended Hopes outrun
 Poor Human Life's contracted Space.
Lo, while we speak, malicious Time is gone;
 Catch, use the Minutes as they pass.
Futurity's a cheating Lottery.
Who'd on the false uncertain Chance rely?





FRANCIS MANNING, 1701

(c. 1674–1738; Poet and Diplomat)

Desist, fond Man, nor seek to know
 What end the Gods for Thee ordain,
Such vain enquiries do but shew
 The way to live in endless Pain.

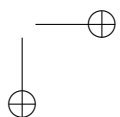
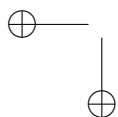
Since Human Life at best is short,
 And all that doth on That depend;
Since Friends must from their Friends depart,
 And all things seek their destin'd end.

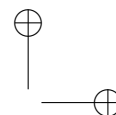
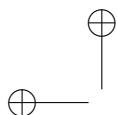
Why should we so disturb our Minds
 About the various Scenes of Death;
Or by what method Fate designs
 To make us render up our Breath?

How doth it serve the use of Life
 To know the limits of our State?
Less curious Minds are less at strife,
 Foreknowing not the time of Fate.

Live freely whilst thy Hours do last,
 'Tis Wisdom in so short a space:
Forget the Pleasures that are past,
 Nor hopes of longer life embrace.

Whilst we are talking, envious Time
 Is far advanc'd upon the Wing.
Enjoy to Day without a Crime,
 Nor think of what the next will bring.

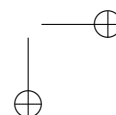
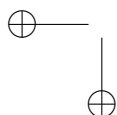


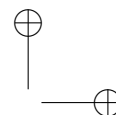
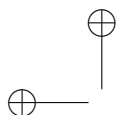


ANONYMOUS, C. 1715 (IMITATED)

(Newly Recovered English Classical Translations, 1600–1800, Stuart Gillespie)

I neer will search the fixt Decree,
What Fate the Gods design for me;
Nor listen to Magician's Art,
But against Fortune guard my Heart.
Gently along my Life shall glide;
Tho' cares surround, Time quick away shall slide.
 Tho' Winter now disturbs the Sea,
 Another Season I mayn't see:
Then I'll be gay, and cheerful dine,
From smiling Goblets pour brisk, gen'rous Wine:
The Moment present I'll with Care
Improve; the next, new Joys shall share.
Today Hope bids Despair be gone,
Tomorrow neer may be thy own.

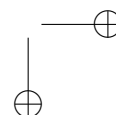
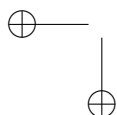


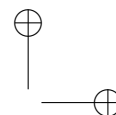
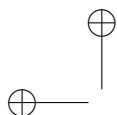


HENRY COXWELL, 1718

(The Odes of Horace)

'Tis wrong, my Friend, t' endeavour to foresee,
Or know the Secrets of the Gods Decree,
Or by forbidden Arts to calculate
Our Term of Life, that's measur'd out by Fate.
'Tis better far to let those Troubles go,
Whether we live another Year, or no:
Long Reckonings, and Hopes of Life ne'er come
To any Profit, when we cast the Sum;
Rejoyce to Day with comfortable Wine,
Thou art not sure to Morrow will be thine.

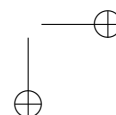
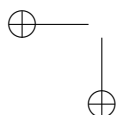




JOHN HANWAY, 1720

(*Translations of Several Odes of Horace*)

Seek not to know when you, or I,
Leuconoë, (vain search!) must die;
Nor Figures cast with *Magic Art*,
To calculate when we must part.
Is it not better to endure
That, when it comes, which comes so sure?
Whether more Years than what are past
Jove should allot, or this be last;
And Winters we should see no more,
When the Seas break against the Shore;
Drink, if you're Wise, your Wine; and Hope
Contract into a narrower Scope.
Time, while we're speaking, flies away:
Let not To-morrow bilk To-day.





SIR THOMAS BURNET, C. 1721

(1694–1753; Judge)

Forbear, Leuconoe, the search is vain,
How many number'd days the Fates ordain:
The stated hour's unknown; but one can kill,
While cruel foresight antedates the ill.
Whether 'tis doom'd that we shall hear no more,
On shelving rocks the *Tuscan* ocean roar
Or whether Jove reserve us store of years,
More painful far than death itself appears:
Be wise, and since the bowl is full, carouse,
Nor waste the moments niggard fate allows.
Since while we speak, time wings her eager flight;
Seize this, nor trust to-morrow's doubtful light.





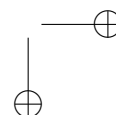
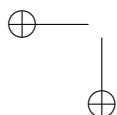
JOHN GLANVILL, 1722

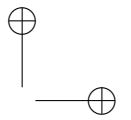
(c. 1664–1735; Barrister, Poet, and Translator)

Be not inquisitive, mistaken Friend,
Nor Astrologick Figures try,
To learn what End does thee or me attend,
Or when, or how we are to die.
'Tis past; the Thing is never to be known,
And, if it were, were better let alone.

Whether good Heav'n intends us further Years,
Or this is to conclude the Sum;
That you may wiser be; and, free from Fears;
May better bear the Lot to come,
Mind what we have, decant the joyful Wine,
And nothing out of your own Reach design.

Measure Things right, and from a scanty Space
Cut off long Hope as out of Size.
Consider Life as a soon finis'd Race;
See, while we peak, it envious flies.
Crop off each present Day the springing Flow'r,
Trusting the Future, no; not for an Hour.

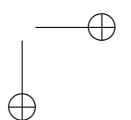
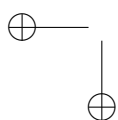


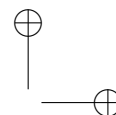
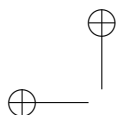


DAVID LEWIS, 1726

(1682–1760; Poet)

'Tis ill; attempt not to foresee
The Ends ordain'd for You and Me:
No; never to Magicians run,
To learn the Fate, You cannot shun:
Whether more Winters You may taste,
Or this Year's Snow descends Your last;
Ask not the Gods' Decrees to know,
But use the Blessings they bestow:
From lengthen'd Cares, from fruitless Strife,
O snatch this little Blaze of Life!
Our Age endures continual Death;
And wastes with every wasting Breath:
Arrest To-day, for Time's a Thief,
And lend the Morrow no Belief.

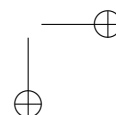
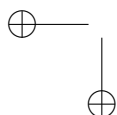


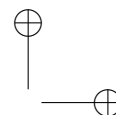
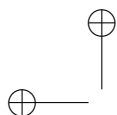


ANONYMOUS, 1732

(The Gentleman's Magazine)

Seek not to know Leuconoe,
What Heaven designs for Thee and Me,
Since 'tis Impiety to pry
Into the Rolls of Destiny.
Heed not the Secrets they impart,
Who study the divining Art;
Nor anxiously from them enquire,
If soon or late you shall expire.
Whether this Winter shall be past,
Or if its Colds Shall be thy last.
Fantastick Cares like these resign,
And cheer thy Heart with sparkling Wine.
Time, while it lasts, no more abuse,
Since Life is short, contract thy Views.
Think how the envious Moments fly,
Even while we speak our Fate draws nigh.
Live then to Day free from vain Sorrow,
Think it thy last, nor trust To morrow.

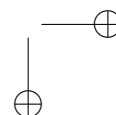
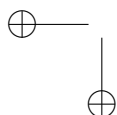




THOMAS HARE, 1737

(“Master of Blandford School”)

Search not with impious Care high Heav'n Decree,
What Time, *Leuconoe*, waits for you or me:
The vain Chaldæan ne'er consult to know,
How best to take whate'er the Gods bestow;
If *Jove* shall grant you Life for longer Space,
Or this rough Winter end your vital Race.
Be this your Maxim, chear your Soul with Wine,
Contract your Hopes, and ev'ry long Design:
Lo! while we talk, our Time flies swift away;
Trust not To-morrow, but enjoy To-day.





SAMUEL BOYSE, 1740

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

Forbear, my friend, with idle schemes
 To search into the maze of fate;
Your horoscopes are airy dreams,
 Your coffee-tossing all a cheat!

What adds it to our real peace
 To know life's accidents or date!
The knowledge would our pains increase,
 And make us more unfortunate.

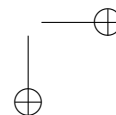
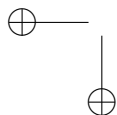
Wisely conceal'd in endless night
 Has Heaven wrapp'd up its dark decrees;
The view, too strong for human sight,
 Might else destroy our present ease.

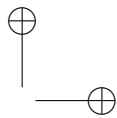
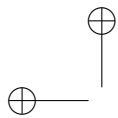
Then gladly use the courting hour;
 Enjoy and make it all our own!
And pull with haste the fairest flower,
 Ere time's quick hand hath cut it down.

Cheerful fill up the genial bowl,
 And crown it with some lovely toast!
Fill the rich cordial, warm your soul,
 And every thought in joy be lost.

The fleeting moments of delight
 Improve with an uncommon care;
For now they urge their destined flight,
 And now are mix'd with vulgar air!

Still let me taste my share of bliss,
 Pure and unmix'd with care and sorrow;
No more, my friend, in life I wish;
 'Tis all a jest to trust to-morrow.

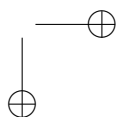
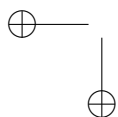




PHILIP FRANCIS, 1743

(1708–73; Clergyman and Writer)

Strive not, Leuconoë, to pry
 Into the secret will of fate,
Nor impious magic vainly try
 To know our lives' uncertain date;
Whether th' indulgent power divine
 Hath many seasons yet in store,
Or this the latest winter thine,
 Which breaks its waves against the shore.
Thy life with wiser arts be crown'd,
 Thy philter'd wines abundant pour;
The lengthen'd hope with prudence bound
 Proportion'd to the flying hour;
Even while we talk in careless ease,
 Our envious minutes wing their flight;
Then swift the fleeting pleasure seize,
 Nor trust to-morrow's doubtful light.





JOSIAH RELPH, 1747

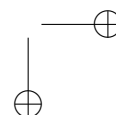
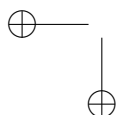
(1712–43; Poet)

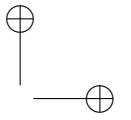
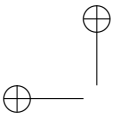
Prr'ythee, Damon, don't molest
With futurity thy breast;
Has not present life enough
Cares and toils to struggle through?

Fortune-tellers never mind,
Fortune-tellers all are blind;
Or, suppose they could foresee,
Pray what better would one be?

If great blessings must ensue,
Life is dull and tedious now:
And if troubles must befall,
Present joys are worthless all.

Lay those anxious thoughts aside,
Take now what the gods provide;
Now, for, trust me, though not dumb,
There's no trusting what's to come.

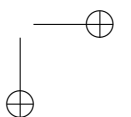
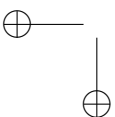


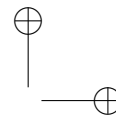
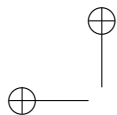


ANONYMOUS, 1748

(*A Choice Collection of Original Essays on Various and Entertaining Subjects*)

Strive not, *Leuconoe*, to know what end
The gods above to thee will send;
Nor with astrologers consult at all,
That thou mayst better know what can befall.
Whether thou liv'st more winters, or thy last
Be this, which *Tyrhenne* waves 'gainst rocks do cast.
Be wise, drink free, and, in so short a space,
Do not protracted hopes of life embrace.
While we are talking, envious time doth slide;
This day's thine own, the next may be deny'd.





ALLAN RAMSAY, 1750

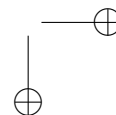
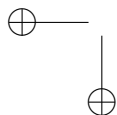
(1686–1758; Scottish Poet, Publisher, and Librarian)

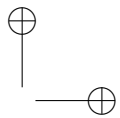
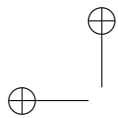
Willy ne'er enquire what end
The Gods for thee or me intend;
How vain the search, that but bestows
The knowledge of our future woes:
Happier the man that ne'er repines,
Whatever lot his fate assigns,
Than they that idly vex their lives
With wizards and enchanting wives.

Thy present years in mirth employ,
And consecrate thy youth to joy;
Whether the fates to thy old score
Shall bounteous add a winter more,
Or this shall lay thee cold in earth
That rages o'er the *Pentland* firth,
No more with *Home* the dance to lead;
Take my advice, ne'er vex thy head.

With blyth intent the goblet pour,
That's sacred to the genial hour,
In flowing wine still warm thy fowl,
And have no thoughts beyond the bowl.
Behold the flying hour is lost,
For time rides ever on the post,
Even while we speak, even while we think,
And waits not for the standing drink.

Collect thy joys each present day,
And live in youth, while best you may;
Have all your pleasures at command,
Nor trust one day in fortune's hand.
Then *Willy* be a wanton wag,
If ye wad please the lasses braw,
At bridals then ye'll bear the brag,
And carry ay the gree awa'.





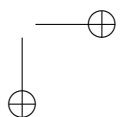
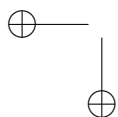
WILLIAM POPPLE, C. 1750

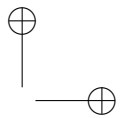
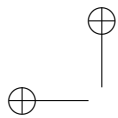
(1700–64; Poet and Playwright)

Never seek Leuconoe,
What Fate marks for thee and me!
 'Tis not worth a moment's care!
Who can ever bring to light,
What Heaven hides from mortal sight!
 Things are not, but till they are!

If the Gods some Winters more,
Kindly give to swell thy store,
 If this Winter is thy last!
Keep thyself within thy sphere,
Who can lose who feels no fear
 For the future, or the past!

Stretch not Hope beyond Life's span,
Wise, who keep whate'er they can;
 In the Goblet sorrow fill:
While we talk, Time steals away,
Haste, and catch the flying Day,
 Come to-morrow, when it will!

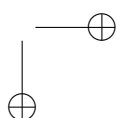
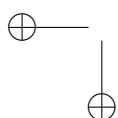


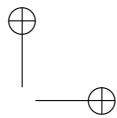
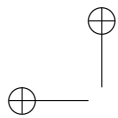


ELIZABETH TOLLET, 1756

(1694–1754; Poet and Translator)

No! no! *Leuconoe!* seek no more
What rests for thee or me in Store;
'Tis Guilt the future to explore:
The vain *Chaldæan's* Art to try;
For casting thy Nativity.
'Tis better learn the worst to bear:
Whether we gain another Year;
Or this the last which shall be given
At the determin'd Will of Heav'n.
Be wise; and pierce the gen'rous Wine:
And all thy distant Hopes resign;
When but a Moment can be thine.
And what can envious Time afford,
Which flies while we pronounce the Word?
Then seize the present while you may;
Nor trust To-morrow for a Day.

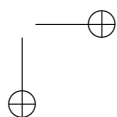
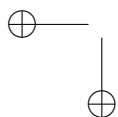


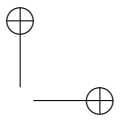


WILLIAM DUNCOMBE, 1757

(1690–1769; Writer, Clerk in Navy Office)

Inquire not thou ('twere all in vain)
 My dear *Leuconœ*,
What End the righteous Gods ordain,
 Or to thyself or me,
Seek not in Magic or the Stars
 To read Events to come;
Nor by imaginary Fears
 Anticipate thy Doom.
Whether *Jove* grant one Winter more,
 Or this should prove thy last,
Which whitens all the *Tyrrhene* Shore
 With many an angry Blast;
Be wisely gay; cut off long Cares
 From thy contracted Span,
Nor stretch thy busy Hopes and Fears
 Beyond the Life of Man.
Ev'n while we speak, the Stream of Time
 Rolls rapidly away;
Then seize the present, use the Prime,
 Nor trust another Day.





WILLIAM HAMILTON, 1758 (IMITATED)

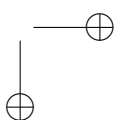
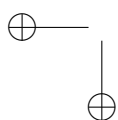
(1704–1754; Scots Poet)

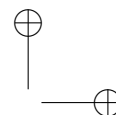
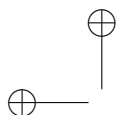
Ask not, my friend, what destin'e end
The gods for thee or me intend;
How vain the search, that but bestows
The knowledge of our future woes:
Far happier they, who ne'er repine
To draw the lots, their fates assign;
Then be advis'd, and try not thou
What spells and cunning men can do.

Thy present years in mirth employ,
And consecrate thy charms to joy;
Whether the fates to thy old score
Shall bounteous add a winter more,
Or this shall lay thee cold in earth,
That rages o'er Pentland firth.
Let youth, while yet it blooms, excite
To wit, and mirth and gay delight,
Nor then refuse the voice that calls
To visits and to sprightly balls.

With blyth intent the goblet pour,
That's sacred to the genial hour,
In flowing wine still warm thy soul,
And have no thoughts beyond the bowl.
Behold the flying hour is lost,
For time rides ever on the post,
Even while we speak, even while we think,
And waits not for the standing drink.

Collect thy joys each present day,
And live in youth, while best you may;
Have all your pleasures at command,
Nor trust one day in fortune's hand.

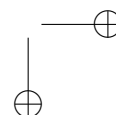
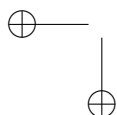


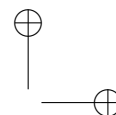
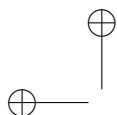


WILLIAM HAMILTON, 1760 (IMITATED)

(1704–1754; Scots Poet)

Inquire not, Erskine fair, what end
The gods for thee or me intend;
How vain the search, that but bestows
The knowledge of our future woes?
Far happier they, who ne'er repine
To draw the lots their fates assign;
Then be advis'd, and try not thou
What spells and cunning men can do.
In mirth thy present years employ,
And consecrate thy charms to joy;
Whether the fates to thy old score
Propitious add a winter more;
Or this shall lay thee cold in earth,
Now raging o'er Edina's firth.
Let youth, while yet it blooms, excite
To mirth and wit and gay delight.
Nor thou refuse the voice that calls
To visits and to sprightly balls.
For time rides ever on the post,
Ev'n while we speak the moment's lost.
Then call each joy in to this day,
And spend them now while now you may;
Have every pleasure at command,
Fools let them lie in fortune's hand.

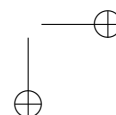
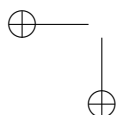




E. E., 1762

(New Hampshire Gazette)

O Leuconoe! cease from anxious Care:
To search our hidden Term of Life forbear,-
A Task unlawful for our curious Sight:
To view the past and present is our Right.
Better to suffer, what the Gods ordain,
Than to consult Astrologers. . . in vain;
Whether it be almighty Jove's Decree,
To grant one Winter more to you or me;
Or this the last, which mighty Oceans sways:
What Wonder therefore, should it end our Days?
Be wise; drink free; In Life's contracted Span,
Neglect fond Hopes and future Joys to plan.
E'en while we speak, the passing Minutes fly;
Seize Pleasures now, to morrow may deny.





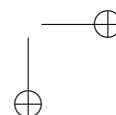
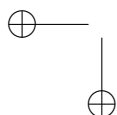
SAMUEL ROGERS, 1764

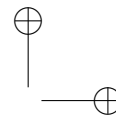
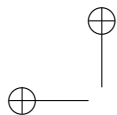
(“Rector of Chellington, Bedfordshire”)

Consult no astrologic quack
 To know the number of your years,
Nor your deluded fancy wrack
 With short-liv'd hopes and idle fears.

He's happier far, whose will agrees
 With fortune's, whatsoe'er it be;
Can die to-day, if fortune please,
 Or plod thro' dull mortality.

With eager haste then seize to day,
 Nor once reflect on future sorrow:
Ev'n while we talk time posts away,
 And warns us not to trust to-morrow.





LEMUEL ABBOTT, 1765 (IMITATED)

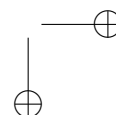
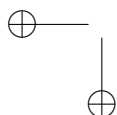
Search not, my dear Leuconoe,
Forbidden 'tis to know,
What Term of Life, on you, or me,
The Pow'rs above bestow.

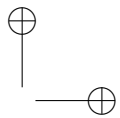
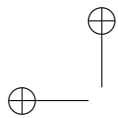
No more perplex yourself to find,
What Fates the Stars foretell;
Much better is a patient Mind,
That takes all Fortunes well.

What if you Winter out more Storms,
Or this shall be your last,
Which now the *Tuscan* Sea deforms
With its impetuous Blast?

Life is at most a narrow Space;
Let Wisdom rule thy Mind;
All anxious Hopes for lengthen'd Days
Deliver to the Wind.

See, while we talk, th' invidious Hour
Steals hastily away!
The *Present* seize, 'tis in your Pow'r,
Nor trust the *coming* Day.

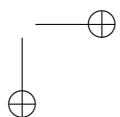
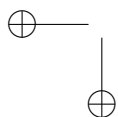




CHRISTOPHER SMART, 1767

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

Seek not, what we're forbid to know,
 The date the Gods decree
To you, my fair Leuconoe,
 Nor what they fix for me.
Nor your Chaldean books consult,
 But cheerfully submit,
(How much a better thought it is?)
 To what the Gods think fit.
Whether more winters on our head
 They shall command to low'r,
Or this the very last of all
 Shall bring our final hour.
Even this, whose rough tempestuous rage
 Makes yon Tyrrhenian roar,
And all his foamy breakers dash
 Upon the rocky shore.
Be wise and broach your mellow wine,
 Which carefully decant,
And your desires proportionate
 To life's compendious grant.
E'en while we speak the moments fly,
 Be greedy of to-day;
Nor trust another for those pranks
 Which we may never play.

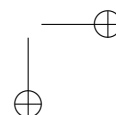
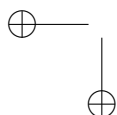


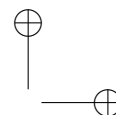
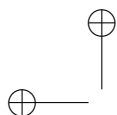


ANDREW HERVEY MILLS, 1767 (IMITATED)

(fl. 1755–67; Poet)

Seek not to find, presumptuous man!
That too nice *crisis* of your plan,
Which, once explain'd and made your own,
Again you'd wish to be unknown!
Kind Heav'n still setts above the reach
Of ev'ry pert, enquiring wretch,
Nor solves the riddle, till too late
To blab that secret of our fate;
Still, friendly, shews to ev'ry age
The volume, but conceals the page.
Leave stars and planets to themselves;
Let us, poor transitory elves,
Mind what's before us, and forbear
A thought of t'other hemisphere:
Matter of mighty small concern,
Whether we move exact in turn;
Or whether I, the younger, go
First, to prepare the way for you –
– Howe'er your lot is cast, or mine,
Nor envy, here – nor, there, repine.
Better, or worse, the same appear,
And sport the philosophic air –
That tipstaff Death will shew his face,
In spite of reason, or grimace,
While time, attendant on his pride,
Walks on, and gives him stride for stride.
Be wise! be happy! ev'ry hour
Enhances that which went before,
And gives, perhaps, a richer zest,
To what, but now, appear'd the best;
E'en while we speak, like Hamlet's ghost,
'Tis here – 'tis there again – 'tis lost!
– Then hang the fool, and say I said it,
Who gives this day to-morrow's credit.





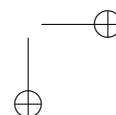
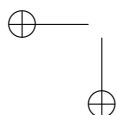
JOHN PARKE, 1771

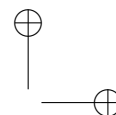
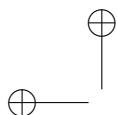
(1754–89, First American Translation, Dedicated to George Washington)

Seek not to know what fatal end,
My dear *Luconoe*,
The righteous Gods to you may send,
Or what will hap' to me!
Nor with deceiving soothsayers consult,
Or strive to fathom fate's mysterious result.

Whether more winters yet in store
Be thine, – or this thy last
Which breaks the billows on the shore,
And rends them with each blast.
Be wise, drink free, and give a loose to joy,
Nor let protracted hopes of life your thoughts employ.

E'en whilst we speak th' invidious moments fly,
This day the fates may grant, the next deny.



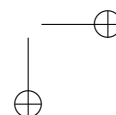
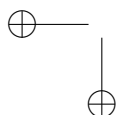


ROBERT FERGUSSON, 1773

(1750–74; Scots Poet)

Ne'er fash your thumb what gods decree
To be the weird o' you or me,
Nor deal in cantrup's kittle cunning
To speir how fast your days are running,
But patient lippen for the best,
Nor be in dowy thought opprest,
Whether we see mare winters come
Than this that spits wi' canker'd foam.

Now moisten weel your geyzen'd wa'as
Wi' couthy friends and hearty blaws;
Ne'er lat your hope o'ergang your days,
For eild and thraldom never stays;
The day looks gash, toot aff your horn,
Nor care yae strae about the morn.





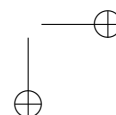
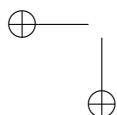
WILLIAM GREEN, 1777

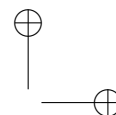
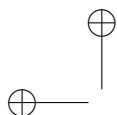
(A New Poetical Translation of All the Odes)

Seek not to know, 'tis sacrilege to pry,
What end may have, or you or I,
 Far into secret fate;
Nor Babylonian numbers try,
Nor charms of black astrology,
 For interdicted date.

What God ordains, best to endure,
Or he prolong thy natal-hour,
 Or this to be the last
That thou must hear the wint'ry blast
Opposing, o'er thy pumice shore
 The Tuscan billows dash'd.

Would'st thou be wise, may I advise,
Refine thy wine while time is thine,
Contracting into narrow space
The boundless hope of lengthen'd race;
 Seize the instant whilst you may,
 See – while I write, in envious spite
 The moment's wing'd away;
 No credit, dear Leuconoe,
 Beyond the present day.

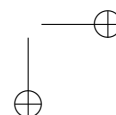
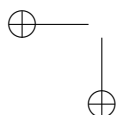


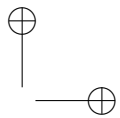
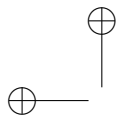


JOHN GRAY, 1778

(Translations of Some Odes of Horace)

What's my fate, or yours, madam, never inquire,
Nor knowledge by Heaven forbidden desire,
Astrology trying; whatever your fate,
Resign'd rather meet it soon coming or late;
If Heaven has more winters destin'd for you,
Or only the present, the sea dashing now
On breakers. Be wise, having ready your wine;
Dissever long projects from short-lasting time;
While talking, time envious hurries away;
Trust never to-morrow; enjoy every day.





ASTER, 1780

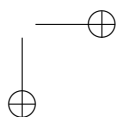
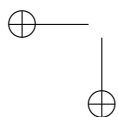
(The Gentleman's Magazine)

Be not concern'd,
 Whate'er thy lot below,
By magic arts
 The length of life to know!

Far wiser He,
 Whose will, resign'd to Fate,
Commits to heaven
 The period of its date.

Who fix'd the shore
 A girdle to the sea,
Has bounded time
 For all mankind and thee.

Catch then the hours,
 For as we talk, they fly:
Content to live,
 And more content to die!





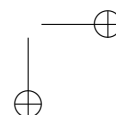
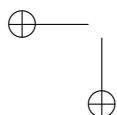
WILLIAM LIPSCOMB, 1784

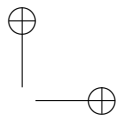
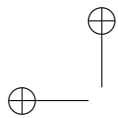
(1754–1842; Clergyman, Poet and Translator)

How long you or I may live
 Wish not, fair one! to explore,
Nor if fate may deign to give
 Another winter to our store;

Wiser cares to us belong,
 The present moments to enjoy:
Then with wine, and dance, and song
 We'll the happy hours employ;

Come! nor let us fondly deem
 That future joys our bliss will crown;
What's beyond is but a dream –
 The present only is our own.

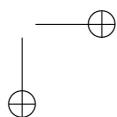
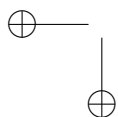


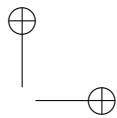
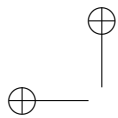


THOMAS DERMODY, C. 1786

(1775–1802; Irish Poet)

Thy search, Leuconoë, give o'er:
For, know, 'tis impious to explore
When Death shall summon at thy gate;
Nor ask astrologers thy fate,
Life's storms more firmly thou 'lt sustain,
If thou incurious wilt remain
Whether, by potent Jove's decree,
Tyrrhenian floods thou 'lt live to see
Rebound, one winter's reign, or more,
Against thy mansion's rock-worn shore.
Be wise; and, from life's little Act,
Thy hopes of lengthen'd bliss contract:
For while we speak time flies apace;
Quick, quick, the present joy embrace,
Nor trust to-morrow's flatt'ring face.





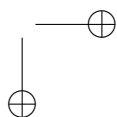
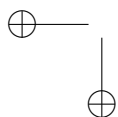
WILLIAM BOSCAWEN, 1793

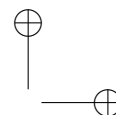
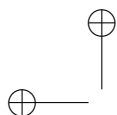
(1752–1811; Barrister, Author, and Translator)

Seek not, Leuconoe, vainly to descry
 What term the gods to fleeting life have given;
Nor impious spells, Chaldæan magick, try;
 But wait th' unalterable doom of heaven.

Whate'er betide, let patience arm thy mind;
 Whether great Jove have countless years in store,
Or this the last, whose bleak tempestuous wind
 Breaks its wild waves against the Tuscan shore,

Pour the rich wine, in gay enjoyment wise;
 Contract the hopes of life's contracted date.
Even whilst we speak the winged moment flies;
 Snatch present bliss, and leave the rest to fate.

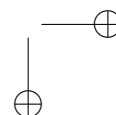
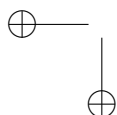


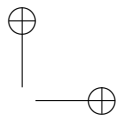


SIR BROOKE BOOTHBY, 1796

(1744–1824; Poet and Translator)

Seek not (to know were vain,) to me or thee,
What end the gods will give: Leuconoe, tempt not
The gipsy's art: better, what comes, to bear!
Whether more winters Jove affords, or this
The last, that drives on shore yon angry sea.
Be wise, decant your wine: in this short space
Long hope restrain. Now, while we talk, life flies.
Crop then to-day, and little trust to-morrow.





JAMES ELLIOT, 1798

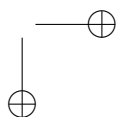
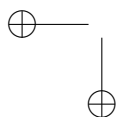
(1775–1839; American Politician)

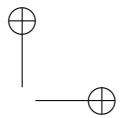
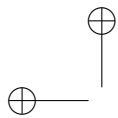
Inquire not of your fate to come;
The fortune teller's arts despise;
Nor, like *Chaldean* seers, presume
To search the secrets of the skies.

With patience bear the frowns of fate,
Or cheerfully her smiles receive!
Whether this storm shall close our date,
Or Jove some added years shall give.

Let wisdom rule, and folly cease –
Abridge your hopes, dispel your fears;
Rejoicing, quaff your wines in peace,
Nor envy age its hoary years,

While converse steals the hours away,
Old age comes on with rapid stride;
Then seize, O seize the present day,
And lay all future cares aside.





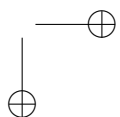
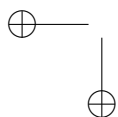
ANNA SEWARD, 1799 (IMITATED)

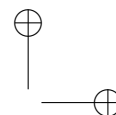
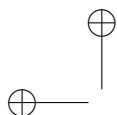
(1747–1809; Poet)

Leuconoe, cease presumptuous to inquire
 Of grave Diviner, if successive years
Onward shall roll, ere yet the funeral pyre,
 For thee and me, the hand of Friendship rears!
Ah rather meet, with gay and vacant brow,
Whatever youth, and time, health, love, and fate allow;

If *many* winters on the naked trees
 Drop in our sight the paly wreaths of frost,
Or this for us the *last*, that from the seas
 Hurls the loud flood on the resounding coast. –
Short since thou know'st the longest vital line,
Nurse the *near* hope, and pour the rosy wine.

E'en while we speak our swiftly-passing Youth
 Stretches its wing to cold Oblivion's shore;
Then shall the Future terrify, or sooth,
 Whose secrets no vain foresight can explore?
The Morrow's faithless promise disavow,
And seize, thy only boast, the GOLDEN Now.





ANONYMOUS, 1799

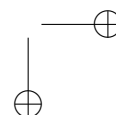
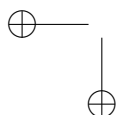
(The First and Fourth Books of the Odes)

Seek not, Leuconoe, to know
The fate assign'd to you or me;
Nor turn the Babylonian page:
Better to bear the worst the fates decree.

Whether a length of years is giv'n;
Or whether this, whose wintry blast
Breaks the rough wave on Tuscan shores,
Is doom'd by Jove to be your last; –

Be wise! fill high the sparkling bowl;
The joy within your reach embrace;
Nor be a distant hope indulg'd
In fleeting Life's uncertain space.

Ee'n while we speak, invidious Time
Pursues his unremitting ways;
Then hasten – seize the present hours;
Nor rashly trust a future day.





JOHN NOTT, 1803

(1751–1825; Physician and Classical Scholar)

Seek not to learn (the knowledge were a crime)
How heav'n has portion'd our allotted time,
Nor Babylonish calculations dare:
Whate'er is doom'd, 'tis best content to bear;
Whether Jove gives new winters to be past,
Whether the present be decreed your last,
E'en while you raise the stone-built mole to brave
The wasting fury of the Tuscan wave.
Be wise, your wines by strainers fin'd enjoy;
Nor distant hopes let life's short span employ;
Invidious time, while talking, flies away;
The present seize, nor trust a future day.

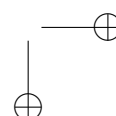
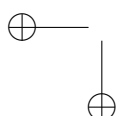


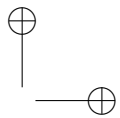
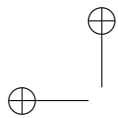


ANONYMOUS, 1808

(The Lady's Weekly Miscellany)

Luconoe, seek not to know,
What term of life the gods allow
Do not with oracles connive
To know how long we have to live;
'Tis better much, devoid of care,
With patience each event to bear,
What if more years are given by Jove,
Or this the last we have to love,
This, which will often cause to rave
Against the rocks, the Etrurian wave.
Rack off your wines, be wise my friend,
Abridge your hopes, nor fear the end.
Whilst we converse on actions past,
The stream of life is ebbing fast.
This moment seize, drive care away,
And think not of another day.





MARY WARE, 1809

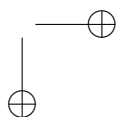
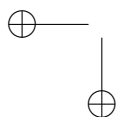
(Poems)

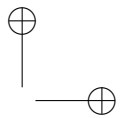
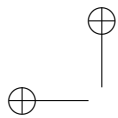
Seek not with anxious fear, my friend,
The hour or manner of your end,
 Nor form a distant plan;
Each superstitious rite beware,
Nor cloud th' undaunted mind with care,
 That ne'er belong'd to man.

Better with calm composure bear
Of life's events your destin'd share,
 The mingled bliss and woe;
Whether by Heav'n's indulgent will,
Another winter you fulfil,
 And future blessings know.

Or, that the wind's tempestuous roar
Be heard this night, and heard no more,
 True wisdom's path pursue.
Indulge no hope of future joys,
Since life's short span, perhaps, denies
 Another year to you.

We speak, invidious time flies on;
Grieve not at fruitless years once gone;
 But seige the present hour.
Trust not to-morrow's doubtful morn,
To use the present man was born;
 'Tis all that's in his power.



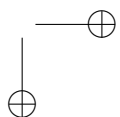
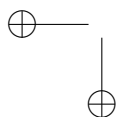


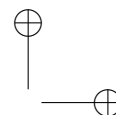
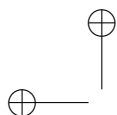
ANNA JANE VARDILL, 1809 (IMITATED)

(1781–1852; Poet)

Forbear to ask! 'tis vain to know
What doom th' impartial gods bestow;
Nor seek a Syrian Augur's aid,
To pierce the deep and sacred shade:
The placid Sage securely sees,
Whate'er unchanging fate decrees.

Then whether thirty winters more
Adorn with snow your temples hoar;
Or this, whose raving tempests urge,
O'er Baia's rocks the Tuscan surge,
Shall be your last – be wise, and taste
Your treasur'd wine with gen'rous haste,
While thus in words we waste the day,
Our youthful summer steals away!
Does life, brief life! afford us scope
For anxious care and distant hope?
Ah! first the smiling hour arrest,
Nor wait to-morrow to be blest!

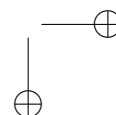
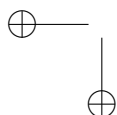




CHARLES COWDEN CLARKE, 1809 (IMITATED)

(1787–1877; Author and Shakespearian Scholar)

Advise, my dear Tom, that you never demand
 What limits the Gods have prescrib'd to our days;
Nor consult Mr. Andrews – that notable hand
 At nativity-casting: believe me, 'tis base.
'Twere better to bear with an equable mind
 Our lots, good or bad, as they're sent from above;
Not caring if this be the last winter's wind
 That blows over our heads; or whether great Jove
Has many bright days for us laid up in store.
 Be wise, then, and quaff your Madeira; – leave sorrow:
For e'en while we talk, Time has fled on before;
 Then seize fast his forelock, and trust not to-morrow.





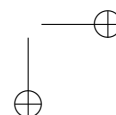
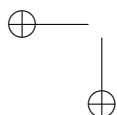
LEVI FRISBIE, 1809

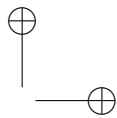
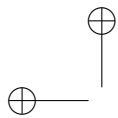
(1783–1822; American Scholar)

Seek not Leuconöe, with anxious care,
To know what fate the gods prepare
For me or thee; nor vainly try,
By magic charms, the future to descry.

But wiser far, receive with dauntless breast
Whate'er each hour may bring, as best;
Whether great Jove shall grant thee more,
Or thy last winter lash the Tuscan shore.

Then quaff your wine, contract your hopes, be wise;
E'en while we speak, the moment flies;
Trust not the morrow, seize today,
And pluck life's flowers e'er they fade away.

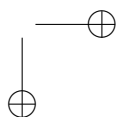
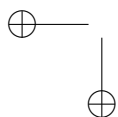


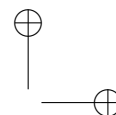
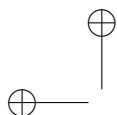


ROBERT BRADSTREET, 1810

(1766–1836; Poet)

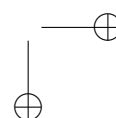
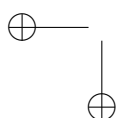
Ask not, (it were an impious search) –
 No magic numbers try,
To find when Heaven wills thee, or me,
 Leuconoe! to die.
Ah think, 'twere better far to bear
 Whatever shall betide!
Whether Jove many a winter more,
 Or this alone provide –
Which breaks on pumice rocks oppos'd,
 Ev'n now, the Tyrrhene main.
Be wise, nor pour the wine: nor dream
 Of lengthen'd hope in vain.
We speak: the envious moment flies –
 Then snatch to day from sorrow;
And only credit, when you must,
 The promise of To-morrow.





THOMAS ROBINSON, 1810

Dearest Leuconoë dismiss thy cares,
Nor bend thine anxious mind on future years;
What term of life the gods to thee have given,
Or what to thee, ask not of awful Heaven.
'Tis wrong the Babylonian arts to try
That dare unfold the secrets of the sky;
With patient heart 'tis better to endure
Ills, which, tho' we may mourn, we cannot cure.
Whether more winters in perspective glide,
Or this the last that breaks the Tyrrhene tide,
Be wise and drink – the present hour enjoy,
Nor on the morrow Hope or Fear employ:
Envious, e'en while we speak, Time flies away,
Catch then the sacred Now, nor trust another day.





JAMES SMITH AND HORATIO SMITH, 1813 (IMITATED)

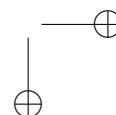
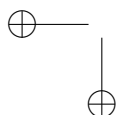
(JS 1775–1839, HS 1779–1849)

Dear girl, from cabalistic lore,
Seek not your fortunes to explore,
 Or find your destin'd lover:
Nor horoscopes, nor starry skies,
Nor flattering gypsey prophecies,
 Can e'er your fate discover.

To Fortune's dreaded power resign'd,
Endure with philosophic mind,
 Her favour or her malice:
Unmindful of your future doom,
Of present life enjoy the bloom,
 And quaff from Pleasure's chalice.

To-day the sunny hours dance by,
Dispensing roses as they fly:
 O snatch them! for to-morrow,
Assail'd by tempests, drooping, dead,
Perchance their flowers may only shed,
 The dewy tears of sorrow.

Time flies – Death threatens to destroy –
The wise condense life's scatter'd joy
 Within a narrow measure:
Then, Laura, bring the sparkling bowl,
And let us yield the raptur'd soul,
 To laughter, love, and pleasure.

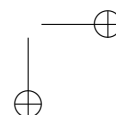
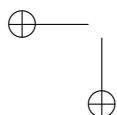


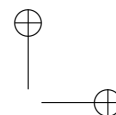
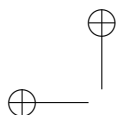


ROBERT MOREHEAD, 1813

(1777–1842; Scottish Clergyman and Poet)

Seek not to know, Leuconoe, ('tis forbid!)
What day the gods have fix'd of final doom
To me or to thyself; neither presume
By skill to calculate what heaven has hid:
Best still to meet cheerful what may've betid;
Whether Jove send more seasons, or the tomb
This winter, ere yon waves cease to consume
Their idle strength, raving the rocks amid.
Learn the true wisdom, short life not to lose,
Vainly employ'd the flattering dream to weave
Of endless hope, and let wine drown thy sorrow.
E'en while we talk, our stated time pursues
Its envious speed; therefore not joyless leave
The day thou hast, trusting the dubious morrow.

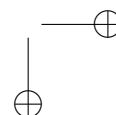
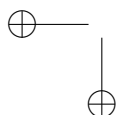


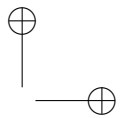
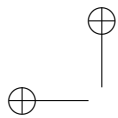


FRANCIS DUKINFIELD ASTLEY, 1819

(1781–1825; Poet)

Oh! seek not (for 'tis guilt), my friend, to know
How the two currents of our lives shall flow;
Nor try the mystic Babylonian art,
'Tis best to take whate'er the gods impart.
Whether more winters Jove's commands ordain,
Or this the last that frets the Tyrrhene main,
Be wise, let generous wine adorn your board,
No instant good can distant hope afford –
Ev'n whilst we speak swift flies the time away,
The present seize, nor trust the coming day.

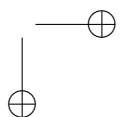
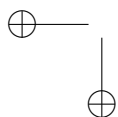


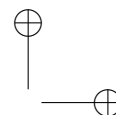
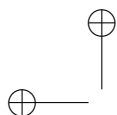


THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY, 1819

(1797–1839; Poet)

Oh! seek not (what none are permitted to see)
How long life shall linger with you or with me;
Believe not in those who the future explain,
And calculate moments of pleasure and pain.
Life is stormy – but why should we lengthen the list,
By thinking of storms which may never exist?
Far wiser are those who, with fortitude blest,
Though prepared for the worst can still hope for the best;
If years should be added to those that are past,
Or if this which is fleeting should number your last, –
Be wise and enjoy what the present bestows,
But let not life's dawning embitter its close;
E'en now whilst I'm speaking the moments decay,
And since thus in succession they wither away,
Seize the joys of the present – 'tis folly to borrow
One pang from the ills that may happen to-morrow.

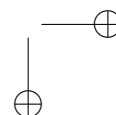
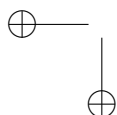


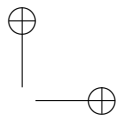
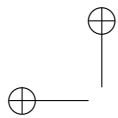


FRANCIS WRANGHAM, 1821

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

Seek not the term by heaven assign'd
To me, to thee, loved friend, to find;
Nor dare, with wicked magic lore,
Our coming fortunes to explore.
Better in patience to await,
Whate'er it be, th' award of fate:
Whether from many a winter's blast
Thou'rt doom'd to shrink, or this the last,
Which from it's rough base heaves the rock
To break the Tyrrhene billow's shock.
Ah! wiser thou, decant thy wine,
And by brief life long hopes define.
E'en while we sing, time hurries on
Snatch it – nor trust to-morrow's dawn.





LEVI FRISBIE, 1823 (IMITATED)

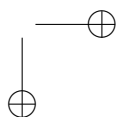
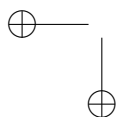
(1783–1822; American Scholar)

Ah, do not seek, my dearest friend,
With anxious care to know,
Or how, or when, thy life shall end,
Or what thy fate below.

The same kind Power, that gave thee breath,
Still holds thee in his hand;
And when he bids thee sleep in death,
All wise is his command.

The power, whose watchful goodness feeds
The warblers of the air,
And clothes with flowers the smiling meads,
Shalt thou not be his care?

If lengthen'd years thy life should crown,
Then be his praise expressed;
Or if in this he cut thee down,
Still what he does is best.





URBANUS, 1823 (IMITATED)

Ellen! ne'er seek with anxious mind –
– For vain thy search must be –
The end by Providence assign'd,
Or to thyself or me.

Inquire not, what our stars declare
From jugglers' venal skill: –
Better for both our fate to bear,
Be fate whate'er it will!

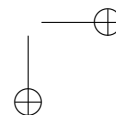
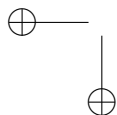
Yes! whether some few winters more
Th' Eternal pow'r above
Has yet for us, dear girl, in store,
On earth to live and love: –

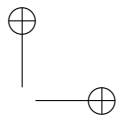
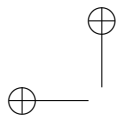
Or this, e'en this, must be the last,
Now dark'ning o'er the plain;
Which on the wave-dash'd shore has cast
The relics of the main; –

Still, still, be wise; and gaily chase
Dull, wrinkling care with wine;
Nor stretch thy hopes to distant space,
With life so short as thine!

E'en as we speak, with envious wing
Has time been hurrying on;
Nor wealth nor wisdom back shall bring
One moment that is gone.

This hour – the passing hour – employ
In pleasure, while you may;
Nor trust to-morrow for the joy,
Which you can seize to-day!

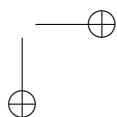
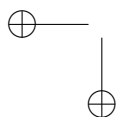


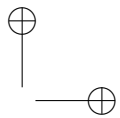
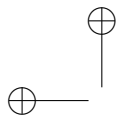


JEREMIAH FELLOWES, 1824

(1791–1865)

Wish not, my friend, to have reveal'd,
What heaven in mercy has conceal'd,
Nor ask Chaldea's men of lore,
What fate may have for thee in store;
Better the present to endure,
From greater ills of life secure,
Whether 'tis Heaven's inviolate plan,
To add more winters to our span,
Or this ordains to be the last,
Furrowing the ocean with its blast.
Forming thy ev'ry scheme and vow,
Be wise, – enjoy the present now;
E'en while we speak time flies apace,
Trust not to-morrow's flattering face.

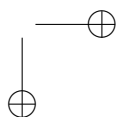
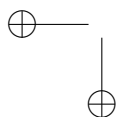




ANONYMOUS, 1824

(The Odes of Horace)

Nay, seek not, fair maiden, all vainly to know
What the Gods may intend, while we linger below;
Nor tamper (be sure 'tis an impious part)
With the dark calculations of mystical art;
Better learn each event with submission to wait,
And with patience to conquer the hardships of fate.
Has great Jove still for thee many seasons in store?
Why, receive them with thanks, be they less, be they more;
But should death be thy doom, ere the winter be past, –
Stern winter, now sweeping the seas with his blast –
Let him come; be thou ready; nor vainly repine,
For we all must submit to the mandate divine.
Come, be wise; fill the wine-cup: proportion life's plan
To the few days which fate has allotted to man;
Time is aye on the wing; nay, so rapid his flight,
That he urges it on even now as in spite;
Then, trust not what hope, the false Siren, may say,
But make sure of the blessings which come with to day.



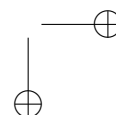
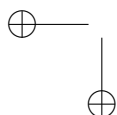


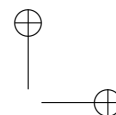
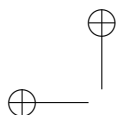
GEORGE FLEMING RICHARDSON, 1825

(c. 1796–1848; Geologist and Poet)

O seek not, love! in vain, to know
The secret, kindly hid by heaven,
In this our mortal state of woe,
How short, how long our space is given;
Nor try, with spells of magic power,
To know our fate's approaching hour;
If the last winter's angry roar
Now echoes on the neighb'ring shore,
Or if the fav'ring Fates decree,
Yet longer life to you – to me.

Be wise, these anxious cares confine,
And drown thy fears in floods of wine.
E'en now, unnoted moments fly,
And while we speak, alas, we die!
Then trust no future dark delay,
But timely wise – enjoy to-day!

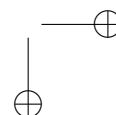
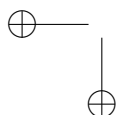




A. W. BROWNE, 1826

(*Bertram, or, The Crusade*)

Be not too curious, *Leuconoe*, to know
What mighty things the powerful Fates will do:
What baneful Mischief 'tis the Gods Decree
From their Abodes to punish thee or me:
Nor vainly with *Astrologers* advise,
That thou may'st better bear thy Miseries.
Consult not whether *Jove* more Years will give,
Or this be the last Winter thou shalt live;
When *Tyrrhen* Waves fall gainst opposing Rocks.
The time is short, be easie, drink your Glass,
Live not in hopes another Day to pass.
For while we're thinking, envious time slides on,
To Day's our own, the next we may be gone.





ANONYMOUS, 1830 (IMITATED)

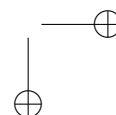
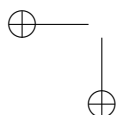
(Casket, or, Flowers of Literature, Wit & Sentiment)

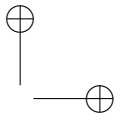
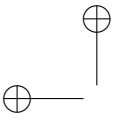
O Peter, forbear to enquire
 How long is your time here below;
From the frying pan into the fire
 Is the course you are likely to go;
So make yourself easy, old boy,
 About changing from this scene of strife;
For death will be apt to destroy
 The pleasures and comforts of life.

The country girls run, one and all,
 To the teller of fortunes to know
What sort of a husband will fall
 To their lot, in this valley of wo;
But you, you old dog, need not care
 One farthing about what's to come;
But rest in content as you are,
 With your billiards and bottle of rum.

You can't be expected to last,
 For your liver is scorch'd to a coal;
Your face is with crimson o'ercast,
 And your eyes are bung'd up like a mole.
O Peter, leave brandy alone,
 And take to old claret and port;
Gin will kill you as dead as a stone,
 And send you to Hades, in short.

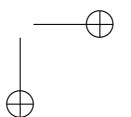
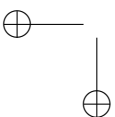
'Tis a sorrowful country, I'm told,
 Where claret is scarce to be found;
Where it's either too hot or too cold,
 And lawyers and doctors abound,
O lud, it is shocking, you'd swear,
 To think of a place without drink;
Perhaps you may smuggle some there,
 But don't give old Satan the wink.





Old Cerberus stands at the door,
 A three headed son of a – slut;
His mouth is still opened to roar,
 Unless with a dram it be shut:
But give him a julep to seize
 On his senses and close up his eyes;
You may then take a walk, if you please,
 And look, every night, at the skies.

But, Peter, you'd better repent
 Of your sins, and get tipsy no more;
For hundreds by drinking are sent
 To hear Pluto's furnaces roar; –
But I have no leisure to prate,
 And was never a preacher, not I;
I have got an engagement with Kate –
 So, Peter, I bid you good bye.

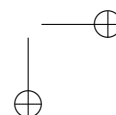
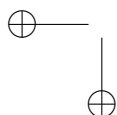




RICHARD KNOTT, 1833

(Ordination Counsel)

Thou should'st not impiously seek to be
Inform'd the fate awaiting me or thee,
Leuconoë! nor shouldst thou wish to know
When Death will aim at both the fatal blow;
Nor fables astrological consult,
If haply thou may'st find thy life's result.
How much more noble would it be t' endure
The wise allotments of Almighty pow'r!
To heaven's decrees pay acquiescence due,
And die this year, if heaven has willed it so
With unrepining patience, if thy last
This prove, whose winds the Tuscan shore sweep past.
Or should Great Jove, in his mysterious ways,
Prolong for many a year thy mortal days,
In meek submissive resignation wait,
Till death remove thee to another state.
Be wise! deep draughts from Truth's pure fountain drink,
Nor as it glides, stand trembling on the brink:
Look not without to-day's encircling pale;
Do good to-day! nor let fond hope prevail.
Life is a flower! its sweets too quickly cloy,
Or fade away, then pluck it and enjoy.
Since envious Time will take his flight unheard,
Ere from our lips escape the passing word;
Heed not To-morrow's false, delusive tale,
Or a rash act of folly you'll bewail.

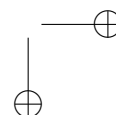
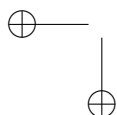


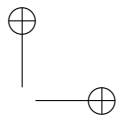
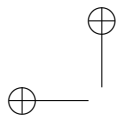


MOSES BIRNIE, 1834

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

Leuconoe, seek not thou to know
How many years are granted you,
For 'tis not fit we should unseal
The things the Gods will not reveal.
Divine not in the Chaldean way
Which leads the nations all astray;
Better with patience bear our fate,
Than foolishly prognosticate
Whether more winters Jove will give,
Or this be all that we receive,
This one which breaks th' Etrurian waves
Against th' opposing rocky caves.
Be wise, enjoy your wines, and fly
All strife as well as danger nigh:
And, in proportion to your days,
Abridge your hopes, amend your ways.
For, while we careless talk at times,
In sluggish prose or rapid rhymes,
More rapid still does envious age,
Bring on our exit from the stage:
Improve the present hour I pray,
Trust nothing to a future day.

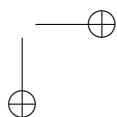
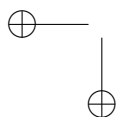




CHARLES L. S. JONES, 1834

(American Lyrics)

Seek not Lucanoe, ('tis wrong,) to know
What fate on thee, or me, the Gods bestow;
Nor Babylonian numbers, tempting, try:
When death comes, better 'tis, to fearless die;
Whether more winters Jove, in mercy, send,
Or with the present our short course he end;
The present, which the rough Tyrhenian rides,
Dashing with storms upon its rocky sides!
Seek wisdom, moist in wine; the time prolong!
It flies, invidious, whilst we raise the song:
It flies. The future seek not in thy sorrow;
But seize the present. Trust not to the morrow.



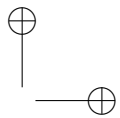
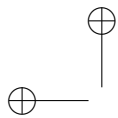


W. H. CHARLTON, 1834

(Poems)

Seek not, Leuconoë, tempting fate, to know
What term the gods assign to men below:
Seek not in stars to trace the dark event,
But sweeten human ills by calm content.
Whether great Jove revolving years shall send,
Or, ere the wintry blast its fury spend,
Chafing with restless waves the Tuscan shore,
Thine eyes shall view returning day no more;
Be timely wise! secure the fleeting bliss!
Hope is too ling'ring for a life like this.
E'en while we speak the moments haste away:
Crop then their transient sweets, nor trust the coming day.





THOMAS BOURNE, 1836

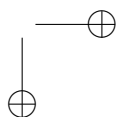
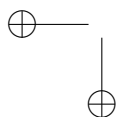
(The Maid of Skiddaw, Songs of Palestine, and Other Poems)

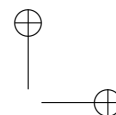
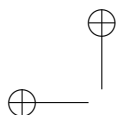
What term of existence the Gods may impart
 Luconöe, to thee or to me,
O seek not, by impious, magical art,
 To unveil such a deep mystery.

Whether many more winters great Jove may decree,
 Or e'en this, for thy last shall ordain,
Which wearies and weakens the wild Tuscan sea
 'Gainst the rocks which its fury restrain.

Be wise – learn with patience thy fortune to bear,
 And filter thy strong flavoured wines;
And from life's little space, let it still be thy care
 To exclude distant hopes and designs.

While we speak, lo! the envious moments have sped,
 Whether spent in contentment or sorrow,
Then seize present joys ere their season be fled,
 Little trusting to those of the morrow.



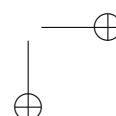
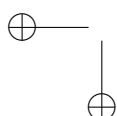


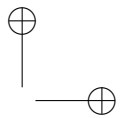
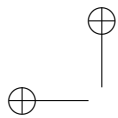
PATRICK BRANWELL BRONTË, 1840

(1817–48; Painter and Writer, Brother of Charlotte, Emily, and Anne)

Leuconoe, strive no more
By impious arts to explore
How long a life our God has given to thee or me;
If we've winters yet in store,
Or if this whose tempests' roar
Across the Tyrrhene deep, is the *last* that we shall see.

Be cheerful wisdom thine;
Thy Goblet fill with wine,
And shape thy hopes to suit the hour that hastes away;
For, while we speak, that hour
Is past beyond our power,
So do not trust to-morrow *but seize upon to-day*.

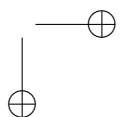
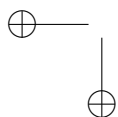


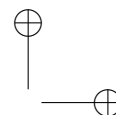
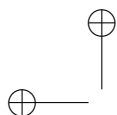


LADY FLORA HASTINGS, 1841

(1806–39; Lady-in-Waiting to Queen Victoria's Mother)

Seek'st thou, Leuconoe, rashly to unfold
Thy fate – thy future destinies behold?
To know the good or ill which Heaven's decree
Has fix'd immutably on me and thee?
Cast by thy numbers – will the ills foreseen
Affright thy soul with less portentous mien?
Whether no farther must our race extend,
And this last winter all our projects end;
Or whether Jove ordains us to descry,
By the fierce tempests roused to mutiny,
The ceaseless strife of the Tyrrhenian wave
With bootless wrath the unyielding sea-rocks lave.
Be wise, be wise – drain deep the flowing bowl;
Banish hope's distant visions from thy soul;
Seize the brief present, for, with ceaseless pace,
Invidious Time pursues his silent race:
While yet we speak he speeds him on his way –
This hour enjoy, nor trust a future day.



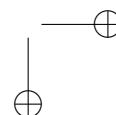
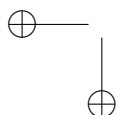


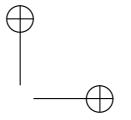
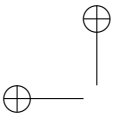
JAMES USHER, 1842

(Buonaparteé, The Royal Exchange, Odes of Horace)

Leuconoe, it would not be well
Our term of life ev'n could we spell,
From Chaldean calculations vain, –
That period which the powers ordain.
Much rather, calmly let us bear
The trials which 'tis our's to share,
Whether for us great Jove decrees,
More winter's to disturb the seas,
Than this, that with continual shocks,
Rolls billows 'gainst th' Etrurian rocks.

Rack-off your cheerful wine, be wise
By life's frail term your hopes chastise,
Ev'n whilst we speak, doth envious time
Exhaust the moments of our prime.
Then seize the day of joy that flies,
To-morrow may not cheer our eyes.

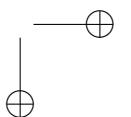
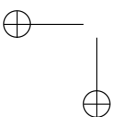


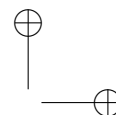
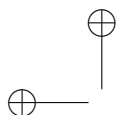


ANONYMOUS, 1842 (IMITATED)

(Punch, or, The London Charivari)

Don't cut the cards, for that fashion is gone away
Of telling one's fortunes, my pretty Loo Conoway;
Pitch Zadkiel and Co. to the Lady of Babylon,
Take luck as it comes, let them chatter and gabble on,
Whether many more winters are granted by Jupiter,
Or if this be the last one to hoist up your Blue Peter.
Which roaring away, in by no means the dumbest fone,
Dashes Tuscany's waves on her mountains of pumice-stone,
Toss off your liquor, and that *brevi spatio*.
Short is our time; you may trust old Horatio.
Even as we speak, of Time's chalks we have cross'd a row;
So stick to to-day – be not *credula postero*.

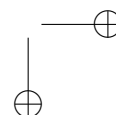
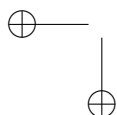


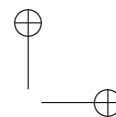
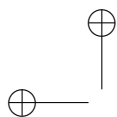


JOHN SCRIVEN, 1843

(The Odes of Horace)

Seek not, Leuconoë – 'tis forbid to know –
On me, and you what end the gods bestow;
No more for Babylonian numbers care;
But what the Fates decree with patience bear!
If Jove more winters grant, or now the last
Embroider the rocks and waves with Tuscan blast.
Be wise: – rack off your wines, while yet you can,
Restraining hope to life's contracted span.
Even now what speed the envious seasons borrow!
Seize on to-day; – nor trust the uncertain morrow.

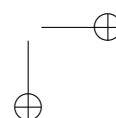
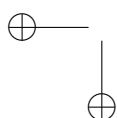




EUGENE LIÉS, 1846

(The Preludes: A collection of Poems)

Seek not to know, Leuconoe – 'tis a forbidden lore –
How many days have granted us the Gods; consult no more
The Babylonian numbers; no, await and bear the end,
Whether through many Winters more the Gods thy life extend,
Or that this one, whose angry storms now lash the rock-hound seas,
Should prove thy last. Seek wisdom, and decant thy wines, and cease
To waste brief life in endless hopings; while we speak, Time plies
His envious wing. Enjoy to-day, nor trust to-morrow's rise.





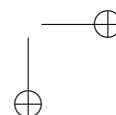
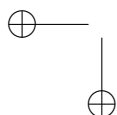
ANONYMOUS, 1847

(The Dublin University Magazine)

Task not Chaldea's mystic lore
For what our length of days may be;
'Tis fit we bear, but not explore
What fate reserves for me or thee.

If many a year be ours, or if
The winds that wash yon wintry waves
O'er many a tall Tyrranian cliff,
Sigh sadly o'er our early graves.

Life is at best a narrow scope;
E'en as we speak the moments flee;
Bring wine, nor trust to distant hope,
This hour is all to thee and me.

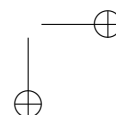
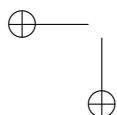


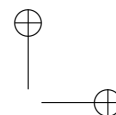
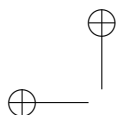


G. J. WHYTE MELVILLE, 1850

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

Dip not, I pray, Leuconoë in that forbidden lore
Which Babylonian tablets teach, our future to explore.
No; let us bear what time shall bring thro' many a winter's blast!
It may be Jove shall spare our lives, or this may be the last
When we shall see the breaking wave spent on the Tuscan shore.
Be wise in time, strain well thy wine, and cherish thou no more
Long-dated hopes; even while we speak the present flits away
Trust little to the morrow; snatch the blossoms of to-day!

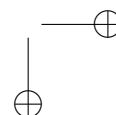
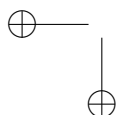


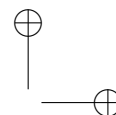
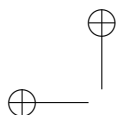


WILLIAM SEWELL, 1850

(1804–74; Divine, Tutor, and Author)

Think not to ask (it is a crime to know)
What end to me, what unto thee the gods,
Leuconoe, have assign'd; nor mayst thou tempt
Assyrian calculations. How far better,
Whatever shall betide thee, to endure;
Whether more winters, or this one thy last
Jove doth bestow, which 'gainst its barrier rocks
Is now exhausting the Tyrrhenian sea.
Wise be thou – clear thy wines – and to a span
Of narrow bound prune back too lengthen'd hope;
E'en while we talk, will envious life have fled.
Snatch thou the present hour; little as may
Too fondly trusting to the morrow's light.





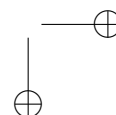
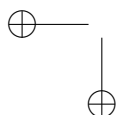
SIR EDWARD HALL ALDERSON, 1850 (IMITATED)

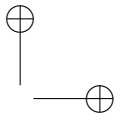
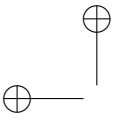
(1787–1857; Lawyer and Judge)

Seek not to know, my dearest wife,
Of you or me, the term of life:
 It is a sinful thing to try:
Nor rashly tempt in magic numbers,
Rousing the future from its slumbers,
 The doubtful powers of prophecy.

'Tis better far, whate'er betide,
Patient to suffer and abide;
 Whether this year our last shall be;
Or other summers still be found,
To greet us where the Eastern bound
 Of England breasts the German Sea.

Be wise in time – enjoy the hour –
Let the short space of life have power;
 T' include an age within it –
E'en while we speak, our time is flying,
Haste, let not one that's daily dying
 Trust to a future minute.

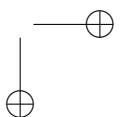
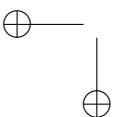




ANONYMOUS, 1850

(The US Democratic Review)

Seek not to know, Leuconoe – 'tis a forbidden lore –
How many days have granted us the Gods; consult no more
The Babylonian numbers; no, await and bear the end,
Whether through many winters more the Gods thy life extend,
Or that this one, whose angry storms now lash the rock-bound seas,
Should prove thy last. Seek wisdom, and decant thy wines, and cease
To waste brief life in endless hopings; while we speak, Time plies
His envious wing. Enjoy to-day, nor trust to-morrow's rise.

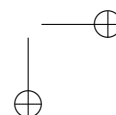
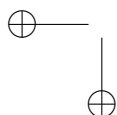


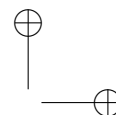
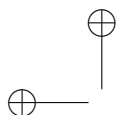


FRANCIS WILLIAM NEWMAN, 1853

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

Cease to search, – for none may know, –
 what end for me or thee,
Leúconee! the gods assign;
 nor seek of Babylon
Mystic numbers. Better far
 to take whate'er betides:
Be it, winters many await;
 or be it, Jove bestows
This the last, – with mouldering cliffs
 disabling Tuscan waves.
Thén be wise, and strain the wine:
 retrench to scanty life
Distant hopes; for whilst we talk,
 the spiteful hours are gone.
Seize the moments: wisest he,
 who least the morrow trusts.

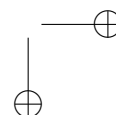
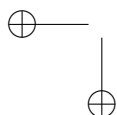


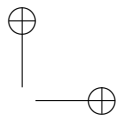
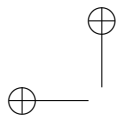


MICHAEL A. WALLACE, 1853

(Hymns of the Church: The Nativity and Other Poems)

Seek not to know, Leuconie! how long
Thy days may be, for that is very wrong,
Nor try by charms thy future fates to see,
But happy rest, whate'er the lot may be,
Whether kind heav'n another winter send,
Or whether thou shalt with the present end,
Whose tempests now in howling phrenzy rave,
O'er the dark waters of th' Etrurian wave.
Be wise; nor hope beyond life's little span;
Send round the bowl, be happy while you can;
Thus while we speak, fast speed the hours away,
Enjoy the present, mind no future day.





SERULAN, 1854

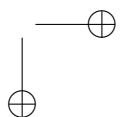
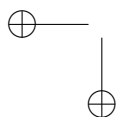
(Poems, Original and Translated)

Ask not, Leuconœ, to know (for 'tis not right)
 How long a life is yours or mine;
Nor seek with the Chaldæan dates to tell the flight
 Of what is hid from mind of thine.
How nobler far it is to bear whate'er shall be
Almighty Jove's high, fixed, immutable, decree!

If he should will another winter to our land,
 Or this which breaks the Tuscan sea
Against the rocks, be e'en the last by his command,
 With aught we should contented be,
That comes from him, who rules alone both Heaven and Earth,

And factures laws to govern men of human birth.

Be thou, then, Luconœ, wise! filtrate thy wine!
 And as thy life cannot be long,
Think not that countless hours of future still are thine,
 But let this ever be thy song –
Enjoy the present hour, for thou canst never know,
But what the next one in thy grave shall lay thee low.





J. M. L., 1855

(Hagar and Ishmael)

Seek not, ('tis wrong), what end for me or thee
The gods provide; nor thou, Leuconoë,
The Babylonian numbers try: best bear
What shall be, whether us may Jupiter,
Or many winters, or this one ordain
The last, which shivers, now, the Tuscan main
Against the opposing rocks; be wise, drink wine,
Thy length of hope to shortest span confine.
Whilst speaking now, invidious time hath flown –
Seize on the day, nor trust the coming one.





WILLIAM WETMORE STORY, 1856 (IMITATED)

(1819–95; American Sculptor and Poet)

Cease to peer into the future, nor torture yourself with care
Of fancied delights or troubles that never may fall to your
share!

The present alone is ours; in that let us live content,
Enjoying the daily blessings the gods for the moment have
lent.

And cease to torment your spirit with that which has passed
away,

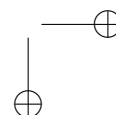
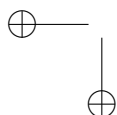
The love that has vanished, the passion, the folly that led you
astray;

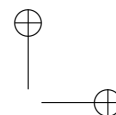
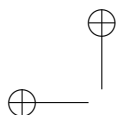
Not hoping too much, not regretting – for what is more vain
than regret? –

And, never the gladness forgetting, the pain and the sorrow
forget.

Take, O Bianca, the beauty and joy of the world to thy heart!
For the power to enjoy is not only a blessing, – 'tis also an art.
And be glad for the gifts that are granted, nor envy what
cannot be thine;

For the life, that with Fate is in balance, is peaceful, and, so
far, divine.

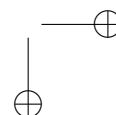
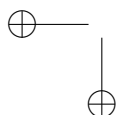


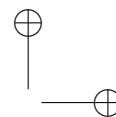
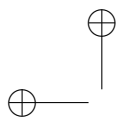


RICHARD W. O'BRIEN, 1857

(“Of Trinity College, Dublin”)

Seek not that thou shouldst know, for 'tis forbid, what end for thee
or me
The Gods may have assigned; nor do thou try ever, Leuconoë,
Tables of the Chaldees. How much more wise, whate'er may be, to
bear:
Whether Jove thee designs winters full store, or that thy last doth
wear,
Which now 'gainst the sharp rocks dashes the waves of the Tyrrhenian
main!
Be wise, filter thy wines: life's little span checks aspirations vain;
For now, e'en whilst we speak, time, envious time, wings its swift
flight away:
Then trust least as you may unto the next, seize on the present day!

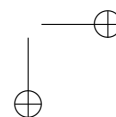
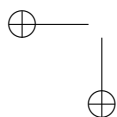


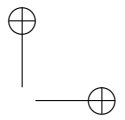


WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE, 1858

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

Oh ask thou not, 'tis sin to know, what time to me, to thee
The gods allot: Chaldean tricks eschew, Leuconoë.
How better far to face our fate; be other winters yet
Ordained for us by Jove, or this the last, now sternly set
To weary out by fronting rocks the angry Tuscan main.
True wisdom learn. Decant the wine. Far-reaching schemes restrain.
Our span is brief. The niggard hour, in chatting, ebbs away;
Trust nothing for to-morrow's sun: make harvest of to-day.

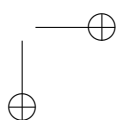
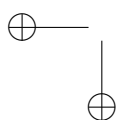




HENRY THOMAS LIDDELL, LORD RAVENSWORTH, 1858

(1797–1878; Statesman and Poet)

Seek not too curiously what end
The Gods, Leuconoe, for us intend,
Nor strive to unravel Fate's decree
By aid of Babylonian sorcery;
Far better patiently our share
Of evil and of good to bear,
Whether it please Almighty Jove
 To grant us length of life,
Or early to remove
 Our being from this world of strife,
Soon as the winter winds shall cease to roar,
And dash the ocean-wave upon the Tuscan shore.
If thou art wise, let lingering hope
 Resign her place to present mirth:
Fill high the wine-cup, freely ope
 Each source of happiness on earth!
E'en as we speak, invidious time rolls on,
Catch, catch the fleeting hour, ere youth and health be gone!

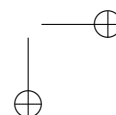
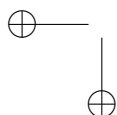


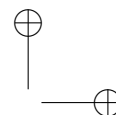
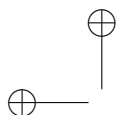


SIR THEODORE MARTIN, 1860

(1816–1909; Biographer of the Prince Consort)

Ask not of fate to show ye, –
Such lore is not for men, –
What limits, Leuconöe,
Shall round life's little span.
Both thou and I
Must quickly die!
Content thee, then, nor madly hope
To wrest a false assurance from Chaldean horoscope.
Far nobler, better were it,
Whate'er may be in store,
With soul serene to bear it;
If winters many more
Jove spare for thee,
Or this shall be
The last, that now with sullen roar
Scatters the Tuscan surge in foam upon the rockbound shore.
Be wise, your spirit firing
With cups of temper'd wine,
And hopes afar aspiring
In compass brief confine.
Use all life's powers;
The envious hours
Fly as we talk; then live to-day,
Nor fondly to to-morrow trust more than you must or may.

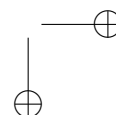
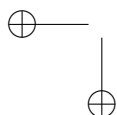


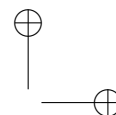
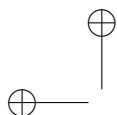


WILLIAM LEE, 1860

(Translations in English Verse)

Seek not, Leuconoe, by dark art to know,
What end on you or me shall Fate bestow;
Nor by quaint figures Babylonian try,
To cast the horoscope of destiny;
Our future days, to calculate, foretell.
Ills, if they come, bear rather, and bear well.
Whether you hear again the wintry blast,
Or this of all your seasons be the last,
The Winter, that now chafes the Tyrrhene sea,
Lashing yon mole's usurping masonry.
Be wise to-day, and clarify your wine,
Spin not long hopes in life so short as thine.
Whilst yet we talk, the envious moments fly,
Joy now; nor trust to-morrow, till you die!





C. S. CALVERLEY, 1861

(1831–84; Poet)

Seek not, for thou shalt not find it, what my end, what thine
shall be;

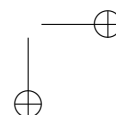
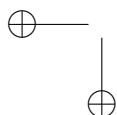
Ask not of Chaldæa's science what God wills, Leuconöe:
Better far, what comes, to bear it. Haply many a wintry blast
Waits thee still; and this, it may be, Jove ordains to be thy
last,

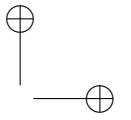
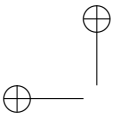
Which flings now the flagging sea-wave on the obstinate
sandstone-reef.

Be thou wise: fill up the wine-cup; shortening, since the time
is brief,

Hopes that reach into the future. While I speak, hath stol'n
away

Jealous Time. Mistrust To-morrow, catch the blossom of
To-day.

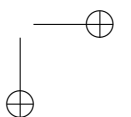
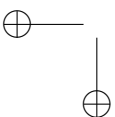




EDWARD SMITH-STANLEY, EARL OF DERBY, 1862

(1799–1869; Statesman)

Seek not, Leuconoë, ('tis sinful) to explore
What term of life for thee or me may be in store,
Nor tempt Chaldean myst'ries! wiser far, whate'er
Our future fate may send, with cheerful mind to bear.
Whether long years be ours, or this may be the last,
Which hears the Tuscan waves, driv'n by the wintry blast
Break on th'opposing rocks. Be wise; pour forth the wine;
Within our narrow span thy wand'ring hopes confine:
Ev'n while we speak, our years are slipping fast away;
Trust not th' uncertain future, grasp the fleeting day.





JOHN CONINGTON, 1863

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

Ask not ('tis forbidden knowledge), what our destined term of
years,

Mine and yours; nor scan the tables of your Babylonish seers.

Better far to bear the future, my Leuconoe, like the past,

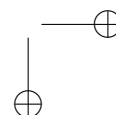
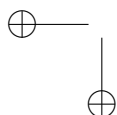
Whether Jove has many winters yet to give, or this our last;

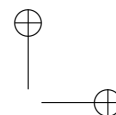
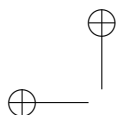
This, that makes the Tyrrhene billows spend their strength
against the shore.

Strain your wire and prove your wisdom; life is short; should
hope be more?

In the moment of our talking, envious time has ebb'd away.

Seize the present; trust to-morrow e'en as little as you may.

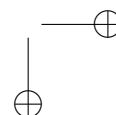
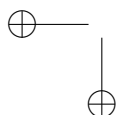


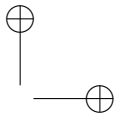
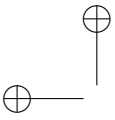


ELLINOR J. S. MAITLAND, 1863

(Poems)

Seek not to know, – unblest, – the end,
Which from the gods we both await;
Nor yet, Leuconoë, pretend
To play upon thy hidden fate!
Best, whatsoever betide, to bear;
Whether more winters yet, or this
The last may be, that waves shall wear
The rocks where Tyrrhene waters hiss!
Be wise; pour wine; and long desire,
In one short moment, see expire!
We speak: – the envious cycles flee! –
Seize but the day, nor think the next will be!

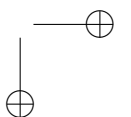
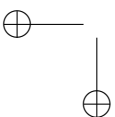


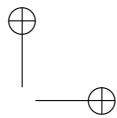
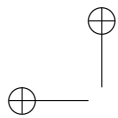


SIR GEORGE OTTO TREVELYAN, 1864 (IMITATED)

(1838–1928; Statesman and Author)

Matilda, will you ne'er have ceased apocalyptic summing,
And left the number of the beast to puzzle Dr. Cumming?
You should not vex your charming brains about, (confusion take her!)
The Babylonian Lament, the pretty dragon-breaker.
What can't be cured must be endured. Perchance a gracious heaven
May spare us till the fated year of eighteen sixty-seven.
Perchance Jove's Board of Public Works the dread decree has passed;
And this cold season, with its joys, is doomed to be our last.
Let's to the supper-room again, though Kitmutgars may frown,
And in Lord Elgin's dry champagne wash all these tremors down:
And book me for the fifteenth waltz: there, just beneath my thumb.
No, not the next to that, my girl! The next may never come.



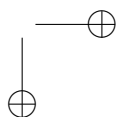
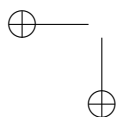


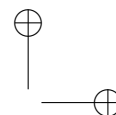
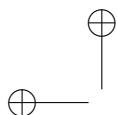
GEORGE HOWLAND, 1865

(1824-92)

Ask not what end to me, or thee,
The Gods may grant, Leuconoe,
Nor ever seek by magic vain
Forbidden knowledge to obtain,
But rather bear with patience still
Whate'er may chance of good or ill.

Should many winters yet be given,
Or this the last, by which are driven
The waves against th' opposing rock,
That cracks and crumbles 'neath the shock,
Thy wisdom show, prepare thy wine,
And to the fleeting hour now thine,
Restrict thy hopes, for envious time,
While yet we speak, may crop thy prime;
The present seize, before it fly,
And on the future ne'er rely.





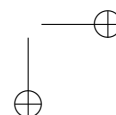
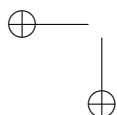
HUGO NICHOLAS JONES, 1865

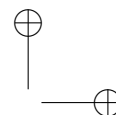
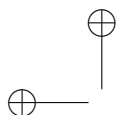
(The I and II Books of the Odes of Horace)

Ask not Chaldea's mystic lore
 To learn what length our days may be,
'Tis fit we bear, but not explore,
 What Fate reserves, Leuconoë.

If many a year be ours, or if
 The storm, that yonder wintry waves,
Rolls o'er Etruria's surf-worn cliff,
 Wail wildly o'er our early graves.

Life is at best a narrow scope;
 E'en as we speak, the moments flee:
Bring wine, nor trust to distant hope,
 The hour is all to thee and me.

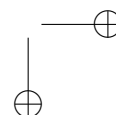
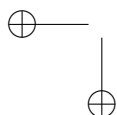


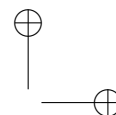
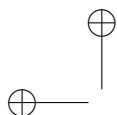


ANONYMOUS, 1865

(Macmillan's Magazine)

My sweet Leuconoe, seek no more
To learn thy own, thy lover's date:
Put by thy dark Chaldean lore,
For Heaven has closed the book of fate.
Are merry winters yet to come
For thee and me? Is this, whose blast
Shivers the blustering waves to foam
On yon bluff rocks, to be our last?
We know not, and we can but bow
In blindness to the Power Divine
That shapes the lot of all below:
Then broach yon flask of mellow wine.
Short as our span our hopes must be:
While thus we prate, life's hour is flown,
The morrow does but flatter thee;
To-day, dear girl, is all thine own.

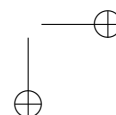
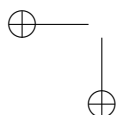




CHRISTOPHER HUGHES, 1867

(The Odes and Epodes of Horace)

Seek not, Leuconoe, by wicked art,
 To find the end decreed for thee and me,
Nor try to better bear misfortune's dart
 By Babylon's occult astrology,
Asking if many winters shall be past,
Or Jove ordains that this shall be our last
 Which breaks on pumice rocks the Tyrrhene spray.
Be wise: filter your wine; Life hoped as long
Place in the present. Whilst we talk, how strong
 The flight of spiteful Time. Enjoy to-day:
 And trust the future little as you may.





CHARLES STEPHENS MATHEWS, 1867

(“Formerly of Pembroke College, Cambridge”)

Never seek to know, Leuconoë, it was never meant you should,
When to you or me existence has been ordered to conclude.
Trying Babylonian numbers go no more to them that skill:
How much better to endure it, let the fate be what it will!
Whether winters more, or this one Jupiter the last has given,
Which upon opposing pumice breaks Etruscan billows driven.
Wiser 'twere by often shifting to take down that wine in strength.
Hope for space not long extended needs curtailing in the length.
While we speak some envious minutes have escaped us. Crop to-day:
Trust its growing to to-morrow just as little as you may.

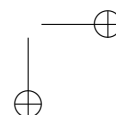
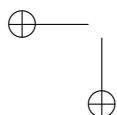


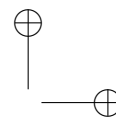
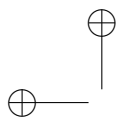


JAMES WALTER SMITH, 1867

(The Odes of Horace, Books I and II)

Leuconoë, ask not – impure is the quest –
What years you and I by the gods are allowed,
Nor astrologers seek; suffer all for the best,
Whether Jove with more winters your life will becloud,
Or though this is your last which now lashes the sea
On Etruria's rocks. Drink your wine, and curtail
To life's limit long hopes; minutes envious flee
As we talk. Seize to-day; your to-morrow may fail.

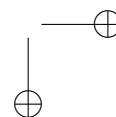
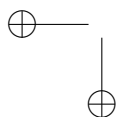


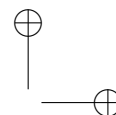
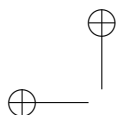


E. H. BRODIE, 1868

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

Seek not to learn how long a life the gods permit us here,
Leuconoë, we may not know, nor ask the Chaldee seer,
But his numbers leave, – and still every grief behind you cast,
Whether winters be in store, or Jove grant thee this the last,
Which against opposing rocks flings the weary Tyrrhene wave, –
Wisely strain the wine, nor think for thyself long life to save,
Creature of an hour, – e’en now, as we talk, flies jealous age,
Seize the day, nor too fond to-morrow’s hopes thy mind engage.

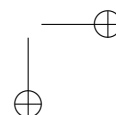
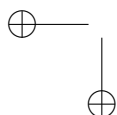


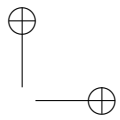


T. HERBERT NOYES, JR., 1868

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

What the term of days awarded
 By the Gods to thee – to me,
Ask not! it is forbidden knowledge
 Banned of heaven, Leuconoe.
Question not the magic tables
 Of the Babylonian seer,
Better brave whate'er may happen,
 Whether Jove designs us here
Many winters, or has destined
 This to be our very last,
This, which wastes the Tuscan billows
 By the fury of its blast.
Come, be wise, and let the vintage
 Melt the mellow grape to wine,
Brief as is the destined season,
 Length of hope must not be thine.
Even now, while we are speaking,
 Time impatient flits away;
Trust but little to to-morrow,
 Make the utmost of to-day.





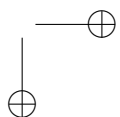
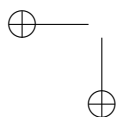
FATHER PROUT, 1868

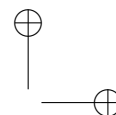
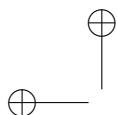
(1804–66; Irish Humorist and Journalist)

Love, mine! seek not to grope
Through the dark windings of Chaldean witchery
To learn your horoscope,
Or mine, from vile adepts in fraud and treachery;
My Leuconoë! shun
Those sons of Babylon.

Far better 'twere to wait,
Calmly resigned, the destined hour's maturity,
Whether our life's brief date
This winter close, or, through a long futurity,
For us the sea still roar
On yon Tyrranean shore.

Let Wisdom fill the cup; –
Vain hopes of lengthened days and years felicitous
Folly may treasure up;
Ours be the day that passeth – unsollicitous
Of what the next may bring.
Time flieth as we sing!





EDWARD YARDLEY, JR., 1869

(1835–1908; Writer)

The knowledge that is not allowed you should shun, dear, and
let the stars be,

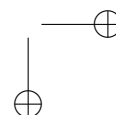
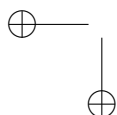
Nor seek by their aid to inquire what may happen to you or
to me.

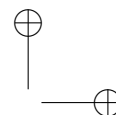
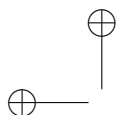
This winter may be the last – we may see a few winters still –
But why should we burden our hearts with the needless fore-
knowledge of ill?

Come, be wise, then, and pour out the wine: have done with
the stars and the moon:

Look not too far into life: hope for nothing that cannot come
soon.

Time as we speak may be drawing us into a future of sorrow;
Make then the most of to-day, and put not your trust in
to-morrow.

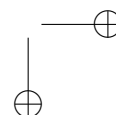
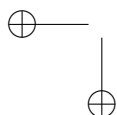


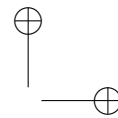
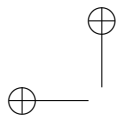


JOHN BENSON ROSE, 1869

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

Seek not Leuconoë to know
Lore forbidden to man below.
Ask not of Babylonian leaves;
Take whatever Fortune weaves.
Whether the present wintry wave,
Dashing through the Tuscan cave,
Be the last that Heaven will give,
Or if through others you must live,
Drink and be merry; give no scope
To the futile dreams of hope.
Whilst we talk time flees away,
Trust not to-morrow, crop to-day.

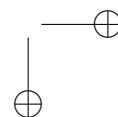
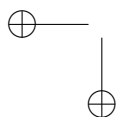




WILLIAM THOMAS MERCER, 1869

(1821–79; Colonial Administrator)

Leuconöe, seek not to know
What lot on thee the gods bestow,
Search not Chaldæa's prescient strains,
'Twere best to bear what fate ordains;
Let Jove allow the unwearied sun
Once more his bounteous course to run,
Or let this winter be the last
That urges on the western blast,
And bids the Tuscan billows roar
Against the opposing pumice-shore. –
Be wise, be merry while we may,
For as we speak time flies away,
And during life be this our text,
Enjoy the day, heed not the next.





EDWARD BULWER-LYTTON, LORD LYTTON, 1870

(1803–73; Politician)

Nay, Leuconoë, seek not to fathom what death unto me – unto thee

(Lore forbidden) the gods may assign; nor the schemes of the Chaldee consult.

How much better it is to learn patience, and that which shall be to endure!

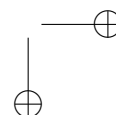
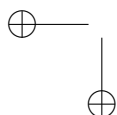
Whether Jove may vouchsafe our existence more winters, or this be the last,

Which now breaks Tuscan ocean in spray on the time-eaten rocks that oppose,

Be thou wise, strain thy wine, and cut down lengthened hope to the brief span of life.

While we talk, grudging Time will be gone, and a part of ourselves be no more.

Seize to-day – for the morrow it is in which thy belief should be least.





THOMAS CHARLES BARING, 1870

(1831–91; Banker and Politician)

Ask not, 'tis not right to know it, what last end for thee and
me

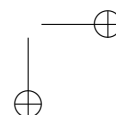
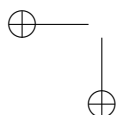
Heaven has set, nor Babylonian numbers try, Leuconoe:
Better, whate'er comes, to bear it; whether many winters more
We shall see, or this our last be, which along th' Etruscan
shore

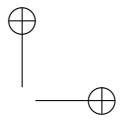
Hurls the waves in spray to perish on the shifting shingly
beach.

If thou'rt wise thou'lt quaff, and quickly grasp the hopes within
thy reach.

Even now, whilst we are talking, grudging time pursues his
flight:

Use to-day, and trust as little as thou may'st to-morrow's
light.

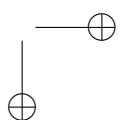
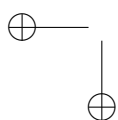


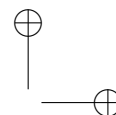
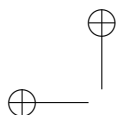


JOHN READE, 1870

(1837–1919; Canadian Journalist, Essayist, and Poet)

Seek not to know (for 'tis as wrong as vain)
 What term of life to thee or me
 The gods may grant, Leuconoe,
Nor with Chaldean numbers vex thy brain.
But calmly take what comes of joy or pain,
Whether Jove grant us many winters more,
 Or this complete our destiny
 Which makes the stormy Tuscan sea
 Weary its strength with angry shocks
 Against the hollow-echoing rocks.
Be gently wise, my friend, and while you pour
The ruddy wine, live long by living well.
While we are speaking, hark! time's envious knell!
 Let us enjoy to-day, nor borrow
 Vague grief by thinking of tomorrow.

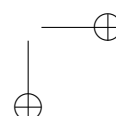
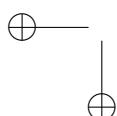


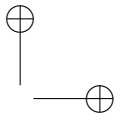
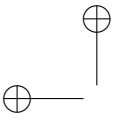


JAMES GRIFFITHS, 1870

(Leisure Hours: A Series of Poems)

Seek not I pray, Leuconoë love, ('tis sinful) to explore
What term of years for me and thee the gods may have in store;
Nor try the dark mysterious lore Chaldean tables give,
But rather learn, whate'er befall, in thankfulness to live.
Jove may, perchance, extend our years, or this may be our last,
While on the rocks the Tyrrhene waves are shatter'd by the blast.
Be wise, pour out the sparkling wine, and from life's narrow space
Cut off long hopes; for while we speak Time flies with greedy pace:
Trust little to the future then, the passing day embrace.

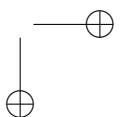
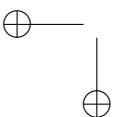


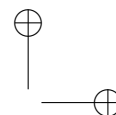
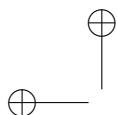


MORTIMER HARRIS, 1871

(A Selection from the Odes of Horace)

Seek not to know – the quest is wrong – what end Leuconoë,
Of this our life the Gods may grant to either you or me:
Nor Babylonian numbers try; our lot 'tis best to bear;
(Whether Jove gives us more, or this should be the latest year
In which the Tuscan waves their force 'gainst rocks opposing break)
Be wise, and pour your mellow wine; in this brief space forsake
All lengthened hope; e'en while we speak flies envious Age away;
Enjoy today – tomorrow trust as little as you may.





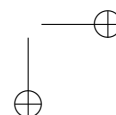
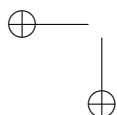
M. C., 1871

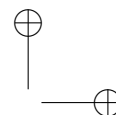
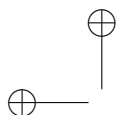
(The Odes of Horace. Book First.)

Leuconoe, shut the book of Fate,
 And tempt its leaves no more;
Our better wisdom is to wait,
 Whatever be in store:
As many days as God shall give,
Both you and I are sure to live.

Winter and summer will run on
 Longer than you and I;
And when our years are come and gone,
 The sea will not be dry:
To death at last we all must bow,
We need not ask the when or how.

Be wise, the dregs are in the cup,
 But do not shake the wine;
Be happy while it sparkles up,
 And hope is yours and mine:
For as we speak, life fleets away;
To-morrow is not, – live to-day.

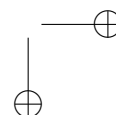
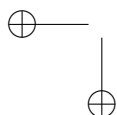


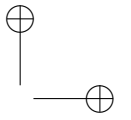
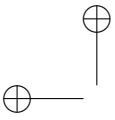


JAMES LONSDALE AND SAMUEL LEE, 1873

(JL 1816–92, SL 1837–92)

Forbear you to enquire, (for we may not know,) what ending Heaven has ordained for me, and what for you, Leuconoë; and essay not the Chaldean tables. How much better 'twill be, to endure whatever shall befall! Whether Jove has granted many winters more, or this the last of all, which now against the barrier of pumice-stone crushes the might of the Etruscan sea, be wise, strain clear the wine; and since our span is short, cut off a length of hope. While we are speaking, envious Time will have fled: snatch To-day, and utterly mistrust To-morrow.

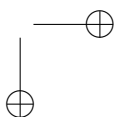
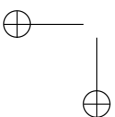




ROBERT M. HOVENDEN, 1874

(“Formerly of Trinity College, Cambridge”)

Folly asks, imposture answers; trust not, O Leuconoë,
Babylonian necromancers, telling what the Fates decree
For us, singly or together. Learn we rather to oppose
Valiant hearts to stormy weather – more to come or here the close –
Rock-like, when the waters crumble, dash'd aloft in angry jet.
Life is short, be wise, be humble, why against the tether fret?
Rack the wine, no use in sighing, grasp the essence of to-day,
While we talk old Time is flying; be to-morrow what it may.



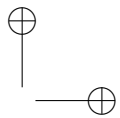
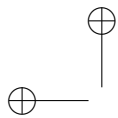


ARTHUR WAY, 1876

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

Do not enquire – 'tis forbidden to know – what end the gods
have appointed
Unto thee, unto me, O Leuconoë, and make not thou any trial
Of Chaldee numbers. O, how much better, whate'er shall
befall, to bear it!
Whether Jove hath appointed thee many a winter yet, or this
for the last one,
Which now on opposing crags is tiring the strength of the sea
Tyrrenian.
O be thou wise; e'en filter the wine, and cut off hope far-
reaching
From this thy little span. The while we speak, thy grudging
lifetime
Will be fled! O gather to-day, putting trust in to-morrow as
little as may be.



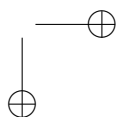
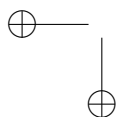


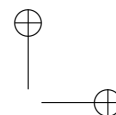
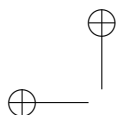
W. E. H. FORSYTH, 1876

(1845–81; Lawyer in Bengal)

Seek not to know, Leuconoe,
The death that waits both you and me –
 The gods forbid such quest;
Don't go and talk with gipsies old,
And try to get your fortune told;
 Let's take things for the best.

Perchance we long shall feel the blast,
Perchance this wintry gale's our last;
 Be wise, and drink – don't bother;
E'en as we prate Time's flying on,
So seize the moment ere 'tis gone;
 We may not have another.

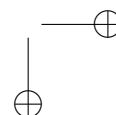
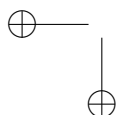


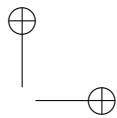
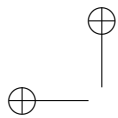


RICHARD TROTT FISHER, 1876

(Rakings Over Many Seasons)

Ask not – thou canst no' er discover – what for thee or me, Leuconoe,
Destiny has purposed; neither try thy Babylonian ciphers:
Better far to bear with patience whatsoever may befall:
Whether many winters wait us, or this one may be our last
Which the Tuscan sea is breaking now against the opposing coast.
So be wise, and fill the bumper: clip long expectation's wings:
Jealous time, while we are talking, will have flitted and be gone.
Use the present day, the morrow trust not – it may never come.

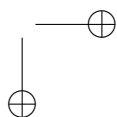
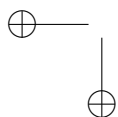


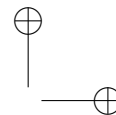
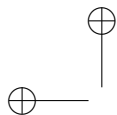


W. P. DOLE, 1876

(The Canadian Monthly)

Leuconoe, you should not seek to know
What term of life the Gods above to me
May have assigned, or what allotted thee;
Nor try if Babylonian schemes can show
Our fate: that is forbidden man below.
How better far it were whate'er may be
Calmly to meet! whether, by Jove's decree,
We've many winters more, or the last now
Dashes in fretted foam the Tuscan sea
'Gainst wave-worn rocks. Be wise; your wines outpour;
Far-reaching hopes reduce to a short span.
Even while we speak the envious moments flee
Our idle grasp: Seize, then, the present hour;
And to the morrow trust as little as you can.





AUSTIN DOBSON, 1877

(1840–1921; Poet and Critic)

Seek not, O Maid, to know
(Alas! unblest the trying!)
When thou and I must go.

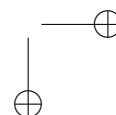
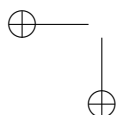
No lore of stars can show.
What shall be, vainly prying,
Seek not, O Maid, to know.

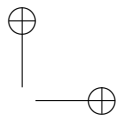
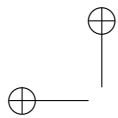
Will Jove long years bestow? –
Or is 't with this one dying,
That thou and I must go;

Now, – when the great winds blow,
And waves the reef are plying? ...
Seek not, O Maid, to know.

Rather let clear wine flow,
On no vain hope relying;
When thou and I must go

Lies dark; – then be it so.
Now, – *now*, churl Time is flying;
Seek not, O Maid, to know
When thou and I must go.

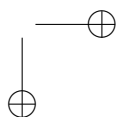
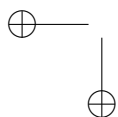


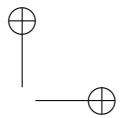
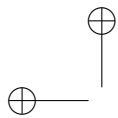


JAMES JOHN LONSDALE, 1879

(1810-86; Judge)

Ask not, 'tis wrong, what end for thee or me
The Gods may have ordain'd, Leuconoe;
Nor try the numbers Babylonian:
'Tis better to submit, does Jove life's span
Give many winters, or does now the last
Against th' opposing rocks, with stormy blast,
Shatter the Tyrrhene Sea. Be wise, wine strain,
And, time being short, from lengthen'd hope refrain:
E'en while we talk the envious moments speed:
Enjoy to-day, to-morrow little heed.

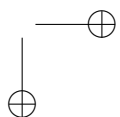
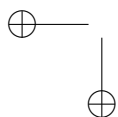


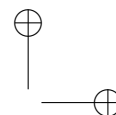
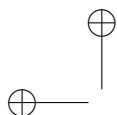


XOC., 1879

(Weak Moments)

Leuconoe, oh, never seek to know
What term of life upon us will bestow
The Gods; nor tempt the mysteries of Fate
Which Babylonian tables penetrate.
'Tis better far resignedly to bear
Whate'er the future shall for us prepare;
No matter if for us love hath forecast
More winters, or if this shall be our last.
Which now is breaking, with its fierce rude shocks,
Etrurian waves against opposing rocks.
Be wise; pour out your wines, cut short vain hope,
Proportion'd to the span of life's brief scope.
E'en while we talk invidious time still flies;
So seize the day that at thine hand now lies,
And ne'er give credit unto those that follow,
Nor build thy faith upon the fickle morrow.

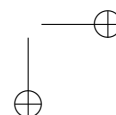
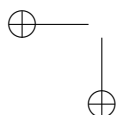




SIR PHILIP PERRING, 1880

(1828–1920)

Thou should'st not seek – 'tis sin to know – what end to thee,
what end to me,
The Gods have given, Leuconoe; nor calculations of Chaldee
Should'st thou essay; far better bear, whate'er shall be, sub-
missively,
Be it that Heaven more Winters gives, or this, the last that is
to be,
Which even now with barrier cliffs doth break the sea of
Tuscany;
Would'st thou be wise, filtrate the wines, and, as life's span
so brief must be,
Cut short long hope; e'en while we speak, time will have fled
invidiously;
Enjoy to-day, and trust as little as may be futurity.



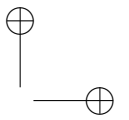


CHARLES PELHAM MULVANY, 1880

(1835–85; Canadian Clergyman)

Nay, love! seek not to know that which the gods, hiding from
me, from thee,
Term of life have assigned, Leuconöe, this thou shalt not
foresee –
Better were it to bear evil or good, all that the fates ordain,
Be this tempest the last, or if the storm Jupiter sends again –
Storm that frets with its foam rocks that oppose ever the
Tuscan wave.
Be thou wise, and the wine pour for my lips, – hope not against
the grave;
Hope not! even as we speak, envious time fleets on his wings
away, –
Now the Present enjoy, and if you can, trust not the Future
day.





MAUDE MOORE, 1880

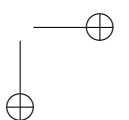
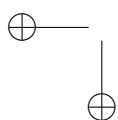
(Songs of Sunshine and Shadow)

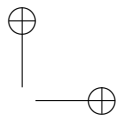
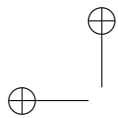
Seek not to know the span
 Of years that thine shall be,
For this is not for man
 To know, Leuconoë!
Then be content to know
That thou and I must go,
 Leuconoë!

And oh! 'twere truer far
 And better, still to wait,
Than our soul-peace to mar
 By wresting truth from fate
Then be content to know
That thou and I must go,
 Leuconoë!

If Jove shall spare to thee
 Full many a winter more,
Or this shall be thy last
 Now raging on the shore –
Oh, be content to know
That thou and I must go,
 Leuconoë!

Be wise: the red wine flowing
 Will give thy soul relief;
– With hope thy days are glowing –
 What tho' that day be brief: –
Then banish all thy sorrow,
And fondly trust the morrow,
 Leuconoë!





BANISTER LUPTON, 1881

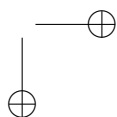
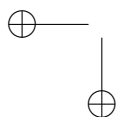
(The English Household Magazine)

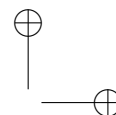
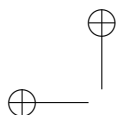
Ask not, Leuconoe – 'tis ill to be prying –
What end shall the gods give to thee or to me.
Refrain from the "Numbers of Babylon,"
From such doubtful knowledge, 'tis good to be free.

That, better contented, thou may'st bear whatever,
In time to come, may be allotted to thee:
Perchance, many winters, or Jupiter never
May give thee one more than the present to see.

Which now, with Tyrrhenian billows, is breaking
Against the shore's honey-combed, rough rocky face.
Strain, thou, the rich wine, from the linen-bag leaking;
Discard distant cares, from life's present brief space.

In hope, let us live; joy, from everything borrow:
For while we now speak, envious time Steals away.
Still, trusting the least to the chance of to-morrow;
Extracting, the utmost, we can from to-day.





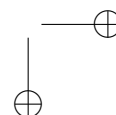
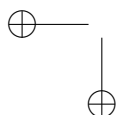
C. B., 1882

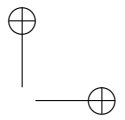
(Freeman's Journal)

Seek not, Leuconoë ('tis forbidden lore),
 What end for thee or me the gods prepare;
Nor on uncouth Chaldean cyphers pore;
 Better, what must be, to let be – and bear!

Whether more winters Jove to us allow,
 Or whether this one is the last we keep,
Which on the sullen, promontory's brow
 Now shatters into spray the Tuscan deep.

Be wise! stint not the wine! all hopes that stray
 Clip within compass! While these words I waste.
Time, the old churl, is fleeing; seize the day,
 And trust the morn as little as thou may'st.





ANONYMOUS, 1882

(The Victorian Review)

Seek not! darling Leuconoe!
What the future will bring forth,
Or what time the Gods have given
 To thee or me.

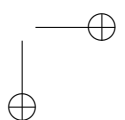
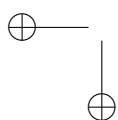
Dabble not in mystic symbols
Your own fortune to unfold;
Mastered once, oh curious maid,
 Pleasure would flee.

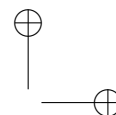
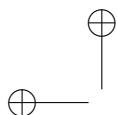
How much the better to endure
Uncomplaining every hap,
Hoping that the morrow will
 Happier be.

And if Jove immortal many
Winters has assigned or one,
Do not grumble, but endeavour
 To thankful be.

Clear your wine, and with the short span
Of life measure your bright hopes,
Ever expecting the end
 Quite cheerfully.

While we chatter time is flying
Enviously. Seize to-day!
Trust thou not the morrow too
 Credulously.





HENRY HUBBARD PIERCE, 1884

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

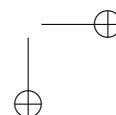
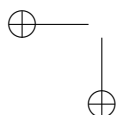
Ah! question not the stars, my friend;
Such knowledge brings thee sorrow.
Ask not the seer if life will end
For thee and me to-morrow.

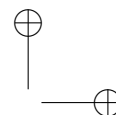
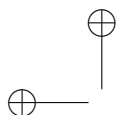
The heedless heart’s the happy heart,
O’er pool and rapid drifting;
The patient part’s the wiser part,
Each moment’s burden lifting.

Why need we care if Jove intend
More months of wintry weather;
Or this may be the last, my friend,
We hear the storm together?

Then be thou wise, and filter wine;
Ask not the hour for dying;
Cut short thy hopes as I do mine,
Nor trust the moments flying.

For jealous Time doth speed away
While you and I are greeting.
The present day’s the only day;
Its hours are few and fleeting.





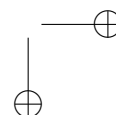
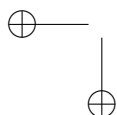
H. D. LEIGH, 1884

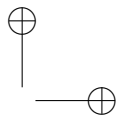
(The Oxford Magazine)

Why seek to penetrate
Whether the morrow
Bring by decree of fate
Gladness or sorrow?
Sure as you calculate,
Chance will reverse it,
Careless if idle pate
Bless it or curse it.

Chance, who with ancient craft
Smiles at our madness,
Mixes the varied draught
Sorrow and gladness.
Light hath the goddess laughed:
“Bitter ye think it,
Yet must the cup be quaffed –
Taste, fool, and drink it!”

While we have loving looks,
And joy in each other;
Sea, sky, and pleasant nooks,
A sister, a mother:
While we have careful cooks,
And a good liver,
Smoke we our long chibouques,
Care not a stiver.





MELVILLE MADISON BIGELOW, 1884

(1846–1921; Barrister)

Do not seek (the gods forbid!)
The end of life; 't is from us hid.
It is naught.

Eastern seers ask not for aid,
Better take what now is laid
Thee before.

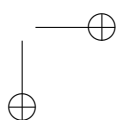
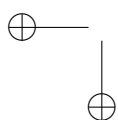
Winters more the gods may give,
Not another may we live.
Vain the thought!

Look! the sea; it eats the rocks;
Their defiant stand it mocks
In the roar.

Strain the grape, the ruby grape,
Future good hope not to shape,
Soon life's o'er.

Age that hates the bloom of youth
In spirits flowing kens its ruth,
Shrinks away.

Live to-day! Confide thou not
In Fortune's wheel to turn thy lot.
Live to-day!





HERBERT GRANT, 1885

(Odes of Horace)

Strive not, still impious, to divine
What heaven decrees thy fate, or mine,
Nor Babylonian tablets scan,
But bravely meet the lot of man;
Should Jove more winters deign to give,
Or this the last that we shall live,
Which breaks against the tide-worn rock,
The Tyrrhene wave with adverse shock,
Be wise and mix the generous wine,
To life's brief moments hope confine.
Whilst yet we speak the envious hour hath flown:
The present seize, the future's not thine own!





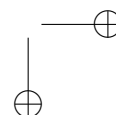
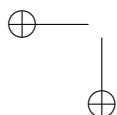
CHARLES WILLIAM DUNCAN, 1886

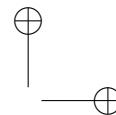
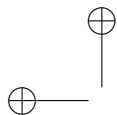
(The Odes and Saecular Hymn of Quintus Horatius Flaccus)

Seek not, Leuconoë, 'tis wrong to know,
What end the Gods on me or thee bestow;
Consult not thou the Babylonian seer;
Far better 'tis thy destined lot to bear,

Nor ask if Jove has many winters given,
Or this the last vouchsafed by gracious heaven,
'Gainst stubborn rocks which chafes the Tyrrhene main,
Be wise, and haste for use thy wines to strain.

The longest life hoped for by mortal man,
So brief in space, can but be deemed a span.
E'en as we speak unwelcome age flies fast;
Enjoy the day, nor to the future trust.

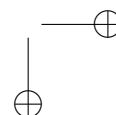
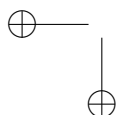


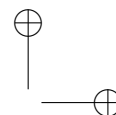
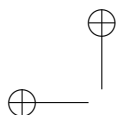


T. RUTHERFURD CLARK, 1887

(The Odes of Horace)

Seek not, Leuconoë, –
Thou may'st not know it, – when by Heaven's decree
For each of us the appointed hour shall knell,
Nor ask Chaldean symbols to foretell.
 Best bear the future, bale or bliss,
 Whether yet many a winter is
Our lot, or all our winters end in this,
 Which tires the Tuscan surge
Against the barriers of its rocky verge.
Therefore be wise, and sip the mellow wine,
And since so short our sojourn here, resign
 Thy distant dreams: each word we say,
 Some envious moment melts away,
Trust nothing to the morrow, live to-day.

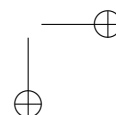
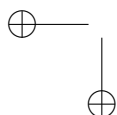


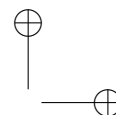
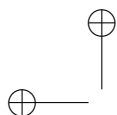


SIR STEPHEN DE VERE, 1888

(1812–1904; Poet and Country Gentleman)

Seek not to lift the veil forbidden,
Nor vainly scan the future hidden;
Nor strive with Babylonian lore
Our fate's dark secret to explore:
Far wiser is it to endure
Those ills of life we cannot cure.
What though this winter, that exhausts
The Tyrrhene surge on shattered coasts,
Should be the last for thee and me?
It matters not, Leuconoë!
Fill high the goblet! Envious Time
Steals, as we speak, our fleeting prime.
Away with hope! Away with sorrow!
Snatch thou To-day, nor trust To-morrow.





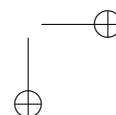
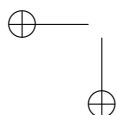
ANONYMOUS, 1889

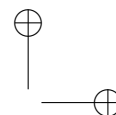
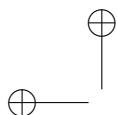
(Southwestern Journal of Education)

Leuconoe, love, do not enquire
 Why Jove has willed that we should die,
Nor touch those strange Chaldean charts
 Which, O! too often do but lie.

No, let us rather spend our days,
 As long as they may hap to be,
In joy, so long as Jove doth grant
 The breath of life to you and me.

Let's teast, while yet 'tis in our power,
 And quaff the sweet Falernian wine;
To-morrow to the gods belongs,
 To-day, my love, is thine and mine.

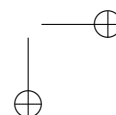
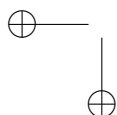


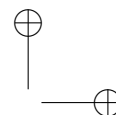
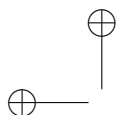


J. LEIGH S. HATTON, 1890

(“Late of Worcester College, Oxford”)

Do not inquire, it is useless, Leuconoë,
 What the Gods purpose for you or for me,
Try not the oracles called Babylonian,
 Better endure it, whatever it be;
Whether more winters great Jupiter gives us,
 Or 'tis our last one that ruffles the brine,
Drink well, but hope little, time flies as we chatter,
 The future is doubtful, the present is thine.





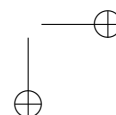
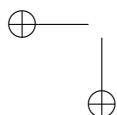
GOLDWIN SMITH, 1890

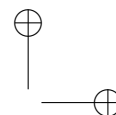
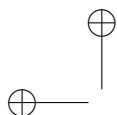
(1823–1910; Scholar, Historian, and Controversialist)

Draw not that curtain, lady mine;
 Seek no diviner's art;
To read my destiny or thine –
 It is not wisdom's part.

Whether our years be many more,
 Or our last winter this,
Which breaks the waves on yonder shore, –
 Our ignorance is bliss.

Then fill the wine-cup when you can,
 And let us banish sorrow;
Cut short thy hopes to suit thy span, –
 And never trust to-morrow.

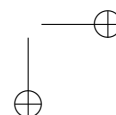
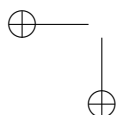




ROSWELL MARTIN FIELD, 1891 (IMITATED)

(1807–69; American Lawyer and Politician)

What end the gods may have ordained for me,
And what for thee,
 Seek not to learn, Leuconöe; we may not know.
Chaldean tables cannot bring us rest.
'T is for the best
 To bear in patience what may come, or weal or woe.
If for more winters our poor lot is cast,
Or this the last,
 Which on the crumbling rocks has dashed Etruscan seas,
Strain clear the wine; this life is short, at best.
Take hope with zest,
 And, trusting not To-morrow, snatch To-day for ease!



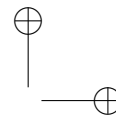
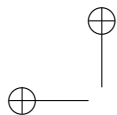


EUGENE FIELD, 1891 (IMITATED)

(1850–95; American Journalist and Poet)

Seek not, Leuconë, to know how long you're going to live yet,
What boons the gods will yet withhold, or what they 're going to give
yet;
For Jupiter will have his way, despite how much we worry, –
Some will hang on for many a day, and some die in a hurry.
The wisest thing for you to do is to embark this diem
Upon a merry escapade with some such bard as I am.
And while we sport I'll reel you off such odes as shall surprise ye;
To-morrow, when the headache comes, – well, then I'll satirize ye!





EDWARD HENRY PEMBER, 1891

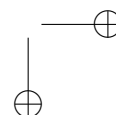
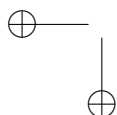
(1833–1911; Parliamentary Barrister and Poet)

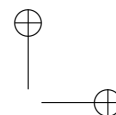
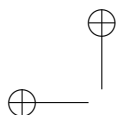
Oh cease to speculate on Life and Death,
And who shall live the longest, you or I;
Nor on vain sighing, Nelly, waste your breath
Because Astrology is all a lie.

Be calm, a score of winters with their fun
May be in store for us, or it may be
That this particularly nasty one,
Freezing the mud-banks of our Solent sea,

May be our last; be wise, my child, and take
One glass of this mulled claret, and go sleep;
'Tis fatal to be over wideawake!
Old Time, while we this wasteful vigil keep,

Passes and chuckles; let us live to-day,
And look ahead as little as we may!

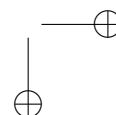
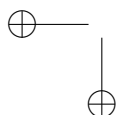




JOHN B. HAGUE, 1892

(The Odes and Epodes of Horace)

Seek not, O fair Leuconoë – the Gods forbid to know –
What end assigned to me and thee, awaits us here below;
Let not Chaldean sage deceive, 't is nobler far to bend
In patient trust till heaven relieve, whate'er great Jove may send,
Whether more winter storms shall pour, or this shall be the last
To break on Tyrrhene's rocky shore, and vex it with its blast.
Be home thy care as years shall wear – to strain thy wines be wise,
Time steals away, then seize to-day, trust not to-morrow's skies.





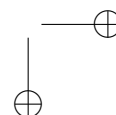
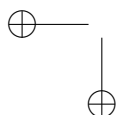
LUTHER H. TUCKER, 1892

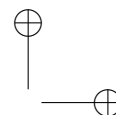
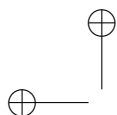
(Yale Literary Magazine)

Let us be merry to-day, Love;
 To-morrow – who can tell? –
A shadow may cross our way, Love,
 A shadow cold and fell:
So let us be glad while we may, Love,
 Be glad while all is well.

I've fears for the dark to-morrow,
 To-day we know is bright;
I shudder to think that sorrow
 May steal upon us to-night:
Then let us for merriment borrow
 The last few hours of light.

Oh, the evening-star is rising,
 The sun is sinking low!
Come, no more of thought and advising –
 See! away the day doth go,
Like a child that fears chastising;
 What will follow we cannot know.





ANTHONY C. DEANE, 1892 (IMITATED)

(1870–1946; Canon of Worcester Cathedral, Poet and Writer)

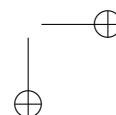
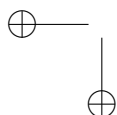
O covet not, Leuconoë, to be told
 What destinies on each of us await;
Neither by those astrologers of old,
 Nor those of latter date.

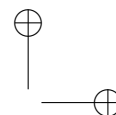
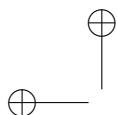
Seek not by post an oracle to fetch,
 For oft fulfilment expectation damps,
Although “Professors” will your future sketch
 For eighteen penny stamps.

Heed not the spiteful weather-forecast man;
 When he announces rain and tempest strong;
Make up your mind, as quickly as you can,
 The chances are he’s wrong;

And treat those sages with becoming mirth
 Who speedy doom to all the world proclaim;
They’re always at it, but our ancient earth
 Still rolls on much the same.

To know our destiny the gods forbid;
 Strive not in vain the unseen to descry;
In darkness is the fate of all men hid,
 In darkness let it lie.

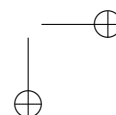
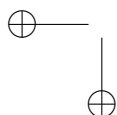


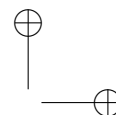
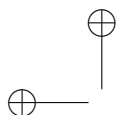


JOHN OSBORNE SARGENT, 1893

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

Oh, do not seek to learn, Leuconoë,
What fate the Gods reserve for you or me;
'T is wrong. Nor call in Babylonian seers
By mystic numbers to forecast your years.
Better endure what Jupiter ordains,
And not inquire how much of life remains;
Perhaps more winters – this our last may be,
Grinding the rocks that curb the Tyrrhene sea.
Filter your wine, be wise, there 's little scope
In a short life to cherish distant hope.
Even while we speak, Time envious slips away;
Incredulous of the morrow, – pluck to-day!

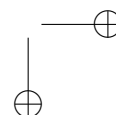
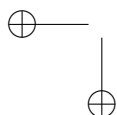


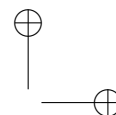
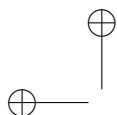


T. A. WALKER, 1893

(The Odes of Horace)

Seek not to know, Leuconoë,
The years of life appointed thee,
Nor ask the gods ('tis wrong) to say
When thou or I shall end our day.
Test not Chaldæa's mystic skill
In calculating good or ill;
Better in patience learn whate'er
The future has in store to bear.
Should Jove award thee many a blast
Of wintry storms, or this the last
That now excites the Tuscan main
Against the pumice rocks in vain,
Be wise, strain off thy festive wine,
And to that little span of thine
Adapt thy hopes, for while we talk
Doth envious time fast onward walk:
Enjoy each day, nor e'er confide
In what to-morrow may betide.





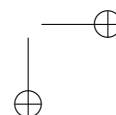
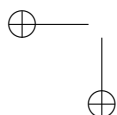
W. F. HARVEY, 1893

Peer not into lore forbidden,
Nor Chaldean tables try;
From your gaze and mine lies hidden
By what death we're doomed to die.

Better far for us endurance
Of the lot the Gods have cast:
Unto us comes no assurance
That this winter's not our last,

Which against yon rocky curtain
Breaks the fury of its seas;
Since our span of life's uncertain,
Let us strain our wine from lees.

Cease from hope your strength to borrow,
Envious years our hopes gainsay;
Never blindly trust the morrow;
Snatch the pleasures of to-day.





WILLIAM P. TRENT, 1894

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

Thou must not ask, Leuconoë, for it is wrong to know,
What end the gods have given me or thee, nor must thou go
To Babylonian numbers. How much better to endure
Whatever shall be, whether Jove more winters doth assure,
Or this the last makes that doth now with pumice rocks oppose
The Tyrrhene sea. Be wise and strain thy wines and quickly close
Thy long-drawn hope. Lo! while we speak, flies grudging Time away:
Then pluck to-day, to-morrow trust as little as one may!

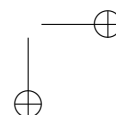
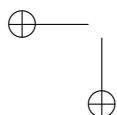


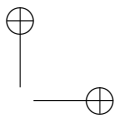


J. HOWARD DEAZELEY, 1894

("Merton College, Oxford")

Ask not thou, 'tis lore unholy, what the length to me or thee
That of life the gods have given, nor essay, Leuconöe,
Babylonish calculations: best to bear whate'er befall.
Whether Jove gives other winters, whether this be last of all
Which is breaking on the angry reefs the strength of Tuscan tide,
Show thy wisdom, strain thy vintage, and curtail a hope too wide
For a life-span all too narrow. Jealous time has slipt away
While we talk. Trust not the morrow, gather what thou canst to-day.





SIR OWEN SEAMAN, 1895 (IMITATED)

(1861–1936; Writer and Poet)

Seek not, dear boy, to overstrain
 The intellect for this exam;
Nor gauge amiss the gastric pain
 That comes of undigested cram;
Nor ask the heathenish Chaldee
For tips in pure theology.

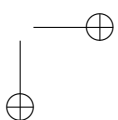
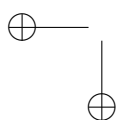
Far happier he who doesn't mind
 One little blow about the fray;
Who, if the foeman prove unkind,
 Gently, but firmly, runs away;
Who puts his money in the slot,
And comes and takes another shot.

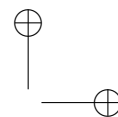
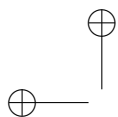
Be wise and fill the flowing can;
 Strain off the fatal pips, and wash
The dust of work away with an
 Alleviating lemon-squash;
There's something very nice, I think,
About an effervescent drink.

Eschew the heated lecture-hall;
 Drive by its door and pay no heed
To Cranmer on his pedestal
 Or holy Pearson on the Creed;
Blow up the horn! blow, while you may;
And, so to put it, pluck the day.

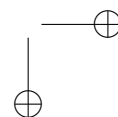
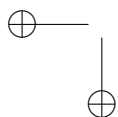
Come, pluck the day (I never knew
 How people set about the thing);
Come, brush aside the early dew,
 And have your matutinal fling;
Time wears a forelock on his brow;
You'd better take him by it now.

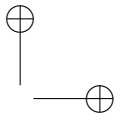
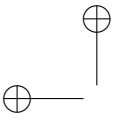
Trust not the morrow, lest it turn
 Traitor and trump your cherished hope;





Youth flies (I'd give a lot to learn
Who first conceived that trenchant trope);
This blessed hour my urgent rhyme
Is half a week behind the time.

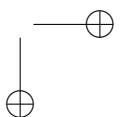
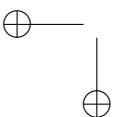


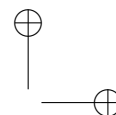
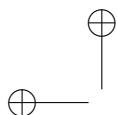


CHARLES L. GRAVES, 1895 (IMITATED)

(1856–1944; *The Hawarden Horace*)

Dear Mr. Stead, excuse me if I beg you, as a friend,
To cease importuning the spooks about my latter end.
Your Babylonish numbers, I admit, were even worse,
But still, a taste for spirits is undoubtedly a curse.
Far better leave the stars alone, and, banishing to Burmah
Your astral misalliances, take root on *terra firma*.
This chilly June may be our last, or Providence decree
That we shall both contribute to the *Twentieth Century*.
In either case try drinking port, and study to be sane,
Lest your high hopes should ruin down the limitless inane.
E'en as I write this post-card, time flies, hand over hand:
Then cultivate the daily press, nor trust in *Borderland*.

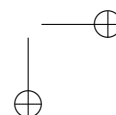
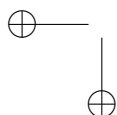


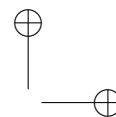
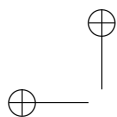


WILLIAM H. TAYLOR, 1895

(Portland Oregonian)

Seek not, Leuconoe, by mystic numbers,
What fate reserves unknown for thee or me;
Nor care to mark the day when life's last slumbers
Shall coldly passive write, "We've ceased to be."
With manly patience, whatsoever Jove sends us,
Let us unflinching to the last endure;
What, tho' this winter be for us the latest,
That bursts in fury on the Tuscan shore.
Let us be wise and drain, for time is fleeting –
The wine; life's sands steal far too fast away;
E'en as we speak the envious moments vanish –
Trust not tomorrow, wisely seize today.

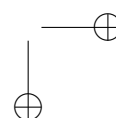
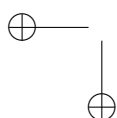


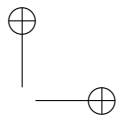
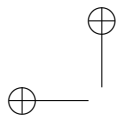


C. W. DOYLE, 1895

(Overland Monthly)

'T is wrong, Leuconoe, to seek to know
 What end to me, to thee, the Gods may will;
 Search not Chaldean tables, and if ill
Await thee, better 'twere to accept its woe!
Though Jove this winter – whose fierce storms now blow
 And dash the Etrurian waves' gainst rocks until
 Their strength is spent – bid now thy life fulfill,
Or many other winters come and go.
Be wise, rack off your wines, and to the span,
The narrow span of life, adjust your way
That's too ambitious. Whilst we talk and plan
Lo! hateful, envious time has fled apace.
Seize the occasion of the present day,
And trust but little to tomorrow's grace.

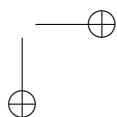
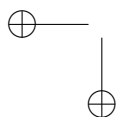




ANONYMOUS, 1895

(The Illio)

Seek not, since it is wrong, Leuconoe,
To know what lot to thee or me the gods
Have given, nor tempt the old Chaldean lore.
Better it is to silently endure
Whatever comes, whether the winter drear,
Which even now dashes the icy waves
To sparkling foam upon the time-worn rocks,
Is the last one Jupiter will send,
Or, if he others has in store for us.
Be wise; strain now the wine since life is short,
E'en while we speak, time flies, grasp fast to-day;
In pleasant future never put your trust.



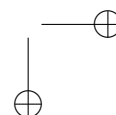
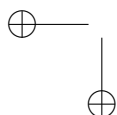


WILLIAM VINCENT BYARS, 1896 (IMITATED)

(1857–1938; American Journalist)

Sweet Lucy Noë, learn to trust the sky!
Nor seek from gypsies what your fate must be;
Nor shuffle false, deceitful packs to see
From jacks for low and puff-cheeked kings for high
What next year brings! Whether we live or die,
Let us two sit unvext to-day and free
From fear and care! If you but dare trust me,
You'll smile, my dear! 'Tis better than to sigh!

We shall do well enough! Nay, never fear!
Seize on the day and live your very best!
Heaven knows the future; while our skies are clear,
We'll hope our hopes and leave to heaven the rest!
So now, sweet Lucy, stand close by me here
And let me pin this red rose on your breast!

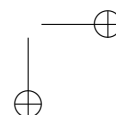
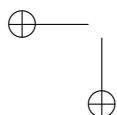


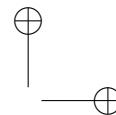
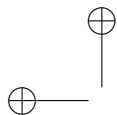


A. S. AGLLEN, 1896

(“Archdeacon of St. Andrews”)

O ask not, for 'tis wrong to know
 what date of death for you and me
The gods have fixed: have naught to do
 with Babylon's astrology.
But take, Leuconoë – 'tis best –
 whatever Jupiter ordain,
More winters yet, or this the last
 that drains the strength from Tuscan main
Upon the rugged headlands breaking.
 Wisely pour your wine, nor plan
For aught beyond the curtailed hope,
 that suits the brevity of man.
We talk, and as we talk, unkind
 the moment will have sped away;
Then count not, count not on to-morrow,
 but mistrustful, snatch to-day.

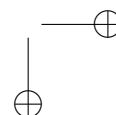
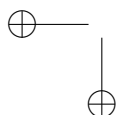


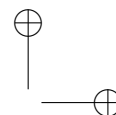
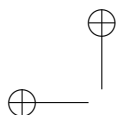


EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON, 1897

(1869–1935; American Poet)

I pray you not, Leuconoë, to pore
With unpermitted eyes on what may be
Appointed by the gods for you and me,
Nor on Chaldean figures any more.
'T were infinitely better to implore
The present only: – whether Jove decree
More winters yet to come, or whether he
Make even this, whose hard, wave-eaten shore
Shatters the Tuscan seas to-day, the last –
Be wise withal, and rack your wine, nor fill
Your bosom with large hopes; for while I sing,
The envious close of time is narrowing; –
So seize the day, – or ever it be past, –
And let the morrow come for what it will.

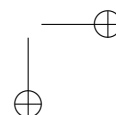
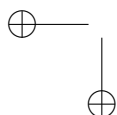


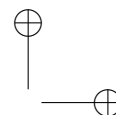
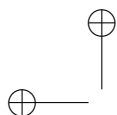


PHILIP E. PHELPS, 1897

(The Odes of Horace)

Seek not thou to enquire, (wrong to be known,) what to me,
what to thee,
End the Gods may have giv'n, Leuconoë, nor Babylonian
Numbers mystical try. Better it is, whate'er it be, to bear,
Whether winters to come Jove may have giv'n, or may give
this, the last,
Which now, with pumice rocks, vainly oppos'd, weakens in
force the sea
Tyrrhene. O be thou wise, drink off thy wine, and from life's
shorten'd space
Cut off lengthening hope. E'en while we speak, envious life
will fly; –
So make use of to-day, trusting the next, little as possible.

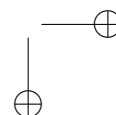
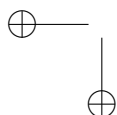


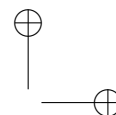
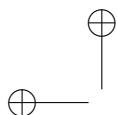


JOHN EDWARD COLBURN, 1898

(*Vermont Verse*, Russell W. Taft)

Strive not to know what end for thee and me
 The gods have fixed, Lenconoe; 'tis not well.
 Seek not in magian charms thy fate to spell
But take and bear it whatsoe'er it be:
Whether they give long years to me and thee,
 Or whether this same hour the tale shall tell;
 This hour which wears the rocks beneath the swell
And windy tumult of the Tuscan sea.
Be wise; pour out the wine; for life's brief hour
 Hath little room for lasting hope or fear;
 Ev'n while we speak old age is drawing near.
Come, seize the day that lies within our power,
 As for to-morrow, what it brings of cheer
We know not, nor what blackening storm may lour.





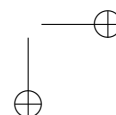
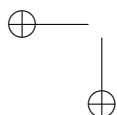
T. R. GLOVER, 1898

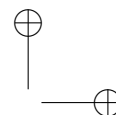
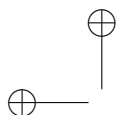
(1869–1943; Cambridge University Lecturer of Classical Literature)

Never seek you to learn, Leuconoe,
What end the gods assign to you or me;
 'Tis sin to be too curious. Meddle you
Nor with Chaldeans nor Astrology.

Whatever comes, bear that, and ask no more
If Jupiter have other years in store,
 Or if we see this our last winter break
The Tuscan billows on the rocky shore.

Be wise and strain the wine, for life is short,
Trim down your hopes. Look you! grim Time makes sport
 To fly while thus we talk. The present snatch,
The future trust not you in any sort.



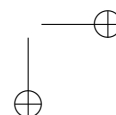
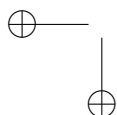


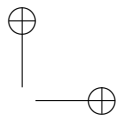
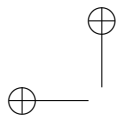
BENJAMIN F. MEYERS, 1901 (IMITATED)

(1833–1918; American Politician)

Quintus Horatius Flaccus
(Carmen Undecimum,
Liber Primus) doth attack us
In a sermon we might defy him
To show was ever lived up to by him;
Still let us bless him some
For the teaching: *Carpe Diem!*

Seize thou To-day; believe not
In To-morrow; conceive not
That envious Time will wait
While we shall vainly debate
Our future, and yet perceive not
That we cannot delay our fate.



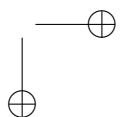
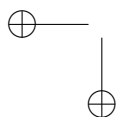


RAY CLARKE ROSE, 1901

(At the Sign of the Ginger Jar)

Leuconoe, you needs must see
 That he who by astrology
Divines his fate will it await
 A prey to sad chronology.
Forbidden lore like that is more
 Deceiving than ontology;
Is death to joy and sleep, my boy,
 And nurtures rank pseudology!
Take heed that he whom the Chaldee
 Enthralls by weird horology
Gives gold for sooths whose rank untruths
 Demand more than apology.

Be patient, friend, until the end
 That great Jove has assigned you,
And rest assured it can't be cured,
 Nor needs a guide to find you.
If chance your days be brief – why, praise
 The gods that trouble's spared you!
If they be long, then pipe a song
 For added joys declared you!
Be wise and gay, and let each day
 Be blest, nor fear to-morrow –
Strain well your wine, all cares decline
 And banish time and sorrow!





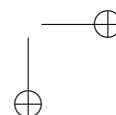
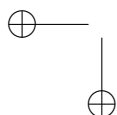
W. C. GREEN, 1903

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

Enquire not thou – we may not know –
 What end to me, what end to thee
The gods have given; nor of Chaldea so
 Search out, Leuconoë,
Mystic star-scrolls. Better I trow,
 To bear whate’er shall be.

Whether Jove granteth winters more,
 Or this be now our very last,
That breaks the Tuscan seas upon a shore
 Of rugged pumice cast;
Be wise, strain clear thy wine, give o’er
 Long hope; short life wanes fast.

Time, while we speak, hath envious fled away:
Trust little to to-morrow, seize to-day.

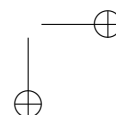
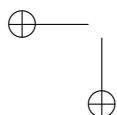


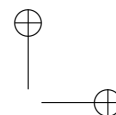
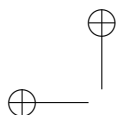


FABIUS MAXIMUS RAY, 1904

(1837–1915)

Ask not my Leuconoë, I entreat,
What length of days the Gods for us ordain;
Especially I beg, thou wouldst refrain
To ask the Babylonians of the street.
Accept whatever fate decrees, – 'tis meet.
If many winters to us still remain,
Or only this that sweeps the Tuscan main,
Causing its waves upon our shores to beat,
We still should store our wines and gauge our hopes
To life, that, at the most, is but a span.
E'en as we speak, the untried future opes.
Improve the day that is; no more we can.
Through all the years of life one blindly gropes;
The gods dispose, how much soe'er we plan.





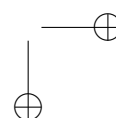
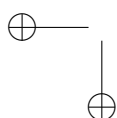
BARRETT EASTMAN, 1904

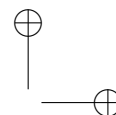
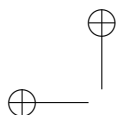
(The Minneapolis Journal)

Seek not to know, Leuconoe,
How many years for thee and me
 The gracious gods have yet in store.
 Consult no vague Chaldean lore,
But, trusting, bear what yet may be.

And whether Jupiter decree
Another winter, where the sea
 Dashes on the Etruscan shore,
 Seek not to know.

Be wise; fill up the wine cup free;
The longest life spells brevity,
 E'en while we talk this matter o'er
 Old Time flies on; so whether more
Or less of life remain for thee,
 Seek not to know!

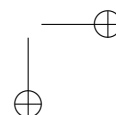
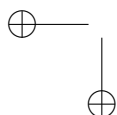


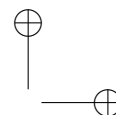
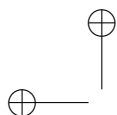


CLARENCE CARY, 1904

(1845–1911; American Lawyer and Sportsman)

Nay, ask not – since knowing were sinful – what for me; for thee, too,
As end, Leuconoë, the gods give: nor Chaldean tables
Consult, with the numbers. T'were best what may happen endure then –
Ay, whether Jove grants us more winters, or haply our last be
The one that now wearies, 'gainst rocks e'er opposing, the billows
Etruscan. Be wise! Rack thy wines off: our brief span long hope thus
Abridges! Lo, e'en as we talk here is Time, in its envy,
Fast flying! Then quickly To-day grasp – aye heedless of Morrows!





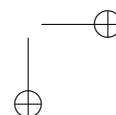
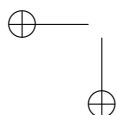
MARTIN DOUGLAS, 1905

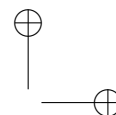
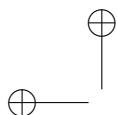
(*The Student*, Bates College)

Ah Love, seek not the goal of destiny,
 Ask not the unknown meaning of our life,
Let it suffice that summer's here and joy,
 That roses bloom and happiness is rife.

Try not to cull the flowers of the future
 Lest many a thorn lie hidden unawares,
But cherish those which now have come to cheer us
 Unmindful of to-morrow's heavy cares.

Strive not to gaze upon eternity,
 To scan the regions of the far away;
But come and live in love's dominion, Love,
 Where ecstasy shall reign and life is gay.

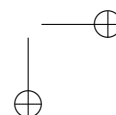
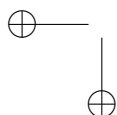


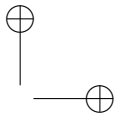
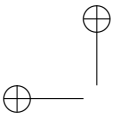


ECCLESTON DU FAUR, 1906

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

Thou should'st not ask, (thou must not know,) to me, to thee,
What limit may the gods have given, – Leuconoë:
Tempt not Chaldean rites: far better bear each blast;
Whether more winters Jove decrees, or this the last,
Now weakening, on opposing rocks, the Tuscan main:
Be wise, – pour out the wine, – to briefer space restrain
Thy longer hopes: while talking, envious Time hath flown, –
Seize on to-day: trust little to the next, – 'tis not thine own.

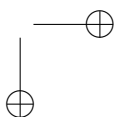
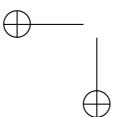




EDWARD R. GARNSEY, 1907

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

Try not to learn, Leuconoe (to know's forbid), the end for me, for thee,
That gods would give. With Babylonish figures meddle not.
Whatever shall be, how much better is it to bear that!
Whether Jove hath granted thee more winters, whether this the last
Which breaks the force of the Etrurian sea on stones against it set,
Be wise, rack off thy wines, and cut thy long hopes down
To suit a short span. While we are talking envious time steals on;
Catch to-day's joy and give the morrow but a minimum of trust.





WILLIAM GREENWOOD, 1907

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

Pry not into fate, Leuconoe. Live to-day; depend not on to-morrow.

Ask not – such lore’s forbidden –

What destined term may be

Within the future hidden,

For us, Leuconoe.

Both thou and I

Must quickly die.

Content thee, then, nor madly hope

To wrest a false assurance from Chaldean horoscope.

Far nobler, better were it,

Whate’er may be in store,

With soul serene to bear it;

If winters many more

Jove spare for thee,

Or this shall be

The last, that now with sullen roar

Scatters the Tuscan surge in foam upon the rockbound shore.

Be wise, your spirits firing

With cups of tempered wine,

And hopes afar aspiring

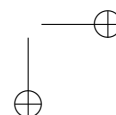
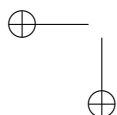
In compass brief confine.

Use all life’s powers;

The envious hours

Fly as we talk; then live to-day,

Nor fondly to to-morrow trust more than you must or may.



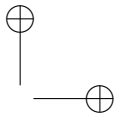
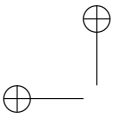


JOHN MARSHALL, 1907

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

Leuconoë dear, seek not I pray to know what Heaven hath
hid;
The span to me accorded, or to thee, is lore forbid!
Tempt not Chaldean horoscopes! More wise, what comes, to
bear;
Nor fret, whether some winters more from Jove fall to our
share,
Or this, which lashes now the Tuscan shore, our last decreed.
Be wise and strain the wine! Since short at best of joy our
need,
Prune distant hopes. Ev’n as we speak, grim Time speeds
swift away;
Seize now and here the hour that is, nor trust some later day!

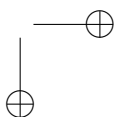
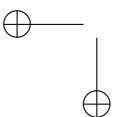


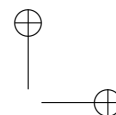
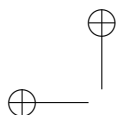


WILHELM MAURITZ PETTERSEN, 1908

(1860–1932)

Thou shouldst not seek impiously to know thy destiny,
Leuconoe; the gods will give what's best for thee and me.
What can Chaldean sages tell? Thy lot with patience take,
If storms shall rage hereafter, or if Jupiter will make
This one the last to lash the waves, that beat our rocky coast.
Be wise, and strain with care thy wines, nor of tomorrow boast.
Life may not see thy hopes fulfilled, and while we speak, time flies.
Enjoy to-day! to-morrow' s sun for thee may never rise.

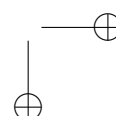
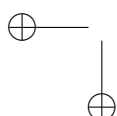


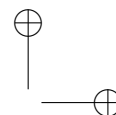
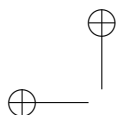


FRANCIS LAW LATHAM, 1910

(“Brasenose College, Oxford”)

Seek not, 'tis sin to know, what end for thee and me
The Gods have preordained; nor tempt, Leuconöe,
The Babylonian spells. Best bear whate'er befall;
If Jove more winters gives, or this the last of all
Which wastes with jutting reefs the sea Tyrrhenian,
Be wise, decant your wine, and to life's scanty span
Long hope cut down. While yet we talk, in spite away
Flies life; the present snatch, nor trust the future day.

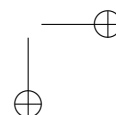
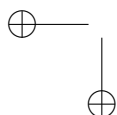


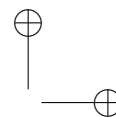
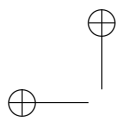


HAROLD BAILY DIXON, 1910

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

Seek not – it is sin to know it – what is fixed by Heaven’s decree –
What life’s term to me is granted, or to thee, Leuconöe.
Tempt no witch’s magic numbers, nor the seers of Babylon:
How much better that we bear with what the days bring as they run!
Haply we may see more winters, or this stormy winter’s day
Is the last that breaks the waters on the rock-bound Tyrrhene bay.
This is wisdom – strain the grape-juice, and curtail thy distant plan,
Let thy hope, let thy ambition fit a mortal’s narrow span!
Even as we speak together envious Time has slipped away,
Little trust thou in To-morrow – pluck the flower of To-day!

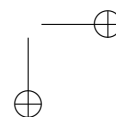
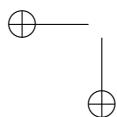


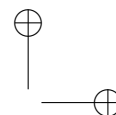
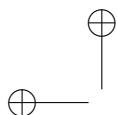


FRANKLIN P. ADAMS, 1911

(1881–1960; American Newspaper Columnist)

It is not right for you to know, so do not ask, Leuconoë,
How long a life the gods may give or ever we are gone away;
Try not to read the Final Page, the ending colophonian,
Trust not the gypsy's tea-leaves, nor the prophets Babylonian.
Better to have what is to come enshrouded in obscurity
Than to be certain of the sort and length of our futurity.
Why, even as I monologue on wisdom and longevity
How Time has flown! Spear some of it! The longest life is brevity.



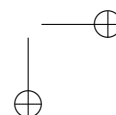
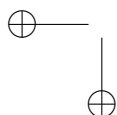


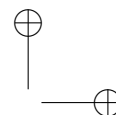
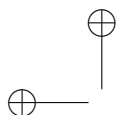
GEORGE M. WHICHER AND GEORGE F. WHICHER, 1911

(GMW 1860–1937, GFW 1889–1954)

Seek not to learn, for thou canst never know,
 How many years of life to thee or me
 The gods above will grant, Leuconoë,
 Nor trust what Chaldee calculations show.
Far better to endure what fates bestow,
 Should they more winters give, or should this be
 The last, that dashes now the Tuscan sea
 Tempestuous on the cliffs with angry blow.

Be wise: draw off the wine; without delay
 Proportion thy high hopes to life's brief span.
 Even while we're speaking, envious Time has gone
Beyond recall. Thine is the present day,
 Grasp it, enjoy it now, nor trust the plan
 Of leaving aught until the morrow's dawn.

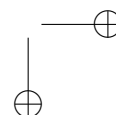
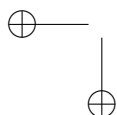


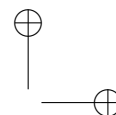
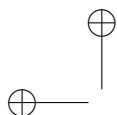


CHARLES LEONARD ANDREWS, 1911

(Australian Barrister-at-Law)

Cease to inquire, for 'tis forbid to know
What space to thee the gods have given below,
Leuconoe, nor Babylonian charms essay
How much the better patient to endure
Whate'er may hap. If Jove to us insure
Full many a winter, or this last alone
That now against the hard opposing stone
The might of the great Tuscan sea doth melt away,
Be wise. Rack off the wine, and to short space
Cut down long hope; age envious comes apace
Even as we speak, so seize the present day,
And trust the next as little as you may.

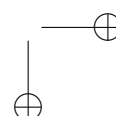
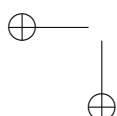




GEORGE M. WHICHER, 1912 (IMITATED)

(1860–1937)

Now T'reesy, tote that Awlmunac straight back to ol' man Merricks's.
'Tain't right, – this allus a-tryun' to find a body's climactericses.
I hain't no use fur a Millerite, that's allus sure he's gotten his
Full program for the Jedgment Day, like that Lootenant Totten is.
All poppy-cock! Why will folks let such idiuts bamboozle 'em?
W'y T'reesy, p'raps you'll live to be as old as Mrs. Mathusalem!
But what if Jordan's shinun' shore is loomun' right in sight of us?
Gol-darn it all! le's take what comes; it's go'n to come in spite of us.
– Le's have some flip; the poker's hot. Jest hear that cider sizzulun'!
Quick, taste the froth! it's sweet tonight; next week it'll all be fizzulun'.



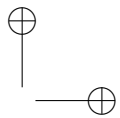
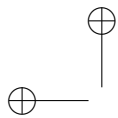


SIR WILLIAM S. MARRIS, 1912

(1873–1945; Civil Servant and Classical Scholar)

Forbear to ask, Leuconoe, for this no man may know,
What term of life the gods have set for thee and me: forgo
Thy Babylonish cyphers: better bide whate'er befall,
Come many winters yet from Jove, or this the last of all
To fling the tired Tyrrhenian sea upon the crannied reef.
If thou art wise, then strain the wine. The span of life is brief;
So prune thy far out-reaching hopes – the while we speak has run
One niggard minute: clutch to-day, and trust no morrow's sun.



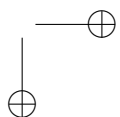
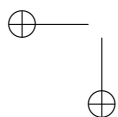


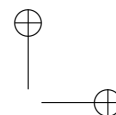
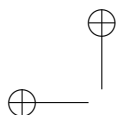
FRANKLIN P. ADAMS, 1912 (IMITATED)

(1881–1960; American Newspaper Columnist)

Be not, I pray, so curious
For knowledge; it's injurious
 To know about the future
 And compute your
 Every chance.
'Twould be a source of pain to you
To find what years remain to you
 To know your length of tether
 And the weather
 In advance.

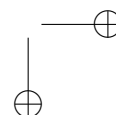
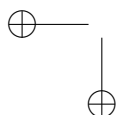
Life? Don't have such a thirst of it;
The best you get's the worst of it!
 You can't be here forever,
 They assever.
 Watch your step!
While I've been oratorical
Pa Tempus (metaphorical)
 Has, as it were, been guying
 Me by flying.
 – Are you hep?

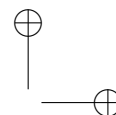
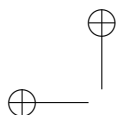




A. L. TAYLOR, 1914

Seek not, Leuconoë, the gods forbid
That thou shouldst know my destiny or thine;
In Babylonian numbers what lies hid
Seek not to know: far better, rain or shine,
To suffer what must be than to divine
If Jove sends other winters or the last
Now storms the Tuscan rocks. Strain thou the wine,
And trust not tireless Time that flieth fast,
But seize the jocund day ere it be with the past.

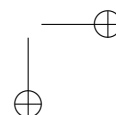
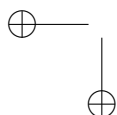


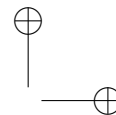
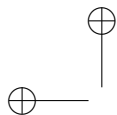


CHARLES E. BENNETT, 1914

(1858–1921; American Classical Scholar)

Ask not, Leuconoë (we cannot know), what end the gods have set for me, for thee, nor make trial of the Babylonian tables! How much better to endure whatever comes, whether Jupiter allots us added winters or whether this is last, which now wears out the Tuscan Sea upon the barrier of the cliffs! Show wisdom! Busy thyself with household tasks; and since life is brief, cut short far-reaching hopes! Even while we speak, envious Time has sped. Reap the harvest of to-day, putting as little trust as may be in the morrow!





HELEN EMMA WIEAND, 1914

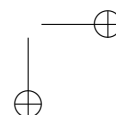
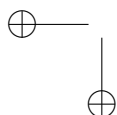
(Spring Moods and Fancies)

Do not ask! For you, for me,
Wrong to know, Leuconoë,
What the end the gods bestow,
What the Eastern sages know.
Do not ask, Leuconoë,
Not for you, nor me!

This the task, for you, for me,
Come what may, Leuconoë,
That to bear, though Jove's behest
Grant this year the last – 'Tis best.
Heed the task, Leuconoë,
Best for you, for me.

Would be wise, Leuconoë?
Quaff the wine life pours full-free;
Short the span of life, so why
Hope to stay the hours that fly?
Wisdom this, Leuconoë,
Seize each gift life holds in fee.

Trust not then, Leuconoë,
That to-morrow will for me,
Will for you, bring happiness;
Seize each golden hour's largess;
Envious time hastes you and me;
Life is brief, Leuconoë.



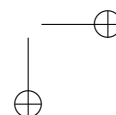
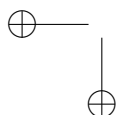


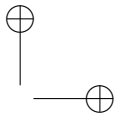
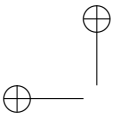
BEATRICE DAW, 1916

(Songs of Inexperience)

Seek not, Leuconœe, to know the day
The gods have set to bound thy life, or mine;
Nor try, through wise soothsayer's mystic sign,
To wrest the secrets of high Jove away.
Tempt not his wrath to learn his yea or nay,
But, whether hosts of years shall yet be thine
Or this the last that seas shall dash their brine
On hidden rocks, – the point is, to be gay!

I counsel wisdom, – let the wine be strained,
And spare thyself long hopes, for swift their flight.
See, while I spoke, Time his advantage gained, –
With every word, a moment vanished quite.
Leave sober thinking for some far-off hour!
Now let us pluck the day's fast-fading flower.

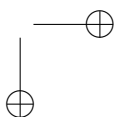
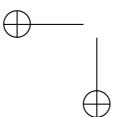


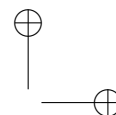
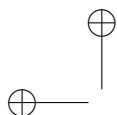


HELEN LEAH REED, 1917

(1864–1926; American Teacher and Author)

Seek, not to learn – Leuconoë, – a mortal may not know
What term of life on you or me our deities bestow.
The Babylonian soothsayer consult not; better bear
Whatever comes, whether to you more winters Jove shall spare,
Or whether this may be the last, grinding the Tuscan sea
On yonder rocks. Even as we talk, time envious shall flee.
Filter your wine, be wise, and clip your hopes to life's brief span.
Then seize today; to-morrow trust as little as you can.





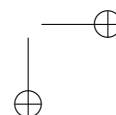
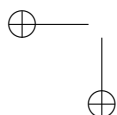
EDNA WORTHLEY UNDERWOOD, 1917

(1873–1961; American Author, Poet, and Translator)

Do not thou ask – it is not best to know – what length of days the
gods –

O Leuconoë, will give to thee and me; nor call Chaldean
Numbers. Far better it is I think to bear whatever comes!

Whether great Jove grants winters numerous, or this the last that e'er
Shall wash opposing shores with restless foam-white waves Etrurian.
Instead, Oh! be thy wise, and filter well thy wine, and cut thy hopes
To fit the span of life. Even while we speak Time, envious, flies on.
Seize thou the day and put not off thy joy.





CHARLES MURRAY, 1917

(Hamewith)

Ye needna speer, Catriona, nae spaewife yet could tell
Hoo short or lang for you an' me the tack o' life will rin,
We 'Il better jist dree oot the span as we hae dane the ell,
Content gin mony towmonds still we 're left to store the kin,
Or this the last we 'Il see the rocks tashed wi' the weary seas;
Hae sense an' set the greybeard oot; wi' life sae short for a'
They 're daft that plan ae ook ahead; Time keeks asklent an'
flee
E'en as we crack; the nicht is oors, the morn may never daw.

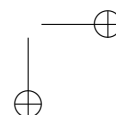
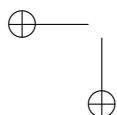


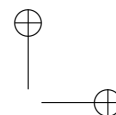
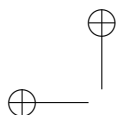


WARREN H. CUDWORTH, 1917

(1877–1927)

Inquire thou not – 'twere sin to ask – what days to thee and me
The gods will give, nor search Chaldaic lore, Leuconoë,
'Tis better, whatso'er may come, with patience to abide
If Jove ordain more winters yet, or this our last betide
That shivers now the Tyrrhene sea against the wave-carved ledge.
Learn wisdom, strain thy liquors, and, since life holds naught in pledge,
Repress far-reaching hopes: e'en while we speak, time flits apace
On envious wings; clutch fast to-day nor give the future grace.

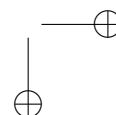
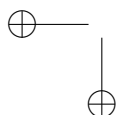


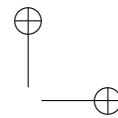
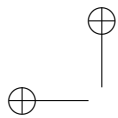


GERARD FENWICK, 1917

(The Odes of Horace, Book I)

Enquire not what space of life
The Gods allow to you or me
From Babylonian numerals
 Leuconoë.
Go suffer whosoe'er befall
If many winters come, or one,
Which now wears out Tyrrenian seas
 Sees thy life done.
The wise man strains his wine nor hopes
For long-drawn-out prosperity,
E'en while we talk old age creeps on
 Insensibly.
Enjoy to-day, why foolish long
For what may bring or pain or sorrow,
The present happiness is sure,
Why trust to-morrow.



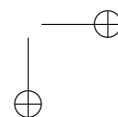
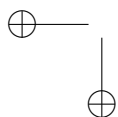


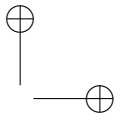
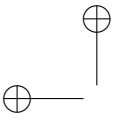
LOUIS UNTERMEYER, 1919

(1885–1977; American Editor and Poet)

Ask not – what does it matter –
 How long we're going to live;
The fortune-teller's patter
Ask not. What does it matter
If Jove has years to scatter
 Or only one to give? . . .
Ask not. What does it matter
 How long we're going to live!

Oh friend, trust no to-morrow,
 But seize the flying present.
Would you escape all sorrow,
Oh friend? Trust no to-morrow!
Drink deep, and do not borrow
 One thought that isn't pleasant.
Oh friend, trust no to-morrow,
 But seize the flying present.





FRANKLIN P. ADAMS, 1920 (IMITATED, 1)

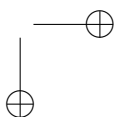
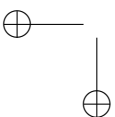
(1881–1960; American Newspaper Columnist)

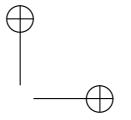
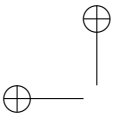
Nay, query not, Leuconoë, the finish of the fable;
Eliminate the worry as to what the years may hoard!
You only waste your time upon the Babylonian Table –
(Slang for the Ouija board).

And as to whether Jupiter, the final, unsurpassed one,
May add a lot of winters to our portion here below,
Or this impinging season is to be our very last one –
Really, I'd hate to know.

Apply yourself to wisdom! Sweep the floor and wash the
dishes,
Nor dream about the things you'll do in 1928!
My counsel is to cease to sit and yearn about your wishes,
Cursing the throws of Fate.

My! how I have been chattering on matters sad and pleasant!
(Endure with me a moment while I polish off a rhyme).
If I were you, I think, I'd bother only with the present –
Now is the only time.





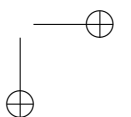
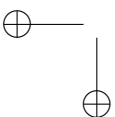
FRANKLIN P. ADAMS, 1920 (IMITATED, 2)

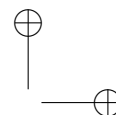
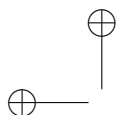
(1881–1960; American Newspaper Columnist)

Look not, Leuconoë, into the future;
 Seek not to find what the Answer may be;
Let no Chaldean clairvoyant compute your
 Time of existence. . . . It irritates me!

Better to bear what may happen soever
 Patiently, playing it through like a sport,
Whether the end of your breathing is Never,
 Or, as is likely, your time will be short.

This is the angle, the true situation;
 Get me, I pray, for I'm putting you hep:
While I've been fooling with versification
 Time has been flying. . . . Both gates!
 Watch your step!

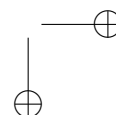
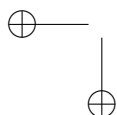


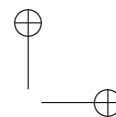
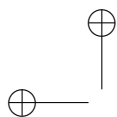


LIONEL LANCELOT SHADWELL, 1920

(1845–1925; Barrister)

Seek not thou, 'tis lore forbidden, what the end by heaven decreed
For my life and thine, nor strive Chaldean horoscopes to read.
Better far, Leuconoe, bear whatever lot for us be cast.
Whether many a winter more Jove grants, or wills to be our last
This that now on rocky barrier hurling tires the Tuscan main,
Tend with wisdom true thy cellar, and to narrow bounds restrain
Hope far aiming. Envious time will while we talk have onward sped.
Snatch to-day, nor in to-morrow e'er to put thy trust be led.

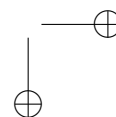
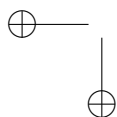




WILLIAM FREDERICK LLOYD, 1920

(Versions and Perversions)

Do not to fortune-tellers go
To seek how long you have to live,
'Tis better far you should not know
How many years the gods may give.
And for the future have no fears
And no regrets for what is past,
You still may live for many years,
Or this that comes may be your last.
Be wise! For time can never stay
Its course, but still will onward fly;
So take what comes to-day – to-day;
To-morrow you may die – may die.





FRANCIS COUTTS, 1920

(1852–1923)

Do not you inquire, Leuconöe, ('tis forbidden to know) what end heaven has set to you, what to me, nor meddle with Babylonian calculations. How much better it is to bear whatever will betide, whether Jove has assigned us several winters, or this our last, which now shivers the Tyrrhene sea on the opposing cliffs. Be wise, strain off the wines, and, as the time is short, retrench far-reaching hopes. While we speak envious time has fled. Enjoy to-day, putting no shred of trust in the hereafter.

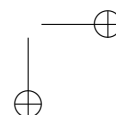
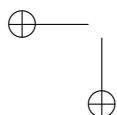


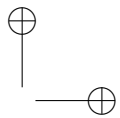
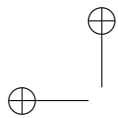


MORRIE RYSKIND, 1921 (IMITATED)

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

Don't ask how long you have to live –
 You'll die before you know it.
This little counsel let me give:
Don't ask how long you have to live;
It shows your mind is like a sieve –
 Accept it from this poet.
Don't ask how long you have to live –
 You'll die before you know it!



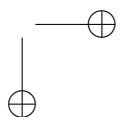
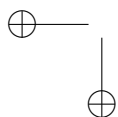


WILLIAM HATHORN MILLS, 1921

(1848–1930; Writer)

Seek not to know – such search were sin – what term, Leuconoe,
Of life the Gods, who rule our lives, have fixed for you and me,
Nor try the tables that sum up Babel's astrology.
'Twere better – how far better! – to endure the uttermost,
Whether Jove grants more winters, or this brings a farewell frost,
That breaks the strength of waves that lash the rock-bound Tuscan
coast.

Be wise; strain wines; curtail far hopes to fit short destiny;
E'en while we speak time, grudging time, has fled; snatch eagerly
Each day, and trust the morrow's grace as little as may be.





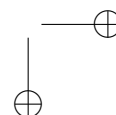
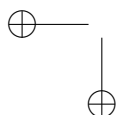
JOHN FINLAYSON, 1921

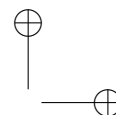
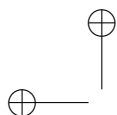
(*The Odes of Horace*)

Seek not, Leuconoe, I pray, to know
What is withheld from mortals here below,
What years to thee, or me, the gods bestow
For life's short canter;
Those vain Chaldean sorceries forego,
And cease instanter.

How better far that thou shouldst calmly bear
Whate'er in life is thine appointed share:
Whether Jove grant thee Winters more, or spare
Form out his store
But this – the last – 'gainst Tuscan reefs that e'er
Will surges roar.

Be wise; to strain thy wine doth well repay:
Adjust thy hopes aright to life's short way;
Even as we speak our life-time ebbs away,
Nor standeth ever:
The *present* seize, but to a following day
Thy troth plight never!

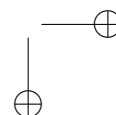
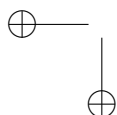


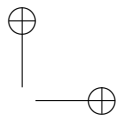
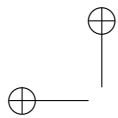


GEOFFREY ROBLEY SAYER, 1922

(1887–1962; Civil Servant and Historian)

Seek not to know, 'twere wrong, Leuconoe,
What end the gods have set for you and me;
Nor try your luck by mystic numerals
But rather take whatever chance befalls.
The storm that vainly flings the Tyrrhene spray
Upon th' opposing pumice cliffs today
Perchance will be our last. Perchance 'tis willed
That many another storm must be fulfilled.
The wise man quaffs the cup and sets his hope
Within the limits of a narrow scope.
E'en while we talk life slips unseen away:
Trust not the morrow: pluck its fruit today.

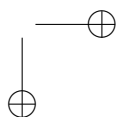
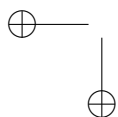


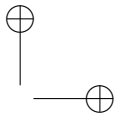
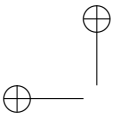


EDWARD DOUGLAS ARMOUR, 1922

(1851–1922; Lawyer, Educator and Poet)

Do not inquire, Leuconoë,
What Fate reserves for thee and me,
What terms of life, how long our ages.
And do not ask Chaldean sages,
Whether this winter be the last
In which thou'lt see the breakers cast
Upon Etruria's frowning rocks,
With sounding and recurrent shocks.
With patience use the time thou hast,
As if this year were e'en the last.
Be wise, let not thy hopes exceed
What brevity of life may need.
While we converse, the present day
Glides imperceptibly away;
Seize it, nor let thy soul be vexed
With unknown happenings of the next.



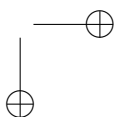
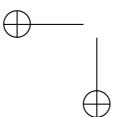


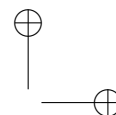
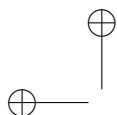
FRANKLIN P. ADAMS, 1923 (IMITATED)

(1881–1960; American Newspaper Columnist)

Do not ask, for none can tell you
 Ever what the end will be.
 All the ouijas of Chaldee
Rarely any future spell you.
Either Jupiter will knell you
 Soon or late. The moments flee.
 This my jazzy recipe:
Dance or ever the Reaper fell you.

O Leuconoe, let us hurry!
 Reap the harvest of to-day.
Only those who fret and worry
 Throw eternity away.
Here's the old Horatian habit:
Youth's elusive; better grab it.

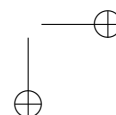
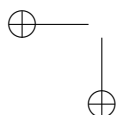


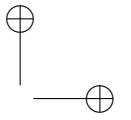
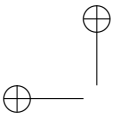


RICHARD A. ZEREGA, 1924

(1866–1956)

Thou shalt not seek to know, Leuconoë, for to know is a sin, what end the Gods may have allotted to thee, what end to me; nor shalt thou make trial of the Babylonian cyphers. How much better to endure aught that may happen, whether Jupiter has vouchsafed to us many a winter more, or whether this, which now shatters the Tyrrhenian Sea against porous cliffs, opposing, may be the last. Be wise, strain thy wines and within a restricted boundary great hopes confine. While we are now conversing, envious time is fleeting; enjoy the present day, trusting as little as possible to the morrow.





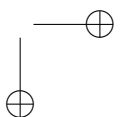
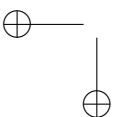
FRANKLIN P. ADAMS, 1925 (IMITATED)

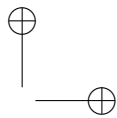
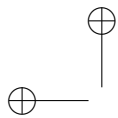
(1881–1960; American Newspaper Columnist)

Ask me not, my little Lucy,
What the gods may give to me,
Nor ought you be glad could you see
What your future's going to be.

Better far to bear the blowy
Breezes, come they slow or fast.
Jove may give us many snowy
Winters; this may be the last.

Wisdom, Lucy. Take the present!
Take the treasure of to-day!
Even as I write these pleasant
Rhymes, this evening slips away.

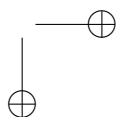
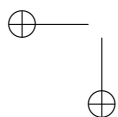


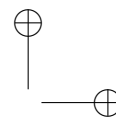
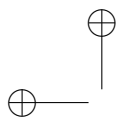


LEONARD CHALMERS-HUNT, 1925

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

'Tis wrong for you to seek to know,
What end to each shall Heav'n bestow.
'Tis not for you, nor yet for me,
To numbers search Leuconoë!
Your lot with resignation bear,
Leave to high Jove your future care.
Who knoweth, if this wintry blast,
Which rocks the main 'neath skies o'ercast,
Shall be the last or shall still more,
Lash with wild force the Tyrrhene shore?
Seek a calm frame of mind to gain,
With careful hand your vintage strain.
With hope conditioned to your need,
Of moments fugitive take heed!
Words will not envious Time delay,
Which, while we speak, has fled away.
Clutch while you may the present hour,
Nor mind uncertain future's dower!

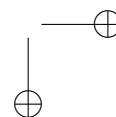
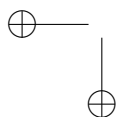


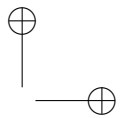
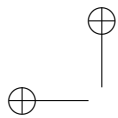


HUGH MACNAGHTEN, 1926

(1862–1929; Vice Provost of Eton College)

Ask not, for none may know, what span to you and me
The gods have grated, nor consult, Leuconoe,
The dark Chaldaean art. Best bear, whatever come.
Whether God grant more winters or now close the sum
With this which hurls the Tyrrhene waves on piers of stone,
Be wise; decant your wine; let little life disown
Large hopes; the while we talk, will jealous time have stayed?
This day enjoy: but on the next no trust be laid.

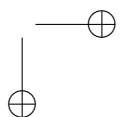
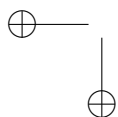


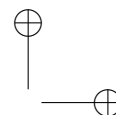
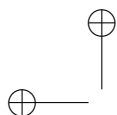


SAIDI HOLT, 1926

(Measures and Rhymes of Diverse Times)

Do not seek to enquire, –
 Knowledge is barred,
When will for you or me
End this god-given life;
 Never can we
Pry, O Leuconoë,
Aught from Babylon's lore:
 Better we'll find
Bearing whatever haps,
Whether winters the more
 Jupiter grant, –
Whether is this the last,
Breaking now on the rocks
 Veered up against
Might of the wasting wave
Of Tyrrhenian sea:
 Strain then your wines,
Life is so short, be wise;
Hopes too long must be pruned –
 E'en as we speak
Envious age flies past!
Seize the day that is here, –
 As for the next –
Give it the least of faith.





SIMONETTA, 1927 (PARAPHRASED)

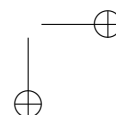
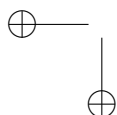
(Life)

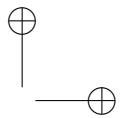
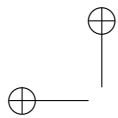
Leuconoé, I've stood it long enough –
Your questioning is driving me insane;
They'll diagnose it "softening of the brain"
If you keep up this what's-the-answer stuff.

Thus you: 1) Just what end awaits us? 2)
What do the Babylonian tables show?
3) How many more winters do we go?
And 4) Has Jove the date when we skidoo?

I know you're trying hard to give me one
Grand time and entertain your poet-guest;
But, Leucy, give the harried bean a rest;
These queries aren't my idea of fun.

Why not enjoy ourselves instead of wrecking
Our heads? Move over for a little necking!





ROSELLE MERCIER MONTGOMERY, 1929

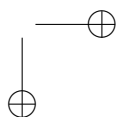
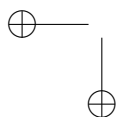
(1874–1933; American Poet)

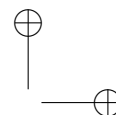
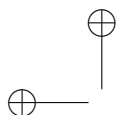
Seek not, Leuconoë, to know
What length of life Jove will bestow
On you or me –
Such things, hid from our mortal eyes,
No Babylonian sorceries
Can make you see!

Oh, better far bravely to bear
What heaven sends! No tear, no prayer
Can soften Jove!
This winter that now drives the sea
Upon the rocks perhaps may be
Our last, my love!

Forbear to guess the god's design.
Instead, be wise and strain the wine –
Age comes apace.
Even as we talk, he steals on us
As though he might be envious
Of this day's grace!

Then let us, love, since life's brief span
Denies us hope, pluck while we can
This one bright hour,
Nor trust to future joys too much –
Our eager hands may never touch
Tomorrow's flower!





ALEXANDER FALCONER MURISON, 1931

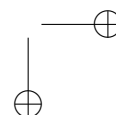
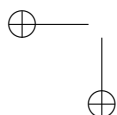
(1847–1934; Professor of Roman Law, University College, London)

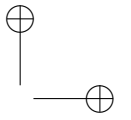
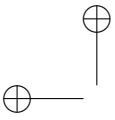
Nay, do not seek, Leuconoe, to know –
For 'tis forbidden knowledge, dear –
The term of life the gods or you or me
Have granted; nor consult a seer

Expounding Babylonian rows of figures.
How greatly better 'tis to bear
With patient mind whatever hap may come –
What Juppiter has fixed our share,

Whether more winters or this winter only
Now breaking the Etruscan main
Against opposing rocks. . . Leuconoe,
Be wise, content your wine to strain.

As life is brief, cut down your hopes to match.
Even while we talk Time, for our sorrow,
Hath fled – is gone. So snatch the present day
With ne'er a thought for ne'er a morrow.

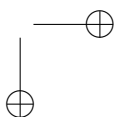
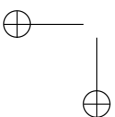




H. B. MAYOR, 1934

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

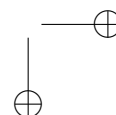
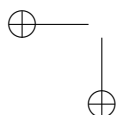
Cease, Leuconoë, to question what the end for us decreed
By the almighty gods, and seek not eastern horoscopes to read;
These are mysteries forbidden. Whatsoever fate be thine,
Better far to bear with patience, whether Jupiter assign
Many a winter yet to follow, or if this the last shall be,
Which against the flinty headlands shatters now the Tuscan sea.
Strain the wine, be wise in season, and in life’s brief sojourn here
Curb the distant hopes that wander far beyond our mortal sphere.
Even now while we are speaking, envious time has fled away;
Snatch the present, and the future trust as little as you may!





MAJOR ALFRED MAITLAND ADDISON, 1935

Inquire not, Leuconoë, for such Knowledge we should rue,
What end the gods reserve for me; what fate's in store for you;
And Babylonian Numbers, if wise, you will eschew.
Bow to your lot – if life for you holds many winters more,
Or whether Jove makes this your last, which now along the shore,
Lifts waves that pound Etruscan rocks, and break in sullen roar.
Be wise – since days on earth are few, distil the jovial wine;
And do not, for your hopes cut short, in senseless grief repine.
E'en as we speak our words but mark, of envious Time, the flight;
Live for the day – the morrow's dawn may all your prospects blight.

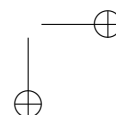
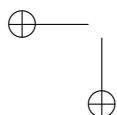


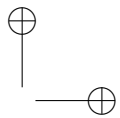
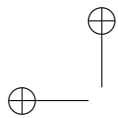


GILBERT F. CUNNINGHAM, 1935

(Horace: An Essay and Some Translations)

Question not how or when the gods design
to end your life, Leuconoë, or mine;
nor scan the stars to learn what Jove intends.
Best to accept what comes; whether he sends
many more winters, or if now your last
dashes the impotent surge before its blast
against the rocks that front the Etrurian main,
be wise in ignorance; and while you strain
your wine, since life is short, forbear to seek
more distant prospects – even as we speak
the moments pass – enjoy them while you may,
nor trust too blindly in a future day.





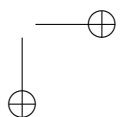
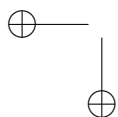
JOHN B. QUINN, 1936

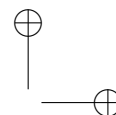
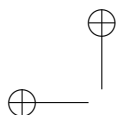
(Educator and Translator)

Seek not, Leuconoe, my friend,
As gods forbid to know,
When our allotted days shall end,
Or what the planets show!
Much better be your care,
With patience all to bear!

If Jove to us more winters deign,
Or this the last will be,
To waste the pumice rocks amain
Beneath the Tuscan sea,
Be wise your wine to strain
And cull far hopes as vain!

For summers warm and winters cold,
Man counts on earth but few,
And while our pleasing thoughts we've told,
The jealous moments flew;
So seize the present day,
And trust to no delay!

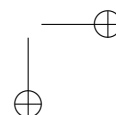
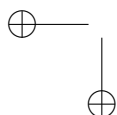


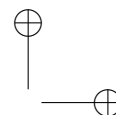
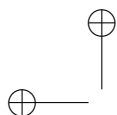


FRANCIS WILLIAM REID, 1939

(Chimes of the Campanile, a Chant-Royal and Other Poems of Berkeley, California)

Seek not, (seeking is wrong) what is the fate waiting for me, for you,
What end gods will bestow, Leu-co-no-e, trying by dice to know.
Better, without a fear, bravely to wait what mighty Jove may do –
Whether many a winter is decreed, or only one will show
Tempests fiercely a-dash toward the high cliffs guarding Tyrrhenum
shore!
Wiser, drink of the wines, happy today; know life is short, indeed!
Just now, while we await, time rushes on, coming again no more;
This day, joyfully live, forgetting that future has aught to heed!

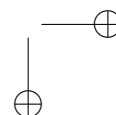
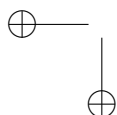


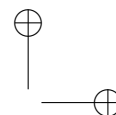
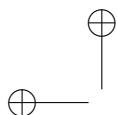


VICTOR CHARLES LE FANU, 1939

(Translations of Horace)

Ask not, you must not know Leuconoe,
What end the Gods may give to you or me.
Truck not with Eastern Spells. 'Tis best for all
To suffer patiently whate'er befall –
Whether God gives new winters, or no more
Than this, that breaks the waves against the shore,
Be wise and strain your wine, cut down your hope,
That looks forward to a narrower scope.
While we are talking, envious moments flee,
Enjoy to-day, and let tomorrow be.

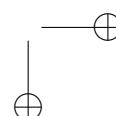
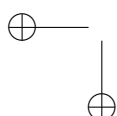


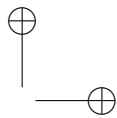
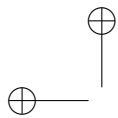


SIR EDWARD MARSH, 1941

(1872–1953; Scholar and Civil Servant)

Born you and I must surely die, Leuconoe! but never pry
In Heaven's guarded calendars among the riddles of the stars
With Babylonian charts to date the secret purposes of Fate.
Whether this winter be our last, that now with overweening
blast
Shatters his waves against the shore, or Jove has many a year
in store
For us to savour, let it be: not ours to question his decree!
So take your ease with flowers and wine, and in brief span
long hopes confine.
– Before my next quick word is said, a precious second will
have fled –
Be wise, drown sorrow, enjoy today, and leave tomorrow its
yea or nay.





SIR JOHN SEYMOUR BLAKE-REED, 1942

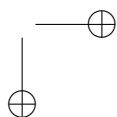
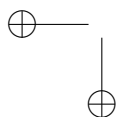
(1882–1966; Judge)

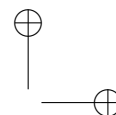
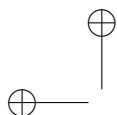
We may not con the future's fears & hopes;
Whatever fate the gods for us ordain,
Enquire not; from Chaldaean horoscopes,
 Leuconoe, refrain.

Better by far to bear the will of heaven,
Whether for weal or woe our lot be cast;
Whether to life be many winters given,
 Or this should be your last,

That wearies now the wild Etruscan brine
Upon the rocky shores still unprevailing;
Be wise, Leuconoe; decant your wine,
 Far-reaching hopes curtailing

To man's short life proportioned. Even now,
Even as I speak, the jealous moments flee:
Enjoy the passing hour, unsure that thou
 To-morrow's sun shalt see.





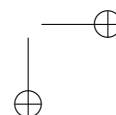
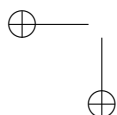
FRANKLIN P. ADAMS, 1944 (IMITATED)

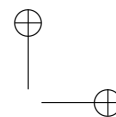
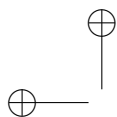
(1881–1960; American Newspaper Columnist)

Leuconoë, no longer grope
About that silly horoscope;
To know the future, yours and mine,
Is dead against the laws divine.

Better it is for us to bear
To-morrow, be it foul or fair.
Filter your wines, for that is wise.
Who cares when this or that one dies?

Why, even as we converse to-day,
The jealous present slips away.
How futile mortal plot and plan!
Come, seize the present while you can!

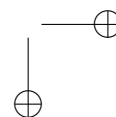
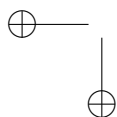


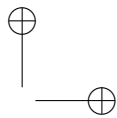
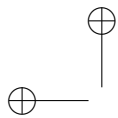


FREDERICK CHARLES WILLIAM HILEY, 1944

(The Odes of Horace)

Pry not into things forbidden, nor what fate for you and me
Holds in store, in Babylonian numbers cast, Leuconöë;
Best, to bear what Fortune brings you – be it winters by the
score,
Or be this your last, that now upon the battered Tuscan shore
Hurls the wave; be wise, and strain your wine, and dock to
Life's short day
Far-flung hopes. As now we gossip, envious Time hath slipped
away:
Put your trust not in the morrow; pluck the present while you
may.

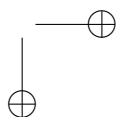
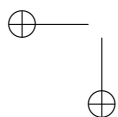


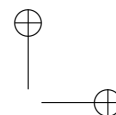
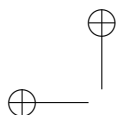


LORD DUNSANY, 1947

(1878–1957; English Writer and Dramatist)

Seek not, Leuconoë, wrong it is to know,
 What day the gods shall send for you or me
To be our last: let Babylonians show
 No calculations, but what is to be
Make you the best of. Maybe many winters
 Jupiter gives you, or this one the last,
Which even now against the worn rocks splinters
 The waves of the Tyrrhenian on them cast.
Be wise; strain out the wine, and keep your hope
 To a small space; for, even while we rhyme,
The grudging hour flies on. With each day cope
 And trust but little to the coming time.





GARDNER WADE EARLE, 1949

(Moments With (and Without) Horace)

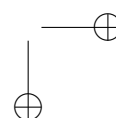
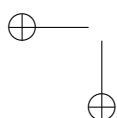
Ask not what ends the gods have set for thee
Or me. Do not inquire the horoscope
From those who read the charts of famed Chaldee.

How better to accept today, and hope
This season may not be the last we hear
Wild Tuscan waves break on the coastal slope.

Show wisdom. Care for things that now appear –
There's wine to filter; grain is ripe to cut –
Leave far-flung plans and take what's lying near.

Yea, even while we speak, the door has shut
Upon a portion of the passing flow
Of that most precious gift to cherish, but

The *present* tense of Time is never slow!





GARDNER WADE EARLE, 1949 (PARAPHRASED)

(Moments With (and Without) Horace)

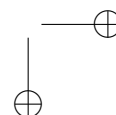
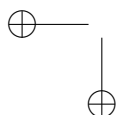
When you have paid to get your horoscope
And wasted dough for “readings from the sky”
You’re simply clinchin’ that you are a dope.

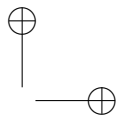
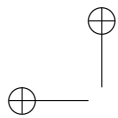
There’s only one thing sure as babies cry –
And that’s today. You better take it now –
It may be all there is before y’ die.

Quit thinkin’ what you’ll do next year, and how.
The wine needs strainin’ and the oats are waitin’
And stuff you’ll use for this and next year’s chow.

And while I’m gabbin’ here and disputatin’,
You know what’s goin’ on for you and me?
The only thing we got ain’t hesitatin’ –

Our *Time* is flittin’ like a busy bee!





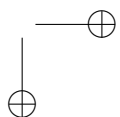
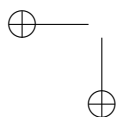
LEWIS EVELYN GIELGUD, 1951

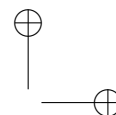
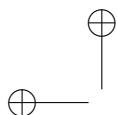
(1894–1953; Writer, Intelligence Officer, and Humanitarian Worker)

The Gods have fixed for you and me
Our day to die, but when 'twill be,
My Lady Blanche, we may not know.
So ask no questions, neither go
To fortune-tellers' horoscopes
In quest of courage, or of hopes.

It may be you are due to get
Your fill of other winters yet:
Maybe this winter, whose chill blast
Now whips the shingle, is your last.

Whate'er awaits you, take the way
Of Wisdom: fill the cup, and say
That life is short, and hope uncertain –
We talk, but Time brings down the curtain.
Since Time is jealous, make your hay,
Not, not to-morrow, but to-day.

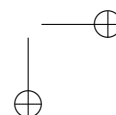
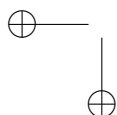


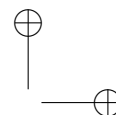
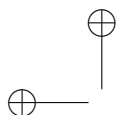


FRED BATES LUND, 1953

(1865–1950; A Boston Physician)

Seek not to know, for 'tis not right Leuconoë, that we
Should know what time the gods shall end this life for you and me,
Nor calculations mystical should we employ; but try
To bear our trials as we can – we may not have to die
Ere many winters Jove has given; or this the last may be,
Whose waves are breaking on the cliffs that rim the Tuscan sea.
If you are wise, you'll strain your wine, and then, since life is brief,
Cut out the plans that look too far ahead, for age brings grief,
And while we talk, it's coming on; today, then, have your fun,
And leave as little as you may to wait tomorrow's sun.

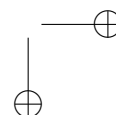
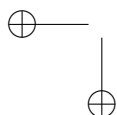




F. R. DALE, 1953

(1883–1976; Classical Scholar)

Ask not thou what the end gods have assigned either to me
or thee,
Things not lawful to know, Leuconoe. Let Babylonian signs
Rest unsearched; better far, just to endure all that shall come
to pass.
Jove may grant many more winters, or this may be the last
for us
While now Tuscany's sea, wave upon wave, hurled at resisting
rock,
Falls back weary. Be wise; filter the wine; cut to a shorter
span
Hopes far-reaching; for time, now as we speak, time that will
not relent,
Speeds past. Grasp then the hour; set but the least trust in
the days to be.

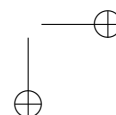
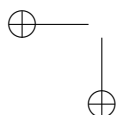




ARTHUR SALUSBURY MACNALT, 1955

(1880–1969; Medical Scientist and Chief Medical Officer of the UK)

Leuconoe, 'tis not fitting
To know the span of life.
No Chaldean sages sitting,
Nor yet the sibyl wife,
Can tell us what is plotted
Across the starry chart,
The years of life allotted
Before we twain must part.
So manfully enduring,
In patience let us wait,
What the gods give, securing
Submission to our fate.
If great Jove grants more winters,
Or if this be the last,
That cleaves the rocks in splinters,
As stormy seas surge past.
Be wise. Let expectation
Reflect thy shortened day.
Thy wines for delectation
Rack off, the vintner pay.
As we discourse, Time beckons,
Make haste with panting breath
To seize to-day. Who reckons
To-morrow may bring death.





JAMES BLAIR LEISHMAN, 1956

(1902–63; Scholar and Translator)

Do not seek to enquire (knowledge forbid) what for your friend, for
you,
gods on high have ordained, Leuconoë, leave Babylonian
star-consulters alone. Better by far just to endure what comes.
Whether Jove has in store many a long winter for us, or this
now outwearing the sea's rage on the hard rocks be the last of all
we are doomed to survive, learn to be wise, strain the wine clear, from
such
brief-spanned blossoming prune lengthening hopes. Time will abscond
while we
waste words: gather To-day, scarce, if at all, trusting its follower.





HELEN ROWE HENZE, 1961

(1899–1973; Poet, Translator and Singer)

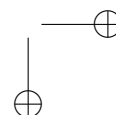
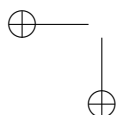
Dare not ever to ask, knowledge is wrong, what fate the gods
have wrought

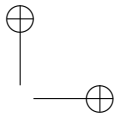
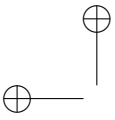
Both for me and for you, Leuconoë, neither attempt to learn
Babylonian stars. Better endure whate'er the fate which Jove
Has allotted to us, whether it be many more winters, or
Whether this one which breaks Tuscany's sea 'gainst the wave-
hollowed rocks

Be the last. So be wise, strain now your wines; let us cut down
long hope

To our life's little span. While yet we speak, jealousy flees
now our

Lifetime. Seize then today, trusting tomorrow no more than
we must.

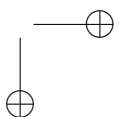
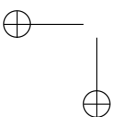


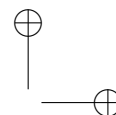
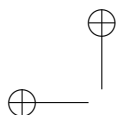


RALPH MARCELLINO, 1961

(The Classical Outlook)

Ask not the silent gods (they will not tell it!),
Ask not the babbling stars (for fear they may!)
When it must come for us – that fateful hour
That takes us on our final, fatal way.
Better, whatever's fated, to endure it.
And whether they've assigned us, those on high,
Another winter's lease or this the last
That hurls the waves upon the rocks to die,
Be wise, Leuconoë, and drink your wine.
And since, at best, the course of life is short
And quickly run, cast distant plans away
The hour just come has already gone – for ever.
Ah, sweet, trust not tomorrow! Live today!

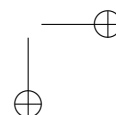
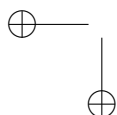


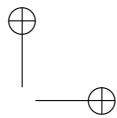
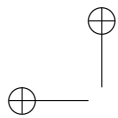


LOUIS MACNEICE, 1963

(1907–63; Poet)

Do not, Leúconoé, seek to inquire what is forbidden, what
End the gods have assigned to you or to me; nor do you meddle
with
Astrological numbers. What shall arise count to your balance
if
God marks down to you more winters – or perhaps this very
one is the
Last which now on the rocks wears out the fierce Mediterranean
Sea; but be wise and have wine, wine on the board, prune to
a minimum
Long-drawn hopes. While we chat, envious time threatens to
give us the
Slip; so gather the day, never an inch trusting futurity.

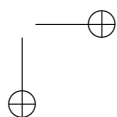
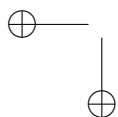


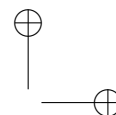
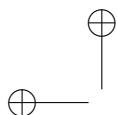


EZRA POUND, 1963

(1885–1973; American Poet)

Ask not ungainly askings of the end
Gods send us, me and thee, Leucothoë;
Nor juggle with the risks of Babylon,
 Better to take whatever,
Several, or last, Jove sends us. Winter is winter,
Gnawing the Tyrrhene cliffs with the sea's tooth.
Take note of flavors, and clarity's in the wine's manifest.
Cut loose long hope for a time.
We talk. Time runs in envy of us,
Holding our day more firm in unbelief.

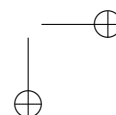
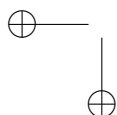


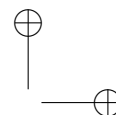
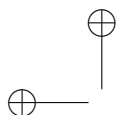


FREDERICK WILLIAM WALLACE, 1964

(Senior Scholar of Emmanuel College, Cambridge)

Thou should'st not ask, 'twere sin to know, Leuconoe,
What bourne for me the gods have set and what for thee.
Chaldean magic thou should'st not essay.
Much better face thy fortune, come what may.
No matter if more winter storms Jove hath assigned
Or this the very last for thee he hath designed
Which even now on rocks that bar the way
Doth churn the Tyrrhene breakers into spray.
Be wise and strain the wine. Within life's narrow span
Curtail long ranging hopes. The grudging years of man
Even as we speak are sped. Pluck thou today,
And trust the morrow little as thou may.

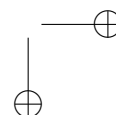
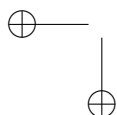




EDWARD MCCRADY, 1964

(The Sewanee Review)

Do not ever inquire, one shouldn't know, either for me or you
What fate Gods have decreed, Leuconoës; nor should you
gamble on
Faith in Babylon's seers. Better to bear whatever fate will be!
Should great Jupiter grant many more snows, or should this
winter be
Last of all which exhaust Tyrrhenus' strength beating on
weathered stones,
Be wise, filter your wine, for a brief span think of no distant
hope.
While we talk of these things envious age even now runs his
course.
Pluck your fruit of this day, however small may be your hopes
beyond.





TIMOSHENKO ASLANIDES, 1977 (IMITATION)

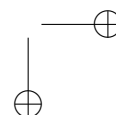
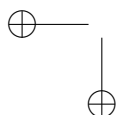
(1943–2020; Australian Poet)

Don't ask, Jenny, what it is fate has planned for
us. Let's leave for others the scrambling for those
Lit. Board grants. Why ask their support, when it goes
to any Tom, Dick

... and Harriet, for political bi-
ographies? We know that we both can turn quite
readable poems, so let's write on, in spite
of those rejection

Letters. Listen. Daily you, we've, had visits
from the Muse, who gave us such useful counsel
in the past: we must not ignore her now. Tell
me that you're writing

Down her every word, that you're taking inspir-
ation as it comes. God knows how strong demand
for her aid will be by tomorrow. Dear, hand
me some more paper.





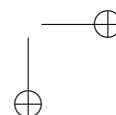
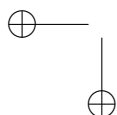
STUART LYONS, 2007

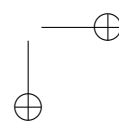
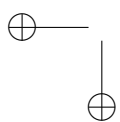
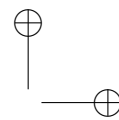
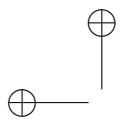
(Born 1943; Former Scholar of King's College, Cambridge)

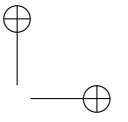
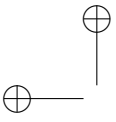
Ask not what term the gods have granted me
or granted you! To know is surely wrong.
Ignore the numbers of astrology
and do not test the charts of Babylon!

It's better to put up with what will be,
whether God has allotted winters more,
Or this your last wears out the Etruscan Sea
upon the pumice rocks that guard the shore.

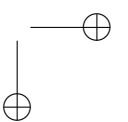
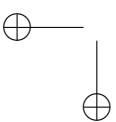
Be smart my dear! Filter the wine instead!
Cut back long hope to the brief space you borrow!
While we talk, envious lifetime will have fled.
Harvest the day, and do not trust tomorrow!

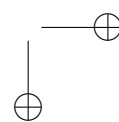
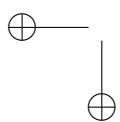
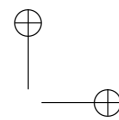
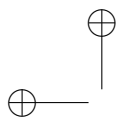






BACK MATTER







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(*H* = Horace; *QHF* = Quintus Horatius Flaccus)

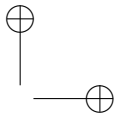
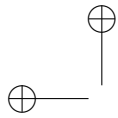
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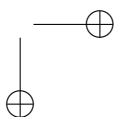
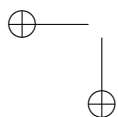
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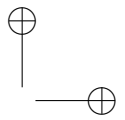
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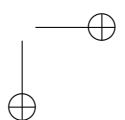
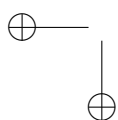
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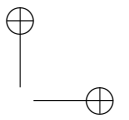
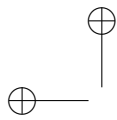
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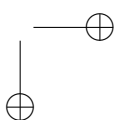
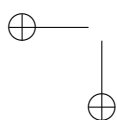
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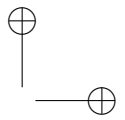
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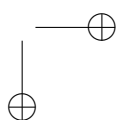
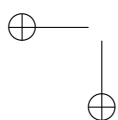


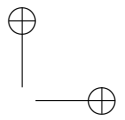
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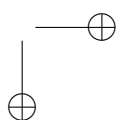
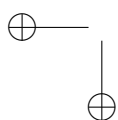
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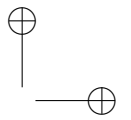




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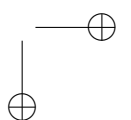
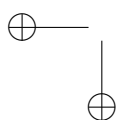




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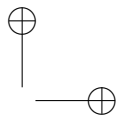
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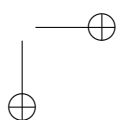
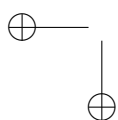
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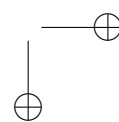
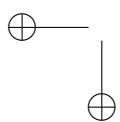
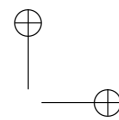
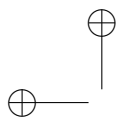
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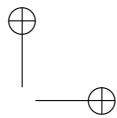
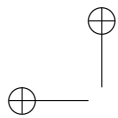


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