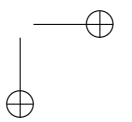
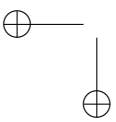
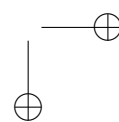
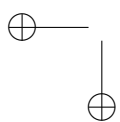
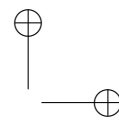
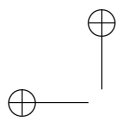
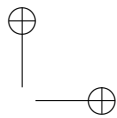
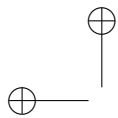


Horace's Vitas Hinnuleo
A Collection of Translations







Horace's Vitas Hinnuleo

A Collection of Translations

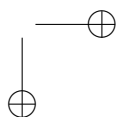
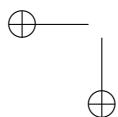
Isaac Waisberg

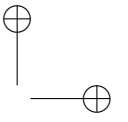
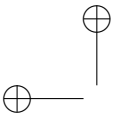
Whilst I am scorch'd with hot desire,
In vain cold friendship you return;
Your drops of pity on my fire,
Alas! but make it fiercer burn.

Ah! would you have the flame suppress'd,
That kills the heart it heats too fast,
Take half my passion to your breast;
The rest in mine shall ever last.

MATTHEW PRIOR

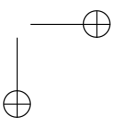
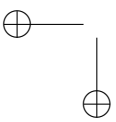
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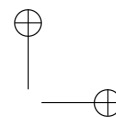
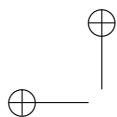




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Selection and Design by Isaac Waisberg



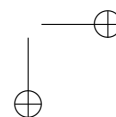
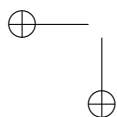


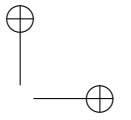
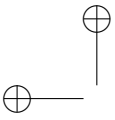
IN LIEU OF A PREFACE

“Critics there are, I find, who deny the title of ‘poet,’ or at any rate of ‘great poet,’ to Horace, because they miss in him certain qualities – moral earnestness, *σπουδαίότης*, splendour of diction, intensity of imagination, and other abstract virtues, with all of which, though necessary to *their* notion of a poet, Horace rather deliberately had nothing to do. I point to one or two of the odes, say the grand Cleopatra towards the end of Book I, or the yet more celebrated Regulus in Book III, and observe that if our critics’ notion of poetry do not include these, why then it had better be enlarged to make room for them: and further that I do not care one obol (as neither would he – yet he knew – *exegi monumentum*) what is meant by ‘great poet’ or even ‘poet’ in the abstract, when here you have a man whose verses have such a diuturnity of charm that, as has been said, ‘Men so wide apart in temperament and spirit as Newman and Gibbon, Bossuet and Voltaire, Pope and Wordsworth, Thackeray and Gladstone, Rabelais and Charles Lamb, seem all to have felt in Horace a like attraction and to have made of him an intimate friend.’ And I solemnly subscribe to the sentence that follows. ‘The magnetic attraction to which such names as these collectively testify is a phenomenon of sufficient rarity to invite some attempt to explain it.’” (Arthur Quiller-Couch, *Studies in Literature*, 1918)



“Look at this, for example – look at the little scene. The old man on this occasion was standing in front of the big blackboard, facing his class for a lesson in the Odes of Horace; and we sat at our desks before him, waiting for the proceedings to begin in the time-honored style. A lesson of Horace is ‘construing,’ and somebody is ‘put on to construe’ – which means that he stands up in his place and opens the ball by reading a stanza aloud in Latin. Then he pauses and looks back, picks out a likely word, – it should be something we term a ‘nom’ative,’ – repeats it, translates it into English; and that accounts for the ‘nom’ative,’ and the first step is accomplished. He casts about again and finds a ‘verb,’ and so far it is n’t really difficult; but doubts begin to gather very quickly, the track is lost, the featureless words stare from the page without a sign. The pauses lengthen, the old man grows impatient, till the construer desperately plunges, is pulled

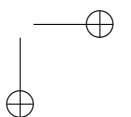
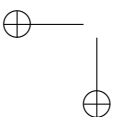


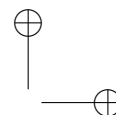
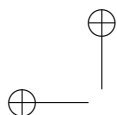


back, is shoved forward; and gradually word after word is dealt with and put behind him, a meaning has been provided for each of them, and the construing of the stanza is achieved. Now we look up, waiting to learn who is to tackle the next lines; and when he is named the rest of us feel relieved, and we sit patient while he settles the business of the second stanza; and I discover with a jump that he has finished it, and that I myself am being called upon for the third. Well, one does what one can. There is peace for the construer when he resumes his seat, peace until the end of the hour; and at last the entire lesson is disposed of and the old man satisfied on the whole. We have construed an ode of Horace.” (Percy Lubbock, *A Lesson of Horace*, 1924)



“When Horace is reported to have said *seu mobilibus veris inhorruit adventis folis*, and when pedants like Bentley and Munro object that the phrase is unsuitable to its context, of what avail is it to be assured by persons of taste – that is to say persons of British taste, Victorian taste, and sub-Tennysonian taste – that these are exquisite lines? Exquisite to whom? Consider the mutations of opinion, the reversals of literary judgment, which this one small island has witnessed in the last 150 years: what is the likelihood that your notions or your contemporaries notions of the exquisite are those of a foreigner who wrote for foreigners two millenniums ago? And for what foreigners? For the Romans, for men whose religion you disbelieve, whose chief institution you abominate, whose manners you do not like to talk about, but whose literary tastes, you flatter yourself, were identical with yours. No: in this aspect we must learn to say of our tastes what Isaiah says of our righteousnesses: they are as filthy rags. Our first task is to get rid of them, and to acquire, if we can, by humility and self-repression, the tastes of the classics; not to come stamping into the library of Apollo on the Palatine without so much as wiping our shoes on the doormat, and cover the floor with the print of feet which have waded through the miry clay of the nineteenth century into the horrible pit of the twentieth. It is not to be supposed that this age, because it happens to be ours, has been specially endowed with a gift denied to all other modern ages; that we, by nature or by miracle, have mental affinity with the ancients, or that we can lightly acquire it, or that we can even acquire it at all. Communion with the ancients is purchasable at no cheaper rate than the kingdom of heaven; we must be born again. But to be born again is a process exceedingly repugnant to all right-minded Englishmen. I believe they think it improper, and they have a strong and well-grounded suspicion that it is arduous. They would much rather

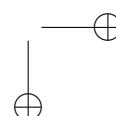
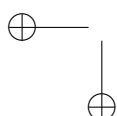


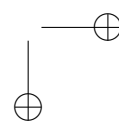
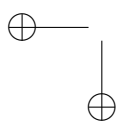
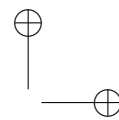
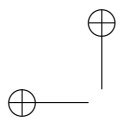


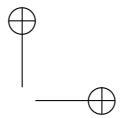
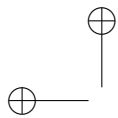
retain the prevalent opinion that the secret of the classical spirit is open to anyone who has a fervent admiration for the second-best parts of Tennyson.” (A. E. Housman, *Cambridge Inaugural Lecture*, 1911)



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

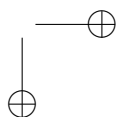
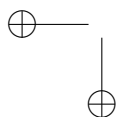


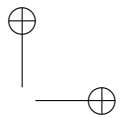
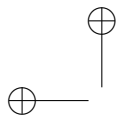




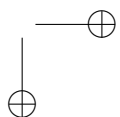
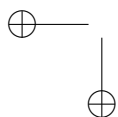
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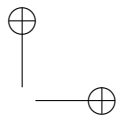
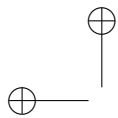
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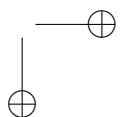
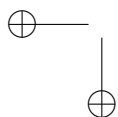


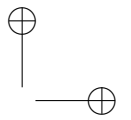
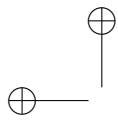
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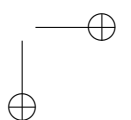
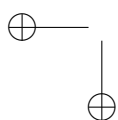


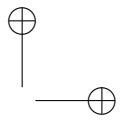
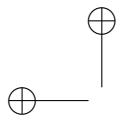
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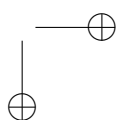
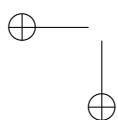


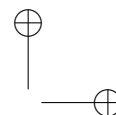
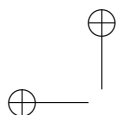
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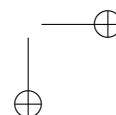
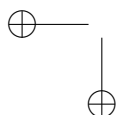


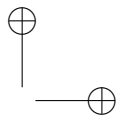
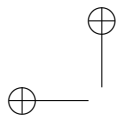
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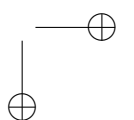
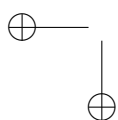


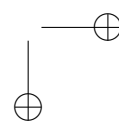
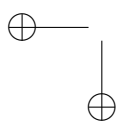
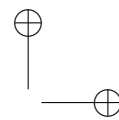
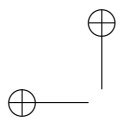
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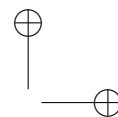
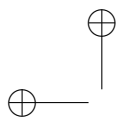




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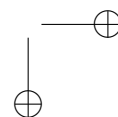
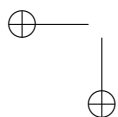


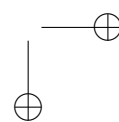
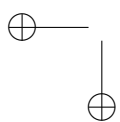
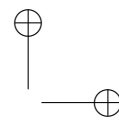
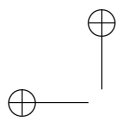


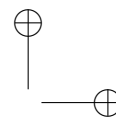
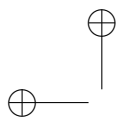


Like as an Hynd forth singled from the heard,
That hath escaped from a rauenous beast,
Yet flyes away of her own feet affeard,
And euery leafe, that shaketh with the least
Murmure of winde, her terror hath encreast;
So fled faire *Florimell* from her vaine feare,
Long after she from perill was releast:
Each shade she saw, and each noyse she did heare,
Did seeme to be the same, which she escapt whyleare.

EDMUND SPENCER, *The Faerie Queen*

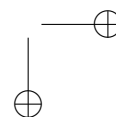
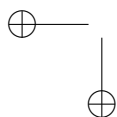






Q. HORATI FLACCI, VITAE HINNULEO, 23 B.C.

*Vitae hinnuleo me similis, Chloe,
quaerenti pavidam montibus aviis
matrem non sine vano
aurarum et silvae metu.
nam seu mobilibus veris inhorruit
adventus foliis seu virides rubum
dimovere lacertae,
et corde et genibus tremit.
atqui non ego te tigris ut aspera
Gaetulusve leo frangere persequor:
tandem desine matrem
tempestiva sequi viro.*





Ode. xxiii. ad cloen quam ad matrimoniū hortatur

a VITAT hinuleo. Sēsus est Cloe me vitat. et timet. vt hinulus qui cer uae matri abstraxit. & ad omnes quosvis aere. vt memoris tremat. Ode do est. Cloe vitat me similis hinulo querētē pauidā matrem in ausis monibus non sine magno metu aurarum & silue. j

b HINULEO. Hinuleus dimi- nuium est ab hinulo. bene co- ue niens puella timorose. Est autem hinulus Ceruorum Capreolorū Capreatum. damarūq; huius. Pli. scribit. viii. quod equo & aliua mares genitos antiqui hinulos vo cabant. contraq; mulos quos ali; ni & equa generant. Sic enā var; ro dixit.

c AVIS. Præter viē vsūm. qua fe re ambulare consueuerunt. Virgi- AViarum resonant a vir. c.

d NAM seu mobilibus. Hippo-

^{fugit} ^{horridi} ^{puella}
v ita hinuleo me similis doe
^{indulgant} ^{remota}
Querētē pauidā monibus ausis
^{quo} ^{inter} ^{non} ^{timida}

Matrem non sine vano
Aurarum & silue metu

Nam seu mobilis veris inhorruit
Aduentus folijs: seu virides rubum

Dimouere lacertę
Et corde et genibus tremit

At qui non ego tigris. vt aspera
Getulusue leo frangere persequor

Tandem desine matres
Tempestiua sequi viro.

logi. est pro mobilis folia in hor; rærent aduentu veris. Euagant paxa vt locum exoneret. Oido est. Nam frut aduentu veris inhorruit mobilibus folijs.

e VIRIDES lacerte. Sic Virgii. Nunc etiam virides occulant ipas extra lacertas.

f FVBVS species mori agrestis sic deniq; a rubis hodie in italia appellantur.

g ATQVI non Sensus est. Non ita cloeni timere hoc debesvt hinu- lens. quia ille periculum vite a ty; gide vti a leone non ea mente pro sequor vt allumam sed amplectar quare non tu vt ille matrem sequi dō. es. curi tu sis id etatis vt vitum ferre possis.

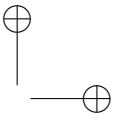
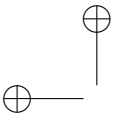
h TIGRIS bestia est maculosa vdocitatis tremende vt Pli. scribit

Argumentum odes. xxiii.

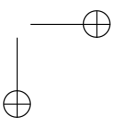
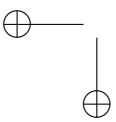
H Ac ode poeta affatur Melpomenen p̄cipere & docere velit. quis pudor aut modus & finis sit de siderio ch̄ri amici. Respondet musa obijt ergo Quinilius honestus fidus & verus: nulli autem flebilior quam Virgilio. qui plus frustra deos poscit: sed si blandius orpheo cithara personaret non ta- men viā mortuo rediret. Concludit inde quicquid durum non licet emendare leuius fieri patientia. Is igitur modus a musa precipitur & docetur in virgily solamen. Hoc dicit

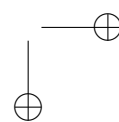
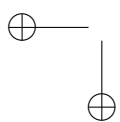
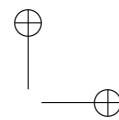
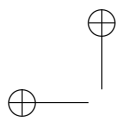
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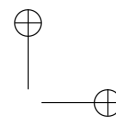
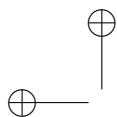
(First Illustrated Edition of Horace, Grüninger, 1498, LOC)



THE TRANSLATIONS







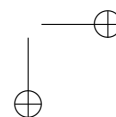
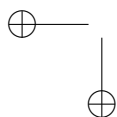
JOHN ASHMORE, 1621

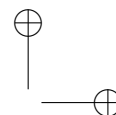
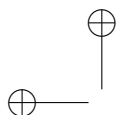
(First Selection of the Odes Published in English)

Thou shunn'st me, *Chloë*; like the Fawn
Missing her mother in the Lawn,
That trips to th'hills, in feare
Of every blast and breare.

For, whether windes amongst leaves rustle,
Or Lizards in the brambles bustle,
Shee trembles at the hart,
And quakes in every part.

I come not Tiger-like to ill thee,
Or as a Lion fierce to kill thee:
Still follow not thy mother,
Now fitter for another.

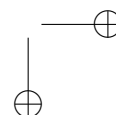
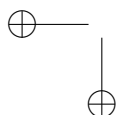


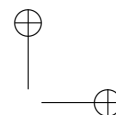
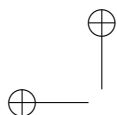


HENRY RIDER, 1638

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

Like to a Hinde thou *Chlœ* dost me fly
That seeks his dam upon the mountaines high,
 With a fond feare of winds and trees.
For if the spring-time with mov'd leaves did rush,
Or green-skind Adder brustled through abush,
 He trembles both in heart and knees.
 But I not like a Tyger fell,
 Or a Getulian Lion, will
Pursue to teare thee: cease at length to flit
After thy damme, being for a husband fit.

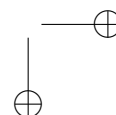
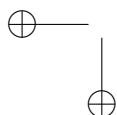


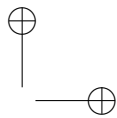
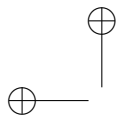


JOHN SMITH, 1649

(The Lyrick Poet)

Like a young Hind thou *Chlöe* me dost shun,
Seeking his Dam through by-wayes he doh run,
And with vain fear, and whistling of the aire,
And the least twig that stirs, it him doth scare:
And when the winds in trembling leaves do rush,
Or when green Lizards stir within the bush,
In heart and bady he doth fear and quake,
Fierce Tiger like, nor Lion I'le thee take.
Leave off thy Mother now, when thou art fit
To please a man, now *Chlöe* shew some wit.

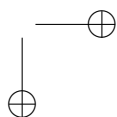
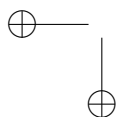


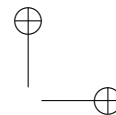
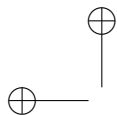


BARTEN HOLIDAY, 1653

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

Chloe, thou shunn'st me like wanton Fawn
Of tim'rous Dam forsook in pathless lawn;
 Dreading with mind agast
 Ev'ry Bush, and ev'ry Blast.
For as when *Zephyrs* trembling leaves doth shake,
Or green-speckt Newts make Bramble-bushes quake,
 So tremulous is she,
 Dith'ring both in heart and knee.
But I not to devour thee now pursue,
As *Afric* Lyons, and wild Tygers do.
 O leave thy Mother pray,
 Now grown ripe for *Venus* play.





R. T., 1666

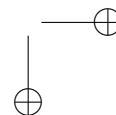
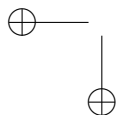
(Poems of Horace, Alexander Brome)

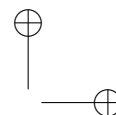
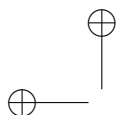
So flies the tim'rous Fawn (her Mother gone)
From flying Shadows of her own;
Every blast and twig that moves is made
By her vain fears, an Ambuscade.

Her Heart beats quicker than her Feet can fly,
Although no Foes she can descry
Unless the Winds that bustle by,
Or leaves with which the Winde do play,
Or Newts that tremble more than they,
Hurrying through Thorns to make their way.

Come, come, my dearest turn again;
All this Coyness is in vain;

Alas! I do not ravenously pursue
What opportunity might prompt us to,
But with a zealous passion to discover
That it is time thy servitude were over,
And thou enjoy'dst the freedom of a Lover;
Virgins may justly challenge it at twelve,
Thy Mother at that age did so her self.





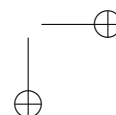
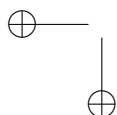
THOMAS CREECH, 1684

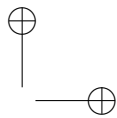
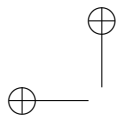
(1659–1700; Fellow of Wadham College, Oxford)

You fly me, Maid, as tender Fawns
 Seek absent Dams in deep Despair:
O'er craggy Rocks, o'er Woods and Lawns,
 And idly fear at every breath of Air.

If winds do whistle thro' the Grove,
 Or ruffle Vines, they quickly Start;
If *Lizzards* in a Bramble move,
 An icy trembling runs thro' every Part.

Not *Tyger* I or angry *Bore*
 Pursue Thee, *Chloë*, to destroy;
Attend thy Mother's Heels no more,
 Now grown mature for Man, and ripe for Joy.

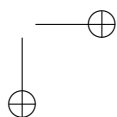
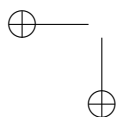


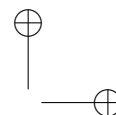
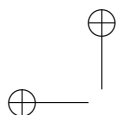


JOHN HARINGTON, 1684

(c. 1627–1700)

Thou shun'st me, Chloe, like some *Faun*,
Which seeks fear-stragled *Dam* through *Laun*,
 Mountains wild; whom simple *Ayr*,
 And *Woods* with toys do scare:
If through th' attendant *Gales* o'th' *Spring*
Leaves tremble ought, use murmuring:
 Lizards green the *Bramble* shake,
 Both knees and *Heart* do quake.
Though I pursue not thee to rend,
Or spoil, the *Lyon's*, *Tyger's* end,
 Now thy *Mothers* wing, if ere,
 Ripe grown for *Man*, forbear.





THOMAS BROWN, 1700

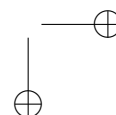
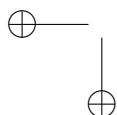
(A Collection of Miscellany Poems)

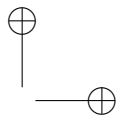
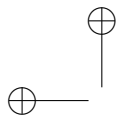
Why flies *Belinda* from my arms,
Or shuns my kind embrace,
Why does she hide her blooming charms,
And where I come forsake the place.

Like some poor Fawn whom every breath
Of air does so surprize,
In the least wind he fancies death
And pants at each approaching noise.

Alas! I never meant thee ill,
Nor seek I to devour thee,
Why shouldst thou then with coldness kill
The dying slave that does adore thee.

Leave, leave thy Mothers arms for shame,
Nor fondly hang about her,
Thou'rt now of age to play the game,
And ease a Lover's pain without her.





FRANCIS MANNING, 1701

(c. 1674–1738; Poet and Diplomat)

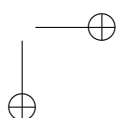
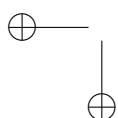
Chloe, forbear such speed to make,
Like any frighted Fawn,
Who seeks her Dam thro' the thick brake,
Then bounds it o'er the Lawn.

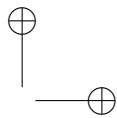
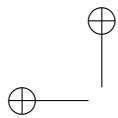
Each ruling harmless noise she hears
Makes the poor Wander start;
Each breath of Air creates new fears,
And moves her tender Heart.

The Tyger and the Lion may
Seek only to destroy:
But I pursue my lovely Prey,
That Both may taste of Joy.

Cast off thy groundless fears, and Dream
No more of fancied harms:
In thy grown Age it is a shame
To fly Love's soft alarms.

Come, leave thy Mother, and prepare
To taste the Joys of Men:
And if thou should'st dislike thy fare,
Thou may'st return again.





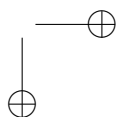
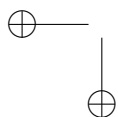
WILLIAM OLDISWORTH, 1713

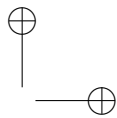
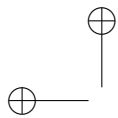
(1680–1734; Writer and Translator)

You shun me, *Chloe*, as a Fawn
To seek her Dam affrighted flies
Through every Mountain, Wood and Lawn,
And trembles at each rushing Breeze.

Her Breath alternate comes and goes,
If but a Lizard stir the Leaves:
And if the *Zephyrs* fan the Bows,
She starts and quivers, pants and heaves.

I follow not as Lions chace
Their fleeting Prey along the Plains:
Then leave your Mother's cold Embrace,
Since you are grown mature for Man's.

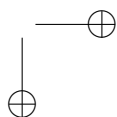
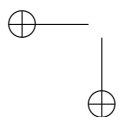


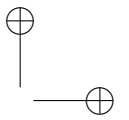
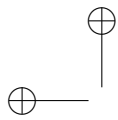


HENRY COXWELL, 1718

(*The Odes of Horace*)

Chloe, thou fly'st me like some frighted Fawn,
Left by her Dam a sleeping on some Lawn,
That waking, through By-ways amaz'd runs on,
To find the Covert where her Nurse is gone;
Distrustful of each gentle Wind that blows,
Or fans the Leaves, she trembles as she goes;
Or if some *Lizard* does by Chance appear,
Or move the Shrubs, her Heart does bent for Fear.
Chloe, be not affraid, I don't pursue
Thee, as the *Lions*, and the *Tigers* do,
To tear those tender Shapes so nicely made;
It is for Love I trace thee to the Shade.
'Tis Time to leave thy Mother, never fly,
And She will tell thee so as well as I;
And Speak the Truth, and from thy Conscience say,
Whether you think you ought to Run away;
For I am sure, Deny it if you can,
Although you fly, you do not fear a Man.





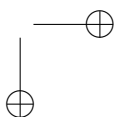
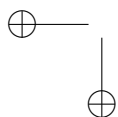
JOHN THEOBALD, 1719

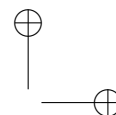
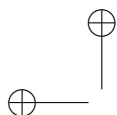
(Poems on Several Occasions)

Fair *Chloe* flies me, like the Hind
That trembles at each Breath of Wind
Which plays among the mazy Bow'rs,
And fans the Leaves, or moves the Flow'rs,
While She runs here and there in quest
Of her dear Dam, poor harmless Beast!

But whether quiv'ring Gales this Fear
Create, or Snakes the Creature scare;
The Creature is with Fears o'erpow'rd,
And thinks She shall be strait devour'd.

But tell me, *Chloe*! tell me why
Thou dost from me thus startling fly!
Alas! I follow not to tear
Thy Beauties; like a Wolf, or Bear.
Love's softest Fire my Bosom warms;
Fain wou'd I clasp Thee in my Arms.
Come here, and I'll convince Thee, Maid!
You've not such Cause to be afraid.
After thy Mother *Chloe* run
No more, grown ripe and fit for Man.



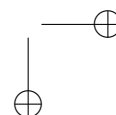
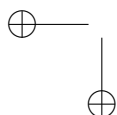


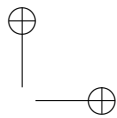
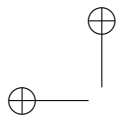
JOHN HANWAY, 1720

(*Translations of Several Odes of Horace*)

You fly me, *Chloë*, as a Fawn,
That seeks o'er every Wood and Lawn
It's Dam; whose Heart akes, if a Breeze
Does in the Spring but fan the Trees;
Or if green *Lizards* move the Brier,

With fear is ready to expire.
But Tyger-like I don't pursue,
Or *Lion* fierce, to mangle you.
Then since you have the Year began,
Which makes you ripe, and fit for Man,
Leave your Mamma, and *Chloë*, try
What can be done 'twixt you and I.



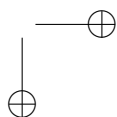
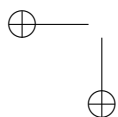


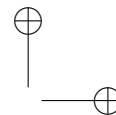
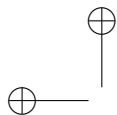
THOMAS BURNET, c. 1721

(1694–1753; Barrister and Judge)

Chloe, you're like the foolish fawn,
That trembles, when her dam is gone,
And frighted scours through lonely groves;
Scar'd at the smallest mite that moves;
Or wither'd leaves that strew the ground,
When blown by winds she hears the sound;
Or when the painted lizard sees,
Darting across the bramble trees;
With knocking knees and heart dismay'd,
She seeks her dam's unwanted aid.

Were I some ravenous beast of prey,
No wonder, if you fled away.
But I the joys of love pursue,
Joys, that you'd seek, if once you knew.
Be wiser, Chloe, 'tis high time,
You're past fifteen, just in your prime.
Leave fondling with Mamma; let man
Instruct you more than parents can.
When once you taste of love, you'll find
How childish 'twas, not to be kind.





JOHN GLANVILL, 1726

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

When, *Chloe*, by your *Slave* pursu'd,
Why should you fly so fast!
So the stray'd Fawn i'th' pathless Wood
To her lost Dam makes haste.

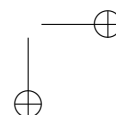
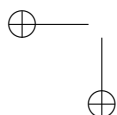
Each Noise alarms, and all things add
New Terror to her Fear;
She starts at ev'ry dancing Shade,
Each Breath of singing Air.

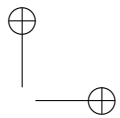
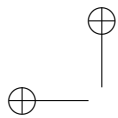
With ev'ry Leaf, each Bush that Makes;
Throughout the murmuring Grove;
Her Sympathetick Heart partakes,
She trembles as they move.

Fond Maid, unlike the Wolf and Boar,
I hunt not to Destroy:
My utmost Prey wou'd be no more
Than you might give with Joy.

Urg'd on by soft and gentle Love;
I harmlessly pursue:
Your Flight to me may cruel prove,
But not my Chase to you.

Cease idle Dreans of fancy'd Harms,
To Childish Fears Trapans;
Leave running to thy Mother's Arms
Who now art fit for Man's.





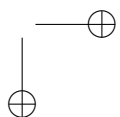
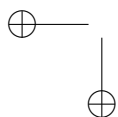
ANONYMOUS, 1733

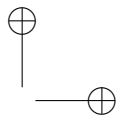
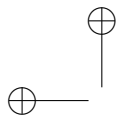
(Poems on Several Occasions)

Why flies my *Chloe* from my Arms,
Eager to crop her melting Charms,
 Like some poor harmless Fawn,
Whom ev'ry gentle Puff of Air,
Seeking her Dam in wild Despair,
 Scares bounding o'er the Lawn?

Or at the soft Approach of Spring,
(When Leaves in whisp'ring Murmurs sing
 Fann'd by the gentlest Breeze,)
She pants, she quakes, the swiftly flies,
And starts at each approaching Noise,
 Scar'd by her own Surmise.

Why, *Chloe*, dost thou shun my Sight,
Whom I, alas! ne'er meant to fright,
 Nor e'er intended Pain?
Then fly, ah! fly thy Mother's Arms,
And quickly know thy blooming Charms
 Ripe for some am'rous Swain!





THOMAS HARE, 1737

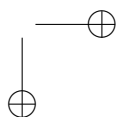
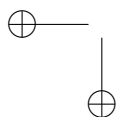
(“Master of Blandford School”)

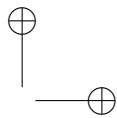
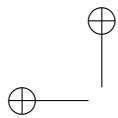
As o'er the Mountains scuds the Fawn
The tim'rous Doe to find,
Startled at ev'ry trembling Bough,
And ev'ry Breath of Wind:

Shudder her Limbs, and throbs her Heart,
If vernal Gales but shake
The ruling Foliage of the Wood,
Or Lizards move the Brake.

Thus frighten'd, *Chloe*, me you fly,
As one that means you Ill;
But I'm no cruel Beast of Prey,
And don't pursue to kill.

Come, Fair one, leave your Mother's Side,
And be no longer coy;
For nuptial Pleasures grown mature
The nuptial Sweets enjoy.

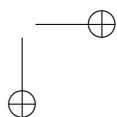
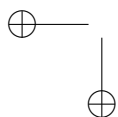


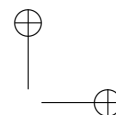
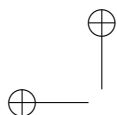


PHILIP FRANCIS, 1743

(1708–73; Clergyman and Writer)

Chloë flies me like a fawn,
Which thro' some sequester'd lawn,
Panting seeks the mother deer,
Not without a panic fear
Of the gently breathing breeze,
And the motion of the trees.
If the curling leaves but shake,
If a lizard stir the brake,
Frighted it begins to freeze,
Trembling both at heart and knees.
But not like a tiger dire,
Nor a lion fraught with ire,
I pursue my lovely game,
To destroy her tender frame.
Haste thee, leave thy mother's arms;
Ripe for love are all thy charms.

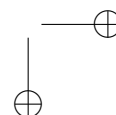
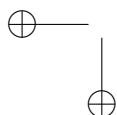


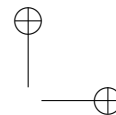
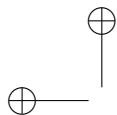


THOMAS MARTIN, 1743 (IMITATED)

(Imitations and Translations of Horace)

As o'er the Hills, or cross the Lawn;
To find her Mother scuds the Fawn;
Of ev'ry Gale and Bush afraid;
So from me flies the lovely Maid.
For whether a brilk vernal Breeze
Rustles amidst the quiv'ring Trees,
Or the green Lizards move the Brakes;
Her Heart beats thick, all o'er she shakes;
But I'm no Beast of Prey, my Dear,
Nor hunt I thee that Form to tear;
You're Husband-ripe, then cease this pother;
For shame! 'tis time to leave your Mother.





WILLIAM POPPLE, C. 1750

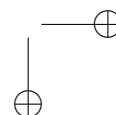
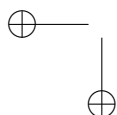
(1700–64; Poet and Playwright)

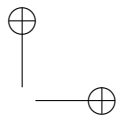
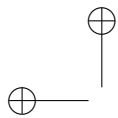
Like the Fawn, whose Dam it seeks,
O'er the Hills, from me you fly;
Trembling if the Wind but speaks,
Or the list'ning Trees reply

If soft Zephyrs fan the leaves,
Or green Lizards shake the Blade;
Struck with fear it pants & heaves,
Of each little noise afraid!

Causeless thus you fly me still,
Prythee, dearest Charmer stay;
Tygers, Lyons, chace to kill,
I but to preserve my prey.

Leave your Mother, foolish Maid!
Life's true end with reason scan;
Why of Man are you afraid,
Ripe, as now you are for Man?





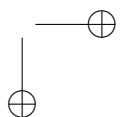
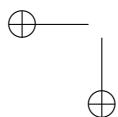
JOHN WERGE, 1753

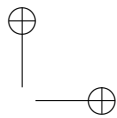
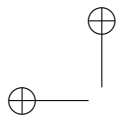
(A Collection of Original Poems)

Dear, pretty PHOEBE, why so coy,
When form'd so well to taste the joy?
You shun me like the trembling fawn,
That anxious bounds along the lawn,
Startled at every gentle breeze,
Which rustles thro' the, wavy trees.
No less you start, my charming fair,
When love's soft whisper strikes your ear:
But ah! what fear can accents move,
That join to form the voice of love?

 Tamed by those charms that might subdue
The fiercest of the savage crew;
Tho' I've oft laught at amorous pain,
I'm now become a very swain.

 Fear not to take me for thy guide,
To leave mamma's beloved side;
Ah! melt within the warm embrace,
And prove my arms a fitter place.

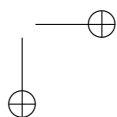
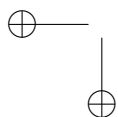


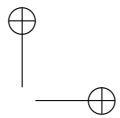
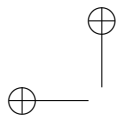


J. MILLER, 1754

(Poems on Several Occasions)

Chloe! why thus with false Alarms,
And needless Fears, do'st fly my Arms?
Swifter than does the tim'rous Hind,
O'er craggy Rocks, it's Dam to find,
Whom every Bough, and every Spray,
That casts a Shade, or thwarts its Way,
Or whispers with the fanning Air
Leaves panting, and half dead with Fear.
To court, not harm thee, I pursue,
As Wolves, or hungry Lyons do.
Nor Wolf, nor hungry Lyon I!
'Tis Love my dear! 'tis Love, you fly.
Then summon Reason to thy Aid,
And soon, my pretty skittish Maid!
Conscious that you are now too old,
By Mama's Pow'r to be controul'd,
You'll spurn the Rod, forsake her Side
Be seen, be lov'd, and made a Bride.



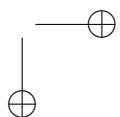
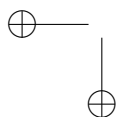


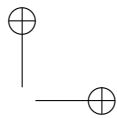
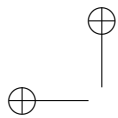
ELIZABETH TOLLET, 1756

(1694–1754; Poet and Translator)

Young Cloe flies me; as a Fawn
That seeks her Mother o'er the Lawn:
 Who trembles as she hears
The Wind that in the Branches plays,
The Lizards rustling in the Sprays;
 And pants with thrilling Fears.

Not as the crafty Tigress prowls,
Not as the hungry Lion growls.
 Do I thy Footsteps trace:
Thy tim'rous Soul then undeceive;
'Tis Time thy Mother now to leave;
 A Lover gives thee Chase.





WILLIAM DUNCOMBE, 1757

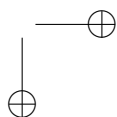
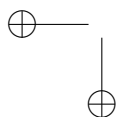
(1690–1769; Writer and Clerk in Navy Office)

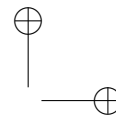
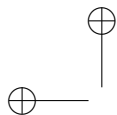
Thou fly'st me, like the tripping Hind
Her fearful Dam pursuing
O'er devious Hills: The Woods, the Wind
The quivering Bushes threaten Ruin.

If vernal Gales but gently breathe
Amid the thorny Brake;
Or if green Lizards, underneath,
Among the Boughs a Rustling make,

Strait pit-a-pats its little Heart;
Its trembling Limbs keep Measure:
But, *Chloë*, why this frantic Start,
For Injury mistaking Pleasure?

No Tiger, nor a Lion, I;
Then cease thy Mother's Steps to trace,
Nor coyly from thy *Horace* fly,
Now ripe the Bridal Bed to grace.





WILLIAM HAMILTON, 1758 (IMITATED)

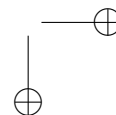
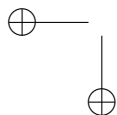
(1704–54; Poet)

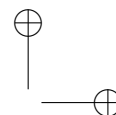
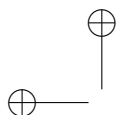
Tell me, Hamilla, tell me why
Thou dost from him that loves thee run?
Why from his fond embraces fly,
And all his kind endearments shun?

So thro' the rocks, or dewy lawn,
With plaintive cries, its dam to find
Flys wing'd with fear the youngling fawn
And trembles at each breath of wind.

Ah! stop thy flight, why shouldst thou fly?
What canst thou in a lover fear?
No angry boar, nor lyon I
Pursue thy tender limbs to tear.

Cease then, dear wildness, cease to toy,
But haste all rivals to outshine,
And grown mature, and ripe for joy,
Leave Mama's arms, and come to mine.





SYLVESTER DOUGLAS, LORD GLENBERVIE, 1759

(1743–1823; Barrister and Politician)

As flies the fawn, who strives to find
On pathless hills, the trembling kind,

 You, gentle Chloe, fly from me.

Timid fawn! whose idle fear
Tells her still of dangers near,

 In every breeze, in every tree.

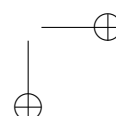
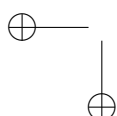
Her courage fails, her strength declines,
If Zephyr stir the rustling vines,

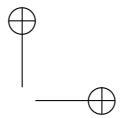
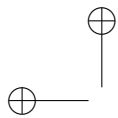
 Or lizards green the brambles shake;

But, ripe for pleasure, cease to blush;

No tiger I, your limbs to crush;

 For man your mother's arms forsake.

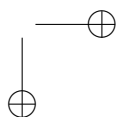
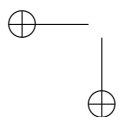


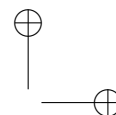
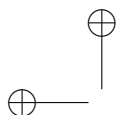


WILLIAM HAMILTON, 1760 (IMITATED)

(1704–54; Poet)

Why dost thou still in tears complain,
Too mindful of thy love's disdain?
Why still in melancholy verse
UnmEEK Maria's hate rehearse?
That Thirsis finds, by fate's decree,
More favour in her sight than thee?
The love of Cyrus does enthrall
Lycoris fair, with forehead small;
Cyrus declines to Pholoe's eyes,
Who unrelenting hears his sighs:
But wolves and lambs shall sooner join,
Than they in mutual faith combine.
So seemeth good to Love, who binds
Unequal forms, unequal minds;
Cruel in his brazen yoke,
Pleas'd with too severe a joke.
Myself, in youth's more joyous reign,
My laundress held in pleasing chain;
When, pliable to love's delights,
My age excus'd the poet's flights;
More wrathful she than storms that roar
Along the Solway's crooked shore.





ANONYMOUS, 1763

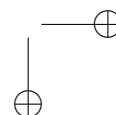
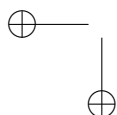
(*St. James's Magazine*)

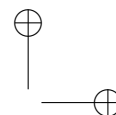
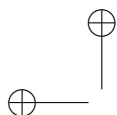
Tell me, *Hamilla*, tell me why
Thou dost from him that loves thee run?
Why from his soft embraces fly,
And all his kind endearments shun?

So flies the *fawn*, with fear oppress'd,
Seeking its *mother* ev'ry where,
It starts at ev'ry empty blast,
And trembles when no danger's near.

And yet I keep thee but in view,
To gaze the glories of thy face,
Not with a hateful step pursue,
As age, to rifle every grace.

Cease then, dear wildness, cease to toy,
But haste all rivals to outshine,
And grown mature, and ripe for joy,
Leave *mama's* arms, and come to *mine*.



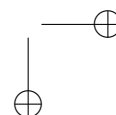
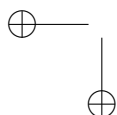


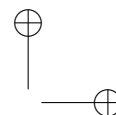
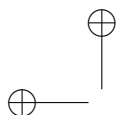
SAMUEL ROGERS, 1764

(Poems on Several Occasions)

Why, Chloe, (like the tender fawn,
That trembling scuds across the lawn,
 To seek its anxious doe;
That starts and pricks its little ears,
And raises all a mother's fears)
 Dost thou thus coyness show?

Why fly me with such furious haste,
As if on Lybia's burning waste
 Thou'dst met a tyger wan?
Full big art thou to hang about,
And play with mamma's petticoat,
 Whose charms are ripe for man.

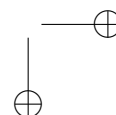
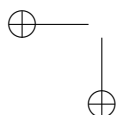


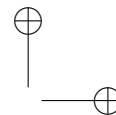
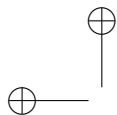


CHRISTOPHER SMART, 1767

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

Me, Chloe, like a fawn you fly,
That seeks in trackless mountains high
 Her tim'rous dam again;
Alarm'd at every thing she hears,
The woods, the winds excite her fears,
 Tho' all those fears are vain.
For if a tree the breeze receives,
That plays upon the quiv'ring leaves
 When spring begins to start;
Or if green lizards, where they hide,
Turn but the budding bush aside,
 She trembles knees and heart.
But I continue my pursuit,
Not like the fierce Getulian brute,
 Or tyger, to assail,
And of thee life and limbs bereave –
Think now at last 'tis time to leave
 Thy mother for a male.

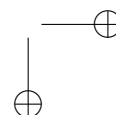
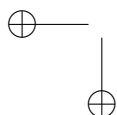


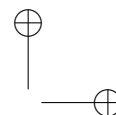
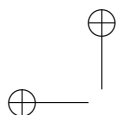


BROCKILL NEWBURGH, 1769

(c. 1659–1741; Irish Politician)

As when its Dam, the tim'rous Fawn
Seeks o'er the devious Hill and Lawn
With panting Heart, and trembling Knees
Starts at each rustling Leaf, and Breeze.
Thus vainly timorous and shy
Your Lover *Cloe*, me you fly.
But sure nor Tyger I, nor Bear,
Thee harmless Lambkin, mean to tear.
Unlike such Monsters I pursue,
Prompted by gentle Love and you.
"Then quit for Shame thy Mother's Arms;
"Ripe, ripe for Love, are all thy Charms.

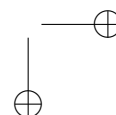
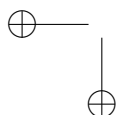


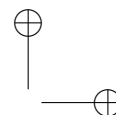
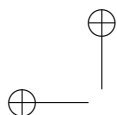


BRADSHAW GALLIARD, 1774

(Odes)

As a young kid, or tim'rous fawn,
Missing her dam upon the lawn,
Starts, if the winds too roughly blow,
And scampers up the mountains brow.
There shou'd a leaf but chance to shake,
Or lizard rustle in the brake,
Trembling she stands, with heart and knee,
So bashful Chloe flies from me.
But why, fair excellence, this fear,
No bloody prowling Tyger's near,
No savage Lion to annoy,
None but a harmless, love-sick boy?
Leave dangling at thy mother's side,
Ripe for a husband, be my bride.





WILLIAM GREEN, 1777

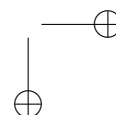
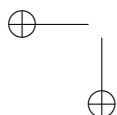
(A New Poetical Translation of All the Odes)

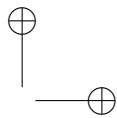
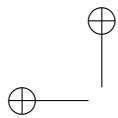
Chloe like a skittish silly,
Chloe shuns me like a fawn,
Bounding over low and hilly,
Devious over wood and lawn
Seeking dam, in piteous moan.

Not without her panic fears,
Quick, at every breath she hears,
Leaf a shivering on the trees,
Insect buzzing in the breeze,
Panting heart, and trembling knees.

I've no claw nor tyger-eye,
I'm no Lybian lion I,
Pursuing, snatcht from tender dam,
Cruel lacerating, lamb.

Cease at length thy vain alarms,
Mature in all thy virgin charms,
For man now leave thy mother's arms.





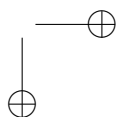
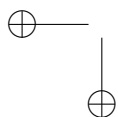
JOHN PARKE, 1779

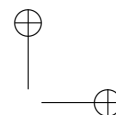
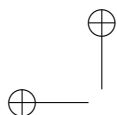
(1754–89, First American Translation, Dedicated to George Washington)

You fly me *Chloe*, like a fawn,
That, through some dark, sequester'd lawn,
Its timid mother seeks in wild despair,
And dreads the rust'ling bush, and murm'ring air.

She trembles both at heart and knees,
If chance the vernal zephyrs breeze;
Or gentle blasts the verdant foliage shake,
Or a green lizard stir th' adjacent brake.

Not as a tygress, or a bear,
Do I pursue, – Thy flesh to tear:
Therefore thy mother quit, now ripe to prove,
The joys of wedlock and a husband's love.

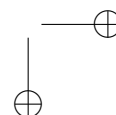
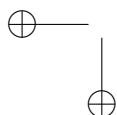


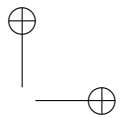
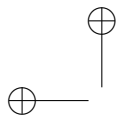


W. B., 1790

(Lady's Magazine)

You fly me, Chloe, like the hind,
Skimming the hills its dam to find;
While ev'ry breeze that greets his ear,
And ev'ry bush alarms his fear! –
If zephyr but the vine-leaves shake,
Or lizard rustle in the brake,
His flut'ring heart quick terrors seize,
Which straight unnerve his trembling knees!
But, gentle nymph, in me you'll find
No lion fell, to prey inclin'd!
Then quit at length your mother's arms,
Since ripe for man are all your charms.





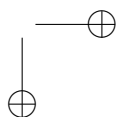
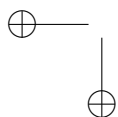
WILLIAM BOSCAWEN, 1793

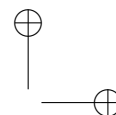
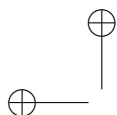
(1752–1811; Barrister, Writer, and Translator)

You fly me, Cloe, as the fawn
Scuds nimbly o'er the mountain's height,
Seeks its lost parent o'er the lawn,
And hears the passing gale with wild affright.

For, lo! whene'er the leafy grove
With vernal breezes gently shakes,
Or lizards in the bramble move,
How her knees falter! how her bosom quakes!

But thee no lion's angry roar,
No tyger leeks with hostile mind:
Come then, mature in charms, no more
Attend thy mother's steps; but bless mankind.



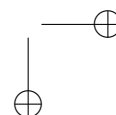
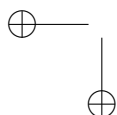


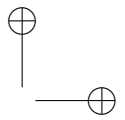
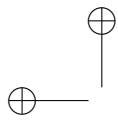
THOMAS CHATTERTON, 1798

(1752–70; Poet)

You shun me, Chloe, like a fawn,
That swiftly bounding o'er the lawn
 Its timid dam descries;
In every bush a foe she sees,
A voice she hears in ev'ry breeze,
 And trembles as she flies:

But why thus shun me, Chloe, why?
No lion fierce or tiger I,
 Intent on cruel joy;
Now ripe in all the bloom of charms,
No longer court your mother's arms,
 But bless some melting boy.





JAMES ELLIOT, 1798

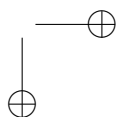
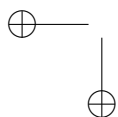
(1775–1839; American Politician)

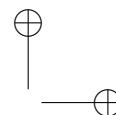
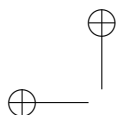
You shun me, Chloe, like the fawn
That o'er th' untravell'd mountain roves,
And, rising at the earliest dawn,
Pursues its dam through yonder groves:

She trembles at the vernal breeze,
And dreads the lizard's pois'nous dart;
The rustling leaves of aged trees
Inspire with fear her tender heart.

But I do not pursue my dear,
Like the fierce tygress of the wood,
Getulia's lion, or the bear,
Intent alone on feasts of blood.

Then, Chloe, from your mother fly,
Forsake your cot and rural grove;
And in a husband's arms enjoy
The raptures of connubial love.





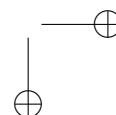
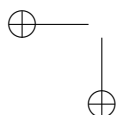
ANONYMOUS, 1799

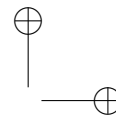
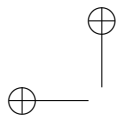
(The First and Fourth Books of the Odes)

You fly me, Chloe! like the fawn
Starting at ev'ry breeze and ev'ry shade,
Who seeks, amid the mountain-glade,
Her wand'ring parent, from her side withdrawn.

If, murm'ring to the shadowy gale,
The vernal woods their shudd'ring foliage shake;
Or the green lizard stirs the brake,
Her heart beats flutt'ring; and her weak knees fail.

No lion fierce, no savage pard
Ruthless pursues, thy lovely limbs to rend;
Ah! cease thy mother to attend;
And, ripe for love, let manhood be thy guard.

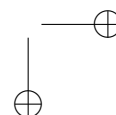
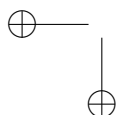


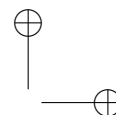
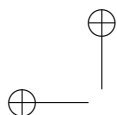


GILBERT THOMPSON, 1801

(Select Translations from the Works of Homer and Horace)

Thou shun'st me, Chloe, like a tender fawn
Seeking o'er pathless hills the timorous dam,
 Not without terrors vain
 Of woods, and every passing gale.
For if but vernal airs, with murmur soft,
More the light fluttering leaves, or lizards green
 But chance to stir the brake,
 Tremble at once his heart and knees.
Yet I, not like a Tyger fierce, pursue,
Or a Getulian lion, thee to tear;
 Cease then thy mother more
 To follow, now mature for love.





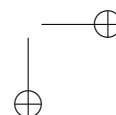
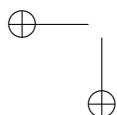
JOHN NOTT, 1803

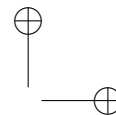
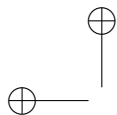
(1751–1825; Physician and Classical Scholar)

Chloe, like some fawn you fly,
That, its absent dam to find,
Ev'ry pathless steep would try,
Vainly fearing woods and wind.

Should the foliage of the grove
Rustle with the vernal breeze,
Or some bush green lizards move;
Then it trembles heart and knees.

Like no tyger fierce that harms,
Nor Gætulian lion I
Thee pursue: then, ripe in charms,
Quit for man a mother's tie.



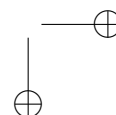
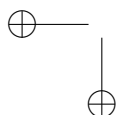


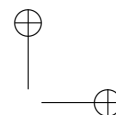
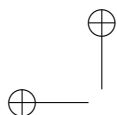
CHARLES ABRAHAM ELTON, 1804

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

You shun me like the startled fawn
That o'er some devious mountain-lawn
 Inquires the parent hind;
By idle terrours oft delay'd,
Aghast to view the length'ning shade,
 Or list the babbling wind.

The breathing of the vernal breeze
That sighs and shudders thro' the trees
 Accelerates her flight:
Or if the tangled Lizard shake
With tortuous train the rustling brake,
 She pants and quivers with afright.





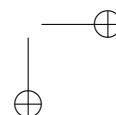
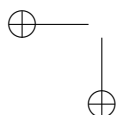
J. RAYNHOLT, 1804

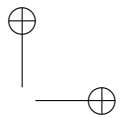
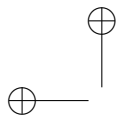
(The Poetical Magazine)

Thou, Cloe, like a fawn dost fly,
To seek thy dam, when I come nigh;
Wand'ring o'er the mountain's head,
Of every breeze and bush afraid:

For, if a vine leaf, unconfin'd,
Quiver responsive to the wind;
Or, lizards rustle in the brake,
Its heart and knees with terror shake,

But, Cloe, I'm no beast of prey,
Nor wish to take thy life away;
Then, leave thy mother, hither haste;
Thou'rt ripe for pleasure – pleasure taste.

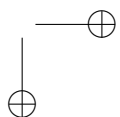
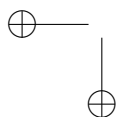


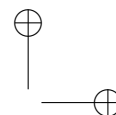
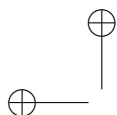


ASIB., 1804

(The Poetical Magazine)

Tell me, Cloe, tell me why
From my eager sight you fly;
As a timid, trembling hind
Strives her anxious dam to find,
Wand'ring o'er the valley deep,
Climbing up the mountain steep;
Struck with terror as she goes
At the gentlest breeze that blows.
Lo! she droops, her courage fails
When the fragrant summer gales
Through the vine leaves softly push,
Or when lizards shake the bush.
Banish this untimely fear;
Can I injure one so dear?
When your footsteps I pursue,
'Tis alone for love of you.
Quit your mother's watchful eye,
When I follow, cease to fly;
Since you now are fit to prove
All th'extatic bliss of love.

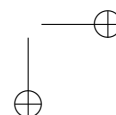
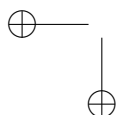


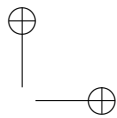
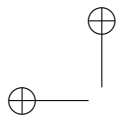


ANONYMOUS, 1808

(Lady's Weekly Miscellany)

You shun me, Chloe, like the fawn
That swiltly flies across the lawn
Seeking its mother, smit with fear,
O'er mountains wild, mid forests drear,
The zephyr thro' the thickel sighs,
She listens, fears, and swirly flies,
Trembling in her heart and knees
At every leaf that bends the trees,
Whether the leaves spring's breezes shake,
Or the green lizard moves the brake
I come not with the tiger's power,
Or like the lion to devour.
Why then be by a mother led. . .
Come, come, my girl, 'tis time to wed.





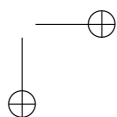
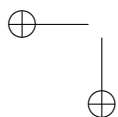
ANONYMOUS, 1812

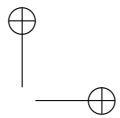
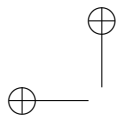
(*Philadelphia Repertory*)

Like as a fawn its dam pursues
And brushes light the morning dews,
 Even so sweet Chloe flies me,
Fearing as doth the fawn, each breeze,
Each slightest rustling of the trees:
 O! Venus, now advise me.

She trembles both in limbs and mind,
As though she fear'd the soft breath'd wind
 Of rosy spring delightful,
As though the crawling lizards green,
Stiring the bush disturb'd the scene
 And render'd *nature* frightful.

Not like a tygress, savage, wild,
Do I pursue thee, maiden mild,
 Nor lion-like, alarming,
Then Chloe fair, my vow's receive,
A husband take, thy mother leave,
 For thou art ripe and charming.





JAMES SMITH AND HORATIO SMITH, 1813 (IMITATED)

(JS 1775–1839, HS 1779–1849)

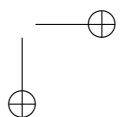
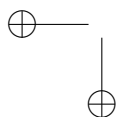
As the poet doom'd to linger,
 Phillips, in thy shop's retreat,
Cash for copyright to finger,
 Eyes with dread the neighbouring Fleet,

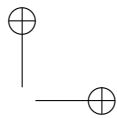
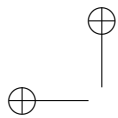
Turns with idle terror pale, if
 Busy crouds his speed molest,
Thinks each passenger a *bailiff*,
 Every jostle an *arrest*;

Thus, dear Chloe, thus you fly me,
 Prithee bid these fears adieu; –
How ungenerous to deny me
 What I ne'er denied to you.

I'm no ruthless *Blue Beard*, daily
 Killing wives, again to wed;
I'm no giant Mrs. Bayley,
 Grinding bones to make my bread.

Cupid proffers now love-letters,
 Cull the roses of his spring,
And of age for Hymen's fetters,
 Quit your mother's apron-string.

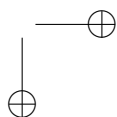
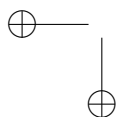


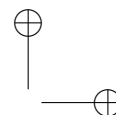
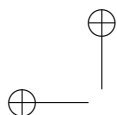


ROBERT MOREHEAD, 1813

(1777–1842; Clergyman and Poet)

Chloe, thou runn'st from me like the young hind,
That, doubtful of its mother's long delay,
Courses her o'er the mountains desert way,
Though oft with vain alarm looking behind:
For not a vine's young tendrils to the wind,
With noisy foliage undulating play,
And not a lizard moves the brakes away,
But its heart leaps, and trembling knees scarce find
Their onward steps. Yet with no fell intent,
Like savage tyger, or like lion strong,
Do I pursue thy gentle limbs to tear:
Then let thy fluttering heart softly relent,
Thy mother has possessed thee now too long,
A lover better suits thy ripen'd year.

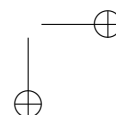
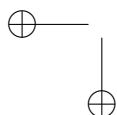


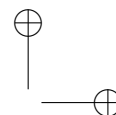
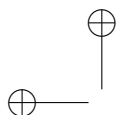


CHARLES ABRAHAM ELTON, 1814

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

You shun me, Chloe, as the fawn
O'er some mountain's tangled lawn
 Tracks the skittish hind:
By idle panic fears pursued,
Of branches whispering in the wood,
 And hollow gusts of wind.
If spring-gales shuddering through the leaves
Bend the pliant tree;
 Or the speckled lizard shake
To and fro the bramble-brake,
Her bosom throbs and heaves,
 She bows the tottering knee.
No lion, tiger, gives thee chase,
To tear thee limb from limb:
 Cling not to thy mother's side;
Thou hast bloomed into a bride,
Ripe for man's embrace,
 Thou wert meant for him.



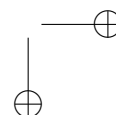
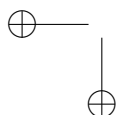


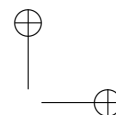
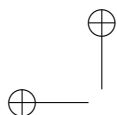
LIONEL THOMAS BERGUER, 1817

(Trifles in Verse)

You shun me, like a kid, my love,
 Seeking its dam in lone recesses;
Quelled, if a gust disturb the grove,
 And rustle in its leafy tresses.
Scared at the waving of a rush,
 Or slightest motion life resembling,
A lizard, stirring in the bush,
 Will set its heart and limbs a-trembling.

Yet no pursuer, fierce and fast,
 Like tiger, I – to spoil and ruin:
Then, leave your mother's side at last,
 For yours is the right age to woo in.



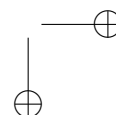
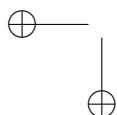


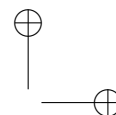
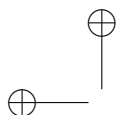
FRANCIS WRANGHAM, 1821

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

Like some shy fawn o'er mountains drear
Seeking it's dam, with idle fear
Of every bush, of every breeze,
Alarms of me your bosom seize.
Quivers a vine-branch in the gale?
It feels it's heart's fond purpose fail:
Rustles a lizard in the brake?
It's knees with very terror quake.

But not like some fierce tigress I.
Or lion, chase you to destroy:
Ah! then, for love's soft raptures fit,
At length, dear Maid, your mother quit.

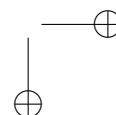
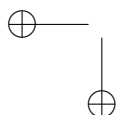


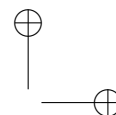
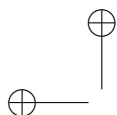


ANONYMOUS, 1824

(The Odes of Horace)

Like to the doe you shun my love,
Which seeks its dam through hilly grove –
And foolish trembles at each breeze,
And eyes with fear the rustling trees;
Nay, thro' its slender limbs will quake,
If but a withered leaf may shake;
And pant at heart if lizard green
Move the thorn where it lurks unseen –
As some fierce savage of the wild,
I follow not to hurt thee, child;
Then O dismiss thy vain alarms,
For mine renounce thy mother's arms.





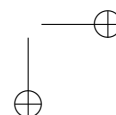
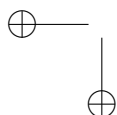
HENRY THOMAS LIDDELL, LORD RAVENSWORTH, 1830

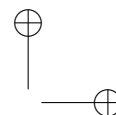
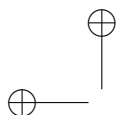
(1797–1878; Statesman and Poet)

You fly me, Chloe! like a vagrant fawn,
Tracing the footprints of its parent deer
Through each sequestered path and mazy lawn,
While woods and winds excite a causeless fear.

For should the aspen quiver to the breeze,
Or the green lizards rustle in the brake,
It bounds in vague alarm among the trees,
Its heart-pulse flutters and its fibres quake.

Yet not as tigers do I follow you,
Or Libyan lion, to destroy your charms;
Then cease to linger in a mother's view,
And learn the rapture of a lover's arms.



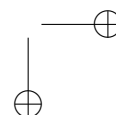
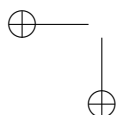


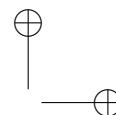
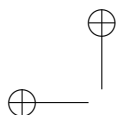
PATRICK BRANWELL BRONTË, 1840

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

Why, whenever she can spy me,
Like a fawn will Chloe fly me?
Like a fawn, its mother seeking
O'er the hills, through brambles breaking;
Frightened if the breezes move
But a leaflet in the grove;
Or a branch the Zephyr tosses;
Or its path a Lizard crosses;
Nothing can its fear dissemble –
Heart and knees together tremble.

Stop my love; Thou needst not fear me,
For I follow not to tear thee
Like the Lion, prowling o'er
Far Letulia's savage shore:
Stop – Thy budding charms discover
Tis thy time to choose a lover.





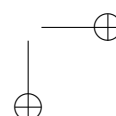
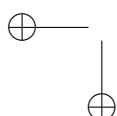
JOHN SCRIVEN, 1843

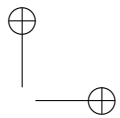
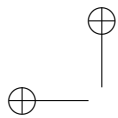
(The Odes of Horace)

Like the young fawn's, my Chloe's flight,
Who seeks her dam on pathless height,
And vainly dreads the harmless breeze,
Or starts at the surrounding trees.

For whether the approach of spring
Sets the young leaflets quivering,
Or lizards green disturb the brake,
Her heart and knees with terror shake.

No lion I – nor tiger grim –
Pursue to tear each tender limb:
Quit then at length thy mother's side –
Already ripe to be a bride.





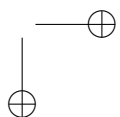
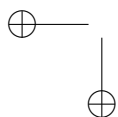
HENRY GEORGE ROBINSON, 1846

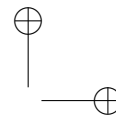
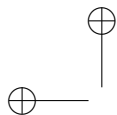
(The Odes of Horace)

You fly me, Chloe, as in haste
A fawn flies o'er the mountain waste
 Its timid dam to find;
Not without a causeless fear
Of all around, each thicket near,
 Each whisper of the wind.

For the trembling of her breast,
And her shaking knees attest
 How great is her dismay;
Should lizards green but stir the brake,
Or new-arriving spring awake
 With leafy rush the spray.

But I do not thy steps pursue,
As a tigress wild would do,
 In pieces thee to tear;
No Getulian lion I,
At length then from thy mother fly,
 Of fitting age to pair.





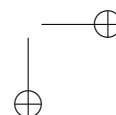
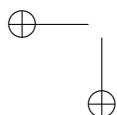
EUGENE LIÉS, 1846

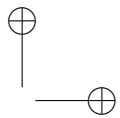
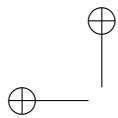
(The Preludes: A collection of Poems)

You shun me, Chloe, thus the fawn that strays,
Seeking her dam through mountain's pathless maze,
 Deems in her vain alarm,
Each breeze and tree portends some boding harm.

At each light vine-leaf which the softest breath
Upturns, at every bush that bends beneath
 Some painted lizard's tread,
Her heart and sinews shake with sudden dread.

Why, as the desert rovers seek their prey,
I seek thee not thy limbs to tear. Away
 Then, to thy mother cling
No more, 'tis love should guide thy budding Spring.

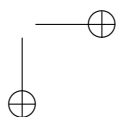
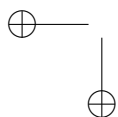


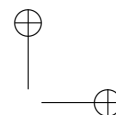
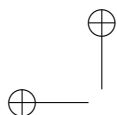


ANONYMOUS, 1849

(The Love Songs of Horace)

“Nay, hear me, dearest Chloe, pray!
 You shun me like a fawn, you do.
A timid fawn, that all the day
 Its mother seeks, the uplands through;
Of every whispering breeze afraid,
And leaf that twitters in the glade.
“Let but the wind with sudden rush
 The echoes of the wood awake,
Or lizard green disturb the hush,
 Quick-darting through the rushy brake,
The foolish frightened thing will start,
With trembling knees and beating heart.
“But I am neither lion fell,
 Nor tiger grim to work you woe;
I love you, sweet one, much too well:
 Then cling not to your mother so,
But to a lover’s tender arms
Confide your ripe and rosy charms.”

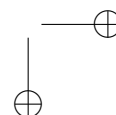
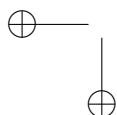


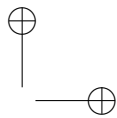
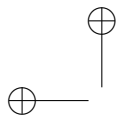


G. J. WHYTE MELVILLE, 1850

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

Chloë, thou shunnest me, such as I am,
Like a terrified kid that is seeking her dam,
Lending still her listening ear
To each rustling leaf in fear.
Whether spring-time is shedding her blossoms around,
Or the green lizard stealthily trails o'er the ground,
Crawling through the tangled brake,
Her poor heart beats, her poor limbs quake.
Yet I am no tiger crouched low in his lair,
No African lion to slay thee, my fair;
Thy mother leave at length, and prove
Thy youthful charms are ripe for love.





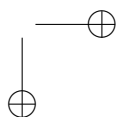
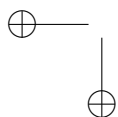
WILLIAM SEWELL, 1850

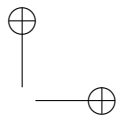
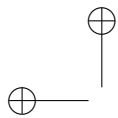
(1804–74; Divine, Tutor, and Writer)

Thou shunn'st me, Chloe, like a fawn
 Its panic-stricken mother seeking
On pathless mountains, not without
 Vain fear of airs, and wild wood [creaking].

For whether spring's approach hath rustled
 In flutt'ring leaves or midst the trees
Green lizards have the bramble parted,
 She trembles both in heart and knees.

Yet not as a tiger fierce, or lion
 Getulian, do I thee pursue,
To crush thee. Cease at length to follow
 Thy mother, thou of age for man to woo.





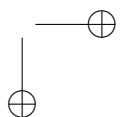
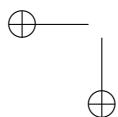
FRANCIS WILLIAM NEWMAN, 1853

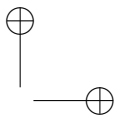
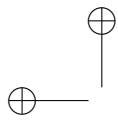
(1805–97; Professor of Latin, University College London; Brother of Cardinal Newman)

Chloë, me thou shunnest, like a fawn,
Who by mountain tracks her scared dam
Seeks devious, – breeze or wood
Oft misdoubting in empty fear.

Should the arriving spring o'er quivering leaves
Bristle rude, or should the lizard green
A bramble move aside,
Quick she trembles in heart and knees.

Yet not I, as tiger fierce to rend,
Or Gætulian lion, follow thee,
Oh, leave thy mother's side,
Ripe at length for a dearer love.

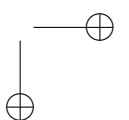
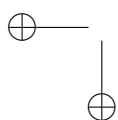


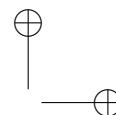
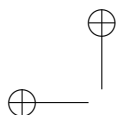


WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS, 1853

(1806–70; American Poet and Novelist)

You fly from me, Polly, my dear, like a fawn,
That trembling still at each breeze that blows,
Seeks for its dam on the mountain bawn,
With a terror that never allows repose:
With feeble limbs and faltering heart,
That shrinks from the rustling of leafy spring,
And deems the green lizard, as bushes part,
Some fearful and terrible thing.
Believe me, Polly, no tiger wild,
No panther of Buncombe, to tear you, child;
And now that you're quite of a marrying age,
And I'm not the worst-looking man you see,
Turn a new leaf in your virgin page,
Quit your mamma, and take lodgings with me.





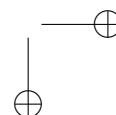
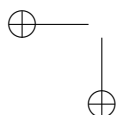
FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE, 1854

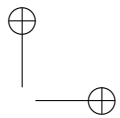
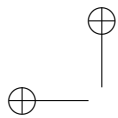
(1824–97; Critic, Anthropologist, and Poet)

Like the fawn you flee me, child,
When she seeks thro' mountains wild,
Startled seeks her dam, and sees
Foolish fears in winds and trees.

Sighs that coming springtide heaves
Shuddering thro' the pensile leaves:
Lizards green that stir the brake,
Heart and knees to trembling wake.

– Not as lions rend the prey,
Chloé, Love comes not as they;
Calls thee now from mother's eyes:
In the child the maiden spies.





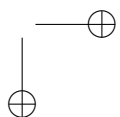
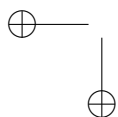
RICHARD W. O'BRIEN, 1857

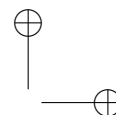
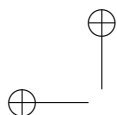
(“Of Trinity College, Dublin”)

Chloë, me thou avoid'st, like as a trembling fawn
Her dam timidly seeks, over the trackless hills
Fleeing, not without vain fear
Of the breezes and waving woods.

For, if, at the approach of the spring-time, the leaves,
Rustling, shall have been stirred, or if the green-backed snakes,
Gliding, shall have a branch moved,
A thrill runs through her heart and limbs.

But I do not pursue, as a wild tiger, thee,
To rend fiercely, or like lion Gætulia-born;
Cease thy mother to seek, then,
At length, now thou art ripe for love!

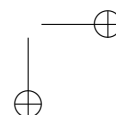
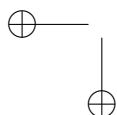


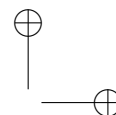
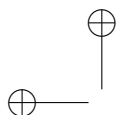


ANONYMOUS, 1857

(Sydney Morning Herald)

Like a fawn with silly terrors
Of the wood and of the wind,
Seeking o'er the lonely mountains
For its dam, the startled hind; –
When the breeze-tossed vine-leaves shudder,
When the bramble-bushes shake
Rustled by the swift, green lizards,
Heart and knees are both a-quake; –
Thus thou shunn'st me. – Tigers, Chloe,
Afric lions, aim at life;
I would take you from your mother –
Why! – 'Tis time you were a wife!





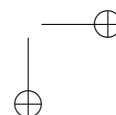
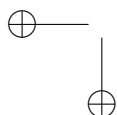
WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE, 1858

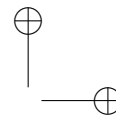
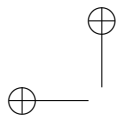
(1809–98; Statesman, Four Times Liberal Prime Minister)

Chloë flies me, as young deer
Track the dam along the hill,
Not without an idle fear
Lest the wood, the wind, may kill.

Chloë! if the spring be born,
If its breeze just move the trees,
If green lizards stir the thorn,
Tremble, heart, and tremble, knees.

No Gaetolian lion I,
I no tigress at thy back:
Ripe for mates, no more be shy,
Tread no more thy mother's track.





JOHN LEWIS, 1859

(Flowers and Weeds of the Old Dominion)

With throbbing heart, and timid eye,
 Afraid to leave the ground,
Chloe, you shun my gaze and fly,
 And start at every sound.

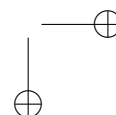
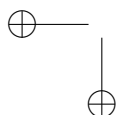
Thus the young fawn, with quaking heart,
 Her wandering dam to find,
I've seen thro' pathless mountains dart,
 And far outstrip the wind.

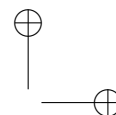
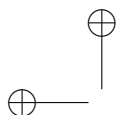
At every falling leaf she quakes,
 Her utmost speed she tries;
The softest vernal breeze awakes,
 With fears increas'd she flies.

When spring first rustles in the grove,
 And the green lizards play,
Her trembling knees, with tremor move,
 Her heart disowns its sway.

No tigress, thirsting for your blood,
 Am I in ambush laid;
No lion of Gatulean brood
 Follows thee gentle maid.

Then leave your mother's aged arms,
 Nor longer round them twine;
'Tis time your full-blown, blushing charms,
 Should be enclasp'd in mine.





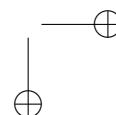
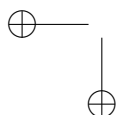
ANONYMOUS, 1859

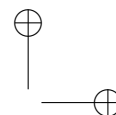
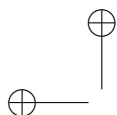
(The University College Magazine)

Why shun me, Sara, like a tender fawn,
That seeks her mother on the pathless hills,
And vainly fears the winds and moving woods?

If but the foliage rustle in the spring,
Or the green lizards move aside the boughs,
All her limbs tremble and her heart beats fast.

Her the fierce tigers and the Nubian lions
Follow to tear, far otherwise I you:
Timid, oh, leave at length your mother's side.





SIR THEODORE MARTIN, 1860

(1816–1909; Biographer of the Prince Consort)

Nay, hear me, dearest Chloe, pray!

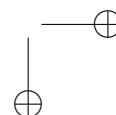
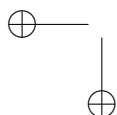
 You shun me like a timid fawn,
That seeks its mother all the day
 By forest brake and upland lawn,
Of every passing breeze afraid,
And leaf that twitters in the glade.

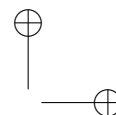
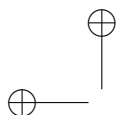
Let but the wind with sudden rush

 The whispers of the wood awake,
Or lizard green disturb the hush,
 Quick-darting through the grassy brake,
The foolish frighten'd thing will start,
With trembling knees and beating heart.

But I am neither lion fell,

 Nor tiger grim to work you woe;
I love you, sweet one, much too well,
 Then cling not to your mother so,
But to a lover's fonder arms
Confide your ripe and rosy charms.

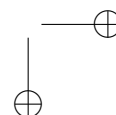
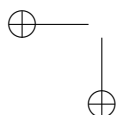


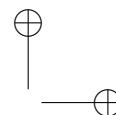
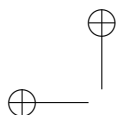


J. L. S. H., 1860

(College Rhymes)

Thou fliest me, Chloe, with steps like the fawn
That seeks for its mother in pain;
O'er the wild mountain path, or the smooth grassy lawn,
And the winds and woods startle again
With a vain, foolish fear; for when soft the breeze sighs
Through the green leaves that bow to its kiss,
Or the bright lizard moves 'neath the shrub where it lies,
Its heart pictures something amiss
But not, like the tiger, to work thee alarms,
Or the lion that roams for its prey,
Do I seek thee, my sweet one, mature in thy charms,
Come with me from thy mother away.





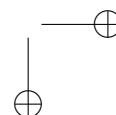
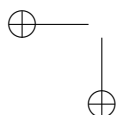
WILLIAM ROBERT EVANS, 1861

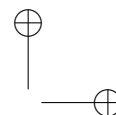
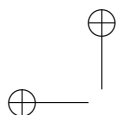
(Lays of Other Lands)

You shun me like a timid fawn, my Chloe dear,
That seeks its mother o'er some pathless mountain-ground
And wanders on in foolish fear
Of every breeze and bush around.

For should the spring-clad branches rustle in the breeze,
Or haply a green lizard in the thicket start,
She trembles in her sinking knees,
And terror strikes her beating heart.

Not like a savage tiger hungering for prey,
Or fierce Getulian lion, would I injure thee :
Then from thy mother come away;
Thou'rt old enough my love to be.



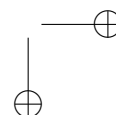
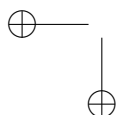


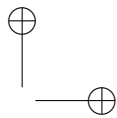
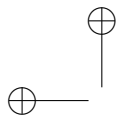
G. CHICHESTER OXENDEN, 1862 (IMITATED)

(Railway Horace)

Chloe, you fly me like a kid,
Seeking its brown mama, amid
 Some leafy glen's recesses,
And if a branch but catch the breeze,
Or kitten mew, or rabbit sneeze,
 A prey to fresh distresses.

But me no tigress brought to light,
No lion's cub am I, to fright
 A maid, or bid her falter;
The path which I would tread with you
Is that which promptly brings to view
 The hymeneal altar.

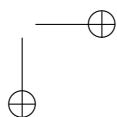
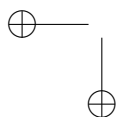


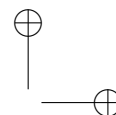
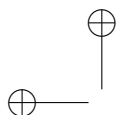


JOHN CONINGTON, 1863

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

You fly me, Chloe, as o'er trackless bills
A young fawn runs her timorous dam to find.
Whom empty terror thrills
Of woods and whispering wind.
Whether 'tis Spring's first shiver, faintly heard
Through the light leaves, or lizards in the brake
The rustling thorns have stirr'd,
Her heart, her knees, they quake.
Yet I, who chase you, no grim lion am,
No tiger fell, to crush you in my gripe:
Come, learn to leave your dam,
For lover's kisses ripe.

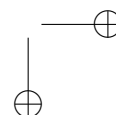
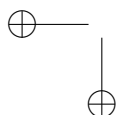


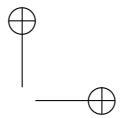
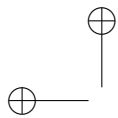


HUGO NICHOLAS JONES, 1865

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

My Chloe flies, like wild gazelle
That seeks its dam thro' mountain dell,
Starting, as vernal breezes shake
The early foliage of the brake;
Or onward, as with trembling knees,
And beating heart she timid flees,
From the green lizards as they scramble
In sportive tumult thro' the bramble.
No lion grim or tiger wild
Am I; I would not harm thee, child:
Then from Mamma do let me lure you;
You're not too young, I can assure you.

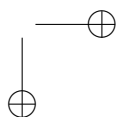
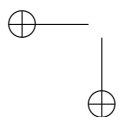


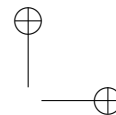
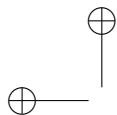


JAMES NETHERBY, 1865

(Songs and Poems)

Pretty Chloe! why so shy?
As some timid, frighten'd fawn
O'er the pathless hills will fly,
Seeking for its anxious dam;
Vainly fearing Zephyr's wing
Wafting through the leafy grove,
Leaflets, stirr'd by coming spring,
Or brakes, that gliding lizards move –
Knees and heart are trembling, too!
Stay! – It is not to destroy
That your footsteps I pursue!
No Gætulian lion I –
No fell tigress follows you!
Leave, at length, your mother's side:
You are fit to be a bride!





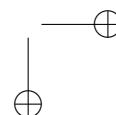
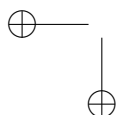
CHRISTOPHER HUGHES, 1867

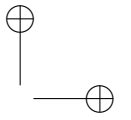
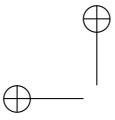
(The Odes and Epodes of Horace)

Chloe; you shun me like a hind
Seeking her fearful dam to find
 Among the pathless hills:
 Vain fear her senses fills,
She trembles at the passing breeze,
And at the shaking of the trees.

 If light leaves quivering
 Tell of the coming spring,
Or lizards green stir brambles near
In heart and knees she quakes with fear.

 I follow not your flight,
 As a fierce tiger might,
Or lion of Getulian race,
Your tender beauties to deface;
 At length your mother leave,
 A husband's love receive.

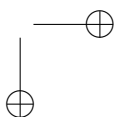
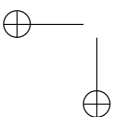


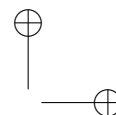
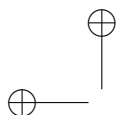


CHARLES STEPHENS MATHEWS, 1867

(“Formerly of Pembroke College, Cambridge”)

You fly me, Chloe! as where lies
No path the deer o’ the mountain flies
 Seeking her dam, vain fears
A prey to, silly thing! from airs
And trees: at Ver’s approach if creep
The leaves, or lizard for a peep
 At day but draw apart
Brier-blind, she trembles knee and heart.
What did you take me for? what from
Thought you to fly? I was not come
 Waylaying your weak plight
As hunger-sharpened tiger might,
Or lion from Getulian wild,
To tear you piecemeal, woman-child.
 Ripe for a husband ha!
Have done with following mama.





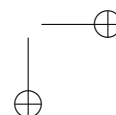
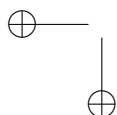
JAMES WALTER SMITH, 1867

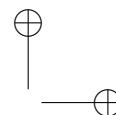
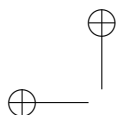
(The Odes of Horace, Books I and II)

You shun me, Chloë, as, through trackless hills,
The fawn runs off her anxious dam to find –
The fawn whose heart vain terror fills
Of dangers from the woods and wind.

For when the verdant lizards move aside
The blackberry, or if the gentle breeze
The briar's responsive foliage chide,
The strength forsakes her heart and knees.

I don't pursue you with the lion's spring,
Nor seek to rend you with a tiger's hate;
So to your mother cease to cling,
When years have made you fit to mate.





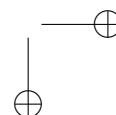
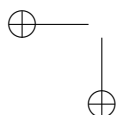
T. HERBERT NOYES, JR., 1868

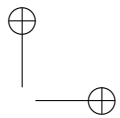
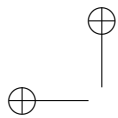
(An Idyll of the Weald, with Other Lays and Legends)

Chloe! Chloe! wherefore fly
Like a filly, young and shy, –
Seeking a'mid the maze of hills
Its frightened dam, – whom panic thrills,
At every breeze that stirs the trees?

When winds whispering “spring is nigh”
Through the rustling leaflets sigh;
When bright green lizards as they glide
Just push the tangled brakes aside;
See! how heart-tremor shakes her knees.

No fierce tiger, puss, am I,
No wild lion who would try
To eat you up! Then wherefore flee?
Come, leave your mother's side for me –
A woman now, and born to please!





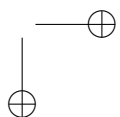
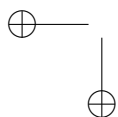
FATHER PROUT, 1868

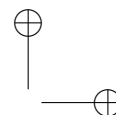
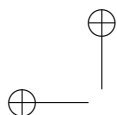
(1804–66; Irish Humorist and Journalist)

Why wilt thou, Chloë, fly me thus?
The yearling kid
Is not more shy and timorous,
Our woods amid,
Seeking her dam o'er glen and hill,
While all her frame vain terrors thrill.

Should a green lizard chance to stir
Beneath the bush –
Should Zephyr through the mountain-fir
Disporting gush –
With sudden fright behold her start,
With trembling knees and throbbing heart.

And canst thou think me, maiden fair!
A tiger grim?
A Lybian lion, bent to tear
Thee limb by limb?
Still canst thou haunt thy mother's shade,
Ripe for a husband, blooming maid?





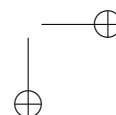
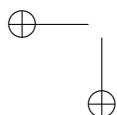
CORNELIUS NEALE DALTON, 1868

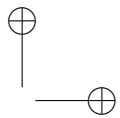
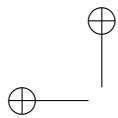
(1842–1920; Barrister, Civil Servant, and Writer)

Me my Chloe avoids, just as a fawn avoids
Men, when seeking her dam up on the trackless hills,
Not without many tremblings
At each sound of the forest breeze.

For look! whether the spring rustle the dancing leaves
With soft breath drawing nigh, aye! or the lizards creep
Slith'ring under the brambles,
Heart and knees begin failing her.

Yet I'm following her, not as a tiger might,
Or rough African lion, eager to ravish her;
Why, then, run to her mother,
Now she's ripe for a man to take?





EDWARD YARDLEY, JR., 1869

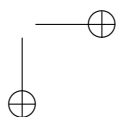
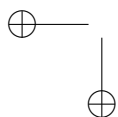
(1835–1908; Writer)

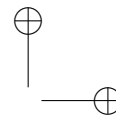
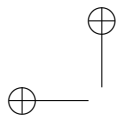
Thou art needlessly afraid,
Like a fawn that, having strayed,
Starts at dangers fear has made,

Trembling when green lizards make
Noise of rustling in the brake,
Or when winds the branches shake.

But no harm is really nigh:
No Gætulian lion I,
No fierce tiger – wherefore fly?

Childhood, Chloë, now is flown;
Leave thy mother; thou art grown
Old enough to go alone.





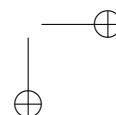
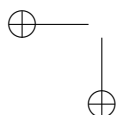
JOHN BENSON ROSE, 1869

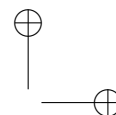
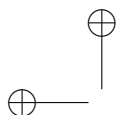
(Satires, Epistles, and Odes of Quintus Horatius Flaccus)

Chloe, you shun me like a fawn affrighted,
Lost by its mother and with senses blighted,
 Trembling over, all afraid
 To pursue the devious glade.

For there the branches twitch, and leaves are sighing,
And the green lizard from the bank is prying,
 Sight and sound combine to freeze
 Your trembling heart and sinking knees.

There is no cause, sweet Chloe, so to shun me,
I am no tiger, even if I won thee,
 But 'tis time to leave your mother,
 And, dear Chloe, love another.





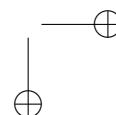
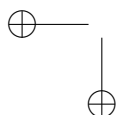
EDWARD BULWER-LYTTON, LORD LYTTON, 1870

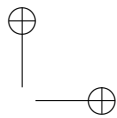
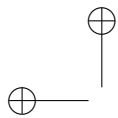
(1803–73; Politician)

Like a fawn dost thou fly from me, Chloë,
Like a fawn that, astray on the hill-tops,
Her shy mother misses and seeks,
Vaguely scared by the breeze and the forest.

Sighs the coming of spring through the leaflets?
Slips the green lizard stirring a bramble?
Her knees knock together with fear,
And her heart beats aloud in its tremor.

Nay, but not as a merciless tiger,
Or an African lion I chase thee;
Ah! cling to a mother no more,
When thy girlhood is ripe for a lover.

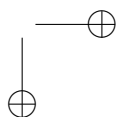
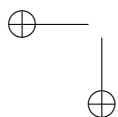


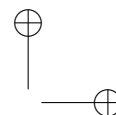
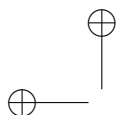


THOMAS CHARLES BARING, 1870

(1831–91; Banker and Politician)

Like a fawn that seeks the hind,
 Dreading in the pathless forest
Every bush, and every wind,
 Chloe! thou my sight abhorrest.
She, if 'mongst the swaying trees
 Early Spring's first zephyrs ramble,
Shakes all over, heart and knees;
 Or if lizards stir the bramble.
Yet, thy tender bones to break
 I no tiger am, or lion;
'Tis full time; a husband take;
 Cease thy mother to rely on.





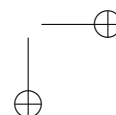
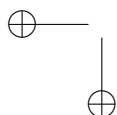
M. C., 1871

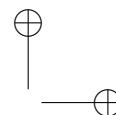
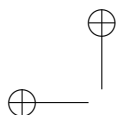
(The Odes of Horace. Book First.)

Chloe, from me like a fawn you flee,
Over the pathless hills,
Seeking a dam as timid as she,
Whom the breeze of the forest thrills.

If the young Spring stirs in the leaves with a shiver,
Or a green lizard stirs in the brake,
The creature thinks she is lost for ever,
Knees tremble, and heart must shake.

But I am neither a tigress wild,
Nor a lion, as you may see;
And you are now no longer a child,
So leave your mother for me.

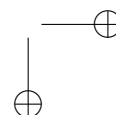
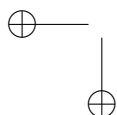


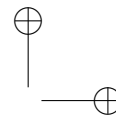
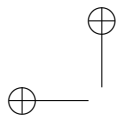


ROBERT M. HOVENDEN, 1874

(“Formerly of Trinity College, Cambridge”)

Thou shunn'st me, Chloe, like the timid fawn
That cowers beside her parent hind
If but a bramble on the upland lawn
Sway towards her on the wind.
When buds of spring unfold, her little heart
Is all a-tremble if a leaflet shake:
And should a lizard from his ambush dart
Her knees for terror quake.
No tiger's cub, no lion's whelp I am,
To harm thee, dear, in limb or face,
I would but wean thee, timely, from thy dam,
Now ripe for man's embrace.





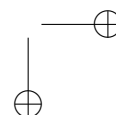
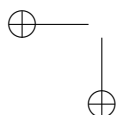
MORTIMER HARRIS, 1874 (1)

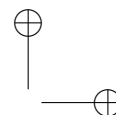
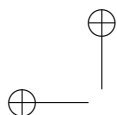
(The Odes of Horace)

Me, like a fawn, you, Chloë, flee,
Who seeks upon the pathless hills
Her timid dam, and whom each tree
And breeze with idle terror fills.

For when the light leaves of the grove
Are trembling with Spring's gentle gale,
Or lizards green the thicket move,
Her heart and limbs together fail.

I seek not with a tiger's rage,
Or Afric lion's, you to hurt.
Then cease, now come to wedlock's age,
To cling thus to your mother's skirt.





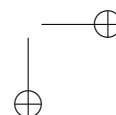
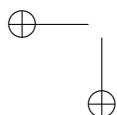
MORTIMER HARRIS, 1874 (2)

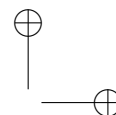
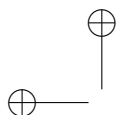
(The Odes of Horace)

You shun me, Chloë, as a fawn
 Its timid dam o'er pathless hills
Who seeks, whilst fear – from fancy drawn –
 Of woods and winds her bosom fills.

For should the vernal wind above
 Shake the light foliage of the trees,
Or lizards green the bushes move,
 Her heart will tremble and her knees.

No tiger fierce am I who want,
 Or lion fell – your limbs to tear.
Then thus your mother's steps to haunt,
 Now fit for marriage rites, forbear.

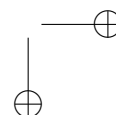
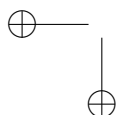


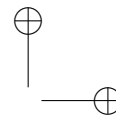
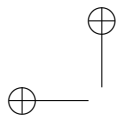


H. W. AUSTIN, 1874

(Verses from the Harvard Advocate)

You shun me, Chloe, like a hind
 That seeks its mother 'mid the mountain's mazes,
With foolish terrors at the wind,
 Or shady trees which rustle where she grazes.
For if the spring-time zephyrs make
 The branches wave, and leaflets murmuring quiver,
Or if green lizards stir the brake,
 Quick through its heart and knees there runs a shiver.
Yet I am not a tiger wild,
 Or Afric lion, you as prey pursuing.
Oh, cease, I beg you, like a child
 To keep your mother's side, when fit for wooing.





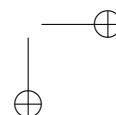
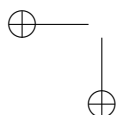
KNAPDALE, 1874 (IMITATED)

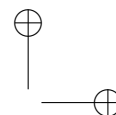
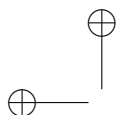
(Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine)

You shun me like a fawn, my dearest Milly,
That seeks its mother on the pathless hills,
Trembling at every sound – the little silly –
Of whispering breezes or of gurgling rills.

Gazing, with trembling knees and beating heart,
At new-found marvels that she dare not pass;
And bounding off again with sudden start
From rustling leaves or lizards in the grass.

Don't be alarmed, my darling – I won't eat you –
I'm not a Bengal tiger nor a lion;
Leave your mamma for one who'll never cheat you;
You'd like a husband if you'd only try one.





SHIRLEY BROOKS, 1875 (IMITATED)

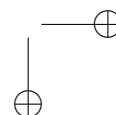
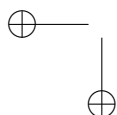
(1816–74; Journalist and Novelist, Editor of *Punch*)

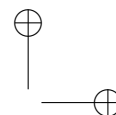
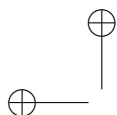
O Lilian dear, you're just eighteen,
And I am nearly forty-three;
But that's no reason, little queen,
That you should seem so shy of me.

Whene'er I come you run away,
Just like a timid, foolish fawn;
Rush to the instrument to play,
Or join the children on the lawn.

I'm not a tiger, fawn, you know,
Although a Lion in saloons;
Why run from me with such a show
Of love for brats, and birds, and tunes?

Come; add eighteen to forty-three,
That's only sixty-one between us:
My wife I've vowed that you shall be,
So take this ring, my little Venus.





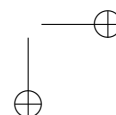
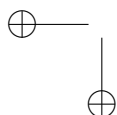
A. M. SHERWOOD, 1875

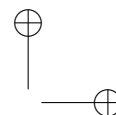
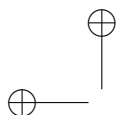
(The Magenta)

You shun me, Chloë, like the hind,
Who, lost among the mountain trees,
Its trembling mother seeks to find,
E'en startled by the murmuring breeze.

If the green lizard, gliding by
Should stir the bush, when spring is near,
Or wind but move the leaves on high
Your heart would beat aloud with fear.

Not like the Afric lion wild
Or tiger fierce do I pursue thee:
Ah! leave thy mother, wanton child,
And suffer me at last to woo thee!





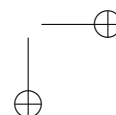
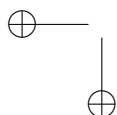
ANONYMOUS, 1875

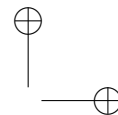
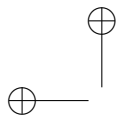
(Love Lyrics)

You shun me like a fawn, my Chlöe,
Who runs off scared and terrified
To nestle at her mother's side
When stir the wood the breezes blowy.

If but a single leaflet rustles,
Or lizard through the bramble brushes,
Off the silly creature rushes,
Trembling, as away she bustles.

Yet I'm no fierce beast to bother –
Unassuming in my carriage;
Chlöe, you are ripe for marriage,
Come and flirt, and leave your mother.

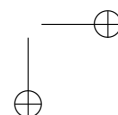
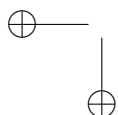


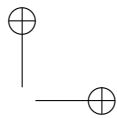
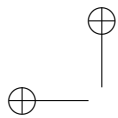


ARTHUR WAY, 1876

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

Like to a little fawn you shun me, Chloe,
That for its trembling damn o'er pathless mountains
 Is searching, not without unfounded
 Terror of breezes and the forest,
For whether the approach of Spring hath shuddered
On flickering leaves, or whether emerald lizards
 Have moved aside a bramble spray,
 In heart and knees alike it quaketh.
And yet 'tis not to rend that I pursue you
Like savage tiger, or Gætulian lion,
 O leave this following of your mother,
 You, who are ready for a husband.





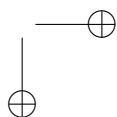
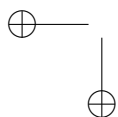
W. E. H. FORSYTH, 1876

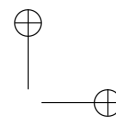
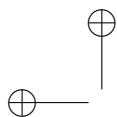
(1845–81; Lawyer in Bengal)

You fly me, Chloe, like a fawn
That seeks its mother, and is drawn
O'er trackless hills, and vainly fears
The rustling of the leaves it hears.

For whether Spring with gentle breeze
Has stirred the foliage of the trees,
Or lizards green the bushes shake,
Its heart and knees do nought but quake.

But I'm no tiger to ill-treat you,
Nor yet a lion, and sha'nt eat you;
So, now you are a woman grown,
Pray leave your mother all alone.





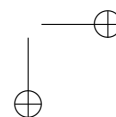
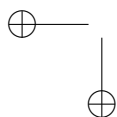
RICHARD TROTT FISHER, 1876

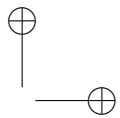
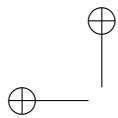
(Rakings Over Many Seasons)

Chloe, like a fawn thou shunn'st me
Looking for its timid mother
On the mountains, vainly frightened
 At the zephyr and the grove.

For, should Spring but only rustle
Fresh among the quivering foliage,
Or green lizards stir a bramble,
 Trembling heart and limb it stands.

But I do not want to crush thee,
Like a tiger or a lion:
Cease to cling then to thy mother
 Fitter for a husband now.

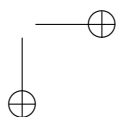
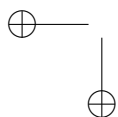


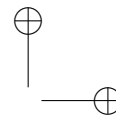
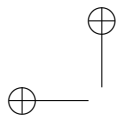


AUSTIN DOBSON, 1877

(1840–1921; Poet and Critic)

You shun me, Chloe, wild and shy
 As some stray fawn that seeks its mother
 Through trackless woods. If spring-winds sigh,
It vainly strives its fears to smother; –
Its trembling knees assail each other
 When lizards stir the bramble dry; –
 You shun me, Chloe, wild and shy
As some stray fawn that seeks its mother.
And yet no Libyan lion I, –
 No ravening thing to rend another;
Lay by your tears, your tremors by –
 A Husband's better than a brother;
Nor shun me, Chloe, wild and shy
 As some stray fawn that seeks its mother.

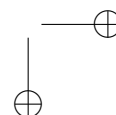
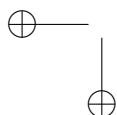


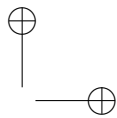
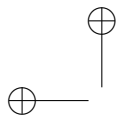


WILLIAM THOMAS THORNTON, 1878

(1813-80; Economist, Civil Servant, and Writer)

You shrink from me, my Chloe, like a fawn
Whom search after her timorous dam has drawn
 To pathless steeps, in needless fear
 Of every breath and thicket there.
For with cold tremors quake her heart and knees,
Whether spring's advent stir the rustling trees,
 Or the green-coated lizard brush
 Lightly athwart the quivering bush.
But not, like tiger fierce, to mangle you,
Nor like Getulian lion, I pursue;
 Quit then, at length your mother quit,
 Since now of years for wedlock fit.





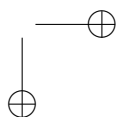
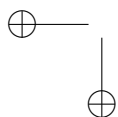
JAMES JOHN LONSDALE, 1879

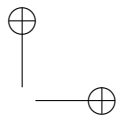
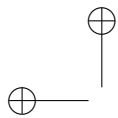
(1810–86; Judge)

You fly me like a young hind, Chloë dear,
Its timid mother on the pathless hill
Trying to find, while it with groundless fear
 The breeze and forest's murmur fill.

For whether Spring's arrival agitates
The quiv'ring leaves, or, darting through the brake,
The lizard green the brambles separates,
 Its heart and knees with terror shake.

But I am no Gatulian lion, nor
Fierce tiger thee to hunt down and destroy;
At length thy mother follow then no more,
 Ripe now become man's love t' enjoy.





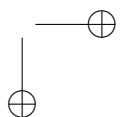
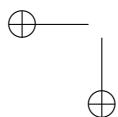
CHARLES PELHAM MULVANY, 1880

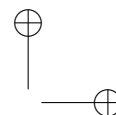
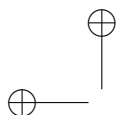
(1835–85; Canadian Clergyman)

Just as wild as a fawn – Chloe you fly from me –
Which through mountainous wilds seeks where its mother is –
Scared and not without idle
Fear of wind-shaken aspen leaves.

If with tremulous boughs something that passes there
Moves the quivering brake, lizards that fit through it
Stir the leaves of the hedges;
Knees and heart they are failing thee!

Yet pursue I not thee, fierce as a tiger is,
Or some lion that roars; eager to mangle you!
Cease to follow your mother,
Flower full ripe for love's gathering!

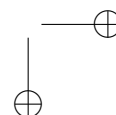
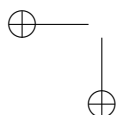


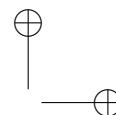
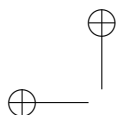


M. R. T., 1881

(Penn Monthly Magazine)

Like a young fawn, through pathless mountains straying,
Her timid mother's footsteps still delaying,
Frightened by each trembling leaf that spring unfolds,
Alarmed by every breeze that blows across the wolds,
Transfixed with terror if a lizard only glides
From the green covert where at noon he hides;
So, startled Chloe flies, if but I chance to cross her path,
As if a tiger followed, or Gætulian lion in his wrath.
Oh, cease these vain and foolish tricks, fair maid,
And learn no more of men to be afraid.
The time hath come to quit your watchful mother's side,
In other eyes to live, in other arms to hide.

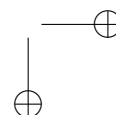
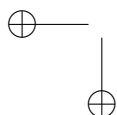


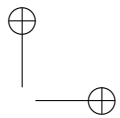
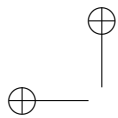


W. P. T., 1881

(The Virginia Univeristy Magazine)

You shun me, Chloe, like a gentle bind
That seeks among the mountain paths to find
Its timid dam – nor is without vain fears
 When rustling leaves and breezes strike her ears,
For whether Spring's sweet advent sends a shiver
Through restling leaves, or lizards move aside
The bramble bush, where she is wont to hide,
 The timid fawn in limbs and heart doth quiver.
But on your foot-steps I shall not pursue,
As the rough tigress and the lion do;
Yet, cease forever on your dam to wait,
Already worthy to receive a mate.





ANONYMOUS, 1883

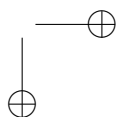
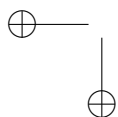
(The Tatler)

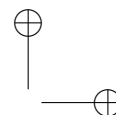
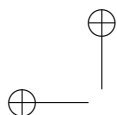
Like some young deer on pathless hills,
That mourns her absent mother's care,
That every gust with terror fills,
And shadows of the forest scare;

So, Chloe, dost thou shun my gaze;
My voice and footsteps give thee fear,
As leaves that vernal zephyr stirs,
And harmless lizards fright the deer.

Not I by tigerish hate impelled
To crush thee, since thou'rt made to please;
Or, with the lion's raving fired,
Like dainty food, on thee to seize.

No. Chloe, to your lovely ear
I but would steal and say to you,
"Forget somewhat mamma, my dear!
Full time you loved a husband too."





HENRY HUBBARD PIERCE, 1884

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

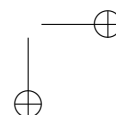
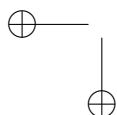
Ah, Chloë, like a timid fawn
That seeks its timid mother
O'er pathless rock and forest-lawn,
Thou shunnest me, thy lover!

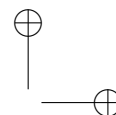
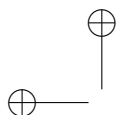
Its foolish heart doth pant to hear
The breeze in woodland bowers;
Its blameless bosom quakes with fear
Of Spring that woos the flowers.

The shapely limbs do fail, I ween,
When leafy branches flurry;
Or when the startled lizards green
Among the hazels hurry.

I follow not, my charming maid,
Like tigress fierce to rend thee;
Or like Gætulian lion dread
With bloody fangs to end thee!

Then quit thy loving mother's arms;
No longer fear to tarry.
For now mature in all thy charms,
It suits thee well to marry.





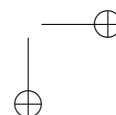
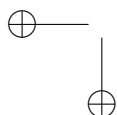
HERBERT GRANT, 1885

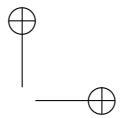
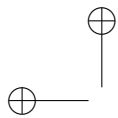
(Odes of Horace)

You fly me, Chloe! as a fawn,
 Seeking the timid hind,
Dreads the lone wilds, in terror borne,
 And whisper-breathing wind.

And starting if a bramble shake
 Its foliage to the breeze;
Or lizards rustle in the brake,
 Trembles in heart, and knees.

No tiger fierce, no lion I.
 Forego thy mother's care;
Love hastens on thy track to fly,
 And claims the ripened fair.

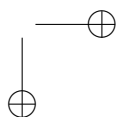
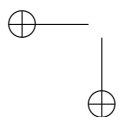


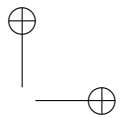
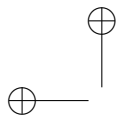


ENIS, 1885

(Gathered Leaves)

Chloe, thou fleest me, as is drawn,
In frisking gambols, a wild fawn
 To stray upon the hills.
The timid dam in quest is smote
With terror at each soft wood-note,
 Which through the forest thrills.
Doth Spring in shooting leaves awake,
Or gliding 'midst the bramble brake,
 A lizard the boughs part;
She, quick by sudden fear possest,
Flies struggling on with panting breast,
 And trembling knees and heart.
Must thou, then, view me with dismay?
Not, child, as cruel beast of prey
 Do I thy chase pursue:
Full well a mother knows no more
Is hers a girl, when, ripe the hour,
 Love comes to claim his due.





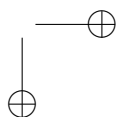
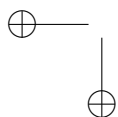
CHARLES WILLIAM DUNCAN, 1886

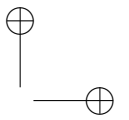
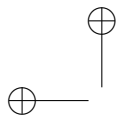
(The Odes and Saecular Hymn of Quintus Horatius Flaccus)

You shun me, Chloë, like a fawn
Her trembling mother seeking
O'er pathless hills, with causeless fear
Of winds and branches creaking.

At rustling murmur of the leaves,
The dawn of spring awaking,
Or brambles stirr'd by lizards green,
Both heart and knees are shaking.

No lion I, nor tiger rough,
With fell intent pursue thee;
Then leave thy mother's side at last,
Of age for man to woo thee.





HUGH HALIBURTON, 1886

(*Horace in Homespun*)

Wha's aucht this bonnie bashfu' bairn
Cooerin' her lane ahint the cairn?

 Whas' can the lassie be?
Or is't a fairy fra the fern
 Looks wonderin' oot on me?

Tell me, thou timorous mountain fay,
If that thy name an' lineage may
 By mortal mooth be speir'd!
The fient a wurd she has to say –
 The lassie's dumb, or fear'd!

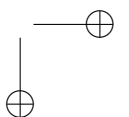
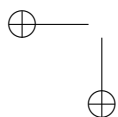
That heavin' breist, that startin' tear,
That glance as o' a huntit deer,
 That gentle hazel ee
Frozen sae wide – it maun be fear!
 But never fear o' me?

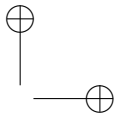
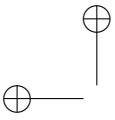
O' me wham every collie kens?
Whas' grozer-busses mak' amen's
 For scarcity o' crap
By chirpin' sprogs, an' cheerfu' weans
 That jink me at the slap?

My silly sheep are weel aware
Their comfort is my only care,
 An' follow whaur I lead,
Sure o' a warmer-tempered air
 An' greener place to feed.

Nor beast nor body, big nor wee,
Ever afore mistrustit me,
 That ever yet cam' near me;
What is't about me startles *thee*,
 An' gars thee seem to fear me?

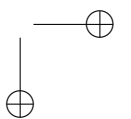
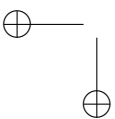
Is it that thy owre-carefu' granny
Has telt thee men-folk arena canny –

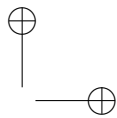
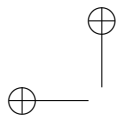




Their very friendship fraud?
I'd hae thee think, my sweet young Nanny,
We're no sae ill's we're ca'd!

Wimmen are angels, I alloo –
But angels' brithers canna boo
To be set down as feends!
Think better o' breek folk! – an' noo
Come oot, an' lat's be freends!





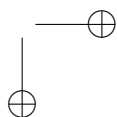
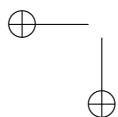
T. RUTHERFURD CLARK, 1887

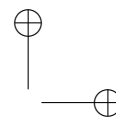
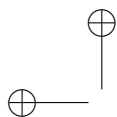
(The Odes of Horace)

'Tis thus the fawn, my Chloë, flies
 To seek in mountain solitudes
Her anxious mother, thus she spies
 Vague terrors in the winds and woods;

And if approaching spring awake
 The shuddering aspen from its rest,
Or olive lizards cleave the brake,
 Is all a-tremble, knees and breast.

But no grim tiger tracks thee now,
 Gaetolian lion am I none;
Come, since the ripening years allow,
 Forsake thy mother, little one.





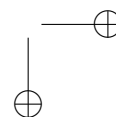
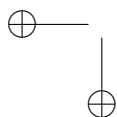
F. J. W., 1887

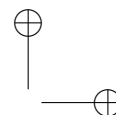
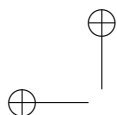
(The Chronicle)

Shun me not as a fawn, Chloe, a fawn astray,
Trembling, far from her dam, when on the mountain-way
 In the branches above her
Blown leaves rustle and shadows play.

For she starts at the breath of the approaching spring,
Her poor heart and her knees quake at each living thing, –
 Lizards peep from the cover,
Straight her heart falls to shuddering.

But I, Chloe, am no lion Gaetolian,
I could do thee no harm, as a fierce tigress can;
 Leave thy mother – the lover
For whose love thou wert made is man!





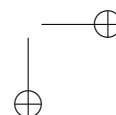
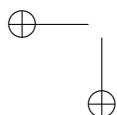
SIR STEPHEN DE VERE, 1888

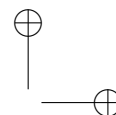
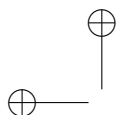
(1812–1904; Poet and Country Gentleman)

You fly me, Chloe, fly me as a fawn
That seeks her startled dam o'er pathless hills,
 Trembling with vain alarm
When through the forest pipes the fitful wind.

If some green lizard gliding through the brake
Stirs the wild bramble; if to Spring's first breath
 Vibrate the ruffled leaves;
With quivering limbs she stands and panting heart.

Fear me not, Chloe: mine no tiger's rage:
No Lybian lion I, that rends his prey.
 Fly not; nor longer hide
Thy ripened charms within a mother's breast.





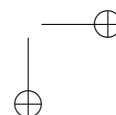
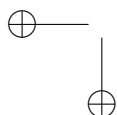
E. H. STANLEY, 1889

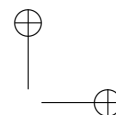
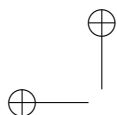
(A Metrical Version of the Odes of Horace)

Why timid and trembling dear Chloe,
Like a Fawn who unconsciously strays
On the mountain and losing its Mother
Is scared by each zephyr which plays?

If the green Lizard stir but a bramble
Or the light sigh of Spring strikes her ear,
Her soft heart is all in a tremble
Her limbs sink beneath her with fear.

As for me, I am no raging Tiger,
No Lion abroad for his prey;
Then fear not to stray from a mother,
But cling to a Lover to-day.





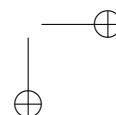
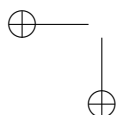
ANONYMOUS, 1889

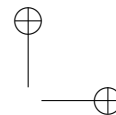
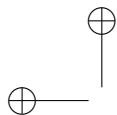
(Putnam's Magazine)

You shun me, Chloe, like a little deer
That seeks its timid mother through the wild,
Dense mountain ways, not without idle fear
Of every bush and every zephyr mild.

For if the wind of early spring but make
The little leaves to rustle on their stalk;
Or if the lizards green the bramble shake,
Its heart beats quick, its knees refuse to walk.

But learn that I, not with a tiger's rage,
Nor like Gætulian lion, seek to harm.
Oh! leave thy mother, now thou art of age,
And child no longer, trust a lover's arm.



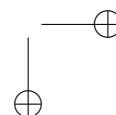
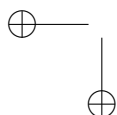


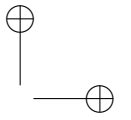
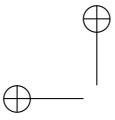
MARCUS CLARKE, 1890 (PARAPHRASED)

(1846–81; Australian Journalist, Poet, and Librarian)

“Hoot! why like a cantie heifer,
Skippin’ at each breathin’ zephyr,
 Bonnie Peggy, Ay me!
Though but rough my manners be,
They’re no sae rough tae Hechter thee;
Peggy, lassie, gang wi’ me –
 Sonsie Peggy, try me!

I’m nae bleth’rin, rantin’ laddie,
But thy bairns maun hae a daddie;
 Bonnie Peggy, try me!
Thy mither says ’tis time to wed;
Mithers must be no gainsaid –
Come and mak’ thy weddin’ bed,
 Bonnie Peggy, by me!”

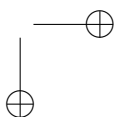
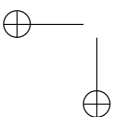


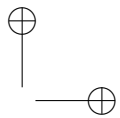
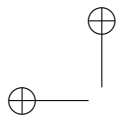


J. LEIGH S. HATTON, 1890

(“Late of Worcester College, Oxford”)

Thou fliest me, Chloë, like the fawn,
That seeks its timid dam to find,
Upon the pathless hills forlorn,
And vainly fears the woods and wind;
When tender leaves in Spring's first breath
Are waving, and the brambles part,
As the green lizard moves beneath,
It trembling stands with beating heart;
No tiger dread to work thee harm,
No Afric lion follows thee,
So fit a lover's heart to charm,
O leave thy mother's arms for me!

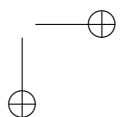
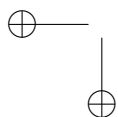


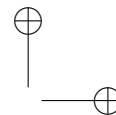
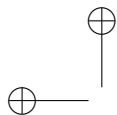


GOLDWIN SMITH, 1890

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

Chloe, thou fliest me like a fawn
That on some lonely upland lawn,
Seeking its dam, in winds and trees
Imaginary dangers sees.
Does Spring's fresh breeze the foliage shake
Or lizard rustle in the brake?
At once it quakes in heart and limb.
Yet I, sweet girl, no tiger grim,
No fierce Gætulian lion am.
Then, no more, fawn-like, seek thy dam,
But bury all thy fond alarms –
'Tis time thou should'st – in true love's arms.





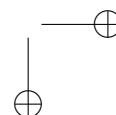
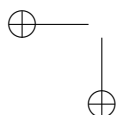
ROSWELL MARTIN FIELD, 1891

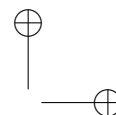
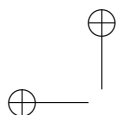
(1807–69; American Lawyer and Politician)

Why do you shun me, Chloe, like the fawn,
That, fearful of the breezes and the wood,
Has sought her timorous mother since the dawn,
And on the pathless mountain tops has stood?

Her trembling heart a thousand fears invites,
Her sinking knees with nameless terrors shake,
Whether the rustling leaf of spring affrights,
Or the green lizards stir the slumbering brake.

I do not follow with a tigerish thought
Or with the fierce Gætulian lion's quest;
So, quickly leave your mother, as you ought,
Full ripe to nestle on a husband's breast.

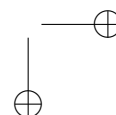
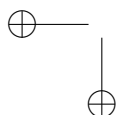


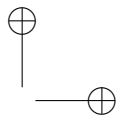
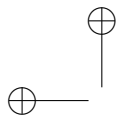


EUGENE FIELD, 1891 (1)

(1850–95; American Journalist and Poet)

Chloe, you shun me like a hind
That, seeking vainly for her mother,
Hears danger in each breath of wind,
And wildly darts this way and t'other;
Whether the breezes sway the wood
Or lizards scuttle through the brambles,
She starts, and off, as though pursued,
The foolish, frightened creature scrambles.
But, Chloe, you 're no infant thing
That should esteem a man an ogre;
Let go your mother's apron-string
And pin your faith upon a toga!





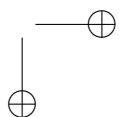
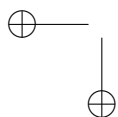
EUGENE FIELD, 1891 (2)

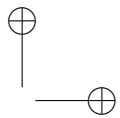
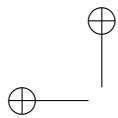
(1850–95; American Journalist and Poet)

How happens it, my cruel miss,
 You 're always giving me the mitten?
You seem to have forgotten this:
 That you no longer are a kitten!

A woman that has reached the years
 Of that which people call discretion
Should put aside all childish fears
 And see in courtship no transgression.

A mother's solace may be sweet,
 But Hymen's tenderness is sweeter;
And though all virile love be meet,
 You'll find the poet's love is metre.





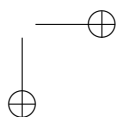
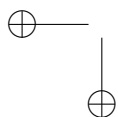
EUGENE FIELD, 1891 (3)

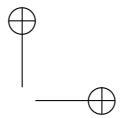
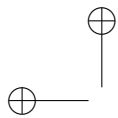
(1850–95; American Journalist and Poet)

Since Chloe is so monstrous fair,
With such an eye and such an air,
What wonder that the world complains
When she each am'rous suit disdains?

Close to her mother's side she clings,
And mocks the death her folly brings
To gentle swains that feel the smarts
Her eyes inflict upon their hearts.

Whilst thus the years of youth go by,
Shall Colin languish, Strephon die?
Nay, cruel nymph! come, choose a mate,
And choose him ere it be too late!





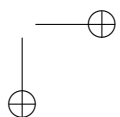
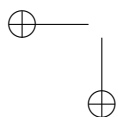
EUGENE FIELD, 1891 (4)

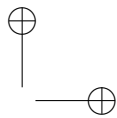
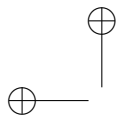
(1850–95; American Journalist and Poet)

Why, Mistress Chloe, do you bother
 With prattlings and with vain ado
Your worthy and industrious mother,
 Eschewing them that come to woo?

Oh, that the awful truth might quicken
 This stern conviction to your breast:
You are no longer now a chicken
 Too young to quit the parent nest.

So put aside your froward carriage
 And fix your thoughts, whilst yet there's time,
Upon the righteousness of marriage
 With some such godly man as I'm.

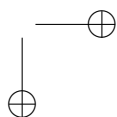
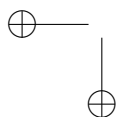


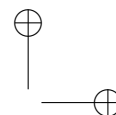
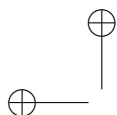


EUGENE FIELD, 1891 (5)

(1850–95; American Journalist and Poet)

Syn that you, Chloe, in your moder sticken,
Maketh all ye yonge bacheloures full sicken;
Like as a lyttel deere you ben y-hiding
Whenas come lovers with theyre pityse chiding.
Sothly it ben faire to give up your moder
For to beare swete company with some oder;
Your moder ben well enow so farre shee goeth,
But that ben not farre enow, God knoweth;
Wherefore it ben sayed that foolysh ladyes
That marrye not shall leade an aype in Hadys;
But all that do with gode men wed full quicklye
When that they be on dead go to ye seints full sickerly.





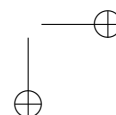
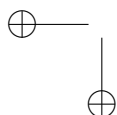
JOHN B. HAGUE, 1892

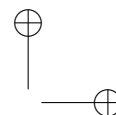
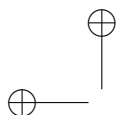
(The Odes and Epodes of Horace)

Chloe shuns me like a fawn
Lost in some wild forest lawn,
Seeking now its mother's care,
Starting at each breath of air.

As spring-zephyrs stir the bush,
Or the darting lizards push,
Or the wind sighs through the trees –
Trembling heart and trembling knees.

Yet no tiger marks thy way,
Lion ferce seeks not its prey,
Go now from thy mother's side,
Of some happy youth the bride.





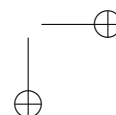
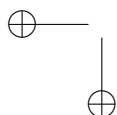
GEORGE HORTON, 1892

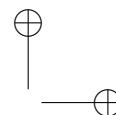
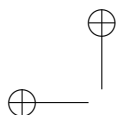
(1860–1942)

Chloe flees me like a fawn
 For its timid mother running,
Into pathless mountains gone,
 Every wind-stirred thicket shunning.

Let a bush but feel a breeze,
 Or green lizard in it shaking,
And the timid creature's knees
 And her breast with fear are quaking.

I'm no Afric lion, dear,
 No fierce tigress, you to harry:
Leave your mother and your fear;
 You are old enough to marry.





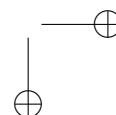
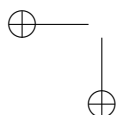
M. H. NICKERSON, 1892 (IMITATED)

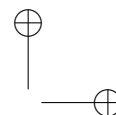
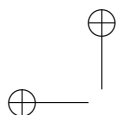
(Carols of the Coast)

Stay, dearest, girl, nor longer shun
His look whom thine has wholly won;
But tell me what the cause can be
Why thus thou dost my presence flee.
So flies the fawn from fancied ills
To seek the lone and woody hills,
And till her watchful parent's near,
Will not relinquish idle fear.

And thou, while all secure from harm,
Art just as quick to take alarm;
The fawn though danger be not found,
Is frightened still by every sound:
The slightest rustle of the trees,
When moving to the fitful breeze
Each little moment, makes her start
With trembling limbs and beating heart.

Oh let my ravished eyes at least
Upon thy peerless beauty feast
Till thou had'st learned from vows as true
As ever pure affection knew,
To cast reserve and fears aside
And in a manly heart confide.





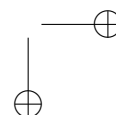
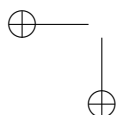
JOHN OSBORNE SARGENT, 1893

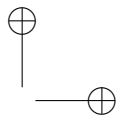
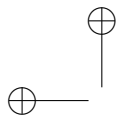
(1811–91; Lawyer and Writer, Friend of Oliver Wendell Holmes)

You shun me, Chloë, like a doe
That through the mountains, far and wide,
In dread of winds and wood, will go
To seek her timid mother's side.

For whether Spring's first zephyrs shake
The quivering foliage of the trees,
Or the green lizards stir the brake,
She trembles in her heart and knees.

No lion and no tiger I,
Pursuing you to rend your charms;
No longer to your mother fly,
But nestle in a husband's arms.





T. A. WALKER, 1893

(The Odes of Horace)

You shun me like a fawn, Chloë,
 Though fit to be a bride,
And scamper o'er the lawn, Chloë,
 Close to your mother's side:

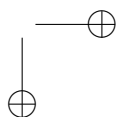
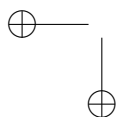
But should you chance to stray, Chloë,
 O'er trackless moor and hill,
You'll seek it in a way, Chloë,
 Beset with thoughts of ill.

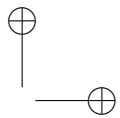
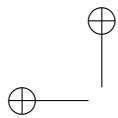
For lo! her heart and knees, Chloë,
 In early springtime quake,
If but a rustling breeze, Chloë,
 The light-winged foliage shake;

Or new-born spring at e'en, Chloë,
 But breathe a gentle sigh;
Or if a lizard green, Chloë,
 Stir but a bush close by.

And yet I've not the paw, Chloë,
 Of lion to alarm,
Nor tiger's heart and claw, Chloë,
 To tear or do you harm.

Then me no longer shun, Chloë,
 But, fit to be a bride,
Cease like a fawn to run, Chloë,
 Close to your mother's side.





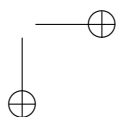
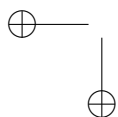
LEWIS BROCKMAN, 1894

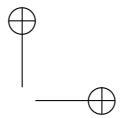
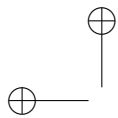
(Poems)

My Chloe, like the yearling hind
That scents a danger in the wind,
 And, trembling at the breathing woodland's sigh,
Cleaves with dun flank the quivering brake,
Her fears unto her dam to take –
 Even so, sweet maid, dost thou thy lover fly.

For, if the leaves that welcome Spring
Stir, an she brush them with her wing,
 Or if a lizard flash its arrowy way,
Like a green sunbeam, through the wood
From solitude to solitude –
 Heart and knees tremble like an aspen spray.

No fierce Gatulian lion, Sweet,
No tiger I, with silent feet
 To track and tear the white limbs Venus blest:
Then, fond one, quit thy mother's side,
Nor be thy poet's prayer denied –
 Thou'rt ripe for love – love harbours in my breast!





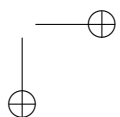
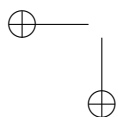
WILLIAM P. TRENT, 1894

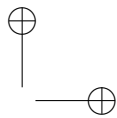
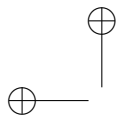
(1862–1939; Professor of English Literature, Columbia University)

Thou shun'st me, Chloë, like a hind that presses
Her steps to track 'mid mountain wildernesses
Her timid dam, nor is without vain dread
Of forests and the breezes overhead.

For whether Spring's approach hath sent a shiver
Thorough the mobile leaves, or all a-quiver
The bramble hath been set by lizards green,
She in her every limb to quake is seen.

But not like tigress rough do I pursue thee,
Nor fierce Gaetolian lion, to undo thee;
Cease, then, upon thy mother still to wait,
Already worthy to receive a mate.





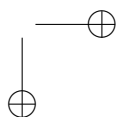
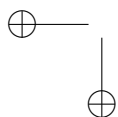
J. HOWARD DEAZELEY, 1894

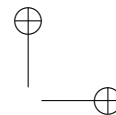
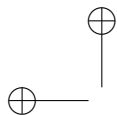
(“Merton College, Oxford”)

From me like timid fawn you fly
That seeks upon the pathless hills
Its mother, finding groundless ills
In wood and breeze that murmurs by.

For if new come to waving brake
Spring rustles, or the lizards green
Have made their way the leaves between,
Its heart and knees together shake.

And yet with tiger's cruel stride
Or lion's hunt I not to tear:
Meet consort for a husband's care,
Forsake at length thy mothers side.

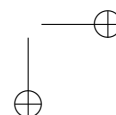
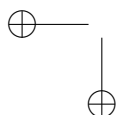


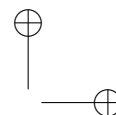
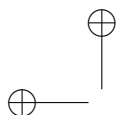


CYRIL E. F. STARKEY, 1895

(Verse Translations from Classic Authors)

Chloe fair! Thou fleest from me,
 Fleest like a startled little fawn
Seeking for her anxious mother
 Over pathless hill and woodland lawn;
Idle fears distract her bosom,
 Fears of whispering winds and rustling trees,
Fluttering leaves that hail spring's advent
 Shake her beating heart and trembling knees;
E'en the lizard, green and golden,
 Frights her as it darts from thorny brake.
Even so thou fleest, Chloe,
 Pale, with shrinking soul and limbs that quake.
'Tis no tigress that pursues thee,
 'Tis no lion fierce from Afric's sand.
Leave thy mother; ripening summers
 Fit thee for a husband's loving hand.

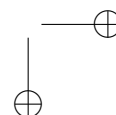
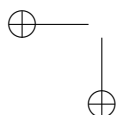


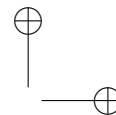
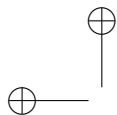


OSWALD A. SMITH, 1895

(Horace in Quantity)

Chloe! why slip away, just as a little fawn
O'er crags mark'd by no path flies in a search for her
 Trembling mother, in each thick
 Each gust danger imagining?
For see, whether a bush rustle beneath a breeze
With leaves easily stirr'd, or by the green lizards
 Yonder bramble be mov'd, heart
 And limbs tremble in unison.
Yet no terribly fierce tiger, or African
Lion, sweet one, am I, ready to mangle thee:
 Ripe at length for a spouse, thy
 Parent cease to be following.





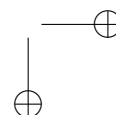
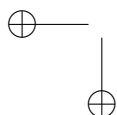
A. S. AGLLEN, 1896

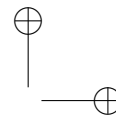
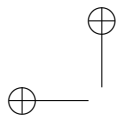
(“Archdeacon of St. Andrews”)

You shun me, Chloe, like a fawn that goes
 Seeking its timid dam 'mid pathless hills,
And all the wood, and every breeze that blows,
 With vague alarms the little creature fills.

For should Spring's herald breezes only make,
 When leaves hang light, a shiver in the trees,
Or should an emerald lizard stir the brake,
 It trembles, trembles both in heart and knees.

Yet I am no fierce tiger to pursue
 And tear, or lion in Gaetulia bred;
Leave *your* dam's side; 'tis now no place for you,
 And take a husband, for 'tis time, instead.





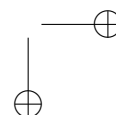
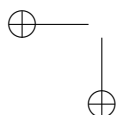
PHILIP E. PHELPS, 1897

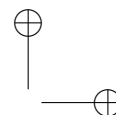
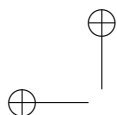
(The Odes of Horace)

Chloë! like timid fawn flee'st thou away from me,
Which thro' wild woodland brakes follows its mother-deer,
Timid, not without useless
Fear of breezes and woodland-gales.

For if spring's soft advance, rustling with forest-leaves,
Moves with each passing gale quiv'ringly, or the green
Lizards in the bush, she shakes,
Trembling both in her heart and knees.

But not like tiger fierce, bent on attacking thee,
Or Gætulia's fierce lion, I follow thee,
Cease to cling to thy mother,
Full-ripe now for a man's embrace.





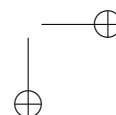
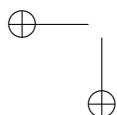
EDWARD GEORGE HARMAN, 1897

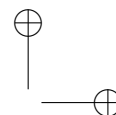
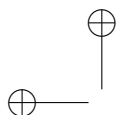
(Died 1921)

Chloë, you shun me like a startled fawn,
That seeks her timorous dam upon the heights,
And in each wandering air and stirring brake
Some terror sights.

'Twas but the rustle of the coming spring,
That softly shivered through the opening leaves,
Or a green lizard darting through the briar,
Her bosom heaves,

Her limbs are all a-tremble! Nay, what fears!
No savage lion I, that lies in wait
To rudely rend thee. Leave thy mother then,
And seek a mate.

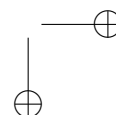
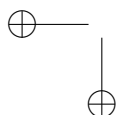


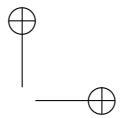
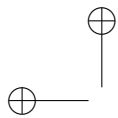


ALFRED DENIS GODLEY, 1898

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

Thou shunnest me, Chloe, like a fawn – a fawn seeking its dam over the lonely hills, with many a vain fear of breeze and woodland: for if spring's harbingers make waving leaves to quiver, or green lizards dart athwart the yielding bramble, heart and knees alike tremble. Nay! I seek not to crush thee, like fierce tiger or Gætulian lion: 'tis high time for thee to wed, and cling no more to thy mother.





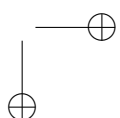
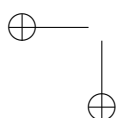
W. A. HEIDEL, 1899

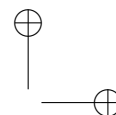
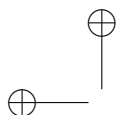
(1868–1941; American Scholar)

You shun me, Chloe, like the timid fawn
That seeks her trembling dam in trackless glades,
Fearing the harmless airs that spring at dawn
And every sound the woodland that pervades.

A bramble rustles pensile leaves in air,
Or livid lizard scudding stirs a bush: –
Her knees quake visibly all unaware
And to her heart the pallid blood doth rush.

And still – no ravening tiger I, nor yet
An Afric lion roaring to destroy:
At length to chase your mother pray forget,
Long since prepared a husband to enjoy.





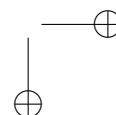
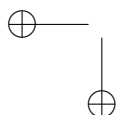
RAY CLARKE ROSE, 1901

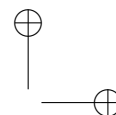
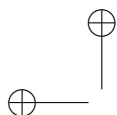
(At the Sign of the Ginger Jar)

Nay, Chloe, child! be not so wild,
Nor, like a frightened fawn, thus fly me!
No wild beast I to rend you – why,
I'm harmless, dear one, only try me!

No young doe strayed in hill-top glade,
Far from its mother, would be wilder
Than you are now; and yet, I vow,
My wishes hardly could be milder!

So, Chloe, dear, pray do not fear,
But heed my harmless tendernesses
And learn that you may well eschew
A mother's care for Love's caresses!



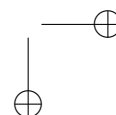
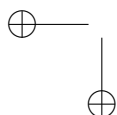


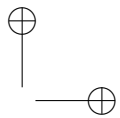
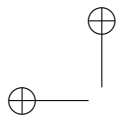
W. C. GREEN, 1903

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

Chloë, like fawn thou shunnest me,
Like fawn who seeks around the trackless hill
Her timid dam, and still
Danger in winds and wood can see.

For if in shivering leaves the trees
Whisper of coming spring, or lizards green
Flash out the thorns between,
Tremble her heaving heart and knees.

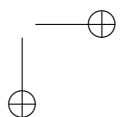
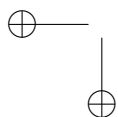


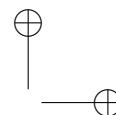
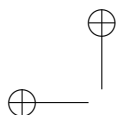


CLARENCE CARY, 1904

(1845–1911; American Lawyer and Sportsman)

Alike as a fawn might – thou shunn’st me, fair Chloe –
If questing through hills that are pathless, her dam, eke
 As timid: herself full of fear, tho’
 But vainly, of gales and of forests;
When leaves, all afficker – at breath of Spring’s advent
Thus shaken – and emerald lizards, if haply,
 The boschage they stir, e’er prolong in
 Her heart and her knees, both, a tremor.
Yet ne’er as a cruel, fierce tiger – nor anger’d
Gaetolian lion – to rend, I pursue thee:
 Nay, cease thus thy mother to haunt, and,
 Full-ripen’d, a husband now cling to!

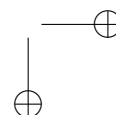
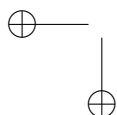


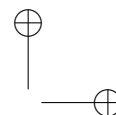
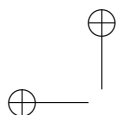


M. RUSSELL THAYER, 1905

(1819–1906; Member of the U.S. House of Representatives)

Like a young fawn in pathless mountains straying,
Her timid mother's footsteps still delaying,
Frightened by each trembling leaf that Spring unfolds,
Alarmed by every breeze that blows across the wolds,
Transfixed with terror if a lizard only glides
From the green covert where at noon he hides, –
So startled Chloe flies if but I chance to cross her path,
As if a tiger followed, or Gaetolian lion in his wrath.
Oh, cease these vain and foolish tricks, fair maid,
And learn no more of men to be afraid,
The time hath come to quit your watchful mother's side,
In other eyes to live, in other arms to hie.





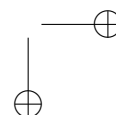
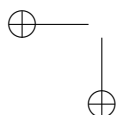
ECCLESTON DU FAUR, 1906

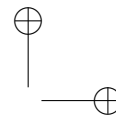
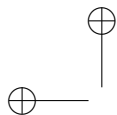
(1832–1915; Public Servant and Patron of Arts and Letters)

From me, as on the lonely hills,
 Seeking her dam, the she-kid flees,
Thou fly'st, in dread of fancied ills,
 In every brake, and breeze.

For should, in wind, within the grove,
 The shrubs their tender leaflets shake,
Or lizards through the brambles move,
 In heart, and knees, she'll quake.

And yet I follow not in hate,
 Like tiger, or Gætulian king
Of beasts; – but it is time to mate,
 And leave thy mother's wing.

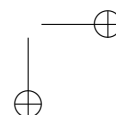
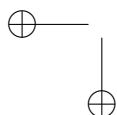


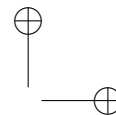
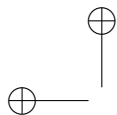


EDWARD R. GARNSEY, 1907

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

You shun me, Chloe, like a fawn,
Seeking its timid dam in pathless mountains
 With vain affright
 At breezes and the woods –
For if the approach of Spring hath shivered through
The quivering leaves, or greenish lizards stir
 The bramble-bush, so trembles it
 In heart and knees.
But hold! For I do not, like tigress fierce,
Or lion of Gætulia, pursue to rend: –
 At last your mother leave,
 Ripe for a man to woo.

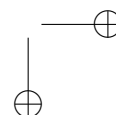
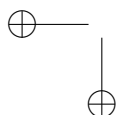


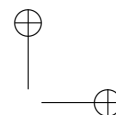
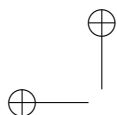


JOHN MARSHALL, 1907

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

Thou shun'st me, Chloé, ev'n as might a fawn
That for his timid dam on pathless hills
 Searches, while terror thrills
 At sound of breeze through woodlands drawn.
Perchance Spring's advent down the quivering brakes
A whisper sends, or lizards green are peeping,
 Through bramble-bushes creeping;
 Forthwith in heart and knees he quakes!
But not like Afric lion I pursue,
Or tiger grim, thy tender flesh to eat;
 Cease for thy dam to bleat, –
 Full ripe by now if lover woo.





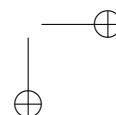
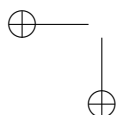
FRANCIS LAW LATHAM, 1910

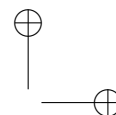
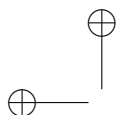
(“Brasenose College, Oxford”)

Thou shun'st me, Chloe, like the fawn
That seeks his dam on pathless hills,
Whom as it sweeps the woodland lawn
The breeze with idle terror fills.

For if green lizards part the brake,
Or if the coming of the Spring
Ruffle the leaves, he stands aquake
With heart and knees all quivering,

But not like tiger fierce to slay,
Or Libyan lion thee I chase:
No longer by thy mother stay
So close, now ripe for man's embrace.





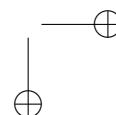
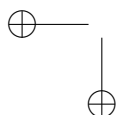
HAROLD BAILY DIXON, 1910

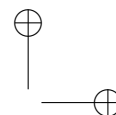
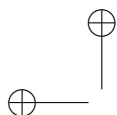
(1852–1930; Chemist, Sometime Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford)

You shun me, Chloe, like a fawn
That seeks its dam o'er pathless fells,
And trembles with vague terrors drawn
From winds and dells:

If thorn leaves shiver in the breeze,
Or lizards move the rustling brake,
She starts, and timid heart and knees
Together quake.

And yet no lion lies in wait,
No tiger, fierce to crush you, I!
A mother is no *woman's* mate –
Bid her good-bye!





G. M. WHICHER AND G. F. WHICHER, 1911 (1)

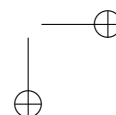
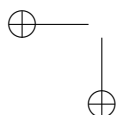
(GMW 1860–1937, GFW 1889–1954)

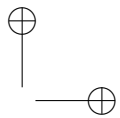
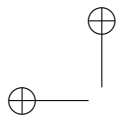
Chloe, you flee when I am nigh
Like any fearful fawn that high
 On many a mountain path has strayed
 To seek its timid dam, afraid
Of every copse it passes by.

When breezes in the bushes sigh,
Or lizards brush the brambles dry,
 How it startles! – so, dismayed.
 Chloe, you flee.

A tiger well might terrify;

No leonine intent have I.
No longer ask your mother's aid,
 A husband soon must be obeyed;
 The time is ripe. O tell me why,
Chloe, you flee!





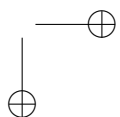
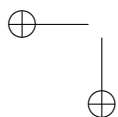
G. M. WHICHER AND G. F. WHICHER, 1911 (2)

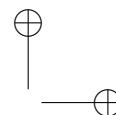
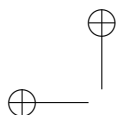
(GMW 1860–1937, GFW 1889–1954)

With heart horrescent and aversive Air,
My amorous suit evites the ingenuous Fair,
A timid offspring of the cervine kind,
Who seeks her Dam of equi-timorous mind:
She devious quests o'er elevated ways;
Each gust affrights her and each breath affrays.

If vernal Zephyrs on the branches light
And shake the leaves (in Dr. Bentley's spite);
If Briars recumbrous on their native heath
Stir with lacertian movement underneath;
The flames of terror in her bosom burn,
And nether members pulsate in their turn.

And yet no tigrine nature e'er was mine,
No shore Gaetolian reared me leonine.
I woo thee, not insatiate of gore,
Nor long to view thy corse ensanguined o'er.
Seek not the Maternal Source of life again,
Nor still reluct t'approve the eager Swain.





G. M. WHICHER AND G. F. WHICHER, 1911 (3)

(GMW 1860–1937, GFW 1889–1954)

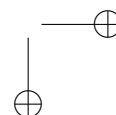
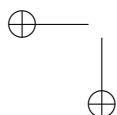
I met a little Roman maid;
 She was just sixteen (she said),
And O! but she was sore afraid,
 And hung her modest head.

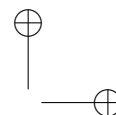
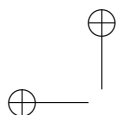
A little fawn, you would have vowed
 That sought her mother's side,
And wandered lonely as a cloud
 Upon the mountain wide.

Whene'er the little lizards stirred,
 She started in her fear;
In every rustling bush she heard
 Some awful monster near.

“I'm not a lion; fear not so;
 Seek not your timid dam.” –
But Chloe was afraid, and O!
 She knows not what I am:

*A creature quite too bright and good
To be so much misunderstood.*





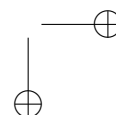
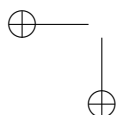
J. M. KRAUSE, 1912

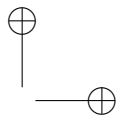
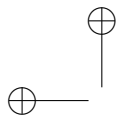
(Love Poems)

Thou shun'st me, Chloë, as a fawn that flies
To timid dam where pathless mountains rise,
Of whispering winds afraid
Or stir in woodland glade;

If shiver in the light hung leaves betray
Glad spring's approach, or in the bramble's spray
Green lizards dart, fears make
Her heart and knees to quake.

Yet I no lion am, nor tiger wild
Who stalks to crush; so leave thy mother, child.
The time has come for thee
In lover's arms to be!





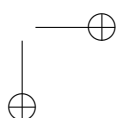
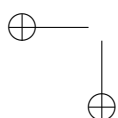
GEORGE FORESTER, 1912

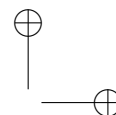
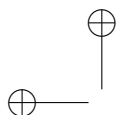
(Poems)

You fly me, Chloe, like a fawn that hies
Questing her gentle dam, the timorous hind,
Where trackless mountains rise,
Fluttered by silly fears of wood and wind.

Should tremulous leaves but whisper Spring's return,
Or gay green lizards, sporting in the brake,
Just stir the rustling thorn,
Her poor heart trembles still, her young knees quake.

But I no lion am, with stalking stride,
No tiger fierce thy tender flesh to tear.
Come, leave thy mother's side,
In full ripe beauty for a husband's care.



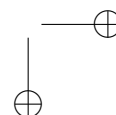
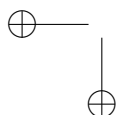


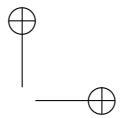
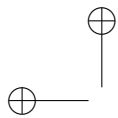
FRANKLIN P. ADAMS, 1912 (IMITATED)

(1881–1960; American Newspaper Columnist)

Nay, Chloë, dear, forget your fear,
Nor like a frightened fawn outrun me;
No savage I to horrify
You shouldn't shun me.

Come, Chloë, queen, you're seventeen;
There's many a precedent to back us.
Why shouldn't you be Mrs. Q.
Horatius Flaccus?





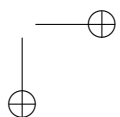
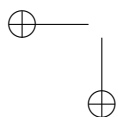
SIR WILLIAM S. MARRIS, 1912

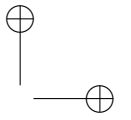
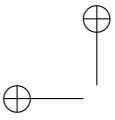
(1873–1945; Civil Servant and Classical Scholar)

Thou fliest, Chloe from my sight,
Like fawn who seeks o'er uplands lone
His fretting dam, and thrills with fright
At every leaf that's blown:

If but a gleaming lizard parts
The underwood, or waving trees
Dance to the breath of Spring, he starts
With quaking heart and knees.

No tiger I nor lion wild,
Who thus pursues to work thee woe;
'Tis time to leave thy mother, child,
A lover's love to know.



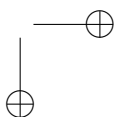
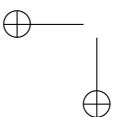


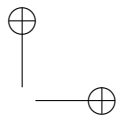
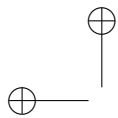
FRANKLIN P. ADAMS, 1914 (IMITATED)

(1881–1960; American Newspaper Columnist)

Dear Chloë, why so frightened by
 The harmless presence of Horatius?
I'm not a bear that wants to scare
 Don't be fugacious.

Yet like a fawn you leave the lawn
 When I approach. If you would let me,
I'd say that you were twenty-two. . .
 There, do you get me?



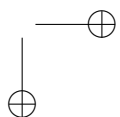
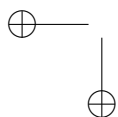


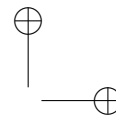
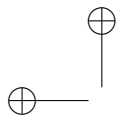
A. L. TAYLOR, 1914

Chloë, thou fliest from me
Even as a fawn amid the pathless hills
Seeking its dam whose breast such terror fills;
 And list'ning tremulously
The woodland sounds mysterious it will hear
 And the wind's whisper fear.

For, if the low, soft breath
Whispers among the quivering leaves when Spring
Of its approach sends such sweet heralding,
 Trembling he hearkeneth,
And lizards green that stir the bramble boughs
 Can fearfulness arouse.

Yet I pursue thee not
Like tiger fierce thy gentleness to harm;
Nor like Gaetolian lion to alarm
 Thy timid breast have sought:
'Tis time at last thou leave thy mother's side,
 Now meet to be a bride.





ANONYMOUS, 1916 (IMITATED)

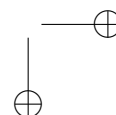
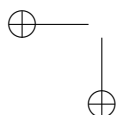
(The Yale Record)

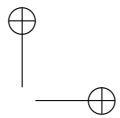
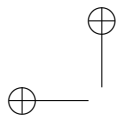
Chloe, you fly whenever I appear,
 I stagger up the steps with beaming dome,
Clutching at costly orchids, Huyler's dear,
 "Nobody home!"

You shyly hide behind your mother's back,
 To all my speech you answer, "Yes," and giggle.
– And mother talks of *dear* old uncle Jack. . .
 – And I, I wriggle.

You fly me as the pickle does the knife;
 The fawn the alligator of the Niger.
– I never saw a kitty in my life!
 Much less a tiger!

I've got a bank account and three conditions,
 And father owns three-quarters of St. Joe.
– If I don't wed it goes to Foreign Missions –
 How 'bout it, Chlo?





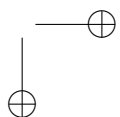
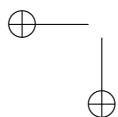
HELEN LEAH REED, 1917

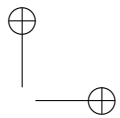
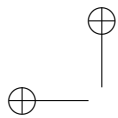
(1864–1926; American Teacher and Writer)

Ah Chloe, like a fawn you now elude me,
 Seeking its timid dam on lonely hills,
Its dam who not without an idle tremor
 At breezes in the forest thrills.

For if before the breeze the bushes quiver
 With rustling leaves, or if green lizards start
Across the bramble, then it is it trembles, –
 This little fawn – in knees and heart.

But Chloe, I am not a cruel tiger,
 Nor a Gætulian lion, thee to chase,
And now that thou art old enough to marry,
 Beside thy mother take thy place.





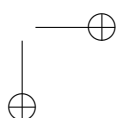
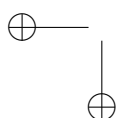
CHARLES E. BENNETT, 1917

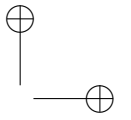
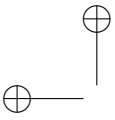
(1858–1921; American Classical Scholar)

Thou shun'st me, Chloe, like timid fawn that flees
 To seek its mother on the pathless hill,
With foolish fear of every passing breeze
 That stirs the rustling leaves with whispers still.

For if with quivering leaf the bramble shakes
 Wind-stirred, or neath the brier the lizards dart,
Its little frame with sudden terror quakes,
 And fears unbounded fill its trembling heart.

No Afric lion, I, nor tiger wild,
 That I should seek to crush thee. Leave, I pray,
Thy mother's side, for thou'rt no more a child,
 But ripe for lover's kisses e'en today.



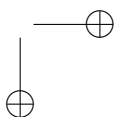
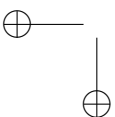


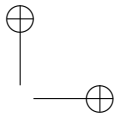
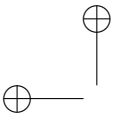
FRANKLIN P. ADAMS, 1917 (IMITATED, 1)

(1881–1960; American Newspaper Columnist)

Chloë, regard my song sententious
And trust me as your soul's director:
No longer be a conscientious
Objector.

No lion, I, to feast upon
You, Chloë. Do not be so distant.
Forget your mother. Be a non-
Resistant.



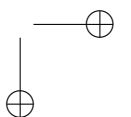
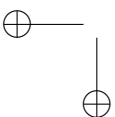


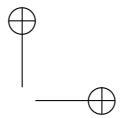
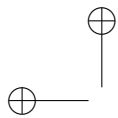
FRANKLIN P. ADAMS, 1917 (IMITATED, 2)

(1881–1960; American Newspaper Columnist)

Fear me not, my Chloë, like a fawn that seeks its mother,
Frightened of the forest, overfearful of the trees,
Tremulous with terror it is difficult to smother,
Quivering at the rustle of the brier in the breeze.

Never mine the cruel wish to crush you like a lion,
Never mine the wish to be a tiger in a rage.
Cut away from mother! Give your bridal-gown a try on!
Votes for women, Chloë! And remember, you're of age.





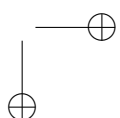
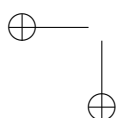
WARREN H. CUDWORTH, 1917

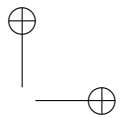
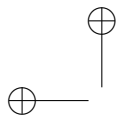
(1877–1927)

Thou shun'st me, Chloe, like a tender fawn
That seeks o'er pathless hills the timid doe,
To visionary terrors drawn
If thickets gloom or zephyrs blow.

Whether the advent of the spring awake
The leaves' susurrus, or green lizards start
A rustling in the brambly brake,
She trembles in her knees and heart.

Yet am I no Gaetolian lion wild,
No tiger fierce that seeks to crush thy charms;
Thy mother leave, no more a child,
And bless a husband's longing arms.

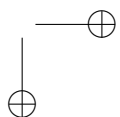
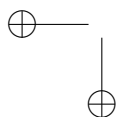


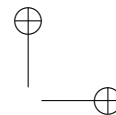
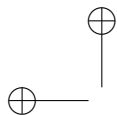


GERARD FENWICK, 1917

(The Odes of Horace, Book I)

You avoid me, Chloë, why?
So do timid roebuck fly
To their dams 'mongst pathless hills,
Empty fear their bosom fills,
Sounds of breezes in the sky,
Leafy foliage shaking nigh,
Or perhaps the breath of spring
With its green leaves shivering;
Or green adders in the brake
Cause their knees and hearts to shake.
Tell me, Chloë, why you fly.
No Gætulian lion I,
Tiger angry to devour
You, or crush you in my power.
You must from your mother rove,
You are ready now for love.



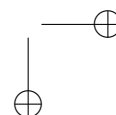
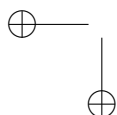


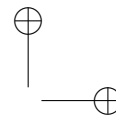
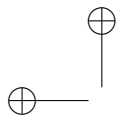
LOUIS UNTERMEYER, 1919

(1885–1977; American Editor and Poet)

You shun me, Chloë, like a fawn
That, frightened, seeks its timorous mother,
Running this way and the other,
When familiar paths are gone;
Starting at the lightest breeze,
Or a bush stirred by a lizard,
Or when Spring, the gentle wizard,
Trembles in her knees.

Chloë, do not fear me so –
I am not a beast to scare you,
Not a lion that would tear you;
Do not treat me as a foe.
Chloë, leave your mother's side;
Come, you are a child no longer.
Make your faint desires stronger –
Be a bride.





LOUIS UNTERMAYER, 1919 (IMITATED)

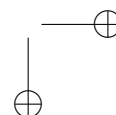
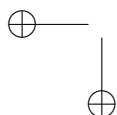
(1885–1977; American Editor and Poet)

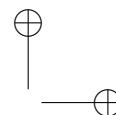
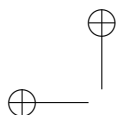
Though all your charms in a sweet disarray,
 Chloë, have won me, you shun me as though
I were a tiger that searches for prey,
 I would not hurt you, your virtue is so
Glowing that passion is melted away.

As a lost fawn, wandered far as it could,
 Starts at the breezes and freezes with fear
At the least sound from the ground where it stood;
 Flies and escapes from the shapes that appear
And the whispering leaves in the murmurous wood,

So you evade me, my Chloë, and you
 Daily dissemble; you tremble when I,
Singing your loveliness, tell what is true;
 And, should I hold you or scold you, you fly
Out of my arms, like a bird to the blue!

I seek you and capture the ghost of a scent;
 Though I pursue you, I woo you in vain.
Come, nights like these for dim courtships were meant,
 When Love sings, half-breathless, the deathless refrain,
When dark willows call and the night-wind is spent.

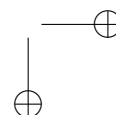
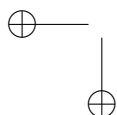


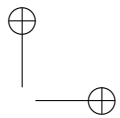
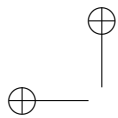


FRANKLIN P. ADAMS, 1920 (IMITATED)

(1881–1960; American Newspaper Columnist)

Why shun me, my Chloë? Nor pistol nor bowie
Is mine with intention to kill.
And yet like a llama you run to your mamma;
You tremble as though you were ill.
No lion to rend you, no tiger to end you,
I'm tame as a bird in a cage.
That counsel maternal can run for *The Journal* –
You get me, I guess. . . . You're of age.





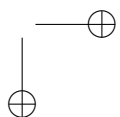
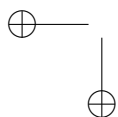
LIONEL LANCELOT SHADWELL, 1920

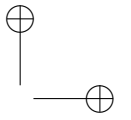
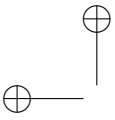
(1845–1925; Barrister)

Shy, Chloe, as a fawn from me you fly,
Far from his dam on pathless hills astray,
At every sound of earth or sky
To panic fear a prey.

If the light leaves but shiver in the breeze
That breathes the spring, or darting through the brake
Green lizards brush a twig, his knees
And heart with terror quake.

Yet no fierce tiger I your track pursue,
No Libyan lion seek your limbs to tear.
Come, to be wed your time is due,
And quit your mother's care.



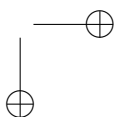
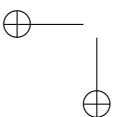


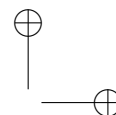
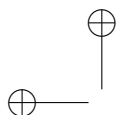
MORRIE RYSKIND, 1921 (IMITATED)

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

Come, Chloë, why are you so shy?
 Why do you blush when you behold me?
And if I talk of love! – you balk
 And even scold me.

That such a maid should be afraid
 To grant a kiss – and almost twenty!
Come, marry me, and I shall see
 That you get plenty.





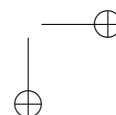
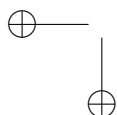
JOHN FINLAYSON, 1921

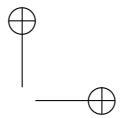
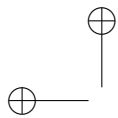
(The Odes of Horace)

Why shun'st me Chloe? Prithee, say!
Like a young fawn that far would stray,
And whose fond dam o'er devious way
 Panteth to find:
And starts with needless fear at play
 Of woods and wind?

For if the breath of spring but make
A leaf to stir, or in the brake
A darting lizard chance to wake
 From quiet ease,
The tim'rous creature straight will shake
 In heart and knees.

No tiger I, that's bent on prey,
No Lybian lion in thy way,
Dismiss thy fears, thou charmer gay,
 Those vain alarms!
Thy mother leave – so ripe to-day
 For lover's arms.

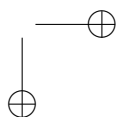
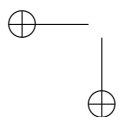


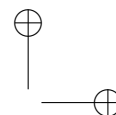
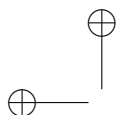


WILLIAM HATHORN MILLS, 1921

(1848–1930; Writer)

Chloe, you always fly from me
Just like a fawn, that heedlessly
 Has lost, and seeks to find
On pathless hills its mother dear,
With many a vain and empty fear
 Of leaves and whispering wind.
For whether the glad month of May
Has brought its frolic winds to play
 And rustle thro' the trees,
Or lizards green have pushed their way
Thro' bramble-bushes, as they stray,
 It quakes in heart and knees.
Yet my pursuit of you is not
That of a tigress fierce, or what
 A desert lion's rage
Threatens; you need your mother's care
No longer, Chloe, for you are
 Of marriageable age.





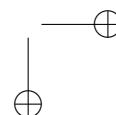
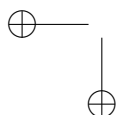
GEOFFREY ROBLEY SAYER, 1922

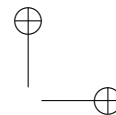
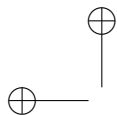
(1887–1962; Civil Servant and Historian)

You shun me, Chloe, like the fawn
That in the trackless mountain-ways
Each idle forest-breath dismays
Seeking its trembling dam forlorn.

Starts the green lizard from the brake,
Sets but the new-born breath of spring
The restless leaf a-quivering,
And heart and knees are all a-quake.

And yet no lion African
No tiger rough to crush you I.
Then wherefore to thy mother fly?
The time has come to seek a man.





EDWARD DOUGLAS ARMOUR, 1922

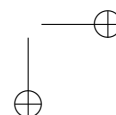
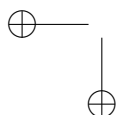
(1851–1922; Lawyer, Educator, and Poet)

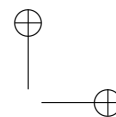
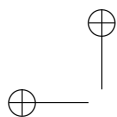
Chloë, wherefore do you try me?
Why do you forever fly me?
 You're like a fawn
 That wakes at dawn,
And finds her timorous mother gone,
 And darts away to find her.

She wanders through the trackless hills,
Leaps lightly over brooks and rills,
 In haste to find
 Her truant hind,
While gloomy thickets and the wind
 With terror almost blind her.

She trembles in her heart and knees
If leaves but rustle in the trees,
 Or lizards rush
 And stir the bush,
And lightly break the morning hush;
 And starts at sounds behind her.

No tiger fierce am I to rend you,
Chloë, I rather would defend you.
 Or soon or late
 The married state
Will overtake you – woman's fate,
 Which Nature has assigned her.



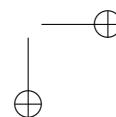
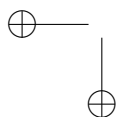


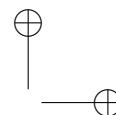
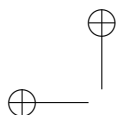
FRANKLIN P. ADAMS, 1923 (IMITATED)

(1881–1960; American Newspaper Columnist)

Like a frightened fawn, my Chloë,
Looking for his timid dam,
Fearful of the breezes blowy,
Come you never where I am.

Tiger am I not nor lion.
Leave your ma; you're old enough.
Cast your wise and pretty eye on
Him who wrote this tender stuff.



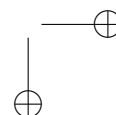
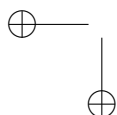


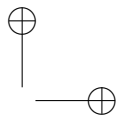
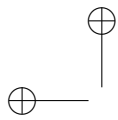
STODDARD KING, 1923 (IMITATED)

(1889–1933; American Writer and Songwriter)

Chloe, you got me wrong, I ain't
One of these goofs that treats 'em rough,
That likes to see 'em scream and faint –
Where do you get that stuff?

Say, you won't always want to sit
Around the house like some old hen.
Some day you'll want to step a bit –
How about me for then?

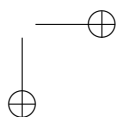
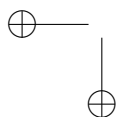


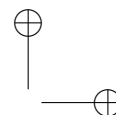
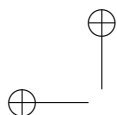


EDEN PHILLPOTTS, 1924

(1862–1960; Writer, Poet, and Dramatist)

Chloe, you fly me like a frightened fawn
That seeks her mother on the mountain-side
And trembles at the lispings, lucent lawn
Of forest leaves, or when her amber hide
Is stroken by the wind. Nay, even spring's
Soft budding laughter some new terror brings,
And when the lizard rustles through the brake
Her little knees and little heart both shake.
But, Chloe, who doth hurt or hinder you?
No tiger, no Gaetolian lion I,
To tear your tenderness, but lover true,
Compact of worship and humility.
You're wife-old, sweetheart! Prithee understand,
And stray a scantling from your mother's hand.





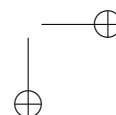
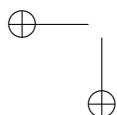
LEONARD CHALMERS-HUNT, 1925

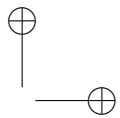
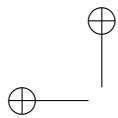
(1901–60; Barrister, Founder and First Secretary of the Horatian Society)

Are you a fawn that you should shun me so,
Seeking fair Chloë, its maternal doe?
That bounding up the tangled mountain-side
From stirring breeze and swaying branch would hide.

Perchance the wind doth some wild-rose leaf shake,
Or a green lizard rustles in the brake.
Innocent, cause the quivering heart I ween,
That fancies danger where none can be seen.

Am I a lion? that thus in wait I lay,
To seize and ravish love's delicious prey.
In a new home, aside cast vain alarms,
Come seek the shelter of your lover's arms!





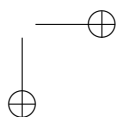
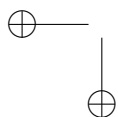
HUGH MACNAGHTEN, 1926

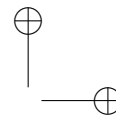
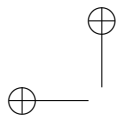
(1862–1929; Vice Provost of Eton College)

Chloe, the fawn who seeks to find
On trackless mountain heights the hind
 Her timid mother, fears
 Each pulse of winds she hears

Or woods: her heart and knees grow chill
If through the light-hung leaves Spring's thrill
 Or the green lizards go:
 You shun me even so.

Yet no devouring lion I
Or Afric tiger: wherefore fly
 Still to your mother's side?
 'Tis time to be a bride.





ROSELLE MERCIER MONTGOMERY, 1929

(1874–1933; American Poet)

As in the pathless woods, a fawn will flee
In danger to its dam, you fly from me.

There, Chloe, by your mother's side you stay;
She, timid, will not let you go away.

Spring whispers in the rustling leaves – and she,
She hears and understands... you, too, maybe!

As fears the fawn each lightest breeze, you fear
And tremble just to feel your lover near.

There in the copse, if but a lizard stir,
The doe is off and her young fawn with her,

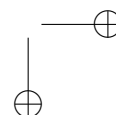
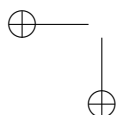
So you and she both view me with alarm,
But, Chloe, sweet, I meditate no harm.

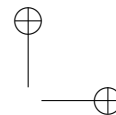
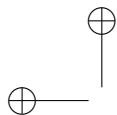
No tiger, I, to drag you to its lair,
Nor fierce Gaetulian lion, I declare.

So, timid little fawn-maid, stay your flight,
I will not tear that tender flesh so white!

But Chloe, soon the time for love is fled,
Beware, do not delay too long to wed!

Life, now, is calling, calling you to be
My love. Come, from your mother's side – to me!





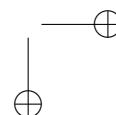
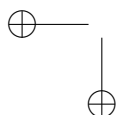
ALEXANDER FALCONER MURISON, 1931

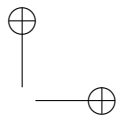
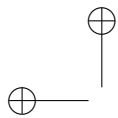
(1847–1934; Professor of Roman Law, University College, London)

You shun me, Chloe. Like a fawn
That seeks his timorous dam forlorn
 In pathless wild,
Needlessly nervous when the breeze
Rustles the mountain forest trees,
 You shun me, child.

Is it the coming of the Spring
Hath set the leaves a-shivering
 On all the trees?
Is it the parting of the brambles
By the green lizards? There he trembles,
 His heart, his knees.

Why, Chloe, I'm no savage beast
Bent on your blood and bones to feast;
 Be not so coy;
'Tis time for you to quit your mother,
Ay, now 'tis time to seek another –
 A husband, Chloe.

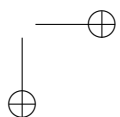
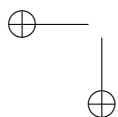


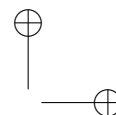
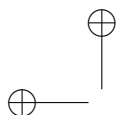


MAJOR ALFRED MAITLAND ADDISON, 1935

(1862–1949)

You shun me, Chloe, like a timid fawn,
That seeks its dam through mountain tracks unworn;
Not without fear of every gentle breeze,
That stirs the air, or shivers in the trees.
Its knees both tremble, and its heart stands still,
Should Spring's approach the early leaflets thrill;
Or should green snake with its slow length disturb
The prickly bramble, or the dried up herb.
No lion Gætulian I, nor tiger fierce,
That seeks with savage fang your limbs to pierce.
Cease, now, to your dear mother's side to cling;
You might, at your years, wear a wedding ring.





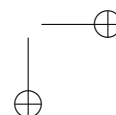
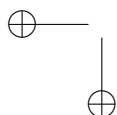
GILBERT F. CUNNINGHAM, 1935

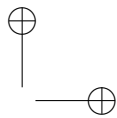
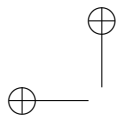
(Horace: An Essay and Some Translations)

You shun me, Chloë, like a fawn
whom every sound and sight
sends skurrying to her dam upon
the mountain's pathless height.

Even spring, when his first whispers stir
the leaves, and lizards dart
among the brambles, startles her
weak knees and trembling heart.

Yet am I neither tiger, nor
Gaetolian lion dread –
come, Chloë, leave your mother, for
you're old enough to wed.





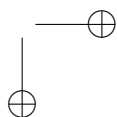
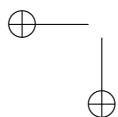
JOHN B. QUINN, 1936

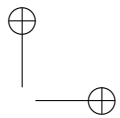
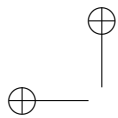
(Educator and Translator)

Oh, were you a fawn, from her mother that strayed,
Of beasts and of bushes and breezes afraid,
How fast you would flee o'er the mountains in fear,
Ah, so you now flee, whene'er I am near!

From me, as in spring, when the branches are swayed
By Zephyr's soft breath in the hazel's thick shade,
Or by lizards at play, like the fawn, so you start,
Your knees are a tremble and trembles your heart!

No lion am I nor a tiger to rend,
But, Chloe, I come as a suitor and friend,
So then, do the quest of your mother forego
Since you are of age and now ripe for a beau.





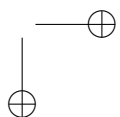
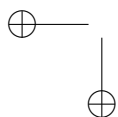
QUINCY BASS, 1940

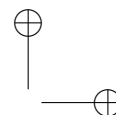
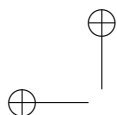
(My Head is in the Stars)

Chloë, you avoid me
Like a young deer seeking her timid mother,
Who is afraid of the pathless mountain places,
Dreading the very breezes
And the forest itself.

She trembles in her heart
And her knees shake,
Whether the breath of spring
Quivers the restless leaves,
Or the green lizards
Skitter in the brambles.

Listen, Chloë! No snarling tigress I,
Nor Graetulian lion
Pursuing you to crush you:
Stop following your mother about –
You are old enough for a man!



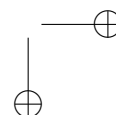
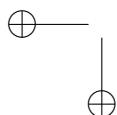


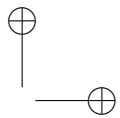
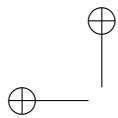
SIR EDWARD MARSH, 1941

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

You shun me, Chloe, like a fawn
That on the wild untrodden screes
Seeks her shy mother, startled if a breeze
Rustles among the trees;
For if the first faint shivering dawn
Of earliest spring
Sets the young leaves a-whispering,
Or the green lizards shake
A bramble in the brake,
She stands with knocking heart and trembling kees.

Yet no fierce tiger I, dear child,
No lion from the Libyan wild
In hot pursuit to seize
And crunch you – quit at last your mother's side!
'Tis time you were a bride.





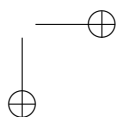
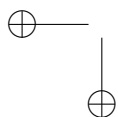
SIR JOHN SEYMOUR BLAKE-REED, 1944

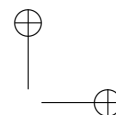
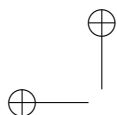
(1882–1966; Sometime Judge of the Egyptian Mixed Courts)

Even as the frightened fawn that flees
With fluttering heart and trembling knees,
O'er pathless hills and in the trees
 The breeze doth hear, –

Seeking her anxious dam, doth quake
When winds of spring the branches shake
Or darting lizards stir the brake
 And checks in fear; –

So, Chloe, you my footsteps fly;
But leave your mother; be not shy;
No ravening beast of prey am I
 To eat you, dear.





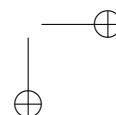
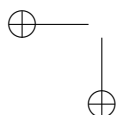
FREDERICK CHARLES WILLIAM HILEY, 1944

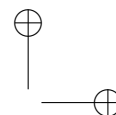
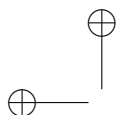
(The Odes of Horace)

Chloe, like a frightened fawn you shun me,
Up the mountain-paths that no man knows
Chasing after your affrighted mother;
Scared of woods, of every breeze that blows.

Does the early breath of Spring approaching
Send a shiver through the rustling leaves
Are green lizards stirring in the bushes?
Mark her knees that knock, her breast that heaves!

I'm no Afric lion out to stall, you;
No mad tiger thirsting to destroy!
Time is past for hanging round your mother;
Time, to mate you with some lusty boy!

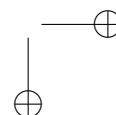
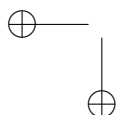


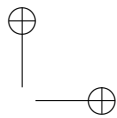
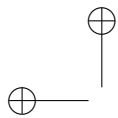


LORD DUNSANY, 1947

(1878–1957; Writer and Dramatist)

You fly me, Chloë, like a hind
 Seeking its dam in lonely crags
With needless fear of every wind.
 Whether in woods the foliage wags
With Spring's approach, or whether where
 The lizards stir the draperies
Of bramble bushes, listening there
 It trembles in its heart and knees.
Like no fierce tiger I pursue
 To harm you, or Gætulian
Wild lion. Leave your mother; you
 Are of an age to go with man.





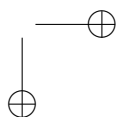
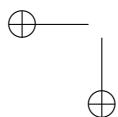
SKULI JOHNSON, 1952

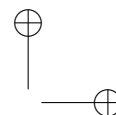
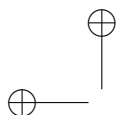
(1888–1955; Classical Scholar)

You shun me Chloe, like a fawn that fares
 To find her dam mid wayless mountain-heights,
For whom each breeze an empty terror bears,
 Whom every copse affrights.

If Spring's first breath has stirred the rustling leaves,
 Or lizards green have brushed aside the brake,
The timid heart within her throbs and heaves,
 Her knees with tremors quake.

Yet I who seek you am no tiger rough
 To rend you, nor an Afric lion dread:
At length your mother leave, for old enough
 You now are to be wed.





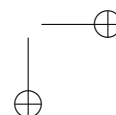
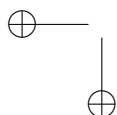
ROBERT MONTRAVILLE GREEN, 1953

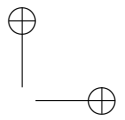
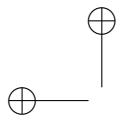
(1880–1955; Anatomist, Teacher, Classicist, and Poet)

You shun me, Chloe, like a fawn
 Seeking her mother o'er the hills
In needless terror when at dawn
 The light breeze through the forest thrills.

You quiver in both heart and knees
 When you see me approach your side,
As the fawn quivers when she sees
 A leaf stir or a lizard glide.

Don't be so shy; I'm not pursuing
 You like a tiger or a lion:
It's not your mother that I'm wooing
 It's you I've got my eye on.





ARTHUR SALUSBURY MACNALT, 1955

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

Little fawn, art thou astray
In the pathless mountains?
Hast thou lost thy homeward way
To the stream's pure fountains?

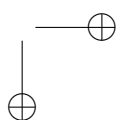
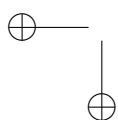
Has thy timid mother fled?
Left thee all forsaken,
While you start in empty dread
By the breeze o'ertaken?

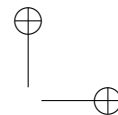
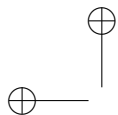
Spring affrights with rustling sheaves,
Heart and knees a-quiver,
When green lizards stir the leaves
Down along the river.

Chloe, darling, like the fawn,
Fearful and protesting,
When Aurora brings the dawn,
Do not shun my questing.

Lion of Gatulia may rend,
Tigress tear to pieces,
But beside thy faithful friend,
Apprehension ceases.

Lovely in thy woman's charms,
Quit thy mother's side.
Come unto my open arms,
Chloe, my love, my bride.





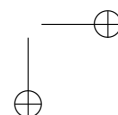
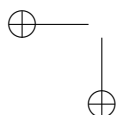
ALAN MCNICOLL, 1959

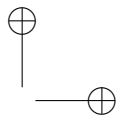
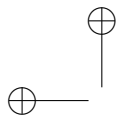
(1908–87; Rear Admiral, Royal Australian Navy)

You shun me, Chloë, like a fawn
That seeks in trackless hills her dam,
And hears the rustling woods at dawn
In vague alarm.

For spring is dancing in the leaves,
The lizard brushes through the brake;
And wildly now the heart behaves,
And the knees quake.

But I pursue you not for prey:
No savage tiger do I rove.
Then cease to go your mother's way
Now you are ripe for love.





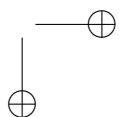
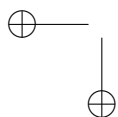
HELEN ROWE HENZE, 1961

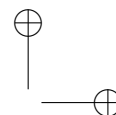
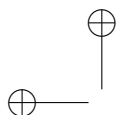
(1899–1973; Poet and Translator)

Chloe, shy as a fawn seeking her nervous dam
Up trackless mountain height, so do you flee from me;
 Empty fear of the soft breeze
 Holds her, frightened of woodland shade.

When the coming of spring rustles the moving leaves,
When the green lizards peer out through the bramble bush,
 Startled, foolishly frightened
 She stands trembling in heart and knees.

Yet no tiger am I, African lion fierce,
Nor do I follow you, thinking to do you harm:
 Leave your mother, my dear child,
 You are ripe for a man's love now.

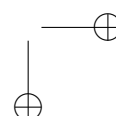
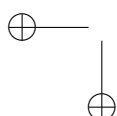


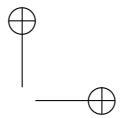
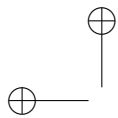


FREDERICK WILLIAM WALLACE, 1964

(Senior Scholar of Emmanuel College, Cambridge)

Thou flee-est, Chloe, from me as a fawn
From frantic mother strayed on trackless heights
That fondly starts each changing breeze upon
And every tree affrights.
For be it but the foot of Spring hath sped
Upon the dancing leaves one fleeting shiver
Or lizards green have parted bramble-bed,
Its heart and knee do quiver.
But I pursue thee not to rend, I am
No tigress fierce or lion African!
Now cease, I pray, to follow on thy dam!
Thou'rt ripe to wed thy man.





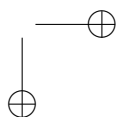
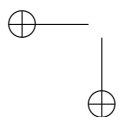
STUART LYONS, 2007

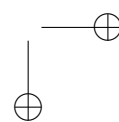
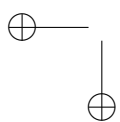
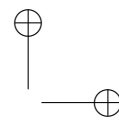
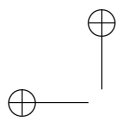
(Born 1943; Former Scholar of King's College, Cambridge)

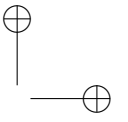
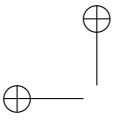
You are avoiding me like a young deer
 Who seeks across the mountainside untrod
Her anxious mother, and with needless fear
 Is startled by the breezes and the wood.

Whether the supple leaves, when spring has come,
 Begin to bristle, or green lizards part
The blackberry bushes' brambles in autumn,
 She trembles, shaking in her knees and heart.

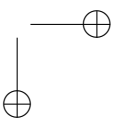
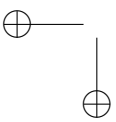
But I don't stalk you like a tiger wild
 Or lion of Gaetulia with a plan
To tear you in two. It's simply time, my child
 To leave your mother and follow a man.

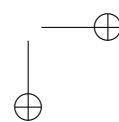
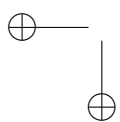
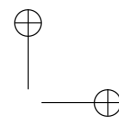
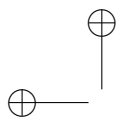






BACK MATTER







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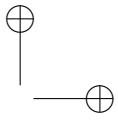
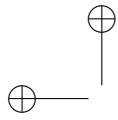
(*H* = Horace; *QHF* = Quintus Horatius Flaccus)

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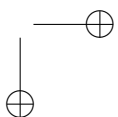
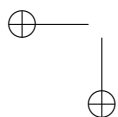
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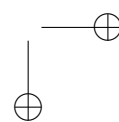
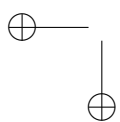
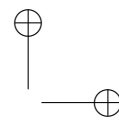
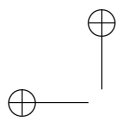
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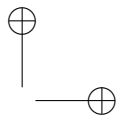
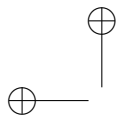
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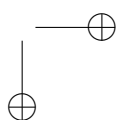
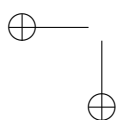


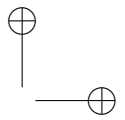
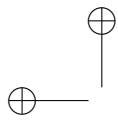




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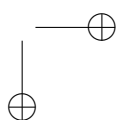
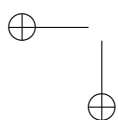
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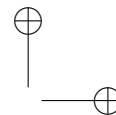
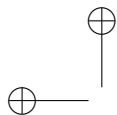
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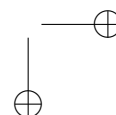
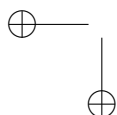
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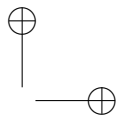
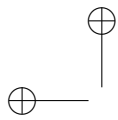
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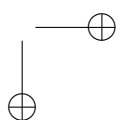
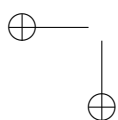


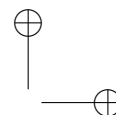
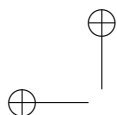


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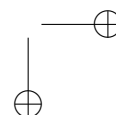
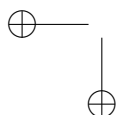
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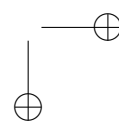
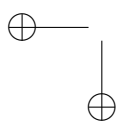
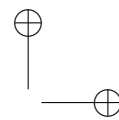
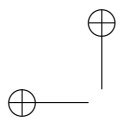
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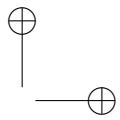
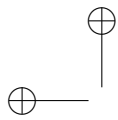
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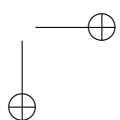
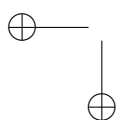


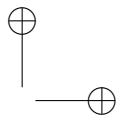
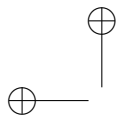
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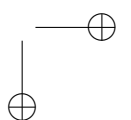
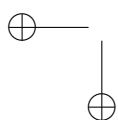


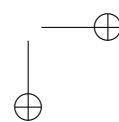
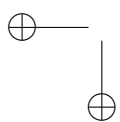
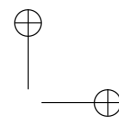
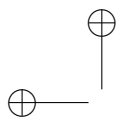
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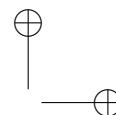
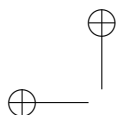




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