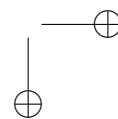
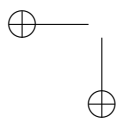
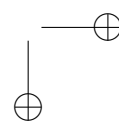
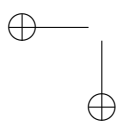
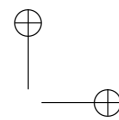
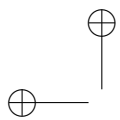
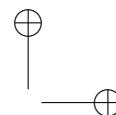
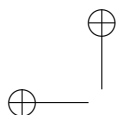


Horace's Integer Vitae
A Collection of Translations







Horace's Integer Vitae

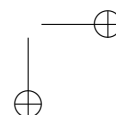
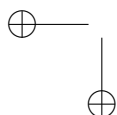
A Collection of Translations

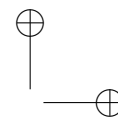
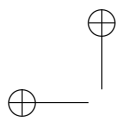
Isaac Waisberg

Dulce ridentem – laughing through the ages,
Dulce loquentem – O fairer far to me,
Rarer than the wisdom of all his golden pages
Floats the happy laughter of his vanished Lalage.

ALFRED NOYES, *Tales of the Mermaid Tavern*

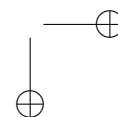
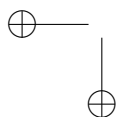
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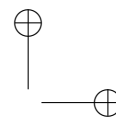
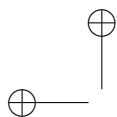




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Selection and Design by Isaac Waisberg



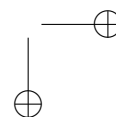
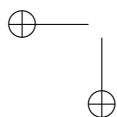


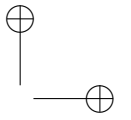
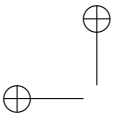
IN LIEU OF A PREFACE

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



“I attach a certain amount of importance to the spirit of a few old Latin tags and quotations. Some of them, not more than three lines long, give one the very essence of what a man ought to try to do. Others, equally short, let you understand once and for all, the things that a man should not do – under any circumstances. There are others – bits of odes from Horace, they happen to be in my case – that make one realise in later life as no other words in any other tongue can, the brotherhood of mankind in time of sorrow or affliction. But men say that one can get the same stuff in an easier way and in a living tongue. They say there is no sense in dragging men up and down through grammar and construe for years and years, when at the last, all they can produce (‘produce’ is a good word) is a translation that would make Virgil, Horace or Cicero turn in their graves. Here is my defence of this alleged wicked waste of time. The reason why one has to parse and construe and grind at the dead tongues in which certain ideas are expressed, is not for, the sake of what is called intellectual training – that may be given in other ways – but because only in that tongue is that idea expressed with absolute perfection. If it were not so the Odes of Horace would not have survived. (People aren’t in a conspiracy to keep things alive.) I grant you that the kind of translations one serves up at school are as bad and as bald as they can be. They are bound to be so, because one cannot re-express an idea that has been





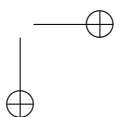
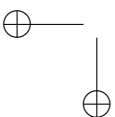
perfectly set forth. (Men tried to do this, by the way, in the revised version of the Bible. They failed.) Yet, by a painful and laborious acquaintance with the mechanism of that particular tongue; by being made to take it to pieces and put it together again, and by that means only; we can arrive at a state of mind in which, though we cannot re-express the idea in any adequate words, we can realise and feel and absorb the idea. . . Our ancestors were not fools. They knew what we, I think, are in danger of forgetting – that the whole background of life, in law, civil administration, conduct of life, the terms of justice, the terms of science, the value of government, are the everlasting ramparts of Rome and Greece – the father and mother of civilisation. And for that reason, before they turned a man into life at large, they arranged that he should not merely pick up, but absorb into his system (through his hide if necessary) the fact that Greece and Rome were there. Later on, they knew, he would find out for himself how much and how important they were and they are, and that they still exist.” (Rudyard Kipling, *A Book of Words*, 1928)

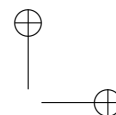
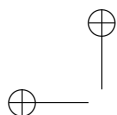


“I put to myself recently a question, with which most people have at some time played: If you were sent into exile and allowed to take with you only one book, what book would you choose? The answer came at once and spontaneously: ‘Horace.’ . . . There is an element in Horace that peculiarly charms, uplifts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



“As with the Psalter itself, the *Odes* have in them repetitions, inequalities, faults of matter and manner. Some of their contents seem unworthy of their place: mannered, uninspired, questionable in their use and their actual present value. Some we may think (but we had better think twice and thrice) we could well do without. We have to make allowances in both for

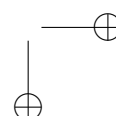
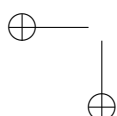


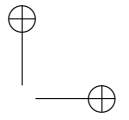
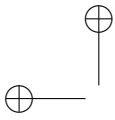


religious or literary conventions; for Jewish narrowness and vindictiveness, for Roman coarseness. But both volumes have been taken to the heart of the world, and have become part of ourselves. It is interesting to remark that both have this note of intimacy, that the Psalms and the *Odes*, or at least the most familiar among them, are habitually referred to, not by their titles (for they have none), nor by their number in the series, but simply by their opening words. We do not usually speak of the 95th or 114th, the 127th or 130th Psalms, if we wish to be understood, but of the *Venite*, the *Ju exitu Israel*, the *Nisi Dominus*, the *De profundis*. And so with Horace one speaks familiarly of the *Integer vitae*, the *Aequam memento*, the *Eheu fugaces*, the *Otium divos*. This secular Psalter, like its religious analogue, has to be supplemented, enlarged, reinterpreted, possibly even cut, for actual use, for application to our own daily life. But both, in their enormously different ways, are central and fundamental; permanent lights on life and aids to living.” (J. W. Mackail, *Classical Studies*, 1925)

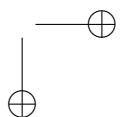
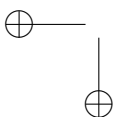


“Happily, only a small proportion of Horatian translators have had the hardihood to give their lucubrations to the press. The first to do this extremely hazardous thing was, it would seem, one Thomas Colwell, whose effusions were originally seen in print three hundred and fifteen years ago. What a number of followers that bold man has had! . . . And what a variety has been exhibited by these writers both in metre and in merit! To whom shall the palm be given among all the candidates – to Professor Conington, to the first Lord Lytton, or to Sir Theodore Martin? These take the lead, the rest being (in comparison) nowhere. Yet can any man lay his hand upon his heart, and say, honestly, that he is satisfied with any one of the three, learned and skilful and enthusiastic as they are? Is it, indeed, in the power of any one man – save he be another Horace, born in English guise, to supply us with ‘Englishings,’ even of any one section of the Works, which should obtain the suffrages of all men? Rather is the successful translation of Horace an affair of co-operation among many – of a lucky hit here, of a happy thought there – of a gradual accumulation of worthy specimens produced by individual effort from time to time. A collection of such specimens has been made, and it is much better worth our notice than any wholesale rendering which anybody, greatly daring, has produced of his own mind and motion.” (William Davenport Adams, *With Poet and Player*, 1891)





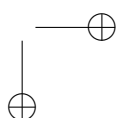
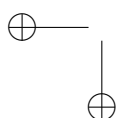
“Many readers remember what old Rogers, the poet, said: ‘When I hear a new book talked about or have it pressed upon me, I read an old one.’ Happy the man who finds his rest in the pages of some favorite classic! I know no reader more to be envied than that friend of mine who for many years has given his days and nights to the loving study of Horace. After a certain period in life, it is always with an effort that we admit a new author into the inner circle of our intimates. The Parisian omnibuses, as I remember them half a century ago, – they may still keep to the same habit, for aught that I know, – used to put up the sign ‘*Complet*’ as soon as they were full. Our public conveyances are never full until the natural atmospheric pressure of sixteen pounds to the square inch is doubled, in the close packing of the human sardines that fill the all-accommodating vehicles. A new-comer, however well mannered and well dressed, is not very welcome under these circumstances. In the same way, our tables are full of books half read and books we feel that we must read. And here come in two thick volumes, with uncut leaves, in small type, with many pages, and many lines to a page, – a book that must be read and ought to be read at once. What a relief to hand it over to the lovely keeper of your literary conscience, who will tell you all that you will most care to know about it, and leave you free to plunge into your beloved volume, in which you are ever finding new beauties, and from which you rise refreshed, as if you had just come from the cool waters of Hippocrene! The stream of modern literature represented by the books and periodicals on the crowded counters is a turbulent and clamorous torrent, dashing along among the rocks of criticism, over the pebbles of the world’s daily events; trying to make itself seen and heard amidst the hoarse cries of the politicians and the rumbling wheels of traffic. The classic is a still lakelet, a mountain tarn, fed by springs that never fail, its surface never ruffled by storms, – always the same, always smiling a welcome to its visitor. Such is Horace to my friend. To his eye ‘*Lydia, dic per omnes*’ is as familiar as ‘*Pater noster qui es in cælis*’ to that of a pious Catholic. ‘*Integer vitæ,*’ which he has put into manly English, his Horace opens to as Watt’s hymn-book opens to ‘From all that dwell below the skies.’ The more he reads, the more he studies his author, the richer are the treasures he finds. And what Horace is to him, Homer, or Virgil, or Dante is to many a quiet reader, sick to death of the unending train of bookmakers.” (Oliver Wendell Holmes SR., *Over the Teacups*, 1890)

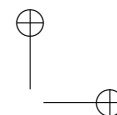




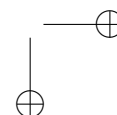
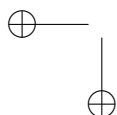
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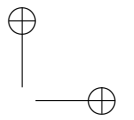
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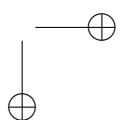
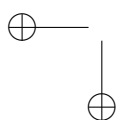


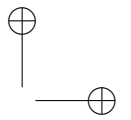
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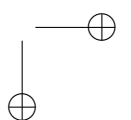
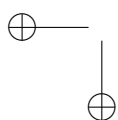


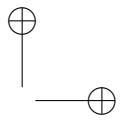
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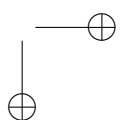
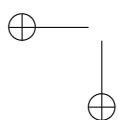


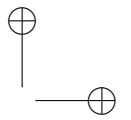
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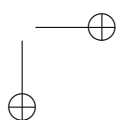
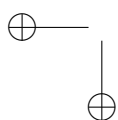


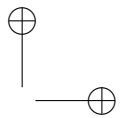
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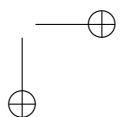
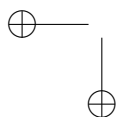


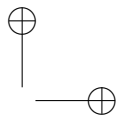
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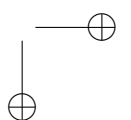
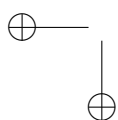


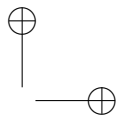
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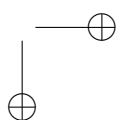
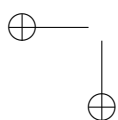
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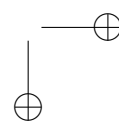
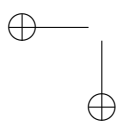
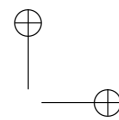
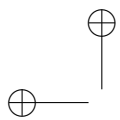


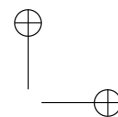
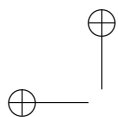


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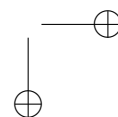
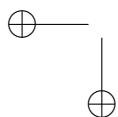


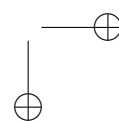
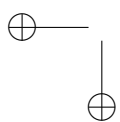
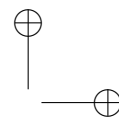
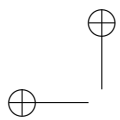


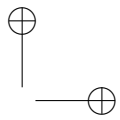


And still to-day, we are told, if you pass a country burial-ground in Sweden, you may see bareheaded peasants bending over a grave; and if you approach near enough, you may catch the muttered words of their liturgy, *Integer vitae scelerisque purus...*

L. P. WILKINSON, *Horace and His Lyric Poetry*, 1945







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

*Integer vitae scelerisque purus
non eget Mauris iaculis neque arcu
nec venenatis gravida sagittis,
Fusce, pharetra,*

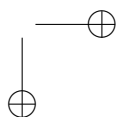
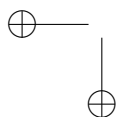
*sive per Syrtis iter aestuosas
sive facturus per inhospitalem
Caucasum vel quae loca fabulosus
lambit Hydaspes.*

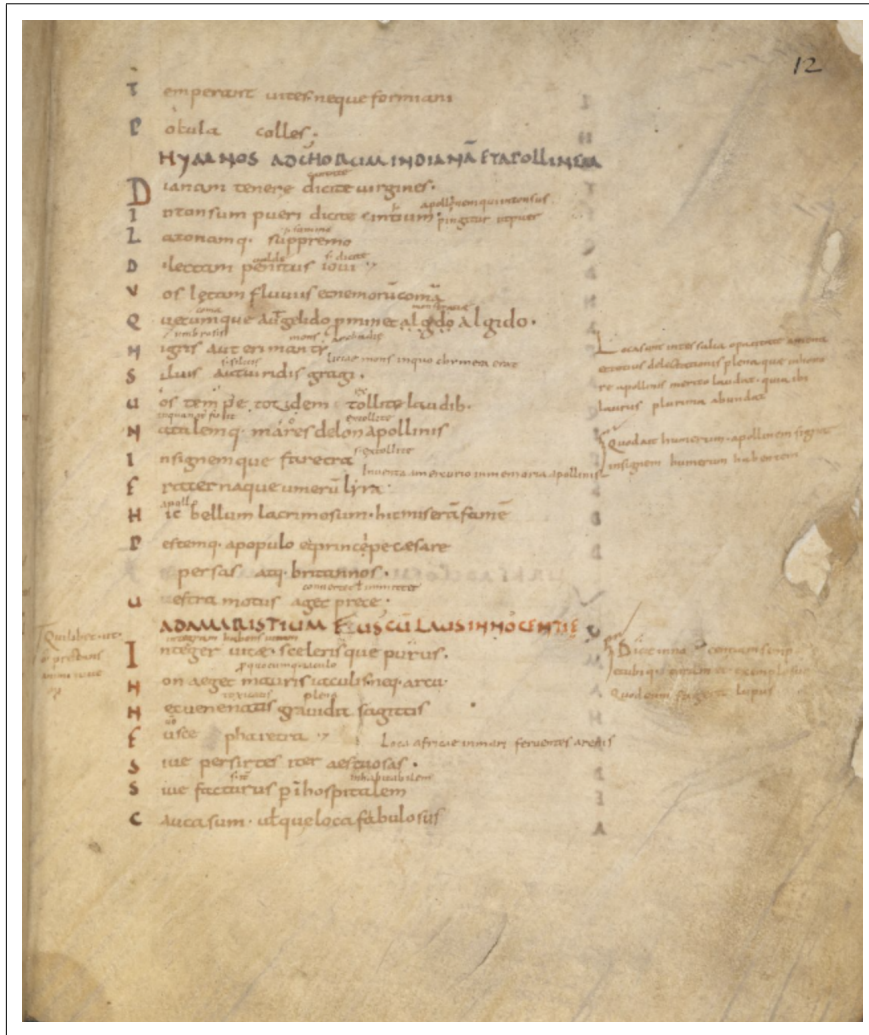
*namque me silva lupus in Sabina,
dum meam canto Lalagen et ultra
terminum curis vagor expeditis,
fugit inermem,*

*quale portentum neque militaris
Daunias latis alit aesculetis
nec Iubae tellus generat, leonum
arida nutrix.*

*pone me pigris ubi nulla campis
arbor aestiva recreatur aura,
quod latus mundi nebulae malusque
Iuppiter urget,*

*pone sub curru nimium propinqui
solis, in terra domibus negata:
dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
dulce loquentem.*





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

Carminum **XIX**

FRATERNAQVE humerum
 lyra. Et hic & in pison versu insig
 gnetur phatera accipit per figura
 vestri appollinem insignem humer
 um habentem vt lea comam di
 cur a Vir. & multa similia. frater
 naq; lyra quia Mercurius lyram
 inuenit qui frater appollinis.
 k Hic bellum. Quid et hic mo
 tus vestra prece a populo & prin

Insignemq; pharetra
 quia a Mercurio inuenit appollini vni
 Fraternaq; humerum lyra
 appollo
 b Hic bellum lacrimosum
 c auditem
 Hic miseram famem
 ab Augusto Octavianus

Pestemq; a populo & principe cesare
 p pestem prius
 m
 Perfas atq; britannos
 pueros
 v vnguis
 Vestra motus aget prece.

Argumentum odes. xxii.
 f Vico amico scribit. Optimo viro nec iaculis ne sagittis opus esse: quatuor loca periculosa adent;
 q d'quidem exemplo sui ostendit. De n. sua lalagen cantado apud suu a gellu fabina I situa vaga
 reur in gens lupus eum inemem fugit. Concludit itaq; se vbiq; lalagen amaturum: vel in frigidissima
 scythia. vel in feruenti aphrica. Hoc dicit



De. xxii. Ad fuscum Iristium Laus innocentie

INTEGER vix. Porta ostens
 dit innocentiam semper & vbiq;
 aut esse cuius rei testimoniu ipse
 accipit & c. vt in argumto patet.

MAVRIS. Pro mauritanis.
 Maurus mi genite est. Mauritan
 aut possessu vt gallicus. Ergo
 diomus virum maurum & bel
 lum mauritanum.

PHARETRA theca est in qua
 sagittas ferit. qui arcu vtuntur &
 est egyptum nomen.

SYRTES Syrtis sunt loca que
 dam periculosa maris circa fines
 aphyce viciu egyptu. Et vnde Pl

Nteger vite. scelerisq; purus
 Non eget mauns iaculis, nec arcu
 Nec venenatis grauida sagittis
 Fuscus pharetra.
 Siue per syrtis iter estuofas
 Siue facturus per in hospitalitem
 Cantalum, vel que loca fabulosus

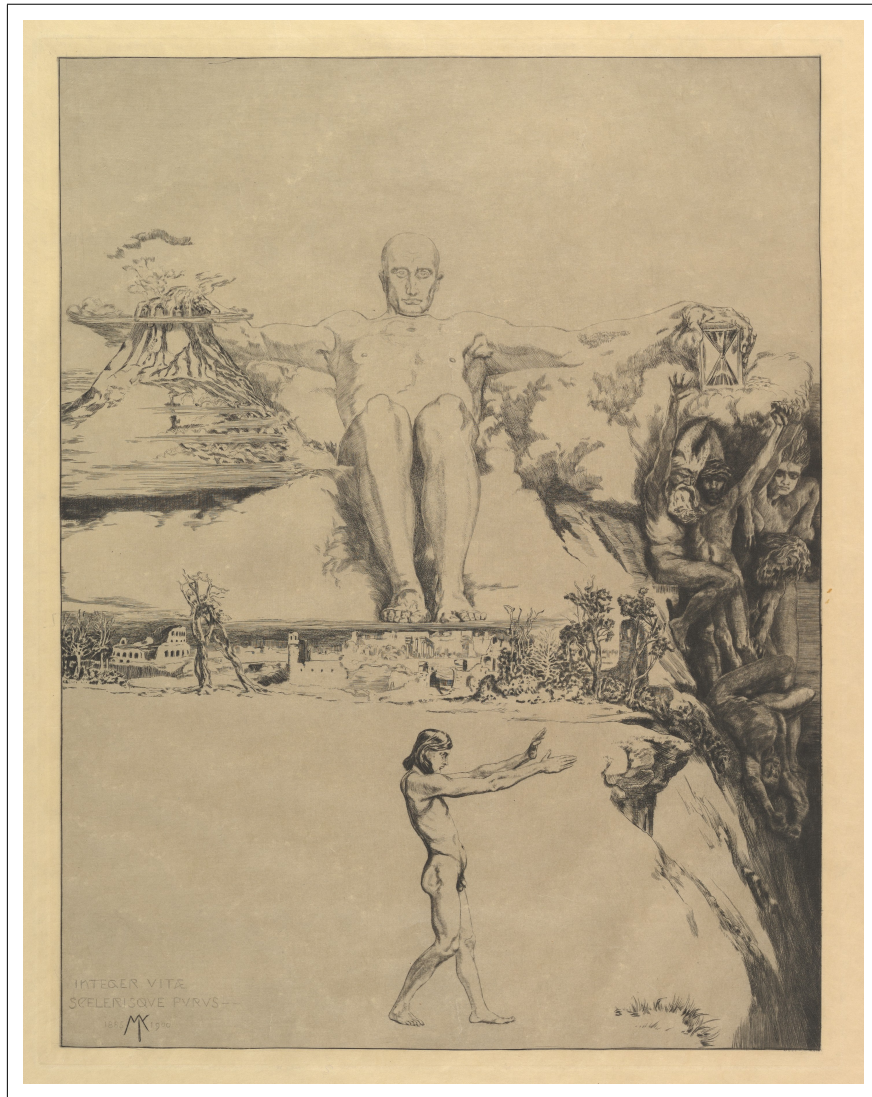
alio li. vi. nam hinc in equalitate ma
 gna maris & terre. & in vno qui
 dem loco profundissima fit aqua
 In alio vero vadofa. nec in eodem
 permant. Suntq; loco hec duo in
 aphyca & maiores faciunt syrtis et
 minores dicuntur Quidio li. ii. de sy
 retulo. Qualitate syrtis magna
 minorq; situ.

CAVCASVM in scythie monti
 est dictus. q. Graucalus hoc est ni
 et candidus vt plinius li. vi. Hero
 dotus autem en li. vi. scribit Cau
 casum omnium montium altissi
 muum esse.

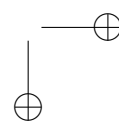
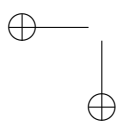
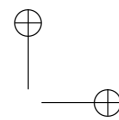
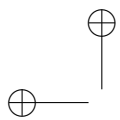
(First Illustrated Edition of Horace, Grüninger, 1498, LOC)

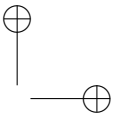
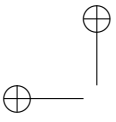


(Integer Vitae, Giovanni David, 1775, British Museum)

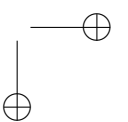
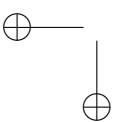


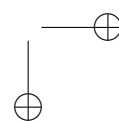
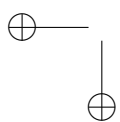
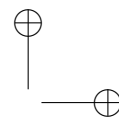
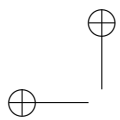
(Integer Vitae, Max Klinger, 1878, Metropolitan Museum of Art)





THE TRANSLATIONS







THOMAS CAMPION, 1601 (IMITATED)

(1567–1620; Poet, Musician, and Doctor)

The man of life upright,
Whose guiltless heart is free
From all dishonest deeds,
Or thought of vanity;

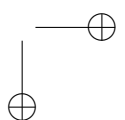
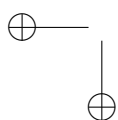
The man whose silent days,
In harmless joys are spent,
Whom hopes cannot delude
Nor sorrow discontent;

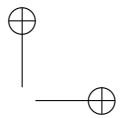
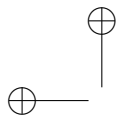
That man needs neither towers
Nor armour for defence,
Nor secret vaults to fly
From thunder's violence:

He only can behold
With unaffrighted eyes
The horrors of the deep
And terrors of the skies.

Thus, scorning all the cares
That fate or fortune brings,
He makes the heaven his book,
His wisdom heavenly things;

Good thoughts his only friends,
His wealth a well-spent age,
The earth his sober inn
And quiet pilgrimage.





JOHN ASHMORE, 1621

(First Selection of the Odes Published in English)

An upright man, and honest liver
(*O Fuscus*) needs nor bowe, nor speares
Of the black Moore, nor yet the quiver
He full of poysoned arrowes weares;

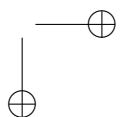
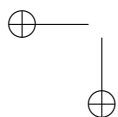
Whether through *Circes* scalding Sands,
Or craggy *Caucasus*, he goe,
Or places where through many Lands
Hydaspes streams doe gently flowe.

For, in the *Sabine* wood while I
Of *Lalage* sung without dread,
And rom'd with care-less liberty,
A Wolf from me unarmed fled;

An hideous beast: whose like ith' groves
Of warlike *Daunia* doth not dwell;
Nor in *Morisco's* Desarts roves
The dry-nurse of the Lions fell.

Ith' dull fields set me, where no tree
Releev'd is with gentle aire;
That ne'r from clouds, and mists is free,
But still doth angry tempests beare.

Vnder the glorious chaire me set,
Whence *Phæbus* mounting up on high,
The earth with burning rayes doth beat,
And dwellings unto men deny; I *Lalagen* will love the whiles,
That sweetly speakes, and sweetly smiles.





SIR THOMAS HAWKINS, 1631

(c. 1590–1640; Poet and Translator)

Who lives upright, and pure of heart,
(O *Fuscus*) neither needs the Dart,
Nor Bow, nor Quiver, fraught with store
Of shafts envenom'd by the Moor.

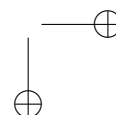
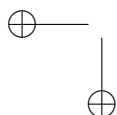
Whether o're *Libya's* parched Sands,
Or *Caucasus* that Houseless stands,
He takes his Journey; or those places
Through which the fam'd *Hydaspes* traces.

For (careless) through the *Sabin* Grove,
Whilst chaunting *Lalage*, I rove,
Not well observing limits due,
A Wolf (from me unarmed) flew.

A Monster such as all exceeds,
Which in huge Woods fierce *Daunia* feeds;
Or those that *Juba's* Kingdom hath,
The Desart-nurse of Lions wrath.

Place me in coldest Champains, where
No *Summer*-warmth the Trees do cheer:
Let me in that dull Climate rest
Which Clouds and sullen *Jove* infest.

Yea, place me underneath the Car
Of too near *Phæbus*: seated far
From dwellings: *Lalage* I love,
Whose smiles, whose words so sweetly move.

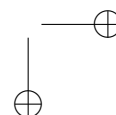
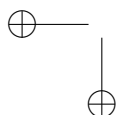




HENRY RIDER, 1638

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

The sound of life, and from corruption freed,
(*Fuscus*) nor Indian darts, nor bow doth need,
Nor quiver full of poisoned shafts, though hee
Thorow the patching sands to travell bee,
Or the inhospitable Caucasus,
Or places which Hydaspes fabulous
Runs through; for in the Sabine grove from mee
Being unarm'd, a Wolfe away did flee,
While I did chant my Lalage, and goe
Beyond my bounds, being devoid of woe:
A monster which nor warlick *Daunia* feeds
In her large fields, nor *Iuba*'s kingdome breeds,
The Lions dry nurse. Say you banish mee
Unto those frozen lands, where never tree
Is recreated by the Summer heat,
Which part 'oth' world fogs and bad mists doe beat:
Place me beneath the carre 'oth' too-neere Sun,
Even in a Land where habitation
Was never knowne; yet will I still love thee,
My sweet-fac't, and my sweet-tongu'd Lalage.





JOHN SMITH, 1649

(*The Lyrick Poet*)

Whose life is just and from sins pure,
No *Maurian* darts, nor bow needs bear,
O *Fuscus*, nor no quiver wear,
Of poisoned shafts, from harms secure.

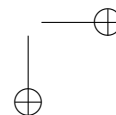
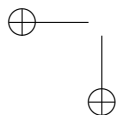
Whether by searching sands he takes
His journey, or through *Caucase* cold,
Or through those places where with gold,
Hydaspes slides, his way he makes.

For whilst in *Sabine* woods I sung,
My *Lalage* from all cares free,
Passing my bounds; a Wolfe did flee
From me unarm'd, and did no wrong.

None such doth warlike *Daunia* feed
In her vast Lawns of monstrous kind,
Nor *Jubas* purch'd soil doth find,
Though Nurse of Lions such can breed.

Now place me under that cold Clime,
Where trees refresh'd with no sweet gale,
Where constant storms of snows and hail,
Where alwayes winter, never prime.

Or underneath *Sols* flaming rayes,
Where never mortals yet did dwell,
For smiling and for speaking well,
There *Lalage* I'le love and praise.





BARTEN HOLIDAY, 1653

(1593–1661; Dramatist, Translator and Divine)

An upright, and a crimeless man,
Nor Darts, nor Bows of *Maurian*,
Nor Quiver (*Fuscus*) needeth fraught
With Poys'nous Shaft:

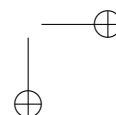
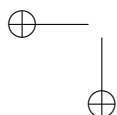
Whether through scorched Syrts he toyl,
Or *Caucasus* his desert soyl,
Or Downs which with his fabled waves
Hydaspes laves.

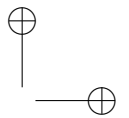
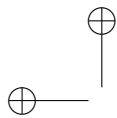
As wandring through the Sabine Spring
To far, I *Lalage* did sing,
A Wolf from me, who nothing hed,
And armless fled.

A shape so horrid ne'r was spy'd
In warlike *Daunia*'s Forrest wide;
Dry *Mauritania* breeds no worse,
Though Lions nurse.

Place me in Plains which ever freeze,
Where no warm gales refresh the trees;
In Climes where all tempestuous ils
Jove e'er distils;

Or where *Sol*'s flagrant steeds do move
Too near, nor dwellings stand, I'll love
My *Lalage* for pleasing stile,
And pleasing smile.

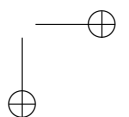
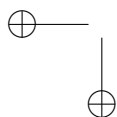


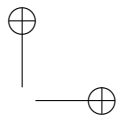
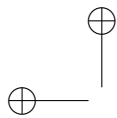


SAMUEL WOODFORD, 1666

(*Poems of Horace*, Alexander Brome)

The just man needs nor Sword nor Bow,
Those arms *his fear*, not safety show,
Who better has for his defence
 Strong guards of innocence.
For if along rough Shores he coast,
Tempests and *Seas* on him are lost.
Or if he *Caucasus* pass by,
 Tygers their rage deny.
A Wolf that crost me in my Grove,
As I walkt musing on my Love
Beyond my bounds, and no Arms had,
 Was of my Love afraid.
Away he fled, though *Daunia* yields
No greater Monster in her Fields:
Though *Africa* which Lions breeds,
 None half so cruel feeds.
Put me where never *Summer* breeze
Kist the dull Earth, or lifeless Trees.
In that skirt of the World, where show'rs
 Do number out the hours;
Or place me in the Torrid Zone,
Where never House nor Man was known
If there my *Lalage* but smile
 And sing, I'll love the while.





WENTWORTH DILLON, EARL OF ROSCOMMON, 1684

(1637–85; Anglo-Irish Landlord, Irish Peer and Poet)

Vertue, Dear Friend, needs no defence,
The surest Guard is innocence:
None knew till Guilt created Fear
What Darts or poyson'd Arrows were.

Integrity undaunted goes
Through Libyan sands or Scythian snows,
Or where Hydaspes wealthy side
Pays Tribute to the Persian pride.

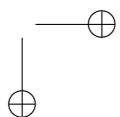
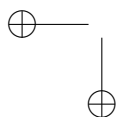
For as (by amorous thoughts betray'd)
Careless in Sabin Woods I stray'd,
A Grisly foaming Wolf, unfed,
Met me unarm'd, yet trembling fled.

No Beast of more Portentous size,
In the Hercinian forest lies;
None fiercer, in Numidia bred,
With Carthage were in Triumph led.

Set me in the remotest place,
That Neptune's frozen Arms Embrace,
Where Angry Jove did never spare
One breath of Kind and temperate Air.

Set me where on some pathless plain,
The swarthy Africans complain,
To see the Chariot of the Sun
So near their scorching Country run.

The burning Zone the frozen Isles
Shall hear me sing of Caelia's smiles,
All cold but in her Breast I will despise,
And dare all heat but that of Caelia's Eyes.





W. DILLON, EARL OF ROSCOMMON, 1684 (IMITATED)

(1637–85; Anglo-Irish Landlord, Irish Peer and Poet)

Vertue (dear Friend) needs no Defence,
No Arms but its own Innocence;
Quivers and Bows, and poison'd Darts,
Are only us'd by Guilty Hearts.

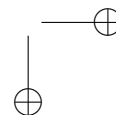
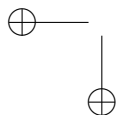
An Honest Mind safely alone,
May travel thro' the Burning Zone;
Or thro' the deepest Scythian Snows,
Or where the fam'd Hydaspes flows.

While rul'd by a resistless Fire,
Our great Orinda I admire.
The hungry Wolves that see me stray,
Unarm'd and single, run away.

Set me in the Remotest Place,
That ever Neptune did embrace,
When there her Image fills my Breast,
Helicon is not half so blest.

Leave me upon some Lybian Plain,
So she my Fancy entertain,
And when the thirsty Monsters meet,
They'll all pay homage to my Feet.

The Magick of Orinda's Name
Not only can their Fierceness tame,
But if that mighty Word I once rehearse.
They seem submissively to roar in Verse.





JOHN HUGHES, 1684 (IMITATED)

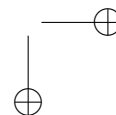
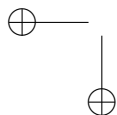
(1677–1720; Poet and Translator)

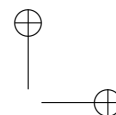
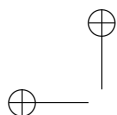
Hence, slavish Fear! thy Stygian Wings display;
Thou ugly Fiend of Hell, away!
Wrapp'd in thick clouds, and shades of night,
To conscious souls direct thy flight;
There brood on guilt, fix there a loath'd embrace,
And propagate vain terrors, frights,
Dreams, goblins, and imagin'd sprights,
Thy visionary tribe, thy black and monstrous race!
Go, haunt the slave that stains his hands in gore;
Possess the perjur'd mind, and wrack the usurer more
Than his oppression did the poor before.

Vainly, you feeble wretches! you prepare
The glitt'ring forgery of war;
The poison'd shaft, the Parthian Bow, and spear
Like that the warlike Moor is wont to wield,
Which pois'd and guided from his ear
He hurls impetuous thro' the field:
In vain you brace the helm, and heave in vain the shield,
He's only safe whose armour of defence
Is adamantine innocence.

If o'er the sleepy Alps he go,
Vast mountains of eternal snow
Or where fam'd Ganges and Hydaspes flow;
If o'er parch'd Lybia's desert land,
Where, threat'ning from afar,
Th' affrighted traveller
Encounters moving hills of sand,
No sense of danger can disturb his rest:
He fears no human force nor savage beast;
Impenetrable courage steels his manly breast.

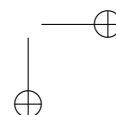
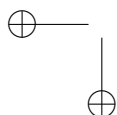
Thus late within the Sabine grove,
While free from care and full of love
I raise my tuneful voice, and stray





Regardless of myself and way,
A grisly wolf, with glaring eye
View'd me disarm'd, yet pass'd unhurtful by.
A fiercer monster ne'er, in quest of food,
Apulian Forests did molest;
Numidia never saw a more prodigious beast;
Numidia! mother of the yellow brood,
Where the stern lion shakes his knotted mane,
And roars aloud for prey, and scours the spacious plain.

Place me where no soft breeze of summer wind
Did e'er the stiffed soil unbind,
Where no refreshing warmth e'er durst invade,
But Winter holds his unmolested seat,
In all his hoary robes array'd,
And rattling storms of hail, and noisy tempest, beat:
Place me beneath the scorching blaze
Of the fierce sun's immediate rays,
Where house nor cottage ne'er were seen,
Nor rooted plant, or tree, nor springing green;
Yet, lovely Lalage! my generous flame
Shall ne'er expire; I'll boldly sing of thee,
Charm'd with the music of thy name,
And guarded by the gods of Love and Poetry.





THOMAS CREECH, 1684

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

A Man unstain'd, and pure from Sin,
No Quiver fraught with poyson'd Heads,
 No *Africk* Javelin needs,
He has a Guard and Arms within:

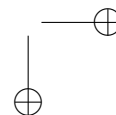
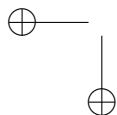
Whether o'er *Syrtes* wandring Sands,
Or bruitish *Caucasus* he goes,
 Or where *Hydaspes* flows
And swiftly cuts the savage Lands:

Of late, when Cares forsook my Head,
I stray'd and sang i'th' *Sabine* Grove
 My *Lalage*, my Love,
A Wolf saw me unarm'd and fled:

A Beast so large did never roar
I'th' *Daunian* Woods, and fright the Swains,
 Nor in her burning Plains
The Lyons Dry-Nurse *Africk* bore:

So place me where no Sun appears,
Or wrapt in Clouds or drown'd in Tears;
Where Woods with whirling Tempests tost;
Where no relieving Summers Breeze
 Does murmur thro' the Trees,
But all lyes bound and fixt in Frost;

Or place me where the scorching Sun,
With Beams too near; doth burn the Zone;
Yet fearless there I'll gladly rove,
Let frowning, or let smiling Fate
 Or curse, or bless my State.
Sweet smiling *Lalage* I'll always love.





JOHN HARINGTON, 1684

(c. 1627–1700)

The *Man* upright, pure Innocence
Nor *Maurish* Bow, keen *Darts* defence,
Nor *Quiver* (FUSCUS) swell'd doth need
 With poyson'd *Breed*.

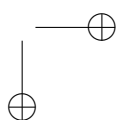
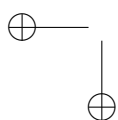
Whether scorch'd *Lybian* sands doth trace,
Cold *Caucasus*, unpeopled place,
Or where *Hydaspes* Champains wide
 Doth lick, divide.

For even my self in *Sabine* Grove,
Whilst chanting LALAGE did rove,
Past bounds unarm'd, wolf stalking by
 Seem'd glad to fly.

Such monstrous *Beast* ner' *Dannia* fed
In her vast *Woods*, nor *Affrick* bred,
Where JUBA raign'd; dry *Nurse* though she
 To th' *Lions* be.

Set me in barren *Plain*, where grows
No happy *Tree* that cheered shows
By *Summer-gale*; which *Fogs* orecloud,
 Malignant shroud:

Or set beneath *Sol's* burning *Car*,
Scorch'd *Land* where view'd no dwellings are;
Sweet-smiling LALAGE shall prove
 Sweet-tongu'd my *Love*.





THOMAS YALDEN, 1694

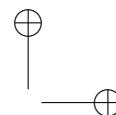
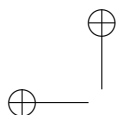
(1670–1736; Poet and Translator)

The Man that's uncorrupt, and free from Guilt,
That the Remorse of secret Crimes ne'er felt:
Whose Breast was ne'er debauch't with Sin
But finds all calm, and all Peace within:
In his Integrity secure,
He fears no danger, dreads no pow'r:
Useless are Arms for his defence,
That keeps a faithful guard of Innocence.

Secure the happy Innocent may rove,
The Care of ev'ry Pow'r above:
Altho' unarm'd he wanders o'er
The treacherous *Lybia's* Sands, and faithless Shore.
Tho' o'er th' inhospitable brows
Of savage *Caucasus* he goes:
Thro' *Africk's* Flames, thro' *Scythia's* Snows,
Or where *Hydaspes*, fam'd for Monsters, flows.

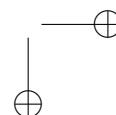
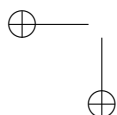
For as within an unfrequented Grove,
I tun'd my willing Lyre to Love:
With pleasing amorous Thoughts betray'd,
Beyond my Bounds insensibly I stray'd.
A Wolf that view'd me fled away,
He fled, from his defenceless Prey:
When I invok'd *Maria's* aid,
Altho' unarm'd, the trembling Monster fled.

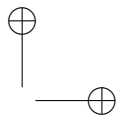
Not *Daunia's* teeming Sands, nor barb'rous Shore,
Ever such a dreadful Native bore:
Nor *Africk's* nursing Caves brought forth,
So fierce a Beast, of such amazing growth.
Yet vain did all his Fury prove,
Against a Breast that's arm'd with Love;
Tho' absent, fair *Maria's* Name
Subdues the fierce, and makes the savage tame.



Commit me now to that abandon'd Place,
Where chearful Light withdraws its Rays:
No Beams on barren Nature smile,
Nor fruitful Winds refresh th' intemperate Soil,
But Tempests, with eternal Frost,
Still rage around the gloomy Coast:
Whilst angry *Jove* infests the Air,
And, black with Clouds, deforms the sullen Year.

Or place me now beneath the Torrid Zone,
To live a Borderer on the Sun:
Send me to scorching Sands, whose heat
Guards the destructive Soil from Human Feet.
Yet there I'll sing *Maria's* Name;
And sport, uninjur'd, midst the Flame:
Maria's Name! that will create, even there,
A milder Climate, and more temperate Air.





WILLIAM OLDISWORTH, 1713

(1680–1734; Writer and Translator)

The Man with Virtue's Aid prepar'd,
In Virtue finds the sureft Guard;
He needs nor Bows, nor Darts defence,
Safe in his spotless Innocence.

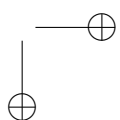
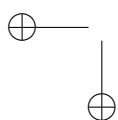
The virtuous Man securely stands
On *Scythian* Snows, or *Libyan* Sands;
Or to the farthest *Indies* goes,
Or where the fam'd *Hydaspes* flows.

For, as by Am'rous Thoughts betray'd,
Among the Woods I lately stray'd,
I met a Wolf; the Salvage knew
Unarm'd Integrity and flew.

Not warlike *Daunia's* Savage Coast
Could such a well-grown Monster boast:
No Beast so large infests the Plains
Where Lions breed, and *Juba* reigns.

Me to the Northern Pole convey,
Remote from Summer's cheerful Ray;
Where endless Frosts and Snows appear,
And Clouds and Cold bring round the Year:

Or place me near the burning Zone,
To fry beneath the scorching Sun;
Love and the Nymph shall ease my Toils,
Who softly Speaks, and sweetly Smiles.



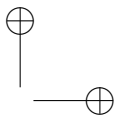


HENRY COXWELL, 1718

(*The Odes of Horace*)

That Man whose Life's unblameable, and free
From the foul Stains of Crime, and Infamy,
No Javelin wants, nor Armour of Defence,
Fuscus, to guard his spotless Innocence:
He through the Desart Sands of *Africk* may
Securely pass, nor will the Beasts of Prey
Attempt to set upon him by the way.
For as amidst the *Sabine* Woods I went,
Singing my *Lalage*, and Innocent,
Free from all Fear, a savage Wolf drew nigh,
That at first sight from me unarm'd did fly:
Nor one so Large could Warlike *Daunia* boast,
In her wide Beechen Woods, nor *Juba's* Coast,
The Sun-burnt Nurse to the fell *Lion's* Race,
Within the Compass of her Sandy Chace.
Let me to that dull Climate be confin'd,
Where no refreshing Sun, or gentle Wind
Cheers the sad Fields, and Groves, but Snow and Rain,
And dismal Weather still afflict the Plain:
Or else compel me to the torrid Zone,
Where *Phæbus* is th' Inhabitant alone;
I'll *Lalage* still love in my Exile,
With Charms, and Musick, in her Talk, and Smile.

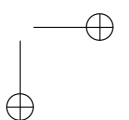
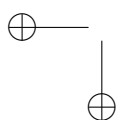




JOHN HANWAY, 1720

(*Translations of Several Odes of Horace*)

Fuscus, the Man whose Hands and Heart,
From Guilt are free and pure,
Needs no *Moor's* Bow; nor poison'd Dart,
To make himself secure.
This is his Safe-guard, when he fails
'Mong *Libyan* Sands; or goes
O'er rugged Mountains; or thro' Vales,
Where fam'd *Hydaspes* flows.
For as I in the *Sabine* Wood
Went carelessly along
And, wand'ring farther than I shou'd,
Made *Lalage* my Song;
A Wolf, as terrible as those
In warlike *Daunia* bred,
Or *Juba's* thirsty Desarts, rose
At Sight of me, and fled.
Send me to Regions, where no Tree
Does, fan'd with Breezes, grow;
Where the cold Country, never free
From Winter, lies in Snow.
Send me to Sun-burnt Climes, for heat
Where none can bear to dwell;
There *Lalage's* sweet Smiles, and sweet
Harmonious Tongue, I'll tell.





THOMAS WARD, 1721

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

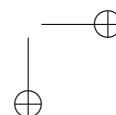
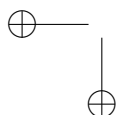
The innocent and unpolluted Man,
Safe in himself (good Sir!) no armour needs;
Whether he journeys in the *Lybian* sand,
Or o'er th' unwonted *Caucasus* proceeds,
Or follows, where the fam'd Hydaspes leads.

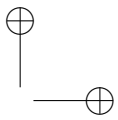
For, lately wand'ring in the Sabine grove,
Lost in my charming *Lalage* (too far!),
Fled me (unarm'd!) a Wolf; a sight above
What all *Apulia's* spacious forests bear,
Where stalks the savage Genius of War.

Place me, where Nature, in perpetual ire,
Seals down her rigid womb; where frozen eyes
Thro' the fixt glass one dazzling waste admire,
Where *Phæbus* his refreshing breath denies,
Nor charms to motion the benumbèd skies.

Cast me upon some unfrequented strand;
Fix me just underneath the Torrid Zone;
Leave me where darkness sits, and show's descend,
Where the sad æther keeps a constant moan,
Whilst angry *Jove* drives his hot vengeance on.

My steady thought thro' all the horror breaks;
Lalage sweetly smiles, and sweetly speaks.





THOMAS KEN, 1721 (IMITATED)

(1637–1711; Cleric, Bishop of Bath and Wells)

The Saint who God's bright Image bears
A Conscience pure for Armour wears,
Needs neither Sword, Spear, Arrow, Dart;
To guard his Heart.

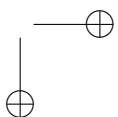
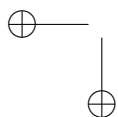
Thro' Desarts desolate and wide
He feels no Thirft, he wants no Guide;
No Staff when on the pointed Heads
Of Rocks he treads:

While I sang Jesus, t'wards me came
Infernal Wolves, but that sweet Name, –
Which rapt my Heart; put them to Flight
In horrid Fright.

In Climes where Monsters most abound
Such hideous Shapes were never found,
Nor heard on the Atlantick Shore
So loud a Roar.

Tho' I should in the Arctick Seas,
In Alps of Ice encrusted, freeze;
Where no refreshing Gleams of Light
Approach my sight;

Tho' frying where the Sun all Day
Shoots perpendicular fierce Ray,
I'll Jesus sing, whose gracious Beams
Glads both Extrems.





ELEANOR VERNEY BOWES, c. 1724

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

Believe me, friend, the Man whose life is pure
And free from guilt, in innocence secure,
Wanteth no guard, or for defence needs bear
Th' envenom'd Arrow, or the poisoned spear.

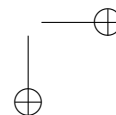
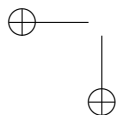
Fearless of danger, boldly on he treads
Whereer his pleasures, or his business leads,
Whether thro' Lybia's scorching plains he goes,
Or endless tracts of untrod, new-fall'n snows,
Or where the Poets' fam'd Hydaspes flows.

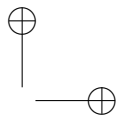
Singing my Chloe's charms, I often run,
T'avoid the burnings of the noontide Sun,
To Sabine woods; there heedless while I stray
A famishd Wolf met me, but ran away.

A more portentous beast was never seen
In Juba's land, or parch'd Numidial plain,
Parent of monsters Africk ne'er brought forth
A form so hideous, or so foul a birth.

Place me far north, where Zephyrs never blow,
Lockd up in ice whose rivers never flow,
Or fix me just beneath the torrid Zone,
To burn with flames more raging than my own.

Sweet smiling Chloe there can give me joy,
And all my hours, and all my thoughts, employ.
The prattling charmer there should be my theme,
And if in slumbers I should chance to dream,
Chloe alone should fill the pleasing scene.





LEONARD WELSTED, 1727

(1688–1747; Poet)

From Virtue's laws who never parts,
 O *Pembroke*, safe may go
Without the *Moorish* Lance or Bow,
Or Quiver stor'd with poison'd Darts,
 The Womb of Woe!

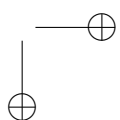
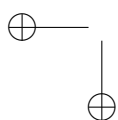
Whether thro' *Libya's* scorching Land
 To journey he provides,
By Savage *Caucas'* rocky Sides,
Or where the Stream, o'er golden Sand,
 Of *Indus* glides:

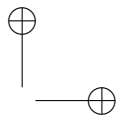
For while, with *Norman* Landshapes charm'd,
 To my sweet Lute I played,
And, wrapt in *Harriot*, careless strayed,
A Wolf espied me, all unarm'd,
 And fled dismayed:

A direr Portent, nor a worse,
 Has warlike *Daunia* view'd,
Thro' her vast Wilds and Forests rude;
Nor *Juba's* arid Realms, that nurse
 The Lion-brood:

Bear me to cold and wintry Plains,
 Where no fair-blossom'd Trees
Adduce the soft-aspiring Breeze;
But Fogs abound, and chilly Rains,
 With Dews that freeze:

In the burnt Climate let me reek;
 The houseless desert Isle!
There *Harriot* shall my Cares beguile;
My *Harriot*, that does sweetly speak,
 And sweetly smile!





CHRISTOPHER PITT, 1727 (FREELY TRANSLATED)

(1699–1748; Clergyman and Poet)

The Man unsully'd with a Crime,
Disdains the Pangs of Fear,
He scorns to dip the poison'd Shaft,
Or poise the glittering Spear.

Nor with the loaded Quiver goes
To take the dreadful Field;
His solid Virtue is his Helm,
And Innocence his Shield.

In vain the fam'd Hydaspes' Tides,
Obstruct and bar the Road,
He smiles on Danger, and enjoys
The Roarings of the Flood.

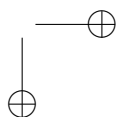
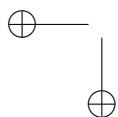
All Climes are Native, and forgets
Th' Extrems of Heats and Frosts,
The Scythian Caucasus grows warm,
And cools the Lybian Coasts.

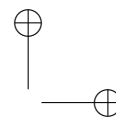
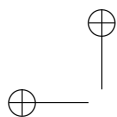
For while I wander'd thro' the Woods,
And rang'd the lonely Grove,
Lost and bewilder'd in the Songs
And pleasing Cares of Love;

A Wolf beheld me from afar,
Of monstrous Bulk and Might,
But naked as I was, he fled
And trembled at the Sight.

A Beast so huge, nor Daunia's Groves,
Nor Africk ever view'd;
Tho' nurst by Her, the Lion reigns
The Monarch of the Wood.

Expose Me in those horrid Climes,
Where not a gentle Breeze



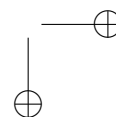
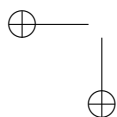


Revives the Vegetable Race,
Or clears the drooping Trees.

Where on the World's remotest Verge
Th' unactive Seasons lie,
And not one genial Ray unbinds
The Rigor of the Sky.

On that unhabitable Shore,
Expose me all alone,
Where I may view without a Shade,
The culminating Sun,

Beneath th' Aequator, or the Pole,
In safety could I rove;
And in a thousand different Climes
Could live for Her I love.





ISAAC THOMPSON, 1731

(A Collection of Poems: Occasionally Writ on Several Subjects)

The Man whose Reason is unstain'd,
Whose Heart is upright and unblam'd;
May travel over burning Sands,
Or uninhabitable Lands.

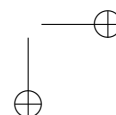
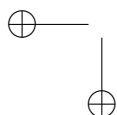
If over *Caucasus* he goes,
Or where the fam'd Hydapes flows,
He need not guard his Innocence,
With Bows and Darts, the Moor's Defence;
Nor loaden Quiver by his Side,
With poison'd Arrows be supply'd.

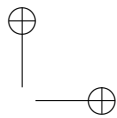
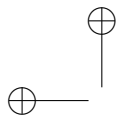
For as my LALAGEN I sung,
I heedless chanc'd to wander on,
Beyond my Bounds, and while I stray'd
The Sabine Woods, of nought afraid,
A Wolf my careless Steps alarm'd,
But fled me, tho' I was unarm'd.

Whatever horrid Monster roves,
Within APULIA'S Oaken Groves,
Or o'er NUMIDIA'S parched Plains,
Where brinded Lyons shake their Manes;
The Just may travel dauntless there,
For Innocence has nought to fear.

Lay me beneath the polar Skies,
In frosty Fields, and Scenes of Ice,
Where bleaky Arbors stand in Snow,
Nor feel the Summer Zephyr blow.

Or lay me, where the burning Sun
Flames fiercely thro' the torrid Zone,
Whose scorching Beams deny a Place
For Habitant, beneath his Rays.
Still pleas'd, I'll smile, and talk, and sing,
And love my charming LALAGEN.





ANONYMOUS, 1732

(*The Gentleman's Magazine*)

Virtue, my Friends need, no defence,
The surest guard is Innocence;
Thus arm'd, without the useless bow,
I shall in fearless safety go,
Nor need the MOORS black art to know.

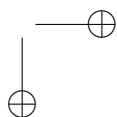
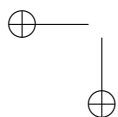
Thus arm'd, I'll pass the Lybian plain,
As deep and trackless as the main.
I'll pass the vast *Caucasean* snows,
Or where the fam'd *Hydaspes* flows.

As lately thro' the *Sabine* grove,
By careless steps I chanc'd to rove,
Tho'tless of all, but her love,
A wolf, that met me, fled away.
He fled from his defenceless prey:

A savage fierce of so much dread,
The *Daunian* forest never bred;
Nor *Juba's* plains its equal see,
The Lyons sandy nursery.

Place me beneath the *Northern Bear*,
Where endless Winter chills the air;
Where *Sol* oblique does scarce appear,
And one sad night fills half the year:

Place me within the burning Zone,
Beneath the flaming upright Sun;
The burning Zone, the frozen *Bear*,
Shall hear me sing my lovely Fair;
Nought shall I feel, if she the while
But gently speak, and gently Smile.





THOMAS HARE, 1737

(“Master of Blandford School”)

The Man well-principled within,
Of blameless Life, and clear from Sin
Is still secure, where'er he goes,
Nor needs the Guard of Spears or Bows;
Disdains th' ungen'rous *Lydians* cruel Arts,
And rattling Quivers big with poison'd Darts.

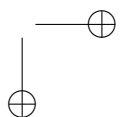
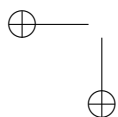
Integrity and Innocence
Are his invincible Defence;
Thus can he roam the fiercest Lands,
Go safe thro' *Afric's* scorching Sands,
Thro' *Caucasus's* inhospitable Snows,
Or savage Climes, where fam'd *Hydaspes* flows.

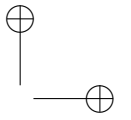
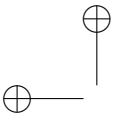
As late I walk'd the *Sabine* Grove,
And sung the charming Maid I love,
In Raptures lost forgot my Way,
And chanc'd beyond my Path to stray,
A Wolf rush'd forth; and struck with conscious Dread,
Found me unarm'd, yet impotently fled.

No Monster of such dreadful Size
Ever met th' astonish'd Trav'ler's Eyes,
Where *Daunia's* Coat for War renown'd
Extends its Forests wide around,
Or *Libya's* burning Wilds produce and feed
The brindled Lions formidable Breed.

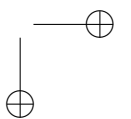
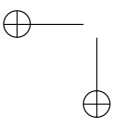
Convey me to the barren Plains
For ever bound in icy Chains;
Where no refreshing Summer's Breeze
With kindly Warmth revives the Trees;
The World's sad Side, by rig'rous *Jove* unblest,
With Clouds still darken'd, and with Storms opprest:

Place me within the fiery Zone,
And just beneath the neighb'ring Sun;





To Mortals where the killing Heat
Affords no habitable Seat;
I'll love my *Lalage*, and sing e'en here
My sweetly-smiling, softly-talking Fair.





ANONYMOUS, 1737

(*Virginia Gazette*)

The Friend, who proves sincere and true,
Nor is by private Int'rest sway'd,
Needs never dread the babbling Crew,
Nor of their Scandal be afraid;
His Character shall stand secure, and none
Shall reach him with that deadly Shaft, the Tongue.

Whether we pass the Ocean far,
Hence to some distant, barren Land,
Or, in the noisy Field of War,
Obey the valiant Chief's Command,
His Loving Friend with him the Toil shall share,
And in the Battle's Heat his Spirits chear.

A Mohock once of frightful Mein,
Attackt me with his naked Sword,
And with a horrid Look and Grin,
He gave aloud the dreadful Word:
My Friend appear'd, the bloody Villain fled,
And left me pleas'd, before with Fear half dead.

An uglier Rascal ne'er was seen,
In any Cell in D—y- Lane,
Nor cou'd the worst of Houses screen
A Villain who was more profane;
If brought before the Bar, his very Look
Would write his Name upon Jack Ketch's Book.

Tho' I should lodges where saucy Wh-res,
With Cullies, haunt th' unhappy Inn,
Who, with their oft repeated Scores,
Allow no Sleep to those within,
I'll love my Friend, his Presence shall inspire
My drooping Soul, amongst the noisy Choir.



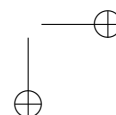
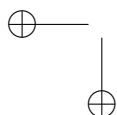
DAVID WATSON, 1741

(1710-56)

O *Fuscus*, a Man of an upright Life, and conscious of no wickedness, will not need either the Darts of the Moors, nor a Bow, nor Quiver, full of poisoned Arrows. Whether he is to travel through the hot *Syrtes*, or through *Caucasus*, an uninhabited Mountain, or the Countries which the fabulous *Hydaspes* glides through.

For while I was singing my *Lalage*, and free from Cares wandered farther than I designed in the Sabine Wood, a Wolf flew before me, though I was unarmed; such a huge Monster of a Wolf, as the military Country of *Daunia*, neither nourisheth the like in its spacious Forests, nor the scorched Land of *Juba*, *Mauritania*, the Nourisher of Lions, breeds.

Place me in those barren and cold Fields, where no Tree is cherished by the Heat of Summer, *the scorching Sun-Beams*, in a Region of the World, where the Clouds and angry *Jupiter* render the Air unwholesome. Put me in the Chariot too near the Sun, *under the torrid Zone*, in a Land uninhabited, *in which there are no Houses*, yet I will love and sing my *Lalage*, pleasantly upon me, and charming me with her Voice.





SAMUEL JOHNSON, 1743

(1709–84; Writer)

The man, my friend, whose conscious heart
 With virtue's sacred ardour glows,
Nor taints with death th' envenom'd dart,
 Nor needs the guard of Moorish bows.

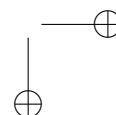
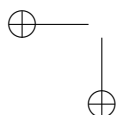
O'er icy Caucasus he treads,
 O'er torrid Afric's faithless sands;
Or where the fam'd Hydaspes spreads
 His liquid wealth, through barbarous lands.

For while in Sabine forests charm'd
 By Lalagé, too far I stray'd,
Me singing, careless and unarm'd,
 A furious wolf approach'd and fled.

No beast more dreadful ever stain'd
 Apulia's spacious wilds with gore;
No beast more fierce Numidia's land,
 The lion's thirsty parent, bore.

Place me where no soft summer gale
 Among the quivering branches sighs,
Where clouds, condens'd, for ever veil,
 With horrid gloom, the frowning skies;

Place me beneath the burning zone,
 A clime denied to human race;
My flame for Lalagé I'll own;
 Her voice, her smiles, my song shall grace.





PHILIP FRANCIS, 1743

(1708–73; Clergyman and Writer)

The man, who knows not guilty fear,
Nor wants the bow, nor pointed spear;
Nor needs, while innocent of heart,
The quiver, teeming with the poison'd dart;

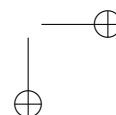
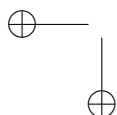
Whether through Libya's burning sands
His journey leads, or Scythia's lands,
Inhospitable waste of snows,
Or where the fabulous Hydaspes flows:

For musing on my lovely maid,
While careless in the woods I stray'd,
A wolf – how dreadful! cross'd my way,
Yet fled – he fled from his defenceless prey:

No beast of such portentous size
In warlike Daunia's forests lies;
Nor such the tawny lion reigns,
Fierce on his native Afric's thirsty plains.

Place me where never summer breeze
Unbinds the glebe, or warms the trees;
Where ever-lowering clouds appear,
And angry Jove deforms th' inclement year:

Place me beneath the burning ray,
Where rolls the rapid car of day;
Love and the nymph shall charm my toils,
The nymph, who sweetly speaks, and sweetly smiles.





ANONYMOUS, 1744

(New York Weekly Post Boy)

The Man in vertue's sacred paths sincere,
Needs no invenom'd dart, nor glitt'ring spear,
Nor pond'rous bow intrepid Maurus wore,
Nor pointed shafts the quiver'd Parthians bore;
Impenetrable virtue his defence,
His armour adamantine innocence.
Thro' gulphy seas th'undaunted hero goes,
O'er frozen mountains, and eternal snows.
In vain the lightnings flash, the thunders roar,
And liquid mountains dash the sounding shore;
In all the horrors of the wat'ry war,
His bosom is impregnable to fear.
When sable clouds expel the purple day,
'Midst swelling waves he cuts the gloomy way,
Contemning death, and ev'ry hideous form,
Out-braves the tempest, and derides the storm,
Calm and compos'd; for say, what can controul
Th' unconquer'd valour of his god-like soul?
Let him be wafted to some barb'rous coast,
Vext by fierce tempests, and perpetual frost,
Where icy mounts inhospitable rise,
And heave their tops stupendous to the skies;
Where sable night maintains her joyless reign,
And hides the moon, and all the starry train;
His virtue there, would dart serenest beams,
And guardian angels prompt his golden dreams.
Or place him far beneath the torrid zone,
Or climes that ne'er beheld the rising sun:
In fields accurst, where no refreshing breeze
Allays the heat, and whistles thro' the trees;
His virtue there would dissipate the gloom,
Make roses flourish, and an Eden bloom.





WILLIAM POPPLE, C. 1750

(1700–64; Poet and Playwright)

Armed within with Innocence,
None want Weapons for defence,
None need sword or dagger wear,
Moorish Bow or Arrow bear.

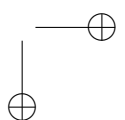
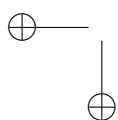
Go thro' Syrtes burning sands –
Caucasus his desert Lands –
Go, where fam'd Hydaspes flows,
Innocence securely goes.

Late in Sabine Woods, as I
Careless pass'd, a Wolf came by;
Arm'd with only Lalage,
Swift the Monster fled from me.

Daunia fam'd for savage broods,
Has not such in all her Woods;
Afric, where fierce Lyons roar,
Never such a Creature bore.

Place me Fuscus near the Pole,
Where black Clouds & Tempests roll,
Where no soft Eastern breeze,
Ever plays upon the Trees.

To the torrid Zone repair,
Let but Lalage be there,
Smiles like hers shall cool the Day,
Prattle drive the Heat away.





AARON HILL, 1753

(1685–1750; Poet and Dramatist)

Sinless, and sound, the bold *good* liver DARES,
Nor needs the *Moor's* keen javelin, or his bow;
No quiver, charg'd with latent deaths he bears,
Where pointed poisons glow.

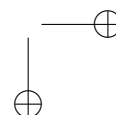
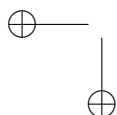
Safe, o'er the quicksand's foamy shoals he rows;
Safe, every wild of *Caucasus* surveys:
Or, where thy fabled stream, *Hydaspes*, flows,
Dreadless of danger, strays.

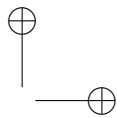
Once, o'er *Sabinum's forest's* silent shade,
Wand'ring, the charms of *Ælia's eyes*, I sung:
A Wolf, out-starting, where, unarm'd, I stray'd,
Listen'd, and backward sprung.

Yet, fiercer savage never rang'd the glades
Of warlike *Daunia's* oak-abounding plains,
Nor paw'd the *Lion's* patrimonial shades,
Where *Juba's* offspring reigns.

Thence though expos'd to bleaks, where nothing blooms,
Where never bud unfolds, to let in *spring*;
But one, long winter's dayless midnight *glooms*,
Black as the *Raven's wing*.

Hence – tho' an outcast, to the sun's *lost* heat,
Houseless, and screen'd by no kind cavern's shades,
Still wou'd I love that *face*, whose smile so sweet,
A tongue, still sweeter *aids!*





ANONYMOUS, 1753 (IMITATED)

(The Ladies Magazine)

An honest fellow, dusty Joe,
Is fence against his grimest foe,
He needs no Tom-a-Bedlam's club
To guard his bacon, like a scrub.

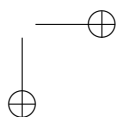
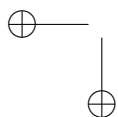
Whether he trudge o'er Delamere,
Or climb the peak of Derbyshire,
Or thro' the fens of Lincoln stray
Or by the Darvents shape his way.

For, when I roved down the dale,
And smiling BETTY was my tale,
A stag, the maddest of the herd,
Became a cade, and stood and star'd.

So huge a beast, I'll vouch on oath,
With horns of such a may pole growth,
In Sherwood brakes was never seen,
Nor in the folds of George-a-Green.

Bind me upon the Devil's arse,
With oat-cake short, and fuel scarce,
Where fern, and goss, can hardly grow;
And frosty winds in tempests blow.

On ugly Skiddow's topmost crag,
O'er which the snowy clouds do drag;
The thoughts of pretty smiling BET,
Shall make me all my woes forget.





ANONYMOUS, 1754 (IMITATED)

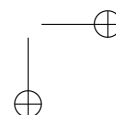
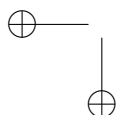
(*The Gentleman's Magazine*)

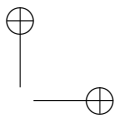
The *freeholder*, whose sure defence
Is good old *English* innocence,
Requires no *soldiers* to attend
His steps for honesty's his friend,
Arm'd with this adamant shield
He boldly treads his native field,
Fearless of highwaymen and hectors,
Pl—cemen, excisemen, and directors,

Last night I trudg'd along the *Strand* —
A courtier takes me by the hand,
And, while my principles he sounds,
He offers me a thousand pounds,
But finding that I scorn'd his pay,
The dirty rascal sneak'd away.
Fell monster! readier to devour,
Than all the lions, in the tower.

Place me of *Scotland* in the middle
Disorder'd with the *tickling fiddle*,
Yet still disdain to be sold,
My fingers ne'er shou'd itch for gold,
Shou'd all the *antipatriot band*
Conspire to take me by the hand.
With many a promise, many a fee
Nought but the scab, they' get from me.

Or place me in *Jamaica's* plains,
Where heat intolerable reigns,
Ev'n there I'll scorn the venal tribe,
And clench my fist against a bribe,
Ev'n there I'll pay the nuptial debt
(Thank God uncircumcis'd as yet)
And laugh along the line of life
With sweetly prattling babes and wife.





S. J., 1757

(*The Works of Horace*, William Duncombe)

The Man, my Friend, whose conscious Heart
With Virtue's sacred Ardour glows,
Nor taints with Death th' envenom'd Dart,
Nor needs the Guard of *Moorish* Bows.

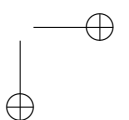
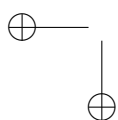
O'er icy *Caucasus* he treads,
Or torrid *Afric's* faithless Sands,
Or where the fam'd *Hydaspes* spreads
His liquid Wealth thro' barbarous Lands.

For while in *Sabine* Forests, charm'd
By *Lalagé*, too far I stray'd,
Me singing, careless and unarm'd,
A furious Wolf approach'd, and fled.

No Beast more dreadful ever stain'd
Apulia's spacious Wilds with Gore;
No Beast more fierce *Numidia's* Land,
The Lion's thirsty Parent, bore.

Place me where no soft Summer Gale
Among the quivering Branches sighs,
Where Clouds, condens'd, for ever veil
With horrid Gloom the frowning Skies:

Place me beneath the burning Zone,
A Clime deny'd to human Race;
My Flame for *Lalagé* I'll own;
Her Voice and Smiles my Song shall grace.

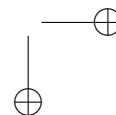
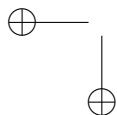




J. W., 1757

(The London Magazine)

To sacred virtue, and her cause the friend,
Whom truth and dove-like innocence defend,
Flies not for succour to the deadly dart,
Bold on the basis of an upright heart:
If o'er the sandy Lybian plains, his way,
Parch'd by the fervor of the solar ray;
Or where th' aspiring mountains icy brow,
Surveys the distant deep that rolls below;
Or lonely by the hoarse resounding shore,
Where the rough torrents of Hydaspes roar,
Wrapt as I wander'd in the Sabine grove,
Fir'd ev'ry thought with Lalage and love,
A wolf observ'd me in the Sylvan shade,
And tho' defenceless, in confusion fled;
Not in Apulia such a monster reigns,
Or roams on Mauritania's tawny plains:
Place me where winter seasons sternly roll,
Where genial sun-shine never gilds the pole;
No verdure blooming thro' the frosty vales,
Ne'er fann'd in whispers by reviving gales,
Where clouds with melancholy gloom appear,
And tempests thunder thro' the darkling years:
Place me where glaring Sol refulgent flames,
On climes that glow beneath his burning beams;
Fresh to my fancy Lalage shall rise,
And bless each transient minute as it flies.





WILLIAM HAMILTON, 1760 (IMITATED)

(1704–54; Poet)

The man sincere, and pure of ill,
Needs not with shafts his quiver fill,
 Nor point the venom'd dart;
O'er him no weapon can prevail,
Clad in the firmest coat of mail,
 A brave and honest heart.

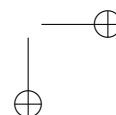
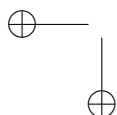
Secure in innocence he goes,
Through boiling firths and highland snows;
 Or if his course he guide
To where the far-famed Lomond's waves
Around his islands winding, laves
 Buchanan's hilly side.

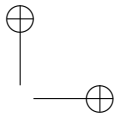
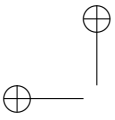
For in Glendouglas as I stood
And sung my Erskine to the wood,
 Unheeding of my way,
Light of my cares, forsook behind,
And all on Erskine ran my mind,
 It chanced my steps to stray.

When lo! forth rushing from behind,
A savage wolf, of monstrous kind,
 Fierce shook his horrid head;
Unarm'd I stood, and void of fear,
Beheld the monstrous savage near,
 And me unarm'd he fled.

A beast of such portentous size,
Such hideous tusks and glaring eyes,
 Fierce Daunia never bred;
Nor Juba's land, without control,
Where angry lions darkling howl,
 His equal ever fed.

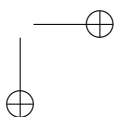
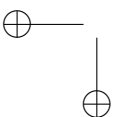
Place me where the summer breeze
Does ne'er refresh the weary trees,





All on the gloomy plain;
Which side of earth offended heaven
To the dominion foul has given,
Of clouds and beating rain.

Place me bencath the blaze of day,
Near neighbour to the burning ray
Yet there the maid shall move;
There present to my fancy's eyes,
Sweet smiling Erskine will I praise,
Sweet speaking Erskine love.





SAMUEL ROGERS, 1764

(“Rector of Chellington, Bedfordshire”)

The man whose spotless heart ne'er felt
The agonies of conscious guilt,
In his own innocence secure,
Asks not the weapons of the Moor;
Persuaded that the poison'd dart
Is useless to a virtuous heart.

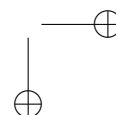
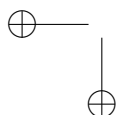
In virtue wrapt secure he strays,
Where Libya's burning deserts blaze,
O'er bleak inhospitable snows,
Or where the fam'd Hydaspes flows.

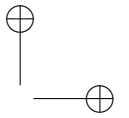
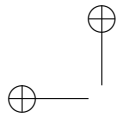
For late, as disengag'd from care,
Thinking of nothing but the Fair,
By the bewitching theme betray'd,
I saunter'd 'midst the forest-shade;
A wolf, how terrible to view!
Cross'd me, and, — tho' unarm'd, — withdrew.

Not warlike Daunia's savage coast,
A beast of such a size can boast;
Nor does a larger monster feed;
Where Juba reigns, and lions breed.

Place me where never spring prevails,
Nor trees are fann'd by vernal gales,
But storms and clouds perpetual rise,
And partial JOVE deforms the skies;
Or place me in the burning spheres,
Where not one trace of man appears;

Ev'n there, 'midst life's extremest ills,
In heat that burns, and cold that chills,
The Nymph who sweetly smiles and sings,
A balm for ev'ry sorrow brings.





PHILIP GRIFFIN, 1764

(*Juvenile Poems*)

Fuscus the Man of Morals pure,
Wants not the Moorish Bow, and Dart,
Nor Quiver fraught with poison'd Shafts,
To guard from Fear his honest Heart;

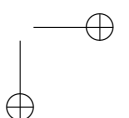
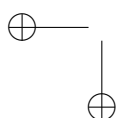
Though he should pass o'er *Caucasus*,
Or through the parched *Lydian* waste,
Or where *Hydaspes* fabled Waves
Through distant golden Regions haste;

I met a Wolf as, free from Care,
Through Sabine Woods unarm'd I stray'd,
And sang of lovely LALAGE,
The Monster, fled from me, afraid.

So great a Wonder ne'er was seen,
In martial *Dauria's* neighb'ring Wood;
Or in black *Juba's* parched Plains,
Where dwell the Lion's tawny Brood.

Place me upon some barren Plain,
Where sportive Zephyrs never play;
Where angry JOVE with low'ring Clouds,
Obscures the gladsome Face of Day:

Place me beneath the torrid Zone,
Where no cool Breeze the Pine-Tree shakes,
Still will love my LALAGE,
Who sweetly smiles, who sweetly speaks.

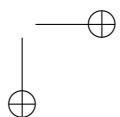
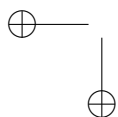




CHRISTOPHER SMART, 1767 (1)

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

One sound and pure of wicked arts
Leaves to the blacks their spear and bow,
Nor need he deadly tinctur'd darts
 Within his quiver stow.
Whether the suns of southern fame,
Or barb'rous Caucasus he braves,
Or goes, where of romantic fame,
 Vast tracts Hydaspes laves.
For careless, out of bounds to rove,
(A song on Lalage my plan)
Me swordless in the Sabine grove
 A wolf beheld, and ran.
A monster, such as ne'er was fed
In warlike Daunia's beechen plain,
Nor e'er that nurse of lions bred,
 E'en Juba's dry domain.
Me in those lifeless regions place,
Where trees receive no fost'ring gale,
Whence Jove has turn'd away his face,
 And clouds obscure prevail;
Or place me, where the sun too near,
No huts can stand the heat above,
Sweet-smiling, sweetly-prattling dear,
 My Lalage I'll love.

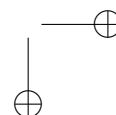
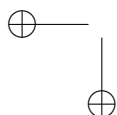




CHRISTOPHER SMART, 1767 (2)

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

The man of upright life and pure from wickedness, O Fuscus, has no need of the Moorish javelins or bow, or quiver loaded with poisoned darts. Whether he is about to make his journey through the sultry Syrtes, or the inhospitable Caucasus, or those places which Hydaspes, celebrated in story, washes. For lately, as I was singing my Lalage, and wandered beyond my usual bounds, devoid of care, a wolf in the Sabine wood fled from me, though I was unarmed: such a monster, as neither the warlike Apulia nourishes in its extensive woods, nor the land of Juba, the dry nurse of lions, produces. Place me in those barren plains, where no tree is refreshed by the genial air; at that part of the world, which clouds and an inclement atmosphere infest. Place me under the chariot of the too neighboring sun, in a land deprived of habitations; [there] will I love my sweetly-smiling, sweetly-speaking Lalage.



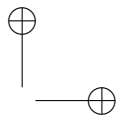


J. S., 1769

(The Town and Country Magazine)

The man of perfect life, unstain'd with sin,
Desiderates nor bow, nor pointed spear,
Nor quiver fraught with poison'd missile arms.
Whether his steerage points toward Afric's sands
Sultry, or towards the high Caucasian mount
Inhospitable, or the places lav'd
By fabulous Hydaspes' strep'rous surge:
For late digress'd beyond my proper bounds,
Singing my Lalage, devoid of care,
A solf surpris'd me in the Sabine grove,
But started from me, tho' I was unarm'd;
The warlike Daunia, similar to this,
Ne'er soster'd beast in her extensive shades;
Nor Afric's land, the lion's arid nurse,
Produc'd. Arrange me in those sterile plains,
Where trees are unrefresn'd with genial air;
Which pole's infested by inclement Jove
And pitchy clouds: arrange me where the sun
Emits his scorching beams, to the annoy
Of earthly domes; there I'll renew my love
For swetly-smiling, speaking Lalage.





JOHN PARKE, 1772

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

A Man, dear *Fuscus*, free from strife,
Of morals pure, and upright life,
Needs not th' envenom'd Moorish dart,
To guard his just, his honest heart.

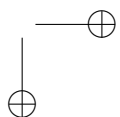
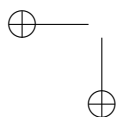
Whether he purposes to go
Through Lybian deserts, Sythean snow,
To scand mount Taurus' rugged side,
Or stem th' Hydaspes fabled tide.

For while I rov'd, and sung my fair,
In Sabine woods, unvex'd with care,
I met a wolf, who much alarm'd,
Affrighted fled me, though unarm'd.

Such Daunian forests never bread
Beneath their wide extensive shade;
Nor such did Mauritania e'er
(The sultry nurse of lions) bear.

O wing me to the frigid zone,
Where the kind sun scarce ever shone!
Where fogs, unwholesome air, and snow
Abound, and trees forget to grow:

Or into torrid lands too near
The rays of Phœbus' scorching car,
Where neither house or cot appear:
Yet Lalage my hope still seeks,
Who sweetly smiles and sweetly speaks.

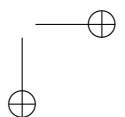
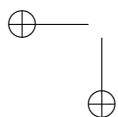




WILLIAM GREEN, 1777

(A New Poetical Translation of All the Odes)

The man who bears a conscience clear,
Needs not the Mauritanian arts,
Of Quivers stuff with poison'd darts;
Alone he walks without a fear,
O'er burning Syrtes, alps of snow.
Th' inhospitable Caucasus,
Or where thro' regions barbarous,
Renown'd Hydaspes' torrents flow.
For, as I careless pass'd along,
And troll'd my Lalagé in song,
Far thro' the Sabine woods misled,
(My heart with Lalagé so charm'd)
A wolf enormous met, and fled,
He sudden fled from me unarm'd.
A monster! – such was never bred
In martial Daunia's forest lands,
Nor Juba, in thy deserts fed,
Dry, tawny lion-nursing sands.
Place me on lifeless plains then – where
Malignant Jove torments the year,
Nor ever lenient Zephyrs' breeze
Hath cheer'd the swains, or wav'd the trees,
Or neath the Cancer's fiery ray,
Me, to Numidian deserts fling,
Deny'd a cot in burning day;
My sweetly speaking Lalagé,
And smiling sweet, I'll love and sing.





JOHN WHITFELD, 1777

(Conjectures on the Tyndaris of Horace)

The breast where truth and worth reside,
Whose inmost folds no foulness hide,
Wants not, my friend, a shield and spear,
Nor need envenom'd arrows fear.

Whether by fate its owner strays
Thro' shelving streights and foaming seas;
Or climb up Athos' hoary brows;
Or stoop, where hasty Tigris flows.

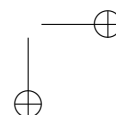
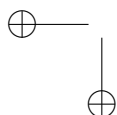
For lately, as I mist my way,
Turning a Song to Lalage,
But just above the Sabine Farm,
A Wolf shot by, and did not harm.

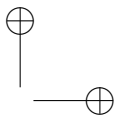
'Twas something tho'; it made me stare;
Thinks I – the Devil take this Bear;
And to say true, my mind run on
Lions, and Boars of Calydon.

Well! come what will, I am resign'd;
Ship me before a Western Wind,
To where Spitzbergen's horrid coast
Is chain'd in everlasting frost:

Or send me out an India-Mate,
Without a tent, to hot Surat:
Into which-ever Sphere I rove,
Still Lalage shall be my Love.

Yes Lalage, of witching smile,
And winning speech, shall rule my will,
And warm my sense in every Soil.

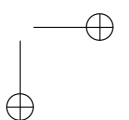
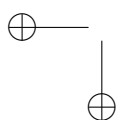


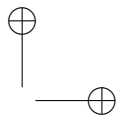


LAURENCE HYNES HALLARAN, 1777

(1765–1831; Writer and Schoolmaster)

Fuscus! the man of just, and upright heart,
Needs not the bow, nor spear for his defence,
The loaded quiver, nor the pointed dart;
But puts his trust in Conscious Innocence.
Whether o'er Afric's burning sands; or o'er
Th' inhospitable Caucasus he goes;
Whether he travels to the famous shore,
Near which (renown'd in song) Hydaspes flows!
For lately as of Lalage, and love
I sung; and far devoid of care had stray'd;
A Wolf, that rang'd along the Sabine grove,
From me, tho' helpless and unarmed, fled!
In warlike Daunia's extensive plains
A monster so prodigious never fed;
Nor yet Numidia in her dry domains,
The thirfty nurse of Lions, ever bred!
If I were plac'd upon some barren soil,
Where genial breezes never blow; and where
The sun, o'er cast with clouds, does never smile,
Encompass'd by th' inclement atmosphere;
Or were I plac'd within the torrid zone,
Where near the earth Sol's flaming axles roll;
Yet there my lovely Lalage alone
Should claim my love, and should engross my soul!





ANONYMOUS, 1777

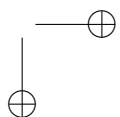
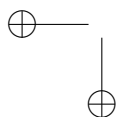
(The Gentleman's Magazine)

The man of just and upright deeds
Nor jav'lin, bow, not arrow needs,
 But fearless will he stray
O'er Caucasus' wild summit drear,
Hot Syrtes' burning sands, or where
 Hydaspes eats his way.

As wand'ring in the Sabine grove,
I sang of Lalage and love,
 A wolf appear'd, and fled;
Not warlike Daunia's spacious plains,
Nor the scorch's land where Juba reigns,
 E'er such a monster bred.

Place me where summer's balmy breeze
Ne'er fructifies the barren trees,
 But unpropitious Jove
In anger views th' inclement skies,
Bids tempests roar, and clouds arise,
 Still Lalage I'll love.

Or place me in the torrid zone,
Under the chariot of the sun,
 Where burn his fiercest rays;
Let Lalage be there the while,
And softly speak, and sweetly smile,
 Still will I sing her praise.

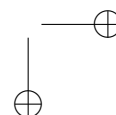
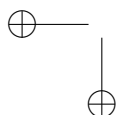


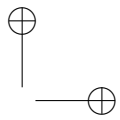


WILLIAM LIPSCOMB, 1784

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

Blest is the Man to conscious guilt unknown,
Nor needs the vengeful Ethiop's poisonous spear:
Secure in virtuous innocence alone
He smiles at dangers and is deaf to fear;
Whether o'er Lybia's scorching sands he goes,
Or snow-clad Caucasus' unknown domains,
Or where the Hydaspes' fabled current flows
In wanton mazes o'er the verdant plains.
As my fond theme I late with joy pursued
And heedless o'er my Sabine limits stray'd
A ravening wolf I met, my form he view'd,
And fled in terror thro' the distant glade.
Tho' Daunia's rugged forests ne'er possess'd
A horrid monster of more savage brood,
Nor tawney Afric, at whole shaggy breast
The famin'd lion sucks his deadly food;
Place me, ye God's! where constant clouds appear,
Where moist Aquarius ever mournful reigns,
Where waves no shrub the dreary waste to chear,
But angry Jove in fury rends the plains!
Place me where Sol the sickening verdure spoils,
Give me the Maid I love, I ask no more!
There while she softly speaks, and sweetly smiles,
I'll gaze with rapture, and with joy adore.

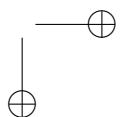
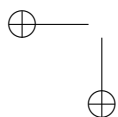


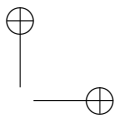


JOHN STAGG, 1790

(1770–1823; Poet)

The man of spotless life and pure from sin,
O *Fuscus*, does not need the javelin,
The Moorish bow nor quiver does he use,
Laded with poison'd darts, death to infuse,
Altho' he traverse the unfertile lands
Of barren *Syrtes*, or its sultry sands,
Or o'er *Caucasus*, whose rugged sides,
The fam'd *Hydaspus* rolls its foaming tides;
For lately as I sung, my *Lalage*,
Devoid of care, from all ambition free,
And chancing from my bounds for to withdraw,
A wolf within the Sabine wood I saw,
With rapid haste the monster from me flew,
Although I was unable to pursue;
So large a monster ne'er *Apulia* bred,
Although within the woods great numbers feed;
In *Juba's* sultry land had never been
So great a monster as I late had seen,
O place me in those barren plains, and where
No shrub is nursed by the genial air,
Or where nought but inclement fogs infest,
Which still are with pernicious plagues opprest,
Place me beneath the sun's hot scorching ray,
Where never man yet trod, or knew the way,
O there, for ever will I sing to thee,
My sweetly, charming, smiling *Lalage*.





THOMAS MAY, 1791

(Poems Descriptive and Moral)

If Innocence the mind possess,
 From all transgression freed,
The poison'd arrow, nor the bow,
 Our hands shall never need.

If some inhospitable shore
 We tread, secure of harm,
Or sandy Syrtes dare explore,
 Or cross Hydaspes' stream;

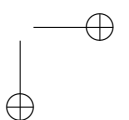
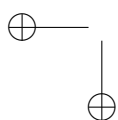
Though realms unknown, or barren climes,
 Or mountains interpose;
Yet there, just heaven will such protect,
 And save from various woes.

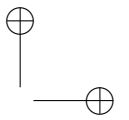
A wolf, but in the Sabine wood,
 While Lalage I sing,
And careless rove beyond my bounds,
 Fled me; an harmless thing.

Such monsters, Daunia does not breed
 Amid her ample groves;
Nor Afric, nurse of lions, feed
 When man the desert roves.

Place me in fields devoid of corn,
 Where grows no verdant tree,
Where clouds and tempests raise a storm,
 Or spread mortality;

Though just beneath bright Phoebus's rays,
 Under his fervid car,
You send me; there my days I'll spend,
 From home, and kindred far.
There sweetly-smiling Lalage I'll love,
 Her accents sweet, my constancy shall prove.

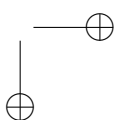
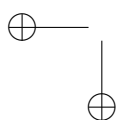




BENJAMIN YOUNG PRIME, 1733–91

(1733–91; American Poet)

Innocence, Fuscus, and unblemish'd virtue
Wants not the Moor's sharp javelins to guard it,
Needs not his strong bow, nor his quiver fraught with
 Arrows empoison'd:
Whether one travels through the scorching sand-wastes,
Climbs up rough, cold, inhospitable Caucase,
Or the strange soil treads, where renown'd Hydaspes
 Dashes his floods down.
For a wolf lately, in a Sabine forest,
Shunn'd me spontaneous, though I rov'd unarmed,
Singing my charmer, Lalage, beyond bounds,
 Thoughtless of danger.
Such a dire monster, neither Daunia war-like
Feeds in her vast woods, nor the land of Juba,
Sandy dry desert, and the nurse of lions,
 E'er yet produced.
What though you place me, in the barren regions,
Where no tree's foster'd by the summer's warm breeze,
Where the cold snow-clouds and malignant keen air
 Check vegetation;
What though in hot climes, never mortal dwelt in,
Under the bright car of the sun too nigh me,
Charmingly smiling Lalage I must love,
 Charmingly talking.





WILLIAM HERBERT, 1792

(1778–1847; Botanist, Poet, and Clergyman)

That happy man, whose virtuous heart
Is free from guilt and conscious fear,
Needs not the poison'd Moorish dart,
Nor bow, nor sword, nor deadly spear.

Whether on shores that Ganges laves,
Or Syrtes' quivering sands among;
Or where Hydaspes' fabled waves
In strange meanders wind along.

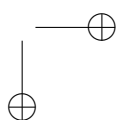
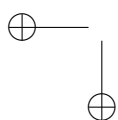
When free from care I dared to rove
And Lalage inspired my lay;
A wolf within the Sabine grove
Fled wild from his defenceless prey.

Such prodigy the Daunian hands
In their drear haunts shall never trace;
Nor barren Libya's arid sands,
Rough parent of the lion race.

O place me where no verdure smiles,
No vernal zephyrs fan the ground,
No varied scene the eye beguiles,
Nor murmuring rivulets glide around!

Place me on Thracia's frozen lands,
Uncheer'd by genial light of day!
Place me on Afric's burning sands,
Scorch'd by the sun's inclement ray!

Love in my heart shall pain beguile,
Sweet Lalage shall be my song;
The gentle beauties of her smile,
The gentle music of her tongue.





WILLIAM BOSCAWEN, 1793

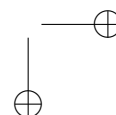
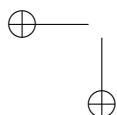
(1752–1811; Barrister, Writer, and Translator)

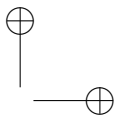
The guiltless life, the unsullied heart,
Need not the dire envenomed dart
 That speeds from Moorish bows,
Whether o'er Caucasus we stray,
O'er torrid Syrtes take our way,
 Or where Hydaspes flows.

For late, when through my Sabine shade
In careless mood too far I strayed,
 By gentlest passions charmed,
And sung of Lalage and love,
A wolf rushed swiftly from the grove,
 But fled me though unarmed.

Such his dread form, portentous size,
None like in martial Daunia lies,
 Where ample forests spread;
None fiercer springs from Juba's land,
Where, nurtured in the parching sand,
 The prowling lion's bred.

Then place me where no summer breeze
Cheers the dull soil, revives the trees,
 Or in the pathless wilds
Where Phœbus darts his fiercest fire;
Still shall my heart the nymph admire,
 Who sweetly speaks and sweetly smiles.





ANONYMOUS, 1794 (IMITATED)

(The Gentleman's Magazine)

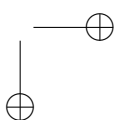
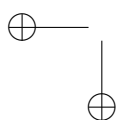
The man of innocence of heart
Wants not the Indian's subtle dart,
 Or dread, unerring, bow,
If over Caucasus he tread,
If where eternal deserts spread,
 Or fabled rivers flow.

Or loveliest Lalage intent,
Thro' Sabine woods I heedless went,
 No cank'ring care annoy'd;
The wolf, which ever used to prey,
Springs on the traveller in his way,
 Fled from me thus employ'd.

Such wonder Daunia never knew,
Where beasts of horrid species grew,
 Of fierce and angry mold:
And Juba's land, eternal source
Of lions of superior force,
 Such wonder never told.

Place me where frost in icy heaps
The earth in piteous distance keeps,
 And streams forget to flow,
Where gladsome zephyr in the breeze,
Sheds no soft influence 'mid the trees,
 Or bids creation glow:

Place me where Sol's too potent blaze
Forbid's to live, and scorching rays
 Shoot downward from above,
Would charming Lalage but smile,
With converse sweet my hours beguile,
 My Lalage I'd love!





GILBERT WAKEFIELD, 1795

(1756–1801; Classical Scholar and Politician)

Whose stream of life flows pure from sin,
Whose conscience whispers peace within,
 Thron'd in the virtuous heart,
Needs no vain implements of war;
No shaft that wings destruction far,
 No poison-tintur'd dart.

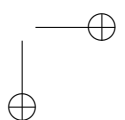
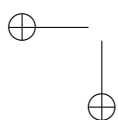
If thro' the glow of scorching lands,
Where Afric spreads her waste of sands,
 He urge his dangerous way:
Where, fabled stream, Hydaspes flows,
Or 'midst th' inhospitable snows
 Of Scythian hills he stray.

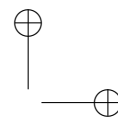
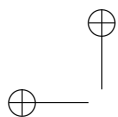
As heedless thro' lone woods I rove,
And songs of faithful Lydia's love
 Enchain my raptur'd sense,
A glaring wolf innocuous saw;
His flight confest a conscious awe
 Of love and innocence.

No beast, of such portentous size
And visage grim, in covert lies
 Of Daunia's tangled maze;
No such in wilds Numidian prowl,
Those wilds, where through one ceaseless howl
 The startled pilgrim strays.

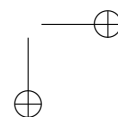
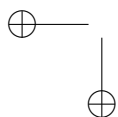
Convey me to that dreary plain,
Where Winter holds his iron reign,
 'Midst vapours, ice, and snow;
Where no green foliage soothes the sight,
Where shivering tempests Flora fright,
 Nor Zephyr dares to blow:

Convey me, where faint man retires
From the fierce blaze of solar fires,





Beneath the scorching line:
Here Lydia's mile my breast shall warm,
My bosom here her tongue shall charm;
Her tongue, her smile, divine!

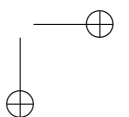
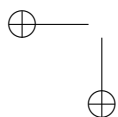




ANONYMOUS, 1796

(*Walker's Hibernian Magazine*)

The man of upright life and heart
Without the aid of force or art,
 Is safe where e'er he goes;
Whether he strays o'er Lybian lands,
O'er Caucasus, or all the lands
 Thro' which Hydaspes flows,
As late, betide a lonely flood
That gently laves the Sabine wood,
 My Lalage I sung;
My mind released from ev'ry care,
I wander'd on, I knew not where,
 The woods my verses rung.
When lo! from out the inmost grove,
A wolf broke out, the wilds to rove,
 And seek his luckless prey:
But as I strove to turn aside
Beneath some friendly branch to hide,
 He turning slunk away.
Altho' in all Apulia's woods,
Along her mountains round her floods,
 Within her gloomy groves;
Round Mauritania's sultry plains,
Where warlike tawney Juba reigns,
 No fiercer monster roves.
Drive me to lands where no kind breeze
Thro'out the year regales the trees,
 Or aids the barren soil;
Place me beneath the blasing sun,
Too near the path Sol's horses run,
 Tho' faint with heavy toil.
The pathless wilds and sands shall ring,
My love to Lalage I'll sing,
 And celebrate her praise:
Go where I will, where'er I hie,
Her dear sweet lips and smiling eye
 Must still engage my lay.





WILLIAM WATKINS, 1798

(Anomaliae: Being Desultory Essays on Miscellaneous Subjects)

The upright man whose life is pure:
From guilt, undaunted walks secure,
FUSCUS, he needs no Moorish arts,
Nor quiver loaded with envenom'd darts;

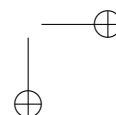
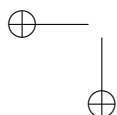
Should he midst raging quicksands stray,
Or take o'er savage *Caucasus* his way,
Or go where fam'd *Hydaspes*' tide
Through-fabled realms is said to glide.

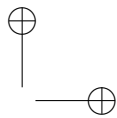
For as in Sabine woods I stray'd,
And sung my LALAGE, "sweet maid!"
A Wolf appear'd, but seiz'd with dread
From me unarm'd directly fled.

No beast of such tremendous size
In wild *Apulia*'s thickets lies,
Nor *Juba*'s land whose arid plain
The Lion's offspring does maintain.

Place me on some ungenial coast
Which ne'er the summer breeze did boast,
The World's dark side, which *Jove* in spite
With fogs and tempests does affright;

Or place me where the sultry sky
Does to mankind abode deny;
I still will love my LALAGE
Who sweetly speaks and smiles on Me.



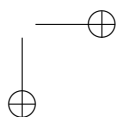
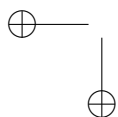


DE WILLOWBY, 1799

(The Gentleman's Magazine)

The man, to every noxious crime unknown,
Who trusts in virtuous innocence alone,
Needs not the Æthiopian's bloody spear;
All dangers he defies, and knows no fear;
Whether o'er snow-clad Caucasus he goes;
Or where the fabulous Hydaspes flows,
And sweetly glides along the verdant lands,
Or o'er the scorching Libya's desert sands.

Late, as I wander'd thro' the Sabine grove,
And sang of Lalage, my only love,
Unarm'd, a wolf I met; he stopt, and view'd,
Then swiftly fled the grove, as if pursed.
No tawny Afric in his woods descries,
A horrid beast of such portentous size,
Ye Gods above, transport me where no trees
Are e'er refreshed by the Summer's breeze;
Where Jove, in pow'r supreme, majestic reigns,
And in his fury rends the verdant plains;
Or where the Sun the languid verdure spoils,
No rustic dwells, nor plenty ever smiles;
Oh, place we there, ye Gods! I ask no more!
I'll there with rapture Lalage adore.



THOMAS DE QUINCEY, 1800

(1785–1859; Writer)

Fuscus! the man whose heart is pure,
Whose life unsullied by offence,
Needs not the jav'lines of the Moor
In his defence.

Should he o'er Lybia's burning sands
Fainting pursue his breathless way,
No bow he'd seek to arm his hands
Against dismay.

Quivers of poisoned shafts he'd scorn,
Nor, though unarmed, would feel a dread
To pass where Caucasus forlorn
Rears his huge head.

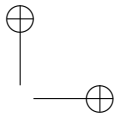
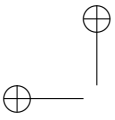
In his own conscious worth secure,
Fearless he'd roam amidst his foes,
Where fabulous Hydaspes pure,
Romantic flows.

For late as in the Sabine wood
Singing my Lalage I strayed,
Unarmed I was, a wolf there stood;
He fled afraid.

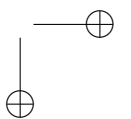
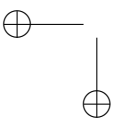
Larger than which one ne'er was seen
In warlike Daunia's beechen groves,
Nor yet in Juba's land, where e'en
The lion roves.

Send me to dreary barren lands
Where never summer zephyrs play,
Where never sun dissolves the bands
Of ice away:

Send me again to scorching realms
Where not one cot affords a seat,
And where no shady pines or elms
Keep off the heat:



In every clime, in every isle,
 Me Lalage shall still rejoice;
I'll think of her enchanting smile
 And of her voice.





LEIGH HUNT, 1801

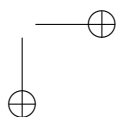
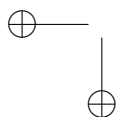
(1784–1859; Poet)

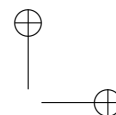
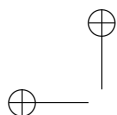
The man, my friend, that in his breast
With ev'ry purer virtue's blest,
Safe in his own approving heart
Needs not the Moor's protecting dart,
Or seeks to bend against the foe
With nervous arm the pliant bow,
Nor o'er his neck throws, proudly great,
The quiver big with pois'nous fate.

Whether on Afric's desert coast,
Mid burning sands his steps are lost;
Or where Caucasian rocks on high
Lift their proud summits to the sky,
Heap'd with inhospitable snow
Pale gleaming o'er the plains below,
Or where the streams romantic glide
Of soft Hydaspe's silver tide.

For, as along the Sabine grove
I sung the beauties of my love,
And, free from care, too distant stray'd
Within its dark embow'ring shade;
The prowling wolf, with blood-shot eye,
Unarm'd, beheld me wand'ring nigh;
And, while I shook in silent dread,
With howls the rav'ning monster fled!

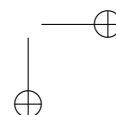
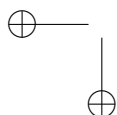
Such, the grim terror of the wood,
Ne'er learnt to lap the trav'ler's blood,
Or from the panting victim tore
The quiv'ring limbs with stifled roar,
Where Daunia's spreading oaks arise
In rugged grandeur to the skies;
Or where the Moorish lion stalks
With monarch pride his arid walks.





O lay me where Sol's gayest child,
Refulgent Summer, never smil'd;
Nor Zephyr's mild refreshing breeze
Fann'd the rich foliage of the trees;
Where ev'ry black portentous cloud
And all the foggy vapours croud,
When angry Jove in noxious air
Extends his arm for vengeance bare;

O lay me where Sol, driving high,
Flames wide along the sultry sky,
No roof, beneath his parching ray,
To soothe the pilgrim's weary way;
Yet, yet will I, nor ask for more,
My lovely Lalage adore;
Her, who each love-wing'd hour beguiles,
As soft she speaks, and sweet she smiles!





JOHN NOTT, 1803

(1751–1825; Physician and Classical Scholar)

Kwow, Fuscus, he whose life is pure,
Whose bosom hides no guilty stain,
Needs not the spear that arms the Moor;
For him his twanging bow is vain,
As vain for him the quiver's store
Of shafts with death envenom'd o'er.

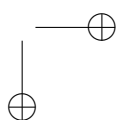
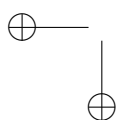
Whether his vent'rous steps may tread
The burning sands of Afric's coast;
Whether to Caucasus they lead,
Where ev'ry human trace is lost;
Or whether to that soil he goes,
Where the much fam'd Hydaspes flows.

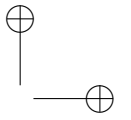
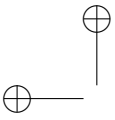
For late as in the Sabine grove
Of Lalage I fondly sung,
And chanc'd beyond its verge to rove,
While far away my cares I flung;
The wolf, I met with wild dismay,
Defenceless saw, yet fled, his prey.

Of all that are in Daunia bred,
No monster could like this be found;
Wide as its beechen forests spread,
For warlike habitants renown'd:
Nor, gender'd on parch'd Juba's plain,
The lions' nurse, could such be seen.

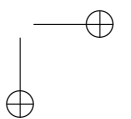
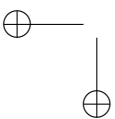
Place me in tracts that never know
The verdant blade, benumb'd with cold,
Where summer breezes never blow,
And bid the trees their leaves unfold;
Or to the world's drear climes remove,
Vext with dark mists and low'ring Jove.

Place me beneath the solar car,
Rolling too near the fervid earth:





Place me in regions distant far;
Where mortals dwell not, nor have birth:
Still Lalage shall prove my choice;
So sweet her smile, so sweet her voice.





RICHARD GRAVES, 1804 (IMITATED)

(*The Invalid*)

The man that leads a sober life,
Obsequious to his careful wife,
Abstains from all high season'd food,
And drinks no more than does him good;

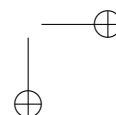
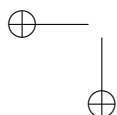
He needs no case of costly drams,
Nor hamper stuff'd with tongues and hams;
Much less the pills that quacks may puff,
Nor *poisonous* draughts of doctor's stuff!

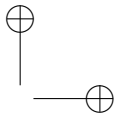
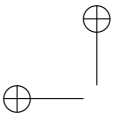
Whether through half-starv'd Trance he goes,
Or traversing th' unmelting snows
That crown the Alps and Appennines,
On frogs and stinking rabbits dines,
Or tempts the Volga's barbarous flood,
Where Tartars feed on horses' blood.

For late, on my return to college,
The seat of Temperance and knowledge,
A spotted fiend with fevers arm'd,
And poisonous breath, the town alarm'd;
No lynx or leopard fiercer ranges
Amongst the Hindoos on the Ganges,
Or haunts the much-fam'd banks of Nile,
Where lurks the treach'rous crocodile.

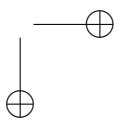
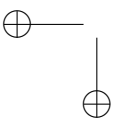
Yet taking Temp'rance to my aid,
Undaunted through close lanes I stray'd,
And brav'd the monster, void of fear –
He found no food for fevers here.

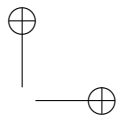
Place me amidst th' eternal frost
That reigns on Lapland's desert coast,
Where not a flower or cheerful green,
Or scarce a cabbage-stem is seen;
But clouds, and fogs, and darkness drear
Obscure and sadden half the year.





Place me beneath the torrid zone,
Where scarce a crazy hut is known,
To Temperance while my vows I pay,
And sing her praise and offspring gay;
Fair Health my cares shall still beguile,
And sweetly prattle, sweetly smile.





ANONYMOUS, 1804

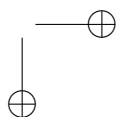
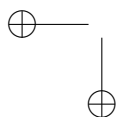
(The Harvard Lyceum)

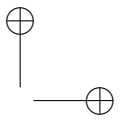
The guiltless life, the unsullied heart,
Need not the dire envenomed dart
 That speeds from Moorish bows,
Whether o'er Caucasus we stray,
O'er torrid Syrtes take our way,
 Or where Hydaspes flows.

For late, when through my Sabine shade,
In careless mood too far I stray'd,
 By gentlest passions charm'd,
And sung of Lalage and love,
A wolf rush'd swiftly from the grove,
 But fled me, though unarm'd.

Such his dread form, portentous size,
None like in martial Daunia lies,
 Where ample forests spread;
None fiercer springs from Juba's land,
Where, nurtur'd in the parching
 The prowling Lion's bred.

Then place me where no Summer breeze
Cheers the dull soil, revives the trees,
 Or in the pathless wilds
Where Phebus darts his fiercest fire;
Still shall my heart the nymph admire,
 Who sweetly speaks, and sweetly smiles.





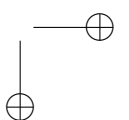
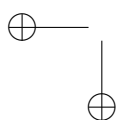
ANONYMOUS, 1809

(The Monthly Anthology)

The man of upright life and heart
Nor needs the Moorish bow nor dart,
Nor poison'd arrows for defence;
His surest shield is innocence;
Whether his vent'rous course he bends
Where dreary Caucasus ascends,
Or where the quicksand heaves its tides,
Or fabulous Hydaspes glides.

From me, amid the Sabine wood
Defenceless lost in careless mood,
While charming Lalage I sung,
A savage wolf in terror sprung.
So fell a monster never roves
Through martial Daunia's beechen groves;
Nor yet o'er Juba's scorched plains,
Where, nurs'd in blood, the lion reigns.

Place me, where ne'er the leafless trees
Revive with summer's genial breeze,
Mid polar skies, and storms of snow,
Still, warm'd with love, my heart shall glow;
Or place me, where with furious blaze
The sun pours vertical his rays;
Though all around me faints with heat,
With love my pulse shall vig'rous beat,
If thou, my Lalage, the while
But sweetly speak, and sweetly smile.





ANONYMOUS, 1810

(The Monthly Anthology)

The man, my friend, whose life is pure,
Whose soul no conscious crime alarms,
Needs not the javelins of the Moor,
Nor quivers fill'd with poisoned arms.

Though fore'd to roam o'er Africk's sands,
Or Caucasus' eternal snows,
Or 'mid those drear and barb'rous lands,
Where the far-fam'd Hydaspes flows.

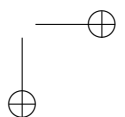
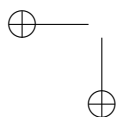
For late, while in the Sabine grove,
Singing my Lalage, I stray'd,
Devoid of ev'ry care but love,
A horrid wolf, me helpless, fled;

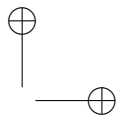
O'er warlike Daunia's desert land,
No monster more terrifick prowls,
Nor arid Juba's savage strand,
Where the hyaena hideous howls.

Place me where no soft zephyr blows,
Nor ever bloom the sterile plains,
In regions of primeval snows,
Where cheerless winter ever reigns;

Or place me 'neath those torrid skies,
Where winter's blasts are never known,
Where nature's self exhausted dies,
Beneath a ceaseless summer's sun;

Where'er by fate I'm doom'd to rove,
I'll sing my Lalage the while;
Her matchless charms I'll ever love,
Her dulcet voice and angel smile.

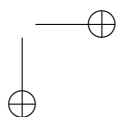
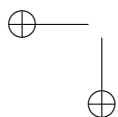




JAMES FLINT, 1811

(Verses on Many Occasions)

The man upright and pure in heart,
 Whose life no stain nor blemish knows,
Nor needs the Moorish spear nor dart,
 Nor poisoned shaft where'er he goes;
O'er desert sands 'mid summer's blaze,
 Or Caucasus of clime severe,
Or where the famed Hydaspes strays,
 And rolls in gold his current clear.
For late, a wolf, as free of care,
 Far in the Sabine woods I strayed
And sung of Lalage, my fair,
 Saw me unarmed, and fled, afraid.
Yet not a fiercer monster roves,
 Of feller rage, unwont to spare,
In Daunia's woods, or Afric's groves,
 Though lions whelp and wander there.
Then be my lot to rest or roam,
 Far in the dreariest track of earth,
In sterile realms, where nature's bloom
 Expires with constant cold or dearth;
Where ne'er a breeze refreshing strays,
 Nor woodlands wave their branches green,
Where lowering clouds and joyless days
 In gloom forever wrap the scene;
Or where, beneath the burning sun,
 No cheerful haunts of man appear,
So near his flaming coursers run,
 His glowing chariot rolls so near;
Love my companion still shall be,
 And all my wandering steps beguile, –
In fancy still my Lalage
 Shall sweetly speak and sweetly smile.





JOHN MARRIOTT, 1812

(1762–97)

Armed with a conscience void of guilty tumults,
He, that undaunted innocence relies on,
Needs not, my friend, bow, javelin, or arrows
Mortal with poison:

Whether o'er Lybia's desert sands he wander,
Or the bleak hills, where never-melting snows reign,
Or the famed realms, where fabulous Hydaspes
His rapid wave pours.

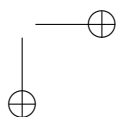
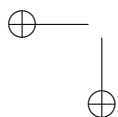
Me, in the woods, from busy cares abstracted,
Musing intent on Lalage, a wolf saw,
Saw, and yet struck with sudden trepidation,
Fled me defenceless:

Such a dire beast, not military Daunia
E'er could produce through all her spreading forests,
Nor the parched realms of torrid Mauritania,
Nursery of lions!

Place me in lands, where never genial zephyr
Warms the chill groves with vegetative impulse,
Climates where clouds and ever-lowering tempests,
Blacken the horizon;

Place me in wild, uninhabitable deserts,
Regions beneath the rapid car of Phœbus,
O'er the wide waste intolerable ardour
Darting resistless;

Still shall the nymph alleviate my sufferings,
With an unchanged, inviolate affection,
Still shall I love my Lalage, sweet smiling,
Sweetly conversing.





THOMAS MOORE, 1812 (IMITATED)

(1779–1852; Irish Writer and Poet)

The man who keeps a conscience pure,
 (If not his own, at least his Prince's,)
Through toil and danger walks secure,
 Looks big and black, and never winces.

No want has he of sword or dagger,
 Cock'd hat or ringlets of Geramb;
Though Peers may laugh, and Papists swagger,
 He doesn't care one single d-mn.

Whether midst Irish chairmen going,
 Or through St Giles's alleys dim,
'Mid drunken Sheelahs, blasting, blowing,
 No matter, 'tis all one to him.

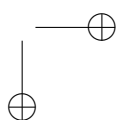
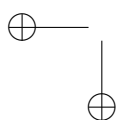
For instance, I, one evening late,
 Upon a gay vacation sally,
Singing the praise of Church and State,
 Got (Gods know how) to Cranbourne Alley.

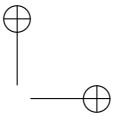
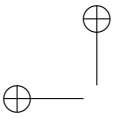
When lo! an Irish Papist darted
 Across my path, gaunt, grim, and big –
I did but frown, and off he started,
 Scar'd at me, even without my wig.

Yet a more fierce and raw-bon'd dog
 Goes not to mass in Dublin City,
Nor shakes his brogue o'er Allen's Bog,
 Nor spouts in Catholic Committee.

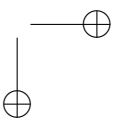
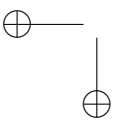
Oh! place me midst O'Rourkes, O'Tooles,
 The ragged royal-blood of Tara;
Or place me where Dick M-rt-n rules
 The houseless wilds of Connemara;

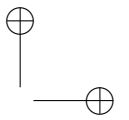
Of Church and State I'll warble still
 Though ev'n Dick M-rt-n's self should grumble;
Sweet Church and State, like Jack and Jill,





So lovingly upon a hill –
Ah! ne'er like Jack and Jill to tumble!

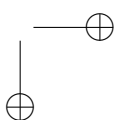
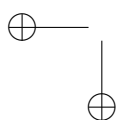


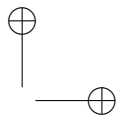


JAMES SMITH AND HORATIO SMITH, 1813 (IMITATED)

(JS 1775–1839, HS 1779–1849; *Horace in London*)

The pauper poet, pure in zeal,
Who aims the Muse's crown to steal,
Need steal no crown of baser sort,
To buy a goose, or pay for port.
He needs not Fortune's poison'd source,
Nor guard the House of Commons yields,
Whether by Newgate lie his course,
The Fleet, King's Bench, or Cold Bath Fields,
For I, whom late, *impransus*, walking,
The Muse beyond the verge had led;
Beheld a huge bumbailiff stalking,
Who star'd, but touch'd me not, and fled!
A bailiff, black and big like him,
So scowling, desperate, and grim,
No lock-up house, the gloomy den
Of all the tribe shall breed again.
Place me beyond the verge afar,
Where alleys blind the light debar,
Or bid me fascinated lie
Beneath the creeping catchpole's eye;
Place me where spunging houses round
Attest that bail is never found;
Where poets starve who write for bread,
And writs are more than poems read;
Still will I quaff the Muse's spring,
In reason's spite a rhyming sinner,
I'll sometimes for a supper sing,
And sometimes whistle for a dinner.





EDWARD HOVELL-THURLOW, 1813

(1781–1829; Poet)

The pure of life, and free from ill,
Wants not the Moorish dart to kill;
Nor, innocent, O Fuscus, needs
The quiver, stuff'd with poison'd reeds:

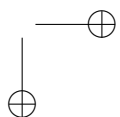
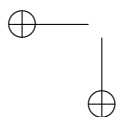
Whether o'er Syrtes' burning sands,
Or o'er th' inhospitable lands
Of Caucasus about to go,
Or where Hydaspes' stream doth flow:

For me a wolf, i' th' Sabine shade,
Whilst to my Lalage I play'd,
And, thoughtless, o'er my bounds had gone,
Fled, as unarm'd I wander'd on:

Not military Daunia yet
So vast a monster could beget;
Nor Juba's Mauritania feed,
The thirsty land, where lions breed.

Place me in hopeless regions, where
No tree is nurs'd i' th' Summer's air;
A portion of the World, which storm,
And angry Jupiter deform:

Place me beneath the burning car
Of Phoebus, where no houses are:
Yet shall my theme, and passion be,
Soft speaking, smiling Lalage!





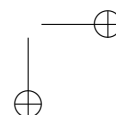
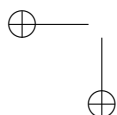
FRANCIS WRANGHAM, 1821

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

He, who from stain of crime is free,
Nor bow nor Moorish lance needs he;
Self-guarded, without venom'd hoard
Of shafts in crowded quiver stored:
Whether 'mid heaving quicksands tost
He skirt far Afric's faithless coast,
Or traverse barbarous Kaf, or stray
Where famed Hydaspes' waters play.

 Me all unarm'd in Sabine grove,
Singing of Lalage my love,
As rapt in tenderest thought I stray'd
Beyond safe bound, a wolf survey'd –
And fled! Such portent Daunia ne'er
Rear'd in her deepest roughest lair;
Nor Lybia, nurse of lions gaunt,
Bred e'er more deadly visitant!

 Place me, where no soft summer-breeze
The soil unbinds, or waves the trees;
Where murkiest clouds and fiercest storm
With ceaseless strife the heavens deform:
Place me, where not a roof can rise,
So neighbouring Phoebus fires the skies –
Thy cheek of smiles, sweet Lalage,
Thy lip of love, my joy shall be.





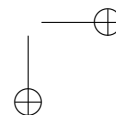
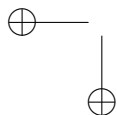
GEORGE W. DOANE, 1824

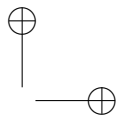
(1799–1859; American Churchman and Educator)

The man, my friend, whose hands are pure,
Needs not the shaft of tawny Moor;
Nor, arm'd with innocence of heart,
Asks he the bow or venom'd dart.
His way may lie o'er sandy plains,
'Mid hills where desolation reigns,
By fabled stream, or haunted grot,
Secure in all, he needs them not.

For me, as, musing, late I stray'd
In yonder Sabine forest's shade,
And, casting to the winds all care,
Thought but of Lalagé my fair,
A wolf – such horrid portent roves
Not all Apulia's warlike groves;
Not such fierce Mauritania's coast,
Dry-nurse of monsters, e'er could boast –
Lone as I was, and quite unarm'd,
Took flight, and left me all unharm'd.

Place me henceforth 'mid polar fields,
Where earth no vegetation yields –
'Neath cloud-wrapt skies, where not a breeze
Wafts health and fragrance through the trees –
Or where the tropic's ceaseless blaze
Blasts all that basks beneath its rays;
I'll fear no ill – but think the while
Of Lalagé's bewitching smile;
Dear to my heart she still shall be,
My sweetly-speaking Lalagé.





ANONYMOUS, 1824

(The Odes of Horace)

The man whose soul with honour glows,
Strong in a conscience free from crime,
Needs not the poisoned dart, or bows
Worn in Morocco's sultry clime;

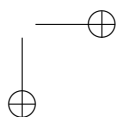
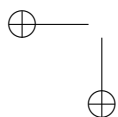
Though he, lone pilgrim, should advance
O'er Caucasus and Afric's sands,
Or where the stream of wild romance,
Hydaspes, strays through eastern lands.

For while of Lalage the fair
In forest shade I careless sung,
A wolf which prowled with savage glare,
Back to its den in terror sprung.

'T was fierce as they which break the rest
Of Daunia's solitariness,
Or wildly bound with shaggy breast
Over the Lybian wilderness.

O though I wandered, weary, where
Not one warm breeze of heaven goes over
Eternal snows, and morning ne'er
Shines on the clouds which o'er them hover;

Or in that land, untrod by men,
O'er which the sun's bright coursers toil,
My Lalage I'd love, even then,
So soft her voice, so sweet her smile.





ANONYMOUS, 1825 (IMITATED)

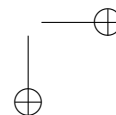
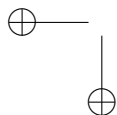
(*Letters 1816–1828*, James Madison; Letter to Jacob Engelbrecht, Oct. 20, 1825)

Whose life is upright, innocent, and harmless,
Needs not a Bartram arm himself with weapons;
Useless to him, the sword, the venom'd shaft, or
Murderous musket.

Thus, when thou'rt journeying towards wild Onondago
O'er pathless mountains, Nature's works exploring,
Or thro' vast plains where rolls his mighty waters,
Famed Mississippi,

Should the fierce she Bear, or the famished Wildcat,
Or yet more fierce and wild, the savage Indian,
Meet thee, God praising, and his works adoring,
Instant they'd fly thee.

Tho' now to piercing frosts, now scorching sunbeams,
Now to unwholsome fogs, tho' thou'rt exposed,
Thy Guardian Angel, Innocence, shall keep thee
Safe from danger.





W. C. D., 1825

(Zoné and Other Poems)

Fuscus, the man whom virtue guides,
In whose pure heart no guilt resides,
Breathes not a slave to fear.
He needs not weapons of the moor,
His quiver with its poison'd store,
Nor e'en his pointed spear.

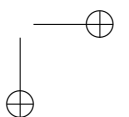
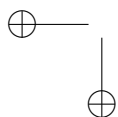
Whether his wand'ring footsteps dare
To tread on burning sands, or where
Inhospitable snows
The rugged Caucasus lifts high
On hoary summits to the sky,
Or fam'd Hydaspes flows.

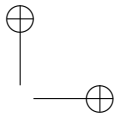
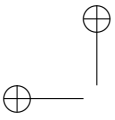
For once, as day began to fade,
Beneath Sabina's gloomy shade,
I sang fair Julia's charms;
A gaunt wolf in the wild wood lay,
But, howling, fled from me away,
Though destitute of arms.

Like him, no savage monster roves
Through warlike Daunia's sylvan groves,
Or scours her desert plains.
Like him, on Afric's northern shore,
Where wave the banners of the Moor,
No monarch lion reigns.

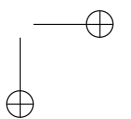
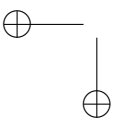
Place me where, o'er the barren trees
No spicy gale, no summer breeze,
Refreshing, ever blew.
Where angry Jove his thunder hurls,
Where the dense vapour-cloud unfurls
Its veil of blist'ring dew.

Place me where glaring Phœbus leads
O'er sultry climes his flaming steeds,





Where frowns the desert isle.
Yet love shall still my joys prolong,
Shall hang on Julia's syren song,
And Julia's angel smile.





JOHN SCOONES, 1826

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

The man, my valued friend, whose soul
Owns steadfast honour's strict control
 Guiltless in act and thought;
Nor needs stern Parthia's archer-craft,
The Moor's dread lance, nor murderous shaft
 With mortal venom fraught.

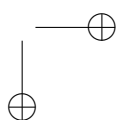
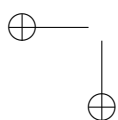
Whether he tempt the whirlpool deep,
Or climb the high Caucasian steep,
 Girt with eternal snows;
Or wandering seek that vision'd strand,
Where, bank'd with gems, o'er silver sand
 Hydaspes foaming flows.

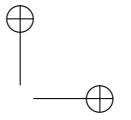
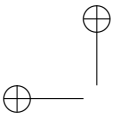
For, lo! when late by joy and love
Amid the sweet and Sabine grove
 My careless steps were led,
Up bristling from his noonday lair,
A furious wolf with felon glare
 Approach'd – then startling fled.

Ne'er from the wild and sweeping glades
Of warlike Daunia's forest shades
 A deadlier savage stood;
Not such the land of Juba breeds,
That dry and desert nurse, that feeds
 The lion's lordly brood.

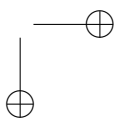
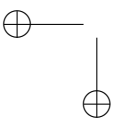
For me! – though borne o'er sullen wild,
Where never flower or blossom smiled
 Beneath reviving May;
Where settled cloud, or howling storm,
Or fiercer tropic suns deform
 The drooping face of day.

Homeless and houseless let me rove,
Still shall my latest lay of love





To Jessy's name be given;
On each soft charm my verse shall dwell
Her voice – sweet music's silvery swell,
Her look – the smile of heaven.





JOHN TAYLOR, 1827

(Poems)

The man whose life is just and pure,
Needs not the jav'lin of the Moor,
 His quiver, bow, and poison'd dart;
Confirm'd in conscious truth he goes,
Unarm'd, yet not in fear of foes,
 His best defence an honest heart.

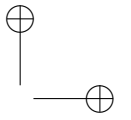
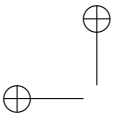
Whether his toilsome course he bend
Where Syrtes' sultry wastes extend,
 As Phœbus pours his scorching rays;
Whether the dreary heights along
Of Caucasus, or, fam'd in song,
 Where bright Hydaspes' current strays.

For lately, as in careless mood,
I wander'd o'er the Sabine wood,
 And rais'd my voice in DELIA'S praise,
A furious wolf soon rush'd in view,
And though I stood unarm'd he flew,
 As struck at once with dread amaze.

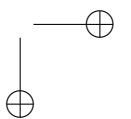
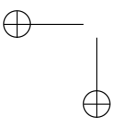
Sure ne'er a wilder monster stray'd
Through warlike Daunia's ample shade,
 Where all the fiercer kind abound;
Sure ne'er a direr roam'd the plain
Of swarthy Juba's wide domain,
 For nursing lions long renown'd.

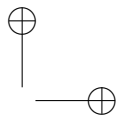
Place me in climes remote and drear,
Where sullen clouds o'erhang the year,
 Such mighty JOVE'S severe decree!
Climes only mark'd by Nature's woe,
Where no enliv'ning breezes blow,
 But blighting winds on evry tree.

Place me so near the radiant way,
Where flames the glorious lord of day,



That man no habitation seeks;
Yet should I live delighted there,
Could I possess my fav'rite fair,
Who sweetly smiles and sweetly speaks.





J. W. J., 1827

(Lady's Monthly Museum)

The man whose mind from guilt is pure,
From every danger is secure,
Nor needs the arrow of the Moor
 To guard him.

Whether through sultry climes he goes,
Or Caucäsus, o'ercast with snows,
Not there inhospitable foes
 Retard him.

For lately, as in amorous lay,
I sung my charming Lalage,
Wandering beyond my usual way,
 Unthinking.

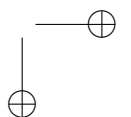
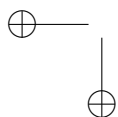
A wolf upspringing, teared his head,
Sure ne'er in Daunian's woods was bred,
Fiercer, yet me unarmed he fled
 And shrinking.

Oh! place me in those arid plains,
Where never fall the genial rains,
That land which neither tree sustains
 Nor flowers.

Or take me to the farthest pole,
Where gloomy clouds for ever roll,
And winter chills the drooping soul,
 And showers.

Or scorched by solar heat and broiling,
Or from the piercing blast recoiling,
I'll sing my nymph so sweetly smiling,
 And own her sway.

In every soil, in every clime,
I'll sing thee to the end of time,
Or while I have the power to rhyme,
 My Lalage.





CHARLES WEST THOMSON, 1828

(1798–1879; American Poet and Episcopal Priest)

The man, who walks in Virtue's path,
And never knows the burning wrath
 Of conscience in his breast,
Needs not the aid of bow nor dart,
Nor poisoned shaft, to guard a heart
 That feels itself at rest.

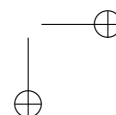
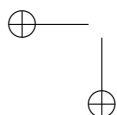
Nay – though on Lybia's scorching sand,
Or frosty Caucasus he stand,
 Where snows on snows are thrown –
Or where the famed Hydaspes flows,
A proud security he knows,
 Which vice can never own.

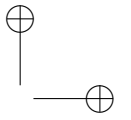
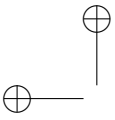
But late, while thus to Lallia playing,
Too deep into the forest straying,
 A ravenous wolf came by –
More fierce than those Apulia yields,
Or those that range Numidian fields,
 Where herds of lions lie.

A beast so hideous and so grim,
'Twas fearful e'en to look on him –
 Yet, though unarmed I stood,
He made no offer to come near,
But, as attacked by sudden fear,
 Fled back into the wood. –

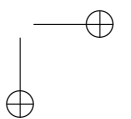
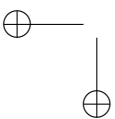
Dismiss me to a land of snow,
Where kindly zephyrs never blow,
 And trees no foliage bear, –
Where fogs on fogs perpetual rise,
And Jove, from black and angry skies,
 Ne'er breathes one wholesome air.

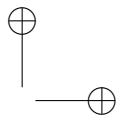
Place me beneath the torrid zone,
Where never habitant was known,





The wandering wretch to greet,
Yet still my Lallia's charming smile
And angel tongue will there beguile,
And make the desert sweet.

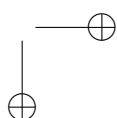
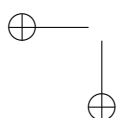




WILLIAM SMART, 1830

(Horace Literally Translated)

Fuscus, he who hath integrity of life, and is clear of wickedness, needs not Moorish javelins nor bow, nor a quiver laden with poisoned arrows; whether about to make his way through the burning sands, or through inhospitable Caucasus, or the places which romanceful Hydaspes washes. For in the Sabine wood a wolf fled me, though unarmed, while I sing my Lalage, and wander beyond my bound void of care – a monster, such as neither warlike Apulia feeds in its wide woods, nor the land of Juba, the dry nurse of lions, breeds. Place me in those barren plains where no tree is refreshed by a genial breeze, at the part of the world which clouds, and an inclement atmosphere infest; place me under the chariot of the too neighbouring sun, in a land deprived of habitations – *yet* will I love sweetly-smiling, sweetly-speaking Lalage.





CHARLES L. S. JONES, 1834

(American Lyrics)

The man of worth and probity,
Free from all crime, from folly free,
With peaceful breast, wherever he
 May chance to roam.

The Moorish lance, or bow, or dart,
Or arrow, with its poison'd smart
Needs not; for he, in every heart,
 Will find a home.

Whether o'er Afric's burning sands,
Or more inhospitable lands,
Or where Hydaspes's stream demands
 The Poet's strain;

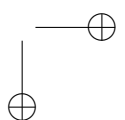
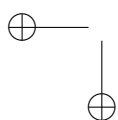
Nor torrid heat, nor burning sand,
Nor more inhospitable land,
Shall, from his upright breast, demand
 A moment's pain.

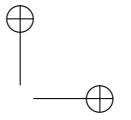
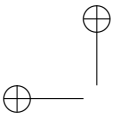
For whilst, within the Sabine grove,
Of Lalage soft I sang and love,
And rapt, in thoughts of her, did rove
 Beyond my bound;

A ravenous wolf my pathway fled,
Such as Apulia never bred,
In all her caves, nor Juba, dread
 Of born and hound.

Place me within those sterile fields,
Where the burnt air no moisture yields,
Nor herbage grows, nor foliage shields
 The languid frame;

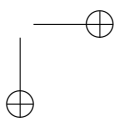
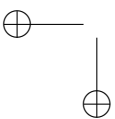
Where clouds and storms obscure the air;
Where whirlwinds urge destroying war;
And thunders roll and lightnings glare
 With lurid flame:

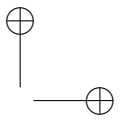




Place me beneath the torrid ray
Of the bright chariot of the day,
Approach'd too near; and, I will say,
I'm blest the while,

If lovely Lalage be but near.
That lot, how blest, that lot, how dear,
My Lalage soft to see and hear
Sweetly speak and smile!





W. H. CHARLTON, 1834

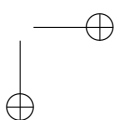
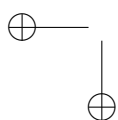
(Poems)

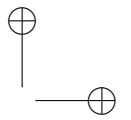
The just in life, the pure in heart,
Nor Moorish bow, nor Moorish dart,
Nor quiver, with envenom'd art
 Prepar'd, for safety needs:
Through Lybian wilds secure he goes;
O'er southern sands, or northern snows,
Or where the fam'd Hydaspes flows,
 With dauntless step proceeds.

For wand'ring late the woods among,
As gentle Lalage I sung,
Before me, from the thicket sprung
 A wolf. He scowl'd, and fled!
Ne'er, in Apulia's beechen shade,
So fierce a form the eye survey'd,
Nor e'er through Afric's deserts stray'd
 A beast so gaunt and dread.

Thus with a heart and conscience clear,
And gentle Lalage to cheer
The Muse's song, I will not fear
 Through all the world to stray:
Place me unfriended and alone
Within the bright and burning zone,
Where scarce a human haunt is known
 To cheer the trackless way:

Or lead me to those wintry plains,
Where sullen desolation reigns;
Nor gentle gales, nor tuneful strains
 The season's rage beguiles:
There, where no cheerful sunbeam breaks,
Whose dreary tracks no mortal seeks,
I'll love the maid who sweetly speaks –
 The maid who sweetly smiles.





THOMAS BOURNE, 1836

(The Maid of Skiddaw)

The man, whose breast is pure within,
Needs not, whilst free from fraudulent arts,
The Moorish bow or javelin,
Or quiver, filled with poison'd darts.

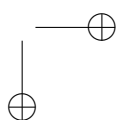
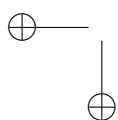
Whether he treads parch'd Libya's sands,
Or desert Caucasus he braves,
Or, where, in wild and distant lands,
Hydaspes rolls its fabled waves.

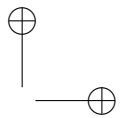
For, whilst sweet Lalage I sung,
As through the woods I wander'd free,
Swift from the gloom a fierce wolf sprung,
Yet though unarm'd, he fled from me.

From warlike Daunia's beechen groves,
No beast so monstrous e'er proceeds,
Nor Afric, where the lion roves,
And in the burning desert breeds.

O place me in those barren plains,
Where summer's breath ne'er warms the tree,
Where angry Jove sheds chilling rains,
And all is dark inclemency;

Mid desert sands, where, fierce above
Sol roll his car so rapidly,
My soft-voiced maid I still would love,
My sweetly-smiling Lalage!



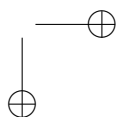
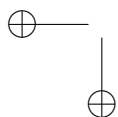


BENJAMIN ROBERT WHEATLEY, 1838

(1818–84; Bibliographer)

He that is pure of life, and void of ill,
Needs not the dart, nor wants the bowman's skill,
Whether through burning deserts he may haste,
Or turn his steps upon the rocky waste:
Or seeks, retreating from the mid-day's glow,
The spots where dull Hydaspes'-streamlets flow:
For as I wandered musing on my way,
And sang my love, my beauteous Lalage,
A horrid wolf in haste my footsteps fled,
Left me unhurt, and couched his coward head,
(A mightier monster than fierce Daunia's land
Has e'er begotten on its beechen strand.)

Or place me where no green and budding trees
Wave their light branches in the vernal breeze;
Or in the land too near the glowing sun,
Which mortals for their habitations shun;
There will I love my smiling Lalage,
There will I sing her praises all the day.

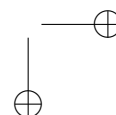
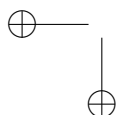


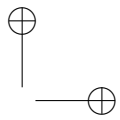


PATRICK BRANWELL BRONTË, 1840

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

The man, my Friend, of fearless brow,
 And life of honest deeds,
Nor Moorish dart, nor martial bow,
 Nor poisoned arrow needs:
Whether he walk through burning sands;
 Or Scythia's savage shores;
Or, where its waves through unknown lands
 The famed Hydaspes pours:
For while a pathway, through the grove
 My careless footsteps led,
As, far from home, I sang my love,
 A Wolf, that saw me, fled:
Sure, such a beast Apulia's wood
 Had never nursed before;
Nor, – famous for its Lion brood –
 Wild Afric's burning shore.
But, place me 'mid a sterile wild
 Where tree could never grow;
Where stormy clouds are ever piled,
 And tempests ever blow;
Or place me 'mid the burning heat
 Of far unpeopled isles;
I still will sing Lalage – sweet,
 Whene'er she speaks or smiles!





FRANCIS WOLFERSTAN, 1840

(Eight Odes of Horace)

Who knows not guilt, Aristius, need not bear
The Moorish javelin; nor a quiver wear,
With poisoned arrows filled; nor aught prepare
Impending danger craves;

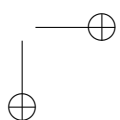
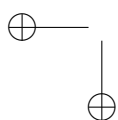
Whether he pass o'er Syrtes' heated sand,
Or climb rude Caucasus; or Fate command
His weary steps to seek that distant land
The famed Hydaspes laves.

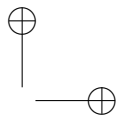
For, straying, late, along my Sabine Wood,
Singing my Lalage; in thoughtless mood
Its bounds I passed; when in my pathway stood
A wolf – and I unarmed.

Not warlike Daunia in its forests fed;
Not parched Numidia, nurse of lions, bred
A monster so terrific – yet he fled,
As if by me alarmed.

Place me on plains, all desolate and bare,
Where never tree was fanned by balmy air,
But chill and baleful vapours ceaseless there
Pervade the region drear;

Or in some spot, beneath a burning sky,
Where never man abode – yet there will I
My Lalage's sweet smile still picture nigh,
Still her sweet accents hear.





ROBERT NEEDHAM CUST, 1841

(1821–1909; Administrator and Judge in India)

He, who is pure in thought and deed,
Of Moorish javelin has no need,
 No need of Scythian bow:
An easy heart, an upright mind,
A surer safeguard you will find,
 My friend, where'er you go,

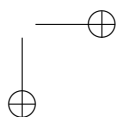
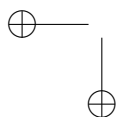
Whether you tempt the stormy deep,
Where the tempestuous billows sweep
 Round Syrtes' dangerous shoals;
Climb haughty Caucasus, or stray
Where, sung in many an ancient lay,
 The famed Hydaspes rolls:

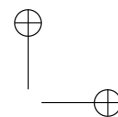
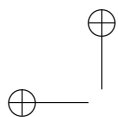
For whilst I through the Sabine grove
Unconscious wandered, whilst of love,
 Of Lalage, I sang,
From the dark thickets of the wood,
Although alone, unarmed I stood,
 A wild wolf from me sprang.

No such escape from sylvan foe
(As Daunia's warlike children know)
 In their beech-groves befell;
Nor can the Libyan deserts, where
The lion holds his secret lair,
 So dire a portent tell.

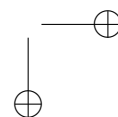
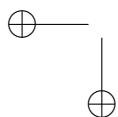
Oh! place me where no verdant trees
Invite the Zephyr's genial breeze
 Through the green leaves to blow;
Oh! bear me to those horrid plains,
Where darkness atmospheric reigns,
 And Winter's lasting snow;

Or place me 'neath the torrid Zone
In trackless climes of waste, alone,





Where mortals dare not dwell:
Still from my lips one name shall spring;
Her sweetly-speaking will I sing,
And sweetly-smiling tell.

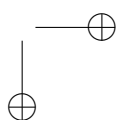
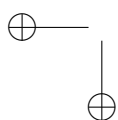


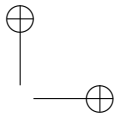
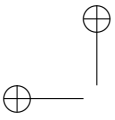


JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, 1841 (IMITATED)

(1767–1848; 6th President of the United States)

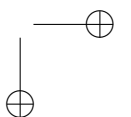
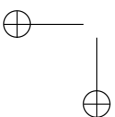
The man in righteousness array'd,
A pure and blameless liver,
Needs not the keen Toledo blade,
Nor venom-freighted quiver.
What though he wind his toilsome way
O'er regions wild and weary –
Through Zara's burning desert stray;
Or Asia's jungles dreary:
What though he plough the billowy deep
By lunar light, or solar,
Meet the resistless Simoon's sweep,
Or iceberg circumpolar.
In bog or quagmire deep and dank,
His foot shall never settle;
He mounts the summit of Mont Blanc,
Or Popocatapetl.
On Chimborazo's breathless height,
He treads o'er burning lava;
Or snuff the Bohan Upas blight,
The deathful plant of Java.
Through every peril he shall pass,
By Virtue's shield protected;
And still by Truth's unerring glass
His path shall be directed.
Else wherefore was it, Thursday last,
While strolling down the valley
Defenceless, musing as I pass'd
A canzonet to Sally;
A wolf, with mouth protruding snout,
Forth from the thicket bounded –
I clapped my hands and raised a shout –
He heard – and fled – confounded.

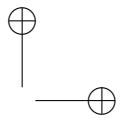
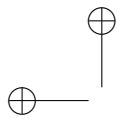




Tangier nor Tunis never bred
 An animal more crabbed;
Nor Fez, dry nurse of lions, fed
 A monster half so rabid.
Nor Ararat so fierce a beast
 Has seen, since days of Noah;
Nor strong, more eager for a feast,
 The fell constrictor boa.

Oh! place me where the solar beam
 Has scorch'd all verdure vernal;
Or on the polar verge extreme,
 Block'd up with ice eternal –
Still shall my voice's tender lays
 Of love remain unbroken;
And still my charming Sally praise,
 Sweet smiling and sweet spoken.





LAUGHTON OSBORN, 1841 (PARAPHRASED)

(1809–78; American Poet and Playwright)

He that acts wisely, wronging nothing living,
Needs not the pistol of W—BB, nor the rifle,
Nor the broad-bladed dagger of the Southron,
 Nam'd after BOWIE;

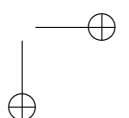
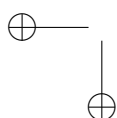
Though through the wilds of FLORIDA he journey,
Or on the desert billows of the Prairies,
Or where his deep tide rolls the Mississippi,
 Father of waters.

For in the groves of S—NS at HOBOKEN,
While on a rock I meditate my CHLORIS,
A dog H—LE himself had driven from his house-door,
 Fled me, though caneless:

Such a huge beast as never yet NEWFOUNDLAND
Litter'd in fogs, nor yet the Great St. Bernard,
Where unceasing winter heaps round the Hospice
 Snows never melted.

Place me in the Alpine barrens of the reindeer,
Where the swart carl sleeps naked 'neath his sheepskin,
Shines not the sun for weeks, and Heaven's thunder
 Rolls in midwinter;

Place me in sands where pants the long-breath'd camel,
Where for whole days no shrub is seen nor fountain,
Still will I love my CHLORIS' spoken music,
 And her laugh's dimples.



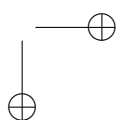
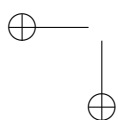


JAMES USHER, 1842

(Buonaparteé, The Royal Exchange, Odes of Horace)

Fuscus, the man of heart sincere
Towards gods and men, no harm need fear.
Nor bow, nor Moorish jav'lin needs,
Nor quiver charged with poison'd reeds:
Of syrtes, though the sultry space,
Or wilds of Caucasus to trace,
Or seats, where fam'd Hydaspes pours,
Refreshing waters on the shores.

For, singing lately, void of care,
Of Lalage, kind-hearted fair,
A wolf from out the Sabine wood,
Fled from me, though unarm'd I stood;
So fierce a monster ne'er the brakes
Apulian, or of Juba, wakes:
Dry-nurse of lions – place me where
No tree, refresh'd by genial air
Shades barren plains, or, chaos hurl'd,
Clouds and crude vapours chill the world,
Or place me in the region sere
'Neath the Sun's chariot fierce too near,
The land unfit for human seat,
“Dear Lalage,” I'll there repeat,
The lass on me that sweetly smiles,
And sweetly speaking, care beguiles.





CHARLES RANN KENNEDY, 1843

(1808–67; Lawyer and Classicist)

The pure of heart and free from sin,
Fuscus, nor bow nor javelin
Shall need, nor, like the Moor,
His quiver with envenom'd shafts to store:

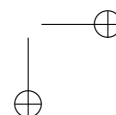
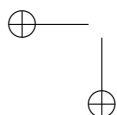
Whether he seek unscath'd to pass
Inhospitable Caucasus,
Or over Syrtes' shoals,
Or where his storied stream Hydaspes rolls.

For late, as in the Sabine glade
Careless and far from home I stray'd,
Singing dear Lalage,
Scared at my sight unarm'd, a wolf did flee:

Monster; whose like nor Daunian woods
Rear in their trackless solitudes,
Nor fell Numidia's plains,
Where nurst on burning sand the lion reigns.

Oh, place me where no summer breeze
Cheers with its breath the lifeless trees,
No genial sunbeams clear
A vapoury and oppressive atmosphere;

Place me where heaven with torrid skies
To man a dwelling-place denies;
Still will I think of thee,
Of thy sweet voice and smile, my Lalage.





JOHN SCRIVEN, 1843

(The Odes of Horace)

Fuscus, the good – the pure – with brow
Unstain'd by crime – nor needs the bow,
Nor Moorish dart; – nor bears the weight
Of quiver with its poison'd freight;

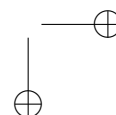
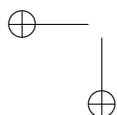
Whether through Syrtes' heat he tread,
Or Caucasus – the stranger's dread –
Or to those shores he wend his way,
Where fam'd Hydaspes' waters stray.

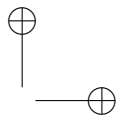
From me a wolf, in Sabine grove,
While singing Lalage, and love,
– Careless – beyond my boundary led –
Though all unarm'd, in terror fled.

No such portentous monster roves
In warlike Daunia's beechen groves,
Neither in Juba's arid earth,
Which gives the savage lion birth.

Place me in barren regions, where
No tree invites the genial air;
There in the world's remotest side,
Where clouds, and noxious winds preside;

Place me too near Apollo's car,
– From human habitations far –
E'en there my Lalage beguiles,
Who sweetly talks – and sweetly smiles.





THOMAS D'OYLY, 1843

(Poems)

Fuscus, he that's pure of heart,
Needs not Moorish bow or dart,
Nor the sounding quiver's pride,
Stored with shafts in venom dyed.

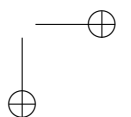
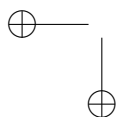
Safe were he, though far from home
He should cleave the Syrtes' foam,
Should he Caucasus explore,
Or Hydaspes' fabled shore.

Wand'ring once, exempt from care,
Singing Lalage the fair,
Me, unarm'd, a wolf has fled,
Speeding by with rapid tread.

Even Daunia's warlike coast
No such wonder ere can boast;
Nor great Juba's native land,
The lion's nurse of arid sand.

Place me where no summer breeze
E'er can reach the frozen trees,
On those gloomy shores, that Heaven
Has to clouds and vapours given.

Place me 'neath the glowing car
Of Sol, no longer seen afar,
Sweetly smiling, I shall see,
Sweetly talking, Lalage.





JOHN PEAT, 1845

(Sapphic Odes of Horace)

Fuscus! the man devoid of crime
Needs no defence at any time,
But, pure, may roam in every clime,
 From danger free;

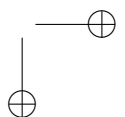
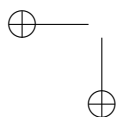
Whether his journey lies through lands
Infested by Caucasian bands,
Or over Afric's shifting sands,
 Safe shall he be.

For, lately, in the Sabine grove,
Where I was musing of my love,
Rambling, unarm'd, all cares above,
 O'er lengthen'd space;

A monstrous wolf, of lion size,
Large as e'er seen by Daunian eyes,
Or Libya's arid waste supplies,
 Fled from my face!

Place me in lands devoid of trees,
All unrefresh'd by summer breeze,
Where chilling colds incessant freeze, –
 I'll sing my fair;

Place me within the Torrid Zone,
Where hearths domestic never shone,
Still, smiling Lalage alone
 Shall soothe my care.





EUGENE LIÉS, 1846

(The Preludes: A collection of Poems)

No, Fuscus, no – protected by a heart
Virgin of crime, nor bow, nor moorish dart,
Nor quiver full of deadly poison'd reeds,
 The steady friend of Virtue needs,

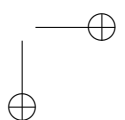
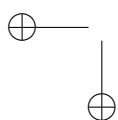
Whether his path through Syrte's sands he seeks,
Or Caucasus' inhospitable peaks,
Or in that land of vision and of dream,
 Where flows Hydaspes' wooing stream.

For – as, with songs of Lalage and love,
Careless, I wander'd in the Sabine grove
Too far – I met a wolf, who, at my sight,
 Defenceless as I was, took flight.

Such prodigy ne'er Daunia's warlike land
In her wild forests fed; ne'er did the sand
Of lion-breeding Africa beget
 The equal of that monster yet.

Place me in lifeless regions, where no trees
With waving umbrage woo the summer breeze,
E'en on that side of earth which heaven's doom
 Hath shrouded in perennial gloom,

Place me in deserts, where from nearest skies
Sol's rays descend, love-treasur'd memories
Of Lalage's sweet voice and sweeter smile
 Would still my sufferings beguile.





HENRY GEORGE ROBINSON, 1846

(The Odes of Horace)

The man, my Fuscus, who hath been
Of blameless life, and pure from sin,
No Moorish bow or javelin needs,
Or quiver fill'd with poison'd reeds.

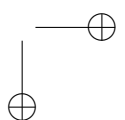
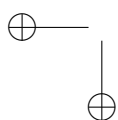
Whether his course about to press
O'er Caucasus, all shelterless,
The sultry Syrtes, or the shore
Fabled Hydaspes washes o'er.

For as I stray'd in careless mood,
Beyond my bounds, in Sabine wood,
Singing my Lalage, alarm'd
A wolf fled from me, though unarm'd.

A monster, such as ne'er was bred
In warlike Daunia's woods outspread;
Nor e'er in Juba's land of thirst,
That arid lion-rearer, nurst.

Place me in barren deserts where
No tree is fann'd by summer air;
On that side of the world, where pest
And noxious atmospheres infest:

Place me 'neath Sol's too neighbouring car,
In regions where no dwellings are;
Still Lalage I'll love the while,
With her sweet voice, and her sweet smile.





ANONYMOUS, 1846

(Bedford Street Budget)

A man upright in life and free from sin
Is not in need of Moorish Javelin,
Nor bow, nor quiver, Fuscus, wherein shine
The poisoned arrows.

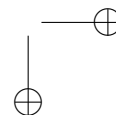
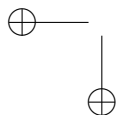
Whether he goes through surging desert sands,
Or where Mount Caucasus in grandeur stands,
Or where Hydaspes waters eastern lands
Flowing o'er gold dust.

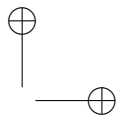
For in the Sabine wood from me unarmed,
While of my Lalage I sung, and roamed
Careless among the forest trees, alarmed
A wolf fled in fear.

Nor such a monster in the forests broad
Of warlike Daunia ever was produced;
Nor in the land of Juba, Africk's lord,
Mother of lions.

Place me alone in barren plains where trees
Ne'er blossom in the warm and vernal breeze;
Where nought but snow and ice the traveller sees,
Tired and weary;

Or in the land refused to mortals where
The burning heat dries up the ground; yet there
My Lalage I'll love; her smile so fair,
Her voice so charming.

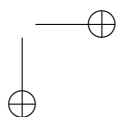
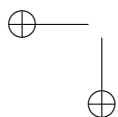


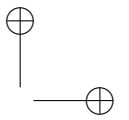


G. J. WHYTE MELVILLE, 1850

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

The pure of heart, the man of upright deeds,
In conscious innocence suspects no foe;
Nor Moorish dart nor poisoned shaft he needs,
 Quiver nor bow,
Secure through Afric's sands he plies his toil,
Secure the rugged Caucasus he braves,
Or that far region whose romantic soil
 Hydaspes laves.
Even I, as carelessly I chanced to rove
And sang my Lalage, although unarmed,
A wolf that spied me in my Sabine grove
 Left me unharmed:
A monster such that Daunia's war-like coast
In all her beechen glades hath reared none worse;
Such as the dry Morocco cannot boast –
 The lion's nurse.
Place me upon that bleak and desert shore
Where summer may not smile nor tree can grow,
Still cursed with lowering clouds, and tempests roar,
 And sleet, and snow;
Place me beneath the sun's unpitying beam,
Scorching the desert sand for many a mile;
Still of my Lalage's sweet voice I'll dream,
 And winning smile.

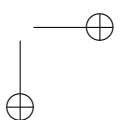
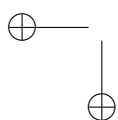




WILLIAM SEWELL, 1850

(1804–74; Divine, Tutor, and Writer)

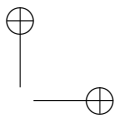
The man intact of life, and clear
Of trespass, lacks not Moorish shafts,
Nor bow, nor quiver, Fuscus, womb'd
 With venom'd arrows.
Whether prepared his path to take
Through seething Syrtes, or the wild
Unsheltering Caucasus, or realms
 Which the Hydaspes,
That legend-haunted stream, doth lave.
For me in Sabine wood a wolf,
While my own Lalage I chant,
 And o'er my limit,
From cares untrammell'd, free am roving,
Fled, though unarm'd – a monster such
As neither Daunia, hero-land,
 Its beech-groves wide
Within, doth feed, nor Juba's realm
Doth gender, – she the sun-scorch'd nurse
Of lions. Place me where in plains
 Lifeless and dull,
No single tree by summer's breeze
Is freshen'd – quarter of the globe
Which fogs and noxious Jove oppresses; –
 Place me beneath
The car of Sol too nigh, on ground
Denied to man's abodes. I'll love
My Lalage, the sweetly smiling,
 The sweetly speaking.



WILLIAM GEORGE THOMAS BARTER, 1850

(Poems)

The man of spotless life, and pure
From wickedness; O Fuscus, he
Wants not the javelins of the Moor,
Bow nor arrows, that poison'd be
 In full laden quiver.
Be it that sultry Syrtes through,
Or Caucasus that entertains
No guest, journeying on he go,
Or where flows gentle through the plains,
 Hydaspes wonder-famed.
For me a wolf in Sabine wood
While of my Lalage I sing,
Without a care in idle mood
Beyond my bound'ry wandering,
 All weaponless did flee.
A monster such hath never fed
The martial Daunian in her land
Of beechen forests broad, nor bred
Hath ever Juba's arid strand
 Nourisher of lions.
Place me those sluggard plains upon,
Where summer gales refreshing move
No tree, that side the world whereon,
The clouds and unpropitious Jove
 Afflicting ever keep.
Or place me underneath the car
Of the sun riding over-nigh,
A land where homes forbidden are;
Sweet smiling Lalage will I
 Love on, her prattling sweet.



JOHN ALFRED LANGFORD, 1850

(Cooper's Journal)

The pure of heart, and free from sin,
O Fuscus! needs nor lance nor bow,
Nor Moorish quiver lined within,
With darts, whose points with poison flow.

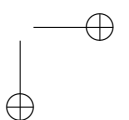
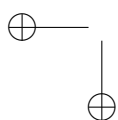
Whether he seek thy pathless snows –
Inhospitable Caucasus!
Or where Hydaspes' fabled flows, –
Or Syrte's boiling shoals to pass,

As late I roamed in Sabine wood,
Singing my darling Lalagè,
Unarmed, in light and careless mood,
A wolf before my glance did flee.

Such monster Danna's warlike land,
Feeds not in all her forests wide,
Nor Juba's earth of arid sand,
Though lions breed in savage pride.

Place me in deserts where no tree
Is nourished by a summer's breath,
In regions fraught with misery,
Where Jove in wrath deals want and death,

Place me beneath a burning sun
Where home nor friends mine eye can see;
Still will I sing, beloved one
Thy smile and voice, my Lalagè.





FRANCIS WILLIAM NEWMAN, 1853

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

The pure of life, of guilt unconscious,
Needs not the Moorish bow and jav'lin,
Nor, fraught with many a poison'd arrow,
The quiver, Fuscus!

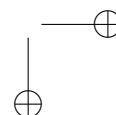
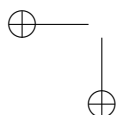
Whether he cross the broiling Syrtès,
Or Caucasus to strangers cruel;
Or where the lands Hydaspes kisses,
Renown'd in fable.

For while unarm'd in Sabine forest
Beyond the bound I wander'd careless,
And sang my Lálagè, – out started
A wolf, and fled me.

Not such a portent martial Daunia
Rears in her spreading mast-oak thickets,
Nor Juba's thirsty land engenders, –
Stern nurse of lions.

O place me where in torpid valleys
No summer breeze the tree refreshes,
Or where with mist and Jove ungenial
The seasons languish; –

Place me in land denied to houses,
Too close beneath the Sun's careering; –
I'll love my Lálagè sweetly laughing,
And sweetly prattling.





THOMAS DENMAN, c. 1854

(1779–1854; Lawyer and Judge, Lord Chief Justice 1832–50)

The honest man, whose life is pure,
Needs not the javelin of the Moor,
Nor bow, nor quiver teeming with the darts
Whose poison reaches hearts.

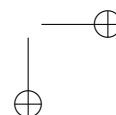
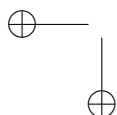
Whether through Syrte's eddying sands he go,
Or wild Caucasian mountain heaped with snow,
Or the far realms where, fabled in old song,
Hydaspes rolls along.

For late, when in the Sabine grove,
I, careless wandering, sang my love –
My Lalage – a wolf, the shepherd's dread,
Saw me unarmed – and fled.

A monster, whose portentous jaw
Exceeds whatever Daunia saw,
Or, nurse of lions – Juba's land,
Bred in her arid sand.

Place me in those dull fields whose trees
Are freshened by no summer breeze,
The region ever doomed to bear
Foul fogs and filthy air,

Or, where the houseless desert feels
Too near the hot sun's burning wheels,
E'en there will I in Lalage rejoice –
Sweet smile, and sweeter voice.





RICHARD W. O'BRIEN, 1857

("Of Trinity College, Dublin")

He who a life leads upright, and from guile free,
Nor the Moor's bow, nor javelin requireth,
Nor, with the arrows poison-tipped full-storéd,
Fuscus, the quiver;

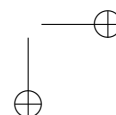
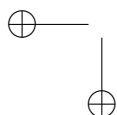
Whether he journey through the burning Syrtes,
Or the unfriendly Caucasus, or regions
Which the Hydaspes laveth with its waters,
River of story!

For, lo! a wolf has fled me in Sabine wood,
Whilst I did hymn my Lalage, and wander,
All cares dispelling, out beyond my limits,
Fled me unarmèd!

Monster so fearsome, neither warlike Daunia,
Through its wide borders, famed for beech-groves, reareth;
Nor hath e'er fostered Juba's land, the arid
Nurse of the lion.

Place me on barren plains, where trees are never
With the mild breezes of the summer freshened;
That of earth's climes which low'ring clouds, and angry
Jupiter trouble:

Place me beneath the sun's bright car too closely,
In a dread region, as our home forbidden:
With her sweet laughter, Lalage I'll still love,
With her sweet accents!





JOHN EAGLES, 1857 (IMITATED)

(1783–1855; Artist and Writer)

The man whose heart is sound at core,
Whose honest to the very marrow,
Needs not the wit of Tommy Moore,
Nor perter Jeffery's poison'd arrow.

Whether he tread the uncouth strand
In Nootka Sound, or wild Killarney
Receive him in that fabulous land,
Where wilder Irish get their blarney.

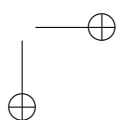
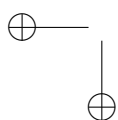
For musing late in greenwood shade
Of Leigh, on fairy haunt and revel,
I met a Warrener, with spade
And pick, who fled as from the devil.

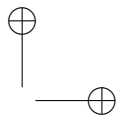
Poacher, he cried, but dar'd not stand,
But hurried to his sylvan hovel –
Unarm'd, I'd but some Rhymes in hand,
And what were they against a shovel.

The brute was six feet three at least,
No bum intent his horrid thrift on
Was ever seen so great a beast,
Not e'en the constable of Clifton.

Put me to dwell where trees are black
In Marsh-street, by the noisome river,
On torrid St. Augustine's Back,
Where stench and heat consume the liver.

In Jail, in Newgate, far from chimes
Of bells, shut out from friendly parley,
I'd bribe the Jailer with my Rhymes,
And send by post to FELIX FARLEY.





WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE, 1858

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

If whole in life, and free from sin,
Man needs no Moorish bow, nor dart,
Nor quiver, carrying death within
By poison's art.

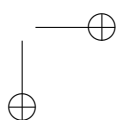
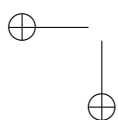
Though frowning Caucasus he treads,
And boiling Syrtes hath defied,
Been, Fuscus, where Hydaspes spreads
His mythic tide.

In Sabine woods, and fancy-free,
A wolf observed my wandering tread;
Unarmed, I sang of Lalagè;
He saw, and fled.

Such portent in the oaken grove,
Hath martial Daunia never known;
Nor Juba's land, where lions rove
The thirsty zone.

Place me, where desert wastes forbid
One tree to breathe the summer wind,
Where fogs the land and sea have hid,
With Jove unkind;

Or, where the sun so near would be,
That none to build or dwell may dare;
Thy voice, thy smile, my Lalagè,
I'll love them there.





HENRY THOMAS LIDDELL, LORD RAVENSWORTH, 1858

(1797–1878; Statesman and Poet)

The virtuous man, whose heart within
Harbours no thought of secret sin,
Needs not the Moorish archer's craft,
Nor quiver armed with venom'd shaft.

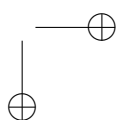
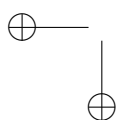
Whether his weary footsteps go
O'er Afric's sand or Scythia's snow,
Or those untrodden wilds explore
By famed Hydaspes' desert shore.

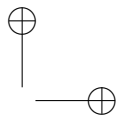
For as I strolled through Tibur's grove,
And sang of Lalage and love,
Unarmed, by careless fancy led,
A savage wolf my presence fled.

A monster of such giant brood
Ne'er couched in Daunia's tangled wood,
Nor prowled on Juba's arid plains,
Where lions toss their tawny manes.

Place me within that frozen zone,
Upon whose fields no tree is grown,
Where driving clouds and tempests drear
Deform the melancholy year;

Place me beneath the tropic sun,
Where houseless men in deserts run,
The softly speaking Lalage,
The softly smiling still for me.





ANONYMOUS, 1858

(The Bristol Magazine)

The man of honest life, and guiltless state,
Needs not a Tuscar! the Moor's darts, or bow;
He needs no quiver, teeming with the weight
Of poisoned arrows, to repel the foe.

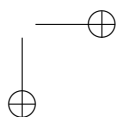
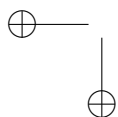
Whether from home about to make his way
Through burning quicksands, or intent to brave
Inhospitable Caucasus, or stray
To spots which waters of Hydaspes lave.

So fabled. For, as wand'ring free from care,
Too far within the Sabine wood I sped,
To sing of Lalage, my charming fair,
From uharmed me a wolf in terror fled: –

A monster, such as not in beechgroves wide
The warlike Damia feeds; nor Juba's land,
The nursery of lions, sorely tried
With parching heat, produces on her sand.

Place me in barren fields, where not a tree
Is freshened by the breezes of the West;
Whatever climate in the world it be
Which clouds and angry Jupiter infest;

Place me in land from habitations clear,
Where Sol's bright car too closely shines above;
The sweetly smiling Lalage, e'en here
The sweetly speaking Lalage I'll love.





SIR THEODORE MARTIN, 1860

(1816–1909; Biographer of the Prince Consort)

Fuscus, the man of life upright and pure
Needeth nor javelin, nor bow of Moor,
Nor arrows tipp'd with venom deadly-sure,
Loading his quiver;

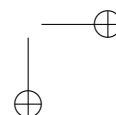
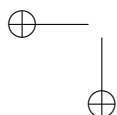
Whether o'er Afric's burning sands he rides,
Or frosty Caucasus' bleak mountain-sides,
Or wanders lonely, where Hydaspes glides,
That storied river.

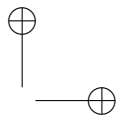
For as I stray'd along the Sabine wood,
Singing my Lalage in careless mood,
Lo, all at once a wolf before me stood,
Then turn'd and fled:

Creature so huge did warlike Daunia ne'er
Engender in her forests' wildest lair,
Not Juba's land, parch'd nurse of lions, e'er
Such monster bred.

Place me, where no life-laden summer breeze
Freshens the meads, or murmurs 'mongst the trees,
Where clouds, and blighting tempests ever freeze
From year to year;

Place me, where neighbouring sunbeams fiercely broil
A weary waste of scorch'd and homeless soil,
To me my Lalage's sweet voice and smile
Would still be dear!





ANONYMOUS, 1861

(Translations from the Classics)

He who is honest, and of life unblemish'd,
Stands not in need of Moorish bow or jav'lin,
Nor hath he need to fill with poisoned arrows,

Fuscus, his quiver:

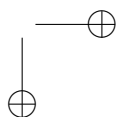
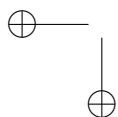
Whether he wanders o'er the sultry Syrtes,
Or on the barren Caucasus, or whether
Fortune conducts him to the places wash'd by
Famous Hydaspes.

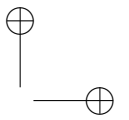
Thus, as I wander'd in the Sabine forest,
Singing in praise of Lalage, and musing,
Lo! a wolf starting, on a sudden fled from
Me, though defenceless.

Monster so frightful Daunia never nourish'd
In its deep forests, nor has parch'd Numidia
Ever bred beast as savage, though reputed
Nurs'ry of lions.

Place me in regions ne'er so rude and barren,
Where tree has never felt the breeze of summer,
Where clouds are threat'ning, and the very air is
Foul and inclement:

Place me on soil where solar rays are scorching
On desert waste, where there is not a dwelling,
Still will I love sweet Lalage when smiling,
Sweet, too, when speaking.





G. CHICHESTER OXENDEN, 1862 (IMITATED)

(Railway Horace)

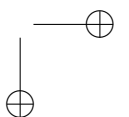
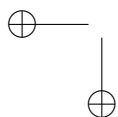
Fussy, the man whose eyes are open,
And pure, needs not to place his hope in,
A double-barrel gun, or javelin,
To guard his steps, when he is travelling,
Whether o'er Egypt's Deserts sandy,
Or, nearer home, in regions handy,
Where the wild Spey comes thundering down
From yonder mountain's snowy crown,
To lave Kinguffie, filthy town.

As some slight proof, last Tuesday, I,
When sauntering out, thro' heather high,
Singing, with all my might, in praise
Of Miss Matilda's pleasant ways,
All on the loose, and out of bounds,
Met (not a pack of wild blood-hounds,
But) a fierce Pug, who fled instanter,
At his best pace, a steady canter,
As tho' I had been Wolf, or Panther.

Not such a sight as this is seen
In Madagascar's forests green;
No Pugs are there; none vex or bite ye
'Mid the tall Palms of Otaheite.

But me, place me where'er you please,
On Scottish hills, devoid of trees,
Or on the sultry plains of India,
By Tippoo bullied long, and Scindiah,
Place me where'er you will, and I
Will sing Matilda, damsel sly,
Her of the dark and dangerous eye,
Long as I live, aye e'en until I die.

N.B. There's not the least analogy
Between my Maud and that Miss Lalage.





JOHN CONINGTON, 1863

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

No need of Moorish archer's craft
 To guard the pure and stainless liver;
He wants not, Fuscus, poison'd shaft
 To store his quiver,
Whether he traverse Libyan shoals,
 Or Caucasus, forlorn and horrent,
Or lands where far Hydaspes rolls
 His fabled torrent.
A wolf, while roaming trouble-free
 In Sabine wood, as fancy led me,
Unarm'd I sang my Lalage,
 Beheld, and fled me.
Dire monster! in her broad oak woods
 Fierce Daunia fosters none such other,
Nor Juba's land, of lion broods
 The thirsty mother.
Place me where on the ice-bound plain
 No tree is cheer'd by summer breezes,
Where Jove descends in sleety rain
 Or sullen freezes;
Place me where none can live for heat,
 'Neath Phœbus' very chariot plant me,
That smile so sweet, that voice so sweet,
 Shall still enchant me.





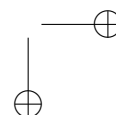
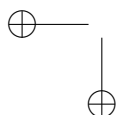
HUGO NICHOLAS JONES, 1865

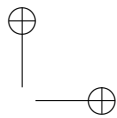
(The I and II Books of the Odes of Horace)

That man, oh Aristius, whose conscience is pure,
Neither needs he the bow nor the shaft of the Moor;
'Mid the heat of the desert he safely may start,
Unoppressed with the quiver, or poisonous dart;
Or where the rude Caucasus offers no home
To the houseless and weary, secure may he roam;
Or by those wizard waters, whose storied career
Wafts their mystical waves through the vale of Cashmere.

Thro' the deep Sabine shades as a truant I roved,
And listlessly sang of the girl that I lov'd,
Not in parched plains of Juba, where lions are nursed,
Are such wolves as the one that ferociously burst
From the thicket before me; a monster more grim,
Never prowl'd over Daunia's wild forests than him.
And yet, though with naught but integrity arm'd,
He fled from my presence, and left me unharm'd.

In some wilderness place me, all wild tho' it be,
Where soft zephyrs revive not one perishing tree,
Whose darkness and cloud not a beam struggles thro',
And where heaven never opens one glimpse of its blue; –
To some region transport me, all burning, and far
From the dwellings of man, 'neath the sun's glowing car,
Still my Lalage's love every clime shall beguile,
As I hang on her accents and bask in her smile.



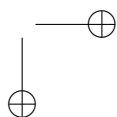
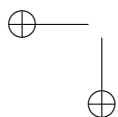


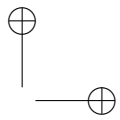
JAMES FRANKLIN FULLER, 1866

(1835–1924; Irish Actor and Architect)

The man, O Fuscus! of unblemished life,
 Needs not the Moorish javelin or bow;
Or poison'd darts prepared for deadly strife,
 Whenever he on his dangerous road would go.
For lately, wandering thro' the distant wood,
 Thoughts of my *dear one* in my heart and head,
A wolf ferocious, before me stood;
 I, though unarmed, from my stern gaze it fled:
Never Apulia such a monster bore,
Nor such, in Afric's forests, seen before,
Those forests where young cubs terrifically roar.

Place me in those barren plains,
 Where trees no longer grow;
Or where incessantly it rains,
 And torrents ever flow:
Place me beneath the Arctic sun,
 Where human nought can move,
My sweetly smiling Lalage
 For ever will I love.

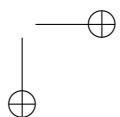
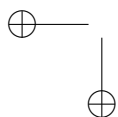




CHRISTOPHER HUGHES, 1867

(The Odes and Epodes of Horace)

Fuscus, the upright man
Who will no evil plan,
Wants neither bow nor Mauritanian dart;
Of poisoned arrow-reeds
No quiver full he needs,
Whether to sultry Syrtes he depart,
Or desert Caucasus,
Or lands which fabulous
Hydaspes waters. For in Sabine wood,
As past the bounds of home,
I lately chanced to roam,
And sang my Lalage, in careless mood,
From me, defenceless, fled
A wolf; no beast more dread
Dwells among warlike Daunia's beechen groves:
Nor 'mid the barren sand
Of Afric, Juba's land,
The nurse of lions, such a monster roves. –
Place me on desert ground
Where not a tree is found
To be refreshed by summer's gentle gale;
On that side of the world
Where storms are ever hurled
And Jove in murky rain-clouds doth prevail;
Place me, without a roof,
Beneath the fiery proof
Of the sun's chariot, driven all too near,
Still, still my Lalage,
Who sweetly smiles for me,
And sweetly speaks, to me is ever dear.





JAMES WALTER SMITH, 1867

(The Odes of Horace, Books I and II)

Fuscus, the pure of life, of baseness clear,
Needs not to carry Moorish bow or spear,
Nor weight of poisoned darts to wear
 In quiver at his side;

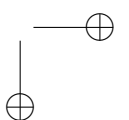
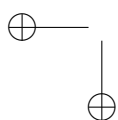
Through sultry Syrtes though his journey go,
Or Caucasus' inhospitable snow,
Or e'en where glides the fabled flow
 Of famed Hydaspes' tide.

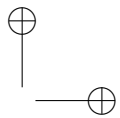
For while in Sabine grove I wandered free,
Of cares oblivious and of boundary,
And sung, unarmed, my Lalage,
 The wolf which met me fled.

No bigger wolf the martial Daunian land
Has borne, where broad the beechen pastures stand;
Nor where, in Juba's arid sand,
 The lion's race is bred.

So place me where, across the polar plain,
The summer's breeze may seek the trees in vain,
And Arctic fogs in anger reign
 Through Jove's malignity;

Or where Sol drives too near his chariot's heat,
And roofless wastes th' unsheltered traveller greet;
Held by her smiles and talk so sweet,
 I'll love my Lalage.





E. H. BRODIE, 1868

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

Pure of life, and free from sin,
 Thou need’st no Moorish bow nor dart,
Nor quiver, Fuscus, full within
 Of arrows tipped by poison’s art.

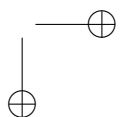
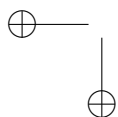
At will through scorching Syrtes roam,
 Or climb the inhospitable sides
Of Caucasus, or make thy home
 Where fabulous Hydaspes glides.

For roving far down Sabine wood,
 While Lalage I sang at ease,
In careless hour, before me stood
 A wolf, and fled – what weapons? these.

Such monster Daunia never bore,
 Fierce Daunia’s groves of native oak,
Nor that parched land where lions roar
 Beneath the Mauritanian yoke.

Set me amid the torpid plains
 And trees by summer’s breath unfanned,
Where cloudy Jove and icy rains
 Deform a melancholy land.

Set me with not a house in view
 ’Neath the near chariot of the sun,
Sweet smiler, sweet converser too,
 O Lalage! I’ll love but one.





T. HERBERT NOYES, JR., 1868

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

If, friend, your life be blameless, if your heart be pure,
Then Moorish lance is needless, bow you may abjure,
 No venom'd dart and quiver then,
 Need ever freight your back again.

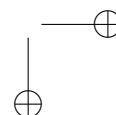
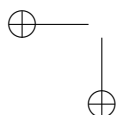
Not though across the broiling Syrtes you should stray,
Or through Caucasian mountains take your cheerless way,
 Or in what far and abled lands
 Hydaspes laves his golden sands.

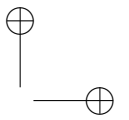
For while unarmed I sauntered through my Sabine glade,
And light of heart and joyous o'er my confines strayed,
 A huge wolf fled away from me
 While singing of my Lalage.

No such tremendous monster Daunia ever rears,
Grim Daunia, in her beechen forests, for her spears;
 Nor Juba's arid land begets,
 The foster-dam of lion-pets.

Oh! set me down where foliage never yet was fanned
By sportive summer breezes on the desert sand,
 Or haply where incessant rain
 With mist and storm the landscape bane,

Or where the car of Phoebus, driven too near the earth,
Of human dwellings causes an utter hopeless dearth,
 My Lalage's sweet voice and smile
 My loving heart shall still beguile.





FATHER PROUT, 1868

(1804–66; Irish Humorist and Journalist)

Aristius! if thou canst secure
A conscience calm, with morals pure,
Look upwards for defence! abjure
 All meaner craft –
 The bow and quiver of the Moor,
And poisoned shaft.

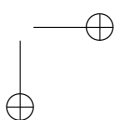
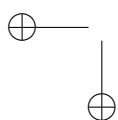
What though thy perilous path lie traced
O'er burning Afric's boundless waste...
Of rugged Caucasus the guest,
 Or doom'd to travel
 Where fabulous rivers of the East
Their course unravel! ...

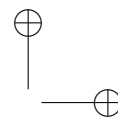
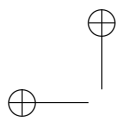
Under my Sabine woodland shade,
Musing upon my Grecian maid,
Unconsciously of late I strayed
 Through glen and meadow,
 When, lo! a ravenous wolf, afraid,
Fled from my shadow.

No monster of such magnitude
Lurks in the depth of Daunia's wood,
Or roams through Lybia unsubdued
 The land to curse –
 Land of a fearful lion-brood
The withered nurse.

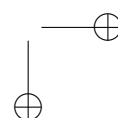
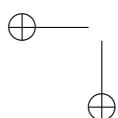
Waft me away to deserts wild,
Where vegetation never smiled,
Where sunshine never once beguiled
 The dreary day,
 But winters upon winters piled
For aye delay.

Place me beneath the torrid zone,
Where man to dwell was never known,





I'd cherish still one thought alone,
Maid of my choice!
The smile of thy sweet lip – the tone
Of thy sweet voice!





EDWARD YARDLEY, JR., 1869

(1835–1908; Writer)

Fuscus, the honest man, with heart
Unstained by wickedness or sin,
Needs with him bear no poisoned dart
Or moorish javelin;

Whether through burning sands he stray,
Or Caucasus th' inhospitable,
Or roam, where takes its watery way
Hydaspes famed in fable.

For, as in rapt and careless mood
I, sauntering, sang of Lalage,
I met within the Sabine wood
A wolf that fled from me.

No monster such as met my eye
Daunia in beechen forests feeds,
Nor such, the lions' nursery,
The land of Juba breeds.

Oh! place me on that sterile ground
Which winds of winter ever freeze,
The sullen clime that clouds surround
And Summer never sees;

Or let me in the desert be,
The sun's fierce chariot just above,
Yet laughing lispings Lalage
For ever will I love.

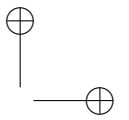


JOHN BENSON ROSE, 1869

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

He of stern honour and of life unblemished,
Wants not, O Fuscus, Mauritanian quivers
Heavy with shafts envenomed, nor the buckler,
 Bow, nor the javelin.
Whether he journey through the sandy deserts,
Whether he scale inhospitable mountains,
Ridges of Caucasus, or the fabled places
 Washed by Hydaspes.
For as I wandered in the Sabine forest,
Far beyond bounds, and chanted in my numbers,
Praises of Lalagê, without arms of vantage,
 Yet the wolf fled me.
Although he was as grim and huge a monster
As wild Apulia in her masty regions,
Or Mauritanian Juba's arid desert,
 Breeds in her lion.
Place me on fields sterility has conquered,
Where not a tree nor shrub wards off the sunshine,
Or where cold winds involve the face of Nature,
 Jupiter hostile.
Place me beneath the path of solar splendour,
Where habitations fail in blighted regions,
Yet will I vaunt my fair one, sweetly smiling,
 Sweetly discoursing.



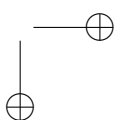
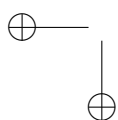


WILLIAM THOMAS MERCER, 1869

(1821–79; Colonial Administrator)

Fuscus, the man upright in heart
Wants not the bow, nor Moorish dart,
Let him through arid Syrtes stray,
Or wend o'er Caucasus his way,
Or tread the plains which with its waves
Fabled Hydaspes gently laves.

For whilst my Lalage I sung,
And with my strain the valley rung,
A hungry wolf, intent on blood,
(Such as ne'er sprung from Daunian wood)
From me, unarmed, defenceless, fled,
And through the dale in terror sped.
Place me in frozen plains where trees
Are ne'er refreshed by summer breeze,
Or in those barren regions where
Cold and ungenial is the air;
Place me beneath the blazing sun,
A land that mortals know and shun,
Where'er I roam, where'er I rove,
My smiling, prattling Lalage I'll love.





ANONYMOUS, 1869

(University Chronicle)

The upright man and pure in heart
Needs not the bow nor Maurian spear;
No quiver with its venom'd dart,
Oh, Fuscus, need he bear.

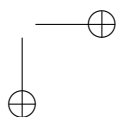
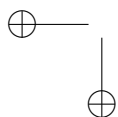
Though o'er the Syrtes' burning sands,
Or through Caucasian wilds he goes,
Or wanders in the distant lands
Where famed Hydaspes flows.

For once within the Sabine glade
A Wolf in terror fled from me,
While free from care, unarmed, I strayed
And sang of Lalage.

Not warlike Daunia's wooded strand
E'er bore a monster so accursed,
Nor Mauritania's arid sand,
The home of lions, nursed.

Place me upon the frozen plain
Where Summer's breezes never sigh
Through rustling trees; but cold mists reign
Neath an inclement sky, –

Beneath the fierce sun's flaming car
In desert regions station me,
I'll cherish in those climes afar,
My laughing Lalage.





EDWARD BULWER-LYTTON, LORD LYTTON, 1870

(1803–73; Politician)

He whose life hath no flaw, pure from guile, need not borrow
Or the bow or the darts of the Moor, O my Fuscus!
He relies for defence on no quiver that teems with
Poison-steep arrows.

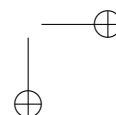
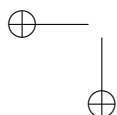
Though his path be along sultry African Syrtes,
Or Caucasian ravines, where no guest finds a shelter,
Or the banks which Hydaspes, the stream weird with fable,
Licks languid-flowing.

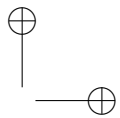
For as lately I strayed beyond pathways accustomed,
And with heart free from care was of Lalage singing,
A wolf in the thick of the deep Sabine forest
Met, and straight fled me,

All unarmed though I was; yet so deadly a monster
Warlike Daunia ne'er bred in her wide acorned forests,
Nor the thirst-raging nurse of the lion – swart Juba's
African sand-realm.

Place me lone in the sterile wastes, where not a leaflet
Ever burst into bloom in the breezes of summer;
Sunless side of the world, which the grim air oppresses,
Mist-clad and ice-bound;

Place me lone where the earth is denied to man's dwelling,
All so near to its breast glows the car of the day-god;
And I still should love Lalage – her the sweet-smiling,
Her the sweet-talking.

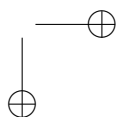
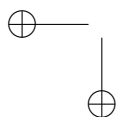




THOMAS CHARLES BARING, 1870

(1831–91; Banker and Politician)

The man of life upright and purpose pure
Wants not the bow and javelins of the Moor,
 Fuscus, nor needs a quiverful to bear
 Of arrows wetted in the poison-bowl;
Where'er his journey be, or o'er the sands
Of foaming Syrtis, or across the lands
 Of stranger-hating Caucasus, or where
 Hydaspes' legendary waters roll.
For late, as wandering in the Sabine wood
Beyond my wonted bounds, in careless mood,
 I praised my Lalage in tuneful verse,
 A wolf before my unarmed presence fled!
'Twas such a brute as woodman ne'er, I ween,
In warlike Dannia's broad oak-glades has seen;
 Nor even Juba's country breeds, a nurse
 Who suckles lions in her sandy bed.
Place me amidst the sluggish ice-fields, where
Never a tree enjoys the summer air,
 That side the world where clouds eternal rove,
 And nought save angry weather Jove affords;
Place me where Phœbus' car is all too near,
Where man has never dared his tent to rear;
 Yet never, never, will I cease to love
 My Lalage's sweet smile and sweeter words.





MORTIMER HARRIS, 1871

(A Selection from the Odes of Horace)

The man of perfect life, and pure
From crime, my Fuscus, neither needs
The quiver tilled with poisoned reeds,
The bow, nor javelins of the Moor;

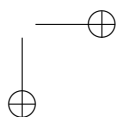
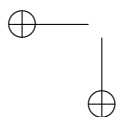
Where the fierce heat of Syrtes raves
About to journey, or across
The inhospitable Caucasus,
Or spots which famed Hydaspes laves,

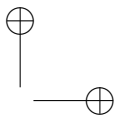
For in my Sabine wood, as free
From care beyond my bounds I roved,
Singing my Lalage beloved,
From me unarmed a wolf did flee;

A monster such as never yet
Did warlike Daunia give to birth
In beech groves wide, nor Juba's earth,
The lion's arid nurse, beget.

Place me in plains unfertile, where
No tree by summer's breeze is blest;
That region of the world, oppressed
By clouds and a malignant air;

Or place me in a houseless land,
Beneath the sun's too neighbouring heat,
Still shall I love the smile so sweet
Of Lalage – her accents bland.





M. C., 1871

(The Odes of Horace. Book First.)

The man life-whole and pure of heart,
O Fuscus, needs not spear nor bow,
Loaded quiver or poisoned dart,
Safely to come and go;

Whether he brave the Syrtes' breath,
Up the churlish Caucasus toil,
Or seek Hydaspes – river or myth –
Washing his fabled soil.

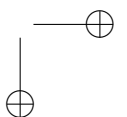
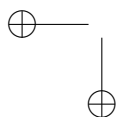
For, I tell you, unarmed in the Sabine woods,
I had wandered a thought too far one day,
Singing in one of my careless moods,
Of Lalage all the way;

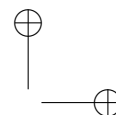
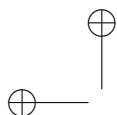
When, lo! a wolf, whose portentous size
Would have startled the stoutest heart in Rome,
Made me aware, to my great surprise,
How far I had gone from home.

I could not have met, in the lion lands,
A beast more able to strike me dead;
And not a weapon had I in my hands –
But he looked at me, turned, and fled.

Banish me then to the frozen plains,
Where no summer wantons with no green tree;
Clouds, and tempests, and driving rains,
Could not work harm to me.

Place me where deserts on deserts of miles,
Scorched by the sun-wheels, must homeless be;
I will love Lalage, sweet when she smiles,
Sweet when she talks to me.





JAMES LONSDALE AND SAMUEL LEE, 1873

(JL 1816–92, SL 1837–92)

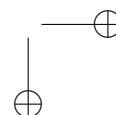
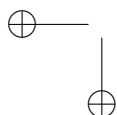
The man of faultless life, and clear from crime, my Fuscus, needs not the Moorish javelins, nor bow, nor quiver with its brood of poisoned shafts;

Whether o'er the burning Syrtes he choose to make his way, or o'er inhospitable Caucasus, or the regions which Hydaspes washes, the river of romance.

For in the Sabine wood, while I sing of my Lalage, and wander o'er the bound with troubles cleared away, a wolf fled from me though unarmed; such a monster as Daunias, home of warriors, rears not in her spacious groves of oak, nor Juba's land begets, the lions' parching nurse.

Set me amid the plains of lethargy, where not one tree is fanned by summer gale, that quarter of the world which fogs oppress, and the malice of the sky;

Set me beneath the sun's too neighbouring car, in a land where dwellings may not be: I'll love my sweetly smiling, sweetly speaking Lalage.





ROBERT M. HOVENDEN, 1874

(“Formerly of Trinity College, Cambridge”)

Whether camp'd in burning sand
Or amid Caucasian snows
Journeying to the wonder-land
Whence remote Hydaspes flows,
Men on noble life intent
Never, O Aristius, need
Bow with poison'd arrow bent,
Or the wily Moor's jereed.
On a day, I went unarm'd
Singing of my Lalage;
At the song a wolf alarmed
Panic-stricken fled from me.
Never in Apulian glen
Monster so portentous grew;
Juba, in the lions' den,
Brute so mighty never slew.
Set me where in snow and frost
Breath of summer is unknown;
Set me, for a holocaust,
Houseless in the torrid zone;
Yet, my torments to beguile,
Sing I as I ever sung:
Lalage, thy bonny smile,
Lalage, thy honey tongue.





ANONYMOUS, 1874

(The Nassau Literary Magazine)

He pure of life and free from crime
Needs not the Moorish shafts nor bow,
Nor quiver heavy-set with darts
 Poisoned, O Fuscus;

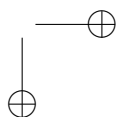
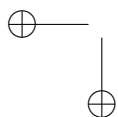
Whether o'er Syrtes' boiling sands
Or cheerless Caucasus he roams,
Or Indian strands where, fable-famed,
 Washes Hydaspes.

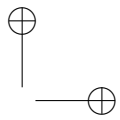
For while, care-free, in Sabine woods,
My Lalage I sang and strayed
Past my accustomed bound, a wolf
 Filed me unarméd,

Such monster warlike Daunia ne'er
In all her wide oak thickets, breeds,
Nor Juba's soil begets the like,
 Parched nurse of lions.

E'en place me where, 'mid barren plains,
No tree by summer breeze is fanned;
The world's bleak side, which cloud and sky,
 Baleful, oppresses:

Banish me where the too-near car
Of Phoebus burns, in homeless climes;
Sweet-laughing Lalage I'll love,
 Her the sweet speaking.

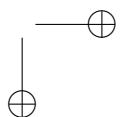
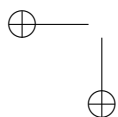


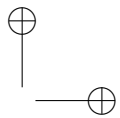


W. L. CHASE, 1875

(The Magenta)

Who is free from life's contagion
 Never, Fuscus, need he fear
Poisoned arrow, clever archer,
 Never dread the Maurian spear;
If he roam through shifting Syrtes,
 Caucasus' unfriendly shores,
Or where India's affluent river
 Gold in every torrent pours.
I was humming "My Lelage,"
 Straying on without a care,
In my Sabine wood I wandered,
 When a wolf sprang from its lair.
But he fled, and such an omen
 Heaven-sent must be, I know:
Mauritania, Greece, Numidia, –
 I am safe where'er I go.
Yes, place me where in early spring
 No trees can bud, deserted climes,
Where heaven is freezing overhead,
 And all the law in bondage binds,
Or where man has never lived,
 Parched realms that know not shade, –
I will sing my precious darling,
 Lelage, my precious maid.

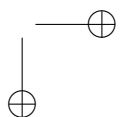
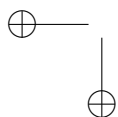


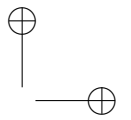


ARTHUR WAY, 1876

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

He that in life is upright and untainted
By guilt, no need hath he of Moorish javelins,
Nor bow, nor quiver, O my Fuscus, heavy
 With poisoned arrows;
Whether he be about to take his journey
Through sweltering Syrtes, or across the cheerless
Caucasus, or lands Hydaspes lappeth,
 That legend-river.
For while I sang my Lalage, and wandered
Beyond my boundary, all care-disburdened,
A wolf in Sabine forest fled before me
 Who had no weapon:
Such monster he as neither warlike Daunias
Doth nurture in her far-extended oak-groves,
Nor yet the land of Juba bears, of lions
 Parched foster-mother.
O place me where upon the barren steppes
No tree by breeze of summer is refreshed,
Some quarter of the world that clouds torment
 And skies inclement;
Place me beneath the chariot of the sun
When all too near, on soil denied to dwellings,
I'll still love Lalage the sweetly smiling,
 The sweetly speaking.





W. E. H. FORSYTH, 1876

(1845–81; Lawyer in Bengal)

He who is blameless and upright
Will, Fuscus, need no arms,
No poisoned darts, no bow of might
To keep him safe from harms.

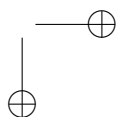
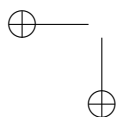
Through sultry Syrtes he may stray,
Or Caucasus unkind;
Where famed Hydaspes makes its way
A passage safe he'll find.

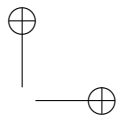
For as I sang of Lalage,
And wandered free from care,
I met a wolf who turned to flee,
Though I of arms was bare.

Such monsters on its pasture land
Sure Daunia never feeds;
Such monsters not e'en Juba's strand,
The nurse of lions, breeds.

Place me in desert plains, where ne'er
A tree feels cooling gales;
Place me where clouds their storms prepare,
And angry Jove prevails.

Place me in lands from dwellings free,
Where suns most fiercely beat,
And still I'll love my Lalage,
Her voice and laughter sweet.





RICHARD TROTT FISHER, 1876

(Rakings Over Many Seasons)

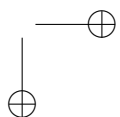
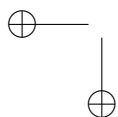
The man of upright life and pure,
He needs not Moorish lance, nor bow
With poison'd arrows in his belt
Where'er he go.

For me, while in the Sabine wood
Too far I wander'd, idly charm'd
With thought of Lalage, a wolf
Fled all unarm'd.

A beast – than which fierce Daunias
In her oak-woods ne'er bred a worse,
Nor Juba's land, of lion-whelps
The arid nurse!

Then place me where the blighted trees
Are never fann'd by summer-air,
On frozen plains where fogs and clouds
Perplex the year:

Or place me right beneath the sun
In country of no mortal's choice,
I'll think on Lalage's sweet smile,
And her sweet voice.



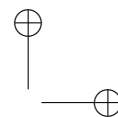
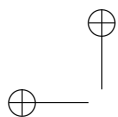


ANONYMOUS, 1876 (1)

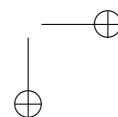
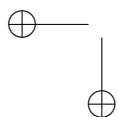
(The Chronicle)

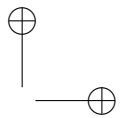
The man whose heart is free from guile,
Who loves the pure and hates the vile,
Needs not the javelins of the Medes;
Needs not a quiver filled with reeds,
Whose tips with deadly poison flow;
Needs not, O! Fuscus, bended bow,
E'en though his journey he should haste
O'er burning Afric's sandy waste,
Or where Hydaspes' waters glide
'Mid rocks as mythic as its tide;
Or should his lonely pathway trace
Along the cheerless Caucasus.
For lately, as in careless mood,
I roamed unarmed the Sabine wood,
And, singing of my Lalage,
Strayed o'er my usual boundary,
A wolf was filled with quick dismay,
And, from me turning, fled away.
Such omen this, of doubtful hue,
As warlike Daunia never knew,
Within her woods that darkly sway
Their lofty tops in vast array;
Nor was there e'er a sight so strange
In Juba's land where lions range.
If doomed to live on desert plains
Where man is not, and silence reigns,
Where grow no shrubs nor shady trees
Refreshed by summer's gentle breeze,
Or in that spot by nature cursed,
On which the storms unending burst,
And Jove in anger e'er looks down
To add to darkness by his frown;
Or should my lot by fate be cast
Beneath the Sun, careering fast,
Within his car of flaming gold,





O'er fields unfit for man to hold,
Whose wheels so nearly sweep the plain,
That burning deserts mark their train,
I still will love most ardently
My sweetly smiling Lalage,
Whose words are richest melody.

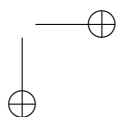
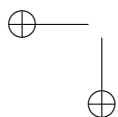




ANONYMOUS, 1876 (2)

(New Zealand Magazine)

The man whose life from guilt is clear,
No Mauritanian javelins needs,
Nor quiver filled with poisoned reeds;
 Nor need he fear,
Oh! Fuscus, though he pathless goes
Across the parching desert sands,
Bleak Caucasus, or unknown lands
 Far off, where flows
Hydaspes fable-famed. For, me, but late,
Careless and singing of my Lalage,
And in the Sabine forest wandering free
 Past my estate,
A he-wolf fled, though all unarmed my hand;
No monster half so grim, or to be feared
So much, hath warlike Dannia's beech-groves reared,
 Or Juba's land,
The sultry nurse of lions. Place me where,
Upon the sluggish plains the stunted trees
Are never freshened by the summer breeze,
 And noxious air
And clouds oppress the earth; or let me be
Where none can dwell, so near Sol drives above
His car; still thy sweet smile, sweet voice I'll love,
 My Lalage.





WILLIAM THOMAS THORNTON, 1878

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

Whoso a perfect life and sinless leadeth,
Neither the bow nor Moorish javelin heedeth,
Neither to load with poisoned arrows needeth,
Fuscus, his quiver:

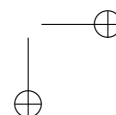
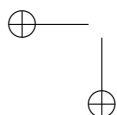
Whether through burning sands his way he guideth,
Or there where churlish Caucasus presideth,
Or mid the scenes by which Hydaspes glideth,
Fable-fraught river.

For while in Sabine wood, no solace wanting,
Past bounds I sauntered, Lalage mine chanting,
Slunk off a wolf from me unarmed, yet daunting
Hunger's fell passion.

Like monster martial Daunia never feedeth,
Land which in oaken forest so exceedeth:
Naught Juba's realm, dry nurse of lions, breedeth,
After like fashion.

Place me on plains where barrenness distresses,
Where is no tree that genial breeze caresses,
Side of the world where Jove malign oppresses,
Sable clouds piling;

Place me where, 'neath the sun's near chariot reeking,
Vain for man's habitation were the seeking,
There will I love my Lalage sweet-speaking,
Sweetly too smiling.





THOMAS WADDON MARTYN, 1878

(Theseus, and Other Poems & Translations)

Men of uprightness, innocent of evil,
Need not, my Fuscus, any Moorish weapons,
Bows, or swift javelins or envenomed arrows,
 Weighting the quiver.

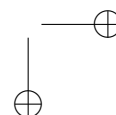
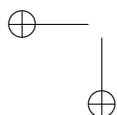
Whether they take their journey through the regions
Washed by Hydaspes with his fabled waters,
Over Caucasian steppes, or o'er the breakers
 Formed by the Syrtes.

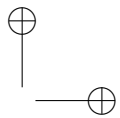
Thus a wolf fled me, though unarmed, when lately
Hymning aloud my Lalage, and roaming
Far from my meadows in a Latian forest,
 Free and untroubled.

Daunias, famous for her race of soldiers,
Rears no such monsters in her spacious copses,
Nor does great Juba's hot and sultry kingdom,
 Breeder of lions.

Station me, where on sluggish plains the herbage
Fades unrevived by Summer's cooling breezes,
Plains, which oppressive mists and rising vapours
 Render unwholesome.

Station me, where no mortal finds a dwelling
Near, much too near, the rapid steeds of Phoebus,
Still will I love my Lalage, with sweetness
 Smiling, and speaking.





JAMES JOHN LONSDALE, 1879

(1810–86; Judge)

Unstain'd by crime, an honest life who leads,
Nor Moorish dart nor bow, O Fuscus needs,
Nor quiver pregnant with the poison'd reeds;

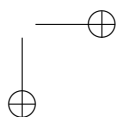
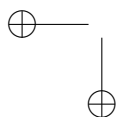
Whether o'er Lybia's burning sands he ride,
Or climb high Caucasus' unfriendly side,
Or stroll the famed Hydaspes' banks beside.

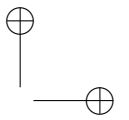
Once as I wander'd, careless, from my farm,
The woods with song of Lalage to charm,
Unarm'd, a wolf fled from me in alarm;

A monster such as through the forests wide
Of warlike Daunia ne'er was known to stride,
Nor in parch'd Afric, nurse of lions, bide.

Place me where yields the barren soil no trees,
To taste the freshness of the summer breeze,
Where fogs oppress, or endless winters freeze:

In lands scorch'd by the too near sun place me,
Where house is not, and still will Lalage,
With her sweet smile, sweet voice, be loved by me.

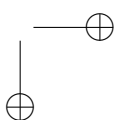
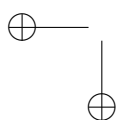




XOC., 1879

(Weak Moments)

The man of upright life and free from sin,
O Fuscus, needs no Moorish javelin,
Nor bow, nor quiver fill'd with pois'nous shaft,
Nor archer craft.
No matter whether he attempt to cross
The burning Syrtes or the Caucasus,
Or where the fam'd Hydaspes with her waves
Her dread shore laves.
For lately, as I stray'd from all care free
Beyond my bounds, singing my Lalage,
In Sabine wood, there fled a wolf alarm'd
From me unarm'd!
Prodigious monster, such as ne'er e'en roves
Through warlike Daunia in her vast beech groves,
Nor yet of Juba's land, dry-nurse of lion,
Was it the scion!
Place me in barren plain where genial breeze
Refreshes not the parch'd and wither'd trees –
That spot on earth which angry Jove and cloud
In gloom enshroud;
Place me beneath the path of sun's fierce glare,
In land denied to human race; yet there
My sweetly smiling, speaking Lalage
Will I love thee!





SIR PHILIP PERRING, 1880

(1828–1920)

The pure of life and clean from sin
Needs not the Moorish javelin,
Nor bow, nor quiver with its load
Of poisoned arrows, whether his road

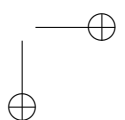
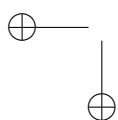
By Syrtes with its boiling sea,
Or o'er unharboured Caucasus be,
Or regions that with lambent wave
Hydaspes' fabled waters lave.

In Sabine wood, whilst free from care
I sing of Lalage my dear,
And roam beyond my bound, at sight
Of me unarmed a wolf took flight!

A monster Daunus' land of war
In its broad oakwoods never bore,
Nor Juba's soil to birth has brought,
That nurse of lions, parched with drought.

Place me in frozen champain, where
No tree is fanned by Summer air,
A region of the world which lies
Beclouded with malignant skies;

Place me in land where house is none,
Close 'neath the chariot of the sun,
Still Lalage my love shall be
Sweet-smiling, prattling Lalage.





ANONYMOUS, 1880

(Manchester Grammar School Magazine)

The man of pure and blameless life
No bow, no Moorish javelin needs,
My Fuscus, nor the quiver rife
With poisoned reeds; –

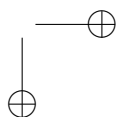
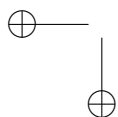
Tho' where the boiling Syrtes rave,
Or thro' bleak Caucasus he goes,
Or onward, where with storied wave
Hydaspes flows.

For in the Sabine wood but now,
(The while I sang my Lalage,
And roamed along with cloudless brow,)
Dismayed from me

A gaunt wolf fled: – so dire a curse
In all Apulia does not dwell,
Nor Juba's land, the arid nurse
Of lions fell.

Set me on barren plains that lie
Uncheered by summer's kindly gale;
Where winters and a frowning sky
For aye prevail; –

Yea, 'neath the sun-car's fiercest heat,
On desert shores; – still dear to me
Shall be the voice and laughter sweet
Of Lalage.

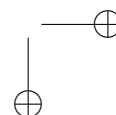
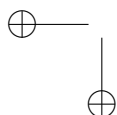


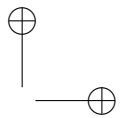


JOHN CUTLER, 1881

(Psyche and Miscellaneous Poems)

Blameless as to life, and by sins untainted
Man needs not of Moors javelins and cross-bow,
Nor with poisoned darts heavy laden needs he,
 Fruscus, a quiver,
Whether thro' the hot Syrtes sands a journey
Soon to make, or whe'er thro' unfriendly mountains
Or thro' places which, fabulous in story,
 Laves the Hydaspes.
For, indeed, a wolf, in the Sabine forest,
While I of my own Lalage am singing
And beyond the bound, dangers near, do wander
 Flees me defenceless:
Such a monster as neither military
Daunia doth rear, 'mid her spreading forests,
Nor doth generate Juba's realm, of lions
 The arid nurser.
Place me where no tree, on the barren prairies,
By a summer breeze is invigorated,
Which side of the world vapors and a hurtful
 Atmosphere burdens, –
Place beneath the car of too near approaching
Sun, within a land long to homes negated:
Still will I love my sweetly smiling, sweetly
 Prattling Lalage!

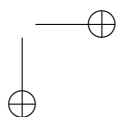
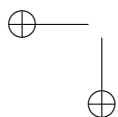


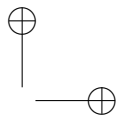


W. P. T., 1881

(The Virginia Univeristy Magazine)

He that is pure and sound in life – whose heart
Is free from wrong – needs not the moorish dart,
Nor, Tuscus, yet the quiver from which start
 The venom'd shafts nor yet the bow,
Whether he traverse Syrtes' heated sands,
Whether his journey lead through hostile lands
To Caucasus, or where the golden strands
 Are laved by famed Hydaspes' flow.
For me, a wolf met in a Sabine grove,
Singing of Lalage – the maid I love –
A wanderer from my bounds – my thoughts above
 My cares – and from me helpless fled.
Nor war-like Daunia in her forests tall,
Nor Juba's land – that men are won't to call
"The parched nurse of lions" – can at all
 So wonderful a potent show.
Place me amid the sluggish fields where trees
Are never freshened by the evening breeze,
Or in that clime from which mist never flees,
 While endless storms sweep on below.
Place me beneath the never ending glare
Of Sol's bright chariot – no homes are there –
To Lalage my love I will declare,
 The sweetly smiling – sweetly prattling.





EDWARD SANFORD GREGORY, 1883

(Lenore and Other Poems)

The just in life, the pure in heart,
Needs neither Moorish spear and dart,
Nor yet the bow and poison'd shaft,
Nor any aid of crime or craft;

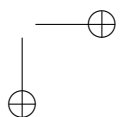
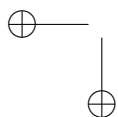
Whether he brave the Syrtes' wrath,
Or make through Caucasus his path,
Or pierce the lands Hydaspes laves
With far and faint and fabled waves.

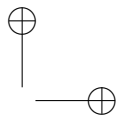
This well I know, for as I stray'd
Beneath the Sabine forest's shade,
And sang of Lalage's bright charms,
A wolf fled from me – without arms!

Yet such a monster scarce is bred
'Neath warlike Daunia's oaks wide-spread,
Or yet where Afric's land of thirst
The yellow lion-cubs hath nurs'd.

Place me where wing of summer breeze
On sterile heights ne'er sweeps the trees –
That dark and dismal zone of earth
Where clouds and tempests own their birth;

Place me beneath the burning sun
In lands no home-light shines upon;
And Lalage shall still beguile,
And sweetly speak and sweetly smile!





ANONYMOUS, 1883

(The Michigan Argonaut)

The man upright and pure of heart
Needs not the Moorish bow nor dart,
Nor quiver filled with shafts, by art
 Made poisonous.

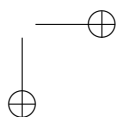
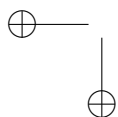
Whether his toilsome journey lay
Through sultry Syrtes, or his way
O'er Caucasus or where doth stray
 Hydaspes famed.

For, as the Sabine woods among
Devoid of care I strode along,
A wolf, as Lalage I sung,
 Fled me unarmed.

Not all Apulia's beechen wilds,
Nor Juba's land in all its felds,
Dry nurse of lions, ever yields
 Monster so fierce.

Place me in barren desert, where
No tree is fanned by genial air,
But clouds and baleful atmosphere
 Brood o'er the land.

Place me too near Sol's car above,
In desert lands alone to rove,
Sweet, laughing Lalage I'll love
 And sweetly speaking.



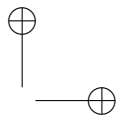


HENRY HUBBARD PIERCE, 1884

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

The man of pure and upright life is safe.
No need hath he of Moorish bow or spear,
Or quiver, Fuscus, filled with baleful shafts:
Although he plan to sail those dreaded shoals,
The boiling Syrtes; climb Caucasian peaks,
A cheerless height; or cross the far-off plains
Hydaspes waters with its fabled stream.
For lately as I roamed in paths unknown,
And singing of my Lalage the while,
Without a care, a wolf that crossed my way
In yonder Sabine wood unbidden fled –
Howbe, no weapon armed this hand of mine!
A brute more fierce than savage Daunia rears
Within her drear expanse of wintry oak;
Or Juba’s land – the nurse of lions – breeds
Among the drifting sands. Ah, set me down
Amidst a barren waste – a treeless plain;
Or stay my feet midway that woful clime
By pelting hail and stormy winds oppressed;
Where Phœbus wheels his fiery car to Earth;
Yet will I always love my silver-tongued,
My sweetly-smiling Lalage the same!





ANONYMOUS, 1884

(The Michigan Argonaut)

One pure in life and free from sin,
Needs not the Moorish javelin,
Nor bow nor poisoned shafts to slay
The foe he meets upon his way;

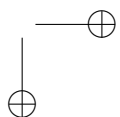
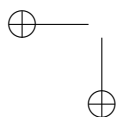
E'en though through Syrte's sultry sands,
Or through Caucasus' hostile lands,
Or where Hydaspe's waters flow
O'er golden sands, about to go.

For while I sing my Lalage
In Sabine woods and carelessly
Beyond th' accustomed paths I stray,
A wolf flees me, unarmed, away;

A monster such as ne'er was seen
Midst Dannia's oaks of spreading green
And Mauritania, arid nurse
Of lion's ne'er produced a worse.

Place me on plains which bear no trees
To be refreshed by summer breeze,
Where clouds, with misty wreaths unfurled,
And evil skies oppress the world:

Or 'neath the sun's bright chariot
In lands where man abideth not,
I still will love most fervently
My sweet voiced, smiling Lalage.





HERBERT GRANT, 1885

(Odes of Horace)

Not Maurian bow, and poisoned dart
The innocent, my Fuscus! needs;
But his integrity of heart
Protects him where his journey leads.

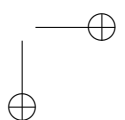
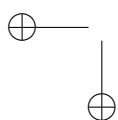
Through the twin Syrtes' sultry coast,
Or Caucasus he travels o'er;
Ungential clime! or wanders lost
By lone Hydaspes' fabled shore.

From me, unarmed in Sabine grove,
As far I wandered, free from care,
Singing of Lalage and love,
The very wolf fled to his lair.

In her oakwoods a monster worse,
Not martial Daunia's soil uprears
On Juba's sand, the arid nurse
Of lions, scarce the like appears,

Place me where 'mid a sultry plain
No summer gales the trees caress;
Or where Jove's unpropitious rain,
And murky clouds the earth oppress –

Place me 'neath Phaëthon's scorching rays,
On shores that in no homes rejoice;
My Lalage I still would praise,
Her gentle laugh, her gentle voice.





CHARLES WILLIAM DUNCAN, 1886

(The Odes and Saecular Hymn of Quintus Horatius Flaccus)

The man whose life is just and pure
Needs not the javelin of the Moor,
Nor bow, nor quiver's ample store,
Fuscus, of poisoned darts,

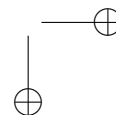
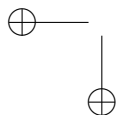
Sailing thro' Syrtes' boiling waves;
Or when wild Caucasus he braves;
Or lands which famed Hydaspes laves,
On journey safe he starts.

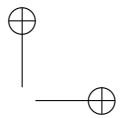
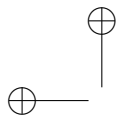
For whilst I wandered carelessly
Thro' Sabine wood, my Lalagé
Singing, a wolf fled far from me,
Tho' helpless and unarmed.

Such monster thro' the spreading groves
Of warlike Daunia never moves,
Such the dry land which Juba loves,
Hath never yet alarmed.

Condemn me to those barren plains
Which ne'er receive the timely rains,
But ever bound in icy chains
Of frost and low'ring cloud.

Condemn me in those lands to stay
Burnt up by Phoebus' scorching ray,
For Lalagé's sweet words I'll pray,
Of her sweet smile be proud.





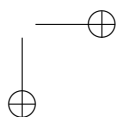
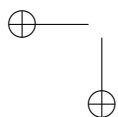
T. RUTHERFURD CLARK, 1887

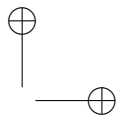
(The Odes of Horace)

The blameless man, the pure in heart,
He needs nor bow nor Moorish dart,
No arrows dipped with deadly art
 His teeming quiver throng,
Though bound to Syrtis' burning sand,
To Caucasus of wanderers banned,
Or where Hydaspes laves a land
 Of mystery and song.

In Sabine woodland, while my lays,
Light-hearted, sang my lady's praise,
Me wandering from the wonted ways
 A gaunt wolf fled dismayed, –
Fled me unarmed, though shape so dread
Nor oaks of martial Daunia bred,
Nor that parched nurse of lions fed,
 The realm swart Juba swayed.

Pent on the bare and sullen strand,
Where never breath of summer fanned
The languorous grove, a frozen land
 Cloud-wrapt and tempest-beat;
Exiled on homeless wastes, which feel
The Sun-God's grazing chariot-wheel,
Yet I to Lalage were leal,
 Sweet prattling, smiling sweet.





ANONYMOUS, 1887

(Boston College Stylus)

Whose life is clean, whose heart is pure,
Needs not the quiver, dart or bow
Or venom'd shaft of treacherous Moor:
The just man, Fuscus, has no foe.

One roams through Syrtes' boiling sands,
One climbs Caucasia's friendless height,
One treads the fancy-haunted lands
Hydaspes laps, without affright.

As pure as they, one day, I strolled
Through a Sabine forest, free from care;
And thinking of my love, I trolled
A song to Lalage, the fair.

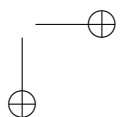
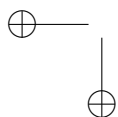
Beyond the boundary of the wood,
Lonely, and not alone, I strayed;
When lo, there in my pathway stood
A wolf; he looked, then fled afraid, –

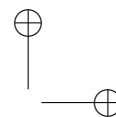
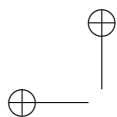
Afraid of me, my Fuscus dear,
Your friend, your Horace, all unarmed,
The good, you see, need never fear;
Where'er they go, they go unharmed.

Bold Daunia's acorns never fed,
And Juba's realms, the parched nurse
Of lions, never surely bred
This monster's like, the bad man's curse.

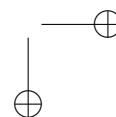
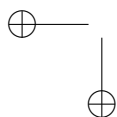
There is where stretch the sterile plains,
Where summer breezes never woo
The trees to bloom; there is where rains
And vile winds fairly chill you through.

There is a-spot in Afric lands,
Too near the sun's bright, circling car,
Where glistening spread the whitened sands,





Where mortals ever houseless are.
Put me, my friend, where'er you will,
Or near, or far, your Horace still
His Lalage will always sing;
 He'll love her laugh,
 He'll love her chaff;
She's such a sweet and winsome thing.





SIR STEPHEN DE VERE, 1888

(1812–1904; Poet and Country Gentleman)

Unsullied honour, pure from sin,
 Roams the wide world, serene, secure;
The just man needs nor javelin
 Nor poisoned arrows of the Moor:

Fearless where Syrtes whirl and rave;
 Where frown Caucasian summits hoar;
Or where the legend-haunted wave
 Of old Hydaspes laps the shore.

Once in a lonely Sabine grove
 Forgetting bounds I careless strayed;
I sang of Lalage, my love,
 Of Lalage, my peerless maid.

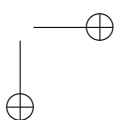
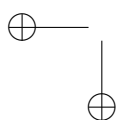
A tawny wolf all dashed with gore
 Fierce from a neighb'ring thicket sprung:
He gazed; he fled; no arms I bore,
 No arms but love, and trust, and song.

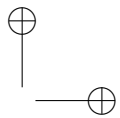
Such monster Daunias never bred
 In her deep forest solitude;
Nor such the realm of Juba fed,
 Stern mother of the Lion brood.

Place me where never Summer's breath
 Wakes into life the branches bare;
A cheerless clime where clouds and death
 Brood ever on the baleful air:

Place me where 'neath the fiery wheels
 Of nearer suns a desert lies,
A homeless waste that pants and reels
 Blighted and burnt by pityless skies;

I reckon not where my lot may be:
 On scorching plain, in desert isle,
I'll love and sing my Lalage,
 Her low sweet voice, her sweeter smile.





E. H. STANLEY, 1889

(A Metrical Version of the Odes of Horace)

The pure of life, the free from crime,
Needs not the Moorish bow and spear,
Nor quiver filled with poisoned shaft,
My Fuscus! such man knows not fear!

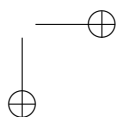
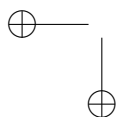
Whether his road of life be passed
In sultry Syrtes, or he stray
Through roads Caucassian roughly vast,
Or weird Hydaspes mark his way.

As straying once through Sabine's wild
And unaccustomed Wood, there came –
I singing Lalage – sweet child!
A raging wolf with eyes of flame.

Me all unarmed, the monster fled –
A monster half so dread and grim,
The Daunian acorned woods ne'er bred,
E'en Juba's Lion shrank from him!

But me! ah place me where no bloom
Of Flowers shall shed its odours round,
Where by dread Jupiter's stern doom
No ray of sunlight e'er is found.

Or deep beneath Sol's burning throne,
Where never sheltering roof shall be,
One thought would fill my heart alone,
The smile, the voice of Lalage!

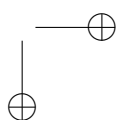
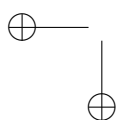


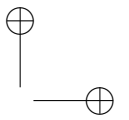


J. LEIGH S. HATTON, 1890

(“Late of Worcester College, Oxford”)

He needs no Moorish javelin,
 No poisoned dart or bow,
Whose life, O Fuscus! knows not sin,
 Whose days in goodness flow;
Though on Caucasian wilds he treads
 Or Afric's burning sand,
Or where Hydaspes' fabled wave
 Consumes the thirsty land;
For once when past my usual haunts
 Unarmed I wandered free,
And cast my cares aside, and sang
 My own sweet Lalagè,
Before me, in the Sabine woods,
 A huge wolf turned and fled,
Such monster ne'er amid its oaks
 Has warlike Daunian bred,
Such monster Juba's burning land,
 Ne'er in its fulness bore,
Stern nurse, across whose bosom rolls
 Her lion-children's roar.
O place me where on barren plains
 No leaflet woos the wind,
Where Nature's face is veiled in mist
 And Heaven itself unkind;
Or where no home for man is found,
 Sol's chariot rolls so near,
Sweet whispering, smiling Lalagè
 To me shall still be dear.





ANONYMOUS, 1890

(The Unit)

O, Fuscus, spotless, pure as snow,
No need wherever thou dost go
To weight thyself with heavy bow,
 No: quiver full.

From javelin long thou mayst be free
Nor yet with arrows burdened be. –
From vice and impious crime so free
 Thou'rt ever safe.

'Long Afric's shores thy way may lie,
E'en scale the Caucasus mountains high.
Or where the Indian passes by
 May'st sit in peace.

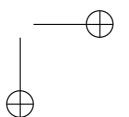
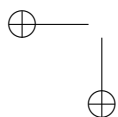
Once I was wandering free from care,
And breathing in the sylvan air,
Soft music to my love so fair,
 My Lalage.

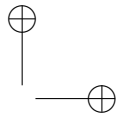
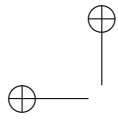
And as I sang in careless mood
I met in thickest depth of wood
A wolf, which for an instant stood
 Then turned and fled.

Thus all unarmed a thing I met
More fierce than deserta wild beget
And than Apulia's monster yet
 More horrible.

Place me mid everlasting snow
Where summer zephyrs never blow
And clouds and stormy sky hang low
 To end my days;

Or underneath the burning sun
Too near where bis warm course is run
I'll ever sing, and love but one
 My Lalage.





EUGENE FIELD, 1891

(1850–95; American Journalist and Poet)

Fuscus, whoso to good inclines,
 And is a faultless liver,
Nor Moorish spear nor bow need fear,
 Nor poison-arrowed quiver.

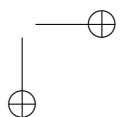
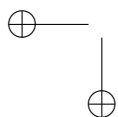
Ay, though through desert wastes he roam,
 Or scale the rugged mountains,
Or rest beside the murmuring tide
 Of weird Hydaspan fountains!

Lo, on a time, I gayly paced
 The Sabine confines shady,
And sung in glee of Lalage,
 My own and dearest lady;

And as I sung, a monster wolf
 Slunk through the thicket from me;
But for that song, as I strolled along,
 He would have overcome me!

Set me amid those poison mists
 Which no fair gale dispelleth,
Or in the plains where silence reigns,
 And no thing human dwelleth, –

Still shall I love my Lalage,
 Still sing her tender graces;
And while I sing, my theme shall bring
 Heaven to those desert places!





EDWARD HENRY PEMBER, 1891 (IMITATED)

(1833–1911; Parliamentary Barrister and Poet)

O, Gerald, I hear that you're off to the "Rockies,"
To kill conscientiously all that you see,
And Lilian writes that of weapons your stock is
About as complete as could possibly be.

But, Gerald, you rascal, in all your collection
There's one arm that's wanting, I very much fear;
And that is the panoply wrought by affection
For some little woman who's worth holding dear.

Old man, there are perils we've all us slighted,
And I not a whit less, I own it, than you,
That beat every rifle that ever was sighted,
But Love and Love's purity carry us through.

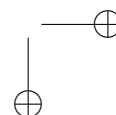
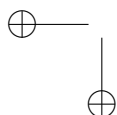
And talking of Lily, last night I succeeded
In setting some words to her favourite song,
And thinking my efforts unheard or unheeded,
Was trolling them out as I sauntered along.

And while I sang on, and my vision grew sweeter,
For Lilian's melody wrought like a charm,
A horrid great Bull-dog, a well-known man-eater,
Rushed out through the gate into Tomkins's farm.

You'll laugh when you read this, I know it looks silly,
But still it's a fact, that most truculent hound,
As soon as he heard I was singing of Lily,
Just shut up his chaps, and turned quietly round!

Don't ask me to come too; what's done can't be undone;
And Love is a master as well as a joy;
Only three months ago I'd have whisked up to London,
And started next week without winking, dear Boy!

But I feel somehow stalking's just now not in my line,
And fear that at best I should be in your way;
For how could I look for "Bighorn" on a sky line,
If dreaming of Lilian half through the day?





JOHN B. HAGUE, 1892

(The Odes and Epodes of Horace)

Upright in heart, and free of crime,
Thou need'st not bear in any clime,
My Fuscus, Moorish lance or bow,
Or arrow dipped in venom'd flow,

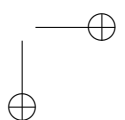
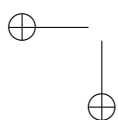
Whether 'mid Afric's burning sands,
Or wild Caucasia's snowy lands,
Or where the rich Hydaspes pours
Its fabled streams on India's shores.

Roving beyond my Sabine bounds,
While Lalage's sweet name resounds,
A wolf appears, and me unarmed
He flies, as though the place were charmed.

Such prodigy one scarce may tell,
In Daunia's wilds it ne'er befell,
Nor Afric's land where Juba reigns,
And lions roam the arid plains.

Place me amid those Arctic fields
Where summer air no verdure yields,
Or on that darksome side of earth,
Where clouds and tempests have their birth;

Place me where Sol's bright chariot flies
So near, and life and home denies,
Still, still, love's theme shall ever be,
Sweet, laughing, prattling Lalage.





JOHN OSBORNE SARGENT, 1893

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

The pure of hand and whole of heart,
My Fuscus, needs no other arm,
No practice in the bowman's art,
No venomed shafts, no Moorish dart,
To keep him safe from harm, –

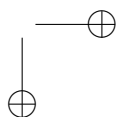
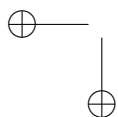
Whether through Syrtes' glowing sands
His journey lies, through boiling waves,
Or Caucasus' bleak table-lands
Inhospitable, or the golden strands
Fabled Hydaspes laves.

In Sabine woods, without a care,
And singing lays to Lalage,
I strayed beyond my bounds, and there
A wolf was startled in his lair
And ran away from me.

Portentous monster! Daunia
The warlike never bred a worse;
None such in her oak-forests prey,
And none in Mauritania,
The lions' arid nurse.

Place me in regions where no tree
Is ever fanned by summer air,
The side of earth that nebule
And fogs infest perpetually,
And make a desert there:

Or in the torrid atmosphere
Where human dwelling may not be,
The sun impels his car so near, –
I'll dote on my sweet-smiling dear,
Sweet-prattling Lalage.





T. A. WALKER, 1893

(The Odes of Horace)

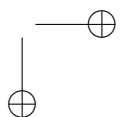
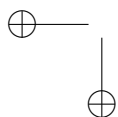
Fuscus! a pure and upright heart
Needs not a Moorish bow and dart,
 Nor arrow-laden quiver,
Whether through Syrtes' surf he go,
Or o'er Caucasia's ruthless snow,
 Or up Hydaspes' river.

Away from me, in neighbouring wood,
When wandering in a careless mood,
 Beyond my Sabine farm,
While singing of my Lalage,
A wolf of aspect fierce did flee,
 Nor tried to do me harm.

Oh, such a monster! Daunia's oaks,
The land of military folks,
 Feed not one half so grim;
Nor Juba's land, the sun-burnt nurse
Of lions, ever bred a worse,
 Or gristlier than him.

Put me in Arctic regions, where
No tree is fanned by summer's air,
 Or feels the lapse of time –
No cloudier can elsewhere be found,
Search every place the wide world round,
 Nor more unjoyous clime –

Or to the tropic's sunshine rays,
That burn with such resistless blaze,
 Unhabitably near:
Still Lalage with smile so sweet
And sweet discourse, whene'er we meet,
 Will aye to me be dear.

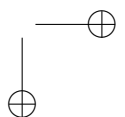
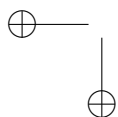


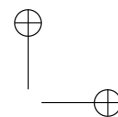
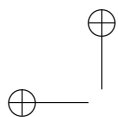


JOHN AUGUSTINE WILSTACH, 1893

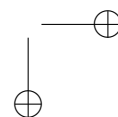
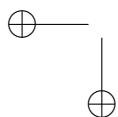
(1824–97; American Lawyer and Poet)

My friend, he who a life can claim
Without a flaw, and free from blame,
 The Moorish pike
Needs not nor bow, nor quiver's birth
Of poisoned arrows which to earth
 Their victims strike,
Or wends through sultry Syrtes' sands
His path, or through Caucasian lands
 Which know no guest,
Or where the dark Hydaspes licks
Its fabled banks, and horrors mix
 In nest on nest.
For, once, as in my Sabine woods,
Unarmed, in one of my gay moods,
 My Lalage's praise
I sung, met me a wolf, and glared
On me surprised and calm, then fared
 On his wild ways.
No such a portent crouches grim
In warlike Daunia's forests dim,
 Nor nurses, dire,
King Juba's realm, where lions roam,
Parched, in their arid desert home,
 With frenzying fire.
And yet I live my Lalage's face
And voice to sing, her artless grace,
 Her laugh, her form,
And all her charms; and thus my song
Would soar aloft on reaches long
 Of peace or storm,
Although I might, on sterile coasts
Where summer ne'er its glories boasts,





An exile, sigh,
Or, where the effulgent Sun his steeds,
Drives hot above the suffering meads,
A wanderer, die.





WILLIAM P. TRENT, 1894

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

He that is sound in life and pure in deed,
Of Moorish javelins hath little need,
Of quiver freighted with the venom'd reed,
Nor, Fuscus, of the bow.

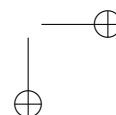
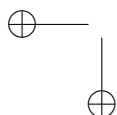
Whether his way thro' heated Syrtes lie,
Or thro' the dark inhospitality
Of Caucasus, or else the lands whereby
Hydaspes' waves do flow.

For me a wolf met once in Sabine grove,
When, singing of the Lalage I love,
My cares thrown off, I from my bounds did rove,
And me, defenceless, fled.

Of warlike Daunia not the forests grand
Of spreading oaks – nor ever yet the strand
Of that parched nurse of lions, Juba's land,
Hath such a portent bred.

Place me 'mid sluggish fields where not a tree
May by the torrid breezes freshened be,
Or wheresoever rules the inclemency
Of mists and frowning Jove –

Place me beneath the all-too-neighboring heat
Of Sol's bright car, in lands for homes unmeet;
My Lalage that smiles and prattles sweet,
I none the less shall love.





GEORGE M. DAVIE, 1894

(1848–1900; American Lawyer and Poet)

He that is pure of life, – free from iniquity,
Needs not the bow, of the Moor, nor his javelin,
Nor any quiver with poisoned shafts plethoric,
O my friend Fuscus;

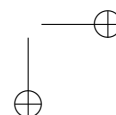
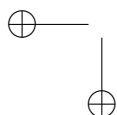
Whether he journey the hot sands of Africa,
Whether he stray through the wild wastes of Caucasus,
Or to the shores that Hydaspes the fabulous
Licks with its waters.

Thus! a huge wolf, in the forest of Sabina,
As I was rambling afar from my boundaries, –
(Thoughtless of danger, and singing of Lalage,) –
Fled from me, armless; –

Though such a monster as warfaring Daunia
Never hath reared in her mighty oak wilderness,
Nor hath been bred on the sands of Numidia, –
Nurse of the lions.

So, were I doomed to a region so desolate
That never tree feels the soft winds of summer-time; –
To gloomy lands where the dark mists eternally
Chill with their vapors;

Or, were I under the fiery chariot
Of the fierce sun, in a land that is shelterless; –
Sweet-laughing Lalage, – sweet-talking Lalage, –
Still would I love thee!





J. HOWARD DEAZELEY, 1894

(“Merton College, Oxford”)

The man whose life is upright and no stain of guilt can show
Needs not, my Fuscus, Moorish spears, needs not a Moorish bow
Or quiver filled with arrows that are poison'd 'gainst the foe;

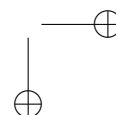
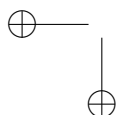
If through the Syrtes' burning waste he has to make his way,
Or where as host the Caucasus an uncouth part doth play,
Or where Hydaspes laves the ground, the theme of many a lay.

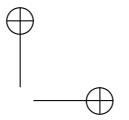
Far from me once in Sabine wood, when of all cares set free
I wandered on, and wand'ring sang songs of my Lalage,
My bounds o'erstepping, though unarmed was I, a wolf did flee.

Not Daunia such a brute as that, for all her war-like band,
Doth foster where her winter oaks crown far and wide the land,
Nor breeds the realm where lions thrive on Juba's burning sand.

Come set me down upon the plains in ice that slumber bound,
Where never breeze to fan a tree with summer's breath is found,
A region of the world where clouds and frowning skies abound;

Come set me where the Sun-god's car too close by many a mile
Draws nigh to earth and there to man no home allows the while,
I'll love my Lalage's sweet talk, my Lalage's sweet smile.

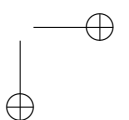
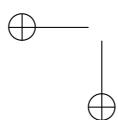




CYRIL E. F. STARKEY, 1895

(Verse Translations from Classic Authors)

My friend! the man of spotless life
 Who knows no taint of ill,
No Moorish javelin for the strife
 Needs he, nor archer's skill,
Nor poisoned arrows; nought of hurt
 Can touch his sacred head,
By Caucasus or boiling Syrt,
 Or famed Hydaspes' bed.
Thus I one day in Sabine grove
 In sweet security,
Heedless of bounds, serenely rove
 And sing my Lalagé;
When lo! a wolf glides o'er the grass,
 And flees my face in fear,
Such monster grim as Daunias,
 The soldier's home, doth rear
In oak-groves deep, or Juba's land
 The lion's parchéd home,
The savage dreads my naked hand,
 As aimlessly I roam.
Yes! place me on the frozen plains
 Guiltless of breeze or tree,
Where Jupiter with mists and rains
 Afflicts humanity.
Place me where broods the sun's red car
 Over a houseless waste,
Where'er I be, or near or far,
 My thoughts will homeward haste,
And still the burden of my song,
 Early or late, 'tis she,
With rippling laugh and prattling tongue,
 My own, my Lalagé!





CHARLES L. GRAVES, 1895 (IMITATED)

(1856–1944; *The Hawarden Horace*)

If clear be your conscience, my Morley,
 No bullet-proof coat you'll require,
Though often dispirited sorely
 By Erin's Invincible ire:
Nay further, discarding coercion,
 You may with impunity fare
On a midsummer moonlight excursion
 Unarmed through the County of Clare.

Look at me. As the breeze of the zephyr
 I strolled forth of late to enjoy,
A vicious and virulent heifer –
 I was humming the 'Dear Irish Boy' –
Came fiercely galumphing beside me:
 But suddenly changing its tone,
The animal amiably eyed me,
 And left me severely alone.

O wild is Hibernia's Taurus,
 And Collings' chimerical cow,
And neither demure nor decorous
 Is the Tammany Bos, but I vow
That even in Chamberlain's garden!
 No wickeder brute you'll espy
Than the horrible heifer of Hawarden,
 Who fled from my emerald eye.

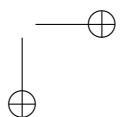
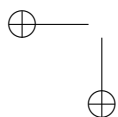
Were I bound within range of a rifle
 In Dopping's implacable grip;
Though I fled to the summit of Eiffel
 To give Ashmead-Bartlett the slip;
Were I doomed to despair on Sahara,
 Or sentenced to dine with the Shah,
Still I'd chant, to the tune of Ta-ra-ra,
 The praises of Erin-go-Bragh.



SIR OWEN SEAMAN, 1895 (IMITATED)

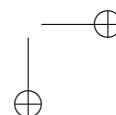
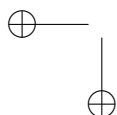
(1861–1936; Writer and Poet)

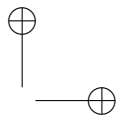
The man that never told a lie,
Or cut a College Chapel,
That lives within his Tutor's eye
And is, in fact, its apple;
Whether by fabled heights of Gog
Or Granta's mazy winding
Upon his customary jog
He goes serenely grinding; –
He little needs (so few his fears,
So equable his liver)
To join the Arquebusiliers
Or even read *The Quiver*.
For once he chanced to meet a mad
Bull-pup – its legs were bandy;
It scooted from him though he had
No gun or weapon handy.
Nor ever monster like to this
Was versed in sporting matters,
Or issued forth from Callaby's
To romp among the ratters;
And yet it fled with loud alarm,
While he in meditation
Pursued his thoughts upon the charm
Of Conic Osculation.
Place him on ocean's sandy dunes,
Or bunkers of Sahara,
Or where the air is sick with tunes
By Kellie and De Lara,
Plunge him in any haunt of sin –
Roulette or water-polo;
Propriety doth hedge him in,





He simply whispers – *Nolo*.
The button-hole, the tandem-team,
He counts alike as folly;
Polygonometry's his theme,
I think he calls it "Polly."
Her angular and winning ways
He hymns like any suitor;
And one of these fine open days
Intends to be a Tutor.





A. S. AGLLEN, 1896

(“Archdeacon of St. Andrews”)

The man of flawless life and clear,
Need take no Moorish bow or spear;
Fuscus, nor shafts with poison smear
 To fill his quiver.

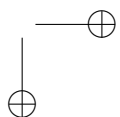
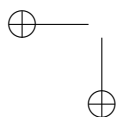
Whether where Syrtes rage he goes,
Where Caucasus harsh welcome shows,
Or where Hydaspes gently flows,
 A fabled river.

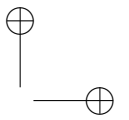
For once, as in a Sabine glade
In careless mood, unarmed, I made
Rhymes on my Lalage and strayed,
 A wolf fled daunted.

Not Daunias, nurse of soldier deeds,
In her oak woods such monster feeds,
Nor Juba’s arid desert breeds,
 Though lion-haunted, –

Place me where never tree can grow,
Where no sweet airs of summer blow,
An ice-bound world of mist and snow;
 Or place, where over

A homeless waste draws all too near
The sun-car, Lalage e’en here,
With smile, with voice, both sweet, were dear,
 And I should love her.





PHILIP E. PHELPS, 1897

(The Odes of Horace)

He who is pure and free from guile, my Fuscus,
Ne'er shall he need the darts of Mauritania,
No! nor the bow, nor quiver, laden full with
Poisonous arrows.

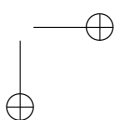
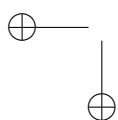
Whether he journey through the sultry Syrtes,
Or the inhospitable lands Caucasian,
Or thro' the regions which Hydaspes washes,
Fabl'd in story.

For, as I stray'd within the Sabine forest,
Singing my mistress Lalage, and wander'd
Careless and free, a wolf beheld, and fled me,
Wholly defenceless.

Such a fierce beast as neither in the warlike
Daunia roams, within its wide-spread beech-groves,
Nor Juba's territory breeds, the barren
Birthplace of lions.

Place me in arid fields of desolation,
Where never trees are fann'd by summer breezes,
Where clouds of winter gather, and the stormy
Weather oppresses –

I lace me beneath the sun's oppressive chariot,
(Country unfit for human habitation,)
There will I love my Lalage, so sweetly
Smiling and speaking.



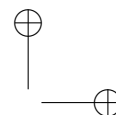
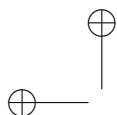


ALFRED DENIS GODLEY, 1898

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

Fuscus! he who is pure of life and void of crime needs no Moorish javelins, no bow, no quiver big with poisoned arrows: whether 'tis his intent to fare by Syrtes' boiling tide, or through inhospitable Caucasus, or the lands that are laved by storied Hydaspes. For in the Sabine forest as I sang of my Lalage and roamed free from care beyond my boundary, a wolf fled before me though all unarmed: albeit no huger monster is reared in the wide oakwoods of Daunus' warlike land, nor bred in Juba's country, that arid nurse of lions. Place me in those barren plains where no tree feels summer's quickening breath, where heavy clouds and wrathful skies oppress the world: place me where the sun drives his chariot too near and none can make their dwelling: e'en there I'll love my Lalage, sweetly smiling and sweetly speaking.

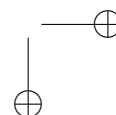
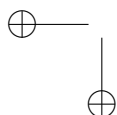


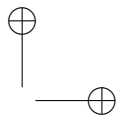


WILLIAM COUTTS, 1898

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

The pure in life and free from crime needs no Moorish darts nor bow, nor, my Fuscus, a quiver laden with poisoned arrows, whether he means to journey over the boiling Syrtes, or over the inhospitable Caucasus, or the places laved by storied Hydaspes. For from me, whilst singing my Lalage in my Sabine wood, and roving beyond its bound, with cares cast aside, there fled a wolf, unarmed as I was: a monster such as martial Daunias rears not in its wide oak-forests, nor Juba’s land, parched nurse of lions, breeds the like. Place me where, in the frozen plains, no tree is waked to new life by the summer breeze, the zone of the world oppressed by mists and the scowl of Jove, place me beneath the car of the sun too nigh, in a land denied to human homes, I’ll love my sweetly smiling, sweetly talking Lalage.





BENJAMIN F. MEYERS, 1901

(1833–1918; American Politician)

He whose life is wholesome and free from evil
Never needs the darts of the Moor, nor bow needs,
Nor the quiver heavy with poisoned arrows,
O my own Fuscus!

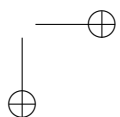
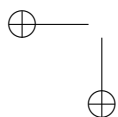
Though his way lie through torrid Afric deserts,
Or Caucasian regions inhospitable,
Or on dim shores which the Hydaspes fabled
Laps in stagnation;

For when once, with care from my mind far banished,
Singing of my Lalagé, strayed I farther
Than my wonted path, in the Sabine forest,
From me a wolf ran,

Though unarméd I; so prodigious monster
Martial Daunia ne'er in her wide beech-woods bred,
Nor the nurse of lions, the parching Juba's
African sand-waste.

Place me lone in regions all barren where no
Summer air restores to the tree its blossom,
On the side of Earth which the clouds and darkness
Ever envelop;

Place me where the world is not habitable,
Where the day-god's chariot too near approaches,
Yet will I love Lalagé, see her sweet smile,
Hear her sweet prattle.





W. C. GREEN, 1903

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

The guileless man, the honest liver,
No Moorish darts, nor bow, nor craft
(My Fuscus) needs to load his quiver
 With poison’d shaft;

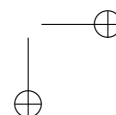
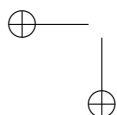
Though eddying quicksands he must brave,
Or guestless Caucasus, or go
Where far Hydaspes’ fabled wave
 Lapping doth flow.

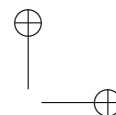
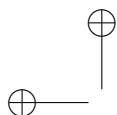
For me a wolf in Sabine wood –
While singing Lalagé I sped
Beyond my bounds in freest mood –
 Unweapon’d fled.

Like monster Daunia’s warlike land
In broad oak-coppice never feeds,
Nor Juba’s country, whose dry sand
 The lion breeds.

Set me on steppes all dull and dead,
Treeless and summerless that lie –
A world mist-laden, overspread
 Of evil sky –

Set me where dwelling none may be,
The Sun-god rides so near above,
Sweet laugh, sweet voice of Lalagé
 Still will I love.

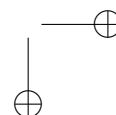
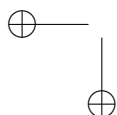


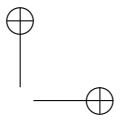


EDWARD CHARLES WICKHAM, 1903

(1834–1910; Scholar, Teacher and Clergyman; Son in Law of W. E. Gladstone)

He that is unstained in life and pure from guilt needs not, Fuscus, the Moor's javelin or bow or quiver laden with poisoned arrows, whether he be going to make his way through the surf of the Syrtes, or the unharboured Caucasus or the lands which storied Hydaspes washes. For even at sight of me once in a Sabine wood, as I was singing the praise of my Lalage and straying beyond bounds in careless mood, unarmed though I was, a wolf turned and fled, a monster such as Apulia, the home of warriors, does not rear in its broad oak-forests nor the land of Juba breed in her deserts, the nursing-mother of lions. Place me where on the dull plain there is no tree to be wakened to new life by the breeze of summer, the side of the world on which clouds and inclement Jove press heavily, place me beneath the chariot of the too neighbouring sun in a land forbidden to human dwelling, still shall I love Lalage and her sweet laughter, Lalage and her sweet prattle.





ERNEST EDWARD KELLETT, 1903 (IMITATED)

(1864–1950; Schoolmaster and Writer)

The pure in heart and free from sin,
 Whate'er calamities assail,
Requires no Moorish javelin,
 No poisoned shaft or shirt of mail –
Always, my friend, provided that
He sings unconscionably flat.

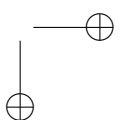
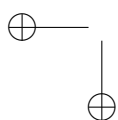
What though his ship through sandbanks ride,
 Or though in distant wastes he tread,
By lone Hydaspes' storied tide,
 Or where the Alps uplift their head,
Let him but try his *Do Re Mi*,
His fears incontinently flee.

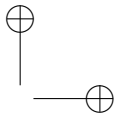
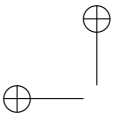
For instance, in the Sabine wood,
 I met a wolf of savage mien;
Helpless and all unarmed I stood,
 With no protecting space between;
I deemed myself already dead –
I started singing, and he fled.

He was a portent such as yet
 Was reared not in Numidian plain,
Nor will the Daunian shepherd set
 An eye upon his like again;
And yet he owned, against his will,
My voice a greater portent still.

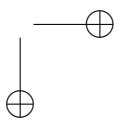
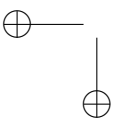
Place me, I pray, in future time,
 To sing my lovely Lalage,
In some far-off and torrid clime,
 From human habitation free,
Where I may try my vocal skill –
(Yes, Horace, we most surely will.)

Along that lone sequestered vale,
 Far from the justly-maddened crowd,





My noisy tenor shall not fail
To chant my lady's praise aloud;
I'll sing her on Hydaspes' banks –
(For this relief, dear Horace, thanks.)





ECCLESTON DU FAUR, 1906

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

Who upright lives, with guileless heart,
No Moorish javelins, nor bows,
Doth need, nor quiver that o'erflows
With poisoned dart;

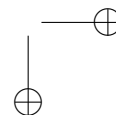
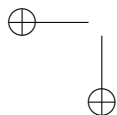
Whether 'midst Afric's sandy waves,
Or the inhospitable range,
Or lands, which, sung in stories strange,
Hydaspes laves.

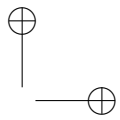
As once, astray in Sabine grove,
In praise of Lalage I warmed,
A fierce wolf left me, though unarmed,
To careless rove.

Such portent, Fuscus, not in wood
The warlike Daunian doth meet;
Nor Mauritania, arid seat
Of lion's brood.

Place me, where, on black plains, no tree
Tempers the stifling air; where cloud,
And mist, – foul weather, – skies enshroud
Too constantly;

Place me, where, too near earth, doth move
Sol's car, and houses none may be;
Sweet smile, sweet voice, of Lalage
I still must love.

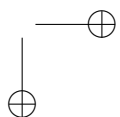
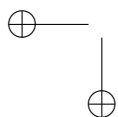




EDWARD R. GARNSEY, 1907

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

The man blameless in life, and free
From sin, will need no Moorish javelins,
Or bow, or quiver with a load, Fuscus,
 Of poisoned arrows:
Whether about to make his way through Syrtes hot,
Or through inhospitable Caucasus,
Or through those regions which the storied stream
 Hydaspes laves.
'Tis so, for in a Sabine wood a wolf,
While I am singing of my Lalage, and stray
Beyond my bound – with thoughts of care dismissed – hath
 fled
 From me unarmed: –
A monster, such as not warlike Daunia
Rears in its wide-spread groves of oak,
Not land of Juba breeds, that arid nurse
 Of lions.
Place me in those torpid steppes,
Where summer's breath restores no tree to life,
That side of the world which mists oppress,
 And evil sky:
Place me beneath the chariot of a sun
Too close, in lands where none may make a home,
And Lalage of winsome laugh I'll love,
 And winsome word.





WILLIAM GREENWOOD, 1907

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

The pure of life and free from guilt
Needs not the Moorish darts nor bow,
Nor poisoned arrows in his,
 Fuscus mine, quiver.

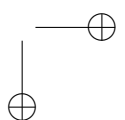
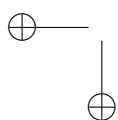
If swollen Syrtes hedge his way,
Or Caucasus dissociable,
Or lands remote, or shores which laves
 Fabled Hydaspes.

Since me a wolf in Sabine wood,
As Lalage adored I sung,
And, care-free, wandered far from bounds,
 Fled, though unarmed.

Nor Daunias such monster breeds
Beneath her broadly branching oaks;
Nor Afric land, although of beasts
 Nurse waterless.

Put me on plains wherein no tree
Bursts into bloom 'neath summer airs;
In latitude surcharged with clouds,
 Jupiter baleful;

Within the track of blazing sun;
In lands denied as homes to men –
I'll love my laughing Lalage,
 Sweetly still speaking.





JOHN MARSHALL, 1907

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

He that is clean of life, and pure from ill,
Needs not to be with Moorish darts equipped
Or bow; no case with arrows need he fill
 In poison dipped,

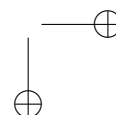
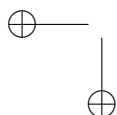
Whether o'er burning Afric wastes he go,
Or Caucasus, to strangers never kind;
Or where Hydaspes' fabled river, slow
 His course doth wind.

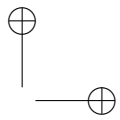
Mark thou the proof! Past bounds in Sabine glade
Singing of Lalagé I strolled unthinking;
When lo! a wolf, of unarmed me afraid,
 Fled cowardly slinking.

Yet he so huge a beast that the wide woods
Of warlike Daunus feed not such another,
No, nor swart Juba's coast, of lion broods
 The sunparched mother.

Place me where o'er the dull and frost-bound plain
No tree is e'er by summer's breath restored.
Beneath a sky where endless beats the rain
 And storm abhorred;

Or to a homeless land my steps exile,
Where the fierce sungod's car rolls all too near;
My Lalagé's sweet voice, her gentle smile,
 Shall still be dear.





ANONYMOUS, 1908

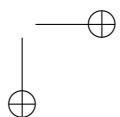
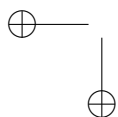
(Gettysburg in Verse)

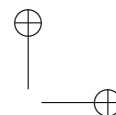
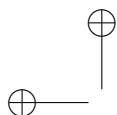
He whose spirit knows no guile,
 He whose life is free from sin,
Does not need the bended bow
 Nor the Moorish javelin,
Nor the burdened quiver's load,
 Winged shaft with venom'd dart;
He has weapons better far –
 Upright life and spotless heart.

He, unguarded, safe can tread
 Desert wastes of burning sand;
He can dauntless face the gloom
 Of the cheerless mountain-land;
Storied realms of ancient lore,
 Where the famed Hydaspes flows,
He can traverse, fearing not
 Dread attacks of hidden foes.

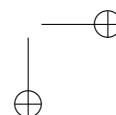
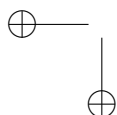
Singing of my Lalage,
 Wand'ring in the Sabine wood,
Lo! before me in the path,
 There a threat'ning monster stood;
Such a wolf as never sprang
 From Apulia's forests wide,
Or from Afric's arid strand,
 Where the crouching lions hide.

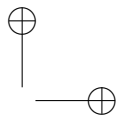
All unarmed and far from aid,
 I had been an easy prey;
But the monster, filled with dread,
 Swiftly turned and fled away!
Place me on the frozen plains,
 Where the south winds never blow,
Where the clouds and stormy sky
 Chill the land with hail and snow;





Place me where the glowing sun
 Wheels too slow his chariot's path, –
Land where mortals cannot dwell,
 'Neath the sun-god's scorching wrath;
Still my heart will be at ease
 To recall her artless wiles, –
Lalage, who sweely speaks,
 Lalage, who sweetly smiles.





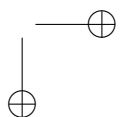
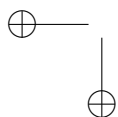
WILLIAM H. SPOHN, 1909

(The Wisconsin Literary Magazine, Prize Translation)

Fuscus, tell me, why art bearing
Moorish spear and poisoned dart?
Such defenses will not shield thee
Like a pure and stainless heart.
In the heated Syrian desert,
On wild Caucasus, or near
Famed Hydaspes, men of virtue
Need no weapons, feel no fear.

Just this morn, a woodland monster,
As I sang my little lay,
Charged me, felt my guarding weapons,
Paused surprised, then turned away.
Daunias has not his likeness
In its wilds or forest lands;
More dread he than tawny lion
Roaming Juba's burning sands.

Place me in that frozen region,
Treeless, desolate and bare,
Where the earth and skies commingle
In a sea of dripping air;
Place me in a torrid desert
Far from human kind: and then
Pity me? Nay, hear me sing of
Laughing, prattling Lalagen.





FRANCIS LAW LATHAM, 1910

(“Brasenose College, Oxford”)

He that is sound of life and pure from sin,
 Friend Fuscus, needs not Moorish darts or bow
Or quiver big with poisoned shafts within,
 Though doomed to go

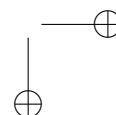
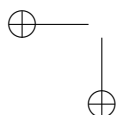
His journey through the Syrtes' boiling waves,
 Or through the inhospitable Caucasus,
Or where with storied flood Hydaspes laves
 Shores fabulous.

For once from me in woods of Sabine land,
 While light of heart I sang my Lalage,
And past my boundary strayed with fenceless hand,
 A wolf did flee;

A brute portentous, than those monsters worse
 Which martial Daunia rears in broad oak-woods,
Or Juba's land begets that arid nurse
 Of lion broods.

Place me in those drear plains where not a tree
 Is ever by the summer air caressed,
A region by the sky's inclemency
 And clouds oppressed;

Place me in lands where hangs too near above
 The sun's hot car, for man's abode unmeet:
My Lalage's sweet laugh I still shall love,
 Her prattle sweet.





HAROLD BAILY DIXON, 1910

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

The man unstained and pure of heart
Needs no protecting weapon near,
No bow to speed the poisoned dart,
No Moorish spear:

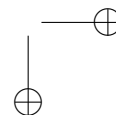
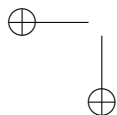
Whether he cross the burning sands
Of Syrtis, or Caucasian snows,
Or where through many-fabled lands
Hydaspes flows.

For whilst I, roaming heedlessly,
Sang to the woods, a wolf, alarmed,
Fled at the name of Lalage –
Fled me unarmed!

Huge creature he: no monster worse
Stern Daunia's wide oak-forests fed,
Or Juba's land, that thirsty nurse
Of lions, bred.

Place me where never breath of Spring
Rekindles life in herb or tree,
But all is frost and mist – I'll sing
Of Lalage!

Place me beneath the Sun-God's car
In homeless waste or desert isle –
I'll sing how sweet her accents are,
How sweet her smile!





CHARLES RICHARD WILLIAMS, 1910

(1853–1927)

He that is whole of life, of vices pure,
He hath no need of Moorish darts, nor bow,
Nor quiver filled with deadly shafts a-row,
To feel secure;

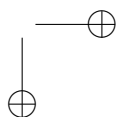
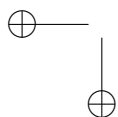
Whether his way through burning desert goes,
Or through the savage wilds of Caucasus,
Or through those regions where the fabulous
Hydaspes flows.

For once in Sabine-wood, of all care free,
While, unarmed strolling, Lalage I sang,
I past beyond the bounds; a wolf forth sprang,
But fled from me.

Apulia, fierce in war, did never yet
In her vast oak groves such a monster feed;
Nor parched Numidia, famed for lion breed,
Its like beget.

Place me upon the sullen northern plain,
Where no tree feels the south wind's quickening touch,
Since evil skies oppress it overmuch,
Or mists and rain;

Place me in regions where the sun above
Seems all so near that homes could never be; –
Sweet-speaking and sweet-smiling Lalage
I still will love!





FRANKLIN P. ADAMS, 1911 (IMITATED, 1)

(1881–1960; American Newspaper Columnist)

*Take it from me: A guy who's square,
His chances always are the best.
I'm in the know, for I've been there,
And that's no ancient Roman jest.*

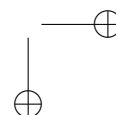
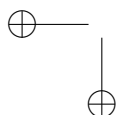
What time he hits the hay to rest
There's nothing on his mind but hair,
No javelin upon his chest –
Take it from me, a guy who's square.

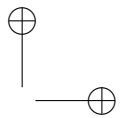
There's nothing that can throw a scare
Into the contents of his vest;
His name is Eva I-Don't-Care;
His chances always are the best.

Why, once, when I was way out West,
Singing to Lalage, a bear
Came up, and I was some distressed –
I'm in the know, for I've been there.

But back he went into his lair,
(Cage, corner, den, retreat, nook, nest),
And left me to “The Maiden's Prayer” –
And that's no ancient Roman jest.

In Newtonville or Cedar Crest,
In Cincinnati or Eau Claire,
I'll warble till I am a pest,
“My Lalage” – no matter where –
Take it from me!





FRANKLIN P. ADAMS, 1911 (IMITATED, 2)

(1881–1960; American Newspaper Columnist)

Fuscus, my friend, take it from me –
I know the world and what it's made of –
One on the square has naught to be
Afraid of.

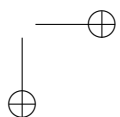
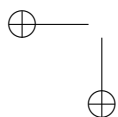
The Moorish bows and javelins? Nope.
Such deadly things need not alarm him.
Why, even arrows dipped in dope
Can't harm him!

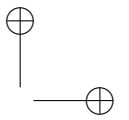
He's safe in any clime or land,
Desert or river, hill or valley;
Safe in all places on the Rand-
McNally.

Why, one day in my Sabine grot,
I sang for Lalage to hear me;
A wolf came in and he did not
Come near me!

Ah, set me on the sunless plain,
In China, Norway, or Matanzas,
Ay, place me anywhere from Maine
To Kansas.

Still of my Lalage I'll sing,
Where'er the Fates may chance to drop me;
And nobody nor anything
Shall stop me.





GEORGE M. WHICHER AND GEORGE F. WHICHER, 1911

(GMW 1860–1937, GFW 1889–1954)

He needs no Moorish dart
Who wanders pure in heart,
Whose life is unimpaired, unstained by crime;
He bears no bow, no quiver's load
Of poisoned arrows on his road,
O Fuscus, though he seek the wildest clime:

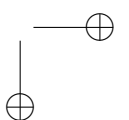
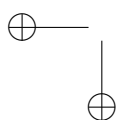
Whether on Afric seas
He take the sweltering breeze;
Or frore, unfriendly peaks Caucasian scale;
Or journey by the distant waves
Where unexplored Hydaspes laves
His shores, renowned in many an ancient tale.

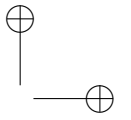
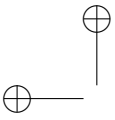
For wandering care-free,
Singing my Lalage,
In Sabine woods beyond my bounds I strayed;
Such virtue dwelleth in that song
To banish aught impure or wrong,
A grisly wolf that met me, fled afraid.

Such fearsome monster ne'er
The spreading oak-groves bare,
Where Daunus ruled his warlike folk of old;
Nor yet, where Juba held command,
Sprang ever such from Afric sand,
Parched nourisher of lions fierce and bold.

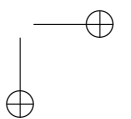
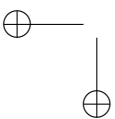
O place me in the zone
Where Winter rules alone,
And sluggish breezes wake to life no flower;
Where evil mists forever bide,
And o'er the earth's deserted side
The Jove of tempest wills that storm-wrack lower;

Or set me where the sun
His car too near doth run





To scorched lands, where homes may never be:
 Whatever the sky may be above,
 With heart unstained I still shall love
Sweet-smiling and sweet-prattling Lalage.





BERT LESTON TAYLOR, 1911 (IMITATED, 1)

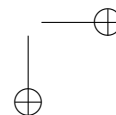
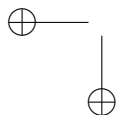
(1866–1921; Humorist and Pioneer Newspaper Columnist)

Fuscus, old scout, if a guy's on the level
That's all the arsenal he'll have to tote;
Up to St. Peter or down to the Devil,
No need to carry a gun in his coat.

Prowling around, as you know is my habit,
I met a wolf in the forest, and he
Beat it for Wolfville and ran like a rabbit.
(He was some wolf, too, receive it from me.)

Where I may happen to camp is no matter, –
Paris, Chicago, Ostend or St. Joe, –
Like the old dame in the nursery patter
I shall make music wherever I go.

Drop me in Dawson or chuck me in Cadiz,
Dump me in Kansas or plant me in Rome, –
I shall keep on making love to the ladies:
Where there's a skirt is my notion of home.





BERT LESTON TAYLOR, 1911 (IMITATED, 2)

(1866–1921; Humorist and Pioneer Newspaper Columnist)

Fuscus, take a tip from me:
 This here job's no bed of roses,
Not the cinch it seems to be,
 Not the pipe that one supposes.
 What care I, tho', if I may
 Lallygag with Lalage.

Every day there's ink to spill,
 Tho' I may not feel like working.
Every day a hole to fill;
 One must plug it – there's no shirking.
 Oh, that I might all the day
 Lallygag with Lalage!

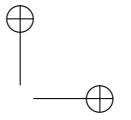
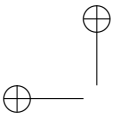
People say, "Gee! what a snap,
 Turning paragraphs and verses.
He's the band on Fortune's cap,
 Gets a barrel of *ses-terces*."
 Let them gossip, while I play
 Hide and seek with Lalage.

People hand me out advice:
 "Hod, you're doing too much drivell.
Write us something sweet and nice.
 Stow the satire, chop the frivol."
 But we have the rent to pay,
 Lalage; eh, Lalage?

Ladies shy the saving sense
 Write me patronizing letters;
And there are the writing gents,
 Always out to knock their betters.
 What cares Flaccus if he may
 Lallygag with Lalage!

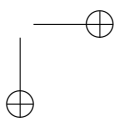
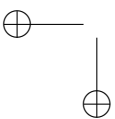
No, old top, the writing lay's
 Not a bed of sweet geranium.

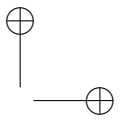




Brickbats mingle with bouquets
Shied at my devoted cranium.
Does it peeve yours truly? Nay.
Nothing can – with Lalage.

Paste this, Fuscus, in your hat:
Not a pesky thing can peeve me.
Take it, too, from Horace flat,
She's some gal, is Lal, believe me.
So I coin this word to-day,
“Lallygag” – from Lalage.





SIR WILLIAM S. MARRIS, 1912

(1873–1945; Civil Servant and Classical Scholar)

He who is innocent and pure
Needs not to go equipped
With spear or quiver of the Moor
And arrows poison-tipped.

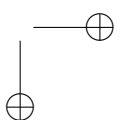
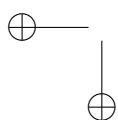
Not though he fare through Syrtes' waves,
Cold Caucasus' expanse,
Or regions that Hydaspes laves,
That river of romance.

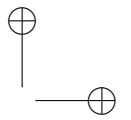
I roamed beyond my farm at ease,
I sang of Lalage,
And met unarmed among the trees
A wolf, who fled from me.

Martial Apulia, forest-land,
Bred never monster worse;
Nor such was weaned 'mid Juba's sand
The lions' thirsty nurse.

Set me on steppes, where summer air
No leaf hath ever kissed,
The zone that lies in dull despair
Of sombre sky and mist;

Set me where flames so fierce a heat
That there no dwellers be:
Yet will I love her – smiling-sweet,
Sweet-speaking Lalage.





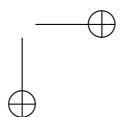
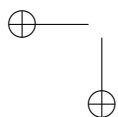
J. M. KRAUSE, 1912

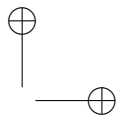
(Love Poems)

The man whose life from blame is free,
Fuscus, no Moorish darts needs he,
No poisoned arrows have to be
 Within his quiver;
Whether through Syrtes' foam he go,
Or Caucasus' unfriendly snow,
Or lands washed by Hydaspes' flow,
 That storied river!

In Sabine wood once straying wide,
Me, all unarmed, a wolf espied, –
He fled, while I in happy pride
 Sang "Lalage"!
Where warlike Daunia's forests spread,
Beneath the oaks no beast so dread,
The desert land of Juba bred
 None great as he.

Place me in some dead, ice-bound plain,
Where trees for soft winds long in vain,
A clime whose sky with mist and rain
 Low'rs heavily,
Or in a land which all men shun,
Too near the chariot of the sun,
I'll love my sweet-voiced radiant one,
 My Lalage!





GEORGE MURRAY, 1912

(1830–1910; Canadian Educator and Journalist)

Fuscus, the man whose life is pure,
And clear from crime, may live secure:
No Moorish darts or bow he needs,
No quiver stored with venom'd reeds.

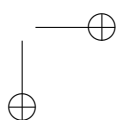
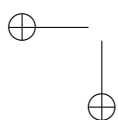
Whether on Afric's burning sands,
Or savage Caucasus he stands,
Or where, with legend-haunted tide,
The waters of Hydaspes glide.

For, while in Sabine glades, alone,
Singing of Lalage, my own,
I roamed light-hearted and unarmed,
A wolf that faced me fled – alarmed.

No monster so portentous roves
Through gallant Daunia's broad oak-groves,
Nor 'en in Juba's thirsty land,
That suckles lions 'mid the sand.

Place me on lifeless deserts, where
No tree is fanned by summer's air,
That zone of earth, which mist and cloud
With sullen atmosphere enshroud;

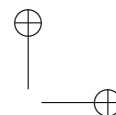
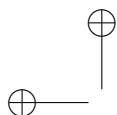
Set me in boundless realms afar,
Beneath the sun's too neighbouring car,
E'en there, sweet-smiling Lalage,
Sweet-speaking maid, beloved shall be.



FRANKLIN P. ADAMS, 1912 (IMITATED)

(1881–1960; American Newspaper Columnist)

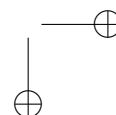
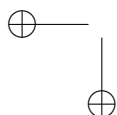
- (Integer vitae) *A man who's on the level,*
(Noneget. . . arcu) *He needn't have a fear;*
(Nec venenatis) *Not arrows of the devil*
(Fusce, pharetra) *Can harm a conscience clear –*
- (Sive per Syrtes) *Whether he's in Peoria,*
(Sive facturus) *New York or Newtonville,*
(Caucasum vel) *East Orange or Emporia,*
(Lambit Hydaspes) *Or Pocahontas, Ill.*
- (Namque me. . . lupus) *For once, when I was singing,*
(Dum meam. . . Lalagen) *A wolf came up to me;*
(Terminum curis) *He heard my lyric ringing,*
(Fugit inermem) *And fled immejitlee.*
- (Quale portentum.) *Believe me, he was some wolf,*
(Daunias latis) *Not wood from Noah's Ark,*
(Nec Jubae tellus) *No little Daunian bum wolf*
(Arida nutrix) *Like those in Central Park.*
- (Pone me, pigris) *O put me on the prairie,*
(Arbor aestiva) *Or let me hire a hall,*
(Quod latus mundi) *Set me upon Mt. Airy,*
(Jupiter urget) *Or anywhere at all.*
- (Pone sub curru) *Still I, on the equator,*
(Solis. . . negata) *At ninety in the shade,*
(Dulce ridentem) *Shall love – a poor translator –*
(Dulce loquentem) *My sweetly smiling maid.*

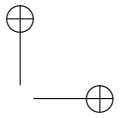
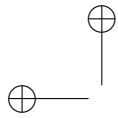


FRANKLIN P. ADAMS, 1914 (IMITATED)

(1881–1960; American Newspaper Columnist)

O Fuscus, if your heart be true,
 If you be but a righteous liver,
No Moorish bow need bother you,
 Nor arrows from a foeman's quiver,
Duluth, Winona, Kankakee,
 South Framingham and points adjacent –
It matters not where you may be,
 If but your conscience be complacent.
Why, once when I was singing of
 My Lalage – need I repeat it? –
A wolf that heard my song of love
 Gave me a look and straightway beat it.
Put me where it is cold or hot.
 Where water's ice, or where it's b'iling,
I'll sing – who likes my stuff or not –
 My Lalage so sweetly smiling.





A. L. TAYLOR, 1914

(The Odes of Horace)

The man of blameless life, whose soul doth know
 No secret crime, howe'er he be bested,
Needs not the Moorish javelins nor bow
 Nor quiver filled with darts envenomèd.

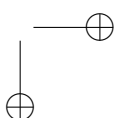
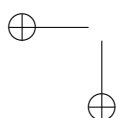
Safe shall he be, my Fuscus, though his way
 Lie through the Syrtes seething perilous,
Or where Hydaspes' storied waters play,
 Or o'er inhospitable Caucasus.

For as I walked my Sabine woodlands free
 From every care and passed as though becharmed,
Singing the wonders of my Lalage,
 A wolf fled from me wandering there unarmed.

A monster such as warlike Daunia's woods
 Amid their broad oak-thickets ne'er did rear,
Nor nurtures Juba's land, for all the broods
 Of lions fierce amid its deserts drear.

Place me upon the frozen plains afar,
 Where summer breeze ne'er stirs the barren bough,
Where gloomy clouds and mists eternal are
 And Jove for ever wears an angry brow;

Place me beneath the sun's all-burning blaze,
 Where mortals may not dwell, yet I shall sing
The magic smile of Lalage and praise
 Her low, sweet voice harmonious murmuring.





FRANKLIN P. ADAMS, 1917 (IMITATED)

(1881–1960; American Newspaper Columnist)

A lad whose life is pure and clean –
 His stuff is cosmic, sempiternal;
Whether in *Harper's Magazine*
 Or in the so-called *Evening Journal*.

He needs no 24-point blurb,
 His verse requires no Gothic 10-point,
For folks to say, "Believe me, Herb,
 Some ooze comes off of *that* guy's pen point!"

I wrote some poetry at home –
 I lived, you know, at Sabine Junction –
A wolf came up and glimpsed my pome,
 And slammed the door with vulpine unction.

A big, big, big, big wolf was he:
 (And if you crave corroboration,
Look up Ode 22 and see
 The difficulties of translation.)

Lived I where Kipling pens his rhymes,
 Or where Le Gallienne pens his stanzas;
And worked I for the London *Times*,
 Or for a sheet in Howell, Kansas –

Oh, ship me to some desert isle
 Or leave me in my Conning Tower,
Still shall I sing my Carrie's smile
 And love its cardiac motive power.

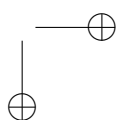
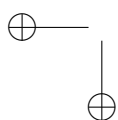




WARREN H. CUDWORTH, 1917

(1877–1927)

The man of upright life and conduct clean
Needs neither Moorish javelin nor bow,
Nor quiver, Fuscus, stuffed with arrows keen
Whose tips with poison flow,
Across the sultry Syrtes tho' he fare,
Or thro' those distant lands where slowly wends
Hydaspes' stream, in story famed, or where
Bleak Caucasus ascends.
For, singing Lalage, as late I led
My truant footsteps thro' the Sabine wood,
Devoid of care, I met a wolf that fled,
Unarmed altho' I stood;
A monster such as never yet appeared
Where warlike Daunia's oak woods wide expand,
Nor such the nurse of lions yet has reared –
King Juba's arid land.
Tho' I be placed among those barren plains
Where summer airs awake no tree to life,
That quarter of the world where winter reigns,
And fog and sleet are rife;
Tho' I be placed in houseless climes that burn,
Where day's bright chariot glows with tropic heat,
Yet ever I for Lalage will yearn,
Sweet smiling, prattling sweet.



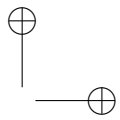


HELEN LEAH REED, 1917

(1864–1926; American Teacher and Writer)

Oh, Fuscus, he whose life is pure and upright,
Wants not the Moorish javelin nor the bow,
Nor may he need the quiver, heavy laden
With arrows poisoned for the lurking foe.
Whether he is about to make a journey
To sultry Libya, or the unfriendly height
Of Caucasus, or to the distant places
That famed Hydaspes washes in his flight.
For lately me a wolf fled in the forest –
The Sabine forest, as my Lalage
I sang about, – beyond my boundaries wandering,
Care-free, unarmed – the creature fled from me.
Apulia, land of soldiers, never nourished
In her broad woods a monster of such girth,
Nor Mauritania, arid nurse of lions,
To such a one has ever given birth.
Ah, put me on those plains, remote and barren,
Where not a tree can feel the summer wind,
And grow again – a land of mist eternal –
Wherever Jupiter still broods, unkind;
Or place me in that land denied man's dwelling,
Too near the chariot of the sun above, –
Still my own Lalage so sweetly smiling,
My sweetly-speaking Lalage I'll love.

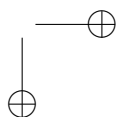
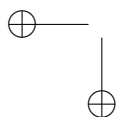


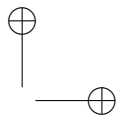


GERARD FENWICK, 1917

(The Odes of Horace, Book I)

Fuscus! the man of blameless life
No Mauric javelin, bow or quiver,
And arrows barbed, with poison rife,
Needs he whatever.
Not even though his journey be
Through Caucasus or Syrtes sand,
Or where the famed Hydaspes see
An unknown land.
Once when I sang in Sabine wood
Of Lalage, all free from care,
A wandering wolf that heard me stood
And left me there,
Unharmed, outside my own snug farm;
From Juba's land, of lions the nurse,
Or Daunia's oaks couldest thou charm
A monster worse?
Place me among those frozen fields
Where no tree bows to summer air
And where to mist the broad earth yields
When Jove is near:
Or place me in that torrid zone
Too warm for life, she me beguiles,
I love my Lalage alone
Both when she talks and when she smiles.





HUBERT DYNES ELLIS, 1920

(Selections from the Odes)

Fuscus, who'er an upright life doth lead
And walks in purity unsoiled by sin,
No Moorish bow and arrow will he need,
No quiver, no envenomed javelin;

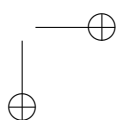
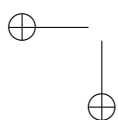
Whether his path by sultry Syrtes wind,
Or Caucasus' inhospitable cold,
Or should he wander to the plains of Ind
Laved by Hydaspes' fabled rills of gold.

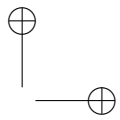
Thus as I, void of care, and chanting lays
In praise of Lalage, too widely strayed,
A wolf, met in the Sabine thicket's maze,
From me all weaponless did flee afraid.

A monster, such as not the warlike land
Of Daunus in its chestnut woods widespread,
Not Mauretania, whose arid sand
Nurtures the lion's whelp, have ever bred!

Cast me in some bleak waste where never tree
Awakes refreshed by summer's genial breath,
A stricken region curst by Jove's decree
With fogs that veil the heavens and earth beneath;

Or in some land where none may dwell and bear
Titan's impendent car in noontide heat,
E'en there, dear Lalage, my heart will hear
The music of thy laugh, thine accents sweet.

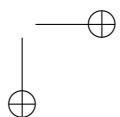
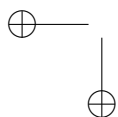




WALTER HERRIES POLLOCK, 1920

(1850–1926; Writer and Poet)

Who cleanly lives, from guilt immaculate
 No Moorish javelins needs he to provide,
Nor bow, nor quiver, Fuscus, with a weight
 Of poisoned arrows heavy at his side,
Whether through Syrtian heats his way shall go,
 Or Caucasus' inhospitable chain,
Or regions where, with many-fabled flow,
 The waters of Hydaspes wash the plain.
For once when wandering in a Sabine wood,
 Where to my Lalage I sang a lay,
Unarmed and past my bounds in careless mood,
 A wolf, beholding me, fled swift away,
A portent such as warlike Daunia ne'er
 'Neath her broad-stretching forest oaks did feed,
Nor Juba's land that arid is and bare,
 That nurse of lions, ever knew to breed.
Place me in fields that unproductive lie,
 Where never tree by summer breeze was fanned,
That side the world where still a clouded sky,
 Dull and malevolent, o'erhangs the land;
Place me 'neath Phœbus' car too close above,
 And where no builders' craft can ever reach,
Lalage's dulcet laugh I still shall love,
 And evermore shall love her dulcet speech.





WILLIAM STEBBING, 1920

(1831–1926; Journalist)

Souls innocent of wrong, unspoiled
 Children of Nature, seed to flow'r,
By strange influences unsoiled,
 Bloom secure, each in its own bow'r.

Should Fortune such a being doom
 To quicksands on Cyrene's coast,
Or the inhospitable gloom
 Of Caucasus's clouds and frost,

Or amid monsters to abide
 Where rolls Hydaspes, nought his need
For Moorish darts, or, at his side,
 Bow and quiver, death in each reed.

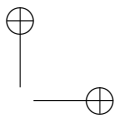
No champion chartered he to kill,
 Or beast, or tyrant; Nature's aim
For him to be her voice; his skill
 Given him to exalt her name.

Hers She has sealed him with a charm
 Aweing her wildings; earth, sea, air,
Unite to shelter him from harm;
 Sacred he passes everywhere.

Meditating the other day
 Song to Lalage, my sole care,
From my garden I chanced to stray
 Up the green hill-side, unaware,

Into a sun-lit forest glade.
 Suddenly, with a snarl, or scream,
A gaunt wolf sprang from out the shade,
 Athirst for blood, as it might seem.

Two red eyes glared, and he was gone –
 An apparition – whence he came.
In the sunlight I stood alone;
 On my lips still Lalage's name!



“Miracle? Portent?” Yes; and No.
 If beasts of this discerning turn
In Daunia’s oak woods do not grow,
 Or where lions breed and sands burn

In Juba’s realm, ’tis for the lack
 Of my talisman. Set Me down
At the World’s foggy, torpid back,
 Where Jove in sulks retires to frown;

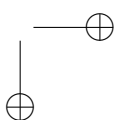
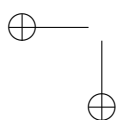
Or be I by blind Fate’s decree
 Sentenced, the Sun-god at my heels,
In ever shifting tent to flee,
 Homeless, before his angry wheels;

From miseries on either part
 I seek abroad relief in vain;
Cower at last to my own heart,
 Here most of all expecting pain!

Poor Exile I! when, glad surprise!
 Who but Herself, my Darling, there,
The old love leaping from her eyes!
 And the two wildernesses? Where?

Where ice and snow, the starveling trees –
 Hot sand-storms, whirling death along?
Groves rustling in a summer breeze;
 Purling brooks, and the skylark’s song!

For who is Nature’s Queen but She?
 Music what, but to see her walk?
Whom could I love but Lalage?
 Hark! the sweet laugh! Hark! the sweet talk!





LIONEL LANCELOT SHADWELL, 1920

(1845–1925; Barrister)

The man whose life is pure and innocent
 With Moorish javelins need not go equipped,
Nor carry bow nor quiver's complement
 Of arrows poison-tipped,

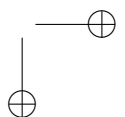
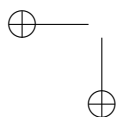
Be he through Syrtes bay of boiling tides
 Or savage Caucasus on journey bound,
Or, Fuscus, where Hydaspes gently glides
 In story far renowned.

For lately while abroad in Sabine wood
 My Lalage I sang, a truant gay,
A wolf that met me, though unarmed I stood,
 Turned back and fled away.

Monster so huge not all the Daunian land,
 Mother of soldiers, breeds in forest lairs
Amid her oaks, nor Juba's realm of sand,
 Home of the lion, bears.

Set me on torpid plains where to new life
 Quickens no tree refreshed by summer gale,
Within the zone where mist and clouds are rife,
 And bitter frosts prevail,

Or set me where a clime for man unmeet
 Driving his car too nigh the sun has made,
My Lalage's sweet talk and laughter sweet
 Ne'er from my heart will fade.





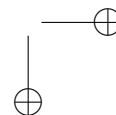
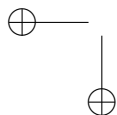
WILLIAM FREDERICK LLOYD, 1920

(Versions and Perversions)

The man who through his life's career
 Is true and pure in heart
Needs neither sword nor Moorish spear,
 Nor bow nor poisoned dart.
He travels safe on northern snows
Or where the famed Hydaspes flows
In far and fabled Eastern lands,
Or on the sultry Syrtes sands.

Through Sabine woods by devious ways
 I wander far and free,
And as I walk I sing thy praise,
 My Love, My Lalage.
Upon the scene a wolf appears,
But thoughts of Thee allay my fears.
Unarmed the danger I defy:
My Lalage he turns to fly.

The monster flies though he was fierce
 As the wild beasts who roam
On Juba's plain – that savage nurse
 Where lions have their home.
Place me where trees can scarce subsist,
Or in a land of noxious mist,
Or where the air is thick with rain,
Or on a barren, sultry plain;
Where'er I am, I still rejoice,
For I can hear thy dulcet voice.
Thy love alone suffices me,
My sweet and smiling Lalage.





MORRIE RYSKIND, 1921 (IMITATED)

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

Fuscus, the free-and-easy life
Is, generally speaking, cheesy.
But, if you're free from crime and strife –
The rest is easy.

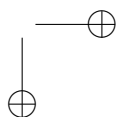
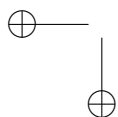
The man who shuns the Primrose Path
Knows that no boor nor gun can bore him.
He doesn't fear Olympian wrath –
The gods are for him.

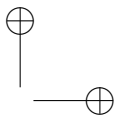
I walked the Sabine wood one day
Totally unprepared for danger,
And met a wolf upon the way –
A perfect stranger.

I had no gun; I had no gang.
But was I frightened? Nope! The merest
Glance I bestowed on him – and sang
About my dearest.

He beat it back into the woods,
Saying, "Excuse me, please, your Honor"...
But had I dealt in stolen goods,
I'd been a goner.

Place me where Peary found the pole,
Or let the desert sun inflame me:
Still Lalage shall claim my soul –
And can you blame me?

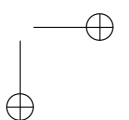
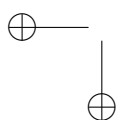




WILLIAM HATHORN MILLS, 1921

(1848–1930; Writer)

Whose life is whole and pure of sin,
He needs no Moorish javelin,
Fuscus, nor bow, nor quiver-load
Of poisoned arrows for the road:
Whether he wills to voyage o'er
The boiling Syrtes, or explore
Rude Caucasus, or tracts untrod,
Washed by Hydaspes' storied flood.
For in a Sabine wood one day
I sang of Lalage; away
Went all my cares; I wandered free;
A wolf saw me, and fled from me,
Nor harmed me – such a monster as
Oak-groves of warlike Daunias
Breed not, and Juba's land may nurse
Lions, but rears not such a curse.
Set me where some dead desert sees
No tree refreshed by summer breeze –
A quarter of the world that lies
In mists beneath unkindly skies:
Set me beneath the too near car
Of Phoebus, where no dwellings are,
Yet will I love my Lalage –
Her sweet laugh, her sweet causerie.





JOHN FINLAYSON, 1921

(The Odes of Horace)

The upright man, and free from sin,
Requires no Moorish javelin,
Nor bow, nor poisoned shafts within
Death-bearing quiver:

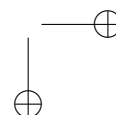
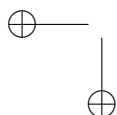
Whether o'er burning sands he roam,
Scale rugged Caucasus' bleak dome,
Or wander to Hydaspes' home,
That fabled river!

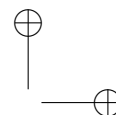
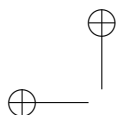
In Sabine woods unarm'd I strayed,
And, happy, sang my Grecian maid,
A wolf appeared – then fled – afraid,
When breathed the name.

Sure, such a monster none e'er viewed
In depths of warlike Daunia's wood,
Nor Juba's land, which lion's brood
Their parch'd nurse claim.

Place me on desert, wild and bare,
Where waves no tree in summer air,
But sunless skies and mists are there,
I'll still rejoice;

Waft me afar to torrid zone,
Land where no homes of men are known,
I'll love but Lalagé – her own
Sweet smile – sweet voice!





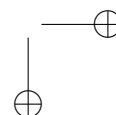
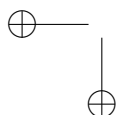
EDWARD DOUGLAS ARMOUR, 1922

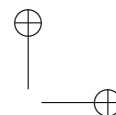
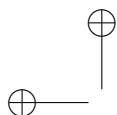
(1851–1922; Lawyer, Educator and Poet)

The man of upright life, and pure of heart,
Needs not the bow, the spear or poisoned dart;
And wheresoe'er his various ways may lead,
Whatever dangers lurk he will not heed.

While late I sang of Lalage, and pondered,
And far from my accustomed haunts I wandered,
A monster wolf, from out the Sabine wood,
Avoided me, although unarmed I stood.

Oh were I placed in arid, treeless plains,
Or where the clouds dissolve in frequent rains,
In barren wastes where beat the sun-god's rays,
Sweet Lalage I'd love through all my days.



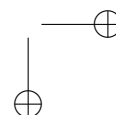
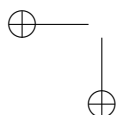


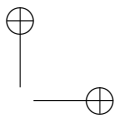
FRANKLIN P. ADAMS, 1923 (IMITATED)

(1881–1960; American Newspaper Columnist)

Horace Flackhouse has lived in town all his life. He is seventy-two years old. He has always paid his debts and kept single, though there have been rumors that Horace owed a lot of money, and, since 1879, he has been reported engaged on an average of once a year. In 1878, Horace, who played the guitar, was courting Lalage Quinn; and as he was serenading her one night, playing “In Old Madrid,” Old Man Quinn’s dog looked at him and ran away.

Horace never married Lalage, but he says that no matter where he is he will go on serenading her.

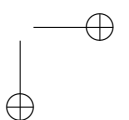
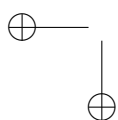




RICHARD A. ZEREGA, 1924

(1866–1956)

He who is of blameless life, Fuscus, and free from crime, has no need of Moorish javelins, of a bow, or of a quiver heavy with poisoned arrows, whether he is about to make his way through the burning Syrtes, through the inhospitable Caucasus, or through those regions which the Hydaspes, famed in story, washes. For as I was singing of my Lalage in the Sabine forest, and care free, was wandering out of bounds, a wolf fled from me, though I was unarmed. Such a monster as does neither martial Daunia nourish beneath her oak trees, broadly spreading, nor does the land of Juba, the dry nurse of lions, engender. Place me amid barren fields where no tree is ever given life anew by a warm breath of air, in that region of the world which mists and an inclement sky beset, place me beneath the chariot of the sun, too near, in a land to abodes denied, still will I love my Lalage sweetly smiling, sweetly prattling.





FRANKLIN P. ADAMS, 1925 (IMITATED)

(1881–1960; American Newspaper Columnist)

He who is upright in his way of living,
Stainless of guilt, needs never the protection
Darts of Morocco, or bows or poisoned arrows,
Fuscus, can give him.

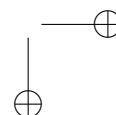
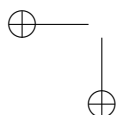
Whether his path be through the sultry Syrtes,
Or through the sunless Caucasus he travel,
Or through the countries watered by the famous
River Hydaspes.

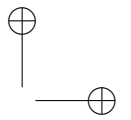
Once in the Sabine Woods when I was strolling
Far past my farm, unarmed and free of worry,
Singing of Lalage, the wolf that heard me
Came up; and left me.

Monstrous was he, not such as martial Daunia
There in her spacious oaken forest nurses,
Not such as arid, lion-haunted Juba
Greatly produces.

Place me upon the sun-divested prairie
Where not a tree lives in the breath of summer;
Or where is nothing ever but the forecast:
Cloudy with showers.

Yes, you may place me on the old Equator
Where it is far too hot for habitation,
Yet will I love my Lalage forever
Smiling so sweetly.





LEONARD CHALMERS-HUNT, 1925

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

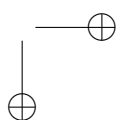
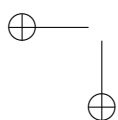
He, whose life blameless, integrity shows,
No need has of spear, poisoned arrows nor bows!
Though he through the desert or Caucasus go,
Or regions where fabled Hydaspes doth flow!

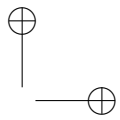
One day free from care, my steps wandered beyond,
The bounds of my homestead of memories fond.
A gaunt Sabine wolf passed, when I was unarmed,
Which when I sang Lalage, bolted alarmed.

A monster so fearful of menacing mien,
In Daunia's oak-forests has never been seen!
The like was ne'er bred in that far warlike land,
Nor where Juba's lions thrive 'midst the dry sand!

You may place me in plains bare of culture and ease,
Where never cool zephyr refreshes the trees,
In the world's furthest quarter, opprest by dark clouds,
And by hard fate; where climate the atmosphere shrouds.

Though you place me in lands where no dwellings are found,
Where the sun's rays beat down on the parched barren ground.
Still love for my Lalage, smiling and neat,
Shall give to my lyrics notes dulcet and sweet.





HUGH MACNAGHTEN, 1926

(1862–1929; Vice Provost of Eton College)

The man of honest guileless heart
Needs, Fuscus, neither Moorish dart,
Nor bow, nor quiver's poisoned freight;
 But trusts his state,

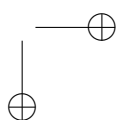
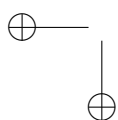
Though by the seething shoals he sail,
Or Caucasus th' unfriendly scale,
Or cross the realm Hydaspes laves
 With storied waves.

Thus, in my Sabine wood, from me,
Who gaily singing "Lalage"
Strayed o'er my bounds an unarmed man,
 A great wolf ran!

So huge a monster never broke
From stern Apulia's woods of oak:
Juba's parched realm has never bred
 Lion so dread.

O! set me where no summer breath
Quickens the treeless realms of death,
Where still Jove's heavy hand lets fall
 A rainy pall.

Or set me where the sun-god's car
Flames fiercest, and no houses are,
Your laugh, your voice, sweet Lalage,
 Shall stay with me.





SAIDI HOLT, 1926

(Measures and Rhymes of Diverse Times)

He of upright life and by crime unsullied
Needs no Moorish javelin to protect him,
Neither quiver loaded with darts empoisoned
Needs he, my Fuscus –

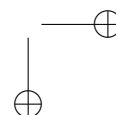
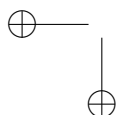
Whether he through sweltering Syrtis journey,
Or his route amid the inhospitable
Caucasus shall lead or the storied places
Washed by Hydaspes.

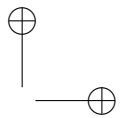
Lately came a wolf on myself defenseless,
Wandering afar in the Sabine forest,
Singing Lalagè with a mind unheedful,
Yet did he flee me!

Such a monster neither the military
Land of Daunus rears in her woods extensive,
Nor can bear the parchéd domain of Juba
Nurse-land of lions!

Place me then wherever in plains so barren
Trees receive no breath of a breeze refreshing,
Any side of earth which unkindly clouds and
Jupiter brood o'er –

Place me 'neath the car where the sun too near is,
Or in lands devoid of all habitations,
Lalagè I'll love ever sweetly laughing,
Sweetly loquacious.





ASCOTT ROBERT HOPE MONCRIEFF, 1927 (IMITATED)

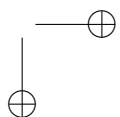
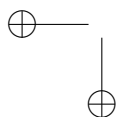
(1846–1927; Scottish Writer)

One wholly clad from top to toe
In pure wool, on the Jäger system,
Need not his tongue to doctors show,
Nor, as for drugs, will ever miss them,
Whether he dwell on sheltered shore
That all year round is wreathed in roses,
Or sail where blasts from Labrador
Make blue the Nova Scotian noses.

Once, as I lounged in Oxford Street,
I saw, through Lalage's shop window,
Th' untinted Venus, drab and neat,
Whose smile invited me to in go.
She praised her wares for cheap as dirt,
For purity and elegance, too,
Until I ordered Jäger shirt,
Pyjamas, vest, hat, socks and pants, too.

They are a boon in hot and cold
Weather alike, and my advice is To
hims and hers, to young and old,
See catalogue of styles and prices.
But they are rather dear, I think,
And must be washed with care, by few done,
Else you may find them apt to shrink,
And then you have to get a new one.

So now, when I a month would spend
At the seaside, to bathe or golf,
Or am invited by a friend,
The air of heath and downs to quaff,
I turn into the Jäger shop,
And linger o'er its wares awhile,
Nor care to count the coins I drop
To buy that damsel's dearest smile.





ALEXANDER FALCONER MURISON, 1931

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

The man of life unblemished ever,
Of hand unstained by evil deed,
Nor Moorish darts or bow nor quiver
With poisoned arrows stuffed will need,

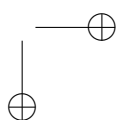
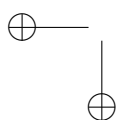
Whether it be his lot to fare
Through burning Syrtes or to brave
The Caucasus repellent, bare,
Or story-famed Hydaspes' wave.

For, as I wandered fancy-free
Beyond my bounds in Sabine wood,
Singing my darling Lalage,
I met a wolf, and, though I stood

Unarmed, it fled me. Nor Apulia
Such monster in her forests rears,
Wide as they stretch, nor realm of Jùba,
Dry nurse of lions, ever bears.

Place me in plains inert where ne'er
A tree is waked by summer breeze,
On that side of the world's orb where
The chilling clouds and airs men freeze;

Place me right 'neath the sun-god's ray
In lands where no man dwells or toils;
And there I'll love my Lalage,
Her winsome prattle, winsome smiles.



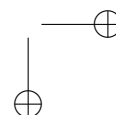
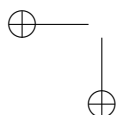


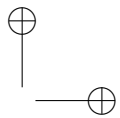
H. B. MAYOR, 1934

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

The man of pure and upright heart,
My Fuscus, needs no Moorish dart,
Nor bow nor quiver for his guard
With many a poisoned arrow stored,
Though for the scorching Syrtes bound,
Or Caucasus’ unfriendly ground,
Or where afar through regions wide
Hydaspes rolls his storied tide.
For when but now in Sabine glade
Singing of Lalage I strayed,
Unarmed and free, by fancy led,
A wolf I saw, and straight it fled.
Such monster in the beech-woods green
Of Daunian land has never been,
Nor yet in Juba’s realm is found,
The lion’s sun-baked breeding-ground.

Place me where on the champaign bare
No tree is fanned by warmer air,
Where under mists and stormy skies
A frozen world forsaken lies;
Place me where all too close the sun
His chariot wheels, and homes are none;
In Lalage I will rejoice,
So sweet her smile, so sweet her voice!

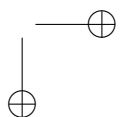
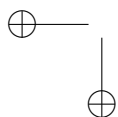


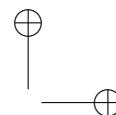
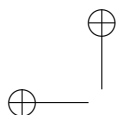


MAJOR ALFRED MAITLAND ADDISON, 1935

(The Four Books of Horace's Odes)

That man who leads a blameless life, and keeps his conscience clear,
Requires no bow, no venom'd shafts, no deadly Moorish spear;
No matter, Fuscus, whether in his path the Syrtes lie;
Where stormy waters cast their spray in clouds towards the sky;
Or whether through the Caucasus his destined journey goes;
Or through those distant fabled lands, where famed Hydaspes flows.
For, one day, as in Sabine wood, beyond the bounds I strolled;
And, free from care and light of heart, of Lalage I trolled:
A grisly wolf right in my path, my senses sore alarmed;
But, strange to say, he turned and fled – yes, fled from me unarmed.
A monster such as this the war-stained Daunias ne'er had seen;
Not reared within its spacious groves, behind their oaken screen;
Nor could that arid nurse of lions, the Juban land, supply
A portent that, in size and strength, with this wild beast could vie.
Though I should be in desert plains where no cool summer breeze
Can soothe the heated sand, nor stir the leaves upon the trees;
Or in a land where fogs prevail and sky is overcast,
Or in those zones where folks don't live – the sun their lives would blast;
I still would love my Lalage; the maiden of my choice;
I'd love her smile, I'd love her tears, I'd love her gentle voice.





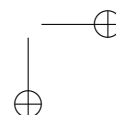
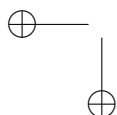
GILBERT F. CUNNINGHAM, 1935

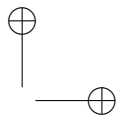
(Horace: An Essay and Some Translations)

He whose life is upright and untarnished by dishonour's arts
needs not spear nor bow nor quiver stocked with venom-pointed darts,
lies his way through parching deserts or inhospitable snows,
or along mysterious shores where fabulous Hydaspes flows.

So when once I wandered careless, deep in Sabine woods astray,
far beyond my wonted distance, singing of my Lalagé,
lo, a mightier wolf than any in Apulian oak-woods bred
or in Mauretanian wastes, took flight from my defenceless tread.

Banish me to frozen tracts whose stunted trees are never kissed
by returning summer's breath, and Jove conceals his face in mist,
or where life is scorched and withered by the sun-god's fierce career:
wheresoe'er I be, shall Lalagé's sweet voice and smile be dear.





JOHN B. QUINN, 1936

(Educator and Translator)

The upright man and pure of heart,
Dear Fuscus, needs no bow
Or quiver with a poisoned dart
Or Moorish spears, to go

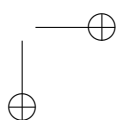
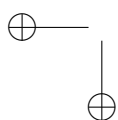
Across the Caucasus' bleak range
Or Syrtes' burning sand,
Or tracts, where, rich in legends strange,
Hydaspes laves the land.

For, as carefree, through Sabine shade,
I sang my Lalage,
And past my bounds, unarmed, I strayed
A wolf from me did flee!

No monster, martial Daunia feeds
'Mid its broad oaks, like him;
And such, Numidia never breeds,
Dry nurse of lions grim!

Place me on steppes where trees are rare
And ne'er by warm winds fanned,
Where misty clouds and noxious air
Encompass all that land;

Or place me where the sun is near
And dwellings can not be
I'll love my sweetly-smiling dear,
My sweet-voiced Lalage.





THOMAS E. TRESE, 1940

(The Classical Bulletin)

Man of integrity,
Stranger of villainy,
Needs neither African arrows nor bow;
Neither a bursting sheath,
Fuscus, that underneath
Harbors the venom an archer can throw;

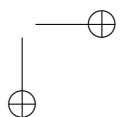
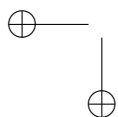
Whether a Syrtis broil,
Whether Caucasian coil
Harrow the courses his journey pursues,
Whether he visit lands
Mythical, hinterlands
Winding Hydaspes with glamour bedews.

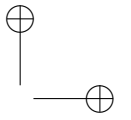
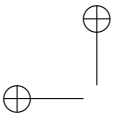
For beneath Sabine trees
Roaming, 'mid melodies
Trilled to my Heart in a fanciful strain,
Spied I a wolf alarmed
Flying me there unarmed,
Heedless invader of savage domain.

Never has like been seen
Prowling that dread demesne
Ruled by the Daunian warriors bold;
Never a monster worse,
Reared by that lions' nurse,
Shrivelled Numidia, sprang o'er the wold.

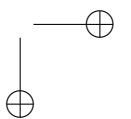
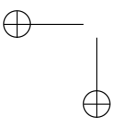
Lay me where withered trees
Languish for summer's breeze,
Wisp on a desert of treacherous sands;
Lay me beneath the dark
Jupiter's brooding ark,
Dismally exiled in lachrymose lands;

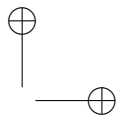
Lay me for Sol to sear,
Prostrate beneath his gear,





Prone in a lonely and shelterless shire;
Still will I satirize,
Still will I lyricize
Heart of my Heart, my redoubtable lyre.

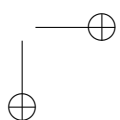
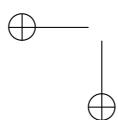




QUINCY BASS, 1940

(My Head is in the Stars)

The good man, conscience free,
Needs no Moorish javelins,
Nor any bow, nor quiver
Heavy with poisoned arrows,
O Fuscus, whether he crosses boiling quicksands
Or ventures into the inhospitable Caucasians,
Or lands on whatever shores
Are washed by the mystic Hydaspes!
I for example: a wolf in the Sabine wood
Fled from me though I was unarmed,
While I was singing a song
About my Lalage,
And wandering beyond my fields,
Divorced from care.
No such monster dwells in the oak forests
Of Daunia, home of soldiers,
Nor does the dry soil of Iuba breed
Any lion's nurse so fierce.
Put me in the cold wastes
Where no tree wakens in the warmth of summer,
Where mists and an evil sky
Hang always low;
Put me in a land where no houses are,
Too near under the Sun's chariot:
Even in these places
I shall love Lalage smiling a sweet smile,
Speaking a sweet word.





SIR EDWARD MARSH, 1941

(1872–1953; Scholar and Civil Servant)

The man who lives by right and works no ill
Is armed of Heaven; no Moorish dart he needs
To brandish, nor no bulging quiver fill
With venom'd reeds,

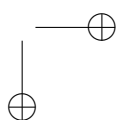
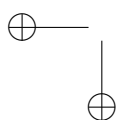
Safe, whether Syrtis' boiling race he seeks,
Or clambers Caucasus' unwelcoming peaks,
Or journeys where between his fabled shores
Hydaspes roars.

For as through Latian groves I went my way,
Singing my Lalage, careless where I sped
And all unarmed, a monstrous Wolf this day
Spied me, and fled:

A Fear, whose like the martial Daunian land
Saw never through her oak-woods lead his band,
Nor hot Numidia boasts among her scions,
Parched nurse of lions.

Set me in those numb plains where never a tree
Thaws with fresh life on summer breezes blown,
And Jove's dire mists hang thick o'er sky and sea;
Set me i' the zone

Where charioting too near the sultry beach
The sun by noonday shrivels roof and rafter –
Still were I thrall to Lalage's sweet laughter
And sweeter speech.





CHARLES A. GRAF, 1941

(Integer Vitae in Kiplingese)

Now the man o' 'em that's 'onest needs no trust in bow or dart
Nor the stuffed open quiver, arrows dipped in blackest art,
Tho' 'e march 'im near 'ot Syrtis o'er Caucasian barrenness,
By the lapper o' 'Ydaspes, o' wot legend is excess.

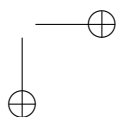
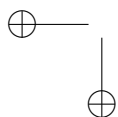
Rollers o' 'Ydaspes play
O'er the plains o' the Punjabi,
Veil'd in all the East's enchantment, as the ten-year soldiers say.
Come I to a barren bay
Where the fiercest portents lay,
Plucky lot I'll muse o' Lalage an' saunter on my way.

Once I walks fur outer Sabine an' a wolf meets face to face,
Lalage I sung un'arméd, o' the wolf I seed no trace.
Such a portent loomed this monster wot not prowls Apulian strand,
Nor the parchéd nurse o' lions that is Juba's native land.

Once, beyond my Sabine farm,
A fell wolf 'ad meant me 'arm;
When 'e 'eard me sing my Lalage, dashed 'e off in great alarm,
Come I to a barren bay
Where the fiercest portents lay,
Plucky lot I'll muse o' Lalage an' saunter on my way.

Ship me where there is no summer, where no bending arbors sway,
Mighty Jove there sets a-broodin' 'mid 'is clouds in armed array.
Walks I 'neath the wheels o' Phoebus where there ain't a 'uman wall,
There for Lalage my loved one, I'll ever larf an' call.

Yes, I'll ever larf an' call,
Tho' in strangest lands I pall,
Where the mists 'ang squidgy 'eavy or the rays o' Phoebus fall.
Come I to a barren bay
Where the fiercest portents lay,
Plucky lot I'll muse o' Lalage an' saunter on my way.





SIR JOHN SEYMOUR BLAKE-REED, 1942

(1882–1966; Judge)

The pure in heart, my Fuscus, needs
No arms to shield him from the foe; –
Nor deadly spear nor venom'd reeds
Nor Moorish bow.

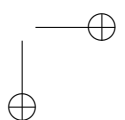
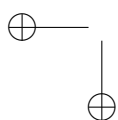
Secure he roams from Syrtes' waves
To Caucasus, the friendless land;
Or where the fabled river laves
The Indian sand.

Chanting an ode to Lalage,
While through my Sabine wood I strayed
Unarmed, a wolf encountered me
And fled afraid.

A monster huge! A beast more dread
Did ne'er Apulia's thickets roam,
Nor Juba's sun-scorched desert bred,
The lions' home.

Ah! banish me to sterile plains,
By summer breezes still unfanned,
A hemisphere of fogs and rains, –
A treeless land:

Or to a waste of arid steppes,
Scorched by the sun's un pitying rays: –
Her lovely voice, her smiling lips
I still will praise.





FRANKLIN P. ADAMS, 1944 (IMITATED)

(1881–1960; American Newspaper Columnist)

He who is upright in his way of living,
Honest and fair, needs never the protection
Wisecracks or whispering or poisoned phrases,
Voter, can give him.

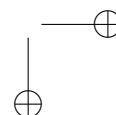
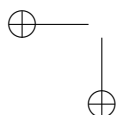
Whether his campaign be in California,
Maine or Alaska, Michigan or Utah,
Or through the valley bordered by the famous
Father of Waters.

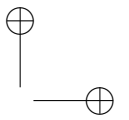
Once in the Weston woods, as I was walking
Near Lyons Plain, unarmed and free of worry,
Singing of Roosevelt, a vicious wolf that heard me
Came up; and left me.

Monstrous and mad this terrorizing lupine,
Not such as you might look for in the Daunian
Forest of oaks, or in the Juban desert-
No, he was viler.

Place me, a voter, on the Appalachians,
Stick me in Cleveland, Owosso, or Chicago,
Route me to Butte or send me to Seattle,
Akron or Boston –

Yes, if you send me far across the oceans,
Anywhere at all within the solar system,
Still will I shout the universal name of
Franklin D. Roosevelt.





FREDERICK CHARLES WILLIAM HILEY, 1944

(The Odes of Horace)

The man of spotless life, and free from sin,
Such man no quiver laden with the reed
Envenomed, such no bow or javelin,
Fuscus, doth need,

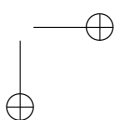
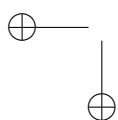
Whether 'tis Syrtes and its eddying sands
Or the forbidding Caucasus, he braves,
Or ventures onward through those fabled lands
Hydaspes laves.

Beyond the confines of my Sabine wood
Singing of my sweet Lalage, I sped:
A wolf me all unarmed, in carefree mood
Espied – and fled.

Not Daunias in her oaken solitudes
The warrior-breeder, harbours such a curse,
Nor Juba's realm, of tawny lion-broods
A ruggèd nurse.

Place me where in bleak Thulè's torpid tracts
No tree is freshened by a summer breeze,
Where mist shrouds all, and rain in cataracts
Falls, but to freeze;

Or place me where the sun's low chariot dips
O'er the parched land, all bare of house and tent;
My Lalage's sweet laugh I'll love, sweet lips
Most eloquent.





LORD DUNSANY, 1947

(1878–1957; English Writer and Dramatist)

Who upright is and clear of sin
No bow nor Moorish javelin
Nor quiver needs, Fuscus, wherein
 Arte poisoned arrows.

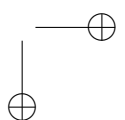
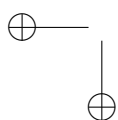
Whether through deserts igneous,
He goes, or savage Caucasus,
Or by those sands that fabulous
 Hydaspes harrows.

For, as in Sabine woods I strayed,
And songs of Lalage I made,
Carefree, unarmed, a wolf afraid
 Fled from before me.

Not warlike Daunian oakwoods see
A beast so terrible as he,
Nor Juba's lions' nursery,
 Arid and stormy.

Put me on lifeless plateaux, where
No trees shall feel the summer air,
Or on that side of earth laid bare
 To Jove's reviling.

Put me too near the tropic heat
Or homeless in some lone retreat;
Still Lalage will I love, sweet
 Speaking or smiling.





SKULI JOHNSON, 1952

(1888–1955; Classical Scholar)

He, who is pure in mind and deeds,
No Moorish javelins, Fuscus, needs,
Nor bow and quiver copious,
Weighted with arrows venomous,

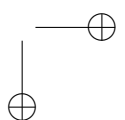
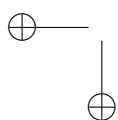
Through sweltering Syrtes though he quest,
And Caucasus that greets no guest,
Or through remoter regions go,
Where famed Hydaspes' waters flow.

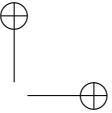
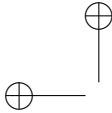
For, mid the Sabine wood, from me
A wolf fled; singing Lalage,
Care-free I'd strayed beyond my farm,
All weaponless to do him harm.

Warlike Apulia no such brood
E'er nurtures in her wide oak-wood;
No monstrous creatures like him curse
Dry Juba's land, the lions' nurse.

Place me amid North's lifeless fields,
Where not a sapling shelter yields,
Nor summer's breeze blows, in a realm
Which cheerless sky and clouds o'erwhelm;

Place me beneath the South's sun hot
Where men from heat inhabit not:
I'll love sweet-prattling Lalage,
Sweet-laughing, wheresoe'er I be.





MARSHALL E. BEST, 1952

(John Osborne Sargent Prize Translation)

My Fuscus, cherish honor fair and keep thee pure in heart:
You'll always be from danger free, nor know the guilty start
When Moorish lance or bow advance, or venom-bearing dart
 By foeman drawn from heavy-laden quiver.

Then make your way where'er you may, across the seething sand
Of Syrtis, thus, or Caucasus, inhospitable land,
No form of fear will harm you here, or on the foreign strand
 That far Hydaspes laves, the fabled river.

And well I know that this is so. Give ear unto my tale;
As once through shades of Sabine glades I wandered, past the pale,
And sang my lays in carefree praise of Lalage – I quail
 To think! – a wolf appeared, but fled unharmed

Such beast as fled was never bred beneath the groves of oak
Whose spreading limbs Apulia hymns to guard her fighter-folk;
Nor on the sand of Luba's land such monster ever woke,
 The barren nurse of lion-whelps alarming.

Then set me where the murky air no grateful comfort yields
Of summer breeze, to nourish trees in unproductive fields.
A breadth of land where Jove's stern hand malevolently wields
 O'er marshalled crowds of stormy clouds his sceptre.

Or pack me off to learn to scoff at hot Apollo's van,
That rides so near it leaves earth sere, untenanted by man –
Unnumbered woes cannot dispose my Lalage's élan;
 Her gentle laugh, her gentle chaff, determine her my captor.



ROBERT MONTRAVILLE GREEN, 1953

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

The man of life upright and free from sin
Needs not the bow nor Moorish javelin,
Needs not the quiver that doth bear within
 Arrows envenomed,

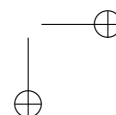
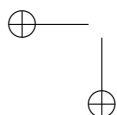
Whether through stormy seas he take his way,
Or cold Caucasian peaks, or far away
Where flows through realms of Xanadu, they say,
 Fabled Hydaspes.

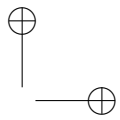
For once when carefree through a Sabine grove
I wandered heedless, singing of my love,
A wolf that on the selfsame path, did rove
 Fled from my footsteps,

A monster such as not the warlike lands
Of Daunia nurture on their oak-clad strands,
Nor Juba breeds upon her barren sands,
 The nurse of lions.

Put me on arid plains where lifeless trees
Revive not in the parching summer breeze,
Or in a land where fogs and blizzards freeze,
 Snow-bound forever,

Set me beneath the chariot of the sun,
Where to the desert nigh his course doth run,
Still will I sing my sweet love's praise alone,
 Speaking or smiling.

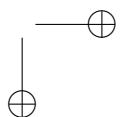
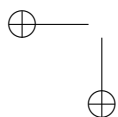




FRED BATES LUND, 1953

(1865–1950; A Boston Physician)

Whose life is whole and free from all that's low
Needs not the negro's javelins nor his bow
Nor poisoned arrows ready to deliver,
 Fuscus, the quiver,
Whether beyond the Syrtes' broiling sun
Or cruel Caucasus his path may run,
Or to the storied land that with its waves
 Hydaspes laves.
For in the Sabine forest while I strayed
Beyond the boundaries, and undismayed,
Sang of my Lalage, a wolf, alarmed,
 Fled, me unarmed.
Warlike Apulia's broad groves of oak
Bear not such monsters, nor neath Juba's yoke
Those arid plains that neath the hot sun's curse,
 Fierce lions nurse.
Place me in desert fields where no soft breeze
Breathing of summer recreates the trees,
That land where fog and rain's perpetual fall
 Envelopes all,
Or where the chariot of the sun too near,
Denies us homes there, still I shall not fear
To love my Lalage's sweet laugh and greet
 Her accents sweet.



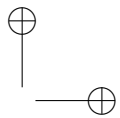


ARTHUR SALUSBURY MACNALT, 1955

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

A man of upright life, O Fuscus, sinless and pure, a noble liver,
Needs not the Moorish javelins or the bow, or poisoned darts in loaded
quiver,
Whether through sultry Syrtes, wandering by the treacherous waves,
Inhospitable Caucasus, or those places which renowned Hydaspes laves.
Lately of Lalage I sang, far straying from my wonted bounds
In Sabine wood, and there a wolf fled from me as pursued by hounds.
I was unarmed. It was a monster, which warlike Apulia decrees
It shall not shelter or retain under its ever-spreading trees.
Nor shall that nurse of lions, where Juba had his sway,
Produce such lurking wolf as fled from me that day.
Place me in barren plains, where no tree greets the air in its zest,
That part of the world which clouds and inclement conditions infest.
The chariot of the neighbouring sun rolls over me as I lie
In the desolate land, not a house to be seen with the eye.
There while she smiles and speaks sweetly, though harsh is the sky above,
There shall I willingly rest, with my Lalage only to love.





JAMES BLAIR LEISHMAN, 1956

(1902–63; Scholar and Translator)

One of life upright and with guilt untainted
lacks the need, my Fuscus, for Moorish darts or
bow or quiver laden with poisoned arrows,
whether his way be

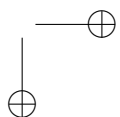
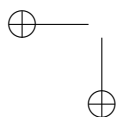
through the outstretched sands of the burning Syrtes,
through remote Caucasia's innless uplands,
through the far-off orient regions washed by
storied Hydaspes.

Since a wolf this day in the Sabine thickets,
where, to sing my Lalage, I had wandered
far beyond my bounds in a careless rapture,
fled me unweaponed:

monster, such as neither in widely spreading
oakenshaws male Daunia ever nurtured,
nor Numidian Juba's dominion, lions'
arid upnursers.

Place me where on frozen expanses not one
tree's revived again with the breath of Summer,
region where all times a malign and cloud-filled
heaven is brooding;

place me where beneath a too closely earthwards
chariotteering sun not a dwelling rises,
I'll adore my Lalage's pleasant laughter,
pleasant discoursing.





HELEN ROWE HENZE, 1961

(1899–1973; Poet, Translator and Singer)

Upright, whole of heart, undefiled by sin, man
Needs no Moorish javelin, neither bow, nor
Yet a quiver heavy with poisoned arrows –
 None of these, Fuscus –

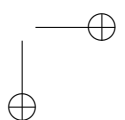
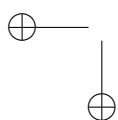
Whether lies his path through the scorching Syrtis,
Or through hostile Caucasus be his journey,
Eyen though it lead to those lands where flows the
 Fabled Hydaspes.

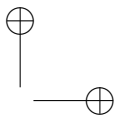
For indeed I strolled to the farthest reach of
Sabine woodlands, Lalage's praises singing,
Free of care; and sudden, a wolf fled from me,
 Though I was unarmed;

Such a beast as neither warlike Apulia
Nourishes in forests of oak trees spreading,
Nor the land of Juba has ever borne, that
 Dry nurse of lions.

Place me then in fields that are ever barren,
Where no tree is freshened by summer breezes,
Such a part of earth as the fog and sullen
 Jupiter presses;

Place me 'neath the course of the sun close beating,
Land denied for homes to the race of mankind;
Still I'll love the laughing, the sweet, the gentle
 Lalage's prattle.





FREDERICK WILLIAM WALLACE, 1964

(Senior Scholar of Emmanuel College, Cambridge)

Whose life is whole without offence
No Moorish dart doth need nor bow
Nor pregnant quiver for defence
Where, Fuscus, venom'd arrows go,

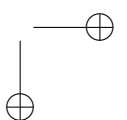
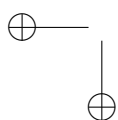
Though over Syrtes stormy sea
Or Caucasus unfriendly snow
Or storied lands his way shall be
Kissed by Hydaspes faery flow.

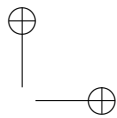
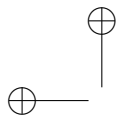
For as I roamed and sang carefree
My Lalage, beyond my farm
In Sabine wood, a wolf did flee
Before me who did hold no arm,

A monster more than martial earth
Of Daunian oaken-woods could raise
Or Juba that brings lions birth
Could nurture on her parched ways.

Place me where torpid fields do lie
Nor summer airs renewal bring
To trees, where mists and evil sky
Brood heavy over everything.

Place me where Sun-car wheeleth o'er
Too close, and dwellings cannot be,
Sweet-smiling Lalage I'll adore,
Sweet-talking lady Lalage.





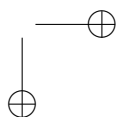
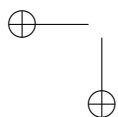
DORIS ROWLEY, 1969

(Carpe Diem)

I wandered singing, in the Sabine woods,
Fuscus my friend, unarm'd of bow or dart –
For he whose life is pure need have no fear;
His own defence he carries in his heart!
And as I went (devoid of any care)
A savage wolf appear'd, but fled from me.
The Land of Juba – that dry nurse of lions,
Hath ne'er produced a monster such as he!

But still I sang of my own Lalage
Who has my love, and all my constancy.

Place me in barren plains where no tree grows,
Or where a dismal climate clouds the sky;
In lands beneath an all-too-furious sun,
Whereon no pleasant habitations lie;
Still will I love, for Lalage beguiles,
Who sweetly speaketh – and more sweetly smiles!





ALAN MCNICOLL, 1979

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

The man of blameless life, from fault kept free
Needs not the Moorish javelin, nor bow,
Nor quiver with its brood of shafts, for he
Shall move inviolate where'er he go,

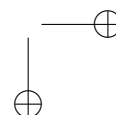
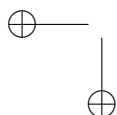
Whether he walk in Sirte's burning sun,
Or the unfriendly Caucasus would roam,
Or wander where Hydaspes' waters run
Through summer meadows to their fabled home.

For as I walked within the Sabine wood
With quiet mind, singing of Lalage,
I wandered far, and where the border stood,
Unarmed, I met a wolf that fled from me.

A monster such as Dauna never saw
Among her oaken groves, and Juba's land
Never begot, although the lion's roar
Echoes at eve across the parching sand.

Leave me to sojourn in some sleepy plain
With trees unruffled by the breeze's sigh:
Or lay me in a land of mist and rain,
Acquainted with the malice of the sky.

Set me where burns a sun too fierce above,
In some far country where no dwellings be.
There will I live my days, nor cease to love
Sweet-smiling, softly-spoken Lalage.





STUART LYONS, 2007

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

The man, whose life is blameless and who goes
Pure of wrongdoing, needs no Moorish spear,
Nor bow, nor quiver pregnant with arrows
That on their tips a venomous poison bear,

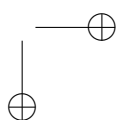
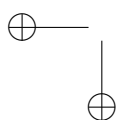
Whether he makes his journey across the sands
Of seething Syrtes or the inhospitable
Mountains of Caucasus or those far lands
Washed by the Hydaspes renowned in fable.

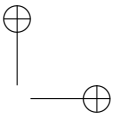
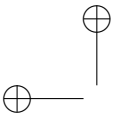
A wolf came on me in a Sabine wood
While I was singing of my Lalage,
Roaming outside my estate in carefree mood,
And though I was unarmed, it fled from me, –

A monster such as Daunia could not rear,
That warrior province with oak forests wide,
Nor Juba's land produce, Numidia,
The parched wet nurse of many a lions' pride.

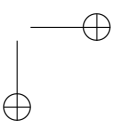
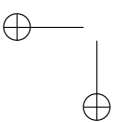
Set me upon the plains of sluggishness
Where summer's breeze refreshes not one tree,
Upon the world's edge where dank mists oppress
And Jupiter in his malignancy!

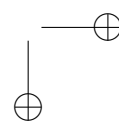
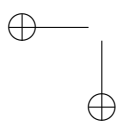
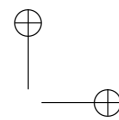
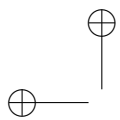
Set me beneath the chariot of the sun
That comes too close, in lands that homes deny!
Sweet-laughing Lalage, she'll be the one
I'll love; I'll love sweet-speaking Lalage.

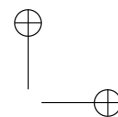
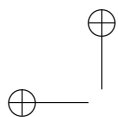




TWENTY FOUR VERSIONS BY
LOUIS UNTERMAYER

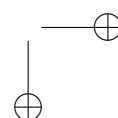
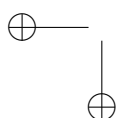


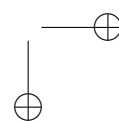
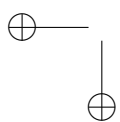
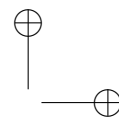
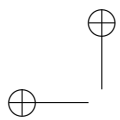


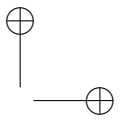


The present volume is an effort... to suggest, through the thin veil of parody, how certain other poets would have used Horatian subjects and one famous theme in particular.

LOUIS UNTERMAYER, *Including Horace*, 1919







“ROBERT BRIDGES”

He who has lived a blameless life and pure one
Needs naught of Moorish bows or mighty javelins,
Needs neither armored plates nor poisoned arrows,
Fuscus, to shield him,

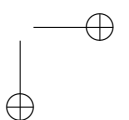
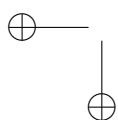
Whether he roams beside the shoals of Libya,
Or through the barren Caucasus he wanders –
Even in lands where, glorious in fable,
Rolls the Hydaspes. . .

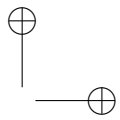
Once in the Sabine woods a wolf beheld me
Strolling about unarmed. He heard me singing,
Singing a song of Lalage – and sudden
The creature vanished.

Direst of monsters! Such a savage terror
Lurks not within the deepest woods of Daunia;
Juba itself, the land that fosters lions,
Breeds naught so frightful.

Oh, place me amid icy desolation,
Where not a tree is cheered by sunny breezes,
Where Jove himself is only seen in sullen
Sleet and gray weather;

Or place me where the very Sun's great chariot
Drives over me in lands that burn and wither –
Still Lalage's sweet words and sweeter laughter
Always shall rouse me.





“ROBERT HERRICK”

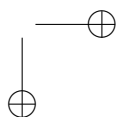
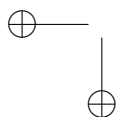
Fuscus, dear friend,
I prithee lend
An ear for but a space,
And thou shalt see
How Love may be
A more than saving grace.

As on a day
I chanced to stray
Beyond my own confines,
Singing, perdie,
Of Lalage,
Whose smile no star outshines –

So ’tranced were all
Who heard me call
On Love, that from a grot
A wolf who heard
That tender word
Listened and harmed me not.

Thus shielded by
The magicry
Of Love that kept me pure,
I live to praise
Her wondrous ways
Where’er I may endure.

There’s but one plan:
The honest man
Wears Vertue’s charmèd spell;
And, free from vice,
That man lives twice
Who lives the one life well.





“ROBERT BROWNING”

I

This is the tale:

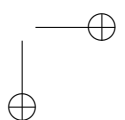
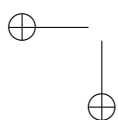
Friend, you shall know the right and the wrong of it.
Listen, before old Sirius grows pale
And the tang leaves the ale –
For, saith the poet, all things have an end,
Even beauty must fail,
The rapture and song of it.
Here, to be brief, is the short and the long of it –
Listen, my friend.

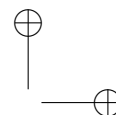
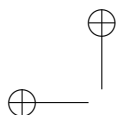
II

Virtue, I hold, is the raiment to travel in.
Fuscus, my friend, if you're swaddled in virtue,
Never a spear-head, a sword or a javelin,
No, not an arrow that's poisoned can hurt you.
Virtue is more than a shield or a stirrup;
Virtue's the charm – it will shock sloth and rasp ease,
Even in lands where the lazy Hydaspes
Ambles along like a curious syrup;
Aye, and in climes where the voice is as raucous as
Winds in the barren and harborless Caucasus.
Fuscus, the man who is guiltless is fearless;
He's of the chosen, the purple, the peerless –
What does he care for a frown more, a cheer less?
Bearing the falchion of Truth –

But I bore you.

Plague take all pedantry. Learning, what stuff is it...
Weighty and erudite preambles – *Sufficit!*
Here, you shall have only facts set before you,
Told in my harsh but imperative accents.
(Music in which the musician must pack sense
Cannot be sensuous with every syllable)
But – here's the tale, though as teller I'm ill able
(Would I were worthy!) to render the glories





Of my adventure – how goes it? . . . *O mores!*
I tell it in rhyme like an intricate minuet
To caution the soul that, I warrant, is in you yet;
Didactic with hoping – why should I deny it –
You'll guess at the moral and, what's more, apply it!

III

One day I went wandering casually;
The sky was a deep *lapis lazuli*;
The poplars were rustling with merriment,
As half in a burst, half experiment,
I sang, without fear or apology,
Of honor, of love – and of Lalage.
And yet, 'neath the ballad's urbanity
Was an echo of Life and its vanity.
The fabric of living, how sheer it is,
How fragile. . . The song – eh? Well, here it is.

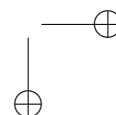
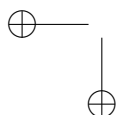
IV*

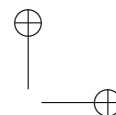
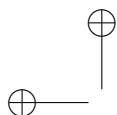
*What's love that you should ask
How long Life's sands will run –
See how the butterflies bask
On the crocus lips i' the sun.
Theirs is no mighty task. . .
And yet who'd say ill-done?*

*The years glide swiftly by.
How swiftly, no one knows;
The drainers and dancers will lie
I' the long, stark night 'neath the snows.
The clay outlives the cry;
The thorn survives the rose.*

*Love, even as we stay,
Age subtly strokes thy cheek.
Let us snatch Time's sleeve while we may,
Ere the heart with the hand grows weak.
Come, let us live to-day –
What's life but loving. . . Speak!*

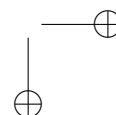
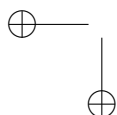
* *Vide* Book I: Ode 11.

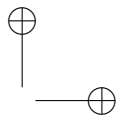




V

Well, as I sang, thinking no whit of harm,
I walked along, when... zooks, before me sprang
A wolf, a monster with a head like Death's,
As – how d'ye call – Apulia does not rear,
Or Juba, land that's nursing-mother to lions,
Never gave birth to. How my heart flew up!
Gr-r-r-r he stood growling in my very path.
Flesh and blood – that's all I'm made of, friend.
What to do? Fly at his face? Turn tail
And run as fast as legs could carry me?
Thus, craving your pardon, sir, might you have done.
Not I... My mind was set, my conscience clear;
I faltered not and kept on with my song.
With that the beast retreats, gives way, runs off –
And I am left alone, unscratched, unscathed;
A victor without arms, a conqueror without strife.
(There's thought for you in this, and moral too.)
And so all's right with me, and so I go
Singing of Lalage in every place –
Spring, summer, winter, autumn – what's the odds;
Lalage, her sweet prattle, sweeter laughter
Believe it, Fuscus, to the righteous man
There's no hurt in this world but love and song
Can draw the sting and leave all sound again.
Now, let us understand the matter, sift the thing.
Here, in a nutshell, is the crux of it:
Old Euclid teaches – ha! d'ye note the dawn! –
That – What? Must you be going?
Well, good-night...





“SAMUEL T. COLERIDGE”

He liveth best who loveth best
All virtues great and small,
And neither knife nor heavy strife
Shall make him fear at all.

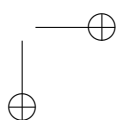
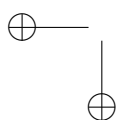
Alone, alone, all, all alone,
In lonely lands though he may be,
He shall not lift his voice in moan
But it shall have a pleasant tone,
Like a blessèd melody.

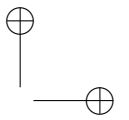
O listen well and I shall tell
The reason of my rime.
Know then, while walking it befell
I wandered through a little dell,
Singing away the time.

When huge and weird a wolf appeared,
The while my singing ceased;
He looked me up, he looked me down,
And, like a wave of living brown,
With one stride came the beast.

Without a breath, without a pause,
I sang her name full clear.
And seized with dread the monster fled;
He saw about my shining head
A stronger thing than fear. . .

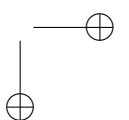
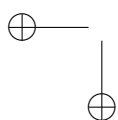
He liveth best who loveth best
All things, below, above.
So, Fuscus, call, the first of all
And last of all, on Love!





“WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE”

The quality of virtue is not strained;
It falleth sweetly on the upright soul
And clothes the spirit with a suit of mail.
The honest man, with neither bow nor shield,
Envenomed arrows, daggers, javelins,
Can stand unarmed against a sea of troubles
And, by opposing, end them. Whether he walk
Beside the huge and multitudinous waves,
Or through unharbored Caucasus he roam,
Nothing shall lift its great, abhorrent head
And freeze the quivering marrow in his bones.
There's a divinity doth hedge a man
Who feareth naught, rough-hew him how you will.
Why, I have seen this wonder come to pass:
As I went singing lately through a wood,
A wolf all teeth, a wolf of savage hate,
A wolf, whose every movement was a threat,
Sprang at me snarling, like the winds of March.
But king-becoming graces soothe the beasts
And music charms them with her silver sound;
So on I went, unchecked by groveling fear.
I tell thee, Fuscus, Life is but a plant;
Honor and righteousness its sun and rain,
And Heaven grants such precious nourishment
To save the flower from the canker, Death.



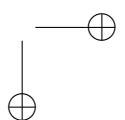
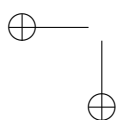


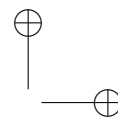
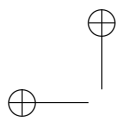
“A. C. SWINBURNE”

No murmurs, no moons have arisen;
 No laughter to live with the light,
And the earth, like a blind thing in prison,
 Must gnaw through the nimbus of night.
We cry and we quail and we quiver,
 We fly from the fervors of Life –
But the pure and the passionate liver
 Feareth no knife!

The heaven is hushed, its great heart aches,
 The quiet is cruel and cold;
Yet somewhere a lyrical star takes
 My longings and gives them its gold.
The world and its warring may rack me,
 Its sorrows may sting like a thong –
But I sing and, though wolves should attack me,
 I thrill with my song.

For Lalage's lips have the magic
 Of rhyme and the unravished rose;
And the terrible times are not tragic;
 I am brave 'neath the bitterest blows.
For She is the bountiful bringer
 Of joy even brighter than pain –
And, blesséd or damned, I shall sing her
 Again and again!



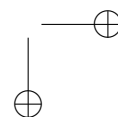
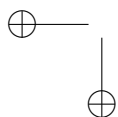


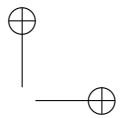
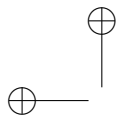
“HEINRICH HEINE”

Good lives are like an arrow,
So straight and clean and pure;
The thought of them will gladden
And move the heart, I'm sure.

From out the songs I fashion
There comes a strength so grand,
That wolves and all things evil
Its power cannot withstand.

Where'er I go it follows,
Like to the moon above;
And fills all the earth and heavens
With love and the light thereof.



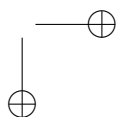
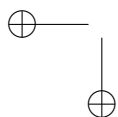


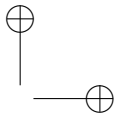
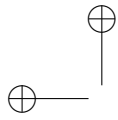
“DANTE GABRIEL ROSETTI & OSCAR WILDE”

The wind is weary, the world is wan;
 (*Oh, lone, lank lilies and long, lean loves*)
My shield is shed, my armor is gone,
And Virtue is all I depend upon.
 (*My lily,*
 My lissome lily, my languid love.)

Full thirteen days have I walked with woe,
 (*Oh dear, dead days and divine desires*)
And wolves may follow where'er I go,
But nothing shall stop my song's sweet flow.
 (*My lily,*
 My love, my delirious, dark desire.)

The night is old and threadbare and thin,
 (*Oh limpid lily, oh labial love*)
And at this point I shall straightway begin
Repeating the Ballad ad lib., ad infin. . . .
 (*My lily,*
 My lilting, loquacious, repetitive love.)





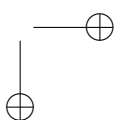
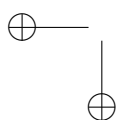
“EDGAR ALLAN POE”

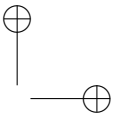
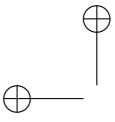
It was midnight, the month was November;
 The skies, they were cheerless and cold,
 The forest was trembling and old;
And my heart it was grey, I remember,
 As I walked through the hyaline wold.
The moon was a perishing ember,
 The heavens were ashen and cold.

It was midnight, and so to restore me
 To laughter and solace from pain,
I sang and the melody bore me
 To Israfil's bosom again,
 To the regions enchanted again;
I felt the dim Beauty flow o'er me,
 The fever of living seemed vain,
 And Death but a shadow of pain.
And I sang, though a wolf stood before me.

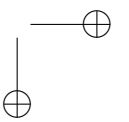
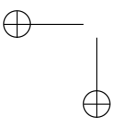
I sang of the terrors titanic,
 Of ghouls and the breath of the tomb,
Of scoriac floods and volcanic,
 Of Helen, Lenore, Ulalume,
 Of devils from hell free,
 Of bells in the belfry,
Of the banging and the clanging as they boom
 boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom.
I sang of these things, and in panic
 The wolf disappeared in the gloom –
He left me alone in the gloom.

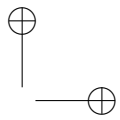
But Lalage's eyes I remember;
 I shall dream of them till I grow old,
 When Lenore and Ligeia are cold.
They are with me in June and September,
October, November, December, –
 Though the skies may be barren and old,
 And the forest is nothing but mold;





Though the moon is a perishing ember,
And the heavens are ashen and cold.





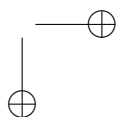
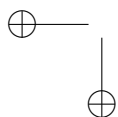
“C. S. CALVERLEY”

The man who's had a blameless life
 Never needs armor,
Nor Moorish spear nor two-edged knife;
 Nothing will harm or
Impede his progress in the land
Of Caucasus or Libya; and
Though others' joys be sweetly planned
 His will be far more.

Once, I recall, as through a wood
 Where fancy led me,
I sang of Lalage (too good
 And fair to wed me),
A wolf that happened to appear,
Stopped as he saw me passing near
And, half in wonder, half in fear,
 Abashed, he fled me.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Still will I sing of her, although
 I dwell forever
In barren lands 'mid ice and snow,
 Or those where never
The kindly shade and shelter are
Beneath Apollo's flaming car.
She still will be the guiding star
 Of my endeavor.



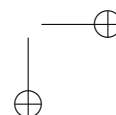
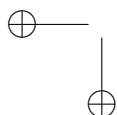


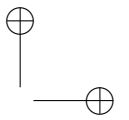
“AUSTIN DOBSON”

An upright man need never dread
The blows of Fate; he who has led
A blameless life is safer far
Than kings in frowning castles are,
For he is armed with Truth instead.

Once, as I roamed with careless tread,
A wolf who heard me turned and fled.
He felt that I was, more than czar,
An upright man.

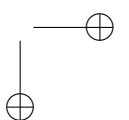
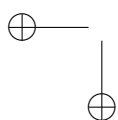
So when the last refrain is said
Above my narrow, rose-strewn bed,
Say not, “He worshiped flower and star.”
Say not, “He loved sans let or bar.”
But write these words above my head:
“An Upright Man.”

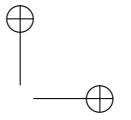
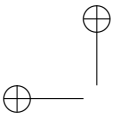




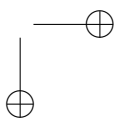
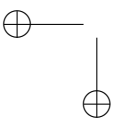
“WHALT WHITMAN”

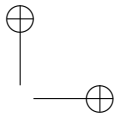
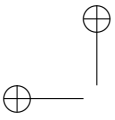
I sing the conscience triumphant,
I celebrate the body invulnerable.
The firm tread, the square jaw, the unflinching eye, the resolute voice,
Mind equal with matter, I chant.
I see the Roman singer standing erect,
His figure rises
Masculine, haughty, naif;
He confronts and answers me.
Me, spontaneous, imperturbe,
Loafing, swaggering, at ease with Nature,
Passive, receptive, gross, immoderate, fit,
Broad-shouldered and ripe, a good feeder, weight one hundred and eighty-
seven pounds, warm-blooded, forty-two inches around the breast and
back, voluptuous, combative, vulgar,
Bearded, continental, prophetic;
Understander of beasts and scholars, meeting children and Presidents on
equal terms.
I hail him with the others.
He, walking about unarmed and care-free,
Pleased with all countries, climates, conditions,
Pleased with bleak Caucasus, sultry Syrtes, the woods of Daunia,
Pleased with all seasons, fortunes, women, the native as well as the
foreign;
Fearing no thing, hating no thing,
Upright in life, of conduct clean;
A lover, caresser of life, prodigal, inclusive,
Him I hail without effuse or argument.
I accept him, do not scrape or salaam,
Knowing him to be made of the right stuff,
No perfumed dilettante, no dainty affetuoso,
But a man,
Upright, solemn, desperate, yearning, puzzled, turbulent, sound,
Loved by men, misunderstood by men,
Going on, fulfilling the hopes of a great rapport.
Libertad! – the divine average! – the rich mélange! –





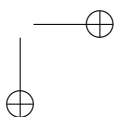
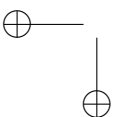
On the wasted plain, the dark-lipped sea, the hottest noon, the bitterest
twelfth-month
Solitary, singing, I strike up and declare for these.





“J. M. SYNGE”

And it's himself that should have no call to be fearing hard words or bitter blows or evil gossip or to be destroyed by the blow of a loy, itself – he, after living a good life and a fine one. Many's the night I have walked whistling along a twisty road with no light ahead and no light behind, and only a slip of a moon, like the youngest of the angels, timid and bobbing before me. And sometimes, maybe, it would be in a wood I'd find myself, fearing no wolves or any living thing at all, but would be after dreaming of grand evenings in houses of gold or be listening to the young girls and young men making mighty talk. And there'd be little stirring but the sound of laughter far off – and I lifting my voice in lonely song. Ah, it's a great blessing, I'm saying, to be pure of heart and to have the sweetness of youth and the lonely wisdom of the old. And it's a better thing, I'm thinking, to have the grand gift of song; to be singing even when the suns of June do be broiling or the bitter winds do be blowing on me, till I'd feel my blood stopping like a small stream in the winter nights. For it's the singer that's young and wise, and the sweetness of all the ages is given to him, surely.





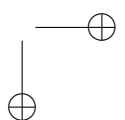
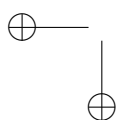
“JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY”

I ain't, ner don't p'tend to be,
Much posted on philosophy,
But to my truly rural mind
The feller that is good an' kind
Ain't worritin' his whole life through
'Bout what the worl' might say er do.

I allus argy that a man
That lives as natchurl as he can
Is jes' as safe as safe can be
In fur-off lands as Zekesbury.

Why, onc't I kindo' los' my way
In Mills's woods, but I wuz gay
An' singin'-like, when – Jeemses-whizz!
A wolf that looked like he ment biz,
Come snarlin' at me. . . Wuz I skeered?
I kep' right on. He disappeared!
An' sence that day my doctern's bin
To teach all you-uns how to win
The goal by livin' as you oughter.
(*A Hoosier-picture here by Vawter*).

I ain't, ner don't p'tend to be,
Much posted on philosophy,
But to my truly rural mind
It pays to jes' be good an' kind.





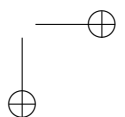
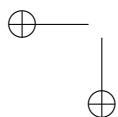
“GUY WETMORE CARRYL”

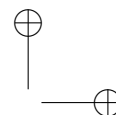
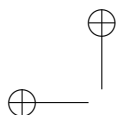
Beneath a wood's umbrageous limbs,
Where leaves and beasts aplenty lay,
A Latin bard went singing hymns
Of where *festina lente* lay.
Unarmed, unharmed he walked along;
His ardor and his voice were strong;
And all the forest heard his song,
His *dolce-far-niente*-lay.

Gaily he sang of love – when lo,
A savage wolf confronted him;
The creature looked and eyed him so,
It looked as if it wanted him.
But Horace (thus he leaped to Fame),
Acting as though the beast were tame,
Sang, “Nice old doggie. What’s your name?”
In short, it never daunted him.

And, like a skilful amateur,
He jumped an octave tastily.
The wolf, although no connoisseur,
Went off a little space till he
Observed that Horace loved to dwell
On all the trills and high-notes. Well,
The beast gave one reproachful yell
And left the poet – hastily!

THE MORAL: Every student will
Applaud the beast with such a vim;
They too of Horace get their fill
Instead of just a touch of him.
The wolf, when Horace would not cease,
Could get no piece, lean or obese –
And since he gave the wolf no peace,
The wolf had far too much of him!





“W. H. DAVIES”

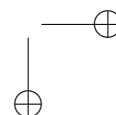
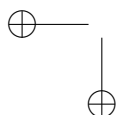
The man that's good,
He never has
To wear a hood
Of steel or brass.

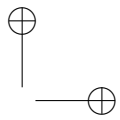
No shield he's got,
No sword or gun;
He's safe in what
He may have on.

A friend of elves,
He tries his tunes
On shaggy wolves
And burly bruins.

He sings an air
That's old and sweet,
And ladies fair
Sit at his feet.

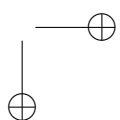
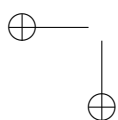
They give him tea,
They bring him food.
Who would not be
The man that's good?

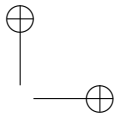
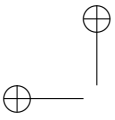




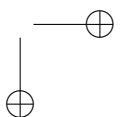
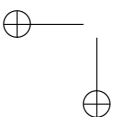
“ROBERT FROST”

He took the rifle from the cupboard shelf
And, having oiled the catch and greased the barrel,
He put it back again. At last he turned
And tried the window-locks, and stood awhile
Watching the snow pile hummocks on itself
Where there was scarcely any need for mounds,
And lay fresh sheets above the piece of ground,
Such as it was, that soon would be his bed.
Something, somebody's saying, half a phrase
Kept him there standing at the kitchen door.
It almost came, escaped him, and went out
Back to the pine-trees where it grew. He followed,
Afraid of nothing but a childish fear
Of all outdoors that made him hum his tune
A little louder than he meant to do.
“In Amsterdam there lived a maid” – and so
On to the shameless end of it; at least
Nearly the end. For, toward the final bars,
Behind the witch-grass and hepaticas,
A great white wolf appeared as suddenly
As though the snow had made or blown him there.
He thought of fairy-tales he had forgotten
And what, for reasons, he could not forget
Of werewolves and the time he had run off
To see the animals in Barnum's circus.
He took a doubtful step and then undid it
To gain a minute's time; thought of the gun
Within hand's reach; then put the thought
Out of his mind to let another in:
Something he must have heard or maybe read
Concerning music and the savage breast.
So to his song again, and to the last
Lewd notes of it. When he looked up, there was
A windless stir in the forsythia trees,
An empty space where the strange beast had been,





And nothing else changed from an hour ago.
The moon went through a twisted apple tree
That leaned its crooked length against the sky.
A log snapped in the stove, reminding him
That he had meant to bring some kindling in
And that it must be late and he was cold.
He watched the moon a moment, shut the door;
Tried all the window-locks again, pulled down
The shades, blew out the light and clomped upstairs.



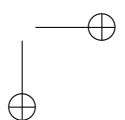
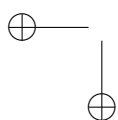


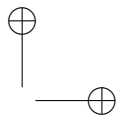
“CARL SANDBURG”

Take it from me,
 When the cops are gone and the long barrels of the
 Remingtons are only a long smear of rust,
 When the guns of France and the arrows of Rome
 Are part of the red mud,
 When the chilled steel rots,
 The lovers will rise. . . from the dusk. . . in the new grass.

Take it from me,
 When New York is corn for the huskers, and Pekin and
 Hamburg are mixed with the dust of Daunia,
 When the gray wolf prowls in the jungle that used to be
 Main Street,
 The lovers will sing. . . in the dusk. . . in the new grass.

Believe me or not, Danny,
 Iron won't help and the sword will be softer than virtue.
 You'll know, some day, I said a mouthful,
 When a young star winks at you through a cobweb
And the ghosts of the past are put out of business.
When the old moon stands still and the earth is rammed into
 silence,
 Take it from me,
The lovers will laugh. . . in the dusk. . . in the new grass. . .





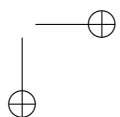
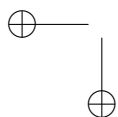
“EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON”

Horatius Flaccus, child of fate,
 Was honest as the fabled farmer;
His gentle virtues held him strait
 As though they were a suit of armor.
His guileless spirit always hid
What ruder natures went and did,
And all he knew of ways forbid
 Was kept from every charmer.

Careless of this or that mischance,
 He walked the outskirts daily;
Convinced that each fell circumstance
 Would somehow meet him gaily.
So that he watched with half a yawn
A brute upon his new-cut lawn,
A hairy sort of devil's spawn,
 Red-eyed and almost scaly.

The creature stretched unearthly jaws;
 Hell opened to affright him.
But Flaccus, holding to the laws
 Of what could not excite him,
Followed a path direct and long,
Continuing to shape his song;
“The man,” it went, “who knows no wrong
 Is armed” . . . *ad infinitum*.

And with this bland, incurious faith
 He passed a calm existence;
Having, for all the ghosts, no wraith
 Of question or resistance;
Held to a bright security,
Like sunlight on a fallen tree,
Or voices rising from the sea,
 Waking a moonlit distance.





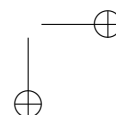
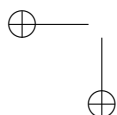
“AMY LOWELL”

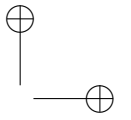
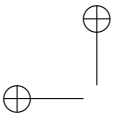
North, South, East, West, there is no rest for a man save he has something stronger than arrows or a narrow shield to guard him. Hard are the envious blows of critics, a multitude of foes, but harder still are the mind and will of the man who has fought distortion for a span of years. Fears are not his portion; his life, squandered so soon, goes to the tune of Blood and Honey.

Blood and Honey! It sings in the glittering sands of the Hydaspes. Blood and Honey! It rings through the bitter lands of Caucasus and skirts the chrome-yellow Syrtes, rambling along its bramble-covered sides. Blood and Honey! It glides and swings its flame-colored notes against the polished throats of Canterbury bells; swells and spills its lavish rhythms over daffodils and squills. The lilies with breasts of alabaster and hearts of snow tremble and glow among the asters, japonica, larkspur, and sword-shaped iris-leaves. The pattern weaves and interweaves. Blood and Honey!

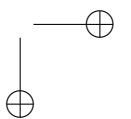
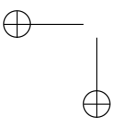
In the heart of a wood,
One man is faced by a wolf.
He pauses and stares –
Stopped by the torture of a blood-shot sun,
Held by the mauve and cobalt clattering in the west.
He hesitates. . . then sings.
Dragonflies dart about him,
Like multi-colored arrows;
An iris – or is it a butterfly? –
Opens and closes its leaf-like wings;
Plum-blossoms settle on his shoulders,
Crystals of fragrant snow;
The sky is lacquered with lilac and red.
The song ascends.
And with it rises an enameled moon. . .
In the heart of a wood
One man is singing alone.

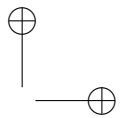
And still he sings! Carried on fantastic wings, his passion seeps through the earth, sweeps over water, leaps through the air. Everywhere its echoes





wake laughter and unrest in a thousand breasts. It never stops, but drops of its music fall like the tinkle of pearls in a silver pan. Sweetly-smiling, sweetly-prattling girls rattle their bracelets and keep beguiling man with snatches of its magic. Its beauty catches one by the heart, the throat. It floats, like ivory surf on the curved tops of waves, into each dusty corner of the years. One hears it going on... on... it never veers... Straight on it goes, stopped by no gate; it knows no bars. On... on... pushing against the pointed stars... Crushing out wars and hate... On... on.





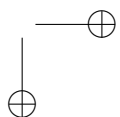
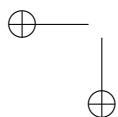
“THE IMAGINISTS”

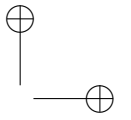
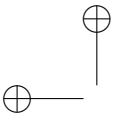
Listen,
Aristius Fuscus;
it is not the quiver
bursting with arrows,
nor sudden spears,
nor certainly the warmth of
confident armor
that shields
a man. . .

Here is a wood
full of blue winds
and dead symbols;
full of white sounds,
hints out of China,
and clashing invisible flowers. . .
Why should I tremble?

Now let me pause. . .
now let me sing of you,
plangent and conquering. . .
with furious hair,
green and impalpable features,
and fluent caresses. . .
why should I tremble,
and stammer
like moonlight
caught on black branches. . .

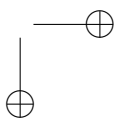
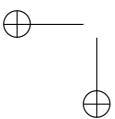
Now like a fish
in the net of to-morrow
let my heart batten
on the thought of your face;
let my soul feed
on the red rind of passion,
softly. . . exulting.





Out of the hush
of the arches of night,
from the core of despair
let me remember
climate and javelins,
laughter and Lalage,
virtue and wolves. . .
And so forth. . .

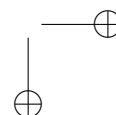
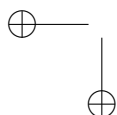
Et cetera. . .

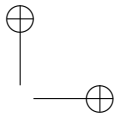
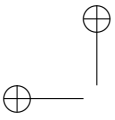




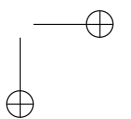
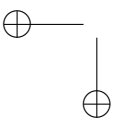
“CONRAD AIKEN & T. S. ELIOT”

It is late, says Fenris, and the evening trembles
Like jelly placed upon an old man's table.
It is late, he says, and I am scarcely able
To keep my collar up, attend the latest play,
Mumble stale gossip; cough and turn away;
Grove in confusion down an endless hall.
The evening drags... and why should I dissemble?
I am tired, I tell you, tired of it all...
The heavy dawns, the dying fall
Of music ending in a cloud of gray.
Virtue is ashes; mist and fog
Cover the worm-eaten trees. A block away
Some one is singing tunes to a mangy dog.
A thin light tops the sky like a moldy crust.
And should I read a paper, smoke a pipe,
While the full moon hangs like an overripe
Pippin upon the rotted branch of day?
Twilight and sodden rain... boredom and lust...
It is like a piece I used to play...
What were the lines?... I dream... I cannot say...
The harlot's laugh has a coating of rust...
There was a bow... and javelins... some one said
Juba... or was it Lalage... I forget.
I am tired, I tell you, tired... and yet
How shall I force the ineffectual crisis?
The air is poisoned with a delicate regret.
In the Copley-Plaza men are serving ices.
I fidget in my seat, pull down my vest;
Adjust my new cravat and chatter, while
Death slides among the dancers, strokes a breast,
Rattles the xylophone, slinks down the hall
And pares an apple with a weary smile.
The music twists and curves... an alley cat
Adds its high tenor; wan, malignant, flat.
A siren echoes... Can I have no rest?





For I am tired... tired of the strident brawl...
Tired of *ennui*... tired of it all...
Silence is better than the twice-expressed.
In countless volumes new leaves turn and fall...
I have seen them all... I have seen them all.





“FRANKLIN P. ADAMS”

Fuscus, old top, an honest phiz
 Fears no police-court's shameful durance;
The guy who's square – his virtue is
 His life insurance.

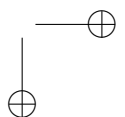
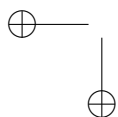
He's playing safe. He wears his grin
 Alike in Brooklyn or Tahiti,
In Murky Michigan or in
 This well-known city.

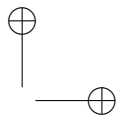
Why, once when I had lost my way
 A wolf espied and almost clutched me;
I merely sang a tune – and say,
 He never touched me.

And such a wolf! It seemed at least
 A dozen to your Uncle Horace:
As Terence said, it was *some* beast!
 Believe me, Mawruss.

Since then I've strayed without a pang
 Wherever f—kle Fo—une bore me;
No foes came near whene'er I sang –
 They fled before me.

So, as a lyric Q. E. D. –
 When this here planet's “dry” – and tearful,
Keep singing. . . That's my recipe?
 You said an earful.





“IRVING BERLIN”

Mister Horace, won't you come and sit with me;
Play a tune that's made an awful hit with me.

Go and get your fiddle;
Rosin up your bow;
Here's a little riddle
That I'd like to know.

So –

Tell me why your music makes me feel so good;
Cheers up everybody in the neighborhood.

I ain't never worried;
Gee! I'm awful strong
For the grass and cows and chickens,
And my heart beats like the dickens

When I hear you singing that song.

CHORUS:

Play me that Integer Vitae Rag;

(It gives me joy.)

Lose your blues and go on a musical jag.

(Oh boy!)

It's the latest, greatest, sort of new sensation,
Watch your step! There's pep in this here syncopation.
Don't it beat creation how it hits you with a slam!

(My honey lamb!)

So play that mysterious, serious drag;

(Oh mister please!)

I'd get delirious if it should weary us and lag –

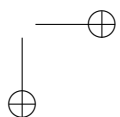
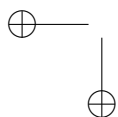
(I'm on my knees.)

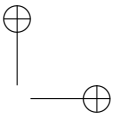
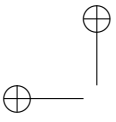
Take my rings and other things, my socks or nightie,
If you'll only play that flighty, Gosh Almighty,

Highty-tighty,

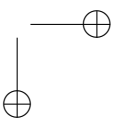
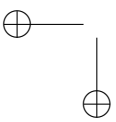
Integer Vitey

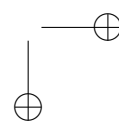
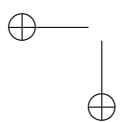
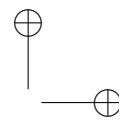
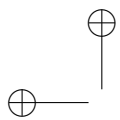
Ra-hag!





BACK MATTER







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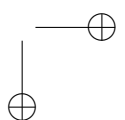
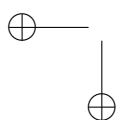
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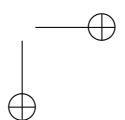
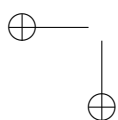


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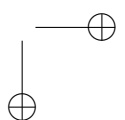
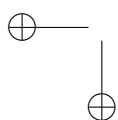
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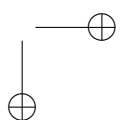
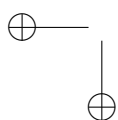
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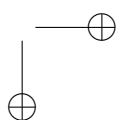
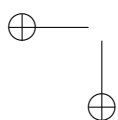


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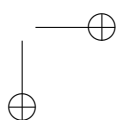
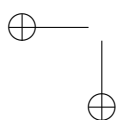


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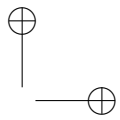
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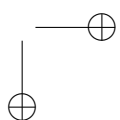
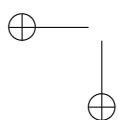
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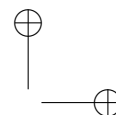
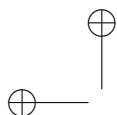
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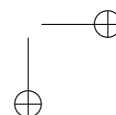
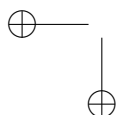


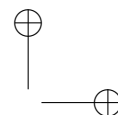
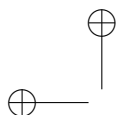
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