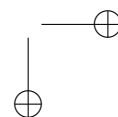
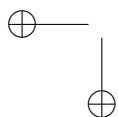
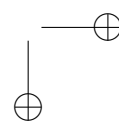
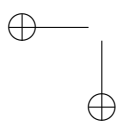
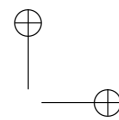
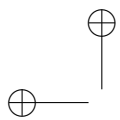
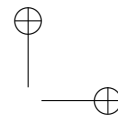


**Horace's Diffugere Nives**  
A Collection of Translations







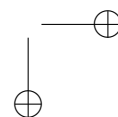
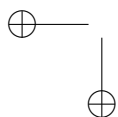
# Horace's *Diffugere Nives* A Collection of Translations

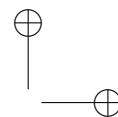
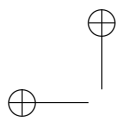
*Isaac Waisberg*

If all that ever Man had sung  
In the audacious Latin Tongue  
Had been lost – and This remained  
All, through This might be regained.

RUDYARD KIPLING, *On Diffugere Nives*

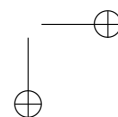
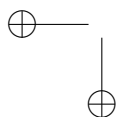
*IWP*





2021

Selection and Design by Isaac Waisberg





## IN LIEU OF A PREFACE

“It is said that when Robert Louis Stevenson lay seriously ill at Davos he asked that a Scottish minister who lived in the neighbourhood should be summoned to his bedside. It was very early in the morning; but the good divine, fearing the worst, immediately dressed and hastened to the chalet where his fellow-countryman lodged. He found Stevenson apparently in the article of death; but, as the kindly visitor leaned over the bed to whisper some word of ghostly consolation, the sick man opened his eyes and gasped, faintly, ‘For God’s sake, have you a Horace?’” (Alfred Noyes, *Portrait of Horace*, 1947)



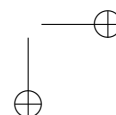
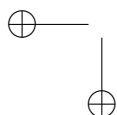
“Nor was my experience any different in my first contact with Horace. To this day, no other poet has given me the same artistic delight that a Horatian ode gave me from the first. In certain languages that which has been achieved here could not even be attempted. This mosaic of words, in which every word – as sound, as place, as concept – pours out its strength right and left and over the whole, this *minimum* in the extent and number of the signs, and the maximum thereby attained in the energy of the signs – all that is Roman and, if one will believe me, *noble* par excellence. All the rest of poetry becomes, in contrast, something too popular – a mere garrulity of feelings.” (Friedrich Nietzsche, *Twilight of the Idols*, 1899)

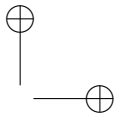
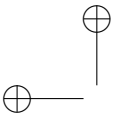


“The hazards of war landed me among the crags of occupied Crete with a band of Cretan guerrillas and a captive German general whom we had waylaid and carried off into the mountains three days before. The German garrison of the island were in hot, but luckily temporarily misdirected, chase. It was a time of anxiety and danger; and for our captive, of hardship and distress. During a lull in the pursuit, we woke up among the rocks just as a brilliant dawn was breaking over the crest of Mount Ida. We had been toiling over it, through snow and then rain, for the last two days. Looking across the valley at this flashing mountain-crest, the general murmured to himself: ‘*Vides ut alta stet nive candidum Soracte...*’ It was one of the ones I knew! I continued from where he had broken off:

*nec jam sustineant onus  
Silvae laborantes, geluque  
Flumina constiterint acuto,*

and so on, through the remaining five stanzas to the end. The general’s blue eyes had swivelled away from the mountain-top to mine – and when I’d finished, after a long silence, he said: ‘*Ach so, Herr Major!*’ It was





very strange. As though, for a long moment, the war had ceased to exist. We had both drunk at the same fountains long before; and things were different between us for the rest of our time together.” (Patrick Leigh Fermor, *A Time of Gifts*, 1977)



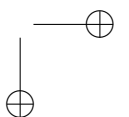
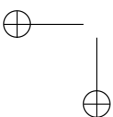
“Admiring at the fact that for two and a half centuries hardly a scholar or man of letters had lived in England who had not once or oftener in his life been moved to try his hand at a translation from Horace, I was long ago inspired, in the days of enthusiastic youth, to compile an anthology of these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

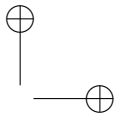
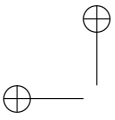


“That to attempt to translate Horace is to attempt the impossible is a statement that has long since passed into a proverb, of which no one makes greater use than the Horatian translator himself. Perhaps we owe to this proverbial impossibility the fact that the translator of Horace is always with us. A living, breathing antinomy, he writes a modest preface, then, muttering to himself ‘*nil mortalibus ardui est*,’ he tries to scale very heaven in his folly, to rush blindly ‘*per vetitum nefas*.’ But because he has loved much, therefore shall much be forgiven him. If Horace were not Horace, his translators would be more successful, but surely they would be fewer in number. To love Horace passionately and not try to translate him would be to flout that principle of altruism in which Mr. Kidd discovers, poetically though not philosophically, the motive force of civilization. ‘We love Horace, therefore we must endeavor to set him forth in a way to make others love him,’ is what all translators say to themselves, consciously or unconsciously, when they decide to publish their respective renditions. And who shall blame them? For where is the critic, competent to judge their work, who has not himself listened to the Siren’s song if but for a moment in his youth, who has not a version of some Horatian ode hid away in his portfolio, the memory of which will forever prevent him from flinging a stone at his fellow offenders?” (William P. Trent, *Some Translations from Horace*, 1894)

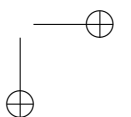
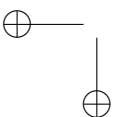


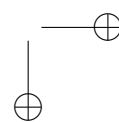
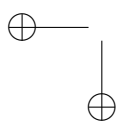
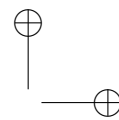
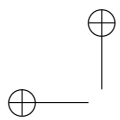
“One morning in May, 1914, when the trees in Cambridge were covered with blossom, he reached in his lecture Ode 7 in Horace’s Fourth Book, ‘*Diffugere nives, redeunt iam gramina campis*.’ This ode he dissected with the usual display of brilliance, wit, and sarcasm. Then for the first time



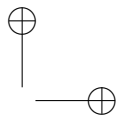


in two years he looked up at us, and in quite a different voice said: 'I should like to spend the last few minutes considering this ode simply as poetry.' Our previous experience of Professor Housman would have made us sure that he would regard such a proceeding as beneath contempt. He read the ode aloud with deep emotion first in Latin, and then in an English translation of his own. . . 'That,' he said hurriedly, almost like a man betraying a secret, 'I regard as the most beautiful poem in ancient literature' and walked quickly out of the room." (A student of Housman, in Richard Perceval Graves, *A. E. Housman: The Scholar-Poet*, 1979)



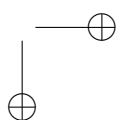
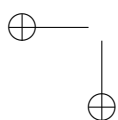


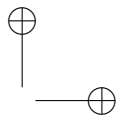




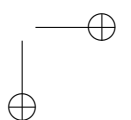
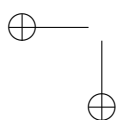
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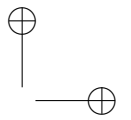
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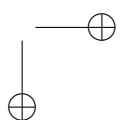
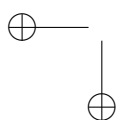


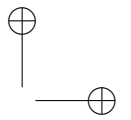
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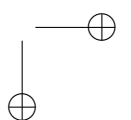
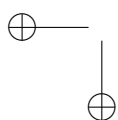


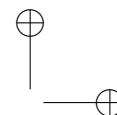
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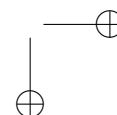
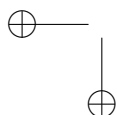


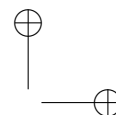
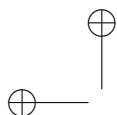
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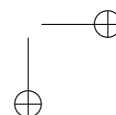
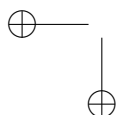


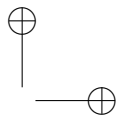
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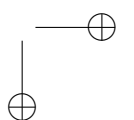
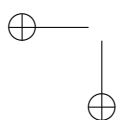


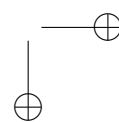
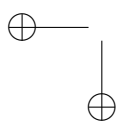
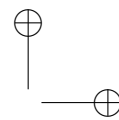
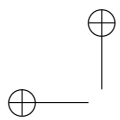
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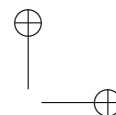
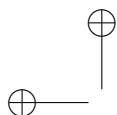


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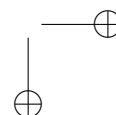
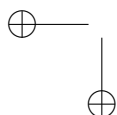


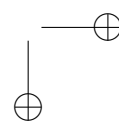
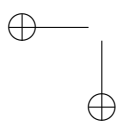
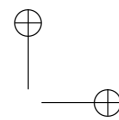
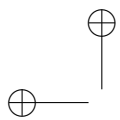


## HORATIAN REFLEXIONS

Now, of course, is the time for quoting Horace about the grass returning to the fields and for otherwise showing off the fading remnant of an inadequate knowledge of the Latin tongue. But the fact is that although the snows have fled – *diffugere nives* – the outlook is hardly Springlike, a drizzle of rain and threatening fog remind us that winter has more than one terror. Anyhow it is warmer than it was a week ago, much warmer, and that is some comfort to be cherished in between sneezes and coughing attacks.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT  
*The Times of India*, January 10, 1939





Q. HORATI FLACCI, DIFFUGERE NIVES, 13 BC

*Diffugere nives, redeunt iam gramina campis  
arboribusque comae;  
mutat terra vices, et decrescentia ripas  
flumina praetereunt;*

*Gratia cum Nymphis geminisque sororibus audet  
ducere nuda choros.  
Immortalia ne speres, monet annus et alnum  
quae rapit hora diem:*

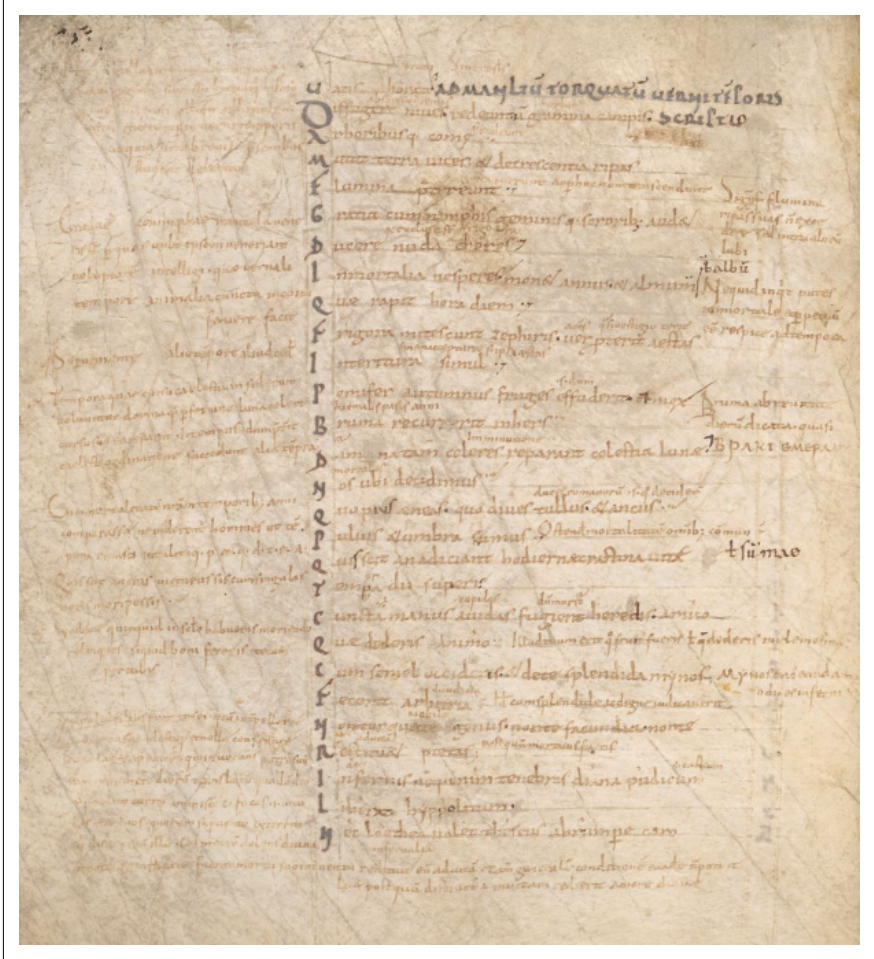
*frigora mitescunt Zephyris, ver proterit aestas  
interitura, simul  
pomifer Autumnus fruges effuderit, et mox  
bruma recurrit iners.*

*damna tamen celeres reparant caelestia lunae:  
nos ubi decidimus  
quo pater Aeneas, quo dives Tullus et Ancus,  
pulvis et umbra sumus.*

*quis scit an adiciant hodiernae crastina summae  
tempora di superi?  
cuncta manus avidas fugient heredis, amico  
quae dederis animo.*

*cum semel occideris et de te splendida Minos  
fecerit arbitria,  
non, Torquate, genus, non te facundia, non te  
restituēt pietas;*

*infernīs neque enim tenebris Diana pudicum  
liberat Hippolytum,  
nec Lethaea valet Theseus abrumpere caro  
vincula Pirothoo.*



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



De VII. ad Torquatum de liberalitate.

**D**IFFUGERE nives. Non solum describit verum etiam descriptum quod volatile sit tempus. & quam momentaneo intervallo fluat.

**D**iffugere nives redeunt iam gramina capis  
Arboribusq; comae

**M**UTAT terra vices. Per rationem temporum dixit etiam ipsam naturam mutari.

**M**utat terra vices & decrescunt ripas

**E**T decrescunt ripas & c. Praeter ripas sunt flumina quod significat ripas suas non excedere se intra alveum labi.

Flumina pretereunt  
Gratia cum nymphis geminisq; foronibusq; audis

**I**MMORTALIA ne speres. Nil est perpetuum exemplo varietatis temporum probat.

Ducere nada choros.  
Immortalia ne speres monet annus & almum

**F**RIGORA mitescunt. Mirum poetae ingenium qui cum verum ad voluptatem legentis laeta descripta sunt nunc videri citate orationis velocissimum temporis cursum ante oculos ponit.

Que rapit hora diem.  
Frigora mitescunt zephyris ver perierit estas  
Interitura simul.

Pomifer autumnus fruges effuderit. & mox  
Bruma recurrit iners.

**D**amna tamen sceleres reparat caelestis lune.  
Nos ubi decidimus

Quo pius enee, quo tullus dives & ancus  
Pulvis & umbra fumus.

Est enim boni poetae & in rebus ociosis otiosi. Cum his que ratio prima gesta sunt praecipua quadam oratione ipsam celebritatem exprimit.

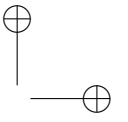
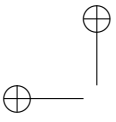
**D**AMNA tamen Seneca est. Quod temporum vicissitudinis nescio spatio mensium redyunt & reparantur homines verum ubi semel occiderint nunquam redeunt. Oriens autem est. tamen nos ubi decidimus iam ceteros reparant caelestia divina. id est ipsorum temporum vicissitudines.

**T**ULLIUS dives. Propter amplam victoriam. quam de albanis reportavit nam & po. ro. ex albanis civibus quos in civitatem romanam recepit velis meter auxit de quo Livius,

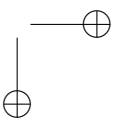
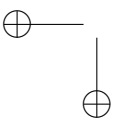
(First Illustrated Edition of Horace, Grüninger, 1498, LOC)

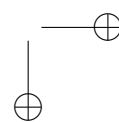
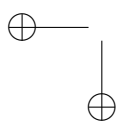
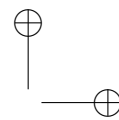
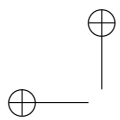
**NIVES** diffugere: jam gramina redeunt campis,  
 The snows are dissolved: now the grass returns to the fields,  
**comæque arboribus: terra mutat vices;**  
 and leaves to the trees: the earth changes her vicissitudes:  
**et decrescientia flumina prætereunt ripas:**  
 and the decreasing rivers glide along their banks:  
**nuda Gratia, cum nymphis, gemisque sororibus,**  
 the naked Grace, with the nymphs, and two sisters,  
**audet ducere choros. Annus, et hora, quæ**  
 dares to lead out her choirs. The year, and the hour, which  
**rapit alnum diem, monet, ne speres**  
 hurries on the beautiful day, convinces us, that you cannot expect  
**immortalia. Frigora mitescunt Zephyris:**  
 immortal things. The colds are mitigated by the Zephyrs:  
**æstas proterit ver, interitura, simul**  
 the summer drives away the spring, being itself to die, as soon as  
**pomifer autumnus effuderit fruges: et mox**  
 apple-bearing autumn pours forth its fruits: and presently  
**iners bruma recurrit. Tamen celeres lunæ**  
 dull winter returns. Yet the quick-revolving moons  
**reparant cœlestia damna: ubi nos decidimus, quò**  
 repair their celestial wanings: when we descend, whither  
**pater Æneas, quò dives Tullus, et Ancus,**  
 father Æneas, whither rich Tullus, and Ancus are,  
**sumus pulvis et umbra. Quis scit, an dî**  
 we become dust and shade. Who knows, if the gods  
**adjiciant crastina tempora hodiernæ summæ? Cuncta**  
 may add to-morrow's period to this day's sum? All  
**quæ dederis amico animo, fugient**  
 that you bestow with a generous mind, shall escape  
**avidas manus hæredis. Cùm semel occideris, et**  
 the covetous hands of your heir. When once you die, and  
**Minos fecerit splendida arbitria de te, non**  
 Minos shall pronounce his awful decrees concerning you, not  
**genus, Torquate, non facundia, non pietas**  
 your family, O Torquatus, not your eloquence, not your piety  
**restituet te. Enim neque Diana liberat pudicum**  
 shall restore you. For neither Diana delivers chaste  
**Hippolytum infernis tenebris: nec Theseus valet**  
 Hippolytus from infernal darkness: nor is Theseus able  
**abrumpere Lethæa vincula caro Pirithoo.**  
 to break off the Lethæan chains from his dear Pirithous.

(John Stirling's 1751 Translation Interlinearly Arranged by P. A. Nuttall)



THE TRANSLATIONS





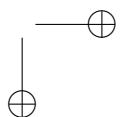
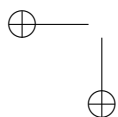




ANONYMOUS, 1557

(Tottel's *Miscellany*)

The winter with his griesly stormes no lenger dare abyde,  
The trees haue leaues, ye bowes don spred, new changed is ye yere.  
The plesant grasse, with lusty grene, the earth hath newly dyde.  
The water brokes are cleane sonke down, the pleasant bankes apere  
The spring is come, the goodly nimphes now daunce in euery place  
Thus hath the yere most pleasantly of late ychangde his face.  
Hope for no immortalitie, for welth will weare away,  
As we may learne by euery yere, yea howres of euery day.  
For Zepharus doth mollifye the colde and blustering windes:  
The somers drought doth take away ye spring out of our minds.  
And yet the somer cannot last, but once must step asyde,  
Then Autumn thinkes to kepe hys place, but Autumn cannot bide.  
For when he hath brought furth his fruits and stuft ye barns with corn,  
The winter eates and empties all, and thus is Autumn worne:  
Then hory frostes possesse the place, then tempestes work much harm,  
Then rage of stormes done make al colde which somer had made so warm  
Wherfore let no man put his trust in that, that will decay,  
For slipper welth will not cuntinue, plesure will weare away.  
For when that we haue lost our lyfe, and lye vnder a stone,  
What are we then, we are but earth, then is our pleasure gon.  
No man can tell what god almight of euery wight doth cast,  
No man can say to day I liue, till morne my lyfe shall last.  
For when thou shalt before thy iudge stand to receiue thy dome,  
What sentence Minos dothe pronounce that must of thee become.  
Then shall not noble stock and blud redeme the from his handes,  
Nor surged talke with eloquence shal lowse thee from his bandes.  
Nor yet thy lyfe vprightly lead, can help thee out of hell,  
For who descendeth downe so depe, must there abyde and dwell.  
Diana could not thence deliuer chaste Hypolitus,  
Nor Theseus could not call to life his frende Periothous.





## JOHN ASHMORE, 1621

(First Selection of the Odes Published in English)

The snowes are fled, the fields are clad with grasse,  
And leaves trees prank:  
Times change, and floods decreasing pass  
Not their know'n bank.  
The Graces, with the *Nymphs* nak't on the strand,  
The Measures sweetly dance, hand ioynd in hand.  
The Yeare and Night, that cancels the fair day,  
Shewes we must die:  
Cold by the Spring, the Spring is driven away  
By Summer nie:  
Summer to Autumne yeelds, that pours forth graine:  
Then barren Winter takes his roome againe.  
Yet the swift Moones their losses soon repaire:  
But, when we shall  
Come where good *Anchus* and *Aeneas* are,  
To dust we fall.  
How know'st thou, whether the great gods will give  
Thee one day longer in the world to live?  
Thy friendly gifts the clutches scape alone  
Of thy glad heire.  
When thou iust *Minos* doome hast undergone  
(Layd on the beere)  
Nor thy high birth (*Torquatus*) nor thy wit,  
Nor piety thee thence will ever quit.  
*Diana*, Patroness of chastitie,  
Could not recall  
*Hyppolitus*, that in dark vaults did lie  
Of *Pluto's* hall:  
Nor *Theseus* the infernall chains could rend,  
That captive held *Pyrrithous*, his friend.





## WILLIAM AINSWORTH, C. 1625

(*William Ainsworth's Odes of Horace in a Bodleian Manuscript*, Ben Crabstick, 2015)

The snowe is melted, fields Are growne with grasse.  
Trees greene with leaves, earth is not as it was.  
the lofty bankes noe streames do overflowe  
with nymphes Are graces danceing on a rowe.  
    That lasting thinges wee hope for tyme saith nay  
    & winged houres which drive Away the day:  
The lukwarme westwynd makes the cold decay  
summer expells the spring, & will Away  
The heavenly planets through their fals increase  
but when our daies once finish'd wee decease  
    & like Aeneas, like rich Tullus fade  
    & Kingly Ancus wee are dust & shade.  
Who knowes that Jove to those daies that are past  
will Adde to morrowe or make this the last:  
What thou bestowest with A bounteous hand  
shall not be left unto thy heires command:  
    When thou Art dead & Minos judgeth thee  
    Assure thy selfe, earth thou shalt never see:  
Thy generous stocke shall not free thee from grave  
Thee pleasing speech from Tombe shall never save.  
for why? Diana cold not free from death  
Hippolitus nor give him vitall breath.  
    Nor yet Perithous was from death defended  
    though Theseus for his sake to hell descended.

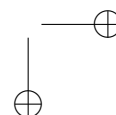
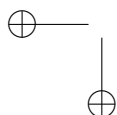




## SIR THOMAS HAWKINS, 1635

(c. 1590–1640; Poet and Translator)

Now snows are quite dissolv'd, fresh grass we see  
To fields returned, and leaves to every tree.  
Earth changeth hue; the swelling waters sink,  
And with soft current glide within their brink.  
*Aglaia* naked, dares upon the ground  
With nymphs and her two sisters dance around.  
Hope not in mortal things! – so years do say,  
So warn the hours, which circumvolve the day.  
Soft western winds on winter, mildness bring,  
Soon with'ring summer weareth out the spring,  
Then mellow autumn pours his fruit amain,  
And instantly dull winter 'turns again.  
Yet speedy moons these heavenly charms restore;  
But when we hence depart, where gone before  
Rich *Tullus*, good *Aeneas*, *Ancus* stay,  
We are but dust and shadows pass'd away!  
Who knoweth whether the celestial powers  
Will add to this day's sum, to morrow's hours.  
Your greedy heir in nothing shall have part  
Of what your living gave with bounteous heart,  
But when you once are dead, and powers divine,  
To you an equal sentence shall assign;  
Nor blood, *Torquatus* then, nor fluent vein,  
Nor piety, can life restore again!  
For neither chaste *Hippolitus*, was free  
By *Dian* sent, from hell's obscurity;  
Nor for his dear *Pyrihōus*, the pains  
Of *Theseus* could dissolve *Lethan* chains.





## HENRY RIDER, 1638

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

The snow is past, the grasse returned is  
Unto the fields, and leaves unto the trees;  
The earth doth change her courses, and the tides,  
Being decreas'd, run low on the bank side.  
The Grace and Nymphs, and her two sisters dare  
To usher in their dances, being bare.  
The yeere, and howre which hence the sweet day flings,  
Warnes thee thou shouldst not hope immortal things.  
Frosts melt with the spring-winds; the summer then  
Thrusts out the spring, and that must perish, when  
Fruit-bearing Autumn doth her store powre out;  
And then again stiffe Winter comes about.  
Yet the swift moones their heavenly waines can mend:  
When we, where good *Aeneas* is, descend,  
Where wealthy *Tullus*, and where *Ancus* bee,  
Then ashes and a very shade are wee.  
Who can tell whether that the high gods may  
A morrow adde, to this last present day?  
All that on your owne deare soule you bestow,  
Beyond your heires all-catching graspe shall goe.  
When you're once dead, and *Minos* upon you  
His rare determinations shall shew,  
*Torquatus*, nor your stock, nor eloquence,  
Nor pietie shall ere release you thence.  
For nor *Diana* from infernall night  
The chaste *Hippolytus* can ere acquite;  
Neither has *Theseus* power to break in twaine  
From dear *Pirithous* his Lethean chaine.





MILDMAY FANE, 1623–50

(c. 1600–66; Politician and Writer)

Snowes now are fled, and fields are deckt with flowers,  
With new leaves the naked bowers;  
The time o'th'yeare is chang'd, and flouds that were,  
Now againe but Riv'letts are.

The Nymphs and Graces nak'd their daunces lead  
Through each pleasant flowry mead.  
The yeare would teach by's mutability  
Not t'hope for their lifes immortality.

The Springs compaignion Zephirus doth charme  
The winters cold, and now'ts warme.  
The Summer's next, whose heat consumes the pride,  
And glory of the Spring-tide.  
Next followes Autumne loaden with rich wines,  
Corne, and fruit of divers kindes.  
Then clumsy Winter comes, who wrags up all  
Those beauteous mixtures in a frozen ball.

Time in a swift course wastes, and after waine  
Phœbe renews her light againe.  
But if our light goe out, we shine no more,  
No borrow'd Sunshine can our Life restore.

'S Æneas dead? could not his Piety  
Sheild him gainst mortality?  
Tellus and Ancus too? Could they not buy  
For wealth Eternity?  
Noe, we are all like shadowes; sprung from dust,  
And to dust returne we must.

Who knowes to day, whither his life shall be  
Prolong'd till 'morrow by the Gods decree?

Be therefore liberall whilst thou mayest, and give  
Thy self thine whilst thou do'st live.  
For being once dead, and Minoes sentence past  
On thee, th'art for ever fast.  
Nor cann thy nobleness of blood reprove  
Thee againe not long to live.  
Nor (though thy beauty rare) cann it prevaile  
Nor piety when death doth thee assaile.

For neither could Diana's power deny  
Her chaste Hyppolitus to dye:  
Not yet could Theseus loose Perithoes bands,  
Allthough in freindshipp linkt; Deaths sentence stands.



JOHN SMITH, 1649

(*The Lyrick Poet*)

The snowes dissolv'd; now herbs in fields are seen,  
And leaves on trees grow green.  
The earth doth change her course, and rivers low,  
Do not their banks o're flow.  
Graces with Nymphs do challenge one other,  
And naked dance together.  
And lest thou hop'st for immortality,  
The year swift houres deny.  
Winter shuns *Zephire*; summer the spring flies  
And both together dies.  
Apple-crown'd Autumn sheds his fruits & then  
Dull winter turnes againe.  
The swifter Moons repaire their loss of light,  
But when with us 'tis night,  
*Æneas*, *Tullus*, *Ancus*-like we fare,  
We dust and shadowes are:  
And who doth know the Gods to us will give  
To morrow for to live?  
But when th' art dead, and *Minos* hath at last,  
On thee his just dooms past;  
*Torquatus* not thy stock, thy goodness, eloquence,  
Shall ever get thee thence.  
Nor yet *Diana* could the chaste *Hippolitus*,  
From pale-*Stix* send to us.  
Nor from *Perithöus* cold *Theseus* break hels chain,  
Nor bring him back againe.





SIR RICHARD FANSHAWE, 1652

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

The *snows* are thaw'd, now grass new cloaths the earth,  
And trees new hair thrust forth.  
The season's chang'd, and *brooks* late swoln with rain,  
Their proper *banks* contain  
Nymphs with the Graces *linkt* dare dance around  
*Naked* upon the ground.  
That thou must die, the *year* and *hours* say  
Which draw the winged day.  
First Spring, then Summer, that away doth chase,  
And must it self give place  
To *Apple-bearing Autumn*, and that past,  
Dull *Winter* comes at last.  
But the decays of time, *Time* doth repair:  
When we once plunged are  
Where good *Aeneas*, with rich *Ancus* wades,  
Ashes we are, and shades.  
Who *knows* if *Jove* unto thy life's past score  
Will add one morning more?  
When thou art dead, and *Rhadamanthus* just  
Sentence hath spoke thee dust,  
Thy blood, nor eloquence can ransom thee,  
No nor thy piety.  
For chaste *Hippolitus* in *Stygian* night  
*Diana* cannot light:  
Nor *Theseus* break with all his vertuous pains,  
His dear *Perithous* chains.





## BARTEN HOLIDAY, 1653

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

Now Snows dissolve, the field fresh grass receives,  
And Trees are pranckt with leaves,  
Earth changeth Seasons, and each ebbing Tide  
Doth in its chanel glide.  
The naked Nymphs, with those three Sister-Graces  
Now lead their frolick paces.  
*All things must end, so years, and hours set out,  
Which wheel the Dayes about.*  
Frosts melt with *Zephires*: Spring spent, next in place  
Comes Summer, which decayes  
When fruitfull Autumn's crops are reap'd, and then  
Dull Winter comes agen.  
*Luna* repaires her waining horns: but we  
When to those Cells we flee,  
Where good *Aeneas*, *Tullus*, *Ancus* laid,  
Are turn'd to Dust and shade,  
*Who knows whe'ther Gods will to our present stay  
Adjoyn another day?*  
The greedy Heir of all shall nothing have,  
Which thou most freely gave,  
*When thou r't once arriv'd unto thy Tomb,  
And hast receiv'd thy doom,*  
*Not Stock (Torquatus) Rhet'ric, nor good life  
Shall gain thy deaths Reprief.*  
Not *Dian* chast *Hippolitus* could quit  
From *Pluto*'s glorious pit:  
Nor *Theseus* could his dear *Perithous* free  
From Hell's captivity.



J. F., 1662

(*Classical Presences*, Stuart Gillespie, 2018)

Snows thaw'd, the Fields wear new green liveries,  
New leaves the Trees;  
The Earth's transform'd, within their channels tied,  
Floods gently glide;  
Now dare the Nymphs with Sister-graces prance  
In naked dance.  
Th' year and fleet hour forbid thee hope the stay  
Of things for ay,  
Winter to Spring, Spring yie[l]ds to Summer's fire;  
This must expire  
When Autumn sheds the corn, till in his room  
Dull Winter come.  
Yet Seasons' detriments swift Moons repair;  
When once we share  
The Fall that all the best and bravest had,  
W' are Dust and Shade.  
Who knows if God adds to this day's short sum  
That next to come?  
And of thy gifts, alone thy greedy heir  
May claim no share.  
When thou (my friend) shalt die, and Minos once  
Thy doom pronounce,  
Thy blood, thy sweet speech, nor thy piety  
Shall ransom thee.  
Dian could her chaste friend from Death's dark state  
Not liberate,  
Nor from his dear Perithous Theseus' pains  
Break Lethe's chains.





ROBERT CRESWELL\*, 1666 (IMITATED)

(Poet)

The Snow is gone, the grass returns  
To Fields, the Perukes to the Trees,  
Earth plays with her varieties.  
Each River in Consumption mourns,  
And humbly glides beneath her bourns,  
Contain'd within her banks degrees.  
The naked Graces lead the dance,  
With whom the Nymphs in measures move,  
The sliding years our hopes reprove;  
Which to Eternity advance,  
And the swift hours their speed inhance,  
The day by snatches to remove.  
Soft Western gales allay the cold,  
On the *Springs* heels the *Summer* treads,  
Itself then to destruction leads,  
Where *Autumn* does her fruits unfold,  
Strait comes the *Winter* stiff and cold,  
And life with lazy humor deads.  
Yet Moons may wane, and soon increase,  
But when once we thither go,  
Where wealthy men and worthy too,  
Must all lay down their heads at last,  
When their heedless toils are past,  
To dust and ghost we vanish all;  
Who knows that those great powers on high,  
The present sum of these our days,  
Will by to morrows reckoning raise?  
Our heirs as well as we must die,  
And from our clutcht hands all will flie,  
Which our kind will to them conveys.  
That once among the dead thou be,  
And the just Judge do sentence give,  
In glorions state on all that live:  
Thee no extraction thence shall free,  
No Eloquence, no Piety,  
Thy life recover, or reprove.  
No Father can, though much he mourn,  
From the dark vale of shade beneath;  
Restore his guiltless Babe to breath;  
Nor friend can make his friend return,  
When once imprison'd in his Urn,  
From cold forgetfulness and death.

\*Published Anonymously in Brome (1666); author identified by Martindale (1977).



JOHN HARINGTON, 1684

(c. 1627–1700)

The *Snows* are fled; now *Grass* by fields is worn;  
Leaf-dress doth *Trees* adorn.  
*Earth* changes proves and *Floods*, from wilder race  
Recall'd their Chancels trace.  
AGLAIA dares now nak'd with *Sisters* twain,  
And *Nymphs* dance round the Plain.  
The *Year* forbids thee hope perpetual stay;  
And th' *Hour* that whirls the *Day*:  
*Zeph'rus* last cold allays; *Summer* the spring  
Outwears, that perishing;  
Then luscious *Autumn* pours her *Fruits*, and then  
Dull *Winter* shews agen.  
Yet nimble *Moons* their wained *Loss* repair,  
But we when sunk, where are  
ÆNEAS good, rich *Tullus*, *Ancus* thrust,  
Prove empty shades and dust.  
Who knows if *Gods* will joyn to this days *Score*  
To Morrow's hours in store?  
What now thou *giv'st*, through franker *Mind* dost use,  
Some greedy *Heirs* but loose.  
When th' art once *dead*, and MINOS Judg hath pass'd  
Thy sentence clear, at last.  
Nor *Birth*, TORQUATUS, high, nor eloquence,  
*Vertue* shall free thee thence:  
Not DIAN can *Hippolitus* revive  
(Chast Youth) from dark reprieve:  
Nor THESEUS spoil *Lethæan* bond, which does  
Hold dear *Perithous*.



THOMAS CREECH, 1684

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

The Snows are gone, and Grass returns again,  
New Leaves adorn the *Widow* Trees,  
The unswoln Streams their narrow Banks contain,  
And softly roul to quiet Seas:

The decent *Nymphs* with smiling *Graces* join'd,  
Now naked dance i'th' open Air,  
They dread no Blasts, nor fear the Wind  
That wantons thro' their flowing Hair.

The nimble Hour that turns the circling Year,  
And swiftly whirls the pleasing Day,  
Forewarns thee to be *Mortal* in thy Care,  
Nor cramp thy Life with long Delay:

The Spring the Winter, Summer wastes the Spring,  
And Summer's Beauty's quickly lost,  
When drunken *Autumn* spreads her drooping Wing,  
And next cold Winter creeps in Frost.

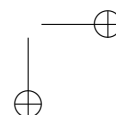
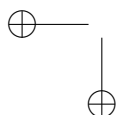
The Moon, 'tis true, her Monthly Loss repairs,  
She streight renews her borrow'd Light;  
But when black Death hath turn'd our shining Years,  
There follows one *Eternal* Night.

When we shall view the gloomy *Stygian* Shore,  
And walk amongst the mighty Dead,  
Where *Tullus*, where *Aeneas* went before,  
We shall be Dust, and empty Shade:

Who knows if stubborn Fate will prove so kind,  
And join to this another Day?  
What e'er is for thy greedy Heir design'd,  
Will slip his Hands, and fly away:

When thou art gone, and *Minos* Sentence read,  
*Torquatus*, there is no Return;  
Thy Fame, nor all thy learned Tongue can plead,  
Nor Goodness, shall unseal the Urn:

For chaste *Hippolytus* *Diana* strives,  
She strives, but ah! she strives in vain;  
Nor *Theseus* Care, and pious Force reprieves  
His dear *Pirithoüs* from his Chain.

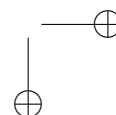
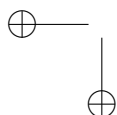




## ANONYMOUS, 1685

(*Sylvæ: Or, The Second Part of Poetical Miscellanies*, John Dryden, 1685)

Winter's dissolv'd, behold a Worlds new face!  
How grass the ground, how leaves their branches grace.  
That Earth which wou'd not to the plough-share yield,  
Is softer now, and easie to be till'd.  
And frozen streams, thaw'd by th' approaching Sun,  
With whispring murmurs in their channels run:  
The naked Nymphs and Graces dance around,  
And ore the flowry meadows nimbly bound.  
The Months that run on times immortal wheels,  
The seasons treading on each others heels,  
The winged hours that swiftly pass away,  
And spitefully consume the smiling Day,  
Tell us, that all things must with them decay.  
The year rowls round us in a constant ring,  
And sultry Summer wasts the milder Spring:  
Whose hot Meridian quickly overpast,  
Declines to *Autumn*, which with bounteous haste  
Comes crown'd with Grapes, but suddenly is crost,  
Cold winter nips his Vintage, with a frost.  
The Moon renews its Orb to shine more bright;  
But when Deaths hand puts out our mortal light,  
With us alas 'tis ever ever Night!  
With *Tullus* and with *Ancus* we shall be,  
And the brave Souls of vanish'd *Heroes* see,  
Who knows if Gods above, who all things sway,  
Will suffer thee to live another day?  
Then please thy Genius, and betimes take care,  
To leave but little to thy greedy Heir.  
When among crouds of Ghosts thou shalt appear,  
And from the Judge thy fatal sentence hear,  
Not Birth, nor Eloquence, nor Wealth, nor all  
That thou canst plead can the past doom recal.  
*Diana*, though a Goddess, cannot take  
Her chaste *Hippolitus* from *Lethe's* Lake.  
*Perithous* bound in fetters must remain,  
*Theseus* no more can break his adamantine chain.





SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE, 1628–99\*

(1628–99; Statesman and Diplomat)

The Snows are melted all away,  
The Fields grow flow'ry, green, and gay,  
The Trees put out their tender Leaves;  
And all the Streams that went astray,  
The Brook again into her Bed receives.

See! The whole Earth has made a Change,  
The Nymphs and Graces naked range  
About the Fields, who shrunk before  
Into their Caves. The empty Grange  
Prepares its Room, for a new Summer's Store.

Lest thou shouldst hope immortal Things,  
The changing Year Instruction brings,  
The fleeting Hour, that steals away  
The Beggar's Time, and Life of Kings,  
But ne'er returns them, as it does the Day.

The Cold grows soft with Western Gales,  
The *Summer* over *Spring* prevails,  
But yields to *Autumn's* fruitful Rain,  
As this to *Winter* Storms and Hails;  
Each Loss the hasting Moons repair again.

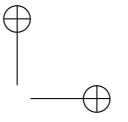
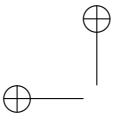
But we, when once our Race is done,  
With *Tullus* and *Anchises'* Son,  
(Though rich like one, like t'other good)  
To Dust and Shades, without a Sun,  
Descend, and sink in deep Oblivion's Flood.

Who knows, if the kind Gods will give  
Another Day to Men that live  
In Hope of many distant Years;  
Or if one Night more shall retrieve  
The Joys thou lovest, by thy idle Fears?

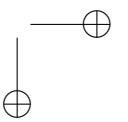
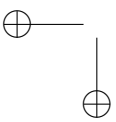
The pleasant Hours thou spend'st in Health,  
The Use thou mak'st of Youth and Wealth,  
As what thou giv'st among thy Friends  
Escapes thy Heirs; so those the Stealth  
Of Time and Death, where Good and Evil ends.

For when that comes, nor Birth, nor Fame,  
Nor Piety, nor honest Name,  
Can e'er restore thee. *Theseus* bold,

\*Date of translation unknown. Published in Roscommon (1715) and Temple (1720).



Nor chaste *Hippolitus*, could tame  
Devouring Fate, that spares nor Young nor Old.







WILLIAM OLDISWORTH, 1713

(1680–1734; Writer and Translator)

The Spring dissolves the fleecy Snows;  
Fresh Green adorns the Fields, fresh Leaves the Bows:  
Nature is deck'd in all her gayest Pride;  
The limpid Streams in narrow Channels glide:  
The *Nymphs* trip naked o'er the Plains;  
And with 'em, hand in hand, the *Graces* dance.  
The rolling Hours, and shifting Year  
Inform you, that your last great Change is near;  
Warm *Zephyr* melts the *Winter* down,  
Then *Spring* succeeds, and *Summer's* quickly gone;  
Then *Autumn*, rich in Fruits and Grain,  
Rolls regular, till *Winter* comes again.  
The Moon renews her fading Light,  
Whilst Man lies down in everlasting Night:  
We moulder into Dust and Clay,  
Where *Tullus*, *Ancus*, and *Aeneas* lay.  
Who can insure To-morrow's Sun?  
Or give another Day, when this is done?  
Be free and chearful; do not spare  
Your Wealth, to glut an undeserving Heir:  
When to the Shades below you come,  
And *Minos* fixes your eternal Doom,  
Not Virtue, nor High Birth shall save,  
Nor Eloquence redeem you from the Grave:  
*Diana* try'd to bring, in vain,  
Her chaste *Hippolytus* to Life again;  
Though *Theseus* did to Hell descend,  
He could not rescue his unhappy Friend.



HENRY COXWELL, 1718

(*The Odes of Horace*, Privately Printed)

The Winter's gone and pleasant Fields appear  
With Greens attir'd, and Trees their toppings wear,  
The Earth her Seasons does exchange, and now  
The ebbing Brooks within their Banks do flow,  
The Nymphs, and Graces to the Plains do bring  
Their Troops in Dances, to salute the Spring.  
Least thou for Immortality should'st pray  
The Years, and Hours forbid, that haste the Day.  
Sharp Frost, and Snow by western Gales abate,  
Then Spring comes on, and Spring by Summer's heat  
Is swallow'd up, Autumn pursues anon,  
Cold Winter back in her old track does run:  
The Moon her frequent Wanings does repair;  
But when we go, and our last Dwellings share  
With *Tullus*, *Ancus*, and *Æneas* Just,  
We surely Shadows are, and nought but Dust.  
Who can be sure the Gods in Bounty may  
Add one more Light to the foregoing Day?  
Whate'er thou shalt with lib'ral Hand bestow,  
Unto thy greedy Heir will never go.  
When once thou'rt Dead, and *Minos* firm Decree  
Is on thee past, not then, *Torquatus*, thee  
Will thy great Race, or Eloquence restore,  
Nor pious Actions of thy Life before.  
Nor could *Diana Hippolytus* release  
From the infernal Shades at his Decease,  
Nor *Theseus* can the fatal Chain untie,  
When his dear Friend *Pirithous* must Die.



JAMES ARBUCKLE, 1720

(c. 1700–42; Irish Poet and Critic)

The snows are fled; along the Plain  
The Grass its flow'ry Mantle spreads:  
The Trees a comely Load sustain,  
And wave in Air, their flowing Heads.

The Earth its gayest Robes puts on;  
The muddy Rivolets refine:  
And silver'd with th' incumbent Sun,  
The limpid Currents gayly shine.

The Graces feel th' indulgent Change,  
And dance before the tuneful Swain;  
Along the Valley's naked Range,  
And beautifie the painted Plain.

My Lord; the swift revolving Year,  
The fleeting Seasons let us know  
There is no true Perfection here,  
No lasting Happiness below.

The Winter Storms, when Spring returns,  
To *Zephyr's* softer Whispers yield;  
Spring's gaudy Dresss the Summer burns,  
And loads with ripening Corn the Field.

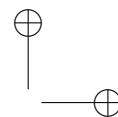
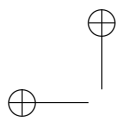
With Apples crown'd, and yellow Sheaves,  
Fair *Ceres* then begins her Reign,  
But soon the Earth all naked leaves,  
And doleful Winter comes again.

Yet Time those daily Wastes repairs;  
The Stars again restore the Spring,  
Produce new Seasons, and new Years,  
And move in an eternal Ring.

But more unhappy we become  
Mere Shadows, and to Atoms fly,  
Whene'er the Fates pronounce our Doom,  
And cruel *Pluto* bids us die.

Who knows if Heav'n another Day  
Will add to these already past,  
Or snatch us instantly away,  
And make the present Gasp our Last?

The Goods of Life then freely use,  
And gratify a liberal Mind;



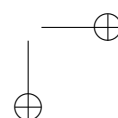
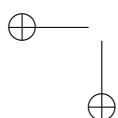
Thy greedy Heir shall ne'er abuse  
A Wealth you cannot leave behind.

Once you have left your native Earth  
To wander on the *Stygian* Shore,  
The Honours of a noble Birth  
Will plead in thy behalf no more.

No more, thy awful Doom once read,  
Will then thy Eloquence prevail,  
Nor ev'n thy Piety evade  
A Sentence nothing can repeal.

Her chastest Votary to save,  
The chastest Goddess strives in vain,  
Hid in the Dungeon of the Grave,  
And bound with an eternal Chain.

Nor less in vain the gloomy Shades  
Did *Theseus* greatly bold, explore,  
And supplicate the fatal Maids,  
His dear *Pirithous* to restore.





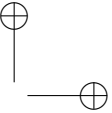
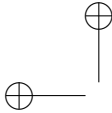
ELIZABETH TOLLET, 1724 (IMITATED)

(1694–1754; Poet and Translator)

The Snows are gone: Again the Ground,  
Again the Trees with chearful Green are crown'd;  
Again their ancient Banks decreasing Rivers bound.  
The Nymphs who haunt the lofty Woods,  
Or bath themselves in murm'ring Floods,  
In Dances with the Graces join:  
Nor do the naked Graces fear,  
To tempt the Rigour of the Air.  
All Nature does in this great Truth combine,  
Enjoy the present Hour, for that alone is thine.

The circling Seasons of the Year  
A fix'd Succession know.  
The Winter does to Spring give Way,  
Nor long delightful Spring can stay;  
And fruitful Summer does decay:  
Next, bounteous Autumn does his Wealth bestow,  
Last, Winter crown'd with Snow,  
Returns unwelcome and severe.  
The waning Moons their lessen'd Horns restore:  
But Man once disappears, and comes no more.  
Say, could *Aeneas*' Piety, or Pray'rs,  
One Moment add to his determin'd Years?  
Cou'd Strength preserve unconquer'd *Tullus*' Breath?  
Cou'd wealthy *Ancus* bribe impartial Death?  
Who now in dull Obscurity is laid,  
Or mould'ring Ashes, or a wand'ring Shade.

To-morrow you expect in vain,  
And thence wou'd future Pleasures date:  
Who knows, my Friend! if there remain  
To-morrow in the Stores of Fate?  
What on yourself you do bestow,  
You from your greedy Heir will save:  
This melancholy Truth too soon you'll know,  
That not your Wit, nor noble Race,  
Nor Piety, nor winning Grace,  
Will e're retrieve you from the Grave.  
Nor thee, *Hippolytus*! *Diana*'s Care  
Cou'd e're restore to breath celestial Air:  
And *Theseus*' Strength was try'd in vain  
To break *Perithous*' adamantine Chain.



HENRY NEEDLER, 1724 (IMITATED)

(1690–1718; Poet and Philosopher)

See! Spring's return'd; the budding Leaves appear,  
And blooming Flow'rs adorn the new-born Year;  
The Hills their hoary Robes of fleecy Snow  
Throw off, and clad in chearful Verdure show:  
The Silver Floods contract their ebbing Tide,  
And with abated Streams in narrower Channels glide.  
Now gentle Gales invite the Nymphs and Swains,  
To trip in rustic Dances o'er the Plains;  
The joyous Birds their tuneful Ditties sing,  
And with glad Notes salute the smiling Spring.

The winged Hours, that measure out the Day,  
Admonish us of mould'ring Life's Decay,  
And prompt us to enjoy it while we may.

Soft *Vernal* Warmth the Winter's Cold succeeds;  
Then *Summer's* scorching Heat deforms the Meads;  
Next *Autumn* crowns with golden Sheaves the Fields,  
'Till to fierce *Winter's* Rage his Empire yields.

Thus all things change in a successive Round,  
And nothing long in the same State is found.  
The Seasons pass away, but come again;  
Nor *Spring*, nor *Winter* holds Eternal Reign:  
But we, when once dispatch'd to Shades below,  
For Ever no Return to Light must know.  
The Gates of Death do freely all receive,  
But no Regress, to those that enter, give.  
How soon our Lot may fall, there's none can say,  
Perhaps our last, may be this present Day.

Whatever with penurious Mind you spare,  
Will only serve t'enrich a greedy Heir.  
When once th' inevitable Hour is come,  
At which thou must receive thy final Doom;  
Thy Noble Birth, thy Eloquence Divine,  
And shining Piety shall nought encline  
The stubborn Will of unrelenting Fate,  
To give thy fleeting Life a longer Date:  
Thy weak Attempts will all be found in vain,  
To change the fixt Decree, or a Reprieve to gain.

PHILIP WHARTON, 1727 (IMITATED)

(1698–1731)

The Snow is gone, again the Ground,  
Again the Trees with chearful Green are crown'd,  
Again their antient Banks decreasing Riversbound.  
The Nymphs who haunt the lofty Woods,  
Or bathe themselves in murm'ring Floods,  
In Dances with the Graces join;  
Nor do the naked Graces fear,  
To tempt the Rigour of the Air;  
All Nature does in this great Truth combine  
Enjoy the present Hour, for that alone is thine.

The circling Seasons of the Year.  
A fix'd Succession know;  
The Winter to the Spring gives Way,  
Nor long delightful Spring can stay,  
And fruitful Summer does decay.  
Next bounteous Auturmn does his Wealth bestow,  
Last Winter crown'd with Snow,  
The most unwelcome and severe.  
The waining Moons their lessen'd Horns restore,  
But Man once disappears, and comes no more,  
For could *Aneas*' Piety or Pray'rs,  
One Moment add to his determin'd Years.  
Could Strength preserve unconquer'd *Tullus*' Breath?  
Could wealthy *Ancus* bribe impartial Death?  
Who now in dull Security is laid,  
Or mould'ring Ashes in a wand'ring Shade.

To Morrow you expect in vain,  
And thence would future Pleasures date;  
Who knows, my Friend, if there remain  
To Morrow in the Stores of Fate.  
What on yourself you do bestow,  
You from your greedy Heir will save,  
This melancholy Truth too soon you'll know,  
That nor your Strength, nor noble Race,  
Nor sprightly Wit, nor winning Grace,  
Will e'er retrieve you from the Grave,  
Nor Thee *Hippolitus*, *Diana*'s Care,  
Cou'd e'er restore to breathe celestial Air;  
And *Theseus*' Strength was try'd in vain,  
To break *Pirithous*' Adamantine Chain.



PHILANDER, 1728

(*Ipswich Journal*)

The *Winter* Season's fled; the Plains  
Are spread, with blooming Grass  
The Trees, renew their Leaves, again  
The Season, regularly pass.

The rapid Rivers, keep their bounds,  
Nor ore the Neighbouring Meadows stray,  
But now confin'd, through wanted rounds,  
Their unresisted Streems convey.

The Rural Maids, dispos'd to Mirth,  
Their *Winter* Garments laid aside,  
Their Pleasure now receives it's Birth,  
They all around the Maypole stride.

Let things Immortal, be forgot,  
The fleeting Perods wast;  
The present Moments, all our Lot,  
And certainly we taste.

Warm *Zephyres*, (constant to the *Spring*)  
The jarring Winds ally;  
Unnumbered Charms the *Summer* bring,  
To beautify the Day.

*Autum*, a plenteous *Harvest* yeilds,  
And frees the loaded bough;  
The Wither'd Trees, and Stubled Fields,  
Approaching *Winter* shew.

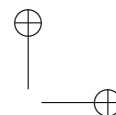
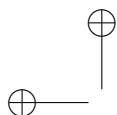
The changing *Moons*, renew, decay,  
And Set again to Rise;  
*Man*, fashon'd with a mouldring Clay;  
Breaths, looks about and dies,

Our Life a simple minutes Space;  
Which for uncertain time we borrow;  
And know not but the giddy Race,  
Must reach the Goal; To-morrow.

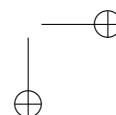
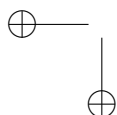
When once, the silent Message calls;  
'Tis never to return;  
To dust the jointed Shadows falls,  
And fills the Vacant Urn.

Wisely use the Wealth you have,  
Nor Covetously spare;  
Treat handsomely your Friend; nor save





A hoard to leave a greedy Heir.  
When *Minos* the impartial Judge,  
Hath pass'd his dread Decree;  
The Birth, nor Eloquence, you urge,  
Can ever set you free.  
Nor could *Diana*, e're restore  
*Hippolitus* his Breath;  
Destin'd, to roam for ever more,  
In gloomy Shades of endless *Death*;  
Nor *Theseus*, break the Infernal Chain  
To bring back his *Pirithous*, again,  
Ta everlasting Darkness, fated to remain.





## ELIZABETH CARTER, 1736

(1717–1806; Writer and Translator)

Now Nature quickens with the vernal breeze,  
Again their leafy honours deck the trees.  
The smiling Earth renews her blooming pride,  
And less'ning streams within their channels glide.  
The Nymphs and Graces on the plains advance,  
And in gay circles lead the sprightly dance.  
The various changes of the seasons show,  
That nought immortal must be hop'd below.  
The swift-wing'd hours this serious truth convey,  
Whose rapid motion hurries on the day.  
The flow'ry Spring bids blust'ring tempests cease,  
To Summer's reign the flow'ry Spring gives place;  
That too must fly when Autumn yields her store,  
And Winter next resumes its gloomy pow'r.  
Yet as the Moon renews her silver horn,  
Each dormant season shall to life return.  
But we, when destin'd to that darksome place  
From which nor Tullus' wealth, nor Ancus' race;  
Nor ev'n Æneas' piety could free,  
Are nought but fleeting air, and lifeless clay.  
Who knows if Heav'n will add to-morrow's sun,  
To crown those minutes we've already run?  
Then each delight to sooth thy mind prepare;  
What's spent in this, shall 'scape a greedy heir.  
When Fate has once consign'd thee to the tomb,  
And the stern Judge pronounc'd thy final doom;  
Nor Wit, Descent, nor Piety can aid,  
To rescue thee from Death's eternal shade.  
For neither can the goddess of the Wood  
Free her chaste favourite from the Stygian flood;  
Nor Theseus (all his valiant efforts vain)  
Release Pirithous from th' infernal chain.





THOMAS HARE, 1737

(“Master of Blandford School”)

The Snows are gone, the Fields again look green,  
Their leafy Honours on the Trees are seen;  
O'er the glad Earth a joyful Change is found,  
And sinking Rivers roll within their Bound;  
The Nymphs and Graces join the beauteous Train,  
And dare to dance all naked on the Plain.  
The Whirl of Time, each Year and Hour can show  
There's nought immortal in the World below:  
At vernal Airs cold Winter melts away,  
Now Summer burns, but Summer must decay;  
Soon the ripe Fruit luxuriant Autumn yields,  
Then sluggish Winter binds again the Fields.  
A few revolving Moons can soon repair  
The Want of *Phæbus*, and revive the Year.  
But we when in the Grave we lay our Head,  
And fly below, where all the Great are fled,  
Devout *Æneas*, *Tullius*, *Ancus* lies,  
Are Dust and Shade, that never can arise.  
Death is uncertain too, the Pow'rs divine  
May call us hence before To-morrow shine;  
Indulge thy Genius then To-day, nor fear  
To cheat the greedy Fingers of thy Heir:  
When *Minos* has his solemn Sentence pass'd,  
And thee in proper Confines justly plac'd,  
*Manlius*, no gen'rous Blood can free from thence,  
No Piety, or Force of Eloquence.  
The Goddess *Dian'* from th' infernal Reign  
Can ne'er her chast *Hippolitus* regain:  
*Theseus* great Hero never can divide  
Th' enchanted Bands, with which his Friend is ty'd.

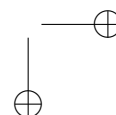
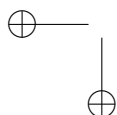


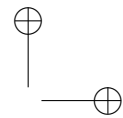
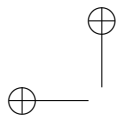


## DAVID WATSON, 1741

(1710–56)

The Snow is melted, the Fields are cover'd with Grass, and the Trees with Leaves; the Earth changes its Seasons, and the Rivers decreasing flow smoothly in their Channels. The naked Grace, with her two Sister-Nymphs, is not now afraid to lead the Dance. The revolving Years and Hours, that, by a constant Succession, renew the grateful Day, admonish us not to hope for Immortality. Yearly we see, that the Colds are mitigated by the gentle Zephyrs; that the Spring gives way to the Summer, which also vanishes upon the Approach of fruitful Autumn, and then the inactive Frosts recur. The swittly returning Moon, however, soon repairs these celestial Losses; but we, when hurried by the Fates, where pious *Aeneas*, rich *Tullus* and valiant *Ancus*, have gone before us, are no more than Shade and Dust. Who knows, whether the Gods above will add To-morrow to the Days already past. All that you bestow liberally upon yourself, shall escape the Hands of a covetous Heir. When once Life is gone, and Minos has passed a final and irrevocable Sentence upon you, neither your noble Descent, your Eloquence, nor Piety towards the Gods, shall be able, my dear *Torquatus*, to rescue you from the Tomb; for neither does *Diana* free from infernal Darkness, her chaste *Hippolytus*; nor is *Theseus* able to break the *Lethæan* Chains, that confine his dear *Pirithous*.

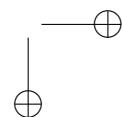
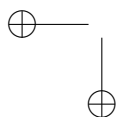


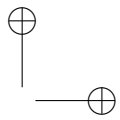


ANONYMOUS, 1741 (IMITATED)

(*Latin and English Poems, By a Gentleman of Trinity College*)

At length the Snows are thaw'd, the Fields resume  
Their genial Verdure, and the Myrtles bloom:  
The Streams, by wint'ry Torrents swoln, subside,  
Kiss the moist Banks, and in their Channels glide:  
The Fair, invited by approaching Spring,  
Shine in the *Mall*, or sparkle in the *Ring*.  
The rolling Year instructs you Life to scan,  
And not extend your Hopes beyond your Span.  
To sooth the Winter, vernal Zephyrs blow:  
But soon the Summer Suns intensely glow;  
The Summer's Heat to milder Autumn yields,  
When golden Apples glitter through the Fields;  
But Autumn soon recedes, and *Boreas* brings  
The lazy Winter on his hoary Wings:  
The silver Moon her Orb collecting wanes,  
And shines refulgent in th' Ethereal Plains.  
But when of Life bereft, we touch the Shore  
Where *Bingham*, *Peers*, and *Wand'sworth* went before,  
In those dark Realms our brittle Clay decay'd,  
Moulders to Dust, and dwindles to a Shade.  
Can human Wisdom say, the Pow'rs divine  
Will to this Day of Life to Morrow join?  
Then seize the present, crown the sprightly Bowl,  
Feast all the Senses, and enlarge the Soul;  
The Sums consum'd your Heir can never miss,  
Nor know at what Expence you bought your Bliss.  
When at the Bar of *Minos* you appear,  
And from his Lips impartial Sentence hear,  
Your shining Talents and illustrious Race  
Can ne'er restore you to your Friends Embrace:  
Vain were th' Attempt, should *Pallas* lend her Aid,  
To call her *Bingham* from the *Stygian* Shade;  
Nor *Talbot's* Friendship, since it could not save,  
Can raise his much-lov'd *Wand'sworth* from the Grave.

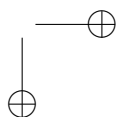
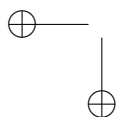




## PHILIP FRANCIS, 1743

(1708–73; Clergyman and Writer)

The snow dissolves, the field its verdure spreads,  
The trees high wave in air their leafy heads;  
Earth feels the change; the rivers calm subside,  
And smooth along their banks decreasing glide;  
The elder Grace, with her fair sister-train,  
In naked beauty dances o'er the plain.  
The circling hours, that swiftly wing their way,  
And in their flight consume the smiling day;  
Those circling hours, and all the various year,  
Convince us nothing is immortal here.  
In vernal gales cold winter melts away;  
Soon wastes the spring in summer's burning day;  
Yet summer dies in autumn's fruitful reign,  
And slow-paced winter soon returns again.  
The moon renews her orb with growing light;  
But when we sink into the depths of night,  
Where all the good, the rich, the brave are laid,  
Our best remains are ashes and a shade.  
Who knows, that heaven, with ever-bounteous power,  
Shall add to-morrow to the present hour?  
The wealth you give to pleasure and delight,  
Far from thy ravening heir shall speed its flight:  
But soon as Minos, throned in awful state,  
Shall o'er thee speak the solemn words of fate,  
Nor virtue, birth, nor eloquence divine,  
Shall bid the grave its destined prey resign:  
Nor chaste Diana from infernal night  
Could bring her modest favourite back to light;  
And hell-descending Theseus strove in vain  
To break his amorous friend's Lethean chain.





MATTHEW TOWERS, 1744

(*The Lyric Pieces of Horace*)

The dissolv'd Snows at lenth are lost in sudden Torrents, the Fields resume their vivid Verdure, the Trees are with their Foliage deckt, the Earth wears a new Face, subsiding Rivers glide along their Banks, the Sister-graces negligently dress'd now dance in open Air conjoin'd with mingling Nymphs.

The circling Years, the winged Hours, which rob Us of our brightest Days, warn Us not to hope an Immortality.

The rigid Hoar-frosts melt before the tepid Zephyrs; the turning Spring flys Summer's ardent Look, who must resign his hot Dominion, when Autumn comes jovial on, loaden with delicious Fruits, profusely pouring for a Time his immeasurable Stores around, till old Winter, indolent as he is, quickly subdues him and reigns again tremendous.

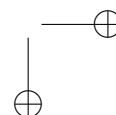
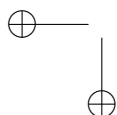
But still the posting Moon repairs these Losses by bringing back the Round of Seasons yearly in successive Order. Man alone perishes never to rise again. When once We descend to pious *Aeneas*, rich *Tullus* and valiant *Ancus*, We are no more than Dust and Shade, and that we are for ever.

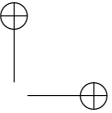
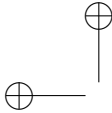
Who knows if the kind Gods will add To-morrow to the Day that now cheers Us with it's Touch:

Of all the Goods, my dear *Torquatus*, You possess, none will escape your greedy Heirs, but what you spend upon your Pleasures.

When from the Number of the living Fate shall cut You off; when *Minos* with solemn Justice publickly shall fix your everlasting Doom, there will be no Rerurn for You; your high Birth, your Eloquence, your Virtue will not redem You from the Grave.

*Diana*, tho' a Goddess, cannot restore her chast *Hippolytus* to Life; and in Spite of all the Efforts of *Theseus*, *Pluto* for ever keeps *Pirithöus* in Irons.





JOHN WHALEY, 1745 (IMITATED)

(c. 1710–45; Poet)

The Winter's gone, Grass cloaths the Meads once more,  
And the fresh Trees with Leaves are cover'd o'er;  
The glad Earth owns her Change in flow'ry Pride,  
And by their Banks the less'ning Rivers glide.  
Join'd with the Nymphs the Sister Graces dare  
Lead naked up the Dance in vernal Air.  
The Year, the Hours that steal the passing Day,  
Tell us that all is subject to Decay.  
The Hoar Frost sinks beneath warm *Zephyr's* Wing,  
And Summer (soon to perish) drives off Spring:  
And loaded *Autumn* scarce its Fruits has shed,  
But sullen Winter once more rears its Head.  
Yet the Swift Moons their bright Decays repair,  
But we, when *Clotho* cuts the destin'd Hair,  
At once we fall, with all the mighty dead  
Mere Dust become and unapparent Shade.  
Who knows if they, who bear almighty sway,  
Will add a Morrow to the present Day?  
All that to cheat your best lov'd self you spend,  
Shall 'scape your greedy Heirs rapacious Hand,  
Once dead, not all the Blood Descent can give,  
Not all the Fire which Breasts inspir'd receive,  
Not Virtue's self again can make you live.  
*Phæbus*, who *Milton* fir'd with Heav'nly Flame,  
Can ne'er the Poet from the Grave reclaim;  
Nor the whole Fount that *Helicon* supplies,  
Wash *Lethe's* deadly Stains from *Shakespear's* Eyes.





WILLIAM POPPLE, C. 1750

(Osborn Collection, Beinecke Library, Yale University)

The Snows are fled, new verdure crowns the Fields,  
The Trees with leaves their naked branches hide  
The Earth renew'd, a diff'rent prospect yields,  
Decreasing Rivers in their borders glide.

Now hand in hand o'er the soft springing Grass  
Join'd with the Nymphs the naked Graces move;  
Yet time, and the fleet hours, which silent pass,  
Check the fond Hope, We can immortal prove.

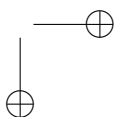
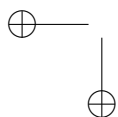
Cold Winter softens to mid Zephyr's gales,  
Hot Summer soon with scorching fury burns,  
'Till fruitful Autumn, in its turn, prevails;  
And sluggish Winter soon again returns.

The waning Moon on Earth again may spread,  
And with replenish'd horns, the World re-light,  
But when the sister Fates have cut our thread,  
'Tis mould'ring Dust, and everlasting night.

Who knows, what Fate for Mortal Man prepares?  
Who knows, if he another Day will live?  
There is no way to cheat our greedy Heirs,  
But what, while living, We to pleasure give.

When Rigid *Minos* shall pronounce thy doom,  
And thou, my noble Friend, shalt be no more,  
What Eloquence so strong can force the Tomb,  
What piety! what birth! can Life restore?

No, not *Diana*, tho' a Goddess, cou'd  
Her chaste *Hippolytus* from Death regain,  
Nor *Theseus* however wise and good,  
Loose *Pirithous* from Death's lasting chain.





## JOHN STIRLING, 1751

*(The Works of Horace)*

The snows are dissolved: now the grass returns to the fields, and leaves to the trees: the earth changes her vicissitudes: and the decreasing rivers glide along their banks: the naked Grace, with the nymphs, and two sisters, dares to lead out her choirs. The year, and the hour, which hurries on the beautiful day, convinces us, that you cannot expect immortal things. The colds are mitigated by the Zephyrs: the summer drives away the spring, being itself to die, as soon as apple-bearing autumn pours forth its fruits: and presently dull winter returns. Yet, the quick-revolving moons repair their celestial wanings: when we descend, whither father Æneas, whither rich Tullus, and Ancus are, we become dust and shade. Who knows, if the gods may add to-morrow's period to this day's sum? All that you bestow with a generous mind, shall escape the covetous hands of your heir. When once you die, and Minos shall pronounce his awful decrees concerning you, not your family, O Torquatus, not your eloquence, not your piety shall restore you. For neither Diana delivers chaste Hippolytus from infernal darkness: nor is Theseus able to break off the Lethæan chains from his dear Pirithous.





## ANONYMOUS, 1753

(*The Works of Horace*)

The Snows are gone, the Fields begin to look green again, and Leaves appear upon the Trees. The Earth changes its Face, and the Rivers shrinking *to their ordinary Channel*, glide gently along their Banks.

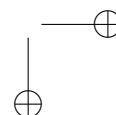
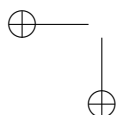
The Graces, in a negligent Dress, begin now to dance in Company with the Nymphs. The Vicissitude of the Year, and the Hours which by their rapid Course bring the smiling Day soon to a Period, warn us that we are not to expect Immortality here.

The Cold of *Winter* is softened by the *mild* Spring Winds; Summer follows close on the Spring, but the Summer must give Place *in its Turn* as soon as the Autumn appears, which loads us with its Fruits; and then the Winter, however slow it may seem, succeeds the Autumn.

Yet the fleet Moons repair the Loss of the agreeable Seasons, *by renewing them every Year*: But we, when once arrived, at the melancholy Abode of pious Æneas, rich Tullus, and *brave* Ancus, become Dust and Shade, *and appear no more*.

Who knows if the Gods will add another Day to this we now enjoy? *Of all the good Things you possess*, dear Torquatus, nothing shall escape the Hands of your covetous Heir, but what you now lay out upon your Pleasures.

When Death once seizes you, and Minos has, by his solemn Sentence, publicly assigned you your Abode, neither your Quality, your Eloquence, nor your Piety, shall be able to rescue you *from the Grave*; for Diana herself could not bring her chaste *and beloved* Hippolitus to Life again, nor was Theseus ever able to break the Chains wherewith his dear Pirithous is bound.





WILLIAM DUNCOMBE, 1757

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

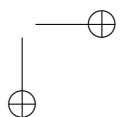
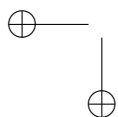
The Snow is melted. See! the Ground  
Fresh Verdure wears; the Trees with  
Leaves are crown'd.  
Earth smiles reviv'd. The Rivers know  
Their Bounds, and gently in their Channels flow.  
The *Graces* and the *Wood-Nymphs* dare,  
With Face unveil'd, to dance in open Air.  
The *Hours*, that whirl along the Day,  
Admonish us of fleeting Life's Decay.  
To *Zephyr's* soothing Power succeeds  
Fierce *Summer's* Rage, and burns the thirsty Meads:  
Then *Autumn*, crown'd with Apples, rears  
His jovial Head: Slow *Winter* last appears,  
Loaded with Ice, and Storms, and Rain,  
Till *Spring* rolls round the various Year again.  
The waning Moons their changeful Face  
Monthly renew, and shine with wonted Grace.  
But to the dreary Realms below  
Who sink; must no Return for ever know!  
Enroll'd among the mighty Dead,  
Our Body will be Dust, our Soul a Shade.  
Old *Charon* to the *Stygian* Shore  
Pious *Aeneas*, *Tullus*, *Ancus*, bore.  
What Mortal can presume to say,  
The Gods to this will add another Day?  
Indulge your Genius then, nor spare  
Your Treasure, to enrich a greedy Heir!  
When You among the Shades are cast,  
And *Minos* has the solemn Sentence past;  
Nor Birth, *Torquatus*! Eloquence,  
Nor Piety, can e'er recall you thence.  
The *Sylvan* Goddess wish'd in vain,  
Her chaste *Hippolytus* from *Styx* to gain.  
Nor could great *Theseus* ever rend  
The Adamantine Fetters of his Friend.

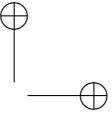
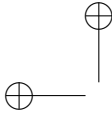


## JOSIAH RELPH, 1747

(1712–43; Poet)

The snow has left the fells and fled  
Their tops i' green the trees hev' cled;  
The grund wi' sindry flowers is sown;  
And to their stint the becks are fawn:  
Nor fear the Nymphs and Graces mair  
To dance it in the meadows, bare.  
The year, 'at slips sae fast away,  
Whispers we mun not think to stay:  
The spring suin thows the winter frost,  
To meet the spring does simmer post  
Frae simmer autumn cleeks the hauld,  
And back at yence is winter cauld.  
Yit muins off-hand meake up their loss:  
But suin as we the watter cross,  
To Tullus great, Æneas chyne.  
We're duft and shadows wuthout bluid.  
And whae, Torquatus, can be sworn  
'At thame abuin 'ill grant To-mworn?  
Leeve than; wha't's war't i' murry chear  
Frae thankless heirs is gitten clear.  
When Death, my freind, yence ligs you fast,  
And Minus just your duim has past,  
Your reace, and wit and worth 'ill mak  
Buta peer shift to bring you back.  
Diana (she's a Goddess tee)  
Gets not Hippolytus set free;  
And, Theseus aw' that strength o' thine  
Can never brek Pirithous' chyne.





ANONYMOUS, 1747 (IMITATED)

(*The Gentleman's Magazine*)

The fields once more all gay appear,  
The tees new verdant honours wear,  
    Late clad in chilling snow:  
Its genial pow'rs the earth regains,  
The floods, which late o'erflow'd the plains,  
    Again their channels know.

Now nymphs and swains in pairs advance,  
Trip o'er the green in sprightly dance,  
    And wanton gambols play:  
Yet joy, alas! is transient here!  
Flies with the days that waste the year,  
    The hours that waste the day.

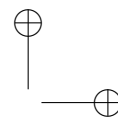
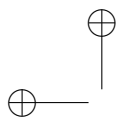
Mild Spring dissolves cold Winter's frost,  
Itself in warmer Summer's lost,  
    Which in its turn must yield  
To Autumn, rich with golden fruits,  
Whose reign stern Winter soon disputes,  
    And soon regains the field.

Her rays, diminish'd in the wane,  
The waxing moon recruits again;  
    Far diff'rent lot we mourn:  
When once we tread the fatal road,  
Which our forefathers all have trod,  
    We ne'er, Oh! ne'er return.

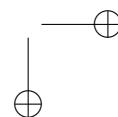
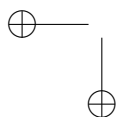
What mortal, to the past, can say,  
The Gods will grant him one more day?  
    Then who would riches prize?  
Just what we use is ours. Who'd spare,  
T'enrich some graceless greedy heir,  
    That longs to close his eyes?

When once your lips have breath'd their last,  
And *Mimos* the firm doom has pass'd,  
    All pleas will come too late:  
Altho' you boast the noblest blood,  
Are deeply learn'd, or truly good,  
    There's no reversing fate.

Her lov'd *Hippolytus*, we see,  
The chaste Diana sets not free  
    From death's dark cave profound:  
And *Theseus* still shall strive in vain,



To break the everlasting chain  
In which his friend is bound.

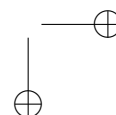
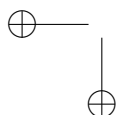




ROW. RUGELEY, 1760

(*The Scots Magazine*)

The shows are gone, and Nature spreads  
Her painted tap'stry o'er the meads;  
The woods and groves are deck'd with leaves;  
The rivers, whose diminish'd waves  
The banks, but late despis'd, contain,  
Glide softly to their parent main;  
The graces, now, with nymphs advance,  
And, naked, join the mazy dance:  
Each day that turns the rapid year,  
Foretells our short continuance here;  
Zephyrs, that Winter's rigour chase,  
To Summer's scorching reign give place;  
On Summer's heels brown Autumn treads,  
And sluggish Winter next succeeds:  
Each month the regent of the night  
Wanes, and repairs her borrow'd light:  
But once man dies, life's joys are o'er,  
These scenes we ne'er revisit more;  
But mingle with th' illustrious dead,  
Vile clods of earth and empty shade.  
Perhaps this day you lavish waste,  
Stern Fate may have decreed your last;  
Yet what th' insatiate heir you leave,  
His eager grasp shall soon deceive;  
When death's consign'd thee to the tomb,  
And Minos fix'd th' impartial doom,  
Not all thy wealth, or eloquence,  
Thy birth, good-nature, wit, or sense,  
Shall from grim Pluto's realms redeem;  
None e'er repass the Stygian stream:  
For, ev'n Diana cou'd no more  
The chaste Hippolytus restore,  
And dauntless Theseus strove in vain  
His lov'd Pirithous, to regain.



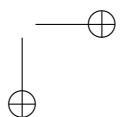
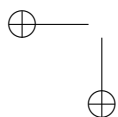




## CHRISTOPHER SMART, 1767

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

The melted snow the verdure now restores,  
And leaves adorn the trees;  
The season shifts – subsiding to their shores  
The rivers flow with ease.  
The Grace, with nymphs and with her sisters twain,  
Tho' naked dares the dance –  
That here's no permanence the years explain,  
And days, as they advance.  
The air grows mild with zephyrs, as the spring  
To summer cedes the sway,  
Which flies when autumn hastes his fruits to bring,  
Then winter comes in play.  
The moons their heav'nly damages supply –  
Not so the mortal star –  
Where good Eneas, Tullus, Ancus lie,  
Ashes and dust we are.  
Who knows if heav'n will give to-morrow's boon  
To this our daily pray'r?  
The goods you take to keep your soul in tune,  
Shall scape your greedy heir.  
When you shall die, tho' Minos must acquit  
A part so nobly play'd;  
Race, eloquence, and goodness, from the pit  
Cannot restore your shade.  
For nor Diana's heav'nly pow'r or love,  
Hippolytus revives;  
Nor Theseus can Perithous remove  
From his Lethean gives.





ANDREW HERVEY MILLS, 1767 (IMITATED)

(fl. 1755–67; Poet)

The weary conflict, now, is past,  
And wish'd-for spring returns at last!  
Lo! stubborn Winter yields the cause –  
Reluctant, owns thy milder laws;  
And, snarling, calls his tribe away,  
At sight of Heav'n-approaching May!  
Hill, dale, and lawn, and mountain-brow,  
Shout, all, at the retreating foe –  
See! meadows laugh, and vallies sing,  
While fsky-wrapt larks, upon the wing,  
From earth, exulting as they rise,  
Proclaim the blessing to the skies –

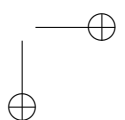
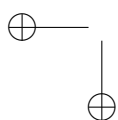
– Nature, throughout, assumes the bride,  
And throws her wrinkled front aside;  
Gay looks, and op'ning smiles, displace  
The image of December's face,  
And leave th' expanding fancy room  
To think eternal May is come.

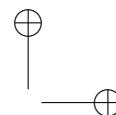
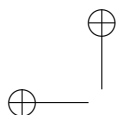
Here, pebbled waters, huddling, call  
And echo to each other's fall!  
There, willows, fondly, overlook  
Their mimic shadow in the brook;  
While nature breathes, with plenty, peace,  
And gladly bids the world increase –

– Proud of her smart, obsequious train,  
*Almeria*, now, reseeks the plain,  
And, o'er the moon-reflecting glade,  
Enjoys the midnight serenade.  
In vain mama repeats, *Take care,*  
*Of ugly damp, and evening air;*  
She, warm with love, all damp defies,  
But those of her Leander's eyes.

Yet, beauteous as the scene appears,  
Spring, summer, autumn, years on years,  
Shall pass away, nor leave behind  
A bare idea in the mind:  
Th' unbiass'd wheel for ever goes,  
And fearce a transient look allows;  
Like pictures, in an obvious glass,  
Behold each winged season pass –

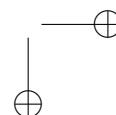
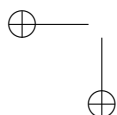
– First, winter's black, ill-boding brow,





Incrusted, low'rs awhile in show;  
For spring, you see, usurps the sway,  
And drives the sluggard foe away:  
Scarce can the youth affect to smile,  
But scorching suns, and summer's toil,  
Cancels the glories of his reign,  
And Autumn takes the stubble plain:  
A moment, to unload his store,  
He stays, and then is heard no more!  
Now Winter growls, in sullen rain –  
Then, see – returning Spring again!  
All changing, but to be the same  
In nature, quality, and name –  
– That sun, which sickens in the west,  
Again rejoices in the east.  
Behold the waning moon replace  
Her argent orb, and wonted face:  
The num'rous stars, which glad the skies,  
Fall but to earth again to rife:  
Yet man for ever falls; no more  
We tread again the Stygian shore:  
If once we cross the dusky tide,  
Adieu, fond sublunary pride!  
Poor, humble, penitential dust,  
Is all the mighty all we boast –

Who knows how Heav'n's all-seeing pow'r  
Has figur'd the approaching hour?  
Can sixty-three, or twenty-one,  
Dare to insure to-morrow's sun?  
Such is the book of Heav'n decreed,  
'Tis just too late when'er we read.  
Then grasp the present now, my friend;  
On that, and only that, depend!  
Cut short your heir, 'twixt you and I,  
By giving, largely, ere you die:  
Once posted in the book of fate,  
You'll find all charity too late –  
There fix'd for ever – ever bound  
With adamantine walls around –  
Locke, Newton, Pope, may, all, in vain,  
Lay schemes to get you back again  
E'en *Ella's* eloquence wou'd fail,  
Who never knew but to prevail.  
Ill-natur'd Death grants no reprieve;  
There's no corruption in the grave:  
Then take the friendly hint I give,  
Despise him while you can – and LIVE.





EDWARD BURNABY GREENE, 1768

(Died 1788; Poet and Translator)

The snow with elemental chain  
No longer binds the frozen plain,  
    Earth's vernal treasures bloom;  
Th'embow'ring tree with leaves is crown'd,  
The grass its verdure sheds around,  
    The flow'r its rich perfume.

Th'impetuous torrent now no more  
Heav'd o'er the banks with fullen roar  
    Rolls an unbounded tide;  
Calmly mæandring in their course,  
Just waking to the murmur's force,  
    The tuneful streams subside.

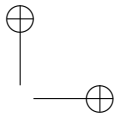
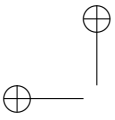
The lively nymphs their mazy round  
Trip o'er the velvet of the ground,  
    – And hail the buxom air:  
– The season calls to sport, and joy,  
Which time too eager to destroy,  
    Condemns to age, and care.

Winter retires, with balmy wing  
Steps blithely on – the frolic spring,  
    Like youth, her transient sway;  
Summer the lovely spring expels,  
While jolly autumn rushing quells  
    The summer's radiant day.

Autumn with gay luxuriance pours  
In nature's lap his genial show'rs,  
    But – soon resigns the year;  
To winter stern resigns his place,  
Who creeps with lagging, ling'ring pace  
    A shiv'ring dull career.

The monthly moon renew'd to night  
Lends her unvary'd, varying light;  
    – Not such our mortal doom!  
Alike the mansions of the dead  
The rich, the brave, the good must tread;  
    Their endless home – the tomb.

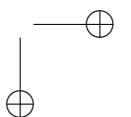
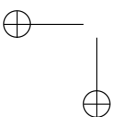
Pleasure in vain her trinkets shews –  
To-morrow's sun the scene may close,  
    And folly sink – to death;  
The old, the young, the grave, the gay –



None can insure a transient day,  
A fleeting hour of breath.

To glut an heir's rapacious mind,  
Thy wealth, thy All must be consign'd,  
Each wonted joy must end;  
Vain is distinction's fairest grace,  
Nor mental worth, nor titled race  
Death's iron-soul can bend.

Her modest swain *Diana* strove  
To free, with unavailing love,  
From *Pluto*'s ghastly reign;  
In vain would friendship's warlike hand  
Loose a *Pirithous* from the land,  
And burst the solid chain.



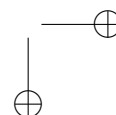
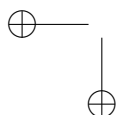


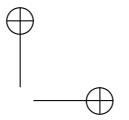
## BROCKILL NEWBURGH, 1769

(c. 1659–1741; Irish Politician)

The Snows are fled, the springing Blade  
With Verdure paints each Field and Mead,  
The Trees their leafy Honours wear  
And Spring revives and glads the Year.  
The torrent Streams, swell'd to a Tide  
Now in their Channels peaceful glide.  
The Graces and the Nymphs advance,  
And sportive join the mazy Dance;  
These fitting Seasons, Day and Night  
And the swift Hours that wing their Flight,  
Our Hopes and Fears should moderate  
And warn us of our mortal State.  
The wintry Blasts that rend the Trees  
Yield to the tepid vernal Breeze.  
When Spring its blooming Course has run,  
Next glows the burning Summer's Sun.  
Autumnal Fruit the Branches bends,  
Winter again the Forest rends.  
Seasons thus change, change, yet return,  
But once when shook Man's fatal Urn  
When e'er we reach that fatal Shore  
Where *Rome's* old Kings have gone before,  
And Nature's Debt at length is paid,  
We're nought but Dust and empty Shade.  
With Truth assur'd, what Man can say  
He'll live to see another Day.  
Then learn to live nor for an Heir  
Indulge an over-anxious Care:  
Who when thy Thrift can save no more,  
May thankless riot in thy Store.\*

\*Concluding lines omitted by Newburgh.





SISSON, 1772

*(Leeds Intelligencer)*

The Snow dissolves, the smiling plain  
Is robed in chearful Green again;  
    The Trees their tufted Honours wear:  
The Rivers' rapid Streams subside,  
And in their Banks now calmly glide  
    Obedient to the varying Year.

Euphrosyne with her Sisters sheen  
Frisks it o'er the mazy Green,  
    To all intruding Sorrow blind –  
How transient every earthly Joy!  
The circling Seasons as they fly  
    Imprint this Lesson on the mind.

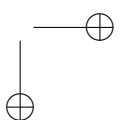
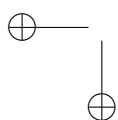
Tho' chearful Spring's reviving Gale  
O'er Winter's chilly Blasts prevail,  
    Too soon will Summer's Heats arise:  
Summer, that will expire again,  
And yield to Autumn's shiv'ring Reign  
    And this to Winter's dusky Skies.

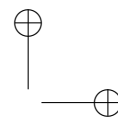
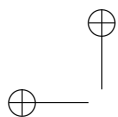
The waning Moon's decreasing Face  
Shall soon resume her usual Grace,  
    Nor needs her ravish'd Beauty mourn:  
But We, the glorious and the brave  
From the dread Regions of the Grave,  
    Are doom'd, ah! never to return.

Cease to amass with anxious Care,  
And wisely cheat your gaping Heir;  
    In pleasure live Life's little Day:  
Whether before to-morrow's Light  
You walk the silent Realms of Night  
    Who dares presumptuous Man to say?

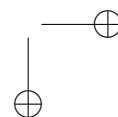
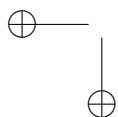
Lock'd in the clay-cold Arms of Death,  
And lost alas! thy fleeting Breath;  
    Not all that various Fortune boasts,  
(The Senates in Attention hung,  
To catch the Music of thy Tongue)  
    Can call Thee from the dreary Coasts.

The chaste Hyppolitus to save  
From the dark Regions of the Grave  
    With fruitless Care DIANA strove:  
Brave THESEUS still attempts in vain

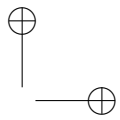




To break th' indissoluble Chain  
That galls th' Associate of his Love.







WILLIAM GREEN, 1777

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

The snows are fled, and earth in turn  
Has chang'd the hoary scene,  
New budding leaves, the woods adorn,  
And meads, a vivid green;  
And genfly gliding, through the plain,  
Decreasing floods their banks contain;  
And, bosom bare, the graces dare  
Lead forth, their virgin train.

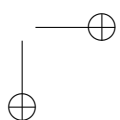
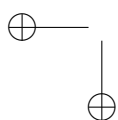
Admonish'd, by the rolling year  
To changes ever bent,  
And circling day soon snatch'd away;  
Hope not, for ought that's permanent,  
Unperishable here.

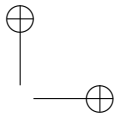
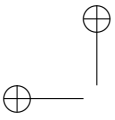
Cold Winter yields, to Spring's soft gales,  
Close-press'd by Summer, at her heels,  
To die, by chasing Autumn soil'd,  
Who, of his mellow load despoil'd,  
Recurrent, lazy Winter, feels.

Black night resigns to blushing morn,  
The waning moon, renews her horn,  
And seasons shall return;  
But we, once sinking to the urn,  
Involv'd in Stygian night,  
With Tullus, and old Ancus laid,  
Are dust, inanity and shade,  
Ne'er to revisit light;

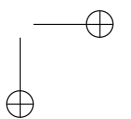
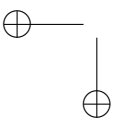
Who knoweth, if benignant pow'r,  
Will, add one day, or other hour,  
Unto the present flow?  
But what, you cheerfully bestow,  
With amicable heart, we know,  
Shall scape the heir's all-grasping claw,  
And deaths' irrevocable law.

And when, thy life well-canvass'd o'er,  
The judge shall splendid judgment pass,  
Nor piety, shall thee restore,  
Nor birth nor eloquential grace;  
For neither Dian, virgin cold,  
Hath, chaste Hippolytus, recall'd,  
From his Lethéan hold;  
Nor Theseus, all thy friendly pains,





To hell descending, kind,  
Could burst the Adamantine chains,  
Which, dear Pirithous confin'd,  
Forever must enfold.





## BENJAMIN WEST, 1780

(1738–1820; Anglo-American Painter)

The fleecy snow no more is seen,  
The fields are dress'd in lively green,  
The trees a verdant mantle wear,  
And wave their lofty heads in air;  
The streams no longer go astray,  
But glide along the destin'd way;  
The earth the pleasing change declares,  
And sportive nymphs, to lightsome airs  
When dancing o'er the verdant ground,  
Disclose their charms to all around,  
The fleeting hours fly swift away,  
And soon consume the laughing day.  
Hours, days, and years, their course pursue,  
And place our frailty full in view:  
Cold winter melts in balmy gales,  
And summer's heat o'er spring prevails;  
To fruitful autumn this gives way,  
And autumn yields to winter's sway.  
The moon again with borrow'd light,  
Her loss renews and gilds the night;  
But we, when once our thread is spun,  
No more must view the golden sun;  
But seek that ever-gloomy shore  
Which great Æneas trod before;  
There in the mighty group be laid,  
And change to dust and empty shade.  
Who knows if heav'n's unbounded pow'r  
Will let us live another hour?  
Thy stores which in profusion fly,  
Thy longing heir shall ne'er enjoy;  
For know, when Minos mounts his throne,  
And speaks thy doom in awful tone,  
Birth, beauty, riches, all will fail,  
And eloquence will nought avail:  
The grave will ne'er resign it's prey,  
To revel in the blaze of day.  
Diana sought with fruitless might,  
To bring Hippolitus to light;  
And Theseus strove with ardent force,  
In vain, to stop Perithous' course.

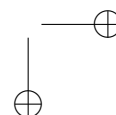
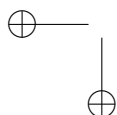




## SAMUEL JOHNSON, 1784

(1709–84; Writer)

The snow, dissolv'd, no more is seen;  
The fields and woods, behold, are green;  
The changing year renews the plain;  
The rivers know their banks again;  
The sprightly nymph and naked grace  
The mazy dance together trace:  
The changing year's successive plan,  
Proclaims mortality to Man.  
Rough winter's blasts to spring give way;  
Spring yields to summer's sovereign ray;  
Then summer sinks in autumn's reign;  
And winter chills the world again;  
Her losses soon the moon supplies,  
But wretched Man, when once he lies  
Where Priam and his sons are laid,  
Is naught but ashes and a shade.  
Who knows if Jove who counts our score,  
Will rouse us in a morning more?  
What with your friend you nobly share,  
At least you rescue from your heir.  
Not you, Torquatus, boast of Rome,  
When Minos once has fixed your doom,  
Or eloquence, or splendid birth,  
Or virtue shall replace on earth:  
Hippolytus unjustly slain,  
Diana calls to life in vain;  
Nor can the might of Theseus rend  
The chains of hell that hold his friend.



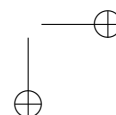
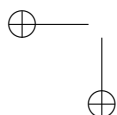


## JOHN PARKE, 1786

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

The snow's dissolv'd, and now the zephyrs breeze  
With verdant leaves o'ertops the lofty trees,  
The painted meads their annual green resume,  
And the gay daisy breathes a sweet perfume.  
The spring advancing, hoary frosts conclude,  
And earth rejoices in vicissitude.  
The streams that once ungovern'd us'd to go,  
In their due bounds, serenely placid flow.  
The nymphs in dance the jocund Muses join,  
And all to hail the beauteous spring combine;  
With not, my friend, immortal life to gain,  
The days, the hours, both' sweve your wishes vain,  
The hoary frosts, and winter's fiercest rage,  
The soothing zephyrs of the spring assuage;  
Then short-liv'd summer yellows o'er the fields,  
Pomiferous autumn next its products yields,  
Then in its turn the winter reigns again,  
And with its frosts, bewhitens ev'ry plain.  
This loss to Heaven the hasty moons repair,  
At the return of each succeeding year.

But when we mortals doom'd to die shall go,  
To seek *Aeneas* in the realms below;  
With wealthy *Tullus*, and with *Ancus* just,  
We are but shadows, and at best but dust.  
Who can be sure to see to-morrow's light,  
Or e'en to live till the approach of night:  
Your great estates and all your boarded care,  
Shall once be snatch'd by your too greedy heir;  
When you're condemn'd to your eternal home,  
And *Minos* judge of all, has pass'd your doom!  
No birth can bring you back, no pious sense,  
Nor e'en the most persuasive eloquence.  
Not e'en *Diana* could the fates deprive,  
And make her dear *Hypolitus* revive,  
Nor *Theseus* self, *Perithous* regain,  
From tyrant death's all-captivating chain.

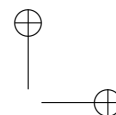
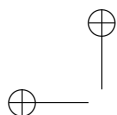




LAURENCE HYNES HALLARAN, 1789

(1765–1831; Writer and Schoolmaster)

Stern Winter now his gloomy empire wields,  
And infant verdure decks the smiling fields;  
Trees are again with waving foliage crown'd  
Alternate seasons fertilize the ground,  
And Earth her due productions spreads around:  
The less'ning streams, with gently swelling wave,  
In silence eat away the banks they lave;  
The bashful Graces, and the Nymphs advance;  
And lead thro' sportive rounds the various dance;  
Vain joys! the passing hour, the circling year,  
Repress our hopes of lasting pleasures here:  
Now gentle zephyrs fan the vernal sky,  
Beneath whose influence frigid vapours die;  
And scarce to Summer has the Spring resign'd,  
When fruitful Autumn presses close behind;  
Swift revolution! Autumn soon is gone,  
And stormy Winter reascends his throne;  
What tho' the Moons in swift succession fly,  
Their monthly wainings, monthly they supply:  
But when we follow to those regions, where  
The pious Trojan now, and Tullus are;  
And wealthy Ancus, (nature's forfeit paid)  
We shall resolve to dust, and empty shade.  
Who can th' impervious clouds disperse away,  
Futurity's opaque expanse display,  
And to himself ensure another day?  
What to yourself you liberally spare,  
Shall 'scape the clutches of your greedy heir;  
But when to Death's unerring stroke you yield,  
And awful Minos has your sentence seal'd;  
In vain your Rank, your Eloquence may plead,  
Not Piety itself can raise the dead;  
In vain did Dian (tho' a goddess) strive  
Hyppolitus from darkness to revive;  
And ev'n the mighty Theseus strove in vain,  
To free his friend from Death's indissoluble Chain.



## CHRISTOPHER SMART, 1790

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

The snows are dissolved away, the herbage now returns to the fields, and the leaves to the trees. The earth changes her vicissitudes, and the decreasing rivers glide along their banks: the elder *grace* together with the nymphs, and her two sisters, dares *now* naked, lead up the dance. That you are not to expect things permanent *here*, the year, and the hour that hurries away the agreeable day, *sufficiently* convince us. The colds are mitigated by the *returning* Zephyrs; the summer follows close upon the spring, shortly to die itself, as soon as fruitful autumn shall shed its stores; and anon, sluggish winter returns again. Nevertheless, the quick-revolving moons repair their wanings in the skies; *but* when we descend *to those regions* where the pious Æneas, where Tullus, and the wealthy Ancus, *have gone before us*, we become nothing but dust and shade. Who knows whether the Gods above will add to this day's reckoning the space of to-morrow? Every thing which you shall indulge to your friendly genius shall escape the greedy hands of your heir. When once, O Torquatus, you shall be dead, and Minos shall have made his awful decisions concerning you; not your family, not your eloquence, not *even* your piety, shall restore you *to life*. For neither *can* Diana free the chaste Hippolytus from infernal darkness; nor is Theseus able to break off the Lethæan fetter from his dear Pirithous.





GILBERT WAKEFIELD, 1790

(1756–1801; Classical Scholar and Politician)

The snow dissolves before the breeze,  
Fresh robes of verdure cloathe the plain,  
Thick foliage decks the waving trees,  
And spring with smiles resumes her reign.

All Nature blooms: the furious floods  
That spread their desolating tide  
O'er spacious plains, through echoing woods,  
Within their wonted channels glide.

The Nymphs, appal'd by Winter's blast,  
Start, with the Graces, from their trance;  
And, chear'd by Flora's pefrence, haste  
In naked charms to lead the dance.

Seasons but come to disappear:  
The Hours in quick succession fly:  
Each fleeting day, each changeful year,  
Proclaims to Man mortality.

Rough Winter melts with vernal gales;  
These shun fierce Summer's scorching ray;  
This, fruitful Autumn: Autumn, fails,  
And Winter then refumes her sway.

Thus Seasons soon revolve; and soon  
Night flies the glittering shafts of Morn,  
Earth blooms afresh; the waning Moon  
Fills with new light her silver horn.

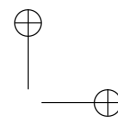
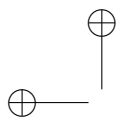
But when frail Man resigns his breath,  
The rich, the virtuous, and the wise!  
He ever in the bell of death  
An unredeemed Victim lies.

Who knows, if that Almighty Power,  
The fount of life! when this day's sun  
Is set, will add another hour  
To those that have already run?

Then bid adieu to care and strife;  
Thy Soul let festive pleasures chear:  
Infuse with mirth the cup of life,  
And disappoint thy greedy Heir.

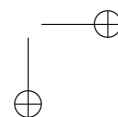
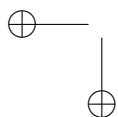
When gloomy Death shall interpose  
His cloud betwixt this Sun and thee;  
When the stern Judge shall once disclose  
His irreversible decree:





Thy lamp of life shall splendid birth  
Or blazing eloquence resume?  
Thy virtues warm the clay-cold earth,  
And ope the portals of the tomb?

A Goddess great, a Hero brave,  
Found love alike and friendship vain;  
Her votary chaste she could not save,  
He breaks his friend's Lethean chain.





## WILLIAM BOSCAWEN, 1793

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

Lo! from the hills recede the wintry snows;  
Soft herbage springs, the grove resumes its prides:  
Earth feels the change; the lessening river flows  
Within its banks, an unambitious tide.

The graceful nymphs, unaw'd by conscious fear,  
In native beauty lead the festal choir.  
But thou, frail man, observe the changeful year,  
Nor dare to immortality aspire!

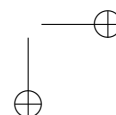
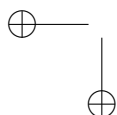
To genial gales the icy chilness yields:  
Now spring retires; now summer quits the plain;  
Now fruitful autumn cloaths the plenteous fields;  
And now stern winter re-asserts her reign.

Each fading wane th' increasing moons supply,  
But man, unhappy man, when once convey'd  
Where even our great, our pious fathers lie,  
Returns to dust, and flits an empty shade.

Who knows to-day if yet indulgent heaven  
To-morrow shall his wretched being spare!  
Cheer then thy genial soul; thy wealth, thus given,  
Shall scape the impious ravage of thine heir.

When once, Torquatus, life's short scene is o'er,  
When Minos has pronounc'd thy awful doom,  
Nor birth, nor eloquence, can then restore,  
Nor piety re-call thee from the tomb.

For vain was mighty Dian's power to free  
Her chaste Hippolytus from Pluto's reign;  
Great Theseus mourns, for ever doom'd to see  
His lov'd Pirithous bound in Lethe's chain.





GILBERT WAKEFIELD, 1795

(1756–1801; Classical Scholar and Politician)

The snow dissolves before the breeze;  
Fresh flowery verdure robes the plain;  
Rich foliage decks the rustling trees,  
And Spring with smiles resumes her reign.

All nature blooms: the furious floods,  
That spread their desolating tide  
O'er prostrate plains, through echoing woods,  
Down to their native channels glide.

The Nymphs, by wintry blasts appal'd,  
Start, with the Graces, from their trance;  
Nor fear, by whispering Zephyrs call'd,  
In naked charms to weave the dance.

Seasons revolve, and disappear;  
Hours, quick succession! come and fly:  
Each fleeting day, each changeful year,  
Proclaims to man Mortality.

Rough Winter melts with vernal gales;  
These yield to Summer's scorching ray:  
Then Autumn pours his fruits, and fails,  
Dethron'd by Winter's circling sway.

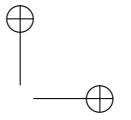
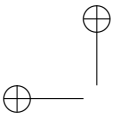
Thus Seasons soon revolve, and soon  
Night flies the glittering shafts of Morn:  
Earth fades and blooms; the waning Moon  
Fills with new light her silver horn:

When once frail Man resigns his breath,  
The rich, the virtuous, and the wise!  
All-darkling in the cell of Death  
A victim unredeem'd he lies!

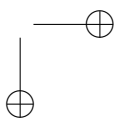
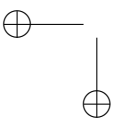
Who knows, if that controuling Power,  
The fount of life! when this day's sun  
Is set, will add another hour  
To those that have already run?

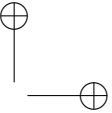
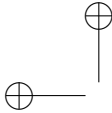
Then bid adieu! to cares and strife;  
Thy soul let festive pleasures chear:  
Infuse with mirth the cup of life,  
Nor heed thy disappointed heir.

When gloomy Death shall interpose  
His shroud betwixt this sun and thee;  
When the stern Judge with pomp disclose,



And solemn voice, his just decree;  
Nor eloquence; nor splendid birth,  
    Will then avail to change thy doom:  
Not Virtue warms the clay-cold earth;  
    Or opes the portals of the tomb.  
A Goddess great, a hero brave,  
    Found love alike and friendship vain:  
Her votary chaste she could not save,  
    He burst his friend's Lethæan chain.





ANNA SEWARD, 1799 (IMITATED)

(1747–1809; Poet)

The snows dissolve, the rains no more pollute,  
Green are the sloping fields, and uplands wide,  
And green the trees luxuriant tresses shoot,  
And, in their daisied banks, the shrinking rivers glide.

Beauty, and Love, the blissful change have hail'd,  
While, in smooth mazes, o'er the painted mead,  
Aglaia ventures, with her limbs unveil'd,  
Light thro' the dance each Sister-Grace to lead.

But O! reflect, that Sport, and Beauty, wing  
Th' unpausing Hour! – if Winter, cold and pale,  
Flies from the soft, and violet-mantled Spring,  
Summer, with sultry breath, absorbs the vernal gale.

Reflect, that Summer-glories pass away  
When mellow Autumn shakes her golden sheaves;  
While she, as Winter reassumes his sway,  
Speeds, with disorder'd vest, thro' rustling leaves.

But a short space the Moon illumines the skies;  
Yet she repairs her wanings, and again  
Silvers the vault of Night; – but no supplies,  
To feed their wasting fires, the lamps of Life obtain.

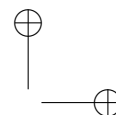
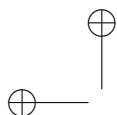
When our pale Form shall pensive vigils keep  
Where COLLINS, AKENSIDE, and SHENSTONE roam,  
Or quiet with the Despot, JOHNSON, sleep,  
In that murk cell, the Body's final home,

To senseless dust, and to a fleeting shade  
Changes the life-warm Being! – Ah! who knows  
If the next dawn our eye-lids may pervade?  
Darken'd and seal'd, perchance, in long, and last repose!

When vivid Thought's unceasing force assails,  
It shakes, from Life's frail glass, the ebbing sands;  
Their course run out, ah! what to us avails  
Our fame's high note, tho' swelling it expands!

Reflect, that each convivial joy we share  
Amid encircling Friends, with grace benign,  
Escapes the grasp of our rapacious Heir;—  
Pile then the steaming board, and quaff the rosy wine!

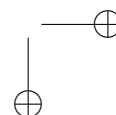
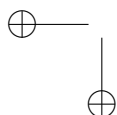
Illustrious HAYLEY! – in that cruel hour,  
When o'er thee Fate the sable flag shall wave,  
Not thy keen wit, thy fancy's splendid power,

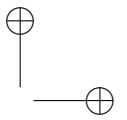


Knowledge, or worth, shall snatch thee from the grave.

Not to his MASON's grief, from Death's dim plains  
Was honor'd GRAY's departed form resign'd;  
No tears dissolve the cold Lethean chains,  
That, far from busy Life, the mortal semblance bind.

Then, for the bright creations of the brain,  
O! do not thou from health's gay leisure turn,  
Lest we, like tuneful MASON, sigh in vain,  
And grasp a timeless, tho' a LAUREL'D URN!





ANONYMOUS, 1799

*(The First and Fourth Books of The Odes of Horace)*

The snows are fled; and tender green once more  
    Buds in each grove, and brightens ev'ry mead:  
The less'ning torrent calms its wintry roar,  
    And glides in silence o'er its native bed.

Charm'd with the sweetness of the vernal scene,  
    The Graces fearless cast their robes aside;  
And, link'd with Nymphs, along th' enamell'd green  
    Their festive dance with airy footsteps guide.

The changeful year, the Seasons as they roll,  
    The circling hour that speeds each smiling day,  
With solemn voice to Man's unthinking soul,  
    The awful warning of his fate convey.

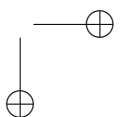
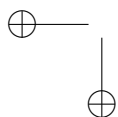
From Spring's soft breath the churlish Winter flies,  
    And Summer tramples on the blooms of Spring;  
Rich Autumn binds her sheaf, and Summer dies:  
    Anon pale Winter treads th' eternal ring.

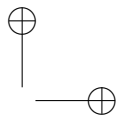
The Seasons' loss a few short moons supply;  
    But what is Man, once past that mournful glade  
Where Tullus, Ancus, great Æneas lie? –  
    A mould'ring corse; a melancholy shade!

Thou know'st not, if to swell thy mortal date  
    An added hour is fix'd by Heav'ns decrees:  
Then use thy wealth – 'tis past the pow'r of fate:  
    No heir can grasp it; no rude chance can seize.

But, ah! when past the silent Stygian wave  
    Stern Minos seals thy honourable doom;  
Nor lineage proud, nor eloquence shall save,  
    Nor Virtue snatch Torquatus from the tomb.

Not Dian's self, from that infernal shade,  
    Her lov'd Hippolitus can e'er regain;  
And Theseus' valour strives with fruitless aid  
    To break his hapless Friend's' Lethæan chain.

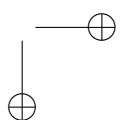
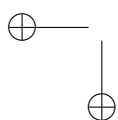




## JOHN NOTT, 1803

(1751–1825; Physician and Classical Scholar)

The snows pass off: now to each field returns  
Grass, and to trees their leaf:  
Its state earth changes; and diminish'd floods  
Within their channels flow:  
The unrob'd Grace, and her twin sisters dare  
The dance with Nymphs lead on.  
Nought to hope lasting warn the year, the hour  
That wears the laughing day.  
With West-winds our cold softens: on spring treads  
The fading summer; when  
Fruit-bearing autumn pours its crops; and soon  
Comes sluggish winter round.  
Their loss in heav'n yet rapid moons repair;  
We, when arriv'd where dwell  
Æneas good, Ancus, and Tullus rich,  
Shadow and dust become.  
Who knows if to our present sum of days  
Heav'n's Pow'rs will morrows add?  
All thy heir's greedy hand shall slip, which thou  
To thine own soul dost give.  
When once thou'rt dead, and Minos on thyself  
Shall awful doom pronounce;  
Thee nor birth, eloquence, nor piety,  
Torquatus, shall restore.  
For Dian cannot from infernal shades  
Free chaste Hippolytus:  
Nor the Lethean bonds can Theseus break  
For his Pirithous dear.







ANTHONY HARRISON, 1806

*(Poetical Recreations)*

Stern Winter, wrapt in angry Storms, is fled;  
The chilling Snow deserts the cloud-capt Hill;  
The River flows, within a narrower bed;  
The melting Ice unlocks the murm'ring Rill.

The Tree again its budding honours bears;  
Thro' the green sward, the modest Daisy springs;  
Her blooming tints reviving Nature wears;  
Again the Lark his cheerful carol sings.

The frugal Bee now feels the genial ray,  
And humming, culls the half-expanded flow'r;  
Ye tender Lambs, pursue your thoughtless play,  
Sportive enjoy your short and fleeting hour!

The changeful Seasons of the circling Year,  
To erring Man this lesson may impart,  
That anxious Life, the sport of Hope and Fear,  
Must yield to Death's inexorable dart.

The hardest Frosts, to balmy Zephyr yield;  
The temp'rate Spring flies Summer's ardent heat;  
Soon mellow Autumn decks the fragrant Field,  
Whom hoary Winter forces to retreat.

Yet waning Moons again refulgent shine,  
And rise refresh'd, from out the Eastern Wave;  
When Man shall once his fleeting life resign,  
He sinks, for ever, in the silent Grave!

In Fortune, Power, and Happiness, elate,  
And gay, in jocund Health's luxuriant bloom;  
Ere morrow's dawn, condemn'd by cruel Fate,  
He falls, the clay-cold tenant of the Tomb!

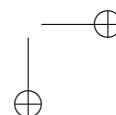
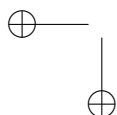
Then what avail, of Wealth the boasted hoards,  
The Pride of Ancestry, or splendid Fame!  
No more its solace Flattery affords;  
And all his Titles end, an empty Name!

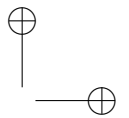
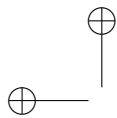
Then this great Question strikes the feeling mind:  
How were the hours by bounteous Heav'n bestow'd,  
Exerted, – or to bless or curse Mankind,  
In acts of Virtue or of Guilt they flow'd?

Whether, in just and honourable deeds,  
He us'd the talent trusted to his care;  
Or, chok'd with Vice and Folly's baneful weeds,



He fell, the victim of deserv'd Despair?  
Tho' Spring again her verdant garb assumes,  
And wanton Zephyrs in her tresses play,  
No genial Warmth my hapless breast relumes; –  
Our Spring-time lost, we meet no second MAY.  
Visions of Bliss, that once enchanting smil'd,  
Delusive Hope and heart-alluring Love,  
This harass'd Bosom, which you long beguil'd,  
Your fairy Phantoms ne'er again must move!  
To me no more the Winter's social bowl,  
Or smiling Spring, a solace can afford;  
The Summer's Sun, no more must glad my soul;  
Delicious Autumn spreads, in vain, the board;  
Fled the gay Seasons, that I once have known,  
When ev'ry Hour unfolded scenes of Joy;  
The Rose has budded, flourish'd, and has flown,  
And left the WORM to canker and destroy!

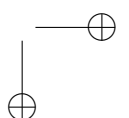
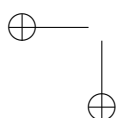




VALERIUS, 1806

*(The Port Folio)*

Winter reluctant yields his icy reign,  
All nature smiles in verdant foliage drest,  
And lightly bounding on the enamell'd plain,  
See Spring appears! bedeck'd with "em'rald vest."  
The murm'ring stream, that long imprison'd lay,  
Again meanders o'er its pebbled bed:  
While on its banks with varied colours gay,  
The tender flow'ret rears its infant head.  
Now when the Moon's pale beams illumine the ground,  
And all is hush'd, save Philomela's strain,  
The Nymphs and Graces dance in merry round,  
And trip with nimble feet the dewy plain.  
The changeful seasons of the fleeting year,  
And ev'ry hour that marks our measur'd span,  
Tell to the thoughtless mind this truth severe,  
That Immortality is not for man.  
To transient Spring, brief Summer soon succeeds;  
And wanton Zephyrs sport in frolic play:  
With golden harvests crown the smiling meads,  
While nature pants beneath her fervid ray.  
Autumn, his brows enwreath'd with fading leaves,  
Next pours his fruits from Plenty's lib'ral horn;  
His task perform'd... retires... and deeply grieves  
His kingdom wreck'd... by Wintry tempests torn.  
The monthly orb renews its waning light,  
And sheds new lustre on the midnight gloom:  
Our glimmering star extinct... and set in night;  
Helpless we sink into the silent tomb.  
Be wise – indulge in mirth your social soul;  
So shall you disappoint the expecting Heir:  
E'en now perhaps you reach life's latest goal,  
Nor Fate permits to breathe to-morrow's air.  
Tho' wit and eloquence to you are given,  
Your breath once fled – and Nature's debt discharg'd,  
Tho' fair the great account 'twixt you and Heav'n,  
Think not the imprison'd soul will be enlarg'd.  
The chaste Diana mourn'd a mortal's doom,  
Nor could her power reverse the stern decree:  
The gallant Theseus wept o'er Friendship's tomb,  
And vainly strove to set Pirithous free.





MARY BAILEY, 1822

*(The Months and Other Poems)*

Soft-feather'd snows on noiseless wing  
Have swiftly fled away:  
The smiling fields with verdure spring,  
And hail the joyful day.

The winter's past, the snow is gone,  
And trees in leaf appear;  
Within their banks the rivers run,  
And streamlets sparkle near.

In Nature's simplest robe attir'd,  
Soft smiling nymphs advance;  
The Graces too, by spring inspir'd  
In concert lead the dance.

The changing year, the dying day,  
This counsel seem to give,  
Trust not to future prospects gay,  
Nor always hope to live.

Soft zephyrs melt the wintry day  
To summer yields the spring  
And autumn rich is swept away,  
By winter's heavy wing.

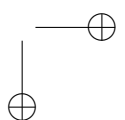
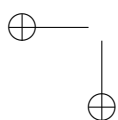
The peaceful queen of placid night  
(Tho' now her lustre wane),  
Once more will fill her lamp with light,  
And sweetly smile again.

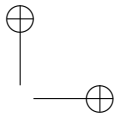
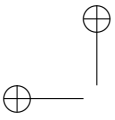
But we, when once we leave this scene,  
And sink in death's dark gloom;  
How great soe'er we may have been,  
A shade and dust become.

Who knows if they who rule on high  
Will add to-morrow's hour?  
The day now swiftly passing by  
Alone is in thy power.

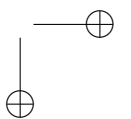
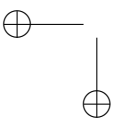
The wealth which thou amid the bands  
Of numerous friends dost share,  
Will sure escape the greedy hands  
Of thine expecting heir.

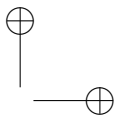
When Life has given her latest hour,  
And Minos seals thy doom,  
Nor wit, nor rank, nor virtue's power,  
Can call thee from the tomb.





Divine Diana vainly strove  
    Hippolytus to free;  
No prayers th' infernal king could move  
    To change his stern decree.  
And Theseus also tried in vain,  
    His much-lov'd friend to save;  
He ne'er could burst th' eternal chain,  
    And bear him from the grave.





ANONYMOUS\*, 1809

*(Essays on the Sources of the Pleasures Received from Literary Compositions)*

The cheerless glare of snow is past,  
And rising verdure smiles around;  
The spreading trees rejoice at last  
With foliage crown'd.

Again the Earth renews her youth,  
More sweetly shines the genial sky,  
And purer streams, whose murmurs sooth,  
Flow gently by.

The nymphs and graces o'er the mead  
Can venture now in light attire,  
To join the frolic dance, or lead  
The warbling choir.

Yet joys immortal are not here;  
'Tis but the season's transient bloom.  
We too shall fade: the changeful year  
Forebodes our doom.

Now yields the cold to Zephyr's reign;  
The lovely spring will also fly,  
And summer burn the russet plain,  
But soon to die,

When Autumn, to poor mortals kind,  
Strews with his annual fruits the ground;  
Then dreary Winter close behind  
Completes the round.

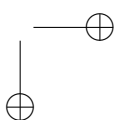
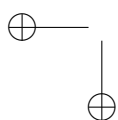
Yet still the circling moons pursue  
The rapid course, which late they ran,  
The youth of nature to renew;  
But, hapless man!

When we shall lie, as soon we must,  
Where all the good and great are laid,  
Our glory turns to mouldering dust  
And empty shade.

Who knows how soon the gods decree,  
To close the joys that now invite?  
To-day is ours; but shall we see  
To-morrow's light?<sup>†</sup>

\* Ascribed to either William Greenfield (d. 1827) or Edward Mangin (1772–1852).

<sup>†</sup> Only partially translated by the author.

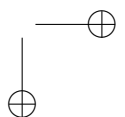
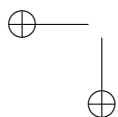




ANONYMOUS, 1809

*(The Monthly Anthology)*

The chilling snows have fled; mild spring again  
In richest verdure decks the varying plain.  
The leaves in waving beauty clothe the trees,  
And nature quickens with the vernal breeze.  
Now the swoln floods within their banks subside,  
And through the vale in silent grandeur glide.  
The grace, Aglaia, dancing o'er the plain,  
In naked beauty leads her sister train.  
The changing year, that wings its rapid way,  
And the swift hour, that steals the smiling day,  
Alike forbid the aspiring hope to rise  
To joys, immortal only in the skies.  
The wintry winds in zephyrs die away:  
Spring's milder beam warms to the summer's ray:  
Summer, retreating, yields to autumn's reign,  
Then dreary winter chills the world again.  
The waned moon her lustre soon renews –  
No second course of glory man pursues.  
When once he sinks, where Rome's proud kings are laid;  
He sinks in endless night, mere dust and shade.  
Who knows at even, if on him shall dawn  
The bright effulgence of the morrow's morn?  
Then live to pleasure, nor your riches spare  
To fill the coffers of some greedy heir.  
If Minos once, enthroned in awful state,  
Pronounce on thee the eternal law of fate,  
Not birth, Torquatus, nor thy piety,  
Nor eloquence, can change the firm decree.  
From his lov'd friend to burst oblivion's chain,  
Not mighty Theseus could the boon attain;  
Nor his chaste son Diana's power restore,  
From the dark horrors of the Stygian shore.

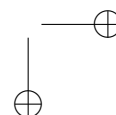
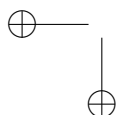




WILLIAM HENRY DORFHAL, 1812

*(London; Or, Impartial Traces of the Times)*

The fleecy snow no more is seen,  
The fields are dress'd in lively green,  
The trees a verdant mantle wear,  
And wave their lofty heads in air;  
The streams no longer go astray,  
But glide along the destin'd way;  
The earth the pleasing change declares,  
And sportive nymphs, to lightsome airs  
When dancing o'er the verdant ground,  
Disclose their charms to all around,  
The fleeting hours fly swift away,  
And soon consume the laughing day.  
Hours, days, and years, their course pursue,  
And place our frailty full in view:  
Cold winter melts in balmy gales,  
And summer's heat o'er spring prevails;  
To fruitful autumn this gives way,  
And autumn yields to winter's sway.  
The moon again with borrow'd light,  
Her loss renews and gilds the night;  
But we, when once our thread is spun,  
No more must view the golden' fun;  
But seek that ever-gloomy shore  
Which great Æneas trod before; –  
There in the mighty group be laid,  
And change to dust and empty shade.  
Who knows if heav'n's unbounded pow'r  
Will let us live another hour?  
Thy stores which in profusion fly,  
Thy longing heir shall ne'er enjoy;  
For know, when Minos mounts his throne,  
And speaks thy doom in awful tone,  
Birth, beauty, riches, all will fail,  
And eloquence will nought avail:  
The grave will ne'er resign it's prey,  
To revel in the blaze of day.  
Diana sought with fruitless might,  
To bring Hippolitus to light;  
And Theseus strove with ardent force,  
In vain, to stop Perithous' course.







ANONYMOUS, 1816

*(Moral Odes of Horace)*

The snows are fled; the trees and plain  
Assume their leaves and flowers again,  
    And earth has changed her face;  
The streams now glide within their bed,  
The Nymphs now fill the dances, led  
    By each alternate Grace.

Warned by the year, and fleeting hour,  
Deem nothing lasting in thy power:  
    If wintery rigours bend  
Beneath the vernal breeze, yet spring  
Flies driven by the summer's wing,  
    And summer's self shall end;

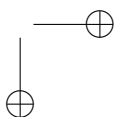
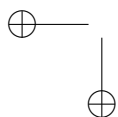
While autumn pouts his liberal fruit,  
Till winter hastening in pursuit  
    Reigns dreary as before:  
And yet, the evils of the air  
The changeful moon shall still repair,  
    And every loss restore.

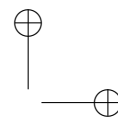
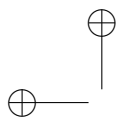
But we, when we are gone at last  
Where Rome's illustrious sires are pass'd,  
    Shall be but shade and clay;  
And even here, ah! who can know  
If yet th' immortals will bestow  
    A morrow on to-day!

The lands, that with benignant heart,  
And all the wealth, thou shalt impart,  
    The creatures of thy care,  
Though gladly gain'd, shall soon escape;  
And fly, in many an altered shape,  
    From thy imprudent heir.

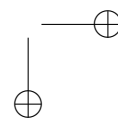
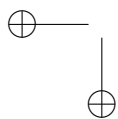
TORQUATUS! when thou once art dead,  
And awful Minos on thy head  
    Hath passed the certain doom;  
The honours of thy earthly lot,  
Thy virtues, shall avail thee not  
    Those honours to resume.

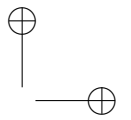
Not e'en Diana could succeed,  
Her chaste Hippolytus to lead  
    Back from the dark domain;  
Nor yet could Theseus' daring hand





Pirithous rescue from the band  
Of Lethe's stedfast chain.

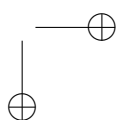
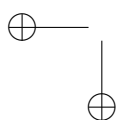


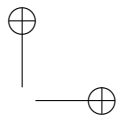


CORNELIUS NEALE, 1819

(“Late Fellow of St. John’s College, Cambridge”)

The snows are gone; the fields resume  
Their tender green, the trees their bud and bloom;  
All earth is changed; with humbler flow  
Within their wonted banks the rivers go.  
Knit with the nymphs, the Graces dare  
To lead the naked dance in open air.  
All things are hasting to decay;  
It is the moral of the passing day.  
The cold gives way to Zephyr’s smile,  
And Summer treads on Spring, to bloom awhile,  
Till Autumn showers his fruits, and then  
Decrepit Winter slowly comes again.  
Yet moons their wasting horns repair;  
But we, the lords of earth, once carried there  
Where kings of old are lowly laid,  
What are we? – Ashes; ashes and a shade.  
Who knows, when this short day is o’er,  
If heaven assigns him one to-morrow more?  
Whate’er thou givest in generous hour  
Escapes the coming heir, ’tis past his power.  
When thou hast reach’d the silent tomb,  
And he, the god of spirits, breathes thy doom,  
Not birth, not eloquence can save,  
Not piety, Torquatus, from the grave.  
In vain would Dian’s self restore  
Her chaste Hippolytus from that sad shore,  
Great Theseus free from Stygian chain  
His dearly-loved Pirithous, – all in vain.

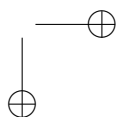
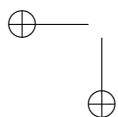




## GEORGII AMICUS, 1819

*(The Northumberland and Newcastle Monthly Magazine)*

The snows are dissolved: now the grass returns to the fields and leaves to the trees; the earth varies its scenes; and the subsiding rivers glide along their brinks: the naked Grace, with the Nymphs, and two Sisters, dares to lead out her choirs. The year, and the hour, which hurries on the beautiful day, admonishes, that you hope not for immortal things. The colds are mitigated by the Zephyrs: the summer drives out the spring, being to yield as soon as apple-bearing autumn pours out its fruits: and by and by inactive winter returns. Yet the swift moons repair their celestial losses: when we descend where father Æneas, where rich Tullus, and Ancus are, we become ashes and a shadow! Who knows, if the gods may add to morrow's hours to this day's sum? All that you bestow with a generous mind shall escape the covetous hands of your heir. When once you die, and Minos shall pronounce his awful decrees concerning you, Torquatus, not your quality, nor not your eloquence, nor not your piety shall restore! For neither Diana delivers chaste Hypolitus from infernal darkness, nor is Theseus able to break off the Lethean chains from his dear Pirithous.





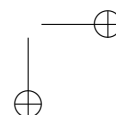
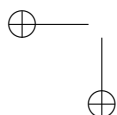
## FRANCIS WRANGHAM, 1821

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

Past are the snows: the fields assume  
Their verdure, and the trees their bloom.  
Earth feels the change; with shrinking tide,  
Within their banks the rivers glide:  
And naked frisk in gambols free,  
With the light Nymphs, the Graces three.

From the still-changing season's speed,  
Learn hopes immortal not to feed.  
The cold is chased by Zephyr's wing,  
And Summer treads the heel of Spring;  
That yields to Autumn's fruitful reign,  
And then dull Winter comes again.

Yet soon the fleeting moons repair  
Their losses. We, once summon'd where  
The Mighty and the Rich are laid,  
Are 'dust and ashes,' and a shade.  
Who knows, if Heaven's indulgent sway  
Will with a morrow crown to-day?  
Whate'er thou givest to worth distrest,  
That 'scapes thy heir's rapacious quest.  
When once thou'rt closed within the tomb,  
And Minos has pronounced thy doom;  
Not e'en thy matchless eloquence,  
Thy truth, thy birth will snatch thee thence.  
Diana bore not from that night  
The chaste Hippolytus to light:  
Nor Theseus from his dear-loved friend  
The clasp of Lethe's chains could rend.

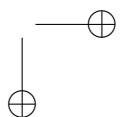
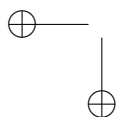


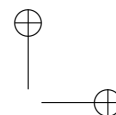
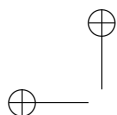


ANONYMOUS, 1822

*(The Poetical Recreations of The Champion)*

Winter is gone, and the green grass smiles in the fields, and the plumage  
    Blooms on the pride of the grove.  
Chang'd is the varying earth, and the streams, confin'd in their channels,  
    Silently murmur along.  
Nymphs, with the kindred Graces, in beauty of form unadorned,  
    Lead the celestial dance.  
Man, how mortal he is, – the circling year, ever changing,  
    Day and the season remind.  
Warm gales soften the winter with blushes, meridian summer  
    Treads on the traces of spring,  
Yielding himself to the fruit-crown'd autumn, and fast after autumn;  
    Chilly the winter returns.  
Heaven with ease will repair and recover the changes of heaven.  
    We are, when sepulchred, there  
Where rests pious Æneas; and where rich Tullus and Ancus;  
    Dust and the shadow of shade.  
Know'st thou that Jove will benignly one other morn of existence  
    Add to the time that is past?  
Once when we die, and the stern-brow'd Minos, with terrible judgment,  
    Pain or Elysium awards,  
Birth illustrious fails, and the eloquent tongue of religion  
    E'er to recall us to life.





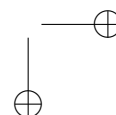
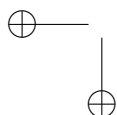
R. K. DOUGLAS, 1824 (IMITATED)

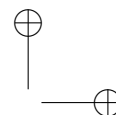
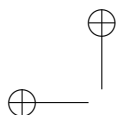
*(Poems and Songs, Chiefly Scottish)*

Lo! Winter's rugged reign is o'er!  
The trees resume their robes once more;  
And hill and dale, all round, are seen  
Clad in the eye-delighting green.  
No more sweet Teviot, roaring, brown,  
With mountain spate, swift dashes down;  
But calm and clear, his banks within,  
Slides to the Tweed with lessen'd din.  
No more, around the sheltered seat,  
The silly sheep, dull, storm-pinch'd, bleat;  
But bounding seek the distant hill,  
Cheer'd by the laverock caroling shrill.

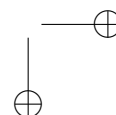
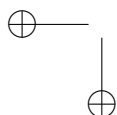
Now wandering home, in upland glens,  
The nighted shepherd far off kens  
The fairies light, in airy ring,  
Tripping glad welcome to the spring.  
Thus ceaseless circles round the year!  
Spring blossoms but to disappear;  
The summer heats a moment burn,  
Then yield to autumn in their turn;  
Till winter, in the rear of all,  
On nature let the curtain fall. –  
Thus circles life, – The simple child,  
Swift sinks in youth, loud, frolic, wild!  
As swiftly, manhood quits the field  
To dull, cauld, joyless, drooping eild!

The sun, that sets at eve, again  
Springs, vigorous, from the western main;  
The spring, that sinks in summer's glow,  
Again shall rise from Winter's snow:  
But we, the great! the wise! the good!  
When once we take the downward road,  
That Bruce and Wallace trod before,  
What are we? sordid dust – no more.  
Say, Stephens! shall we sit us down,  
Like him that wore the Persian crown,  
And weep the fate of short-liv'd man?  
Or shall we laugh as lang's we can?  
What prophet, skill'd in fate, can say  
If we shall live another day?  
Or wha, though skill'd, wi' a' his lore,  
Can lengthen life by me short hour?





Awa then grief! awa then care!  
Let's haud by pleasure while we're here!  
If ance we fa' – then a' is owre; –  
Nor wealth, nor wit, nor place, nor power,  
Nor a' thy gab, nor a' thy glee,  
Will light again the death-quench'd ee.  
Valour and worth, in vain, deplore  
The hapless fate of gallant Moore;  
And, vainly, weeping genius mourns  
O'er the low grave of matchless Burns!  
Wrapp'd in eternal sleep they lie,  
Nor heed nor hear a mortal's cry.



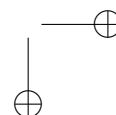
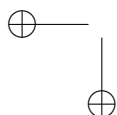


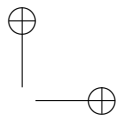
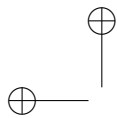


ANONYMOUS, 1824

(*The Odes of Horace*)

The snows have melted, and the plain  
Resumes its green attire again;  
The woods with foilage crowned appear,  
Gay livery of the vernal year;  
The streams, within their banks confined,  
Gently adown their channels wind;  
And sporting o'er the level green  
Each sprightly nymph and grace is seen.  
Each year, each hour that springs on high  
Proclaims to man that he must die:  
The zephyr waves his balmy wing,  
And winter yields to genial spring;  
The spring's soft zephyr dies away  
Before the summer's scorching ray;  
Fair summer yields to autumn's reign,  
Then hoary winter comes again.  
That waning moon shall soon renew  
Her fuller orb and fairer hue,  
But when we reach the loathsome shore,  
Where good and great have gone before,  
We fall to kindred dust again,  
And mingle with the shadowy train.  
Unto what mortal is it given  
To scan the dark decrees of heaven,  
That he may with assurance say,  
The gods will grant another day?  
Then bid the sparkling wine-cup flow,  
Let joy be thine, while here below,  
Nor still, with ever-anxious care,  
Heap treasure for a thankless heir.  
When night's dark shades around thee fall,  
And summon thee to Pluto's hall,  
Where Minos, throned in awful state,  
Sits to decide thy final fate,  
Torquatus, nor thy lineage high,  
Nor sprightly wit, nor piety,  
Will thee from darksome Lethe's shore  
Back to the gates of light restore,  
For chaste Diana could not save  
Her votary from the gloomy grave,  
And bootless all was Theseus' might,  
To free his friend from chains of night.

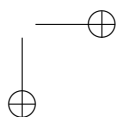
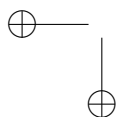




CHARLES WEST THOMSON, 1828

(1798–1879; American Poet and Episcopal Priest)

The snows are gone – the fields again look gay;  
The trees resume their green;  
Nature is changed, the rivers shrink away,  
And glide their banks between.  
The unveiled graces lead in nimble dance  
Their sister nymphs along;  
The changes of the year – the swift advance  
Of winged hours that throng  
Around the dusky close of smiling day,  
In full and gay career,  
Forewarn us we must not expect to play  
Our part for ever here.  
The chill of Winter melts before the breath  
Of Zephyr's genial wing;  
And Summer follows, with her flowery wreath,  
Close on the balmy Spring.  
But soon she yields to Autumn, come to throw  
Her fruits along the plain –  
And then, advancing heavily and slow,  
Winter returns again.  
Moons, waning, are renewed; but when we tread  
The gloomy paths which lead  
Down to the dwelling of the mighty dead,  
We thence no more recede.  
We know not if the Gods will let us share  
Their sun and light again.  
'Tis only that in pleasure spent, your heir  
Of yours cannot obtain.  
When death, Torquatus, has once laid his hand  
On your devoted head,  
And Minos issues his supreme command,  
To house you with the dead,  
Neither your rank, nor piety, nor zeal,  
Will then have power to save,  
Nor all the eloquence your soul can feel,  
To snatch you from the grave.  
For e'en Diana could not wake again  
Hippolytus undone,  
Nor the much-loving Theseus break the chain  
That bound Ixion's son.





STEPHEN SANDERSON, 1833

*(Poems)*

The snows are fled: fresh verdure clothes the meads,  
Reviving foliage decks the wavy groves:  
The less'ning stream a limpid current leads,  
And in its course with pleasing murmur roves.

The rural nymphs, the Graces – how divine!  
In sweet society the dances weave.  
O! let not erring men of earthly line  
Hope's fairy visions, fancied bliss deceive.

How short is life, proclaims the fleeting year!  
Its vain pursuits and pleasures pass away:  
This solemn truth the closing shades declare  
Of night, still pressing on the steps of day.

The cold is soften'd by the western breeze:  
Spring smiling strews with flowry gifts the dales; –  
Soon 'neath the sultry wing of Summer these  
Again to die – and Beauty quits the vales!

Next Autumn's fruitage gilds the bending trees:  
His icy reign last ruthless Winter holds.  
So passes mortal life by Heav'n's decrees,  
As conq'ring Time on wheels of lightning rolls.

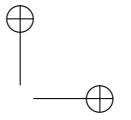
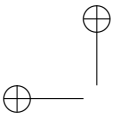
Her wasted lamp relumed, pale Cynthia glides  
Again the glitt'ring hosts of heav'n among.  
When gloomy Fate the thread of life divides,  
To man no more the scenes of earth belong.

We then to other unknown realms descend,  
But dust and shadows – phantoms of the dead:  
In sad society with mortals blend –  
Long since on earth their course eventful sped.

The good Æneas, Ancus rich in gold,  
Are silent wanderers on the solemn shore,  
And Tullus. Who the counsels shall unfold  
Of Pow's supreme whom trembling men adore?

Who knows if they shall yield a longer date,  
And still extend his life's contracted span?  
Or bid at once inevitable Fate  
Close all the prospects of the dying man?

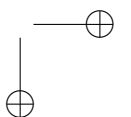
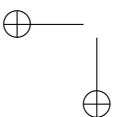
Whate'er of goods the bounteous hand bestows,  
Of avaricious heirs shall 'scape the hold. –

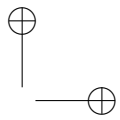


The debt all doom'd to pay Torquatus owes: –  
Naught e'er the Judge's awful voice controll'd.

Thee shall avail, Torquatus, virtue, birth,  
Or all the splendor of thy “words that burn?”  
Not Dian's potent arm shall win to earth  
The good, the famed Hippolytus' return.

Not Theseus, strong in friendship, shall restore  
To the warm precincts of the cheerful sun  
Pirithous, wand'ring on still Lethe's shore –  
Two souls by tried affection render'd one !





W. H. CHARLTON, 1834

*(Poems)*

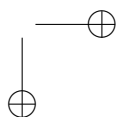
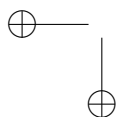
The snows are fled; the fields are green;  
The trees in all their pride are seen,  
    And earth her tribute brings.  
No more the streams their banks exceed:  
The Nymphs and Graces o'er the mead  
    Disport, in airy rings.

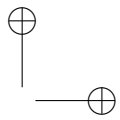
How brief the term of man below,  
The swift-revolving seasons shew,  
    That wing the fleeting hours.  
Gently the vernal breezes rise,  
While freshness from the genial skies  
    Dissolves in balmy show'rs.

But scarce hath spring adorn'd the meads,  
When summer's hasty step succeeds:  
    She too forsakes the plain.  
Autumnal fruits are quickly shed;  
Then winter, desolate and dread,  
    Resumes his sullen reign.

Spring shall again the year restore.  
But when his fleeting term is o'er,  
    And nature's debt is paid,  
What then is man? Ah, what remains,  
When once he quits the smiling plains?  
    Dust, and an empty shade!

Then wisely use thy wealth and pow'r,  
Uncertain of the day or hour  
    When fate may call thee hence;  
Nor let the thriftless heir consume  
Those stores, which rescued from the tomb,  
    May present bliss dispense.





JOHN HERMAN MERIVALE, 1838 (1)

(1779–1844; Barrister and Man of Letters)

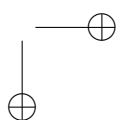
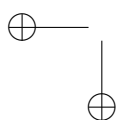
The snows are pass'd away, the field renews  
    Its grassy robe, the trees with leaves are crown'd;  
All nature feels a change; the streams unloose  
    Their bands of ice, and bathe the meads around;  
The sister graces with the nymphs advance  
In light attire, weaving the joyous dance.

Warn'd by the varying year and hastening day,  
    Expect not thou, my friend, immortal joys:  
Spring's zephyr melts the winter's frost away,  
    And spring the summer's hotter breath destroys,  
Soon forced to wait on autumn's mellow train,  
Till cold and sluggish winter rules again.

The seasons' difference rolling moons repair;  
    But we, if once to that sad shore convey'd  
Where the great manes of our fathers are,  
    Shall be but empty ashes and a shade.  
Who knows if they that rule this mortal clime  
Will add to-morrow to our sum of time?

Thy generous soul can best improve the hours  
    Of the short life allowed by partial Heaven;  
Yet thee, Torquatus, in those gloomy bow'rs  
    Where Minos' last tremendous doom is given,  
Not all thy pride of honorable birth,  
Nor wit, nor virtue, can restore to earth!

Not e'en the huntress of the silver bow,  
    Who made the chaste Hippolytus her care,  
Could bring his spirit from the realms below:  
    Nor Theseus, arm'd with force immortal, tear  
His loved Pirithous from the triple chain  
That bound his soul to that infernal plain.





JOHN HERMAN MERIVALE, 1838 (2)

(1779–1844; Barrister and Man of Letters)

The snows have pass'd away; the fields renew  
Their robe of vernal hue;  
The trees their leafy coronals. Earth teems  
With change; the lessen'd streams  
Kissing the banks, their silent course pursue.

The sister graces with the nymphs advance  
Naked in measured dance.  
Yet, mortal joys how fleeting, time declares,  
– Time, and the hour that bears  
The genial day along in thoughtless trance.

Zephyrs, who led the balmy Spring, retreat  
From Summer's fiercer heat;  
And Summer too withdraws, when Autumn pours  
Anew his bounteous stores;  
Then sullen Winter reassumes his seat.

Swift circling moons the waning heavens repair.  
We, soon as pass'd to where  
Our sire Æneas, and those monarchs old,  
Ancus and Tullus hold,  
Are but thin ashes and impassive air.

Who knows if heaven, that counts his days, will give  
Another hour to live?  
The wealth you've freely spent, your gaping heir  
Shall look in vain to share:  
That wealth is yours – your sole prerogative.

When Death hath seized his prey, and the great doom  
Is written on your tomb,  
Then, nor your high descent, nor boasted skill,  
No – nor your virtues – will  
The once extinguish'd lamp of life relume.

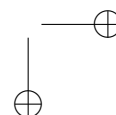
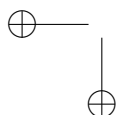
Nor can the guardian power of chastity  
Hippolytus set free  
From shades eternal; nor the friendly hand  
Of Theseus break the band  
That holds Pirithöus in captivity.



JAMES USHER, 1842

*(Buonaparteé, The Royal Exchange, Odes of Horace)*

The snow to breathing auster yields,  
Leaves clothe the trees and herbs the fields,  
Earth moves her changes, rivers glide  
With less'ning streams the meadow side,  
Aglaia and her nymphs advance,  
Her sisters dare the naked-dance.  
Here nothing permanent expect,  
That much from fleeting hours collect,  
With restless speed which chase away  
The pleasures of the social-day.  
Cold winds are sooth'd by zephyr's wing,  
Close follows summer upon spring,  
Itself to shortly die, when pours  
Prolific-autumn, nature's stores,  
Until with all its dreary train,  
The sluggish winter comes again.  
Yet quick-revolving moons repair  
Their wanings in th' ætherial-rare.  
But when the regions we go down  
Where pious Æneas, long-since gone,  
Tullus and wealthy Ancus wait,  
Dust, shadow rare, describe our state.  
And who can tell that heaven may please,  
To morrow this day's score t' encrease?  
Whilst all wherein we cheer the soul  
Escapes th' expectant heir's control.  
When once, Torquatus, death is past,  
And Minos giv'n decision last,  
Nor parentage, persuasion's power,  
Nor piety, can life restore,  
For ev'n Diana can't recall  
Hippolitus from Hades' thrall,  
Nor, Theseus, Lethæan gyves severe  
Break-off thy limbs, Pirithous dear!







JOHN SCRIVEN, 1843

*(The Odes of Horace)*

The snows dissolve; – fresh culture clothes the plain,  
And budding foliage gems the boughs again;  
Earth's varied face the changing seasons show,  
And lessening streams through verdant margins flow:

With sisters twain the grace, and nymphs advance,  
And – naked – dare to lead the jocund dance.  
The year – the hour which steals the joyous day,  
Forbids our mortal hopes too far to stray.

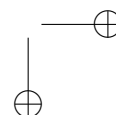
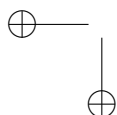
The zephyrs mild dispel the wintry blast;  
Summer succeeds to spring; – to flit as fast,  
When fruitful autumn its abundance rears;  
And lo! the sluggish winter reappears!

Revolving moons their wanings still repair;  
But we, alas! when once descended there,  
Where good Æneas, Tullus, Ancus lie,  
As dust repose – as empty shadows fly.

Who – who can tell, if heaven's supernal sway  
Shall add a morrow to the passing day?  
Whatever thy fancy's frolic mood shall shape,  
All shall thy heir's remorseless hands escape:

Once touch'd the confines of the dismal tomb –  
Let Minos once pronounce thy awful doom –  
Nor birth, Torquatus, nor thy eloquence,  
Not e'en thy virtue, shall recal thee thence.

The chaste Hippolytus Diana's might  
In vain would rescue from the realms of night;  
While Theseus' friendly power essay'd in vain  
To break Pirithous' Lethæan chain.





## HENRY PHILIP HAUGHTON, 1844

(c. 1812–59; “Rector of Markfield, Leicestershire”)

The snows have fled-away: the grasses now return to the plains, and the leaves to the trees: the earth changes *its* states: and the decreasing streams go-by the banks: the Grace with the Nymphs and twin Sisters dares naked to lead the dances.

That *you* should not expect *things* immortal, the Year admonishes, and Hora who hurries-away the charming day.

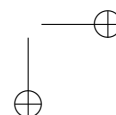
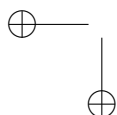
The colds become-mild with the Zephyrs: Summer treads-upon Spring, about-to-perish, as-soon-as fruit-bearing Autumn shall have poured-forth *its* fruits: and soon inert winter recurs.

Yet the swift moons repair the celestial losses: we, when we have fallen-down, where pious Æneas *has fallen-down*, where rich Tullus and Ancus *have fallen-down*, are dust and shade.

Who knows, whether the Gods above may add-to to-day’s sum tomorrow’s times?

All *things* will escape the greedy hands of *your* heir, which *you* shall have given to *your* friendly mind.

When once *you* shall have died, and Minos shall have made splendid judgments concerning you; not, *O* Torquatus, family, not eloquence *shall restore* you, not piety shall restore you. For neither does Diana free chaste Hippolytus *from* infernal darkness: nor is Theseus able to break-off Lethæan bonds *from* dear Pirithous.





## JAMES CLERK MAXWELL, 1846

(1831–79; Scottish Mathematician and Scientist)

All the snows have fled, and grass springs up on the meadows,  
And there are leaves on the trees;  
Earth has changed her looks, and turbulent rivers decreasing,  
Slowly meander along;

Now, with the naked nymphs and her own twin sisters, Aglaia  
Gracefully dances in time.  
But the Year, and the Hours which hurry along our existence,  
Solemnly warn us to die.

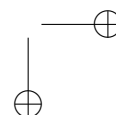
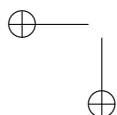
Zephyr removes the frost, and Summer, soon destined to perish,  
Treads in the footsteps of Spring,  
After the joyous reign of Autumn, abounding in apples,  
Shivering Winter returns.

Heavenly waste is repaired by the moon in her quick revolutions  
But when we go to the grave,  
Beside the pious Æneas, and rich old Tullus, and Ancus,  
We are but dust and a shade.

Who knows if the gods above have determined whether to-morrow  
We shall be living or dead.  
Nothing will come to the greedy hands of your spendthrift successor  
Which you have given away.

When you are gone to the grave, and Minos, sitting in judgement,  
Utters your terrible doom,  
Neither your rank nor your talents will bring you to life, O Torquatus,  
Nor will affection avail;

Even the chaste Hippolytus was not released by Diana  
From the infernal abyss,  
Nor could Theseus break from his friend the rewards of presumption  
Which the stern monarch imposed.

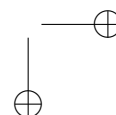
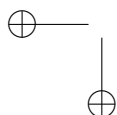




## WILLIAM SEWELL, 1850

(1804–74; Divine, Tutor, and Writer)

Fled have the snows. The herbage now – is returning to the leas,  
And their tresses to the trees;  
The earth its varied courses shifts, – and the rivers waxing low  
Within their margins flow.  
Link'd with the nymphs and her sisters twain, – the queen of grace aspires  
Unrobed to lead the choirs.  
Lest thou should hope for joys that die not, – warns the year, and Time  
away  
Sweeping each bounteous day.  
Frosts melt with zephyrs: summer slow – is springtide wearing on,  
Itself to perish, soon  
As autumn apple-crown'd has shed – its fruits profuse, and then  
Dull frost rolls round again.  
Yet do the swiftly-fleeting moons – their wanes in heaven repair;  
We, when we sunk have there  
Where good Æneas, where Tullus rich, – and Ancus all are laid,  
Ashes become and shade.  
Who knoweth if to-morrow's hours – the gods above may lay  
On the total of to-day!  
All will thy heir's rapacious hands – escape, which with a soul  
Thou gav'st of bounty full.  
When thou hast once met death, and pass'd – hath Minos upon thee  
His glorious decree,  
Not birth, Torquate, not thee will flow – of speech, not thee will worth  
Again replace on earth.  
For neither chaste Hippolytus, – from the murky shades of hell,  
Doth Dian disenthral;  
Nor from his loved Perithous – hath Theseus power to break  
The chains of Lethe's lake.



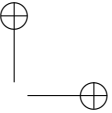
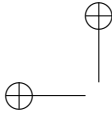


## G. J. WHYTE MELVILLE, 1850

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

The snows have melted, o'er the plain the grass is springing green,  
And nods the deepening foliage on the tree;  
The Earth puts on her altered garb; its hanging banks between,  
The lessened river glides towards the sea;  
Nor shrink in naked beauty now the Grace and sisters twain  
'Mid forest nymphs the merry dance to lead.  
But thou art warned that things of earth unchanged may not remain  
By years that roll. – By days and hours that speed –  
The frosts are thawed, and close on Spring treads Summer's golden  
prime;  
Alas! she comes to perish in her turn,  
When mellow Autumn sheds his fruits; soon Winter's sluggish time  
Is 'mongst us, ere we know him, cold and stern.  
The season's loss, the season's youth, fast-fleeting months repair;  
But we, when in the narrow grave we're laid –  
The home that good Æneas, Tullus rich, and Ancus share –  
What are we but a heap of dust – a shade?  
Whether the Gods above shall please to-morrow's sum to add  
To swell to-day's past reckoning, who can tell?  
But this we know: what thou shalt spend to make thy spirit glad  
Shall 'scape thine heir's expectant grasp, right well.  
When once thy head in dust is laid, when Minos shall declare  
The judgment that hath never known recall,  
Torquatus! not thy rank, thy wit, thy piety, shall spare  
The life the Fates decree hath doomed to fall.  
Not even by Dian's aid the chaste Hippolytus can flee  
Those realms below, of ever-gathering gloom;  
Not even Theseus his beloved Pirithous can free  
From fetters that are forged beyond the tomb.





WILLIAM M. NEVIN, 1851

*(The Mercersburg Review)*

Fled all off have the snows: coming back to the fields are the grasses,  
And to the forests their leaves:  
Lands sweet change undergo: and streams late swollen subsiding  
Peacefully flow by their banks:  
Knit with the nymphs and her sisters twain now the Grace forth  
adventures  
Naked to lead up the dance.  
Immortality not to expect, thee teacheth the Year and  
Hours bearing off the bright day.  
Colds are quelled by the zephyrs; the Spring then is trampled by  
Summer;  
She to depart also when  
Bountiful Autumn his fruits shall have spread, and presently Winter  
Sluggish is on us again.  
Moons nathless passing rapid repair still their heavenly losses;  
We, when we suddenly drop  
Whither did pious Aeneas and whither rich Tullus and Ancus,  
Ashes and shadows become.  
Who know'th whether the gods supreme may add to this day's sum  
Hours of tomorrow or not?  
All shall escape thine heirs clutched hand which at present thou  
spendest  
On the delights of thyself.  
When thou once hast departed and on thee, uttered by Minos,  
Hath been the lucid decree,  
Not, Torquatus, thy race, not thee thine eloquence, not thy  
Piety back will restore.  
For from the darkness beneath could Diana never recover  
Virtuous Hippolytus:  
Nor his bonds Lethean to break was Theseus able  
For his dear Pirithous.



FRANCIS WILLIAM NEWMAN, 1853

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

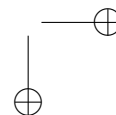
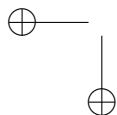
The snows are all dispers'd; the plains  
Their grass are now regaining,  
And trees their hair:  
The Earth its season duly shifts;  
And in their banks decreasing  
The streams run off:  
The Grace, with Nymphs, and sisters twain,  
Disdaining raiment, ventures  
The dance to lead.  
Immortal hopes the circling year  
Forbids, and hour which hurries  
The kindly day.  
By zephyrs soft the cold abates;  
On Spring the Summer tramples,  
Too soon to die,  
When Autumn, rife of fruit, her crops  
Has shed: then idle winter  
Its turn resumes.  
Yet still the swift returning  
Moons Repair the heavenly losses:  
But *wé*, when join'd  
With pious Aéneas below,  
With Tullus rich and Ancus,  
Are dust and shade.  
Whó knoweth, if the Pow'rs aloft  
To this-day's span tomorrow  
Design to add?  
Give, while thou mayst, with friendly mind:  
Thy greedy heir will swallow  
Whate'er remains.  
When once thou art departed, where  
Minos his signal verdict  
On thee shall speak,  
Then neither birth, nor eloquence,  
Torquatus! nor devoutness  
Shall rescue thee.  
For not to chaste Hippolytus  
Diana's pow'r unfastens  
The gloomy depths;  
Nor for his dear Peiríthoüs  
Theseus the bonds of Lethè  
Avails to burst.



WILLIAM H. C. HOSMER, 1854

(1814–77; American Poet)

Snows are dissolved; – now herbage to the plain,  
And foliage to the trees return again.  
Earth's courses change, and with diminished tide  
Along their banks the rivers gently glide.  
The sister Graces, in the joyous dance,  
Naked, together with the Nymphs, advance; –  
The year, and rapid flight of pleasant day  
Warn us that earthly things soon pass away.  
To cold the zephyrs mitigation bring,  
And summer follows close upon the spring,  
Dying when fruitful autumn sheds his stores,  
Then back comes sluggish winter to our shores.  
The waning moons their wasted lustre mend;  
But when to nether regions we descend,  
Where Tullus, Ancus, Æneas are laid,  
Naught we become but mouldering dust and shade.  
Who knoweth that the gods to-morrow's space,  
In his brief sum of days, will give a place?  
Good things of earth, that with a friend we share,  
Escape the greedy clutches of an heir.  
When once consigned, Torquatus, to the tomb,  
And Minos shall have sealed our awful doom,  
Nor eloquence, nor family, nor worth  
Can you recall from darkness unto earth.  
Not even Dian, back to life and light,  
Can call Hippolitus from death and night.  
And Theseus has no power in twain to rend  
Hell's chain that fetters Pirithous, his friend.







J. T. BLACK, 1857

(1832–1913)

The dreary snow 's no longer seen,  
The fields resume their mantling green,  
The trees their foliage gay;  
The earth revives from torpid sleep,  
Their banks the falling rivers keep,  
Nor urge their boist'rous way.

Nor does disrobed Thalia dread  
The mazy dance with nymphs to thread,  
And Sister-Graces fair;  
The waning year, the hours which steal  
Each fleeting day, still bid us feel,  
Death will not always spare.

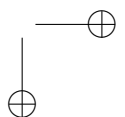
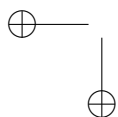
The Zephyrs mild subdue the frost,  
The Spring in Summer 's quickly lost,  
Itself to melt away;  
When Autumn spreads his bounteous store,  
Soon sluggish Winter as before  
Asserts his iron sway.

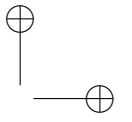
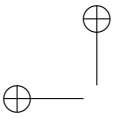
Though fleeting moons by change regain  
The loss their heav'nly orbs sustain;  
Yet when we sink in night,  
Where good Æneas, Tullus great,  
And Ancus, have been fix'd by fate,  
We're nought but shadows light.

Our sum of days, who can foretell?  
Or, if the Gods above will swell  
By one our present share,  
Indulgent to thy Genius' bent,  
Whate'er to joyous ease is lent  
Shall 'scape the greedy heir.

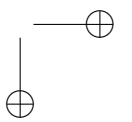
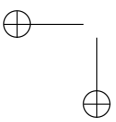
When once thy mortal doom is cast,  
And Minos, righteous judge, has passed  
On thee the sentence due;  
Nor shall, my friend, thy noble race,  
Thy pious eloquence and grace  
Restore thee to our view.

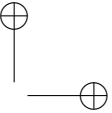
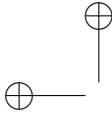
Nor can Diana's power secure  
Hippolytus, her votary pure,  
From gloomy Hell's domains;  
Nor daring Theseus' utmost might





Recall Pirithoüs to light,  
Nor burst his hateful chains.





HENRY THOMAS LIDDELL, LORD RAVENSWORTH, 1858

(1797–1878; Statesman and Poet)

The winter snows have fled, the grassy lea  
Grows green and foliage decks the tree;  
Earth feels the change, within their banks the rills  
Diminished trickle from the hills;  
With zone unbound, the Nymphs and Graces dare  
To frolic in the vernal air.  
Do thou take warning from the fleeting year,  
Nor hope for joys immortal here.  
Spring comes, the zephyrs thaw the frozen glade,  
And summer follows soon to fade;  
Brown Autumn sheds his ripened fruit, and then  
The sluggish winter comes again.  
Yet in this changeful system, loss is soon  
Repaired by each revolving moon;  
Herein destruction hath no lasting power,  
While we frail beings of an hour  
When once we sink into the greedy grave  
Which swallows up alike the brave,  
The rich, the poor, the mighty, and the just,  
Moulder in ashes and in dust.  
What mortal knows if ere to-morrow's sun  
His thread of life may not be spun?  
And then the wasteful heir will scatter wide  
The gold each liberal hand supplied.  
When thou art gone, Torquatus, when the last  
Sharp pang is o'er, and judgment past  
By Minos' stern implacable decree,  
How vain thine eloquence shall be,  
Thy piety, and ancient lineage vain,  
A moment's respite to obtain.  
Since neither chaste Diana from the grave  
The pure Hippolytus could save,  
Nor Theseus burst dull Lethe's chain that bound  
Pirithous in the dark profound.



## SIR THEODORE MARTIN, 1860

(1816–1909; Biographer of the Prince Consort)

The snows have fled, and to the meadows now  
Returns the grass, their foliage to the trees:  
Earth dons another garb, and dwindling low  
Between their wonted banks the rivers seek the seas.

The Graces with the Nymphs their dances twine,  
Their beauties all unbosomed to the air;  
Read in the shifting year, my friend, a sign,  
That change and death attend all human hope and care.

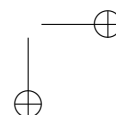
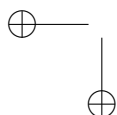
Winter dissolves beneath the breath of Spring,  
Spring yields to Summer, which shall be no more,  
When Autumn spreads her fruits thick-clustering,  
And then comes Winter back, – bleak, icy-dead, and hoar.

But moons revolve, and all again is bright:  
We, when we fall, as fell the good and just  
Æneas, wealthy Tullus, Ancus wight,  
Are but a nameless shade, and some poor grains of dust.

Who knows, if they, who all our Fates control,  
Will add a morrow to thy brief to-day?  
Then think of this – What to a friendly soul  
Thy hand doth give shall 'scape thine heir's rapacious sway.

When thou, Torquatus, once hast vanished hence,  
And o'er thee Minos' great decree is writ,  
Nor ancestry, nor fire-lipp'd eloquence,  
Nor all thy store of wealth to give thee back were fit.

For even Diana from the Stygian gloom  
Her chaste Hippolytus no more may gain,  
And dear Pirithous must 'bide his doom,  
For Theseus' arm is frail to rend dark Lethe's chain.

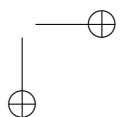
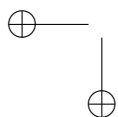


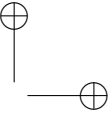
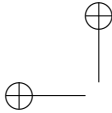


JOHN STUART BLACKIE, 1860

(1809–95; Scottish Scholar, Poet, and Translator)

Thawed is the frost and the snow, the fields with green are fresh-  
coated,  
    Green are the fresh-tufted trees;  
Earth is renewing her changes, the streams, with lessening waters,  
    Gently are gliding along.  
Gaily the Graces come forth; with the Nymphs in harmony twining,  
    Deftly their dances they lead.  
“Hope Immortality not” the year declares, and the hour speaks,  
    Rapidly driving the day.  
Winter doth yield to the Spring, the Spring to Summer, the Summer  
    Yieldeth to Autumn; and he,  
When he hath scattered his fruitage, retreats; and dreariest Winter  
    Ruleth in dullness again.  
Thus revolving it turns; – the Moon repaireth her losses  
    Speedily; we, when we go  
Down to the Shades with pious Æneas, rich Tullus, and Ancus,  
    Dust and a shadow we are.  
Who can tell if the gods the sum, which to-day we have numbered,  
    Will with to-morrow increase?  
Greedily what thou hast left thy heir possesses; but he, too,  
    Quitteth how soon the bequest!  
Once departed, when over thy head the merciless Minos  
    Solemnly passes his doom,  
Then, Torquatus, for thee shall birth, shall eloquence vainly,  
    Vainly shall piety plead.  
Vainly would Dian the chaste Hippolytus free from the darkness;  
    Chastely he sleeps with the dead.  
Theseus prevails not to break the bonds of Pirithous; Hades  
    Stronger him holdeth than Love.

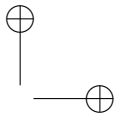
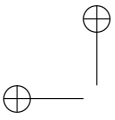




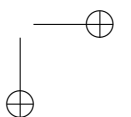
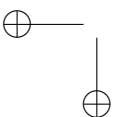
EDWARD SMITH-STANLEY, EARL OF DERBY, 1862

(1799–1869; Statesman)

The snows are gone, the fields resume their verdant hue;  
The trees their leaves renew:  
The earth is freshly clad; the late swoll'n streams, now low,  
Within their limits flow:  
The sister Graces three, and Nymphs unzon'd advance,  
And lead the festive dance.  
The seasons' change, the hours that steal our days, explain  
Immortal hopes how vain!  
Springs banish Winter's frosts – Summers succeed to Springs,  
Then fruitful Autumn brings  
Her ripen'd treasures forth; and soon the earth again  
Is bound in wint'ry chain.  
But Nature's losses soon the circling months repair;  
We, when we journey, where  
Æneas, Tullus, Ancus, all have gone before,  
Are shades and dust – no more!  
That Heav'n to this day's sum will add another day,  
Who shall presume to say?  
Whate'er with lib'ral hand thy gen'rous bounty shares,  
Shall 'scape thy greedy heirs;  
When thou shalt once have died, and Minos shall on thee  
Have pass'd his stern decree,  
Torquatus, not thy blood, thine eloquence, thy worth,  
Can bring thee back to earth.  
To win Hippolytus from out that dark domain  
Chaste Dian strove in vain;  
Nor Theseus could from bonds of Lethe's slumb'rous wave  
His lov'd Pirithöus save.  
Who's sure the Powers will add to yester score  
A morning's pittance more?  
Be good to him, he knows and loves you best,  
The minion in your breast,  
Be generous; all that, genially inclined,  
You 've given to your Mind,  
Escapes the gripe, escapes the hungry maw  
Of gaping heir-at-law.  
Once biered, by Minos once, Jove's luminous son,  
Judged and pronounced upon,  
For or against you as he shall have weighed  
Assigned a place in shade,  
O my Torquatus! then neither the good  
And long-descended blood,  
Nor to the gods the clean, the liberal hand,



The language at command,  
The wit, can make to Hades fair amends,  
And free you to your friends.  
To liberate Hippolytus from Dis  
Diana hoped amiss:  
For how accomplish to infernal night  
Approach of silvery light?  
Peirithoüs not e'en his Theseus' hand  
Tore from Lethean land:  
How should Oblivion's liquid bonds be broke  
That do not bite but soak?  
Would not be purged from either him or him  
The drench of Lethe stream,  
Ever so dear a friend, ever so chaste,  
Fate held her prisoners fast.



G. CHICHESTER OXENDEN, 1862 (IMITATED)

*(Railway Horace)*

The dreary snow 's no longer seen,  
The fields resume their mantling green,  
The trees their foliage gay;  
The earth revives from torpid sleep,  
Their banks the falling rivers keep,  
Nor urge their boist'rous way.

Nor does disrobed Thalia dread  
The mazy dance with nymphs to thread,  
And Sister-Graces fair;  
The waning year, the hours which steal  
Each fleeting day, still bid us feel,  
Death will not always spare.

The Zephyrs mild subdue the frost,  
The Spring in Summer's quickly lost,  
Itself to melt away;  
When Autumn spreads his bounteous store,  
Soon sluggish Winter as before  
Asserts his iron sway.

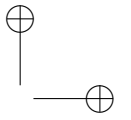
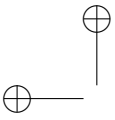
Though fleeting moons by change regain  
The loss their heav'nly orbs sustain;  
Yet when we sink in night,  
Where good Æneas, Tullus great,  
And Ancus, have been fix'd by fate,  
We're nought but shadows light.

Our sum of days, who can foretell?  
Or, if the Gods above will swell  
By one our present share,  
Indulgent to thy Genius' bent,  
Whiate'er to joyous ease is lent  
Shall 'scape the greedy heir.

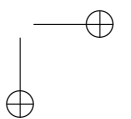
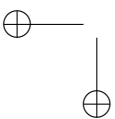
When once thy mortal doom is cast,  
And Minos, righteous judge, has passed  
On thee the sentence due;  
Nor shall, my friend, thy noble race,  
Thy pious eloquence and grace  
Restore thee to our view.

Nor can Diana's power secure  
Hippolytus, her votary pure,  
From gloomy Hell's domains;  
Nor daring Theseus' utmost might





Recall Pirithoüs to light,  
Nor burst his hateful chains.





JOHN CONINGTON, 1863

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

The snow is fled: the trees their leaves put on,  
The fields their green:  
Earth owns the change, and rivers lessening run  
Their banks between.  
Naked the Nymphs and Graces in the meads  
The dance essay:  
“No ’scaping death” proclaims the year, that speeds  
This sweet spring day.  
Frosts yield to zephyrs; Summer drives out Spring,  
To vanish, when  
Rich Autumn sheds his fruits; round wheels the ring, –  
Winter again!  
Yet the swift moons repair Heaven’s detriment:  
We, soon as thrust  
Where good Æneas, Tullus, Ancus went,  
What are we? dust.  
Can Hope assure you one more day to live  
From powers above?  
You rescue from your heir whate’er you give  
The self you love.  
When life is o’er, and Minos has rehearsed  
The grand last doom,  
Not birth, nor eloquence, nor worth, shall burst  
Torquatus’ tomb.  
Not Dian’s self can chaste Hippolytus  
To life recall,  
Nor Theseus free his loved Pirithous  
From Lethe’s thrall.





CHARLES STEPHENS MATHEWS, 1867

(“Formerly of Pembroke College, Cambridge”)

The snows have fled, along the river-side  
Smooth flows the lessening tide,  
By due return of grasses to the leas  
And tresses to the trees  
Terra renews, the Grace and sisters two  
To lead the choirs renew,  
For that dear exercise no more afraid  
Half to be disarrayed,  
Round them the Nymphs a mossy space infolding  
And in a ring all holding.  
Mortal wouldst hope a more than passing stay?  
The Hour that speeds the Day,  
The Year, advises not: of zephyr's breath  
The rigors take their death,  
Relented: on the heel of Spring treads Summer,  
To stealthy aftercomer  
Anon to lay his life and honours down,  
Bring-apple Autumn brown,  
Who ends no sooner shedding fruits and shelling,  
Than brume recurs, toil-quelling.  
Heaven changes (to effect this change) but then  
In other sort than men,  
Celestial damage by the wane of moon  
The full compensates soon:  
WE when we quit th' upright, We when we come  
Where Fathers of our Rome,  
Where filial Æneas with the sprites  
Of Tullus, Ancus, flits,  
Dust, and a form of unsubstantial Air,  
For Us is no repair.  
In life's account before the figures stop  
For final casting-up.

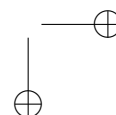
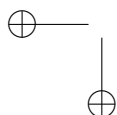




CHRISTOPHER HUGHES, 1867

*(The Odes and Epodes of Horace)*

The snow hath fled, and grass reclothes the plain,  
Woods have their leaves again;  
All earth feels change, now rivers smaller grow,  
No more their banks o'erflow.  
To lead the dances, Nymphs and Graces fair  
In naked beauty dare.  
Here we must hope for no unending stay:  
Behold the pleasant day  
Which time devours, and then the fleeting year,  
Teach the same lesson here.  
The cold is softened by the zephyr's wing;  
Summer comes fast on Spring,  
Soon goes; then apple-bearing Autumn pours  
Abroad her fruity stores;  
And soon again the dreary winter's dearth  
O'erspreads the barren earth.  
Swift waning moons will soon their loss repair,  
But when we downwards fare,  
With good Æneas, Tullus, Ancus thrust,  
But shadows we and dust.  
Perhaps no morrow may the gods decree –  
This our last day may be.  
Our greedy-handed heir the things must lose  
Which we ourselves now use.  
When Minos once hath the stern judgment said,  
And you are with the dead,  
Neither Torquatus' race, nor eloquence,  
Nor zeal, can bring you thence.  
The chaste Hippolytus from darksome grave  
Diana could not save,  
Nor Theseus, dear Pirithous could gain  
From that Lethæan chain.





T. HERBERT NOYES, JR., 1868

*(Lyrics and Bucolics: A Selection from the Odes of Horace)*

Gone are the snows, and the grasses  
Are showing their face on the meadows,  
So are the fronds on the trees.

Earth is renewing her seasons,  
The brooks to their banks are withdrawing  
Waters which covered the leas.

Nymphs with the graces are tripping  
Away thro' the maze of the dances,  
Careless of hiding their charms.

Time, which makes havoc of pleasure,  
And seasons forbid us to cherish  
Hopes of immortal delight.

Frosts are expelled by the zephyrs,  
The spring is expelled by the summer,  
Destined to die in its turn:

When, with its apples, old autumn  
Has gathered the spoils of the harvest,  
Winter is on us again.

Moons may be swift to recover  
The losses they suffer in waning,  
We, when we fall, like the leaves,

Whither did father Æneas,  
And Tullus the monarch, and Ancus,  
Turn into shadow and dust.

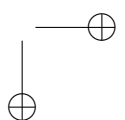
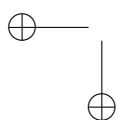
Who can say, whether the purpose  
Of God is to add an hereafter  
For us to the boon of to-day?

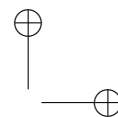
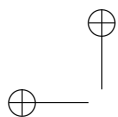
Heirs cannot easily plunder,  
How grasping soever their fingers,  
Gifts thou hast made to thy mind.

Once thou art dead, and old Minos  
Hath had thee arraigned, and pronounced his  
Last solemn judgment on thee,

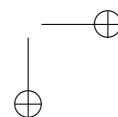
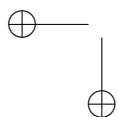
Eloquence, virtue, or birthright,  
Will serve thee but little thereafter  
To win back thy former degree.

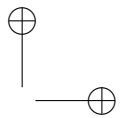
Out of the shadows of Orcus





Not even Diana herself could  
Rescue Hippolyta's son;  
Vain was the prowess of Theseus,  
When he from the fetters of Lethe  
Sought to deliver his friend.

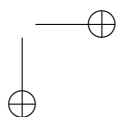
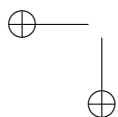


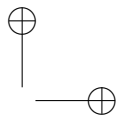


E. H. BRODIE, 1868

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

Fled are the snows; the grass reclothes the plains, –  
The leaves the trees;  
Earth runs through change, ‘mid banks unswoln by rains  
Streams glide at ease.  
With Nymphs and sisters twin the naked Grace  
Leads off the dance,  
Warns ‘gainst immortal hopes the brief year’s chase,  
As days advance.  
Frosts melt to Zephyrs, summer tramples spring,  
Doomed too to die  
When Autumn shed his fruits; ah! time’s swift wing!  
Winter creeps by.  
But the swift moons the heaven’s loss amend:  
We, when we share  
Rich Tullus’, Ancus’, good Æneas’ end,  
Dust, shadows are.  
To all thy yesterdays will gods above  
To-morrow add?  
Then cheat thy grasping heir, and let thy love  
Thyself make glad.  
When once thou’rt dead, and Minos’ lips outroll  
Thy sentence plain,  
To wake Torquatus, birth, wit, truth of soul,  
All, all are vain.  
Chaste Hippolyte not Dian could revoke  
From shades beneath,  
From loved Pirithous Theseus never broke  
His chains of death.

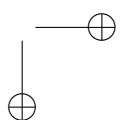
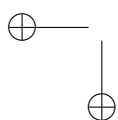




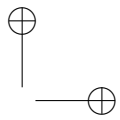
EDWARD YARDLEY, JR., 1869

(1835–1908; Writer)

The snows are fled and verdant is the plain;  
The trees are clothed with leaves again;  
Streams keep their banks; earth changes countenance;  
And Nymphs with naked Graces dance.  
The year, the hour that ends the pleasant day  
Warn us that all must pass away.  
The winter yields to spring, and spring to summer,  
Which yields in turn to the next comer;  
The fruitful autumn sheds its wheaten ears,  
And then dull winter re-appears.  
The seasons perish, only to revive,  
But, when we mortals cease to live,  
We go, as all the great have gone before,  
Are dust, a shade, and nothing more.  
Who knows if those who o'er our fates hold sway  
Will add a morrow to this day?  
Think that whate'er thou on thyself bestow'st  
Shall to thy greedy heir be lost.  
Torquatus, when, once laid within the tomb,  
Thou hear'st from Minos' lips thy doom,  
Nor all thy eloquence, nor noble race,  
Nor piety can life replace.  
Diana could not bring again to earth  
Hippolytus with all his worth;  
And vain were all the efforts Theseus made  
His friend Pirithoüs to aid.



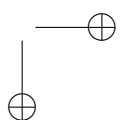
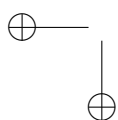




JOHN BENSON ROSE, 1869

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

The snows are melted and the fields are green,  
And trees afford us shade,  
Nature renews, and waters flow between  
Nor river banks abrade.  
Aglaia, and her sisters twain, now lead  
With naked nymphs the dance.  
Hope not, Torquatus, an immortal meed,  
The days, the years advance,  
The winter yields to Zephyr, quickly flees  
Spring from the summer sun,  
And autumn yields her fruit and forest trees,  
And winter is begun.  
The seasons perish yearly and renew,  
But we, when we shall die,  
Go where Æneas, Tullus, Ancus true,  
In dust and ashes lie.  
Who knows, who knows if Fates and gods supreme  
Will grant another day;  
All to thine heir will pass as in a dream,  
All cherished things away.  
So when you fall and Minos has pronounced  
The sentence on your shade,  
When race, with eloquence and life renounced,  
You stand there disarrayed.  
Diana could not save from Lethe's reign,  
Her chaste Hippolytus,  
Nor could great Theseus burst the Stygian chain  
That bound Pirithous.





EDWARD BULWER-LYTTON, LORD LYTTON, 1870

(1803–73; Politician)

Fled the snows – now the grass has returned to the meadows,  
And their locks to the trees;  
Now the land's face is changed, dwindled rivers receding  
Glide in calm by their shores.

Now, unrobed, may the Grace intertwined with her sisters  
Join the dance of the Nymphs.

“Things immortal, hope not!” saith the Year – saith the Moment  
Stealing off this soft day.

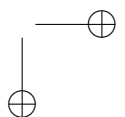
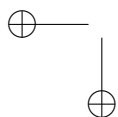
Winter thaws, Spring has breathed; quick on Spring tramples Summer,  
And is gone to his grave;  
Appled Autumn his fruits will have shed forth, and then  
Dearth and winter once more.

But the swift moons restore change and loss in the heavens,  
When we go where have gone  
Sire Æneas, and Tullus, and opulent Ancus,  
We are dust and a shade.

Who knows if the gods will yet add a to-morrow  
To the sum of to-day?  
Count as saved from an heir's greedy hands all thou givest  
To that friend – thine own self.

When once dead, the resplendent tribunal of Minos  
Having once pronounced doom,  
Noble birth, suasive tongue, moral worth, O Torquatus,  
Reinstate thee no more.

Her Hippolytus chaste from the midnight of Hades  
Dian's self could not free;  
Lethe's chains coiled around his own best-loved Pirithous,  
Theseus' self could not rend.





## THOMAS CHARLES BARING, 1870

(1831–91; Banker and Politician)

The snows have fled: green grows again the grass,  
The trees don verdure new:  
Earth changes guise; the rivers as they pass  
Leave higher banks to view.  
The Nymphs and Graces three, with bosoms bare,  
Lead out their dances gay.  
“Hope not for deathless things,” thus warns the year,  
And th’ hour that ends sweet day.  
Spring zephyrs melt the frosts: Spring fades away  
In summer’s short-lived noon:  
Rich Autumn yields her fruits; and, well-a-day!  
Dull Winter comes too soon.  
The Moon’s waned crescent soon again will swell;  
We, when we reach the shore,  
Where good Æneas, Tullus, Ancus dwell,  
Are dust and shade, – no more.  
Who knows if the great gods to him will spare  
To-morrow as to-day?  
What thou hast hoarded from thy grasping heir  
Will quickly pass away.  
When once thou’rt dead, when once from yonder bank  
Dread Minos speaks thy doom;  
Manlius, no worth, no eloquence, no rank,  
Can call thee from the tomb.  
From that deep darkness Dian cannot take  
Hippolytus again,  
Nor aught does Theseus’ strength avail to break  
His loved Pirithous’ chain.

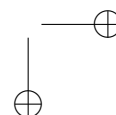
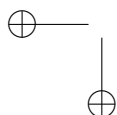


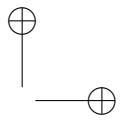


## MORTIMER HARRIS, 1871

*(A Selection from the Odes of Horace, Privately Printed)*

The snow has melted from the ground; and now the leaves again  
Return to beautify the trees, the grass to deck the plain.  
Her seasons earth is changing; and the streams, with lessened tide,  
No longer overflow their banks, but in their channels glide.  
Attended by their trains of Nymphs, the Graces three advance,  
And, bold in native innocence, they naked lead the dance.  
The hours that chase the pleasant day, the quickly passing year,  
Remind us that we may not hope immortal pleasures here.  
Before the balmy Zephyr's breath the frosts dissolve away;  
The Summer urges on the Spring, and must, in turn, decay  
When apple-bearing Autumn pours of fruit its mellow store;  
And presently, with sluggish frost, stern Winter comes once more.  
But quick revolving moons repair the losses of the sky;  
Not so with us – for when the time is come that we must die,  
Must follow where Æneas famed for piety is gone,  
With Tullus, and rich Ancus – we are dust and shade alone.  
Who knows how long the Gods above our summons may delay,  
If they will add tomorrow's span unto the present day?  
The wealth you gave with friendly hand, and kept for him with care,  
Will through the greedy fingers slip of the impatient heir.  
When you, at length, Torquatus, die, and sink into the tomb –  
And Minos shall have spoken out your dread eternal doom;  
To bring you back to life again your piety will fail,  
Nor will nobility of race, or eloquence avail.  
To free Hippolytus the chaste from Pluto's gloomy reign,  
And realms of utter darkness, e'en Diana strives in vain;  
Nor can great Theseus' strength avail the fetters to unclasp  
Which hold his friend Pirithous within their deadly grasp.





ANONYMOUS, 1871

*(The Month)*

The bleak snows disappear  
At the change of the year,  
The new blossoms enliven each tree;  
The swoll'n rivers subside  
While they peacefully glide,  
Nor o'erflow to endanger the green mantled lea.

Now the Graces advance,  
With the Nymphs to the dance,  
Whilst each hour, and the flight of the year,  
Steal the moments, my friend,  
Which in pleasure we spend,  
And forbid to expect immortality here.

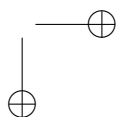
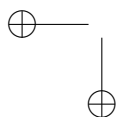
For as Winter gives way  
To the Zephyrs of May,  
And the Spring to the fleet Summer yields,  
So when Autumn's short reign  
Has with fruit decked the plain,  
The dull Winter returning brings rest to the fields.

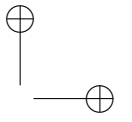
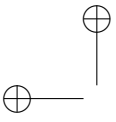
The pale Queen of the skies  
Soon her losses supplies;  
But when we sink to death's endless gloom,  
We become dust and shade,  
With Æneas are laid,  
With Tullus and Ancus are heirs to the tomb.

Here no mortal may say  
He is sure of to-day,  
Or the Gods a to-morrow will spare;  
But the gift you impart  
With a generous heart  
Will be sure of escaping the grasp of your heir.

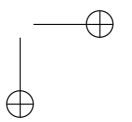
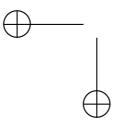
But when once you shall go  
To the regions below,  
And the Judge has passed sentence in state,  
Neither virtue nor birth  
Can restore you to earth,  
Nor your eloquence save you, Torquatus, from fate.

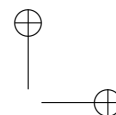
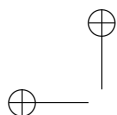
E'en the Queen of the night  
Can't restore to the light  
Chaste Hippolytus, buried in woe;  
And bold Theseus in vain





Strives to sunder the chain  
That Pirithous restrains in the region below.





JAMES LONSDALE AND SAMUEL LEE, 1873

(JL 1816-92; SL 1837-92)

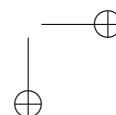
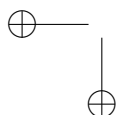
The snows have fled away; now grass to the plains comes back, and foliage to the trees; Earth changes her phase, and streams subsiding glide within their banks; the Grace, with the Nymphs and her twin sisters, ventures unclad to lead along the dance.

Not to hope for immortality the year warns you, and the hour that whirls along the kindly day. The cold grows mild beneath the western gales, Summer treads on the steps of Spring, doomed itself to perish, so soon as fruit-bearing Autumn has poured forth his store, and lifeless Winter next speeds back again.

Yet the swift moons make good their losses in the sky; we, when we have fallen to that place whither fell father Æneas, whither fell wealthy Tullus, and Ancus, are but dust and shadow.

Who knows whether the gods in heaven will add to-morrow's hours to the sum to-day completes? All that you shall chance to have bestowed on your own dear heart will escape the covetous hands of your heir.

When once you have met your doom, and Minos has pronounced upon you his august decree, not your birth, Torquatus, not your eloquence, not your piety will restore you to life: for neither does Diana release from the darkness of hell her chaste Hippolytus, nor has Theseus power to break off the fetters of Lethe from his beloved Pirithous.

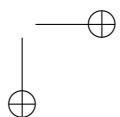
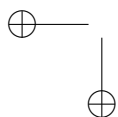




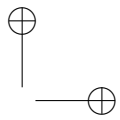
ROBERT M. HOVENDEN, 1874

(“Formerly of Trinity College, Cambridge”)

The snows are gone; our wooded mountain-sides,  
Our grassy fields are green;  
Earth claims her own; the shrunken torrent glides  
Its quiet banks between.  
Graces and Nymphs, unzoned, no longer fear  
To mingle in the dance,  
Yet days and hours that fill the circling year  
Warn us of life's advance.  
Frosts yield to Zephyrs; summer chases spring;  
Brief summer's flowery reign  
Dies out and autumn moons their harvest bring;  
Then winter comes again.  
And so their endless round the seasons keep:  
But we, if once we fall  
Where good Æneas, Tullus, Ancus sleep,  
Are dust and shadows all.  
Who knows how long to each recurring day  
A morrow shall accrue?  
Live freely, then, be happy while you may,  
Your heir will have his due.  
Once dead – alas! Torquatus, if you bear  
The brand of Minos' curse,  
Can race or eloquence or pious prayer  
The fiery doom reverse?  
Not Dian's self the chaste Hippolytus  
From Hades could obtain,  
Nor Theseus' tears release Pirithöus  
From his Lethæan chain.







THOMAS ASHE, 1874

(1836–89; Poet)

Green grasses spring, fled is the winter snow,  
Leaves come where there were none;  
Earth is renew'd, and lessening as they flow  
The pleasant streams run on.

White Nymphs and Graces over mead and flower  
In sportive dances play;  
'Nought stays,' the new year whispers, and the hour  
That steals the genial day.

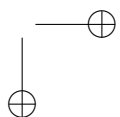
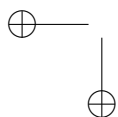
Spring chases winter, summer spring, and then  
The summer leaves grow old;  
Rich autumn sheds its clusters, and again  
Comes winter with its cold.

Swift gliding moons lost seasons can recall:  
We, when we fade, – as they,  
Tullus, Æneas, Ancus, and they all, –  
But shadows are and clay.

Will the gods add tomorrow and be kind,  
Although today be fair?  
All wealth you use, to generous ease inclined,  
Will but elude your heir.

When you are dead, and your abiding place  
Minos allots aright,  
You win no more, by birth or wit or grace,  
The pleasant realms of light.

The sombre powers Hippolytus to yield  
Diana could not bend;  
From chains Lethean Theseus could not shield  
Pirithous his friend.

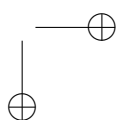
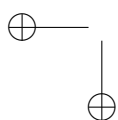


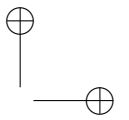


J. M. MERRICK, 1874

(1838-79)

The snows have fled, the trees their foliage clothes.  
The grass the fields;  
The rivers lessening flow along, and frost  
To sunshine yields;  
The Graces with their sister nymphs begin  
To lead the dance;  
All things are fleeting here, says she who bids  
The day advance.  
The Zephyrs banish cold, and Summer comes,  
So soon to die,  
As fruity Autumn lavishes his store  
And hurries by.  
Recurring moons repair celestial loss;  
When *we* once fall,  
Like Tullus and like Ancus rich we are  
Dust, ashes all.  
The Gods may not allow to-morrow's sun  
On us to shine.  
All things thy grasping heir shall lose which thou  
Mak'st truly thine.  
As soon as thou hast died, and Minos stern  
Thy fate decides,  
Not wealth nor piety, my friend, – ah no,  
Nor wit besides, –  
Can rescue thee. Though Dian strive, in hell  
Her love must stay:  
In vain will Theseus try Pirithous' bonds  
To tear away.





WILLIAM STARKEY, 1875

*(Poems and Translations)*

The merry minstrelsy  
Hath waked the smiling Spring. She looks around.  
The snow no longer shrouds the lea;  
Again the green grass garbs the ground;  
The green leaf decks the tree.

Back to their quiet beds  
The swollen streams subside; gone are the rains.  
The elder Grace her sisters leads  
In sprightly dance along the plains;  
Each nymph a measure treads.

Think not to live alway:  
This truth the swiftly-fleeting seasons teach,  
And as they gently glide away  
A soft low whisper comes from each –  
Here, here we may not stay.

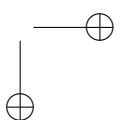
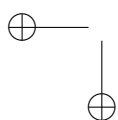
Thus do the wintry chills  
Evanish at the breath of balmy Spring;  
And Spring may not abide; she feels  
Another, swiftly hurrying,  
Is treading at her heels.

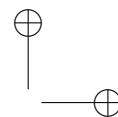
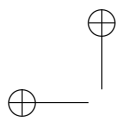
And Summer may not stay:  
She fades when Autumn in her presence stands  
With ripen'd heaps of harvest day,  
And golden apples in his hands;  
Then Winter creeps his way.

But these return again:  
Spring smiles her smile once more. The Summer says  
No lasting farewell. O'er the plain  
Once more reels Autumn. Winter days  
Resume their short-lived reign.

Yet which of us can tell  
But when the morrow brightens in the skies  
Another in our halls may dwell –  
Spending in swift festivities  
What we have hoarded well?

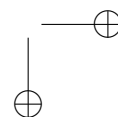
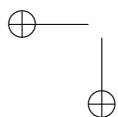
Once in that drear domain,  
When the stern judge has held the scale for thee.  
My friend, thy eloquence is vain:  
Thy pedigree, thy piety  
Wake only his disdain.

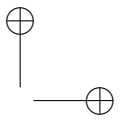




For thus did Dian waste  
Her weary supplications for her loved  
Hippolytus, so pure, so chaste –  
By Death, the Inflexible, removed;  
Vainly; the doom was pass'd.

Theseus may weep and rave –  
And his sad tears may fall like wintry rain  
For him, the beautiful, the brave;  
But he will not come back again  
from the unpitying grave.





ALEXANDER RAE GARVIE, 1875

*(Thistledown)*

The snow hath melted, now to mead and tree  
The tender verdure comes again;  
Earth hath a milder mood, in gush and glee  
Freed rivers swollen by the rain  
Glide by green banks towards the sea.

And now in dance the comely Graces dare  
To beat the ground with naked feet;  
Quick trip the nymphs and Sisters fair,  
To flute's melodious murmurs meet,  
While warm winds woo their loosened hair.

But that all beauty born on earth must die,  
Learn from the swift-revolving year !  
On pinions fleet the Spring hours fly,  
And golden summer days so dear;  
In mouldering leaves the blossoms lie.

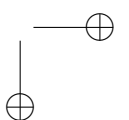
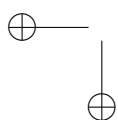
Spring breezes break hard winter's chain,  
And on Spring's corpse treads summer flushed,  
And summer tearful leaves the lanes  
To Autumn when the grapes are crushed –  
Then come the winter's blasts and rains.

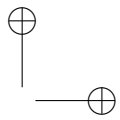
Ever new moons their silver shields renew,  
But mortals dead are dust and shade;  
We fall as fell the olden crew –  
In narrow graves our forms are laid –  
Of all men this, alas! is true.

To our short life another fleeting day  
Who knoweth if the fates will add;  
Therefore O Friend! give while you may –  
Gifts make the giver and the getter glad  
An heir will o'er your wealth have sway.

Torquatus! dead, thy ghost will hear its doom  
From Minos' lips, the awful king;  
Nor canst thou then rise from the tomb,  
Though of thy worth the poets sing.  
Diana out of Hades' gloom

Could not invoke her Hippolyte;  
Nor Theseus, mighty though he was,  
Bear back Perithous to the upper light.  
Resistless are grim Pluto's laws –  
What soul with destiny may fight?

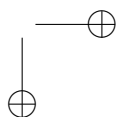
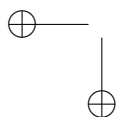




## ARTHUR WAY, 1876

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

Scattered in flight are the snows, grass now to the meadows  
returneth,  
    And unto the trees their tresses;  
Earth is renewing her changes, and past their banks the rivers  
    Lessening ever, are flowing;  
The Grace along with the Nymphs and the twins her sisters  
    dareth  
    Naked to lead the dances.  
Not to hope for immortal life the year and the hour, that  
    snatches  
    The sweet day off, doth wam you.  
In the Zephyrs the cold grows mild; on Spring's steps Summer  
    is treading,  
    Herself to perish, as soon as  
Fruit-laden Autumn hath poured his abundance forth, and  
    quickly  
    Back flies torpid Winter.  
Yet do the moons repair with speed their losses in heaven,  
    But for us, when we have descended  
To the place of Father Aeneas, of Tullus the wealthy, and  
    Ancus,  
    We are but dust and shadow.  
Who knows if the Gods on high will add any hours of to-  
    morrow  
    To the sum in to-day completed?  
All *that* will 'scape the greedy hands of your heir, whatsoever  
    To your own dear heart you have given.  
When thou shalt have perished once for all, and Minos upon  
    thee  
    Hath passed his imperial sentence,  
Not thy birth, and not thy eloquence, O Torquatus,  
    Nor virtue, shall restore thee.  
For not from the shades of the underworld doth Dian deliver  
    Hippolytus the chaste one,  
Nor yet from his well-beloved Pirithous Theseus is able  
    To break the fetters of Lethe.





W. E. H. FORSYTH, 1876

(1845–81; Lawyer in Bengal)

The snow is gone, and grass again is seen,  
And leaves the trees adorn;  
The season's changed, the shrunken streams between  
Their banks are smoothly borne.

Now Grace and Nymph, unrobed, the dance prepare;  
The year that flies so fast,  
And passing hour all warn us not to dare  
To think that ought will last.

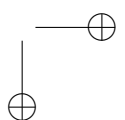
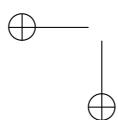
Soft Zephyrs temper cold; Spring yields to Summer,  
Which in its turn will go,  
When Autumn bears its fruit; and then the comer  
Will be old Winter slow.

What though the waning moon's renewed again,  
When once our way is made,  
Where Tullus, Ancus, and Æneas reign,  
We're nought but dust and shade.

Who knows if to the total of your days  
The gods will add to-morrow?  
Your gifts to friends and all your wasteful ways  
Will bring your heir to sorrow.

When once you're dead, and Minos has assigned  
Your last most awful doom,  
Nor birth, nor worth, nor eloquence you'll find  
Can raise you from the tomb.

Not e'en Diana could from hell regain  
Hippolytus once more.  
And Theseus laboured hard, but all in vain,  
Pirithous to restore.





FRANCIS HENRY HUMMEL, 1876

(“Late Scholar of Worcester College”)

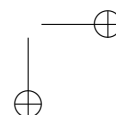
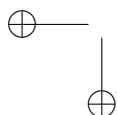
Gone are the frost and the snow, the meadows are covered with grass,  
Woods wave their tresses of green;  
Sweetly the landscape smiles once more, and the rivulets pass  
Calmly their banks between.

Now may the fairy troops on the greensward, lightly clad,  
Joyfully dance and play;  
Yet shall the dead year’s memory echo at sunset sad,  
Moaning of death and decay.

Spring’s breath slayeth the winter, as summer shall slay the spring,  
Summer, too soon to die;  
Autumn shall come with its fruits, and perish, and perishing bring  
Winter’s inclement sky.

Yet to reviving skies these seasons, in turn as they fade,  
Rolling moons shall restore;  
We, when we sink to the rest where the rich and the mighty are laid,  
We shall return no more.

Once it shall call thee to judgment, that stern unchangeable hour  
Long foredoomed for thine end,  
Nothing shall win thy return, not riches, nor virtue, nor power,  
No, nor the prayer of thy friend.



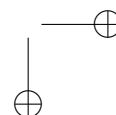
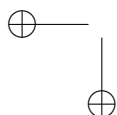


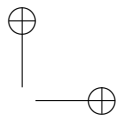
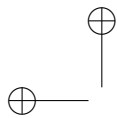


WILLIAM THOMAS THORNTON, 1878

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

The snows have fled, and to the meads the grass  
Returns, their leafy tresses to the trees:  
Earth changes phase: decreasing rivers pass  
Again within their wonted boundaries.  
The elder Grace, with nymphs and sisters twain,  
Naked, fears not the choral dance to lead.  
To hope for things immortal, the year's wane,  
And hours that hurry on bright day, forbid.  
Spring's Zephyrs temper cold: closely on Spring  
Treads Summer, she herself about to die  
Soon as his fruits comes Autumn lavishing:  
And sluggish Winter now again draws nigh.  
Quickly revolving moons, indeed, repair  
Each skiey lapse: but we, soon as we sink  
To where Aeneas pious, Tullus, are  
And Ancus rich, to dust and shadow shrink.  
Who knows if the supernal gods will add  
To this day's span of time to-morrow's share?  
All gifts of yours that your own self has had  
Are so much saved from gripe of greedy heir.  
When once you die, and Minos formally  
Shall judgement have pronounced concerning you,  
Not lineage, eloquence nor piety,  
Torquatus, will your former self renew.  
For neither Dian, from Hell's gloom, attains  
To rescue continent Hippolytus,  
Nor prevails Theseus the Lethean chains  
To break of his beloved Pirithous.

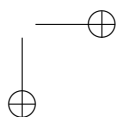
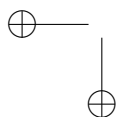




## SIR PHILIP PERRING, 1880

(1828–1920)

The snows have fled away; now grass comes to the plain,  
And to the trees their leaves again;  
Earth alternates her changes, and subsiding low  
Along their banks the rivers flow;  
The Grace, joined with the Nymphs, and her twin sisters dare  
To lead the choral dances bare:  
“Hope not for things immortal” – seems the year to say,  
And the hour which speeds the genial day;  
Cold softens with the Zephyrs, Summer treads on Spring,  
To pass away, when Autumn bring  
His apples and the fruits he pours profusely; then  
Dull Winter soon runs round again;  
Yet losses in the Heavens quickly the moons repair,  
We, when we sink to that place, where  
The good Æneas, Ancus, and rich Tullus be,  
No more than dust and shade are we!  
Who knows if Heaven will to the sum of this day give  
To-morrow’s hours to thee to live?  
All will escape the greedy fingers of a grasping heir  
Thou hast given to thine own soul dear:  
When once thou’rt dead, and Minos hath pronounced on thee  
Judgment in all its majesty,  
Not thy descent, nor eloquence, Torquatus, nor  
Thy piety shall thee restore:  
For even Dian frees not chaste Hippolytus  
From gloom of nether Tartarus,  
Nor yet is Theseus able Lethe’s chains to tear  
From off Pirithous, though dear.

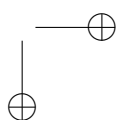
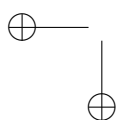




W. P. T., 1881

(*Selections from Horace*)

Fled are the snows, and already return to the meadows the grasses,  
Also the tresses to trees;  
Earth doth its changes renew, and the fast waning rivers now flow on  
Within their limiting banks;  
With her twin sisters and nymphs the Grace now leads in the dances,  
E'en in her nakedness bold;  
Lest we should hope the immortal the year now warns, and the hour  
Mastening the nourishing day;  
Cold is made mild by the Zephyrs, and summer displaces the springtime  
Destined to perish when once  
Autumn, both fertile and fruitful, has poured forth his crops, in the  
meantime  
Winter inert cometh back.  
Moons that are swift now repair in the heavens above all their losses,  
We, wheresoever we fall,  
Whether where pious Æneas, or Tullus, or Ancus have fallen,  
Are but as dust and a shade,  
Who knows whether the Gods – the exalted will add a to-morrow  
Unto the sum of to-day?  
All things which to thy soul – just as if to a friend thou hast given,  
Will from thy heir's hands escape,  
When once thou art fallen, and on thee, Minos, his judgment.  
Worthy of reverence has made,  
Not *thy* race, O Torquatus, or eloquence will thou restore thee,  
Neither thy piety great:  
Nor could Diana release Hypolitus chaste from the darkness  
Blackly infernal of hell;  
Nor is Theseus strong to remove the fast fetters of Lethe  
From dear Pirithous.

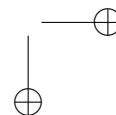
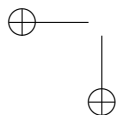


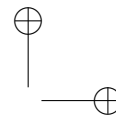
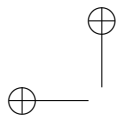


F. E. T., 1882

*(Prizes and Proximes for Translation, Contributors to the Journal of Education)*

The snows are fled: the grass restores the leas,  
Their tresses deck the trees;  
Earth shifts the scene, and rivers as they sink  
Flow past their brink;  
The Grace with Fays and sisters twain is bold  
Unrobed the dance to hold.  
“Remember death,” the year and moments say  
That speed the gracious day.  
Frosts yield to vernal gales, summer routs spring,  
Summer soon perishing,  
For, lo, when fruitful autumn yields his store,  
Dull winter comes once more.  
And yet the moons retrieve their loss on high,  
But when we come to lie  
Where the royal fathers of our race are laid,  
We are but dust and shade.  
Will heaven’s fair morrow lengthen, who shall say  
The total of to-day?  
Give, then, to thy good soul, the less so much  
Thy hungry heir shall clutch.  
Once thou art fall’n, and Minos at the last  
Hath solemn sentence passed,  
Naught shall avail, birth, goodness, eloquence,  
To win Torquatus thence.  
Nor Dian may from hellish gloom set free  
The knight of chastity;  
Nor Theseus the Lethean bonds dissever  
That hold Pirithous ever.

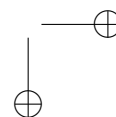
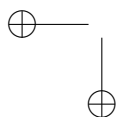




HENRY HUBBARD PIERCE, 1884

(1834-83; "Erudite Mathematician and Latin Scholar")

The snows are fled; and verdure green  
Now covers hill and fallow.  
The groves rejoice in emerald sheen;  
Fast blooms the downy mallow.  
New charms adorn our smiling land;  
Soft flows the ebbing river;  
The Nymphs and Graces hand in hand  
Now press the lea together.  
Each day of every hastening year,  
Each hour of kindly greeting,  
Reminds us all by omens clear  
That earthly scenes are fleeting!  
The cold will yield when zephyrs blow;  
Spring woos the Summer weather;  
When Autumn comes, the drifting snow  
Soon veils the flowery heather.  
Though yonder waning moon will shed  
Once more its radiant glory,  
Yet we shall join the phantom dead  
Far-famed in ancient story.  
Ah! who may tell if Jove will send  
Our lives a glad to-morrow?  
The gold that buys thee pleasures, friend,  
No greedy heir shall borrow.  
When death, Torquatus, dims thine eye,  
And Minos draws thy number,  
Nor love, nor vows, nor priestly sigh  
May break that ghostly slumber.  
For Dian's will may never save  
The dead from gloom infernal;  
Or Theseus free the guilty slave  
From Lethe's bonds eternal!

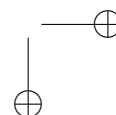
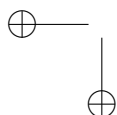


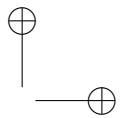
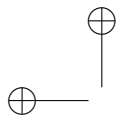


## A. SUTHERLAND, 1884

(*The Melbourne Review*)

The snows are melting, and the plain  
Resumes its verdant hue again –  
Again the trees in leaf appear,  
And nature hails the changing year.  
The shrinking streams no longer fill  
Their sandy beds; while on the hill  
To the deep thickets nymphs repair,  
And lead their naked dances there.  
Ah, brief delights – how soon they're past!  
The year that fleets, the hour that fast  
Steals from our lives this kindly day,  
Warm us that all must pass away.  
The frosts now yield to Spring's sweet breath,  
But she in Summer sinks to death;  
Then Autumn spreads his teeming stores,  
And soon the burly Winter roars.  
Yet quick-revolving moons repair  
For earth the changes that they bear.  
But *we* – alas, when once we fall  
Within the gulf that swallows all,  
The body dust, the soul a shade,  
Shall rest for ever where we're laid.  
Who knows if fate will even add  
To-morrow's hours to those we've had?  
Then use your substance, do not spare  
From lawful joys to please your heir.  
For when you reach the hollow gloom,  
And Minos speaks his final doom,  
Nor goodness, eloquence, nor birth  
Restore you to this kindly earth.  
Why, even Diana failed when she  
Would set her Hippolytus free,  
And Theseus when he strove to rend  
The chains from off his dearest friend.





HERBERT GRANT, 1885

*(Odes of Horace)*

Thawed are the snows, the fields are green once more,  
And trees, their leaves that shed;  
Earth changes, streams their banks that had run o'er  
Sink to their natural bed;

Now the trine Graces dance in leafy bower  
With nymphs in disarray;  
Time warns thee thou art mortal, and the hour  
That mocks the cheerful day;

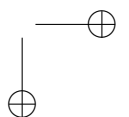
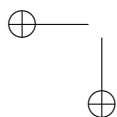
The cold air softens, summer treads on spring,  
Too soon alas! to die;  
When apple-bearing autumn fruits shall bring,  
Dull winter draweth nigh;

Swift moons their heavenly losses soon repair,  
But we, in death when laid  
Where good Æneas, Tullus, Ancus are,  
Mere dust are we, and shade.

Who knows if Jove to this declining light  
Another yet will add;  
All shall escape thine heir's long-envying sight  
That once has made thee glad.

When thou art dead, and Minos shall have made  
His final just decree;  
Nor birth nor wit nor piety displayed  
Can ever ransom thee:

Since chaste Hippolytus restored to breath  
By Cynthia ne'er shall be;  
His loved Pirithous from the chains of death  
Great Theseus cannot free.





CHARLES WILLIAM DUNCAN, 1886

*(The Odes and Saecular Hymn of Quintus Horatius Flaccus)*

The snows are fled. Green smiles the rich champaign,  
Now bursts the leaf;  
By lofty banks the loosened rivers dash,  
All changed the earth!

The light-clad Nymphs and graceful Sisters three  
Now lead the dance.  
Hope not to live! The dying day and year  
Thine end advance.

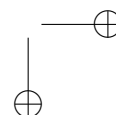
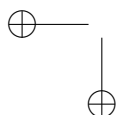
The gentle winds to biting frosts succeed,  
Summer to Spring;  
Fruit-bearing Autumn fades; and see again  
The Winters bring.

So Nature lives again in endless round;  
Alas! not we!  
Where sire Aeneas and rich Ancus lie  
We'll shadows be!

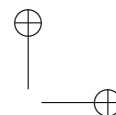
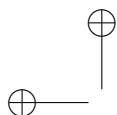
If death to-morrow or long life shall be,  
Not thine to know:  
The greedy clutches of thine heir shall grasp  
All left below!

Once dead, Torquatus, and thine awful doom  
By Minos given;  
High birth, nor eloquence, nor piety,  
Bring back from heaven!

To free Hippolytus from shades below  
Must Dian fail:  
Nor snatch Pirithöus from Lethé's bond  
Theseus prevail!







J. C. ELGOOD, 1886

(Associate of King's College, London)

The snow is gone. The herbage is returning to the fields and the foliage to the trees. The earth is changing its appearance, the decreasing waters glide within their banks, the Nymphs and the Graces are preparing the dance.

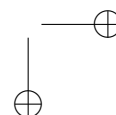
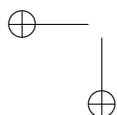
The Year together with the Hour which hurries onwards the pleasant day warn us not to expect an immortal existence. Summer destroys Spring, perishing itself as soon as Autumn pours forth her fruits, and then stagnant Winter rushes in again.

The swiftly-revolving Months however restore the Seasons but we, when we have descended where the good Æneas, the wealthy Tullus, and Ancus, have gone, are but dust and shadow.

Who can tell whether the Gods above will add to-morrow's existence to that of yesterday? Yet all, however, thou mayest indulge thyself in will escape the greedy grasp of thy heir.

When once thou hast fallen, and Minos shall have passed his impartial judgment upon thee, neither thy pedigree, O Torquatus, thine eloquence, nor thy goodness, will restore thee back to earth.

Diana cannot liberate the chaste Hippolytus from the infernal Hades, nor can Theseus deliver his beloved Pirithous from the fetters of Lethe.





T. RUTHERFURD CLARK, 1887

*(The Odes of Horace)*

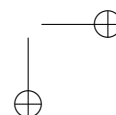
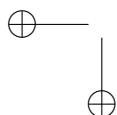
White winter is routed, and woodland and wold  
    Re-array them in plumage of pride;  
Earth changes her fashions; the torrents controlled  
    To their channels grow less as they glide;  
The Graces, the robeless twin sisters, make bold  
    The dance of the Dryads to guide.

Says the year, says the bountiful day ere it die,  
    Nought abides, and to dream it were vain.  
Spring breathes on the snows, and, when Summer is nigh,  
    It wanes, as the Summer shall wane  
Ere the apples of Autumn are red; by-and-bye  
    It is desolate Winter again.

The moons in their order are swift to restore  
    What is lost in the heavens; but we,  
When we pass whither pious Aeneas of yore,  
    And Ancus and Tullus, ah me!  
Despite of their treasures, have travelled before,  
    But ashes and shadows shall be.

Who hath surety from Heaven of a morrow to shine  
    When the sands of to-day shall be run?  
It is only the joys thou hast tasted are thine:  
    From the grasp of thine heir they are won.  
When Minos shall sit in his state to assign  
    The doom of the deeds thou hast done,

Not eloquence, birth, or religion shall wake  
    The days that have drawn to an end;  
Not Dian for sinless Hippolytus' sake  
    The vault of the shadows could rend;  
And Theseus the potent was powerless to break  
    The fetters that shackled his friend.





SIR STEPHEN DE VERE, 1888

(1812–1904; Poet and Country Gentleman)

The quickening year dissolves the snow,  
And grasses spring, and blossoms blow:  
Through greener plains the stream once more  
Glides lessening by the silent shore:  
Again th' awakening forests wear  
Their pendent wealth of wreathed hair;  
While nymphs and graces, disarrayed,  
Dance fearless in the mottled shade.  
The circling year, the fleeting day,  
Are types of Nature's law, and say  
That to frail earth the fates deny  
The gift of immortality.  
All, all is change. 'Neath Spring's warm sighs  
Hoar-headed Winter wakes, and dies:  
Summer succeeds to vernal showers:  
Autumn comes next with fruits and flowers.  
Then winter lays his icy hand  
Once more upon the sleeping land.  
Through Heaven's blue depths swift sailing moons  
Repair the loss of vanished suns: –  
But when we reach the fated shore  
Which kings and heroes trod before,  
What are we? clay to dust returned,  
A shade, forgotten and unmourned.  
We live to-day: to-morrow's light  
May not be ours: then live aright;  
With generous heart thy riches share,  
And disappoint the grasping heir.  
When Minos throned in Stygian gloom,  
Relentless judge, shall speak thy doom,  
Torquatus, thee nor proud descent,  
Nor wit, nor wisdom eloquent,  
Nor piety itself, shall save  
From the dark silence of the grave.  
In vain the huntress queen implored  
Hades' inexorable lord  
To free her chaste Hippolytus:  
The might of Theseus strove in vain  
To sunder the Lethaeian chain  
Which bound his loved Pirithous.





ARTHUR M. DAVIES, 1888

(*Odes: Books I, II, IV*)

The snow has thawed, the meads are green,  
And green upon the trees  
Hangs the bright foliage, and the streams  
That roared like wintry seas

Rain-swoll'n, now glide peacefully  
Their flowery banks beside:  
Earth its mutations undergoes,  
Like the flowing ebbing tide.

With Nymphs and Sisters twain the Grace  
Leads forth with naked charms  
Her merry quire, while the fleet year  
With monitory alarms

Forbids us vain immortal hopes  
To cherish in our breast,  
And the rapid hours the genial day  
Hurry to lay at rest:

Beneath the Zephyr's gale the cold  
Less bitter grows; the Spring  
Wanes before Summer, soon to die,  
When on its golden wing

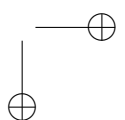
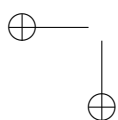
Rich Autumn wafts its fruitage blest,  
And next the icy sphere  
Rolls round of stagnant winter's reign:  
But the swift moons repair

The dying year's dissolving train:  
But when once our breath has fled,  
When with the brave and good we lie  
All numbered with the dead:

When to the realms of death we pass,  
Land of the great departed,  
Where wealthy Tullus, Ancus rest,  
And Æneas holy-hearted,

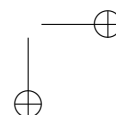
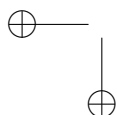
But dust and empty shades are we.  
Who knows if Gods supreme  
To the sum total of to-day  
Will add to-morrow's beam?

Your heir's hot greedy grasping hands  
Will never bear away  
What now you give your own dear soul.





In life's brief transient day,  
When death has come, and Minos dread  
His solemn fiat said,  
Torquatus, not your noble race  
Will save you from the dead,  
Not eloquence nor pious deeds  
Will bring you back to life,  
Alas! from dark Tartarean halls,  
With gloom eternal rife,  
Hippolytus not Dian's might  
Could raise to vital breath,  
Nor Theseus from Pirithous loved  
Could break the chains of death.





E. H. STANLEY, 1889

*(A Metrical Version of the Odes of Horace)*

The snows are fled – the green returns once more,  
The Trees their leafy branches wave amain,  
Streams late fierce swollen, gently lave the shore,  
And Earth resumes its gladness once again.

Now lightly dancing o'er the yielding green,  
Th' unrobed Grace and Sister Nymph we see;  
So from the flying hours this truth we glean,  
How brief the joys which fall to us and Thee:

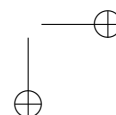
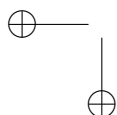
Spring's Zephyrs sweep the Winter's chill away,  
Treading on Summer, Summer quickly flies,  
Whilst fruitful Autumn hast'ning to decay,  
Bids Winter rule once more the gloomy skies:

And yet the changing Moons each loss repair;  
But Man – when each his little part has played,  
And gone where Tullus – Ancus – Eneas – are –  
What then is Man – Dust – Vapour – or a shade!

Who of to-morrow's sun can e'er be sure?  
Who knows what length of days he yet may see?  
Then what from grasping Heirs, thou canst secure,  
Count it all gain, both for thy friend and Thee –

Once passed from Earth – before that dreaded Throne  
Of Minos, and his never-changing doom –  
Not Eloquence nor gifts – great as thine own,  
Can rescue Thee, Torquatus, from the Tomb –

Not Dian's self from Hades could restore  
Hippolytus the chaste – her prayers all vain –  
She could not win him from that gloomy shore –  
Nor Theseus rend Pirithous' bonds in twain.





J. LEIGH S. HATTON, 1890

(“Late of Worcester College, Oxford”)

Fled the snows; the grass is springing  
    In the meadows, and the trees  
Wave their locks, the scene is changing,  
    Lesser rivers seek the seas;

Grace disrobed, with both her sisters,  
    Leads the Nymphs to dance and play,  
Yet ‘to be immortal hope not,’  
    Fleeting years and moments say.

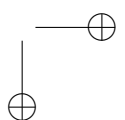
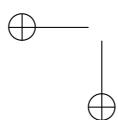
Winter frost the Zephyrs mellow;  
    Summer follows Spring and dies;  
Autumn comes with apples laden;  
    Back the weary Winter flies;

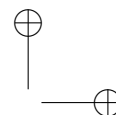
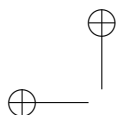
And though moons wax after waning,  
    We are only dust and shade,  
When in death with good Æneas,  
    Tullus and rich Ancus laid.

Who can say the Gods will grant us  
    To this eve to-morrow’s morn?  
Think then all thou giv’st thyself, friend,  
    From a greedy heir is torn.

When once fallen and condemned  
    By stern Minos’ grand decree  
Not thy race, thy worth, thy genius,  
    Shall, Torquatus! rescue thee;

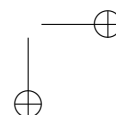
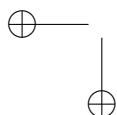
Chaste Hippolytus Diana  
    From Hell’s shadows could not take,  
Lethe’s chains from dear Pirithoüs  
    Theseus had not power to break.



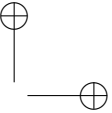
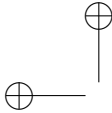


T. A. STEWART, 1890

The snow has taken flight; the grass now returns to the plains and the foliage to the trees. Barth passes through her regular changes, and the rivers with diminishing waters glide past their banks. The three Graces, with the Nymphs, venture forth nude to lead the dance. The revolving year and the hour that hurries off the happy day warn you not to dream of a life that will last. The frosts of winter are softened by the breezes of the West; summer hastens on the heels of spring, to disappear herself when apple-bearing autumn has shed its fruits, and anon idle winter returns. Although the swift speeding moons repair their losses in the sky, we, when we have fallen where father Æneas, rich Tullus, and Æacus dwell, are but ashes and shadow. Who knows whether the gods above may be pleased to add to-morrow's time to the sum of our to-days? 'All you spend on your own sweet soul will escape the greedy hands of your heir. When once you are dead and Minos has uttered his grand decision, neither, O Torquatus, will your lineage nor your eloquence nor your high sense of duty bring you back, for Diana does not deliver the chaste Hippolytus from the nether gloom, nor has Theseus power to burst the Lethæan bonds of his friend Pirithous.



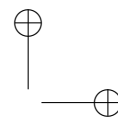
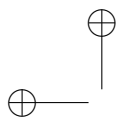




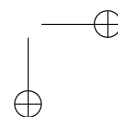
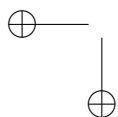
DONALD G. MITCHELL, 1891 (PARAPHRASED)

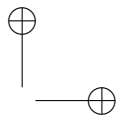
(1822–1908; American Essayist and Novelist)

The snows are gone, the grass is seen,  
The woods wear waving robes of green.  
'Tis Spring again; she wakes – she wakes!  
The icy fetters all, she breaks;  
And every brooklet, wanton, free,  
Goes singing sweetly down the lea.  
The Graces three, with zones unbound,  
Trip lightly o'er the teeming ground;  
Yet grace and greenness flee apace,  
And change on change besets our race.  
Frosts melt away what time the Spring  
Puts balmy breezes on the wing;  
Hot Summer next, foredoomed to die,  
Drives away Spring; while hovering nigh  
Autumn brings fruits and golden grain,  
Forerunners both of Winter's reign.  
But as the seasons swiftly wane,  
New seasons swiftly come again;  
Whilst we, poor souls, our courses run,  
Will never see another sun:  
Alike the wicked and the just –  
Die where we may, and when we must,  
Are only shadows – only dust!  
And who can know the days in store,  
Or when, for us, they'll come no more?  
Yet this we know – that what we spend,  
And what of ours to good works lend  
More wisely is bestowed than theirs  
Who hoard, for greediness of heirs.  
And thou, O friend! when death shall call,  
And the dread Judge, who judgeth all,  
Declare thy fate – never again  
Can'st thou return to haunts of men;  
Nor family, nor pious lore,  
Nor winged words can help thee more.  
'Tis so with all: nor queen, nor king,  
Can stay or change what Death may bring.  
The fabled goddesses of old,  
As heathen stories quaintly told,  
Could never to that nether land  
Stretch forth to friend a guiding hand;  
And we no more: for Dead is Dead.  
Our hopes, our cries, the tears we shed



Can never call – alack, alack!  
From out the grave, our dear ones back!





HENRY MONTAGU BUTLER, 1892

(1833–1918; Headmaster of Harrow School)

The snows are gone, the fields renew their grass,  
The woods their tresses green;  
Adown their shores the slack'ning rivers pass,  
Earth shifts her every scene.

Lo! with their Nymphs in white-limb'd dance appear  
The Sister Graces three: –  
Mortal, the dying day, the drifting year  
May read a truth to thee.

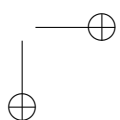
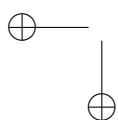
Frost yields to Zephyr, Summer treads on Spring,  
Foredoom'd to fade away  
Soon as lush Autumn shed his fruits and bring  
Slow Winter's shortest day.

Yet the swift moons their skyey waste repair;  
Not so with man – we fall,  
And, as Aeneas, Tullus, Ancus were,  
Are dust and ashes all.

Live for the day; to-morrow's ling'ring feet  
Rest with the lords of heav'n;  
Let all that hopes thy greedy heir to cheat  
To thy dear soul be given.

For know, my friend, if once thou vanish hence,  
And Minos seal thy doom,  
Nor birth, nor piety, nor eloquence  
Can wake thee from the tomb.

From nether shades bright Dian calls in vain  
Her chaste Hippolytus;  
Nor Theseus' love may rend the slumb'rous chain  
That binds Pirithous.

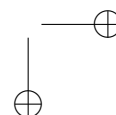
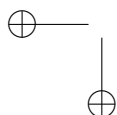




JOHN B. HAGUE, 1892

*(The Odes and Epodes of Horace)*

Now has fled the winter snow,  
Tree and plain with beauty glow,  
Earth how changed, the less'ning stream  
Shall thro' wonted channels gleam,  
And the Nymphs and Graces dare  
Song and dance in eve's sweet air.  
Dream not aught is lasting here,  
Saith the hour, the day, the year;  
Now the spring's soft Zephyrs blow,  
Now the summer's fiery glow,  
Soon rich autumn spreads his store,  
Soon dread winter chills once more.  
But while months again will come,  
Man leaves not his Stygian home,  
Where our hero-fathers reign,  
Dust and shadow we remain.  
And who knows that heavenly  
Powers Will bestow to-morrow's hours –  
Live to-day, what you shall spare  
Falls but to your eager heir.  
When at Minos' seat you stand,  
Doom-dispensing, solemn, grand,  
Virtue, birth, and eloquence  
Will not bring Torquatus thence;  
Not Diana could restore  
Whom she loved from that dark shore,  
Nor great Theseus break the chains  
Binding to those Lethean plains.





BENJAMIN WEST BALL, 1892

(1823-96)

Not to expect a lot immortal here  
Warn thee the changing year  
And fleeting hour, which swiftly bear away  
The bright and genial day.

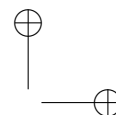
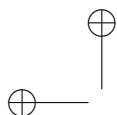
The frosts dissolve beneath  
The west wind's vernal breath;  
On spring the impatient summer treads,  
Herself to fade when fall its fruitage sheds;  
Anon dull winter numbs the hand of toil,  
And locks in iron sleep the stricken soil;  
But nature's hurts swift moons will quick repair,  
With bloom and brightness gladden earth and air;  
But we, when we have made the dark descent  
    To realms below,  
    Where, long ago,

Æneas, Ancus and rich Tullus went,  
Are dust in the funereal urn,  
Shadows which never more to light return.

Who hath such knowledge he can surely say  
The gods will add another morrow to to-day?  
Be bounteous to thyself, nor spare  
To fill the greedy hands of eager heir!

When thou, Torquatus, art no more,  
And Minos to thy shade  
His clear, impartial sentence shall have made,  
Nor birth, nor eloquence can thee restore,  
Nor loyalty unto the gods above.

From gloom of Hades even Dian's love  
Her chaste Hippolytus could not recall;  
Nor could the might of Theseus disenthral,  
From his Lethæan bondage drear  
    Pirithous dear.

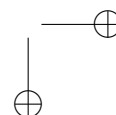
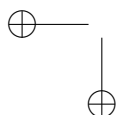


A. H. ALLCROFT AND F. G. PLAISTOWE, 1892

(AHA 1865–1929; FGP 1867–1943)

Away have fled the snows, and back at last is coming grass to the fields and foliage to the trees. Earth changes her seasons, and dwindling low between their banks the rivers are flowing; and the Grace with the Nymphs and her twin sisters makes bold unclad to lead the dance. The year, and the hour that hurries the kindly day away, warns thee not to hope for things undying. The frosts grow gentle beneath the western winds; Summer treads down Spring, doomed herself to perish as soon as fruited Autumn has teemed forth his produce; and anon comes torpid Winter back. Yet the moons are quick to make good their losses in the sky; while we, when once we have fallen to that place whither have fallen good Aeneas and wealthy Tullus, and Ancus, are but dust and shadow.

Who knoweth whether the gods above are to add to-morrow's time to the sun of to-day? All that thou gavest to thine own dear soul will escape the grasping hands of thine heir; but when once thou art fallen, and Minos hath passed upon thee his majestic sentence, not birth nor eloquence nor goodness shall restore thee, Torquatus. For neither does Diana set free from the nether darkness chaste Hippolytus, nor can Theseus wrench from his loved Pirithous the bonds of Lethe.





## JOHN OSBORNE SARGENT, 1893

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

The snows have fled; new foliage clothes the woods;  
Again the grasses make the meadows green;  
The seasons change; and with subsiding floods  
The tranquil rivers flow their banks between:

In merry dances dares, unclad, the Grace,  
With her twin sisters and the Nymphs, to play.  
With no immortal hope beguiles our race  
The year, the hour, that steals the genial day.

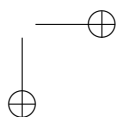
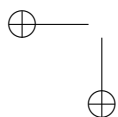
The Zephyrs melt the cold; the Summer treads  
Herself too soon to perish – on the Spring;  
His fruits the apple-bearing Autumn sheds;  
And inert Winter shortly rounds the ring.

The seasons' losses the swift moons repair;  
But when we die and go where go we must, –  
Æneas, Ancus, powerful Tullus, there,  
Shall welcome us: – alas, but shades and dust!

Who knows if Heaven that tenders us To-day  
Will to our sum of life To-morrow spare?  
All that with liberal mind you give away  
Escapes the greedy clutches of your heir.

When once you join the legions gone before,  
And Minos utters his supreme decree,  
Nothing, Torquatus, can your life restore, –  
Nor birth, nor eloquence, nor piety.

In durance, chaste Hippolytus remains, –  
Diana could not free him from the shades;  
To burst asunder dear Pirithous' chains,  
Theseus in vain Lethean realms invades.





T. A. WALKER, 1893

(*The Odes of Horace*)

The snow has fled, and herbage  
Adorns the fields anew,  
And all the trees are donning  
A garb of vernal hue.

Earth changes its appearance,  
And, lately swelling high,  
Within their banks the rivers  
Pass gurgling gently by.

Sweet Grace with her two sisters  
And Nymphs, if so they chance  
To meet each other, venture  
Unclothed to lead the dance.

Bright days, and years revolving  
The flight of time so fast,  
Forewarn thee not to fancy  
That things will always last.

Cold is by zephyrs tempered,  
And close Spring's steps upon  
Treads summertime, till Autumn,  
Itself to die anon,

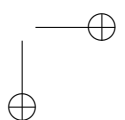
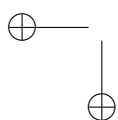
Succeeds with fruitage laden,  
And crops that then abound,  
When soon the sluggish Winter  
In turn again comes round.

The moons repair their wanings,  
But we, when hence conveyed  
Where rest the great and godly,  
Shall be but dust and shade:

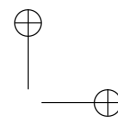
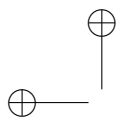
But whether heaven is adding  
To-morrow to to-day,  
Increasing our life's total,  
Not one of us can say.

What on dear self thou spendest,  
Sole object of thy care,  
Will balk the grasping clutches  
Of thine expectant heir.

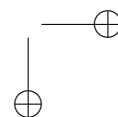
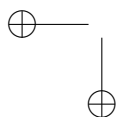
Once dead, and stately judgments  
On thee by Minos passed,  
To stir thy soul to rapture,







Or bid it stand aghast –  
Once dead, Torquatus! lineage  
    Will not thy soul restore,  
Nor goodness e'en, nor rhetoric,  
    From death to life once more:  
For from infernal darkness  
    Cannot Diana free  
Hippolytus the continent  
    For all his chastity:  
Nor for his love could Theseus  
    The bonds of Lethe rend,  
Nor burst the chains that fetter  
    Pirithous his friend.





W. F. HARVEY, 1893

Gone is the snow: once more we see abiding  
Soft verdure on the plain,  
Leaves on the trees, the winter's floods subsiding  
Within their banks again.

The Nymphs and sister Graces garments scorning  
Lead forth the dancing throngs;  
To you, the hours that steal our days give warning  
No after-life belongs.

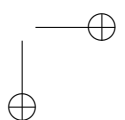
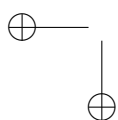
Warmth waits on cold, on springtide summer quickly  
To perish; in her train  
Comes autumn; when her stores of fruit grow sickly  
Dull winter holds its reign.

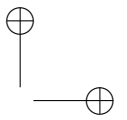
Moon follows moon in rapid revolution,  
But we some day must fade,  
Like the old heroes, in our dissolution  
To dust and ghostly shade.

What knowledge have we that the gods supernal  
Will grant another day,  
Or all you leave him in your love paternal  
Your heir won't fling away?

High-born and eloquent, of rev'rent bearing,  
You pass into the tomb;  
What help are these, Torquatus, where you're faring?  
Minos has fixed your doom.

Hippolytus, now deaf to Dian's weeping,  
In nether darkness lies;  
Pirithous on Lethe's river sleeping  
Wakes not for Theseus' cries.





WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE, 1894

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

Snows melt away; the fields are flecked with grass,  
And foliage clothes the tree,  
Earth shifts her dress, the rivers shrunken pass,  
And travel to the sea.

The Graces three, and Nymphs, no longer cower,  
But twine, unclad, the dance:  
Learn from the changes of the year and hour;  
No daring hopes advance.

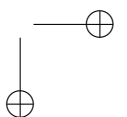
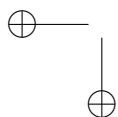
Warm blow the winds; on Spring shall Summer tread,  
Then yield herself her breath;  
Now, Autumn sheds her fruits, then Winter, dead,  
Leads Nature back to death.

The hastening moons all waste in heaven repair:  
We, when we once descend  
To Tullus, Ancus, sire Aeneas, there  
In dust and shadow end.

Will the gods grant a morrow for to-day?  
No mortal can declare;  
Give! all thou giv'st with open hand away  
Escapes thy greedy heir.

Once thou art dead, once Minos on his bench  
Thy doom for thee hath writ,  
Birth, eloquence, devotion, nought can wrench  
Thy spirit from the pit,

Torquatus! Still in Dian's awful bond  
Hippolytus remains;  
Nor from Pirithous, in friendship fond,  
Can Theseus break his chains.

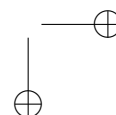
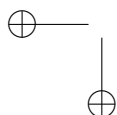


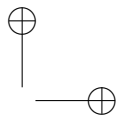
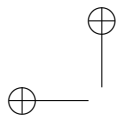


## WILLIAM P. TRENT, 1894

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

Fled are the snows and already return to the meadows the grasses,  
Also the tresses to trees;  
Earth doth her changes renew and the fast waning rivers and  
streamlets  
Follow their limiting banks;  
Dareth already, the Grace, with the Nymphs and her comely twin  
sisters,  
Naked the chorus to lead.  
Lest thou should'st hope the immortal, the swift year warns and  
the hour that  
Snatches the nourishing day.  
Cold is made mild by the zephyrs and summer displaces the spring-  
time,  
Destined to perish when once  
Autumn, the fertile and fruitful, has cast down its treasures, – and  
shortly  
Winter inert cometh back.  
Swift moons, nevertheless, can repair their celestial losses;  
We, whensoever we go  
Whither Æneas, the pious, and Tullus and Ancus descended,  
Are but as dust and a shade.  
Who knows whether the gods, the eternal, will add a tomorrow  
Unto the sum of to-day?  
All thou hast given thy spirit, as tho' to a friend, avail thee,  
Fleeing thy heir's eager hands.  
When thou art perished and Minos concerning thee once hath  
decided,  
Casting his judgments august,  
Not to thy race, O Torquatus, nor eloquence look to restore thee,  
Nor to thy piety great;  
Even Diana herself is weak to release from infernal  
Darkness Hippolytus chaste,  
Neither is Theseus strong to relax for his dear Pirithous,  
Lethe's imprisoning chains.

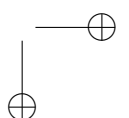
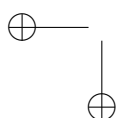


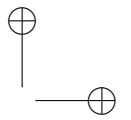


J. HOWARD DEAZELEY, 1895

(“Merton College, Oxford”)

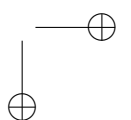
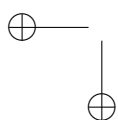
The snows have fled, while leaves return again  
To trees, and grass to plain.  
Her changes Earth renewing, streams fall low  
Within their banks to flow.  
The Graces three and Nymphs can naked tread  
Their dances free from dread.  
Death comes to all things – note each year and day  
That swift time sweeps away.  
Frost yields to Zephyrs: Spring is made to fly  
By Summer, who will die  
When Autumn sheds his fruits; and soon again  
Comes Winter’s sluggish reign.  
Yet rapid moons make good the loss overhead:  
But we, when we are dead.  
With Tullus, Ancus, and Æneas laid,  
Are nought but dust and shade.  
Who knows if gods to span this day has had  
Will any morrow add?  
All gifts will cheat your greedy-handed heir  
That to yourself you spare.  
When you are dead and Minos has at last  
His sentence on you past,  
Not eloquence, Torquatus, race or worth  
Will give you back to earth.  
Not chaste Hippolytus from depths of night  
Diana brings to light;  
And vainly from Pirithous Theseus strains  
To burst Lethæan chains.





JOHN B. WAINEWRIGHT, 1895

The snows have fled: the plain fresh grass receives;  
The tree resumes its leaves;  
Earth feels a change: the swollen streams subside,  
And in their channels glide.  
Lo, the year warns thee, and the flying day,  
‘Thou shalt not live for aye.’  
The winter’s cold at the west wind’s caress  
Grows ever less and less.  
Summer treads close on Spring; but soon will die,  
As Autumn draweth nigh;  
And, what time fruitful Autumn spends his store,  
Dead Winter comes once more.  
Still the swift moons each season’s loss repair: –  
But we, when fallen there  
Where good Aeneas and rich kings are thrust,  
Shadows are we, and dust.  
Who knows if God shall add to-morrow’s ray  
To total of to-day?  
Whate’er thou tak’st not for thy dear soul’s sake,  
Thy greedy heir will take.  
When thou art dead, when Minos’ grim decree  
Hath been pronounced on thee,  
Neither thy virtue nor thy eloquence  
Nor birth shall snatch thee thence.  
Dian availed not from the gloomy grave  
Chaste Hippolyte to save,  
Nor Theseus from the soul he loved so well  
To burst the bonds of hell.





SIR OWEN SEAMAN, 1895 (IMITATED)

(1861–1936; Writer and Poet)

Winter is gone with frost and rime  
    (Perhaps the statement's previous,  
For weather in this fancy clime  
    Is nothing if not devious);  
And now the buds are coming out,  
    And birds begin their flutings,  
And freshmen freely look about  
    To pick their vernal suitings.

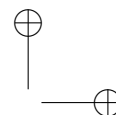
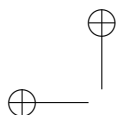
Winter is gone (I've mentioned that),  
    And crocuses are yellow,  
The grassy plot invites the cat,  
    And eke the college Fellow;  
And now the annual relay  
    Of Dowagers and Graces  
Is tripping lightly on its way  
    To view the Lenten races.

And now the Crew is living down  
    Its taste for cheese and chutney,  
And presently will treat the town  
    To episodes at Putney;  
And nightly we shall read reports  
    About the play of breezes,  
That whistle round its airy shorts  
    And Zephyr-like chemises.

And now, to pass to platitudes,  
    I put it to the printer  
That Spring's a season which obtrudes  
    Upon the heels of Winter;  
That Summer does the same to Spring,  
    And similarly Autumn;  
For so the early poets sing  
    (Lord only knows who taught 'em).

The Seasons' linkéd dance of joy  
    No earthly hand may sever,  
But *we*, when we go down, my boy,  
    Why, we go down for ever;  
For save we join the Blessed Dons  
    By process of translation,  
We must abide by Mr. Sw\*n's  
    Or B\*lstr\*de's valuation.

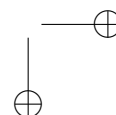
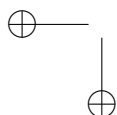
It boots us nothing, Vere de Vere,



Whether our race's founder  
Had all the makings of a Peer,  
    Or played the common bounder;  
It matters not, my noble Sir,  
    When once our doom is dated,  
Whether we kept the rules, or were  
    Invariably gated.

Your taste for bloods, your pretty sense  
    Of humour Transatlantic,  
Your pensive air, your eloquence,  
    That drove the Union frantic,  
Avail you not; another's name  
    Will soon adorn your portal;  
All passes but the constant flame  
    Of gyps – and they're immortal.

Time marks our passage on the way  
    To Charon's bulging wherry,  
Not Wordsworth could arrange to stay,  
    Nor even Muttletbury;  
And yet the former's rustic Muse  
    Was ripe for *We are Seven*;  
The latter, if they're short of Blues,  
    Is bound to go to Heaven.



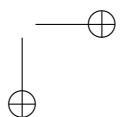
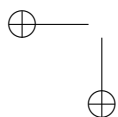


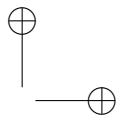
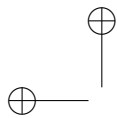


OSWALD A. SMITH, 1895

*(Horace in Quantity)*

Snows melt wasted away, comes verdure again to the woodland,  
    Grass to the valley returns;  
All looks chang'd upon earth; streams, lately so flooded, again glide  
    Gently the margin along:  
Nor with a band of Nymphs do the sister Graces in unclad  
    Purity tremble to dance.  
Days that are happy, but end; all seasons teach that a mortal's  
    Destiny none can avoid –  
Balmier airs chase winter away, spring yields to the summer;  
    Summer is only to last,  
Until are hous'd the red apples of autumn's treasury; then comes  
    Gloomily winter again –  
Still such losses are heal'd by the moons not slowly revolving;  
    Man, when he sinks to the grave,  
Like pious Æneas, like rich king Tullus, or Ancus,  
    Passes a shade to the dust.  
Whether a day's more life be to thee permitted, is only  
    Known to the Power above:  
If with a liberal hand thou spendest kindly, so wilt thou  
    Baffle the greed of an heir –  
When life once has an end, and on thy follies a solemn  
    Scrutiny Minos has held,  
Naught, Torquatus, avails birth, naught wise speech to revive thee,  
    Piety naught can avail:  
Neither is e'en Diana the chaste Hippolytus up from  
    Tartarus able to lead;  
Nor can Theseus' self from his own Pirithous, Hell-bound,  
    Hammer a fetter away.





A. S. AGLLEN, 1896

(“Archdeacon of St. Andrews”)

Fled have the snows; the fields grow green;  
The trees their tresses fair renew;  
The earth puts on her vernal hue;  
And rivers, dwindling, flow between

Their wonted banks. So mild the air,  
That now the Graces to the mead  
The Nymphs in merry dances lead,  
With all their shining beauties bare.

Think not for ever here to stay!  
Each year proclaims that man is frail,  
Each hour takes up the warning tale.  
And whirls away the kindly day.

Spring breezes thaw the winter's snow;  
On spring treads summer; summer yields  
To autumn, which upon the fields  
Her lavish wealth of fruits will throw.

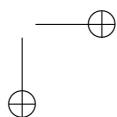
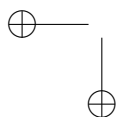
Then lifeless cold is back once more.  
So range the seasons; yet their waste  
By hastening moons is soon replaced;  
But we, when once this life is o'er,

And we have gone where went the just  
Aeneas, father of our line,  
Ancus, and Tullus the divine,  
Are nothing then but shade and dust.

Who knows if, when to-day has fled,  
The Gods another morn will spare?  
Spend on thyself, and cheat the heir,  
Dear heart, whose hands would rob the dead.

Once Minos' august words declare  
Thy doom, Torquatus, eloquence,  
Nor rank, nor piety can thence  
Restore thee to the upper air.

Not Dian chaste Hippolytus  
Could save from hell's all-dark domain,  
Nor Theseus from Lethean chain  
Could tear his loved Pirithous.



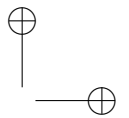
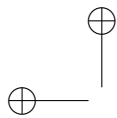


GRAVES GRIFFITH, 1896

*(Potpourri)*

The snows are fled; the fields are green,  
The trees assume their leaves again:  
Changes the earth; and from its bed  
The swollen river rushes red:  
Now Nymphs and Graces dare advance,  
On nimble foot to lead the dance.  
Hope not, dear friend, always to live;  
Of this the years kind warning give.  
Winter melts at spring's approach,  
On spring the summer dares encroach,  
Doomed in its turn to fade away,  
As soon as autumn claim the sway.  
Once passing down to Pluto's spacious reign,  
Dust and shadowy forms there we remain.  
What mortal knows whether another hour  
Will him be grant'd by the Thund'ring Pow'r?  
Which thou shalt have bestowed on thee,  
Never by heir will squandered be,  
When thou hast past to the realms below,  
To endless bliss or ever-during woe:  
Nor rank, O friend, nor eloquence,  
Will thee obtain a passage thence.  
Fair Luna toils to break the chain  
Thesides binds, but toils in vain;  
And Theseus vainly strives to rend  
The fetters of Lethe, that clasp his friend.





A. E. HOUSMAN, 1897

(1859–1936; Scholar and Poet)

The snows are fled away, leaves on the shaws  
And grasses in the mead renew their birth,  
The river to the river-bed withdraws,  
And altered is the fashion of the earth.

The Nymphs and Graces three put off their fear  
And unapparelled in the woodland play.  
The swift hour and the brief prime of the year  
Say to the soul, *Thou wast not born for aye.*

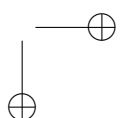
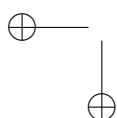
Thaw follows frost; hard on the heel of spring  
Treads summer sure to die, for hard on hers  
Comes autumn, with his apples scattering;  
Then back to wintertide, when nothing stirs.

But oh, whate'er the sky-led seasons mar,  
Moon upon moon rebuilds it with her beams:  
Come *we* where Tullus and where Ancus are,  
And good Aeneas, we are dust and dreams.

Torquatus, if the gods in heaven shall add  
The morrow to the day, what tongue has told?  
Feast then thy heart, for what thy heart has had  
The fingers of no heir will ever hold.

When thou descendest once the shades among,  
The stern assize and equal judgment o'er,  
Not thy long lineage nor thy golden tongue,  
No, nor thy righteousness, shall friend thee more.

Night holds Hippolytus the pure of stain,  
Diana steads him nothing, he must stay;  
And Theseus leaves Pirithöus in the chain  
The love of comrades cannot take away.

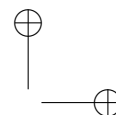
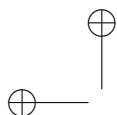




EDWARD GEORGE HARMAN, 1897

(Died 1921)

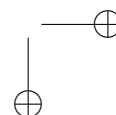
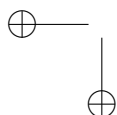
Gone is the snow, and the first tender green  
O'er field and wood is seen;  
The earth is changed again, and rivers flow  
Between the banks they know.  
Now, on the dewy sward, with motion free,  
Dance Nymphs and Graces three,  
While winds are hushed, and tender suns caress  
Their naked comeliness.  
That in thy heart no idle hope should be  
Of immortality,  
The year reminds us, and this golden day,  
Which the hours steal away.  
At Spring's behest the balmy Zephyr blows,  
Then melt the winter snows,  
But Spring to Summer yields, himself to bow,  
Though lordly be his brow,  
To Autumn, bringing fruits – and soon again  
Winter renews his reign.  
Swiftly the moon's increase keeps coming on,  
And we, when we are gone,  
Where all the mighty dead have gone before,  
Are dust and nothing more.  
Whether the gods will add to our to-day  
To-morrow, who shall say?  
Give while you can, and save from what your heirs  
Already grasp as theirs;  
For when the lord of that dim shadowy throne  
Has claimed thee for his own,  
Nor birth, nor piety, nor eloquence,  
Friend, shall restore thee thence,  
Where gods, for those they loved, have sought in vain  
To loose death's fatal chain.

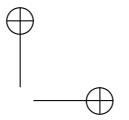


## A. HAMILTON BRYCE, 1897

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

The snows have fled, the grass now to the plains returns, and foliage to the trees; the land its changes undergoes, and the rivers course within their banks with lessening streams. The Graces with the Nymphs now dare to lead abroad their choirs in light array. The passing year, and flight of time which hurries on the blessed day, give warning that we must not hope for things that perish not. The cold is mollified by western winds; the summer, destined itself to die, tramples on spring, as soon as fruitful autumn sheds its yield, and winter soon returns again with all its want of life. But yet the swift recurring moons repair the losses of the skies; while we, when once we sink where sire Æneas sank and Ancus and rich Tullus too, are nought but dust and shadow. Who knows if heavenly gods are adding to our morrow's hours the total of to-day? All that to pleasure you shall give shall 'scape the clutch of greedy heirs. When once, Torquatus, you are dead, and Minos shall have passed on you his lordly doom, nor rank, nor eloquence, nor piety shall give you back to earth; for not Diana's self frees from infernal gloom the chaste Hippolytus, nor from his dear Pirithous has Theseus power to wrench Lethean bonds.

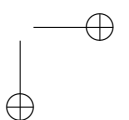
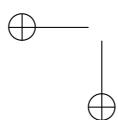




PHILIP E. PHELPS, 1897

*(The Odes of Horace)*

Now the snows have fled, and the grass to the fields is returning  
And to the forests the leaves,  
Earth undergoes its change, and the rivers, slowly decreasing,  
Flow in the channels of old.  
Now the Grace, with the Nymphs and the sweet twin-band of her sisters  
Joins, all unclad, in the dance.  
Not to hope endless life here, the swift flying year will advise you  
And the hour, gliding away; –  
Cold is dissolv'd by the Winds, on the borders of Spring treads the  
Summer,  
Soon to be passing away,  
When with its apple-store the Autumn appears, and, soon after,  
Winter, so sluggish, returns.  
Yet the revolving Moons repair the losses of heaven;  
But we, when once we have gone  
Where pious Æneas, rich Tullus, and Ancus, have vanish'd,  
Lo! dust and ashes are we!  
Who can tell whether the Gods will add the hours of tomorrow  
On to the sum of to-day?  
All will escape your heir's greedy clutches, which with a friendly  
Mind you have spent in your life.  
For, when once thou hast died, and over thee Minos in judgment  
Hath made his grand last award,  
Then neither birth shall avail, Torquatus; nor eloquence bring thee  
Back, nor thy fear of the Gods.  
For from infernal gloom Diana can never deliver  
Continent Hippolytus,  
Nor from Lethæan chains can Theseus bring to the daylight  
Well-belov'd Pirithous.





LUDWIG LEWISOHN, 1897

(1882–1955; American Novelist and Essayist)

The snows are fled and once again  
To field comes back the golden grain,  
    To trees their green:  
Earth's changing seasons come and go,  
The lessening rivers gently flow  
    Their banks between.

The Graces, beauteous sisters three,  
Dare trip with nymphs quite merrily  
    O'er hill and dale:  
The year, each hour that steals away  
Its briefness from the genial day,  
Warns that for endless life to pray  
    Can naught avail.

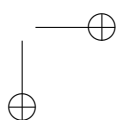
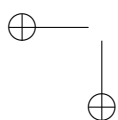
'Neath zephyrs fertile grow the fields  
And gentle spring to summer yields;  
    But summer's dead  
As soon as autumn comes to birth,  
And when his fruits have strewn the earth,  
    Comes winter dread.

The moons their heavenly courses mend,  
But we when to us comes our end  
    And go we must –  
To where the good Aeneas pass'd,  
Where Ancus, Tullus went at last –  
    We're shade and dust.

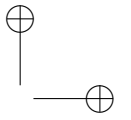
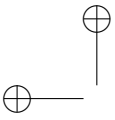
The sun that in the eastern skies  
To-morrow in the morn will rise,  
    May find us gone:  
And therefore use your riches all  
Lest to some greedy heir they fall  
    When life is done.

And when you die and Minos dread  
His stately judgments o'er your head,  
    Once shall have given,  
Not birth, nor eloquence, that hour,  
Oh! friend, can help you, nor a power  
    Of earth or heaven.

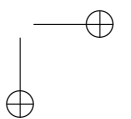
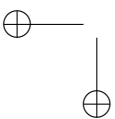
For e'en Diana weak did prove,  
When she her dear love tried to move  
    From Hell's deep pains:







And from that friend so dear to him  
Not Theseus e'en could wrest the grim  
Lethean chains.





## ALFRED DENIS GODLEY, 1898

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

Fled are the snows, and now the fields once more are clad with grass,  
the trees with leaves: with the varying year the lessening streams flow  
between their banks: the sister Graces three in naked beauty venture  
forth with the Nymphs to lead the dance. Hope nought immortal – so  
warns the year and the hour that speeds the sunny day. Cold turns to  
mildness at the west wind's breath: summer routs spring, itself to perish  
soon as fruitful autumn spreads his store, and ere long sluggish winter  
comes again. Yet swift moons repair what skies have wasted: but we,  
when we have followed reverend Æneas and wealthy Tullus and Ancus  
to their lowly bourne, are nought but dust and shadow. Who can tell  
if heaven above shall add a morrow to this day's sum of life? All that  
thou givest for thine own heart's delight shall 'scape the heir's greedy  
clutch. Once thou hast fallen and Minos passed high judgment on thee,  
nor lineage, Torquatus, nor eloquence, nor piety shall restore thee: for  
from the shades of death Diana frees not her chaste Hippolytus, nor can  
Theseus break oblivion's bonds from off his loved Pirithous.





## WILLIAM COUTTS, 1898

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

Fled are the snows, now returns the verdure to the plain and the leafage to the tree, the earth changes its seasons, and the lessening streams flow within their banks, while the Grace with the Nymphs and her sisters twain makes bold unrobed to lead the dance. Not to hope for deathless life is the warning of the year and the hour that hurries off the genial day. The colds are tempered by the Zephyrs, spring is pushed aside by summer in turn to perish, once fruitladen autumn has shed its stores, and anon sluggish winter comes round. Yet the fleeting moons make good these losses of the sky: but we, when we go down, where pious Aeneas, where rich Tullus and Ancus have gone, are but ashes and a shade. Who knows whether the gods above will add the times of to-morrow to the sum of to-day? All will escape the greedy clutches of your heir that you give to your own dear soul. When once you are gone, and over you Minos has passed a glorious award, not your birth, Torquatus, not your eloquence, not your piety will restore you. For even Diana does not save chaste Hippolytus from the nether darkness, nor has Theseus power to snap the chains of Lethe from off his dear Pirithous.





B. V. KANALEY, 1902

*(The Notre Dame Scholastic)*

The snows are fled, the verdure to the fields has come,  
The leaves on trees now gently blow, –  
The earth its seasons change; the roaring rivers dumb,  
Within their banks now slowly blow.

The Grace with nymphs and sisters twain beneath the bower  
Now joyful lead the festive dance;  
Hope not for things eternal, the hurrying year and hour  
Warn thee life's length is nought but chance.

The Winter's cold is softened by breezes mild,  
And Summer follows close the Spring, –  
Itself about to die when fruitful Autumn's stores  
Pour forth themselves with lavish fling.

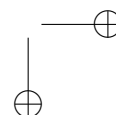
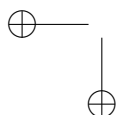
Anon, the sluggish Winter comes again and though,  
The months repair their loss with zest, –  
For us, our body dead, in soul we go below  
Where Tullus, the rich, and Ancus rest.

And down, far down; where roams Anchise's son, the just,  
Amid the mighty sons of Rome, –  
A shade is all thou art and nought but scattering dust,  
And this must be for aye thy home.

Who knows if the gods intend to-morrow's hours to dole  
To Life's already flowing stream, –  
Believe, all you indulge to thy beloved soul,  
Escapes thy heirs for fortune keen.

When once, Torquatus, thou art dead, and Minos great,  
His sentence just on you has passed, –  
Not piety, nor eloquence, nor rank in state,  
Thy fate can change to thee bound fast.

Nor from the infernal shades can chaste Diana keep  
Good Hippolytus free from sin –  
Nor Theseus can drive away Lethean sleep  
From Pirithous, his dearest friend.





## EDWARD CHARLES WICKHAM, 1903

(1834–1910; Scholar, Teacher, and Clergyman; Son in Law of W. E. Gladstone)

The snows have scattered and fled; already the grass comes again in the fields and the leaves on the trees. Change passes on the dry land, and the rivers dwindle and flow within their banks. The Grace with the Nymphs and her own twin sisters ventures unrobed to lead the dance. That you hope for nothing to last for ever, is the lesson of the revolving year and of the flight of time which snatches from us the sunny days. Cold softens before the Zephyrs. Advancing summer tramples spring before it, to die itself so soon as apple-laden autumn has emptied its store of fruits: and then dull winter rolls round again. Yet change and loss in the heavens the swift moons make up again. For us, when we have descended where is father Aeneas, where are rich old Tullus and Ancus, we are but some dust and a shadow. Who knows whether the gods' will be to add to-morrow's hours to the sum as it stands to-day? That will all of it escape the greedy hands of your heir which you have given to your own dear soul. When once you are dead and Minos has passed on you the doom of his august tribunal, no high blood, Torquatus, no eloquent tongue nor piety, will reinstate you. For neither does Diana set free from the darkness of Hades Hippolytus the chaste, nor can Theseus break the chains of Lethe from off his dear Pirithous.





W. C. GREEN, 1903

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

The snows have fled; now fields again with grass,  
And trees with leaves are green:  
Earth suffers change; their wonted banks between  
The shrinking rivers pass:

The Grace and sisters twain and Nymphs may dare  
Disrobed the dance to lead.  
“Hope nought immortal.” This with warning speed  
Year day and hour declare.

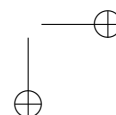
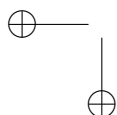
Cold milder grows by Zephyrs, Summer spurns  
Spent Spring, yet dies, for soon  
Hath Autumn apple-laden pour’d her boon,  
And Winter dead returns.

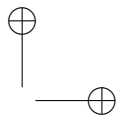
But seasons marr’d are by swift moons remade:  
We to our sires below –  
Aeneas, Tullus, Ancus – when we go,  
Are always dust and shade.

Who knows if yet the morrow of to-day  
Waits him by grace of heaven?  
Indulge thy kindly soul: on gifts so given  
No grasping heir will prey.

Torquatus, thee, once dead and doom’d before  
Judge Minos’ grand assize,  
No noble birth, no fluent words and wise,  
No goodness will restore.

Dian her pure Hippolytus, once slain,  
Frees not from gloom of Hell,  
Nor Theseus from Pirithoüs loved so well  
Can break Lethæan chain.





Z. CHAFEE, 1906

*(The Brunonian)*

Green are the meadows whence the snow has fled,  
And elms are bright with foliage overhead;  
Earth's ways are changed; once more the swollen stream  
Creeps slowly back into its sandy bed.

Springtime again! The naked Graces lead  
A band of dancing nymphs across the mead.  
Ah! nothing is immortal; even now  
The lovely hours are flying on with speed.

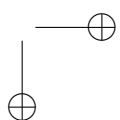
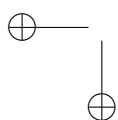
The cold grows milder as the west winds sigh;  
Spring flees before the summer days; they die,  
And autumn pours her fruits upon the ground,  
Till sluggish winter comes to dull the sky.

Yon dying moon will swiftly wax again;  
But when we pass beneath the earthy plain,  
Where pious Æneas and rich Tullus went,  
A little dust and shadow we remain.

Be happy; seize the moment; who can say  
The gods will give a morrow for to-day?  
Eat, drink, my friend, and fling your wealth in haste;  
Quick! from your greedy heir snatch all away.

When once you die and come in fear before  
The dreadful throne of Minos, nevermore  
Shall all your birth or wit or piety  
Bring you, Torquaius, to this sunlit shore.

What hope for you? Diana strove in vain  
To free her lover from that dark domain;  
And mighty Theseus sought to drag from hell  
Peirithous, but could not break his chain.





## ECCLESTON DU FAUR, 1906

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

The snows have fled: with leaves each tree  
Is crowned; the fields with flowers are gay;  
Earth's face is changed; streams quietly,  
Decreased, within banks glide away.

Unrobed, with Nymphs, each Sister Grace  
Dares lead her dances, joyously;  
But Year, and Hours which each day chase,  
Warn thoughts of Immortality:

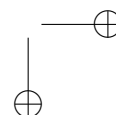
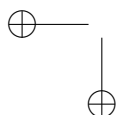
The zephyrs melt the frost; the Spring  
Is trampled on by Summer, – short its stay; –  
Then Autumn teeming fruits will bring;  
Dull Winter soon resumes its sway.

Yet the quick months repair the waste  
Of seasons: We, where'er we fall,  
Where just Æneas, and rich men have passed,  
But dust and ashes are we all.

Who knows if gods above will lend,  
To this day's tale, to-morrow's sun?  
All that thou now dost freely spend,  
From thine heir's greedy hands is won.

When once thou'rt gone, and, on thy doom  
Minos hath set supreme decree,  
Nought serves to win thee from the tomb, –  
Rank, – Eloquence, – or Piety –

Not e'en Diana could restrain,  
From lower shades, Hippolytus;  
Not loving Theseus, from the chain  
Of Lethè, free Perithöus.



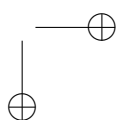
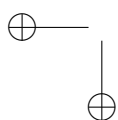




EDWARD R. GARNSEY, 1907

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

The snows have fled: new verdure to the fields returns.  
And tresses to the trees:  
Earth's varying seasons change, and streams subsiding pass  
Within their banks.  
The Grace, with nymphs and sisters twin, now dares unclad  
To lead the dances.  
Against immortal hopes the year gives warning, and the hour  
Which steals the cheering day.  
Cold mellows to the Zephyrs: summer treads on the heel of  
spring,  
Itself to pass away  
When, fruitful autumn yields its crops, and torpid winter  
Quickly then returns.  
Still, rapid moving moons repair the heavenly losses:  
We, when we fall  
Whither the good Æneas fell, Tullus and Ancus rich,  
Are dust and shadow.  
Who knoweth if the gods above may add to-morrow's time  
To this day's count?  
All that thou givest to thy soul's delighting will escape  
An heir's greedy hands.  
When once thou'rt dead, and Minos o'er thee shall have made  
August decision,  
Not, O Torquatus, not thy birth, or flow of word, not piety,  
Will reinstate thee.  
For neither doth Diana free the chaste Hippolytus  
From gloom below:  
Nor Lethe's chains has Theseus strength to break  
From loved Pirithous.





## JOHN MARSHALL, 1907

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

Gone are the snows, grass to the fields returns,  
Their tresses to the trees.  
Earth decks herself afresh; the wimpling bums  
Less full flow down the leas.  
Lo! the nude Graces linked with Nymphs appear,  
In the Spring dance at play!  
No round of hopes for us! So speaks the year,  
And Time that steals our day.  
Melts Winter in the zephyrs; Summer treads  
On heels of Spring; in turn  
To die, when Autumn forth her fruitage sheds;  
Last, Winter dull and stern.  
Yet new moons swift replace the seasons spent;  
But when we forth are thirst,  
Where old Aeneas, Tullus, Ancus went,  
Shadow are we and dust.  
Who knows that Heaven to this day’s gift will please  
To-morrow’s sun to lend?  
And all thy goods a greedy heir will seize,  
Save what thyself did spend.  
Once thou art dead, and Minos’ high decree  
Shall speak to seal thy doom –  
Though noble, pious, eloquent thou be,  
These snatch not from the tomb.  
Hippolytus, though chaste, Diana’s love  
Saves not from Death’s grim hands;  
Nor, for Pirithoüs dear, can Theseus move  
The grip of Lethé’s bands.





WILLIAM GREENWOOD, 1907

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

The snows have fled, and to the meadows now  
Returns the grass, their foliage to the trees:  
Earth dons another garb, and dwindling low  
Between their wonted banks the rivers seek the seas.

The Graces with the Nymphs their dances twine,  
Their beauties all unbosomed to the air;  
Read in the shifting year, my friend, a sign,  
That change and death attend all human hope and care.

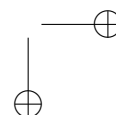
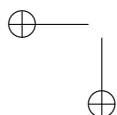
Winter dissolves beneath the breath of Spring,  
Spring yields to Summer, which shall be no more  
When Autumn spreads her fruits thick-clustering,  
And then comes Winter back, – bleak, icy-dead, and hoar.

But moons revolve, and all again is bright:  
We, when we fall, as fell the good and just  
Aeneas, wealthy Tullus, Ancus wight,  
Are but a nameless shade, and some poor grains of dust.

Who knows, if they, who all our Fates control,  
Will add a morrow to thy brief to-day?  
Then think of this – what to a friendly soul  
Thy hand doth give shall 'scape thine heir's rapacious  
sway.

When thou, Torquatus, once hast vanished hence,  
And o'er thee Minos' great decree is writ,  
Nor ancestry, nor fire-lipped eloquence,  
Nor all thy store of wealth to give thee back were fit.

For even Diana from the Stygian gloom  
Her chaste Hippolytus no more may gain,  
And dear Pirithous must 'bide his doom,  
For Theseus' arm is frail to rend dark Lethe's chain.





HERBERT KYNASTON, 1909

(1835–1910; Canon of Durham and Classical Scholar)

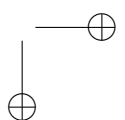
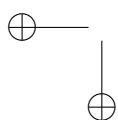
Melted away is the snow – grass springs anew in the meadows –  
Leaves reappear on the trees –  
Earth develops a change, and by their natural channels  
Rivers decreasing are bound.  
Linked with companion Nymphs, all lightly apparelled, the sister  
Graces are leading the dance.  
Hours that hurry the day and fleeting seasons forbid us  
Hope for unfading delights:  
Frost gives way to the Zephyrs – Spring's overridden by Summer –  
Summer will perish in turn  
Soon as Autumn has lavished his fruits; then cold and inactive  
Winter returns to the Earth.  
Swiftly, however, the moons repair the loss of their waning;  
We, when we're summoned away  
Whither our sire Aeneas has gone, and Tullus and Ancus,  
Still are but shadow and dust.  
Who can tell if the Gods will prolong by the gift of a morrow  
Time that is reckoned to-day?  
Greedy waits thine heir; but naught will he grasp if thou lavish  
All on thy favourite self.  
When thou art dead, and the Judge has passed his sentence upon thee –  
Sentence of majesty stern –  
Gone is all hope of recall: rank, eloquence, duty regarded,  
Vainly, Torquatus, thou'lt plead:  
Not even Dian's self can win from the nethermost darkness  
Sinless Hippolytus free;  
Nor can Theseus' strength his friend Pirithous rescue,  
Fast in oblivion bound.



## LORD CURZON, 1909

(1859–1925; Statesman)

Gone are the snows, and the grass is springing anew in the meadows,  
Leaves are again on the trees;  
Earth pursueth her change and the dwindling floods of the rivers  
Flow by their borders at ease;  
Safely, the dance as she leads, may the Grace with her nymphs and her  
sisters,  
Fling her apparel aside.  
Hark, as it chases the day, to the plaint of the hour, and the season –  
“Everything dies, and has died!”  
Loosed are the frosts by the Zephyr, the Spring is swallowed by Summer,  
Summer will perish apace  
Soon as the Autumn its fruits has shed, then cometh the Winter  
With its benumbing embrace.  
What tho’ the hungry moons make good their loss in the heavens,  
We, when our spirits have fled  
Where is the good Aeneas, and Tullus the wealthy, and Ancus,  
Are but as dust and a shade.  
Who can tell if the gods will increase by the grant of to-morrow  
What has been counted to-day?  
Greedy thy heir, but of all thou hast given the self that thou lovest  
Nought can he carry away.  
Once thou art perished and gone, and, high on his stately tribunal,  
Minos has uttered thy doom,  
Eloquence, goodness, and birth, Torquatus, will not avail thee  
E’er to return from the tomb.  
Not, tho’ Diana may plead, will chaste Hippolytus ever  
Quit the infernal domain;  
Not tho’ he love him, can Theseus his own Pirithous waken,  
Bound in oblivion’s chain.

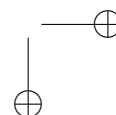
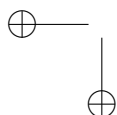


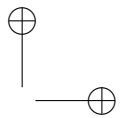


FRANCIS LAW LATHAM, 1910

(“Brasenose College, Oxford”)

The snows have fled, once more return the grasses to the plain  
And to the trees their leaves;  
The earth her fashion changes and the river bed again  
The lessening stream receives;  
Now naked dares the Grace the dame with sisters twain to lead  
And with the Nymphs' array.  
Not to hope things immortal warn the year and hours the speed  
The course of the swift day.  
The frosts before the Zephyrs yield, the Summer wears out Spring  
Doomed soon himself to die  
When fruitful Autumn shall have shed his crops, and last the ring  
Rounds Winter's apathy.  
But soon the losses of the heavens the rapid moons restore:  
We, when depart we must  
Where good Æneas, Tullus rich, and Ancus went before,  
Are shadow and are dust.  
Who knows if to to-day's scant sum the Gods above allow  
To-morrow's span to add?  
That thy heir's greedy hand shall scape, and that alone, which thou  
Hast given with spirit glad.  
When once, Torquatus, thou hast died, and Minos shall have held  
His court august on thee,  
Not thee shall eloquence bring back, not lineage of eld,  
Not all thy piety.  
For never from the infernal gloom Diana may restore  
The chaste Hippolytus,  
Nor Theseus' strength can break the chains that bind by Lethe's shore  
His loved Pirithous.





## HAROLD BAILY DIXON, 1910

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

The snows are fled, the trees their head-dress don,  
The fields their green;  
Earth's fashions change, and lessening streams flow on  
Their banks between.

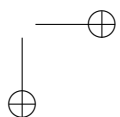
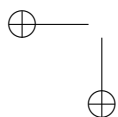
Now in the dance the Sister Graces dare  
Their limbs display;  
“Life will not last” the year, the hours declare  
That speed sweet day.

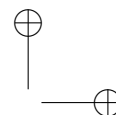
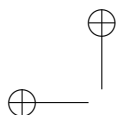
Frosts yield to Spring, and fast in Spring's pursuit  
Comes Summer's breath  
To perish ere rich Autumn sheds her fruit –  
Then Winter's death.

Swift moons in heaven make good their decrement:  
When *we* are thrust  
Where good Æneas, where rich Tullus went –  
We are but dust.

Spend then to-day! For will they grant a morrow,  
The Gods above?  
'Tis from the greedy hands of heirs you borrow  
For him you love!\*

\*Only partially translated by the author.

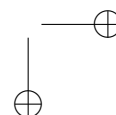
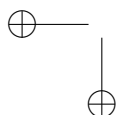




C. H. PRICHARD, 1911

The snows have fled, now the grass is returning to the fields, and the leaves to the trees. The earth is passing through her regular changes, and the rivers sinking low pass between their banks. The Grace with the nymphs and her two sisters ventures, lightly clad, to lead the dance. The year and time which hurries off the genial day warn you not to hope for immortality. Cold melts at the western breeze, summer treads on the heels of spring, destined itself to perish, so soon as the fruit-bearing autumn has poured out its wealth, and soon again sluggish winter returns, Yet the swift months make good the losses caused by the weather; we, when we depart whither good Aeneas and rich Tullus and Ancus (have preceded us), are mere dust and shadow.

Who knows whether the gods above will add to-morrow's span to our total as it is to-day? all that you have given to your own dear soul will escape the greedy clutch of your heir. When once you are dead, and Minos has passed on you high judgment, not your noble birth, Torquatus, nor your eloquence nor your goodness will restore you to life, for neither does Diana release from the darkness of the lower world the chaste Hippolytus, nor has Theseus power to tear off the bonds of Lethe from his friend Pirithous.



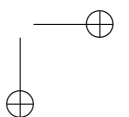
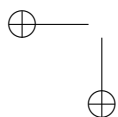




## SIR WILLIAM S. MARRIS, 1912

(1873–1945; Civil Servant and Classical Scholar)

The snows have taken flight again; the meads are fresh with  
grass;  
The trees have donned their green;  
Between their margins placidly the 'minished rivers pass;  
The Earth hath changed her mien.  
Now come the Nymphs and Graces three, and fling their robes  
away  
To lead the dance of Spring;  
'*But thou must die*' – the year, the hours that thieve the kindly  
day,  
This is the word they bring.  
Frosts yield to Spring: on Spring herself hard press the feet of  
June;  
And forthwith Summer dies,  
When appled Autumn sheds abroad his fruits, and all too soon  
Come Winter's sullen skies.  
The moons in heaven quick repair the losses they endure,  
But, once we pass to where  
Ancus and wealthy Tullus bide, where bides Aeneas pure,  
We are but dust and air.  
The gods may add To-morrow to the score To-day completes,  
But who their will hath scanned?  
And all that thou dost lavish on the self thou lovest, cheats  
Thy heir's voracious hand.  
Once thou art perished from the world, and Minos at the end  
Hath spoke his stately doom,  
Nor pride of blood nor eloquence nor piety, good friend,  
Shall win thee from the tomb:  
Pure was Hippolytus of heart, yet Dian may not loose  
Him from the dark domains,  
Nor Theseus hath the might to pluck his dear Pirithous  
Away from Lethe's chains.





E. E. CUMMINGS, 1913

(1894–1962; American Poet)

Farewell, runaway snows! For the meadow is green, and the  
tree stands

Clad in her beautiful hair.

New life leavens the land! The river, once where the lea stands,

Hideth and huggeth his lair.

Beauty with shining limbs 'mid the Graces comes forth, and  
in glee stands,

Ringed with the rythmical fair.

Hope not, mortal, to live forever, the year whispers lowly.

Hope not, time murmurs, and flies.

Soft is the frozen sod to the Zephyr's sandal, as wholly

Summer drives Spring from the skies, –

Dying when earth receives the fruits of Autumn, till slowly

Forth Winter creeps, and she dies.

Yet what escapes from heaven, the fleet moons capture, re-  
trieving;

When through Death's dream we survey

Heroes and kings of old, in lands of infinite grieving,

What are we? Shadow and clay.

Say will rulers above us the fate tomorrow is weaving

Add to the sum of today?

Hear me: whatever thou giv'st to thine own dear soul, shall  
not pleasure

Hungering fingers of kin.

Once in the gloom, when the judge of Shades in pitiless measure

Dooms thee to journey within,

Birth, nor eloquent speech, nor gift of piety's treasure

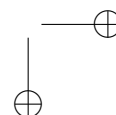
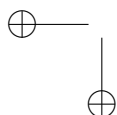
Opens the portal of sin.

Never, goddess of chasteness, from night infernal thou freest

One who for chastity fell.

Ever, hero of Athens, him who loved thee thou seest

Writhe in the chainings of Hell.





A. L. TAYLOR, 1914

The snows have fled, o'er all the plain  
The grass is green once more,  
And on the trees the leaves again  
Are lovely as before:  
Gently the streams now onward run  
As earth flies forward to the sun.

Graces and Nymphs, a joyous throng  
Light-footed now appear,  
Yet sad the burden of the song  
Sung by the speeding year,  
That murmurs as the swift hours flee  
Dream not of Immortality.

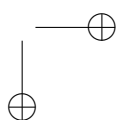
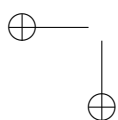
Winter flies at the West wind's breath,  
And Summer treads on Spring,  
And Autumn comes at Summer's death  
Her ripe fruits scattering:  
Erelong alas she too shall mourn  
And Winter drear again return.

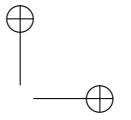
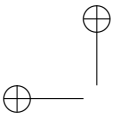
Nathless the swift moons still regain  
Their losses in the sky,  
But we, when our brief seasons wane,  
Ah, once for all we die –  
Shadows that seek the shades afar  
Where Tullus and where Ancus are.

Who knows if the high gods will give  
Dawn on the death of day  
Then thoughtless of the Future live  
With soul elate and gay.  
Why shouldst thou fret thyself with care  
To glut the greed of selfish heir?

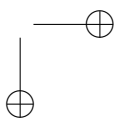
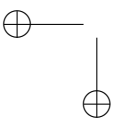
For when to the dim world at last  
Torquatus, thou art sent,  
And Minos over thee hath pass'd  
His dread arbitrament,  
Not lineage proud, not eloquence,  
Nor piety shall call thee thence.

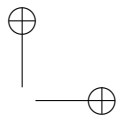
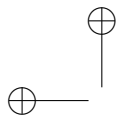
No, not Diana's self had power,  
For all his chastity,  
From the dark realms beneath one hour  
Hippolytus to free;





And even Theseus' might was vain  
To break his loved Pirithoüs chain.



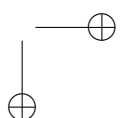
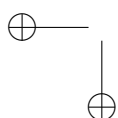


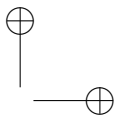
## CHARLES E. BENNETT, 1914

(1858–1921; American Classical Scholar)

The snow has fled; already the grass is returning to the fields and the foliage to the trees. Earth is going through her changes, and with lessening flood the rivers flow past their banks. The Grace, with the Nymphs and her twin sisters, ventures unrobed to lead her bands. The year and the hour that rob us of the gracious day warn thee not to hope for unending joys. The cold gives way before the zephyrs; spring is trampled underfoot by summer, destined likewise to pass away so soon as fruitful autumn has poured forth its harvest; and lifeless winter soon returns again.

Yet the swiftly changing moons repair their losses in the sky. We, when we have descended whither righteous Aeneas, whither rich Tullus and Ancus have gone, are but dust and shadow. Who knows whether the gods will add to-morrow's time to the sum of to-day? All things which thou grantest to thine own dear soul, shall escape the greedy clutches of thine heir. When once thou hast perished and Minos has pronounced on thee his august judgment, not family, Torquatus, nor eloquence, nor righteousness shall restore thee again to life. For Diana releases not the chaste Hippolytus from the nether darkness, nor has Theseus power to break the Lethean chains of his dear Pirithous.





WARREN H. CUDWORTH, 1917

(1877–1927)

Now fled are the snows and the grass clothes the mead.  
The trees are renewing their frondage,  
Earth's seasons are changed, and the shrunken streams speed  
Past banks that now keep them in bondage.

The Grace with twain sisters and Nymphs from their bower  
Dares, nude, to tread featly a measure.  
“Hope not deathless life,” warn the year and the hour  
That fleets on the day fraught with pleasure.

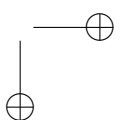
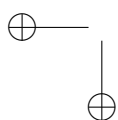
The frosts yield to zephyr, then routed is spring  
By summer, whose death will be early,  
For fruit-laden fall soon its harvests will fling;  
Last, winter comes, sluggish and surly.

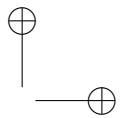
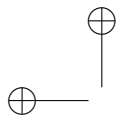
Swift moons repair quickly their loss in the skies,  
But we, when we once have descended  
To Ancus, rich Tullus, Aeneas the wise,  
With shadow and ashes are blended.

Who knows if the gods to the sum of to-day  
Have planned to apportion to-morrow?  
Thy wealth from thine heir's greedy hand wouldst thou stay?  
From self, for thy much-loved soul, borrow.

When once thou art dead and a glorious doom  
By Minos has been pronounced o'er thee,  
Birth, goodness, nor eloquence out from the tomb,  
Torquatus, will ever restore thee.

For Dian herself could not free from hell's reign  
Hippolytus chaste when he perished,  
And Theseus could sunder not Lethe's strict chain  
From limbs of Pirithous cherished.





MAURICE BARING, 1918 (IMITATED)

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

The snows have fled, the hail, the lashing rain,  
Before the Spring.  
The grass is starred with buttercups again,  
The blackbirds sing.

Now spreads the month that feast of lovely things  
We loved of old.  
Once more the swallow glides with darkling wings  
Against the gold.

Now the brown bees about the peach trees boom  
Upon the walls;  
And far away beyond the orchard's bloom  
The cuckoo calls.

The season holds a festival of light  
For you, for me;  
But shadows are abroad, there falls a blight  
On each green tree.

And every leaf unfolding, every flower  
Brings bitter need;  
Beauty of the morning and the evening hour  
Quickens our need.

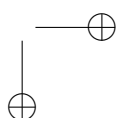
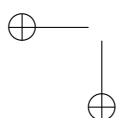
All is reborn, but never any Spring  
Can bring back this;  
Nor any fullness of midsummer bring  
The voice we miss.

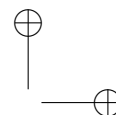
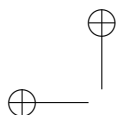
The smiling eyes shall smile on us no more;  
The laughter clear,  
Too far away on the forbidden shore,  
We shall not hear.

Bereft of these until the day we die,  
We both must dwell;  
Alone, alone, and haunted by the cry:  
"Hail and farewell!"

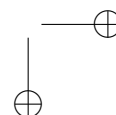
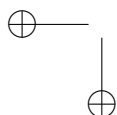
Yet when the scythe of Death shall near us hiss,  
Through the cold air,  
Then on the shuddering marge of the abyss  
They will be there.

They will be there to lift us from sheer space  
And empty night;  
And we shall turn and see them face to face

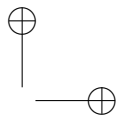




In the new light.  
So shall we pay the unabated price  
    Of their release,  
And found on our consenting sacrifice  
    Their lasting peace.  
The hopes that fall like leaves before the wind,  
    The baffling waste,  
And every earthly joy that leaves behind  
    A mortal taste,  
The uncompleted end of all things dear,  
    The clanging door  
Of Death, forever loud with the last fear,  
    Haunt them no more.  
Without them the awakening world is dark  
    With dust and mire;  
Yet as they went they flung to us a spark,  
    A thread of fire.  
To guide us while beneath the sombre skies  
    Faltering we tread,  
Until for us like morning stars shall rise  
    The deathless dead.

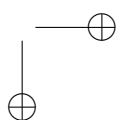
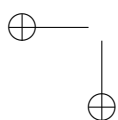






COLIN TOLLY, 1918

The snows have fled, and now the corn springs green,  
The trees unfold their buds;  
Earth her seasons changes, and the streams  
Flow gently after floods:  
And naked the Grace her sisters dares to lead  
With Nymphs in singing chains.  
But hope no immortal things the years us rede,  
The hour calls, the sweet day wanes. –  
Spring-winds temper frosts, then summer reigns  
In turn, until the fruits  
Of autumn hold high feast, then cold constrains  
Life once more to its roots; –  
And quickly the moons renew their perfect bent. –  
But we, when we fall, fade  
To where Aeneas, Tullus, Ancus went –  
To ashes and a shade.  
Whether the high gods shall to-morrow band  
Unto to-day, who knows?  
Time shall sweep away from thy eager heir's hand  
The bowers that thy lov'd soul enclose.  
And when thou shalt die, and Minos over thee  
Shall cast his regnant spell,  
Nor race, Torquatus, wit nor piety,  
Restores you here to dwell:  
For nor Diana could Hippolytus  
Her boy from Night's realms free,  
Nor Theseus break for dear Pirithoüs  
The Lethean empery.

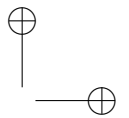
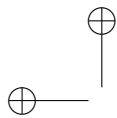




## WILLIAM STEBBING, 1920

(1831–1926; Journalist)

Winter's rout at last! The soil clothes itself with green  
Grasses where the fled snows have been.  
The woodlands are full of voices; now all the trees,  
Wreathed in leaves, chatter in the breeze.  
Nature's law is change; parts shifting, turn and return,  
Joy, grief, though no cause here to mourn.  
All hail to Spring! when Nature chooses to array  
Herself afresh, be fair and gay;  
Kindly too. See how rivers raging in high flood  
Revisit banks, purl in brook-mood;  
And Nymphs and Graces, innocently naked, lead  
The dance on any flow'ry mead;  
While Time, half grudging, spares genial sunshine still,  
And Zephyr's breath plays with eve's chill.  
But, Friend, be warned by revolutions of the year,  
Summer, itself doomed, will be here,  
Catching us loitering, have just thrown  
Her fruits broadcast down, and passed on,  
Making room for Winter, palsied though he, to come  
And strike us, like himself, numb, dumb!  
Well for old Time! moons rise, set, rise again; but Man  
Is spent when he has run his span.  
Enjoy, Torquatus, all the promise of your Spring,  
Each flow'r, sunbeam, everything.  
Who knows whether the Gods, in our lives' sum, intend  
To-morrow or to-day for end?  
Spend as if this hour were your last; indulge each taste;  
Pence saved are the heir's – and your waste.  
When you appear before Minos, and in defence  
Plead birth, piety, eloquence,  
The pleas may be found for you; they will not restore  
To life and sunshine, any more  
Than Dian's care for the chaste could reverse the doom  
Of Hippolytus to his tomb,  
Or Theseus' love avail Pirithous to burst  
Chains that prisoned him with the Curst.



LIONEL LANCELOT SHADWELL, 1920

(1845–1925; Barrister)

The snows in flight are scattered; grass returns  
To fields; on trees new leaflets grow.  
Change passes o'er the land; the dwindling burns  
Are fain within their banks to flow.

The Grace forth ventures nude in dance to lead  
Nymphs and her sister twins. The year,  
And hours that steal day from us, not to feed  
On boundless hopes give warning clear.

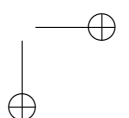
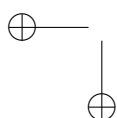
Mild zephyrs thaw the cold. Soon, trampling on  
Spring, summer comes, itself to die  
When autumn has poured out its fruits; anon  
Dull winter time again draws nigh.

Moons quickly mend heaven's losses. We, when sent,  
There whither our great ancestor,  
Aeneas, wealthy Tullus, Ancus, went,  
But dust and shadow are – no more.

Who knows if to his sum of life to-day  
The gods a morrow mean to add?  
Your heir his greedy hands on nought will lay  
You spend to make your own heart glad.

When you are dead, and from high throne of state  
Minos has passed his doom on you,  
Birth, piety, wit, will not prevail with fate  
Your life, Torquatus, to renew.

For Dian from the gloom of hell refrains  
The chaste Hippolytus to take;  
And Theseus cannot the Lethean chains  
That bind his dear Pirithous break.





WILLIAM FREDERICK LLOYD, 1920 (1)

*(Versions and Perversions)*

Warmth has melted the Winter's snow,  
The trees put on their leaves with pride.  
The rivers now with lesser flow  
More gently glide.

There's constant change throughout the year  
The Seasons follow fast and fleet,  
To lead the Dance the Nymphs appear  
With naked feet.

And nought on earth is known to last,  
A thing at first which seems most strange,  
The days and hours fly so fast  
And all things change.

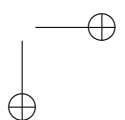
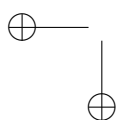
The winter's frosts are past and o'er,  
The Spring and Summer then appear;  
When Autumn sheds her golden store  
The Winter's near.

Revolving moons both wax and wane,  
But when we die, as die we must,  
This earth we ne'er shall see again,  
But turn to Dust.

We know not if the Gods allow  
To add to-morrow to to-day,  
So have your fling, enjoy life now  
While still you may.

You're done for, my Torquatus, when  
Old Minos tells you what's in store.  
No virtue and no wit can then  
Your life restore.

Diana cannot loose the door,  
Nor chaste Hippolytus defend,  
Nor Thesues break the fetters for  
His noble friend.





WILLIAM FREDERICK LLOYD, 1920 (2)

*(Versions and Perversions)*

Fresh leaves upon the trees once more are seen,  
The meadows clothe themselves in brighter green,  
Now vanished and dissolved is Winter's snow,  
Between their banks the dwindling rivers flow.  
The Nymphs can now the triple Graces meet,  
And dance along the sward with naked feet.  
But all things change, and as the Seasons die,  
So swift the circling days and hours fly.  
A welcome warmth the gentle Zephyrs bring,  
And Summer follows on the heels of Spring.  
When fruitful Autumn sheds its golden store,  
Then barren Winter must return once more.  
The quick revolving moons both wax and wane,  
But we, when we have reached the Stygian plane  
Which Tullus and A'neas reached before,  
We're shadows of a shade and nothing more.  
And so we spend our time, when one day goes,  
If God may grant another, no-one knows.  
So have your fling and spend your wealth, nor spare,  
For what you spend escapes your greedy heir.  
When once my friend, Torquatus, you are dead  
And Minos has announced his sentence dread,  
Not eloquence, nor wit, nor noble birth,  
When once you're gone, will bring you back to earth.  
For neither can Diana bring to light  
Hippolytus, who dwells in darkened night,  
Nor Theseus free his friend in his distress,  
Nor break the fetters of forgetfulness,

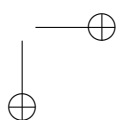
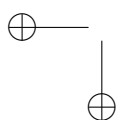




## WILLIAM HATHORN MILLS, 1921

(1848–1930; Writer)

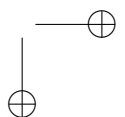
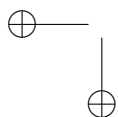
The snows have fled; returns to every mead  
    Its grass, its crown of leaves to every tree;  
Earth changes with the change; at lessened speed,  
    Within their banks the rivers seek the sea.  
The Graces and the Nymphs with never a fear  
    All naked dance the happy hours away;  
Look not for things immortal warns the year,  
    Aye, and the hour that steals the gracious day.  
West winds abate the frosts; summer anon  
    Tramples on Spring, itself to disappear  
As Autumn sheds its fruits; then, Autumn gone,  
    Winter comes back to close the working-year.  
Yet, fast as moons wane in the sky, as fast  
    They wax; but we, poor mortals, when we fare  
Whither Aeneas, Tullus, Ancus passed,  
    Are naught but dust here, naught but shadows there.  
Who knows whether the gods who reign above  
    Add a new day's span to the sum of this?  
Live while you live; that which the soul you love,  
    Your self, enjoys, your greedy heir will miss.  
Once you are dead, once Minos, judge of men,  
    Has fixed by doom august your destiny,  
Not rank, Torquatus, shall restore you then;  
    Not eloquence; not even piety.  
Dian despite, Hippolytus remains,  
    Chaste tho' he was, hidden in nether gloom;  
Nor can the love of Theseus break the chains  
    That hold Peirithous in dark Lethe's tomb.





JOHN FINLAYSON, 1921

The snows have fled – again the meads are green,  
The woods new robes put on:  
Earth feels the change, and shrinking streams between  
More narrow bounds do run.  
The Graces and the Nymphs in happy chain  
Have stript to lead the dance:  
“Here none abideth” is the year’s refrain  
To song of Day’s advance.  
The winds of west dispel the frosts, the Spring  
Flies Summer’s breath before,  
That flies when Autumn will her apples fling,  
Reigns Winter’s sleep once more.  
Revolving moons their losses soon repair,  
But we, once we have flown  
Where Tullus, Ancus, good Aeneas fare,  
Are dust and shade alone.  
Who knows if gods above to thee shall lend  
Tomorrow, as to day?  
Why, for a greedy heir, be loth to spend  
Freely on thine own way?  
Thy lamp gone out, Torquatus, and has made  
Judge Minos his decree,  
No eloquence, birth, piety thy shade  
To earth can e’er set free.  
Hippolytus the chaste can Dian ne’er  
Release from his dark tomb,  
Nor Theseus free the friend who was so dear  
From bonds of Lethe’s gloom.





EDWARD DOUGLAS ARMOUR, 1922

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

The snows are gone; and now the fields  
Are clothed in green, as Winter yields  
His sceptre to the Spring;  
The dwindling streams more gently flow,  
The trees their tender leaf-buds show,  
And birds in rapture sing.

In Nature's garb, and fancy free,  
The merry Nymphs and Graces three  
Join in the mazy dance;  
And blithely o'er the sward they go,  
Tripping their measures to and fro,  
Beneath the moonbeam's glance.

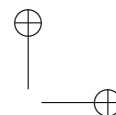
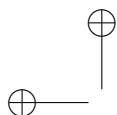
The Seasons march. The Winter's snow  
Dissolves when vernal zephyrs blow,  
And Earth awakes to gladness;  
Summer fulfils the hopes of spring,  
Then Autumn doth her harvest bring,  
And Winter – gloom and sadness.

From time to time mundane affairs  
Change, as the changing moon repairs  
Her waning in the sky;  
But when the last dread debt is paid,  
Forever are we dust and shade,  
Torquatus, when we die.

Who knoweth whether Heaven will give  
Another day in which to live,  
Fraught with its joy or care?  
Whatever, of your goods or lands,  
You spend escapes the greedy hands  
Of an expectant heir.

And when at last the silent tomb  
Receives you, and your final doom  
Dread Minos shall decree,  
Not suasive tongue, nor moral worth,  
Not lineage, nor noble birth  
Will serve to set you free.

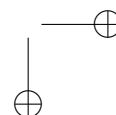
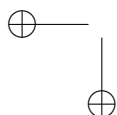




## RICHARD A. ZEREGA, 1924

(1866–1956)

The snows have fled; the herbage to the fields returns and to the trees their foliage. Earth undergoes her changes and the rivers subsiding flow along within their banks. Naked, the Grace, with nymphs and with her sisters twain, the dance essays to lead. The year, and the season that hurries along the kindly day warn thee not to hope for immortality. Mild grows the cold beneath the Zephyrs; summer itself doomed to perish, supplants spring: later, fruit bearing autumn its fruits broadcast will have scattered and soon dull winter will have returned. Yet the swift moons repair heavens' damage. When we have descended to that place whither Father Aeneas, Tullus the wealthy and Ancus have descended, we shall become dust and shadow. Who knows if the Gods above will add to-morrow's hours to the total of to-day's. All that with which thou hast indulged thy kindly disposition will escape the greedy hands of thy heir. When once thou hast died and Minos has pronounced his august decrees regarding thee; thy race, Torquatus, thy eloquence and thy piety will not restore thee to life; for from the darkness of hell Diana has not freed her chaste Hippolytus nor has Theseus the power to rend from off his beloved Perithous the Lethaeian fetters.





## LEONARD CHALMERS-HUNT, 1925

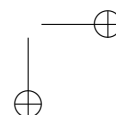
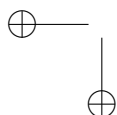
(1901–60; Barrister; Founder and First Secretary of the Horatian Society)

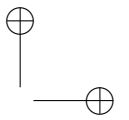
The snows have fled, the winter sped,  
On every branch appearing,  
New leaves are seen, hues emerald green  
The grasses now are wearing.  
Meadows elate in festal state,  
The streams in flood decreasing.  
While nymphs and graces lead the dance  
With roundelays unceasing.

The days pass by with many a sigh,  
When winter's at the portal,  
For sunset-time with chilling rime.  
Tells joys are not immortal!  
Now zephyrs mild chide tempests wild,  
Summer finds spring still courting,  
Autumn doth pour her fruitful store,  
With wistful eye departing!

Moons wax and wane and come again  
Bare winter's rack repairing!  
Ourselves forgot, must share their lot  
With mighty souls and daring!  
Who doth foreknow, shall Fate bestow  
This day's fare on the morrow?  
A mind resigned will riches find,  
Nor greedy heir shall borrow.

One sea for all, whate'er befall,  
Fear not the tide before you.  
Whence neither wisdom, prayer, nor wealth  
Nor lineage shall restore you!  
To Hades' glades, leave Hades' shades,  
Nor passing joys ignore you!  
Your best reward, your last record,  
When Death's wave shall fold o'er you!





G. CLINTON, 1926

(*Ad Torquatam*, Aries Press)

The snows are fled; once more on branch and bough  
The leaves are green;  
Earth's face is altered, lessening rivers flow  
Their banks between;

Aglaia and her sister Graces lead  
The choric dance.  
Thou art but mortal, thus the seasons' sped,  
The swift advance

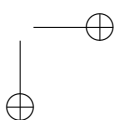
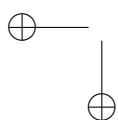
Of hour on hour the daylight pilfering,  
A warning gives.  
Spring tempers winter, summer tramples spring,  
Itself but lives

Till autumn brings its fruits, and soon again  
Comes winter Stern.  
The swiftly changing moon doth wax and wane,  
We in our turn,

When once descended where our fathers went  
Are dust and shades.  
Who knows if one more day shall supplement  
The day that fades?

Once thou hast died and Minos has decreed  
Thy future lot,  
Thy birth, thine eloquence, thy pious creed  
Avail thee not.

Diana could not bring to life again  
Hippolytus,  
Nor Theseus free from Hades' hateful chain  
Pirithoüs.

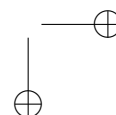
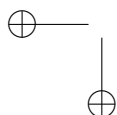




## HUGH MACNAGHTEN, 1926

(1862–1929; Vice Provost of Eton College)

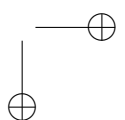
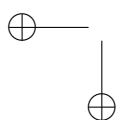
The snows have vanished from the greening leas,  
New leaves are on the trees.  
Change duly follows change, and now below  
Their banks the rivers flow.  
Now with the Nymphs are dancing fearlessly  
The naked Graces three.  
Each year, each hour, each happy minute says  
Expect no length of days.  
Frosts yield to Zephyrs: summer tramples spring  
And dies, when lavishing  
Harvests and fruits comes autumn; soon the drear  
Winter once more is here.  
Yet all that's lost in heav'n swift moons restore:  
We, as rich Tullus, or  
Ancus or good Aeneas, when we die,  
Dust and a shadow lie.  
We have to-day: and know not if the Powers  
Will make to-morrow ours;  
But what you give to your dear soul, we know,  
Your heir's greed must forgo.  
For when you die and Minos throned in state  
Shall once pronounce your fate,  
High birth, nor eloquence, Torquatus, nor  
Wealth shall your life restore.  
For Dian frees not from dark night's control  
Hippolytus' white soul,  
Nor Theseus breaks the bonds that hold sans end  
Pirithous his friend.





CARO MORGAN, 1926

The snows are fled, and over her bare breast Earth draws  
    A new green veil.  
Within their banks, the streams glide past the leaf-tipped  
    shaws,  
    As the floods fail;  
The half-awakened flowers with the Zephyrs dance,  
    And seem to say,  
Mortals, hope not, for you but once the hours do glance  
    From life's bright day.  
In Spring's faint footsteps Summer rushes madly on,  
    And hears behind  
Fruit-laden Autumn, scattering gifts from Winter won,  
    Cold, dark, and blind.  
Though the swift moons restore each season in its turn,  
    Yet we, when gone,  
With age, great wealth and courage cast into the urn,  
    Remain undone.  
If added to this day the morrow's hours will be,  
    No man can say;  
So spend for thine own soul, from him who follows thee,  
    What thou best may.  
When Death's grim lips have passed on thee their sentence  
    stern,  
    From that dread day  
Not piety, nor birth, nor eloquence, will earn  
    An hour's delay.  
E'en her loved voice, who best on earth thy pain could calm,  
    Will plead in vain,  
Nor shall the willing strength of Friendship's ready arm  
    Break through Death's chain.





RICHARD GOODMAN WEST, 1927

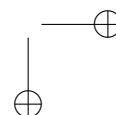
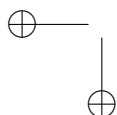
(*Classics in Translation*, Paul MacKendrick & Herbert Howe, 1959)

The snows have fled; and leaves and grasses now  
Return to trees  
And meadows; earth is changing for the plough,  
And streams decrease  
And flow beneath their banks; and nightly where  
None look askance,  
With naked Nymphs the sister Graces dare  
Lead forth their choral dance.

But reckon not on immortality, –  
So warns the year,  
And this brief hour which snatches greedily  
The day so dear:  
The frosts are now dispersed by zephyrs, – aye,  
But summer fain  
Would trample spring, and autumn soon is nigh  
To pour the grain  
And fruitage from her horn, and by and by  
Dull winter comes again.

And though the rapid moons shall ever mend  
With heavenly fire,  
Their high vicissitudes, when we descend  
Where linger sire  
Aeneas, Tullus, Ancus, – we shall be  
But shades and dust! . . .  
Who knows if the high gods will add a free  
Tomorrow to our trust?

So gratify yourself; life soon will pass,  
And what you spend  
Will foil an heir's hot clutches. But, alas!  
When you descend,  
And Minos makes his proud arbitrament  
On each offense,  
Then, dear Torquatus, neither high descent,  
Nor eloquence,  
Nor all your piety and good intent  
Will serve to bring you thence!  
Nay, for not even Dian's self could free  
Hippolytus  
From Hell; nor Theseus wrench death's slavery  
From dear Pirithoüs.





ASCOTT ROBERT HOPE MONCRIEFF, 1927

(1846–1927; Scottish Writer)

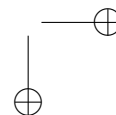
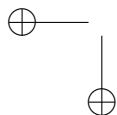
The frosts have fled; our gardens bud and bloom;  
The Park is green.  
The Thames is ploughed by skiffs where naked knees  
And necks are seen.  
The brothers Grace (or else their sons) now lead  
The white-clad game.  
The weather smiles, but oh! my friend, 'twill not  
Long last the same.  
The chilling winds of spring are followed on  
By summer rain;  
Soon autumn brings its gloomy fogs, and then  
Comes snow again.  
While changing moons refresh our mother-earth,  
Her sons catch cold;  
We mortals sneeze and shiver, rich or poor,  
And young or old.  
Who knows if in to-morrow's changing sky  
The sun will shine?  
I must not leave my top-coat off, although  
To-day is fine.  
Even if from you Sir Harley Street has got  
His golden fee,  
You find how vain the trust in drugs and in  
The faculty.  
Nice nor Davoz will not release their prey  
For skill or wealth,  
Nor cod- nor castor-oil give back the bloom  
To faded health.



## ALEXANDER WILLIAM MAIR, 1929

(1875–1928; Professor of Greek, University of Edinburgh)

The snows depart, the grass returns,  
    Again the trees are green;  
Earth changes: dwindling rivers flow  
    Their wonted banks between.  
Graces and Nymphs lead forth their dance –  
    But ah! the thought lies nigh –  
The fleeting year, the flying hour  
    Tell us that we must die.  
Treads Summer on the heels of Spring,  
    And Summer's self shall wane  
When fruitful Autumn yields her store;  
    Then Winter comes again.  
But what the seasons take away  
    The hasting moons restore;  
We, when like ripened fruit we fall,  
    Are Dust and Ghost, no more.  
If we shall see to-morrow's sun,  
    Or shall not, who can say?  
We baulk our heir of that at least  
    Which we enjoy to-day.  
When thou art dead and Minos' court  
    Has passed august decree,  
Nor birth nor eloquence avails,  
    Nor any piety.  
Hippolytus not Dian can  
    From Death's eclipse recall,  
Nor Theseus break the bonds that hold  
    Pirithoüs in thrall.







ALEXANDER FALCONER MURISON, 1931

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

The snows have fled away, and now returns  
    Grass to the fields, their tresses to the trees;  
The land is changing face, and rivers falling  
    Now keep within their bounds with ease.

Graces three together with the Nymphs  
    Risk dancing lightly clad. The year, the hour  
That whisks the cheerful day away, forbid  
    To hope that Fate will never lour.

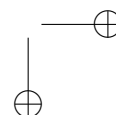
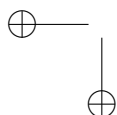
The Winter mildens when the west winds blow,  
    The Spring is trampled on by Summer's train,  
The Summer dies when Autumn sheds his fruits,  
    The torpid Winter comes again.

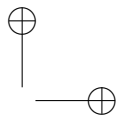
And yet the rapid moons repair heaven's damage;  
    But we, when we fall down where fell of yore  
Aeneas dutiful, rich Tullus, Ancus,  
    We're dust and shade, and nothing more.

Whether the gods on high to this day's sum  
    Will add to-morrow, who may this declare?  
All you bestow upon yourself will 'scape  
    The greedy clutches of your heir.

Once you are dead, and Minos has pronounced  
    On you, Torquatus, his impressive doom,  
Nor birth nor eloquence nor piety  
    Will then restore you from the tomb;

For nor can Dian from the nether darkness  
    Release Hippolytus, though chaste he be,  
Nor Theseus can Peirithoos, though dear,  
    From his Lethean fetters free.

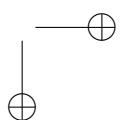
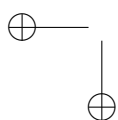




H. B. MAYOR, 1934

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

Vanished are the snows of winter, green returns to tree and plain;  
Earth her pageant shifts and rivers sink into their beds again.  
Now the Grace in naked beauty with her sisters twain is seen  
And the Nymphs, their dances leading lightly o’er the meadows green.  
Year on year, yea, each short hour, that snatches still the kindly day,  
All vain hope of life unending bids us banish far away.  
Snows dissolve before the Zephyr; Summer presses evermore  
Hard on Spring, herself to perish when ripe Autumn spreads her store:  
Soon returns the numbing Winter. Yet the losses of the skies.  
Soon again are healed, Torquatus, as succeeding moons arise;  
We, when we have once descended where Rome’s ancient monarch lie  
And Aeneas, Rome’s begetter, dust and shadows are for aye.  
That the Gods will add a morrow to the present, who can swear?  
Take the joys the season offers, and elude the expectant heir!  
When you once are dead, and Minos has pronounced his solemn doom,  
Birth nor eloquence nor goodness will restore you to your home:  
Not Diana’s self from Orcus chaste Hippolytus can free,  
Nor by Theseus’ aid Pirithous from the chains of Lethe flee.

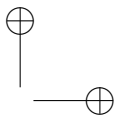




MAJOR ALFRED MAITLAND ADDISON, 1935

(1862–1949)

The snows have fled; and now once more the grasses flush the fields;  
The trees again their foliage don; and Earth to changes yields.  
The dwindling streams respect their banks; and now the naked Grace  
With Nymphs, and with her sisters twin in joyous dance will pace.  
Lest thou should'st seek immortal life the year's extinction warns;  
The hour that steals the kindly days and brings the happy dawns.  
Beneath the gentle Zephyr's breath the cold you scarce discern;  
The Spring gives way to Summer-time – to perish in its turn,  
When apple-bearing Autumn has poured for us its store;  
And lifeless days of Winter are back on earth once more,  
Though swift moon make quickly good their losses in the sky;  
Yet when we to the abyss fall – that is when once we die –  
Where Ancus, pious Aeneas, and wealthy Tullus dwell,  
Are nought but dust upon this earth, but shades in nether hell.  
Who knows if the celestial gods will add a brief to-morrow  
To this to-day, which helped to fill our mortal cup of sorrow.  
What to thy own dear self thou giv'st, in truth is gift most fair;  
And helps thee thus to cheat the hands of future grasping heir.  
When thou shalt pass beyond the veil; and when at length on thee  
Shall Minos, from his judgment seat, pronounce his high decree;  
Not thy lineage, my Torquatus, nor all thy eloquence,  
Nor all thy filial piety can bring thee back from thence.  
For neither could Diana chaste, Hippolytus set free  
From the chains that held him captive in the depths of Tartary;  
Nor could the might of Theseus his dear Pirithous save  
From the flood of Lethe's waters; from the fetter of the grave.



RUTH HERRON, 1935

*(Prairie Schooner)*

The snows of winter now have fled,  
Once more the fields with grass are spread;  
The naked trees that once seemed dead  
New tresses wear.

Thus earth's vicissitudes go on:  
Swift streams resume their halcyon  
Serenity and flow anon  
Within their banks.

And now with nymphs and sisters two,  
The Grace dares lead her lovely crew  
Of dancers 'neath the heaven's blue,  
Though lightly clad.

The year whose seasons haste away,  
The hour which snatches kindly day,  
Both warn us lest we hope display  
For future life.

The west winds moderate the chill;  
Soon, trampled underfoot, spring will  
By summer be replaced until  
She also yields

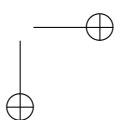
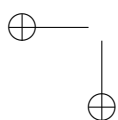
To autumn pouring forth her fruit.  
Another shall her reign dispute,  
And stagnant winter, destitute,  
Return to rule.

The swiftly changing moons repair  
Their losses in the sky, howe'er,  
And seasons' losses scarce compare  
With those of men.

For we, when we make our descent  
Where good Aeneas, reverent,  
And Tullus, rich, and Ancus went,  
Are dust and shade.

Will they who spin the fatal thrum  
Add yet tomorrow to this day's sum,  
Or has the final hour now come?  
We cannot know.

All that for which thy soul doth care,  
Which thou hast gained shall disappear,





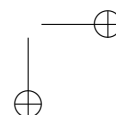
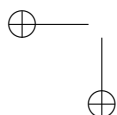
Escape the hands of greedy heir,  
When thou art gone.

When thou dost perish once for all,  
And Minos, judge imperial,  
On thee his awful verdict shall  
Have rendered, then,

Torquatus, not thy eloquence,  
Nor thy ancestral eminence,  
Nor all thy righteous reverence,  
Shall bring thee back.

Diana's power can not set free  
Hippolytus, though chaste he be,  
From lower shades. That last decree  
Not gods can change.

Nor can brave Theseus ever gain  
The strength to burst the Lethean chain  
Which doth Pirithöus restrain,  
His dearest friend.





JOHN B. QUINN, 1936

(Educator and Translator)

The snows have sped, the lawns are green,  
And leaves adorn the bays;  
The earth assumes a changing mien,  
Whilst streams resume their ways.

With Nymphs, the Grace and sisters twain  
Ungarbed begin their dance;  
Whilst time warns us in Death's refrain  
Each moment to enhance.

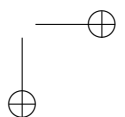
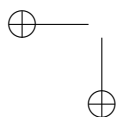
The Zephyrs warm the air, and Spring  
Will be in Summer lost;  
Then Autumn will its harvests bring  
And soon the blighting frost!

Though moons celestial loss repair,  
We are when we have passed  
Where Tullus and Aeneas fare,  
But dust and Shades, at last!

"Will gods bestow another day?"  
Who knows? What you withhold,  
Drawn from your sordid heir away,  
For you is treasured gold.

When you are dead and judgment dread  
Has Minos passed on you,  
"Your birth, Torquatus," will be said  
"And worth will never do!

"So get you hence, for in deep gloom  
"Is Hippolytus still;  
"And Pirithos must bear his doom,  
"In spite of Theseus' will!"





## JUSTIN LOOMIS VAN GUNDY, 1936

(1861–1936; Professor of Latin, Monmouth College)

Vanished now are the snows, and the grasses appear to reclothe the  
Fields, and the foliage the trees;  
Earth makes its changes, and the receding rivers are flowing  
Now e'en inside of their banks:  
Grace, with the Nymphs and her sisters, now ventures, aye unadorned, to  
Lead their harmonious dance.  
Nothing's immortal, of this we are warned by the year and the hour that  
Hurries the life-giving day:  
Zephyrs make mellow the cold, and the Spring is supplanted by Summer,  
Summer itself soon to die:  
Fruit-bearing Autumn already has poured forth its stores, and now soon  
will  
Indolent Winter return.  
Though the quick-waning moons repair their celestial losses,  
Not so with us; when we go  
Whither went father Aeneas and Tullus, the wealthy, and Ancus,  
Then we'll be dust and a shade.  
Who knows whether the gods on high will add any time to-  
morrow to the sum of today?  
Everything which you've bestowed on your own precious soul will escape  
the  
Greedy desires of an heir.  
When once you shall be dead and Minos has made his distinguished  
Judgment concerning your life,  
Neither your birth, Torquatus, nor eloquent pleading will free you;  
Nor will your piety restore you.  
For neither did Diana set free Hippolytus, pure as he  
Was, from infernal despair,  
Nor was Theseus able to break off the shackles that held his  
Friend Pirithous asleep.





VICTOR CHARLES LE FANU, 1939

*(Translations of Horace)*

The snows have fled, the fields are green again,  
The trees their young leaves show –  
The world is changing, and their banks restrain  
The rivers running low.

The sister Graces and the nymphs at play  
May dance in Nature's dress –  
The changing year, and time that steals each day  
Unmeasured hopes repress.

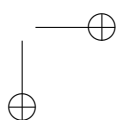
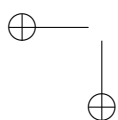
The West wind blows, then Summer casts out Spring,  
Destined herself to die  
When fruitful Autumn holds her garnering,  
Then Winter's lethargy.

Swiftly the moon in heav'n may wax and wane  
We fade – and go we must  
Where good Æneas and the Kings remain,  
And turn to shade and dust.

Whether tomorrow's dawn succeeds today,  
Lies with the Gods alone –  
Your greedy heir his hands can never lay  
On what you've made your own.

When once you're dead, and when the Judge of men  
His solemn doom lets fall  
Nor race, nor eloquence, nor goodness, then.  
Torquatus can recall.

Hippolytus Diana cannot free  
In outer darkness penned  
Nor valiant Theseus set at liberty  
Pirithous his friend.







## SIR EDWARD MARSH, 1941

(1872–1953; Scholar and Civil Servant)

The snows are away, once more the grass in the field shows green,  
And the leaves in the wood;  
Earth's livery's changed, and now the stream's low banks are seen  
In the dwindling flood.

Naked the Nymphs and the Graces, no longer fearing the cold,  
Dance in the flowers;  
The new year prophesies death, as the sweet days growing old  
Die hours by hours.

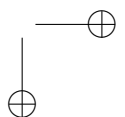
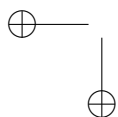
Zephyrs breathe warm on the frost; the Summer treads upon Spring,  
But her triumph is vain,  
So soon does Autumn return with his ripe fruits, only to bring  
Numb Winter again.

These wounds of the wheeling skies are healed by the moons in their  
flying:  
Man, once he is laid  
Where father Aeneas and proud rich Tullus and Ancus are lying,  
Is dust and a shade.

To-day we are here upon earth; to-morrow, who knows where?  
'Tis as Heaven commands;  
The things thou hast gladdened thy heart with, how soon will thy greedy  
heir  
Let slip through his hands!

Once thy hour comes, Torquatus, and Minos from his throne  
Assigns thy lot,  
The storied race, the golden tongue, the deeds that shone  
Shall avail thee not.

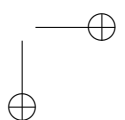
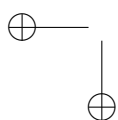
To snatch Hippolytus in vain Diana strove  
From the nether deeps,  
And wrapt in Lethe's chains, for all strong Theseus' love,  
Pirithous sleeps.





F. C. H. HILEY, 1944

The snows have melted; the green reappears upon the meadow  
and lea;  
    All trees are in bud;  
Earth changes; the banks imprison the rivers that roll to the  
sea  
    In a lessening flood.  
Now the Graces unclad come forth, their Nymphs of the nimble  
feet  
    In the revel to guide;  
Trust naught to endure, so warn the year and the hours as  
they cheat  
    Each day of its pride.  
Scarce tamed are the winter frosts, when Summer thrusts forth  
the Spring,  
    To yield up her reign  
To Autumn lavish of apples, who soon in his wake doth bring  
Numb winter again!  
But swiftly-revolving moons make good what Heaven hath  
lost;  
    When perish we must,  
With good Aeneas we dwell, rich Tullus and Ancus – a ghost  
And a pinch of dust.  
Who knows if the Heavenly Ones will add the morrow unborn  
To the tale of our years?  
What we spend on our noble selves, for our pleasure, is so  
much torn  
    From our covetous heirs.  
But once thou art gone below, and Minos hath passed on thee  
Majestic doom,  
Birth, eloquence, bring thee not, Torquatus, or piety,  
    Again from the tomb.  
Is chaste Hippolytus freed by Dian who loves him well  
From Stygian night?  
Or Pirithous the beloved unloosed from the bonds of Hell  
By Theseus' might?





## LORD DUNSANY, 1947

(1878–1957; English Writer and Dramatist)

The snow is melting, and the grass returns  
And leaves are coming out upon the trees;  
Within their banks less swollen flow the burns,  
And change is coming over all the leas.

Now with two sisters and the nymphs the Grace  
Leads the nude dances, and the year has power,  
Lest any hope in permanence we place,  
To warn us, and the ever-flying hour.

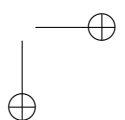
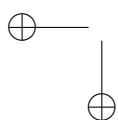
The cold grows mild with zephyrs, and the Spring  
Is thrust out by the Summer, soon to go  
Herself when Autumn's fruits are burgeoning,  
And so return the sluggish days of snow;

Yet swiftly in the sky the moons restore  
Their Josses; but when we go down to where  
Are Ancus and Æneas, more  
We shall not be than dust and shadows there.

Who knows if to today the gods above  
Will add tomorrow? All thou shalt bestow  
On thine own self, that thou dost surely love,  
Escapes a greedy heir. When thou below

Shalt once have gone, and Minos shall have made  
Majestical decision of thy case,  
Then neither piety shall free thy shade  
Nor eloquence, Torquatus, nor thy race.

For even Diana cannot from the sway  
Of nether darkness free Hippolytus,  
And Theseus cannot break the chains away  
That Lethe lays upon Pirithoüs.





## LEWIS EVELYN GIELGUD, 1951

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

The snows are gone. The meadows find  
    Their green again, their leaves the trees.  
Earth changes rhythm, and rivers wind  
    In quiet beds, as floods decrease.

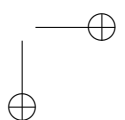
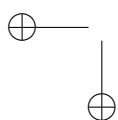
Now Grace with Nymph, and Nymph with Grace,  
    Dance naked. But let no man cherish  
Immortal hopes. The days displace  
    The days, and hour by hour they perish.

How soon are widowed skies consoled  
    By swift successive moons! We die  
As died the Royal Kings of old –  
    What are we? Dust and shadows! Why,

None knows if he from Heaven can wrest  
    The right another day to live.  
Your heirs at least will not contest  
    The presents which today you give,

But once your span is spent, and your  
    Account is closed, no wit, no worth,  
No titles your forefathers bore,  
    Can ever bring you back to earth.

Diana still the Shades implores  
    For chaste Hippolytus in vain,  
And Theseus beats at Lethe's doors  
    Pirithous' freedom to obtain.





## SKULI JOHNSON, 1952

(1888–1955; Classical Scholar)

The snows have fled; to fields returns the grass,  
And tresses to the trees;  
Earth changes seasons; in their channels pass  
The rivers that decrease.

Now venture with the Nymphs the Graces three  
Unclad the dance to lead;  
“Do thou not hope for immortality”  
The rolling year bids heed,

And hour that hurries off the kindly day:  
West’s winds melt Winter frore;  
On Spring treads Summer, doomed to pass away,  
As soon as will outpour

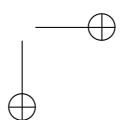
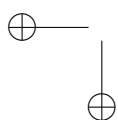
His produce Autumn, rich in fruits, and soon  
There coursing comes anew  
Winter inert. Yet quickly does the moon  
Her loss in heaven renew;

But we, when we descended have whereto  
Aeneas duteous made  
Descent, and where rich Tullus, Ancus too,  
Went down, are dust and shade.

Who knows with morrow’s hours if gods of heaven  
Today’s sum will extend?  
Heir’s greedy hands will ’scape all thou’lt have given  
Thy spirit, thy good friend.

When once thou art dead and Minos over thee  
Has made his famed award,  
Torquatus, not by birth nor piety,  
Nor tongue thou’lt be restored.

From shades of hell Diana never frees  
Her chaste Hippolytus;  
From Lethe’s chains can Theseus not release  
His loved Pirithous.





ROBERT MONTRAVILLE GREEN, 1953

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

The snows have fled; already now return  
Verdure and foliage to meadows hoar,  
Earth changes, and the little brawling burn  
Subsides beneath its shore.

Spring with her sister nymphs now dares to weave  
The naked dance; but the hour that doth send  
The day hence warns thee thy fond hope to leave  
Of pleasure without end.

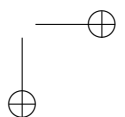
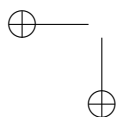
Spring softens the cold, but is trodden down  
By summer destined then to pass in turn,  
When autumn pours her harvest forth, and soon  
Numb winter shall return.

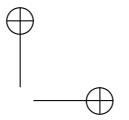
The swift moon doth repair her monthly change  
Forever; but when we have gone to be  
Where the great spirits of the past do range,  
Shadow and dust are we.

Who knows if the high gods shall add a part  
Of future time to to-day's sum of care?  
Whate'er thou grantest to thine own dear heart  
Escapes thy greedy heir.

When once thou hast departed and on thee  
Minos hath passed august arbitrament,  
Not wit shall thee restore, nor piety,  
To earth's dear element.

Dian grants not Hippolytus to wend  
From nether darkness nor hath Theseus power  
From bonds Lethean to set free his friend  
In death's unwelcome hour.

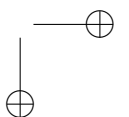
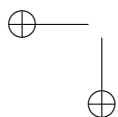




F. R. DALE, 1953

(1883–1976)

Now all snow's fled away, and the grass comes new on the plainland;  
    Leafage is back on the trees;  
All earth changes again, while streams down dwindle and run past  
    Less than the height of the banks:  
Naked the Grace comes forth, unafraid with the pair of her sisters  
    Leading the Nymphs in a dance.  
Hope not freedom from death. So warns us the year, and the dark hour  
    Stealing the gladness of day.  
Westerly winds thaw winterly cold; spring fades in the long days;  
    Then summer passes away  
Swiftly, as ripe fruits swell in the bounty of autumn, and then soon  
    Lifeless the winter returns.  
Yet will the speed of the moons give again all lost in the sky's change;  
    We, when we fall thither, where  
Rich Tullus, Aeneas our father, and Ancus of old fell,  
    We are but dust and a shade.  
Who can discern whether gods in the sky grant, after to-day's count,  
    Time for the day that is next?  
All that you give for delight of your own dear soul, from the heir's hand,  
    Greedy to grasp it, escapes.  
Once you are fallen from earth, when once great Minos in bright light  
    Passes his doom on the soul,  
Then no wisdom of word, no rank, Torquatus, restores you,  
    No reverence for the right.  
No, not Dian herself could the chaste young prince who adored her  
    Save from the darkness below;  
Not Theseus in his love could prevail, nor rescue from Lethe's  
    Bondage his Pirithous.





JAMES MCLEAN TODD, 1955

*(Voices from the Past)*

The snows are gone, grass in the fields is growing  
And foliage on the bough:  
Earth's seasons change: the shrinking streams are flowing  
Within their channels low.

Now Nymphs and Graces all unclad may boldly  
Dance in the warmth of spring:  
Each year, each hour that hastens night says coldly  
'Life is a passing thing.'

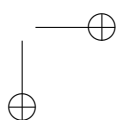
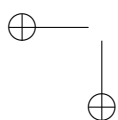
Frost yields to Zephyrs, spring to summer's fever,  
And summer will be sped  
When autumn pours her plenteous fruit, and ever  
Comes winter, dull and dead.

Yet with the moons the seasons swiftly waken:  
We, when we once have passed  
The way that good and rich and great have taken,  
Are dust and shades at last.

Who knows if God above will add tomorrow  
To this completed day?  
What you spend now to keep your soul from sorrow  
No heir can waste away.

When you are dead and Minos once has o'er you  
His grand pronouncement made,  
Your eloquence, your birth will not restore you,  
Nor your devotion aid.

Hippolytus was chaste, yet Dian never  
Frees him from night again.  
Nor from Pirithöus can Theseus sever  
The links of Lethe's chain.







JAMES BLAIR LEISHMAN, 1956

(1902–63; Scholar and Translator)

Snow's all melted away, green grass comes back to the meadows,  
tresses again to the trees;  
earth's transforming herself, and now with diminishing waters  
rivers are hurrying by.

Now can the Grace with the nymphs and her own twin-sisters together  
nakedly open the dance.  
'Your joys end,' they warn us, the rolling year and the hour that  
snatches the day we have loved.

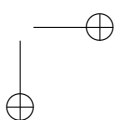
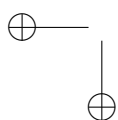
Chillness yields to the western wind, Spring's victim of Summer,  
destined to perish as well  
soon as Autumn unloads her exhibited fruits; and, with sudden  
numbingness, Winter returns.

While, though, waning moons can mend their celestial losses,  
we, when we've fallen to where  
pious Aeneas and richest Tullus and Ancus have fallen,  
linger as shadow and dust.

Who can tell if the gods on high will increase with to-morrow's  
moments the sum of to-day?  
All you grant to your own dear self shall elude the rapacious  
grasp of a hovering heir.

Once you've had your day, once so augustly upon you  
Minos has uttered his doom,  
then, Torquatus, lineage, eloquence, righteousness shall not  
serve to restore you to light.

Chaste Diana has failed from encompassing darkness to carry  
chaster Hippolytus back,  
neither has strong-armed Theseus availed to unloose the Lethaeon  
chains from Pirithoüs bound.





SIR ERNEST BARKER, 1957

(1874–1960; Political Scientist)

The snows are fled away; leaves crown anew the woods,  
Grass clothes afresh the leas;  
Earth rings her changes; rivers bate their floods  
And lap their banks at ease.

Nymphs with the Graces three down woodland ways  
Bare-limbed the dance dare ply:  
Yet flying year and sweet time-thieving days  
Warn thee, 'Thou too must die.'

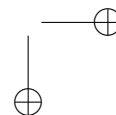
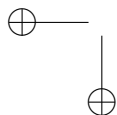
Frost melts at Spring's soft breath; soon o'er Spring's  
Hastes Summer quick to wane,  
When appled Autumn sheds her fruits in showers;  
Then – Winter drear again.

Swift morns restore the seasons' injured state;  
We men, when our lives fade,  
Like those old kings – the Pious, Splendid, Great –  
Are ashes and a shade.

Who knows if Heaven will add a new to-morrow  
To grace Time's lengthening screed?  
Spend on thine own dear self; if thine heir sorrow  
Thou dost but cheat his greed.

Once thou art gone, and thy bright count stands writ  
In Minos' book of doom,  
Not all thy faith, Torquatus, lineage, wit  
Will e'er unbar the tomb.

Diana cannot wake from his cold sleep  
Her chaste Hippolytus  
Or Theseus loose the numbing bonds that keep  
His loved Perithous.





ALFRED NOYES, 1957 (IMITATION)

(1880–1958; Poet and Writer)

Fled in defeat are the snows, and the grass grows green on the hillside.  
Green grow the leaves on the tree.  
Earth in her orbit returns, and the river that flooded the ploughland  
Sinks, and flows on to the sea.

Fairer than flowers in the sun, the young-eyed nymphs and the Graces  
Move to the music of spring.  
Yet must the year and the hour still wait, still warn, of the darkness  
Whither our dreams take wing.

Softly the west wind blows and the springtide melts into summer,  
Autumn, with grape and with grain,  
Glorifies earth for a little; the beech leaves redden, then winter  
Strips them and strews them again.

Swiftly the changing moons as they glide through the sky will renew  
them,  
Earth will have many a May.  
Ah, but who knows if the Gods will gladden our eyes with tomorrow,  
Once they have closed on today.

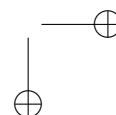
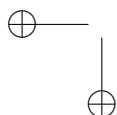
Earth in her orbit returns, but man when his orbit is ended  
Turns not again to the sun;  
Dust and a shadow are we, when the ghost from the house that has  
crumbled  
Hence, unto Orcus has gone.

Faithful Aeneas is there, rich Tullus, the conqueror Ancus  
Come to the self-same goal;  
Treasure is none thou canst take on that dark inescapable journey  
Save what thou hast in thy soul.

Give it then all that thou canst, my friend, what else can avail us,  
When before Minos we stand,  
Minos the judge, the all-just, the august, the unerring remorseless  
Lord of that shadowy land.

Lineage, eloquence, piety, naught can restore thee thy morning  
When to that night thou art come,  
Dark are the courts of the dead, where thy soul, its own advocate, enters,  
Looks on their god, and is dumb.

Thence, O not thy clean heart, nor the pity of Dian can bring thee,  
Back to thine April again,  
Nor can the love of thy friend, O, Pirithöus, loosen the fetters,  
Break the unbreakable chain.

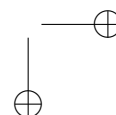
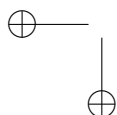


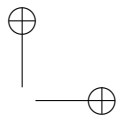
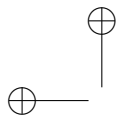


HELEN ROWE HENZE, 1961

(1899–1973; Poet, Translator, and Singer)

Now are the snows all fled, and the grass returns to the fields,  
Tresses return to trees;  
Earth to her annual changes, her beautiful changes yields;  
The bed of the river receives  
The chastened floods. The nymphs and their sisters with naked grace  
Dare lead the dance of spring.  
Nothing immortal: so warns the year and kindly day  
Which time is ravishing.  
Frosts melt, and hard on the heels of Spring will Summer tread,  
Which soon, too soon, must die.  
Autumn will all of her lavish and fruit-laden bounty spread  
Where soon dull Winter will lie.  
Moons will swiftly return and repair the heaven's loss;  
But we, when we shall descend  
Whither descended our father Aeneas, rich Tullus and Ancus,  
In dust and in shadow shall end.  
Who knows, or ever can know, if to the last today  
The gods will add tomorrow?  
Give to your friendly soul your wealth, and far away  
Your heirs will flee in sorrow.  
When once for all you shall die and sadly go downward hence  
To Minos' august decree,  
Not, Torquatus, your birth, your love, nor your eloquence  
Shall ever set you free.  
Even Diana from Hades never could liberate  
The chaste Hippolytus;  
Nor could brave Theseus the chains of Lethe break  
From his dear Pirithoüs.

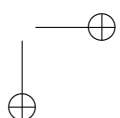
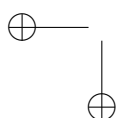




FREDERICK WILLIAM WALLACE, 1964

(Senior Scholar of Emmanuel College, Cambridge)

The snows are fled. Comes grass again  
To fields and tresses to the trees.  
Earth changes season. Rivers wane  
And pass within their banks to seas.  
And Graces three in nude adorn  
With Nymphs dare dance. Each year, each hour  
That steals each kindly day doth warn  
Gainst hope that Life will stay Death's power.  
Spring winds melt ice, and Summer's foot  
Tramps over Spring, and then succumbs  
As Autumn sheds her harvest fruit,  
And back then lifeless winter comes.  
Tho' moons their lost celestial fire  
Quickly relight, when in death laid,  
As Tullus rich and Aeneas sire  
And Ancus, we are dust and shade.  
Who knows if Providence will add  
Tomorrow's time to this day's sum?  
What thy dear soul from self has had,  
No part to greedy heir will come.  
Once dead, when Minos Lord of Hell  
Doth stately judgment o'er thee give,  
Nor race, Torquatus, speaking well,  
Nor goodness brings thee back to live.  
Diana frees not her chaste boy  
Hippolytus from grave and gloom,  
Nor for Pirothous his joy  
Can Theseus break the fettered tomb.





RICHARD E. BRAUN, 1970

(Born 1934; Poet and Translator)

Now the snow has escaped in all directions,  
grass returns to flat land, wreaths to trees,  
Earth turns changes, and streams sink, back to size,  
into their pleated ways.

With nymphs and her twins, the Grace again dares  
lead the dance naked. . . No, no hope  
of no dying: that is the year's round warning,  
and the hour's, which tears

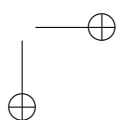
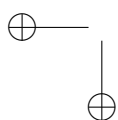
the teat of the morning away. With warming  
winds' touches, summer rubs the spring  
then falls with rich outpour of fertile autumn  
to winter's impotent night.

New moons are quick to make good the losses  
of the night sky; but when we sink  
where Aeneas the good, and wealthy Tullus  
sank, we are dust and shade.

No, we do not know the high Gods will not add  
tomorrow to today's amount.  
We do know all we spend on our dearest selves  
escapes contested wills.

When you do die, and are made the subject  
of a classic judgment, dear friend,  
no influence, no brilliant pleas, no goodness  
will gain a release for you:

Diana does not free Hippolytus,  
so pure, from the shadows under us,  
nor can Theseus tear the chains from his  
precious Pirithous

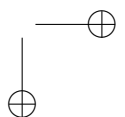
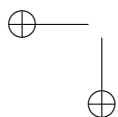




JIM McCULLOCH, 1970

(Poet and Translator)

The snow relents  
to fields with new weeds  
& a coronation of blossoming trees  
Change moves before change  
    The river moves low in its bed again  
        Graces & nymphs go dancing nude  
No hope for permanence,  
    hope for no permanence;  
The hour knells the riven day;  
    the day falls into years  
Stand warned.  
The west wind softens the chill,  
    the spring wind will die  
        in burnt summer air  
& summer crumbles  
    beneath time's measured beat;  
The fruit strewn in the fall,  
    & ice congeals the day again.  
The Moon is immortal  
    though she die monthly in heaven,  
but when we die  
    only a particular shadow survives  
        among our fathers.  
Who knows if today's full cup  
    will overflow into the morning?  
Who knows celestial intent?  
    The fingers of an heir  
        clutch at all men's hearts,  
        therefore enrich only the soul;  
Once in hell  
    under blinding judgment  
        no noble ancestors, no piety, & no eloquence  
will redeem you, Torquatus.  
Shy Hippolytus is engraved in darkness  
    & no goddess in heaven can resurrect him,  
    nor can Theseus break  
        his dead friend's chains.





ALAN MCNICOLL, 1979

(1908–87; Rear-Admiral, Royal Australian Army)

The snows are fled away, the leaves return  
To dress the trees; the grass is on the plain.  
The earth her life renews; the streams subside  
And gently flow between their banks again.

Once more the nymphs can venture all unclad  
To lead the dancing, with the Graces three...  
Each hour that hurries on the kindly day  
Denies your hope of immortality.

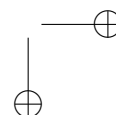
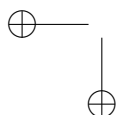
Warmed in the western wind, the world grows mild  
And summer treads upon the steps of spring,  
Yet soon will die. Then fruitful autumn fails  
And lifeless winter brings his reckoning.

Swift moons make good their losses in the sky,  
But we must soon with old Aeneas live  
Where Tullus and where wealthy Ancus dwell...  
And only dust and shadow will survive.

For who can say if to the sum of hours  
The gods in heaven will add tomorrow's share?  
That which you have on your own heart bestowed  
Alone escapes the clutches of your heir.

When you have met your doom, and Minos dark  
Pronounces his august decree, your birth,  
Your eloquence, your piety, my friend,  
Will not avail to bring you back to earth.

Diana does not loose from out the dark  
Her chaste Hippolytus: and still no power  
Has Theseus e'er to free from Lethe's bonds  
His loved Pirithous for a single hour.



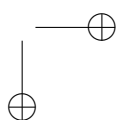
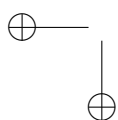




## CEDRIC WHITMAN, 1980

(1916–79; American Poet and Academic)

Snows have fled, the grass returns now to the meadows,  
    And long locks to the trees;  
Earth runs her course of change, and streams no longer swollen  
    Flow tamely past their banks.  
Thalia and her two sisters, with all the nymphs, take heart  
    And lead the naked dance.  
The season warns us, and time, as it steals the nurturing day,  
    Bids dream no deathless dreams.  
West winds temper the chill, but summer jostles spring,  
    Herself to die, at once  
Turned autumn, apple-bearer, bringer of fruits; and soon  
    The rigid frost returns.  
But hastening moons redeem their ebbings in the skies;  
    We, when we go down  
Where good Aeneas is gone, with lordly Tullus and Ancus,  
    We lapse to dust and shade.  
Who knows if the lofty gods will add a span of tomorrows  
    To what is summed today?  
Your heir's turn comes, when only the gifts that ripen your soul  
    Will slip his hungry grasp.  
When once you die, and Minos hands down upon your life  
    His judgment's instant flash,  
Not birth, nor eloquent tongue, my friend, nor upright mind  
    Will bear you back to us.  
Diana never has freed her chaste Hippolytus  
    From that infernal dark,  
Nor mighty Theseus broken oblivion's chain that binds  
    Pirithous, whom he loved.





## STUART LYONS, 2007

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

The snows have scattered; now upon the leas  
    The grass returns, and leaves upon the trees;  
Earth changes seasons and the floods subside;  
    Again within their banks the rivers glide.

Now the three Graces and the Nymphs advance  
    And venture out unclothed to lead the dance.  
The year and the hour that steals indulgent day  
    Warn to hope not for immortality.

The winter's cold is warmed by the west wind,  
    And spring gives way to summer, which must end  
Once fruitful autumn has poured forth its store,  
    And then still winter hurries back once more.

The moons in their swift courses soon repair  
    The heaven's damage, but when we fall there,  
Where pious Aeneas and wealthy Tullus  
    And Ancus fell, we are shadow and dust.

Who knows whether the gods in their high home  
    Will add tomorrow's times to today's sum?  
But gifts, which to your own dear heart you make,  
    Your heir with grasping hands can never take.

Once you have perished and your destiny  
    Is fixed by Minos with his clear decree,  
No eloquence, nobility of birth  
    Or piety will bring you back to earth.

From nether gloom Diana cannot free  
    Hippolytus, for all his chastity;  
By Lethe's streams Pirithous remains,  
    For Theseus is too weak to break his chains.



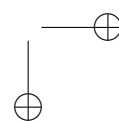
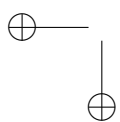
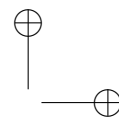
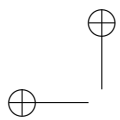


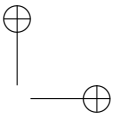
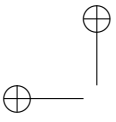
## JOHN HAZEL, 2021

(Born 1932; Teacher of Latin and Greek)

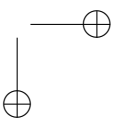
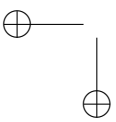
The snows have fled away; now grass returns to the fields  
and the leaves to the trees;  
Earth is changing her seasons, and rivers, ebbing,  
flow in their banks;  
Grace with the Nymphs and her two sisters dares  
to dance their measures naked.  
Immortality do not expect, the year warns you, and the hour  
which steals the kindly day.  
West winds soften winter's chill, summer crushes spring,  
herself destined to perish  
when fruitful autumn pours forth her crops, and soon  
winter returns, inert.  
But moons swiftly repair their heavenly losses:  
yet when we go down  
where righteous Aeneas, where rich Tullus and Ancus have gone,  
dust and shadows are we.  
Who knows if the gods above will add more time tomorrow  
to today's sum total?  
All will escape the greedy hands of your heir, that  
you give to your own dear heart.  
When once you have died, and Minos has passed  
his glorious judgment upon you,  
not your ancestry, Torquatus, nor your eloquence, nor yet your  
piety will restore you;  
for not even Diana frees her chaste Hippolytus  
from the darkness of Hades,  
nor has Theseus the strength to break the chains of Lethe  
from his beloved Pirithous.

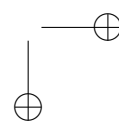
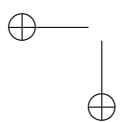
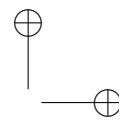
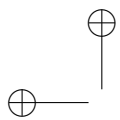






BACK MATTER







## BIBLIOGRAPHY

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

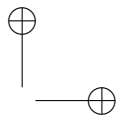
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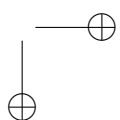
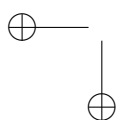


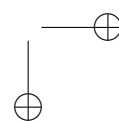
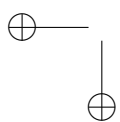
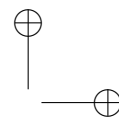
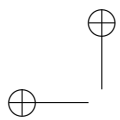
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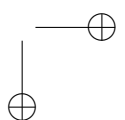
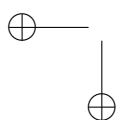






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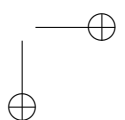
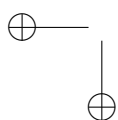
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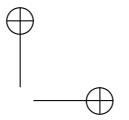




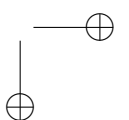
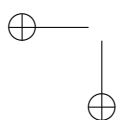
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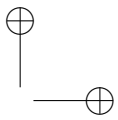
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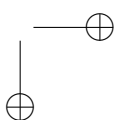
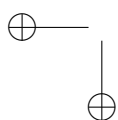




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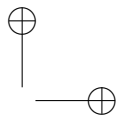
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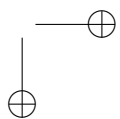
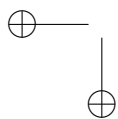


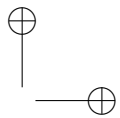
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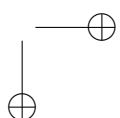
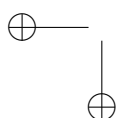


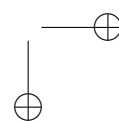
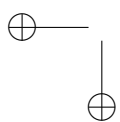
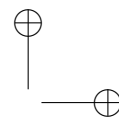
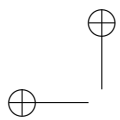
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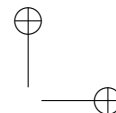
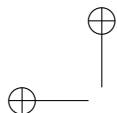




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