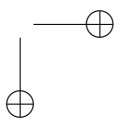
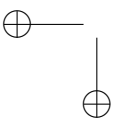
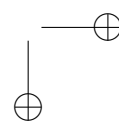
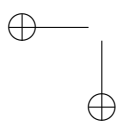
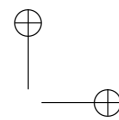
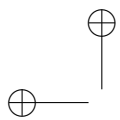
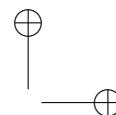
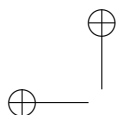


Horace's Otium Divos
A Collection of Translations







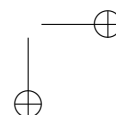
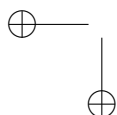
Horace's Otium Divos
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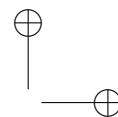
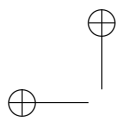
Isaac Waisberg

Science proceeds, and man stands still;
Our "world" to-day's as good or ill, –
As cultured (nearly),
As yours was, Horace! You alone,
Unmatched, unmet, we have not known.

AUSTIN DOBSON, *To Q. H. F.*

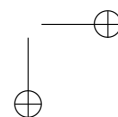
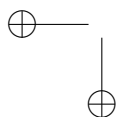
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2022

Selection and Design by Isaac Waisberg





IN LIEU OF A PREFACE

“VOLTAIRE: May I ask you to what branch of literature you have devoted yourself?

CASANOVA: To none; but that, perhaps will come later. In the meanwhile I read as much as I can, and try to study character on my travels.

VOLTAIRE: That is the way to become learned, but the book of humanity is too vast. Reading history is the easier way.

CASANOVA: Yes, if history did not lie. One is not sure of the truth of the facts. It is tiring, while the study of the world is amusing. Horace, whom I know by heart, is my guide-book. . . .

VOLTAIRE: Horace was a great master who gave precepts which will never be out of date.

CASANOVA: Yet you yourself have violated one of them, but you have violated it grandly.

VOLTAIRE: Which is that?

CASANOVA: You do not write ‘*contentus paucis lectoribus.*’

VOLTAIRE: If Horace had had to combat the hydra-headed monster of superstition, he would have written as I have written – for all the world.

CASANOVA: It seems to me that you might spare yourself the trouble of combating what you will never destroy.

VOLTAIRE: That which I cannot finish others will, and I shall always have the glory of having been the first in the field.

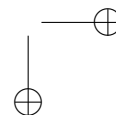
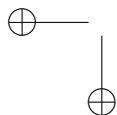
CASANOVA: Very good; but supposing you succeed in destroying superstition, what are you going to put in its place?” (Louis Leopold Biancolli, *The Book of Great Conversations*, 1948)

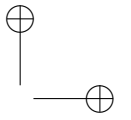
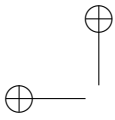


“It looks on all the surfaces as if the intellect of this country had gone to pot through the operation of the natural laws of wealth and prosperity – (and one sees no end or limit to them). I read Horace all the time and see much likeness between the luxury, riot, and folly that went on in the proconsular era, and our own epoch, but nothing of the blaze of intellect that accompanied the breakdown of the old Roman institutions – and left behind it a shelf of books.” (John Jay Chapman, *A Sampling of Letters*, December 23, 1925)



“Yet explaining why one likes an ode of Horace is as hard as explaining why one likes a picture. Art critics, unwilling to talk about the subject-matter of a picture where it is the form that they feel to be important, have taken refuge in not very illuminating metaphors – ‘plasticity,’ ‘rhythm,’ even ‘orchestration.’ A similar helplessness afflicts the champion of Horace. And it may be that after all the only useful course is for the former to point to the picture, the latter to declaim the poem. Of attempts to





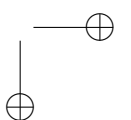
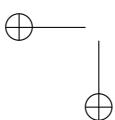
characterise the Horatian ode the best known to me is that of Nietzsche. ‘To this day I have got from no poet the same artistic delight as from the very first a Horatian ode gave me. In certain languages what is here achieved is not even to be thought of. This mosaic of words, in which every word by sound, by position and by meaning, diffuses its influence to right and left and over the whole; the minimum in compass and number of symbols, the maximum achieved in the effectiveness of those symbols, all that is Roman, and, believe me, of excellence unsurpassed.’” (L. P. Wilkinson, *Horace and His Lyric Poetry*, 1945)

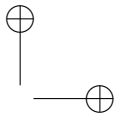
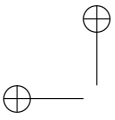


“It has become almost a truism that Horace is untranslatable, but it has never been the truth. Ask Vergil, and he will tell you of his oarsmen, ‘they can because they think they can,’ and those words have an universal application, and abide eternally true. Indeed even the many attempts that have been made to translate Horace are equivalent to so many proofs that at any rate all those who have made the venture believed success not to be impossible. Certainly I hold that view myself, and this fact convicts me not of conceit but of sanity, since only an insane man will attempt to achieve that which he believes to be incapable of achievement. Two qualifications are indispensable to success, the first an infinite capacity for taking pains, the second a little breath of inspiration. Horace, it will be remembered, had both these gifts: ‘a Matine bee,’ he sings, ‘is type of me,’ adding, ‘I mould with pains my puny strains’: in the Epilogue to the first three books he bids Melpomene ‘put the glory on, won by desert.’ I know that I possess the first of the two qualifications: as to the second my readers must decide. But of this I am certain: it is only the acceptance of the view that Horace is untranslatable which can ultimately prevent him from being translated with complete success. His memorial may ‘outsoar the pyramids,’ it may even outsoar Mount Everest, but it is as certain that Horace will one day be translated as it is that Mount Everest will one day be climbed. It is no slight task, but then, as Vergil himself has told us, neither is the glory slight, if Apollo graciously consents to the prayer. No slight task and yet not impossible, provided that the translator remembers Ovid’s epithet and thinks of Horace as ‘numerous,’ i.e. in Mr A. B. Ramsay’s felicitous phrase ‘the poet of the tunes.’” (Hugh MacNaghten, *The Odes of Horace*, 1926)



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





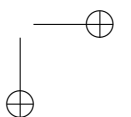
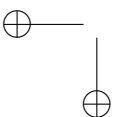
me the exact number of pounds, shillings, and pence he had lost by the venture.” (Charles Cooper, *Horace in English*, 1896)

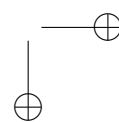
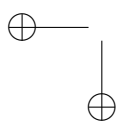
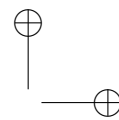
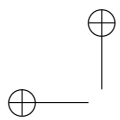


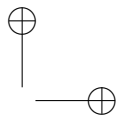
“I am happy too that the subject of my lecture should be Walter Bagehot, who has been my revered and, indeed, I feel, intimate companion for over a quarter of a century. The gift he has bestowed on me is what he himself called ‘immortality by association.’ Posterity cannot take up many people, so my advice to those who have such ambitions is this: if you cannot be a genius yourself, attach yourself to one who is, and then you will be drawn onwards into the future like a speck in the tail of Halley’s comet.” (Norman St John-Stevás, *The Omnipresence of Walter Bagehot*, 1987)



“Someone said to Socrates that a certain man had grown no better by his travels. ‘I should think not,’ he said; ‘he took himself along with him.’ . . . If a man does not first unburden his soul of the load that weighs upon it, movement will cause it to be crushed still more, as in a ship the cargo is less cumbersome when it is settled. You do a sick man more harm than good by moving him. You imbed the malady by disturbing it, as stakes penetrate deeper and grow firmer when you budge them and shake them. Wherefore it is not enough to have gotten away from the crowd, it is not enough to move; we must get away from the gregarious instincts that are inside us, we must sequester ourselves and repossess ourselves.” (Montaigne, *Essays*, 1580, tr. Donald Frame)

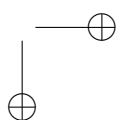
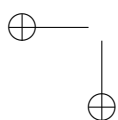


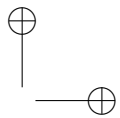




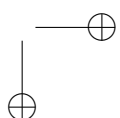
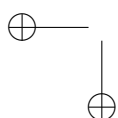
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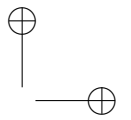
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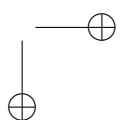
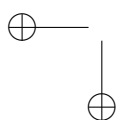


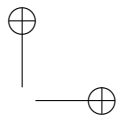
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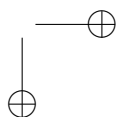
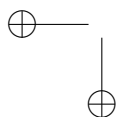


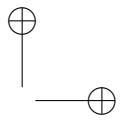
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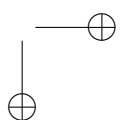
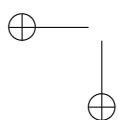


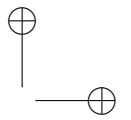
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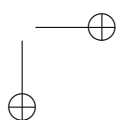
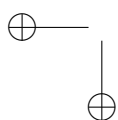


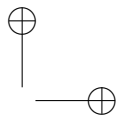
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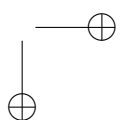
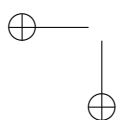


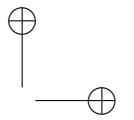
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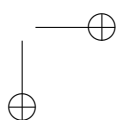
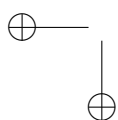


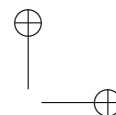
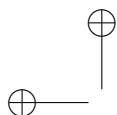
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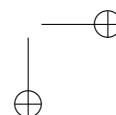
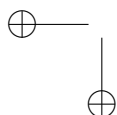
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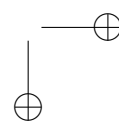
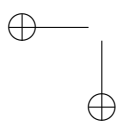
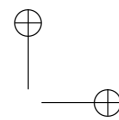
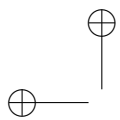




This life would be happier than I have ever enjoyed, if it could continue; but I have yet duties to perform. The tempest against me rages without, and I must quit this Eden to go home. What awaits me there is known only to Him who disposes of all. Dugald Stewart gave Elliott Cresson the original lines written by Robert Burns on turning up the mouse's nest, and I find it in his album. The last lines are before me: "And forward though I cannot see, I guess and fear." And although I prefer the philosophy of Horace's Odes to Licinius and Grosphus, I cannot keep my mind up to their elevation.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, April 30, 1829





Q. HORATI FLACCI, OTIUM DIVOS, 23 B.C.

*Otium divos rogat in patenti
prensus Aegaeo, simul atra nubes
condidit lunam neque certa fulgent
sidera nautis,*

*otium bello furiosa Thrace,
otium Medi pharetra decori,
Grosphæ, non gemmis neque purpura ve-
nale nec auro.*

*non enim gazae neque consularis
submovet lictor miseros tumultus
mentis et curas laqueata circum
tectæ volantis*

*vivitur parvo bene cui paternum
splendet in mensa tenui salinum
nec levis somnos timor aut cupido
sordidus aufert.*

*quid brevi fortes iaculamur aevo
multa? quid terras alio calentis
sole mutamus? patriæ quis exsul
se quoque fugit?*

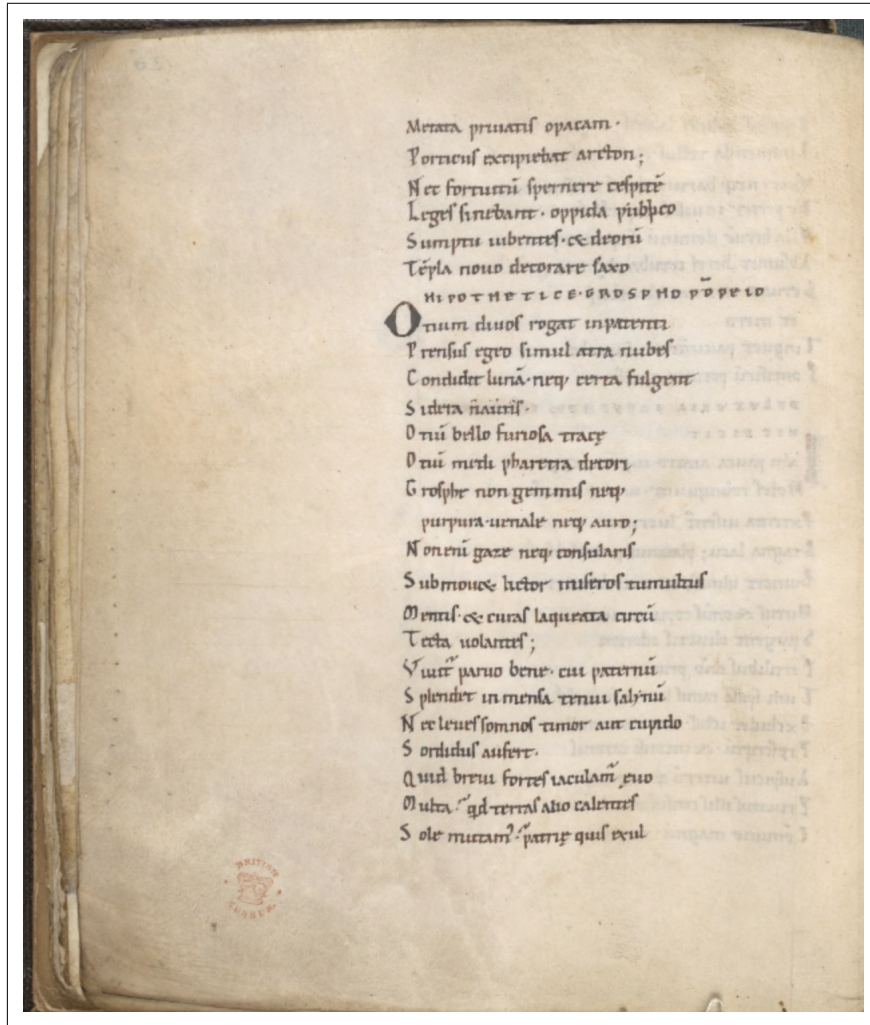
*scandit aeratas vitiosa navis
Cura nec turmas equitum relinquit
ocior cervis et agente nimbos
ocior Euro.*

*laetus in praesens animus quod ultra est
oderit curare et amara lento
temperet risu: nihil est ab omni
parte beatum.*

*abstulit clarum cita mors Achillem,
longa Tithonum minuit senectus
et mihi forsan tibi quod negarit
porriget hora.*

*te greges centum Siculaeque circum
mugiunt vaccae, tibi tollit hinnitum
apta quadrigis equa, te bis Afro
murice tinctae*

*vestiunt lanae: mihi parva rura et
spiritum Graiae tenuem Camenae
Parca non mendax dedit et malignum
spernere volgus.*



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

Carminum **XLIII**

PARCTON opacum, id est vimbarum solis vicinioris arcto vis boreali de arcto vi libro .i. ode .xxvi.

q NEC fortunū. Sensus & ordo est. hic nec sinebat leges spernece cespitem fortunū id est nō licet trudere ei qui super stipulā recubere aut dormire. propter quod significat simplicem aut sine ambitione vitam veteribus romanorum fuisse.

domus illa que pecti seibus ^{regibz} ^p ^q ^r ^s ^t ^v ^w ^x ^y ^z ^{aa} ^{ab} ^{ac} ^{ad} ^{ae} ^{af} ^{ag} ^{ah} ^{ai} ^{aj} ^{ak} ^{al} ^{am} ^{an} ^{ao} ^{ap} ^{aq} ^{ar} ^{as} ^{at} ^{au} ^{av} ^{aw} ^{ax} ^{ay} ^{az} ^{ba} ^{bb} ^{bc} ^{bd} ^{be} ^{bf} ^{bg} ^{bh} ^{bi} ^{bj} ^{bk} ^{bl} ^{bm} ^{bn} ^{bo} ^{bp} ^{bq} ^{br} ^{bs} ^{bt} ^{bu} ^{bv} ^{bw} ^{bx} ^{by} ^{bz} ^{ca} ^{cb} ^{cc} ^{cd} ^{ce} ^{cf} ^{cg} ^{ch} ^{ci} ^{cj} ^{ck} ^{cl} ^{cm} ^{cn} ^{co} ^{cp} ^{cq} ^{cr} ^{cs} ^{ct} ^{cu} ^{cv} ^{cw} ^{cx} ^{cy} ^{cz} ^{da} ^{db} ^{dc} ^{dd} ^{de} ^{df} ^{dg} ^{dh} ^{di} ^{dj} ^{dk} ^{dl} ^{dm} ^{dn} ^{do} ^{dp} ^{dq} ^{dr} ^{ds} ^{dt} ^{du} ^{dv} ^{dw} ^{dx} ^{dy} ^{dz} ^{ea} ^{eb} ^{ec} ^{ed} ^{ee} ^{ef} ^{eg} ^{eh} ^{ei} ^{ej} ^{ek} ^{el} ^{em} ^{en} ^{eo} ^{ep} ^{eq} ^{er} ^{es} ^{et} ^{eu} ^{ev} ^{ew} ^{ex} ^{ey} ^{ez} ^{fa} ^{fb} ^{fc} ^{fd} ^{fe} ^{ff} ^{fg} ^{fh} ^{fi} ^{fj} ^{fk} ^{fl} ^{fm} ^{fn} ^{fo} ^{fp} ^{fq} ^{fr} ^{fs} ^{ft} ^{fu} ^{fv} ^{fw} ^{fx} ^{fy} ^{fz} ^{ga} ^{gb} ^{gc} ^{gd} ^{ge} ^{gf} ^{gg} ^{gh} ^{gi} ^{gj} ^{gk} ^{gl} ^{gm} ^{gn} ^{go} ^{gp} ^{gq} ^{gr} ^{gs} ^{gt} ^{gu} ^{gv} ^{gw} ^{gx} ^{gy} ^{gz} ^{ha} ^{hb} ^{hc} ^{hd} ^{he} ^{hf} ^{hg} ^{hh} ^{hi} ^{hj} ^{hk} ^{hl} ^{hm} ^{hn} ^{ho} ^{hp} ^{hq} ^{hr} ^{hs} ^{ht} ^{hu} ^{hv} ^{hw} ^{hx} ^{hy} ^{hz} ^{ia} ^{ib} ^{ic} ^{id} ^{ie} ^{if} ^{ig} ^{ih} ⁱⁱ ^{ij} ^{ik} ^{il} ^{im} ⁱⁿ ^{io} ^{ip} ^{iq} ^{ir} ^{is} ^{it} ^{iu} ^{iv} ^{iw} ^{ix} ^{iy} ^{iz} ^{ja} ^{jb} ^{jc} ^{jd} ^{je} ^{jf} ^{jj} ^{jk} ^{jl} ^{jm} ^{jn} ^{jo} ^{jp} ^{jq} ^{jr} ^{js} ^{jt} ^{ju} ^{jv} ^{jw} ^{jx} ^{ky} ^{kz} ^{la} ^{lb} ^{lc} ^{ld} ^{le} ^{lf} ^{lg} ^{lh} ^{li} ^{lj} ^{lk} ^{ll} ^{lm} ^{ln} ^{lo} ^{lp} ^{lq} ^{lr} ^{ls} ^{lt} ^{lu} ^{lv} ^{lw} ^{lx} ^{ly} ^{lz} ^{ma} ^{mb} ^{mc} ^{md} ^{me} ^{mf} ^{mg} ^{mh} ^{mi} ^{mj} ^{mk} ^{ml} ^{mm} ^{mn} ^{mo} ^{mp} ^{mq} ^{mr} ^{ms} ^{mt} ^{mu} ^{mv} ^{mw} ^{mx} ^{my} ^{mz} ^{na} ^{nb} ^{nc} nd ^{ne} ^{nf} ^{ng} ^{nh} ⁿⁱ ^{nj} ^{nk} ^{nl} ^{nm} ⁿⁿ ^{no} ^{np} ^{nq} ^{nr} ^{ns} ^{nt} ^{nu} ^{nv} ^{nw} ^{nx} ^{ny} ^{nz} ^{oa} ^{ob} ^{oc} ^{od} ^{oe} ^{of} ^{og} ^{oh} ^{oi} ^{oj} ^{ok} ^{ol} ^{om} ^{on} ^{oo} ^{op} ^{oq} ^{or} ^{os} ^{ot} ^{ou} ^{ov} ^{ow} ^{ox} ^{oy} ^{oz} ^{pa} ^{pb} ^{pc} ^{pd} ^{pe} ^{pf} ^{pg} ^{ph} ^{pi} ^{pj} ^{pk} ^{pl} ^{pm} ^{pn} ^{po} ^{pp} ^{pq} ^{pr} ^{ps} ^{pt} ^{pu} ^{pv} ^{pw} ^{px} ^{py} ^{pz} ^{qa} ^{qb} ^{qc} ^{qd} ^{qe} ^{qf} ^{qg} ^{qh} ^{qi} ^{qj} ^{qk} ^{ql} ^{qm} ^{qn} ^{qo} ^{qp} ^{qq} ^{qr} ^{qs} ^{qt} ^{qu} ^{qv} ^{qw} ^{qx} ^{qy} ^{qz} ^{ra} ^{rb} ^{rc} rd ^{re} ^{rf} ^{rg} ^{rh} ^{ri} ^{rj} ^{rk} ^{rl} ^{rm} ^{rn} ^{ro} ^{rp} ^{rq} ^{rr} ^{rs} ^{rt} ^{ru} ^{rv} ^{rw} ^{rx} ^{ry} ^{rz} ^{sa} ^{sb} ^{sc} ^{sd} ^{se} ^{sf} ^{sg} ^{sh} ^{si} ^{sj} ^{sk} ^{sl} sm ^{sn} ^{so} ^{sp} ^{sq} ^{sr} ^{ss} st ^{su} ^{sv} ^{sw} ^{sx} ^{sy} ^{sz} ^{ta} ^{tb} ^{tc} ^{td} ^{te} ^{tf} ^{tg} th ^{ti} ^{tj} ^{tk} ^{tl} tm ^{tn} ^{to} ^{tp} ^{tq} ^{tr} ^{ts} ^{tt} ^{tu} ^{tv} ^{tw} ^{tx} ^{ty} ^{tz} ^{ua} ^{ub} ^{uc} ^{ud} ^{ue} ^{uf} ^{ug} ^{uh} ^{ui} ^{uj} ^{uk} ^{ul} ^{um} ^{un} ^{uo} ^{up} ^{uq} ^{ur} ^{us} ^{ut} ^{uu} ^{uv} ^{uw} ^{ux} ^{uy} ^{uz} ^{va} ^{vb} ^{vc} ^{vd} ^{ve} ^{vf} ^{vg} ^{vh} ^{vi} ^{vj} ^{vk} ^{vl} ^{vm} ^{vn} ^{vo} ^{vp} ^{vq} ^{vr} ^{vs} ^{vt} ^{vu} ^{vv} ^{vw} ^{vx} ^{vy} ^{vz} ^{wa} ^{wb} ^{wc} ^{wd} ^{we} ^{wf} ^{wg} ^{wh} ^{wi} ^{wj} ^{wk} ^{wl} ^{wm} ^{wn} ^{wo} ^{wp} ^{wq} ^{wr} ^{ws} ^{wt} ^{wu} ^{wv} ^{ww} ^{wx} ^{wy} ^{wz} ^{xa} ^{xb} ^{xc} ^{xd} ^{xe} ^{xf} ^{xg} ^{xh} ^{xi} ^{xj} ^{xk} ^{xl} ^{xm} ^{xn} ^{xo} ^{xp} ^{xq} ^{xr} ^{xs} ^{xt} ^{xu} ^{xv} ^{xw} ^{xx} ^{xy} ^{xz} ^{ya} ^{yb} ^{yc} ^{yd} ^{ye} ^{yf} ^{yg} ^{yh} ^{yi} ^{yj} ^{yk} ^{yl} ^{ym} ^{yn} ^{yo} ^{yp} ^{yq} ^{yr} ^{ys} ^{yt} ^{yu} ^{yv} ^{yw} ^{yx} ^{yy} ^{yz} ^{za} ^{zb} ^{zc} ^{zd} ^{ze} ^{zf} ^{zg} ^{zh} ^{zi} ^{zj} ^{zk} ^{zl} ^{zm} ^{zn} ^{zo} ^{zp} ^{zq} ^{zr} ^{zs} ^{zt} ^{zu} ^{zv} ^{zw} ^{zx} ^{zy} ^{zz}

PORTICUS excipiebat arcton: ^{casu inuenit} ^{quando ibi sederet} ^{aut staret}

Nec fortuitum spernere cespitem ^{gumebat}

Leges sinebat oppida publico

Sumptu iubentes & deorum ^{et summo et aliunde inuento}


LEGES. Que scilicet partitionem iubebat. Luxu quoque prohibentes.

OPPIDA publico. Sensus est quod in publicum diuites darent & illis diuitis aut oppida edificabant aut templa exornabant.

Templa nouo decorare faxo.

Argumentum odes .xvi.

Cribitur ode ad Grosphum: dicens otium multos temere optare a dijs: Cum per se ipsos habere possint remota rerum praua cupiditate & auaritia. Vnde non diuitijs non honoribus curgetur: sed sola mentis & animi quiete, qui paruo gaudet. Hinc Horatius paruo gaudens lyricis vacat otio fruens. Hoc dicit.



Ode .xvi. ad Grosphum de octo

OCTVM diuos. Ordo est octo propheta simul ana nubes condidit lunam neq; fulget nautis certa sidera prenis in patens ego rogat octum diuos. Octum autem vacantem est a labore. cuius conerarium est negocium.

AFCFO Huius mōis cōtra cū exius spatis mōis huius dū adeo & ipsi plerūq; frōdm & fremunt. vt nullū aliud mare esse credatur. quod matōris cōrat motus neq; periculōsiores partētur autem vīq; ad tēdon vbi tanquam tangēt dēx amplitudinis in angustū dilabitur alūcum scribit dionysius. scribit & plura Plinius.

CERTA sidera. sū dēq; obferuatiōnis in nauigando phœnices inueniunt vt scribit Pl. l. vii.

Cum diuos rogat in patenti ^{deq; banis} ^{man v}

Prenis exeo. simul ana nubes ^{abp} ^{spendene}

Condidit lunam neq; certa fulgent

Sydera nautis.

Octum bello furiosa thrace ^{p partē s posuit}

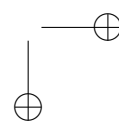
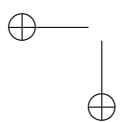
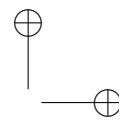
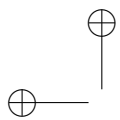
Otiū medi pharetra decori ^{pōsisse lapilla}

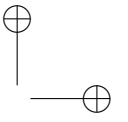
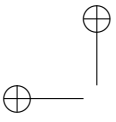
Grosphē nō gēmis neq; purpurae ^{est otium}

BELLO furiosa thrace. Thracies enim bellicosi sunt. inde philis ait apud Ouidium Armis feram thracē qui regat alter erit. Vbi etiam Ouidius sicut hoc loco horatius grecę variat. Thracę thracę laue eni thracē dicit.

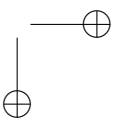
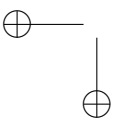
VENALE. id proprie dicitur quod est venditioni expōsitum. Vendibile vero quod factis le vendi potest. hic autem poetā vius dicit emāsi figura. **H**

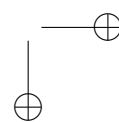
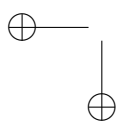
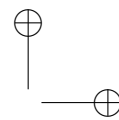
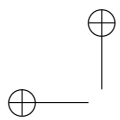
(First Illustrated Edition of Horace, Grüninger, 1498, LOC)





THE TRANSLATIONS







JOHN ASHMORE, 1621

(First Selection of the Odes Published in English)

The Marchant toyl'd in the Egëan Sea,
When Phoebe's face is vail'd with a dark cloud,
And the known stars from sight are fled away,
For ease unto the gods doth cry aloud.

For Ease, the Thracians (terrible in warre)
For ease, the Medes (with comely quivers bold)
O Grosphus, to the gods still suters are,
Bought with no gems, with purple, or with gold.

No treasure, neither Sergeant can arrest
The wretched hurly-burlies of the minde,
And cares with rest-less wings that beat the breast,
And in faire-fretted roofes still harbour finde.

He lives well with a little, that doth keep
His late Sires table furnisht with meane fare;
That is not robd of rest, nor scar'd from sleep
With hide-bound Avarice, or heart-scorching Care.

Why doe we, short-liv'd things, on tentars set
Our greedy thoughts with vaine desire of pelf?
In climats furthest off, What would we get?
Who, from his Countrey exil'd, flees from himselfe?

Care, vice-borne, climbs into the brass-stemd ships:
In warlike troupes her selfe she slyly shrowds:
Swifter then Stags, swifter then windes she skips,
That do disperse, and drive away the clouds.

Be Joviall while time serves (Time will not stay.)
Hate curiously t' enquire what will betide:
Sowr discontentments with sweet mirth allay.
Entirely good, nothing doth still abide.

Untimely death did stout Achilles slay:
Old age Tithonus did Epitomize:
And my birth-star perhaps grants me a day
To date my life; which thine to thee denies.

Faire flocks of sheep, fat heards of cattell low
About thee, and thy lustfull Mare with pride
Neighs out, now for the Chariot fit: and thou
Wearst purple, twice in Tyrian liquors dy'd.

The Dest'nie, ne'r deceiv'd, on me bestowes
A little ground, and veine of Poësie
Which from the plesant Greekish fountains flowes,
And th' un-taught Vulgar wils me to defie.



SIR THOMAS HAWKINS, 1631

(c. 1590–1640; Poet and Translator)

Soone as black clouds haue hid the *Moones* bright eye,
And Pilots cannot best-known Stars espy,
The Marriner toss'd in *Ægean* Sea,
Straight to the gods for rest makes humble plea.

The warlike *Thracians* peacefull ease require,
And Quiuer-bearing *Medes* repose desire,
Repose, which not with gemms, purple, or gold,
(Beleeue me *Grosphus*) will be bought, or sold.

No Wealth, nor Consulls Lictors that make way,
Can from the Heart disturbed tumults fray,
Nor cares dispell, which 'bout gilt roofes doe fly.
He liueth well with little happily,

Who hauing on his homely Table plac'd,
His Fathers Cup, and Salt kept vndefac'd,
So liues, that feare, nor sordid lucre keepe
His waking eyes from soft, and gentle sleepe.

Why doe we (boldly) many things propose
In short liu'd age, which *Time* doth quickly close?
Why lands with other Sun enflamed change?
Who from himselfe, though far fro home can range?

Strong Ships are boarded by consuming Care:
Nor doth she brauest troupes of Horsemen spare:
More swift she is, then the light-footed Hind,
Or tempest-raising stormes of Easterne wind.

The mind in present cheerefull, hates to care
For what beyond it lies; And doth prepare
To temper bitter things with laughter free:
Nothing in all respects can happy bee.

Death quickly snatched braue *Achilles* hence,
Nor did with *Tython's* long liu'd age dispense:
And that (perhaps) of time I may obtaine,
Which thy expecting hopes shall neuer gaine.

You many fertile flocks of sheepe command,
Sicilian Kine about you lowing stand.
Your Mares for Chariot fit, are heard from farre,
Lowdly to neigh: Nor garments wanting are,

Of Purple cloth, dipp'd twice in *Affrick* Dy;
While a poore state, by vpright destiny,
To me is giu'n; mix'd with a slender name,
Of Greekish Muse, and scorne of vulgar Fame.



HENRY RIDER, 1638

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

The sea-man prayeth to the gods for ease,
Being tost upon the vast Ægean seas,
When a blacke cloud ha's hid the Moone, and Stars
Apparee uncertaine to the Marinars:
Furious Thrace for rest from war doth sue;
The Medes, adorned with their quivers too,
Doe beg for ease, ô *Grosphus*, that is sold
Neither for gemmes, nor purple robes, nor gold,
For neither can the Magazines of store,
Nor Consuls officer thrust out of dore
The consciences afflictive terrifying,
And cares about the fretted chambers flying.
He with a litle does contented dine,
On whose small board his fathers salt doth shine,
Neither despaire, nor sordid coveting
His gentle slumbers ere from him shall wring.
Why doe we proud soules in our span age plot
A many things? why unto lands made hot
With different Sunnes run we? who being banish'd
From his own soile, hath from his own selfe vanish'd?
Vicious care the brasse-keel'd ships doth scale,
Neither from troupes of horse-men doth it faile,
More nimble than the Roes, and far more swift
Then the East wind that sets the clouds adrift.
The mind that for the present time is light,
To care for what shall follow, let it slight,
And with sweet laughter temper all things tart:
Ther's nothing prosperous in every part.
A sudden death did brave *Achilles* slay,
Lingring age pin'd *Tithonus* quite a way;
And time perhaps may unto me betide
The thing which it hath unto thee decide.
An hundred flocks, and kine of Sicilie
Doe round about thee bellow; unto thee
The Mare fit for the teeme doth raise her cry;
Garments twice dipt in Affricke sea let die
Cloath thee: my never-failing fare did daigne
To me some small grounds, and a slender veine
Of Græcian poesie, and with it beside
The still-malicious vulgar to deride.



JOHN SMITH, 1649

(*The Lyrick Poet*)

He that once taken in th' *Egæan* Seas,
Doth presently implore the Gods tor ease,
As soon as the dark clouds the Moon obscure
Nor to the Sea-men the stars do shine sure;

The furious *Thracians* that in wars delight,
The *Medes* that bear in quivers arrows bright,
Seek (*Grosphus*) peace, which is not bought nor sold,
With sparkling Gems, with Purple, or with Gold.

No Princely treasures, Consularie state,
Can griefes remove, nor yet extenuate
Deep cares ot mind, which in roofes arched hie,
Of mightie men through every side doth flie.

He with a little, and he well doth live,
Whose fathers Salt doth to his table give
Lustre enough; no fear, nor no base love,
His quiet sleeps from him shall e're remove.

Why should we much desire in our short time?
Why warm'd with others Sune to seek a clime?
Who can forget his Countrie in exile,
Or from himself banish affections vile?

S[?]^d care doth clime up into ships of brasse,
Nor doth the warlike troops of horse-men passe,
More swift care flies, then doth the nimble Hind,
Or that which chaceth clouds the Esterne wind.

In present goods the mind rakes most delight,
And hopes of future, fortunus banish quit,
All bitter haps it tempers with sweet mirth,
In all things nothing's blessed upon earth.

Renown'd *Achillis* swift death took away,
Pure age, *Tithonus* life did much decay:
It may so chaunce that Time may give to me,
Of whatsoever he denied thee.

Sicilian flocks, fat kine, the neighing horse,
For chariots fit, which is of mightie force
About thee come, cloths dipt in double die
Of *Tyrian* purple round about thee lie.

The unchang'd Fate small fields to me hath lent,
And of Greeke songs a slender spirit sent,
With high disdaine to scorne the vulgar rude,
And set at naught the giddie multitude.



SIR RICHARD FANSHAWE, 1652

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

Quiet! the trembling merchant cries,
Into Egean seas driv'n far:
When the Moon winks, and he descries
 No guiding star.
Quiet! in war the Thracian;
Quiet! the Medes with quivers dight;
Not to be bought with gems, nor gold,
 Nor purple bright.
For 'tis not wealth, nor armed troops,
Can tumults of the minde remove,
And cares, which about fretted roofs
 Hover above.
His little's much, whose thrifty board
Shines with a salt that was his sire's:
Whose easie sleeps nor fears disturb,
 Nor base desires.
Why in short life eternall care?
Why changing for another Sun?
Who, having shun'd his native aire,
 Himself could shun?
Take horse, rude Care will ride behind;
Embarque, into thy ship she crouds:
Fleeter than stags, and the east-wind
 Chasing the clouds.
Let minds of any joy possest,
Sweeten with that, whatever gall
Is mixt. No soul that ere was blest,
 Was blest in all.
The fam'd Achilles timeless di'd;
Old Tython did his bliss out-live:
And chance, what she to thee deni'd,
 To me may give.
A hundred flocks about thee bleat,
And fair Sicilian heifers lowe;
To thee large neighing mares curvete:
 In scarlet thou,
Twice-dipt, art clad. Indulgent fate
Gave me a graunge; a versing veine;
A heart which (injur'd) cannot hate,
 But can disdaine.



BARTEN HOLIDAY, 1653

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

When *Cynthia* wears a gloomy veil,
And fixed Stars of splendour fail,
Men toyl'd on wide *Ægean* Seas
Pray hard ease.

'Tis Ease fierce *Thracians* request,
For Ease the quivered *Medes* contest:
But (*Grosphus*) not for Gems nor Gold,
Nor Purple sold!

*Nor Wealth, nor Consuls Lictors can
Chase Tumults from the mind of man,
And Cares, which evermore enthrall
The Rich-roof'd Hall.*

*He's blest in his small pittance, who
His fathers glitt'ring Salt can show:
Nor Fears, nor wretch'd Desires disquiet
His rest at night.*

*Why in short life such endless aims?
Why flit we where new Phæbus flames?
Who banisht, doth from Passions vile
Himself exile?*

Heart-galling Care strong Ships ascends,
And still on Troops of Horse attends:
Swift as Cloud-chasing Eastern-windes,
Or nimble Hindes.

The now-pleas'd mind shuns future care,
Allays sad thoughts with gladsom fare:
*On every hand endow'd with bliss
There nothing is.*

Quick Death renown'd *Achilles* caught,
And long-ag'd *Tython* brought to nought:
Haps Time will what's deny'd to thee
Decree to me.

Huge Heards, and fat *Sicilian* Cows
Environ thee with roaring lows:
For thee the yoke-fit Filly neighs:
Thou rayments twice

Impurpled wearst: My changeless Fate
Hath blest me with a small estate,
A vein in Greck verse, and disdain
O'th' Vulgar strain.



THOMAS CREECH, 1684

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

For Ease the Seaman asks the Gods,
When toss'd in the *Egean* Floods;
When darkness spreads to heighten fears,
And not one friendly Star appears;

For Ease the warlike *Thracians* plead,
The *Persian* and the quiver'd *Mede*;
For Ease, too precious to be sold
For costly Gems, or bought with Gold:

For neither Power nor Wealth controul
The sad disorders of the Soul,
Nor yet remove the Cares that wait
About the Palace of the Great:

Blest be with little, on whose thrifty Board
That Salt still shines that call'd his Father Lord;
No vexing fears his Breast can seize,
Nor sordid Lust will break his ease:

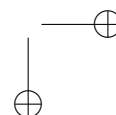
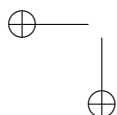
Why these extended Cares, and Strife,
And trouble for so short a Life?
Why do we ply our Sails and Oars,
And fondly visit foreign Shores?
Can he that flies his Country find
That he can leave himself behind?

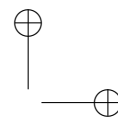
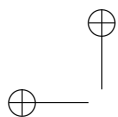
“For baneful Care will still prevail,
“And overtake us under Sail;
It dogs the Horseman close behind,
More swift than Roes, or stormy Wind.

A Man contented with his present doom
Hates to look on for what's to come;
With Mirth he sweetens bitter Fates
There is no perfect happy State.

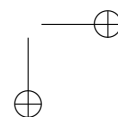
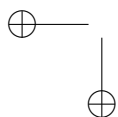
The stout *Achilles* dy'd in haste,
Long Age did old *Tithonus* waste;
Those Years swift Time denies to thee
Perhaps his Hand shall reach to me:

Round thee ten thousand Heifers low,
Stout Oxen bend beneath thy Plow;
In thy gilt Coach neigh gen'rous Mares,
Thy Purple shines as bright as Stars;
Around thee Wealth and Plenty wait,
With all the luxury of Fate:





A Farm as large as my Desire,
With some few heats of *Lyrick* fire;
On me hath bounteous Fate bestow'd,
With Pride enough to scorn the Crowd.





THOMAS OTWAY, 1684

(1658–85; Dramatist)

In Storms when Clouds the Moon do hide,
And no kind Stars the Pilot guide,
Shew me at Sea the boldest there,
Who does not wish for quiet here.

For quiet (Friend) the Souldier fights,
Bears weary Marches, sleepless nights,
For this feeds hard, and lodges cold,
Which can't be bought with hills of Gold.

Since wealth and power too weak we find
To quell the tumults of the mind;
Or from the Monarchs roofs of state
Drive thence the cares that round him wait.

Happy the man with little blest
Of what his Father left possest;
No base desires corrupt his head,
No fears disturb him in his bed.

What then in life, which soon must end,
Can all our vain designs intend?
From shore to shore why should we run
When none his tiresome self can shun?

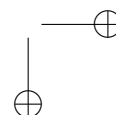
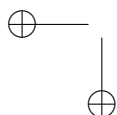
For baneful care will still prevail,
And overtake us under sail,
'Twill dodge the Great mans train behind,
Out run the Roe, out flie the wind.

If then thy soul rejoyce to day,
Drive far to morrows cares away.
In laughter let them all be drown'd,
No perfect good is to be found.

One Mortal feels Fates sudden blow,
Another's lingring death comes slow;
And what of life they take from thee,
The Gods may give to punish me.

Thy portion is a wealthy stock,
A fertile glebe, a fruitful flock,
Horses and Chariots for thy ease,
Rich Robes to deck and make thee please.

For me a little Cell I chuse,
Fit for my mind, fit for my muse,
Which soft content does Best adorn,
Shunning the Knaves and Fools I scorn.





JOHN HARINGTON, 1684

(c. 1627–1700)

Who on the large *Ægean* Sea is tost
Rest begs o'th' *Gods*, when Silver *Moon* ingrost
By ugly *Clouds*, and Seamen's know *Stars* lost.
Quiet *Thracian* loves, though fierce for War inroll'd;
Quiet the *Mede*, with Quiver spruge and bold;
Not, GROSPHUS, bought by *Purple*, *Gems*, nor *Gold*.
For 'tis not *Wealth*, nor *Consul's* Lictor proud
Can drive from hence the Minds tumultuous Croud;
Those fluttering *cares* gilt Vaulted *Roofs* ore-cloud.
His *Little's* blest, whose Father's Salt rub'd clear
Shines on his sober *Board*; nor with base Fear,
Desire his *Pillow* curs'd, but sweet *Sleeps* there.
Why, Marksmen-like, *Dart* we at much for one
Short *Life*? invade *Lands* warm'd with a new *Sun*!
Who, *country* fled, from his own *self* can run?
Foul, guilty *care* brass-beaked *Ships* ascends,
Lies skulk'd aboard; 'mongst Troops of horse attends;
More fleet then *Stag*, th'East-wind which *Tempest* sends.
The *Mind* for present glad, should 'bout the *Rest*
Not grow disturb'd; harsh *Bitter* things with Jest
Well temper'd bear; no *State's* intirely blest.
Swift *Destiny* ACHILLES seiz'd in's prime;
TITHON consum'd through lingring *Age*; and time
Drops me perchance for thee things too sublime.
Thine prove some hundred *Flocks*, 'bout thee there lows
Most wealthy *Herd* of fat *Sicilian* Cows;
Thy *Chariot*-mares do neigh, *Wreaths* deck thy Brows;
Twice Purpled *wools* thee cloath; to me belong
Small Country *Grange*, flight *muse* for Grecian Song
From faithful *Fate*; despis'd the envious *Throng*.



JOHN TUTCHIN, 1685

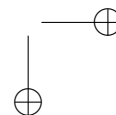
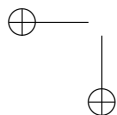
(c. 1661–1707)

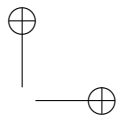
When the poor Mariner can nought espie
But Sea and Skie,
Caught in the large *Ægean* Waves,
The dismal Clouds chasing away the Day;
The waining Moon no Light does give,
The guiding Lamps of Heaven are gone away;
Then the poor Merchant prays the Gods to live,
Peace, cry the *Thracians*, lame with War,
The *Medes* as quiet as their Quivers are,
Would be. But Peace, alas! is sold
Not for rich gems, nor Purple, nor for Gold.

'Tis not, Oh *Grosphus*! treasures great
Can make perplexing care retreat;
'Tis not the Spears, with Horses joyn'd,
Remove the tumults of the Mind;
Or drive the busie thoughts from off ones Bed.
His Mite a Million is, who lives so well,
As no base Fear molests his sleep:
No great Ambition does disturb his Head,
Whose Board with homely Dainties doth excell,
Above a King's desire;
Set off with one old Salt, that once did grace his Sire.

Why for Eternal Pleasures do we strive,
In a decaying mortal life?
Why must our station be remov'd
From that dear Country once we lov'd?
Why do we seek another Air,
And leave our Native Land?
The change of Climates does not change our care:
Who awes a Nation can't himself command.
Care, from the sturdy Ships won't keep adoof,
Though they were all of Canon proof:
The Card, the Compass, Helm and all the Art
That Neptunes briny Subjects know,
Perplexes the poor Seamans Heart:
Sometimes he dreads the Rock, and then the Seas,
And knows not where to go.
Fear trips it faster than frightn'd Hind,
Flies with more hast than the rough Easter Wind,
To rob a Mind of Ease.

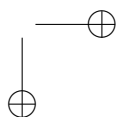
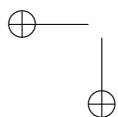
He that at present has a joyful Mind,
Ne're thinks on what's to come:
He scorns to think on things that are not made,





Without a Being are in *Chaos* laid.
What pleasure can he find
To dream of future care, or think of future ease?
He keeps his pleasant home,
And mixes his sad thoughts with those that please.
None that the Gods have blest we happy call;
For whom they happy made, was never blest in all.
How soon the great *Achilles* did to Death
Yield his departing Breath?
How soon Death took him hence,
Who had Millions slew?
Soon did old *Tython* bid his House adieu:
His snowie Hairs cou'd not their wearer save,
From the inexorable Grave:
What is deni'd to thee, to me may fall by chance.

Thou tell'st thy hundred Flocks of bleating Sheep,
Art pleas'd when thy *Sicilian* Heisers low:
No Musick is so good,
As Neighing Mares, that rattle through the Wood:
Thou in bright Tissues, in deep red dost go;
When the good natur'd Gods have given me,
A Soul of Verse, a Poets name,
That's writ on the chief Pinnacle of Fame;
A Heart from all perplexing Passions free:
Free from the Cowards cold, and Madman's Heat
But scorns the Vulgar, and contems the great.





ANONYMOUS, 1694

(*The Annual Miscellany for the Year 1694*, John Dryden)

When Stormy Winds begin to rise,
And Moon and Stars do disappear;
Then to the Gods the Seaman cries
Wishing himself at Quiet here.

For Peace the Soldier takes up Arms;
For Peace he boldly ventures Life:
For that he follows Wars Alarms:
Hoping to gain by Toil and Strife.

That Quiet, and Content of Mind,
Which is not to be bought or sold;
Quiet, which none as yet cou'd find
In Heaps of Jewels, or of Gold.

For neither can Wealth, Pow'r, or State
Of Courtiers, or of Guards the Rout,
Or Gilded Roof, or Brazen Gate,
The Troubles of the Mind keep out.

That Man alone is happy here,
Whose *All* will just himself maintain:
His Sleep is not disturb'd with Fear,
Or broke with sordid Thirst of Gain.

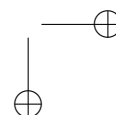
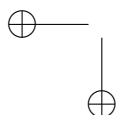
Then why do we, since Life's so short,
Lay out Designs for what's to come?
Why to another Air resort,
Forsaking this our Native Home?

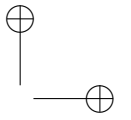
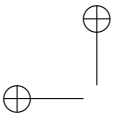
Trouble will at our Heels be still,
Swift as the Roe-buck, or the Wind;
'T will follow us against our Will,
For none can leave himself behind.

What does our Wandring then avail?
Care will not be forgot, or lost;
'Twill reach us tho' we're under Sail;
And find us on another Coast.

Man, with his present State content,
Shou'd leave to Providence the rest:
Using the time well Heav'n has lent,
For no one here's entirely Blest.

Achilles yielding soon to Fate,
Was snatch'd from off this Mortal Stage,
Tython enjoy'd a longer Date,
And labour'd under lingring Age.

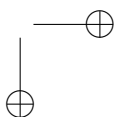
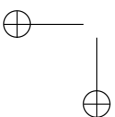




So if it please the Fates, you may
Resign your Soul to sudden Death;
Whilst I, perhaps, behind must stay,
To breathe a longer share of Breath.

You round you daily do behold
Your thriving Flocks, and fruitful Land;
Which bounteous Fortune has bestow'd
On you, with no Penurious Hand.

A little Country Seat by Heav'n
Is what's allotted unto me:
A Genius too the Gods have giv'n,
Not quite averse to Poetry:
And a firm steady Soul, that is above
Either the Vulgar's Hatred, or their Love.





JOHN HUGHES, 1702 (IMITATED)

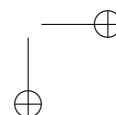
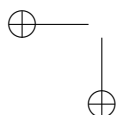
(1677–1720; Poet and Translator)

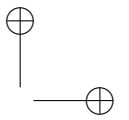
Indulgent Quiet! pow'r serene!
Mother of Peace, and Joy, and Love,
O say, thou calm propitious queen!
Say in what solitary grove,
Within what hollow, rock or winding cell,
By human eyes unseen,
Like some retreated Druid, dost thou dwell?
And why, illusive Goddess! why,
When we thy mansion would surround,
Why dost thou lead us thro' enchanted ground,
To mock our vain research, and from our wishes fly?

The wand'ring sailors, pale with fear,
For thee the gods implore,
When the tempestuous sea runs high,
And when, thro' all the dark benighted sky,
No friendly moon or stars appear
To guide their steerage to the shore.
For thee the weary soldier prays;
Furious in fight the sons of Thrace,
And Medes, that wear, majestic, by their side
A full-charg'd quiver's decent pride,
Gladly with thee would pass inglorious days,
Renounce the warrior's tempting praise,
And buy thee, if thou might'st be sold,
With gems, and purple veils, and stores of plunder'd gold.

But neither boundless wealth, nor guards that wait
Around the Consul's honour'd gate,
Nor antichambers with attendants fill'd,
The mind's unhappy tumults can abate,
Or banish fallen cares, that fly
Across the gilded rooms of state,
And their soul nests, like swallows, build
Close to the palace-roofs, and tow'rs that pierce the sky.
Much less will Nature's modest wants supply;
And happier lives the homely swain
Who, in some cottage, far from noise,
His few paternal goods enjoys,
Nor knows the sordid lust of gain,
Nor with fear's tormenting pain
His hov'ring sleeps destroys.

Vain Man! that in a narrow space
At endless game projects the daring spear;
For short is life's uncertain race:





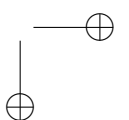
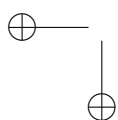
Then why, capricious Mortal! why
Dost thou for happiness repair
To distant climates and a foreign air?
Fool! from thyself thou canst not fly,
Thyself, the source of all thy care.
So flies the wounded stag; provok'd with pain,
Bounds o'er the spacious downs in vain;
The feather'd torment sticks within his side,
And from the smarting wound a purple tide
Marks all his way with blood, and dyes the grassy plain.

But swifter far is execrable Care
Than stags, or winds that thro' the skies
Thick-driving snows and gather'd tempests bear:
Pursuing Care the sailing ship outflies,
Climbs the tall vessel's painted sides,
Nor leaves arm'd squadrons in the field,
But with the marching horsemen rides,
And dwells alike in courts and camps, and makes all places
yield.

Then, since no state 's completely blest,
Let 's learn the bitter to allay:
With gentle mirth, and, wisely gay,
Enjoy at least the present day,
And leave to Fate the rest;
Nor with vain fear of ills to come
Anticipate th' appointed doom.
Soon did Achilles quit the stage;
The hero fell by sudden death,
While Tithon to a tedious wasting age
Drew his protracted breath,
And thus old partial Time, my friend!
Perhaps unask'd, to worthless me
Those hours of lengthen'd life may lend
Which he'll refuse to thee.

Thee shining wealth and plenteous joys surround,
And all thy fruitful fields around
Unnumber'd herds of cattle stray.
Thy harness'd steeds with sprightly voice
Make neighb'ring vales and hills rejoice,
While smoothly thy gay chariot flies o'er the swift measur'd
way.

To me the stars, with less profusion kind,
An humble fortune have assign'd,
And no untuneful lyric vein,
But a sincere contented mind,
That can the vile malignant crowd disdain.





WILLIAM OLDISWORTH, 1713

(1680–1734; Writer and Translator)

The Sailor longs and prays for Ease,
When Storms grow loud on every side,
And far from Shore his Vessel seize,
Whilst all the Lights of Heav'n are hid.

For Ease the Warlike Thracian fights,
That never can be bought or sold;
For this the Mede in Arms delights,
Preferring Ease to heaps of Gold.

Nor Wealth nor Honours can allay
The inward Troubles of the Great;
Nor chace those Swarms of Cares away,
That still attend on Pomp and State.

He, who is happily possess'd
Of what the Golden Mean requires,
Never resigns his balmy Rest
To slavish Fears or vain Desires.

'Tis foolish to enlarge our Views,
Since Life is short and quickly done;
In vain we would new Climates chuse,
But never from our selves can run.

Nor Martial Troops, nor Ships of War,
Can ever leave black Care behind,
That still pursues them in the Rear,
Outstrips the Stag, outflies the Wind.

'Gainst future Ills there's no Relief;
The present Good is always best:
Be wise, and mingle Joy with Grief,
Since nothing is compleatly blest.

Achilles was untimely slain;
Tithonus felt a slow Decay;
The Gods in various Lots to Man
Their Favours and their Frowns convey.

You num'rous Flocks and Herds possess,
The fruitful Cow and neighing Mare;
You in your Chariot loll at ease;
You the best richest Scarlet wear.

I with my Little am content,
And of my *Lyrick* Genius proud;
Since the good Gods their Vot'ry lent
A Soul, that can despise the Crowd.



HENRY COXWELL, 1718

(*The Odes of Horace*, Privately Printed)

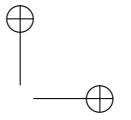
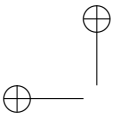
For safe Repose the Mariner does pray,
Whose Ship is ready to be cast away
In the *Ægean* Ocean, struck with Fear,
When neither Moon, nor lucky Stars appear:
The *Thracian* bold, and *Mede* in Battle brave,
Rest from the Wars, and quiet Life do crave,
The which, O *Grosphus*, all the *Indies* Store
Can never purchase, nor the Golden Ore:
Nor Wealth of which the Lictor is possest,
Can ease the Troubles that his Mind infest,
Nor Cares, that with Perplexity and Doubt
Beset his anxious Dwellings round about.
That Man lives well upon his small Estate,
Whose modest Table shews his Father's Plate,
Nor sordid Avarice, nor wretched Fear,
Do break his Rest with Thoughtfulness and Care.
Why should we boast of great Atchievements done,
Since Time slips over, and our Age is gone?
What Profit if to foreign Parts we run?
Who flyeth from himself when that is done?
Cares through the Scoopers of the Ship will creep,
And slyly take the Fortress of the Deep,
Nor canst thou, if thou *Pegasus* bestride,
Thy Cares, much swifter than the Wind, out-ride.
A chearful Mind, at present Moment blest,
With Laughter driveth Sorrow from the Breast.
There's always something, in the happiest State,
Wanting to make the Happiness compleat.
Swift Darts of Fate did stout *Achilles* slay,
Old Age *Tithonus* wasted to decay;
And the kind Gods may happen to supply
Me with a lucky Hour, and thee deny.
Vast Herds thou do'st possess, both small and great;
Four goodly Steeds at thy proud Chariot sweat;
Thou Robes twice dipt in *Tyrian* Grain do'st wear:
Me a small Spot of Ground, and little share
Of low Poetick Strains, the Gods allow'd,
To bear me higher than the spiteful Croud.



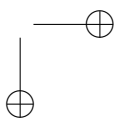
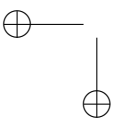
JOHN HANWAY, 1720

(Translations of Several Odes of Horace)

He, whose Night-founder'd Bark is tost
Amidst *Ægæan* Seas,
And Moon and Stars, his Guides, has lost,
Implores the Gods for ease.
The warlike *Thracian*, and the *Mede*,
Who've got such mighty Fame
For their Exploits in Battles, plead
That Peace is all their Aim.
Grosphus, that peace of Mind I mean,
That's neither bought nor sold;
Which those, who on rich Carpets lean,
Can't purchase with their Gold.
Not all the Consul's Pomp and State
Can free his Breast from Care;
This does at Statesmens Elbows wait,
This Monarchs more than share.
He is of quiet most secure,
That lives 'twixt two Extreame,
And, while he's neither Rich nor Poor,
Ploughs with his Father's Teams:
No fears at Night disturb his Brain,
And keep his Soul awake;
Nor does the sordid Lust of gain
His sweetest Slumbers break.
Since Life's so short, then why do we
In Projects spend our Time?
Why do we roam from Sea to Sea,
And Change our native Clime?
For to what Purpose is this done,
If when we fly like Wind,
We cannot still ourselves out-run,
Nor leave a Care behind?
This bold Intruder haunts the Ship,
And climbs its gilded Sides;
Nor can the Horseman this out-strip,
Tho' swift as Hinds he rides.
Enjoy the present in thy Power,
Nor what is future Fear;
But wisely mix the sweet and sour.
There's no Perfection here.
Death took *Achilles* in his Prime:
Of Age *Tithonus* dy'd:
And Fate to me may grant a Time,
Which you may be deny'd.



You're pleas'd to hear your lowing Cows,
 And see your *Fillies* play;
Have Mares now fit to drive; which rouze
 At sight of you, and Neigh.
Your're drest in Robes of red and blue,
 To draw the Vulgar's Eyes,
Tho' I must own what pleases you,
 Is that which I despise,
A little Farm, an humble Muse
 Improv'd with *Græcian* Rules,
Fate, that ne'er alters, made me chuse,
 And scorn both Knaves and Fools.



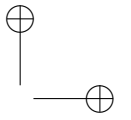
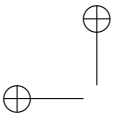


REV. JOHN ADAMS, 1726

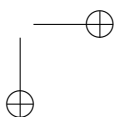
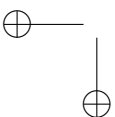
(*The New-England Courant*, Founded by James Flanklin, 1721)

Through all mankind impatient ardors reign,
To live a life of ease secure from pain;
The sailor, on the Ægean billows tost,
By gloomy clouds the Moon's fair lustre lost,
And stars no more seen with their radiant fires
To guide th' uncertain ship, soft rest desires.
In feats of war, the furious Thracians skilled,
And Medes, with whizzing deaths to win the field,
With thirsty soul, O Grosphus! Ease explore,
More worth than shining beds of yellow ore,
Or purple garments stained with Tyrian dies
Which gems enlighten, as the stars the skies.
Not sums immense, which greedy avarice heaps,
Nor honor's greedy train, which o'er the vulgar sweeps,
Can soothe the cares which haunt a monarch's breast,
And flying round the court his thoughts molest.
Happy the man, the breathings of whose mind
Are in the circle of his power confined;
Whose sleep no fears disturb, his life no care,
But at his table dines on homely fare;
And from the sordid lust of riches free,
From his clear thought all brooding sorrows flee.
Condemn'd to breathe on Earth a narrow space
We many things and mighty projects chase:
To foreign realms, self-banished from our own,
With anxious speed from pressing griefs we run:
In vain our haste, while in the conscious soul
The angry gods their killing horrors roll.
A guilty gloom hangs hovering o'er the ships,
And in the minds of running squadrons leaps.
Pursuing cares bound swifter than the deer,
Chased by the bloody hounds and trembling fear,
On the fleet pinions of the eastern wind,
Which veil the sun, and leave the hours behind:
While swift as light the clouds impetuous fly,
And spread with sack-cloth all the azure sky.
With eager joy let's grasp the present hour,
And leave the future, placed beyond our power.
Let smiles with gentle breezes soothe the tide
Of swelling grief, and restless fears subside,
Since various pleasures join to make us blest,
Denied from some, we'll live upon the rest.
Achilles, though with fame immortal crowned,
Death's fatal shaft stretched prostrate on the ground:





And Tithon, who a longer age obtains,
Yet loathes a life curst with perpetual pains,
And, mad with fury, gnaws his endless chains.
Perhaps on me the smiling hours bestow
The pleasures which my friend will never know.
What though a hundred flocks your fields adorn,
And bowing heads salute the rising morn;
Though flying steeds before your chariot spring,
And in your ears the shrieking axils ring:
Though robes twice in the Tyrian tincture laid,
Around you their majestic honors spread:
On me the Fates with partial bounty shine,
And spin the thread of life more soft and fine.
Small is my house, surrounded with the shades
Of gloomy forests and delightful glades,
Where all the Nine my ravished breast inspire
And light with flames of their poetic fire,
Here raised above the world, my lofty eyes
View the low Vulgar, and their gaze despise.



DAVID LEWIS, 1726

(1682–1760; Poet)

For gentle Ease and downy Sleep
To Heav'n the trembling Sailor bends,
When sudden on th' *Ægean* Deep
The dreadful Hurricane descends.

For Ease the warlike *Thracian* cries,
The *Mede* in graceful Armour bold;
O *Grosphus*! not the purchas'd Prize
Of Jewels, Purple, or of Gold.

Not all that *Indian* Treasures give,
Nor Guards and Honours of the Great,
Uneasie Care away can drive,
That hovers o'er the stately Seat.

The humble Swain may Quiet find,
Who, with clean Competency blest,
Has no vile Passion of the Mind
To ruffle his untainted Breatst.

With vain Pursuits why should we waste
A fleeting Life? why change our Sky?
Since, to what Climes soe'er we haste,
We from our selves can never fly.

Care in the gilded Vessel fails,
And closely sits the flying Steed;
Cou'd we ascend the Eastern Gales,
This wou'd prevent our airy Speed.

The Mind with present Lot content,
And fir'd with no ambitious Views,
Receives with Smiles the Blessings lent,
And here for no Perfection sues.

In Youth was great *Achilles* slain;
Tithonus pin'd with long Decay;
To me the Gods may Favours deign,
For which you fruitless Incense pay.

A thousand Heifers round you low,
And Flocks the verdant Prospect hide;
While on your Back their Fleeces glow,
And warm you with a purple Pride.

Me chearful, tho' with mean Estate,
The Muse with Talents has endow'd,
And the propitious Hand of Fate
Has kindly rais'd above the Crowd.

ANONYMOUS, 1728

(*Weekly Journal, or British Gazetteer*)

When on the Main black Tempests sway,
And Clouds the Moon's soft Light oppose,
No Star to guide the the Seaman's Way,
He sues the Gods for kind Repose:

For Ease the furious *Scythians* fight,
The *Mede* his Quiver graceful bears;
Vainly they course the soft Delight,
Which not for Spoils or Conquest cares.

Not Wealth, or Power unconfin'd,
Can force intrusive Thought away;
Vainly, when Care usurps the Mind,
Are painted Roofs sublimely gay.

Bleft are his Days, whose frugal Board
His Father's smiling Bowl adorns,
Whose Nights their balmy Sleep afford,
Nor Hopes, nor Fears disturb whose Morns.

Eager why Shadows do we chase,
In fleeting Life profuse of Time?
Why restless rove from Place to Place,
Change we ourselves who change our Clime?

Than Mountain Roes, or Eastern Winds
That irresistless rule the Skies,
Far swifter Care the Horseman finds,
Then to the swelling Canvas flies.

A chearful Mind's the safe Retreat,
It melts to Smiles the frozen Day;
Shall future Ills my Now defeat!
No, nothing's happy every Way.

Death strikes the Hero in his Bloom,
And seems to scorn the meaner Prey;
Thy Name may early grace the Tomb,
While slowly humble I decay:

Sicilian Heifers glad thy Meads
And snowy Flocks that countless bleat;
Wanton on Thee thy neighing Steeds
Smile, and their purpled Owner greet,

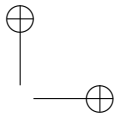
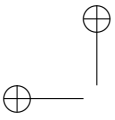
Whilst me a lowly Cot contains,
Where Fate entire my Bliss affords,
Where pleas'd with Books and gentle Strains,
I give to Tinsel Fools and Lords.



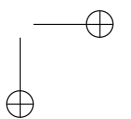
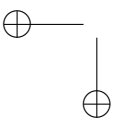
SAMUEL BOWDEN, 1733

(fl. 1733–61; Physician and Poet)

Tost on the wide *Ægean* Seas
The restless Merchant prays for Ease,
When sable Clouds hide *Phæbe's* Ray,
And doubtful Stars perplex the Way.
The warlike *Thracians* who delight
In fierce Exploits of savage Fight;
The *Medes* adorn'd with glitt'ring Bows,
All sue for Quiet and Repose.
But Peace, my *Grosphus!* is not sold
For Gems, for Purple, or for Gold.
Nor Wealth, nor Lictors richly drest,
Can quell the Tumults of the Breast.
Anxiety, and pensive Gloom,
Hang lingring round the fretted Room.
Content with their paternal Store
The Wise sit down, nor covet more;
In the old trenchard Dish can dine,
Nor at the rural Fare repine;
No sordid Lusts their Minds infest,
No Fears disturb their downy Rest.
Why dost thou pitch thy Aim so high,
Who shortly must descend to die?
Why leave thy native Clime, and run
Restless, beneath some other Sun?
Deluded Men! in vain they try
From their uneasy selves to fly.
Care will pursue with winged Feet,
And climb upon the flying Fleet:
Care will o'ertake the Horseman's Train
Swifter than Hinds, or stormy Rain.
Contented with the Good they feel
The Wise regard not future Ill,
Weather the Bad with cheerful Air;
Nothing below is free from Care.
Quick Death *Achilles* snatch'd away,
But linger'd out *Tithonus'* Day.
Perhaps old Time may lend to me
Those Hours which he may steal from thee.
A hundred Flocks bleat o'er thy Ground,
Sicilian Heifers low around,
Thy sprightly Horses neigh afar,
Worthy to draw a Consul's Car.
Rich Garments sparkle in thy Train,
Ting'd with a double *Tyrian* Stain.



But happy in my small Estate,
Peace and Contentment make it great.
Nor did the Fates to me refuse
Some little Portion of the Muse,
With this, a Mind, (the greatest Prize,
That can the sland'rous Croud despise.





THOMAS HARE, 1737

(“Master of Blandford School”)

When Clouds involve the Moon by Night,
And Stars withdraw their friendly Light,
Toss'd on the rough *Ægean* Seas
The trembling Sailor prays for Ease:

For Ease the furious Sons of *Thrace*,
For Ease the quiver'd *Parthian* Race,
Ease, that, my *Grosphus*, can't be sold.
For Regal Purple, Gems, or Gold.

No Wealth, or Pow'r, or State controul
The various Tumults of the Soul;
Dire Troubles round the Palace fly,
And sting the Rich, and vex the High.

Happy the Man whose humble Board
With wholesome Food is cheaply stor'd
Who gently sleeps, nor feels a Pain
From Fear of Loss or Lust of Gain.

Since Life and Strength must soon decay,
Extensive Schemes why shou'd we lay?
Why haste beneath another Sun?
Himself the Exile cannot shun.

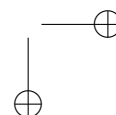
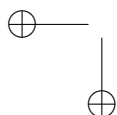
Far swifter than the flying Hind,
Or Tempests driven by the Wind,
Sad Cares pursue us o'er the Tide,
And gall the Horsemen as they ride.

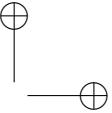
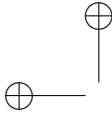
Let him that's happy ne'er destroy
By future Fears his present Joy;
Let him that's wretched cheer his Woe,
There's none entirely blest below.

Swift Fate cut short *Achilles* Rage;
Tithonus pin'd away with Age;
And Heav'n perhaps may grant to me
The Days it takes from wealthy Thee.

An hundred Flocks increase your Store,
Sicilian Herds an hundred more;
Your well-bred Coursers proudly bound,
Your Robes of Purple glitter round.

My kind and undeceiving Fate
Has blest me with a small Estate,
With fome poëtic Sparks endow'd,
And Soul that scorns th' ungen'rous Crowd.





STEPHEN DUCK, 1738 (IMITATED)

(c. 1705–56; Poet)

The trembling Merchant begs for Ease,
When tost upon the foaming Seas;
When frowning Clouds obscure the Skies,
And dreadful Thunder roars, and Lightning flies.

For Ease the proud *Iberians* pray,
When Martial Engines round 'em play;
The mighty *Turk*, and *Persian* too,
Beg Heav'n for Ease, which Riches can't bestow.

Not silver Mines, or shining Gold,
Nor all the Gems the *Indies* hold,
Nor purple Robes, nor pompous State,
Can cure the flutt'ring Cares, which vex the Great.

Happy the Man, whose frugal Board
Supplies the Wishes of its Lord;
No Fears torment his quiet Breast,
No sordid Av'rice breaks his grateful Rest.

Why should we so much Wealth desire,
When Life so little will require?
Why should we rove from Zone to Zone,
And for another Climate change our own?

Not those, who fly from Pole to Pole,
Can fly the Cares, which rack the Soul;
But, in remotest Regions, find,
They leave their Country, not themselves, behind.

For, tho' we cross the briny Deep,
Corroding Care pursues the Ship;
It hunts the Horseman close behind,
More swift than Mountain Roes, or rapid Wind.

The Man, contented with his State,
Anticipates no evil Fate;
Tho' Fortune is inconstant still,
With what is good, he sweetens what is ill.

The Draught of Life is mixt, at best;
There's none can be completely blest:
Some overlive their Pleasures here;
Some die, before they taste what Pleasures are.

Age, Wars, and Tumults, factious Hate,
Made COTTINGTON desire his Fate;
While tender SHEFFIELD meets his Doom
Just in the Flow'r of Life, and youthful Bloom.

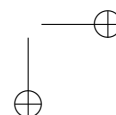
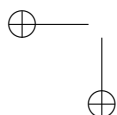


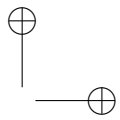
All make their *Exit* soon or late;
And, if the Gods contract thy Date,
The vital Hour, deny'd to thee,
Their more indulgent Hand may give to me.

What tho' thy fruitful Pastures keep
A hundred Flocks of bleating Sheep?
What tho' thy proud, exulting Mares
Neigh, foam, and fly before thy gilded Cars?

Thy Board tho' twenty Dishes grace?
Thy Coat as many Yards of Lace?
I envy not the purple Dye,
Nor all thy gaudy Pomp of Luxury.

I share fome Sparks of PHOEBUS' Fire,
To warm my Breast, if not inspire;
Too little Wealth to make me proud,
And Sense enough to scorn the envious Crowd.





JOHN WARD, 1738 (IMITATED)

(*The Gentleman's Magazine*)

When threatenng storms begin to rise,
And gloomy darkness rules the skies,
The mariner, with fear opprest,
Wishes himself on land at rest.

For rest, the soldier wastes his life,
Mid all the toils of war and strife;
That rest, which can't be bought or sold
For heaps of jewels or of gold.

For neither wealth nor pow'r can cure
The anxious moments we endure,
Nor miser's bags, nor monarch's state
The troubles of the mind abate.

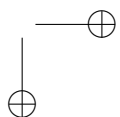
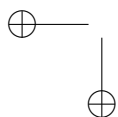
Happy the man, and well he lives,
Whose all, whose little, pleasure gives;
On whose contented, frugal board
Nought shines, but call'd his father lord,
His gentle sleep no cares annoy,
No base desire disturbs his joy.

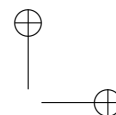
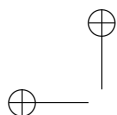
Why should frail man, whose boasted prime;
Whose life endures so short a time,
With vast designs perplex his brain,
Or seek new worlds for distant gain?
Far from his country he may run,
But who, my lord, himself can shun?

Within man's fickle; guilty breast
For ever reigns one constant guest,
Which none desire, yet all must bear;
That frightful guest, my lord, is Care:
Vexatious are, that haunts us still,
And plagues the soul, go where we will.

If then, my lord, my judge and friend,
The present hour thou canst commend,
And now art chearful, brisk and gay,
Ah! drive to-morrow's cares away.
With patience *Charles's* murm'ring's bear,
None can be always happy here.

Young *Brodrick*, soon resign'd his breath:
He felt a hasty, sudden death;
Hibernia's glory, pride and boast,
Hibernia's friend was quickly lost.
Curst with long life, old *St John* sees





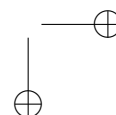
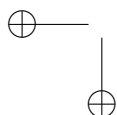
Each function waste by slow degrees.
So fate, perhaps, to worthless me
May add those hours it takes from thee.

Th' indulgent pow'rs on thee bestow
Plenty of all things here below;
Abundant riches you possess,
And happy are if wealth can bless.

Luxuriant nature, charming still,
And still obedient to thy will,
Bids pleasure ev'ry habit wear,
Increase thy joy, and end thy care.

This thy fate; my lord, for me
Nor fields, nor flocks, nor woods I see;
Yet if they give not lands or wealth,
They give my verse, and share of health;
Happy in these, I'm taught to know
Content is all we want below.

Now far from *Dublin's* faithless joys,
Its well-bred feuds, and courtly noise,
In *Foxford's* gloomy vales I stray,
Yet *Horace* here can keep me gay;
Horace, that curbs each wild desire,
And gently bids me *not admire*.





DAVID WATSON, 1741

(1710–56)

O *Grosphus*, the Merchant, who is caught by a Storm in the wide *Ægean* Sea, prays to the Gods for a quiet Life, as soon as a dark Cloud hath hid the Moon, and when certain *known* Stars do not appear to the Mariners.

The warlike *Thracian*, and the *Medes*, adorned with their Quiver, beg the same Repose, which is not to be bought with precious Stones, nor Purple, nor Gold.

For neither Riches, nor the *Lictors* of *Consuls*, can remove the unhappy Troubles of the Mind, nor the Cares that fly about the gilded Cielings of the Rich.

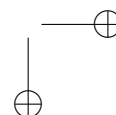
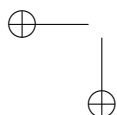
He only lives well in his Poverty, whose paternal Salt-seller shines upon his little frugal Table, and whom neither Fear nor sordid Avarice robs of his easy Slumbers.

Why do we who live in Vigour so short a time, form so many and big Designs? Why do we shift Climates in search of Lands exposed to other Suns? Who is it that, flying his Country, can likewise fly from himself?

Care, the Attendant of a vitious Mind, gets on board the sturdy Vessels with us, and accompanies the Troops of Horsemen, swifter than Stags, and fleeter than the East Wind, that drives the Clouds before it.

The Man that is content with his present Condition, will not be anxious about Futurity, and will temper the Troubles of Life by an agreeable Cheerfulness: For there is no perfect Happiness in the World.

Sudden Death carried off the famous *Achilles*, and long Old-Age weakned *Tithonus*, and perhaps Time will bestow that on me, which it has refused to you. A hundred Flocks of Sheep, and as many *Sicilian* Cows, bleat and low about you, and Mares, proper for the Chariot, neigh around you. You are cloathed with Stuffs twice dyed in *African* Purple. As for me, I have received from Fate, that cannot lye, a small Estate, and a poetic Genius, of the *Grecian* Mold, and a hearty Contempt of the malicious envious Mob.





PHILIP FRANCIS, 1743

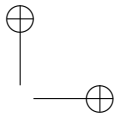
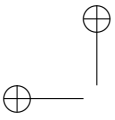
(1708–73; Clergyman and Writer)

Caught in the wild Ægean seas,
The sailor bends to heaven for ease;
While clouds the moon's fair lustre hide,
And not a star his course to guide.
Furious in war the Thracian prays,
The quiver'd Mede, for ease, for ease,
A blessing never to be sold
For gems, for purple, or for gold.
Nor can the consul's power control
The sickly tumults of the soul;
Or bid the cares to stand aloof
That hover round the vaulted roof.

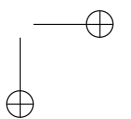
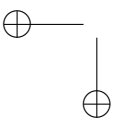
Happy the man, whose frugal board
His father's plenty can afford;
His gentle sleep nor anxious fear
Shall drive away, nor sordid care.

Why do we aim with eager strife
At things beyond the mark of life?
To climates warm'd by other suns
In vain the wretched exile runs;
Flies from his country's native skies,
But never from himself he flies;
Corroding cares incessant charge
His flight, and climb his armed barge;
Or though he mount the rapid steed,
Care follows with unerring speed,
Far fleetier than the timorous hind;
Far fleetier than the driving wind.
The spirit, that, serenely gay,
Careless enjoys the present day,
Can with an easy, cheerful smile,
The bitterness of life beguile;
Nor fears the approaching hour of fate,
Nor hopes for human bliss complete.

Achilles perish'd in his prime;
Tithon was worn away by time;
And fate, with lavish hand, to me
May grant what it denies to thee.
A hundred bleating flocks are thine;
Around thee graze thy lowing kine;
Neighing, thy mares invite the reins;
Thy robes the twice-died purple stains:
On me, not unindulgent fate
Bestow'd a rural, calm retreat,



Where I may tune the Roman lyre,
And warm the song with Grecian fire;
Then scorn, in conscious virtue proud,
The worthless malice of the crowd.



THOMAS MARTIN, 1743 (IMITATED)

(*Imitations and Translations of Horace*)

Ease is the drowning *Sailor's* Cry,
In the wide Adriatick tost;
When now no friendly Port is nigh,
And fight of ev'ry Star is lost.

The Swiss sworn Enemy to Peace,
Germania's Sons to Camps inur'd,
Oft' with midst their Fatigues for Ease;
Ease, not to be with Gems procur'd.

To still the Tumults of the Soul,
Riches are vain and ufeless Things;
Nor can the Usher's Rod controul
Those Cares, that haunt the Courts of Kings.

That Man alone is truly blest,
Who's easy with his little Store;
Base fears ne'er discompose his Rest,
Nor baser Thirst of getting more.

Recall thy distant Views, weak Man,
Nor let thy Mind on Follies roam;
Thy Life, remember, 's but a Span,
Why are thy Thoughts so far from home?

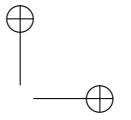
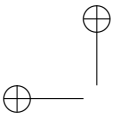
Why will the Wretch his Country run?
Vain are his Hopes Abroad to find
Repose; or there his Cares to shun,
Since he can't leave himself behind.

What tho' we mount the Racer's breed,
Or board the Vessel under Sail?
The Roe must yield to Care for Speed,
Whose Pace prevents the driving Gale.

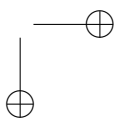
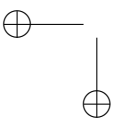
The present Time besure t' enjoy,
Since that alone is in your Pow'r;
Your Mirth let no sad Thoughts destroy,
Of what may be another Hour.

EDWARD in 's Prime was cropt by Death,
His Father lingred Life away;
And Fate, which now demands your Breath,
May add to mine another Day.

You, born to an immense Estate,
And blest with all this World can give,
(Advantages denied by Fate
To me) in State and Splendour Live?



Whilst I, tho' Fortune on me Frown,
Can in a Song my Thoughts convey,
Despise the Chitt-Chatt of the Town,
Nor heed what Fools or Coxcombs say.



SOAME JENYNS, 1747 (IMITATED, 1)

(1704–87; Writer and Member of Parliament)

For Quiet, Y—KE, the *Sailor* crys,
When threat'ning Storms obscure the Skies;
 The Stars no more appearing:
The *Candidate* for Quiet prays,
Sick of the Bumpers and Huzza's,
 Of blest Electioneering.

Who thinks that from the Sp—k—r's Chair
The Sergeant's Mace can keep off Care,
 Is mightily mistaken.
Alas! he is not half so blest,
As those who've Liberty and Rest,
 And dine on Beans and Bacon.

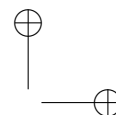
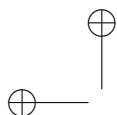
Why should we then to *London* run,
And quit our chearful Country here,
 For Bus'ness, Dust and Smoke?
Can we, by changing Place and Air,
Ourselves get rid of, or our Care?
 In Truth, 'tis all a Joke.

Care climbs proud Ships of mighty Force,
And mounts behind the General's Horse,
 None can out-sail or ride it:
Tho' late Commanders have, 'tis true,
(Fain wou'd I give them all their Due)
 With great Alertness try'd it,

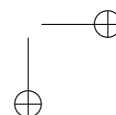
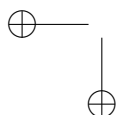
A man, when once he's safely chose,
Should laugh at all his threat'ning Foes,
 Nor think of future Evil.
Each Good has its attendant Ill;
A Seat is no bad thing – but still
 Elections are the Devil.

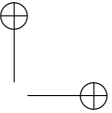
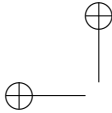
Its Gifts, with Hand impartial Heaven
Divides – To ORFORD it was given,
 To die in Bloom of Glory;
To B—TH, indeed, a longer Life,
But then he lives still with his Wife,
 And shun'd by *Whig* and *Tory*,

The Gods to You with bounteous Hand
Have granted Seals, and Park, and Land;
 Brocades and Silk you wear;
With Claret and Ragoûts you treat;
Six neighing Steeds with nimble Feet
 Fly with your gilded Car.



To Me they've given a small Retreat,
Good Port, and Mutton (best of Meat)
 With Broad-Cloth on my Shoulders;
A Soul that scorns a dirty Job,
Loves a good Rhyme, and hates the Mob;
 I mean – that an't Freeholders,





SOAME JENYNS, 1747 (IMITATED, 2)

(1704–87; Writer and Member of Parliament)

In each ambitious Measure crost!
Each Friend, that should *support* you, lost!
By Faction's Tempest *rudely tost!*

At length you ask the Gods for *Ease*.
But what avails your pious Care?
Your Heart pour'd out in endless Pray'r?
Ease is not *Venal*, tho' you are,
As Wealth may *tempt*, or Titles *please*.

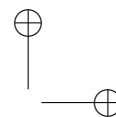
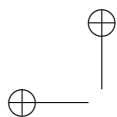
For not the *Tr—f—r's Staff*, nor all
That *O—f—d* grasp'd before his Fall,
Or his *Successor P—lh—m* Fall,
Can *ease* the self-devoted Mind!
Care flies into the Rooms of State,
Nor can the Slaves that on him wait,
Drive the curst Phantom from the Gate,
Care stays, when none else dare, behind.

How happier at his frugal Board;
Lives the Plebeian, tho' *no* Lord;
(His Father's Wealth his *only* Hoard)
Who acts within his proper Sphere!
Whilst honest *Morpheus* o'er his Brows
His choicest, mildest Poppies strows,
And Sleep (the God's best Gift!) bestows,
Unbroke by Avarice or Fear!

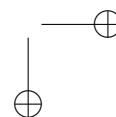
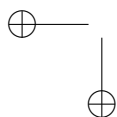
Why flies our Arrow to such Heights?
Our feeble Thread spun by the Fates,
Each Hour the fatal Scissars waits,
Nor will one Moment's Pause afford,
We bustle to be rais'd on high;
New Lands explore; new Suns descry;
Alas! 'twere well, could *Self* too fly,
And lose the 'Squire in the *Lord!*

Beyond the present Hour forbear,
The foll'wing is not worth your Care;
In Life's contracted Span, how rare
To see one Man compleatly blest!
Sly *O—f—d* wisely could lay down,
Nor give his Foes one parting Frown,
Whilst Peace his latest Hours hall crown!
And good old *W—lm—n's* at Rest!

With Twice ten thousand Pounds a Year,
You yet may live and *taste* good Cheer,



Tho' you ne'er be Lord Tr—f—r,
So you repent you of that Sin:
Whilst I, as others will no doubt,
(When — returns) with many a Shout
Shall laugh to see your Friends *troop out*,
As *shamefully* as they *came in*.





WILLIAM POPPLE, C. 1750

(1700–64; Poet and Playwright)

When sable Clouds deform the skies,
And hide the Moon from mortal eyes;
When ev'ry Star whose friendly light
Should guide his course, is lost to sight,
The Merchant tost on dang'rous seas
Invokes the Gods, and asks for Ease.

For Ease his Lance the *Thracian* bears,
The *Mede* his quiver graceful wears;
For Ease the Soldier sheds his blood,
The hardy Sailor tempts the flood;
In vain they heap up piles of Gold,
Ease never can be bought or sold.

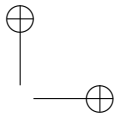
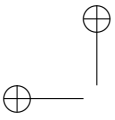
Possess'd of all that Pomp can give,
Within the breast Care still will live!
The gilded Dome ascends in vain,
The troubles of the mind remain;
Once enter'd at the Palace-gate,
Care flies thro' ev'ry room of state.

Happy alone that Man we call,
Who pleas'd, enjoys his little All;
Who neither sordid, nor profuse,
The things his Father us'd, can use –
Light are his slumbers when in bed,
No cares, nor fears, disturb his head.

Say, Grosphus, then, in Life's short span,
Why shoot beyond the reach of Man!
Why thus infatuated run,
To Lands beneath another Sun!
Why from our Country idly roam?
Flies he himself, who flies his home?

Climb the tall Ship – no sooner there,
Behold thy cruel Foll'wer, Care;
Mount thy proud Arab's back – behind
See Care more fleet than Roes, or Wind.
Abroad, at home, at Sea or Land,
Still at our Elbow Care will stand.

Unelevated, undeprest,
And with a competency blest;
Wisemen enjoy their present state,
Not look beyond for unknown fate;
For who with certainty can say

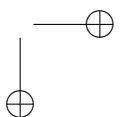
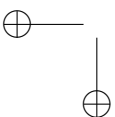


Man's happiness has no allay!

First in the list and great in Fame,
What left *Achilles*, but a Name?
O'er-hasty Fate soon cut his thread,
But Time long snow'd on *Tithon's* head;
And now perhaps the *Gods* on me
Bestow what they deny to thee!

Unnumber'd Herds thy Pastures breed,
Unnumber'd Heifers in them feed:
Fit for the Car thy Coursers bound,
And snort aloud, and paw the ground;
On gilded beds 'tis thine to lye,
And dress in Robes of Tyrian die.

Whilst happy with my humble lot,
I thank the Fates for my poor Cot;
And pleas'd to touch the Grecian Lyre,
When Phœbus and the *Nine* inspire;
With noble *Arrogance* look down,
On the low-vulgar's envious frown.



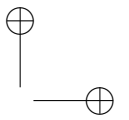


ANONYMOUS, C. 1750

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

In health and peace, my friend, to live,
Is all I ask of heav'n to give.
It is not in the power of wealth
To purchase ev'n a moment's health;
An humble peace abhors the state
Which is attendant on the great.
Who lives with little, lives the best:
No fretful cares disturb his rest.
'Tis true, his diet may be spare;
But then, he sleeps without a fear,
And what is all the hurried scene,
The sordid bustle after gain,
Which some men make? Why such ado?
We live but for an hour or two:
And can the miser's hoarded store
Add to this life one minute more?
What tho for gain, with thirsty soul,
He flies abroad from pole to pole?
Where eer he flies, he still will find,
He cannot leave himself behind,
But busy care will haunt his mind.
There is, I know, no state of life
Entirely free from care and strife;
Then social mirth shall glad my heart,
And sweeten all the bitter part.
The present time is mine possest:
In that I may, and will, be blest;
To look beyond it is a jest.
How soon, alas, in youthful pride,
The great, the noble *Avrio* died!
And you whose years may gently waste,
Tho' ne'er so loth, must die at last.
However Fortune gilds the scene,
'Twill be as if it ne'er had been.
To thee, my friend, it's given to shine:
I envy not; the world is thine.
To me, a little country seat,
A happy, yet unenvied state,
Between the vulgar and the great –
To grant me more let fortune cease;
I scorn the crowd, and am at peace.





ANONYMOUS, 1750 (IMITATED)

(*The Chester Miscellany*)

When loud the blust'ring Tempest roars,
And Darkness thick involves the Skies,
For Calms the Sailor Heav'n implores,
All suppliant, with uplifted Eyes.

Wrapp'd in thick Clouds no Moon appears,
No Stars afford a twinkling Light,
But all th' Horizon sadly wears
The Envelope of pitchy Night,

The hardy *Ruffian* and the *Swede*
Raise num'rous Bands to seek for Peace,
As erst the *Thracian* and the *Mede*,
Fought only that their Toils might cease.

Ease is what All do still desire,
But this nor Purple, Gems, or Gold,
Nor Wealth immense can e're acquire,
For 'tis not to be bought and sold.

Corroding Cares will force their way,
Ev'n thro' the Monarch's guarded Gate;
And Griefs, and Frets 'emselves display,
To Nobles in their Rooms of State.

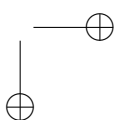
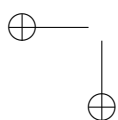
On Damask-Couch or Bed of Down,
These will the titled Wretches rack
All trembling, like the guilty Town
When Earth's convulsive Heavings shake.

But blest is He: – in little Seat
Paternal, who Contentment knows;
No Passions vex the calm Retreat,
No Rage disturbs the sweet Repose.

While we so vainly strive to gain
From Tides excluded, Tracts of Land;
Behold! the fierce returning Main
Proves all the Project built on Sand.

From Troubles should we hope to fly,
By posting on the Racer-steed;
Tho' we, like Winds, could sweep the Sky,
Cares will o'ertake the swiftest Speed.

Nor can the Royal Yatchs convey
Their Prince tranquill to his lov'd Shore,
Unless bright Honour lead the Way,
And Virtue fair conduct Him o'er.



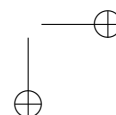
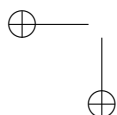


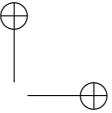
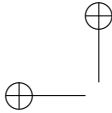
Each should enjoy, without th' Allay
Of gnawing Cares, his destin'd Date,
And seize the Pleasures of To-day,
For there's no perfect happy State.

Lo! the FIRM PATRIOT snatch'd in haste,
Whilst Fate may Others longer spare,
Perhaps from Life when you're eras'd,
Some Years, your Leavings, I may share.

A Mind, like yours, will still despise
All Affluence, Equipage, and State;
Endeavouring to be Good and Wise,
And scorning *the ignobly Great*.

On me, – to faintly touch the Lyre,
And some small Taste, has Heav'n bestow'd,
Some Sparklings of Poetic Fire,
With Soul superior to the Crowd.





JOHN DUNCOMBE, 1753 (IMITATED)

(1729–86; Clergyman, Poet, and Translator)

For QUIET on *Newmarket* Plain,
The shivering Curate prays in vain,
 When wintry Showers are falling,
And stumbling Steed and whistling Wind
Quite banish from his anxious Mind
 The Duties of his Calling.

With Thoughts engross'd by Routs and Plays
The gallant Soph for QUIET prays,
 Confuted and confuting;
And QUIET is alike desir'd
Ev'n by the King's Professor, tir'd
 With wrangling and disputing.

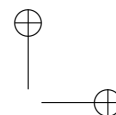
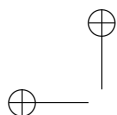
In crowded Senate, on the Chair
Of our Vice-Chancellor sits CARE,
 Undaunted by the Mace:
Care climbs the Yatch, when adverse Gales
Detain, or tear our Patron's Sails,
 And ruffles ev'n his Grace.

How blest is He, whose annual Toil
With well-rang'd Trees improves a Soil,
 For Ages yet unborn!
Such as at humble *Barley*, plann'd
By mitred *Herring's* youthful Hand,
 The cultur'd Plain adorn.

From Place to Place we still pursue
CONTENT, and hope in each to view
 The visionary Guest.
Vainly we shun intruding CARE;
Not all, like You, the Joys can share
 Of *Wimple* and of *Wrest*.

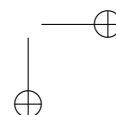
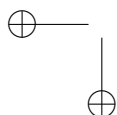
Then let us snatch, while in our Power,
The present transitory Hour,
 And leave to Heaven the Morrow;
Youth has its Griefs; a Friend may die,
Or Nymph deceive; for none can fly
 The Giant Hand of Sorrow.

His Country's Hope, and Parent's Pride,
In Bloom of Life, young *Blandford* died:
 His godlike Father's Eyes
Were dimm'd in Age by helpless Tears;
And Heaven to Me may grant the Years,
 Which it to You denies.



Your rising Virtues soon will claim
A Portion of your Brothers' Fame,
And catch congenial Fire:
THEY shine in Embassy and War;
THEY grace the Senate and the Bar,
And emulate their Sire.

Invested with the sacred Gown,
You soon, to rival their Renown,
The glorious Task shall join;
And while THEY guard *Britannia's* Laws,
You, steady to Religion's Cause,
Shall guard the Laws Divine.





J. MILLER, 1754

(*Poems on Several Occasions*)

Caught in the wide *Ægean* Main,
When sable Clouds obscure the Moon,
And not one kindly Star is seen,
Retirement! is the wish'd for Boon,
The Pilot asks the Gods.

The warlike Thracian sues for Ease,
Tho' crown'd with Laurels from the Fight,
Nor can his gaudy Quiver please
The *Parthian*, (terrible in Flight!)
If Quiet is deny'd.

Quiet! which neither Gems can buy,
Nor Chests of hoarded Gold procure,
'Tis not the Royal *Tyrian* Dye,
Nor Dignity, nor Wealth, ensure
This Blessing to the Mind.

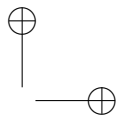
In vain officious Lictors wait
To clear the purpled Consul's Way,
Cares! which still hover round the Great,
Force on with a resistless Sway,
And charge his inmost Soul.

Pleas'd with a little, lives the Swain,
Whose Board the same plain Vessels grace
As did his Sires; exempt from Pain,
Sleep in his Eye still finds a Place,
By no rude Care disturb'd.

Why thus, within the narrow Lot
Assign'd to Life by Nature's Law,
Do we, as tho' we had forgot
Our Doom, fond Schemes attempt to draw
Os vast Eternity?

Why do we thus, with restless Change,
Nations as yet unknown explore,
Why thus, thro' various Climates range,
Eager to tread the distant Shore,
Warm'd by another Sun?

For does the wretched Exul leave
The Sorrow-wounded Soul behind?
Ah no! we there ourselves deceive,
For in the Desarts, still we find
The Passions reign supreme.



The brazen-fenced Vessel's Prow
They climb, and swifter than the Hind,
Or nimble Steed, away they go!
Or than the Clouds before the Wind,
To seize their destin'd Prey.

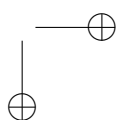
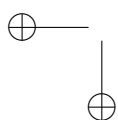
The Man who's easy in his Mind,
Enjoys the present Hour that smiles,
Nor anxious for what's left behind,
With Mirth he every Care beguiles.
No Man's compleatly blest!

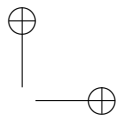
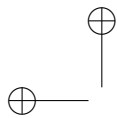
For in the midst of all his Pride,
A Victim to remorseless Fate
Achilles fell; and tho' a Bride
Celestial, *Tithon* boasts, a Weight
Of helpless Age he mourns.

So the same Fate perhaps to thee
May soon a dreadful Summons send,
Which a long Term of Years to me,
By it's all-ruling Power may lend,
To lengthen out my Date.

To thee, indulgent Fortune yields,
Of Flocks and Herds, a num'rous Store,
The Flow'r of fair *Sicilia's* Fields!
By well-train'd Steeds thy Car is bore,
Thy Limbs in Purple clad.

Nor has she me regardless past,
A little Spot of Ground she gave,
In Poetry a middling Taste,
Thefe Blessings I from Fortune have,
And to contemn the Croud.





R. R., 1755

(*The Scots Magazine*)

For ease the mariner implores the gods,
Surpris'd i' th' wide *Ægean*, when clouds
Lowring obscure the moon, nor guiding stars
Afford their friendly light.

For ease the furious veterans of *Thrace*,
For ease the gaily-quiver'd *Medes* implore,
O *Grosphus*, never to be sold for gems
For purple, nor for gold.

Not wealth, nor he that quells the mob's loud tumults,
Can quell the ruder tumults of the mind,
Or ought remove the cares that hover round
High-vaulted palaces.

He, on whose frugal table shines the vase
That held his father's salt, lives blese'd with little;
Nor fear nor sordid avarice of gain
Disturbs his calm repose.

Why at so many marks in this short life
Aim we presumptuous? why to climates range
That glow with other suns? Who though his country
He quits, himsef can shun?

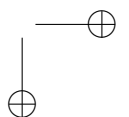
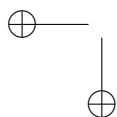
Destructive care climbs the ship's brazen prow,
Assails imbattled squadrons in the rear,
Far swifter than the roe, far swifter than
The cloud-compelling wind.

The mind rejoicing in the present hour,
Should care for nought beyond it, and should temper
With gentle smiles th' anxieties of life.
Nought is completely bless'd.

A death untimely seiz'd the great *Achilles*,
Tithonus wasted with a lengthen'd age;
And what to thee time may deny, on me
He largely may bestow.

Around thee bleat thy flocks, around thee low
Thy fair Sicilian cattle, at thy car
Loud neighs the harness'd steed, thee robes adorn
Twice tinctur'd with the purple

Of *Africa*; to me a rural spot,
And some small spirit of the *Grecian* muse;
Not unindulgent fate has giv'n, and to contemn
The vile malignant croud.





JOHN DUNCOMBE, 1757

(1729–86; Clergyman, Poet, and Translator)

The Sailor, when the Tempest roars,
And Moon and Stars but faintly shine,
For EASE, with lifted Hands, implores
The gracious Powers divine.

For EASE the *Medes* with Shafts are taught
To wound; and *Thrace* in Fight is bold;
But EASE, my *Grosphus*! is not bought
With Purple, Gemms, or Gold.

Nor Wealth, nor Lictors' Rods, can quell
The Mind's fierce Tumults, nor appease
The hovering CARES which love to dwell
In gilded Palaces.

Happy! who, with his simple Cheer
Content, seeks not from Home to stray;
Whose easy Slumbers *Hope* and *Fear*
Can never chase away.

Why should we crowd with various Schemes
Our Span, and distant Regions try?
Who leaves his Country, vainly dreams,
He from himself can fly.

The Warrior on his fiery Steed,
Or brass-beak'd Ship, too sure will find,
CARE can in Swiftness far exceed
The Stag, or rapid Wind.

Thought for the Morrow, Sons of Mirth
Discard. Mischance with Smiles to meet,
Will blunt its Sting: for Bliss on Earth
Was never found complete.

Fate snatch'd *Achilles* in his Prime;
With wasting Age *Tithonus* died;
And Heaven for Me may lengthen Time,
To Thee, perhaps, deny'd.

Sicilian Herds, a large Increase!
Around thee low; the Courser neighs
To Thee; the twice-dy'd purple Fleece
Thy tender Limbs arrays.

To Me, by Fate, a slender Vein
Of Wit, with my small Farm allow'd,
Has taught thy *Horace* to disdain
The base detracting Crowd.



SIR CHARLES HANBURY WILLIAMS, 1708–59 (IMITATED)

(1708–59; Poet, Politician, and Diplomat)

In each ambitious measure crost,
Each friend that should support you lost,
By Faction's tempest rudely tost:
 At length you ask the gods for ease.
But what avails your pious care,
Your heart pour'd out in endless prayer,
Ease is not venal tho' you are,
 As wealth may tempt, or titles please.

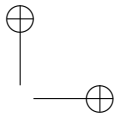
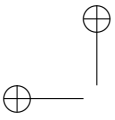
For not the Treasurer, Staff, and all
That Orford grasp'd before his fall,
Or his successor Pelham shall,
 Can ease the self-devoted mind.
Care flies into the rooms of State,
Nor can the slaves that on him wait
Drive the curst phantom from the Gate:
 Care stays, when none else dare, behind.

How happier at his frugal board
Lives the plebian tho' no lord,
His father's wealth his only hoard;
 Who acts within his proper sphere;
Whilst honest Morpheus o'er his brows,
His choicest wildest poppies strows,
And sleep, the gods best gift, bestows,
 Unbroke by avarice or fear.

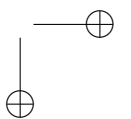
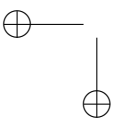
Why flies our arrow to those heights?
Our feeble thread spun by the Fates,
Each hour the fatal Scissars waits,
 Nor will one moment's pause afford!
We bustle to be raised on high,
New lands explore, new suns descry,
Alas! 'twere well could self, too, fly,
 And lose the squire in the lord.

Beyond the present hour forbear,
The following is not worth your care;
In life's contracted span how rare,
 To see one man completely blest!
See, Orford wisely laying down,
Nor giving foes one parting frown,
Whilst peace his latest hours shall crown;
 And good old Wilmington at rest.

With twice ten thousand pounds a year,
You yet may live, and taste good cheer,



Tho' you'll ne'er be Lord Treasurer,
So you repent you of that sin;
Whilst I, as others will, no doubt,
When — returns with many a shout,
Shall laugh to see your friends trot out,
As shamefully as they came in.





WILLIAM HAMILTON OF BANGOUR, 1760 (IMITATED)

(1704–54; Scottish Poet)

Ease from the gods the sailor prays,
O'ertaken in the Ægean seas,
 When storms begin to roar;
When clouds wrap up the moon from sight,
Nor shine the stars with certain light,
 To guide him safe to shore.

Ease, fierce the Russian in war's trade:
Ease, graceful in his tartan plaid,
 The Highlander demands,
Rich prize, not to be bought or sold,
For purple, precious gems, or gold,
 Or wide and large command.

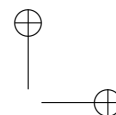
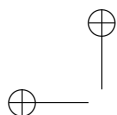
For nor can wealth, nor golden mace,
Borne high before the great in place,
 Make cares stand out o' the way;
The anxious tumults of the mind,
That round the palace unconfi'd,
 Still roam by night and day.

Rich he lives on small, whose board
Shines with frugal affluence stor'd,
 The wealth his sire possest;
Nor fear to lose creates him pain,
Nor sordid love of greater gain,
 Can break his easy rest.

Why do we draw too strong the bow,
Beyond our end our hopes to throw,
 For warm with other suns
Why change our clime? To ease his toil,
What exile from his native soil
 From self an exile runs.

For vicious care the ship ascends,
On the way-faring troupe attends
 First of the company:
Swifter than harts that seek the floods,
Swifter than roll-wind driven clouds
 Along the middle sky.

Glad in the present hour, the mind
Disdains the care beyond, assign'd
 To all, content at heart;
Tempers of life the bitter cup,
With sweet'ning mirth, and drinks it up,
 None blest in every part.

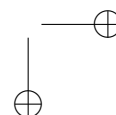
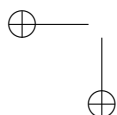


Dwindled thy sire in slow old age,
Young Kimerjem from off this stage

Was ravish'd in his prime:
The hour perhaps benign to me,
Will grant what it denies to thee,
And lengthen out my time.

A numerous herd thy valleys fills,
The cattle on a thousand hills,
That low around are thine.
The well-pair'd mares, thy gilded car,
Draw, in proud state, thy self from far,
In richest silks to shine,

Conspicuous seen: To me my fate,
Not much to blame, a small estate,
Of rural acres few:
A slender portion of the muse
Bounteous besides, the Grace allows,
To scorn th' ill-thinking crew.





JAMES MACPHERSON, 1760 (IMITATED)

(1736–96; Scottish Poet, Literary Collector, and Politician)

The weary sailor calls for ease,
When winds turmoil the angry seas,
And not a moon or star to guide
His dreary course along the tide;
When half the sky in showers descends,
And wind the gilded streamer rends;
Bless'd he, within the hut, he cries,
Now bends in rest his peaceful eyes;
Or hears the tempest idly rave;
No av'rice tempts him to the wave.

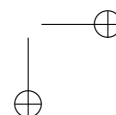
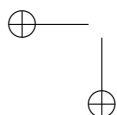
Turn to the noisy camp your eye,
There care corrodes, and starts the sigh.
Shew me the man among them all,
Who drove o'er Minden's plains the Gaul;
When Broglio's ranks at distance rise,
And cannon murmur through the skies;
But would forego the breath of fame,
And live at ease without a name.

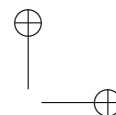
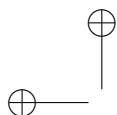
'Tis not the sash, the gown, the robe,
These gilded baits that catch the mob;
Or tides of flatt'ers at the door,
Can paint with bliss the passing hour;
Or half the cares within controll,
And calm the tumults of the soul.

Nor can the dome or lofty wall,
Or guards that croud the tyrant's hall,
With all their instruments of wars,
Exclude the dark, invading cares:
Around the bed of state they fly,
And dash the guilty cup of joy.

More happy he! whose guiltless mind,
Is to his native fields confin'd;
Bless'd with his state; and craves no more
Than Heav'n allow'd his sires before;
Who sees his frugal table spread,
Beneath the roof his fathers made;
No care, by day, disturbs his breast,
He steeps, by night, his brows in rest.

Whence all these schemes, this wild uproar,
Since life itself shall soon be o'er?
Why do we with advent'rous eyes,
See other suns in other skies?





Or pant where Indian billows roll?
Or freeze beneath the arctic pole?
In vain we fly destructive Care,
The monster in our breasts we bear.

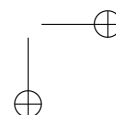
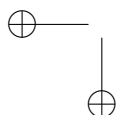
Go, then; forsake your calm retreat,
Cringe at the portals of the great;
Attend the gaudy venal train,
Throw virtue off, to raise your gain;
Or spread your canvas to the gale;
Or court the muses in the vale;
If still in sorrow you repine,
Fly for relief to whores and wine.

In vain you fly from inbred wo:
Care climbs the vessel's painted prow:
Care haunts the palace of the great,
And hovers round the dark retreat:
Care clouds the fair-one's lovely face,
And floats within the sparkling glass.
Ev'n round the sprightly muse it flies,
And taints the numbers as they rise.

If life you want undash'd with wo,
Serene enjoy the instant now;
Nor ills you left behind deplore,
Nor eye the giant-grief before:
If Fortune shines, enjoy the ray,
And smile her very gloom away:
Let tempests sweep and billows roar,
The storm of life shall soon be o'er.

Some perish in their youthful bloom;
With age some wither to the tomb;
Heav'n, as a curse, to some supplies
The years to others it denies;
What can the longest liver do,
But see a greater train of wo?

Be yours in public life to shine,
With all the glory of your line;
To rule the battle's noisy tide,
Or Britain's great concerns to guide;
Teach virtue to a venal throng,
While senates listen to your tongue.
To me my fortune more severe,
Has only giv'n a mind sincere;
A spark of genius to pass o'er
The tedious dulness of the hour;
A soul that can a knave despise,
And eye the great with careless eyes.





G. S., 1760

(*The Scots Magazine*)

For ease the sailor Heav'n implores,
Whene'er the angry ocean roars,
When no kind star, no moon appears,
To cheer his heart, or lull his fears.

For ease steel'd soldiers face their doom,
And fierce through fields of slaughter roam;
Ease, Friend, which can't be bought or sold,
For costliest robes, or gems, or gold.

'Tis not in pow'r or wealth, we find,
To calm the tumults of the mind;
And swarming cares, that ever wait
Beneath the gilded roofs of state.

Happy the swain, who, far from noise,
His small paternal means enjoys:
No fears his soft repose molest,
No sordid lust disturbs his breast.

What folly 'tis our views t'extend!
Since life's so short, so soon will end,
Why would we distant regions find?
Fools! can we leave ourselves behind?

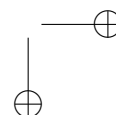
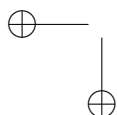
Cares will the swiftest troops out-flee,
And climb the stoutest ships at sea;
They'll still be dogging us behind,
Nimble as roes, sleet as wind.

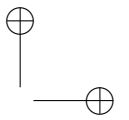
So you enjoy the present day,
Drive fears of future ills away,
And wisely temper sour with sweet,
There is no good on earth complete.

Swift death Achilles snatch'd away;
Old Tython felt a slow decay:
And who can tell but time to me
May lend the hours deny'd to thee?

Your flocks and herds around you graze,
While in your coach you loll at ease,
In splendid robes of purple drest,
Purple the richest and the best.

A competence Fate gives to me,
A little knack of poetry,
And pride enough to be above
The vulgar's odium, or their love.





CAPT. MORRIS, 1761 (BURLESQUE)

(“Written in the Mohawk-Castle. . . , Sent to Lieutenant Montgomery”)

Ease is the pray’r of him, who, in a whale-boat,
Crossing Lake Champlain, by a storm’s o’ertaken;
Not struck his blanket, not a friendly island
Near to receive him.

Ease is the wish, too, of the sly Canadian;
Ease the delight of bloody Caghnawagas;
Ease, Richard, not to be bought with wampum,
Nor paper money.

Not colonel’s pay, nor yet a dapper sergeant,
Orderly waiting with recover’d halberd,
Can chase the crowd of troubles, still surrounding
Lac’d regimentals.

That Sub lives best, who, with a sash in tatters,
Worn by his grandsire at the fight of Blenheim,
To fear a stranger, and to wild ambition,
Snores on a bear-skin.

Why, like fine fellows, are we ever scheming?
We short-liv’d mortals! why so fond of climates
Warm’d by new suns? O! who that runs from home can
Run from himself too?

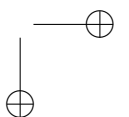
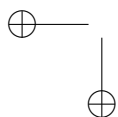
Care climbs redeaux with four-and-twenty pounders,
Nor quits our light troops, or our Indian warriors;
Swifter than moose-deer, or the fleeter east wind,
Pushing the clouds on.

He, whose good humor can enjoy the present,
Scorns to look forward; with a smile of patience
Temp’ring the bitter. Bliss uninterrupted
None can inherit.

Death instantaneous hurried off Achilles;
Age far-extended wore away Tithonus:
Who will live longer; thou or I, Montgom’ry?
Dicky or Tommy?

Thee twenty mess-mates, full of noise and laughter,
Cheer with their sallies; thee the merry damsels
Please with their titt’ring; while thou sitt’st adorn’d with
Boats, sash, and gorget.

Me to Fort Hendrick, ’midst a savage nation,
Dull Conna,joh’ry, cruel fate has driven –
O! think of Morris, in a lonely chamber,
Dabbling in Sapphic.



ELIZABETH CAROLINA KEENE, 1762

(1743-78)

When the storm roars, and ev'ry light
In heav'n denies its friendly aid;
When grief and dread each bosom smite;
And the poor pilot's all dismay'd.

Ease! ease! is all the sailor's pray'r,
For precious ease, the Thracian's fight:
For ease the wanton Mede will dare
Take arms, and ev'ry pleasure flight.

Ease can't be bought; wealth can't allay
The pungent sorrows of the great;
Nor drive those thousand cares away,
That hover o'er the bed of state.

Happy the man, who wisely knows
To use the gifts the gods bestow,
No fears disturb his soft repose:
Content doth make an heaven below.

Why do we thus our views extend,
The thread of life so quickly spun?
Why seek we earth's remotest end?
Man never from himself can run.

Care, which the fleetest stag outstrips,
To whom the very winds are slow,
Alass! she climbs the nimble ships,
Nor can whole troops avoid her blow.

Who can prevent what fate design'd?
Wisely take all things for the best,
Joy mix'd with grief; for where's the mind
Of perfect happiness possess?

In Youth the great Achilles dy'd,
Tithonus slowly steer'd away;
And years which fate may have deny'd
To you, it may to me convey.

Around your villa herds and flocks
Within th' enamel'd meadow stray:
Arabia's sweets perfume your locks,
And princely is your worst array.

To me kind fortune has bestow'd
A rural seat, and lyric strain;
And with a soul she's me endow'd,
Which looks upon the crowd as vain.



H. P., 1763 (IMITATED)

(*The London Magazine*)

When low'ring clouds obscure the sky,
No star to bless the seaman's eye,
 No hope to cheer his breast;
Tir'd with the dangers of the seas,
The fearful merchant prays for ease,
 And wealth would change for rest.

The Prussian, deeply vers'd in arms,
Thro' dire Bellona's loud alarms,
 Labours for ease alone;
For ease that's never to be sold,
For purple vests, or shining gold,
 Or India's richest stone.

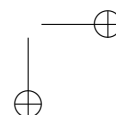
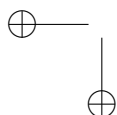
Not all the tribe of stars, and strings,
That swarm about the courts of kings,
 Can guard the place from care:
The soldier's arm, the statesman's art,
Are weak to save the royal heart
 From anguish and despair.

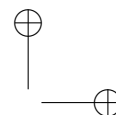
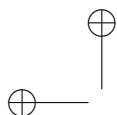
Thrice happy he, whom partial sate
Beneath the troubles of the great,
 With fav'ring hand has plac'd;
He treads the even path of life,
Unmov'd by fear, unhurt by strife,
 By fortune not disgrac'd.

Why do we form such deep-wrought schemes,
Since all our gay delusive dreams
 Must end with life's short trance;
Why fly? – since horror's vengeful crew,
Will still the guilty wretch pursue,
 Thro' Holland, Spain or France.

Care, dreadful in its ceaseless course,
Will scale with all-controuling force,
 The proudest first-rate's side:
Nor (fleeter than the driving wind)
Can horsemen leave its steps behind,
 Like Shaftoe tho' they ride.

The Man whose present moments flow
Serene – with thoughts of future woe,
 Will ne'er disturb his breast:
Adversity his soul derides,
Or in a smile his grief he hides, –
 None are intirely blest.





Bute soon forsook the public stage,
Newcastle to a good old age

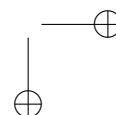
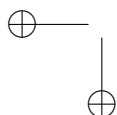
 Enjoy'd the charms of pow'r:
What fortune now denies to thee,
Before to-morrow's dawn on me,
 Her lavish hand may show'r.

To thee fair wealth her tribute brings,
At thy gay board, from plenty's springs,

 Champaigne and claret flow:
Six prancing steeds thy chariot bear,
And Gallia's choicest silks you wear,
 Or in embroid'ry glow.

I only boast a small estate,
A muse that, nor sublime, or great,

 Jogs on a gentle pace:
A soul, that dares despise a slave,
And views, with scorn a tinsel'd knave,
 Or in, or out of place.





SAMUEL ROGERS, 1764

(“Rector of Chellington, Bedfordshire”)

When fable night in darkling clouds
The moon’s auspicious lustre shrouds,
And, ’midst the circuit of the sphere,
No known directing star appear;
But all around the tempest roars,
The SAILOR ease of Heaven implores.

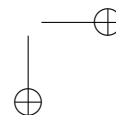
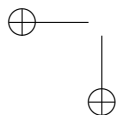
For ease the crested Briton pleads,
Train’d from his youth to martial deeds;
For ease victorious Prussians sue,
Admir’ d by all, enjoy’d by few;
Which blesses Monarchs but by stealth,
And mocks e’en BUTE ’midst power and wealth.

For wealth and power, experience shews,
Can’t heal the mind’s tumultuous woes,
Nor lull those clam’rous cares to rest,
Which haunt his Grace’s garter’d breast.

Happy the man whose frugal joys
A father’s scanty all supplies:
In some sequester’d cottage bred;
Of herbs the meal, of flocks the bed,
His envy’d slumbers, sweet and sound,
Nor féar nor avarice confound.

PRECARIOUS BEINGS of an hour!
Why madly toil we then for more?
Absurd the present to destroy
In planning schemes of future joy?
In vain the wretched exile flies
In hopes of finding happier skies;
In vain he varies clime or air,
For still unhappy SELF is there.

Let him the speedy bark ascend;
Even there will gloomy care attend;
Or, if he mount the rapid horse,
Care still attends him through the course:
Assiduous care, that leaves behind
The tim’rous deer, and mocks the wind.
A mind, above temptation’s power,
Chearful enjoys the present hour;
And, stranger to the great man’s fears,
Defies to-morrow, and its cares;
Intent alone to often strife,
And soothe, not cure, the ills of life;



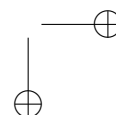
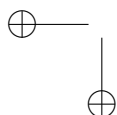


For none (such Heav'n's severe decree)
Must hope for full felicity.

Stern Death, who cannot brook controul,
Too soon, brave WOLFE, resum'd thy foul;
Nor could ev'n GRANVILLE'S talents save
A fav'rite statesman from the grave:
And Heav'n, perhaps with wise design,
May snap my thread, and lengthen thine.

'Tis thine (great JOVE, the boon enlarge,
And make thy future bliss his charge)
T' enjoy, in rural sweet recess,
The fairest gifts of happiness.
For thee the generous hunter neighs,
And snuffs on hills th' enlivening breese;
Big with the chace, he looks disdain,
Impatient stamps, and asks the rein.
For thee, with rapturous music hung,
The deep-mouth'd beagle gives his tongue;
While hill and woods, in wanton notes,
Reflect it freely as it floats.

Long reconcil'd to humbler lot,
Forgetting SOME, by SOME forgot;
The rich man's pomp I envy not.
To me, not unindulgent, Heav'n
A small but social roof has giv'n:
Where friends have often found the board,
'Tis true, with no rich dainties stor'd;
But what gave value to the meal,
A chearful mind, ne'er meaning ill:
Tho' malice has done all she can
To blacken and traduce the man;
Immerst awhile in scandal's night,
But rising thence, refin'd and bright,
Superior to the noxious dews,
Which envy's baleful shades diffuse.
Here, when alone, perhaps the Nine
Beguile the hours before I dine,
In penning dull, insipid lays,
Which few will read, and fewer praise;
Or prais'd, or not, 'tis just the same;
No candidate am I for fame.
Command me, not again to school;
Grant me but sense above the fool,
Pleas'd with the slender boon, and safe
In my own littleness, I'll laugh;
Laugh at the WORLD'S censorious spite,
That shows its teeth, but cannot bite.





LEMUEL ABBOTT, 1765

(Poems on Various Subjects)

For calm Repose the Merchant cries,
When Storms his loaded Ship surprize,
 Upon the foaming Sea,
While thick'ning Clouds the Moon obscure,
Nor well-known Stars the Course secure
 From Error and Delay.

And, wearied on the hostile Plain,
The haughty Gen'ral fighs in vain
 For undisturb'd Repose;
A Bliss which not the Purple Robe,
Nor all the Riches round the Globe,
 On hapless Man bestows.

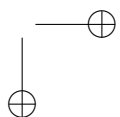
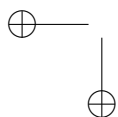
Not countless Heaps of golden Ore,
Nor all the Charms of Pomp and Pow'r;
 Can make our Woes subside;
But Care will still the Breast confound,
And fly the gilded Cieling round
 Of Wealth and gaudy Pride.

The poor Man's Smiles become his Face,
When his long-us'd paternal Vase
 Adorns his frugal Board;
He slumbers safe, his quiet rest,
No anxious Fears of Loss molest,
 Or greedy wish to hoard.

Ah! why should short-livd human Kind,
In deep-laid Schemes employ the Mind,
 And roam from Pole to Pole?
In vain we diff'rent Climates try,
Since from ourselves we never can fly,
 Nor innate Griefs controul.

If he, whom baleful Vice attends,
The Vessel or the Steed ascends,
 Fell Care will still intrude;
No fearful, hunted Stag can flee,
Or rapid Cloud so fast, as he
 Is by the Fiend pursu'd.

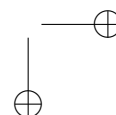
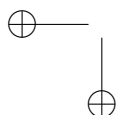
He who his present Good can see,
And bear his Loss of Misery,
 With Patience and Content,
Will smile at ev'ry coming Woe,
Since perfect Happiness below,
 For Man, Heav'n never meant.





ACHILLES met untimely Fate,
TITHONUS fainted with the Weight
 Of long and wasting Eld;
Time may perhaps on me bestow
A Length of tiresome Years, from you,
 From happier you with-held.

You, GROSPHUS, dress in sumptuous Lace,
Six neighing Steeds your Chariot grace,
 Your Wealth can bear the Cost;
A small Estate, a rhyming Vein,
For Knaves and Fools a fix'd Disdain,
 Is all that I can boast.





CHRISTOPHER SMART, 1767

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

When o'er the Ægean vast he sails
The seaman sues the gods for ease,
Soon as the moon the tempest veils,
Nor sparkling guide he sees.
Ease by fierce Thracians in the end;
Ease by the quiver'd Mede is sought;
By gems, nor purple bales, my friend,
Nor bullion to be bought.
Not wealth or state, a consul's share,
Can give the troubled mind its rest,
Or fray the winged fiends of care,
That pompous roofs infest.
Well lives he, on whose little board
Th' old silver salt-cellar appears,
Left by his sires – no sordid hoard
Disturb his sleep with fears.
Why with such strength of thought devise,
And aim at sublunary pelf,
Seek foreign realms? Can he, who flies
His country, 'scape himself?
Ill-natur'd care will board the fleet,
Nor leave the squadron'd troops behind,
Swifter than harts, or irksome sleet
Driv'n by the eastern wind.
If good, the present hour be mirth;
If bitter, let your smiles be sweet,
Look not too forward – nought on earth
Is in all points complete.
A sudden death Achilles seiz'd,
A tedious age Tithonus wore –
If you're amerc'd, fate may be pleas'd
To give to me the more.
A hundred flocks around thee stray,
About thee low Sicilian kine,
And mares apt for thy carriage neigh,
And purple robes are thine.
Me, born for verse and rural peace,
A faithful prophetess foretold,
And groundlings, spirited from Greece,
In high contempt I hold.





EDWARD BURNABY GREENE, 1768

(Died 1788; Poet and Translator)

When blur'd the canopy of night,
And every star withdraws her light,
Amid the thunders of the main,
Rest of their guide, the suppliant train
– Undaunted by a host of foes –
Feel, deeply feel, affliction's throes,
Despondence low'ring in their breast
With anguish they exclaim for – rest.

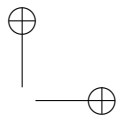
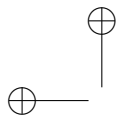
Sweet Rest the *Thracian* warrior charms,
And quiver'd *Mede* enslav'd to arms;
But vain the jewel's dazzling glow,
Vain is the vestment's purple flow,
Vain are the treasur'd hills of gold;
– To pageantry she ne'er is sold.
True to her vot'ries ne'er has rest
The miser, or the coxcomb bless'd.

Nor pow'r, nor riches can impart
A balsam to the sickly heart,
Still may *their* fascinating nod
Exalt th' oppressor to a God;
Such – splendid meanness may content, –
Quiet for worthier souls was meant,
While, round the dome of grandeur, care
On raven pinion croaks despair.

Happy the sage, whom wealth maintains,
Boon of a Father's honest gains;
Happy the sage, who rich nor poor,
Enjoys his all, nor asks for more;
No fears assail, no galling strife
Mar the serenity of life;
Nor throbbing hopes, with wild control,
To sordid tumults rouse the soul.

Say, Whence thy toils, impatient man,
To curse a momentary span?
Thou giant with a pigmy's pow'r,
Why stretch a thought beyond thy hour?
Is it for thee thy clime to change,
For thee o'er distant realms to range?
Go, exile, go from plain to plain,
– Thyself alas! thou fliest in vain.

Yes! though we mount the rapid hip,
Care will pursue us o'er the deep;



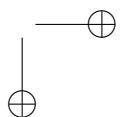
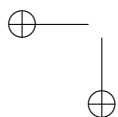
Close will pursue the crowding sail,
Sure o'er the victims to prevail.
Yes! though we mount the foaming horse,
Care will arrest us in our course,
Far swifter than the bounding hind,
Far swifter than the wings of wind.

Who feel contentment's genial pow'r,
Calmly enjoy the present hour;
Ne'er to the morrow's thoughts a prey,
The now their all, they live to-day;
With cheerfulness, a balm to strife,
Soothing the bitter draught of life:
Bless'd to insure, such griefs annoy,
One sabbath of untainted joy,

Pelides to the stars renown'd
Lay pierced by fate's untimely wound;
With slow advances ling'ring death
From old *Tithonus* stole his breath;
Thou soon may'st quit the busy stage,
While I – enjoy protracted age;
Kind Heav'n (the boon unask'd) may grant
Those years to me, which thou may'st want.

For thee the wide-extended hills
Mild-bleating innocency fills;
Thine the luxuriant harvests, thine
The murmurs of the lowing kine;
A *foreign* set of prancing mares
In neighing pomp thy chariot bears;
And robes in richest purple dy'd
Flame forth for thee with blushing pride.

Of Competency's cell possess'd
Mine is the calm, the social breast,
Some portion of poetic fire,
Some little art to tune the lyre;
To cull the flow'rs of *Rome* and *Greece*
Heav'n has indulg'd – and added peace,
With pride to spurn, and worth to hate
The rabble, and the knave of state.





ANONYMOUS, 1772

(The Gentleman's Magazine)

The wearied sailor prays for Ease,
When tossing on the wide, Ægean seas;
When the pale moon is clouded o'er,
And the stars guide his dubious course no more.

For Ease the furious sons of Thrace,
For Ease the gayly-quiver'd Persian race,
Implore the Gods; – for Ease, not sold
Either for venal purple, gems, or gold.

Neither can Wealth, however great,
Nor the most gorgeous ornament of state,
The tumults of the soul allay,
Or chase our ever-hov'ring cares away.

Happy with little, pass his days,
Who, on his frugal board, with joy, surveys
His father's bowl; his balmy rest,
No guiliy tears, no sordid lusts infest.

Since man so short a bound confines,
Why do we form so many, vast designs,
To foreign climes why vainly roam;
For can he fly himfesh, who flies his home?

Stern Care the lofty ship ascends,
And the most hardy troops of horse attends;
Care, – swifter than the fying hind;
Care, – swifter far than cloud-compelling wind.

The man contented with his lot,
On future evils scorns to waste one thought:
With smiles he softens ev'ry woe;
Nothing can be compleatly bless'd below.

When young, renown'd Achilles fell;
Tithonus, here on earth long doom'd to dwell,
Wasted away; – and Heav'n to me,
Perhaps, may grant the hours denied to thee.

With num'rous flocks thy meads abound,
Thy gen'rous coursers proudly neigh around,
Around thy sportive heifers low,
Thy garments with the brighest purple glow.

To me, my not ungen'rous fate,
Has giv n my wish, – a small, but clear estate;
Some little skill in Grecian song,
And to despise the vile, malignat thong.



HENRY ERSKINE, 1773

(1746–1817; Scottish Lawyer and Politician)

When clouds obscure the Queen of Night,
 And veil from light her silver ray,
Nor lends one friendly star his light
 To guide the vessel's wand'ring way;
Long tost upon the raging seas,
The wearied sailor prays for ease.

In war, the furious Thracian tried,
 Inur'd to danger, toil, and pain.
The Median gay, in quiver'd pride,
 Both, wish for ease and peace in vain;
Ease, which for purple, gems, or gold,
Ne'er was, or ever can be sold,

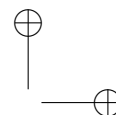
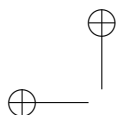
Not all the wealth of India's mine, –
 Not all the pomp or pride of pow'r,
Tho' every pageant should combine
 To deck its bright but transient hour,
Can, from the gilded bed of state,
Banish the cares that haunt the great.

Better, and happier far, he fares,
 Whose plain, yet neat and wholesome board,
Spread with the produce of his cares,
 Can health, content, and mirth afford;
No wish to gain, no fear to lose,
Disturb his peaceful soft repose.

Why, then, does enterprising man
 So many schemes for fortune try?
Why risk life's short uncertain span
 Beneath a foreign hateful sky?
Tho' through a thousand climes he roam,
Ne'er can he leave his cares at home,

The stoutest ship that braves the main,
 With eager strides black Care ascends;
The swiftest troops that scour the plain,
 As swift, his ghastly form attends;
Fleet as the lightly-bounding Roe,
Or clouds when fiercest tempests blow.

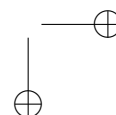
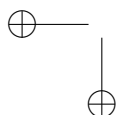
Contented now, why should we care
 What changes fleeting time may bring?
Let social pleasure heal despair,
 And mirth each future moment wing:
Of each event still make the best,
For who was e'er completely blest?

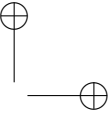
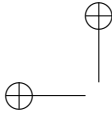


Achilles, warlike Greece's pride,
Died glorious on the bloody plain;
While Tython's age, a grave denied,
Long call'd on Death, but call'd in vain;
And Heaven perhaps may give to me
The days and years denied to thee.

A thousand flocks thy mountains feed,
A thousand herds thy verdant plains;
For thee loud neighs the foaming steed,
Obedient to the silken reins;
While purple, radiant as the morn,
With gold and gems thy robes adorn.

In humble cot, obscure to dwell,
To me my fate has Heav'n assign'd,
But bids the Muse my bosom swell,
And freedom elevate my mind;
Inspiring both my heart and song
To scorn the base and vulgar throng.





R. M., 1774

(*The Town and Country Magazine*)

Tost on the restless bosom of the seas,
When reigning darkness overwhelms the night,
And the pale moon denies its glimm'ring light,
The frightened merchants pant for *ease*.

The Thracian big with fury swells his breast,
Dauntless he dares attack the hostile foe,
Bears the inclemencies of mountain snow,
On purpose to obtain his *rest*.

For *ease*, my friend, the Parthian dares to try,
Arm'd with helmet and the pond'rous shield,
Urging the doubtless dangers of the field,
Which even Cræsus' store of gold can't buy.

For what is all the pomp of wealth?
Can it restore the sick to health,
Or can it give the anxious *rest*,
Dispel the tortures of the breast?
Or drive away the cares that wait
On *kings* and *ministers of state*?

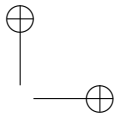
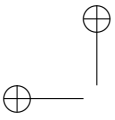
Happy the man whose small paternal farms
Afford what frugal nature does require,
Whom strict inviolable friendship warms,
Nor breaks his solid *sleep* thro' fear, or base desire.

Why are exploits attempted by the brave?
And, needless! why so many things they try,
Since all the time, in life's short space, we have,
“*Is just to look about us, and to die.*”

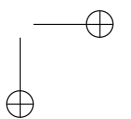
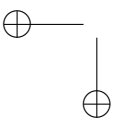
For what avails the loaded mind, that runs
To distant climes, to melt in other suns?
Pensive the exile will too surely find,
He leaves his country, not himself behind.

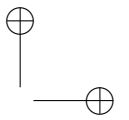
More swift than wind, or bounding roe,
CARE! gnawing care, will still pursue!
The horseman spurs the steed in vain,
In vain the seamen plow the main,
It climbs the oak-ribb'd bark, and keeps the vessel still in view.

The mind contented with its present state,
Ne'er knows a wish that can be great,
Nor what's to come would know;
But wisely blends the bitter with the sweet,
For none shall be compleatly bless'd below.



My little plenty gives content, of nothing I complain;
Blest with a small poetic fire
To swell the tuneful lyre,
And sense enough to scorn the mad and vain.





WILLIAM GREEN, 1777

(A New Poetical Translation of All the Odes)

Caught in the wild Ægèan seas,
 When sable clouds involving hide
The moon – no star his course to guide,
 The sailor calls for life of ease,

And, war-infuriated Thrace,
 And Mede in pharetrated grace;
A blessing never to be sold,
 For gems, for purple, or for gold.

No consulary, Lictor-state,
 Can strike the soul's black terrors dead,
And cares that round the Palace wait,
 And haunt the Colonnade.

Hail! sober he, whose frugal board,
Doth little – with content, afford,
Of neat paternal cot possest;
Nor sordid cares, nor anxious fears
 Shall break his placid rest.

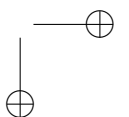
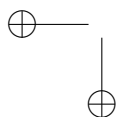
Why short-liv'd aim, in endless strife,
At things beyond the mark of life?
To climates warm'd with other Suns,
In vain the vagrant exile, runs;
Who flying – Self, and conscience shuns?

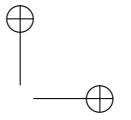
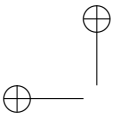
For in the arméd gallies speed,
 With him fails, (vice-sprung) impious care,
Swifter than hind, or winged wind,
 Nor leaving – on his gallant steed
 She chaces in the rear.

Enjoy the hour, nor fling away,
One thought, beyond the present day;
And temper'd, with a lenient smile,
The bitter dregs of life beguile,
Well known – 'tis not in human fate;
To find the bliss in all compleat.

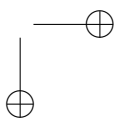
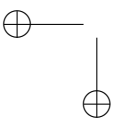
Death early quell'd Achilles' rage,
Tithonus droops in lengthen'd age;
 And Fates may kindly, give to me,
 What, peevish, they deny to thee,

Fair oxen low around thy gate,
A thousand ewes, and lambkins bleat,
 And fillies neigh, and double dy'd,
 The Tyrian purples grace thy side.





My thread, the Spinster-sisters drew,
And stampt prophetically true,
 My fate, "a decent rural seat,
"A slender vein, of Lesbian strain,
"and spurning croud malignant – proud
 To live without the great."





JOHN GRAY, 1778

(Translations of Some Odes of Horace)

“Tranquility grant, O ye gods!” sailors cry,
On th’ ocean surpris’d by a stormy black sky,
Nor moonshine nor any known star giving light,
To direct them aright.

Tranquillity’s sought by Thrace mad upon war,
And Medes for it, glancing with quivers, prepare,
But cannot for jewels, or purple, be sold,
Or all-purchasing gold.

For neither can treasures, nor consular power
Expell the anxieties ilfe that devour,
Nor troubles, continually fluttering round
Gilded palaces found.

Contentment with little makes happy his state,
Whose father’s saltseller’s his whole table plate,
Who sleeps undisturbed with covetous dread,
Or the sordidest greed.

Why venture long projects for soon ending time?
Why travel and fail, in another sun’s clime
To settle? Who having his country resign’d
Leaves his temper behind?

Stout brazen prow’d ships ever vicious care
Will board, and gay troopers attend everywhere,
Outrunning the stags, and the wind driving fast
The tempestuous blast.

If easy at present your heart, never mind
The future, but chearfully similing, resign’d
Bear crosses. No happiness true and compleat
Any where you can meet.

Death early cut short fam’d Achilles his day,
Long tedious age pin’d Tithonus away,
And destiny’s time will perhaps give to me
What’s refused to thee.

Around thee thy hundred fair bleating flocks feed,
And fat lowing cows of Sicilian breed,
And mares, for the race fitted, neighing to thee:
Thine apparel may be

Twice dipp’d Afric purple. Infallible fate,
Bestowing on me a small landed estate,
And Greek lyric turn, a contempt has allow’d
Of the envious crowd.



D. HUGHES, 1780

(“Formerly Headmaster of Ruthin School and Rector of Llangynhafal, Denbigh”)

For ease to heav'n the sea-tost sailor prays,
 While all around the swelling surges heave;
While all the stars withdraw their cheering rays,
 And solid darkness broods upon the wave.

For ease the Mede invokes the pow'rs on high,
 And Persia's warlike sons, with quivers grac'd,
For ease, – which gold and purple cannot buy,
 Nor all the glittering treasures of the East

For neither pow'r nor gilded wealth can ease
 The pains of life, or inward bliss create;
Not e'en the consul's lictor can appease
 The cares which haunt the mansions of the great.

Thrice happy he, with little substance blest,
 Whose father's cups his frugal board compose;
No servile passions vex his tranquil breast;
 No griping cares disturb his soft repose.

Why all these projects, in so short a span?
 Why do we tempt the main for sordid pelf?
Why all this dire, insatiate lust in man?
 Can he that flies his country, fly himself?

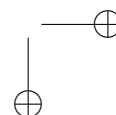
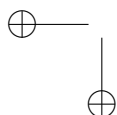
Care still is near, and ever will be near;
 It climbs the prow, and flutters in the sail;
Nor leaves the horseman in his full career,
 Fleet as the hind, or cloud-compelling gale.

A man contented with his present state,
 Seeks not to know to-morrow's doom, to day;
With mind serene he sweetens adverse fate. –
 There is no bliss below without allay.

Renown'd Achilles met an early doom;
 Long-liv'd Tithonus clos'd his actions late:
And while thy life lies wither'd in its bloom,
 Perhaps a distant period waits my fate.

In thy green meads a thousand heifers low;
 Beneath thy car the prancing courser neighs;
Thy costly robes with Lydian purple glow;
 And plenty o'er thy head her sweets displays.

A little farm, as large as I desire,
 On me, benign hath bounteous heaven, conferr'd,
With a soft muse endued with lyrick fire,
 And pride enough to spurn the vulgar-herd.





WARREN HASTINGS, 1785

(1732–1818; Colonial Administrator)

For Ease the harrass'd Seaman prays,
When Equinoctal Tempests raise
 The Cape's surrounding Wave;
When hanging o'er the Reef he hears
The cracking Mast, and sees, or fears,
 Beneath, his wat'ry Grave.

For Ease the slow Maratta spoils;
And hardier Seik erratic toils;
 And both their Ease forego:
For Ease, which neither Gold can buy;
Nor Robes, nor Gems, which oft belie
 The cover'd Heart, bestow.

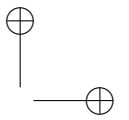
For neither Wealth, nor Titles join'd,
Can heal the soul, or suffering Mind.
 Lo! where their Owner lies!
Perch'd on his Couch Distemper breathes,
And Care like Smoke, in turbid Wreathes
 Round the gay Ceiling flies.

He who enjoys, nor covets more,
The Lands his Father own'd before,
 Is of true Bliss possess'd;
Let but his Mind unfetter'd tread
Far as the Paths of Knowledge lead;
 And wise, as well as blest.

No Fears his Peace of Mind annoy,
Lest printed Lies his Fame destroy,
 Which labor'd years have won:
Nor pack'd Committees break his Rest;
Nor Av'rice sends him forth, in Quest
 Of Climes beneath the Sun.

Short is our Span: Then why engage
In Schemes for which Man's transient Age
 Was ne'er by Fate design'd?
Why slight the Gifts of Nature's Hand?
What Wand'rer from his native Land
 E'er left himself behind?

The restless Thought, and wayward Will,
And Discontent attend him still,
 Nor quit him while he lives.
At Sea care follows in the Wind:
At Land it mounts the Pad behind,
 Or with the Postboy drives.



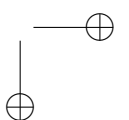
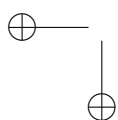
He who would happy live to day,
Should laugh the present Ills away,
 Nor think of Woes to come:
For come They will, or soon or late,
Since mix'd at best is Man's Estate,
 By Heavn's eternal Doom.

To ripen'd Age Clive liv'd renown'd,
With Lace enrich'd, with Honors crown'd,
 His Valor's well-earn'd Meed.
Too long, alas! he liv'd to hate
His envied Lot, and died too late
 From life's Oppression freed.

An early Death was Elliot's Doom.
I saw his op'ning Virtues bloom,
 And manly Sense unfold:
Too soon to fade! – I bade the Stone
Record his Name mid Hordes unknown,
 Unknowing what it told.

To Thee perhaps the Fates may give
(I wish they may) in Wealth to live;
 Flocks, Herds, and fruitful Fields;
Thy vacant Hours in Mirth to shine.
With these the Muse, already thine,
 Her present Bounties yields.

For me, O Shore, I only claim
To merit, not to seek for Fame;
 The Good and Just to please;
A State above the Fear of Want;
Domestic Love, Heav'n's choicest Grant;
 Health, Leisure, Peace and Ease.





JOHN PARKE, 1786

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

When the sonorous tempest roars,
 And fable night involves the skies,
The frighted sailor peace implores,
 And lifts to threat'ning Heav'n his eyes.

While not a wish'd for star appears,
 In all the thund'ring, gloomy space,
With friendly rays to calm his fears;
 But death stares ghastly in his face.

The warlike Scythean and the Mede,
 Who flying, wound th' imprudent foe,
And backward send the unerring reed;
 For peace, their savage spoils forego.

But peace they strive in vain to find,
 Which nothing can, my friend, allow,
Unless, upon itself, the mind
 The god like blessing should bestow.

As swift as lightning, cares make way,
 Through the well guarded monarch's gate;
And their pale, hideous forms display
 In the rich gilded rooms of state.

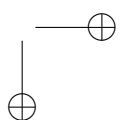
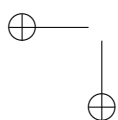
Bold cares no polish'd arms revere,
 Or splendor of a servile train;
But fill the monarch's heart with fear, –
 That ne'er disturb'd the guiltless swain.

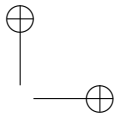
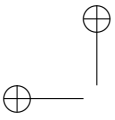
Happy! who in a kind retreat,
 With virtue blest, nought also requires;
Whom Heaven has giv'n a country seat,
 Indulgent to his just desires.

While he in pleasure spends his days,
 The muse inspires his raptur'd breast;
And though the world resounds his praise,
 The noise ne'er breaks his golden rest.

'Tis all in vain we hope to fly
 From care upon the pompous steed;
Though we should change our native sky,
 Care equals the swift racer's speed.

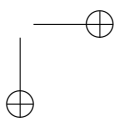
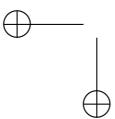
Nor can the splendid barge convey
 The monarch to a happier shore;
Unless bright honor lead the way,
 And virtue safe conduct him o'er.





Let then your noble soul despise
The glitter of delusive state;
Adore fair virtue and be wise,
Nor wish to be ignobly great.

What would you have? to you kind Heaven,
A title and superfluous store;
No tuneless lyre to me has given,
With competence; – I ask no more.





T. PERCY, 1786 (IMITATED)

(The Gentleman's Magazine)

Toss'd on the gulph of broad Biscay,
Forgets the mariner to pray,
 For sweet tranquillity to sigh,
When veil'd in some severer night,
The wayward moon denies her light,
 And not a star illumes the sky?

'Midst scenes of death, the Turkish creed
Impels its votaries to bleed,
 Deathless tranquillity their prize:
By such tranquillity beguil'd,
The Indians scream their orgies wild,
 And Nature's luxuries despise.

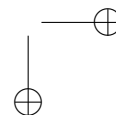
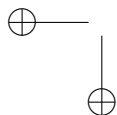
The star of rank, nor diamonds blaze,
Nor the white wand importance sways,
 Can silence Conference' bold reproof;
For yonder comes her locust shower,
On vain magnificence to lour,
 And hover round the gilded roof.

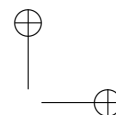
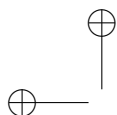
He, from whose snug paternal board,
The plate, his grandsire could afford,
 No fashion urges to expel,
From avarice free, from wild affright,
Who lays him down, to slumbers light,
 'Tis his to live, on little, well.

In Fortune's momentary fight,
Why bend the bow with all our might?
 Why shift our climates with the wind?
Can he who flies his native land,
Himself, when he forsakes its strand,
 That worst associate, leave behind?

In vain, we scud before the gale,
See carking care the deck assail,
 And float around the vessel's Keel:
In vain, in vain, we spur the steed,
Swift as the whirlwind sweeps the mead,
 She scours behind the horse's heel.

The mind, which present joys inform,
Disdains to meet the coming storm;
 Though in life's cup some bitters flow,
Yet these it tempers with a smile,
And no wild images beguile,
 Of perfect happiness below.





In youth's warm blood, too harsh a doom,
Send Philips to his early tomb,

 To Swift an age of woe supplies.

In human chance, a slender plea,

Fate grants, perhaps, the years to me,

 The rigid power to you denies.

At your command, in many a mead,

Full many a lowing herd shall feed,

 And foals, to grace your harness, neigh;

Whate'er refinements Grecia knew,

Or sioft Italian pencils drew,

 Your taste for ornament display.

On me, Sir John, should fate entail

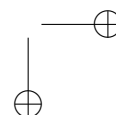
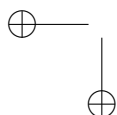
Aught of that spirit to inhale,

 She breath'd on bards of former days;

Let her, as permanently kind,

Give nerve to my aspiring mind,

 To snatch at more than vulgar bays.

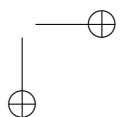
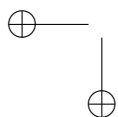




ANONYMOUS, 1786

(The Town and Country Magazine)

The seaman, in some wild tempestuous night,
When Horror rides upon the white-mouth'd wave,
 And stars deny the mercy of their light,
Longs for some peaceful port his shatter'd bark to save.
 The soldier, struggling in unequal war,
In search of wounds and death condemn'd to roam,
 Or, crown'd with blood-stain'd spoils in Vict'ry's car,
Pants to return in peace to his dear native home.
 But neither anxious prayer, nor gorgeous spoil,
Can purchase Peace; she floats in air aloof;
 And flies the guilty tumults that embroil,
When Care, with vulture wing, scowls o'er the darken'd roof.
 How wisely, cheaply blest is he whose mind
Scorns not the earthen dish, or maple bowl,
 But sweet Content in his own cot can find;
Nor terror breaks his sleep, nor Guilt alarms his soul.
 Why aim we then, the creatures of a day,
To grasp the round of Jove's eternal year?
 From clime to clime, why ever-restless stray,
Sick of the genial sun that gilds our native sphere?
 Sick of ourselves, ourselves, we cannot flee:
The wind invites thee, swifter than the wind
 Care at the helm, thy ready pilot see! –
Or spur thy rapid steed – the dæmon sits behind!
 Ah, born so soon to die! so much to feel!
O mortal man, indulge the short delight
 Thy present Genius gives! nor lift the veil
Which hides in sacred shade the future from thy sight!





PHILIP FRENEAU, 1787 (IMITATED)

(1752–1832; American Poet)

The Sailor, toss'd on stormy seas,
Implores his patron-god for ease
When Luna hides her paler blaze,
And stars, obscurely, dart their rays:

For ease the Yankee, fierce in war,
His stores of vengeance points afar:
For ease, the toiling Dutchman sighs,
Which gold, nor gems, nor purple buys!

No treasur'd hoards, from India trade,
No doctor's, or the lawyer's aid
Can ease the tumults of the mind,
Or cares to gilded roofs assign'd.

The end of life he, best, completes
Whose board is spread with frugal treats,
Whose sleep no fears, no thirst of gain,
Beneath his homely shed, restrain.

Why, then, with wasting cares engage,
Weak reptiles of so frail an age –
Why, thus, to far-off climates run,
And lands beneath another sun?

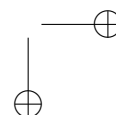
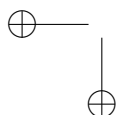
For, though to China's coasts we roam,
Ourselves we ne'er can leave at home:
Care, swift as deer – as tempests strong,
Ascends the prow, and sails along.

The mind that keeps an even state,
And all the future leaves to fate,
In every ill shall pleasure share,
As every pleasure has it's care.

Fate early seal'd Montgomery's doom,
In youth brave Laurens found a tomb;
While Arnold spends in peace and pride
The years, that heaven to them denied.

A host of votes are at your call;
A seat, perhaps, in Congress-Hall;
And vestments, soak'd in Stygian dye,
Where'er you go, alarm the eye:

On me, a poor and small domain,
With something of a poet's vein
The muse bestow'd – and share of pride
To spurn a scoundrel from my side.

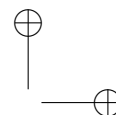
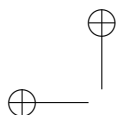




NATHANIEL COTTON, 1707–88

(1707–88; Physician and Poet)

Say, heavenly Quiet, propitious nymph of light,
Why art thou thus conceal'd from human sight?
Tir'd of life's follies, fain I'd gain thy arms,
Oh! take me panting to thy peaceful charms;
Sooth my wild soul, in thy soft fetters caught,
And calm the surges of tumultuous thought.
Thee, goddess, thee all states of life implore,
The merchant seeks thee on the foreign shore:
Through frozen zones and burning isles he flies,
And tempts the various horrors of the skies.
Nor frozen zones, nor burning isles control
That thirst of gain, that fever of the soul.
But mark the change – impending storms affright,
Array'd in all the majesty of night –
The raging winds, discharg'd their mystic caves,
Roar the dire signal to the' insulting waves.
The foaming legions charge the ribs of oak,
And the pale fiend presents at every stroke.
To Thee the' unhappy wretch in pale despair
Bends the weak knee, and lifts the hand in pray'r;
Views the sad cheat, and swears he'll ne'er again
Range the hot clime, or trust the faithless main,
Or own so mean a thought, that Thou art brib'd by gain.
To thee the harness'd chief devotes his breath,
And braves the thousand avenues of death;
Now red with fury seeks the' embattled plain,
Wades floods of gore, and scales the hills of slain;
Now on the fort with winged vengeance falls,
And tempts the sevenfold thunders of the walls.
Mistaken man! the nymph of peace disdains
The roar of cannons, and the smoke of plains:
With milder incense let thy altars blaze,
And in a softer note attempt her praise.
What various herds attend the virgin's gate,
Abject in wealth, and impotent in state!
A crowd of offerings on the altar lie,
And idly strive to tempt her from the sky:
But here the rich magnificence of kings
Are specious trifles all, and all unheeded things.
No outward show celestial bosoms warms,
The gaudy purple boasts inglorious charms;
The gold here, conscious of its abject birth,
Only presumes to be superior earth.
In vain the gem its sparkling tribute pays,



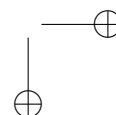
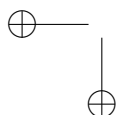
And meantly tremulates in borrow'd rays.
On these the nymph with scornful smiles looks down,
Nor e'er elects the favourite of a crown.
Supremely great, she views us from afar,
Nor deigns to own a sultan or a czar.
Did real happiness attend on state,
How would I pant and labour to be great!
To court I'd hasten with impetuous speed;
But to be great's to be a wretch indeed

I speak of sacred truths; believe me, Hugh,
The real wants of nature are but few.
Poor are the charms of gold – a generous heart
Would blush to own a bliss that these impart.
'Tis he alone the muse dares happy call,
Who with superior thought enjoys his little all.
Within his breast no frantic passions roll,
Soft are the motions of the virtuous soul.
The night in silken slumbers glides away,
And a sweet calm leads on the smiling day.

What antic notions form the human mind!
Perversely mad, and obstinately blind.
Life in its large extent is scarce a span,
Yet, wondrous frenzy! great designs we plan,
And shoot our thoughts beyond the date of man.

Man, that vain creature's but a wretched elf,
And lives at constant enmity with self;
Swears to a southern climate he'll repair,
But who can change the mind by changing air?
Italia's plains may purify the blood,
And with a nobler purple paint the food;
But can soft zephyrs aid the' ill-shapen thigh,
Or form to beauty the distorted eye?
Can they with life inform the thoughtless clay? –
Then a kind gale might waft my cares away.
Where roves the muse? – 'tis all a dream, my friend,
All a wild thought – for care, that ghastly fiend,
That mighty prince of the infernal powers,
Haunts the still watches of the midnight hours.
In vain the man the night's protection sought,
Care stings like pois'nous asps to fury wrought,
And wakes the mind to all the pains of thought.
Not the wing'd ship, that sweeps the level main,
Not the young roe that bounds along the plain,
Are swift as Care – that monster leaves behind
The' aërial courser and the fleeter wind;
Through every clime performs a constant part,
And sheaths its painful daggers in the heart.

Ah! why should man an idle game pursue,





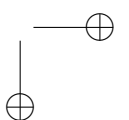
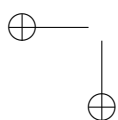
To future may-be's stretch the distant view?
May more exalted thoughts our hours employ,
And wisely strive to taste the present joy.
Life's an inconstant sea – the prudent ply
With every oar to improve the' auspicious sky:
But if black clouds the angry heav'ns deform,
A cheerful mind will sweeten every storm.
Though fools expect their joys to flow sincere,
Yet none can boast eternal sunshine here.

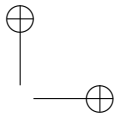
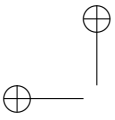
The youthful chief, that like a summer flower
Shines a whole life in one precarious hour,
Impatient of restraint demands the fight,
While painted triumphs swim before his sight.
Forbear, brave youth, thy bold designs give o'er,
Ere the next morn shall dawn, thou'lt be no more;
Invidious death shalt blast thy opening bloom,
Scarce blown, thou fad'st; scarce born, thou meet'st a tomb.

What though, my friend, the young are swept away,
Untimely cropt in the proud blaze of day;
Yet when life's spring on purple wings is flown,
And the brisk flood a noisome puddle grown;
When the dark eye shall roll its orb for light,
And the roll'd orb confess impervious night;
When once untun'd the ear's contorted cell,
The silver cords unbrace the sounding shell;
Thy sickening soul no more a joy shall find,
Music no more shall stay thy labouring mind.
The breathing canvass glows in vain for thee,
In vain it blooms a gay eternity.
With thee the statue's boasts of life are o'er,
And Cæsar animates the brass no more.
The flaming ruby, and the rich brocade,
The sprightly ball, the mimic masquerade
Now charm in vain – in vain the jovial god
With blushing goblets plies the dormant clod.

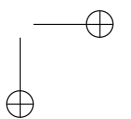
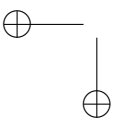
Then why thus fond to draw superfluous breath,
When every gasp protracts a painful death?
Age is a ghastly scene, cares, doubts, and fears,
One dull rough road of sighs, groans, pains, and tears.

Let not ambitious views usurp thy soul,
Ambition, friend, ambition grasps the pole.
The lustful eye on wealth's bright strand you fix,
And sigh for grandeur and a coach and six;
With golden stars you long to blend your fate,
And with the garter'd lordling slide in state.
An humbler theme my pensive hours employs,
(Hear ye sweet heavens, and speed the distant joys!
Of these possess'd I'd scorn to court renown,





Or bless the happy coxcombs of the town.)
To me, ye gods, these only gifts impart,
An easy fortune, and a cheerful heart;
A little muse, and innocently gay,
In sportive song to trifle cares away.
Two wishes gain'd, love forms the last and best,
And Heaven's bright masterpiece shall crown the rest.



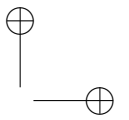


CHRISTOPHER SMART, 1790

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

O Grosphus, he that is caught in the wide Ægean sea, when a black tempest hath obscured the moon, and never a star appears for the mariners to regulate their course by, supplicates the Gods for ease; for ease, Thrace, furious in war; for ease, the Mede, with quiver in neither purchasable by jewels, nor by Purple, nor by gold. For neither regal treasures, nor the Consul's officer, can remove the wretched tumults of the mind, nor cares that hover about the splendid ceilings of *the great*. That man lives happily on a little, who can view with pleasure the *old-fashioned* family saltcellar on his frugal board; neither anxiety, nor sordid avarice, robs him of gentle sleeps. Why do we, whose vigour is so transitory, aim at many things? Why do we change *our own* for climates heated by another sun? Who ever, by becoming an exile from his country, likewise escaped from himself? Consuming care boards even brazen-beaked ships; nor does it quit the troops of horsemen; *for* it is more fleet than the stags, more fleet than the storm-driving *east-wind*. A mind that is cheerful for its present *state* will disdain to be solicitous any farther, and can correct the bitters *of life* with an ingenuous smile. Nothing *on earth* is completely blest. A premature death carried off the celebrated Achilles; a protracted old age wore down Tithonus; and time perhaps may extend to me what it shall deny to you. Around you a hundred flocks *bleat*, and Sicilian heifers low; for your use, the mare, fit for the harness, neighs; wool, doubly dipped in the African *purple-die*, clothes you: On me, unerring fate hath bestowed a small country estate, and a little genius for the Grecian muse, and a contempt for the malignity of the vulgar.





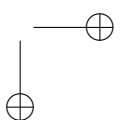
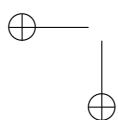
CHARLES JAMES, 1792

(Died 1821)

Toss'd on the deep when not a star appears,
And not a ray the shatter'd canvas bears;
The clouded moon when sudden tempests break,
Ease from the gods the trembling sailors seek.
Ease fires the Mede, the quiver'd Indian fires,
The dart envenoms, and the deed inspires.
Nor costly stones, nor titles can obtain,
Clifford! this first and dearest of all gain.
Nor Persia's luxuries, nor India's pelf,
Can sooth the soul at variance with herself.
Though from your gates the vulgar of mankind
Respect may banish, and each god be kind;
Yet care unaw'd, unlimited will roam
The vaulted palace and the fretted dome:
The couch of grandeur is a couch of thorns,
Where pride unpitied or ambition mourns.

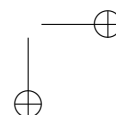
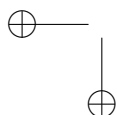
Happy the man who studies to be neat,
Whose frugal board, tho' little, shames the great;
Who, blest in honour, and of soul unmov'd,
Of malice reckless, and by worth approv'd,
With cloudless feature and undazzled eyes
Can look on gold, and yet that gold despise:
Obedient slumbers on his hours attend,
And virtue crowns him as her noblest friend.

Born to exist one moment, and to die,
Why seeks the soul a wider space to fly?
In other suns why would she madly roam?
Abroad unhappy, and unblest at home!
Say, from itself, though from its country borne,
Can wounded pride or misery be torn?
Insatiate Care the bounding vessel scales,
Sits on the prow, and flutters in the sails;
Mounts the swift steed, and, swifter than the gale,
That fiercely ravages the winter vale,
Than Eurus fleeter, fleeter than the tide,
Flies as we fly, and murmurs at our side.
If such our fate, if nothing long can please,
A moment's pleasure, and a moment's ease!
Why should we soil *that* moment with a tear?
Why not forget the pangs we suffer here?
Come then, illusive raptures of the brain,
Ye joys of music, and ye festive train!
Close the sad scene, nor let reflection know
The shifting clouds that chequer all below.





Brave Manners perish'd in his brightest day,
And slow old age makes Mansfield wear away.
Thus partial fate with lavish hand to me
May lend the moments it refuses thee.
Blest as thou art with all that wealth can give,
And more than rich in knowing how to live;
Blest in thyself, and, dearer than the whole,
Blest in the faultless partner of thy soul,
Through life's still vale thy days serenely glide,
Each want prevented, and each wish supplied.
A thousand kine thy meadows can display,
A thousand fleeces whiten on the day;
Nighing thy mares incessant ask the rein:
Kind Heav'n has lent, with studies which can please
Peaceful I meditate the tuneful art,
Improve my talent, and amend my heart.
Proud, thus in friendship with the good to live,
And blest, if mended by the truths they give:
Proud in the lap of poverty serene,
Each galling care, and commune with the muse;
To form the British on the Roman lyre,
And sing as Nature and her charms inspire:
Careless of fashion, but in virtue proud,
And far beyond the malice of the crowd.





WILLIAM BOSCAWEN, 1793

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

When the dark horrors that deform
Th' Ægean deep, portend a storm,
 When o'er the boisterous seas
No more mild Luna cheers the night,
Nor stars display their friendly light,
 The sailor prays for ease.

For ease the warlike Thracian train,
The quiver'd Parthians pray, in vain:
 Their vows are lost in wind:
For, Grosphus, know, not purple dye,
Nor gold, nor radiant gems, can buy
 That treasure of the mind.

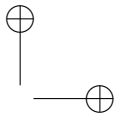
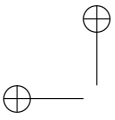
No wealth, alas! could e'er efface,
Not e'en the Lictor's rod can chase
 Those terrors that molest,
When angry cares, with piercing cry,
Round the high vaulted palace fly,
 And rend the tortur's breast.

By him is life's true bliss explor'd,
Whom at his lov'd paternal board
 Plain competence delights;
Whom no intemperate passions fire,
Nor anxious fear, nor base desire,
 Disturb his peaceful nights.

Why dart our thoughts through distant time?
Why madly roam from clime to clime?
 Who from himself can fly?
Care hovers o'er the outstretch'd sail,
Fleet as the courser, or the gale,
 When tempests sweep the sky.

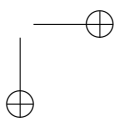
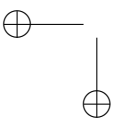
A cheerful temper can employ
Whate'er is giv'n of present joy,
 Nor future ills foreknow;
With smiles the cares of life allays,
Well conscious that no mortal days
 Were e'er exempt from woe.

Snatch'd in his glory's brightest bloom,
Achilles found an early tomb:
 Tho' blest with heavenly love,
Sunk in decay Tithonus lies.
Thus, what blind fate to thee denies,
 My humbler lot may prove.



For thee, unnumber'd flocks are fed;
For thee, Sicilian herds are bred:
 The neighing steeds that bear
Thy gilded chariot, threat the sky:
'Tis thine, twice dipp'd in Afric's dye,
 The gaudy robe to wear.

To me a rustick farm, whose scope
Suffices to my utmost hope,
 Kind fortune has allow'd;
Has given a slight poetick vein,
That joys to wake the lyrick strain,
 And scorns the envious crowd.





GILBERT WAKEFIELD, 1795

(1756–1801; Classical Scholar and Politician)

When howling tempests scour the skies,
And waves in rolling mountains rise;
When no star shoots it's quivering light,
Nor Phœbe gilds the gloom of night;
The lab'ring sailors curse the seas,
And send in sighs a prayer for ease.

Ease e'en the furious sons of Thrace,
And Parthia begs, a warrior race!
That ease, which gold nor gems can buy,
Nor gorgeous vest of crimson dye.

What? think'st thou, friend! the dazzling glare
Of wealth shall daunt the eye of Care?
The croud of slaves that round thee wait,
Shall drive th' intruder from thy gate?
No: Care thy stern command defies,
And thro' the pompous mansion flies.

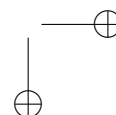
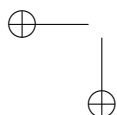
The man, whose small paternal store
Precludes each torturing wish for more,
Enjoys the blissful golden mean,
The night secure, the day serene:
No fears tumultuous haunt his breast,
No sordid passions break his rest.

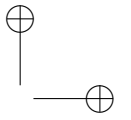
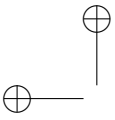
Why plan frail men such boundless schemes,
Lull'd by Ambition's airy dreams?
Why restless quit their native home,
For ease thro' foreign climes to roam?
In foreign climes, alas! they find
A change of sun, no change of mind!

Care can o'ertake the panting steed,
Outstrip the driving vessel's speed;
No harts, no gales, so swiftly fly;
No fleecy clouds that skim the sky.

Forbear to vex, serenely gay,
With future ills the passing day;
Each comfort's full enjoyment know,
And smile away thy share of woe.
Whose hours thro' bliss unvaried run?
Some cloud will blot the brightest sun.

Earth rang with great Achilles' name:
Tithonus liv'd unknown to fame;
But he in youth resign'd his breath;

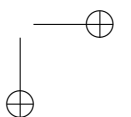
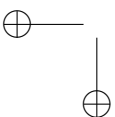




This pin'd in age, and long'd for death.
Years following years may be my doom,
When thou art moulder'd in the tomb.

Unnumber'd herds thy wealth commands;
And fleeces whiten all thy lands,
That round thy mansion fill the view;
Thy vesture, Tyria's richest hue:

To me, with small-domains, kind Heav'n
Some sparks of it's own fire has giv'n:
These yield to my enraptur'd breast
The purest intellectual feast,
Fancy's rich food, that never cloy;
Bliss, far transcending vulgar joys!





ROBERT CHARLES DALLAS, 1797

(1754–1824; Poet)

While gloomy clouds the Moon o'ershade,
While stars obscured refuse their aid,
 And night profoundly reigns,
The Seaman then with care oppressed,
Pours forth his prayer for peace and rest,
 And sighs for rural plains.

So madding Thrace in battle sore,
And quivered Medes for peace implore,
 Nor power nor wealth can buy.
The wand, the mace, precede in vain,
Still hovering Cares their realms maintain,
 Still round gilt ceilings fly.

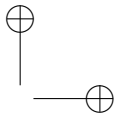
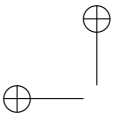
Happy! whose patrimonial board
For Friendship can a chair afford,
 Who owns a slender farm:
He, whom nor fear nor sordid lust
Of gold, the vain projector's trust,
 By day or night alarm.

Of years so few, four score at most,
Why Grosphus do we proudly boast?
 Why stretch the boundless plan?
Why foreign climes explore? but say
Who from his Country forced away
 Flies too the exiled man?

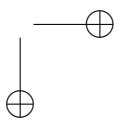
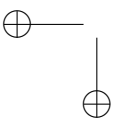
Corroding Care the shrouds will climb,
Will mount the galley's beak sublime,
 And skim along the main;
And swifter than the swiftest hind,
Than horsemen that outstrip the wind,
 He scours the hapless plain.

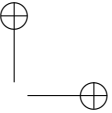
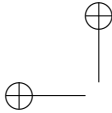
The Mind for peace grasps present joys,
Nor on the morrow thought employs,
 Still hating to forebode;
With cheering smiles attempers woe,
Nor looks unmingled bliss to know,
 Ne'er yet on man bestowed.

With sudden blow Death strikes the brave,
And age proves victim to the grave,
 Where once we all must lie:
And if, my friend, I am supplied
With one short hour to thee denied,
 It bids me learn to die.



Thee hundred herds and flocks surround,
Thy chariot steeds paw o'er the ground,
 And thine the purple dress:
An humble cot, a slender vein,
For herds malign a just disdain,
 Is all that I possess.





JOHN JACKSON, 1797 (IMITATED)

(Poems on Several Occasions)

R—y! for peace the failor cries,
When black'ning ftorms obfcure the skies,
 And rouse the angry flood:
For peace the madd'ning sons of France
In arms against the world advance;
 But peace with them is blood.

My friend! Nor gems, nor Tyrian dye,
Nor all a Nabob's wealth can buy
 A calm and quiet breast:
Nor can Marat, with all his braves,
Keep Conscience back with clubs and staves —
 The wicked ne'er can rest.

Happy the Swain whose homely joys
Are far remov'd from Faction's noise,
 And fear no tyrant's frown!
Such as, O Britain, till thy plains,
Where equal law at once restrains
 The cottage and the crown.

Why should that short-liv'd creature, man,
For years of future greatness plan,
 Which he may ne'er behold?
Why tempt disease on Afric's shore,
And stain his hands with human gore,
 For sake of cursed gold?

In vain to foreign climes we roam,
Our vices find us still at home;
 In vain ourselves we fly.
What banish'd convict quits the trade?
Will Barrington be honest made
 Beneath a southern sky?

With rapid flight, see Care approach!
It mounts behind the Lord-May'r's coach,
 And climbs the Judge's chair!
Nay, strange to tell! 'tis often known
To nestle in a sleeve of lawn,
 And hatch its vipers there!

Be mine to use the present hour,
To catch the joy that's in my pow'r,
 Nor dread to-morrow's frown:
Will grief repair a worn-out coat?
Will't in one's pocket put a goat,
 Or make a pill go down?

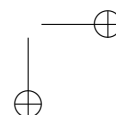
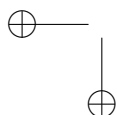


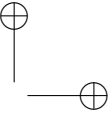
Surely, dear Sir, we judge amiss,
If we suppose that human bliss
 Exists without alloy.
See Elwes curst with wealth and years,
And Chatterton demands our tears,
 That bright, that glorious boy.

E'en you who seem to want for nought,
May miss some good that comes unsought
 To such a wight as I:
For you tho' flocks unnumber'd stray,
And from your door each op'ning day
 Your fatt'ning herds you spy;

The best broad-cloth your shoulders grace,
And on the road, or in the chase,
 A gen'rous steed you ride;
And tho' you never courted fame,
Yet more respect attends your name,
 Than wealth could e'er provide.

The Fates presiding at my birth,
Instead of these, decreed me mirth
 To soothe a vacant sob:
A cabbage-garden, five yards long,
A head to frame an idle song,
 And scorn the black-guard mob.





WILLIAM GIFFORD, 1797 (IMITATED)

(1756–1826; Critic, Editor, and Poet)

When howling winds, and louring skies,
The light, untimber'd bark surprise
Near Orkney's boisterous seas;
The trembling crew forget to swear,
And bend the knees, unused to prayer,
To ask a little ease.

For ease the Turk, ferocious, prays,
For ease the barbarous Russe – for ease,
Which P—k could ne'er obtain;
Which Bedford lack'd amidst his store,
And liberal Clive, with mines of ore,
Oft bade for – but in vain.

For not the liveried troop that wait
Around the mansions of the great,
Can keep, my friend, aloof;
Fear, that attacks the mind by fits,
And Care, that like a raven flits
Around the lordly roof.

“O, well is he” to whom kind heaven
A decent competence has given!
Rich in the blessing sent;
He grasps not anxiously at more,
Dreads not to use his little store,
And fattens on content.

“O well is he!” for life is lost,
Amidst a whirl of passions tost;
Then why, dear Jack, should man,
Magnanimous Ephemera! stretch
His views beyond the narrow reach
Of his contracted span!

Why should he from his country run,
In hopes, beneath a foreign sun,
Serener hours to find?
Was never man in this wild chace,
Who changed his nature with his place,
And left himself behind.

For, winged with all the lightning's speed,
Care climbs the bark, Care mounts the steed,
An inmate of the breast:
Nor Barca's heat, nor Zembla's cold,
Can drive from that pernicious hold,
The too-tenacious guest.



They, whom no anxious thoughts annoy,
Grateful, the *present* hour enjoy,
Nor seek the *next* to know;
To lighten every ill they strive,
Nor, ere Misfortune's hand arrive,
Anticipate the blow.

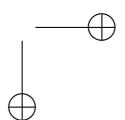
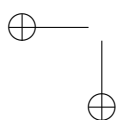
Something must ever be amiss –
Man has HIS JOYS; but perfect bliss
Lives only in the brain:
We cannot all have all we want;
And Chance, unasked, to THIS may grant
What THAT has begg'd in vain.

WOLF rushed on death in manhood's bloom,
PAULET crept slowly to the tomb;
Here breath, *there* fame was given:
And that wise Power who weighs our lives,
By *contras*, and by *pros*, contrives
To keep the balance even.

To THEE she gave two piercing eyes,
A body – just of Tydeus' size.
A judgment sound, and clear;
A mind with various science fraught,
A liberal soul, a thread bare coat,
And forty pounds a year.

To ME one eye not over good,
Two sides, that, to their cost, have stood
A ten years hectic cough;
Aches, stitches, all the numerous ills
That swell the devilish doctor's bills,
And sweep poor mortals off.

A coat more bare than thine, a soul
That spurns the croud's malign controul;
A fixed contempt of wrong;
Spirits above affliction's power,
And skill to charm the lonely hour
With no inglorious song.





I. GREAVES, 1798

(The European Magazine and London Review)

When, 'midst the horrors of a raging night,
Beset with rocks, the ship admits the wave;
The trembling pilot shouts aloud his fright,
And begs the Gods t'avert a wat'ry grave.

Thrace fam'd for war, the Medes by furies driven,
Sigh'd after peace as combating they fought;
We all desire it, yet this beam of Heaven
No gold can purchase, 'tis not to be bought.

The rich man, jaded with corroding care,
Finds that his wealth denies one happy hour;
Fear and revenge their double scourges bear,
To wrest the tyrant from his strong girt tower.

What serve vast projects in a life like this?
Too short to lessen what we might enjoy!
Unhappy him, who, boundless in his wish,
Leaves his own country for some new employ.

On his long travels he shall lead as guide,
To every place a discontented mind;
Swift as the winds that part the clouds aside,
Dullness shall haunt him unconfin'd.

His future fate man tries in vain to poise,
But each new day he may improve upon;
With human ill lets blend the smile of joy,
Who builds on perfect happiness is wrong.

Too soon Achilles saw his days cut short,
Titon too long in sorrow did repine;
It may be, Grosphus, that the fates have wrought
Days for my usage happier than thine.

Thee, chance and nature, and the arts obey,
Thy coursers in Elidium win the prize;
Wide o'er Secilia's fields thy oxen stray,
And Tyre carefully thy mantle dyes.

From me, wise Heaven such wealth withheld,
The Greeks tho' gave me both their lyre and song;
Pleas'd with my lot, my ev'ry wish fulfill'd,
I laugh at fools, and shun the gaudy throng.



JOHN JEFFERYS, 1800

(The Pleasures of Retirement)

To heav'n the sailor prays for ease
Surpriz'd by storms amid the seas,
When stars are dim and Luna's rays
By clouds are hid.

His want of ease the Thracian knows,
And Parthians graceful with their bows,
Which neither gold nor vest bestows
Rich courts amid.

Gems, nor imperial dignity
The guilty mind from cares can free,
Or gnawing griefs which still will fly
Our homes around.

Happy is he who spends I say
With food and clothes enough his day;
Nor fear nor lust can take away
His sleep profound.

Say, why do we with pleasure scan
This life no longer than a span?
Or leave our homes? What banish'd man
Himself can fly?

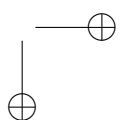
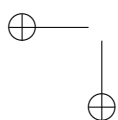
The brazen ships are clim'd by care
Which e'en a troop of warriors fear,
Fleeter than tempests or the deer
Of Lapland's sky.

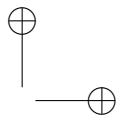
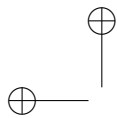
We with the present are at rest,
The sorrows of our life are mixt
With smiles; for no one can be blest
On every side.

Death had Achilles in his pow'r,
Tithon at length, by age grew sour,
I may perhaps enjoy the hour
To thee deny'd.

The car and mettled steed are thine,
For thee are fed the lowing kine,
Phænician garments, round thee shine,
And make thee proud.

Indulgent Fate to me allows
A humble farm and Grecian muse;
Content with these, I nobly chuse
To spurn the croud.

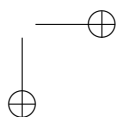
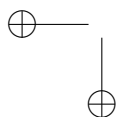




GILBERT THOMPSON, 1801

(Select Translations from the Works of Homer and Horace)

For ease, the mariner, by storms surpriz'd
On wide Ægean seas, invokes the gods,
When sable clouds obscure the moon, and stars
 Their friendly lustre hide.
For ease, the Thracian, fierce in battle, prays;
The Medes, bedight with quiver, sigh for ease;
Not to be bought, O Grosphus, or with gems,
 Or purple vests, or gold.
For neither wealth nor high commands in state
Can the sad tumults of the breast remove,
And busy cares; for ever hovering round
 The mansions of the great.
Happy who lives on little; on whose board
His father's plate, a scanty portion, shines:
Nor lust of gold, or its associate, fear,
 Disturb his soft repose.
Why aim at mighty things in time's short race?
Why visit regions warmed by other suns?
What man, self-exil'd from his native shore,
 Can leave himself behind?
Invidious care the winged ship ascends;
Mount the fleet horse, her footsteps close pursue,
Swifter than hinds, more swift than eastern blasts
 Chasing the stormy show'r.
Enjoy the present bliss; all care disdain
Of ills to come; the bitter cup of life
Temper with cheerful smile; nor hope to find
 A perfect happy state.
Swift death the fam'd Achilles snatch'd away;
By slow-consuming years Tithonus died;
And a succeeding hour, to thee denied,
 May reach perhaps to me.
Thine are a hundred flocks; Sicilian herds
Around thee low; thy generous mares await
To grace thy chariot; and the woolly fleece,
 Twice dipt in purple dye,
Raiment supplies: to me, my little grange,
And some small spirit of the Grecian muse,
Kind destiny assures; with pride to scorn
 The vulgar, great and small.





W. T., 1802

(The Gentleman's Magazine)

When clouds obscure the Moon's pale light,
And Stars are veil'd in blackest night,
Toss'd to and fro upon the seas,
Th' affrighted sailor prays for ease;
For ease intreat the Warrior race,
Dread sons of Parthia and Thrace.

My Grosphus, not Wealth's dazzling show
Can from the bosom banish woe;
Though cloath'd in purple robe of state,
And Slaves around thy person wait,
Not these avail the cares to move,
That hover round thy vaulted roof.

He, who his patrimonial store
Enjoys, nor vainly covets more;
Content, if but his frugal board
A neat, not splendid shew afford;
Whom no base passions e'er molest;
He only lives supremely blest.

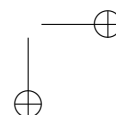
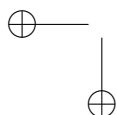
Prompted by Hope's delusive shew,
Why forms frail Man schemes ever new?
Why to far distant regions fly
For ease, where burning Suns annoy?
A change of climate he may find,
But still perceive no change of mind.

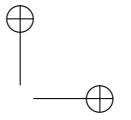
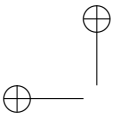
Care, that fell canker of the mind,
The fleetest vessel quick will find,
Outstrips the courser in the race,
Or timid hart's swift-bounding pace;
Speeds on its way than clouds more fast,
Impell'd by Eurus' whistling blast.

Of present good enjoy thy fill,
Regardless of each future ill;
Let gentle mirth, unmix'd with strife,
Smooth o'er the rugged ways of life;
Some care will cloud our ev'ry joy
No bliss on earth 's without alloy.

Achilles' fame did far resound,
Yet an untimely death he found;
Tithonus, to the world unknown,
By age had venerable grown;
And Time may silver o'er my head,
When thou art number'd with the dead.

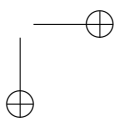
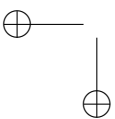
With num'rous flocks thy fields abound;
Thine are the herds that pasture round;





Thine, the high-mettled, neighing steed,
That whirls a'ong the chariot's speed;
The robe of Tyrian dye so fine,
And all that Wealth commands, are thine.

The Fates with sparing hand decree
But small domains, 'tis true, to me;
Yet give they that I value higher,
Some sparks of true poetic fire;
Possessing these, I'll still despise
The world, and all its n[??]ner joys.





JOHN NOTT, 1803

(1751–1825; Physician and Classical Scholar)

The sailor, who th' Ægean tide
Has tempted, of the Pow'rs on high
For ease will fervent pray;
Whene'er dark clouds the moon-beam hide,
And not one known star lights the sky
To guide him on his way.

The Thracian, who has fiercely fought,
Implores for ease; the Median bold,
Grac'd with his quiver's hoard,
O Grosphus! asks that ease ne'er bought
By costly purple, or by gold,
Or mines with jewels stor'd.

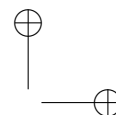
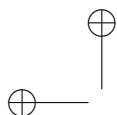
Not riches, nor the licitor train
Attending on the consul's state,
Can in the heart o'ercome
Those tumults that fell rule maintain,
Those cares that ever-fitting wait
Within the gorgeous dome.

He's humbly blest, whose frugal board
Is with those polish'd vessels spread
His father's salt which held;
Sweet slumbers doth his down afford,
Nor by mean avarice, nor dread
Those slumbers are dispell'd.

Why, doom'd to breathe so short a while,
Our hopes so wide, so various cast?
Or, wherefore do we speed
To suns that light another soil?
Is he, who flies his land, at last
From his own being freed?

The lofty ship of brazen might
Care with us climbs, nor e'er forsakes
Th' embattled troops' array;
Swift as the fleet stag in its flight,
Swift as the Eastern blast that breaks
The clouds it drives away.

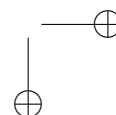
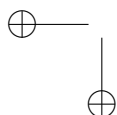
He who the present hour enjoys
Ne'er with the future is at strife,
Nor lets its griefs molest;
The temp'rate laughter he employs
Corrects the bitter woes of life:
None are completely blest!

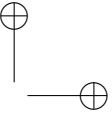
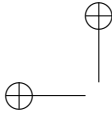


A death untimely snatch'd away
The fam'd Achilles by surprise,
 Old-age Tithonus wore:
Haply that blessing, or that day
Which fickle fate to thee denies,
 For me it has in store.

An hundred herds about thee graze;
Sicilian kine around thee low;
 The stout mare, thou mayst try
In chariot strife, beside thee neighs;
And o'er thee crimson vestments glow,
 Twice dipt in Afric's die.

To me unerring fate assign'd
A humble farm, and some such fire
 As breathes in Grecian song;
On me it has bestow'd a mind
That would to high renown aspire,
 Spurning the spiteful throng.





MERCUTIO, 1803 (IMITATED)

(*The Port Folio*)

Ease is the pray'r of solitary trav'ler,
Whom tipsy driver rattles in a mail-stage,
Darksome the night, cold, supperless and sleepy,
Tavern afar off.

Ease, grumbles *Listless*, worried at tea-party;
Ease, bellows *King*, with *morning visit* pester'd;
Oft neither found in *Library recess*, *Joe*,
Nor in the club room.

Not dashing frock-coat, leathern galligaskins,
Not even strong beer, terrapins, and oysters,
Not roguish smile of pretty *Sally J*—
Cure us of *ennui*.

Give me the man, who, satisfied with little,
Drains with a friend his demi-john to th' last drop,
And with the hapless poverty-struck victim,
Shares his last guinea.

Why with ambition trouble we our noddles?
Why should we ramble over the Atlantic?
Shew me the wretch, who flying from his country,
Fled from his conscience.

Care mounts the phaeton, curricule, and tandem;
Care mounts the charger, and the pacing poney;
Swifter it flies than *J*—n his station,
TARLETON ADVANCING.

Happy the man, content with what's before him,
Heedless of ills, awaiting him to-morrow,
Light lays his load by Horace' golden maxim,
Nil admirari.

Know we the wight, exempt from all temptations?
You have your own, dear *Joe*, and I have mine too;
Drive them away, in nipperkin of beer, or
Whiff of tobacco.

You in your study sit uninterrupted,
Round you the classics, English, Greek, and Latin.
Reading or scribbling rapidly the hours fly,
Spur'd by your fancy.

I sit immured in office, night and morning;
Tracing remainders, vested and contingent,
Feeless myself, I ruminatè alas! on
Fees tail, and simple.



ASIB., 1804 (PARAPHRASED)

(*The Poetical Magazine*)

The sailor, when rude tempests roar,
And wintry Boreas blows;
When no star guides him to the shore,
Petitions for repose.

The Thracian warrior, fierce in fight,
Whose breast no mercy knows;
The Mede, renown'd for quiver bright,
Petitions for repose.

That rest, nor gems, nor shining gold,
Nor costly robes can find,
Nor can the victor's rod withhold
The tumults of the mind.

But happy he who, lives at ease,
Contented with his mite;
No cares by day disturb his peace,
No fears his rest by night.

Why fly we then from place to place?
Why seek we rest in vain?
Care follows still with certain pace,
And still distracts with pain:

It mounts the vessel's brazen sides,
Leaves the fleet stag behind,
Among the rapid horsemen rides,
And far outstrips the wind.

Drive from your mind each future care,
The present joy insure;
And temper with a smiling air
The ills you cannot cure.

Some fall untimely, others live
Who only wish to die;
And the days Jove to thee may give,
To me he may deny.

Though smiling Fortune does on thee
Her choicest favours pour;
Content with mediocrity,
I envy not thy store.

Where Isis winds her glassy stream,
Immersed in thought I stray;
Proud if an honour'd friend esteem
The poet's artless lay.



EDWARD COXE, 1805 (IMITATED)

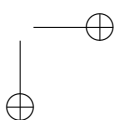
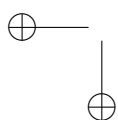
(*Miscellaneous Poetry*)

When clouds obscure the moon's pale ray,
And stars a feeble light display;
And the loud winds, that round him roar,
Threaten to dash his bark on shore;
The Nabob prays the Gods for ease,
And mourns the hour he cross'd the seas.
The Indians, who their lakes have past,
To fight for General Bombast;
With tomahawks, to strike "*terrorem*,"
And knives, for scalping, all before 'em;
Soon find that ease is more inviting,
And grow completely sick of fighting,
In spite of all the General's writing!

All wish the sweets of ease to share –
Ease is the universal prayer:
Yet, though to give it all its due,
It loves, dear DICK, to live with you;
To Lords and Bishops it is cold,
And is not to be bought for gold.
For 'tis not wealth, nor pomp, nor pow'r,
The rising sigh that can suppress,
Nor to the wounded heart restore
The healing balm of happiness:
Nor can the centinels, who guard
Each entrance to the palace-yard,
Exclude, with all their watchful care,
The anguish, that torments despair.

Shunning *St. James's* royal dome,
Contentment seeks his humbler home,
Who sees his friends, but not in state,
And pays no duty on his plate:
He, when the social supper's o'er,
Ne'er locks at night his chamber-door,
No sordid wish, no terror knows,
But sleeps with undisturb'd repose.

Ah! why, since life is but a span,
Will foolish mortals hourly plan
Extensive schemes, that would engage
The labours of a Patriarch's age?
Or why to distant countries run,
Illumin'd by another sun?
Could KINGSTON, whose unsettled mind
Urg'd her in foreign climes to roam,





In *Italy* that comfort find,
Which mock'd her fruitless search at home?
In vain she climbs each Alpine hill –
Self haunts her, self torments her still!

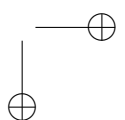
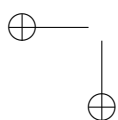
On wings that far outstrip the wind,
Care flies, and leaves each cloud behind;
Now climbs the copper'd vessel's side,
And takes her melancholy stand;
While *Spain's* insulting scoffs deride
The injur'd HOSIER's unnerv'd hand.
And now she mounts with restless force,
Behind th' affrighted General's horse;
And petrifies, on M—'s plain,
The trembling spirit of G—E.

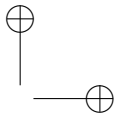
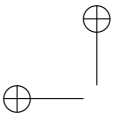
He who enjoys the present hour,
But little leaves in fortune's pow'r;
Nor yet anticipates with sorrow,
The misery that may come to-morrow;
And if it come, with firm disdain,
Smiles calmly mid severest pain.

To man 'twas never given to know
Long years of bliss, unmix'd with woe:
WOLFE – great in arms, his country's pride –
In manhood's prime, in battle died!
And though the dark decrees of Fate
To MARLBOROUGH gave a lengthen'd date,
He too had better far been slain,
Than live to be a child again!

Even I, perhaps, – though Heav'n forbend
That I should lose so lov'd a friend! –
Might live to mourn the fatal doom,
That waits THEE, in the silent tomb!

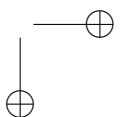
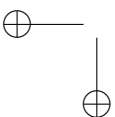
Yet, keeping still the balance even,
Fortune to thee has kindly given
A large domain – on many a mead
Your herds and flocks securely feed:
Alderney cows supply your dairy,
And for your phaeton so airy
Your high-bred bays, their speed displaying,
Answer the gentle whip with neighing.
In your gay wardrobe I behold
Rich velvets, and brocades of gold;
In which, when wint'ry tempests frown,
And Fashion's vot'ries fill the town,
At balls and operas you appear,
And whisper in sweet GRENVILLE's ear.





But I – so very hard my fate –
(Thanks to the wise heads of the state,
Who've thrown away, what *France* will prize,
The Commerce with our Colonies)
Poor I, alas! can scarcely clear
Enough to buy three suits a-year
Of common cloth; or if I'm seen
Full-dress'd, it is but in ratteen.
To live in *Berks* I've not the luck –
My villa is the *Dog and Duck*;
Which often draws the city belles
From *Conduit-House* and *Bagnidge-Wells*.

Yet though in town I kill the time,
I thank the Muse that I can rhyme;
Can catch, if you my strains inspire,
The spirit of the Roman lyre;
And, of your praises justly proud,
Despise the censures of the crowd.



ANTHONY HARRISON, 1806

(Poetical Recreations)

For Ease, the watchful Sailor cries,
When lurid Clouds obscure the Skies
 On Biscay's stormy Seas;
The ruthless Cossack, train'd to War;
The Arab wild and fierce Hussar,
 All, anxious ask for Ease; –

That Ease which not a Monarch's Throne,
Nor Judge's Robe, nor Bishop's Lawn,
 To Pow'r can e'er impart;
Useless to save the Mind from Care,
From Doubt, Disquiet, and Despair,
 Or soothe the throbbing Heart.

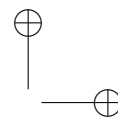
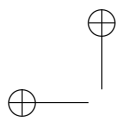
He shares the purest Joys of Life,
Who, free from fell Ambition's Strife,
 A temp'rate Board can spread;
Whose tranquil Sleep no Fears perplex,
Nor Dreams of sordid Gain can vex,
 Tho' on a lowly Bed.

Why should our few, uncertain Years,
Be spent, in anxious Hopes and Fears,
 In Schemes of wide extent?
Why various Climes unceasing range,
Since Minds cannot, with Stations change,
 Nor fly from Discontent?

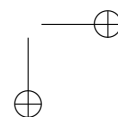
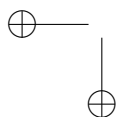
From Care, no copper'd Bark can steer,
Nor fleetest Horse, nor nimble Deer
 The Fiend can leave behind;
Care, that, with rapid Pinions, flies,
Quick, as the Arrow, cleaves the Skies,
 Or, as the swiftest Wind.

Let not the Mind, in blest Estate,
Fate's future Frowns anticipate, –
 But seize the present Hour;
And should some casual Sorrow flow,
(As nought is perfect here below)
 With Smiles disarm its Pow'r.

Not all the Warrior's pow'r could save
The great ACHILLES from the Grave;
 To Age, TITHONUS bow'd;
And I, tho' hapless, press'd with Care,
May yet some balmy Moments share,
 When yow are in your Shroud;



Tho' you, a rich and prosp'rous Heir,
Each gladsome Gift of Fortune share,
 In Fame and Honour rise;
I, with no Farm, and scarce a House,
With Solace of the grateful Muse,
 The Worldly Wretch despise.

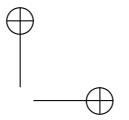




LYRICUS, 1806

(The Evening Fireside, or Literary Miscellany)

The seaman midst the howling waste,
 When the tempests roar;
When waves on waves impetuous haste,
 To dash the sounding shore;
When darting from the murky clouds,
 The moon a moment flies,
And quick succeeding darkness shrouds
 Her glories from his eyes;
 To heaven prefers the ardent pray'r,
 To grant a sweet relief from care:
 To bless with ease his throbbing heart,
And to his fainting soul the beams of Hope impart.
The furious Thracian braves the war,
 Yet pants for peace once more;
The Medes upon their glitt'ring car,
 For ease the gods implore.
Nor war, now pomp, can e'er attain
 The mind's serene repose:
They strive the fragrant sweets to gain,
 Rut crush the op'ning rose.
 Not sordid wealth, nor regal state,
 The glitt'ring follies of the great,
 Can still the tumult of the mind,
And leave the active fiend, fell discontent, behind.
That man is by the gods caress'd,
 Whom no ambition fires:
By fortune with a little bless'd,
 And limited desires.
Who sees upon his frugal board,
 Its ancient goblet plac'd;
Drawn from his father's sacred hoard,
 With antique sculpture grac'd.
 No cares disturb his sweet repose,
 When evening's shadows round him close,
 No fearful dreams his rest annoy,
But all is peace within, and calm domestic joy.
Why should we waste the fleeting hours,
 In fancy's idle dreams? –
Or why exhaust our feeble powers
 In vain gigantic schemes?



An exile from his native home
 May find another sky,
But from himself, Ah! can he roam,
 Or hope from care to fly? –

 No! swifter than the eastern gale,
 When driving tempests rend the sail,
 Care still his wand'ring steps attends,
And o'er his victim's head in every clime impends.

The mind content with present joy,
 Will smile at fortune's power;
Nor let expected ills alloy,
 The pleasures of the hour.

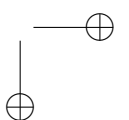
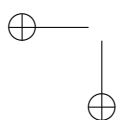
For none can boast of perfect bliss,
 Within life's narrow bound;
And death presents its dark abyss,
 To falling thousands round.

 Achilles, first among the brave,
 Sunk prematurely to the grave;
 Tithonus' life prolong'd for years, in vain
Sought from the fatal stroke a short reprieve to gain.

On you, my friend, has fav'ring heaven
 The gifts of fortune pour'd:
To me, perhaps, as kindly given
 A humble, frugal board.

For you Scilian Heifers low,
 And flocks their fleeces yield;
On me unerring fates bestow
 A single fruitful field:

 Yet Fate, perhaps, may speed the dart,
 That's doom'd to pierce thy gen'rous heart;
 And from my lowly head refrain,
Till life is far prolong'd to poverty and pain.

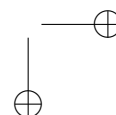
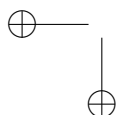


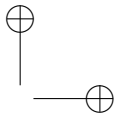
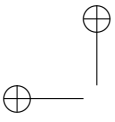


C. S. B., 1806

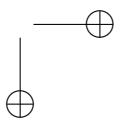
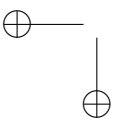
(Monthly Literary Recreations)

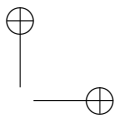
When low'ring clouds obscure the sky,
And not a star is seen on high,
The sailor tost in boist'rous seas,
Prays of the gods to grant him ease;
The Thracian fierce 'midst wars' alarms,
The Mede with bow and shining arms,
All seek for peace; not to be sold
For purple jewels or for gold;
Not all the riches of mankind,
Can ease the tumults of the mind
Or keep the wretched cares aloof,
Which hover round the vaulted roof.
Happy the man, whose frugal board
With good and humble fare is stor'd,
Nor fear nor sordid avarice keep
From him the sweets of balmy sleep
Why should we try with anxious cares;
To reach at things beyond our years?
Why restless do we leave our home,
And to far distant climates roam?
In vain we seek abroad to find
A respite to our troubled mind,
Care mounts the brazen vessels' sides,
Behind the warring horseman rides,
Swifter than swiftest stags or hinds,
Swifter than cloud – compelling winds.
A mind content with present things
Cares not for what the future brings,
And learns with fortitude to bear
The things that most unpleasant are. –
'Tis not the lot of man to be
Bless'd with entire felicity:
A sudden death in endless night
Plung'd brave Achilles, fam'd in fight;
Tithonus, on this earthly stage
Prolong'd a life to weak old age,
And fate perhaps to me may give
A longer time than you to live.
While your Sicilian flocks and steeds
Graze on your wide extended meads;
While with the great you proudly vie
In purple robes of Tyrian dye:
To me my more propitious fate
Has giv'n a low and humble state,





And with some small poetic fire,
A fond attachment to my lyre,
And granted me a heart too proud
To fear the censures of the crowd.

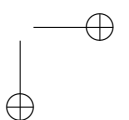
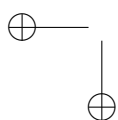


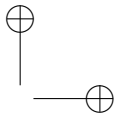
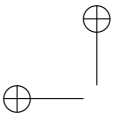


ANONYMOUS, 1806

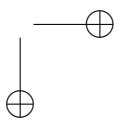
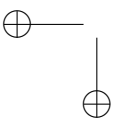
(The Port Folio)

When lowering clouds obscure the skies
And dark and gloomy storms arise,
The sailor, 'mid the raging main,
Prays to the gods for ease, in vain.
In vain the Thracian ease desires,
Whose breast perpetual warfare fires:
The Mede whom glittering quivers please,
Prays to the gods, in vain, for ease:
For ease, which Grosphus can't be sold,
For gems, for purple, nor for gold.
Your heap'd-up treasures can't control
The direful tumults of the soul,
Nor licitor's ax, nor rods expel
The cares in gilded domes that dwell.
The man who without splendor lives,
Nor wishes more than fortune gives;
Him avarice cannot molest,
Nor cares deprive of peaceful rest.
Why should we boasting things relate,
Since ev'ry one must yield to fate?
Of what avail is it to me
To travel distant lands to see?
Men may with ease their country fly:
To fly themselves they vainly try.
For vicious care with quick'ning pace
Pursues and haunts the human race,
The man that's free from present strife
Dreads not the future ills of life,
But tempers with a gentle smile
The frowns of fortune; all the while
His mind with this great truth imprest
That no one is supremely blest.
Achilles eminent and great
Could not avert the hand of fate:
By age, which nothing can allay,
Tithon at last was worn away;
And time, perhaps, may give to me
What it denies, my friend, to thee.
For thee an hundred flocks are seen,
And heifers lowing o'er the green;
Your fiery steeds around thee neigh,
And champ, and paw to start away;
The deepest purple covers thee,
But friendly fates have given me





A humble farm, and warm'd my heart
The Grecian lyre to tune with art;
And, with a conscious virtue blest,
The fickle vulgar to detest.

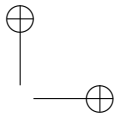
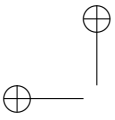




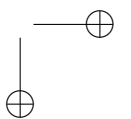
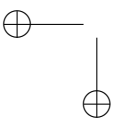
MRS. WARE, 1809

(*Poems*)

Toss'd in the wide Ægean seas
The wretched sailor prays for ease,
When clouds the moon's bright lustre hide,
And stars no longer shine to guide;
The furious Thracian, bold in fight,
The Mede adorn'd with quiver light,
Unsatisfied, their state deplore,
And pray'rs for ease in sorrow pour.
Soft ease, inestimable prize!
No gem with thee in lustre vies;
No gold thy purchase can obtain,
And the rich purple glows in vain.
Not royal treasures can estrange
The mind's tumultuous restless range,
Nor the proud Lictor's rod arrest
The cares which splendid domes infest.
He life enjoys, tho' meanly stor'd,
Who, on his plain and frugal board,
The antique salts in order rang'd
Can calmly view, nor wish them chang'd;
No avaricious thoughts infest,
Or horrors break his peaceful rest.
Why should weak transitory man,
For fleeting years aspiring plan?
Unsettled, leave his parent soil,
And seek new climes with certain toil?
What exile, from his country fled,
Avoids the fears his fancy bred?
On the ship's prow sits brooding care,
And hovers 'midst the din of war.
Fleet as the stag, the hunter's prey,
Swift as the east wind makes its way.
The mind contented with its home,
Waits, unconcern'd, its future doom.
Life's bitter draught a smile benign
Can temper, and to hope resign.
No state of happiness secure,
Can boasting call the blessing sure;
Grim death the far-fam'd hero calls,
He strikes, and great Achilles falls.
Tithonus' languid figure bears
The marks of long protracted years.
Perhaps the hour denied to thee,
Benignant fortune gives to me;



An hundred flocks adorn thy ground,
Sicilian heifers low around;
The high-bred mare the rein obeys,
And train'd for thee in harness neighs;
In ample folds thy robe displays,
The glowing purples richest rays.
Indulgent and unerring fate,
On me bestows a small estate,
With genius for the muse inspir'd,
With taste for Grecian beauty fir'd,
Soaring aloft, and unconfin'd,
I spurn the low malignant mind.





SEVERUS, 1809

(Poetical Magazine: Dedicated to the Lovers of the Muse)

For ease the anxious sailor cries,
When howling tempests rend the skies,
 And hide the wat'ry moon;
The Median, quiver'd for the war,
The furious Thracian in his pray'r,
 Makes ease his chiefest boon.

Grosphus, 'tis not for gems nor gold,
Nor proffer'd honours, to be sold, –
 'Tis not the purple's pride,
Nor all the joys which office brings,
Can cure those ever-rankling stings
 That in the heart reside.

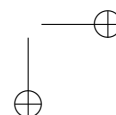
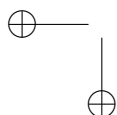
For he, of just enough possest,
iIn the small cottage is more blest
 Than is the pamper'd Lord:
Content and ease are never found
Where fear and avarice surround,
 But shun the costly board.

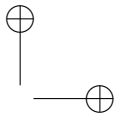
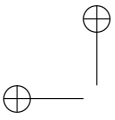
What folly 'tis for men to boast
Of riches, which so soon are lost,
 And must be left behind.
Can those who over empires roam
Ease all their inward pangs at home,
 Or drive them from the mind?

For Care pursues by rapid flights,
And on the painted galley lights
 Quicker than eastern gales;
Not all the pomp and din of war
Can chase the hated form of Care,
 Which inwardly prevails.

If happy now, then why explore
What ills may still remain in store,
 What griefs may damp thy morrow?
Be wise, and, with a gentle smile,
The little moment still beguile –
 No state is free from sorrow.

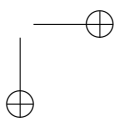
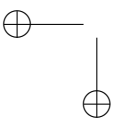
The great Achilles e'en was slain,
Tithonus found his gift was vain,
 Still doom'd in age to pine;
To you what Fortune ne'er will grant,
Tho' you most urgently may want,
 A moment may make mine.





For you an hundred flocks abound,
Sicilian heifers low around
 The mansion you possess;
The sprightly courser neighs for you,
And Afric lends her richest hue
 To die your costly dress.

A little farm, and small abode,
Kind Fortune has on me bestow'd,
 And turn for Grecian song;
And, what of all I chiefly prize,
An upright heart, that can despise
 The world's malignant tongue.





ANONYMOUS, 1809

(The Attic Chest, Season 1, Nos. 7–9)

When dark'ning clouds the sickly moon o'er cast;
And the sea rages with the stormy blast
When not a star is seen; the sailor train
Thrown on the wide Aegean main
Ask from the gods repose.

The furious Thracian fam'd for martial pow'r
And the Mede dreaded for his arrowy show'r
All seek repose, which is not to be sold –
Grosphus for purple, eastern gems or gold
Its purchase no one knows.

'Tis not vast wealth, nor yet the lictor's wand
The emblem of the consul's high command
Can chase the dreadful tumults of the mind
Or those corroding cares which unconfi'd
Fly round the splended roof.

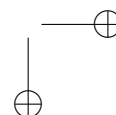
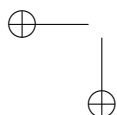
Happier the man, still on whose humble board
The tankard shines which call'd his grandsire Lord
His light and gentle sleep no terrors break
No sordid, low desires his couch partake
All sorrow stands aloof.

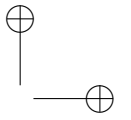
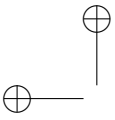
In the short period which our lives confine
Why do we rashly num'rous plans combine?
O'er countries warm'd by foreign suns why road?
Like wretched exiles we may change our home
But cannot change ourselves?

Each band of horsemen haggard care attends,
The brazen trireme's lofty poop ascends;
Swift as the stag she whirls her rapid course,
Swifter than Eurus whose impetuous force
The flying clouds impels.

Bless'd is that mind contented with its state
Which has no wish to know tomorrow's fate,
That adverse fortune without fear can meet
And every sorrow with a smile can greet
Thrice happy is that mind –

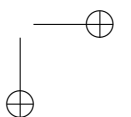
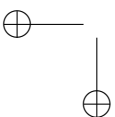
Swift death the great Achilles tore away,
Through a long age old Tithon met decay:
Thus may the Fates which round our dwellings fly,
Grant me a length of years, and thee deny,
Lamented by mankind –

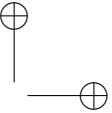
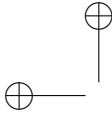




A thousand flocks for thee thy pastures feed,
And num'rous herds of the Sicilian breed
For thee the mare fit for the chariot neighs
And Apic's purple casts it's splendid rays
Which twice the Murex dyes.

While fate to me allots with sparing hand,
A humble portion of neglected land:
But adds the light spir't of the Grecian Muse,
And my bold mind with constancy endues
The vulgar to despise –





D., 1810

(The Harvard Lyceum)

With fainting heart, and weary knees,
The storm-beat sailor prays for ease;
When heavy clouds, on boisterous seas,
Their torrents pour unceasingly.

For ease the Thracian pours his heart,
For ease, unbought at venal mart,
The Mede, whose never erring dart
Shines in his barbarous panoply.

Nor pride of wealth nor princely power
Can sooth in sorrow's racking hour,
Nor drive away from lordly power
The troops of pale anxiety.

But blest is he, whose frugal board
Is what paternal stores afford,
Whose slumbers never wake to hoard
The wealth of lank cupidity.

Yet, though so few our vital sands,
To what high aims we stretch our hands;
How vainly fly to foreign lands,
And roam abroad impatiently.

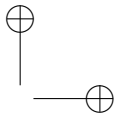
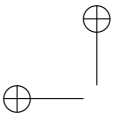
Behind you can you leave your pains,
Or 'scape from recollection's chains?
No, though he shun his native plains,
The man's himself unchangeably.

Care crowds her presence in the fleet,
And follows at the charger's feet; –
Still follows, than the stag more fleet,
And with the wind's rapidity.

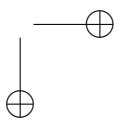
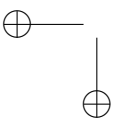
He who enjoys the present day,
Reckless what future years display,
With sweet the bitter may allay,
And pass through life most happily.

No one with every good is blest, –
Death on Pelides' manhood prest,
And dwindling Tithonus confest,
Protracted life was misery.

Thy cattle graze on hundred hills,
And slake their thirst at hundred rills,
Uncounted wealth thy coffer fills,
And sounds thy dome with revelry.



But to thy humble friend belong
A little land, a little song,
And to despise the untutored throng
Of ignorant vulgarity.





W. B. STEVENS, 1811 (IMITATED)

(The Poetical Register: and Repository of Fugitive Poetry)

The Seaman in some wild tempestuous night,
When Horror rides upon the wide-mouth'd wave,
And stars deny the mercy of their light,
Longs for some peaceful port his shatter'd bark to save.

The soldier struggling in unequal war,
In search of wounds and death condemn'd to roam,
Or crown'd with blood-stain'd spoils in Victory's car,
Pants to return in peace to his dear native home.

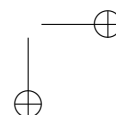
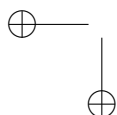
But neither anxious prayer nor gorgeous spoil,
Can purchase Peace; she floats in air aloof;
And flies the guilty tumults that embroil,
When Care, with vulture wing, scowls o'er the darken'd
roof,

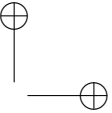
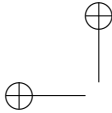
How wisely, cheaply blest is he whose mind
Scorns not the earthen dish, or maple bowl,
But sweet Content in his own cot can find;
Nor Terror breaks his sleep, nor Guilt alarms his soul.

Why aim we then the creatures of a day,
To grasp the round of Jove's eternal year?
From clime to clime, why ever-restless stray,
Sick of the genial Sun, that gilds our native sphere?

Sick of ourselves, ourselves we cannot flee:
The wind invites thee; – swifter than the wind,
Care at the helm thy ready pilot see!
Or spur thy rapid steed; the demon sits behind!

Ah, born so soon to die, so much to feel!
O mortal man, indulge the short delight
Thy present genius gives! nor lift the veil,
Which hides in sacred shade the future from thy sight.





EDWARD LYSAGHT, 1811 (PARODY)

(*Poems*)

When brave JACK TAR is outward bound,
Some hundred leagues from English ground,
 His course rude Boreas stopping;
He looks askew at lowering skies,
Thinks of his Sally's sparkling eyes,
 And longs for ease and Wapping.

In London Negro-beggars pine
For EASE in huts beneath the line,
 Remote from beadles sturdy:
The poor Savoyard, doom'd to roam
In search of halfpence, sighs for home,
 And spins his hurdy-gurdy.

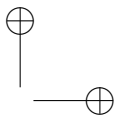
EASE often visits shepherd-swains,
Nor in the lowly cot disdains
 To take a bit of dinner;
But would not for a turtle-treat,
Sit with a miser or a cheat,
 Or canker'd party sinner.

EASE makes the sons of labour glad,
EASE travels with the merry lad
 Who whistles by his waggon;
With me she prattles all day long,
And chorusses my simple song,
 And shares my foaming flagon.

CARE's an intruding crazed Physician,
Who visits folks of high condition,
 And doses them with bitters;
Claps caustics on the tend'rest sores,
And w'ont be turned from great men's doors,
 By footmen or beef-eaters.

The lamp of life is soon burnt out;
Then who'd for riches make a rout,
 Except a doating blockhead?
When Charon takes 'em both aboard,
Of equal worth's the miser's hoard
 And spendthrift's empty pocket.

Not the long purse and splendid bulse
Can moderate a sick man's pulse,
 Or make a monarch happy;
More bless'd than accessory kings,
The poor but honest cobbler sings,
 And quaffs his ale so nappy.



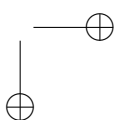
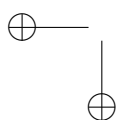
Some, to avoid mad CARE's approaches,
Fly off in dillies, or mail-coaches,
 But find he travels brisker: –
Light as a squirrel he can skip
Aboard a seventy-four gun ship,
 And tweak an Adm'ral's whisker.

In such a scurvy world as this
We must not hope for perfect bliss,
 And length of life together;
We have no moral liberty
At will to live, at will to die,
 In fair or stormy weather,

CHATHAM, as good as he was great,
Was seized by unrelenting fate,
 Our freedom while he guarded:
Others, whom, if it pleased the Lord
To take 'em, we could well afford,
 May live as long as Parr did!

Many, I see, have riches plenty –
Fine coaches, livery, servants twenty; –
 Yet envy never pains me;
My appetite's as good as theirs,
I sleep as sound, as free from fears;
 I've only what maintains me!

And while the precious joys I prove
Of Tom's true friendship – and the love
 Of bonny black-ey'd Jenny, –
Ye Gods! my wishes are confin'd
To – health of body, peace of mind,
 Clean linen and a guinea!



JAMES SMITH AND HORATIO SMITH, 1813 (IMITATED)

(JS 1775–1839, HS 1779–1849)

The youth, from his indentures freed,
Who mounts astride the winged steed,
 The muses' hunt to follow;
With terror eyes the yawning pit,
And for a modicum of wit
 Petitions great Apollo.

For wit the quarto-building wight
Invokes the Gods; the jilt in spite
 Eludes the man of letters.
Wit thro' the wire-wove margin glides,
And all the gilded pomp derides
 Of red morocco fetters.

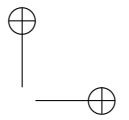
Vain is the smart port-folio set,
The costly inkstand, black as jet,
 The desk of polish'd level;
The well-shorn pens to use at will: –
'Tis no great task to cut a quill –
 To cut a joke's the devil!

Happy, for rural business fit,
Who merely tills his mother wit,
 In humble life he settles;
Unskill'd in repartee to shine,
He ne'er exclaims, "descend, ye *nine*!"
 But when he plays at skittles.

They who neglect their proper home
To dig for ore in Greece or Rome,
 Are poor Quixotic Vandals;
'Twas well enough in needy Goths,
But why should we, like foolish moths,
 Buzz round the Roman candles?

Care swarms in rivers, roads, and bogs,
It's plagues spring up like Pharaoh's frogs,
 Too numerous to bury;
It roams through London streets at large,
And now bestrides a Lord Mayor's barge,
 And now a Vauxhall wherry.

The man who no vertigo feels,
When borne aloft on Fortune's wheels,
 But at their motion titters;
Pitying the sons of care and strife,
Enjoys the present sweets of life,
 Nor heeds its future bitters.



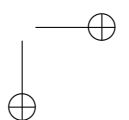
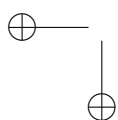
Poor *Tobin* died, alas! too soon,
Ere with chaste ray his *Honey Moon*
 Had shone to glad the nation:
Others, I will not mention who,
For many a year may (*entre nous*)
 Outlive their own damnation.

Who creep in prose, or soar in rhyme,
Alike must bow the knee to Time,
 From Massinger to Murphy;
And all who flit-on Lethe's brink,
Too weak to swim, alas! must sink,
 From Davenant to Durfey.

Your rival muses, like two wives,
Assail your pate, and while each strives
 To win you to her quarrel,
Like Garrick painted by Sir Jos,
You stand between them, at a loss
 On which to weave the laurel.

My Muse is of the ostrich sort,
Her eggs of fortune's gale the sport,
 She in the sand conceals 'em:
By no intrusive wanderer found,
'Till watchman Phœbus walks his round,
 And with his lamp reveals 'em.

But should the god's revealing ray
Destroy her fragile web to-day,
 She'll spin again to morrow;
These trifles ne'er her mind annoy,
Who never knew a parent's joy,
 Ne'er felt a parent's sorrow.

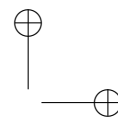
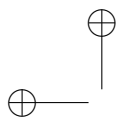




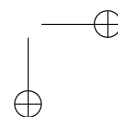
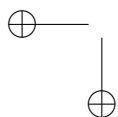
ANONYMOUS, 1813

(The General Repository and Review)

When gloomy clouds obscure the orb of night,
And guiding stars withhold their twinkling light,
As o'er the main his fragile bark he plies;
'Grant me repose,' th' affrighted seaman cries.
In the long contest with unconquered foes,
The weary soldier asks in vain repose.
But gold, nor diamonds, nor the Tyrian dye
Can e'er the price of calm repose supply;
Nor wealth, nor regal power, nor pomp control
The wild disordering tumult of the soul.
In stately halls, within the gilded dome,
Still hover anxious cares and find a home.
Happy the man, though mean his wealth, whose breast
Nor fear, nor sordid avarice molest;
Whose frugal board his moderate mind bespeaks,
Whose easy slumbers no base passion breaks.
Why for brief life seek we so much to gain?
Why roam to other climes across the main?
Can the poor exile from himself escape?
Care always haunts him in some hideous shape;
With him ascends the sturdy vessel's height;
Nor quits the horseman in his rapid flight:
Swifter than deer, when roused by hunters' cries,
Or winds that drive the storm along the skies.
Pleased with the present let thy mind forbear,
Nor further seek, nor for the uncertain cares.
With brow unclouded meet the frowns of fate;
Not seldom victory brings her bloody wreath
To crown her favorite in the arms of death:
Or spared, perchance, he sinks in slow decay,
And wastes unhonored life's last years away.
Nor worth, nor high renown, nor wit can save
One human being from the greedy grave,
Not thriving flocks that round the mansion bleat,
Nor fields with rich Sicilian kine replete,
Nor robes in Tyrian purple double dyed,
Nor Parthian steeds that neigh with pampered pride,
Can turn aside the inevitable blow,
Or stay the fatal shaft that lays thee low.
My gifts from fortune are but small indeed,
But they afford the little that I need,
And what I lack, the Grecian muse supplies,
And wafts my fancy o'er the earth and skies.



She makes me hate the grovelling, envious throng,
Nor suffers meaner things to check my song.





CHARLES ABRAHAM ELTON, 1814

(Specimens of the Greek and Roman Classic Poets)

Surprised by storms in open seas
The sailor prays to heaven for ease:
When a black cloud the moon o'erspreads
And each known star a light uncertain sheds.

For ease the war-fierce Thracian bends;
The quivered Median's prayer ascends:
For ease which never gold can buy,
Nor the gem's lustre, nor the purple's dye.

Not wealth can bribe, nor guards disperse
The troubled mind's afflictive curse;
And cares that ever flitting roam
Round the rich fret-work of a vaulted dome.

He's cheaply blest, whose father's hoard
Of homely plate decks bright the board;
Nor avarice robs, nor fears molest
The slumbers light that settle on his breast.

Why aim, with strength denied to man,
At things beyond our bounded span?
Why change our clime for foreign skies,
Or from himself what anxious exile flies?

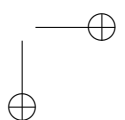
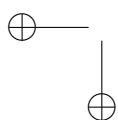
Care climbs the galley's brazen prow:
The horseman's troop in flight is slow:
Care follows, swifter than the hind,
Far swifter than the cloud-dispelling wind.

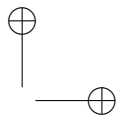
The soul with present joy content,
Heeds not the distant, dark event;
Tempers with smiles the bitter hour,
And knows all perfect bliss beyond our power.

Death sudden brought Achilles low;
Long-lived Tithonus languished slow;
And haply, Time may lend to me
The lengthened day, which it refuses thee.

A hundred flocks thy pastures browse:
Around thee low Sicilian cows:
The mare to whirl thy chariot neighs:
Thy twice-dipped robes with Afric's crimson blaze:

To me some scanty fields belong:
A slender vein of Grecian song,
True Fate predestined; and allowed
A soul that scorns the malice of the crowd.





ANONYMOUS, 1814

(*The Port Folio*)

For rest the wearied sailor sighs,
In leaky ship when storms are brewing,
“Oh! give us *rest*” the soldier cries,
Fatigu’d with marching and reviewing.

Believe me, Tom, the man that knows
How to enjoy a happy hour,
Will ever give it to repose,
And then defy Misfortune’s power.

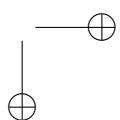
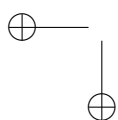
Flow welcome is the hour of rest
To merchants by their discounts worried, –
To *quid-nuncs* by ill news distrest,
And prentice youths with errands hurried.

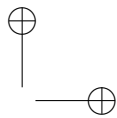
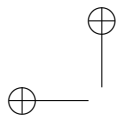
To lawyers whom new points perplex,
To judges tir’d of *nisi prius*, –
To housewives whom bad servants vex,
And e’en to sermon-writers pious.

Oh! blind to sense, to reason blind,
Who seek in bustling noise for pleasure!
A boon they ne’er must hope to find,
Except in bowers of ease and leisure.

But will the body’s rest ensure
A mind at ease and conscience quiet?
Ah! no, they but repose *endure*
Whose thoughts on worldly plans run riot.

Be wisely tranquil, then, and cease
To look for future good or evil,
Resign your mind to calm and peace,
And kick all troubles to the devil.





WILLIAM COWPER, 1815

(1731–1800; Poet)

Ease is the weary merchant's prayer,
Who ploughs by night the Ægean flood,
When neither moon nor stars appear,
Or faintly glimmer through the cloud.

For ease the Mede with quiver graced,
For ease the Thracian hero sighs,
Delightful ease all pant to taste,
A blessing which no treasure buys.

For neither gold can lull to rest,
Nor all a Consul's guard beat off
The tumults of a troubled breast,
The cares that haunt a gilded roof.

Happy the man whose table shows
A few clean ounces of old plate,
Nor fear intrudes on his repose,
Nor sordid wishes to be great.

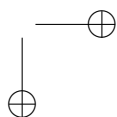
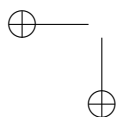
Poor short-lived things, what plans we lay!
Ah! why forsake our native home!
To distant climates speed away;
For self sticks close where'er we roam.

Care follows hard, and soon o'ertakes
The well-rigg'd ship, the warlike steed
Her destined quarry ne'er forsakes,
Not the wind flies with half her speed.

From anxious fears of future ill
Guard well the cheerful, happy now;
Gild e'en your sorrows with a smile,
No blessing is unmix'd below.

Thy neighing steeds and lowing herds,
Thy numerous flocks around thee graze,
And the best purple Tyre affords
Thy robe magnificent displays.

On me indulgent Heaven bestow'd
A rural mansion, neat and small;
This lyre; – and as for yonder crowd,
The happiness to hate them all.

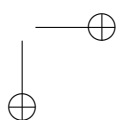
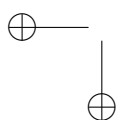




M. H. SHEPHARD, 1815

(The Gentleman's Magazine)

When dark'ning clouds the moon conceal,
Nor stars their certain signs reveal,
Surrounded by th' Ægæan seas
The Sailor asks the Gods for ease:
For ease the warlike Thracian pleads,
For ease with quiver grac'd the Medes,
Which gold, O Grosphus, cannot buy,
Nor costly gems, nor purple dye.
Though wealth and pow'r be both possess'd,
They ne'er can clear the troubled breast,
Nor keep that swarm of cares aloof
Which fly around the gilded roof.
He lives the best whose wants are few,
Whose board paternal bounds his view:
Nor sordid gain nor abject dread
His slumbers light, chase from his bed.
Then why so many schemes project
What can such transient strength effect?
Why change our clime, and seek a sky
Where other Suns their warmth supply?
For, exil'd, who himself can fly?
Fleeter than nimble-footed binds,
Swifter than cloud-compelling winds,
Corroding care the vessel scales;
And care the troop of horse assails.
The present time he most enjoys,
Whom future evil ne'er annoys;
And Fortune when unkind beguiles
With temper'd mirth and sportive smiles.
A work complete in every part
Is far beyond the reach of Art.
An early death Achilles shar'd,
Old age Tithonus' strength impair'd.
And time, perchance, may grant to me,
What may have been denied to thee.
An hundred bleating flocks are thine,
With neighing steeds and lowing kine.
And wool twice dipp'd in Afric dyes
With costly robes thy state supplies:
On me bestows impartial Fate
In rural scenes a small estate,
A Grecian genius, and to learn
The low malignant crowd to spurn.

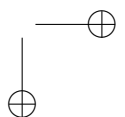
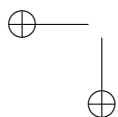




JOHN STAGG, 1816 (IMITATED)

(1770–1823)

When sable night in dark'ning clouds,
The moon with envious mantle shrouds,
And 'mid the circle of the spheres,
No known directing star appears,
But all around the tempest roars,
The sailor ease of heaven implores,
For ease the crested Briton pleads,
Train'd from his youth to martial deeds.
For ease victorious Prussians sue,
Admir'd by all – enjoy'd by few;
Which blesses monarchs but by stealth,
And mocks e'en Pitt 'midst power and wealth; –
For wealth and power, experience shews,
Can't heal the mind's tumultuous woes,
Nor lull those clam'rous cares to rest,
Which haunt his grace's garter'd breast: –
Happy the man whose frugal joys,
A father's scanty all supplies,
In some sequester'd cottage bred,
Of herbs the meal – of flocks the bed;
His envy'd slumber's, sweet and sound,
Nor fear nor avarice confound
Precarious beings of an hour;
Why madly toil we then for more?
Absurd, the present to destroy,
In planning schemes of future joy? –
In vain the wretched exile flies
In hopes of finding happier skies –
In vain he varies clime or air,
For still unhappy self is there;
Let him the speedy bark ascend –
Ev'n there will gloomy care attend:
Or, if he mount the fiery horse
Care still pursues him thro' the course, –
Avidious care, that leaves behind
The tim'rous deer – and mocks the wind.
A mind above temptation's power,
Cheerful, enjoys the present hour; –
A stranger to the great man's fears,
Defies to morrow and its cares;
Intent alone, to soften strife,
And sooth – not cure the ills of life; –
For none, such heaven's severe decree,
Must hope for true felicity.



ANONYMOUS, 1816

(*Moral Odes of Horace*)

He, Grosphus, whom the storms surprise
Amid th' Egean's rolling seas,
Soon as the blackening clouds arise,
Prays to the gods for rest and ease.

For ease, the warring Thracian prays;
For ease, the costly-quiver'd Mede;
Since, not his gem of purest rays,
Nor gold, can buy the heavenly meed!

Nor wealth, nor consulary state,
Can quell the tumults of despair;
Nor, from the mansions of the great,
Expel the harassment of care.

Peaceful he lives, whose only pride
A silver salt, his father's wealth;
Secure, his hours of slumber glide,
From dream of gain, or fear of stealth.

Born but to live a little time,
Why multiply our care for pelf?
Why hasten to a different clime?
Whoe'er fled exile from himself?

Care, sordid care; impetuous scales
The stately vessel's gilded poop:
Swift as the stag, or swifter gales,
She hangs upon the mounted troop.

If joyous now, why further tend?
The present use, dismiss the rest:
With placid smiles thy crosses blend;
For nothing is in all parts bless'd.

Young, did the great Achilles bleed;
Drear age, did sad Tithonus see:
And Time to me may chance concede
The boon which he denies to thee.

Four neighing steeds thy stables keep,
Well harness'd for thy chariot's yoke;
Sicilian cows, unnumber'd sheep:
And Tyrian purple forms thy cloak.

To me, the different Fates assign
But a small farm: yet, firm and true,
They add the Grecian Muse divine,
With scorn of the malignant crew!



ANONYMOUS, 1817

(The New Monthly Magazine and Universal Register)

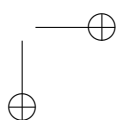
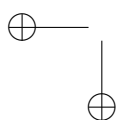
For ease the sailor prays aloud,
When low'ring storms begin to shroud
The sky, and murky thunder-cloud
 Is o'er the welkin roll'd;
For ease the furious Thracian fought,
Ease by the Persian bowman sought,
Ease – which nor purple robes have bought:
 Nor gems, nor stores of gold.

Not wealth can stifle guilt's reproof,
Nor lictor's power can keep aloof
The cares that haunt the gilded roof,
 The tumults of the mind.
Well 'tis with him, whose frugal board
With his paternal fare is stor'd;
Him ne'er disturbs the miser's hoard,
 Nor fear "that skulks behind."

Why, why should short-liv'd mortals toil?
Why change their own dear native soil?
Who, exil'd conscious guilt can foil,
 Or wipe away the stain?
Care, fleetier than the mountain-hind,
And swifter than the eastern wind,
The galley climbs, and sits behind
 The warrior horseman's train.

The soul, with present gladness fraught,
Of distant ills disdains the thought,
And tempers grief with smiles; for nought
 Is blest in every way:
The shaft of death Achilles strook:
Old age Tithonus overtook;
And Fate on thee may frowning look,
 With me perhaps be gay.

A hundred herds in pasture-mead,
Of fairest kine the choicest breed
Are thine, and neighing chariot steed,
 And robes of Tyrian hue:
To me these little fields belong,
To me the gift of lyric song,
(While stretch'd the plantain shades among)
 I spurn the rabble crew.

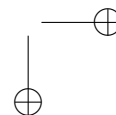
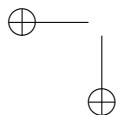




CHARLES COLLINS, 1818 (IMITATED)

(*Juvenile Blossoms*)

The luckless mariner repose implores,
When wild Ægæum to the tempest roars;
When not a Moon, or Star, appears to guide
His faithless vessel o'er the dashing tide,
Revengeful Thrace, that maddens o'er her foes,
The quiver-bearing Mede implores repose:
Repose, my friend, which never can be sold
For Tyrian purple, or for glistening gold.
'Tis not the pomp of power, the stately shew
Can snatch the bosom from its weight of woe;
'Tis not the Consul's voice can bid to roam
The cares, that flutter in a royal dome.
Thrice happy he, in calm contentment blest!
His wealth, the little all his Sires possest;
The day of innocence, the night of ease,
And ever pleased with learning how to please.
Shall foolish Man, the being of an hour,
Ape the bold projects of a mightier Power?
For other realms, from home and kindred part?
Was e'er such exile exiled from the *heart*?
Care climbs the proud flotillas of the deep,
And 'whelms embodied armies in its sweep:
She comes, far fleeter than the winged wind,
The dread companion of a wounded mind.
The steady soul, 'gainst present ills prepared,
Feels in itself an adamant guard;
Steps a soft smile in life's embittering bowl,
Since perfect happiness is past controul.
Death snatched Achilles in his flower of prime,
Age wore Tithonus with extended time:
This hour, perchance, yet hovering on the wing,
What Fate to thee denies, to me may bring.
Thine are the flocks, that crop Sicilian meads,
Thine the proud neighing of a thousand steeds:
For thee the dye assumes a brighter hue,
And tints thy garment with ethereal blue.
Mine is the slender farm my wishes choose,
And the chaste spirit of the Grecian Muse;
'Tis mine the envious rabble to discard,
Proud in the title of a lyric bard.





WILLIAM BOWNAS, 1818

(*Arundines Bostonienses*)

When men, in quest of lucre, steer
 Their fragile barks across the seas,
And neither moon nor stars appear,
 They supplicate the Gods for Ease.

E'en Thrace for Ease solicits heaven:
 Great Jove for Ease the Medes implore:
A blessing, Grosphus, never given
 For purple, gems, or golden ore.

Nor wealth, nor pomp, nor splendour gay,
 Can drive our carking cares aloof,
Or chase those anxious fears away,
 Which ever haunt the fretted roof.

The man, whose mind nor sordid gain,
 Nor fear, of soothing sleep bereaves;
Whose board is humble, frugal, plain,
 Far happier than the wealthy lives.

Ah! why provide superfluous store
 For such a short and transient span?
Why seek for Ease a distant shore?
 Avoid himself what exile can?

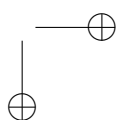
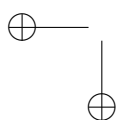
Far swifter than the bounding roe,
 Far fleeter than the driving gales,
Lo! care ascends the gilded prow,
 Lo! care the charioteer assails!

A mind, content with present fare,
 To think on what's beyond disdains;
Tempers with easy smiles its care:
 For none completely happy reigns.

Untimely was Achilles slain:
 Tithonus age consumed away:
And Jove, perhaps, thy friend may deign,
 In realms of light, the longer stay.

Unnumbered flocks around thee stray:
 Thy lowing kine salute the morn:
Joined to the car thy coursers neigh:
 Thy person purple robes adorn.

A scanty Subine farm to use,
 Thy friend hath gracious Jove allowed,
Some spirit of the Grecian Muse,
 Beside a mind that spurns the crowd.

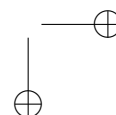
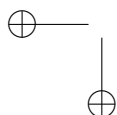




JOHN W. CURTIS, 1819

(Poems)

The mariner, when storms hang o'er the sea,
And when light from the eye, hope from the mind
Recedes – dark clouds obscure the moon, and stars
Give no sure guidance, prays the Gods for peace.
The Thracian bold, the Mede with quiver decked,
Entreat the same – a boon, my friend, ne'er bought
With gems, nor purple, nor with yellow gold.
For neither wealth, nor pride, nor pomp of state
Can take away the tumults of the mind,
And cares that haunt the residence of kings.
But he with health and comfort lives on little,
On whose plain table shines the paternal dish –
Whose sleep, nor fear, nor loose desires disturb.
Wherefore should we, who soon shall pass away
And ne'er return to this frail world again,
Indulge a vain desire of many things?
Why should we leave our native land behind,
And fly to climes warmed with another sun?
Can he who flies his country, fly himself?
Corroding care climbs up the loftiest ship.
Nor does she leave the bands of mounted knights –
She speeds more swiftly than the stag pursued,
Than sweeps the rushing wind along the sky.
He that improves the present time cares not
What good or ill to-morrow hath, but seeks
Tranquillity where virtue points the way.
There's no such thing as happiness below,
But all is care, perplexity and wo.





ANONYMOUS, 1820

(The Gentleman's Magazine)

For ease, the seaman tempest-wreck'd
 Implores amid th' Ægean storm,
When stars no more his course direct,
 And clouds conceal the moon's pale form.

For ease, the warrior Thracian prays,
 Furious 'mid the battle's roar;
For ease, the Median, skill'd to raise
 The quiver and the bow in war;
Ease, Grosphus, never to be sold
For gems, for purple, or for gold.

For neither riches, nor the power
Of Consul, can for one short hour
Remove the tumults of the mind;
 Around the vaulted roof they fly,
 The Cares, that hov'ring in the sky
Remain unalter'd, unconfin'd.

How blest the man in whom we see
His Father's plain frugality;
Nor fear, nor avarice e'er shall steep
In restlessness, his balmy sleep.

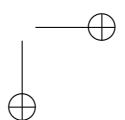
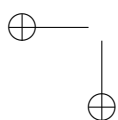
Why seek we, when so short our time,
To fly ourselves to foreign clime?
What exile ever leaves behind
The terrors of a guilty mind?

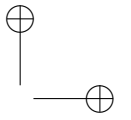
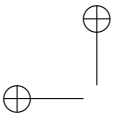
For care ascends the bark on high,
 Equals in speed the horseman foe,
Swifter than the stags that fly,
 Swifter than the winds that blow.

The mind from present pain at rest,
 Should spurn all future thought or care,
 And temper with her smiles despair –
Nothing is altogether blest.

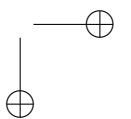
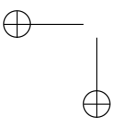
Achilles died a warrior's death,
Tithonus ling'ring spent his breath,
And future time perchance to me
May give, what it denies to thee.

The bleating flocks, the lowing kine,
And the loud-neighing steed is thine,
And thine the wool right royally
Doubly dipt in purple dye.





The fates have not unkindly given
Content to me beneath the heaven, –
A little farm for humble use,
The spirit of the Grecian muse,
And scorn for malice, which the low
On unassuming worth bestow.





FRANCIS WRANGHAM, 1821

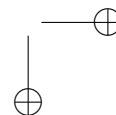
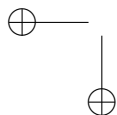
(1769–1842; Archdeacon of the East Riding, Writer and Translator)

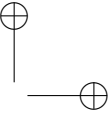
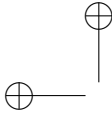
Toss'd 'mid the wild Ægean waves,
Ease from the Gods the seaman craves;
When murkiest clouds the moon obscure,
And stars (if any) shine unsure:
For ease the warrior son of Thrace,
For ease the quiver'd Parthian prays –
Ease, prized beyond or goldy of gem
That shines in royal diadem.

For, ah! nor wealth, nor lictor's wand,
The mind's dire tumults can command!
To flee, or drive the cares aloof
Which hover round the fretted roof.

Thrice happy he, whose slender board
Is like his frugal father's stored;
Nor lust to gain, nor fear to lose,
Disturbs his bosom's soft repose!
Why aim at much in life so short,
Ambitious? Why to climes resort,
Warm'd by strange suns? His native skies,
But ne'er himself, the exile flies,
Grim Care his brass-beak'd galley's speed
Pursues, nor quits the foamy steed:
It's fleetness leaves the stag behind,
And hurries past the driving-wind.

Let the light-heart with cheerful smile
The bitterness of life beguile,
Nor coming hours anticipate:
Never was human bliss complete.
Achilles fell in life's young prime;
Tithonus died, worn down by time:
And hours, the Fates to thee deny,
To me their bounty may supply.
An hundred bleating flocks are thine,
Around thee graze thy lowing kine;
Neighing, thy mares invite the reins;
Thy vestments Tyrian purple stains,
Twice-dyed: on me a small domain,
The spirit of the Grecian strain –
No niggard boon – kind Fate bestow'd,
And scorn of the malignant crowd.





BARBARINA BRAND, LADY DACRE, 1821

(1767–1854; Poet, Playwright, and Translator)

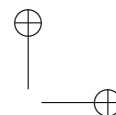
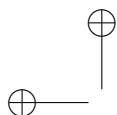
The mariner on the Egean tost,
Sighs for repose, when from the pilot's sight
The moon is shrouded, and th' uncertain light
Of friendly stars in gathering clouds is lost.
The Thracian, terrible to armed foes,
Asks of the Gods repose;
Repose the weary Median fain would know
Who bends th' unerring bow;
Repose, my Grosphus, not by gold procured,
By robes of Tyrian dye, nor precious gems ensured.

For not the wealth proud Persia can display,
Th' attendant lictor, and the consul's state,
The lofty dome, and all the gifts of fate,
Can the wild tumults of the soul allay,
And still the breast; nor from the fretted roof
Keep fluttering cares aloof:
Blest who, content with little, simply fares,
Whose board no goblet bears,
Save one descended from his frugal sires;
His rest by fears unbroke, or sordid, base desires.

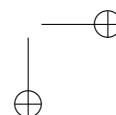
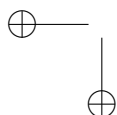
Ah why this breath of life so fleeting prize?
With distant aim why projects idly form?
Why climates seek that other sun-beams warm?
Say, can the wretch who from his country flies,
Fly from himself? – Destructive care e'en now
Mounts the tall vessel's prow!
Behold the warrior on the rapid steed!
Swift care o'ertakes his speed!
Swifter than flies the stag that, startled, springs,
Swifter than Eurus bears the clouds upon his wings.

The man of mind serene, beyond to-day
No thought will take, still on the present fixt;
And if his cup with bitterness be mixt,
The cheerful smile upon his lip will play,
Tempering the draught – for not on earth below
May we each blessing know:
Renown'd Achilles in his manly bloom
Found an untimely tomb:
Tithonus languish'd in eternal years,
And Time may snatch from thee what he for me prepares.

Sicilian cows, and herds unnumber'd, low
Along thy meads; eager thy coursers neigh,



That in the chariot race thy hand obey;
Gorgeous with purple dye thy vestures glow.
To me the gentle fates (my promised meed)
An humble farm decreed;
O'er my rapt thought in happy hour to feel
The Grecian muse soft steal;
And a calm soul, that with determined choice
Shuns the malignant world, and scorns its idle voice.





GEORGE W. DOANE, 1824

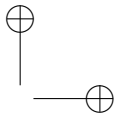
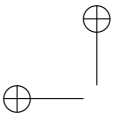
(1799–1859; American Churchman and Educator)

When tempests turn the day to night,
And clouds obscure pale Luna's light,
The sailor, 'mid Egean seas,
No star to guide him, prays for *ease*.
For *ease* the warring Thracian prays,
And Media's quiver-bearing race –
Ease that no gems, nor gold can buy,
Nor robes, my friend, of Tyrian die.
For not the hoarded wealth of kings,
Nor state, that titled office brings,
Can drive those carking cares aloof,
 Those vultures of the mind,
 That riot unconfin'd,
And flit unscar'd, untam'd, around the vaulted roof.
How happy he, though small his hoard,
Whose plate ancestral decks his board,
Whose tranquil sleep no fears molest,
Nor lawless love deprives of rest!

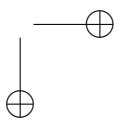
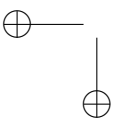
Rash, short-liv'd beings that we are,
Why cast we still our schemes afar?
Why haste, from clime to clime, to range?
Himself, did exile ever change?
No – *care* will climb the brazen poop –
Care still pursues the mounted troop –
Care, that is swifter than young hind,
Or clouds that scud before the wind.

Blest then to-day, seek not to borrow
One anxious moment from the morrow,
But sooth each grief with gentle mirth –
Unmingled bliss dwells not on earth.

Each has his lot. Achilles died,
'Mid all his fame, in manhood's pride,
While old Tithonus pin'd away,
Year after year, in dull decay.
And I, though poor, perhaps may see
Long years, denied to wealth and thee:
Thee, purple rob'd, whose heifers low,
 Whose well-train'd steeds delighted neigh,
 Whose countless flocks securely stray,
Where'er Sicilian waters flow:
While, for my share, (so fate ordains,)
This little farm alone remains –
Enough! since with it, I inherit



Some sparklings of the Grecian spirit;
A mind not always slighted by the muse –
A soul that spurns the mob, and virtue's path pursues.





THOMAS STOTT, 1825

(*The Songs of Deardra*)

The seaman on the raging main,
By tempest tost, with toil opprest,
Sighs through the gloomy night, in vain,
To lay his weary limbs at rest.

When fierce *Bellona* rules the plain,
And deals around unnumber'd woes,
The exhausted warrior longs to gain
The balmy blessing of repose.

Sweet nymph! thy smile no wealth can win,
Nor fraud, nor force thy gifts secure;
From scenes of pomp to fly thou'rt seen,
And shun the great man's guarded door:

While to the peasant's cottage oft,
To cheer his toil and soothe his pain,
With mien so mild, and step so soft,
Thou deign'st to lead thy halcyon train.

The restless, still inclined to roam,
Mock'd by the rainbow of the mind,
Fancy some distant place thy home,
But seek in vain that spot to find.

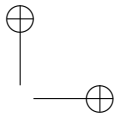
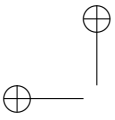
Short is the fleeting course of life
Along this dusky vale of tears;
Then wherefore stretch our cares and strife
Beyond our destin'd length of years?

Let man enjoy what's in his power:
Dark clouds the future still o'ercast:
Perhaps the present passing hour
The Fates have number'd for our last.

If Fortune on my neighbour smile,
But yet refuse to favour me,
Why should it rouse my angry bile –
Why discontented should I be?

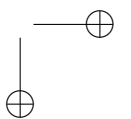
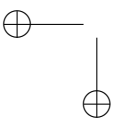
Perhaps the very gift I grudge,
Bestow'd on me, might prove my bane –
So blindly are we apt to judge,
And covet, when we should refrain.

Lamented WOLFE, in manhood's prime,
By sudden death was snatch'd away –
Great MARLBRO' fell, in lengthened time,
Disease's slow, but certain prey.



Deem not, my friend, thy fate unkind,
 That gave a parsonage and farm;
Besides a cultivated mind,
 And muse, thy vacant hours to charm.

Nor should I at my lot repine,
 Though cast among the bustling train,
If now and then the tuneful nine
 To smile upon my leisure deign.





ANONYMOUS, 1825

(*The Monthly Magazine*)

When clouds obscure fair Luna's light,
And stars shine dimly in the night,
The sailor, in the Ægean Seas,
Prays to the Deities for ease.

The Thracian, furious in the fray,
The Median, with his quiver gay,
For ease from Gods on high implores,
Not to be bought by golden stores.

Say, Grosphus, then, – can pompous state
Chase the rude cares that haunt the great?
Can wealth his troubled soul appease,
Or grant him happiness or ease?

But he lives happily, whose breast
Stern Avarice has ne'er opprest;
Who lives content, from envy free,
In peaceful mediocrity.

So short is life, why seek for more?
Who, exil'd from his country's shore,
Himself can fly? – then why from home
To distant territories roam?

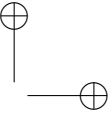
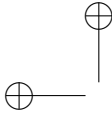
Care climbs the vessel brazen-keel'd
O'ertakes the horseman in the field;
Swifter it flies than swiftest hind,
Or Eurus' cloud-compelling wind.

Blest is the mind that seeks no joys
But what the present hour supplies:
With smiles it bears the ills of life,
Free from Contention's noisy strife.

Swift Death o'ertook Achilles bold,
And Pithon felt that he was old:
The Gods, perhaps, denied to thee,
May grant longevity to me.

Sicilian cows your pastures throng,
To you an hundred flocks belong;
Loud neighs for you the chariot-mare;
And the cerulean vest you Wear.

An humble love for Grecian song;
A soul that scorns the vulgar throng;
A decent, tho' a small estate, –
Are my inevitable fate.



CHARLES WEST THOMSON, 1828

(1798–1879; American Poet and Episcopal Priest)

He who directs his swelling sail
O'er Ægean waves, at night's dim noon,
When storms go forth, and dark clouds veil
 The radiant moon,

When not a star is seen to move
Along the heaven, whose course he knows,
Prays to the reigning Gods above
 For calm repose.

Repose – the dearest, fondest thought
By Mede or Thracian ever told –
Repose – a prize that is not bought
 With rank or gold.

For rank or gold cannot erase
The tumults of the troubled mind –
And care, in gilded halls, a place
 Will always find.

Far better is his humble state,
Who on his frugal table sees
The salt in his paternal plate,
 And finds it please –

Around whose bed wild thoughts of gain
And sordid avarice do not creep,
Whom fear of loss cannot restrain
 From tranquil sleep.

Why do *we* form such great designs,
Whose life is but a little day?
Why wander where the bright sun shines
 With warmer ray?

Who is there, flying from his home,
Can thus escape himself and ill?
Ah! none; – alas! where'er we roam,
 Care follows still.

It rides with us across the sea,
And makes us there its destined prey,
And e'en in martial revelry
 Pursues our way.

Swifter than is the stag that hies
On nimble foot o'er hill and dale –
More rapid than the cloud that flies
 The orient gale.



A placid mind disdains to bring
From future scenes a dark alloy,
But sweetens every bitter thing
 With present joy.

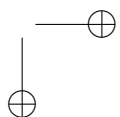
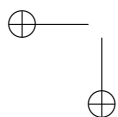
For perfect bliss 'tis vain to seek
Amid the cares and toils of time –
Death sudden blanched Achilles' cheek
 In manhood's prime;

And good Tithonus left to live
Till life was dreg'd and joys were few;
And time perhaps to me may give,
 And hold from you.

A hundred flocks of sheep that feed
Among your hills may now be found,
And cattle of Sicilian breed
 Are lowing round.

Fit for the yoke, the sprightly mare
Utters aloud her joyous cry;
While you the purple mantle wear
 Of deepest dye.

For me, I owe indulgent Fate
A breathing of the soul of song, –
A little farm – and heart to hate
 The vulgar throng.





JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, 1829 (IMITATED)

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

The Sailor on the Baltic tide,
And by the lee shore press'd
When clouds obscure his polar guide
Implores his God, for rest –
For rest the lawyer pens his plea;
For rest the Warrior bends the knee
When Battle calls the bold.
But, trust me, friend, no costly gem;
No! – nor the royal diadem
Can purchase it – nor gold.

Nor purple robes, nor kingly crown
Can sooth the Soul to rest:
Nor Miser's hoard, nor bed of down
Compose the tortur'd breast:
In vain, with agony you strive
Repose from sorrow to derive
From grandeur or from pelf
In vain you reach the foreign strand
An exile from your native land
For who can shun himself.

Behold the frugal Table's crown;
The shining silver can
From Sire to Son descended down
Then dwells the happy man.
Care scales the bark that cleaves the main
She mounts the steed that scours the plain
Outstrips the fleetest deer;
On wings of mighty winds she rides
And o'er the Tempest's rage presides;
The whirlwind's charioteer.

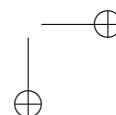
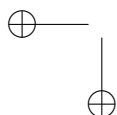
Nor sordid Avarice nor Fear
The humble couch invade:
Enjoy the present moment's cheer
The future is in shade.
Life's bitters temper with a smile;
The threaten'd Woe with Hope beguile
Be happy when you can;
Snatch as it flies, the transient joy;
Remember, bliss without alloy
Is not the lot of Man.

Achilles numbers half his days
But lives in deathless fame;



Tithonus dies by slow decays
 And scarcely leaves a name –
Thy flocks may whiten many a hill
Thy herds a thousand pastures fill
 Thy coursers crowd the stall:
Yet chance my days of life may urge
To rolling Times remotest verge –
 Thine, prematurely fall.

Thy limbs in purple may be clad;
 Thy state with princes vie;
The wealth of India make thee glad,
 And Tower exalt thee high:
The star ascendant at my birth
Gave me this vital spot of earth
 And friendship's voice to prize:
To woo the Muse of Grecian song
And the base malice of the throng
 Ineffably despise.





JOHN OGILVIE, 1831

(1797–1867; Mathematics Teacher and Writer of “Imperial Dictionary”)

When wildly roars the stormy blast,
And night's black shades the sky o'ercast;
When ocean all its billows rears,
And neither moon nor star appears;

Poor sailors then with danger press'd,
For safety sigh and quiet rest,
And while the surge terrific rolls,
The sweets of home crowd on their souls.

The soldier, 'midst the din of arms,
Longs for a state secure from harms,
Where gentle peace around her throws
A calm, a soft, and sweet repose.

O, happy state! where toil nor care
E'er clouds the brow with dark despair;
Where Fortune's smiles *without* are bright,
Within, a radiant heavenly light!

'Tis vain, 'tis vain, beneath the sky
For such a state to spend a sigh;
Not all the gold which kings employ
Can purchase bliss without alloy.

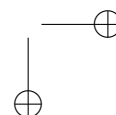
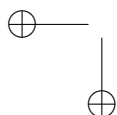
Nor slaves that round a despot wait,
Nor all his treasure, pomp, and state,
Can yield him peace, or Keep aloof
The cares that hover round his roof.

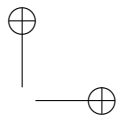
More blest is he of humble lot
Who lives content within a cot;
Though hard his toils, though poor his fare,
More sound he sleeps, he feels less care.

Since human life is but a span,
For distant years why should we plan?
Why should we search beyond the seas
For happier climes – for wealth and ease?

The willing exile from his home,
Through discontent, abroad may roam,
Still his own mind his curse will be –
What exile from himself can flee?

Care, baneful care, in vain we spurn,
She still pursues where'er we turn;
No speed can leave her far behind,
She flies more swiftly than the wind.





Tho' bliss unmixed with care or woe
Exists not in the world below,
Yet some have more, and some have less,
Of true and lasting happiness.

He who enjoys the present hour,
And draws some sweets from every flower;
Who heeds not what to-morrow brings,
Is blest beyond the lot of kings.

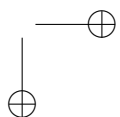
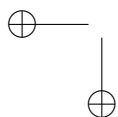
Oft are the great swept from life's stage
In flower and vigour of their age,
While Fate with kind indulgence spares
The humble poor to hoary hairs.

Even you, my Lord, death soon may tear
From wealth and state, and all that's dear,
And Fate may kindly grant to me
Those years she takes away from thee.

I envy not your wide domain,
Your flocks and herds, your liv'ried train,
Your coach-and-four, your packs of hounds,
Your lakes and ponds, your pleasure grounds.

My little farm is all my wealth,
And I am blest with ease and health;
Pleas'd with these gifts, which Fortune gave,
No more I need, no more I crave.

In leisure hours I tune my lyre
To strains which mirth and joy inspire,
Till Fancy raise me on her wings
Above all mean and vulgar things.





ANONYMOUS, 1831

(*New England Magazine*)

The dripping mariner, at dead of night,
 Tossed on the boundless ocean,
When not a star in the broad sky is bright,
For rest – for rest – till break of morning light,
 Lifts his devotion.

For rest the pensioned politician prays,
 And threadbare man of letters;
Merchants and maidens seek it all their days,
Spirits of air and earth, fairies and fays,
 And duns and debtors.

Care, under purple robes of office, we
 Must frequently discover;
No human lot from human wo is free;
A turtle-padded alderman may be
 A slighted lover.

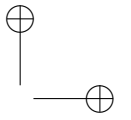
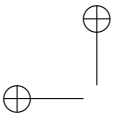
Happy the man, who wears the clothes which clad
 His ancestors before him;
Tariffs and taxes seldom make him sad,
And how thrice blessed his lot who never had
 Tailor to bore him!

Why look for joy beneath a foreign sky,
 With endless toil and trouble?
From his sad heart can the pale exile fly?
The happiness his own home may deny,
 Is a mere bubble.

Care follows swift the starry-bannered ship,
 Over the foaming billow;
Sits side by side with the dyspeptic whip,
And dims the widow's eye and pales her lip,
 And wreathes her willow.

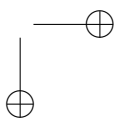
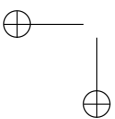
Joy for the present moment! Joy to-day!
 Why look we to the morrow?
Mingle me bitters to drive care away,
Nothing on earth can be forever gay,
 And free from sorrow.

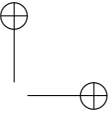
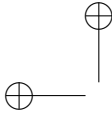
The sullen monarch of the shades we try
 In vain to turn our backs on;
Probably, all the human race will die,
The good, the great, the wise, and you, and I,
 And President Jackson.



Fortune has smiled on you, and lavished all
Her bounties quite at random;
Your factory stock is never known to fall,
And tell me where to find, in field or stall,
A finer tandem.

My purse is very slim, and very few
The clients that I number;
But I am seldom stupid, never blue;
My riches are an honest heart and true,
And quiet slumber!





SAMUEL KETTELL, 1832 (IMITATED)

(1800–55; American Writer)

Oh, man in the moon! can you tell how it comes
That the town is all bustle and riot?
When your miserly hunks with his measureless sums,
And the twopenny trader that picks up his crumbs,
All sigh for contentment and quiet.

“Content,” they ding-dong like the chimes of the clock,
“Content,” cry the brisk and the lazy;
Even babbling urchins these syllables mock,
And Paddy O’Splutter that digs in the dock,
Keeps singing “Oh let us be *asy*.”

’T is a phantom you study in vain to entrap;
It comes not by favor like kissing;
When lost, the town crier can ’t mend your mishap,
Though he ’ll ferret your reverence out, in a snap,
All the children you ever had missing.

No witchcraft can keep the blue-devils at bay;
You may skulk, – but the spectres will find ye.
There ’s an imp at your elbow wherever you stray:
You may saddle your nag, and go dashing away –
There ’s the hypo astraddle behind ye.

In vain will you traverse the globe to repair
A temper that crooked and crank is.
John Randolph, abroad for a change of the air,
Played as crazy a prank to the Muscovite bear
As ever he played to the Yankees.

Perhaps you are sighing a statesman to shine,
An office you think is so rare O;
When mounted as high as you wish, I opine
You’ll have just as much comfort, sweet master of mine,
As the toad that gets under a harrow.

Bravely strutting aloft, on this day ye may be,
On the next, down in dust ye are humble;
Then scour your breast from cupidity free,
And remember, the higher you clamber the tree,
You ’ve the heavier bang when you tumble.

Few and short are the naps of a king; while the clown
All the night in security dozes;
A cushion of state has not much of the down,
And Martin Van Buren I’ll bet you a crown,
Does not loll on a litter of roses.



See the Guelphs of Old England in desperate fear;
See the props of nobility shaken;
John Bull has jounced many a notable peer;
And Wellington, late, with a mob in his rear,
Was lucky in saving his bacon.

See the Dey of Algiers bid his cut-throats adieu,
And lose all his wives and his treasure;
And sad Louis Philippe most dismally rue
The day that King Charles march'd away from St. Cloud
A little too quick for his pleasure.

Great Achilles, at last was tripped up by the heel;
Belisarius begged on his knees; and
Had Cicero smothered his speech-making zeal
Within little Arpinum, the ruffian steel
Would not have been stuck in his weasand.

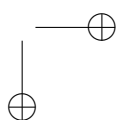
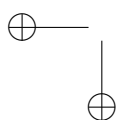
And a much longer yarn I could spin ye – but why
Should I tell about Pompeys and Catos?
Even crackskull Emmons, on hogshead high,
Ducks his pate in a trice, when the rabble let fly
Dead cats and rotten potatoes.

Though fortune may lead you a few lucky jumps,
Yet she's a vile termagant, mark ye;
She visits her great ones with buffets and thumps;
I'll warrant my shoe-black has fits of the dumps,
Because he 's a gentleman darkey.

Then why should I nourish ambition and pride,
Or go mad after glory and riches?
I can plod through the world, be it ever so wide;
Only give me two things – I ask nothing beside –
A light heart and a thin pair of breeches.

Grim Death has clutched Byron away in his prime,
And made great Napoleon knuckle;
I suspect I am only relieved for a time,
Because I can hammer a doggerel rhyme,
And make the citizens chuckle.

Then long may the city and commonwealth thrive,
And though I 'm in debt, I do n't care if
The limbs of the law take this body alive,
I've a snug sky-parlor in Ward No. 5;
So a fig for the Deputy Sheriff.





W. H. CHARLTON, 1834

(Poems)

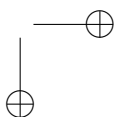
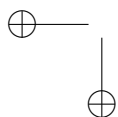
For ease – which neither gold can buy,
Nor gems, nor robes of Tyrian dye;
For envied ease – the quiver'd Mede,
Borne through the plain with lightning's speed;
For ease, beneath his northern skies,
The fierce, unyielding Thracian sighs.

Caught on Ægea's stormy wave,
When furious tempests round him rave,
When shrink the moonbeams from his sight,
And guiding stars withhold their light;
The sailor sickens at the seas,
And supplicates his gods – for ease!

The Lictor's rod, whose threat'ning ire
Bids the ignoble crowd retire,
Removes not human ills, nor scares
The pressing crowd of worldly cares,
Nor keeps the harpy throng aloof
That hover round each gilded roof.

Blest is the man, whose chasten'd mind
Can, in itself, enjoyment find;
And nought, to sweeten life, requires,
Beyond the lot which blest his sires.
Sweet are his slumbers: anxious thought
Of ills to come, molests him not;
Nor cares, which sordid av'rice knows,
Forbid his weary lids to close.

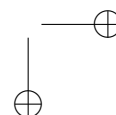
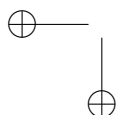
Brief is the term of man! then why
From scene to scene discursive fly,
To other untried regions led,
Where other suns their influence shed?
Can he who flies his native seat,
An exile, from himself retreat?
Alas! where'er he sojourns, care,
With with'ring look, will meet him there;
With him, on eagle wing, shall flee
From clime to clime, from sea to sea
Upon the airy shrouds shall light,
And scare the wand'rer in his flight;
Swift as the nimble-footed deer,
When fierce, relentless foes are near;
Impetuous as the whirlwind's sweep,
When gath'ring tempests shade the deep.





O seek not then afar to roam
In quest of gentle peace; at home
Is found the sweet domestic guest,
An inmate of the tranquil breast.
If good the fates allot, forbear
To darken bliss with boding care;
If ill – the bitter cup beguile
With gentle hope's assuaging smile.

None is completely blest. In bloom
Of youth, Achilles met his doom –
His glory brief: in slow decay,
The lov'd Tithonus pin' away.
Thus may thy soul the joys disdain
Which light on me, an humbler swain.
Round thee, a hundred flocks may feed:
Sicilian heifers fill thy mead;
The steed in costly trappings neigh,
And Afric lend her bright array.
To me, the sparing fates allot,
No joyless home, a rural spot;
A portion of poetic fire
To wake the warbling Grecian lyre;
A mind, of conscious freedom proud,
That spurns the malice of the crowd.

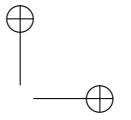
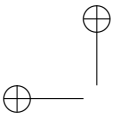




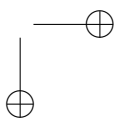
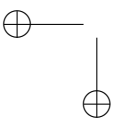
ANONYMOUS, 1835

(*Southern Literary Messenger*)

For ease, to Heaven the seaman prays,
Caught in the wide Ægean seas
 When black clouds wrap the sky,
Nor moon nor well known star to guide
His barque along the treacherous tide,
 Shines to his practised eye.
For ease the Thracian fierce in fight
And Parthian graced with quiver light,
 To Heaven incessant sigh.
Ease, which nor gold, nor gems can buy,
Nor robes of Tyria's costly dye.
 For wealth or power can quell
No wretched tumults of the breast,
Nor cares, aye fluttering without rest,
 Round sculptured domes, dispel.
Well does he live in humble state,
Whose father's salt-stand – his sole plate,
 Shines on his frugal board.
Nor fears to lose disturb his rest,
Nor sordid avarice goads his breast
 To gain a useless hoard.
Why daring aim beyond our span,
Through distant years at many a plan
 When life so brief we find?
Why long 'neath other suns to roam?
What exile from his native home
 Has left himself behind?
Fell care ascends the brazen poop,
Nor yet forsakes the horseman's troop,
 Outstrips the stag and wind.
Pleased with the present – ills beyond,
The man who loves not to despond,
 To trace will wisely shun:
And when they come with tempering smile
The bitter of his cup beguile
 Or sweeten ere 'tis done.
In youth the great Peleides sunk,
With tardy age Tithonus shrunk,
 For nought is wholly blest.
So time perhaps extends for me
The hour he still denies to thee,
 Of choicest gifts possest.
Thee – numerous flocks and herds surround,
Thy neighing coursers paw the ground,



For princely chariot meet.
Rich fleeces steeped in murex bright
Invest thy limbs with purple light
And flow around thy feet.
To me content, veracious heaven
A little farm to till has given
In independence proud,
A gentle breath of Grecian muse
Its airy visions to infuse
And scorn the envious crowd.



FRANCIS WOLFERSTAN, 1840

(*Eight Odes of Horace*)

To be at rest, *he* prays, who, tempest-tost,
Upon the vexed Egean Sea, has lost
All guides: black clouds the moon have crost –
Nor star can he behold.

For peace has Thrace, furious in battle, fought;
For peace the Mede, with splendid quiver, sought:
Grosphus, tranquillity was never bought
By purple, gems, or gold.

The restless tumults, in the mind that dwell,
Nor regal wealth can calm, nor Lictor quell;
From the rich cieling's vault no power dispel
The cares still hovering round.

Blest, who, content with little, loves to place
The bright paternal salt-cellar, to grace
His frugal board. Nor fear, nor avarice chace
His slumbers, sweet and sound.

Why to so much aspire, with years so few?
Why futile plans in other climes pursue?
What Exile but by sad experience knew
None from *himself* can flee!

Go where we will, insidious Care prevails:
She climbs the brass-beaked vessel, as it sails;
With horsemen rides; than stag, than Eurus' gales
Wild rushing, – swifter She!

A chearful mind enjoys the present scene,
Nor would from those to come withdraw the screen;
While woes are softened by her smile serene:
Pure bliss none ever knew.

Renowned Achilles death in youth subdued;
Tithonus lived in long decrepitude;
And time, perhaps, may in my life include
Some years, denied to you.

With numerous flocks, Sicilian heifers fair;
For chariot-harness trained, the neighing mare;
And vests of wool, twice-dyed with murex rare,
The Fates your lot adorn:

Me they allowed my little farm to chuse;
And kindly taught me (while they deigned infuse
An humble portion of the Lyric Muse)
For tasteless critics scorn.



ROBERT NEEDHAM CUST, 1840

(1821–1909; Administrator and Judge in India)

For ease the storm-tost sailor cries,
While roaring winds and lowering skies
 Perplex his varying way,
While Cynthia hides her silver horn,
While mists obscure, by whirlwinds born,
 Orion's golden ray.

For ease the warlike Russ; for ease,
While bounds his shallop o'er the seas,
 The pirate-chieftain calls,
Which neither treasures can provide,
Nor purple garments, nor the pride
 Of England's lordly halls.

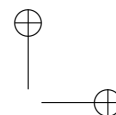
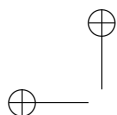
For not the Consul's short-lived reign,
The "fasces" proud, the menial train,
 Can drive stern care away:
Nor can the sceptred monarch find
Those spirits pure, that easy mind,
 That cares but for to-day.

Ah! well is he, whose happy life
Knows neither sorrow, fear, nor strife,
 Whose sleep no cares destroy;
Whose board no glittering splendours grace,
But the sweet smile, the happy face,
 His sole, his purest joy.

Ah! why does fickle-hearted man
Attempt so much in life's short span?
 Why fly his country's shore?
What wretch expelled his native land,
Has found that peace on foreign strand,
 Which here he found no more?

Lo! winged with more than lightning's speed
Care climbs the bark, Care mounts the steed,
 A sure tenacious foe:
Faster than o'er his native hill
Bounds the fleet stag, and faster still
 Than southern whirlwinds blow.

He, whom no anxious thought annoys,
Grateful the present hour enjoys
 With calm, unruffled mind:
Blunt sorrow's dart with ready jest,
For naught is here so surely blest
 As ne'er repulse to find.



To some long life's protracted state;
To some, alas! the hand of Fate
 Decrees an early grave!
Perchance to me th' Eternal Powers
May grant some sweeter, happier hours,
 Than those to you they gave:

The bounteous hand of God to you
Has made the doubtful balance true;
 And midst of worldly strife,
With equal share of harmless joys,
Which grief ne'er wears, nor care alloys,
 Ordains thy quiet life:

To me the same kind hand bestows
Those joys, which boyhood only knows,
 Life's stream to glide along;
To mock at care's resistless power,
And oft to soothe the lonely hour
 With such inglorious song.





M. T. D., 1841 (IMITATED)

(The Knickerbocker)

Rest of the gods does he implore,
Who, on the Ægean, far from shore,
 Is tossed, when tempests veil the moon:
When stars, that pilot o'er his way
The mariner, afford no ray
 To cheer the darkness in its noon.

For rest the warlike Thracian pleads,
For rest the quiver-bearing Medes,
 My Grosphus, rest, which none can buy,
Not with the diamond's sparkling light,
Nor sands of Tagus shining bright,
 Nor robes that drink the purple dye.

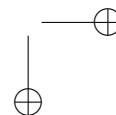
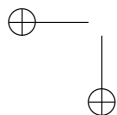
The glittering dust which men demand
And haughty consul's fascial band
 Secure no quietude of mind;
Cares hover round the palace gate,
The vaulted ceilings of the great,
 And in a bitter bondage bind.

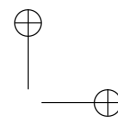
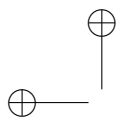
What cheerful days does he prepare,
Who takes his father's humble fare;
 How sweet his slumbers in the shade!
No sordid, avaricious schemes
Disturb him in his lightsome dreams,
 Or pierce his soul with Envy's blade.

Ah! why do we, whose hours are few,
Ten thousand futile plans pursue?
 Why seek for peace in foreign lands?
What voluntary exile may,
As he forsakes his country, say
 That he from self dissolves the bands?

The brass-beaked ships corroding Care
Ascends; her pallid form is there;
 Where'er the horseman spurs his steed,
Swifter than stag she flies along,
Swifter than Eurus with his throng,
 The gloomy tempest-gathered seed.

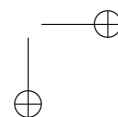
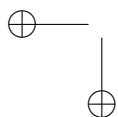
Pleased with the present, let the soul
Refuse to wander o'er the scroll
 Where Fate the future may portray;
In sorrow seek a just relief;
With gentle laughter temper grief,
 Nor look thou for a cloudless day.





The noble son of Peleus died
While cours'd his blood in youthful pride;
 Tithonus mourn'd Aurora's plea:
And thou perchance mayst vainly lift
Thy prayer to Fortune for the gift
 The fickle goddess grants to me.

Thy hundred herds their lowing raise,
And in thy meads the race-horse neighs –
 Thy robes with Tyrian purple shine;
A narrow farm and lyric flow
Did Destiny on me bestow,
 A spurner of the crowd malign.



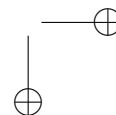
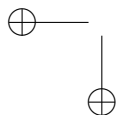


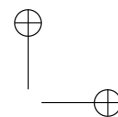
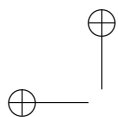
JAMES USHER, 1842

(Buonaparteé, The Royal Exchange, Odes of Horace)

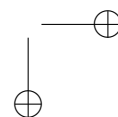
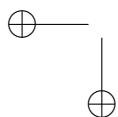
Those, Grosphus, without star to guide
Caught in th' Ægean, raging wide,
When midnight tempests shrowd the sky,
“Ease, ease,” beseech the powers on high,
For ease, the warlike sons of Thrace,
For ease, the rapid Parthian prays;
With quiver hung in graceful port,
With arrows for defence or sport,
For ease, which never can be sold,
For costliest purple, silver, gold.

No royal purple can remove,
Nor consul's lictor stern, reprove,
The tumults which the bosom try,
Cares which o'er splendid ceilings fly.
That man's upon a little bless'd
Of household saltcellar possess'd,
Who smiles upon his frugal board
With nature's wholesome comforts stor'd,
Who never anxious vigils keeps,
And free from dreams of grandeur sleeps.
Why should we, creatures of a day,
Upon ourselves hard burthens lay?
Why from our own to climates run
Made fruitful by another sun?
Who that an exile had become,
E'er left his consciousness at home?
Consuming care the deck ascends,
The troop of cavalry attends,
And, nimbler than the fleetest hind,
Outstrips the swiftness of the wind.
The heart with its own lot content,
With no vain schemes will self torment,
Life's bitternesses can beguile,
Can soothe with an ingenuous smile.
Nought earthly is entirely bless'd,
Death premature Achilles press'd,
Tithonus with his hoary crown,
Was by protracted age worn down.
Time shall perhaps to me extend
What it may not your lot commend;
A hundred flocks enrich your ground,
Sicilian heifers low around,
For you, the mare in harness neighs,
Wool African twice dipt arrays.





On me bestows unerring fate
A little competent estate,
A genius for the Grecian Queen,
A just contempt for vulgar speen.



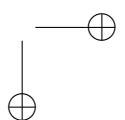
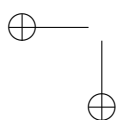


JOHN SCRIVEN, 1843

(*The Odes of Horace*)

He supplicates the gods for ease,
Toss'd on the wide Ægean seas,
When blacken'd clouds the moonlight veil,
And stars, that guide our sailors, fail;
Ease supplicates the warlike Thrace:
Ease, the far Mede, whom quivers grace
Ease, Grosphus, scorning to be sold
For gems, for purple, or for gold.
Nor wealth, nor consul's robes, control
The tumults of the wretched soul;
Those cares, which – ever-anxious – fly
Around the vaulted canopy.

How frugally, – how well he fares,
Whose board his father's salt-dish bears;
Whose gentle slumbers have not fled
Through sordid avarice or dread!
Wherefore, when life so soon is o'er,
Attempt so much? – why the far shore,
By other suns illumin'd, try?
What exile from himself can fly?
Care mounts the vessel's brazen sides,
Care amid troops of horsemen rides;
Swift as the stag's retreating form,
Or Eurus – hurrying on the storm.
The mind, content with present state,
Courts not a glimpse at future fate;
Life's bitters are by smiles suppress'd,
Since nothing is completely blest.
Death tam'd Achilles' youthful rage –
Decrepid Tithon bent with age –
And time, perchance, to me supplies
The blessings it to thee denies.
A hundred flocks adorn thy ground,
Sicilian heifers low around;
Thy neighing mare in chariot flies;
Thy vesture gleams with Afric's dyes;
While upon me unerring Fate
Has but bestow'd a small estate,
A spirit slight of Grecian song,
Which spurns the base malignant throng.





ANONYMOUS, 1843

(*The Alexandria Gazette*)

O! Grosphus, when black storms arise,
 He who amid the seas,
Nor Moon, nor Star appears, to cheer
The Sailor's heart – his course to steer –
 Prays to the Gods, for Ease.

The warlike Thrace – the quivered Mede –
 For Ease – for Ease, still pray:
Nor Gems – nor Purple – nor Gold's charms,
Nor Royal robes – the Consul's arms,
 Can cank'ring cares, away.

How happy He, who calm can view
 His Father's frugal fare!
Nor envies wealth – nor pines for power,
Frail, fleeting baubles of an hour!
 Sweet sleep, he still shall share.

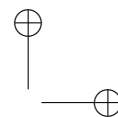
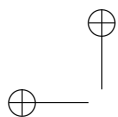
Poor passing puppets of a day!
 How high we reach – how vain we try!
To other Lands, to other Suns,
The Exile from his country runs,
 But who from Self can fly?

Consuming care, the galley boards,
 Over-takes the plumed Knight –
For swifter than the agile kind,
For swifter than the stormy wind,
 None, can escape its flight.

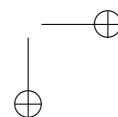
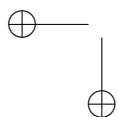
*The wise, the noble mind, will still
 The present hour beguile;
And for the future, scorn to care,
But, when its dangers come, will dare,
 With calm and serene smile.*

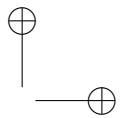
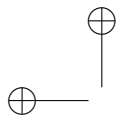
There's nought on Earth, completely blest.
 The Hero, early dies;
While fate protracts the idler's end.
Time, may perhaps to me extend,
 What it to you denies.

Around you bleat your hundred flocks,
 Your high-bred heifers bow –
Your shining coursers paw and neigh
To bear your glitt'ring cars away,
 Your purple garments glow.



Unerring fate, has kindly given
To me, my little Farm –
Some genius for the Grecian muse,
And scorn for malice vulgar views,
Will passing cares disarm.





JOHN PEAT, 1845

(“St. Peter’s College, Cambridge”)

He who is toss’d on dangerous seas,
Prays, Grosphus, to the gods for ease,
Whilst ’midst the storm no moon he sees,
Nor friendly star:

For ease the warlike Thracian longs,
For ease the Mede his warlike songs
Would change, – but wealth soothes not the wrongs
Which spring from war.

For neither gold, nor consul’s train
Can cheer the mind when pangs remain;
Nor drive the cares which ever reign
O’er splendid roof.

Happy that moderate man, whose board
Is with paternal heir-looms stored: –
No fear, lest he should lose his hoard,
Keeps sleep aloof.

Why to each climate should we race
Who flourish but a little space?
Can exiles, who avoid all trace,
Flee from themselves?

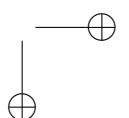
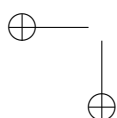
Gaunt care can climb the stoutest ship,
The fleetest horseman can outstrip,
Or winds, which cause poor barks to slip
On sandy shelves.

Minds that in present bounty share,
Vex not themselves with future care;
Serene they dwell, since woes impair
All earthly joy.

Soon did grim death Achilles find;
Tithonus lived – against his mind!
Time may, perchance, to me though kind,
To thee prove coy.

Around thee graze fat sheep and kine,
A stately equipage is thine,
In costly dress thou lov’st to shine,
Of purple dye.

For me, a small estate I use,
I cultivate the Grecian Muse;
These gifts of fate I ne’er abuse,
Though poor, yet high.





HENRY GEORGE ROBINSON, 1846

(*The Odes of Horace*)

For ease he begs the Gods, for ease,
Who's caught in wide Ægeum's seas,
Whene'er dark clouds the moon-beams hide,
And no sure stars the sailors guide.

For ease the warlike Thracian pleads;
For ease the graceful-quiver'd Medes;
For ease, my Grosphus, bought or sold
By neither purple, gems, or gold.

For riches neither can control
The wretched tumults of the soul,
Nor Consul's Lictor keep aloof
The cares that haunt a vaulted roof.

He on whose frugal board shines bright
The salt-cellar, his sire's delight,
Lives well on little – avarice mean,
Nor fear, disturb his rest serene.

Why aim we, short-lived in our prime,
At many things? Why change our clime
For sunnier lands? What exil'd one,
By shunning home, himself can shun?

Mounts brass-beak'd galleys gnawing care,
And dogs the horseman every where:
Swifter than stags, and e'en more swift
Than Eurus with its tempest drift.

The mind, contented with the now,
Will not a thought beyond allow:
But with a smile life's bitters cheer,
Since nought is blest completely here.

Death prematurely snatch'd away
The bright Achilles; slow decay
Tithonus wore; and Time to me
May grant, what it denies to thee.

A hundred bleating flocks are thine;
Around thee low Sicilian kine:
Loud neighs for thee the car-train'd mare,
And wool with Afric's dye you wear

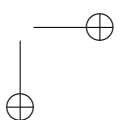
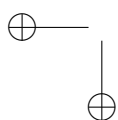
Twice-dipp'd. To me unerring Fate
Has given a rural small estate,
A trifling vein of Grecian song,
And scorn for the malignant throng.



G. J. WHYTE MELVILLE, 1850

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

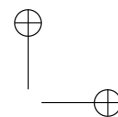
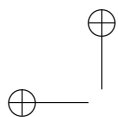
On wild Ægean waters, tempest-tossed,
Rest is the suppliant's prayer; the only boon
He asks the Gods when guiding-stars are lost,
 And veiled the moon.
Goaded by war, for rest the Thracians cry;
Rest is the hope the quivered Parthians hold,
Grosphus, that rest which purple cannot buy,
 Nor gems, nor gold.
No lictor's hand the tumults of the mind
Can quell, no treasured wealth can keep aloof
The cares that round a gilded ceiling wind
 And lacquered roof.
Right-well he lives, whose frugal board appears
Decked only with the salt-dish of his sire;
Lightly he sleeps, for wealth he knows no fears
 And no desire.
What do we aim at? Creatures of a day,
Why rush to bask beneath another sky?
What restless exile, tho' through earth he stray,
 From self can fly?
Since gnawing Care the brazen bark can scale,
Nor troops of horse leave gnawing Care behind,
Swift as the deer, swift as the clouds that sail
 Before the wind.
Gladdened with present joy, the mind should scorn
All that's beyond. Each bitter thought repressed
With a calm smile, since nought on earth that's born
 Is wholly blessed.
An early death cut short Achilles' fame;
An endless life wore gaunt Tithonus down;
One hour may blast thy hopes – perchance the same
 My wish may crown.
Thine are a hundred flocks; around thee low
Sicilian herds; for thee the managed mare
Neighs in the car; twice dipped, thy garments show
 The purple rare
Of Afric's dye. To me the homely prize
Of my small farm hath equal fate allowed,
To woo the Grecian Muse and to despise
 The envious crowd.



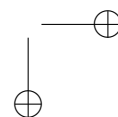
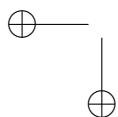
WILLIAM SEWELL, 1850

(1804–74; Divine, Tutor, and Writer)

Ease doth the wight of heaven implore,
 Surprised in the Ægean wide,
Soon as the murky cloud has whelm'd
 The moon, nor stars of faith to guide,
 On mariners gleam cold.
For ease doth Thracia madding wild
 In war, for ease the Medians pray,
With quiver graced, a treasure not
 With gems nor crimson bought to be,
 My Grosphus, nor with gold.
For it is not the treasured hoards,
 Nor consul's lictor that aloof
Bids stand the spirit's tumults sad,
 And cares which round the fretted roof
 Are ever winging light.
Well is life spent by him on little,
 For whom, on table furnish'd plain,
Glitters the salt, his sire's heirloom,
 Nor doth alarm, or avarice mean
 Snatch off his slumbers light.
Why aim we, heroes of a day,
 At many a mark? Why land for land
Scorch'd by a stranger sun exchange?
 What exile from his father's strand
 Himself did also flee?
She climbs – that festering care – our ships
 Brass-beak'd, nor quits her seat behind
The squadrons of our chivalry,
 Swifter than harts, and Eastern wind
 Chasing the clouds away.
Cheer'd for the passing hour, thy soul
 May loathe to cast an anxious thought
On all beyond, and bitter draughts
 May soothe with smile elastic. Nought
 Is bless'd on every side.
Achilles in his bright career
 A hurried death did snatch away;
Tithon a lingering eld decay'd,
 And Time perchance will proffer me
 What thee it hath denied.
Round thee a hundred flocks are lowing,
 And Sicel kine; for thee the mare
Match'd for thy four-yoked car doth toss
 Her snorting high; thee fleeces [rare]



Twice dipp'd in Afric grain
Of crimson, mantle; me, a Fate
Who ne'er did lie, gave petty fields,
And inspiration slight, from muse
Of Grecia, and the mob of eye
Malicious to disdain.



WILLIAM GEORGE THOMAS BARTER, 1850

(*Poems: Original and Translated, Including the First Iliad of Homer*)

Ease asketh he the gods a boon,
That's in the open Ægæan caught
When pitchy cloud hath hid the moon,
Nor yet the stars are shining out
 To mariners known.

Ease too in war Thrace furious hot,
Ease the Medians with their quiver
Graceful, yea Grosphus, ease that not
With jewels nor purple ever,
 Nor with gold is bought.

Not wealth, nor consul's lictor may
The mind's miserable tumults sad
Drive off, nor yet the cares that aye
Roofs with carved ceilings, rich inlaid,
 Around hov'ring fly.

Liveth well on a little he,
On whose frugal board glitt'reth bright
His sire's dish hereditary;
Nor fear deprives of slumbers light,
 Nor base cupidity.

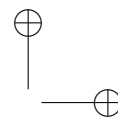
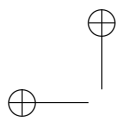
Strong for little space, why aim we
At many things? To lands that glow
With other sun why changing be?
An exile from his country, who
 Doth himself too flee?

Climbs the brass-beak'd ships carking care,
Nor th' horseman's troops leave her behind
That's swifter than hinds, swifter far
Than the careering eastern wind,
 Driving storms through air.

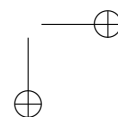
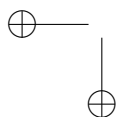
Happy for the time present, may
The mind all care for what's beyond
Detest, and with soft laughter gay
'Suage bitter things. Nought is there found
 Happy ev'ry way.

Snatch did death premature away
The illustrious Achilles;
Long age did Tithonus decay;
And me perchance, what thee denies,
 The hour offer may.

Round thee a hundred flocks there are,
And lowing cows of Sicily;
For thee the chariot suited mare
Doth lift her neighing voice on high;



Thou dost garments wear
Wool, twice the Afric Murex dyes:
Me a small farm and Grecian song,
Some scantling breathing, not denies
Truthful fate, and th' envious throng
Gives me to despise.





FRANCIS WILLIAM NEWMAN, 1853

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

Entrapp'd amid the wide Ægean,
When gloomy clouds the moon have hidden
And stars uncertain shine, the Sailor
 Asks rést of Heaven:
For rést prays Thrace in battle frantic,
For rést the Medes with quiver comely;
Rést, Grosphus! which nor gems nor crimson
 Nor gold may purchase.
For oh! the heart's uneasy tumults
And cares that flit round carvéd ceilings,
Not treasures nor the consul's lictor
 Avails to scatter.
Small fare is welfare, when the table
Shines neat with patrimonial salt-dish,
Nor fear or sordid computation
 Forbids light slumbers.
Why in brief age so earnest aim we
At many a mark? why home abandon,
Lands of new sun to seek? what exile
 Escapes self-presence?
Vile Care climbs úp the brazen trireme,
Nor drops in rear of squadron's gallop;
Swift She as stags, and swift as Eurus
 Who drives the stormclouds.
Then let the heart in present gladness
Hate cares beyond, and soften bitters
With gentle smile. For nought is ever
 On áll sides happy.
Death early snatch'd the bright Achilles,
But lingering Age Tithónus wasted:
Favours to *thée* denied, the Moment
 On *mé* may lavish.
Round *thée* Sicilian cattle bellow,
And countless flocks; to *thée* neigh coursers
For chariots fit: thee wool twice-tinted
 From Afric shellfish
Invests. To *mé* has Fate unfailing
Giv'n narrow fields, and fine-set genius
Of Grecian Muse, and heart despising
 The spiteful vulgar.



JOHN NICHOL, 1854

(1833-94)

The weary sailor seeks repose,
 When tempest-tost, on stormy seas;
Scarcely the moon the clouds disclose,
 The stars shine dimly, through the breeze.

Repose – the Thracian warrior bold,
 Repose – the quiver'd Medes, demand;
But not for purple, gems, nor gold,
 Can rest be won, in any land.

For neither treasures, nor the art
 Of consul's lictor can dispel,
The wretched tumults of the heart,
 And cares that in the palace dwell.

Happy he lives, on humble fare,
 Whose board supports his father's plate;
Whose slumbers neither fear can scare,
 Nor sordid avarice dissipate.

Why do we seek, in our short time,
 So many things? why leave our strand,
To live beneath a warmer clime?
 Who flies from self with native land?

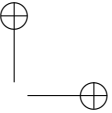
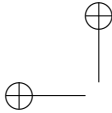
Care climbs the brazen beaks of ships,
 Nor does it pass the horseman o'er;
Far fleetier than the roebuck trips,
 Or east-wind, blowing clouds before.

Give me the man who's joyous, while
 'Tis fair, and, heedless of the rest,
Tempers misfortune with a smile;
 No mortal is in all ways blest.

Swift death cut off Achilles keen,
 Old age impaired Tithonus' hue;
Fortune may give to me, I ween,
 What she has yet denied to you.

For thee race-horses loudly neigh,
 You wear soft robes of richest dye;
Thine are a hundred flocks, that stray
 On the Sicilian mountains high.

The truthful Fate to me has given
 A little farm, – the power of song, –
Which the Greek Muse derives from heaven, –
 And to despise the spiteful throng.



JOHN EAGLES, 1857 (IMITATED)

(1783–1855; Artist and Writer)

Ease asks the Sailor in the wide Atlantic,
Whilst o'er his head the storm is raving frantic,
Hiding the moon and skies from the romantic
Star gazing lover.

Ease asks the Ranter in religious panic;
Ease asks the Miser tho' in fur Aldermanic;
Not to be bought with gold or puritanic
Prate and grimaces.

Gew-gaws nor sword can take away the twinges
From the Mayor's mind, nor can he catch with springes
Cares that like Imps are sporting round the fringes
Of his fine chariot.

CUMBERLAND tells you little is enough for
Him, that can dine on a chop and garden stuff, or
Sleeps without care; nor does he care a puff for
Sordid ambition.

Short is the life at best we are careering –
Why to the east and west should we be steering?
Can our Friend Even tho' a gondoliering
Fly from the Vicar.

Care scales the ship, gets pack'd in his portmanteau,
Though like Don Juan, in Byron's wicked canto,
At haste he ride from Calais to Otranto,
Or by Veturino.

Light be your heart, and smile if aught amiss is,
Leaving to-morrow to its own caprices,
Midst ills serene; for such a life as this is
Sure to be chequer'd.

Age and disease have made an end of BENGGO,
Alderman SENEX is going where all men go,
I may live to wear, tho' you may long ere then go,
Laurel and pension.

You live at Redland; you may take your round, Sir,
Ambling on your Cob about your velvet ground, Sir;
You at a moment may command a Hundred Pounds, Sir,
Me, FELIX FARLEY.

Small tho' my rents, the Muse not unbenignant
Blesses with Rhyme, and with a soul indignant
Far above the proud, to lash the base malignant
Arrogant vulgar.



J. T. BLACK, 1857

(Select Odes of Horace)

Peace, heav'nly boon! the trembling wand'rer craves,
By storms o'ertaken in the Ægean waves;
When gath'ring clouds the waning moon obscure,
And guiding stars no more his course secure.

Peace, barbarous Thrace invokes midst endless fight,
Peace, the dull Mede adorned with quiver light!
Which gold, nor gems, nor purple's gorgeous dye
Can purchase, noble Grosphus! nor deny.

Nor consul's pride of power, nor princely wealth,
Can ease the tortured mind, or give it health;
Nor from the palace halls and vaulted roof,
Sharp cares tumultuous thronging, stand aloof.

Happy the man whose slender board displays
The salt's bright cask, his sire's in bygone days;
Nor fear, nor avarice' ever restless throes,
Invade his couch, or break his light repose.

Of short-enduring strength, why then pursue
Too vast attempt? why seek the varied hue
Of foreign skies? – self-exiled though we roam,
Who flies himself though country's fled and home?

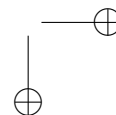
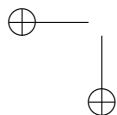
Distempered care climbs ships begirt with brass,
And ling'ring haunts the squadron's glitt'ring mass;
More swift than stags, and swifter than the wind,
That sweeps the sky, nor leaves a cloud behind.

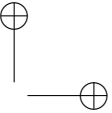
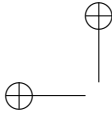
The mind enjoying present good, unscanned
Leaves future ill; and, mingling laughter bland
Attempts grief – nor aught's entirely blest –
Some part defective and some flaw confest.

Untimely death checked great Achilles' course,
Long dwindling age consumed old Tithon's force;
And time indulgent, may to me extend
The span, perchance not granted to my friend.

Rich flocks unnumbered, and Sicilian kine
Around thee low: – the fleet-trained courser thine
His welcome neighing, – fleeces steeped anew
Clothe thee in robes of Afric's rarest hue.

Fate not belying early mystery's lot,
To me propitious, gave this little spot,
A vein of Greece' enraptured muse inspired,
And 'gainst the ignoble crowd my bosom fired.





HENRY THOMAS LIDDELL, LORD RAVENSWORTH, 1858

(1797–1878; Statesman and Poet)

Tost on the wide Ægean seas,
The sailor prays to Heaven for ease;
When the moon hides her waning light,
And stars are lost in thickest night.

The quivered Medes and warlike Thrace,
Fatigued with tumult, sigh for peace;
That peace, oh, Grosphus! still unsold
For purple raiment, gems, or gold.

Since neither wealth nor regal state
The ills of care can mitigate,
Nor bribe to ease those mental stings
That haunt the palaces of kings.

Happy the man whose frugal board
Displays his grandsire's silver hoard;
Whose peaceful dreams and couch of rest,
Nor avarice nor fear molest.

Why do presumptuous mortals rear
Vast schemes in their brief sojourn here?
Why roam beneath a foreign sky?
What exile from himself can fly?

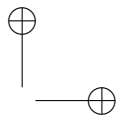
Care follows the fleet galley's course,
Nor leaves the glittering troops of horse,
Swifter than stags or tempests driven
By Eurus o'er the rolling heaven.

No fears of future pain annoy
The man intent on present joy;
Who smiles by petty griefs distrest,
For nought is altogether blest.

Death early closed Achilles' day,
Tithonus pined in long decay;
Perchance the passing hour to me
May proffer joys denied to thee.

An hundred fleecy flocks are thine,
And pastures of Sicilian kine;
By pampered steeds thy car is roll'd,
And purple robes thy limbs enfold.

To me not less indulgent Fate
Hath given my father's small estate,
Some spirit of the Grecian song,
And scorn for the malignant throng.



JOHN ROBERTSON, 1859

(1834-95)

Amid the waste Ægean calls
 On heaven for rest the affrighted crew,
When o'er the moon a curtain falls,
 And dims the starlight to their view.

For rest, the raging Thracian bold;
 For rest, the quiver-suited Mede;
They will not buy it, friend, for gold,
 Nor purple dye, nor glittering bead.

For neither wealth of purse, nor crowd
 Of consuls' lictors keep aloof
The mob of thoughts complaining loud,
 The cares that flap the fretted roof.

He leads the happy life, yet spares,
 Whose father's salt-cellar is bright
On frugal board, nor sordid cares
 Nor fears disturb his slumbers light.

Why often shoot? why restless climb?
 For brief enjoyment greatly dare?
Why bootless run from clime to clime?
 Thy home is left, thyself is there.

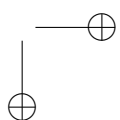
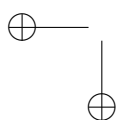
She mounts the galley's prow brass-bright,
 The squadrons leave her not behind,
Corroding care! a stag in flight,
 Or like the cloud-compelling wind.

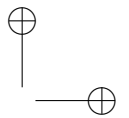
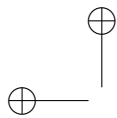
Is thy mind light in present hour?
 Bless thee from thoughts of what's to fall;
Sweeten with stolid smile the sour,
 No bliss is perfect all-in-all.

To great Achilles death came soon,
 While slow age wore Tithonus out;
And Time to thee will hold the boon,
 Perchance, which I must go without.

Thou seest a hundred oxen feed,
 Around thee low Sicilian kine;
Thou hearest the neigh of chariot steed,
 The twice-dyed woollen robe is thine.

To me, too, fate has been sincere, —
 She gave me lands, of small extent,
A trifling Grecian voice and ear,
 A mob-detesting temperament.





SIR THEODORE MARTIN, 1860

(1816–1909; Biographer of the Prince Consort)

For ease he doth the gods implore,
 Who, tossing on the wide
 Ægean billows, sees the black clouds hide
The moon, and the sure stars appear no more,
 The shipman's course to guide.

For ease the sons of Thracia cry,
 In battle uncontroll'd,
 For ease the graceful-quiver'd Median bold,
That ease which purple, Grosphus, cannot buy,
 Nor wealth of gems or gold.

For hoarded treasure cannot keep
 Disquietudes at bay,
 Nor can the consul's lictor drive away
The brood of dark solitudes, that sweep
 Round gilded ceilings gay.

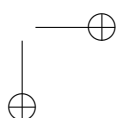
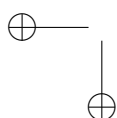
He lives on little, and is blest,
 On whose plain board the bright
 Salt-cellar shines, which was his sire's delight,
Nor terrors, nor cupidity's unrest
 Disturb his slumbers light.

Why should we still project and plan,
 We creatures of an hour?
 Why fly from clime to clime, new regions scour?
Where is the exile, who, since time began,
 To fly from self had power?

Fell Care climbs brazen galley's sides;
 Nor troops of horse can fly
 Her foot, which than the stag's is swifter, ay,
Swifter than Eurus, when he madly rides
 The clouds along the sky.

Careless what lies beyond to know,
 And turning to the best
 The present, meet life's bitters with a jest,
And smile them down; since nothing here below
 Is altogether blest.

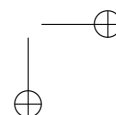
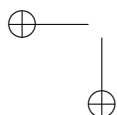
In manhood's prime Achilles died,
 Tithonus by the slow
 Decay of age was wasted to a show,
And Time may what it hath to thee denied
 On me, perchance, bestow.





Round thee low countless herds and kine
Of Sicily; the mare
Apt for the chariot paws for thee the air,
And Afric's costliest dyes incarnadine
The wools which thou dost wear.

To me a farm of modest size,
And slender vein of song,
Such as in Greece flow'd vigorous and strong,
Kind fate hath given, and spirit to despise
The base malignant throng.





EDWARD NEWMAN, 1861

(1801–76)

Quiet he prays for, on the vast Ægean,
When by black storm clouds the fair moon is hidden,
And the bright stars, those certain guides to seamen,
Cease from their shining.

Quiet, the Thracian, furious in warfare:
Quiet, the Mede, so graceful with his quiver:
Grosphus! with jewels, purple, nor with riches
Can it be paid for.

For neither treasures nor the Consul's lictor
Remove the spirit's miserable tumult,
Nor yet the troubles that so often flutter
Round gilded ceilings.

He may live well with little, whose paternal
Saltcellar shines upon his slender table;
Terror nor filthy avarice can mar his
Peaceable slumbers.

Why, so shortlived then, plan we many projects?
Why do we seek for regions that are heated
By other sunshine? Who, his country's exile,
Self, too, can fly from?

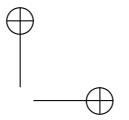
Care, inauspicious, climbs the brassclad vessel:
Never abandons multitudes of horsemen:
Swifter than stags are, and impelling rain clouds,
Swifter than Eurus.

Spirits, at present joyful, for the future
Hate to be thoughtful; and the bitter sweeten,
Mirthful with smiling: nothing is on all sides
Doomed to be happy.

Sudden the death of valiant Achilles:
Lingering old age wore away Tithonus:
And to me the hour, that to thee's forbidden,
Perhaps may be lengthened.

Hundreds of cattle, and of cows Sicilian,
Low all around thee; mares, too, raise their neighings,
Yoked to thy chariot; and in Afric's murex
Doubly empurpled

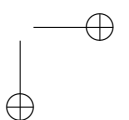
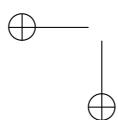
Mantles enfold them; me, a little cottage,
And a slender spirit of the Grecian muses
Fate, not deceitful, gave, and the malignant
Vulgar to pity.



ANONYMOUS, 1861

(Translations from the Classics)

Toss'd on the broad Ægean sea,
While moon and stars emit no ray
To guide the sailor on his way,
 He prays for rest.
For rest, prays also warlike Thrace;
For rest the Mede, that rest and peace
Which neither gold nor jewels place
 Within our reach.
For neither wealth nor lordly state
Can e'er the mental cares abate,
Which, e'en in mansions of the great,
 Are hovering 'round.
He lives on little, yet is blest,
Whose frugal board is plainly drest,
He loses not, from fear, his rest,
 Nor sordid lust.
Does it man's short career become,
In lands, 'neath other suns, to roam?
Can he expect, by leaving home,
 T'escape himself?
In brass-beak'd ships, care still we find,
Swift as the cloud-dispelling wind,
Swifter than stags, it mounts behind
 The horseman's seat.
A cheerful mind will never fret,
At what the future may beget;
For mortal man was never yet
 Completely blest.
Achilles, young, was doomed to die,
Long life was Tithon's destiny;
Thus, what the Fates, to thee deny,
 May hap to me.
Great herds are in thy fields contained,
Of cows, and mares to harness trained;
And garments, twice in purple stained,
 Thou dost possess:
To *me* some acres, few, belong,
A little love of Grecian song,
And for the rude and vulgar throng,
 Profound contempt.





G. CHICHESTER OXENDEN, 1862 (IMITATED)

(*Railway Horace*)

“Ease and a pipe,” by billows frantic
The sailor tossed, in mid Atlantic,
Asks of the Gods, when not a star
Lights up the elemental war,
And, in the vista dim, he sees
One hope alone, his “pipe and ease.”

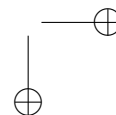
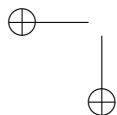
“Ease, and a country-house at Highgate
(The Cockney cries) if ever I get!”
And, in imaginary state, hoes
Ideal peas, and spectral ’tatoes.
But neither villa snug, nor rents,
Nor barometric three per cents,
Nor frescoes bright, nor sculpture fair,
Soothe thy dull brow, O pallid Care.

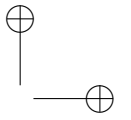
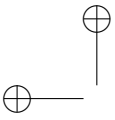
Blest is the Sage, whose slumbers light
No railways vex, no lawsuits bite;
Who, in some snug recess, has got
His own ancestral coffee-pot,
Nor covets more.

Why seek to play
Ten trivial parts in life’s poor day,
“Why rush from Bosphorus to Po?”
What exile, in his hour of woe,
To his own heart can say, at will,
“Steady, old boy, down charge, be still?”

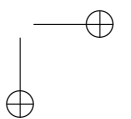
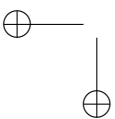
Care climbs the lofty Turrets’ side,
Care, swifter than the Solway tide,
Cleaves to the steamer’s iron prow,
Clings to the mail-clad warrior’s brow,
And asks a king, “Whose dog art thou?”
And the king’s dog replies, “Bow-wow.”
*But you, do you, my spirit free,
Spurn the false world; and when you see
The fierce base contests of the crowd,
Curl the cold lip, and smile aloud
At the small meanness of the proud.*

Philip’s mad son, in mid career,
Exhausted worlds, and died of – beer!
And e’en to me one hour may bring
The hope of years, or sorrow’s sting.





Old friend, around thy Highland home
Red deer, and Roe, superbly roam,
Black-game and grouse adorn thy larder;
To me, a lot no worse nor harder,
Fate and the Muse have given, to pen
These my poor dreams, and sneer at Men.





JOHN CONINGTON, 1863

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

For ease, in wide Aegean caught,
The sailor prays, when clouds are hiding
The moon, nor shines of starlight aught
For seaman's guiding:

For ease the Mede, with quiver gay:
For ease rude Thrace, in battle cruel:
Can purple buy it, Grosphus? Nay,
Nor gold, nor jewel.

No pomp, no lictor clears the way
'Mid rabble-routs of troublous feelings,
Nor quells the cares that sport and play
Round gilded ceilings.

More happy he whose modest board
His father's well-worn silver brightens;
No fear, nor lust for sordid hoard,
His light sleep frightens.

Why bend our bows of little span?
Why change our homes for regions under
Another sun? What exiled man
From self can sunder?

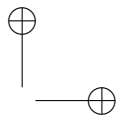
Care climbs the bark, and trims the sail,
Curst fiend! nor troops of horse can 'scape her,
More swift than stag, more swift than gale
That drives the vapour.

Blest in the present, look not forth
On ills beyond, but soothe each bitter
With slow, calm smile. No suns on earth
Unclouded glitter.

Achilles' light was quench'd at noon;
A long decay Tithonus minish'd;
My hours, it may be, yet will run
When yours are finish'd.

For you Sicilian heifers low,
Bleat countless flocks; for you are neighing
Proud coursers; Afric purples glow
For your arraying

With double dyes; a small domain,
The soul that breathed in Grecian harping,
My portion these; and high disdain
Of ribald carping.



ANONYMOUS, 1863

(*Harvard Magazine*)

O Grosphus, he whom fate has cast upon the wide Ægean wave,
And shrouded from his gaze the moon, while not a star appears to save,
With steady light, the mariner now tossing helpless and dismayed,
Turns to the immortal gods for help, and humbly begs their aid.

The savage Thracian seeks repose, the graceful-quivered Parthian flies
To seek for ease, – that ease bought not by gems nor Tyrian dyes,
Nor yet by gold. The wealth of kings or lictor's rod can ne'er remove
Those wretched tumults of the mind that splendid ceilings smile above.

The man is blest with calm content, who, safe from his paternal hoard
May see the old ancestral salt still glitter on his frugal board.
No carking care disturbs his peace; within his even-tempered breast
No sordid avarice is found to rob him of his gentle rest.

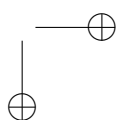
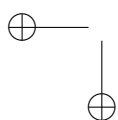
Why do we in this little life aim at so much can ne'er be done?
Why leave our land for distant climes, that lie beneath another sun?
The exile seeking to escape from care and tortures of the mind,
Still from himself can never flee, nor leave all memory behind.

The brazen-beakèd galleys plough with stately grace the crested tides,
Corroding care boards the proud ship, and o'er its deck forever rides.
The fleetest steed it sits beside, the nimble stag it leaves behind,
Outstripping in its onward course the fierce and stormy eastern wind.

A mind content with present good seeks not the field of anxious strife,
And with a cheerful, careless smile corrects the bitterness of life.
Nothing in all is wholly blest. Fearless Achilles early died,
While wan Tithonus vainly prayed to meet the death stern fate denied.

And time perchance to me may yield what still may be withheld from
you,
A hundred flocks bleat in your fields, round you Sicilian heifers low,
For you the neighing mare is brought, the chariot-born with eye of fire,
While purple garments doubly dyed of softest wool form your attire.

No gifts like these, alas! are mine; but kind and undecitful fate
Bestowed on me, with calm content, a rural home, a small estate,
A lyre with which to woo the Muse, the lovely goddess Grecian-born,
And for the little malice, wrought of vulgar minds, a quiet scorn.





GEORGE HOWLAND, 1865

(1824-92)

Rest, prays the sailor, tempests overtaking,
On the Aegean, through the thick clouds breaking
Never a moonbeam, nor a star awaking,
Lighting his pathway.

Rest, prayeth Thrace, in warfare bold and daring,
Rest, too, the Mede, the graceful quiver bearing,
Rest, not obtained for gold, howe'er unsparing,
Jewels, or purple.

Wealth, nor the consul's lictor, ever quelleth
Troublesome thoughts that throng us, or dispelleth
Cares, that where'er the wealthy owner dwelleth,
Flit round the ceilings.

He liveth well on little, who e'er stable
Sees the paternal plate upon his table,
While neither fear nor avarice is able
Sleep to take from him.

Why are we short-lived many projects trying?
Why seeking lands 'neath other heavens lying?
Who from his country anxiously flying,
Flies himself also?

Care up the brass-prowed galleys ever creepeth,
Close to the troops of cavalry it keepeth,
Swifter than stags, or tempest when it sweepeth,
Driven by the East wind.

Pleased with the present, what may still be fated
Cease to inquire, and whatsoe'er is hated
Greet with a smile; there's no one yet created,
Happy in all things.

Death to remove the famed Achilles hasted,
Lengthened old age Tithonus' powers wasted,
Me, too, perchance, what you have never tasted,
Fortune may offer.

You see your flocks and herds around you straying,
You hear your war horse fierce for battle neighing,
You stand with robes your person now arraying,
Twice dyed in purple.

Me, a small farm in which I sometimes dabble,
Me, a slight breath in Grecian verse to gabble,
Me, to despise the despicable rabble,
Ever just Fate gives.



HUGO NICHOLAS JONES, 1865

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

He, from whose bleak, benighted way,
The moon, o'erclouded heavens shall hide,
No guiding star to shed its ray
Above the dark Ægean tide,

The sons of Thrace, in battle bold,
The quiver'd Mede, with graceful air,
Ease, which, nor purple, gems, nor gold
Can buy, oh Grosphus, is their prayer.

Nor regal wealth, nor palace proud
Bestows the boon that bids us rest,
Nor lictor quells the griefs that crowd
Too rudely round the suffering breast.

Whose salt, that antient bowl contains,
That graced his father's frugal cheer,
Rich in content, no sordid gains
Disturb his pillow with a fear.

Why waste we life's fast fleeting prime,
On many a fond, but fruitless aim?
Why bear a heart from clime to clime,
That here, or there, is still the same?

Nor brazen prow, nor charging steeds
Can leave corroding care behind;
Fleet as the flying stag, it speeds,
More swiftly than the sweeping wind.

But he who grasps the present bliss,
Tho' ne'er from mingled troubles free,
Bears with a smile the ill that is,
Nor darkly bodes what is to be.

Short was Achilles' bright career,
Not so Tithonus', worn and old,
And I perchance may yet be here,
Oh Grosphus, when thou too art cold.

In harness'd pride thy courser neighs,
Twice drank thy robe its gorgeous dye,
And many a flock around thee strays,
And lowing herds of Sicily.

This rural spot, and some small strain
Of Sapphic song are mine; and then,
Fate bids me view, with calm disdain,
The jealousies of vulgar men.



M. B. HAY, 1866

(New Orleans Daily Crescent)

The mariner entreats for ease,
 When clouds obscure fair Luna's light
In Ægean sea, vexed by fierce breeze,
 And hid the guiding star of night.

For ease, entreats the furious Thrace;
 For ease, the gods, the Parthian bold,
Adorned with quiver, hung with grace –
 Purchased with neither gems nor gold,

Or royal purple. Treasures vast,
 Nor consulships, tumultuous mind
Can soothe, nor thence dark care can cast,
 Still with each fretted roof entwined.

He, whose ancestral dish still stands,
 To adorn his frugal, peaceful board,
Although he boasts not gold nor lands
 Still happy lives without vain hoard.

Him neither anxious cares alarm,
 Nor sordid avarice annoys,
His mind serene 'mid every harm,
 Woos peaceful sleep or wakes to joys.

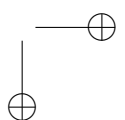
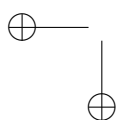
Then why should we, with fleeting strength,
 By varied pursuits vex the soul?
Why change our climate, where at length
 A hotter sun perchance may roll?

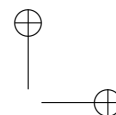
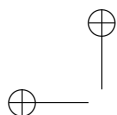
Cans't thou, from' thy own country reft,
 An exile to a foreign land,
From thy own heart by sorrow cleft,
 Escape, or break grief's iron band?

The ship that, brazen-beaked, cleaves
 With rapid flight the foamy main,
Consuming care will board; nor leaves
 The horseman speeding o'er the plain.

More fleet than stags, or east wind fierce,
 That onward drives the stormy clouds,
It all o'ertakes, each cell doth pierce,
 And rich and poor alike enshrouds.

A mind in present state content,
 Cheerful, disdains the future ill;
With careless smile each bitter sent,
 Receiving, thus can sweeten still.





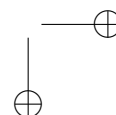
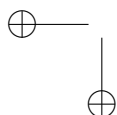
And perfect bliss can none obtain.
 Achilles death too quickly seized.
Old age Tithonus kept in pain
 Till he besought to be released.

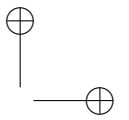
Time may, perchance, extend to me
 That which thee, Grosphus, it denies.
Yea, let him pour his gifts on thee,
 A serene soul can wealth despise.

A hundred flocks around thee bleat,
 Sicilian heifers gently low,
Thy chariot horse with neighings greet,
 And twice dyed wool, with purple glow,

Enrobe thy form. On me has fate,
 Unerring, but still not diffuse,
Bestowed a rural small estate,
 And genius for the Grecian muse;

And for small things a great contempt,
 To spurn the malice of the throng,
To dwell in solitude content,
 To aid the right against the strong.





CHARLES STEPHENS MATHEWS, 1867

(“Formerly of Pembroke College, Cambridge”)

Caught in the vast Ægean he
Asks peace of heaven who cannot see
The moon for clouds, nor star descry
 To pilot by.

'Tis peace that Media's graceful race
Of bowmen, peace that fighting Thrace
Entreats, not, Grosphus! to be had
 Like gems or braid

For money: lictor ne'er suppressed
The tumults of a wretched breast,
Nor drove the cares on wing and wheeling
 Round frescoed ceiling.

Life may be well with little stored:
He proves it on whose slender board
The service sole that is not plain
 Puts the salt grain,

In nothing less, in nothing more
Pretentious than his sires before,
Not robbed by sordid wish or fright
 Of slumbers light.

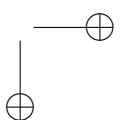
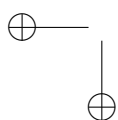
Why, limited in force and time,
Aim at so much? Why fly our clime
For other suns who vainly try
 Ourselves to fly?

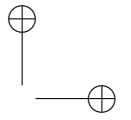
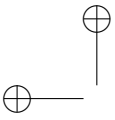
There is a wickedness in Care
To follow, not particular where:
To sea? he'll climb the side anointed
 Of ships brass-pointed:

To horseback? he will leave a troop
Of cavalry, not antelope
So fleet, so fleet not vapoury heaven
 'Fore Eurus driven.

With opportunity be gay,
Hate troubles not within the day,
Smile the sour sweet. There lacks somewhat
 To happiest lot:

Glorious Achilles early dies,
Tithonus aging shrinks and dries,
My term may be prolonged by hours
 Denied to your's.

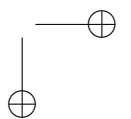
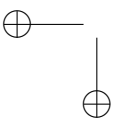




Kine low for you (Sicilian they),
Flocks bleat, a hundred fillies neigh
Four-harnessed, woollens clothe your side
African-dyed,

Twice dipt: for me fate not untrue
Did all she undertook to do
When she bestowed my rural fair
Few acres here,

The finer spirit of the greek
Camœna, special boon unique,
The vulgar and malignant born
A soul to scorn.



CHRISTOPHER HUGHES, 1867

(The Odes and Epodes of Horace)

He who is tossed on wide Ægea's sea,
When no bright moon the gloomy clouds disclose,
Nor shining stars the sailors' guide to be,
Asks of the gods Repose.

The Thracian, fierce in war, Repose demands,
Grosphus, for this the Medes, gay-quivered, sigh;
With gems, or gold, or purple in our hands
Repose we cannot buy.

Treasures of kings, nor consul's lictor'd might
The wretched tumults of the mind can bound,
Nor drive off cares which take their wheeling flight
Our fretted ceilings round.

He lives on little well whose frugal board
Can his sire's shining saltcellar display,
No fear of loss or lust of golden hoard
Drives his sweet sleep away.

Why boast of planning much, with life so brief?
Why fly to realms warmed by another sun?
His country left, what exile finds relief,
Or from himself can run?

The brazen ships are climbed by evil Care,
To troops of horse she hath no respite given,
Swifter than stags is she, or clouds in air
By the fierce East wind driven.

On present happiness the mind should dwell,
And what may lie beyond need not enquire;
With careless smile unpleasant thoughts dispel;
None have their whole desire.

Swift death renowned Achilles snatched away,
Extreme old age reduced Tithonus' strength,
And perhaps the hour, while you denying, may
Add to my days some length.

Round you Sicilia's hundred herds may low,
And mares may neigh for four-horse chariots trained,
And you may twice-dyed wools about you throw
With Afric's purple stained.

On me, a little farm, a taste for song,
Which something of the Grecian spirit shews,
Contempt for the malignant vulgar throng
My destiny bestows.



JAMES WALTER SMITH, 1867

(*The Odes of Horace, Books I and II*)

Grosphus, the Gods for ease the sailor prays,
In mid Ægean caught, when Luna's rays
Are shrouded, and, to light his ways,
The clouds no star unfold.

Thracians of ease 'mid furious wars have thought,
And ease the quiver-bearing Medes have sought;
Ease not by gems or purple bought,
Nor yet by glittering gold.

No wealth nor marshal's mace can drive away
The wretched mind's tumultuous passion-fray,
Nor dark anxieties which play
Around the corniced roof.

That man lives well who'll ne'er to wealth aspire,
Whose slender board the salt-dish of his sire
Adorns; for Fear or mean Desire
Keep not his rest aloof.

Why does our fleeting bravery aim so high?
Why change our native sun for foreign sky?
For who can from his country fly,
And leave himself behind?

For noxious care the vessel's brazen side
Can scale, and, swift as deer, with squadrons ride,
And quick collect the cloudy tide,
More fleet than Eurus' wind.

The mind, with present fortune prospering,
Cares not for aught beyond, life's bitters tempering
With gentle smile. No single thing
Is blest on every side.

Death swiftly took famed Thetis' son away,
Tithonus pined in life's extended day,
And time to me may blessings pay
Which are to thee denied

For thee a hundred flocks their music raise,
And herds Sicilian; for thee there neighs
The harnessed mare; thee cloth arrays
Twice dipped in Afric's dye.

With Grecian muse's gentle breath, my fate
– True to its promise – and with small estate,
Endows me, and the vulgar's hate
Has given me to dety.



W. L. S., 1867

(The Round Table)

One caught far out on the Ægean brine
Prays heaven for ease, what time thick clouds and dark
Conceal the moon, and stars uncertain shine
To guide the sailor's bark.

For ease the Thracian, furious in war,
For ease the quiver-bearing Mede doth cry,
Which is not bought for gold, nor gems, or for
The purple's precious dye.

For royal treasures nor the consul's might
The wretched tumults of the mind can quell,
Or from the fretted ceilings put to flight
Cares there that, hovering, dwell.

He lives well on a little, who can see
His table's ancient furniture with joy;
No anxious fear nor base cupidity
Does his sweet sleeps destroy.

Why aim at many things? our strength soon dies;
Why change for lands warmed by another sun,
Our own loved soil? In vain the exile flies;
Himself he cannot shun.

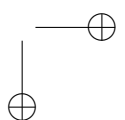
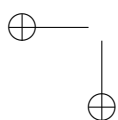
Consuming care will climb the armed ship's sides
Nor can the mounted troop leave it behind;
For swifter than the light-foot deer it glides,
Or the storm-driving wind.

A spirit joyful in its present state,
Will calmly let what yet is hidden rest,
And charm with smiles the bitter things of fate;
No lot is wholly blest.

Renowned Achilles saw an early end,
But a long, weary age Tithonus knew;
And time, perchance, will unto me extend
What he denies to you.

For you blest hundred flocks, and heifers low;
And neighing steeds are yours, that know the reins;
And you are clothed in robes that brightly glow
With twice-dyed purple stains;

To me, a small and pleasant country-place,
A little genius for the Grecian song,
Kind fate hath given; with power to scorn the base,
Malignant vulgar throng.





E. H. BRODIE, 1868

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

Caught where Ægean waves spread wide
For tranquil seas the captain prays,
When blackest clouds the moon’s face hide
Nor star outshines with trusty rays.
For peace mad warring Thracians cry,
For peace the quiver-wearing Mede,
But peace nor gems nor purple buy,
Nor, Grosphus, gold, for them who need,
Nor treasures – no – nor can control
Consul with lictors passing by
The wretched tumults of the soul,
And cares round vaulted roofs that fly.
Well off he lives, whose slender board
His sire’s old salt-cellar makes bright,
Nor fears, nor mean desires to hoard
Break off his easy slumbers light.
Why boldly aim so much to get
We short-lived things? Why far off flee
To other lands? What exile yet
An exile from himself could be?
Care, sickly Care climbs brazen ships,
Nor leaves behind the mounted crowds,
Swifter than deer, or Eurus’ whips
Driving along the huddled clouds.
Glad with the present let the mind
Spurn thought beyond, and temper woe
With laughter soft, we nowhere find
A perfect happiness below.
Quick death the grand Achilles slew,
Tithonus long survived to pine,
And what the hour withholds from you
Perchance it shall have rendered mine.
Thou’st flocks in hundreds, and for thee
Sicilian cows in hundreds low,
Proud fillies toss their manes and neigh
Well pleased within thy shafts to go.
Robes double-dyed with Afric’s stain
Clothe thee; my farm wise Destiny,
My Grecian Muse’s slender strain,
My scorn of Envy’s mob gave me.





WILLIAM M. NEVIN, 1868

(Professor, Franklin and Marshall College)

For careless ease the merchant prays, when caught upon the main,
And 'mid the storm and starless night, his sailors strive in vain;
For careless ease the Thracians fight, the quivered Parthians sigh;
That boon that gems, and purple stole, and gold can never buy.

For you may walk in state attire, with lictor stern before;
The closer griefs he cannot stay your breast from coming o'er;
For you may loll on tap'stried couch, within your fret'ed halls;
The wingéd cares are with you still; they're flying round your walls.

As happy lives the lowly swain, whose board no wassail stains;
Whose salt-dish, kept with pious care, his highest wealth contains;
For on his eyelids all the night the softest slumbers stay,
Without a fear or sordid wish to banish them away.

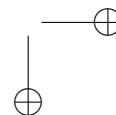
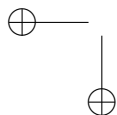
Dear Grosphus, for a few short years, why should we strive to gain
A store of future wealth and bliss, which we must grasp in vain?
Why should we seek for softer climes beneath a brighter sun?
For, while our fatherland we flee, ourselves how can we shun?

For Care with us will climb the deck, with us will back the steed;
With feet of stag, or wings of wind, from him we could not speed.
So let us just the day be glad, and still no further seek,
And present evils soften down with smiles upon the cheek.

For who his hopes has ever grasped? Ev'n great Achilles' name,
Though far renowned, untimely death deprived of wider fame;
While Tithon, crowned with length of years, was grieved he could not
die;
And what for us has time in store, to know why need we try?

Now on your hills your hundred flocks, your kine, with gentle low,
And carriage-steeds, with grateful neigh, their willing fealty show;
And richest robes are round you thrown, in purple double dyed;
While me, Fate, though in land she stint, has not the muse denied.

Oh, if that muse's spell I feel, her ivy if I wear,
For what the crowd may think or say, how little do I care!



EDWARD YARDLEY, JR., 1869

(1835–1908; Writer)

Repose the mariner will pray,
 In the Ægean tempest-tost,
What time dark clouds the moon o'erlay
 And stars their light have lost:

The warlike savages of Thrace
 And quivered Medes repose would gain,
Which, Grosphus, neither kingly place
 Nor gold nor gems obtain.

The lictor that the path prepares,
 Although he keep the mob aloof,
Frees not the consul's mind from cares
 That haunt his fretted roof.

That man, content with humble cheer,
 And plate old-fashioned, rightly lives;
Him sordid avarice nor fear
 Of healthy sleep deprives.

Since life is short why much demand?
 Or why to distant countries range?
What man, an exile from his land,
 Himself could ever change?

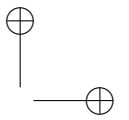
Sick care the side of ships will scale
 And mid assembled horsemen crowds,
Swifter than stags or than the gale
 That drives the gadding clouds.

The mind, enjoying present bliss,
 Should shun the future and repress
Sorrow with smiles. On earth there is
 No perfect happiness.

Not long did great Achilles live;
 Death would not set Tithonus free;
And Time perchance to me may give
 What it denies to thee.

Oxen and sheep dost thou possess,
 And racing mares around thee neigh;
Twice dipped in Afric dye the dress
 That does thy form display.

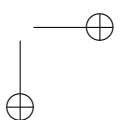
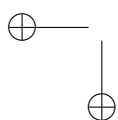
Fate, treating me in different kind,
 A little land on me bestowed,
A spark of Grecian fire and mind
 To spurn the spiteful crowd.



JOHN BENSON ROSE, 1869

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

Benignant deities addressed,
The wandering seaman prays for rest,
When clouds o'er the Ægæan pressed
 Obscure the stars and moon.
For rest, the Thracian in the fight,
For rest, the Mede with quiver dight;
Grosphus, nor gold, nor purple bright,
 Nor gems assure such boon.
Nor riches, nor the pomp of state,
Nor regal power can reinstate
The mind with envy fraught or hate,
 Though 'neath a marble dome.
Whilst he lives well with little hoard,
Whose father's salts shine on his board,
To him the flying hours afford
 Sleep in a humble home.
With life so short, why wilt thou pour
Trouble upon thy fleeting store?
Why seek in torrid climes for more
 Than suns at home diffuse?
Care climbs the vessel's brazen prow,
Sits on the horseman's saddle-bow,
Swifter than gusts of Boreas blow
 Thy footsteps Care pursues.
Joy in the present, take no thought
Unto the morrow – life's dull drought
Temper with smiles – for wholly nought,
 Oh! nought is wholly blest.
Achilles – Death ensnared away,
Tithonus lives, of life the prey.
Withheld from thee – this moment may
 Grant me the boon of rest.
Abroad, for thee, Sicilian skies,
Unnumbered flocks, Getulian dyes;
At home, for thee, the chariot flies
 By neighing jennets whirled –
Whilst I with narrow fields inherit
The Grecian Muses' gentle spirit
Which equal Fates bestowed, and with it
 A soul above the world.





CHARLES BROADBENT, 1869 (IMITATED)

(*Poetical Works*, Charles Graham Halpine)

Wideswarth, the man who sails on the wide ocean
 When a dark tempest has obscured the moon,
And not a star shines through the fierce commotion
 Of warring clouds along the horizon strewn –
No light to guide his vessel – will he cease
To ask of heaven the one great boon of peace?

Thrace prays for peace when her wild lances shiver
 Amid the shock of battle, and for peace
The Mede, whose shoulders wear the graceful quiver,
 Prays to the gods – but it is not for these;
Not by rich gems the treasure can be bought,
Gold crowns and purple can affect it not.

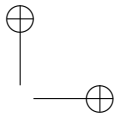
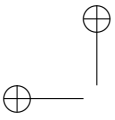
'Tis not in ancient pride or regal treasure
 To win us rest; nor can the arm of law
Eject grim care from the abode of pleasure,
 Nor bid it from the inmost heart withdraw;
Around the gilded roof grief wings its flight,
Even like an owl amid the noonday light.

The man has peace who, happy on a little,
 Sits down contented to his frugal board;
Who knows and feels that Fortune's gifts are brittle,
 Nor like a miser seeks to swell his hoard;
Him neither care nor avarice will keep
From days of joy and nights of gentle sleep.

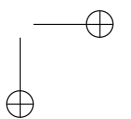
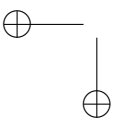
Why do we change our country for another,
 That glows perchance beneath a brighter sun?
Can we escape ourselves, or can we smother
 The griefs that with us o'er the wide earth ran?
Swift as the stag, and with the whirlwind's force,
They climb the ship, and ride beside the horse.

A mind well based ne'er questions of the morrow –
 It feels the present, and enjoys the hour;
Nor asks the future for its share of sorrow –
 'Twill come one day, and we must bide its power.
Even then a smile will gild the gloomy strife,
And mingle sweetness in the cup of life.

Fate snatched away Achilles ere his glory
 In its meridian brilliancy had shone;
Tithonus wept that he grew old and hoary,
 And lived, though all that he hath loved were gone;
And Time with partial hand may give to me
Some joy or hope that it denied to thee.



A hundred flocks bleat round your happy dwelling,
Sicilian heifers low, and horses neigh;
Rich purple robes, of costly odors smelling,
Enwrap you round; while on my humble way
Fate hath bestowed a smaller 'state – some wit,
And a contempt for those who laugh at it.





THOMAS CHARLES BARING, 1870

(1831–91; Banker and Politician)

'Tis calm that the mariner craves aloud
In the broad Ægean, when drifts of cloud
Have enwrapped the moon in a funeral shroud,
 And the stars no longer shine.
'Tis calm that the Thracian, in battle so bold,
And the Median craves, with his quiver of gold;
Calm, that no treasure of wealth untold,
 Nor jewels, nor raiment fine,
Can purchase. No gems, be they never so gay,
No Consular lictors, can drive away
The worries and cares on the heart that prey,
 That flutter round frescoed halls.
Though his purse be lean, he has much delight
On whose modest table the spoons are bright
That his father left him; his slumbers light
 No terror or greed appals.
With our little time and strength is it wise
To aim at so much? We may change our skies:
Can the man, who his clime and his country flies,
 Himself too leave behind?
On the ironclad's deck stalks carking care;
In the crash of the cavalry charge she is near;
She is fleeter of foot than the flight of deer,
 Or the rain-fraught south-east wind.
If to-day we are happy, why should we scan
The future for trouble? The wiser plan
Is to smile at the bitterest cup. No man
 Is in every aspect blest.
Achilles was slain while his fame was high:
Tithonus, lingering, longed to die.
Perchance, what to you the Hours deny,
 May be granted to my behest.
Your flocks and herds by the hundred graze
Fair Sicily's meadows; your pair of bays
Neigh loud in their harness; in awe men gaze
 At the sheen of your Tyrian gown.
I have a few small fields for use,
And the gentle fire of the Grecian Muse.
Fate lets me laugh at the world's abuse,
 And scorn the talk of the town.



EDWARD BULWER-LYTTON, LORD LYTTON, 1870

(1803–73; Politician)

For ease prays he who in the wide Ægean
Storm-seized, looks up on clouds that heap their darkness
O'er the lost moon, while dim the constellations
 Fade from the sailor.

Ease, still for ease, sighs Thracia fierce in battle,
Still for ease sighs the quivered Mede. Ah, Grosphus!
Nor gems nor purple, no, nor gold can buy it;
 Ease is not venal.

Bribed by no king, dispersed before no lictor,
Throng the wild tumults of a soul in trouble,
And the cares circling round a sleepless pillow,
 Under ceiled fretwork.

He lives on little well who, for all splendor,
Decks his plain board with some prized silver heirloom.
From him no greed of gain, of loss no terror,
 Snatch the light slumbers.

Why, briefly strong, with space in time thus bounded,
Launch we so many arrows into distance?
Why crave new suns? What exile from his country
 Flies himself also?

Diseased Care ascends the brazen galley,
And rides amidst the armed men to the battle,
Fleeter than stag, and fleeter than, when driving
 Rain-clouds, the east wind.

The mind, which now is glad, should hate to carry
Its care beyond the Present; what is bitter
With easy smile should sweeten: nought was ever
 Happy on all sides.

Untimely death snatched off renowned Achilles;
Tithonus lived to dwindle into shadow;
And haply what the Hour to thee refuses
 Me it will proffer.

Around thine home a hundred flocks are bleating,
Low the Sicilian heifers, neighs the courser
Trained to the race-car; woofs in Afric purple
 Twice-tinged array thee:

To me the Fate, that can not err, hath given
Some roods of land, some breathings, lowly murmured,
Of Grecian Muse, and power to scorn the malice
 Of the mean vulgar.



N. OR M., 1871

(Scraps of Verse)

Rest is his prayer, who, driven in the dark through
Storms of Ægean, not a haven near him,
No guiding moon's blest radiance can mark, no
Star that may steer him.

Rest the wild Thracian, furious in onslaught,
Rest the Mede seeks with quiver on his shoulder;
Purple, or gems, or riches, have ye once bought
Rest for your holder?

Grandeur and grave apparitor before him
Quell not our consul's miserable surging
Passions; or chase from fretted ceiling o'er him
Cares ever urging.

Well may we live on little; very lightly
Need the worn plate our little board encumber,
So there come no base avarice, no nightly
Fear on our slumber.

Why should one lifetime's limited amount be
Brimful of projects? Why a distant zone sought
Fondly? What exile from his native country
'Scapes from his own thought?

Climb the beak'd ship, Care, cruel imp, arriveth
First upon deck; nor can a troop secure us;
Stags he outstrips, past hurricane he driveth,
Swifter than Eurus.

Happiness now, what trouble lies beyond it
Hates to inquire; and with a smile of sweetness
Tempers all bitters, Nothing have we found yet
Blest with completeness,

Died in his youth's prime valiant Achilles;
Feeble Tithonus many years was waning;
Age denied thy brief life, if Heaven's will please,
Mine may be gaining.

Thine are vast flocks; fair Sicily supplies thee
Herds of milch kine: four mettled horses neighing
Draw thee in state, rich raiment Afric dyes thee,
Proudly displaying.

I, like the truthful poet I was born for,
Just enough acres to be no man's minion
Cultivate, with Greek rhythm, and a scorn for
Vulgar opinion.



ANONYMOUS, 1871

(Fun)

The billow-tossed voyager prays
For Ease in the midst of the storm,
The ship rolls all manner of ways,
And he thinks of his club, the Reform.

For Ease longeth fierce Captain Sword;
The sentry at ease longs for Ease;
Your lands will not buy it, my lord,
Nor all the gems under the seas.

No monarch may banish – no charm
The cares of the heart may dispel,
They haunt the couch, guarded from harm,
And guarded from slumber, as well.

How happy is he who, for show,
Keeps one or two heirlooms at most;
Quaint salt-cellar, cream-jug, or so,
Not much to be mourned were it lost.

Why, blest with brief strength, do we hurl
Our darts into distance? Why crave
New suns? Will the fugitive churl
Fly himself, the poor desolate knave?

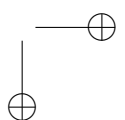
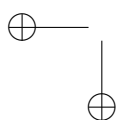
Care boards the state galley, and rides
With troops charging over the plain;
More fleet than the wild winter tides,
Or – driven by Eurus – the rain.

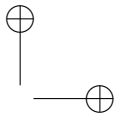
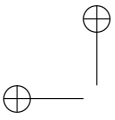
All cannot be happy; to take
The joys of the present is wise;
Let mirth and philosophy make
The most of Old Time as he flies.

ACHILLES was killed in his prime;
TITHONUS, he dwindled away.
And fate may befriend me in time,
And yet to your lordship say nay.

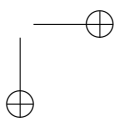
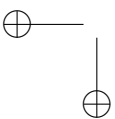
Your statues, and paintings, and plate,
Your parks, and your temples, and trees,
The horses that neigh at your gate –
Say, what can I set against these?

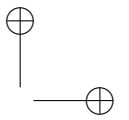
A few roods of land; an old nag,
That carries me safely along;
A poorly trained power to tag
The lines of a crochetty song;





Good fare, without too many cooks;
A kettle that hums on the hob;
A snugger full of old books;
And a merry contempt for a snob.





W. B. BLISS, 1872

(1795–1874)

Caught in the wide Ægean seas,
The storm-tossed mariner for ease
 Invokes the gods in prayer:
When clouds obscure the moon from sight,
And not a star with cheering light,
 Can pierce the darkened air.

For ease the quivered Mede – the race
Furious in war, of hardy Thrace,
 For ease in secret sigh.
Which neither gems of price untold,
Nor Grosphus, purple, nor the gold
 Which earth contains, can buy.

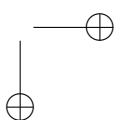
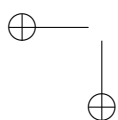
The wealth of kings, the guards that wait
Around the Consul's chair of state,
 Can never keep aloof,
The tumults of a troubled mind,
The cares which flutter unconfined,
 Beneath the fretted roof.

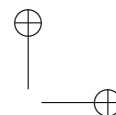
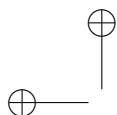
Happy, whose frugal board at most
The silver salt-cellar can boast,
 His father owned before.
No fears disturb his quiet rest,
No sordid thoughts which fill the breast
 With craving still for more.

When brief the term which life can claim,
Oh! wherefore do we boldly aim
 Our winged thoughts so high,
In search of other climes we roam,
But exiled from his native home,
 Who from himself can fly?

Care mounts the brazen ships, and where
The squadrons rush to battle, care
 Still follows in their train;
More fleet than flying deer, more fleet
Than driving on the wintry sleet,
 The East wind sweeps the plain.

Content with present good, the mind
Will little heed what lurks behind;
 And if amid its joy
Some bitterness should mingle, this
A placid smile can soothe, no bliss
 Is found without alloy.

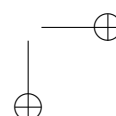
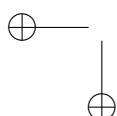




Short was Achilles' bright career,
Tithonus wasting year by year,
 In age decrepit died.
And time for ever on the wing,
To me benignantly may bring,
 Some boon to you denied.

For you Sicilian pastures feed
A hundred flocks – the chariot steed –
 With herds of lowing kine:
And looms with finest wool supplied,
In Afric's purple double dyed,
 Array those limbs of thine.

True in assigning each his lot,
Fate gave to me a rural cot,
 A modest snug domain:
Some gentle breath of Grecia song,
And on the spiteful vulgar throng,
 To look with proud disdain.





JAMES LONSDALE AND SAMUEL LEE, 1873

(JL 1816–92, SL 1837–92)

For rest he prays the gods who is surprised on the broad Ægæan, when all at once a black cloud hides the moon, and the stars beam not clear upon the mariners; for rest Thrace the furious in war, for rest the Medes adorned with the quiver; for rest, my Grosphus, which cannot be bought with gems or purple or gold.

For it is not treasure, nor the consul's lictor, that clears away the mind's unhappy turmoils, and cares which flit around the fretted vault.

He lives on little well, upon whose modest board his father's salt-cellar gleams; nor does fear or low passion rob him of his light repose.

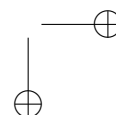
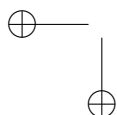
Why in a narrow life aim we at many a mark? Why change we to lands that are warmed by another sun? What exile from his country has fled from himself as well?

Marring Care climbs ships with brazen beak, and never drops behind a troop of horse; fleeter than stags, and fleeter than the East wind, who drives along the stormy clouds.

A mind that views with joy its present lot, will shrink from caring for what lies beyond, and with an easy smile will soften the bitters of life; nought is there that is blest in every point.

A swift death carried off renowned Achilles; a length of years wore away Tithonus; and perhaps to me the hour will extend that which it has denied to you.

Around you a hundred flocks bleat, and cows of Sicily low; for you the mare trained for the chariot raises its neighing, you fleeces clothe, twice dipped in the purple dye of Africa: to me the Fate who cannot be false has granted a small domain, and the delicate spirit of the Grecian Muse, and power to scorn the envious crowd.





ROBERT M. HOVENDEN, 1874

(“Formerly of Trinity College, Cambridge”)

Rough sailors in the Ægean tost,
 When hard the stress of weather grows,
When moon and guiding stars are lost
 Pray for repose.
Repose, the quiver-bearing Medes,
 Repose, the warlike Scythians sigh,
Which neither gems nor purple brede,
 Nor gold can buy.
Can lictor's rod, can treasure-chest
 Keep tumults of the mind aloof,
Or banish care who makes her nest
 In fretted roof?
His life is wisest who reveres
 The plainness of his father's lot;
Whose dreams by sordid hopes and fears
 Are haunted not.
Why vex with schemes our little span?
 Will change of clime contentment win?
Self-exile leaves the homeless man
 Unchanged within.
Care to the galley's brazen beak,
 Care to the horseman's crupper clings,
Swift as the hart or Eurus bleak,
 On stormy wings.
What mood encounters trouble best?
 A patient smile. Mar not the day
With clouds of forecast. None are blest
 In every way.
Achilles perish'd in his prime;
 Tithonus old and weary grew;
To me repose may come with time,
 Denied to you.
You, Grosphus, of Sicilian kine,
 Of flocks, of chariot-racers proud,
In purple raiment love to shine
 Among the crowd.
I, in the farm, my patron's gift,
 Warbling a simple Greek-like song,
My brow, rebuking envy, lift
 Above the throng.





MORTIMER HARRIS, 1874

(The Odes of Horace)

He from the Gods this boon
Solicits – “Rest” – caught on th’ Ægean wide,
When on the sailors shine no stars to guide
And dark clouds veil the Moon:

Rest by fierce Thrace is sought,
For “Rest” the Medes adorned with quivers pray,
Which nor with gems nor gold, my Grosphus, may
Nor purple robes be bought.

For neither wealth o’ercomes,
Nor does the Consul’s lictor from the mind
Drive wretched troubles, nor the cares we find
Circling round fretted domes.

He well on little lives,
Who with ancestral salt-cellar makes bright
His frugal board, whom fear of slumbers light
Nor sordid greed deprives.

With strength so short-lived why
Attempt we much? Lands warmed by other suns
Why do we seek? Himself what exile shuns
His country though he fly?

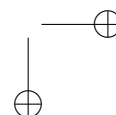
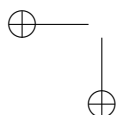
Corroding care finds place
In ships of brass: nor troops of mounted men
Deserts, more swift than stags, or Eurus when
The clouds it drives apace.

The mind with present bliss
Content shuns of the future to take thought,
And tempers grief with gentle laughter. Nought
In all parts perfect is.

Achilles in his pride
Untimely death removed: senility
Tithonus crushed: and Time may grant to me
What it to you denied.

A hundred flocks round you,
And herds Sicilian low; for you a mare
Now fit for harness neighs; and wools you wear
Twice tinged with Tyrian hue:

Whilst Fate, who never lies,
To me has granted a small plot of land
With some slight spirit of the Greek Muse, and
The base crowd to despise.



JOHN TUNNARD, 1874

(Some Odes of Horace)

Rest is the boon the sailor prays the Gods for,
Caught in the open seaway of Ægea;
Soon as the dark cloud hides the moon, and guiding
Stars cease to glitter.

Rest seeks all Thrace so furious in battle;
Rest seek the Medes right decorous with quiver,
Not to be bought with gems, nor gold, O Grosphus,
Nor with the purple.

For neither riches nor the Consul's lictor
Steal from the mind its miserable tumults,
Nor all those cares which flit around the ceiling
Fretted with lacquer.

He liveth well on little, whose paternal
Salt-cruet shines on thinly-furnished table;
Neither does fear nor squalid lust from that man
Take away light sleep.

Why plot we, boastful, many things in short life?
Why do we change our land for distant countries,
Glowing with warmth of other suns? What exile
Flees from himself too?

Care, full of vices, scales the brazen galleys;
Nor does it leave the troops of knighted horsemen.
Quicker than wild stags, quicker than the East wind
Driving the storm-clouds.

Minds that are joyous in the present season
Hate to take thought for what may lie beyond it;
Tempering harsh things with a tough smile; nought is
Happy at all points.

Sudden death snatched off eminent Achilles;
Age, too far lengthened, wore away Tithonus;
And the next hour, what it now denies thee,
Haply may give me.

Large flocks, and cows from Sicily, low round thee;
Fit for four-yokes the filly neighs about thee;
Fleeces of wool, twice dipped in Afric purple,
Clothe thee; yet to me

Gave for my portion few and scanty acres;
And the light spirit of the Graian songstress;
And to despise the common herd, malignant,
Fate not deceiving.



THOMAS MATTHEW FREEMAN, 1874

(Spare Minutes of a Country Parson)

Rest from the Pow'rs above he supplicates,
Who, on wide ocean, trembles with his fates,
When once black clouds have hid the shining moon,
And stars (the glory of night's silent noon)

No longer show the seaman's way:

Rest Thracia seeks, tir'd with the furious war,
And rest the Medes – not like thee, Grosphus, for
The bow they prize; not gems with price untold,
Nor shining purple, nor the glowing gold;

Yet wish e'en they a peaceful day.

No treasure has the pow'r, nor lictor's staff
(Employ'd to clear the stately consul's path),
To free the anxious mind from troubled thoughts:
Quiet cannot so easily be bought

From cares which fretted roofs frequent.

Well lives the poor man on whose slender board
Shines the salt-cellar, his paternal hoard;
No fear intrudes to break his slumbers light,
Base lust of gain doth not against him fight,
And peace doth not itself absent.

Why do we toss about our scanty life,
In search of many things, with valiant strife?
Why change our native shores for other lands,
Where other sunshine warms the foreign sands?

What man from his own thoughts can flee?

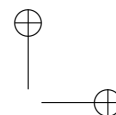
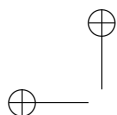
Bad Care embarks on board the brazen ships,
On land no mounted troop its pace outstrips;
The flying deer have not a speed so swift,
Nor scudding clouds that thro' the heav'ns do drift,
By east winds blown o'er land and sea.

In present happiness let souls be glad,
And not, thro' fears of time to come, grow sad;
But seek, with temp'rate pleasantry, t' abate
The evils mingled with our mixed fate:

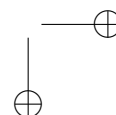
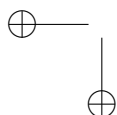
In nothing can true bliss be found.

The fam'd Achilles death did quickly take,
But Titho's strength long age did slowly shake;
Perchance to me the Hours some gifts may grant
Which thou, with all thy wealth, may ever want,
Forbidden in such things t' abound.

One hundred flocks bleat on the grassy brows,
And round thee low herds of Sicilian cows;



Rob'd in soft cloth, which hath been doubly dyed
With Afric's purple, dost thou in chariot ride,
Proud of thy noble, neighing steed:
To me the Fates, which ne'er deceive, have giv'n
A small estate, and to my soul the leav'n,
Tho' in small measure, of the Grecian Muse:
It through my mind its spirit doth diffuse,
And envious crowds I do not heed.





W. E. H. FORSYTH, 1876

(1845–81; Lawyer in Bengal)

For ease the sailor prays when caught
On the wide sea by stormy blast,
While skies with gloomy clouds are fraught
And stars their light uncertain cast.

For ease the quivered Parthians sigh,
And Thracian raging fierce in war;
For ease which never gold can buy,
Nor gems nor any purple store.

For ah! nor wealth nor consul's power
Can troubles of the mind abate;
And all the cares which every hour
Fly round the mansions of the great.

O! well for him who on his board
Keeps humble dishes clean and bright;
No fears, no sordid lust to hoard,
Shall ever scare his slumbers light.

Since life is short why aim so high?
Why seek to change our own countree
For lands 'neath foreign suns that lie?
What exile from himself can flee?

Corroding Care climbs up the bark,
And rides behind the charging knight;
Swifter than stags she seeks her mark,
Or Eurus putting clouds to flight.

He who is blest to-day will hate
To plague himself about tomorrow,
He'll scorn the bitterness of fate,
For nought is wholly free from sorrow.

Death swift Achilles could not flee;
A long old age Tithonus knew;
And time may haply give to me
The blessings it withholds from you.

A hundred flocks around you stray,
A hundred beeves of Sicily,
Champing the bit your coursers neigh,
You're clothed with Afric's purple dye.

To me a small and humble farm
The Fates unfailing have allowed;
To know the Grecian Muse's charm,
And scorn the malice of the crowd.



ARTHUR WAY, 1876

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

For rest, on shelterless Aegean storm-caught,
Man prays the gods, what time a sable cloud
Hath hid the moon, and shine no guiding stars
 Upon the sailors.
Rest is the prayer of Thracia warfare-frenzied,
And of the Medes gay-garnished with the quiver,
Rest, that may not be bought with gems nor purple
 Nor gold, my Grosphus.
For 'tis not treasures, nor the Consul's lictor
That can disperse the agonizing riots
Of conscience, and the cares that wont to hover
 Round fretted ceilings.
On little he lives well, for whom stands sparkling
Upon a tiny board a heirloom salt-boat,
Nor dread nor grovelling greed may steal away
 His slumbers airy.
In this short life why make we casts audacious
At many things? Why pass to countries glowing
'Neath a strange sun? What exile from his country
 Hath 'scaped himself too?
Corroding Care climbs up the armoured galleys,
And leaveth not the squadrons of the horsemen,
Swifter than stags, yea, swifter than the east-wind,
 The Cloud-compeller.
The heart that at the present hour is cheerful
Should hate to fret o'er what's beyond, and sweeten
The bitter with a tranquil smile; there's nothing
 In all ways happy.
An early death snatched off renowned Achilles,
A lingering old age did waste Tithanus,
And what he hath denied thee, Time, it may be,
 To me will proffer.
Round thee a hundred flocks and kine Sicilian
Are lowing, and for thee the mare well-broken
To chariot-harness neighs, wools double-dyed
 In Afric purple
Clothe thee. To me the Fate that erreth never
Hath given small lands, and of the Grecian Muse
Slight inspiration; and the gift of scorning
 The spiteful rabble.



WILLIAM JOHNSTON HUTCHINSON, 1876

(Poems of Sentiment and Reflection)

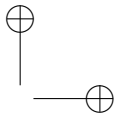
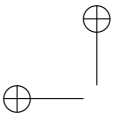
Grosphus, luckless is the man allur'd
To the wide Ægean, night's bright orb obscur'd.
With not one star the hidden course to mark
And promise safety to his tossing bark,
In such dark hours his heart one refuge knows –
To pray the gods for safety and repose.

So, for repose the war-worn Thracian cries;
And 'tis for this the quivered Median sighs –
To find, alas! the gift is not secure,
Nor sword nor ransom yet its charms procure:
Nor princely bribe, nor deputy can bind
And banish tumult from the burdened mind.

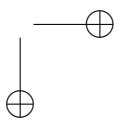
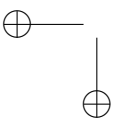
For peace that man a good foundation lays
Whom yet delights the board of humbler days.
For sordid wishes plenteous vaults to heap
Mar not his day, nor trespass on his sleep.
Why do we, by our arrogance mislead,
Hoard up a store that others use instead?
Why fly our climate, 'neath another sun
Begin a task, to vanish ere 'tis done?

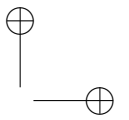
Whoever yet from country an exile
Persuaded Care to linger home the while?
He would not listen. Care, consuming Care
Boards, too, his ship, and will his exile share:
Than stag more fleet, or yet the Orient's wind,
Care soon o'ertakes him, though delayed behind.

A mind at rest, and joyful for its state,
Asks for no more, and thanks the watchful Fate.
In patience walks the fiery hours of trial;
And views correction with a placid smile,
And feels how true it is, how oft express'd
That not with life is man completely bless'd.
Achilles died – nor yet for death mature;
Tithonus lived – but youth could not endure;
And time may me from countless ills defend,
And yet to you no courtesies extend.
For, now, towards you the waves of fortune flow –
Flocks loudly bleat, Sicilian heifers low;
Your steeds in costly trappings swiftly fly;
And vested you in robes of Tyrian dye.
But Fate my arts have never yet suborned –
She found me lowly, keeps me unadorned.
Yet this she grants, more prized than robe of down, –
A secret spurning for the rustic's frown:



And this besides, – than this I would not choose, –
A silent hour with the Grecian Muse.





WILLIAM DILLON, 1876

(The Irish Monthly Magazine of Politics and Literature)

When o'er the wild Ægean sea
The struggling moon gleams fitfully
 Through storm-clouds from the west,
The sailor, at the dead of night,
Seeking in vain some beacon light,
 Prays to his gods for Rest.

For Rest the weary Parthian prays,
As, armed with shaft and bow, he strays
 O'er desert waste and wold; –
For Rest, that is not to be bought
By gems nor purple finely wrought,
 Nor all-commanding gold.

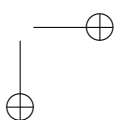
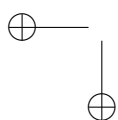
For neither wealth nor power nor state
Can calm the storms of rage and hate
 That rend the human breast.
Dark Care eats through the strongest walls,
And flits unseen round gilded halls,
 Eternal foe to Rest!

Happy is he, and free from care,
Who lives content with frugal fare
 Laid on a homely board.
His sleep is calm, his mind is clear
Alike from lust of gain and fear,
 Of losing golden hoard.

Why do we, creatures of a day,
So many mighty ends essay,
 So many dangers dare?
Why do we wander far from home?
We can't escape, where'er we roam,
 From Self, the source of care.

Dark Care delights to climb the sides
Of ocean ships, and scornful rides
 Aloft amid the shrouds:
Dark Care can pass the fleetest hind,
She can outstrip the wild east wind
 Sweeping along the clouds.

Make not misfortune for the morrow;
Joy will be sent to temper sorrow;
 Hope not for perfect Rest.
There is no rose without its thorn.
From every pleasure pain is born;
 No one is wholly blest.





In manhood's prime Achilles died,
Tithonus lingered till he sighed
 To sleep the eternal sleep.
Fate may have yet in store for me
Sources of Joy denied to thee –
 Some laugh, whilst others weep.

Thy wealth is far beyond thy need,
Trinacria's richest pastures feed
 Thy countless herds of kine:
The fleetest steeds that gold can buy,
And splendid robes of purple dye, –
 All these, and more, are thine.

Calmly I till my little farm;
No vulgar terrors can alarm
 My philosophic breast.
To her who doth my lay inspire,
The Muse who tuned the Grecian lyre,
 I sing this Song of Rest.





RICHARD TROTT FISHER, 1876

(Rakings Over Many Seasons)

Rest – the sailor caught afloat
On the wide Egean sea,
When black clouds put out the moon,
Nor a guiding star peeps forth –
Rest he prays.

Rest the Thracian battle-furious,
Rest the quiver-girded Mede;
Rest – which jewels will not buy,
Nor the Tyrian purple-dye,
No – nor gold.

For the tumults of the mind
Hoarded treasure fails to soothe;
And the cares that flit about
Corniced roofs no guard of state
Can remove.

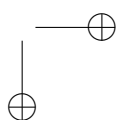
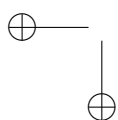
He lives well whose humble salt
Shines on his paternal board,
Whose light slumbers neither fear
Nor a sordid hankering
Steals away.

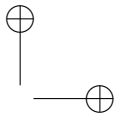
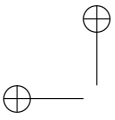
Why, so shortlived, at so much
Aim we? Why to other lands,
Other climates, do we hurry?
Can the man who flies his home
'Scape himself?

Anxious care upon the war-ship
Climbs, and with the clashing trooper
Gallops, swifter to attend him
Than a stag, or e'en the wind that
Drives the storm.

Wouldst thou quaff a happy present?
Pry no deeper, smiling careless
Be the cup a little bitter:
Happiness was never quite free
From alloy,

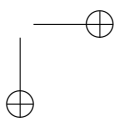
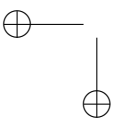
Early death snatch'd off Achilles,
Long old age Tithonus wore;
And for me perchance some blessing
Which to thee may be forbidden
Time will bring.





While a hundred flocks around thee,
And Sicilian heifers low,
Thee, the lord of high-train'd horses,
Robed in purple wools twice-dipt in
Afric dye;

Me a rustic homestead shelters:
But impartial Fate has lent me
Græcia's fine poetic spirit,
And a sense to spurn the graceless
Herd of men.





WILLIAM THOMAS THORNTON, 1878

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

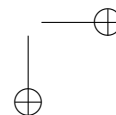
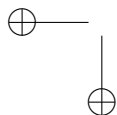
For quiet are the gods by him besought
Who in the wide Aegean sea is caught
When black clouds hide the moon, and there is not
 A star the seamen guiding:
For quiet, furiously warring Thrace
Seeks, Grosphus mine, and Medes whom quivers grace;
Quiet which jewels, gold, or purple dress
 Avail not for providing.

For neither regal wealth, nor consular
Lictor avails to drive away the care
And wretched tumults of the mind which are
 Round paneled ceilings flying.
He happily on little lives, on whose
Plain board the family salt-cellar glows.
Who naught of fear or sordid avarice knows
 Sleep's gentle balm denying.

Why fling away our short-lived energies
On numerous schemes? Why regions colonise
Warmed by another sun? Does he who flies
 His home, himself too banish?
Pestilent care mounts brazen-beakèd ships,
And closely up with troops of horsemen keeps,
With pace that stags and the east-wind outstrips –
 Wind that bids storm-clouds vanish.

The mind that joyous for the present is,
Hates care for aught beyond, and bitterness
Tempers with tranquil smile. There is no bliss
 On every side completed.
Death bore Achilles in his bloom away;
Age to Tithonus granted lengthened stay;
What time to you denies, there haply may
 To me by her be meted.

Round you a hundred flocks and herds there are
And kine Sicilian lowing – and a mare
Neighs, fit already for the four-wheeled car:
 Twice steeped has been your clothing
In Afric's dye. To me true fates assign
A little farm, and of the Grecian Nine
Some tincture, and vouchsafe that the malign
 Vulgar I count as nothing.





SIR PHILIP PERRING, 1880

(1828–1920)

Peace – asks the man from Heaven in prayer
Caught in the broad seas unaware,
When a black cloud the moon doth veil,
And no sure stars shine as they sail:

Peace – Thrace to war by Furies borne;
Peace – Medes whom quiver doth adorn;
'Tis not for gems, 'tis not for gold,
'Tis not for purple, Grosphus, sold.

Not wealth, nor consul's axeman may
Drive those tumultuous stirs away
Which vex the soul, and cares whose flight
Is round the fretted ceiling's height.

That man lives well off scanty hoard,
For whom upon a humble board
A salt-cellar gleams splendidly,
The heirloom of his ancestry,
Nor fear nor sordid avarice
Takes gentle slumbers from his eyes.

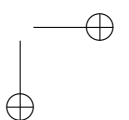
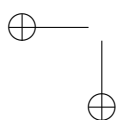
Wherefore do we, in our short day,
Aim at so much with bold essay?
Why seek lands warmed with other ray?
Who, from his country banishèd,
Hath also from his own self fled?

Corroding Care climbs ships of brass,
Nor lets the troops of horsemen pass,
More swift than antelopes, more swift
Than winds which chase the stormy drift.

If joyful be our present state,
The mind far distant cares should hate,
And temper with a careless laugh
The bitter cup it hath to quaff!
Nothing exists which doth possess
On every side true happiness.

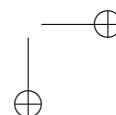
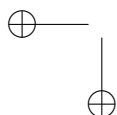
Quick Death cut short Achilles' fame,
Long age diminished Tithon's name,
And peradventure time to me
Will stretch what it denies to thee.

A hundred flocks and lowing kine
Of true Sicilian breed are thine;
The mare lifts high her neigh for thee





Fit for the car of victory;
Twice steeped in Afric's purple dye
The wools which are thy vesture: I
A little country farm received
From Destiny who ne'er deceived,
And the soft breath of Grecian song,
Aye, and to spurn the spiteful throng.





GEORGE R. MERRY, 1881

(The Academy)

Berore the Aegean billows driven,
 When clouds have made a moonless night,
 And hid the stars' unerring light,
For rest the sailor cries to heaven.

For rest the Thracian warrior bold,
 For rest the quivered Medians sigh;
 Ah, Grosphus, rest they cannot buy
For gems, or purple robes, or gold.

Nor wealth of kings, nor lictor's sway,
 Can soothe the pangs that read the breast,
 Or lull the wretched cares to rest
That round the fretted ceilings play.

Who the bright old salt-cellar prize,
 Live with glad heart on frugal fare;
 Nor fear nor sordid greed can scare
Light slumber from their closing eyes.

Why do we boldly aim so high,
 When soon we shall be done with time?
 Why leave our homes for foreign clime?
Who from himself and home can fly?

Care haunts the galley and the throng
 Of horsemen when they face the foe –
 Far fleetest than the fleetest roe,
Or gale that sweeps the clouds along.

Now mirth be thine, nor care to know
 What the dark future veils the while;
 Temper thy sorrow with a smile:
The happiest fate is dashed with woe.

Death soon laid famed Achilles low;
 Long pined Tithonus ere he died;
 What Fortune hath to thee denied
Perhaps she will on me bestow.

Around thee low Sicilian kine,
 A hundred flocks thy pastures graze,
 The fleet steed in thy chariot neighs,
And robes of richest dyes are thine.

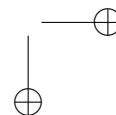
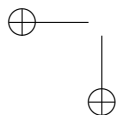
To me a truthful fortune gave
 To till my little fields in peace,
 To woo the lyric muse of Greece,
And let the spiteful rabble rave.



HENRY HUBBARD PIERCE, 1884

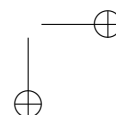
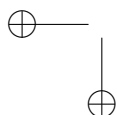
(1834–83; “Erudite Mathematician and Latin Scholar”)

When storms o’ertake some luckless wight
 On wide Ægæa’s billowy plain,
And veil the moon from mortal sight,
 When gathering clouds obscure the main,
No guiding star above him glows,
 Ah! then the sailor lifts his hands
To pitying gods for sweet repose!
 The warrior fierce in Thracian lands
Of conflict weary longs for peace.
 The Mede whose jewelled quiver shines
From tumult prays a swift release –
 That rest nor gold from storied mines,
Nor purple robes, nor gems may buy.
 No royal bribe will e’er unbind,
No licitor’s truncheon waved on high,
 The galling chains that fret the mind;
Or drive the myriad cares away
 That haunt the roofs of gilded halls.
The swain content from day to day
 With simple fare in cottage walls;
Whose frugal board the vessel quaint
 His father used for salt doth grace;
Avoids the anxious heart’s complaint.
 No sordid lust of wealth or place
Doth rob his nights of balmy sleep.
 Then why should we whose days are brief
O’er countless plans our vigils keep?
 Or roam the world for vain relief
In sunnier climes from cankering ills?
 Alas, what mortal e’er hath found
In exile drear from native hills
 Escape from self on stranger ground!
Consuming cares will board the bark
 Whose brazen beak reflects the sun.
They haunt in war the cohort dark,
 Than hunted stag more swift to run,
Or Eurus fierce who drives the gale.
 The soul well-pleased with present gifts,
Whose meek devotions never fail,
 Till kindly Jove the curtain lifts
In patience waits; his genial smile
 Makes bitter life seem almost sweet.
No joy below is free from guile;
 No rest is found for weary feet!





Achilles, famed for victories gained,
 A death untimely swept from earth.
To feeble age by fates constrained,
 Tithonus cursed his luckless birth.
And, Grosphus, time may give to me
 The blessings rare to thee denied.
Thy hundred bleating flocks I see.
 Around thy folds each eventide
Sicilian heifers lift their cries.
 Rich garments tinged with purple hue,
Of wool twice-dipped in Eastern dyes,
 Protect thy form from cold or dew.
To draw thy car the courser neighs.
 To me unerring fates have sent
A small estate, with meagre praise
 For songs the Grecian muses lent;
A heart that loathes all vulgar ways,
 And laughs when vulgar spleen finds vent.





HERBERT GRANT, 1885

(*Odes of Horace*)

The sailor on the stormy deep
 When clouds obscure the lunar rays,
And stars no certain lustre keep,
 For peace to mighty Neptune prays;

The quivered Mede in gay attire,
 Thrace, martial queen of furious eye,
Demand that peace, a price far higher
 Than purple, gold, or gems can buy

Though, wealth untold be heaped around,
 Though, at the side, the lictors wait:
Cares still pursue, and hover round
 The chequered ceilings of the great:

Ancestral salts, and frugal fare
 Betray one living wisely well;
Terror, nor sordid lust can tear
 Sweet slumber from his homely cell;

Why doth our short-lived vigour plan
 Thus much – or quit our native air,
For other climes? what exiled man
 Can fly himself, or banish care?

Care mounts the trireme's gilded prow,
 Invades the ranks of knightly horse,
Outstrips the deer, in pace less slow
 Than the east-wind's cloud-drifting course.

Let present luck the day beguile,
 Nor heed what fate may yet decide,
Temper the bitter with a smile,
 Nothing is bright on every side:

Soon was Achilles snatched by death,
 Tithonus dwindled to decay,
Time may extend to my short breath
 Some jot, when you have passed away;

Thy home a hundred flocks feed near,
 Sicilian kine go lowing by,
Thine the trained war-horse neighing clear,
 And robes twice dipped in Afric dye;

True fate small fortune bids me share,
 Some spark perchance of Hellas' muse
Nor heed the crowd's malignant stare,
 As envy's eye my path pursues.



CHARLES WILLIAM DUNCAN, 1886

(The Odes and Saecular Hymn of Quintus Horatius Flaccus)

For rest to Gods the sailor cries
Who, caught on broad Aegaeon, spies
Black clouds before the moon arise,
 'Mid stars' uncertain light.

For rest the warlike Thracians pray,
For rest the Mede with quiver gay,
Which, Grosphus, not with wealth will stay,
 With gems, nor purple bright.

Nor gold, nor guards, can drive away
The wretched cares that ever stay,
And hover round the ceilings gay
 Of lofty vaulted halls.

That man lives well on scanty hoard
Whose father's plate decks frugal board;
No fears from him sweet sleep can ward,
 Nor sordid greed enthralls.

Why are our transient aims so high?
Why do we for new countries sigh?
What exile from himself can fly,
 Forgetful of his care?

Vile Care the brazen galley scales,
The troops of horse she straight assails,
For swifter she than eastern gales,
 Far swifter than the deer!

The mind content with present state,
Cares not what is in store from fate,
With placid smile for more can wait;
 No bliss without alloy.

Swift death renown'd Achilles takes,
Old age Tithonus weary makes,
Fate, kind to me, thy spirit breaks
 By snatching all thy joy.

Around thee low a hundred herds,
Thy steeds are swifter than the birds,
Whilst Afric's richest purple girds
 Thy form in costly guise.

The truthful Fates have granted me
A little farm upon the lea,
A vein of Attic minstrelsy,
 And carpers to despise.



W. O. J., 1886

(The Red Dragon: The National Magazine of Wales)

For rest the hapless sailor prays,
 When caught by storm in open sea;
When black clouds, hiding Luna's rays,
 The stars shroud in obscurity.

“Rest, rest,” the martial Thracian cries,
 “Rest, rest,” the quivered Median bold;
Rest, Grosphus, rest, which no man buys,
 With gems, or purple, or with gold.

Not all the treasures of the East,
 Nor consul's minions, can remove
Distracting tumults from the breast,
 Nor cares which brood grand halls above.

Well lives he, on whose frugal board
 His father's cruet honest gleams;
Nor fear nor care for secret hoard
 His sleep disturbs, light are his dreams.

Why do we with far-reaching plans
 Map out our age's brevity?
Why flee from home to other lands,
 Who from himself can thus be free?

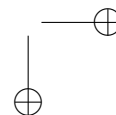
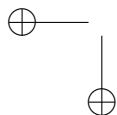
Care, ghastly, stalks on armoured ships,
 Care round the horsemen casts her shroud;
Not the fleet stag so lightly trips,
 Nor Eurus drives so swift the cloud.

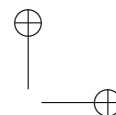
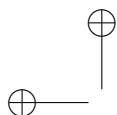
Happy, who recks not future woes,
 While seizing on the present joy –
Who smiles through trials, for he knows
 There is no good without alloy.

Achilles fell on battle field,
 Tithonus of old age decayed;
And Time, perchance, to me may yield
 The boon for which thou'st vainly prayed.

A hundred flocks around thee bleat,
 Sicilian cattle make thee glad;
Swift coursers thee their master greet,
 In thrice-dyed purple thou art clad.

To me, kind Fortune has assigned
 A subtle vein of Grecian Muse,
A few small meadows, and a mind
 To bear unmoved the mob's abuse.





J. C. ELGOOD, 1886

(Associate of King's College, London)

The sailor, storm-tossed on the broad Ægean Sea, O Grosphus, prays to the Gods for a calm as soon as dark clouds obscure the moon, and the well known stars are lost to sight.

Warlike Thrace, and bow-renowned Parthia, desire peace which neither jewels, nor purple, nor gold, can purchase.

For neither the wealth of kings, nor the lictors, can remove mental anguish and the cares that hover around splendid ceilings.

That man enjoys life whose father's salt cellar gleams on his humble table, and whose light sleep nor fear nor wretched avarice disturb.

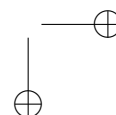
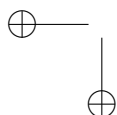
Why do we, during our short span of existence, so daringly aim at accomplishing so much? What exile from his country can be an exile from himself?

Corroding care, swifter than the stag and more rapid than Eurus driving onwards the flying clouds, climbs the brazen-beaked ships, and rides with the squadrons of horse.

Let the mind, which is contented with its present lot, feel no anxiety for the future, and temper with a calmness of joy the anxieties of life.

There is no perfect happiness. An early death overtook the illustrious Achilles. A lingering old age wasted away the body of Tithonus, and it may be that the Hours will grant to me what they deny to thee.

A hundred flocks of sheep, and Sicilian herds, are thine. For thee the swift mare raises her neighing. Purple vestments, doubly dyed, are thy clothing. The truth-predicting Fates bestowed on me a little land, a slight inspiration of the Grecian Muse, and an abhorrence of the malignant mob.





T. RUTHERFURD CLARK, 1887

(The Odes of Horace)

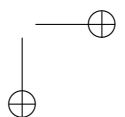
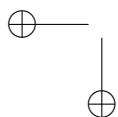
Rest is his prayer, who 'mid the spume
Of broad Aegean marks a gloom
Of storm round darkened Dian loom,
 And stars gleam fitfully.
Rest, rest, the quivered Parthian cries;
Rest, rest, Mars-maddened Thrace replies;
But neither gold nor gems nor dyes,
 Sweet rest, may purchase thee.

The tyrant's pelf, the lictor's steel
A soul's sedition cannot heal,
Nor whence by stately roofs they wheel,
 The flock of cares dispel.
Who keeps the ancestral silver bright
To deck a table thrift hath dight,
Whose sleep nor fear nor avarice fright,
 He lives on little well.

Brief are our summers, why so brave
To aim at all things? Wherefore crave
New suns? Ah! wandering o'er the wave
 From self what exile flees?
The leper care boards brazen ships,
Strong warriors horsed for combat clips,
Outstrips the hunted stag, outstrips
 The cloud-compelling breeze.

Whose cheerful heart to-day can bless,
Should reckon of dark to-morrows less,
Smiling to sweeten bitterness,
 Since nought is wholly blest.
Swift death cut short Achilles' day;
Tithonus withers in decay;
Perchance the hour will say thee nay,
 And offer me its best;

Though fleecy flocks, and lowing kine,
And whinnying chariot mares are thine,
And Afric dyes incarnadine
 The purples of thy state;
And all my wealth a tiny farm,
Of Grecian song the airy charm,
And scorn of mean, malignant harm, –
 Good gifts of faithful fate.





GEORGE F. ATKINSON, 1887

(University of North Carolina Magazine)

Peace the sailor asks of the Gods when caught on
Deep Ægean sea, at a time when blackened
Clouds obscure the moon, and the guiding stars are
Hid from the sailors.

Peace is asked by Thrace ever fierce in battle;
Peace the Medes, adorned with their shining quivers,
Ask, O Grosphus, not to be bought with gems nor
Gold nor with purple.

Neither treasures rare nor the consul's licitor
Drive away tumultous thoughts that vex the
Soul, and anxious cares ever hover 'round the
Beautiful ceilings.

He lives doubly well whose ancestral salt-cup
Shines in splendor now on his simple table:
Fear nor mean desire drives away from him sweet
Slumbers and dreaming.

Why such haste in striving for gain, since life is
Short? Why change our land for a country warmed by
Other suns? Who ever escaped himself, though
Sent into exile?

Morbid cares do follow and climb the brazen
Beaks of ships; and horsemen escape them never,
Swifter far than deer, or the roughened storm-cloud
Driven by Eurus.

Let that soul so joyful to-day despise the
Anxious care of morrow, and let him laughing
Bitter things allay; for there's naught found sweet in
Every condition.

Death removed Achilles renowned and youthful;
Long continued life shrivelled up Tithonus;
And, perchance to me, what from you it hides, the
Season may offer.

Fleecy flocks, Sicilian cows a hundred,
Sport around you. Yoked to the car the mare for
You is neighing. Garments you wear in Afric's
Purple twice colored.

Kindly Fate, by no means deceitful, gave to
Me a little farm, and an inspiration
Slight of Grecian song, and a mind to scorn the
Envious people.



SIR STEPHEN DE VERE, 1888

(1812–1904; Poet and Country Gentleman)

When the pale moon is wrapt in cloud,
And mists the guiding stars enshroud;
When on the dark Ægean shore
The bursting surges flash and roar;
The mariner with toil opprest
Sighs for his home and prays for rest:
So pray the warrior sons of Thrace;
So pray the quivered Mede's barbaric race:
Grosphus, not gold nor gems can buy
That peace which in brave souls finds sanctuary;
Nor Consul's pomp, nor treasured store,
Can one brief moment's rest impart,
Or chase the cares that hover o'er
The fretted roof, the wearied heart.

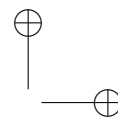
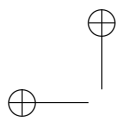
Happy is he whose modest means afford
Enough – no more: upon his board
Th' ancestral salt-vase shines with lustre clear,
Emblem of olden faith and hospitable cheer;
Nor greed, nor doubt, nor envy's curses deep
Disturb his innocent sleep.

Why waste on doubtful issues life's short years?
Why hope that foreign suns can dry our tears?
The Exile from his country flies,
Not from himself, nor from his memories.

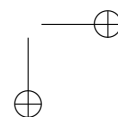
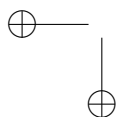
Care climbs the trireme's brazen sides;
Care with the serried squadron rides;
Outstrips the cloud-compelling wind
And leaves the panting stag behind:
But the brave spirit, self possest,
Tempers misfortune with a jest,
With joy th' allotted gift receives,
The gift withheld to others frankly leaves.

A chequered life the Gods bestow:
Snatched by swift fate Achilles died:
Time-worn Tithonus, wasting slow,
Long wept a death denied:
A random hour may toss to me
Some gifts, my friend, refused to thee.

A hundred flocks thy pastures roam:
Large herds, deep-uddered, low around thy home
At the red close of day:
The steed with joyous neigh
Welcomes thy footstep: robes that shine



Twice dipt in Afric dyes are thine.
To me kind Fate with bounteous hand
Grants other boon; a spot of land,
A faint flame of poetic fire,
A breath from the Æolian lyre,
An honest aim, a spirit proud
That loves the truth, and scorns the crowd.





J. LEIGH S. HATTON, 1890

("Late of Worcester College, Oxford")

For rest! for rest! to Heaven the sailor cries
On wide Ægèan waters tempest-tost,
What time the moon is hid in clouded skies,
And guiding stars are lost!

And, Grosphus, rest is warlike Thracia's prayer,
And 'tis for rest the quivered Medians cry,
Rest, that nor purple robes, nor jewels rare,
Nor gold itself can buy!

No kingly treasures and no lictor's power
The tumults of a suffering mind can still,
Nor chase the cares that oft in slumber's hour
The richest chambers fill!

Wisely he lives, upon whose modest board
The ancient heirloom for his salt is bright,
Nor fear nor envy in his bosom stored
Robs him of slumber light.

Brave in our little day, what schemes we try!
From land to land, from clime to clime we roam!
Yet never exile from himself could fly
Though he may fly his home!

Black care ascends the brazen galley's side,
And rides, foul fiend, where charging squadrons go,
Swifter than Eurus, when the mists divide,
And fleeter than the roe.

O happy soul! why care to think or plan
For what the future keepeth unconfessed?
Smile at life's bitters, and remember man
Is never wholly blest!

In manhood's prime renowned Achilles died,
Tithonus wasted through a long old age,
And Fortune may for thee and me provide
A different heritage;

Around thy homestead low Sicilian kine,
And horses neigh the chariot race to try,
And countless flocks, and purple robes are thine
Twice plunged in Tyrian dye;

While unto me the changeless Fates have borne
A gentle spirit of the Grecian song,
A few poor acres, and a soul to scorn
The vile malignant throng!



GOLDWIN SMITH, 1890

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

For ease the weary seaman prays
 On the wild ocean, tempest tost,
When guiding stars withhold their rays,
 When pales the moon in cloud-wrack lost.

For ease the Median archers sigh,
 For ease the Thracian warrior bold;
But ease, my friend, nor gems can buy,
 Nor purple robes, nor mighty gold.

No lacquey train, no consul's guard
 Can keep the spectral crowd aloof
That throngs the troubled mind, or ward
 The cares that haunt the gilded roof.

Upon a frugal board to see
 The old paternal silver shine;
Light sleep from care and canker free –
 This happy, lowly lot be mine.

The mortal frames a mighty plan,
 And framing dies, a fretful elf;
He posts, unresting, through his span,
 And flies, but ne'er escapes himself.

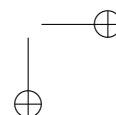
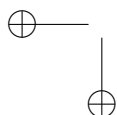
Care sits upon the swelling sail,
 Care mounts the warrior's barbèd steed;
The bounding stag, the driving gale,
 Are laggards to her deadly speed.

Come weal, we'll joy while joy we may,
 And let the future veil the rest;
Come woe, we'll smile its gloom away,
 Since naught that is is always blest.

Achilles died before his hour,
 Tithonus lived while time grew old;
The self-same boon the self-same power,
 To me may give, from thee withhold.

Around thy dome unnumbered stray
 The flocks; Sicilian heifers low,
Coursers of glorious lineage neigh;
 Thy robes with Afric's purple glow.

A home that fits a poet's state,
 A spark, though small, of poet's fire,
A poet's heart to scorn dull hate –
 All this I have, nor more desire.





JOHN B. HAGUE, 1892

(The Odes and Epodes of Horace)

For rest the storm-tossed sailor cries,
Caught 'neath th' Ægean's angry skies,
When cloud and tempest o'er them sweep,
Nor moon nor star shines on the deep.

For rest shall warring Thracia pray,
For rest the Mede with quiver gay –
The boon, O Grosphus, is not sold
For gems, or purple, or for gold.

Nor king nor consul power shall find
To calm the tumults of the mind,
Or drive the crowd of cares away,
That press around the rich and gay.

He liveth well who lives content,
To whose spare board its grace hath lent
Th' ancestral salt – nor love of gain,
Nor fears, his golden sleep restrain.

Our strength so brief why should we boast?
Why change our own for foreign coast
Warmed by new suns, and leave our sky –
What exile from himself can fly?

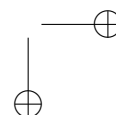
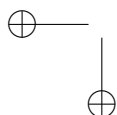
For care shall climb the galley's sides,
Faster than horseman's troop it rides,
Outstrips the roe, and leaves behind
E'en the swift tempest-driving wind.

Enjoy to-day, what comes the while
Care not to know, and with a smile
The bitter sweeten – thou shalt find
Nothing is perfect in its kind.

How soon Achilles passed away,
Long years wore out Tithonus' day,
And time perhaps may give to me
Some good that is denied to thee.

For thee Sicilian flocks shall bleat,
And herds shall low, and stalls shall greet
With welcome neigh from generous steeds,
For thee the purple murex bleeds.

To me just Fate does not refuse
Some lands, and breath of Grecian Muse,
And power to spurn while yet I live
The praise or blame the crowd may give.





JOHN OSBORNE SARGENT, 1893

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

Rest! prays the mariner, by storm
 Caught in the wide Ægæan sea –
When blackening clouds the skies deform
 And lone stars glimmer fitfully.

For rest the furious Thracians cry,
 The quivered Parthians pray for rest;
Rest, Grosphus, neither gold can buy
 Nor precious stones nor purple vest.

In vain your treasures you display
 Or licitor's summonses to quit –
The cares and tumults still will stay
 That round the gilded ceilings flit.

On little he lives well, indeed,
 Whose father's modest salts are bright
On his scant board; nor care nor greed
 Deprives him of his sleep at night.

Why boast of aims unlimited,
 Doomed to so brief a life? And why
Change for warm clime? His country fled,
 What exile from himself can fly?

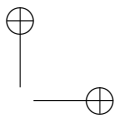
Vile care ascends the brass-beaked ships,
 Nor lags the mounted knights behind,
The swiftness of the stag outstrips,
 And cloud-compelling Eastern wind.

The mind rejoicing in to-day
 No morrow's troubles need molest:
With gentle smiles drive ills away;
 For nothing is completely blest.

Age wastes Tithonus lingeringly;
 Achilles, glorious, swiftly dies;
The hour perchance may give to me
 A boon that it to you denies.

A hundred flocks your meadows graze;
 Sicilian heifers round you low;
For chariots fit, your filly neighs;
 Your vats with Tyrian purples glow.

Fate never false vouchsafes to me
 Contentment with a small domain,
The lyric power, – the faculty
 To conquer malice with disdain.



T. A. WALKER, 1893

(*The Odes of Horace*)

For rest the sailor prays the gods aloud,
 When in the wide Ægean caught at night,
And hides the moon behind a darkening cloud,
 And stars shine forth with dim uncertain light.

For rest the warlike Thracian asks in prayer,
 For rest the quiver-dizened Mede, but rest
Cannot be bought for gold, nor jewels rare,
 Nor yet for purple, Grosphus, be possessed.

No wealth, nor rank of Consul e'en, can keep
 Tumultuous passions from the mind aloof,
Nor cares from off our paths like lictors sweep,
 That fly around the richly-panelled roof.

He on whose scanty board shines, as of old,
 His sire's salt-cellar, well on little lives;
And him nor fear of loss nor love of gold
 Robs of the peaceful calm light slumber gives.

Why boldly aim at much when short our time?
 Why seek we, craving for another sun,
To change our own for foreign home and clime?
 What exile from his country self can shun?

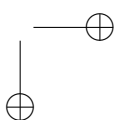
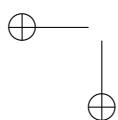
E'en brass-beaked ships climbs morbid care's disease,
 And not out-stripped by troops of horse, more fleet
Than stag or tempest-driving eastern breeze,
 Doth care in swiftness with the swift compete.

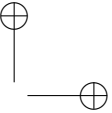
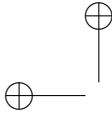
Let hearts, rejoicing in the present while,
 Abhor for things beyond distressful care,
And with life's bitters mix a placid smile:
 Unblended bliss exists not anywhere.

While premature was famed Achilles' end,
 Protracted age Tithonus wore away,
And time perhaps will soon to me extend
 The good it may deny thee any day.

Around thee bleat and low much sheep and kine,
 A well-trained mare salutes thee with a cry
Of whinnying joy, and thou dost dress thee fine
 With wool twice dipped in Afric's purple dye.

Unfailing fate, that doth my lot assign,
 Has gifted me with but a small domain,
A breath of Grecian inspiration fine,
 And for the world's malignity disdain,





JOHN AUGUSTINE WILSTACH, 1893

(1824-97)

Repose desires the Ægean sailor, thrown
On raging waves, what time, with darkness sown,
The heavens nor moon nor glimpse of star-light own,
Malignant.

Repose desires the Thracian battle-stained,
The Mede to bear the beauteous quiver trained,
Repose, my friend, which wealth has ne'er attained,
Benignant.

For vanish not the tumults of the mind
Where fretted ceilings shine o'er menials kind
And treasures vast, and rods the axes bind
Of lictors.

Wisely they live content with moderate state,
Proud of some heir-loom of an ancient date,
And meeting sleep, with slight or no debate,
As victors.

Why strive we for so much in life so short?
Why need we alien suns and tempests court?
Should not our native land as shield and fort
Be cherished?

The bronze-beaked ships ascends devouring care,
Nor from armed ranks drives it the trumpet's blare,
Beneath it fleets and camps in grim despair
Have perished.

He whom the present satisfies is wise;
The future will not yield for all our cries;
Some things in life e'en seen with smiling eyes
Are bitter.

O'ercame the great Achilles sudden death,
Wears down Tithonus e'en immortal breath,
Than lessons these nor song nor legend saith
Aught fitter.

For thee, my friend, sleek herds a thousand low,
Mares four-abreast before thy chariots glow,
The Tyrian purple robe is thine: Art thou
Contented?

While I am wise, love for my little farm,
And courtship of the Grecian Muses' charm
Shall never find that I ambition's harm
Repented.



WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE, 1894

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

When clouds the moon with blackness shade,
When stars refuse the sailors aid,
Caught on the broad Aegean's breast
The shipman prays the gods for rest.

Rest, asks the Thracian, wild in fight;
Rest, asks the Mede, with quiver bright;
But rest, my Grosphus, is not sold
For purple robe, or gems, or gold.

Nor lictor in the consul's train
Can stay the spirit's piteous pain,
Nor wealth; nor drive the cares aloof
That flit beneath the pannelled roof.

A man, where shines on humble board
The salt-box that his father stored,
Lives well, though poor: no fears molest,
Nor greed of gain, his nightly rest.

Why strenuous, for our little time,
To compass much? some other clime
Than ours, why covet? Wander why
From home? Ourselves we cannot fly.

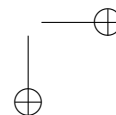
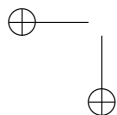
Grim Care the knightly train attends,
Grim Care the beakéd ships ascends,
Outstrips the stag, and the east wind,
That chases clouds, leaves far behind.

Eschew, with present joys content,
The mind on forecast idly bent:
Calm smiles the sourest chance can cheat;
The sweetest is not wholly sweet.

Achilles falls before his day;
With years, Tithonus wastes away:
The coming Hour to me may grant
The very boon it bids thee want.

Those hundred flocks, those Sikel kine
Around thee lowing, all are thine:
The neighing mare, in races tried,
Robes twice in Afric's purple dyed,

Thine too. A little farm to use,
A faint breath of the Grecian muse,
Me loyal Fate hath so endowed,
And taught to spurn the carping crowd.





J. HOWARD DEAZELEY, 1894

(“Merton College, Oxford”)

For calm the storm-caught sailor prays
On open sea, when black cloud lays
Its veil on moon and certain way
 No guiding stars display:

For calm the rage of warlike Thrace,
For calm the Medes whom quivers grace,
My Grosphus, that nor purple dye
 Nor gems nor gold can buy.

For neither wealth nor consul's guard
Can move on care from mind ill-starred,
Or troubled thoughts that flitting roam
 Round roof of fretted dome.

He lives life well on scant supply
Whose father's salt-dish glitters by
On frugal board, nor greed nor fright
 Can break his slumbers light.

With time so short why aim to gain
So much? Why after sunshine strain
In foreign lands? What exile lone
 From self with home hath flown?

Corroding care climbs brazen ships,
Nor far from horsemen's troop she slips,
More fleet than stag, more fleet than gale
 That makes the storm-clouds sail.

Let hearts, if joy be present, hate
To mourn for chance of future fate,
And season grief with smiles. To nought
 Is bliss unbroken brought.

Swift death Achilles swept away,
Tithonus dwindled with decay
Of age, and time may give to me
 What time denies to thee.

Round thee Sicilian heifers low
And countless flocks, a-neighing go
Thy harness-mares, clad is thy pride
 In raiment doubly dyed

With Afric's purple: acres few
And of Greek song some humble hue
To me has honest Fate allowed
 And scorn of common crowd.

CHARLES L. GRAVES, 1895 (IMITATED)

(1856–1944; *The Hawarden Horace*)

Calm upon the broad Atlantic, tossed by billows fierce and frantic,
Pallid passengers inordinately crave,
As the angry ocean surges and the sire of Boanerges
Cataclysmically merges cloud and wave.

Calm it is that wan advisers of unconscionable Kaisers
Unceasingly are striving to attain –
Calm, the coveted of Chilians and belligerent Brazilians,
Calm, that even Mackay's millions court in vain.

For although your wealth be teeming far beyond a miser's dreaming,
Though your lackeys have the lustre of Lord Mayors,
Pomp affords no mitigation of the cankering vexation
Of a democrat condemned to sit upstairs.

Modest wants are soonest sated; though their spoons be silver-plated,
Many men by sounder slumbers are restored
Than if they yearly spent more than the millionaire of Mentmore,
Or drank from golden goblets like a lord.

What avails our ceaseless striving, planning, plotting, and contriving,
As we flit in search of sunshine or of peace
To the heart of Cochin-China, Carolina, Argentina?
Even Liberators can't obtain release.

Care asserts her odious power in the warship's conning-tower,
Scruples not the gilded guardsman to assail;
And her onset far surpasses e'en such speed as Ininglass's,
Surpasses e'en the racers of the rail.

To anticipate disaster brings it hitherward the faster;
Oh, believe me, Tapley's attitude is best.
As for Labouchere's reviling, learn from me to bear it smiling:
No lot on earth is altogether blest.

Canning's doom was brilliant brevity; ineffectual longevity
Obscured the early eminence of Grey:
And it may be in our sequel, though in length of span unequal,
Serener joys shall crown my closing day.

You have parks as broad as prairies, you've Elizabethan dairies,
You've an army of retainers at your call:
And the winner of the 'Guineas' and the Derby proudly whinnies
Whene'er the Opposition has a fall.

I've a small estate at Hawarden, with a nice old-fashioned garden,
I've a pair of carriage-horses and a cob;
And I con my classic folios far from Parliament's imbroglios,
Unembarrassed by the mandate of the mob.



CYRIL E. F. STARKEY, 1895

(Verse Translations from Classic Authors)

For peace prays the weary sailor
 On the wide Ægean tost,
When the stormy night has hidden the light,
 And his guiding stars are lost.

For peace prays the war-worn Thracian,
 And the Mede with his quiver fair;
But it is not with gold, nor the purple's fold,
 Nor with gems he will win his prayer.

Nor pomp nor store of riches
 Can drive black cares from our ways,
For they hover nigh 'neath the gilded sky
 Of a fretted ceiling's blaze.

Blest he who lives contented
 With a frugal table spread!
No terror cold nor greed of gold
 Calm slumber scares from his bed.

Why grasp ye at varied treasures,
 Proud sons of a fleeting day?
Not by devious ways 'neath a new sun's rays
 Can ye flee from self away.

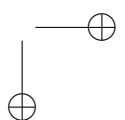
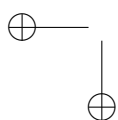
It climbs the brazen galley,
 It dogs the war-steed's race,
Care's gloomy blight more swift in flight
 Than the blasts which the storm-clouds chase.

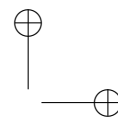
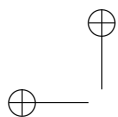
He whom his lot contenteth
 Must shrink from further quest,
And Fortune's frown he should still smile down;
 Nothing is wholly blest.

Swift Death rapt bright Achilles;
 Worn by eternity
Tithonus lies; and what Time denies
 To thee, may flow to me.

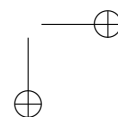
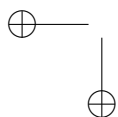
For thee Sicilian heifers
 Are lowing on the lea,
And mares of pace for the chariot race
 Are neighing shrill for thee.

A hundred herds of cattle,
 And fleeces rare are thine
Of wool twice dyed in the purple tide;
 A few small fields are mine,





And these the Fates have granted
Who never break their word,
And a slender vein of Hellenic strain,
And a soul above the herd.





A. S. AGLLEN, 1896

(“Archdeacon of St. Andrews”)

“Grant rest,” the Aegean sailor cries
To Heav’n, far out at sea, when skies
All black with cloud deceive his eyes,
 And moon and stars withhold.
“Grant rest,” prays Thrace, so fierce in fight,
And Medes with gorgeous quiver dight;
But, Grosphus, rest, not purple bright
 Nor gems can buy, nor gold.
For wealth removes not from the heart,
Nor consul’s lictor bids depart
Its vexing woes, nor cares that dart
 Round fretted vaults in flight.
The man lives well, though scant his hoard,
Whose father’s salt-dish decks his board,
Whose light meals slumbers light afford
 Unvexed by lust or fright.
Brief man, why venture aim on aim?
Seek climes with other suns aflame?
Though a new land the exile claim,
 From self is refuge there?
Care climbs the brazen galley’s side;
From carking care can troopers ride?
Cloud-driving blasts, and stags, when spied,
 Are swift, but swifter care.
Glad hearts should not forestall their woe,
But laugh at bitterness, and so
Relieve their sorrows; nought below
 Is happy all in all.
Fam’d was Achilles, short his day;
Age to Tithonus brought decay;
And what Time has denied you may
 Perchance to my lot fall.
Sheep bleat, Sicilian heifers low
By hundreds, yours; mares neigh that go
In harness, yours: your fleeces show,
 Twice-dipp’d, the Afric stain.
True to herself, Fate gave as mine
Few acres, but has breathed a fine
Strain of the songful Grecian Nine,
 For carping crowd disdain.

PHILIP E. PHELPS, 1897

(*The Odes of Horace*)

Ease, of the Gods the mariner petitions,
Caught in the wild and tempest-tost Ægean,
When the clouds hide the Moon, and stars uncertain
Shine on the sailors.

Ease, the fierce Thracian furious in battle,
Ease, too, the Medians graceful with the quiver,
Grosphus, which jewel'd treasures ne'er can purchase,
No! nor the golden.

For neither wealth nor lictor of the Consul
Clears from the mind its miserable tumults,
Nor the vexatious cares that flutter round the
Ceil'd habitations!

Well does he live on little, whose paternal
Salt-cellar glistens on his frugal table,
And whose light slumbers neither fear nor sordid
Avarice hinders.

Why, with false brav'ry, aim at many objects
In a short lifetime? Why for other climates
Change we our own? What exile from his country
Flies himself also?

Mischievous care ascends the brazen vessels,
Nor does she leave the squadrons of the horsemen,
Swifter than stags, and fleetier than the East-wind
Driving the storm-clouds.

Minds that are pleas'd with present lot, the future
View not with anxious care, and with light laughter
Temper life's bitters, knowing well that naught is
Ev'ry way happy.

Swiftmess of death snatch'd off the brave Achilles,
Length of old age diminish'd e'en Tithonus,
And perhaps Time to me may mete the blessings
Which it denies thee.

Round thee a hundred flocks and kine Sicilian
Low; for thee neighs the mare for chariot fitted,
While the rich vesture doubly-dyed in Afric
Purple arrays thee.

But to my share a small domain of country
Fate has allotted, and a slight infusion
Of the Greek muse, and pow'r to scorn the vulgar
Basely malignant.

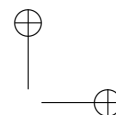
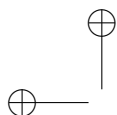


ALFRED DENIS GODLEY, 1898

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

For rest prays the sailor caught on the wide Ægean, what time dark clouds have hidden the moon, nor stars shine clear to guide the mariner: rest is the prayer of war-maddened Thracian and quiver-decked Mede, – rest, Grosphus, that nor gems nor gold can buy. For no treasures, no consul's lictor can chase away the mind's sad disorders, and cares that hover about richly ceiled halls. Full well he lives at little cost, whose father's salt-cellar shines on his humble board: nor fear, nor base desire robs him of light slumbers. Why aims our valour so high in life's brief span? Why change we our homes for lands warmed by another sun? What exile from his country hath e'er fled from himself as well? Sickly care climbs brazen-beaked ships, nor is outpaced by squadrons of horse, – swifter than stags, swifter than the east wind that drives the clouds. Enjoy the present hour: think not on that which lies beyond, and temper sorrows with careless smile: there is no bliss unmixed with ill. Swift death took great Achilles for its prey: Tithonus pined in long old age: and to me perchance shall hours bring what to thee they deny. Around thee low a hundred herds of Sicilian kine: thine are whinnying mares, fit to draw the chariot: thou art clad in wool twice stained by Afric's purple. To me hath Fate fulfilled her promise, granting me the delicate spirit of Grecian song, and contempt of the envious crowd.

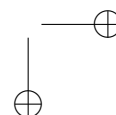
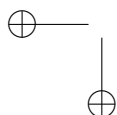




WILLIAM COUTTS, 1898

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

For peace he prays the gods who has been caught on the wide Aegean, once a black cloud has hidden the moon and the stars do not shine a sure guide to the sailor; for peace prays Thrace embroiled in war, for peace the Medes adorned with the quiver, for peace, my Grosphus, not to be bought with jewels nor purple nor gold. For it is not treasure nor the consul’s lictor that drives off the wretched troubles of the mind and the cares that flit around the fretted ceiling. Well does he live on little, on whose humble board glitters his paternal salt-cellar, and neither fear nor sordid avarice banishes his slumbers light. Why do we boldly aim at much in our brief life? Why exchange our own for lands warmed by another sun? What exile from his country has fled from self as well? Morbid care climbs bronze-beaked ships, and leaves not troops of horse, fleeter than the stag, fleeter too than Eurus driving along the clouds. Let the soul, at present happy, fear to trouble about what is beyond, and sweeten life’s bitterness with a quiet smile; naught is there blessed on every side. An early death carried off glorious Achilles, a protracted old age wore out Tithonus, and to me, perchance, the hand of time will reach what it denies to you. Yours are a hundred flocks of Sicilian kine lowing around; yours the neighing mare suited for the four-horse car; yours are fleeces twice dipped in the purple of Africa to clothe you; mine is a small estate, and, given me by unerring Fate, a slight inspiration of the Grecian Muse, and contempt for the churlish crowd.





ANONYMOUS, 1898

(City and State)

When the black clouds have hid the moon
And no familiar stars do guide,
The sailor prays the gods for ease
On the Ægean spreading wide.

The Thracian, furious in war,
The Mede, resplendent with his quiver,
O Grosphus, pray for ease, with gold
And gems and purple purchased never.

No licitor, with the ax and rods,
May chase, no treasure bribe, away
The mind's dread tumults, and the cares
Which round our gilded ceilings play.

Who has but little, yet enough
His board with fitting state to keep –
He lives aright, nor paltry fears
Nor greed shall rob him of his sleep.

Why should we, in our little lives,
Be so disquieted? why be
Anxious to see new lands and climes?
What exile from himself can flee?

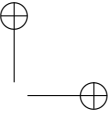
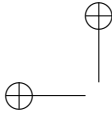
Destroying care on brass-prowed ships
Embarks, with troops of horse abides;
Swift as the stag, as Eurus swift,
The cloud-compelling ever rides.

Enjoy the present; for the rest
Care not; the bitter with the sweet
Take with a smile, for never yet
Was mortal happiness complete.

Tithonus wasted with long age,
The great Achilles swiftly died;
The morrow may, perchance, give me
What is to even you denied.

Around you low a hundred herds;
Sicilian cows, the chariot mare,
Lift up to you their cries; the wools
Of Afric, double-dyed, you wear.

To me, a little country-seat
The fates, which lie not, have allowed;
Some inspiration of the Muse
Of Greece, and scorn of the base crowd.



BENJAMIN F. MEYERS, 1901

(1833–1918; American Politician)

For repose prays he on the wide Ægean
Storm-toss'd; black clouds hiding the moon, while starlight
With uncertain rays from the constellations
Shines for the sailor.

Fierce in war Thrace prays for a peaceful season,
With his graceful quiver the Mede petitions
For repose, ah! Grosphus, no gems, nor gold, nor
Purple can purchase.

Not the wealth of princes, nor consul's licitor
May relieve the mind of its tumults wretched,
Nor of cares that, hovering, circle over
Ceilings of splendor.

He lives well on little for whom doth glitter
The paternal plate on his frugal table;
Neither fear of loss, nor ambition sordid,
Troubles his slumber.

Why should we much aim at whose strength is fleeting?
Why our own land change for another warming
Under other sun? Who escapes in exile
Also his own self?

Care infectious climbs on the brass-beak'd galleys,
Nor the arméd troops of the horsemen quittance,
Than the stag more swift or the East Wind driving
Rain-clouds before it.

Let the mind content with the Present never
For the Future anxiously care; with placid
Smile let what is bitter be sweeten'd; nought is
Perfect in all parts.

Death with swift hand snatch'd away fam'd Achilles;
Age prolong'd to skeleton thinn'd Tithonus;
That which thee the Hour doth deny will, mayhap,
Fall unto my lot.

Herds a hundred now are around thee bleating,
Kine Sicilian lowing, and coursers-neighing
For the chariot trained; Afric purple twice-dyed
Is to thee raiment.

Fate unerring me doth award small acres,
Of the Grecian muse a slight inspiration,
With the power to spurn with contempt the common
Envious rabble.



W. C. GREEN, 1903

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

Rest from the gods the shipman doth implore,
Toss’d on Aegean main, when black clouds hide
The moon, and stars to mariners no more
Shine a sure guide.

Rest craveth Thrace in battles madly bold,
Rest crave the Medes with hanging quiver gay;
Yea, Grosphus, rest, whose price gems, purple, gold,
Can never pay.

For treasures none, nor consul’s guarded state
Can clear the mind of riotous misery,
Of cares that ’neath the ceilings of the great
For ever fly.

He lives on little well, whoe’er can show
On humble board paternal salt-dish bright,
Nor must through fear of covetous greed forego
His slumbers light.

Why in brief life o’er-brave with much ado
Aim we so high? From clime to clime why sped
Change oft our suns? From home we flee, but who
From self e’er fled?

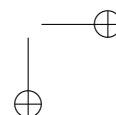
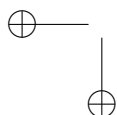
Care, caitiff care, climbs galley’s brazen side,
Nor is by mounted squadrons left behind,
Fleet as the deer, and – though on storm it ride –
Fleet as the wind.

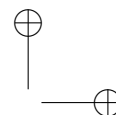
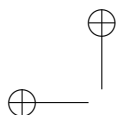
Then suffer not thy soul to be distrest
For what may come, when thou hast present joy:
Laugh bitter into sweet: nothing is blest
Without alloy.

Achilles glorious was, but early died;
Long lives Tithonus, but is old and thin;
And I perchance the boon to thee denied.
From time may win.

Thou, friend, thy hundred flocks, thy kine canst tell,
Sicilian, lowing loud: whinnies thy mare
Meet for the chariot-race; from Afric shell
Wool thou dost wear

Twice dyed. Me honest Fate with little farm
And the light breath of Grecian Muse endow’d,
And with good wit to scorn the spite and harm
Of vulgar crowd.

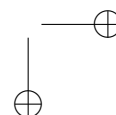
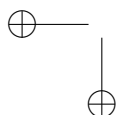


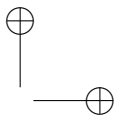


EDWARD CHARLES WICKHAM, 1903

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

Peace is the prayer of one caught in a storm on the open Aegean, at the moment when black clouds have hidden the moon, and the stars on which to rely no longer shine. Peace is the prayer of Thrace, though it is raving mad for the battle – peace of the Mede, though his adornment is the quiver – peace, Grosphus, which we cannot buy for gems nor for purple nor for gold. For no treasures, no consul's lictor can bid disperse the miserable insurgent crowds of the mind and the cares that flit round panelled roofs. A happy life is his, though his means are small, on whose modest board shines bright the heirloom salt-cellar, and whom no fears nor mean desires rob of untroubled sleep. Why, with our short years, are we so bold to aim our shaft at many marks? Why change our home for lands warm with another sun? What exile from his country finds that he has left himself also behind? Care that comes of fault boards the brazen trireme, nor is outridden by the squadrons of horsemen, swifter than stag, swifter than Eurus when he drives the storm clouds. When happy for the moment, the heart should shun all thought for what is beyond: and if the cup is bitter, sweeten it with the smile of patience. No lot is happy on all sides, Achilles in his glory was taken away by an early death. His long old age wore Tithonus to a shadow. And to me perhaps time in its course will proffer something that it has denied to you. You have a hundred flocks: and Sicilian kine lowing all round you. You have a whinnying mare now fit for the chariot race. You are clothed in wool twice dipped in African purple. To me Fate, who breaks not her promise, gave the modest farm, and with it the fine inspiration of the Grecian Muse, and the power to rise above the spiteful crowd.





P. CARLETON BING, 1905

(Miami Student)

For peace of mind the sailor prays
When tossed on wild Aegean brine
As soon as clouds blot out the moon
And stars to guide no longer shine.

For peace of mind does warlike Thrace,
And quiver bearing Mede implore;
For peace O' Grosphus never bought
By purple, gems, or golden store.

For neither wealth of regal hoards
Nor consul's lictor can drive out
The wretched tumults of the mind
Which flit the paneled walls about.

Happy the man upon whose board
There shines the family salt dish bright.
No timorous fears or base desire
Shall rob him of his slumber light.

Why follow me so many things
Why change our home for foreign lands?
Who, though an exile from his home
Has e'er escaped from Conscience' bands?

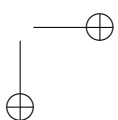
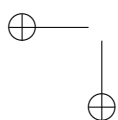
For morbid care scales brazen ships
Nor falls behind the horsemen's flight,
'Tis swifter far than fleetest stags
Or cloudy Eurus, black as night.

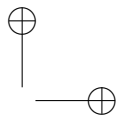
Let cheerful minds in present state
Disdain all future time's bequest
And, smiling, quiet discontent
For nothing is completely blessed.

Old age has worn Tithonus down –
By sudden death Achilles died,
Perhaps the hour may give to me
The very thing to you denied.

Around you low your hundred herds.
Your fleet foot mare stands neighing by
And you are clad in finest wool
Twice dipped in Afric's purpling dye.

To me a little country home
And spirit fine of Grecian song
The undeceitful Fate has giv'n
Along with hatred of the throng.





R. E. PYE, 1905

(Miami Student)

For peace the storm-tossed mariner,
Far distant from the shore,
Implores the gods when black clouds bid
The moon to shine no more;
And stars refuse their guiding light
To travelers on the sea by night.

Repose is sought by the man of Thrace
Although so fierce in war;
And quiver ornamented Medes
From gods this peace implore,
Which neither gems nor shining gold,
Nor royal wealth can buy nor hold.

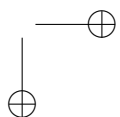
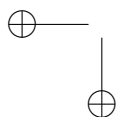
Not riches nor the consul's power
Can take away the sting
From restless tumults of the soul
Which only dark thoughts bring;
Nor chase the host of sable cares
That flit about the marble stairs.

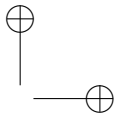
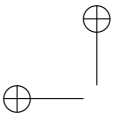
He lives well whose needs are few;
Upon whose frugal board
The salt dish that his fathers used
Is still with offerings stored;
While neither fears nor passionate greeds
Disturb his sleep or shape his deeds.

Why strive we for so many things
In life's short span of time?
Why seek we distant homes on earth
Within some other clime?
What one, though 'neath his country's ban
Can flee himself, the inner man?

The sorrows born of our own faults
Mount e'en the bronze-nosed galleys;
Nor do they leave the warrior troops
On uplands nor in valleys
They swifter fly than deer in flight
Or Eurus, driving clouds of night.

Oh! let the heart, now blessed, disdain
To long for other things,
Allaying with a gentle smile
The pain misfortune brings;
For there is naught that doth exist
In every part entirely blessed.

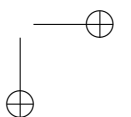
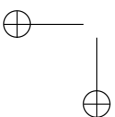




Achilles, strong and known to fame
By early death was claimed.
Tithonus, though he lived long years
Grew gaunt and thin and maimed.
Perhaps to me the hour will send
The things denied to thee, my friend.

Around thee low a hundred herds
Of choice Sicilian kine;
The mare well trained for chariot team
Yields gently to thy line;
And thy bold form is well arrayed
In costly wools of varied shade.

To me, the god of destiny
Has given, without deceit,
The inspiration of the Muse
Besides a country seat.
Kind fates have thus to me allowed
The right to spurn the spiteful crowd.





ECCLESTON DU FAUR, 1906

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

By dark Ægean waves when pressed;
When stars, the sailor's guide, assure
No more; and clouds the Moon obscure;
We pray the gods for rest.

In war, the Thracian, uncontrolled,
The Mede with ready bow, ask rest;
Which, Grosphus, is not bought by best
Of purples, gems, or gold.

Not wealth of kings, nor Consul's state,
And lictors, can sad tumults quell,
In troubled hearts, and cares that dwell
'Neath ceilings of the great.

He whose ancestral salt-box gleams
On board, though scant, lives happily;
No fear, or mean cupidity
Disturb his passing dreams; –

Brief in our strength, why aim so high?
Why change our soil for foreign strand?
No exile from his native land
From his own self can fly.

Care on the brass-beaked ship we find,
It joins equestrian companies;
Swifter than deer, more swift it flies
Than cloud-compelling wind.

The mind, content with present plan,
Should cease to fret for all the rest;
With laughter temper ill, – not blest
Is every day to man.

Achilles meets with speedy fate;
Slow age Tithonus wastes; for me,
Long, – though perhaps denied to thee, –
The lagging Hour may wait.

Thine are large flocks, – round thee may low
Sicilian cows, – and mare, well-tried
In chariot, whinny, – Robes, twice-dyed
By Tyrian shell, may flow

Around thy limbs: mine, simpler state, –
Me, some afflatus from the Muse
Of Greece, kind Fate permits to use,
And factious crowd to hate.



JOHN MARSHALL, 1907

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

Peace from the gods the sailor craves if caught
In open Aegean Sea, when clouds arise
And hide the moon, and guiding stars show naught
 To watchers’ eyes;

Peace Thrace desires, when rage of war burns high;
Peace, Parthian bowmen, while they bear the quiver;
Peace, that by gems or gold or purple’s dye
 Is purchased never.

For not king’s wealth nor consul’s power can daunt
The angry passions which keep souls in thrall,
Or the fell cloud of carking cares which haunt
 The fretted hall.

Well yet at little cost he lives, who shows
No silver on his board to outshine his sire’s;
His easy sleep nor sordid terror knows,
 Nor mean desires.

Why, when so brief our day, shoot we so wild
At marks so many? Why quit home to find
Lands warmed by other suns? Who, self-exiled,
 Leaves self behind?

Soul-cankering Care climbs mighty ships, though ringed
With brass; riders she dogs across the plain;
Swifter is she than deer, or tempests winged
 With clouds of rain.

Let not his mind, who’s happy now, be fixed
On distant ills, but soothe life’s present pains
With imperturbable smile; a good unmixed
 For none remains.

Brief was Achilles’ life, but great his fame!
Tithonus wastes and wastes, but still must live.
So what Time keeps from thee, perchance that same
 To me he’ll give.

Round thee a hundred flocks and heifers low,
Sicilian bred; to greet thee whinnies loud
A mare, for chariot fit; thy vestments show
 Adornment proud

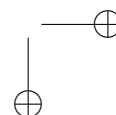
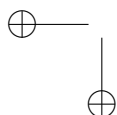
Twice purple-dyed. Fate grants me small estate,
But with it, breath of the Greek Muse’s air;
And granting, too, of vulgar insolence hate,
 Grants me full share.

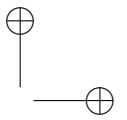


EDWARD R. GARNSEY, 1907

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

Rest from the gods craves he in mid-Ægean
Caught when black clouds have hid
The moon, and no stars beam
 A guide for mariners.
Thrace, furious though it be in war, craves rest,
Rest crave the Medes with quiver dight,
O Grosphus, which may not be bought with gems,
 With purple, or with gold.
For neither treasures, nor Consul's lictor,
Disperse the wretched tumults of the mind,
Nor cares that flit round panelled roofs.
Life passes well on scanty means for him
For whom ancestral salt-box shines on frugal board,
And whom no fear or sordid lust
 Deprives of easy sleep.
Why then do we, with our short life,
Aim boldly at so much? Why change to regions warmed
By other suns? What exile from his fatherland
 Has also fled from self?
Care bred by vice boards brazen ships,
And does not leave the troops of knights,
Speedier than stags, and speedier
 Than Eurus driving storms.
A heart at the moment joyful should abhor
To fret o'er what's beyond, and bitter hap
Should soothe with quiet smile: nothing is good
 From every point.
A quick death took Achilles famed afar,
Long dotage wore Tithonus out,
And time perchance to me may offer what
 It has denied to you.
Round thee a hundred flocks and kine
Of Sicily low, for thee the chariot-broken mare
Neighs loud, wools doubly dyed
 With Afric's purple shell
Clothe thee. To me small fields,
And the fine spirit of the Grecian Muse,
The Fate not false hath given, and power
 To spurn the carping crowd.





WILLIAM GREENWOOD, 1907

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

For ease he doth the gods implore,
 Who, tossing on the wide
 Ægean billows, sees the black clouds hide
The moon, and the sure stars appear no more,
 The shipman’s course to guide.

For ease the sons of Thracia cry,
 In battle uncontrolled,
 For ease the graceful-quivered Median bold,
That ease which purple, Grosphus, cannot buy,
 Nor wealth of gems or gold.

For hoarded treasure cannot keep
 Disquietudes at bay,
 Nor can the consul’s lictor drive away
The brood of dark solitudes, that sweep
 Round gilded ceilings gay.

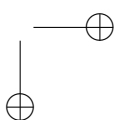
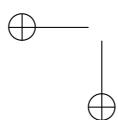
He lives on little, and is blest,
 On whose plain board the bright
 Salt-cellar shines, which was his sire’s delight,
Nor coward fears, nor sordid greed’s unrest
 Disturb his slumbers light.

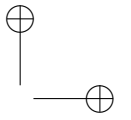
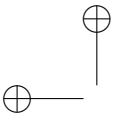
Why should we still project and plan,
 We creatures of an hour?
 Why fly from clime to clime, new regions scour?
Where is the exile, who, since time began,
 To fly from self had power?

Fell Care climbs brazen galleys’ sides;
 Nor troops of horse can fly
 Her foot, which than the stag’s is swifter, ay,
Swifter than Eurus, when he madly rides
 The clouds along the sky.

Careless what lies beyond to know,
 And turning to the best
 The present, meets life’s bitters with a jest,
And smile them down; since nothing here below
 Is altogether blest.

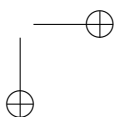
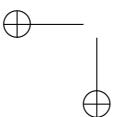
In manhood’s prime Achilles died,
 Tithonus by the slow
 Decay of age was wasted to a show,
And Time may what it hath to thee denied
 On me, perchance, bestow.





Round thee low countless herds and kine
Of Sicily; the mare
Apt for the chariot paws for thee the air,
And Afric's costliest dyes incarnadine
The wools which thou dost wear.

To me a farm of modest size,
And slender vein of song,
Such as in Greece flowed vigorous and strong,
Kind fate hath given, and spirit to despise
The base malignant throng.



CLARA MARGARET CRONIN, 1909

(*The Badger*)

When dark upon the wide Aegean deep
 The black clouds hide the bright moon's kindly rays,
When no star shows, when wild doth rage the storm,
 Unto the Gods for peace the sailor prays.

For peace doth Thrace, war-maddened Thrace, implore;
 For peace the Mede, with quiver graced, doth sigh:
But, Grosphus, peace, not gems nor purple bright,
 Not gold, nor aught of earthly store can buy.

For not the hoards of wealth by kings amassed,
 Nor yet the consul's lictor, with his might,
Can from the mind those hateful cares dispel
 That flit about the lacquered ceilings bright.

Though scant the silver on his frugal board,
 And small though his estate, yet happily
Lives he whose slumbers light and tranquil are, –
 Whose heart from fears and anxious care is free.

In life's short span why strive so much to win?
 Why leave our own for climes 'neath warmer skies?
What exile ever doth himself elude,
 Though far from friends and fatherland he flies?

For carking Care the brass-bound ship ascends,
 And with the troops of horsemen rides abreast;
More swift than flying stag, or than the wind
 That drives the darkling storm clouds from the west.

A heart that with the present is content
 Disdains to care about the future's woes,
And tempers with a smile life's bitterness –
 That naught is fully blest full well he knows.

Untimely death bore off Achilles famed;
 Unending life wears out Tithonus old;
And that which Fortune hath denied to thee,
 Mayhap the coming hour for me doth hold.

For thee Sicilian flocks and heifers low,
 For thee doth neigh the mare, for harness born,
With purest wool twice purpled in rich dye
 From Libya's shore dost thou thyself adorn.

To me a rustic hearth and acres few
 Fate gave, and then did add a gift more rare –
The dainty spirit of the Grecian Muse –
 While for the crowd she bade me have no care.



FRANCIS LAW LATHAM, 1910

("Brasenose College, Oxford")

For rest he prays who in Ægean wide
Is caught by tempest, when black clouds obscure
The moon and not a star can be descried
To sailors sure;

For rest the Mede in pride of archery,
For rest the Thracian in mad battle bold,
Which neither purple nor yet gems can buy,
Grosphus, nor gold.

For not the consul's lictor train can rout,
Nor wealth the wretched turmoils keep aloof
Which rack the soul, and cares that flit about
The panelled roof.

He on a scanty revenue lives well
Whose salt bowl on a modest board shines bright,
His heirloom; neither fears nor greed dispel
His slumbers light.

Why aim at many marks with daring hand,
Our life so brief? Why seek we shores where shed
Strange suns their heat? What exile from his land
Himself has fled?

Care our disease the brass-beaked galleys scales,
Nor lags behind the horsemen's flying race,
Swifter than harts, swifter than Eastern gales
The clouds that chase.

Let thy soul in the present joy and shun
To scan the future and all bitterness
Temper with quiet smile; lot is there none
Which all things bless.

Swift death renowned Achilles did surprise,
Age long protracted laid Tithonus low,
And on me haply what it thee denies
Shall life bestow.

A hundred flocks bleat and Sicilian kine
Around thee low, the mare the chariot's pride
Neighs for thee, and with Afric purple glow
Thy robes twice dyed:

To me that destiny which never lies
The subtle spirit of the Grecian Muse
And some few fields has given, and to despise
The crowd's abuse.



HAROLD BAILY DIXON, 1910

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

“Rest!” is the sailor’s prayer, the boon
He craves on wild Aegean Sea,
When clouds have blotted out the moon,
And stars gleam fitfully:

“Rest!” is the maddened Thracian’s cry,
“Rest!” is the quivered Mede’s desire –
That Rest that purple cannot buy
Nor gold nor gems can hire.

Shall consul’s pomp and lictors daunt
The tumults of the mind, or ease
The cares that fretted ceilings haunt –
That fly round palaces?

Nor fear nor greed brings slumber on:
But he whose modest table gleams
With silver passed from sire to son –
No care disturbs *his* dreams.

How short the course life’s journey runs;
How many things we dare to try!
We fly to warmth of other suns –
Ourselves we cannot fly!

Curst Care can climb the vessel’s sides,
Can wheel in line when squadrons form,
Care, swifter than the stag, outrides
The winds that drive the storm!

Our happiness is here – to-day!
For future ills a smile is best :
Why meet life’s bitterness half-way –
For none is wholly blest?

Achilles passed by sudden death;
Tithonus lingered wearily;
And I may draw an hour’s breath
That Chance denies to thee.

Sicilian cattle round thee low,
Thy harnessed horses neigh in pride,
Thy flocks abound; thy garments glow
With crimson double-dyed:

To me some touch of Grecian charm,
True to her promise, Fate allowed,
And gave me, with my little farm,
To scorn the envious crowd.



CHARLES RICHARD WILLIAMS, 1910

(1853–1927)

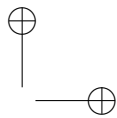
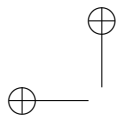
For ease he prays the gods, who on the wide
Aegean is o'ertaken when clouds hide
The moon, nor any stars – the sailor's certain guide –
 Shine in the gloomy sky;
For ease the war-mad Thracians utter prayer;
For ease the Medes, who splendid quivers bear,
Not to be bought for gold, or jewels rare,
 Or cloth of purple dye.

Not royal wealth, nor pomp of power and place
The wretched tumults of the mind efface,
Or banish cares which still keep up their chase
 Though gorgeous ceilings rise.
Happy that man, though frugal be his fare,
On whose scant board shines the ancestral ware;
Of gentle sleep nor fear nor sordid care
 Doth ever rob his eyes.

Brief is our day of strength. Why eager be?
Why change our clime for lands beyond the sea?
The man in exile from his own countree,
 From himself can he fly?
On bronze-beaked ships corroding care you'll find;
No troop of horsemen that leaves care behind –
More fleet than deer, more fleet than that east wind
 That fills with rain the sky.

The mind that with the present is elate
Will scorn to ask what's future. Bitter fate
'Twill temper with a smile. – There is no state
 That is completely blest.
The great Achilles Death laid carly low,
Whiles Tithonus too long age did know;
Perhaps to me some mercy Time shall show
 Denied to you as best.

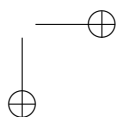
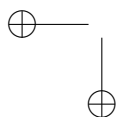
You've sheep in thousands, rare Sicilian kine,
And splendid chariot horses. Purple fine
Your raiment is. I only count as mine
 A country home – the gift
Of Fortune who loves truth. And there I dwell
Courting the Grecian muse whom I love well,
While for the rabble, vile, contemptible,
 In scorn my voice I lift!

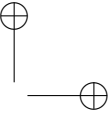
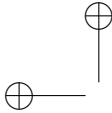


THOMAS EWING, 1911

(Poet Lore)

Ease a man prays for driven off to leeward
Over Ægean when a storm arising
Stops the full moonlight nor a cheery star shines
 Out to the sailor;
Ease the mad Thracian terrible to foeman,
Ease the Mede wearing quiver on the shoulder,
Grosphe, which jewels nor a gaudy raiment
 Nor money offers.
For never fortune nor a burly lictor
Drove away troubles on uneasy tempers
Crowding, nor cares that flit about the raftered
 Ivory ceilings.
With little he is happy whose paternal
Salt-cellar furbished-up adorns the table,
Whose pleasant slumber panic or debasing
 Mania spoils not.
Why in our sojourn many marks attempt we
Rashly? Why wanders any one to countries
Where a strange sun shines? Is a race to exile
 Outstripping ourselves?
Into beaked triremes scurry cares collecting
Booty, nor troopers let away before them,
Fleet above reindeer or a cloud receding
 Fleet as a norther.
One reconciled toward the present, of aught that
Lies beyond heedless, to buffets opposes
Tempering laughter; nothing unto mortals
 Is blessing only.
Early, death signalled to renowned Achilles,
Wearied Tithonus sorry age depleted; –
And peradventure what the hour denies you
 It will allow me.
You heifers ranging the Sicilian acres
Low about ceaselessly, to you the thorough
Bred fillies stamping, whinny, yours a mantle
 Doubly refined with
Tyrian purple; but to me inerrent
Fate a poor homestead giving, adds me music
Tenuous but Grecian, with an unrelenting
 Scorn of the vulgar.





FRANKLIN P. ADAMS, 1912

(1881–1960; American Newspaper Columnist)

Grosphus, a guy who's sailing in a tempest
On the Aegean when the moon is hidden –
He wants a rest, while stewing in his state-room,
Weary and seasick.

Weary of war, what do the Thracians yearn for?
What seek the Medes, with quivers full of arrows?
What can't you buy with purple, gold or rubies?
Rest is the answer.

Not Morgan's cash, nor Rockefeller's money,
No blue-and-brass can drive away the willies
Caused by the care of elegant apartments,
Rugs and swell ceilings.

Wise the gazabe upon whose simple table
Old-fashioned truck like salt-and-pepper castors
Yet may be found. His bean is never bothered –
Sleeps like a hallboy.

Why do we fuss for one thing and another?
Why do we hike to Saranac or Newport?
How can a human leave himself behind him?
Answer: He cannot.

Worry can get a guy on the Olympic;
Worry can chase a colonel in the Army;
Swift as the wind, to use a new expression –
Care is some sprinter.

Merry and bright, the citizen who's cheerful
Won't worry much about to-morrow's breakfast.
"No one," he smiles, "who faces Time the pitcher
Wallops one thousand."

There was Achilles, cut off in his twenties,
And, *au contraire*, Tithonus was a hundred:
I may be lucky; you might be run over
Most any morning.

You've got a farm with fancy sheep and heifers;
You've got a mare all curry-combed and glossy;
Purple silk socks and purple fancy weskits –
You're a swell dresser.

And what has Fate, the undecitful, slipped me?
Only a small apartment out in Harlem,
And, with a trick of turning snappy Sapphics,
Scorn for the roughnecks.



A. L. TAYLOR, 1914

(The Odes of Horace)

The storm-tossed sailor on the wide Aegean
When black clouds hide the moon and every star
Prays the high gods by some swift change Protean
To calm the seas that fierce and furious are: –

'Tis ease he wants, my Grosphus, ease the Thracian
Fierce in the fight, the Median bowman bold
Launching his shafts amid his wilds Caucasian,
Ease purchased not with purple or with gold.

For neither treasures proud nor consul's licitor
Can make a way 'mid terror and mid care
That press alike the vanquished and the victor,
Or drive the spectre from the palace fair.

Happy the man no vain and dazzling vision
Lures from the life his simple fathers knew:
No anxious fears, no false and mean ambition
Gives for his golden slumbers bitter rue.

Why brave, of such a date, why so far-seeing?
Why leave our own a distant home to find?
Lives there or ever lived the man who fleeing
From his own land, himself hath left behind?

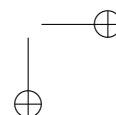
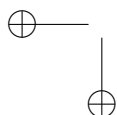
Care to the beaked ships like a lion leapeth
And Fear and Frenzy follow in its train,
Swift as a deer behind the horseman keepeth
Swift as the wind that sweeps across the main.

Let not the thought of what shall be hereafter
Cloud joyous days with darkness and distress:
When the fair hours have fled, with patient laughter
Lighten the load and bear the bitterness.

For life, my friend, is not a simple story:
No life but sweet and bitter-sweet doth know:
Achilles had brief days and endless glory,
Long life Tithonus and a world of woe.

What they withhold from thee the years may grant me,
For all thy flocks and steeds so proud
For all thy purple dyes, I yet may vaunt me
Of things wherewith the gods not thee endowed:

My little farm: my scorn for all the madness
And all the hatred of the envious throng,
And my sweet muse that can assuage my sadness,
Albeit so seldom, with divinest song.

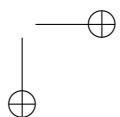
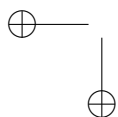




CHARLES E. BENNETT, 1914

(1858–1921; American Classical Scholar)

For peace the mariner prays, storm-caught on the open Aegean, when dark clouds have hid the moon and the stars shine no longer sure for sailors; for peace prays Thrace furious in war; for peace the Parthian with quiver richly dight – peace, Grosphus, that cannot be bought with gems, with purple, or with gold. For 'tis not treasure nor even the consul's lictor that can banish the wretched tumults of the soul and the cares that flit about the panelled ceilings. He lives happily upon a little on whose frugal board gleams the ancestral salt-dish, and whose soft slumbers are not banished by fear or sordid greed. Why do we strive so hard in our brief lives for great possessions? Why do we change our own land for climes warmed by a foreign sun? What exile from his country ever escaped himself as well? Morbid care boards even the brass-bound galley, nor fails to overtake the troops of horse, swifter than stags, swifter than Eurus when he drives the storm before him. Let the soul be joyful in the present, let it disdain to be anxious for what the future has in store, and temper bitterness with smile serene! Nothing is happy altogether. Achilles for all his glory was snatched away by an early death; Tithonus, though granted a long old age, wasted to a shadow; and to me mayhap the passing hour will grant what it denies to thee. Around thee low a hundred herds of Sicilian kine; in thy stables whinnies the racing-mare; thou art clothed in wool twice dipped in Afric purple. To me Fate that does not belie her name has given a small domain, but she has vouchsafed the fine breath of Grecian song and a scorn for the envious crowd.





WARREN H. CUDWORTH, 1917

(1877–1927)

For peace the sailor begs the gods on high,
Benighted on the broad Aegean wave,
When dark clouds hide the moon and from the sky
No stars shine forth to save;

For peace frenetic Thrace the battle stems,
For peace the Mede his painted quiver bears,
But, Grosphus, neither purple, gold, nor gems
Can buy relief from cares.

Nor treasure nor the consul's lictor band
Can from the mind hold wretched ills aloof,
Nor banish griefs that flit on every hand
About the fretted roof.

He lives on little happily who sees
The heirloom salt-dish glisten at his board;
His gentle sleep thro' fear of theft ne'er flees,
Nor thro' desire to hoard.

Since short our span why are rash aims inbred?
For climes 'neath other suns our course why shape?
What exile, from his native country fled,
Can from himself escape?

Dull Care outstrips trooped horsemen flying fast
And climbs the sides of galleys brazen-prowed,
More fleet than stags, more fleet than Eurus' blast
That drives the scudding cloud.

In present joy the happy heart abides,
Nor dreads the future; with calm smile it still
Endures life's bitter things. No good betides
Without its chastening ill.

An early death laid famed Achilles low,
Tithonus withered thro' protracted eld;
On me, perhaps, will hurrying time bestow
The goods from thee withheld.

Round thee a hundred flocks bleat wide and far
And Sikel kine are lowing; for thy use
The whinnying mare is harnessed to the car;
For thee the Afric juice

Deep dyes thy garments: me unswerving Doom
Has blest with Grecian songs, tho' slight and few,
A rural cot, and temper to assume
Scorn for the carping crew.



GERARD FENWICK, 1918

(Odes of Horace, Book II)

As when he is caught in the open sea,
And the moonbeams glint through the hurrying cloud,
And the stars show not where his course should be,
The sailor cries to the Gods aloud:
He cries for peace as the Thracian cries,
And the Median still with his quiver girt,
But rest nor purple nor gold supplies
For which gems my Grosphus are only dirt.
For neither wealth nor power can buy
Cessation of trouble or peace of mind,
Cares still round the panelled ceilings fly
Which no consul's lictor can hold or bind.
He happily lives on a slender store,
And he sleeps untroubled by fear or greed
Who prizes the salt that his fathers bore
As it shines on his board as his utmost need.
We dare so much when our time is so short;
We change for lands warmed by another sun
Our homes: it is all, our effort is naught,
What exile from home from himself can run?
Care climbs aboard of the brass-prowed ship,
Not the squadron of horse can leave it behind,
'Tis swifter than stag, or than clouds let slip
And driven in rain by the Eastern wind.
Keep a cheerful heart as the days go by,
That must be endured that you cannot cure,
Greet fate with a smile if it's bitter – why,
There's nothing that always is good I am sure.
Death did Achilles in's prime lay low,
Tithonus, wasted by age, lived on.
So time in its flight to me may show
What fate denied thee, may be my own.
For you the lowing of Sicilian kine,
Or the mare for the chariot race equipped,
For thee the wearing of raiment fine,
Whose wool has been twice in the purple dipped.
To me the gift of a tiny farm,
And a mind not bound by the vulgar crowd.
Such, fate has given, with the further charm,
Some skill in Grecian verse has allowed.



LIONEL LANCELOT SHADWELL, 1920

(1845–1925; Barrister)

Peace! prays the sailor out upon the wide
 Aegean caught by storm, when, gathering through
The sky, black clouds have veiled the moon, and hide
 The trusty stars from view.

Peace! is of Thrace whose rage war ne'er can sate,
 Peace! is of quiver-wearing Medes the cry –
Peace, that nor gems, nor purple robe of state,
 Nor, Grosphus, gold can buy.

Treasure nor consul's guard can drive away
 Sad thoughts that from within the mind assault,
And cares that hover round the panels gay
 Of fretted palace vault.

He lives on little well, whose table plain
 An heirloom salt-cellar, sole ornament,
Sets off, whose easy sleep no schemes of gain
 Or haunting fears prevent.

Why seek, undaunted by life's narrow bound,
 New aims? Why change to other climes our home?
Has man e'er from himself a refuge found,
 Though far abroad he roam?

Care of ill conscience bred will with him go
 On board brass-fitted yachts, nor fall behind
Squadrons of horsemen, fleeter than the roe
 Or clouds before the wind.

In present happiness reckon not of what
 May lie beyond. By smiling patience draw
The bitterness from grief. No mortal's lot
 Is bliss without a flaw.

In glorious prime swift death Achilles bore;
 Tithonus knew the long decay of eld;
And time perchance for me may have in store
 Some gift from thee withheld.

Thee many a score of flocks, and lowing kine
 Of Sicily surround. For thee a mare
Of racing blood neighs proudly. Robes are thine
 In Libyan purple rare

Twice dipped. True to her word, Fate has on me
 With my few fields the delicate art conferred
Of Grecian poesy, and a spirit free
 That scorns the envious herd.



FRANCIS COUTTS, 1920

(1852–1923)

The trader prays for rest, when tempest-tossed
In mid-Ægean, when the moon is lost
Behind black clouds and stars no longer light
 The mariner aright.

Thrace prays for rest; though furious in the fray,
The quiver-decorated Parthians pray
For rest, which neither gold nor gems can buy,
 Nor cloth of purple dye.

In truth, nor wealth nor majesty of law
Can make the tumult of our cares withdraw,
That 'neath the panelled ceiling flit about
 In melancholy rout.

Happy lives he, though frugally he dines,
Upon whose board the ancestral cruet shines,
If no base greed and no foreboding keep
 His eyes from quiet sleep.

Why aim we at so much, in life's brief time?
Why change our country for a warmer clime?
Which of us from himself can hope to flee,
 Where'er his exile be?

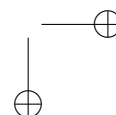
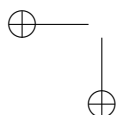
Swifter than stag, or Eurus, when he drives
The storm before him, blighting Care contrives
To board the brass-beaked galley and beside
 The cavalcade to ride.

Let us enjoy sweet passing moments, while
Tempering the bitter with a patient smile,
Untroubled for the future, though we meet
 No happiness complete.

Death soon the glorious Achilles caught,
Immortal life old age immortal brought
Tithonus; and what Chance denies to thee
 Haply may come to me.

Flocks bleat and herds of pure Sicilian breed
Around thee low; thy mare, the racing steed,
Whinnies her welcome; twice in Tyrian dye
 Thy woollen garments lie:

To me no land except a small domain
Has been vouchsafed; but yet a subtle strain
Fate promised and bestowed, of Grecian song,
 And scorn of the envious throng.





WILLIAM FREDERICK LLOYD, 1920

(Versions and Perversions)

If you, my friend, should chance to be,
 In tempest wild on stormy night
Upon the wide Ægean sea,
 When moon and stars are hid from sight
Without a guide – your last resource,
Go, pray the Gods to guide your course.

The Thracians, famed for warlike deeds,
 Might ever pray that wars may cease;
The fierce and quiver bearing Medes
 Might supplicate the gods for peace: –
Peace can't be bought for wealth untold,
Nor yet for gems, nor venal gold.

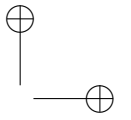
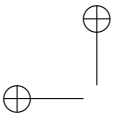
Not all the treasure of a King,
 Nor yet a Lictor can one find
To curb the passions and to bring
 Relief and comfort to the mind;
In palace of a millionaire
You're sure to meet with sordid care.

The simple fare is that which gives
 In humble home the best reward;
Whose wants are few, in pleasure lives
 And sits content at frugal board.
Who has no miser's store to keep,
Can safely rest in gentle sleep.

Our life on earth is swift and brief,
 Yet restless here we spend our time,
Why leave one's home to seek relief?
 Why travel far to alien clime?
In foreign lands we seek in vain
To find repose from morbid pain.

Consuming Care is ever found
 On brazen pointed ships at sea,
Tho' troops of horsemen spurn the ground
 There is no horse can fly from thee.
More fleet thou art than nimble hind,
And swifter than the storm-clad wind.

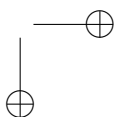
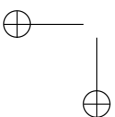
The future don't anticipate,
 The present time with joy beguile,
And should you meet with adverse fate
 You lightly treat it with a smile,



For here on earth you'll all agree
There's no complete felicity.

Achilles died about the age
 When manhood's life was just begun.
Tithonus! – long the pilgrimage
 Before his tedious race was run;
Our future fate we can't defy,
For I may live and you may die.

With flocks and herds you can't repine,
 But live contented with your fate;
And clothe yourself in garments fine;
 Whereas upon my small estate
I live and write my Lyric verse,
Nor for the vulgar care a curse.

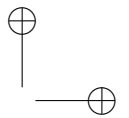
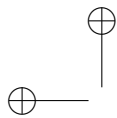




WILLIAM HATHORN MILLS, 1921

(1848–1930; Writer)

Rest is the sailor's prayer – the boon
 He craves, caught on the Aegean sea,
Soon as dark clouds have hid the moon,
 And stars shine all uncertainly.
For rest prays Thrace, distract with war;
 For rest the quivered Parthians cry;
For rest – for what nor purple, nor
 Rubies, nor gold, Grosphus, can buy.
Nor wealth, nor lictor's axe, can rout
 The heart's tumultuous agonies,
Nor chase the cares that flit about
 The fretted roofs of palaces.
He lives on little well, whose sire's
 Saltcellar makes his scant board bright:
Whose slumbers light nor base desires
 Of gain, nor fears disturb at night.
Why many aims with such brief span
 Of strength? Why, bent on change, should we
Seek other climes? An exiled man
 Quits home; himself he cannot flee.
Care, morbid care, climbs bronze-beaked prows;
 Horsed squadrons leave it not behind,
Swifter than stags; nor swifter blows
 The cloud-compelling South East wind.
Cheerful to face what is, be not
 Careful at heart of what shall be.
With calm smile temper a hard lot;
 There's no all-round felicity.
Untimely great Achilles died;
 Of old Tithonus dwined away;
And that, which Fortune has denied
 To you, may come to me some day.
Round you a hundred herds of kine
 Sicilian low; to you a mare
Fit for the race-course neighs, and fine
 The twice-dyed purple wools you wear,
Of Tyrian hues. A small estate:
 A spirit of Hellene poetry,
Slender, to me an honest Fate
 Has given, and scorn of jealousy.



JOHN FINLAYSON, 1921

(The Odes of Horace)

“Rest” cries the sailor from afar,
 Caught on the wide Aegean Sea,
No friendly moon, nor gleam of star,
 To guide in his extremity.

“Rest” calleth Thrace, who sternly fought,
 “Rest” cries the Mede, adorned with bow,
The rest not gems nor purple bought,
 Nor gathered gold can e’er bestow.

No pomp of wealth, no lictor’s tread,
 Who drives the crowd, can drive away
The cares that anxious minds o’erspread,
 And round our gilded ceilings play.

Happy the man, though only blest
 With one ancestral bowl, the pride
Of his plain board; sweet is his rest,
 No sordid dreams will him betide.

Why do we strive for flights too high
 For our poor span? Why haste to stray
’Neath other suns? our homes we fly,
 But from ourselves fly not away.

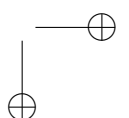
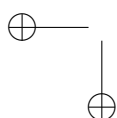
Black care will brazen ships surprise,
 And ride with swiftest troops of horse,
Fleeter than stag, or cloud that flies
 Before the gale’s impelling course.

Contented with your lot, why fret
 For the “beyond”? If crosses fall,
Treat jauntingly; sure, never yet
 Lacked mortal bliss its trace of gall

Full early sank Achilles’ sun,
 Tithonus wasted wearily
To longest span: my hours may run
 When yours have flown eternally.

For you, great flocks of sheep do graze,
 With lowing kine on meadows fair,
Your mare in chariot proudly neighs,
 And twice-dyed purples yours for wear.

For me a loyal Fate hath lent
 A slender breath of Grecian song,
A few small fields hath kindly sent,
 And taught to spurn the carping throng.





GEOFFREY ROBLEY SAYER, 1922

(1887–1962; Civil Servant and Historian)

For peace the sailor on the deep
 Benighted asks the gods in boon
 When darkling clouds have veiled the moon
And stars no certain vigil keep.

For peace the Mede with quiver gay
 And war-bewildered Thracians sigh;
 That peace that gold can never buy
Nor precious stones nor bright array.

Not pomp nor splendour can restrain
 The cares that haunt the palace gate,
 Nor consul's lictor dissipate
The thoughts that crowd a troubled brain.

The man upon whose humble board
 Some old ancestral salver gleams,
 Nor fear nor greed disturb his dreams –
That man lives well though small his hoard.

Why waste in braggart enterprise
 Brief life? What exile e'er did roam
 And leave his former self at home?
Then wherefore seek we alien skies?

Care climbs upon the brazen ships
 And hangs upon the trooper's feet,
 The spoiler than the stag more fleet
That e'en the driving gale outstrips.

Be but contented with to-day,
 Nor seek to-morrow's fate to guess.
 No sweet but has its bitterness;
Then smile the bitterness away.

Far-famed Achilles swiftly died;
 Tithonus was condemned to live
 To dotage; Time to me may give –
Who knows? – the years to thee denied.

A hundred flocks, Sicilian kine,
 A neighing steed, a four-wheeled car
 And wool in red from Africa
Twice-dipped for raiment – all are thine.

On me a truthful Fate conferred
 The Grecian Muse's spirit rare,
 And, though she gives but acres bare,
Permits me scorn the common herd.



RICHARD A. ZEREGA, 1924

(1866–1956)

When black clouds have hidden the moon and when stars shine not clearly upon mariners, he who is caught upon the broad Aegaeon asks the Gods for a calm. Thrace in warfare raging, asks for peace, my Grosphus, the Medes, gay with their quivers, ask for repose; repose which can not be purchased with jewels, with purple or with gold. For neither wealth nor the Consul's lictor frees minds from wretched disquietudes, or banishes Care, round fretted ceilings flitting. He, upon whose frugal board, the salt cellar, from sire inherited, shines brightly, lives upon little, well. Nor sordid avarice nor fear deprives him of his gentle sleep. Why do we, who are strong only during our short generation, attempt many things? Why do we change our own country for one warmed by another sun? What exile has escaped from himself as well as from his native land? Carking care boards brazen beaked ships, and swifter than deer, swifter than cloud compelling Eurus, leaves not the horsemen's squadrons. A mind that is content with present conditions should beware of worrying as regards the future and should temper bitternesses with a pleasant smile. There is naught that is blest in every respect. Sudden death carried off Achilles, the renowned; a protracted old age wasted Tithonus, and to me, perhaps, time will grant that which it has denied to thee. Around thee a hundred herds, around thee Sicilian cows low; for thee there neighs a mare suited for a four horse chariot. Woollen garments, double dyed with African purple, clothe thee. Fate, that proves not false, has bestowed upon me a few small fields, some slight inspiration from the Grecian muse and the power to scorn the envious rabble.





LEONARD CHALMERS-HUNT, 1925

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

The man who sails the furthest seas,
When starless nights are black,
Longs for a port of restful ease,
And cleaves the homeward track.

The old campaigner tired of war,
Whom frays no longer please,
Bemoans war's din, the battle's jar,
And asks the Gods for peace.

Dull care moves not for lictor's rod,
Nor gems nor gold decoy,
The purple of the wealthy lord,
Contentment passes by.

For care leaves not embossèd roof,
And tumults vex the mind,
Nor from the owner stand aloof,
In misery's halls confined!

He liveth well, his sleep is light,
Who sordid greed declines.
His father's salt-cellar kept bright,
Upon his table shines.

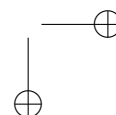
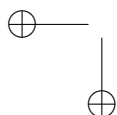
Why crowd we schemes in life's brief time,
And far from country wend,
Our ways through many a distant clime,
Whom conscience doth attend?

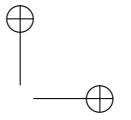
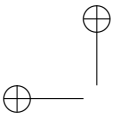
Gaunt care usurps the galley's helm,
Nor less the caravan,
When doth the blinding storm o'erwhelm
The fleeing stag and man!

He, whom the present hours can cheer,
Will find their presence blest,
Who waits the future without fear,
Who smiles when care-opprest!

Dark clouds may cross the fairest skies,
Perchance may come swift Death!
Where now old age protracted lies,
And feebly gasps for breath!

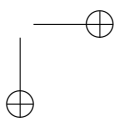
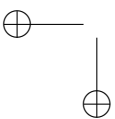
Who knows what lot shall leave the urn
The kindlier or woe?
That cherished joy I hardly won,
May be denied to you.





For you flocks bleat and heifers low,
A little mare doth neigh!
Your wools with purple dye that glow
Are gifts denied to me!

Yet Fate, with no ungenerous mind,
Some recompense now yields!
To one who hates the vulgar kind;
His muse and some small fields!





HUGH MACNAGHTEN, 1926

(1862–1929; Vice Provost of Eton College)

A sailor in th' Aegean wide
Caught by the gale, all light denied
From moon and stars to guide his way,
For peace doth pray:

For peace, the Medes with quiver dight,
For peace the Thracians armed for fight:
But purple gold and jewels far
Less precious are.

For, Grosphus, wealth nor office can
Drive passion from the soul of man,
Nor all the brood of Care that wings
Through halls of kings.

He nothing lacks, though poor his state,
Who keeps th' ancestral piece of plate:
To him, whom greed nor fears enthral,
Sleep comes at call.

Short-lived and little, must we dare
So much? And wander everywhere?
Our minds, however much we range,
We cannot change.

Care climbs the gallant yacht; beside
Our horsemen sickly Care doth ride:
Stag and storm-cloud and Eastern wind
She leaves behind.

Enjoy this hour, nor fret the while
About the next: a quiet smile
Sweetens the bitter cup: no joy
Lacks some annoy.

Brief was renowned Achilles' day:
Tithonus died by long decay;
And haply something I may gain
You sought in vain.

Yours are the herds, the kine that low
In Sicily: blood-mares that go
In harness neigh for you: twice dyed
Your wool's the pride

Of Afric farms. One farm have I,
One breath, from Fate that does not lie,
Of Grecian song; for Envy's train,
The crowd, disdain.



MINNIE BLANCHE BISHOP, 1929

(1864–1917; Canadian Teacher and Writer)

Tossed on the waves of the stormy Aegean,
Weary my soul cries to God for repose,
Darkly the night o'er the moon casts its shadows,
Dimly each star through the deep blackness throws
Light for the sailor.

“Oh for repose!” cry the fierce, warlike Thracians,
“Oh for repose!” echo Parthians bold,
Quiver adorned, yet, O Grosphus, they're seeking
That which for gems, or for purple or gold
Cannot be purchased.

Riches and wealth that are found in kings' houses,
Even the lictor who on consul waits,
Cannot still tumults of mind and cares gnawing –
Cares that like bats at night enter our gates
Hovering above us.

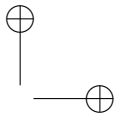
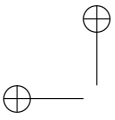
Blest is that man who is always contented,
Owning but few simple dishes though clean.
Avarice sordid and fear hold him never,
Light is his slumber, and gently his dream
Flows as a river.

Why after pleasures so greedily seek we
When our weak grasp holdeth now but strength small?
Who fleeth care when from home he is exiled?
Why for a land on which other rays fall
Change we our country?

Care, all-corroding mounts brazen beaked galleys.
Even with horsemen sits brooding behind.
Swifter than horses, and swifter than eagles,
Quickly it outstrips the storm driving wind
Winged with the tempest.

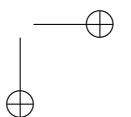
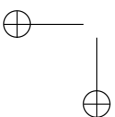
He who's content with his lot in the present
Seeks to avoid what's uncertain beyond;
Bitter he tempers with passionless smiling.
Happiness perfect below is not found
Given to mortals.

Swift-moving Death cut off famous Achilles,
Years long protracted Tithonus impaired.
Mayhap 'twill be that what's not to you given,
Fortune will grant unto me, since it dared
Great men to conquer.



Flocks, by the hundred, around thy door bellow,
Heifers with breath of the meadow sweet lipped,
Colts trained for chariot raise their pleased whinnies,
Vestments for thee are in purple twice dipped,
African purple.

Destiny, lying not, unto me granteth
Rural delights and a competence mean.
Hold I of Grecian muse some little talent
Teaching me how to despise envy seen
Oft' in the vulgar.





ALEXANDER FALCONER MURISON, 1931

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

Rest is the boon the sailor begs of Heaven
 When caught upon the wide Aegean sea
While darkling clouds obscure the gracious moon,
 Nor stars shine forth his trusty guides to be;

Rest begs the Thracian furious in war
 Rest begs the Median armed with splendid quiver:
A blessing, Grosphus, this, that none can buy
 With brilliant gems or gold or purple ever.

For neither treasures nor the Consul's lictor
 Can miserable tumults of the mind
Disperse, or cares that ever fly about
 The panelled palaces of human kind.

A happy life is his, though poor he be,
 Whose old ancestral salt-box brightly shows
Upon his modest board, whose gentle sleep
 Nor sordid greed nor fears e'er discompose.

Why aim we boldly at a many things
 When life is short? Why e'er our country change
For other lands? What exile from his country
 Escapes himself as well, where'er he range?

Corroding care boards ships with beaks of bronze,
 And closely clings to martial troops of horse:
More fleet it is than stags, more fleet than Eurus,
 Who drives the clouds of heaven in stormy course.

Let him whose present is a gladsome time
 Care nought for what may hap to-morrow morn,
And temper bitter cups with quiet smile:
 No rose in life but somewhere has a thorn.

An early death cut off the famed Achilles,
 Extreme old age Tithonus shrivelled. . . . Friend,
What passing time may haply you deny
 To me, it may be, time will yet extend.

Around thee bleat a hundred flocks of sheep,
 Around thee low Sicilian herds of kye,
For thee neigh mares fit for the chariot, thee
 Clothe wools dipped twice in Afric purple dye;

To me has Fate, deceitful never, given
 My little country place, in modest wise
Some inspiration of the Grecian muse,
 And all the envious rabble to despise.



WINIFRED LOWRY POST, 1933

(John Osborne Sargent Prize Translation)

Peace is the mariner's prayer to the gods,
 When the open Aegean rolls round him, malign,
While the darkling cloud folds the moon in a shroud
 And no stars shine.

Peace, Grosphus, is sought by war-seething Thrace;
 For peace the Mede, with his rich quiver, sighs.
But a mind controlled not gems nor gold
 Nor purple buys.

How futile the panelled ceilings of wealth
 When round them black winged worries wind,
Nor can lictors disperse the troubles that curse
 A consul's mind.

Blessed is he on whose frugal board
 A bit of ancestral silver glows;
No terror, nor zeal for riches can steal
 His light repose.

Why dare so much when life is brief?
 Why leave our land for alien homes?
The self is there no matter where
 The wanderer roams.

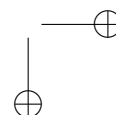
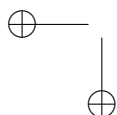
Consuming Care is more swift than the stag,
 And cloud-ruling Eurus she strives to outstrip.
She rides with the hordes of horsemen and boards
 The bronze-beaked ship.

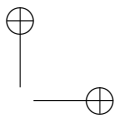
A spirit secure in the present may flout
 All fear of the future and, smiling, disdain
The buffets of Fate, for no human state
 Is free from pain.

Untimely death plucked Achilles the proud;
 Slow withering age Tithonus knew.
For me perhaps the hour unwraps
 What's not for you.

Round you low a hundred Sicilian herds,
 For your chariot spirited horses are bred.
You are richly equipped with wool twice dipped
 In African red.

My gifts from Fate are a modest farm
 And the Grecian Muse's silvery song.
To these I turn and proudly spurn
 The jealous throng.

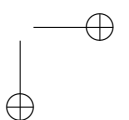
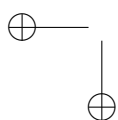


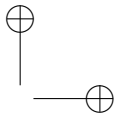
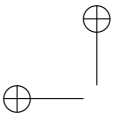


ATTICUS, 1933

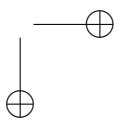
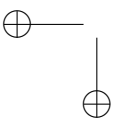
(Some Odes of Horace)

For rest, the storm-vexed Sailor sighs,
 Mersed in Aegean spray;
When cloud's o'ercast the moon's bright disc,
 Nor stars his course display.
For rest, ferocious Thracian pleads,
 Though war is his delight.
Rest – the marauding Median seeks,
 His arrows shining bright.
But rest, Grosephus, few can find,
 'Tis neither bought nor sold;
'Tis bartered not for purple robe,
 For gems, nor burnished gold.
Nor riches, nor the lictor's rod
 Sad cares can put to flight;
They flit around proud castle walls;
 On gilded roofs alight.
He liveth best, whose modest board
 One silver cup beseems;
No dread, no lust for others' goods,
 Destroys his happy dreams.
Ah! why do we, in life's brief span,
 So many schemes outrun?
Why leave this glowing land of ours
 And seek an alien sun?
What exile from himself can flee?
 Nemesis still pursues.
Vile care ascends the brazen prows
 And mingles with the crews.
Fleeter than stag, than scudding clouds
 Driven by Eastern wind,
It presses on the mounted troops;
 Each horseman sits behind.
Be happy in the present day;
 Forget to-morrow's strife;
And with a pleasing smile dismiss
 The bitter things of life.
Nothing exists in this wide world
 That's blest in every part.
Renowned Achilles early fell
 To Death's untimely dart.
Corroding Time Tithonus robbed
 Of life-eternal gift.
The gods, perchance, may give to me
 Pleasures, from your life rift.





A hundred herds, Sicilian cows,
 Around your mansion stray;
The mare, to four-horsed chariot apt,
 Raises her playful neigh;
And fleece twice-dipped in Afric dyes
 With pride you can display.
To me, by grace of trusty fate,
 Some modest lands belong;
But these two gifts I cling most,
 And clutch with fingers strong –
To breath sweet breath of Grecian Muse –
 To spurn the vulgar throng.





H. B. MAYOR, 1934

("Late Scholar of King's College, Cambridge")

Calm is the boon that sailors crave
Caught on the wild Aegean wave,
When pitchy cloud the moon doth hide
And no sure stars the vessel guide.

For calm war-frenzied Thracians cry,
And Media's glittering archery,
Calm, Grosphus, that was never sold
For Tyrian dye or gems or gold.

No hoarded wealth or consul's state
The soul's hot fever can abate,
Or cares and troubles infinite
That under gilded ceilings flit.

Cheaply, but well, he lives, whose board
With no ancestral wealth is stored
Save one bright salt-bowl; sweet his rest,
Which neither fears nor greed molest.

For boundless schemes why toil amain
In our brief life? Why seek in vain
Lands under other suns that lie?
What exile from himself can fly?

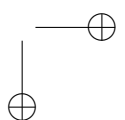
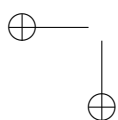
Care mounts the bronze-beaked cruiser's side,
Nor quits the horseman in his pride,
Swifter than deer, or whirlwind high
That sweeps the clouds along the sky.

The heart with present joy content
Weighs not the coming hour's event,
But with a smile will ease the smart;
No lot is blest in every part.

Achilles to swift death was doomed,
Tithonus by long age consumed;
And what time has to thee denied,
Haply it will for me provide.

A hundred flocks and lowing kine
From fields of Sicily are thine;
For thee the race-horse proudly neighs,
And purple grain thy pomp displays:

To me the sure decree of Heaven
A little plot of land has given,
Some promptings of the Grecian Muse,
And sense to laugh, when fools abuse.

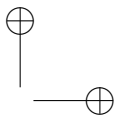




MAJOR ALFRED MAITLAND ADDISON, 1935

(The Four Books of Horace's Odes)

For rest, the storm-vexed sailor sighs, mersed in Aegean spray;
When clouds o'ercast the moon's bright disc, nor stars his course display.
For rest, ferocious Thracian pleads, though war is his delight.
Rest – a marauding Median seeks, his arrows shining bright.
But rest, Grosephus, few can find, 'tis neither bought nor sold;
'Tis eebartered not for purple robe, for gems, nor burnished gold.
Nor riches, nor the lector's rod sad cares can put to flight;
They flit around proud castle walls; on gilded roofs alight.
He liveth best, whose modest board one silver cup beseems;
No dread, no lust for others' goods, destroys his happy dreams.
Ah! why do we, in life's brief span, so many schemes outrun?
Why leave this glowing land of ours and seek an alien sun?
What exile from himself can flee? Nemesis still pursues.
Vile care ascends the brazen prows and mingles with the crews.
Fleeter than stag, than scudding clouds driven by Eastern wind,
It presses on the mounted troops; each horseman sits behind.
Be happy in the present day; forget to-morrow's strife;
And with a pleasing smile dismiss the bitter things of life.
Nothing exists in this wide world that's blest in every part;
Renowned Achilles early fell to Death's untimely dart.
Corroding Time Tithonus robbed of life-eternal gift.
The gods, perchance, may give to me pleasures, from your life rift.
A hundred herds, Sicilian cows, around your mansion stray;
The mare, to four-horsed chariot apt, raises her playful neigh;
And fleece twice-dipped in Afric dyes with pride you can display.
To me, by grace of trusty fate, some modest lands belong;
But these two gifts I cling to most, and clutch with fingers strong –
To breathe sweet breath of Grecian Muse – to spurn the vulgar throng.



ENOLA BRANDT, 1935

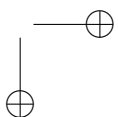
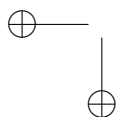
(*Latin Literature in Translation*, Kevin Guinagh and Alfred P. Dorjahn)

When storm clouds veil the moon's pale glow, and stars
No longer shine with light serene to guide
The pilot in his course, what sailor bold...
The victim of an open, grasping sea...
Invokes not all his gods for quiet then?
For peace, Grosphus, the Thracian cries, now crazed
By war's mad strife; 'tis peace the Mede, too, craves,
Adorned with quiver, bow, and deadly dart...
The peace not bought with gems, nor gold, nor dyes.

To quell the tumult of the soul and drive
Away the cares from panelled doors of state
Both wealth and pow'r are far too small and weak.
He lives well in his poverty for whom
His father's silver gleams with lovely glow
On frugal table; fear and base desire
Can never rouse him from his restful sleep.

Why, then, in life which soon must end, do we
Undaunted, strive for all things known to men...
Or restlessly our fatherland exchange
For lands warmed by another sun? What man,
An exile from his native soil, can flee
Himself, his cares, his fears, his driving woes?
Still morbid Care will mount the ships of bronze,
Will keep her pace with throngs of horsemen fleet,
Outrun the deer, outspeed the Eastern wind.

The mind rejoicing in today's glad store
Will scorn to fret about tomorrow's cares,
And temper all its sorrows with a smile;
In all this world no perfect good exists.
Yet Nature's law of compensation works:
Achilles felt death's unexpected blow,
Tithonus lived in life a lingering death;
And what Time gives to me, perhaps it will
Deny to you, who proudly may possess
Your herds of lowing cattle, mares, and fields,
Your woolen garments dipped in purple dye.
To me, just Fate has granted one small farm,
The tender spirit of the Grecian muse,
And pow'r to shun the malice of the mob.





JOHN B. QUINN, 1936

(Educator and Translator)

As the galleys drive fast that are tossed by the blast
In the sweep of the open Aegean from Greece
And the moon is unseen and the stars give no sheen, –
From the gods, – then, the sailors beg Peace!

So in war does the race from belligerent Thrace,
And the Mede well-equipped with his quiver and bow;
For no jewels buy Peace, nor does Tyrian fleece,
Nor does gold where'er, Grosphus, you go!

No conceivable dower and no consular power
Will disperse the winged cares, as they flit unconfined
From around stately homes with magnificent domes,
And dispel the vexations of mind!

He lives well on scant hoard, who adorns his spare board
With a salt-urn, an heirloom, that polished appears,
And whose moments of rest are by nothing obsessed
Through inordinate longings or fears!

Why for wealth do we sweat, since the pleasure we get
For our pains is short-lived? Why remove to far homes
And beneath warmer skies? Who from self ever flies,
Though from country to country he roams?

The distempers of pride on the pinnaces ride
In the prows, or with cavalry pace with the crowds,
Far more swiftly than deer, or the east winds that clear
With their tempests the lowering clouds.

In its thrills of delight let the mind with despite
Scorn to care how its moments will next be enjoyed;
And with smiles' gentle power let it tincture the sour,
As in nothing is joy unalloyed!

Soon, Achilles for Fame, Death's victim became,
Whilst, for Age, did old Tithon long suffer decline:
And to me is supplied what to you is denied,
As caprices of Fortune incline!

Lo, in Sicilly browse your great herds of fine cows
And your thousands of sheep; in your paddocks, each mare
Will in fours fitly pull; and twice dyed is the wool
In the garments of purple you wear!

A small villa is mine, and a Fate most benign
Unto me gave a breath of Camena, the Muse
(Though but faint is the prize), with the soul to despise
The malevolent rabble's abuse!



P. BROWNE, 1936

(Latin Notes)

All pray for rest, the mariner who sails
Through wide Aegean waters lashed by gales,
When clouds obscure the moon, and stars' direction fails,

Fierce Thracians when the war is in full cry,
And Medes in gleaming armour often sigh
For rest, that gems and gold and purple cannot buy.

No treasury's expense, no consul's might,
Can put the tumult of the mind to flight,
And hovering cares that watch from gorgeous ceiling's height.

He can live best of all who can afford
A shining salt-cellar, a frugal board,
And sleep sound without fear or thought of miser's hoard.

Why all this turmoil with few years to live?
Why change to foreign skies? Can exile give
The power to fly from self to any fugitive?

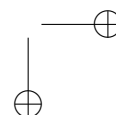
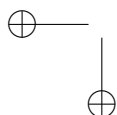
Worries can board the ships with walls of brass,
Move in and out through horsemen's serried mass,
Fleeter than deer, or clouds in a high wind that pass.

Ask for no more if happy for the day,
And wisely laugh unpleasant things away;
We find no perfect bliss, seek anywhere we may.

In early youth renowned Achilles died,
While long old age withered Tithonus' pride;
Perhaps this hour will grant to me what you're denied.

Of flocks and herds you, Grosphus, have your share,
A splendid carriage and a flying pair,
And finest purple wool of double dye to wear.

For me unerring fate was pleased to choose
A little farm, the spirit of the Muse
Of Greece, and calm contempt, when common tongues abuse.





SIR EDWARD MARSH, 1941

(1872–1953; Scholar and Civil Servant)

Repose! thou universal boon,
Craved of poor shipmen battling through the night
On open seas, when clouds have hid the moon
And stars their guiding ray withhold;
Craved of grim Thracian warriors mad for fight
And Medes exulting in their quivers bright,
But never yet for gems or gold
Or bales of glowing purple sold.
For neither treasuries of Eastern kings
Nor puissant consul's bullying halberdiers
Can chase the anguish of the mind, the fears
That round the coffered ceiling brush their wings.

Ah, Grosphus! he lives well who lives content
With little; on whose frugal board
His father's salt, sole ornament,
Shines fleckless; him the Gods afford
Calm sleep by no mean cares oppressed,
By greedy longings unpossessed.

Why waste in vaulting hopes our little span,
Why seek strange suns abroad, though well we know
Our same self cleaves to us where'er we go,
And still we end as we began?
Proud captains board their ships, brave horsemen tide,
But still, to unman them, Care is at their side –
Care that outstrips the stag, and faster flies
Than winds that drive the clouds across the skies.

Live happy in the moment, take no thought
For hidden things beyond, be firm to test
And turn the edge of troubles with a jest;
For bliss unmixed was never earthly lot.
Young, but illustrious, Achilles died:
Tithonus in immortal age decays;
And Time, who knows? may grant my lowlier days
Good gifts to yours denied.
For you, the neighing of your chariot mares
And countless lowing of Sicilian kine;
For you the precious dye the murex bears,
And jewels of the Indian mine:
With me kind Fate has kept her word;
My little farm she gives me, country peace,
A strain of music from the hills of Greece,
A mind made strong to flout the envious herd.

SIR JOHN SEYMOUR BLAKE-REED, 1942

(1882–1966; Judge)

In the Aegaeon, far from shore,
For peace the lonely sailor prays,
When stars are dim and clouds obscure
 Diana's rays.

For peace the Thracian, fierce in war,
For peace the Median archers cry; –
Which neither gems nor purple's store
 Nor gold can buy.

No wealth 'gainst gnawing woes is proof,
Nor can the Consul's guard disarm
The cares around the fretted roof
 That flit and swarm.

Happy the simple hind I hold, –
Nor fear nor want disturbs his dreams, –
Upon whose board his father's old
 Salt-cellar gleams.

Flee then ambition! Life is brief;
The exile 'neath an alien sky
Forgets his home; his load of grief
 He cannot fly.

Care flutters from the admiral's mast,
Outstrips in speed the knightly train, –
Swifter than roes or eastern blast
 That clears the rain.

Enquire not what to-morrow brings;
Enough to know to-day is sweet;
A smile can lighten bitter things;
 No joy's complete.

Achilles perished in his flower;
Tithonus, aging, still must live;
And boons to thee denied the hour
 To me may give.

Thy flocks and herds range far and wide,
Thy race-horse whinnies o'er his corn;
Fleeces in Afric purple dyed
 Thy limbs adorn;

To me a faithful Providence
Some echo grants of Grecian song,
And shuts without my garden fence
 The envious throng.

FREDERICK CHARLES WILLIAM HILEY, 1944

(*The Odes of Horace*)

'Tis ease the man in mid-Aegean caught
Beggars of the gods, when clouds as black as night
Have veiled the moon, and stare to sailors show
Uncertain gleams.

'Tis ease the Thracian seeks, who lusts for fight,
And ease, the Parthian with his quiver gay;
Ease, Grosphus, that no purple robe can buy,
No gems or gold.

Not royal wealth, nor consul's myrmidons
Dispel the crowd of wretched thoughts that haunt
The troubled mind, the cares that float around
The ceiled dome.

Happy, though poor, the man for whom there shines
Th' ancestral salt-box on his frugal board,
Who slumbers light, not racked by coward fears
Or miser's greed.

Why aim so high, in this our little span?
Why seek new lands, warmed by another sun?
Though one may flee his country, yet himself
He cannot flee.

Consuming care can scale the bronze-beaked ships,
And can out-ride the swiftest troop of horse;
More fleet than stags, or eastern wind that brings
Storms in its train.

Let us enjoy the present, and be loth
To pry beyond, but laugh off with a smile
Life's bitterness; good fortune comes to us
Not unalloyed.

Achilles' glory was cut short by death;
Tithonus shrank with age that could not die;
And Time some blessing may to me extend
From you withheld.

For you bleat countless flocks; around you low
Sicilian heifers; yours the neighing mare
Apt for the team; and yours the robe twice-dipped
In Tyrian dye.

Such gifts are yours; me parsimonious Fate
Well-named, has with a modest homestead blessed,
A touch of Grecian fire, the power to spurn
The envious crowd.



LORD DUNSANY, 1947

(1878–1957; English Writer and Dramatist)

The sailor caught on Open seas
When storm hides moon and galaxies
Asks only of the Gods for ease;
 And ease, in time of war,

Fierce Thracians seek, and Medes, all bold
With quivers, ease that is not sold
For gems not purple nor for gold.
 Wealth cannot banish, nor

The Consul's lictor, from the mind
The crowd of sorrows that we find
Flitting where ceilings are designed
 With fluted arch and vault.

He lives on little well whose sleep,
Unhurt by fear or greed, is deep,
Whose little table still can keep
 His father's bowl of salt.

Why seek we much in our brief age?
Why seek another vicinage?
Who from himself makes pilgrimage,
 Though from his land released?

Base care can board the ships of brass,
And moves among the horsemen's mass
Swifter that stags, or winds when pass
 The clouds out of the East.

Who is contented with today
Will care not for what's far away:
The rough he will with smiles allay.
 Nothing is good all through.

Death came to famed Achilles fast,
Age wore Tithonus out at last,
Time may give me, could we forecast,
 What it denies to you.

A hundred flocks around you browse,
Race-horses whinney, and there rouse
The lowings of Sicilian cows;
 Dyed wool for you is spun.

A little countryside to me
And spirit of the Camenæ
The Fates that do not lie decree,
 And the base crowd I shun.



LEWIS EVELYN GIELGUD, 1951

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

For peace and quiet seamen pray
 When in mid-Ocean sable clouds
Obscure the moon, and none can say
 Where hide the stars above the shrouds.

For peace and quiet martial Greeks
 And picturesque Albanians cry.
But these, which every mortal seeks,
 No gold or precious gems can buy.

No riches, no police, can quell
 The riot of a mind distraught.
Though millionaires in castles dwell,
 Content of mind cannot be bought.

Yet ease and honour may be his
 Whose Father's watch is all his wealth,
Who nurses no anxieties
 And no desires, to spoil his health.

We have so little time to live –
 Why use it up with many quests?
Why seek what alien suns can give –
 For who can 'scape his own arrests?

Up yachts' companionways go chasing
 Consuming cares – with cars and planes
Cares hold their own, swift stags out-pacing,
 Out-hurricaning hurricanes.

But he that lives for present mirth
 And takes no thought beyond, can smile
And make things bitter, sweet. On Earth
 Was no perfection, this long while.

Death took Achilles in his prime:
 Tithonus lived, his grace to curse.
The hand I hold may prove in time
 The better hand and yours the worse,

Though you possess Merino flocks
 And Jersey herds, in twenty farms,
Rolls-Royces in your garage, stocks
 Of petrol, and a coat-of-arms,

While Fate has only granted me
 A cottage home, a facile pen
For scribbling verse, and some degree
 Of scorn for really nasty men!



ARTHUR SALUSBURY MACNALTY, 1955

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

O Grophus, I bid you imagine
One voyaging the Aegean sea wide,
When the moon is obscured with black tempest
And the vessel is tossed with the tide.

No star shineth out for the sailors.
No light shineth out of their woes.
He imploreth the gods in entreaty
To grant him the boon of repose.

For rest ask the furious Thracian,
For rest ask the quiver-graced Medes,
Jewels, purple or gold ineffective,
Supplications are answered by deeds.

The tumults of minds that are wretched,
The cares that 'mid splendour hold sway,
Royal treasures can never remove them,
Or the lictors with rods drive away.

O happy the man who with little
Views with pleasure set out on his board
The heir-loom, a salt-cellar ancient,
He sleeps free from cares of a hoard.

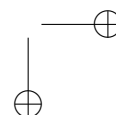
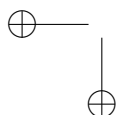
Why do we for many things striving,
And brave for a season of time,
Change our air that is gentle and temperate
For the sun of a tropical clime?

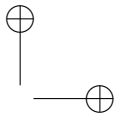
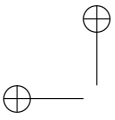
Whoever becoming an exile
Fled himself in a hopeless despair?
For the brazen-beaked ships e'en are boarded
By the grip of a ravaging care.

It rides with the swift troops of horsemen,
More fleet than the stag or the hind,
And when in the east rages Eurus,
It outstrips the storm-driven wind.

A mind that is ever now cheerful
Disdains to be troubled awhile,
Life's bitters corrected and sweetened
By the warmth of his unconcerned smile.

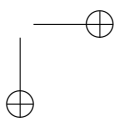
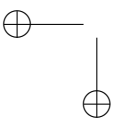
Nothing on all hands is blessed,
Great Achilles died young, war to wage,
While protracted long years irked Tithonus,
And I may exceed you in age.





Around you a hundred flocks bleating,
Lowling heifers of Sicily vie,
Neighing mares are arrayed in their harness,
You wear wool steeped in Africa's dye.

On me honest Fate sheds its bounty,
A rural estate of delight,
The Greek muse for some inspiration,
Contempt for the vulgar's mean spite.





JAMES BLAIR LEISHMAN, 1956

(1902–63; Scholar and Translator)

Peace is what one caught on the open sea will
beg of heav'n above when the sombre storm clouds
hide the moon and stars are no longer certain
guides for the sailor.

Peace the savage fighters of Thracia pray for,
peace the Mede resplendent with broidered quiver,
peace unbought, dear Grosphus, with proffered gold or
purple or jewels.

Ah, for neither treasure nor lictors bearing
rods before a Consul can check the spirit's
wretched civil strife or the cares that circle
costliest ceilings.

Well can fare on little, his humble table's
brightest piece of plate the ancestral salt-dish,
one of whose light sleeps not a fear or sordid
wish has deprived him.

Why, with such short span, do we so contend for
large possessions? Why do we seek for countries
warmed with other suns? Has an exile ever
quitted himself then?

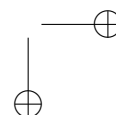
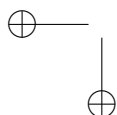
Sickly Care can clamber aboard the brass-bound
galleys, keep abreast of the knightly riders,
swifter far than stags or the cloud-compelling
easterly breezes.

Let the soul, content with the present, scorn to
reck what lies beyond, and with smiles attemper
things that taste but sourly. From ev'ry aspect
nothing is perfect.

Early death removed the renowned Achilles,
age prolonged left little to cheer Tithonus:
me perhaps some blessing denied to you some
hour will have granted.

Flocks in hundreds bleat and Sicilian cattle
low around your folds, in the stables whinny
chariot-racing horses, and doubly-dyed in
African purple

glows the wool you're clad with; to me, with small do-
main, the subtle spirit of Grecian muses
came as Fate's mixed gift, and a soul aloof from
envious throngers.



HELEN ROWE HENZE, 1961

(1899–1973; Poet, Translator, and Singer)

Peace, the sailor prays of the gods when over-
Taken on the open Aegean, and a
Dark cloud hides the moon, with no steady stars on
Mariners shining:

Peace, entreats the Thracian mad with battle,
Peace, implores the Persian adorned with quiver,
Grosphus – peace which cannot be bought with gems, with
Gold or with purple.

Royal wealth cannot, nor can consul's lictor
Clear the heart's sad riots, or drive away the
Flying cares which 'round the low, paneled ceilings
Constantly circle.

He lives well, for whom on his frugal table
Shines his family saltcellar, polished brightly;
Neither fear nor sordid desire disturbs or
Lightens his slumber.

Why in life so brief do we, still undaunted,
Strive so much? For lands warmed by alien sunshine
Change our own? What exile from homeland ever
Fled himself also?

Carking care climbs up on the bronze-beaked vessels,
Keeps abreast of galloping troops of horsemen,
Swifter than fleet stags, or the storm cloud driven
Swiftly by Eurus.

Well contented now is the heart, and loath to
Look beyond, and harsh words would moderate with
Patient laughter; nothing in all respects is
Fortunate ever.

Quick death carried off the renowned Achilles,
Age unending withered Tithonus slowly,
And perchance to me what she holds from you, the
Glad hour will offer.

Yours, a hundred head of Sicilian cattle
Lowing; yours, a mare to a four-horsed chariot
Reined, and neighing; you dress in wools twice dyed with
African purple;

But on me did Fate, never false, bestow a
Modest farm; a breath of the Grecian Muse's
Inspiration gave, and the right to scorn the
Envious rabble.



FREDERICK WILLIAM WALLACE, 1964

(Senior Scholar of Emmanuel College, Cambridge)

For peace and quiet sailors pray
Stormbound upon Aegean wide,
When moon the murky cloudbanks hide
And stars afford no guiding ray.
And warrior Thrace prays peace from war,
And peace the quiver-flaunting Medes,
Tho', Grosphus, much its price exceeds
Gems, purple too, and golden ore.
For treasures no free passage bring,
Nor lictor in a consul's train,
Against a mind's o'ercrowding pain
Or cares round vaulted roofs that wing.
Poor men live well whose board is plain,
Whose family salts stand clear and bright,
Whose gentle slumbers take no flight
From fear of loss or greed of gain.
Why bravely aim we much to win
When life is short? Why change thy home
For warmer suns? Exiled from Rome
Who can escape his soul within?
Climbs morbid Care up brazen prows,
With cavalry keeps even head,
Swifter than stags, more swiftly sped
Than East wind which the clouds doth rouse.
No thought the heart with present joy
Should give the future, but with smile
Of patience bitterness beguile.
For bliss hath ever some alloy.
Achilles' fame met sudden end.
Tithonus' age decayed to dust.
Perchance some hour on me will thrust
Blessings denied to you, my friend.
Round thee may low a hundred flocks,
Sicilian cows, a racing mare
Hinnies for thee, thou woollens wear
From Afric's double-purpled stocks.
My Fate has ne'er false colours borne.
My humble farm she gave to me,
My slight Greek breath of poesy,
Gave me the grudging world to scorn.





ALAN MCNICOLL, 1979

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

For rest he prays the gods, who unaware
Sails the Aegean, and a black cloud hides
The moon. No longer do the stars shine fair
While the swift storm he rides.

For rest the Thracians furious in war,
The Medes adorned with teeming quivers sigh –
Of greater price than gems or purple are –
Dearer than gold can buy.

It is not treasure, nor the consul's pride
That clears away the mind's unhappy strife,
Nor lays the cares that haunt on every side
The fretted vaults of life.

He lives on little well, upon whose board
His father's silver gleams: nor do the throes
Of passion, nor the fear of things untoward
Deny him his repose.

Why in a little lifetime do we aim
At many marks; live under many skies?
What exile, from whatever land he came
From himself also flies?

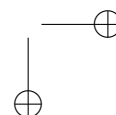
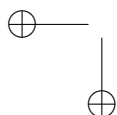
Care sails aboard the vessel brazen-prowed,
And never lags behind a troop of horse.
Fleet as a stag, and fleetier than a cloud
Borne on the east wind's course.

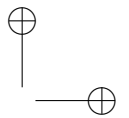
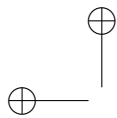
A mind that views with joy its present state
Will hesitate to ask what may befall.
Soften with smiles the bitterness of fate –
Nothing is blest in all.

Death swiftly struck the great Achilles down.
The length of years wore Tithonus away.
Fortune upon your sum of hours may frown,
Yet smile upon my day.

A hundred flocks and herds about you lie:
You hear the racer in the chariot neigh.
Twice-dipped your raiment in the purple dye.
The hues of Africa.

Fate has bequeathed me, in a kindly hour
My small domain, and given to my song
The spirit of the Grecian muse: and power
To scorn the envious throng.





STUART LYONS, 2007

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

The sailor caught on the open sea
 Asks god for peace, as soon as cloud
 Has hidden the moon in a black shroud
And no stars shine with certainty.

Warring Thrace, furious and bold,
 The Mede armed with an ornate quiver,
 Seek peace, which gems cannot deliver
Nor raiment of purple, nor gold.

No treasure stores nor sheriff high
 Can shift the tumults of the mind
 Or clear away the cares unkind
That round the panelled ceilings fly.

A man lives well on little, whose
 Own father's saltcellar shines bright
 On a poor table and whose light
Sleep no fear or foul lust removes.

In our brief life man bravely tries
 So many shots. He changes one
 Place for lands warmed by another sun.
The exile from his own self flies.

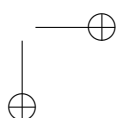
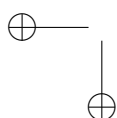
False Care climbs up bronze battleships,
 Clings close behind squadrons of horse;
 Swifter than deer she runs her course,
Than Eurus who the rain clouds whips.

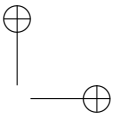
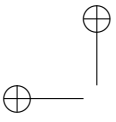
A heart that's happy for today
 Should hate to care for the morrow,
 Soothe bitterness with laughter slow;
Nothing is blessed in every way.

Swift death removed Achilles bright,
 Tithonus long senility
 Made weak, and the hour may offer me
That which it has to you denied.

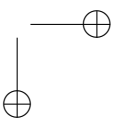
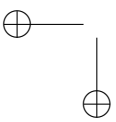
A hundred herds around you call,
 Sicilian cows moo, and the mare
 Whinnies that pulls your four-horse car;
Twice dipped in African purple

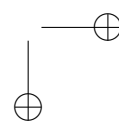
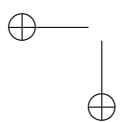
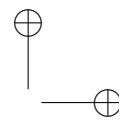
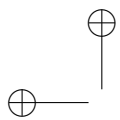
Are your clothes. Honest Fate allowed
 Me a small farm, inspiration slight
 From the Greek Muses, and the right
To turn my back on the envious crowd.





BACK MATTER







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

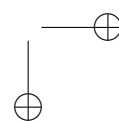
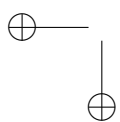
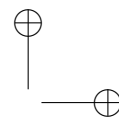
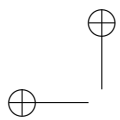
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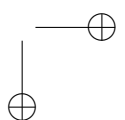
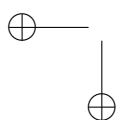
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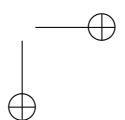
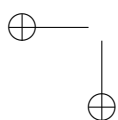


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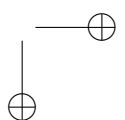
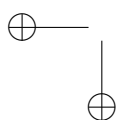
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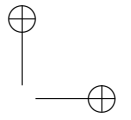
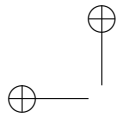
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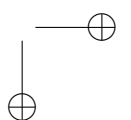
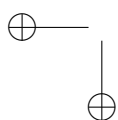
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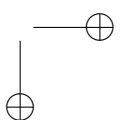
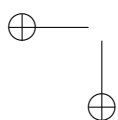
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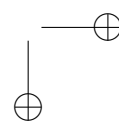
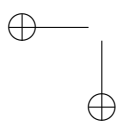
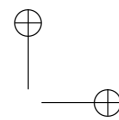
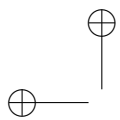
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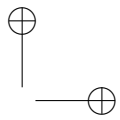




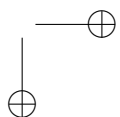
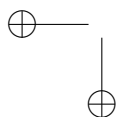
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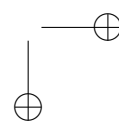
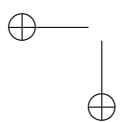
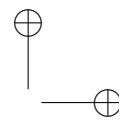
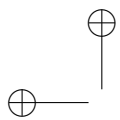
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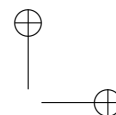
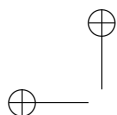
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