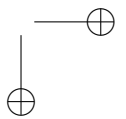
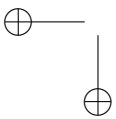
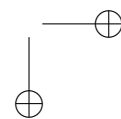
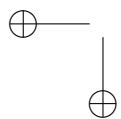
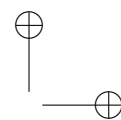
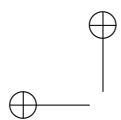


Horace's Persicos Odi
A Collection of Translations







Horace's Persicos Odi A Collection of Translations

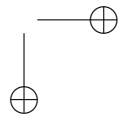
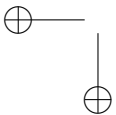
Isaac Waisberg

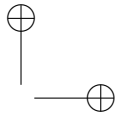
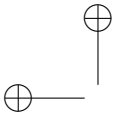
Ye that have shattered the shackles of prosody,
Ye that are freed from the fetters of rhyme,
Sneering at metre with loud "Persicos odi,"
Deeming the Tyrian trimmings a crime –

Sing if ye will your cacophonous utterings,
Mash 'em like Masters or pound 'em like Pound;
We've had enough of your stumblings and stutterings.
Leave us the thrill of melodious sound –

The Conning Tower Book

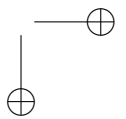
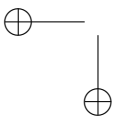
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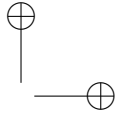




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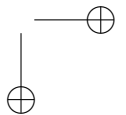
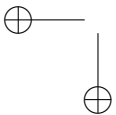
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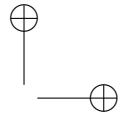
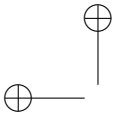




IN LIEU OF A PREFACE

“Easy circumstances, books, friends, literary connexions, the fine arts, presents from abroad, foreign correspondents, handsome appointments, elegant simplicity, gravel walks, lawns, flower beds, trees and shrubberies, summer houses, strawberry beds, a greenhouse, a wall for peaches, *hoc erat in votis* – nothing out of the way, no hot-houses, graperies, pineries – *Persicos odi, puer, apparatus* – no mansions, no parks, no deer, no preserves; these things are not worth the cost, they involve the bother of dependants, they interfere with enjoyment. One or two faithful servants, who last on as the trees do, and cannot change their place – the ancients had slaves, a sort of dumb waiter, and the real article; alas! they are impossible now. We must have no one with claims upon us, or with rights; no incumbrances; no wife and children. We must have acquaintance within reach, yet not in the way; ready, not troublesome or intrusive. We must have something of name, or of rank, or of ancestry, or of past official life, to raise us from the dead level of mankind, to afford food for the imagination of our neighbours, to bring us from time to time strange visitors, and to invest our home with mystery. In consequence we shall be loyal subjects, good conservatives, fond of old times, averse to change, suspicious of novelty, because we know perfectly when we are well off, and that in our case *progredi est regredi*. To a life such as this, a man is more attached, the longer he lives; and he would be more and more happy in it too, were it not for the memento within him, that books and gardens do not make a man immortal; that, though they do not leave him, he at least must leave them, all but ‘the hateful cypresses,’ and must go where the only book is the book of doom, and the only garden the Paradise of the just.” (John Henry Newman, *University Sketches*, 1902)

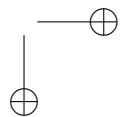
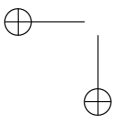




“*Persicos odi, puer, apparatus.* What a timely commentary on modern social extravagance! How fondly our senses are titillated by any allusion to Falernian wine, Lucrine oysters, or Lalage. Even the dunces respond to the mention of the Trojan horse or the aprochyphal *Et tu, Brute*. Four-fifths glamour, dear Meredith. The classics have ceased to be a fetich to the young unless they are specialists. But what of Shakespeare and Milton? What of the Bible? Are they any more familiar with them? It is your affair, Mason, as a churchman, to deplore the growing lack of familiarity with the Bible as a stimulus to spiritual progress; it is mine, as a lover of literature, to point out that intimate knowledge with that reservoir of English undefiled has ceased to be the equipment of modern youth. Where did our great lawyers of the past seek their most pregnant illustrations? In the Bible and Shakespeare, because sure of striking a responsive chord in the hearts of their hearers. Today ‘a word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver,’ would make the jury stare. But at least we have a right to inquire, Mason, what they give us as a substitute. What are these new symbols? This different language? It isn’t necessary for you to specify. I know well; I recognize them daily: the conservation of energy, the career of the morning star, the idiosyncrasies of the forest, the analysis of food supplies, the sovereignty of hydraulics. I admit their value – their infallibility if you like – but I dispute their title to be regarded as culture.” (Robert Grant, *The Convictions of a Grandfather*, 1912)



“Now, to be more particular, it is said that the mind of a boy is peculiarly susceptible, and that whatever he is taught at that tender age sinks deep – a Christian then takes care that nothing shall be presented to his boy at such a critical age, save those solemn and eternal truths which *must* have an abiding place in the soul of a redeemed sinner: is this the case? far from it. You teach him to pray night and morning from his cradle upwards that he may not be led into temptation; and then you tamper with his lusts, his feelings, his eternal welfare, by making him pore over Horace’s Odes, where all sorts of enormities are dressed up in all the felicities of

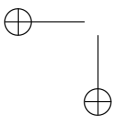


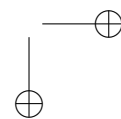
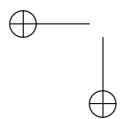
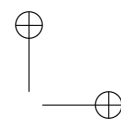
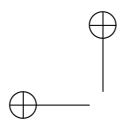


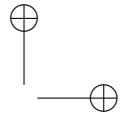
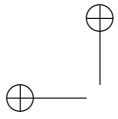
melody and diction – in all the charms of levity and jest. His Bible he is taught to read in his native tongue, and but seldom; but these impurities he has painfully to *work out* from an unknown language, where the impression is of course deeper and stronger. Now, I ask, what is this but a plain and practical denial of the doctrine of man's depravity? What is it but to plunge your boy into that temptation against which he is taught to pray? And is not this a mockery of God?" (Frederick William Faber, *Letters*, 1835)



“The Works of Horace have always been numbered amongst the most valuable remains of antiquity. If we may rely upon the judgment of his commentators, he has united in his Lyric Poetry the enthusiasm of Pindar, the majesty of Alcæus, the tenderness of Sappho, and the charming levities of Anacreon. Yet he has beauties of his own genius, his own manner, that form his peculiar character. Many of his odes are varied with irony and satire; with delicacy and humour; with ease and pleasantry. Some of them were written in the first heat of imagination, when circumstances of time, places, persons, were strong upon him. In others, he rises in full poetic dignity; sublime in sentiment, bold allusions, and profuse of figures; frugal of words, curious in his choice, and happily venturous in his use of them; pure in his diction, animated in his expression, and harmonious in his numbers; artful in the plan of his poems, regular in their conduct, and happy in their execution. Francis, upon the whole, has been his best translator; but as Horace drew not his maxims or his characters from particular persons, but from human nature itself, which is the same in all ages and countries, so will there always be room and materials for new translations.” (John Eagles, *A Garland of Roses*, 1857)

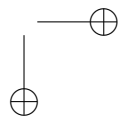
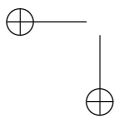


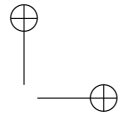
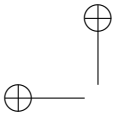




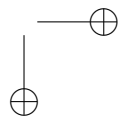
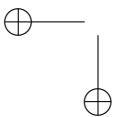
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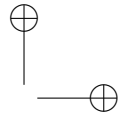
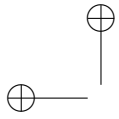
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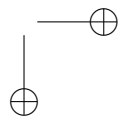
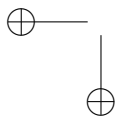


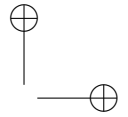
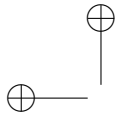
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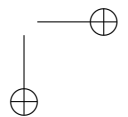
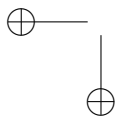


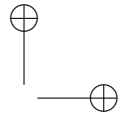
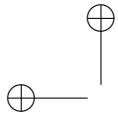
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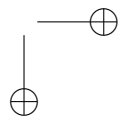
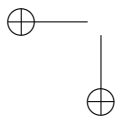


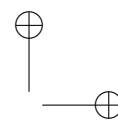
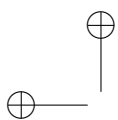
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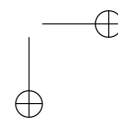
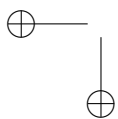


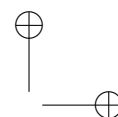
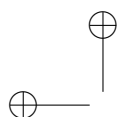
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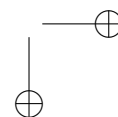
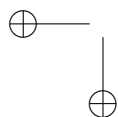


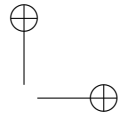
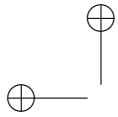
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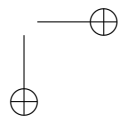
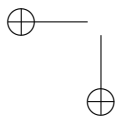


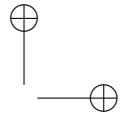
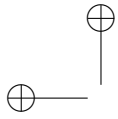
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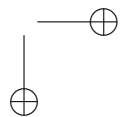
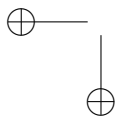


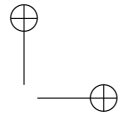
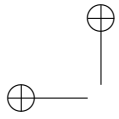
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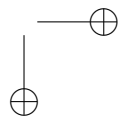
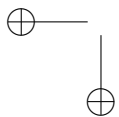


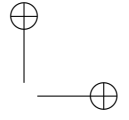
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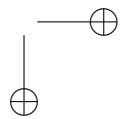
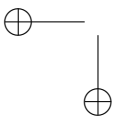


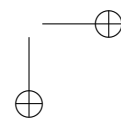
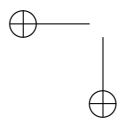
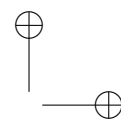
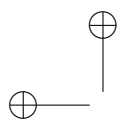
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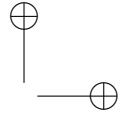




“Knowing the frugality of Socrates’ way of life, a friend was surprised to discover the philosopher studying with rapt attention some flashy wares on display in the marketplace. He inquired why Socrates came to the market, since he never bought anything. ‘I am always amazed to see just how many things there are that I don’t need.’” *The Little, Brown Book of Anecdotes*, ED. Clifton Fadiman



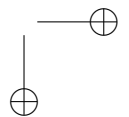
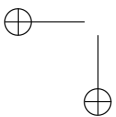




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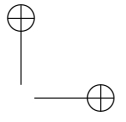
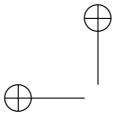
*Persicos odi, puer, adparatus,
displicent nexae philyra coronae,
mitte sectari, rosa quo locorum
sera moretur.*

*simplici myrto nihil adlabores
sedulus curo: neque te ministrum
dedecet myrtus neque me sub arta
vite bibentem.*

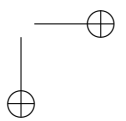
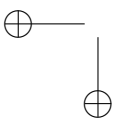


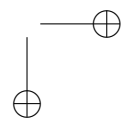
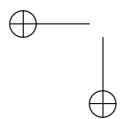
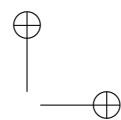
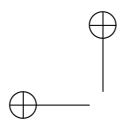


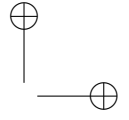
(First Illustrated Edition of Horace, Grüninger, 1498, LOC)



THE TRANSLATIONS



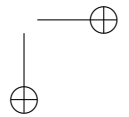
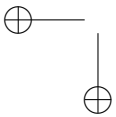


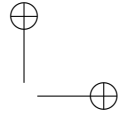


HENRY RIDER, 1638

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

Boy, I doe hate the Persian nicetie,
Their garlands bound with ribands please not mee,
And doe not thou molest thy selfe to know
In what place the late springing rose doth blow.
I chiefly doe take care you should provide
To the plain Myrtle nothing else beside;
Myrtle will not shame thee my boy, nor mee
Drinking beneath the shadowing vine-tree.

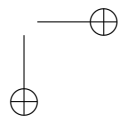
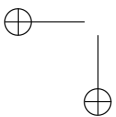




JOHN SMITH, 1649

(The Lyrick Poet)

When I was young I loath'd the *Persian* state.
Their flowry Grown displeas'd me: now where late
Fresh roses grow my Boy, ne're strive to find,
But alwayes bear the Myrtle in thy mind;
For the sweet Myrtle best content doth bring,
When under the close vine we drinke and sing.



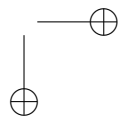
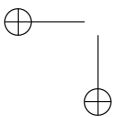


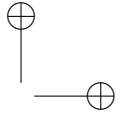
MILDMAY FANE, 1623–50

(c. 1600–66; Politician and Writer)

I hate the princely Sumptuousness
Of Persian banquetts, and the dress
Of Rosie garlands: Pass not where
Those Roses growe; but voyd of care
Nothing but Myrtle doe prepare.

(The Myrtle usefull is to mend
The vapours, which from wine ascend)
Neither disgrace will't be to thee
It to provide; nor yett to mee,
Drinking 'neath Bacchus shady tree.

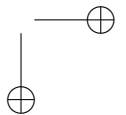
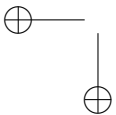




BARTEN HOLIDAY, 1653

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

Servant, all Persian Pomp disdain,
From Teyl-rinde pleated Crowns refrain:
Cease further scrutiny where grows
 The tardy Rose.
For nothing but plain Myrtles care,
They most beseeming Servants are:
And for my self too, tipling laid
 In Vine tree shade.

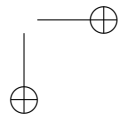
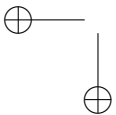


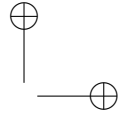


R. N., 1666 (PARAPHRASED)

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

Boy, take away my gown, I hate those shows
Which usually at Halls are made
'Mongst the Furr'd Brethren of the Trade,
When a whole Market's ransackt for a Rose,
For Mr. Warden's Worships Nose.
Sirrah, some Bottles to yon' Arbour bring;
That which is shaded with the Vine,
And pluck some Burrage for the Wine:
That gives a flavor – Come, *Long live the King*;
About with't, while a Catch we sing.

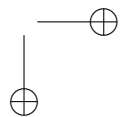
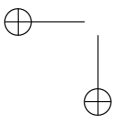


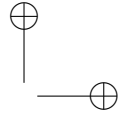


THOMAS CREECH, 1684

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

I hate, my Boy, I deeply hate
The useless Persian Pomp and State
Crowns wrought with too much art displeas;
Forbear to seek the blushing Rose,
Or where the beauteous Lilly grows,
 Such Toil disturbs our Ease:
A negligent and simple Dress
Thoughts free from Cares will most express;
Thy Front, my Boy, thy Front, and mine
A Myrtle Crown will best become,
Whilst I fit and quaff at Home,
 Beneath my shady Vine.

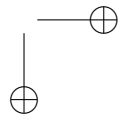
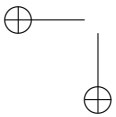


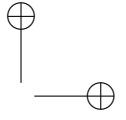


JOHN HARINGTON, 1684

(c. 1627–1700)

Boy, Persian furniture and *State*,
All busie Circumstance I hate;
Flow'r-Crowns, displeas, nor Roses seek
 Where late do stick:
Toil not, bring simple *Mirtle* alone;
Nor *Wayter* thou need least disown
Mirtle, nor I, whilst drinking Wine
 Near shady Vine.



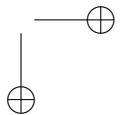
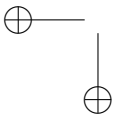


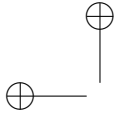
WILLIAM OLDISWORTH, 1713

(1680–1734; Writer and Translator)

Persian Pomp and costly State
Garlands and Perfumes I hate;
Be not too curious to compose
The flow'ry Sweets and fragrant Rose.

Why should you and I be fine,
Underneath a scanty Vine?
Let Myrtle Wreaths my Brows adorn,
All other Crowns but that I scorn.

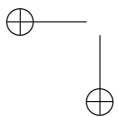




HENRY COXWELL, 1718

(*The Odes of Horace*)

When I, my Boy, beneath the Shade
T'enjoy my Friend sit down,
Let not thy Wreath be shining made,
Like *Ariadne's* Crown.
With modest Myrtle from the Grove
Thou shalt appear as Fair,
As he that Nectar serves to *Jove*,
With Rubies in his Hair.
No Pearls, nor costly Diamonds place,
Nor Roses on my Brow,
Green Myrtle both our Heads shall grace:
No richer Garland know,
When I with my Companions quaff
Under the shady Vine,
And toast some pleasant Healths, and laugh
'Twixt each brisk Glass of Wine.



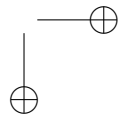
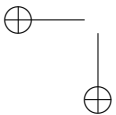


THOMAS HARE, 1737

(“Master of Blandford School”)

The *Persians*' Pride, my Boy, I hate,
Their gawdy Crowns and useless State;
Pray, be not curious, where the Rose
In od'rous Bloom the longest grows.

Let Myrtle be thy only Care,
Myrtle alone we both will wear;
'Tis no Disgrace, as tippling Wine
I private sit beneath my Vine.



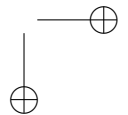
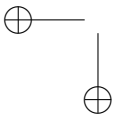


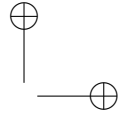
SAMUEL BOYSE, 1738

(1708–49; Irish Poet and Writer)

Away! my Boy, 'tis needless Toil,
I hate your Essences and Oil,
 And all th' enervate Train!
Leave the nice Flow'r, th' autumnal Rose,
Of Myrtle Twigs the Wreath compose,
 Both beautiful and plain.

With this, beneath the friendly Shade,
Surround thy careless Master's Head,
 And then adorn thy own:
The fragrant Plant shall gaily shine,
Shall aid the generous Joys of Wine,
 And form a grateful Crown!

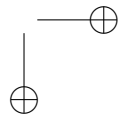
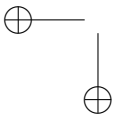


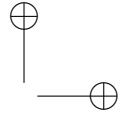


PHILIP FRANCIS, 1743

(1708–73; Clergyman and Writer)

I tell thee, boy, that I detest
The grandeur of a Persian feast:
 Nor for me the linden's rind
 Shall the flowery chaplet bind:
Then search not where the curious rose
Beyond his season loitering grows;
 But beneath the mantling vine,
 While I quaff the flowing wine,
The myrtle's wreath shall crown our brows,
While you shall wait, and I carouse.



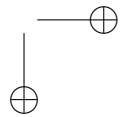
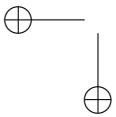


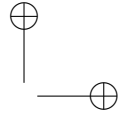
WILLIAM POPPLE, C. 1750

(1700–64; Poet and Playwright)

Prythee Boy at once forbear,
All this pomp of Persian state;
Braided Crowns to bind my Hair,
At a time like this I hate.

Never seek where Roses grow,
Roses spring too slow for me;
Myrtle-Garlands better show,
Drinking in this place with thee.



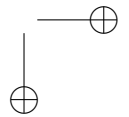
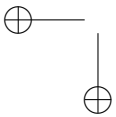


WILLIAM DUNCOMBE, 1757

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

I hate, my Boy, the *Persian* Pride,
Eternal Greens in Garlands tied:
And for the Rose thy Search forbear,
To crop the latest of the Year.

To simple Myrtle stand confin'd;
'Tis fit the Servant's Brows to bind;
'Tis fit the Master's Brows to twine,
Who drinks beneath the shady Vine.



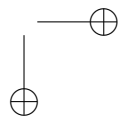
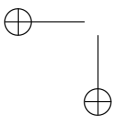


WILLIAM DUNCOMBE, 1757 (IMITATED)

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

The Neatness of *Batavian* Frows,
Their Mops and Pails in endless Rows,
I hate, and suffer in this Room,
A Duster only and a Broom.

Each *Saturday*, on Hands and Knees,
Scour, scrub your Kitchen, if you please;
But where I fit, and where I lie,
This Floor, *Rebecca*, shall be dry.

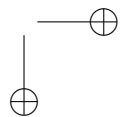
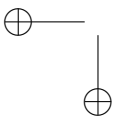


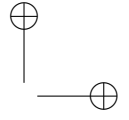


“MR. QUIN.,” 1765 (IMITATED)

(*The Lyric Works of Horace*, John Parke)

I hate French cooks, but love their wine,
On fricassees I scorn to dine;
 And bad's the best ragout:
Let me have *Claret* at my will,
Let me of *Turtle* eat my fill,
 In one large mighty stew.
A napkin let my temples bind,
In night-gown free, and unconfin'd,
 And undisturb'd by women:
All boons in one, I ask of fate,
Behind the *Change* to eat my *weight*,
 And *drink* enough to swim in.

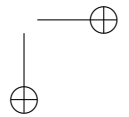
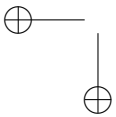


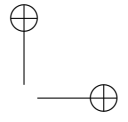
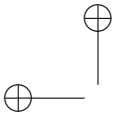


CHRISTOPHER SMART, 1767

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

Persian pomps, boy, ever I renounce them:
Scoff o' the plaited coronet's refulgence;
Seek not in fruitless vigilance the rose-tree's
 Tardier offspring.
Mere honest myrtle that alone is order'd,
Me the mere myrtle decorates, as also
Thee the prompt waiter to a jolly toper
 Hous'd in an arbour.



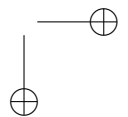
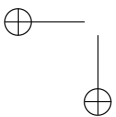


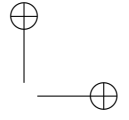
JOHN PARKE, 1771

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

From eastern pomp I turn my eyes,
Wreaths, perfumes and pomp despise;
Then be not anxious boy, to chuse
The lovely pink, or blushing rose,
That vent'rous out of season blows.

While softly I at ease recline,
Stretch'd beneath a shady vine,
With myrtle garlands deck my brows;
Our pleasure no abatement knows, –
Bring forth the flask while I carouse.



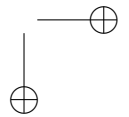
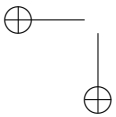


MARMADUKE ALINGTON, 1773

(1671–1749; Lawyer and Politician)

Boy, I detest the Persian Pomp,
Chaplets so pompous made
Displease me; cease to seek the Place
Where Blooms the Rose display'd.

I most desire you'd nothing add
To Myrtles simple Shade;
Myrtle, will neither you disgrace
Nor me, *sub vite* laid.

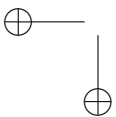


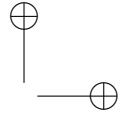


WILLIAM GREEN, 1777

(A New Poetical Translation of All the Odes)

Boy, I hate this apparatus,
What plague these Persian modes create us?
Binding Phyllyreas I hate,
Seek no more for roses late
Out of season out of date;
Myrtle bound around my hair,
Needs no more officious care,
Nought at all amiss in thee,
Prime-minister, of wine;
Nor unworthy mine, or me,
Carousing neath an arched vine.

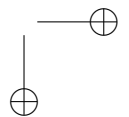
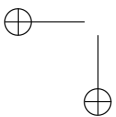


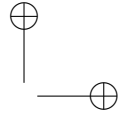


WILLIAM GREEN, 1783

(A New Poetical Translation of All the Odes, Second Edition)

Boy, I hate, thou know'st I hate
The plague, these Persian modes create,
Seek no more for roses late,
Nor binding Phyllyreas prepare,
With simple myrtle deck my hair,
Not needing thy officious care,
A sprig, not ill-becoming thee,
My ready minister of wine,
Unworthy not of mine, or me,
Carousing neath a mantling vine.



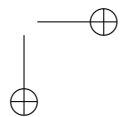
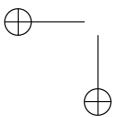


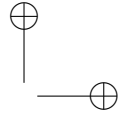
ANONYMOUS, 1786

(The New Foundling Hospital for Wit)

Dear Jenny, to confess my mind,
I never yet could bear,
To see the lovely maid I priz'd
By ev'ry greasy prig disguis'd,
With powder and false hair.

Be cleanliness thy morning care,
Nor covet Art's attire;
In native elegance compleat,
You look as fair, and kiss as sweet,
As love and I desire.



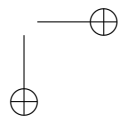
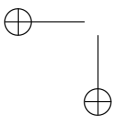


ANONYMOUS, 1787

(The New Lady's Magazine)

Boy, the customs of the Persian feast
And wreaths of Linden-rind too I detest;
With anxious haste, why seek you to disclose
The secret covert of the ling'ring rose?

Be careful no rich ornament to place,
To take away the simple myrtle's grace;
'Twill deck me when I quaff Falernian wine,
(Whilst you attend) – beneath the mantling vine.



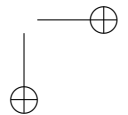
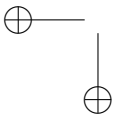


WILLIAM BOSCAWEN, 1793

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

Away, say boy, with eastern fate!
The soft luxurious crown I hate,
 With linden fibres move.
Seek not the spot, where blushing grows
With lingering sweets the autumnal rose,
 Nor rob the fragrant grove!

No: let the myrtle's simple wreath,
Whose leaves unmingled fragrance breathe,
 In artless beauty twine!
Thy care the myrtle best may shew,
Me best adorn, whose goblets flow
 Beneath the embow'ring vine.



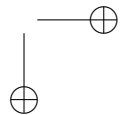
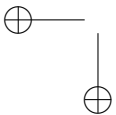


GILBERT WAKEFIELD, 1795

(1756–1801; Classical Scholar and Politician)

I hate, my boy! this anxious care,
These curious wreaths to bind my hair,
 And all your Persian state:
Bring me the first fair flower that blows:
Say, will the short-liv'd vernal rose
 Our leisure, lingering, wait?

Suffice it, that the Myrtle-bough,
In simple neatness, round my brow
 It's cooling verdure twine:
Nor thou the Myrtle-bough despise,
That decks thy master, as he lies
 Beneath the mantling vine.



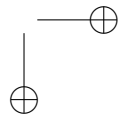
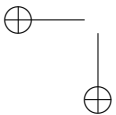


ANNA SEWARD, 1799 (IMITATED)

(1747–1809; Poet)

Boy, not in these Autumnal bowers
Shalt thou the Persian vest dispose,
Of artful fold, and rich brocade;
Nor tie in gaudy knots the sprays and flowers.
Ah! search not where the latest rose
Yet lingers in the sunny glade;
Plain be the vest, and simple be the braid!

I charge thee, with the myrtle wreath
Not one resplendent bloom entwine;
We both become that modest band,
As stretch'd my vineyard's ample shade beneath,
Jocund I quaff the rosy wine;
While near me thou shalt smiling stand,
And fill the sparkling cup with ready hand.



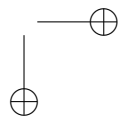
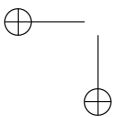


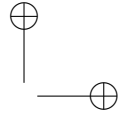
ANONYMOUS, 1799

(The First and Fourth Books of the Odes)

Persian Pomp, my Boy, I hate,
And wreaths with costly toil entwain'd:
Where the last rose lingers late,
Search not curiously to find.

Myrtle bands alone prepare:
While I drink, the myrtle wreath
Suits alike to deck thy hair
And mine, the mantling vine beneath.

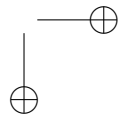
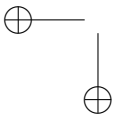




JOHN DAVIS, 1800

(1721–1809?)

Here, boy! the rosy wine prepare,
To toast the fairest of the fair;
With wreaths of ivy crown my brows,
And let me near the stream carouse;
Place by my side the trembling lyre,
I'll swell to softest strains the wire;
Like Ennius best my verse I roll,
When wine with transport fires my soul.

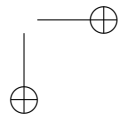
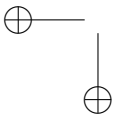




GILBERT THOMPSON, 1801

(Select Translations from the Works of Homer and Horace)

I, boy, this Persian elegance detest;
Garlands displease with fine-wrought bands entwin'd:
Then seek not, curious, where in season late
 The lingering roses blow.
Branches of simple myrtle, to provide,
Be all thy care; nor myrtle misbecomes
Thy servitude, nor me, who humbly quaff
 Under th' embow'ring vine.



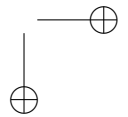
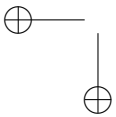


ANONYMOUS, 1803

(The Lyrics of Horace)

Persian banquets I despise;
And those garlands nothing prize,
Which are gaudily entwin'd
With the linden's pliant rind:
Cease, my boy, I prithee cease
Those retired haunts to trace,
Where the blush-rose we behold
Still its loit'ring leaves unfold.

I for myrtle only care
Which no ornaments prepare;
Myrtle suited is to thee
Filling goblets, and to me
Quaffing the delicious wine
Underneath my bow'ring vine.



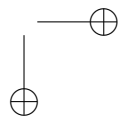
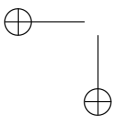


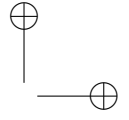
MERCUTIO, 1804 (IMITATED)

(The Poetical Register)

Dinners of *form*, I vote a *bore*,
Where folks who never met before,
And care not if they ne'er meet more,
Are brought together:
Cramm'd close as mackerel in their places,
They eat with *Chesterfieldian* graces,
Drink healths, and talk, with sapient faces,
About the weather.

Thrice blest, who at an *inn* unbends,
With half a dozen of his friends,
And while the curling smoke ascends
In volumes sable,
Mirth and good humour round him sees,
Chats, lulling backward at his ease,
Or cocks his cross'd-legs, if he please,
Upon the table.



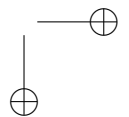
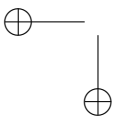


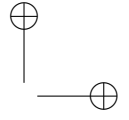
J. R., 1804

(The Poetical Magazine)

I hate, O, boy! these Persian robes,
 These artificial crowns displease me;
Where'er the lingering roses stay,
 No more with imitations tease me.

I wish that round my brows, alone,
 The simple myrtle thou wouldst twine;
It suits the pouring forth, and I
 Who drink beneath the trellis'd vine.

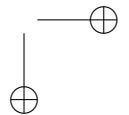
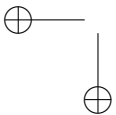




ANDREWS NORTON, 1805

(1786–1853; American Theologian; Father of Charles Eliot Norton)

My Boy, the Persian pomp I hate
And chaplets wove with curious pain;
Cease then to seek, where lingering late
Some stranger rose may yet remain,
The simple myrtle we will wear,
Nor that with foreign leaves entwine;
When thou to me the wine shalt bear,
Beneath the close embowering vine.

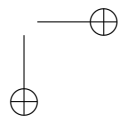
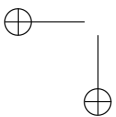




EDWARD COXE, 1805 (IMITATED)

(Miscellaneous Poetry)

Friz me no more – I cannot bear
Mountains of powder on my hair,
 And oceans of pomatum;
Let city prigs or courtly beaus,
Wear the scarce bag, or *scarcer* rose,
 I will not, for I hate 'em:
To be so feathered, as an owl,
Or larded like a Gallick fowl,
 For Englishmen is horrid!
Dress me no longer like a fop,
But bring my Scratch, whose Tyburn top
 Lies snug upon my forehead.

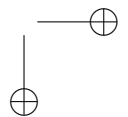
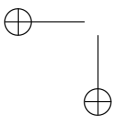


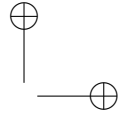


ANNA JANE VARDILL, 1809

(1781–1852; Poet)

Persian pomp, my boy, I scorn;
Why these fading crown compose?
Ask not on what lonely thorn,
Summer leaves her latest rose.
Now no more with lavish care,
Strive the myrtle to adorn:
Round our brows its honours twine,
Sweet it smiles on thine and thine,
While those hands the bowl prepare;
While the balmy juice I share,
Stretch'd beneath a mantling vine.

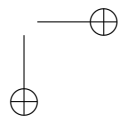
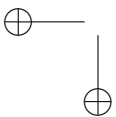




THOMAS MOORE, 1812 (A FRAGMENT)

(1779–1852; Irish Writer and Poet)

Go, boy, tell the cook that I hate all nicknackeries,
Fricassees, vol-au-vents, puffs, and gimcrackeries –
Six by the Horse Guards! – old Georgy is late –
But come, lay the table-cloth – zounds! do not wait,
Nor stop to inquire, while the dinner is staying,
At *which* of his places old R-se is delaying!





JAMES SMITH AND HORATIO SMITH, 1813 (IMITATED)

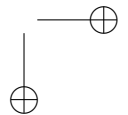
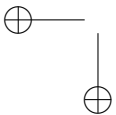
(JS 1775–1839, HS 1779–1849)

Here, waiter, I'll dine in this box,
I've look'd at your long bill of fare;
A Pythagorean it shocks
To view all the rarities there.

I'm not overburden'd with cash,
Roast beef is the dinner for me;
Then why should I eat calipash,
Or why should I eat calipee?

Your trifle's no trifle, I ween,
To customers prudent as I am;
Your peas in December are green,
But I'm not so green as to buy 'em.

With ven'son I seldom am fed –
Go bring me the sirloin, you ninny;
Who dines at a guinea a head,
Will ne'er by his head get a guinea.





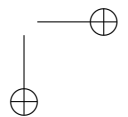
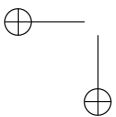
WILLIAM COWPER, 1815 (1)

(1731–1800; Poet)

Boy, I hate their empty shows,
Persian garlands I detest,
Bring me not the late-blown rose
Lingering after all the rest:

Plainer myrtle pleases me
Thus outstretched beneath my vine,
Myrtle more becoming thee,
Waiting with thy master's wine.

NOTE: "...as an instance of what seems to me a successful translation – successful in the sense that the reader would in reading the poem admire it in itself, whether he knew the original or not, and those who knew the original would not be unsatisfied – here is a famous ode, and a translation by Cowper..."
(Maurice Baring, 1936, *Have You Anything to Declare?*)

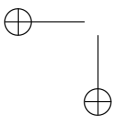


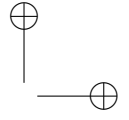


WILLIAM COWPER, 1815 (2)

(1731–1800; Poet)

Boy! I detest all Persian fopperies,
Fillet-bound garlands are to me disgusting;
Task not thyself with any search, I charge thee,
 Where latest roses linger,
Bring me alone (for thou wilt find that readily)
Plain myrtle. Myrtle neither will disparage
Thee occupied to serve me, or me drinking
 Beneath my vine's cool shelter.



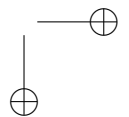
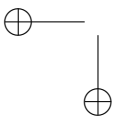


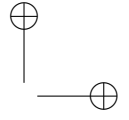
CHARLES FREDERICK WATKINS, 1816

(1794–1873; Anglican Clergyman)

I hate the Persians' stately pomp,
 Their linden-wreaths offend the eye;
Nor seek thou where the lingering rose
 Refuses yet to droop and die.

The myrtle's branch, with ease obtained,
 Will grace thy master's brows and thine,
Carousing he, attending thou,
 Subtected by the slender vine.

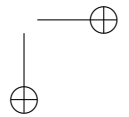
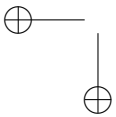




FRANCIS WRANGHAM, 1821

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

I hate the Persian banquet's pride:
Boy, fling that gaudy wreath aside;
Nor seek in what lone dell the rose,
To flush th' autumnal chaplet, blows.
Asks nothing more the myrtle band:
Add not a leaf – 'tis my command.
Well fits it thee, that simple braid;
Me, quaffing in the vine's green shade.



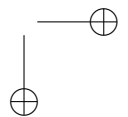
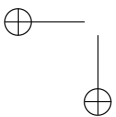


ANONYMOUS, 1824

(The Odes of Horace)

Our festal joy, my good page, know,
Needs not the Persian pomp or shew,
Nor chaplets of the Linden tree,
Which suit but splendid revelry,
Nor thee to seek where latest blows,
In shade remote, the blushing rose.

Let all that shall supply their room,
Be but the simple myrtle's bloom –
The myrtle, that may well accord
With thee or with thy jolly lord,
While 'neath the thickly clustering vine,
Dissolved in joy, he quaffs the wine.





CHARLES WEST THOMSON, 1828

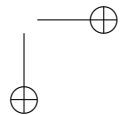
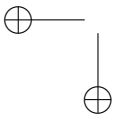
(1798–1879; American Poet and Episcopal Priest)

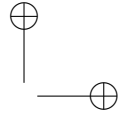
I hate the show of Persian pride,
And garlands from the linden tree
Are not with any thought allied
That yields a moment's joy to me.

Then seek not, boy, the sickly rose
That winter in her lap receives,
But let the wreath thy care bestows
Be nothing but the myrtle's leaves.

So, when beneath my clustering bower
Of wild and over-arching vine,
I pass the social festive hour,
And bid the flowing goblet shine, –

For thee, then serving, and for me
Quaffing the bowl with calm content,
A simple myrtle wreath will be
The most befitting ornament.



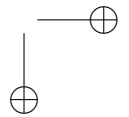
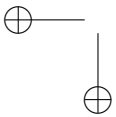


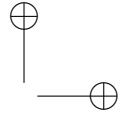
LATHAM., 1829

(Horæ Salisburienses)

I tell thee, boy, I hate to see
A Persian feast prepar'd for me,
 With crowns of Lindin rind:
O then forbear to seek the rose
In places where it, ling'ring, grows,
 To gratify my mind.

But whilst beneath the arching vine
I sit at ease, and quaff my wine,
 Our temples we will grace;
The simple green, of myrtle boughs,
In chaplets, woven o'er our brows,
 Will well become each face.



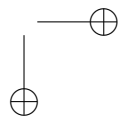
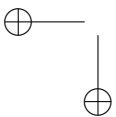


LAUNCELOT PENDENNIS, 1830

(Cornish Carelessness)

Persian luxury I hate,
Gem and coronet of state –
Seek not, boy, for me the ground
Where the latest rose is found;

But the myrtle's simple tree
Shall not shame or thee or me,
When thou pour'st for me the wine,
Stretch'd beneath my bow'ry vine –



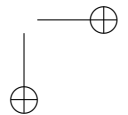
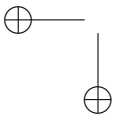


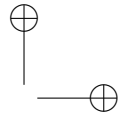
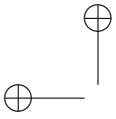
HARTLEY COLERIDGE, 1833

(1796–1849; Poet, Essayist, and Teacher)

Nay, nay, my boy – 'tis not for me,
This studious pomp of Eastern luxury;
Give me no various garlands-fine
 With linden twine,
Nor seek, where latest lingering blows,
 The solitary rose.

Earnest I beg – add not with toilsome pain,
One far-sought blossom to the myrtle plain,
For sure, the fragrant myrtle bough
 Looks seemliest on thy brow;
Nor me mis-seems, while, underneath the vine,
Close interweaved, I quaff the rosy wine.



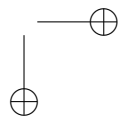
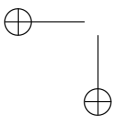


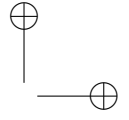
ALFRED DOMETT, 1833

(1811–87; Fourth Premier of New Zealand)

Much I mislike your orient parade, boy,
Little delight in coronals and posies,
Cease then to seek where longest undecayed, boy,
Linger the roses!

Bring simple myrtle, nothing intertwining
Myrtle alone will not become you meanly,
You nor myself, boy, 'neath my vine reclining,
Sipping serenely.



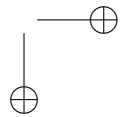
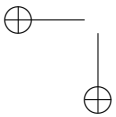


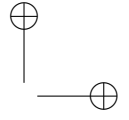
ANONYMOUS, 1833

(New Monthly Magazine)

With the Persian pomp away, –
 Away with your costly wreath, boy;
Nor seek for the spot, I pray,
 Where the lingering roses breathe, boy.

If thou wouldst please me, see
 That the myrtle-bough be mine, boy;
The myrtle-bough suits thyself – and me
 Drinking under the arching vine, boy.



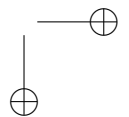
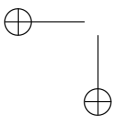


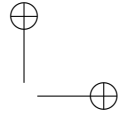
ANONYMOUS, 1833

(The Dublin University Magazine)

I hate the Persian's costly pride;
The wreaths, with bands of linden tied,
 These, boy, delight me not;
Nor where the roses bide
 Seek with vain care the spot.

For me be nought but myrtle twin'd;
The modest myrtle, meet to bind
 Alike thy brows and mine;
While thus I quaff the bowl, reclin'd
 Beneath th' o'erarching vine.



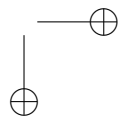
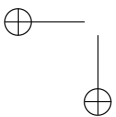


GRANVILLE PENN, 1834

(1761–1844; Writer and Geologist)

Boy! I hate the *Eastern fashion*,
With its fillets and its bows;
Cease thy search, I have no passion
For the latest-blowing rose.

Simple Myrtle is my pleasure;
Myrtle never will degrade
Thee, who fill'st the jovial measure,
Me, who quaff it in the shade.





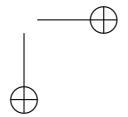
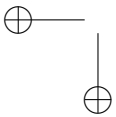
JEAN-BAPTISTE MONFALCON, 1834

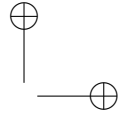
(1792–1874; Historian, Physician, and Librarian)

I tell thee, boy, that I detest
The grandeur of a Persian feast
Nor for me the Linden's rind
Shall the flowery chaplet bind;

Then search not where the curious rose
Beyond its season loitering grows,
But beneath the mantling vine
While I quaff the flowing wine,

The myrtle's wreath shall crown our brows,
While you shall wait and I carouse.



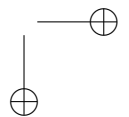
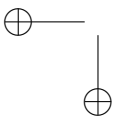


FRANCIS WOLFERSTAN, 1840

(Eight Odes of Horace)

Boy, I am sick of decorations Persian!
Chaplets, Philyra-wove, are my aversion!
Make not, I charge you, any wild excursion
 For the last Rose;

Nothing that's rare with simple myrtle blending;
That suits you not amiss, your tasks attending;
Nor me, while here, beneath these clusters bending,
 My Goblet flows.



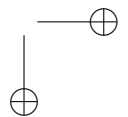
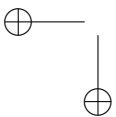


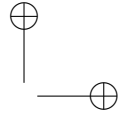
LAUGHTON OSBORN, 1841 (PARAPHRASED)

(1809–78; American Poet and Playwright)

Prithee, forsake this oriental bombast;
Tropes, child, disgust one, twin'd in such profusion:
Nor for true splendor rummage in the twinkling
Tail of a glowworm.

Wreathe, if thou wilt, thy harp; but though of roses,
Be the wreath simple; not as that of WORDSWORTH;
Shun such extreme, and fly with equal horror
Epics like SOUTHEY'S.

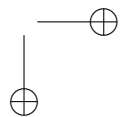
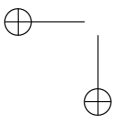


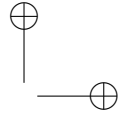


JAMES USHER, 1842

(Buonaparteé, The Royal Exchange, Odes of Horace)

The Persic pomp, child, I detest,
No philyran shall my brows invest,
I will not in the rose be dress'd,
 Which latest blows;
The artless myrtle is my choice,
Beneath this vine whilst I rejoice,
My cup your duteous hand employs
 And pleasure glows.



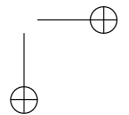
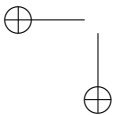


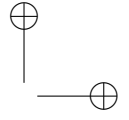
JOHN SCRIVEN, 1843

(The Odes of Horace)

Boy, I detest the Persian's state;
The philyra-woven wreath I hate;
Then cease to hunt where – hidden – blows
The floweret of the later rose.

A simple chaplet quick prepare;
To-day the myrtle wreath I wear;
Which, while I quaff beneath this vine,
Shall grace thy master's brow – and thine.



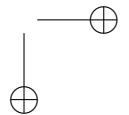
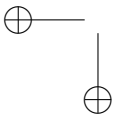


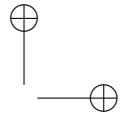
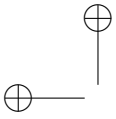
THOMAS D'OYLY, 1843

(Poems)

Wreaths with linden twined I hate,
Persian pomp and Persian state
Boy, search not, with busy fingers,
Where a summer rose yet lingers.

Twine for me, with little care,
Simple myrtle, fresh and fair;
Me the myrtle will become,
Drinking in my vine-clad home.



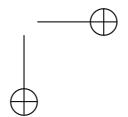
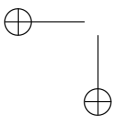


J. B. N., 1843

(Folia Opima)

No Persian splendours, boy, for me:
Nor chaplets of the linden tree:
They bring but sorrows and regret:
To search the summur bowers forget
For the last rose that lingers yet.

Strive not with anxious care to grace
The myrtle which becomes your place,
And, in its simple beauty, mine,
As underneath this twisted vine
I stretch my limbs and quaff my wine.



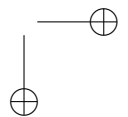
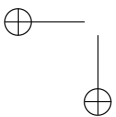


JOHN PEAT, 1845

(Sapphic Odes of Horace)

The Persian pomp, boy, I detest,
And garlands with the philyra drest:
Be not at all with care opprest
 To find late rose;

I wish not with rare flowers to shine;
Let myrtle green be care of thine,
Whilst I regale beneath the vine
 Which o'er me grows.



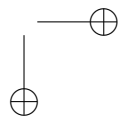
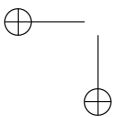


HENRY GEORGE ROBINSON, 1846 (1)

(The Odes of Horace)

Boy, I loathe the Persian state;
Chaplets linden-wove I hate:
What place the roses linger late
 Thy further search decline.

Simple let the myrtle be,
I beg; the myrtle neither thee
Attending unbecomes, nor me
 Quaffing beneath the vine.



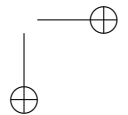
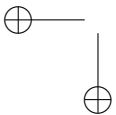


HENRY GEORGE ROBINSON, 1846 (2)

(The Odes of Horace)

Boy, I hate the vain parade
At the Persians' banquet made;
Coronals displease me, twin'd
With the linden's pliant rind:
Give over searching where the rose,
Lingering the latest, blows.

Strive not to add, with anxious thought,
To the simple myrtle aught:
Myrtle suits not ill with thee
While attending, boy, on me;
Nor unbecomes thy master's brow,
Quaffing 'neath the vine-arch'd bough.



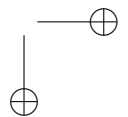
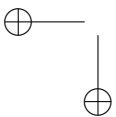


EUGENE LIÉS, 1846

(The Preludes: A collection of Poems)

I hate, my child, these Persian luxuries;
I hate these garlands, with their linden ties;
Forbear to seek then in what spot yet glows
 In tardy bloom some ling'ring rose.

Then simple myrtle, nought beside, I pray,
Well it becomes thine office, well it may
My brow adorn, as drinking, I recline
 Beneath this thick and shady vine.

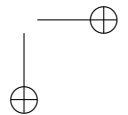
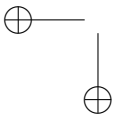




WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY, 1847 (IMITATED)

(1811–63; Novelist)

Dear Lucy, you know what my wish is, –
I hate all your Frenchified fuss:
Your silly entrées and made dishes
Were never intended for us.
No footman in lace and in ruffles
Need dangle behind my arm-chair;
And never mind seeking for truffles,
Although they be ever so rare.
But a plain leg of mutton, my Lucy,
I prithee get ready at three:
Have it smoking, and tender and juicy,
And what better meat can there be?
And when it has feasted the master
'Twill amply suffice for the maid;
Meanwhile I will smoke my canaster
And tipple my ale in the shade.



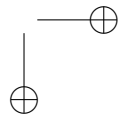
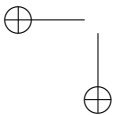


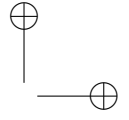
SARAH LAWRENCE, 1847

(1780–1859; “Writer, Poet, and Good Horatian Scholar”)

No splendid wreaths, oh boy! for me prepare,
Nor search the beds where latest roses bloom;
The modest myrtle crown my brows shall wear,
Nor other wreath than this let thine assume.

For well the myrtle suits thy servile state;
And I, carousing 'neath this shady vine,
A simple Bard, who pomp and grandeur hate,
May well refuse in gaudier flowers to shine.

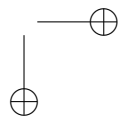
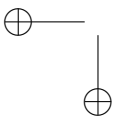




G. W. BETHUNE, 1847

(1805–62; Pastor in the Dutch Reformed Church)

Oh! how I hate, boy, hair smelling of Macassar!
Throw away that garland, nor, like an ass, sir,
Searching for thistles 'mid the meadow grass, sir,
 Seek autumn's roses;
Only the myrtle, carelessly entwining
My brow and yours, boy, serve thy master dining
Where 'neath the vine leaves in the sunset shining,
 Blest he reposes.

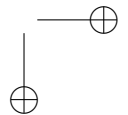
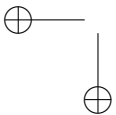




G. J. WHYTE MELVILLE, 1850

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

No Persian pomp my simple humour knows;
The garland that the pliant linden tree
Is stripped to plat, the Autumn's latest rose,
 Seek not for me;
But simple sprigs of myrtle interlace –
No other crown shall deck thy brows, or mine:
Thee it becomes, and my carouse 'twill grace
 Beneath the vine.



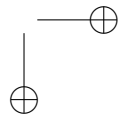
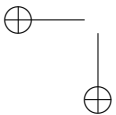


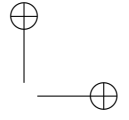
WILLIAM SEWELL, 1850

(1804–74; Divine, Tutor, and Writer)

I loathe, my boy, the pomps paraded
By Persian art. They please me not –
Of phillyra thy chaplets braided.
Cease hunting of all spots in what
There lingers still the rose late waning.

I care not thou shouldst task'd refine
Aught on the artless myrtle wreath;
Nor thee, a page, the myrtle twine
Doth misbecome, – nor me, beneath
My close pleach'd vine the goblet draining.



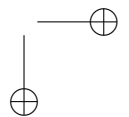
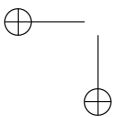


JOHN FRANCIS DAVIS, 1850

(1795–1890; Diplomat and Sinologist)

Boy, I detest the Persian treats,
In vain for me their garlands bloom,
Search not where Roses lingering smile,
Ere yet they meet their wintry doom!

To Paphian myrtles stint thy care,
They'll best befit this flowing wine,
They'll best befit the Bard, reclined
At ease beneath his arching vine.



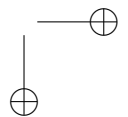
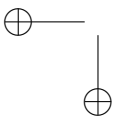


MORGAN RATTLER, 1850

(Fraser's Magazine)

My boy, I spurn the Persian's state;
Your philyra-wreathed crowns
I hate! –
Nor rifle spots where tardiest blows
The lingering rose!

Myrtle's alone my studious care;
Its simple leaves unsham'd we'll wear!
The whilst you wait, O servant mine,
And drinking I embowr'd recline
Beneath the vine!



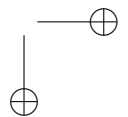
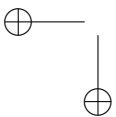


ANONYMOUS, 1852

(Bizarre)

I abhor all Persian pomp,
 The grandeur of their bowers;
Their chaplets and the linden's rind,
 Their garlands and their flowers:
Seek not, boy, the arbuté wreath,
 The lingering autumn rose;
I hate their festive laurel crown
 When racy Massic flows.

Nought but the glossy evergreen
 Shall coronet my head,
The myrtle's simple comeliness
 With fragrance mildly shed:
And so beneath the ivy's shade
 The mantling, shrouding vine,
(Scorning the sumptive Asian feast)
 I quaff the mellow vine.

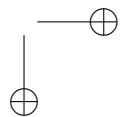
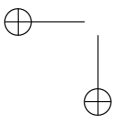


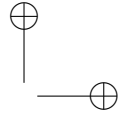


FRANCIS WILLIAM NEWMAN, 1853

(1805–97; Professor of Latin, UCL; Brother of Cardinal Newman)

I hate the Persian pomp and nonsense;
Wreaths tied with linden-bass displease me:
Boy! cease to hunt, where late of season
 The roses tarry.
To simple myrtle nought officious
Attach. The myrtle thee my servant
Well suits, and me carousing under
 My scanty vinebranch.

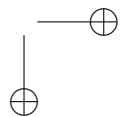
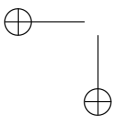


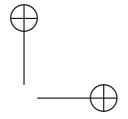
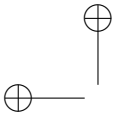


MICHAEL A. WALLACE, 1853

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

I loathe, O Boy! the pomp the kings of Persia love,
And all gay wreaths that are with soft Phylera wove;
Then still remember thou no precious hours bestow,
In looking for the vale where early roses blow;
And 'tis the warmest wish that centres in my heart,
Waste on the myrtle green, no useless touch of art,
For ill doth myrtle suit a menial such as thou,
Or one that quaffs like me beneath this olive bough.

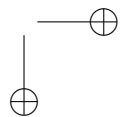
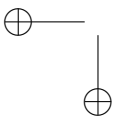




J. M. L., 1855

(Hagar and Ishmael)

I hate, boy, Persia's rich parade,
Chaplets with shredded linden made;
Seek not the rose where late displayed;
For me, let nought entwine
With sprigs of simple myrtle tree –
Myrtle becoming is to thee
Who serves, as, drinking, 'tis to me
Beneath my leaf-thick vine.





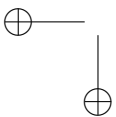
ANONYMOUS, 1856 (IMITATED)

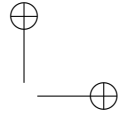
(Southern Literary Messenger)

William, I hate Signor Persico's statue,
So wanting in grace and feminine modesty
This is not the woman that's likely to catch you,
Is a thing that is perfectly plain to the oddest eye.

Tell me no longer of grottoes and bowers,
Which myrtles and festoons of roses surround,
My song has no verse for the loveliest flowers,
If worn by a nymph with her girdle unbound.

Oh! where is that genuine puritan hate,
And old English scorn of these Paphian nudities!
The true resolutions of Ninety-Eight!
Against all foreign artistical crudities?



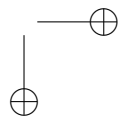
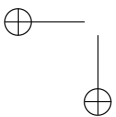


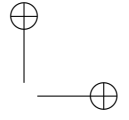
RICHARD W. O'BRIEN, 1857

("Of Trinity College, Dublin")

Bor, I detest the Persian's entertainments;
Linden-bound garlands are to me unpleasing;
Cease, then, thy searching whereabouts the rose may
Linger the latest!

Nought shalt thou bring beside the simple myrtle,
Anxiously careful: neither thee, my servant,
Myrtle disgraceth, nor, beneath the vine-branch,
Me, while I'm quaffing!



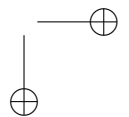
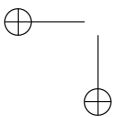


JOHN EAGLES, 1857 (IMITATED)

(1783–1855; Artist and Writer)

Go, boy, and buy a penny roll;
I would'nt give a straw for turtle,
Or painted Hall with arms and scroll,
And plate emboss'd; an earthen bowl
Will serve me in my bower of myrtle.

The lilac for our canopy
(No fretted flowery dome engraven)
Will not disgrace, boy, you nor me,
Whilst there we sit and quaff our tea,
In bower beneath the Rocks of Avon.



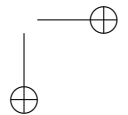
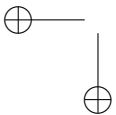


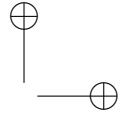
J. T. BLACK, 1857

(Select Odes of Horace)

I spurn the Persians' cumbrous state,
Their splendid chaplets, Boy, I hate,
 With linden-bark entwin'd;
Where ling'ring hangs the perfumed rose,
Or aught but simple myrtle grows,
 No longer toil to find.

No blossom in the grove more meet
Than branch of simple myrtle sweet,
 To grace my rosy wine;
Its fragrance soft o'er me to breathe,
And form for thee becoming wreath
 Beneath the trellised vine.

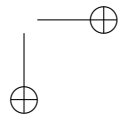
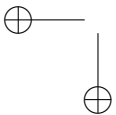




JOVEN., 1857 (IMITATED)

(The Ladies' Companion)

Boy, learn from me to scorn and hate
 All fashionable hours,
 And artificial flowers,
And sumptuous dinners, turtle, and white-bait!
– Rather, my boy, bring here
Fried eggs and bacon, bread, and bitter beer
And then behind the table wait, and think –
 And see me drink!

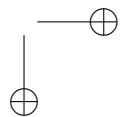
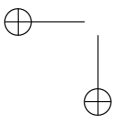




WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE, 1858

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

Off with Persian gear, I hate it,
Hate the wreaths with limebark bound.
Care not where the latest roses
Linger on the ground:
Bring me myrtle, nought but myrtle!
Myrtle, boy, will well combine
Thee attending, me carousing,
Neath the trellised vine.



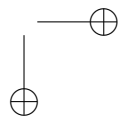
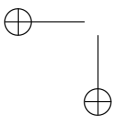


HENRY THOMAS LIDDELL, LORD RAVENSWORTH, 1858

(1797–1878; Statesman and Poet)

I hate these Persian fopperies, oh, Boy!
 These artificial garlands I contemn;
Forbear for such vain purpose to destroy
 The last sweet rose that lingers on his stem.

I will not that such task employ thee, save
 The glossy myrtle's simple sprig to twine;
Nor shall the myrtle misbecome my slave
 Nor me, reclined beneath the spreading vine.



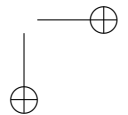
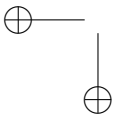


SIR THEODORE MARTIN, 1860

(1816–1909; Biographer of the Prince Consort)

Persia's pomp, my boy, I hate,
 No coronals of flowerets rare
For me on bark of linden plait,
 Nor seek thou, to discover where
The lush rose lingers late.

With unpretending myrtle twine
 Nought else! It fits your brows,
Attending me, it graces mine,
 As I in happy ease carouse
Beneath the thick-leaved vine.



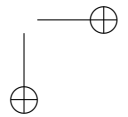
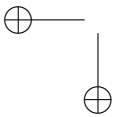


JOHN DAVIS LONG, 1860 (IMITATED)

(1838–1915; American Lawyer, Politician, and Writer)

I hate this Persian gingerbread –
These fixin's round a feller's head;
I want the roses in their bed
 All in a body.

Give me the myrtle as it grows;
And let me take my sweet repose
Beneath the vine – unless it snows,
 And sip my toddy.



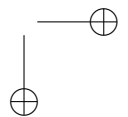
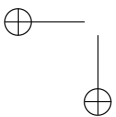


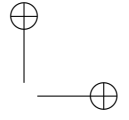
ANONYMOUS, 1860

(The Gentleman's Magazine)

Boy, it mislikes me, – this soft Persian style:
Weave not for me such flaring tires as those!
Nor need'st thou seek, with long-defeated toil,
To cull the few last buds of autumn's lingering rose.

Thou canst not twine a wreath more fit for me,
More grateful ever, than the myrtle braid;
Its simple grace alike beseemeth thee,
And me, thy master, thus supinely laid
Quaffing his modest cup beneath his own orne's shade.



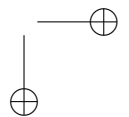
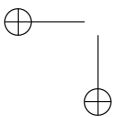


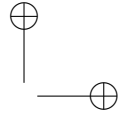
C. S. CALVERLEY, 1861

(1831-84; Poet)

Persian grandeur I abhor;
Linden-wreathed crowns, avaunt:
Boy, I bid thee not explore
Woods which latest roses haunt:

Try on nought thy busy craft
Save plain myrtle; so arrayed
Thou shalt fetch, I drain, the draught
Fitliest 'neath the scant vine-shade.



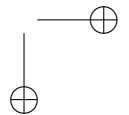
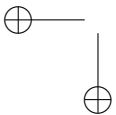


ANONYMOUS, 1861

(Translations from the Classics)

Boy, I detest all fuss and preparation,
Such as the Persians, at their feasts delight in;
I want no garlands, neatly tied, though made of
Summer's last roses.

All thou need'st bring me is the simple myrtle
Which to thy calling is not unbecoming,
And which becomes me, 'neath my vine reclining,
Quietly drinking.

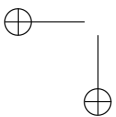




G. CHICHESTER OXENDEN, 1862 (IMITATED)

(Railway Horace)

John, I detest this apparatus;
But if you wish indeed to fête us,
Seek not the picotee, nor rose,
Which latest in the garden blows,
But, garland meet for poet's brow,
A chaplet from yon myrtle-bough,
That I may sip my claret, share
The vine's deep shade, and revel there.

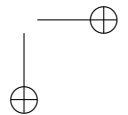
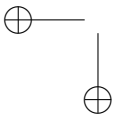


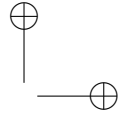


AN UNDERGRADUATE, 1862

(Northern Shadows)

I hate the Persian flowered wreaths,
And all that foreign art bequeathes,
Nor try, O boy, with stranger skill,
To find some sheltered nook, where still
 Late lingering roses gleam –
But speed away and hither bear
The myrtle bough, which both may share,
And many a homely chaplet twine,
While I, beneath my mantling vine,
 Will quaff the sparkling stream!

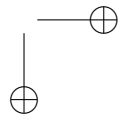
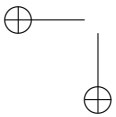


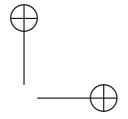
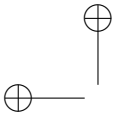


JOHN CONINGTON, 1863

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

No Persian cumber, boy, for me;
I hate your garlands linden-plaited
Leave winter's rose where on the tree
 It hangs belated.
Wreath me plain myrtle; never think
Plain myrtle either's wear unfittin
Yours as you wait, mine as I drink
 In vine-bower sitting.



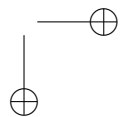
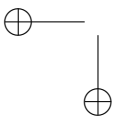


GEORGE HOWLAND, 1865

(1824-92)

I hate, my boy, the Persian show,
Nor care their plaited wreaths to know,
So cease to seek where lingering grow
 The roses still.

Nought but the simple myrtle twine,
It well befits this feast of mine,
For me, or you, while 'neath the vine
 I drink my fill.

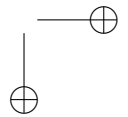
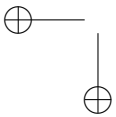




HUGO NICHOLAS JONES, 1865

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

There's nothing that so much I hate as
This pompous Persian apparatus;
Give me no Crowns with linden braided,
Nor seek the latest rose unfaded.
Plain myrtles bind, nor labour lad,
For either of us aught to add,
Whilst I reclining (you attending)
Drink with the vine-trees o'er me bending.

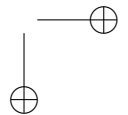
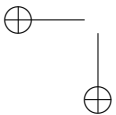


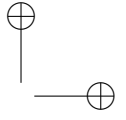


ANONYMOUS, 1865

(The California Teacher)

My boy, I hate the Persian pride:
Those garlands, which, of cost untold,
Show rare blooms linked with threads of gold;
That pomp, to modest means denied.
Let not thy white and dainty hands
Spurn common flowers; nor search with care
Those sheltered nooks where roses rare
Shed late perfume o'er wintry lands.
A simple myrtle wreath entwine
Thy head, as thou dost serve the feast,
When from all cares but love released
I drink beneath this arching vine.



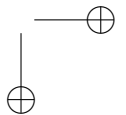
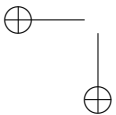


ANONYMOUS, 1866 (IMITATED)

(Fun)

I dislike all your racket and fuss –
 Greenwich dinners, routs, balls, and the rest;
And for rose shows I don't care a "cuss" –
 They may go, one and all, and be blest!

But I like what is simple and nice –
 This hot weather to lounge at my ease,
To drink cider-cup (plenty of ice),
 And to smoke my pipe under the trees.

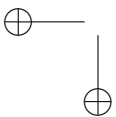


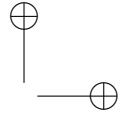


CHRISTOPHER HUGHES, 1867

(The Odes and Epodes of Horace)

Boy, I tell you that I hate
Persian pomp and Persian state:
Little pleasure can I find
In chaplets knit with linden rind:
Seek not then with prying fingers
For me the rose which latest lingers;
To the myrtle, simply fair,
Give, I beg, no laboured care:
Still the myrtle grace is lending
You, upon my wants attending,
And me beseems, who drink my wine,
Stretched beneath a bowery vine.



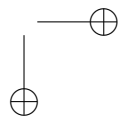
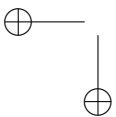


CHARLES STEPHENS MATHEWS, 1867

(“Formerly of Pembroke College, Cambridge”)

Boy! Persian tastes shan't deck my feast,
Crowns, linden-fastened, like me least,
Roses, late blowing, here and there
 Collected, spare.

Myrtles – with all the pains you please:
Beneath a tangled vine and these
Not unbecomingly I sip,
 You serve my lip.

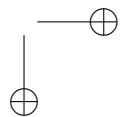
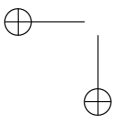


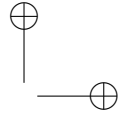


JAMES WALTER SMITH, 1867

(The Odes of Horace, Books I and II)

My boy, I hate the Persian luxury,
And chaplets bound with bark of linden tree;
So search not out laboriously
 Where lingering roses pine.
In simple myrtle can your anxious skill
Add any charm? Your brow it decks not ill,
Nor yet your lord's, as you his flagon fill
 Beneath his humble vine.

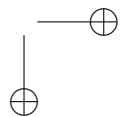
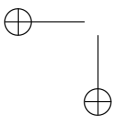




ANONYMOUS, 1867

(Morning Post)

Busy boy, I hate pompous preparations,
Garlands exotic, garish decorations
Always displease me; nor to far plantations
 Run for a rare flower.
Myrtle wreaths, untoiled, on our brows entwining
Misbecome thee not, simply disciplining,
Nor thy blithe house-lord, with his cup reclining
 Under a vine bower.



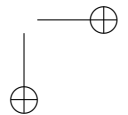
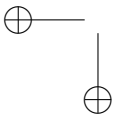


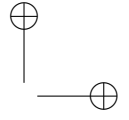
GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS, 1868

(1844–89; Poet and Jesuit Priest)

Ah child, no Persian – perfect art!
Crowns composite and braided bast
They tease me. Never know the part
 Where roses linger last.

Bring natural myrtle, and have done:
Myrtle will suit your place and mine:
And set the glasses from the sun
 Beneath the tackled vine.

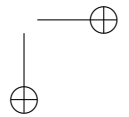
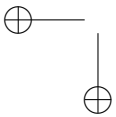




E. H. BRODIE, 1868

("One of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools")

Boy, those Persian modes I hate,
Linden chaplets please me not;
Search no more, where blooming late
Roses gild a curious spot.
Cease so much laborious art,
Simple myrtle charms alone,
Suits thy ministering part,
Me 'neath bound vines drinking prone.



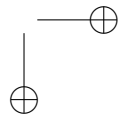
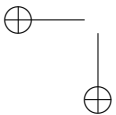


T. HERBERT NOYES, JR., 1868

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

The gay gauds of Persia, I hate them, my lad,
And ribanded wreaths I'd rather not see;
Why search if there 'is still a late rose to be had?
The last rose of summer is nothing to me.

Mere myrtle is ample for all that I care,
Pray mingle nought else with that myrtle of mine;
It is not too fine for a flunkey to wear,
Or his wine-bibbing liege in his arbour of vine.





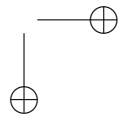
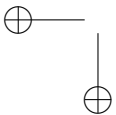
HENRY A. BEERS, 1868

(1847–1926; Professor of English Literature, Yale University)

I like not, boy, the Persian's state!
Their chaplets, tied with bark, I hate!

 Thou needst not search for me
In sunny spots behind the hill,
Where the last roses linger still;
 I do not ask of thee.

The cunning art that interweaves
Rose crowns with modest myrtle leaves,
 Plain myrtles not too fine,
Thy brow, my serving lad, to wreathe,
Nor mine when drinking underneath
 My close embowering vine.

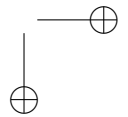
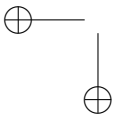


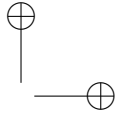


ANONYMOUS, 1868

(The Wykehamist)

Scornful I view the splendour of the Persian,
Linden-wreath'd garlands are my soul's aversion,
Hunt not the corner where some bower incloses
 Summer's last roses.
Bring simple myrtle, more than this I ask not;
Thee, boy, it shames not lab'ring at thy task, not
Me as I drink beneath the vine's close twining
 Branches reclining.



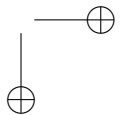
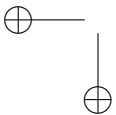


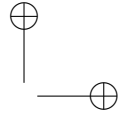
EDWARD YARDLEY, JR., 1869

(1835–1908; Writer)

The Persian manner I detest,
Nor would my head with flowers bind:
Oh, boy, forbear the useless quest
Some long-lived rose to find.

Add nothing to the myrtle plain,
Thy ornament as well as mine,
Whilst I replenished goblets drain
Beneath the thick-leaved vine.

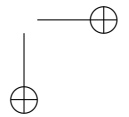
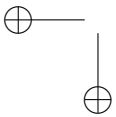




WILLIAM THOMAS MERCER, 1869

(1821–79; Colonial Administrator)

Hence, boy, with Persian luxury,
No linden chaplet weave for me,
Where the last rose we yet may see,
 Forbear to ask;
No flower with simple myrtle twine,
Nor thee it suits, nor me, while wine
Quaffing beneath the shady vine
 Jovial I bask.

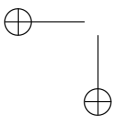




JOHN BENSON ROSE, 1869

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

Boy, I protest, me Persian pomp displeases,
In crown of philyra intertwined no ease is,
And spare to pluck the red rose which the breezes
 Spare in the winter.
But bring me myrtle, nothing interposing,
When I quaff wine beneath my porch half-dozing;
Nor indecorous are its wreaths reposing,
 Boy, on our foreheads.



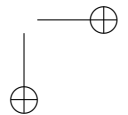
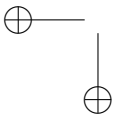


WALTER THORNBURY, 1869 (IMITATED)

(1828–76; Writer and Biographer of J. M. W. Turner)

Davis, I hate the Russian style,
And all this mountain of *épergne*;
Let Covent-garden Jews beguile
Fools with azaleas and rare fern,
Nor from a guinea change return
For the last rose.

Davis, put just some snowy spray
Of jasmine with dark myrtle round;
The most exacting guest to-day
Will hold it tasteful, I'll be bound;
And through Mayfair our praise shall sound
Till July's close.



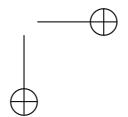
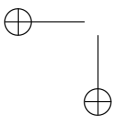


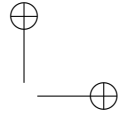
EDWARD BULWER-LYTTON, LORD LYTTON, 1870

(1803–73; Politician)

Boy, I detest the pomp of Persic fashions –
Coronals wreathed with linden rind displease me;
Cease to explore each nook for some belated
 Rose of the autumn.

Weave with plain myrtle nothing else, I bid thee;
Thee not, in serving, misbecomes the myrtle,
Me not, in drinking, underneath the trellised
 Bowery vine-leaves.

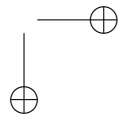
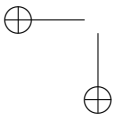


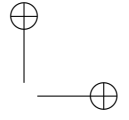


THOMAS CHARLES BARING, 1870

(1831-91; Banker and Politician)

Ho! sirrah, I hate all those Persian perfumes,
I am weary of garlands with lime-bark bound,
Cease searching, I pray thee, the garden round,
 When the last rose of summer blooms.
With the bough of the myrtle no other entwine
In thy zeal; by itself 'tis a wreath full rare
For thee to offer, and me to wear
 As I drink 'neath the arching vine.

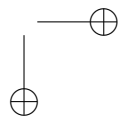
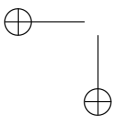


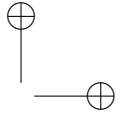


C. A. WARD, 1870

(Belgravia)

The pomp of Persia, boy, I hate,
And crowns with linden ribbons wove;
Cease thou to search through wood and grove
The rose of summer late.
Only with myrtle's simple spray
I bid thee, boy, thou weave to-day;
It suits thine office, child, and mine,
As stretch'd I drink beneath this vine.



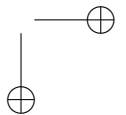
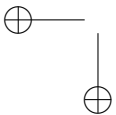


ANONYMOUS, 1870 (IMITATED)

(Chambers's Journal)

No, no, John; I will not incur the expense;
I hate giving money for bouquets of flowers;
As for "gathering wild ones" – on such a pretence,
If you go, you'll be absent, when wanted, for hours.

Why place on the table what's not good to eat!
But if a man's button-hole wants decorating,
A pansy for mine, as the host, will be neat,
And be quite smart enough for your own as you're waiting.

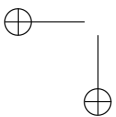


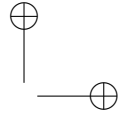


JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS, 1871

(1840–93; Poet)

Boy, I dislike this Persian frippery,
These linden-twisted chaplets please not me,
Pray take no pains to find for me where grows
 The latest lingering rose.
Twine not the myrtle spray with studious care,
Plain myrtle leaves we both may fitly wear, –
Thou as my page, I as I sip my wine
 Beneath my thick-leaved vine.



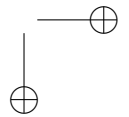
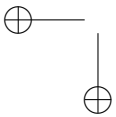


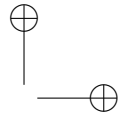
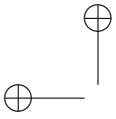
MORTIMER HARRIS, 1871

(A Selection from the Odes of Horace)

My boy, I hate the Persian's vain display:
Displease me chaplets wove of linden-rind;
Cease to be anxious in what place you may
The late rose lingering find.

To simple myrtle study nought to add,
I do entreat: nor me, who drinking sit
'Neath my thick vine, nor you, my serving-lad,
Does myrtle not befit.



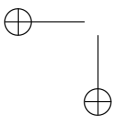


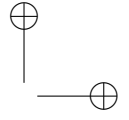
M. C., 1871

(The Odes of Horace. Book First.)

I hate outlandish gewgaws, boy;
 Wreaths tied with linden vex my eye;
Then seek no more, in shelter coy,
 The rose that still forgets to die.

Bring simple myrtle, nothing more;
 The myrtle suits this clambering vine,
And misbecomes not you who pour,
 Nor me who am to drink the wine.



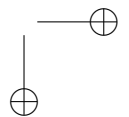
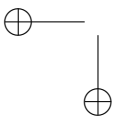


ANONYMOUS, 1871

(Littell's Living Age)

I sigh not, boy, for orientel splendours,
Or chaplet twined from fairest flower that blows.
Seek not for me where hides her petals tender
Autumn's late rose.

Enough the simple myrtle's dark-green treasure;
Enough for thee to deck a board like mine;
Enough for me, quaffing my cups at leisure
'Neath shadiest vine.





H. E. MADDELING, 1873 (IMITATED)

(Hints of Horace on Men and Things Past, Present, and to Come)

Loquitur CANT.

I tell thee, York, 'tis my aversion,
This fuss about a pottering Persian;
Why, *he* can't give us what we want,
To me your grace, to you my "Cant."

(Aside.)

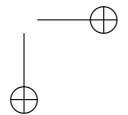
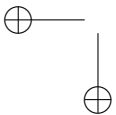
This Shah 's to me as big a he-bore
As Hogg, Pot-Stiff, Church-Ass, or Ebor.
The Shah! P-hah!

Respondet EBOR.

Cant., you're a saint, and I'm a sinner,
You love your "Grace," and I my Dinner;
And, brother, let me tell you, my day
For a full feed is mostly Friday.

(Aloud.)

Wherefore for this all blessing be
On Lord Mayor Waterlow and thee,
O Shah! my Shah!



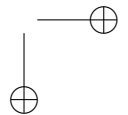
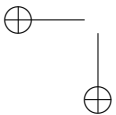


E. A. M., 1873

(The Canadian Monthly)

I like not, boy, this Persian state!
Your linden-woven wreaths offend me!
Autumn's rare rose, that lingers late,
Care not to send me.

For me the simple myrtle twine,
It misbecomes nor you nor me, boy,
As 'neath the shade of leafy vine,
You serve: I quaff, boy.



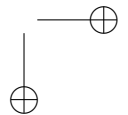
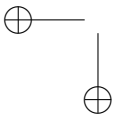


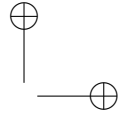
ANONYMOUS, 1873

(Punch)

I hate the row folks round this Persian raise,
These penny-paper crowns of puffy praise.
Bring me no flowers of speech, in far-fetched phrase,
Twined for this Shah.

No such poor tinsel-wreaths to my plain screen
Of laurel pinned shall be in Fleet Street seen.
'Neath my own vine, I'll sip my cup serene,
And murmur, "Pshaw!"

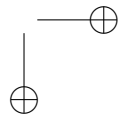
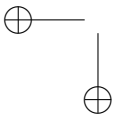


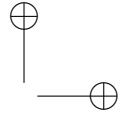


ROBERT M. HOVENDEN, 1874

(“Formerly of Trinity College, Cambridge”)

Boy, take these Eastern gauds away:
 How poor and tame on linden frame
Are roses that for autumn stay,
 Not worth the clipping:
With myrtle-sprigs the garland twine,
 Their simple growth becomes us both;
Thee, serving, me, beneath the vine
 My Chian sipping.

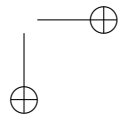
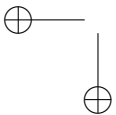


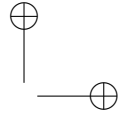


THOMAS ASHE, 1874

(1836–89; Poet)

I hate the gaudy Persian show:
 Crowns knit with linden please not me.
Seek not where latest roses blow,
 Good youth of mine!
Nor to the simple myrtle add,
 With wish to please: it suits not thee;
Nor me, that drink in sacred shade
 Of trailing vine.



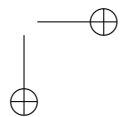
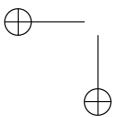


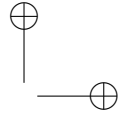
JOHN TUNNARD, 1874

(Some Odes of Horace)

I loathe, O boy, the Persian state;
Crowns knit with linden bark I hate.
Leave off the search in devious ways,
Wherein the late blown rose delays.

Nought to the simple myrtle add,
Busy with labouring care, my lad.
Thee myrtle suits, a slave, and me
Drinking beneath the close vine-tree.

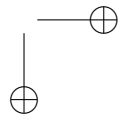
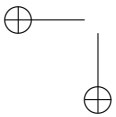




J. M. MERRICK, 1874

(1838-79)

Your Persian finery, boy, I hate,
And linden wreaths suit not my pate,
Nor seek to get of roses late
 For me a bunch.
Myrtle alone will do for me:
Than myrtle nought can better be
When 'neath the vines' shade as you see,
 I take my punch.



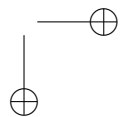
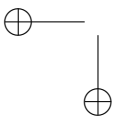


ANONYMOUS, 1874

(The Dublin University Magazine)

Their Persian finery I can't abide,
I like not, Boy, their wreaths with
Give o'er the search through woods and sheltered oases
For late-blown roses.

Plain myrtle doth not misbecome my brow,
Nor thine; add nothing more elaborate now,
Studios to please, but 'neath the embowering vine
Serve me with wine.



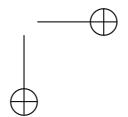
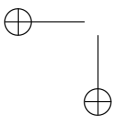


SHIRLEY BROOKS, 1875 (IMITATED)

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

Buttons, you booby, I wish you would learn;
I don't want the big lamp, nor yet the épergne
When I sit down to dine by myself.
I'll have no made-dishes in future; tell cook
She may keep her receipts shut up close in her book,
Her stock in tureen, and her game on her hook,
And her Bang-Mary bright on her shelf.

And you lay the table-cloth neatly and straight
(You're a stupid young owl, and you won't learn to wait,
You're always too slow, or too fast);
I'll just have two chops, underdone, if you please,
Some stout in the pewter, a tin of stewed cheese,
Then some port, wherein flutter the wings of the bees,
Will make up my modest repast.



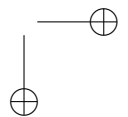
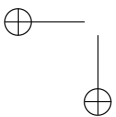


MORTIMER COLLINS, 1875 (IMITATED)

(1827–76; Novelist, Journalist, and Poet)

Persicos odi, puer, apparatus;
Bring me a chop and a couple of potatoes:
When we are dining care should not await us,
 Spoiling our glory.

Simplici myrto nihil ad labores;
All ostentation a confounded bore is...
After, a glass of port that sound at core is
 Will suit a Tory.



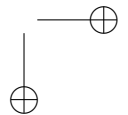
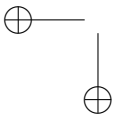


J. F. C. AND L. C., 1875

(Exotics)

My boy, on me no Persian luxury waste,
Costly bark chaplets are not to my taste;
Nor to far forest thickets do thou haste,
 Where one rose lingers.

Plain myrtle suits me, as beneath this vine
In flickering light and shade I drink my wine;
Suits thee, as well, dear boy, in wreaths to twine
 With idle fingers.



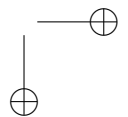
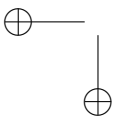


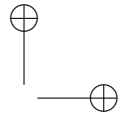
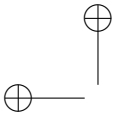
ARTHUR WAY, 1876

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

Persian sumptuousness, – my boy, I hate it:
Garlands linden-twisted do not please me
Spare to hunt for places where the latest
 Rose is lingering.

Nought care I that thou should'st toil industrious
Adding to simple myrtle aught; the myrtle
Nor misbecomes my servant nor me, drinking
 Under the thick vine.



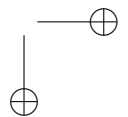
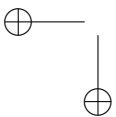


W. E. H. FORSYTH, 1876

(1845–81; Lawyer in Bengal)

All your fashions of Persia I thoroughly hate,
And of philyra-wreaths your bestowing;
I don't care a farthing to know where so late
The last rose of summer is growing.

Don't worry yourself to plain myrtle to add,
For myrtle is pleasant to twine;
And becomes you a servant, and me, my good lad,
As I sit and drink under my vine.

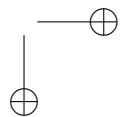
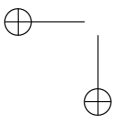




FRANCIS HENRY HUMMEL, 1876

(“Late Scholar of Worcester College”)

Davus, my brows shall ne'er be graced
By costly wreaths in foreign taste;
Nor seek the autumn rose to waste,
 I charge you, spare it.
But be the simple myrtle mine,
It suits the servants when we dine,
And me too, when beneath the vine
 I drink my claret.



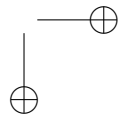
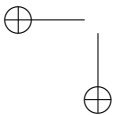


RICHARD TROTT FISHER, 1876

(Rakings Over Many Seasons)

Boy! I hate the Persian fineries:
Lave-bound coronals disgust me:
Never care for me to hunt out
Where the latest rose of summer
Lingers.

I would have thee take no trouble
For aught else than simple myrtle:
Myrtle will not misbecome thee,
Neither me, within my vine-bower
Drinking.





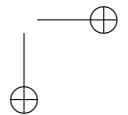
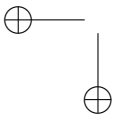
JOHN MOULTRIE, 1876 (IMITATED)

(1799–1874; Clergyman and Poet)

Lady, if the project please thee,
And the time convenient be,
I propose to-night to tease thee
With my company at tea.

No luxurious preparation
For my entertainment make;
Viand rare, or choice potation, –
Crumpet – muffin – butter'd cake.

Household smiles and friendly greeting,
Conversation frank and free, –
These will make a pleasant meeting –
These are what I ask of thee.



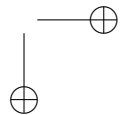
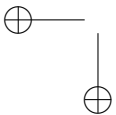


ANONYMOUS, 1876

(Harvard Advocate)

I hate this Persian finery, my boy:
Your linden chaplets have no charm for me;
Cease hunting for the nooks where roses coy
 E'en yet may be.

Let but a simple myrtle spray be mine:
For you, a slave, 'twill not unfitting be;
And, as I drink beneath the thick-leaved vine,
 Twill do for me.



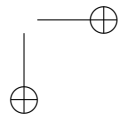
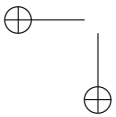


AUSTIN DOBSON, 1877

(1840–1921; Poet and Critic)

Davus, I detest
 Orient display;
Wreaths on linden drest,
Davus, I detest.
Let the late rose rest
 Where it fades away: –
Davus, I detest
 Orient display.

Naught but myrtle twine
 Therefore, Boy, for me
Sitting 'neath the vine, –
Naught but myrtle twine;
Fitting to the wine,
 Not unfitting thee;
Naught but myrtle twine
 Therefore, Boy, for me.

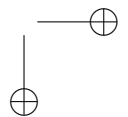
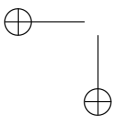




WILLIAM THOMAS THORNTON, 1878

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

I hate, boy, preparations Persian:
Linden-wrought wreaths are my aversion.
Cease searching in what corner grows
Delaying there, the tardy rose;
And labour not so anxiously
Aught to plain myrtle to supply.
Myrtle will shame not, I opine,
Either thy forehead, page, or mine,
While here I drink, 'neath arching vine.



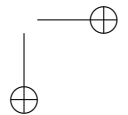
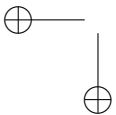


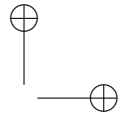
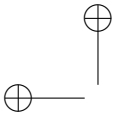
THOMAS WADDON MARTYN, 1878

(Theseus, and Other Poems & Translations)

Boy, I detest all Persian decorations;
Bring me no chaplets intertwined with linden,
Seek not the spots where Summer's latest roses
Linger untimely.

I only wish for simple wreaths of myrtle;
Myrtle befits thee waiting at my table,
Nor misbecomes me drinking in the pleasant
Shade of the vine leaves.

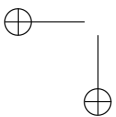




GUSTAVUS WILLIAM WICKSTEED, 1878 (IMITATED)

(1799–1898)

Gugy, my boy, I hate the big
Puff'd swelling of an English wig: –
Let it sit, (a better place)
Over some unmeaning face.
Let the tailor's careless hand
Make me a simple gown and band,
These, my boy, sit well on thee,
May they sit as well on me,
Who, beneath thy care discerning,
Drink the stream of legal learning.



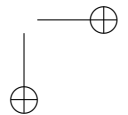
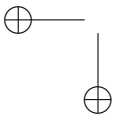


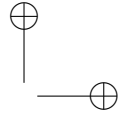
ANONYMOUS, 1878 (IMITATED)

(The University Quarterly)

How I detest your English airs!
The way your ogling eye-glass stares,
Your drawl, your cut, your drag and mares,
Your wasted riches;

But these I love – our native tools –
The plough, the spade, the span of mules,
The broad-brimmed hat – not shading fools –
And homespun breeches.

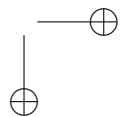
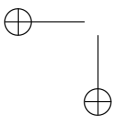


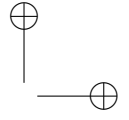


JAMES JOHN LONSDALE, 1879

(1810-86; Judge)

The Persian's costly fashions, boy, I hate
Wreaths tied on Linden bark delight not me:
Try not to find where roses linger late.
Mind! with the simple myrtle naught intwine:
The myrtle not ill suits you serving me,
Nor me when drinking 'neath my close-leaved vine.



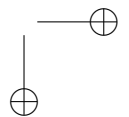
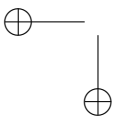


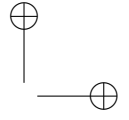
XOC., 1879

(Weak Moments)

Boy, I abhor all Persian pomp and pride:
Philyra-woven chaplets I deride:
Desist from seeking for the place where grows
 The latest rose.

From all adornment leave the myrtle free;
For myrtle plain nor unbecometh thee
A slave, nor me, whilst quaffing sparkling wine,
 Neath mantling vine.



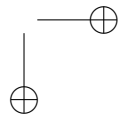
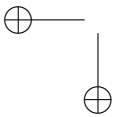


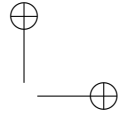
EDWARD SANFORD GREGORY, 1880

(1843-84)

Mislike me these grand banquets of the Persians,
And linden wreaths where civic crown should rest;
Pray, boy, give o'er these profitless excursions
For roses blossoming in snowy nest.

Festoon my halls with many a myrtle garland;
Its simple elegance the bard beseems,
Who sits with gods to nectar in the star-land –
The eerie realm of poesy and dreams!

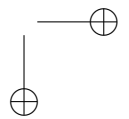
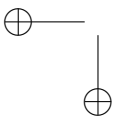


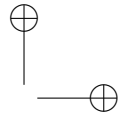
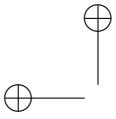


WILLIAM P. TRENT, 1881

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

I hate your Persian finery, boy,
Your linden-woven crowns annoy,
Cease searching for the spot where grows
 The latest rose.
To simple myrtle nothing add,
The myrtle misbecomes, my lad,
Nor thee, nor me who drink my wines
 'Neath close-grown vines.



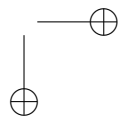
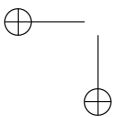


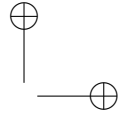
F. H. WHYMPER, 1881

(Time)

I loathe the Persian's cumbrous state,
 No linden wreath for me;
Nor seek thou more, where lingering late
 Some rose may be.

With myrtle no exotics bind;
 For thee no meeter flower
Than myrtle, nor for me reclined
 In vineyard bower.



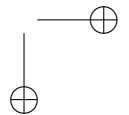
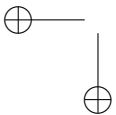


ANONYMOUS, 1881 (IMITATED)

(Punch)

I hate, Boy, the Christmas splendour,
 No cod and no oysters bring here;
No record of search shalt thou render,
 Where plumpest the quail doth appear.

I specially beg no addition,
 Be made to this turkey of mine;
For turkey becomes our position,
 And on it, egad, we can dine.



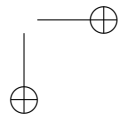
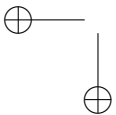


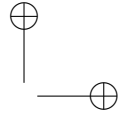
WILLIAM BAYLEY, 1883 (1)

(Bouquet)

The braveries of the East, I hate;
The linden's braided bands annoy:
 Then cease, where blows
 The one pale rose
That lingers latest of the late
 To seek and find for me, my boy:
Nor toil to mend – but mar withal –
The Myrtle's simple coronal.

With all my heart for none I care
But this – to this all crowns gives place;
 Thou then fill up
 Thy master's cup:
The sprays of myrtle in our hair
 Nor thee, my cup-bearer, disgrace,
Nor me, Boy, while, I drink thy wine
Under the vaulting of my vine.



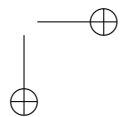
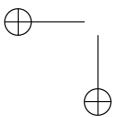


WILLIAM BAYLEY, 1883 (2)

(Bouquet)

Their Persian state, my boy, I hate,
Nor love the linden's braided plait;
Then let the rose blow where it blows
 Lingering and late.

Enough the simple myrtle spray,
For thee, my minister of wine,
And me, while gay I quaff away
 Under my vine.



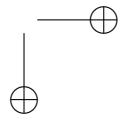
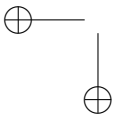


ANONYMOUS, 1883

(The Boy's Own Annual)

Come, youngster, don't you stop to wash
 Before you tap that ginger-beer;
I think such ceremony bosh,
 At any rate it won't do here.

No! never mind your coat! Shirt sleeves
 Look more like work for you; whilst I
Beneath the elm-tree's shady leaves
 In happy idleness will lie.





HENRY HUBBARD PIERCE, 1884

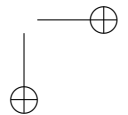
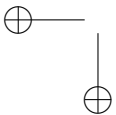
(1834–83; “Erudite Mathematician and Latin Scholar”)

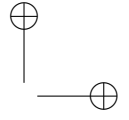
I scorn the pomp of Persia, boy;
Her pride and glittering treasure.
The linden crown’s an idle toy;
Its wearing yields no pleasure.

The latest rose no longer seek
O’er brambly hill or mountain;
By shady copse or pebbly creek,
By hazel-hedge or fountain.

The lowly myrtle suits me well,
By loving fingers braided.
Then search no more the rocky dell
For brighter bloom, soon faded.

Ah, twine no other wreath for me
Among my vineyard bowers:
Its modest hue becometh thee
The best of all the flowers!

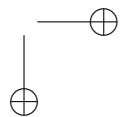
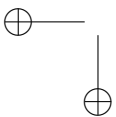




HERBERT GRANT, 1885

(Odes of Horace)

For me, O slave! no costly show,
Or linden wreath prepare;
Nor search where late the rose may blow,
And scent the autumn air;
But for the serving-crown do thou
The simple myrtle twine;
The same shall deck my festal brow
Under the trellissed vine.



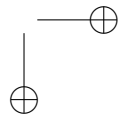
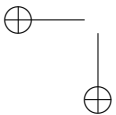


CHARLES WILLIAM DUNCAN, 1886

(The Odes and Saecular Hymn of Quintus Horatius Flaccus)

Oh Slave! the Persian pomps I hate,
Garlands I hate with linden twined,
Cease, where the last rose lingers late,
Thy search to find.

To simple myrtle let thy care
Nought add I pray; thou serving wine
And quaffing I, both fitly wear
'Neath branching vine.

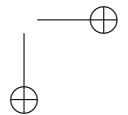
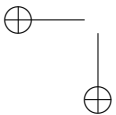




ANONYMOUS, 1886

(Homeward Mail from India)

Food under hermetical seals
I can't bear – give me curry and rice.
And the graveyard-grown flowers which the gardener steals
To my eyes can never look nice;
But put just a sprinkling of green,
And see that the table is neat;
Then if only your chapkan and pugree are clean,
I can sit down in comfort to eat.

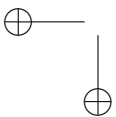




T. RUTHERFURD CLARK, 1887

(The Odes of Horace)

I loathe the Medes elaborate state;
It likes me not the linden plait;
Nay, stripling, wherefore search so late
For roses ere they pine?
Plain myrtle weave, nor task thy skill
Beyond it; myrtle graces ill
Nor me that quaff, nor you that fill
Beneath the bowery vine.



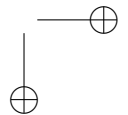
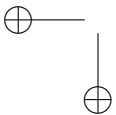


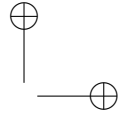
SIR STEPHEN DE VERE, 1888

(1812–1904; Poet and Country Gentleman)

I hate, my boy, that Persian state –
Those gorgeous crowns with linden bound:
Search not the haunts where lingering late
The hidden rose may yet be found.

A simple myrtle-fillet twine
For me, for both; it suits us best,
As, shadowed by the matted vine
I quaff the ruby wine, and rest.



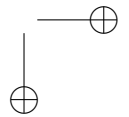
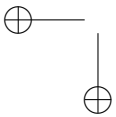


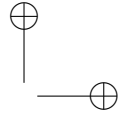
E. L. M., 1888 (IMITATED)

(The Yale Record)

Rosy boy, with laughing eyes,
Bright golden locks and sunny smile,
Free and happy all the time,
A heart of flint you would beguile.

Happy boy, you charm my heart,
But, if the truth should be confessed,
Although I love you very much,
I love your pretty sister best.



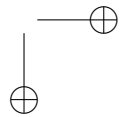
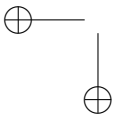


ANONYMOUS, 1888

(The Brunonian)

Persian luxury, my boy,
And twisted wreaths I hate;
Seek thou not the rose for me,
Where it lingers late.

Spare thy pains and labored care,
My crown of myrtle twine:
Myrtle well becomes us both
Drinking 'neath the vine.

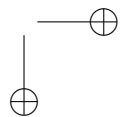
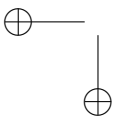


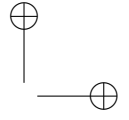


E. H. STANLEY, 1889

(A Metrical Version of the Odes of Horace)

I hate my Boy all Persian pomp,
 Their wreaths and coronals but bore me;
Waste not your time in seeking out,
Some dying rose to set before me;
 Wreathe me the Myrtle, nothing else;
Thee minist'ring it well beseemeth,
 Nor doth it misbecome thy Lord,
Who sits mid bowery Vines and dreameth!

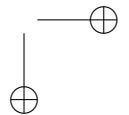
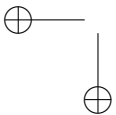


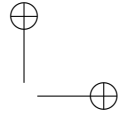


J. LEIGH S. HATTON, 1890

(“Late of Worcester College, Oxford”)

O! I will wear no linden crown,
I love not Persian show,
I will not let thee search, my boy,
Where autumn's roses blow,
The myrtle wreath I've set my heart,
Is all that thou shalt twine,
Meet crown for thee, meet crown for me
Carousing 'neath the vine.



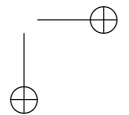
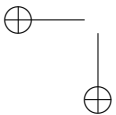


GOLDWIN SMITH, 1890

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

Leave costly wreaths for lordly brows:
Of myrtle let my chaplet be;
Seek not for autumn's lingering rose;
Twine but the myrtle, boy, for me.

Of all that blooms there's naught so fit
For thee, my boy, that pour'st the wine;
For me, that quaff it as I sit,
O'erarched by this embowering vine.

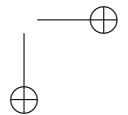
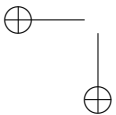




EUGENE FIELD, 1891

(1850–95; American Journalist and Poet)

Boy, I detest the Persian pomp;
I hate those linden-bark devices;
And as for roses, holy Moses!
They can't be got at living prices!
Myrtle is good enough for us, –
For *you*, as bearer of my flagon;
For *me*, supine beneath this vine,
Doing my best to get a jag on!



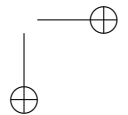
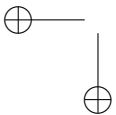


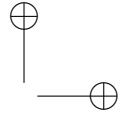
EDWARD HENRY PEMBER, 1891 (IMITATED)

(1833–1911; Parliamentary Barrister and Poet)

I hate the sight of your prim white waistcoat,
And standing armies of plate and glass,
These indoor splendours bore me, Prestcott,
I'll have my dinner out on the grass.

Go fetch my wideawake, take this tie;
You may put on your own hat if you please;
And carry me out that cold grouse pie
With a bottle of Burgundy under the trees.



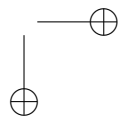
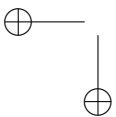


GEORGE WINSLOW PIERCE, 1891

(1841–1917)

Persian extravagance and state,
Wreaths bound with lime-bark, boy, I hate;
Forbear to follow where the late
 Rose lingers.

With simple myrtle naught combine;
Adorned with myrtle, serve the wine
While I reach out beneath the vine
 My fingers.

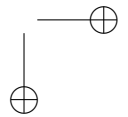
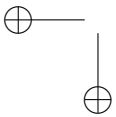


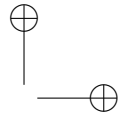
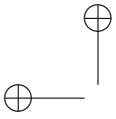


WILLA CATHER, 1892

(1873–1947; Writer)

Boy, eastern luxury I hate,
Then cease my crown with flowers to plait,
Nor gather me the rose, that late
 Withers, shrinking.
For naught but simple wreaths I care,
With thee, my lad, to serve me there;
Under my shady myrtles fair,
 Lightly drinking.



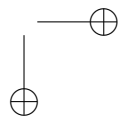
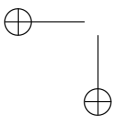


JOHN B. HAGUE, 1892

(The Odes and Epodes of Horace)

I hate the Persians' sumptuous ways,
These Linden wreaths are vain displays,
Seek not to grace your garlands bound,
With some late rose that may be found.

Myrtle alone shall be your care,
Servant and master well may wear
Its simple wreaths when I recline
In arbor sweet, and taste the wine.



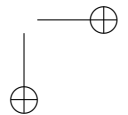
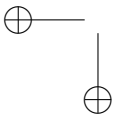


ANONYMOUS, 1892 (IMITATED)

(Punch)

None of your mispronounced Gallic shams, Waiter:
Call not "Potato" a "*Pomme-de-terre, maître*
D'otlle," I'd rather you styled it "Pertater,"
As Britons, sure, may.

As for *décor*, let the linen be stainless –
Crowns of exotics are gauds for the brainless
Crowns indeed! Here's half-a-crown; you would gain less
Oft from a *gourmet*.



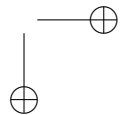
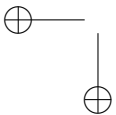


JOHN OSBORNE SARGENT, 1893

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

I hate, boy, the pomp and parade of the Persian, –
These linden-bound wreaths are my special aversion;
Cut-flowers in their season will do for my posies, –
So omit any search for the last of the roses.

On your zeal for these gauds I make no requisition,
A few sprigs of myrtle will need no addition;
Myrtle suits me in vine-mantled arbor reclining,
And suits you, the servant who waits on my dining.



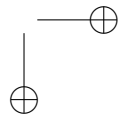
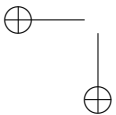


T. A. WALKER, 1893

(The Odes of Horace)

Persian pomp, wreaths linden-tied,
And bustle, Boy, I hate:
Search not for places far and wide,
Were roses linger late.

Toil not plain myrtle to outdo,
With myrtle nought combine:
It suits, while drinking, me and you,
Beneath this trellised vine.



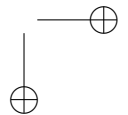
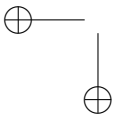


JOHN L. PATTERSON, 1893

(1861–1937; Professor of Ancient Languages, University of Louisville)

I hate the Persian pageant, boy,
Rich chaplets twined with bark annoy.
Forbear to seek where haply yet
 The wild-rose linger late.

A simple myrtle wreath prepare;
On nothing else bestow a care,
For while I quaff 'neath clustered vine,
 It suits my brow and thine.



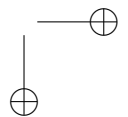
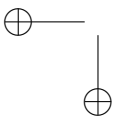


GEORGE M. DAVIE, 1894

(1848–1900; American Lawyer and Poet)

Boy, I detest the display of the Persians,
And garlands woven with fibers of linden;
Cease, too, to seek me late roses, in coverts
Where they may linger.

It is my will you add naught to plain myrtle: –
Myrtle does not unbecome you, my servant,
Nor me; when under my vine-trellised arbor
I shall sit, drinking.



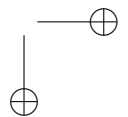
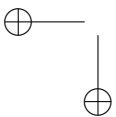


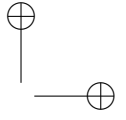
LEWIS BROCKMAN, 1894

(Poems)

I loathe, O boy, the Persian feast,
The lingering orgies of the East;
Twine not with flowers the linden wreath,
Nor the last bloom that blows
Pluck, ere it strew the sward beneath
With memories of a rose.

I'd have thee spoil no garden gay
To shame my simple myrtle spray;
Full well its dusk leaves fit thy brow
Who serv'st my cup, and mine
Who kiss beneath the clustered bough
The spirit of the vine.

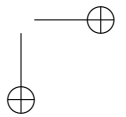
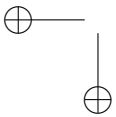


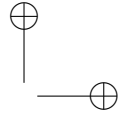


W. M. M., 1894

(McGill Fortnightly)

Persian trappings, boy, I hate;
From the linden save my pate;
Where the roses linger late
 Cease to search, nor add
To the myrtle's plain design,
Fitting for my brows and thine,
Thee a slave, me quaffing wine
 'Neath the trellis'd shade.



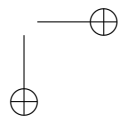
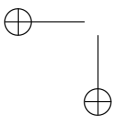


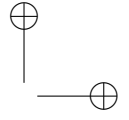
CYRIL E. F. STARKEY, 1895

(Verse Translations from Classic Authors)

I hate your Persian splendours,
Chaplets are not for me.
Boy! if a rose still lingers
Belated, let it be!

Enough the simple myrtle
For master and for slave;
Wine, and a shady arbour,
And nothing else I crave.



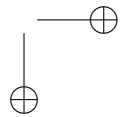
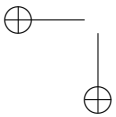


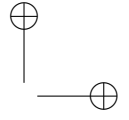
J. HOWARD DEAZELEY, 1895

("Merton College, Oxford")

I hate, my lad, the Persians' vain display,
I love not chaplets bound with linden stay;
Forbear to seek where rose, in late delay,
 May linger still.

Thy busy hand for me nought else need twine
With simple myrtle: meet, my page, as thine
And mine is myrtle, when 'neath mantling vine
 I quaff my fill.

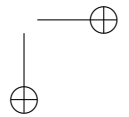
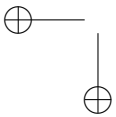


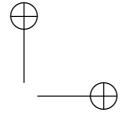
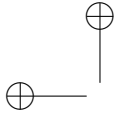


OSWALD A. SMITH, 1895

(Horace in Quantity)

Neither Eastern luxury, nor thy garlands
Tied by bark of linden, O boy, delight me;
Search not in gardens if amid the late blooms
Linger a rosebud:
Care not, I beg, aught to provide beyond plain
Myrtle; does not myrtle befit the master,
As beneath vine-branches he sits carousing,
And the retainer?



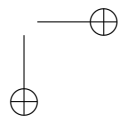
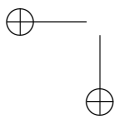


CHARLES L. GRAVES, 1895 (IMITATED)

(1856–1944; *The Hawarden Horace*)

Oriental flowers, my Cyril,
 (Save of language) I detest:
Cull for me no costly orchid
 To adorn my blameless breast.
Nor essay to deck my raiment
 With the blushing English rose,
For its brutal Saxon odour
 Aggravates my Scottish nose.

Me as Minister the fragrance
 Of the leek doth most arride,
With the shamrock and the thistle
 In a triple posy tied:
So, beneath my grand umbrella
 Firmly fixed on College Green,
Let us deviate from duty
 In a deluge of poteen.



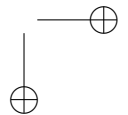
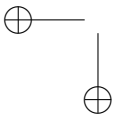


CHARLES L. GRAVES, 1896 (IMITATED)

(1856–1944; *More Hawarden Horace*)

Though the pomp and parade of the Percys I never could
wholly abide,
Nor those strawberry leaves – rarely sported, alas! on
the Liberal side –
Still it pains me acutely to see you, a youth of such
promise and power,
Given o'er to the cult of the primrose, an utterly obsolete
flower.

Now, if you're in search of an emblem sufficiently simple
and neat,
With the dear little delicate shamrock there's nothing
on earth to compete:
I've a clump of it growing at Hawarden, so come any
day that you're free.
P.S. If it's fine, in the garden you'll find us at five o'clock
tea.



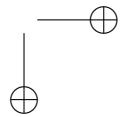
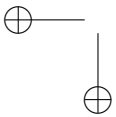


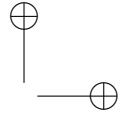
A. S. AGLLEN, 1896

(“Archdeacon of St. Andrews”)

Boy! not for me this Persian state,
Your linden-woven crowns I hate;
Care not to search if somewhere late,
There linger roses:

Plain myrtle, only myrtle, twine;
It suits you as you pour my wine,
Me, as I drink it, where a vine
My bower encloses.



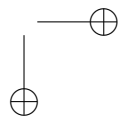
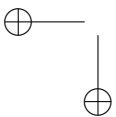


GRAVES GRIFFITH, 1896

(Potpourri)

I hate the pomp of Persian, boy;
Bark-bound chaplets me annoy:
Give over searching where the rose
Defy the snows.

A simple myrtle-wreath provide,
Naught prepare thou this beside:
It doth become both me and mine,
Beneath the vine.



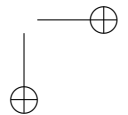
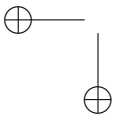


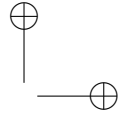
HOWARD J. TRUMAN, 1896

(Echoes)

I, O Boy, detest Persian pomp and fashion;
Chaplets richly wrought have no power to please me.
Seek no more to know in what nooks still linger
 Summer's last roses.

To the myrtle's grace thou canst add no graces
By thy anxious care. Neither thy deft service
Doth the myrtle shame, nor thy master drinking
 Under the vine-leaves.



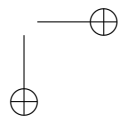
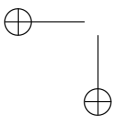


PHILIP E. PHELPS, 1897

(The Odes of Horace)

Boy, I detest the Persian apparatus,
Wreaths that are bound with linden-rind displease me,
Care not to follow where the latest rose is
Tardily blooming.

See thou add nothing to the simple myrtle,
This I entreat thee – neither thee, the servant,
Misbecomes myrtle, nor thy master, drinking
Under the vine-leaf.



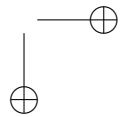
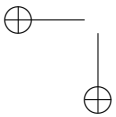


EDWARD GEORGE HARMAN, 1897 (IMITATED)

(Died 1921)

I do not like your Jewish tastes,
I hate your furs and astrachan,
Melton and velvet's good enough,
Or was, to coat a gentleman.

You need not trouble to inquire
What is the latest sort of hat,
Chapman & Moore have got my size,
And yours, and can attend to that.

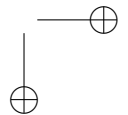
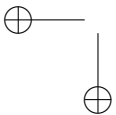


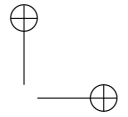
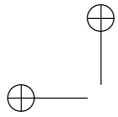


PHILIP NEVILLE, 1897 (IMITATED)

(Marginal Notes)

Here, Waiter! – Hang your French *menoos*!
I hate your dinners *à la Russe*!
Fling all these *entrées* to the deuce! –
 Mere kickshaws for a glutton.
These flowers and ferns I also hate;
Then hie thee to the kitchen straight
And fetch me up a simple plate
 Of honest beef or mutton!
A baked potato also bring,
A jug of ale, and, when I ring,
The cheese and celery; no king
 On finer fare makes merry.
Then haste thee, Waiter, featly trip!
For you there waits an ample tip
When, o'er the nuts, I sit and sip
 My pint of old brown sherry.





CHARLES EDMUND MERRILL, 1898 (IMITATED)

(1877–1942)

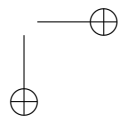
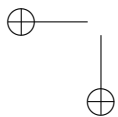
Boy, I detest these modern innovations,
The Voice crusade may alter some men's habit,
But, as for me, I'll stick to my old rations,
Ale and a rarebit.

In vino vis. The pious dames of Ipswich
Knowing its worth and fearing lest men waste it,
Condemn its use in christening battleships, which
Can't even taste it.

Old Cato Major (and, no doubt, his wife, too)
Found in Falernian, mixed with milder Massic,
Courage which led him at his time of life, to
Read the Greek classic.

Yes, Cato drank, nor should we lightly damn a
Man who, at eighty and without coercion,
Mastered Liddell and Scott, and Hadley's grammar,
My pet aversion.

Elihu's ways, they say, are growing sinful,
Crimes that are nameless are committed daily.
Oscar! my toby, and I'll sin a skinful,
So to bed gaily.



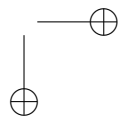
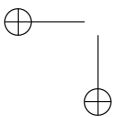


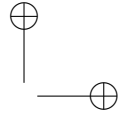
ROBERT TILNEY, 1898

(Gleanings from Poetic Fields)

I hate the Persian decorations, boy!
And chaplets bound on linden-bands displease:
No longer seek to find the places where
 Bloom the late roses.

The simple myrtle only shalt thou bring,
Becoming to thee, serving, and to me;
While I, beneath the thick-leaved shade reclined,
 Sip the sweet wine cup.

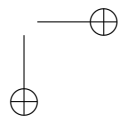
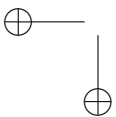




W. A. HEIDEL, 1899

(1868–1941; American Scholar)

My lad, I hate your Orient splendor;
 Away with chaplets linden-twined;
Quest not, I pray, where sweet-brier slender
 You still may find.
Neat myrtle! Why improve upon it?
 It well becomes your locks and mine,
As here neath arbored vines I don it
 And quaff my wine.



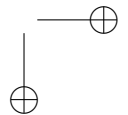
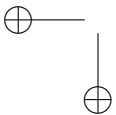


JOHN DAVIS LONG, 1901

(1838–1915; American Lawyer, Politician, and Writer)

I hate this Persian gingerbread,
And fixin's 'round a feller's head,
The lingering roses in their bed
Cut not asunder.

The myrtle as it grows is best
Both, boy, for you who serve as guest,
And me who take a drink and rest
Its thick leaves under.



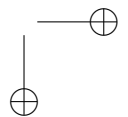
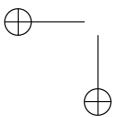


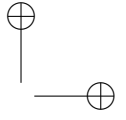
BENJAMIN F. MEYERS, 1901

(1833–1918; American Politician)

Boy, I hate the Persian parade so pompous,
Chaplets wreathed with linden rind do displease me;
Cease to search each place for a rose belated
 Out of its season.

Strive thou not with sedulous care to add to
Simple myrtle anything; myrtle suits thee
In thy serving; me it becomes, too, drinking
 Under vines trellised.

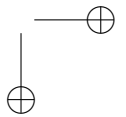
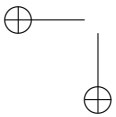


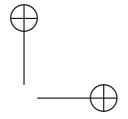
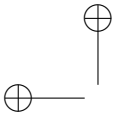


W. C. GREEN, 1903 (1)

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

Persian splendours, boy, I hate,
 Like not chaplets linden-bound;
Spare to seek where roses late
 Lingering may be found.
Twine me myrtle plain, no more;
 We with myrtle can be fine,
I who drink, and you who pour,
 ’Neath the trellis’d vine.

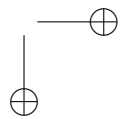
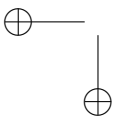


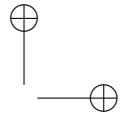
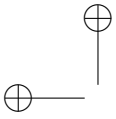


W. C. GREEN, 1903 (2)

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

I hate, boy, your pomp and your posies,
Your chaplets so daintily bound;
You needn’t go hunting for roses,
If any so late can be found.
Plain myrtle-wreaths give me, none other;
None better can both of us fit;
You serve and I drink without pother,
As under my arbour I sit.

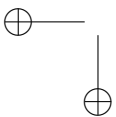




CLARENCE CARY, 1904

(1845–1911; American Lawyer)

These Persian new fashions, my boy, I hate – ay,
Displease me all chaplets of linden bark woven!
Pray cease, then, thy quest for the latest blown roses
 In nooks that aloof are.
Let simplest of myrtles, with naught of art added,
Thy sedulous care be, for never, thus serving,
Can these e'er degrade thee, nor me, here at rest 'neath
 The vine's shade, imbibing.



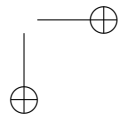
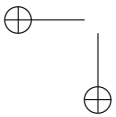


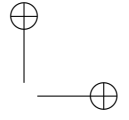
CHARLES WHARTON STORK, 1904

(1881–1971; American Writer, Poet, and Translator)

All your costly frippery cloys my senses;
Nosegays of the prettiest are displeasing;
Cease to seek when the latest rose of summer
 Blooms, all forgotten.

Myrtle and simplicity, nothing added,
Cannot harm our taste or disgrace our dwelling,
While I sip my cup and you stand to serve me
 Under my fig tree.



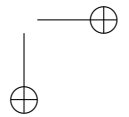
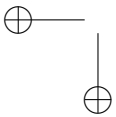


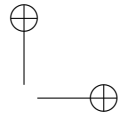
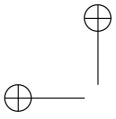
ECCLESTON DU FAUR, 1906

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

Boy, Persian finery I hate;
 Wreaths weary me, with linden tied;
Forbear to seek the rose, that late,
 In any nook may lingering bide.

Strive not, with care, to add a joy
 To simple myrtle, which, I think,
Becomes us both; when thou, my boy,
 Dost serve, – and, 'neath the vine, I drink.

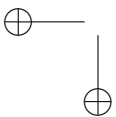


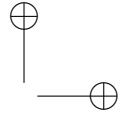


ANONYMOUS, 1906 (IMITATED)

(Madras Weekly Mail)

Boy, take all these fanciful dishes,
And bring me some curry and ghee!
Chuck all the champagne to the fishes.
A whiskey and soda for me.
And tobacco? – yes, fetch me those Trichies,
For Havanahs nor you nor I care,
As *you* curl up your legs in the godown,
And *I* stretch ous mine in a chair.

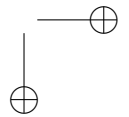
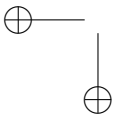




EDWARD R. GARNSEY, 1907

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

Boy, I detest elaborate Persian state:
Chaplets, with linden-fibre bound, displease:
Cease searching in what places late
 The rose is lingering.
To simple myrtle trouble to add naught
With sedulous care: not thee, a servitor,
Doth myrtle misbeseem, nor me while drinking
 'Neath an arbour'd vine.



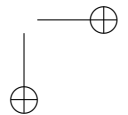
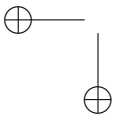


JOHN MARSHALL, 1907

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

Your Persian pomps, my lad, I cannot brook;
Chaplets with linden laced suit not my brow;
Summer’s last rose seek not, in what odd nook
 It lingers now.

Think not with gaudy splendours to replace
The simple myrtle. Myrtle, to my thinking,
Thee at thy service, me not less will grace
 In vine-bower drinking.



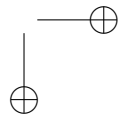
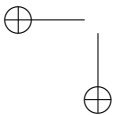


FRANCIS LAW LATHAM, 1910

(“Brasenose College, Oxford”)

I hate the sumptuous Persian show,
The linden fillets please not me;
Nor seek thou, boy, where yet may blow
The last rose blossoms on the tree.

To simple myrtle nothing add
I charge thee: well the myrtle wreath
Suits me the lord and thee the lad
Drinking the vine’s close boughs beneath.



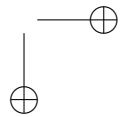
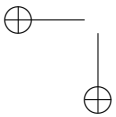


HAROLD BAILY DIXON, 1910

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

Your Persian luxuries I hate,
Your linden wreaths elaborate;
Seek out no spot where lingers late
 The rose's sweetness:

Myrtle alone shall grace the wine
You serve me 'neath the trellised vine;
Plain myrtle crowns your head and mine
 In fitting neatness.



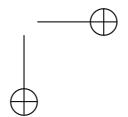
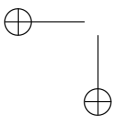


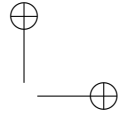
GEORGE M. AND GEORGE F. WHICHER, 1911

(GMW 1860–1937, GFW 1889–1954)

Hateful, Page, to me is the pomp of Persia;
Garlands even, plaited with bast, displease me;
Cease then seeking places wherein the roses
 Linger late-blooming.

Naught I will thou add to the simple myrtle,
Vainly toilsome; neither for thee, my servant,
Myrtles are unfitting, or me close-shaded,
 Quaffing the vine-juice.



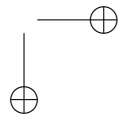
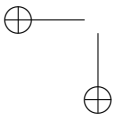


S. M. SWALES, 1911

(Tweed: A Story of the Old South)

O, boy, I hate the Persian styles,
I hate the crowns with linden twined,
The nook in which the last rose smiled
O do not thou attempt to find.

I, careful, care not that you add
To the neat myrtle flowers more fine.
It fitteth thee, a servant lad,
And me who drink beneath the vine.

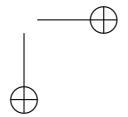
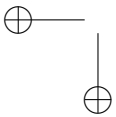




FRANKLIN P. ADAMS, 1911 (IMITATED)

(1881–1960; American Newspaper Columnist)

Nix on the Persian pretence!
Myrtle for Quintus H. Flaccus!
Wreaths of the linden tree, hence!
Nix on the Persian pretence!
Waiter, here's seventy cents –
Come, let me celebrate Bacchus!
Nix on the Persian pretence!
Myrtle for Quintus H. Flaccus.



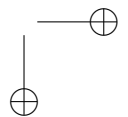
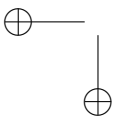


FRANKLIN P. ADAMS, 1912 (IMITATED)

(1881–1960; American Newspaper Columnist)

The Persian pomp and circumstance are things I do not like;
I shall not buy a motor-car while I possess a bike;
I will not buy a Panama to place upon my head,
A simple sennitt bonnet, boy, purchase for me instead.

For such a thatch will do for you as it has done for me –
An ordinary straw hat, for a dollar thirty-three.
Then to the coolest bar in town for some Milwaukee liquor
Where I may watch the ball-game – as it comes over the ticker.



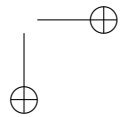
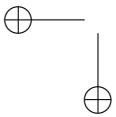


SIR WILLIAM S. MARRIS, 1912

(1873–1945; Civil Servant and Classical Scholar)

Boy, I detest this Persian gear;
I loathe these wreaths of linden plait:
Forgo thy searching far and near
For roses late.

I ask of thee no showy wreath;
The simple myrtle serves to twine
Thee waiting and me drinking, 'neath
This tangled vine.



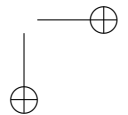
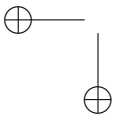


GEORGE MURRAY, 1912

(1830–1910; Canadian Educator and Journalist)

Boy, I detest all Persian state,
And crowns with linden-bark entwined;
Seek not the rose that lingers late
For me to find.

Enough; this simple myrtle-wreath
Which decks not ill thy brows and mine,
As, served by thee, I drink beneath
The trellised vine.



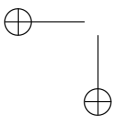


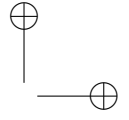
MARY KEELY TAYLOR, 1912

(In Many Keys)

All this parade, Boy, that the Persian
Makes o'er his cups is my aversion!
 These wreaths you bind
 Of linden rind
Are nowise to my taste; and, mind,
I'll have no searching up and down
 For some late rose
 That, lingering, blows
Our little feast to crown!

Nor do I choose you should be taking
More time and pains than go to making
 The twist you may,
 Of myrtle spray,
Weave fresh, the year round, any day –
Fit leaf for you, who pour my wine,
 And me, I think,
 Who sit and drink,
Beneath the tangled vine.



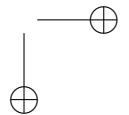
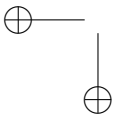


A. L. TAYLOR, 1914

(The Odes of Horace)

I hate the Persian pomp, the linden wreaths
 In vain their splendours show,
And where the latest rose its fragrance breathes
 I heedless am to know.

Myrtle alone, how plain soe'er it be,
 I care thy hands should twine:
Myrtle not misbeseems thee, slave, nor me
 Who drink beneath the vine.





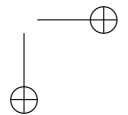
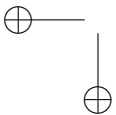
WILLIAM HODGSON ELLIS, 1914 (IMITATED)

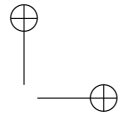
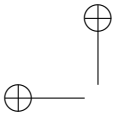
(1845–1920; Professor of Applied Chemistry, University of Toronto)

I hate your imported Havannahs,
Your perfumed cheroots I decline;
His own special weakness each man has,
A pipe, I confess it, is mine.

Why take from their elegant wrappers
Your gilded cork-tipped cigarettes,
Fit only for militant fappers
Or reckless R.M.C. cadets?

What need for cigars to be pining
When smoking a briar or a clay;
In front of the fire I'm reclining,
And peacefully puffing away.



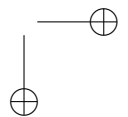
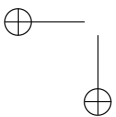


FREDERIC ROWLAND MARVIN, 1914

(1847–1918)

The Persian garlands please me not,
Nor chaplets tied with linden-rind;
Then ask no more where dwells the rose,
In wreaths around the head to bind.

Add naught to simple myrtle leaves;
No roses in the hair entwine;
The myrtle crown becomes me well,
And suits me quaffing 'neath the vine.

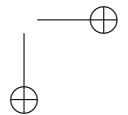
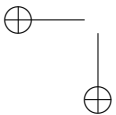




FRANKLIN P. ADAMS, 1917 (IMITATED, 1)

(1881–1960; American Newspaper Columnist)

Oh, Boy! – to quote a slangy line –
 This war-stock thing is wrong.
No Persian Copper shares for mine –
 They cramp a poet's song,
The market I shall never dent
 With International Tree.
I'll take my little four per cent. –
 The savings bank for me.

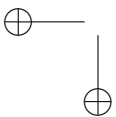


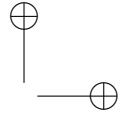


FRANKLIN P. ADAMS, 1917 (IMITATED, 2)

(1881–1960; American Newspaper Columnist)

For me no high-powered touring car, no lacquered limousine;
No Persian carburetor, and no perfumed gasolene;
As my chauffeur I know you hate unnecessary fuss –
A little flivver runabout is good enough for us.



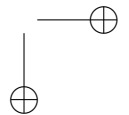
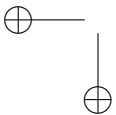


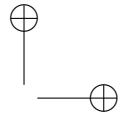
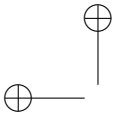
WARREN H. CUDWORTH, 1917

(1877–1927)

This Persian luxury, my boy, I hate,
Nor care for chaplets bound with linden bast;
Inquire not in what covert, blooming late,
The roses linger last.

To beautify plain myrtle never think,
I pray thee; meet are myrtles that we twine
For thee who servest and for me who drink
Beneath my close-pleached vine.



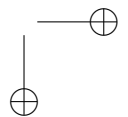
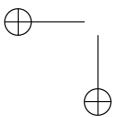


CHARLES MURRAY, 1917 (IMITATED)

(Hamewith)

Foreign fashions, lad, allure you,
Hamespun happit I would be;
Bring nae mair, for I assure you
Ferlies only scunner me.

Fancy tartans, clanless, gaudy,
Mention them nae mair, I say;
Best it suits your service, laddie,
An' my drinkin', hodden-grey.

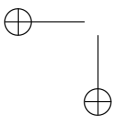


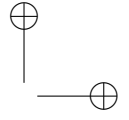


GERARD FENWICK, 1917

(The Odes of Horace, Book I)

Those Persian gewgaws vex me, boy,
Those tight-bound locks I also hate.
Why do you thus the rose pursue
Where'er it grows, however late?
To simple myrtle can you add
A single grace? I do not think
The myrtle less beseems my slave
Than me when 'neath the vine I drink.

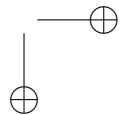
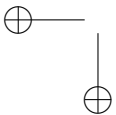


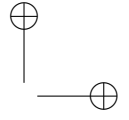


ANONYMOUS, 1917 (IMITATED)

(The Yale Record)

Kid, can this blatant Harvard stuff!
I hate it!
The Boston "a" to me is guff!
I hate it!
They love the rose and scorn the vine,
They think the Lampoon's jokes are fine,
They say, "Oh, Hell!" – but not for mine!
I hate it!

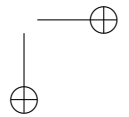
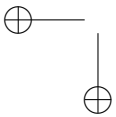




ANONYMOUS, 1918 (IMITATED)

(Life)

No Persian pomp and circumstance, O boy, for Q. H. F.
To soft delights of Pullman cars and taxis I am deaf.
Let meatless, wheatless days be mine until the Kaiser's canned;
Corn-bread for me, and on my head a simple myrtle band.

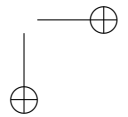
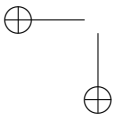


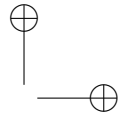
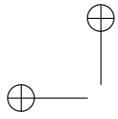


LOUIS UNTERMEYER, 1919

(1885–1977; American Editor and Poet)

The diversions of the Persians with their ostentatious ways
Do not thrill me, for they fill me with disdain;
I abominate the dominating style of coarse displays,
And from garlands brought from far lands I refrain.
But the myrtle plain and fertile you may bind around your brow,
And in future let it suit your taste like mine.
Come, my fervent little servant, you may place it on me now,
As with wine here I recline here near the vine.



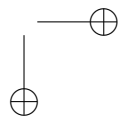
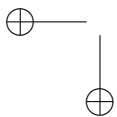


WILLIAM STEBBING, 1920

(1831–1926; Journalist)

I entertain company, Boy, to-day;
See that all is in festival array.
Nay, not those Persian rugs Mæcenus gave;
They would not suit the purpose that I have.
I want nothing rare or scarce. You are bound
Garden-wards, I guess; and to hunt around
For “late roses” – but spare them. In my walks
I like to find loiterers on their stalks.
Yet, I agree, a feast ought to be dressed
As no week-day thing, and to look its best.
So, Lad, for you possess a pretty taste
In flower-ware, save me the silly waste
On dry goods store stuff. – Hie! our myrtle grove!
Plait – for yourself too – thence the wreaths I love.
Could heart desire for beauty and perfume
Better than from a myrtle in full bloom?
“Guest, or guests?”

Well, 'tis just myself. The feast
I give to the circle of my own breast.
Much abroad I have fed of late – on fair
Words, that somehow ring hollow – used-up air.
I pay in unreal thanks from a like self,
Waiting its turn to lie upon the shelf.
At times I've almost feared that I begin
To forget what sort they who hide within.
But this eve I will be natural; free
To see myself as none but self can see.
“Good appetite,” beneath the trellised vine,
To the whole company that drinks my wine!



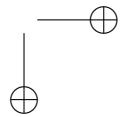
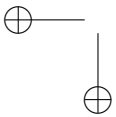


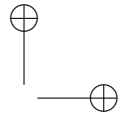
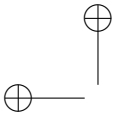
LIONEL LANCELOT SHADWELL, 1920

(1845–1925; Barrister)

No Persian pomp and trappings, boy, for me.
With bass I want no garlands braided.
Track not belated rose to nook where she
Lurks yet unfaded.

Plain myrtle spray, no more, I'd have thee twine.
Plain myrtle thee thy service plying
Befits alike, and me 'neath trellised vine
At supper lying.

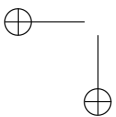




WILLIAM FREDERICK LLOYD, 1920 (IMITATED)

(Versions and Perversions)

My Boy, I detest to be over-dressed,
So do not prepare to circle my hair
With flowers and posies, or beautiful roses.
Neath the mantling vine, I'll quaff my wine;
So set my chair, and what I'll wear
I'll tell you flat, is my old straw hat.



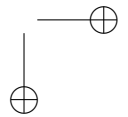
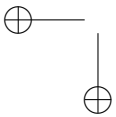


FRANCIS COUTTS, 1920

(1852–1923)

All Persian ostentation, boy, I hate;
In garlands woven with bast I see no grace;
Leave of this eager search from place to place,
To find where roses linger late.

See to it and take heed no flowers to twine
With the plain myrtle; myrtle well befits
The servant, and the master, as he sits
Quaffing benesth the trellised vine.



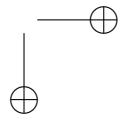
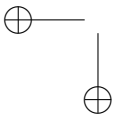


HUBERT DYNES ELLIS, 1920

(Selections from the Odes)

Your Persian gear, boy, I detest,
Your wreaths with linden intertwined,
And busy not yourself to find
 The last late rose for mine.

Plain myrtle unadorned is best,
Becoming you who serve my cup
And me who drain its nectar up
 Beneath the close-knit vine.



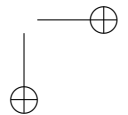
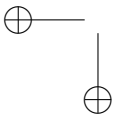


ABIGAIL FLETCHER TAYLOR, 1920

(Verse of Today and Yesterday)

Zealous boy, I hate Persian pomp and glitter;
odious are crowns wrought of rarest flowers;
cease to haunt the meads seeking hidden places where
the rose lingers.

Simple myrtle wreaths not elaborated
please my fancy most; nor for thee my servant
are such wreaths unfit neither for me drinking under
the grape vine.

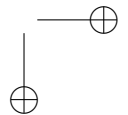
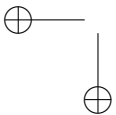


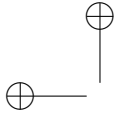


MORRIE RYSKIND, 1921 (IMITATED, 1)

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

Go! take away that Persian stuff –
 I'll stick to Roman candles.
I guess I've had about enough.
Go! take away that Persian stuff –
I care not for their silken fluff,
 Their gay life and their scandals.
Go! take away that Persian stuff –
 I'll stick to Roman candles.





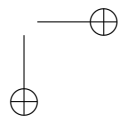
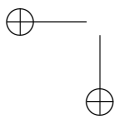
MORRIE RYSKIND, 1921 (IMITATED, 2)

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

The Persian pomp I *do* detest –
Those guys ask nothing but the best.
Democracy is not *their* line:
They only drink imported wine –
They wouldn't even smell the rest.

They know the way to treat a guest.
So much must really be confessed –
But yet, somehow, I must decline
The Persian pomp.

In roast beef rare there is more zest
Than caviar. A bird who's dressed
In evening clothes may be a shine.
Yep! Make it ham and eggs for mine!
No frills, there, waiter. It's a pest,
The Persian pomp!



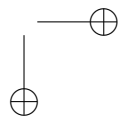
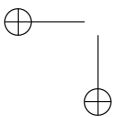


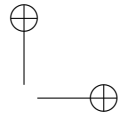
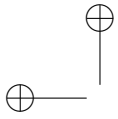
LEWIS F. MOTT, 1921 (IMITATED)

(1863–1941; American Scholar)

I hate the things I wear, James, in the city;
I never want to see that damned Tuxedo;
Throw all those shirts and collars in the bottom
 Drawer of the wardrobe.

Stop fussing at my tie; put on your slouch coat;
What's good enough for me will do for you too;
I'll sit and smoke – hand me those Carolinas –
 Under a pine tree.



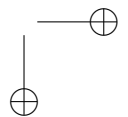
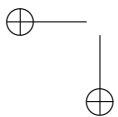


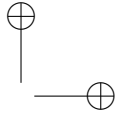
JOHN FINLAYSON, 1921

(The Odes of Horace)

Boy! I detest with homely fare
All Persian pomps: thy garlands spare
 With linden weaving:
Nor heed in what lone spot there blows,
Perchance, the last delaying rose
 No eye perceiving.

And let our brows with nought be prest
But myrtle plain, becoming best
 The slave attending –
The master, too, who quaffs his wine
While gratefully the trellised vine
 Its shade is lending.

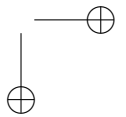
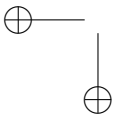




WILLIAM HATHORN MILLS, 1921

(1848–1930; Writer)

Displays, that Persians love, I hate;
Lime-braided chaplets I detest;
It makes no matter where the late
Rose lingers; stay, my boy, your quest.
Just myrtle – that's enough, don't think
To better it; it suits, as wreath,
You, as you serve, me, as I drink,
My wine this close-trained vine beneath.



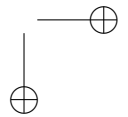
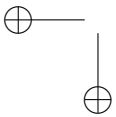


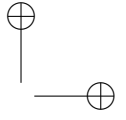
GEOFFREY ROBLEY SAYER, 1922

(1887–1962; Civil Servant and Historian)

Barbaric stage-effects I hate
 And ribbon'd wreaths attract me not.
 I would not have you seek the spot,
Good squire, where roses linger late.

Would'st gild the bay? I charge you, hold!
 Not I beneath my humble vine
 Who drink, nor you who serve the wine,
Shall blush for bay-leaf's native gold.



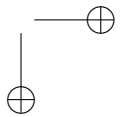
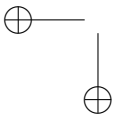


EDWARD DOUGLAS ARMOUR, 1922

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

Oh Boy, I Persian pomp detest,
And chaplets wove with linden rind;
And cease, oh cease your restless quest
A lingering rose for me to find.

I but desire the myrtle plain
To bind around your brow and mine;
Now bring me wine, and I shall drain
A cup beneath this mantling vine.



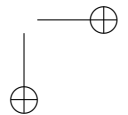
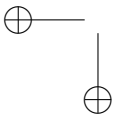


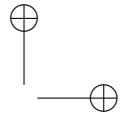
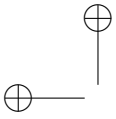
FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS, 1823

(1793–1835; Poet)

I hate the Persian's costly pride;
The wreaths with bands of Linden tied;
 These, boy, delight me not;
Nor where the lingering roses bide,
 Seek thou for me the spot.

For me be nought but myrtle twined;
The modest myrtle, meet to bind
 Alike thy brows and mine;
While thus I quaff the bowl, reclined
 Beneath the o'erarching vine.



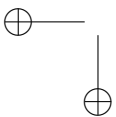


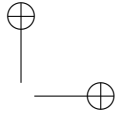
HERBERT W. HARTMAN, 1923 (IMITATED)

(Imperial Fiddlesticks)

Say, kid, I hate this Persian stuff
 With all its frips and frills.
Lay off this Oriental bluff, –
 I never did like daffodils. . .

Bring me some Scotch, a siphon, too –
 Have done with all these New Year's vows! –
I've no more faith in them, have you? –
 So you look on while I carouse.



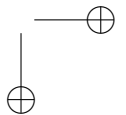
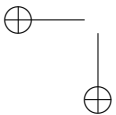


FRANKLIN P. ADAMS, 1925 (IMITATED, 1)

(1881–1960; American Newspaper Columnist)

Lad, for overfancy clothing
I have but a healthy loathing
Nor can I see any reason
In the rose that's out of season.

I am one who deems it silly
To attempt to paint the lily;
Myrtle underneath the vine,
And some elderberry wine!



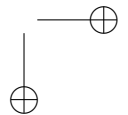
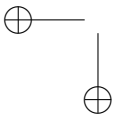


FRANKLIN P. ADAMS, 1925 (IMITATED, 2)

(1881–1960; American Newspaper Columnist)

The pomp of the Persian I hold in aversion;
I hate their theatrical tricks;
Their garlicky wreathings and lindeney tree-things –
Nix.

Boy, me for the myrtle while under this fertile
Old grapevine I mellowly sink
As you and bibacious old Quintus Horatius
Drink.



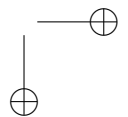
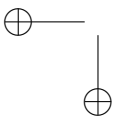


KEITH PRESTON, 1925 (IMITATED)

(1884–1927; American Literary Critic)

I do not share the common craze
For food with jazzy singers;
Boy, tell me not of cabarets
Where the late loophound lingers.

A glass of home brew cool and clear
Wets down my home-cooked victuals;
So long as I can have my beer
I'll gladly miss the skittles.

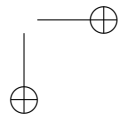
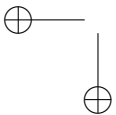


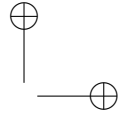


LEONARD CHALMERS-HUNT, 1925

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

Your Persian unguents vex me sore,
The linden branches cut no more.
Nor pluck the last lone-lingering rose,
This later season doth disclose.
Compose your toil with careful mind,
Plain myrtle round my temples bind,
Which not unseemly shall accord,
As well with serving-boy as lord.
Who now secure from rain and shine,
Carouses 'neath his bowered vine.



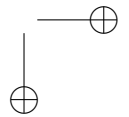
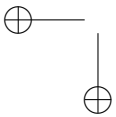


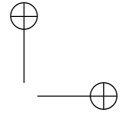
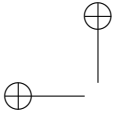
HUGH MACNAGHTEN, 1926

(1862–1929; Vice Provost of Eton College)

No Persian pomp, my lad, for me:
Wreaths bound with linden, let them be.
Search not to find if somewhere blows
A last lorn rose.

Plain myrtle, no elaborate
Garland for you, who stand and wait,
Or me, who sip 'neath trellised vine
My glass of wine.



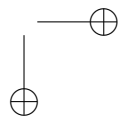
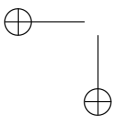


SAIDI HOLT, 1926

(Measures and Rhymes of Diverse Times)

Boy, I hate the sumptuous pomp of Persia,
Wreaths displease me woven with bark of linden,
Cease to hunt the place where the rose ungathered
Lingers the latest.

No desire have I that to simple myrtle
Aught thy zeal should add, for to thee while serving
Myrtle fitting is and to me is fitting
Drinking 'neath vine-boughs.



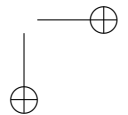
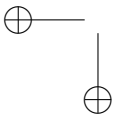


ASCOTT ROBERT HOPE MONCRIEFF, 1927

(1846–1927; Scottish Writer)

Kickshaws from France are apt to disagree,
And costly juices of sour grapes, with me;
I shun to sit where liveried menials stand,
Unhastening in their ministrations and
Avid of tips.

Tea-shops where tripping Hebes deftly wait
To find a copper left beside the plate,
Fill cheaper cups that bid dull care begone,
For who, with buttered roll or toasted scone,
Contentment sips.



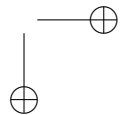
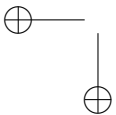


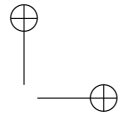
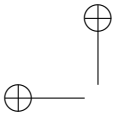
ALEXANDER WILLIAM MAIR, 1929

(1875–1928; Professor of Greek, University of Edinburgh)

Nay, boy, forbear:
I do not care
For Persian splendour and barbaric state;
The linden sleek
Twine not for me, nor seek
Where summer's last rose yet
May linger late.

The myrtle plain
Thou not disdain,
Nor aught thereto of curious art entwine:
It shames not thee
Who minister, nor me
Beneath my humble vine
Drinking the wine.



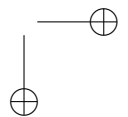
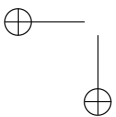


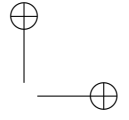
ALEXANDER FALCONER MURISON, 1931

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

Persian falals, my lad, I hate;
Away with chaplets that they plait
On linden bark; your zeal abate
 For Autumn's lingering rose.

The simple myrtle – let that be
The only thing you seek; nor thee
The myrtle misbecomes nor me
 When drinking I repose.



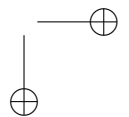
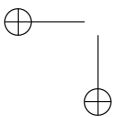


H. B. MAYOR, 1934

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

Plague me not with Persian state
Wreaths of costly flowers I hate;
Seek no more the bank, where blows
Summer’s latest, lingering rose.

Twine a crown of myrtle sweet;
Such for you, my page, is meet,
And for me, where I recline,
Tippling underneath the vine.

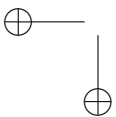




MAJOR ALFRED MAITLAND ADDISON, 1935

(1862–1949)

Boy, I detest all Persian pomp;
Wreaths, linden-bound, I hate;
Seek not for me enchanting spots,
Where roses bloom full late.
Pray don't attempt to add one tint
To myrtle's dusky hues.
'Tis myrtle that beseems us both;
'Tis myrtle that I choose;
As 'neath the plaited vine I sit,
And drink the grape's soft dews.



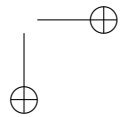
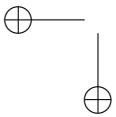


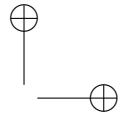
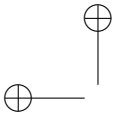
GILBERT F. CUNNINGHAM, 1935

(Horace: An Essay and Some Translations)

I care not, sirrah, for these Persian shows;
 their flower-twined garlands I decline to don;
no need to search where summer's latest rose
 still lingers on.

Weave simple myrtle only for my wreath,
 which neither will your honest task degrade,
nor yet dishonour me, drinking beneath
 the vine-leaves' shade.



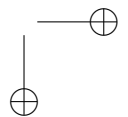
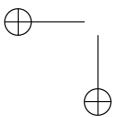


JOHN B. QUINN, 1936

(Educator and Translator)

I loathe, my lad, this Persian show
Of chaplets twined on linden rind;
So do your anxious search forego,
A tardy rose to find.

Let myrtle plain be woven so;
It suits your kind and soothes my mind
Whene'er I drink beneath a row
Of arching vines entwined.



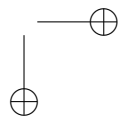
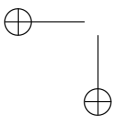


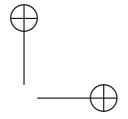
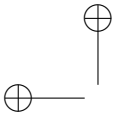
EDWARD SULLIVAN, 1936

(The Complete Works of Horace, Casper J. Kraemer)

No Persian pomp, my boy, for me!
No chaplets from the linden tree!
And for late roses, let them be
 Unculled, unheeded.

Naught with the homely myrtle twine
To wreath your brows, my boy, and mine.
When drinking 'neath the pleached vine
 Naught else is needed.

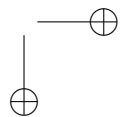
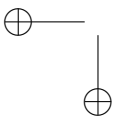




PARKE R. KOLBE, 1936

(1881–1942; American Writer, Teacher, and Administrator)

Boy, I hate the Persians' show;
Ostentatious wreaths displease me.
The beauty of the rose in fall,
Though rare, has no more charm to ease me.
A simple wreath the myrtle gives,
And all your pains cannot adorn it –
A wreath that fits both you and me,
With cup in hand, why should I scorn it?



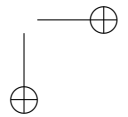
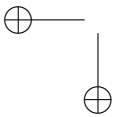


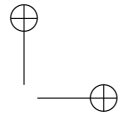
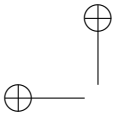
FORD MADOX FORD, 1938

(1873–1939; Writer and Publisher)

Rich meats I hate, boy, from Iran or Paris,
I'll wear no garlands striped and stitched with cunning;
Give over searching where the late-blown tea-rose
Droopingly tarries.

Bring me but myrtle, fit for hinds or heroes,
Simple, uncostly. You all keep on pruning!
Whilst in the arbour where the wine leaves twine down
I put the wine down.



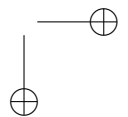
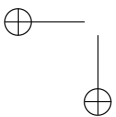


VICTOR CHARLES LE FANU, 1939

(Translations of Horace)

I hate your Persian splendours, boy,
I love not linden garlands for my brow,
Where'er the late rose lingers, seek not now.

That simple myrtle you employ
Is my behest-myrtle be yours and mine –
While here I drink beneath the shadowy vine.

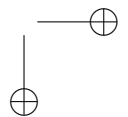
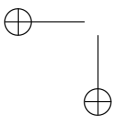


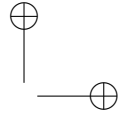


QUINCY BASS, 1940

(My Head is in the Stars)

My lad, I loathe those Persian fellows!
Lord! The wreaths they wear,
Bound in their hair with linden bark!
And – listen, my lad! – don't ever waste
Your time in seeking the single,
The too-too precious spot
Where the last rose lingers;
Nor would I fret too much
About how to improve the simple myrtle –
That's not your worry – nor mine,
As you serve me,
And I drink wine,
Here beneath the close-packed vine.



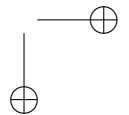
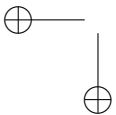


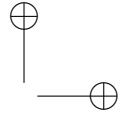
SIR EDWARD MARSH, 1941

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

Away with Persian poe and fineries,
And wreaths on linden withies nicely wound;
Search not the fading garden
For one forgotten rose.

Plain myrtle, boy, a spray for each, will deck
Beseemingly both you who fill the cup
And me who drain it, lying
Under the woven vine.



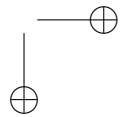
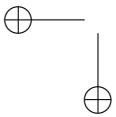


SIR JOHN SEYMOUR BLAKE-REED, 1944

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

No Persian luxuries for me!
Flowers sewn on bark of linden-tree;
Search not where still the latest rose
Of summer blows.

Bring simple myrtle; nothing add.
The leaf that suits my serving-lad
Shall crown his master as he dines
Beneath his vines.



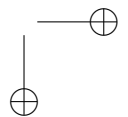
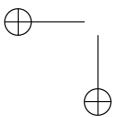


FREDERICK CHARLES WILLIAM HILEY, 1944

(The Odes of Horace)

Dear lad, your Persian pomp and show I hate;
Your tight-bound formal wreaths – I'll none of those!
Search not the earth, if there should linger late
 A tardy rose.

Plain myrtle – let your wreath be, I implore,
No florist's fancy, but a simple twine –
Will shame me not who drink, nor you who pour
 In shade of vine.



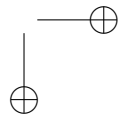
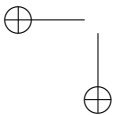


GEORGE F. WHICHER, 1947

(1889–1954)

Persian flummery –
Boy, how I hate it!
Not with linden bark
Let our wreaths be plaited;
And no roses, hark!
Late and last-of-summery.

Simple myrtle gather.
Myrtle, boy, is fitting
For a head like thine;
And while I drink, sitting
Shaded by the vine,
Myrtle suits me, rather.



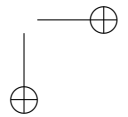
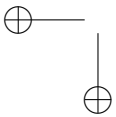


LORD DUNSANY, 1947

(1878–1957; Writer and Dramatist)

I hate the Persians, boy, and all their ways.
 Their chaplets tied with bark I cannot stand.
 Stop your investigations in what land
Lingers the last rose into autumn's days.

Add nothing to the wreath of myrtle made;
 No more I care for; and it well suits you,
 My slave, the myrtle, and I think me too,
Under a thick vine drinking in the shade.





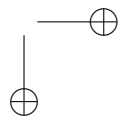
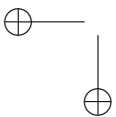
GARDNER WADE EARLE, 1950

(Moments With (and Without) Horace)

Not for me are Persian gifts of ease
Like garlands woven in a rare design
Or elegance brought in from over-seas.
I seek no climate with the air benign
Enough to keep the roses blooming late
In bowers that invite me to recline.

The myrtle is more fit to decorate
The brow for Romans, who should strive to be
Not indolent, but dignified, sedate.
For servant, thou, and for the master, me,
Our thick-leaved glossy vine suffices well
In chaplets when the gracious wine flows free.

Let soft refinements weave no undue spell.





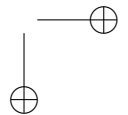
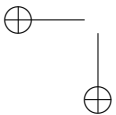
GARDNER WADE EARLE, 1950 (PARAPHRASED)

(Moments With (and Without) Horace)

I'm not fer feather-beddin' life too much
Or lookin' round fer soft spots in a rock
Or fancy doodads fer yer bean an' such.
The weather here has many a bump an' shock
But I'm no guy to hunt fer all-time spring
Where roses keep a-comin' 'round the clock.

The common stuff is good fer anything
We need – yes, you an' me an' all our friends.
I wouldn't trade with no top-heavy king.
The little fry, the swells, each one who spends
Some time in sociability sh'd try
To have a proper rig with no loose ends.

But, Buddy, side-step livin' up too high!



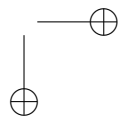
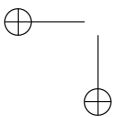


FRED BATES LUND, 1953

(1865–1950; A Boston Physician)

I hate, my boy, your modern Paris notions,
Your linden bandaged wreaths are not for me;
Late roses, too, they only rouse emotions
That are not fit for company to see.

The simple myrtle's good enough for me, boy;
It's quite sufficient, bring it with the wine.
You can't do better, careful though you be, boy.
So crowned, I'll drink beneath the arching vine.



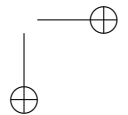
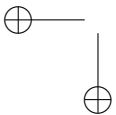


ROBERT MONTRAVILLE GREEN, 1953

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

Boy, how I hate the Persian fallacies –
 Fillets with flowers twined, and other junk;
Don't look for places where the late rose lingers –
 That's all the bunk.

The lowly myrtle shall adorn us both;
 No costly foreign vintages for mine:
Humble home-brew the only beverage,
 From my own vine.

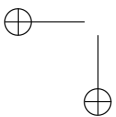




ARTHUR SALUSBURY MACNALTY, 1955

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

Boy, as my pleasure you await,
All Persian luxury I hate;
And when the chaplets you entwine,
Weave not the linden into mine.
Seek not the place both far and wide,
Where full blown roses may abide.
Nor strive to deck the myrtle plain
With added blossoms; 'twill be vain,
For, as you serve at my behest,
A myrtle wreath becomes you best.
Again its suits me in my bower
To wear a wreath of myrtle flower.
'Tis thus my simple joys I shape,
As 'neath the vine I quaff the grape.



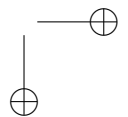
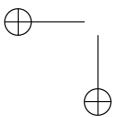


JAMES BLAIR LEISHMAN, 1956

(1902–63; Scholar and Translator)

I detest this Persian elaboration;
garlands, boy, too artfully wound displease me;
leave the anxious search for a place where some late
roses have lingered.

Spare the pains of adding to simple myrtle
something not at hand, for it well becomes us,
you that wait upon me and I that drink here
under the trellis.

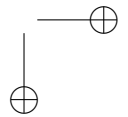
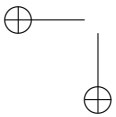




GILBERT HIGHET, 1957

(1906–78; Professor of Latin Language and Literature, Columbia University)

I detest all luxury Oriental:
bring me no fat leis of frangipani,
boy, and don't search every forgotten nook where lingers
a late rose.
Nothing but one plain little crown of myrtle
need you weave me. Myrtle is no disgrace to
you as page-boy, nor to your master, drinking, shaded
by vine-leaves.



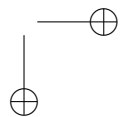
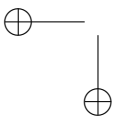


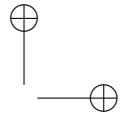
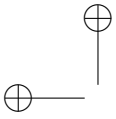
HELEN ROWE HENZE, 1961

(1899–1973; Poet and Translator)

I hate Persian luxury, boy, I hate it;
Crowns of flowers on linden-bark strips annoy me;
Stop that eager running around to where a
Late rose might linger.

So take care, add nothing to simple myrtle:
It's not unbecoming to you, a servant –
Nor to me as, under a trellised vine,
I Tend to my drinking!

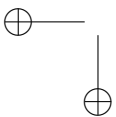




FREDERICK WILLIAM WALLACE, 1964

(Senior Scholar of Emmanuel College, Cambridge)

Boy, Persian and pretentious things
I do dislike extremely,
And chaplets bound with linden strings
To my taste are unseemly.
Cease thou to track the secret place
Where late-blown roses linger.
I care not thou plain myrtle grace
With over-busy finger.
For myrtle admirably fits
Thee at thy ministrations,
And while 'neath trellised vine he sits,
They master at potations.



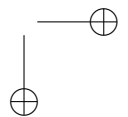
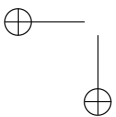


MURIEL SPARK, 1968

(1918–2006; Scottish Writer)

Weave in my garland, boy, no more
The trash of Persia, and dispose
Therein not linden nor the rare
 Protracted rose.

Thus plainly twine the myrtle wreath
Which well accords thy servient mien,
And well thy master, drinking 'neath
 The trellised vine.



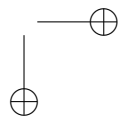
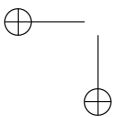


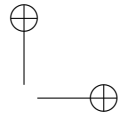
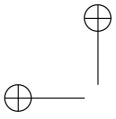
ALAN MCNICOLL, 1979

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

I loathe a Persian sumptuousness;
The wreath with linden-bark entwined.
Seek not, perchance in some quiet place
A late-blown rose to find.

The simple myrtle-leaves, I think
Beseem his brows who brings my wine
And mine own also, as I drink
Beneath the plaited vine.



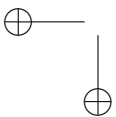


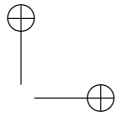
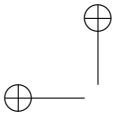
STUART LYONS, 2007

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

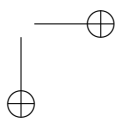
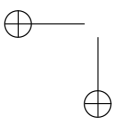
I loathe all lavish Persian decoration,
Dislike crowns that with linden bark are bound;
My boy, don't bother seeking the location
Where the late lingering rose is to be found!

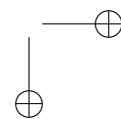
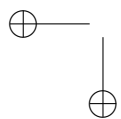
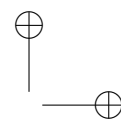
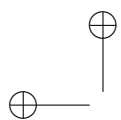
I beg you, please, add no elaboration
To simple myrtle. For you, serving the wine,
Myrtle is no indecent decoration,
Or for me drinking under the thick vine.

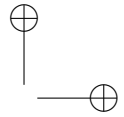
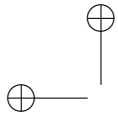




BACK MATTER



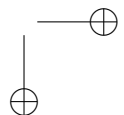
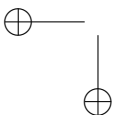


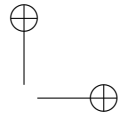
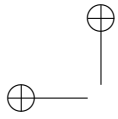


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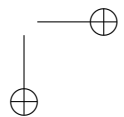
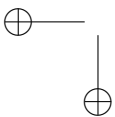
(*H* = *Horace*; *QHF* = *Quintus Horatius Flaccus*)

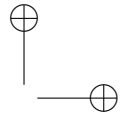
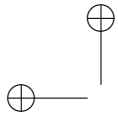
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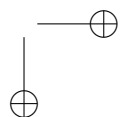
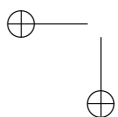


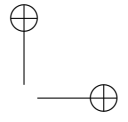
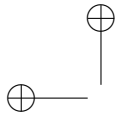
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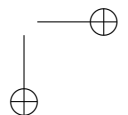
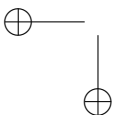


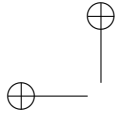
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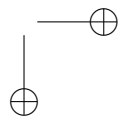
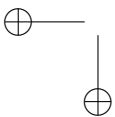


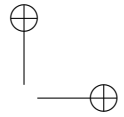
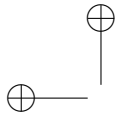
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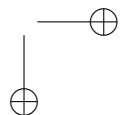
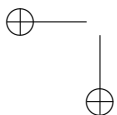


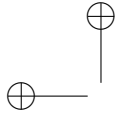
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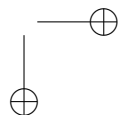
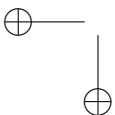


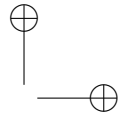
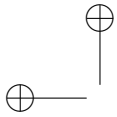


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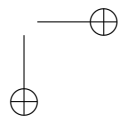
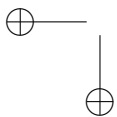
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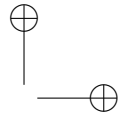
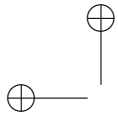
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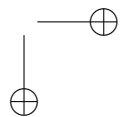
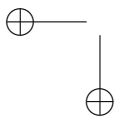
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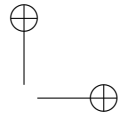
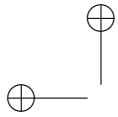




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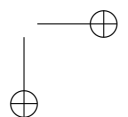
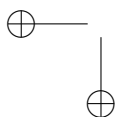
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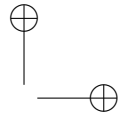
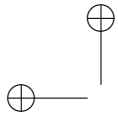
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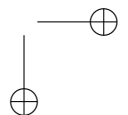
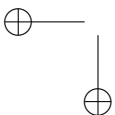


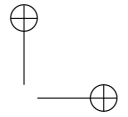
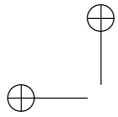
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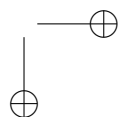
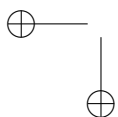
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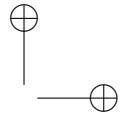
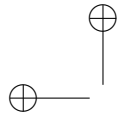
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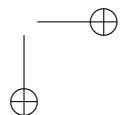
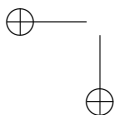
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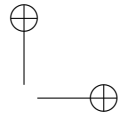
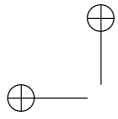




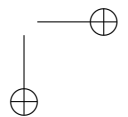
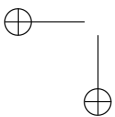
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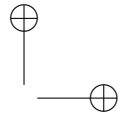
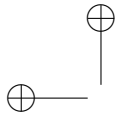
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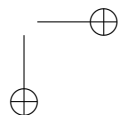
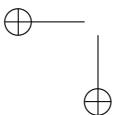


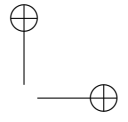
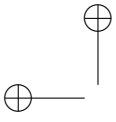
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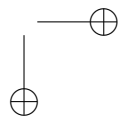
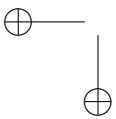


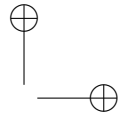
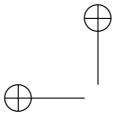
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