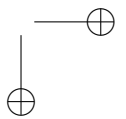
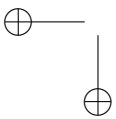
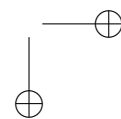
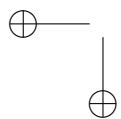
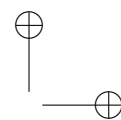
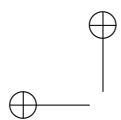
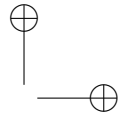
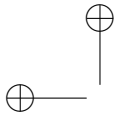


Horace's Ad Pyrrham
A Collection of Translations







Horace's Ad Pyrrham

A Collection of Translations

Isaac Waisberg

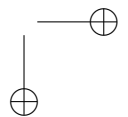
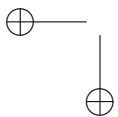
What shady nook receives you –
What trustful idiot's lap –
I do not know – I leaves you
And pities t'other chap!

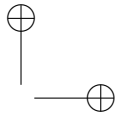
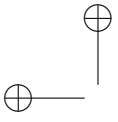
RUDYARD KIPLING

PYRRHA bound up her golden hair;
For whom? Well, Horace didn't know;
Well dressed yet simply, she was fair,
But was she constant? No. And so
Horace, shipwrecked by her of yore,
Thanked Heaven that he'd got safe to shore.

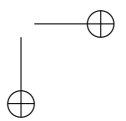
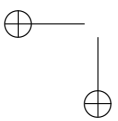
WILLIAM HATHORN MILLS

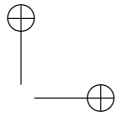
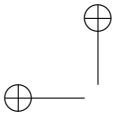
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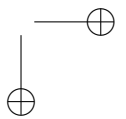
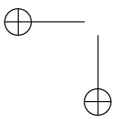


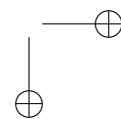
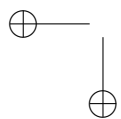
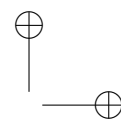
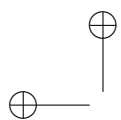
2024





DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF
SIR RONALD STORRS
"THE FIRST OF US"







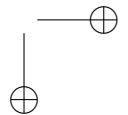
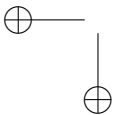
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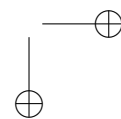
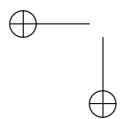
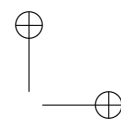
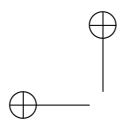
By the time of his death in 1955, Sir Ronald Storrs had collected about 350 translations of the Ode to Pyrrha, including 150 to English, 54 to French, 35 to Italian, 24 to German, 14 to Spanish – and the others to some 25 different languages. By 1959, Sir Charles Tennyson had found 100 additional translations to several languages (about 30 to English), bringing the total to 451. Then, following instructions left by Storrs, he published *Ad Pyrrham: A Polyglot Collection of Translations of Horace's Ode to Pyrrha*, with an introduction by Storrs and a selection of the translations. The selection aimed at covering “as wide a range as possible in country, period and style,” but Tennyson worried about monotony, and chose to include only 63 translations to English, 20 to French, 12 to Italian, 13 to German, 15 to Spanish, two to Welsh, and one to each of 19 other languages. Thinking that the whole set of *English* translations might *not* be monotonous, I decided to put together a collection of as many as I could find.* Yet, after having found 422 translations, I was reminded of what W. H. Auden once wrote (paraphrasing Paul Valéry): “A poem is never finished, only abandoned.”

The translations collected by Storrs and Tennyson are part of the Sir Ronald Storrs Papers at the Pembroke College Library, Cambridge, and I had the opportunity to peruse them. The 63 translations selected by Tennyson and published in 1959 are identified here with an asterisk, those in the collection but not included in the book are identified with a dagger. With ten exceptions, all the translations in the present collection were published *before* 1960, mostly because of copyright restrictions.

Isaac Waisberg
Hod HaSharon, Israel, 2024

*The “Index of First Lines” (p. 453) makes the *lack* of monotony evident.





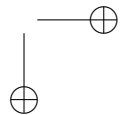
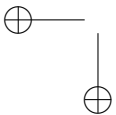


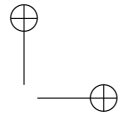
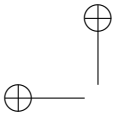
IN LIEU OF A PREFACE

“For one who has passed thirty years... out of England, the changes of thought and habit that have occurred there during that period stand out perhaps more sharply detached than for others, who have been in close and daily contact with ceaseless but infinitesimal modification. Monsieur Paul Cambon, the French Ambassador, contemplating these islands as a foreigner, declared – as his most remarkable impression – that he had lived to witness the complete transfer of political power from one class to another without the shedding of one single drop of blood. To myself, returning home with the curious attention of a tourist, the emergent feature of our modern life is the universal process of levelling – an upward mass-levelling of wonderful rapidity; largely by adapting and recently surpassing the material civilization imposed during the post-War supremacy of the United States. No country that I have visited or studied presents any exception to the general truth that the standard of British living is the highest and its cost relatively the lowest in the world. As a result of this distribution I believe there is in 1937 less disparity in the essentials of life between a working-man and a Prince of the Blood than there was in 1900 between the village schoolmaster and the local squire. For this increasing standardization induced by mass production, and War, and social taxation, an immediate but probably decreasing toll is at present being levied: the toll of spiritual uneventfulness. The general mind is for the moment outstripped by its own physical inventions. Duplication whether of sight or sound exceeds creation. Resulting mass suggestion promises relative safety and ensures positive sameness.” (Ronald Storrs, *Orientalisms*, 1937)



“It is easy to see in Horace the very qualities which had persisted throughout the history of French literature: the sense of proportion, the desire for clarity of thought, the precision of expression, the tendency to banter, the disposition for lightness and airiness even

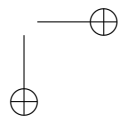
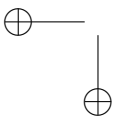


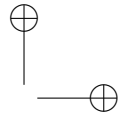
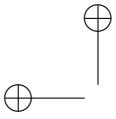


to the point of superficiality, and the inclination toward satire, founded more on mischievousness than on malice. And no one was more typically French in these respects than Voltaire. In addition, the French had developed with surprising consistency the taste for moralizing, particularly when it could be done without an appeal to ponderous systems of thought. Morality for them, as for Horace, was a part of day-to-day living, and, as such, it was tinged with both epicureanism and stoicism – with both the yearning to savor the joys of existence while they are still present and the commonsense, hardheaded firmness of character which comes from the struggle to survive. Even Horace’s limited lyricism, regulated with the same sort of precision as his code of ethics, could appeal to a people who had always looked with displeasure at any attempt to exceed the boundaries of the social order and with some fear of all conceptions of life which attribute the highest values to unrestrained energy and to the fullest expression of feeling. The apportionment of just the proper amount of thought and feeling, with a strict insistence that there always be a predominance of thought, and the desire that the finished product should exhibit delicacy rather than beauty, qualities rather than any supreme quality, taste rather than enthusiasm, were as fundamental to the French as they were to Horace. More than any other poet of antiquity, Horace turned poetry into a philosophy. His verse, whether it took the form of ode, epistle, or satire, was designed to sing forth praise of the good life, to reveal the possibilities it offered for happiness while not ignoring its inevitable but endurable discomforts, to criticize those things and those people who render its full enjoyment difficult, and even to suggest moral legislation which would increase its joys and create for future generations equal opportunities for pleasure. Here, too, with his finest achievement, the identification of art with the pursuit of life itself, Horace shared common ground with the French. And, again, there was in this respect no more typical Frenchman than Voltaire.” (Ira O. Wade, *The Intellectual Development of Voltaire*, 1969)

✱

“So long as the ability to read Horace in Latin was an accomplishment that was almost universal among the lettered public, a scholar’s opinion was not the last word; now, it usually is the last word. Small wonder if lovers of Horace are by now reduced to a very small band





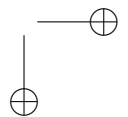
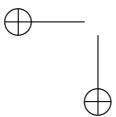
indeed. Small wonder if the point has been reached, in fact, where it has become really quite rare to read anything sensible about Horace's poetry, to hear it treated as poetry at all. Those who have studied it systematically have been taught to despise it. Those who have not had the warmth of their casual, superficial reaction chilled by the ice of learned opinion, run the risk of incurring the derision of what passes for authority if they open their mouths. It is interesting to consider for a moment this increasing domination of opinion about classical literature by professional scholars. The thing is, on the face of it, surprising. For, though sprightliness of taste and imagination are not – happily – always checked by weight of learning, one would have supposed it common knowledge that men whose authority in scholarly matters must pass unquestioned are often men endowed with a more limited sensibility than is needed to ensure reliable opinions about literature." (Kenneth Quinn, "Horace as a Love Poet," *Arion*, 1963)

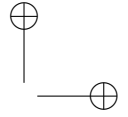
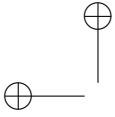


"...greatest among the major virtues of Horace's lyrics has always been ranked their wisdom. For centuries readers have praised their ripe mellowness, their gentle urbanity, the cool, balanced contentment which is always a valuable lesson, but was exceptionally valuable in Horace's own day, when after nearly three generations of civil war and violent emotional stress the Romans had to be shown the virtues of simplicity, calmness, and spiritual order. The same wisdom would make his poems important for our own time, were it possible to translate them adequately." (Gilbert Highet, *Poets in a Landscape*, 1957)



"The question to be answered is, why the Odes of Horace, (for it is the Odes that are the difficulty,) should be less tractable in the hands of the translators, than almost any other ancient work? That they have been so, is allowed on all hands. They are the *opprobrium poetarum*. Every body has tried the adventure, and nobody has succeeded. It is a fine paradox to puzzle the critics, who bawl so loudly for literal translations. No Latin poetry is so easy to construe – none is so plain in diction, so unambitious in sentiment, so simple in



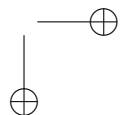
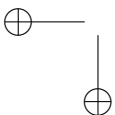


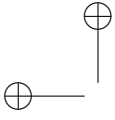
expression, so familiar in design and subject. . . . In our ignorance of ancient music in general, and of the ancient conceptions of melody, it would be arrogant to deny that these pieces may have been sung. Indeed the *Carmen Seculare* no doubt was sung. Still it is difficult to conceive that they could have been so with any good effect. Melody, which can only properly exist in the poetical expression of some passion or intense feeling, requires words conveying similar sentiments. But the Odes of Horace are not, in general, passionate – they are, for the most part, calm, sedate, elegant, and sensible. When passion is betrayed, it is most frequently in touches of irony and sarcasm. His very sorrow is philosophical. The Odes, in fact, are the effusions of a philosopher, whose warmer feelings have been cooled by advancing age and bitter experience. His friendship has outlived his love, and his joviality his courage. He hangs up his wet garments in the temple of Neptune, and fairly jokes about his inconstant Pyrrhas and Lydias, and his ‘relictâ non bene permula,’ more inclined to forget his mishaps over a bottle, or satirize in turn the hard-hearted nymphs who had insulted his advances, than to sigh and complain. These compositions, in short, are those of a wise but social man, who is inclined to enjoy himself, though with elegance and moderation. They abound in friendliness and good fellowship – in practical philosophy and unvarnished sense. They have the air of being written after dinner, or rather after supper – but then it is after a moderate supper. They are exquisitely pleasant little copies of verses, struck off to amuse a friend, to please a patron, to flatter a mistress, or to tease a rival – easy and natural; with little enthusiasm, little artifice, and no romance.” (T. D., “On the Imputed Failure of the Translators of Horace,” *Blackwood’s Edinburgh Magazine*, 1823)

✱

“Reduced to their lowest terms these four highest-wrought quatrains fall into three exactly balanced divisions. ‘Who is your present lover? – four and a half lines; ‘What grisly surprises await him!’ – seven lines; ‘I’m clear, thank God!’ – four and a half lines. Is *that* all? A trivial theme: as a French critic observes, ‘pour lui faire entendre que si ele l’abandonne il est, de son côté, entièrement détaché d’elle.’ Hence the verse translators, anxious to prove for the modern world the mastery of the antique original; and succeeding of course the less as the need is greater. For the more vital the

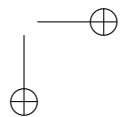
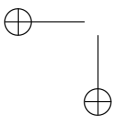
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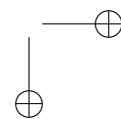
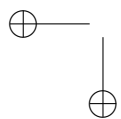
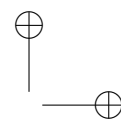
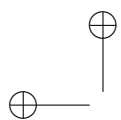




form (as, supremely, in Horace) the more desperately difficult the metempsychosis which true translation ought to be until, rising to music, the quintessential art of arts, which is pure form, there is no rendering into any other medium whatever. For Boswell, ‘The truth is, it is impossible perfectly to translate poetry. In a different language it may be the same tune, but it has not the same tone. Homer plays it on a bassoon; Pope on a flageolet.’ The form of a thought is indeed its very flesh. So that it has been well said by the great American scholar Gildersleeve that ‘Horace’s muse, like his own Lyde, has her hair gathered into a tidy knot after the Laconic fashion.’ English copies are either bald or buried under a horse-hair wig. Indeed Horace remains to this day the type of the untranslatable. . . .

“And still, as matin bee to gracious flower, as moth to candle, as murderer to the scene of his crime, the translator returns to wreak his admiration upon the inimitable defenceless translatee. Why? Why so many (more than upon any other, so far as I know) on this particular Ode? Pyrrha does not pretend to compare with the grandeur of Regulus or Cleopatra – no, nor with *Diffugere nives*; she is surpassed in some of the lighter – such as *Donec gratus*. . . . There are indeed finer odes; there is none more finely finished. The thing is perfect of its kind; try moving or replacing one word. Consider the immediate *entrée en matière*; the *multa* enhancing (though not ‘qualifying’) the *gracilis*; the fourth line – an idyll of the Portland vase; *aurea*, heightening *flavam* – yet itself devalORIZED by *credulus*; the skill with which *aurae* prepares the final metaphor; the *nites* beckoning like a baleful star; and finally, the massive *suspendisse potenti vestimenta* – gravely Doric as some promontory temple of Poseidon. The intimate, affectionate irony of Horace, enhanced by his *curiosa* – his indefinable – *felicitas*, admits us to delicious complicity in an ancient racket embracing the whole of the civilized western world; so that we can understand and honour that last word of Maecenas to Augustus: *Horati Flacci, ut mei, esto memor* – ‘Don’t let poor Flaccus starve.’ I, anyhow, have found it a happy πάρεργον to assemble these three or four hundred persons, of various peoples, places, and periods, in concentration upon sixteen two-thousand-year-old lines: and to have made these discursive, unacademic outpourings my small grateful freewill offering to our eponymous hero and tutelary *numen* – Horace.” (Ronald Storrs, *Ad Pyrrham*, 1959)

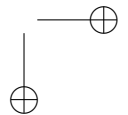
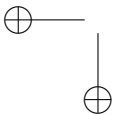


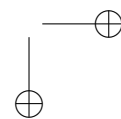
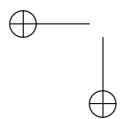
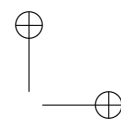
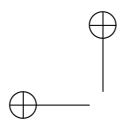


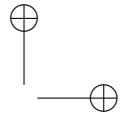
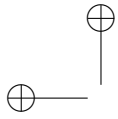


Q. HORATI FLACCI, AD PYRRHAM, 23 B.C.

*Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa
perfusus liquidis urget odoribus
grato, Pyrrha, sub antro?
cui flavam religas comam,
simplex munditiis? heu quotiens fidem
mutatosque deos flebit et aspera
nigris aequora ventis
emirabitur insolens,
qui nunc te fruitur credulus aurea,
qui semper vacuum, semper amabilem
sperat, nescius aurae
fallacis! miseri, quibus
intemptata nites. me tabula sacer
votiva paries indicat uvida
suspendisse potenti
vestimenta maris deo.*

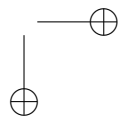
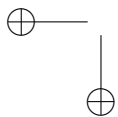


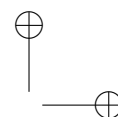
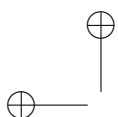




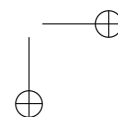
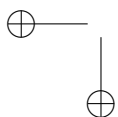
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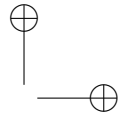
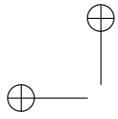
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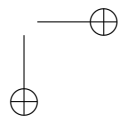
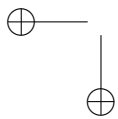


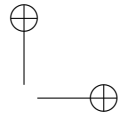
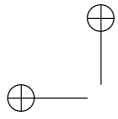
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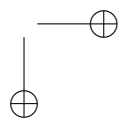
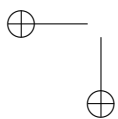


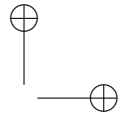
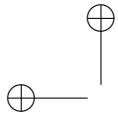
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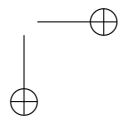
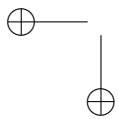


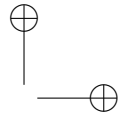
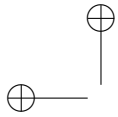
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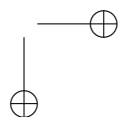
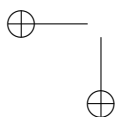


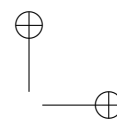
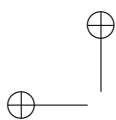
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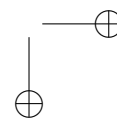
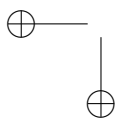


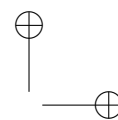
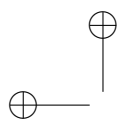
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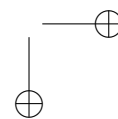
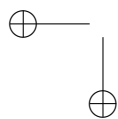


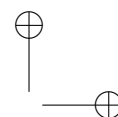
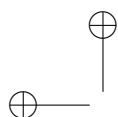
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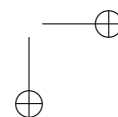
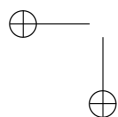


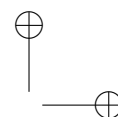
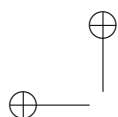
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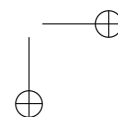
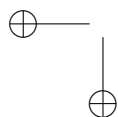


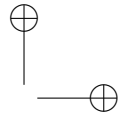
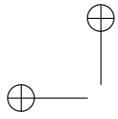
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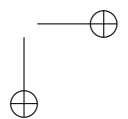
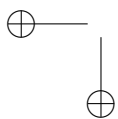


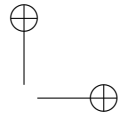
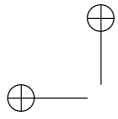
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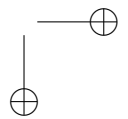
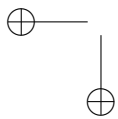


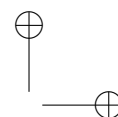
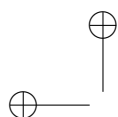
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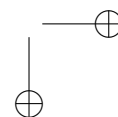
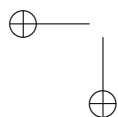


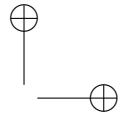
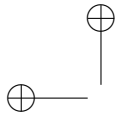
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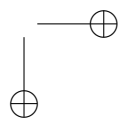
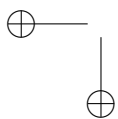


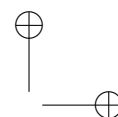
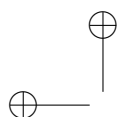
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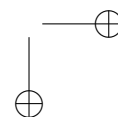
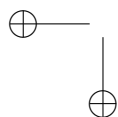


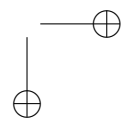
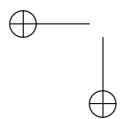
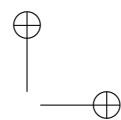
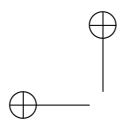


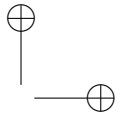
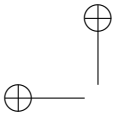
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BACK MATTER

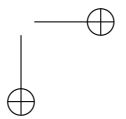
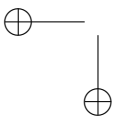
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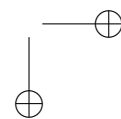
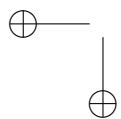
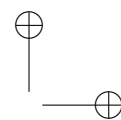
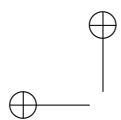






THE TRANSLATIONS







† JOHN ASHMORE, 1621

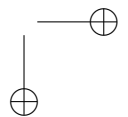
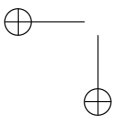
(First Selection of the Odes Published in English)

What pretty youth, weltring in roses
With liquid odors overspred,
O *Pirra* thee in's armes incloses,
When thou loves Lecture hast him read
 Ith' inner bower: Neglecting curious dresses,
 For whom plaitst thou the gold wire of thy tresses?

How oft will he that at his pleasure
Enjoyes thee now (alas) complaine,
That he is robd of that sweet treasure
By angry gods, and vowes made vaine?
 How will he curse the Seas so soon that wrangle,
 Whom such sly baits could not before intangle?

For he poor soule, deceiv'd, beleev'd
Thou wouldst be true to him alone,
And lovely: But his heart, now griev'd,
Thy false inconstancy doth mone.
 His tents he in destructions black field pitches,
 Whom thou untride, with thy fair face bewitches.

The Temples wall, that's consecrated,
To every eye the Table showes
Where my sad ship-wrack is related:
And how ith' midst of all my woes,
 I hung to th' Sea god, after strange beseeches,
 My doublet wringing wet, and cod-piec't breeches.



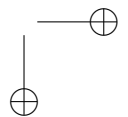
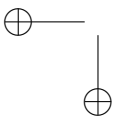


WILLIAM AINSWORTH, C. 1625

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

What young man, Pyrrha, doth thee now embrace,
With perfume ointed, of a comely grace,
For whom thou trimmest up thy yellow hair
Only with this desiring him to cheer.
 Alas! How oft shall he, poor soul, deplore
 That not perform'd which thou hadst sworn before.
O how shall he admire the calmest seas,
On sudden void of pleasure, rest, and ease,
And thee, before which on his will didst wait,
To be inconstant and quite chang'd of late,
 Embracing thee as constant, firm, and true,
 Not knowing that thy faithless deeds ensue.
O woeful men that are by thee ensnar'd!
But me the gods from thy false wiles have spar'd,
And I do offer up to Neptune's shrine
My garments pure, and ne'er defiled by thine
 Untrue, deceitful, fam'd inconstancy,
 As men from shipwrack that have 'scaped free.

NOTE: Three of the translations included in the present collection were discovered by Stuart Gillespie, and published in *Newly Recovered English Classical Translations 1600–1800*: those by William Ainsworth, William Hamilton of Bangour (p. 20), and Gloucester Ridley (p. 21).

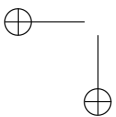


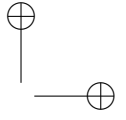


* HENRY RIDER, 1638

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

What tender boy upon a rosie bed,
Being with liquid odours overspred,
Within some pleasant bow'r, doth to thee sue
(O *Pyrrha*) for thy love? for whom doe you
Bind your gold locks, plain in your ornament?
Alas, how oft shall the proud Boy repent
Thy false faith, and contemned deities,
And look with wonderment on those thy seas
Made rough with black winds, who (too credulous Boy)
Dos thee now as some golden prize enjoy?
Who hopes thou'lt still be free to him, still faire,
Ignorant of thy all-deluding aire.
Wretched are they to whom untride you shine;
The wall, by sacred tables made divine,
Shewes I have hung my ship-rackt robe on high
Unto the Oceans potent Deitie.





* WILLIAM BROWNE, N.D.

(c. 1590–1645; Poet)

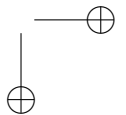
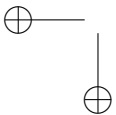
Tell me, Pyrrha, what fine youth,
All perfum'd and crown'd with roses,
To thy chamber thee pursuth,
And thy wanton arm encloses?

What is he thou now hast got,
Whose more long and golden tresses
Into many a curious knot
Thy more curious finger dresses?

How much will he wail his trust,
And, forsook, begin to wonder,
When black winds shall billows thrust,
And break all his hopes in sunder?

Fickleness of winds he knows
Very little that doth love thee;
Miserable are all those
That affect thee ere they prove thee.

I, as one from shipwreck freed,
To the ocean's mighty ranger
Consecrate my dropping weed,
And in freedom think of danger.

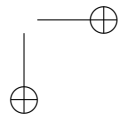
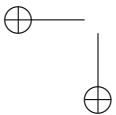




† JOHN SMITH, 1649

(The Lyrick Poet)

What slender youth is he that oft doth meet
With Roses, and moist odours smelling sweet,
Under thy gratefull Cell, O *Pyrrha* faire?
To whom dost thou bind up thy yellow haire?
In outside simple: alas, how in vaine
Shall she of love and changed gods complaine,
To see smooth Seas, with black winds soon made rough,
Nor being skilfull shall complain enough;
Trusting that he alone injoyes thy love
From all; and hopes it never will remove:
Poor simple soul, not knowing thy false heart,
Now woe to whom thou smit'st with unkonwn Art,
The votive picture to the wall made fast,
Doth shew that I my moist cloathes have at last
Hung up to thee, O *Neptune* god of Seas,
Since me to save from shipwrack thou didst please.

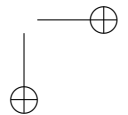
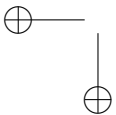




* SIR RICHARD FANSHAWE, 1652

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

What Stripling now Thee discomposes,
In Woodbine Rooms, on Beds of Roses,
 For whom thy Auburn Haire
 Is spread, Unpainted Faire?
How will he one day curse thy Oaths
And Heav'n that witness'd your Betroaths!
 How will the poor Cuckold,
 That deems thee perfect Gold,
Bearing no stamp but his, be mas'd
To see a suddain Tempest rais'd!
 He dreams not of the Windes,
 And thinks all Gold that shines.
For me my Votive Table showes
That I have hung up my wet Clothes
 Upon the Temple Wall
 Of Seas great Admirall.

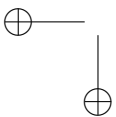


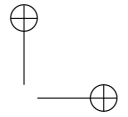
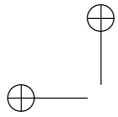


* BARTEN HOLIDAY, 1653

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

What spritely Younker amongst Beds of Roses,
(*Pyrrha*) perfum'd with fragrant sents incloses
Thee skulkt in sweet retire?
Thy fair locks, at whose desire
Pleat'st thou so up, array'd in homely clothes?
O, how he'll wail thy oft-chang'd Gods, and oaths,
And count it wondrous strange
When storms in thy count'nance range!
To whom thou now vouchsaf'st a Golden Grace,
Hoping thou'lt still find leasures for embrace,
And constantly be kind,
Not vers'd in thy crafty mind.
O curst are they who trust thy shining hew!
I hung (as Votive frames in Temples shew)
Moyst robes up to appease
Neptune, powerful God of Seas.





* ABRAHAM COWLEY, 1666

(1618-67; Poet and Essayist)

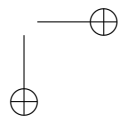
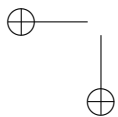
To whom now Pyrrha art thou kind?
To what Heart-ravisht Lover
Dost thou thy golden locks unbind,
Thy hidden sweets discover,
And with large bounty open set
All the bright stores of thy rich Cabinet?

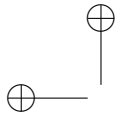
Ah simple youth, how oft will he
Of thy chang'd faith complain?
And his own fortunes find to be
So airy and so vain,
Of so Camelion-like an hew,
That still their colour changes with it too.

How oft alas, will he admire
The blackness of the skies?
Trembling to hear the winds sound higher,
And see the billows rise,
Poor unexperienc'd he,
Who ne'er before alas had been at Sea!

He enjoys thy calmy Sun-shine now,
And no breath stirring hears;
In the clear heaven of thy brow,
No smallest cloud appears;
He sees thee gentle, fair and gay,
And trusts the faithless April of thy May.

Unhappy! thrice unhappy he,
T' whom thou untried dost shine,
But there's no danger now for me,
Since o'er Lorettoes shrine,
In witness of the shipwrack past
My consecrated vessel hangs at last.





* JOHN MILTON, 1673

(1608–74; Poet)

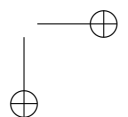
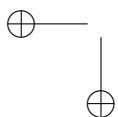
What slender Youth bedew'd with liquid odours
Courts thee on Roses in some pleasant Cave,
Pyrrha for whom bind'st thou
In wreaths thy golden Hair,

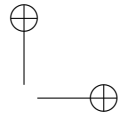
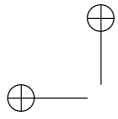
Plain in thy neatness; O how oft shall he
On Faith and changed Gods complain: and
Seas Rough with black winds and storms
Unwonted shall admire:

Who now enjoys thee credulous, all Gold,
Who alwayes vacant, alwayes amiable
Hopes thee; of flattering gales
Unmindfull. Hapless they

To whom thou untry'd seem'st fair. Me in my vow'd
Picture the sacred wall declares t' have hung
My dank and dropping weeds
To the stern God of Sea.

NOTE: Dorothy L. Sayers, in a letter to Sir Ronald Storrs: "True it is that Milton's version is, by now, almost as difficult for us as the original – though his contemporaries must have found it easier. 'Neatness,' 'admire,' 'vacant,' 'amiable' have all changed their meaning; and the construction of 'always vacant, always amiable hopes thee' eludes us. All the same, what he has, and the rest have not, is the indefinable thing called magic. The placing of the name 'Pyrrha' – 'rough with black winds and storms' – 'who now enjoys thee credulous, all gold' – 'my dank and dropping weeds' – those things stick in the memory when phrases like 'his wretched fate deplore,' 'harbour of tranquility' have slid into oblivion – to say nothing of Simon's quite frightful 'winsome mien'! (What word has escaped the barrier of thy teeth?). Well, the only encouragement one can give one's self in translating is to gaze upon the really appalling outrages that others have perpetrated, and to swear that, whatever happens, one will avoid that particular crime!" (Oct. 28, 1953; *Sir Ronald Storrs Papers*, Pembroke College Library, Cambridge). Simon's translation appears on p. 422.





* APHRA BEHN, 1684

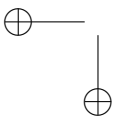
(1640–89; Playwright and Poet)

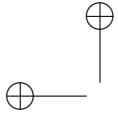
What mean those Amorous Curles of Jet?
For what heart-Ravisht Maid
Dost thou thy Hair in order set,
Thy Wanton Tresses Braid?
And thy vast Store of Beauties open lay,
That the deluded Fancy leads astray.

For pittie hide thy Starry eyes,
Whose Languishments destroy:
And look not on the Slave that dyes
With an Excess of Joy.
Defend thy Coral Lips, thy Amber Breath;
To taste these Sweets lets in a Certain Death.

Forbear, fond Charming Youth, forbear,
Thy words of Melting Love:
Thy Eyes thy Language well may spare,
One Dart enough can move.
And she that hears thy voice and sees thy Eyes
With too much Pleasure, too much Softness dies.

Cease, Cease, with Sighs to warm my Soul,
Or press me with thy Hand:
Who can the kindling fire controul,
The tender force withstand?
Thy Sighs and Touches like wing'd Lightning fly,
And are the God of Loves Artillery.

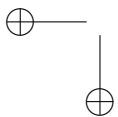




* THOMAS CREECH, 1684

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

What tender Youth upon a Rosy bed,
With Odours flowing round his Head,
Shall ruffle Thee, and lose a heart?
For what fond Youth wilt Thou prepare
The lovely Mazes of thy Hair
And spread Charms neat without the help of Art?
How oft unhappy shall he grieve to find
The fickle Baseness of your Mind?
When he, that ne'er felt storms before,
Shall see black Heaven spread o'er with Clouds,
And threatening Tempests toss the Flouds
Whilst helpless He in vain looks back for Shore.
Now fondly, now He rifles all thy Charms,
He wantons in thy pleasing Arms,
And boasts his happiness compleat:
He thinks that You will always prove
As fair, and constant to his Love;
And knows not how, how soon those smiles may cheat.
Ah! wretched those who love, yet ne'er did try
The smiling treachery of thy Eye!
But I'm secure, my Danger's o'er,
My Table shows the Cloths I vow'd,
When midst the storm, to please the God
I have hung up, and now am safe on shore.

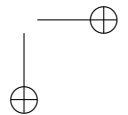
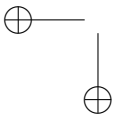


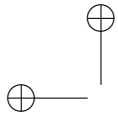


† JOHN HARINGTON, 1684

(c. 1627–1700)

What slender *Youth* (PYRRHA) with *Roses*,
Whose 'nointed *Head* perfumes discloses?
Claspt thee in secret place;
Whilst Beam-like *Hair*, with loosned grace,
Doth simple cleanliness present;
How oft, alas, he'l mourn, lament?
Thy *Vows*, *Gods* chang'd, and lost;
Wondring to find calm *Seas* ore-tost,
Who credulous believes thee now
All *Gold*, still hopes for pleasing *Brow*:
Bad-learn'd in falser *Air*:
Those whom thy *Looks* (untry'd) insnare
Accurst; my self wrack scaping so,
Let powerful Sea-god's *Temple* show
On th' *Wall* my *Thanks*, where now
Wave-drenched *Cloaths* hang up for vow.

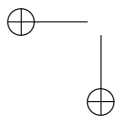




ROBERT CLAVERING, 1707

(1671–1747; Regius Professor of Hebrew, Oxford; Bishop of Peterborough)

Pyrrha, what young tender Boy
Shall thee on rosie Beds enjoy?
Tell me, O tell me, Charming Fair,
For whom you spread your Golden Hair?
To whom do you your Charms display,
And all your Beauties naked lay?
What Youth is to be happy made
Beneath this grateful pleasant Shade?
Alas! how will he curse the Charms,
That led him Captive in thy Arms?
How will he curse thy broken Vow?
And Heav'n that did thy Oaths allow?
When he expected still to find
New Joys in thee to please his Mina,
And that thou always would'st be kind.
When he thought all thy Charms Divine,
No Beauty and no Truth like thine:
Not dreaming of a Tempest, when
He saw all clear and all serene:
O how amaz'd the Wretch will be,
When by thy Falshood he shall see
A sudden dark tempestuous Sea?
Mistaken Fool, who ne'er before,
Had ventur'd from his native Shore;
For Me, who have your Falshood known,
My Votive Table shews I've done:
That I'll no more believe thy Smiles,
Thy Sighs, and Tears, and winning Wiles;
But keep my self secure ashore,
And trust the Winds and Waves no more.

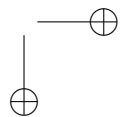
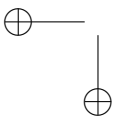


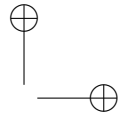
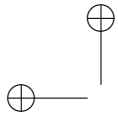


* PHILIP HORNECK, 1708

(1674–1728; Chaplain to Lord Guildford and Solicitor to the Treasury)

Pyrrha, what slender well-shap'd Beau,
Perfumed with Essence haunts thee now,
And lures thee to some kind Recess,
To Sport on Rose-Beds sunk in Ease?
Prithee what Youth would'st thou insnare,
Artless and clean, with flowing Hair?
How oft will he have cause to mourn
Thy broken Vows and Cupid's Scorn?
Unskill'd as yet, he'd wondering spy
Fresh tempests raging in that Eye,
From whence he hop'd a Calmer Sky,
Who now poor Gull enjoys the Bliss,
Thinks you divine and solely his:
Born down the Tide with easie Sail,
Little suspects an Adverse Gale.
Thrice wretched they who feel thy Darts,
Whilst Strangers to thy Coquet Arts!
My Garments in the Fane display'd,
As Trophies that my Vows are paid,
Own the Great Ruler of the Sea
Author of my Delivery.

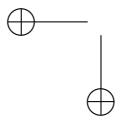




* WILLIAM OLDISWORTH, 1713

(1680–1734; Writer and Translator)

What well-shap'd Lover in the Rosie Shade,
With fragrant Limbs and Sweet Address,
Shall to thy warm Embraces press,
In all thy loose Attire and wanton Airs display'd?
Bright Charmer, nicely clean tho' Plain!
How shall the Youth with sad Surprise,
See angry Storms and Tempests rise,
And all this Calm of Love break into fierce Disdain?
He doats, he raves with Bliss, whilst thou art kind;
Ah Wretch! undone by Am'rous Smiles,
Who sees thy Charms and not thy Wiles;
For thou art light as Air, inconstant as the Wind.
Learn from my Fate; by Tides and Whirlwinds tost,
I reach'd the shore, half-drown'd in Brine;
My tablet hangs on *Neptune's* Shrine,
To warn all other Sailors from the dangerous Coast.

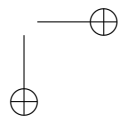
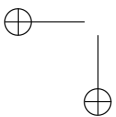




* HENRY COXWELL, 1718

(*The Odes of Horace*)

What Stripling, *Pyrrha*, what Perfumed Boy,
Is thy lewd Art contriving to decoy;
Entic'd by thee to some lone Cave, or Grove,
Fit for thy private Purposes of Love?
For whom dost thou in sober Dress appear,
With clean, and modest Tire to thy Hair?
How oft, alas! will the poor Captive grieve,
That does thy promis'd Constancy believe?
When he perceives that pleasant smiling Face
Change, and look Frowning, as the angry Seas,
And *Venus*, and her Son, depart and fly,
And all the Gods quite Vanish'd that were nigh.
Unhappy, and too Miserable He,
That unexperienc'd sets his Love on Thee!
To *Neptune* I have offer'd up my Store,
Since I escaped Shipwrack on thy Shore.

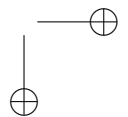
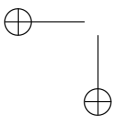


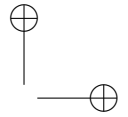
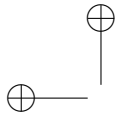


† JOHN HANWAY, 1720

(*Translations of Several Odes of Horace*)

What Stripling essenc'd, in some cool Recess,
Does, *Pyrrha*, thee on Beds of Roses press?
For whom dost thou, with such an easy
Air Genteely dress'd, adjust thy Golden Hair?
Poor unexperienc'd Youth! he'll quickly find
His Tide of Pleasure ruffled by the Wind!
How oft shall he that now enjoys thee, say,
How *Pyrrha* differs from her self to Day!
For in his next Adventure, full of Joy,
You'l prove engag'd, or more surprizing, coy.
Woe be to them, whom your bright Charms allure,
And think themselves before they've try'd you, sure!
My dripping Jacket, which you might have wrung,
Sacred to *Neptune*, on his Wall I've hung.

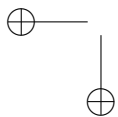


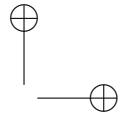
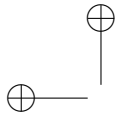


JAMES WARD, 1720

(Miscellaneous Poems, Translations, and Imitations)

Come, Pyrrha, tell what lover now
Is most in your good graces?
On what lac'd coat, or scented beau,
In publick you your smiles bestow,
And more in private places.
What easy heart do you invade
By all this nice adorning?
For what vain fop is now display'd
The mechlin lace and rich brocade,
At toilet spent the morning?
Ah! how he'll rage, when midst his calm
Tempestuous clouds shall gather,
When he beholds the low'ring storm,
That faithless brow of thine deform,
Untry'd in boist'rous weather!
Whom now thy look serene beguiles,
Ah poor, unthinking creature!
Who credulous, enjoys thy smiles,
And never dreaming of thy wiles,
Now thinks thee all good-nature.
He feels thy charms in wretched hour,
That's to thy ways a stranger:
As for my part, my turn is o'er,
I've scap'd the deep, and safe from shore,
Look on another's danger.

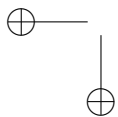


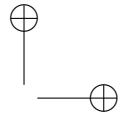
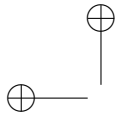


WILLIAM HAMILTON OF BANGOUR, C. 1720 (1)

(1704–1754; Poet)

What happy youth, Maria, now
Breathes in thy willing ear his vow?
With whom spend'st thou thy evening hours
Amidst the sweets of breathing flowers?
For whom retired to secret shade,
Soft on thy panting bosom laid,
Setst thou thy looks with nicest care,
And bind'st in gold thy flowing hair?
O neatly plain! How oft shall he
Bewail thy false inconstancy?
Condemn'd perpetual frowns to prove,
How often weep thy alter'd love?
Who thee, too credulous, hopes to find,
As now still golden and still kind;
And heedless now of fortune's power
Sets far away the evil hour.
How oft shalt thou, ill starr'd, bewail
Thou trusted to the faithless gale?
When unaccustom'd to survey
The rising winds and swelling sea;
When clouds shall rise on that dear face,
That shone adorn'd in every grace;
That yet untaught in wicked wiles,
Was wont to appear to thee in smiles.
Wretched they to whom thou shinest, untried
Thy shifting calm and treacherous tide:
For me, once shipwreck'd, now on shore,
I venture out my bark no more.

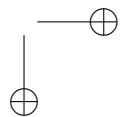
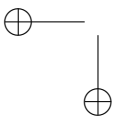


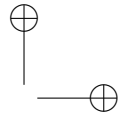
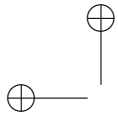


WILLIAM HAMILTON OF BANGOUR, c. 1720 (2)

(1704–1754; Poet)

What slender youth, my Pyrrha, now
Dropping with odour's liquid dew,
Thee to the grateful cave invites
And urges to the soft delights,
Where flow'rs the bed of love compose,
The down profuse of many a rose?
To whom thy length of yellow hair
Thou ty'st behind, t'express
Sweet negligence of artful care,
Plain in virginity of dress?
How oft shall he with wat'ry eyes
Lament the alienated skies,
Thy broken faith, and to his cost
The beauty of the ocean lost
Admire, a stranger to the sight,
Rough with storms and black with night?
Who now possesses thee, all gold,
Who, fond believer, hopes to hold
Still vacant to himself, and free,
Ever in sunshine and serene;
Of flatt'ring gales unskilful he
That may disturb the smiling scene.
Miserable! When untried
To whom thou shin'st; escap'd the tide,
The sacred Tablet speaks for me,
High on the votive wall along
My garment dropping wet t'have hung
To the potent God of sea.





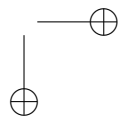
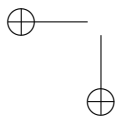
GLOCESTER RIDLEY, c. 1720

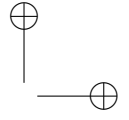
(1702–74; Writer)

What well-shap'd youth, false Pyrrha, say,
Perfum'd with Essence, sweet and gay,
In the cool Grotto of the Grove,
Upon the fragrant rosy Bed,
On thy fair Breast reclines his Head,
And breathes his ardent Love;
Tell me, for whom dost thou neglect
(Too skilful in the Art to please)
Thy golden Hair? For whom affect
That elegant Simplicity of Dress?

Alas, the easy, credulous Youth
Thinks thee all Constancy and Truth;
Untouch'd by any ruffling Blast,
Trusts in the Summer of thy Smiles,
With the fair Show himself beguiles,
And thinks the Calm will last;
But soon the furious Storms shall rise,
And then the wretch shall start to find
A boist'rous wind, and stormy Skies,
And wonder at perfidious womankind.

Unhappy they whose witless Hearts,
Unpractis'd in thy subtle Arts,
Are doom'd to drag thy tyrant Chain;
Myself have known thee, to my Cost,
And once I gave myself for lost,
But now respire again –
I bless the gracious Pow'rs above
That sav'd me from the Witchcraft of thy Love.

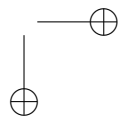
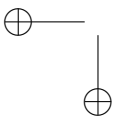


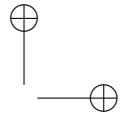
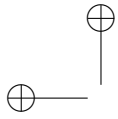


ANONYMOUS, 1725

(The British Journal)

What stripling Youth, in some convenient Shade,
Does Pyrrha tempt, on Beds of Roses laid?
For whose Reception does the Nymph prepare,
That something, so genteel, in Dress and Air?
Poor unexperienced Youth! he'll quickly find,
His Tide of Pleasure ruffled by the Wind;
For in his next Adventure, full of Joy,
She'll prove engag'd, or (more surprizing!) coy.
Thank my kind Stars I'm safely got to shore,
Resolv'd to trust that treacherous Calm no more.





LEONARD WELSTED, 1727

(1688–1747; Poet)

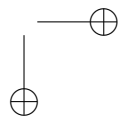
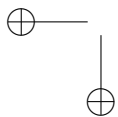
Who, *Amorett*, is now the Joy
Of thy fond heart? what blooming Boy,
Rich-essenc'd, and on Rose-beds laid,
Pant's o'er thee in the Grotto's Shade?

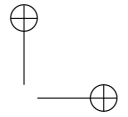
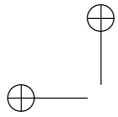
For whom, like Rural Maidens fair,
Wreath'st thou with Flow'rs thy flaxen Hair?
How oft shall He thy Faith arraign?
Of the chang'd Gods how oft complain?

With what surprize, unwont, survey
The lowring Heav'ns and clouded Day?
The Youth, who, now with Smiles carest,
Trusts in the Charms, that make him blest:

Who paints thee vacant, lovely, kind;
Unweening of the faithless Wind!
Curs'd! who to those false Smiles confide;
Doat on that darling Face untried!

In yonder *Tablett* 'tis exprest,
That I have hung my Sea-dank Vest,
An Offering, in his sacred Shrine,
To the great Power, that rules the Brine.





ANONYMOUS, 1729

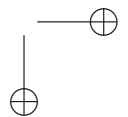
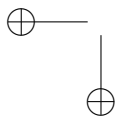
(*The Weekly Medley and Literary Journal*)

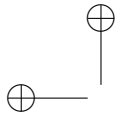
What Youth in rosy Bower laid,
His Locks with liquid Odours spread,
Now hugs thee to his panting Breast?
And thinks no Mortal half so blest?
For whom dost thou, enchanting Fair,
In Wrinklets wreath thy flowing Hair?
For whom, my *Pyrrha*, dost thou deign
To deck thus elegantly plain?

Th' unwary Wretch, who sees no Guile,
Drinks Poison in at ev'ry Smile,
And figures to his flatt'ring Mind
Thee, always vacant, always kind;
Unwont to see, unwont to hear
One chiding Word, or Look severe;
How shall he view, with secret Dread,
That heavenly Face with Clouds o'erspread?
How often curse his fatal Love?
His gods? who so inconstant prove.

Ah, hapless they! who view that Face
Adorn'd with ev'ry winning Grace;
Unknowing *Pyrrha's* fickle Heart
Full fraught with all-deceiving Art.

In yonder votive Tablet's read
How I, from dreadful Ship-wreck freed,
My dropping Weeds hung up to Thee,
Great *Neptune*, Ruler of the Sea.





P., 1735

(*The Prompter*)

RECITATIVO

On Beds of Roses, *Pyrrha*, say?
What *well-shap'd* Youth perfum'd with Oil,
In some cool *Grott*, Excluding-Day,
Urges thee close with am'rous Toil?
For whom thus *careless knot* thy Hair?
More *charming* in thy want of *Care*!

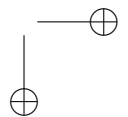
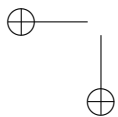
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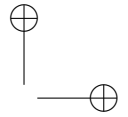
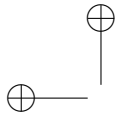
How oft shall be, *ill-fated* Youth!
With Tear regret thy *Breach of Truth*?
Thy faithless Gods! and Sea, at last,
By Tempests and black Winds o'ercast!
Which he, *unus'd*, with Wonder shall behold!
Who, *cred'lous*, thinks thee now like Gold!
Hoping, thou (vain Hope!) wilt be
Ever *lovely*, ever free!
Fond Youth! He little knows
The treach'rous Wind that blows!
Hapless they! that in their Arms,
Clasp thy *unexperienc'd* Charms!

RECITATIVO

Scap'd from the Storm, and safe ashore,
In *Neptune's* Shrine I've hung my Cloaths;
There too, the *Votive Picture* shows,
Once Ship-wreck'd, I'll to Sea no more.

NOTE: The translation is very likely by William Popple (cf. p. 38), who, together with Aaron Hill (whose translation appears on p. 40), edited *The Prompter* at the time.

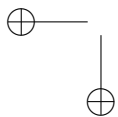


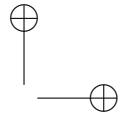
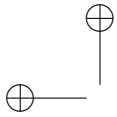


RICHARD WEST, 1737

(1716-42; Poet)

Say what dear Youth his amorous rapture breathes
Within thy arms beneath some Grott reclin'd?
 Pyrrha, for whom dost thou in wreathes
 Thy golden tresses bind
In plainness elegant? how oft shall he
Complain alas! upon the fickle skies
 And suddenly astonish'd see
 The blackning tempest rise:
Who now enjoys thee, happy in Conceit
Who fondly thinks thy love can never fail
 Never to him – unmindful yet
 Of the fallacious Gale.
Wretch! to whom thou untry'd seemest fair,
For me, I've 'scap'd the Wreck; let yonder fane
 Inscrib'd my gratitude declare
 To him that rules the Main.





† THOMAS HARE, 1737

(“Master of Blandford School”)

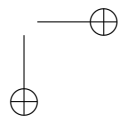
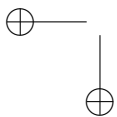
What shapely Beau on Roses laid
Rich Odours breathing from his Head,
Beneath a secret, sweet Alcove,
Invites thee, *Pyrrha*, to his Love?

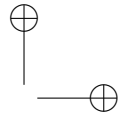
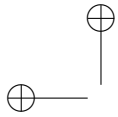
For whom, fair Tempter, do'st thou bind
Thy golden Locks in Wreaths behind?
For whom engagingly express
That simple Elegance of Dress?

How oft alas! shall he complain
Of adverse Gods, Vows made in vain;
And view the Sea with vast Surprise
In low'ring Storms tremendous rise;

Who now enjoys thee, charming Fair,
A Stranger to thy flatt'ring Air;
Who fondly hopes he still shall find
Thee disengag'd, and gently kind.

Wretched are those thy Face beguiles,
Who ne'er have prov'd thy treach'rous Smiles;
I just have 'scap'd the raging Brine,
And (joyous) hung my Weeds at *Neptune's* Shrine.





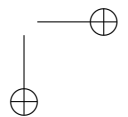
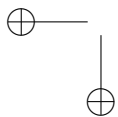
* JOHN BOYLE, EARL OF ORRERY, 1737

(1707–62; Author of *Remarks on the Life and Writings of Jonathan Swift*)

When to that dear, but inauspicious Bow'r,
Fann'd with the Breath of ev'ry fragrant Flow'r,
(Where circling Boughs, in verdant Pomp array'd,
Paint the still Covert with a pleasing Shade)
You, Love dissembling, feign a kind Retreat,
Your Looks all mild and languishingly sweet;
Say, *Pyrrha*, say, what gay unpractis'd Youth,
Lur'd by that Air of unaffected Truth,
What gaudy Stripling, eager to be blest,
Sinks a glad Victim on thy perjured Breast?
And, while essential Sweets their Odours spread,
Clasps thee with Ardour on the rosy Bed?

O wondrous Nymph! whose piercing Charms confess
Thy Form resistless, unadorn'd with Dress,
Beauteous by Nature, without Art too fair,
Tell me for whom thy Amber-colour'd Hair
In silken Wreaths its radiant Lustre shews,
Plays in each Motion, and in Ringlets flows:

Ill-fated Youth! undone, whoe'er he be,
While you, thus falsely, thus engaging, free,
With specious Innocence your Joys dispense,
And feast with Extasy the ravish'd Sense;
He, lost in Transports, forms an airy Scene
Of vast Delights, the Heav'ns appear serene,
Smooth glides the Surface of the crystal Stream,
And Fancy wantons in the golden Dream,
Still hopes the same, and credulously fond
Boasts thee secure in Faith's eternal Bond;
Alas! too soon he'll feel his rash Mistake,
When from the soft Delusion forc'd to wake,
Starting he views the Heav'ns with Clouds o'ercast,
The furrow'd Ocean black'ning ot the Blast

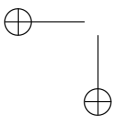


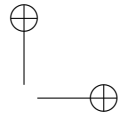
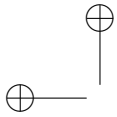


Of angry Winds, and all the promis'd Bliss
Sunk in the Tumult of the dread Abys.
How will he then in wild Despair lament
The wondrous Change, and curse the sad Event!

Gods! what a Train of Ills those Wretches wait,
Who proudly court their yet untasted Fate;
Gaze on thy Charms, yet not suspect thy Wiles,
And catch at Ruin in ambiguous Smiles.

Once big with Hope, I spread my swelling Sails,
Vainly secure of ever prosp'rous Gales,
Yet scarcely launch'd into the Deep, was met
By warring Winds, and raging Waves beset.
Long on the faithless Ocean rudely tost,
The Sport of Storms, my Bark at length was lost;
When some kind *Triton*, rushing to my Aid,
Caught me expiring, and to Land convey'd.
Now safe on Shore, by *Neptune's* great Decree,
With pious Gratitude, I'll quit the Sea,
Passion no more, with all its glitt'ring Train
Of frantick Joys, shall tempt me out again;
But noble Reason shall the Tide controul,
And virtue fix her Empire in my Soul.





* ANONYMOUS, 1741

(*The Gentleman's Magazine*)

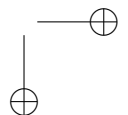
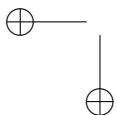
What youthful swain on roses laid,
Beneath a grotto's am'rous shade,
Now courts thee, *Pyrrha*, to his arms,
And views with rapture all thy charms?
For whom this wond'rous care to please
And all this artful negligence of dress?

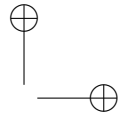
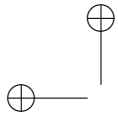
Alas, how oft' will he complain,
Of broken vows and harsh disdain!
How oft', unskilful youth! survey
With wonder, the tempestuous sea;
While winds unusual round him rise,
And dash the billows to the gloomy skies.

He now enjoys thy kindest beams,
And fondly trusts in golden dreams
Of spotless faith; expecting thee,
Forever constant, calm and free:
Nor knows how soon the flatt'ring gales
Will sink the bark, which now but fill the sails.

Ah! hapless they who trust the snare,
And, unexperienc'd, think thee fair.
For me – escap'd the dashing flood,
I consecrate the votive wood,
And vesture dropping from the sea,
To that auspicious pow'r who set me free.

NOTE: Appears in Storrs as having been published in 1778, but the translation first appeared in *The Gentleman's Magazine* in 1741, and then was included in John Parke's *The Lyric Works of Horace*, published in 1786. The book, dedicated to George Washington, was the first American translation of all the odes, most of which were translated by Parke himself.





* PHILIP FRANCIS, 1743

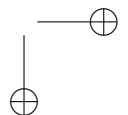
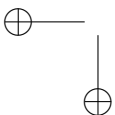
(1708–73; Clergyman and Writer)

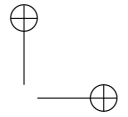
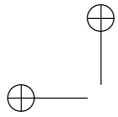
While liquid odours round him breathe,
What youth, the rosy bower beneath,
 Now courts thee to be kind?
Pyrrha, for whose unwary heart
Do you, thus dress'd with careless art,
 Your yellow tresses bind?

How often shall th' unpractised youth
Of alter'd gods, and injured truth
 With tears, alas! complain?
How soon behold with wondering eyes
The black'ning winds tempestuous rise,
 And scowl along the main?

While by his easy faith betray'd,
He now enjoys thee, golden maid,
 Thus amiable and kind;
He fondly hopes, that you shall prove
Thus ever vacant to his love,
 Nor heeds the faithless wind.

Unhappy they, to whom untried
You shine, alas! in beauty's pride;
 While I, now safe on shore,
Will consecrate the pictured storm,
And all my grateful vows perform
 To Neptune's saving power.





SIR CHARLES HANBURY WILLIAMS, 1743

(1708–59; Diplomat, Writer, and Satirist)

What (good Lord Bath) prim patriot now
With courtly graces wooes thee?
And from St. Stephen's Chapel to
The House of Lords pursues thee?

How gay and debonnair you're grown!
How pleas'd with what is past!
Your title has your judgment shewn,
And choice of friends your taste.

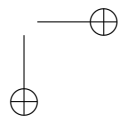
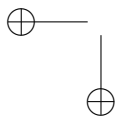
With sparkling wits to entertain
Yourself and your good Countess,
You've hit on sweet lipp'd Harry Vane,
And high bred Harry Furnese.

But to direct the affairs of state,
What geniuses you've taken!
Their talents, like their virtues, great
Or all the world's mistaken.

The task was something hard, 'tis true,
Which you had on your hands;
So, to please prince and people too,
You wisely pitch'd on Sandys.

O Britain! never any thing
Could so exactly hit you:
His mien and manners charm'd the king,
His parts amaz'd the city.

But to make all things of a piece,
And end as you begun;
To find a genius such as his,
What was there to be done?





O where – where were he to be found?
Such stars but rare appear!
Dart not their rays on ev'ry ground,
Gild ev'ry hemisphere.

But you with astronomic eyes,
Not Tycho Brahe's more true,
From far spy'd some bright orbs arise,
And brought them, to our view.

Sir John's clear head and sense profound
Blaz'd out in parliament;
Gibbons, for eloquence renown'd,
To grace the court was sent.

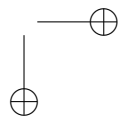
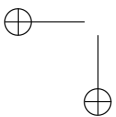
To these congenial souls you join'd
Some more, as choice and proper,
Bright Bootle, darling of mankind!
Good Limerick – and sage Hooper.

Such virtue and such wisdom shone
In ev'ry chosen spirit!
All men at least this truth must own,
Your nice regard to merit!

What prayers and praise to you belong,
For this blest reformation!
Thou joy of ev'ry heart and tongue!
Thou saviour of the nation!

O Walpole, Walpole, blush for shame!
With all your tools around you!
Does not each glorious patriot name
Quite dazzle and confound you.

Had you sought out this patriot race,
Triumphant still you 'd been;
By only putting them in place,
You had yourself kept in.

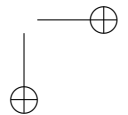
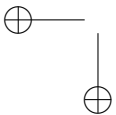


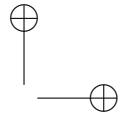
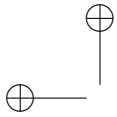


ANONYMOUS, 1745

(The Fifth Ode of the First Book of Horace Imitated)

Prithee, Dear D—, what Statesman now,
Is with your Friendship bless'd?
For whom do *Cl—m—nt's* Laurels grow?
For whom are Dinners dress'd?
Alas, how oft will He lament
Your faithless Disposition,
And, wond'ring at your Whims, repent
The Change of his Condition;
Who thoughtless now of future Fate
Enjoys the present Hour,
And hopes to share, in Ch—rch and St—te,
The Plunder and the Power.
As for my Part, I laugh the While,
To see Men trust your Gr—ce,
Who, thank my God! ne'er sought your Smile,
Nor ever had a Pl—ce.

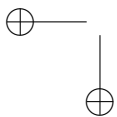


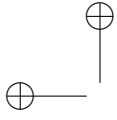


ANONYMOUS, 1747

(The Museum)

What Youth perfum'd with liquid Sweets,
Genteely drest, thee *Pyrrha* greets,
On Beds of fragrant Roses laid,
Beneath a pleasant secret Shade?
For what Gallant dost Thou prepare
The golden Ringlets of thy Hair:
Artlessly neat? How will the Swain
Of thy Inconstancy complain;
And faithless Gods! with what Surprize
Must he behold the Storms arise;
Who now enjoys thy easy Smile,
And thinks it never can beguile;
Who hopes alone to clasp thy Charms,
And find thee yielding to his Arms,
Unknowing thy deceitful Airs!
Wretched, who cannot see thy Snares,
Yet trust thy Face. The Temple shows
My late Escape, and finish'd Vows.

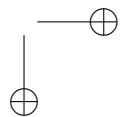
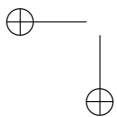


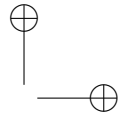
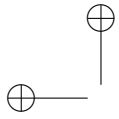


ANONYMOUS, 1748

(The Gentleman's Magazine)

Whence this triumphant smile you wear?
Why this gay dress? this flowing hair?
Say, *B-ge*, say, what graceful swain,
Proud to endure the pleasing pain,
Seeks the dark covert of the grove,
To pour a melting tale of love.
Unhappy youth! tho' now he feel
A joy that words can ne'er reveal,
And fondly hopes in thee to find
A heart still constant, and still kind,
Enchanted by thy heav'nly form,
And thoughtless of th' impending storm,
How soon astonish'd, shall he see
Thy broken faith, thy perjury,
And curse that more than fatal day,
Which gave his wiling soul away!
For me, the tempest safely o'er,
With joy I tread the friendly shore,
Bless the kind power that set me free,
And triumph in my liberty:
Nor *Mira's* self shall make me prove,
Anew, the boist'rous sea of love.





* LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU, 1750

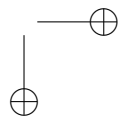
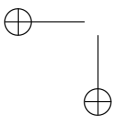
(1689–1762; Writer and Poet)

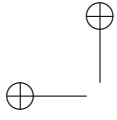
For whom are now your Airs put on?
And what new Beauty doom'd to be undone?
That careless Elegance of Dress,
This Essence that perfumes the Wind,
Your every motion does confess
Some secret Conquest is design'd.

Alas the poor unhappy Maid,
To what a train of ills betraid!
What fears! what pangs shall rend her Breast!
How will her eyes dissolve in Tears!
That now with glowing Joy is blest,
Charm'd with the faithless vows she hears.

So the young Sailor on the Summer Sea
Gaily pursues his destin'd way,
Fearless and careless on the deck he stands,
Till sudden storms arise, and Thunders rowl,
In vain he casts his Eye to distant Lands,
Distracting Terror tears his timerous Soul.

For me, secure I view the raging Main,
Past are my Dangers, and forgot my Pain,
My Votive Tablet in the temple shews
The Monument of Folly past,
I paid the bounteous God my gratefull vows
Who snatch'd from Ruin sav'd me at the last.



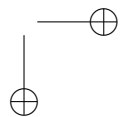
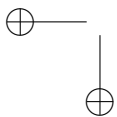


WILLIAM POPPLE, C. 1750

(1700–64; Poet and Playwright)

On beds of Roses, *Pyrrha*, say,
In some cool Grot, excluding Day;
What well-shap'd *Youth*, perfum'd with Oil,
Urges thee close, with am'rous Toil?
For whom ty'st thou thy golden hair?
Still *charming* in neglect of care!
How oft shall he (ill-fated *Youth*!)
With Tears regret thy breach of *Truth*?
Thy faithless *Gods*, and *Sea* at last,
With *Tempests* and black *Winds* o'ercast;
Which he who thinks thee pure as *Gold*,
Too credulous shall soon behold!
Believing *Thou* (vain hope!) wilt be,
Still *lovely*, *disengag'd* and *free*!
Alas! fond *Youth*! he little knows,
The smooth, but *treach'rous Wind*, that blows!
Unhappy *those*, who in their Arms,
Shall clasp thy *unexperienc'd* charms!
Suspended in great *Neptune's Fane*,
My *Cloaths* and *Picture* now remain:
A *monument*, that safe on shore,
Thy *Lover* will to *Sea* no more.

NOTE: Alexander Pope resented Popple for publishing “abuses” on his work in *The Prompter*, for instance: “Well! ’tis acknowledg’d – Since at length it must – \ POPE’s *Numbers* are not always *chast*, or *just*. \ What fond Admirer, partial to his Name, \ Will not confess, ev’n POPE may *merit Blame*? \ Who will deny, but that *sometimes* his Pen \ SPORTS CRUELLY, ON CHARACTERS and MEN?” (Horace, *Satires* I.10; Nov. 21, 1735) Pope’s resentment took the shape of a line in the *Dunciad*: “Lo P–p–le’s brow tremendous to the town.”

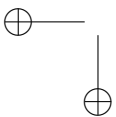


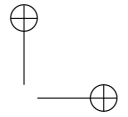
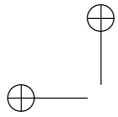


ANONYMOUS, 1750

(The Student, or, The Oxford Monthly Miscellany)

What essenc'd youth on beds of roses laid
Courts thee, O Pyrrha, in some pleasing shade,
In artless elegance of dress array'd?
What fav'rite swain commands thy nicest care,
And bids those ringlets grace thy flaxen hair?
Oft of the Gods he'll with a sigh complain,
Oft at your broken vows lament in vain:
Secure and heedless of the shifting scene,
Surpriz'd he'll view that aspect once serene
Ruff'd with frowns; who now within his arms
Thinks he possesses you in all your charms;
And too too easily believes you'll prove
True to his passion, yielding to his love.
Wretched are those, whom that fair form beguiles,
Dupes to your charms, and victims of your smiles!
My weeds all wet and dripping from the main,
And votive tablet hung on high proclaim
My bliss secure, and peace restor'd again.





AARON HILL, 1753

(1685–1750; Poet and Playwright)

Cool, within the Grotto toying,
Soft, on scatter'd roses laid,
What young *bud* art thou destroying?
WHY, to day, those charms display'd?

Trimly plain, in subtle sweetness,
What fond heart is, here, beset?
Why, with negligent completeness,
Loosely curls that tressy net?

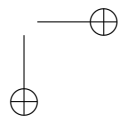
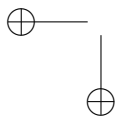
Soon, by sufferings, taught to *know* thee,
O! ye changeful Gods! he cries,
Too, too light, thy falsehoods show thee,
Late, the fond believer's *wise*:

Then, with foolish wonder, starting,
He *compares* thy *sunshine*, past,
With those *storms* of spleen's preparing,
Which thy present looks o'ercast!

Silly truster! vain supposer!
In his am'rous, empty, mind,
Soft he forms thee joy's disposer:
Ever grateful, hush'd, and kind.

Out alas! and shame upon thee!
Little dreams he what a *sky*,
Heaping clouds in whirlwinds on thee,
Soon shall dim thy future eye.

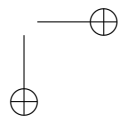
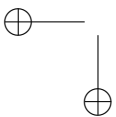
Pity, Gods! those faithful creatures,
Yet, unbroke to woman's arts:
Fondly trusting lovely features,
And for *smiles*, exchanging *hearts*.

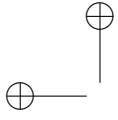




As for *me*, by heaven befriended,
Long ago, I 'scap'd the storm:
Safe, with all my sails extended,
Flying from that fraudulent form:
Broad, my *pictur'd story*, flaming,
Now shall Love's gay temple grace:
From some pillar's height, proclaiming
Warnings, to the *rising race*.

NOTE: "Too versatile to achieve great distinction, Hill was too energetic not to make his presence widely felt. As traveller, tutor, secretary, poet, translator, historian, dramatist, stage manager, opera librettist, critic and essayist, teacher of dramatic art, and commercial projector he was constantly active. But in spite of his manifold claims to notice, in spite of his connection with Peterborough, with Handel, with Fielding, with Voltaire, Hill has never been given more adequate attention than the few pages in 'Cibber's Lives' or the summary paragraphs by Leslie Stephen in the 'Dictionary of National Biography.'" (G. F. Whicher, "Review of *Aaron Hill* by Dorothy Brewster," 1914)

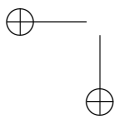


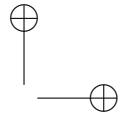
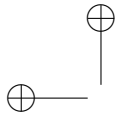


* WILLIAM DUNCOMBE, 1757

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

What slender Boy, with Odours sweet,
Shall in a Grotto's cool Retreat,
Thy too-enchanting Form caress,
And on a couch of Roses press?
For whom in Wreaths dost thou prepare,
So simply neat, thy golden Hair?
How oft, of Gods adjur'd in vain,
And broken Vows, shall he complain!
How oft admire, when Winds arise,
To see black Clouds deform the Skies;
New to the Sex, who tastes thy Charms,
And fondly clasps thee in his Arms;
In thee a Mistress ever kind,
And ever lovely, hopes to find;
And thinks, too credulous, the Breeze
Will last; nor Tempests toss the Seas!
Ah wretched they! whom Pyrrha's Smile,
And unsuspected Arts beguile!
For Me, the sacred Tablet shows
That I have hung my dripping Cloaths
At Neptune's Shrine: And now on Shore
Secure, I'll tempt the Deep no more.





* DR. W. P., 1757

(*The Works of Horace*, William Duncombe)

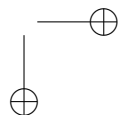
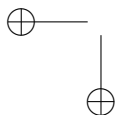
In the cooling Grotto's Shade
On the Rose's Bosom laid,
Fair one, say, what slender Boy
Breathing spicy Odors round,
Now may teaze, and sweetly toy,
And with Pyrrha's Smiles be crown'd.

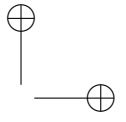
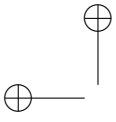
Whom awaits the golden Snare
(Golden Locks of wreathed Hair!)
Charms in simple Neatness drest;
How, alas! shall he repent,
Sigh and silently lament
Griefs too strong to be exprest!

Gods inconstant! Gods estrang'd!
All the Face of Nature chang'd!
Broken Faith and broken Vows!
Boisterous Winds and ruffled Seas!
And a stormy Look, that shows
Thee more cruel still than these.

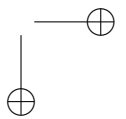
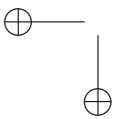
How shall He admire the Change,
(Unexperienc'd in the Sight),
Who, through Love's enchanted Range,
Revelling in gay Delight,
Thinks Thee now and ever his,
Lovely Pledge of future Bliss!

Trusting the soft-breathing Gale,
Now he spreads a flowing Sail;
But unhappy is the Youth,
Who, confiding in thy Truth,
Launches in the splendid Rays
Of thy fair delusive Face!





I, who lately did arrive,
Safe from Shipwreck, on the Shore,
Sworn to let my Vessel drive
On Love's Ocean never more,
Here this grateful Frame decree
To the God, who rules the Sea!

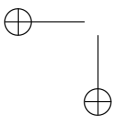


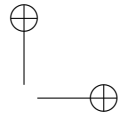
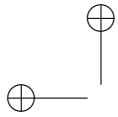


ALLAN RAMSAY, N.D.

(1686–1758; Scottish Poet, Publisher, and Librarian)

What young Raw Muisted Beau Bred at his Glass
now wilt thou on a Rose's Bed Carress
wha niest to thy white Breasts wilt thow intice
with hair unsnooded and without thy Stays.
O Bonny Lass wi' thy Sweet Landart Air
how will thy fikle humour gie him care
when e'er thou takes the fling strings, like the wind
that Jaws the Ocean – thou'lt disturb his Mind
when thou looks smirky kind and claps his cheek
to poor friends then he'll hardly look or speak,
the Coof belivest-na but Right soon he'll find
thee Light as Cork and wavring as the Wind
on that slid place where I 'maist brake my Bains
to be a warning I Set up twa Stains
that nane may venture there as I hae done
unless wi' frosted Nails he Clink his Shoon.





ELIZABETH CAROLINA KEENE, 1762

(Miscellaneous Poems)

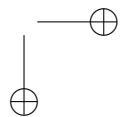
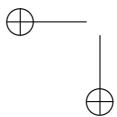
Say, Pyrrha, who's this slender boy,
Deep in love and amorous joy,
Who upon a fragrant bed,
Late of new-blown roses made,
In the grotto's pleasing shade,
Dank yet with his liquid sweets,
Kiss after kiss, enamour'd thus repeats?

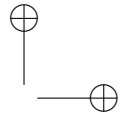
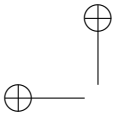
For whom thus do you braid your hair
Carelesly neat, and thus appear
Gay in simplicity? poor swain,
How oft, alas, will he complain
Of vows and plighted gods in vain!
How oft, alas, he'll curse his fate,
When all your perjury's found out too late!

How will he then indulge surprize,
When once he sees the tempest rise!
When he shall view that once-smooth mind,
Foaming with rage, and as unkind
As the rough sea with boist'rous wind!
Stupid in wonder he'll admire,
Such falshood foul under such fair attire.

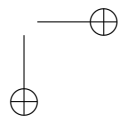
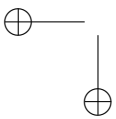
Who now enjoys your dear-bought charms,
Encircled in his longing arms,
Who hopes you'll ever be sincere
To him alone, and always dear;
Not knowing yet his fatal snare.
Ah! wretched to extremity,
Who unexperienc'd are allur'd by thee.

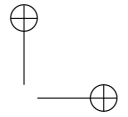
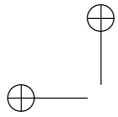
Since I've 'scap'd clear, and got to shore,
Finding myself set free once more,





I have (according to my vow)
Hung up my tablet, which may shew
The case I was, and am in now.
My clothes hang dripping in the fane,
Of Neptune, that great ruler of the Main.





SAMUEL ROGERS, 1764

(“Rector of Chellington, Bedfordshire”)

By what smart beau, with liquid nard bedew'd,
 In beds of roses, in a cool alcove,
Art thou, incomparable PYRRHA, woo'd,
 In all, the wild extravagance of love?

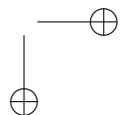
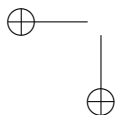
For whom in wanton ringlets dost thou tie
 The shining mazes of thy golden hair,
Form'd to engage each fond beholder's eye,
 In unaffected delicacy fair

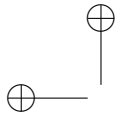
How oft, alas! shall he, in wild amaze,
 Of broken vows and fickle gods complain,
And stand aghast when sudden winds shall raise
 The rough'ning waves of the late placid main?

Who thoughtless now thy venal charms enjoys,
 And hopes thee ever disengag'd and kind;
By slatt'ring gales betray'd, and treach'rous skies,
 Shall wonder such unwonted gusts to find.

Unhappy they, and born to curse their fate,
 Who, ravish'd with thy negligence of art,
Too blindly love, nor e'er suspect deceit,
 But think thy face the image of thy heart!

I, who escap'd the danger of the main,
 And landed safely on the wish'd-for shore,
My dropping weeds suspend in NEPTUNE'S fane,
 On tablets vow'd, in rev'rence to his pow'r.





* CHRISTOPHER SMART, 1767

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

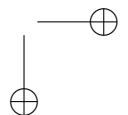
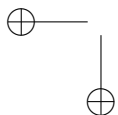
Say what slim youth, with moist perfumes
 Bedaub'd, now courts thy fond embrace,
There, where the frequent rose-tree blooms,
 And makes the grot so sweet a place?
Pyrrha, for whom with such an air
Do you bind back your golden hair?

So seeming in your cleanly vest,
 Whose plainness is the pink of taste –
Alas! how oft shall he protest
 Against his confidence misplac't,
And love's inconstant pow'rs deplore,
And wondrous winds, which, as they roar,

Throw black upon the alter'd scene –
 Who now so well himself deceives,
And thee all sunshine, all serene
 For want of better skill believes,
And for his pleasure has presag'd
Thee ever dear and disengag'd.

Wretched are all within thy snares,
 The inexperienc'd and the young!
For me the temple witness bears
 Where I my dropping weeds have hung,
And left my votive chart behind
To him that rules both wave and wind.

NOTE: From the Preface to the 1767 Edition: "I beg leave therefore to assure the Reader, that I did not set about my work without the consciousness of a talent, admitted of, and attested to, by the best scholars of the times both at home and abroad. Mr. Pope in particular, with whom I had the honour to correspond, entertained a very high opinion of my abilities as a translator, which one of the brightest men amongst our Nobility will be ready (I trust) to certify, should my veracity in this matter be called in question."





C. D., 1769

(The London Magazine)

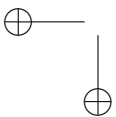
Say, Pyrrha, what enraptur'd boy,
On yonder rosy couch reclin'd,
Thy charms now presses to enjoy,
Profuse of odours to the wind?

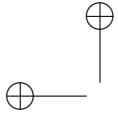
Tell me the youth, at whose desire
Your beauteous auburn locks you braid;
For whom in simply neat attire
You act the fond complying maid?

Ah! treacherous, he shall soon perceive
Your slighted vows and cold disdain:
The winds rise high, the billows heave:
He seeks for azure skies in vain.

The youth, who rifles all your charms,
Too soon shall see you with surprize
Expiring in another's arms,
And own the treachery of your eyes.

For me the votive tablets shew,
Preserv'd from shipwreck safe on shore,
To Venus' train I bid adieu,
And launch into the sea no more.





† WILLIAM GREEN, 1777

(A New Poetical Translation of the Odes of Horace)

Pyrrha, what slender pretty boy,
Bedew'd with rose abundant prest,
Dost thou to pleasing grot decoy?
Who next to be caress'd?

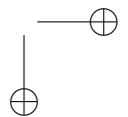
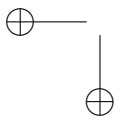
For whom thy knotted golden tress;
In neat simplicity of grace,
So elegantly plain?

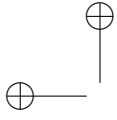
How soon, how soft, shall he complain
Of shifting gods, and fickle troth,
Unwonted wondering YOUTH?

When o'er the skies serene,
The fable, angry clouds arising,
And sudden squally forms surprizing,
Scowl along the main?

Deluded, hap'less boy,
Vain hoping pure of all alloy,
For ever vacant to his arms,
Forever amiable, all charms
The melting golden joy.

Too credulously blind,
To tempest imminent,
Unknowing in the element,
Of the fallacious wind.
Ah wretched he, to whom untried,
Thou glitter'st – I the swelling tide,
Escap'd thank Neptune, safe on shore.
My votive tablet points to all
My dripping garments, on the wall,
Suspended – to the saving power.





JOHN GRAY, 1778

(Translations of Some Odes of Horace)

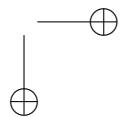
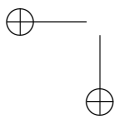
Who's the handsome young stripling so happy presum'd,
That with essence of sweet-scented odours perfum'd,
 To the rose-paved grotto resorts,
 And, Pyrrha, thy company courts?

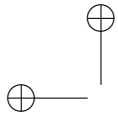
To engage him you ringlet your beautiful hair,
And with natural neatness to enamour prepare;
 But how often, alas, shall he mourn
 That fortune and faith backward turn!

As when suddenly rough, with black tempest, appears
All the sea, th' unaccustomed passenger stares;
 So shall he who, too credulous now,
 A treasure possesses in you,

Disengag'd still and lovely you hoping to find,
Not aware how deceitful is trusting the wind:
 Woful must be their case who confide
 In beautiful Pyrrha untry'd!

On a plate vow'd in peril th' inscriptions declare;
On the wall consecrated, that my garments there
 Were all dripping hung up, to display
 His goodness who governs the sea.

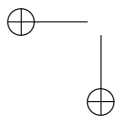




SIR WILLIAM JONES, 1781

(1746–94; Philologist and Scholar)

What slender paramour under a rosy cave
Courts thee, sweetly bedew'd with liquid essences?
 Say, fair Pyrrha, for whom thou
 Bindst thy tresses of wavy gold,
In plainness elegant? Often, alas! will he
Weep, and fondly bewail thy mutability,
 Oft, rough with many tempests,
 View yon seas with astonishment,
Who now, credulous youth, folds thee in ecstasy,
Who thee, ever a kind, ever a lovely maid
 Hopes, unmindful of breezes
 Fallacious! O unhappy, whom
Thy strange beauty delights! Me on the holy wall
Yon votive monument indicates here to have
 Hung my watery vestments
 To the stern God of Ocean.





† WILLIAM GREEN, 1783

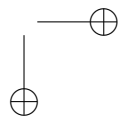
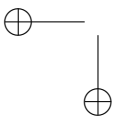
(A New Poetical Translation of the Odes of Horace, Reviewed and Improved)

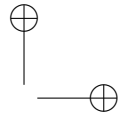
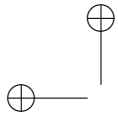
Pyrrha, what slender pretty boy,
Bedew'd with fragrant roses prest,
Is now in thy false arms caress'd,
 In the delicious grot of joy?
For whom thy knotted golden tress,
In neat simplicity of grace
 Dost bind, so elegantly plain?

Of violated faith and truth,
And changing Gods, unwonted Youth,
How soon, how oft shall he complain,
When o'er the face of Heaven serene,
Sudden, he views with wond'ring eyes,
The sable squally austers rise,
And scowling sweep along the main,
Portending hurricanes and rain?

Who holds thee now delighted boy,
He, bright and pure of all alloy,
For ever amiable all charms,
And solely vacant to his arms,
Vain hopes the melting golden joy.

Deluded, credulously blind,
Unskill'd in the fallacious wind.
Ah! wretched he, to whom untried,
Thou glitter'st – I the swelling tide,
Thank Neptune, scap'd in happy hour,
The votive tablet points to all
My dripping garments, on the wall,
 Suspended – to the saving pow'r.





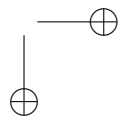
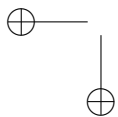
WILLIAM LIPSCOMB, 1784

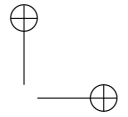
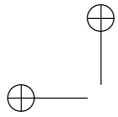
(1754–1842; Clergyman, Poet, and Translator)

Pyrrha! who's the youth, that now,
Odours dropping from his brow,
Wooes thee in the tender hour
All beneath the rosy bower?
For whom dost thou with treacherous care
Now teach thy lovely golden hair
With all the easy grace to lie
Of elegant simplicity?

How oft alas shall he deplore,
The Gods propitious now no more!
And curse the dear deluding Maid
And his fond heart so soon betray'd!
And see with wild, astonish'd eyes
Sudden storms around him rise,
And angry winds with fury sweep
The foaming billows of the deep!
Who now, alas! mistaken boy!
Drunken with excess of joy,
On thee doats the live-long day
Ever kind and ever gay,
And to all thy frailties blind,
Hopes, too fondly, thee to find
Still as gay, and still as kind.

Ah! the pangs, that they must prove
Who rashly hope that thou canst love!
See! my votive tablet shews,
Faithful picture of my woes,
Consecrate, dread power! to thee,
Mighty monarch of the sea!
And my weeds all dank and wet
Tatter'd all and dripping yet,
Shew that I, escap'd at last,
Smile secure at dangers past.





ANNA SEWARD, 1786

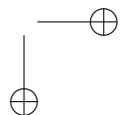
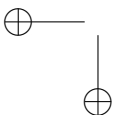
(1747–1809; Poet)

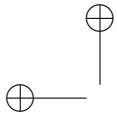
Seductive Pyrrha! what enamour'd boy,
 In whose bright locks the liquid odour flows,
Woos thee? and triumphs in a short-liv'd joy
 Within the grott, adorn'd with many a rose!
For whom, in ample grace, dost thou prepare
The Band that lightly ties thy golden hair?

Alas, how soon shall this devoted youth
 Love's tyrant sway and thy chang'd eyes deplore!
Indignant curse thy violated truth,
 And count each broken promise o'er and o'er,
Who hopes, unconscious of thy fatal wiles,
A long duration of those lovely smiles!

He, in experienc'd mariner! shall look
 In wild amazement on the stormy deep,
Who, when his heedless bark the port forsook,
 Had lull'd each ruder wind in softest sleep;
'Twas then he fondly spread the swelling sail,
In rash dependance on the faithless gale.

Ah wretch! to whom untried thou shinest fair! –
 By *me*, who late thy glassy surface sung,
The walls of Neptune's fane inscrib'd, declare
 That I have dank and dropping garments hung,
Devoted to the God, whose kind decree
Snatch'd *me* to shore from an o'erwhelming sea!

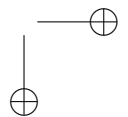
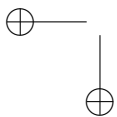


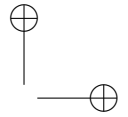
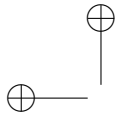


ANONYMOUS, 1787

(The Gentleman's Magazine)

What graceful youth, whom liquid sweets bedew,
Now courts thee willing in some pleasant bower,
Where the fair rose spreads round her flaunting flower,
And sheds a crimson couch? for whom do you,
Pyrrha, now braid your hair of golden hue,
In neatness plain? How oft shall he deplore
Thy changed faith, and when the black winds roar,
With watery eye the swelling billows view,
Who credulous enjoys thee, precious now,
Who hopes thee vacant still, still smooth thy brow.
Poor wretch! of flattering gales unmindful he?
Luckless are they, who, all unweeting, thee
Admire – Me doth the votive tablet show,
T' have hung my drench'd weeds to the God of Sea.





GILBERT WAKEFIELD, 1790

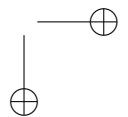
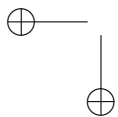
(1756–1801; Classical Scholar and Politician)

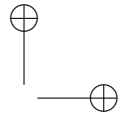
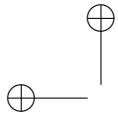
What youth, laid on a rosy bed,
With odours flowing round his head,
 In a cool grot does you caress?
For whom do you, deluding Fair!
Adjust your head, and plait your hair,
 And so genteely dress?

Alas! how often will he find
The various, motions of your mind
 Unsettled, unsedate!
View frowns, subservient to your wiles,
Supplant your momentary smiles;
 And curse his cruel fate!

Who now enjoys at large your charms,
And, melting in your circling arms,
 Believes your love sincere?
The hope, you ne'er will from him part,
Foments the passions of his heart,
 And banishes despair.

Unhappy youths! unhappy they,
Your unsuspected arts betray!
 In Neptune's temple, view
A votive tablet and a vest,
By me suspended as a test
 Of my escape from you.





ROBERT TREAT PAINE, JR., C. 1790

(1773–1811; American Poet)

Who, fair Pyrrha, wins thy graces?
What gay youth imprints a kiss?
Or in roseate groves embraces
Urging thee to amorous bliss?

To delude to your caresses
What young rake, or wanton blade,
Do you bind your golden tresses,
In plain elegance arrayed?

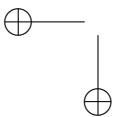
Soon the unhappy youth, deploring,
Shall lament thy proud disdain;
Thus, the winds, tempestuous roaring,
Rend the bosom of the main.

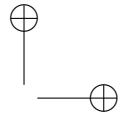
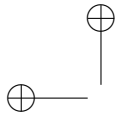
He, who's now thy beauty prizing,
In thy smiles supremely blest,
Dreams not of the storm that's rising,
To disturb his peaceful breast.

Misery's sharpest pang he suffers,
Who, secure from all alarms,
Like all thy deluded lovers,
Clasped a serpent in his arms.

Once, thy deep intrigues unknowing,
I embarked upon the deep;
Boisterous storms, dread horrors blowing,
Roused me from lethargick sleep.

Billows were around me roaring,
When great Neptune's friendly aid,
Me to Rome again restoring,
There my grateful vows I paid.





R. LICKORISH, 1790

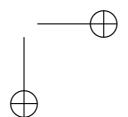
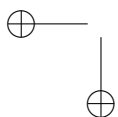
(The Gentleman's Magazine)

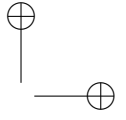
What youth, laid on the flowery ground,
With grateful odours flowing round,
 Now courts you to be kind?
For whom, insidious, charming fair!
Do you the tresses of your hair
 In wanton ringlets bind?

Alas, how often shall he prove
You're false and faithless to his love,
 And all your vows untrue!
One moment he shall see you kind,
The next as fickle as the wind,
 And curse his love and you.

While now the unsuspecting boy,
Dissolv'd in bliss, does you enjoy,
 And hopes you'll constant prove: –
Ah, wretched youth! the varying skies
Will change, and dreary tempests rise,
 And blast your fondest love!

But know, too false, alluring fair!
Thy charms no more shall me ensnare,
 To them I bid adieu!
In Neptune's sacred temple see
The trophies of my victory,
 Obtain'd o'er Love and You!





J. B., 1790

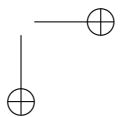
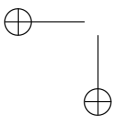
(The Universal Magazine of Knowledge and Pleasure)

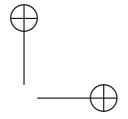
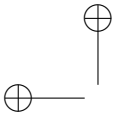
What graceful youth, on rosy beds reclin'd,
My Pyrrha woos thee in some pleasant cave?
For whom dost thou thy golden tresses bind,
That to the gale in simple beauty wave?

When ether blackens, and the furious main
Tremendous winds and dashing waves deform,
How oft will he of faithless gods complain,
While all amaz'd, he sees th' unwonted storm!

Whose easy hopes, by golden views deceiv'd,
Still paint thee ever lovely, ever kind,
Their syren whispers vainly are believ'd,
Still art thou false, and fickle as the wind.

O hapless they! to whom thy faith, untry'd,
Seems fair and spotless. Me, now safe on shore,
My tablet shews, on Neptune's altar ty'd,
My dropping weeds, and off'ring to his pow'r.

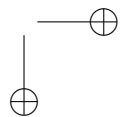
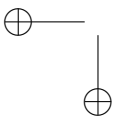




“SAGITTARIUS,” 1790

(The Gentleman's Magazine)

What taper stripling now bedews
His locks with liquid sweets, and woos
Thee, underneath the arched shade,
Pyrrha, on fragrant roses laid,
For whom you bind your flowing hair
With that sweet, simple, graceful air?
Alas, how oft shall he in vain
Of broken vows and Heaven complain!
And when he views the angry deep
Grow black with winds, astonish'd weep,
Who now with thee the golden hour
Enjoys, and smiles at Fortune's power?
Thee ever constant, ever kind,
Fond, easy youth! expects to find,
Nor dreads the treacherous storm behind.
Ah! wretched they, on whom benign
Thy fickle graces newly shine!
For me, no more I tempt the main;
High on the wall of Neptune's fane,
My 'scapes, my perils, and my woes,
My votive tablet duly shews.
Sav'd, to his Guardian Power I bend,
To him my dripping weeds suspend.





ANONYMOUS, 1791

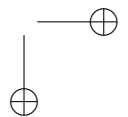
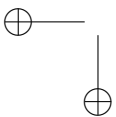
(The Bee: Or Literary Weekly Intelligencer)

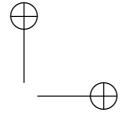
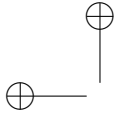
Ah! tell me, dear Pyrrha, what beautiful boy,
This evening shall rifle these charms;
Some jessamine arbour the scene of your joy,
And Paradise all in your arms!

For whom are you combing your long jetty hair,
So gracefully artless your dress;
So tender a look! so bewitching an air!
Admiration swells into distress.

Your simple young fav'rite will fondly suppose,
That he is the Lord of your heart;
But, when the seas frown, and the hurricane blows,
With how much amaze shall he start.

How happy the lovers who calmly defy
The fair one they cannot esteem;
But yet in the midst of your scorn let me die,
E'er I live to be frigid like them.





* WILLIAM BOSCAWEN, 1793

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

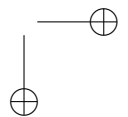
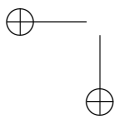
What youth bedew'd with moist perfume,
Courts thee, Oh! Pyrrha, graceful maid!
With neat simplicity array'd,
In the sweet bower where roses bloom?

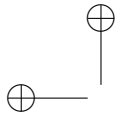
For whom dost thou in ringlets form
Thy golden locks? – Oft shall he wail
Thy truth, swift changing as the gale,
View the wild waves, and shudder at the storm,

Who now, all credulous, all gay,
Enjoys thy smile, on whose vain pride
Thy fickle favour shines untry'd,
And soft deceitful breezes play.

My fate the pictur'd wreck displays;
The dripping garments that remain
In mighty Neptune's sacred fane,
Record my glad escape, my grateful praise.

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE: "This ode, in the original, seems to deserve as high praise as either of the two favourites of Scaliger, and more, perhaps, than the celebrated dialogue. Yet much of its beauties must be lost in a translation, not only from the difficulty of transfusing into a modern language such elegant closeness of expression, but on account of the allusion in the last stanza to a religious custom amongst the ancients that requires explanation to an English reader. Persons who had escaped from shipwreck used to dedicate their wet garments to Neptune, and hung up in his temple a picture representing the shipwreck. We can, when explained, see the propriety of applying this to a lover who was freed from the uneasiness and agitations of an ill-requited passion; but we cannot, like those to whom the custom was familiar, feel its whole beauty."





* GEORGE HOWARD, LORD MORPETH, 1798

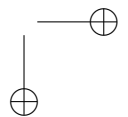
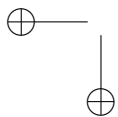
(1773–1848; Statesman)

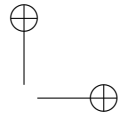
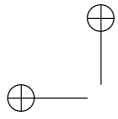
Who now from NAPLES, ROME, or BERLIN,
Creeps to thy bloodstain'd den, O MERLIN,
With diplomatic Gold? To whom
Dost thou give Audience *en Costume*?

King-Citizen! – How sure each State,
That bribes thy Love, shall feel thy hate;
Shall see the Democratic Storm
Her Commerce, Laws, and Arts deform.

How credulous, to hope the Bribe
Could purchase Peace from MERLIN'S tribe!
Whom, faithless as the waves or wind,
No Oaths restrain, no Treaties bind.

For Us – Beneath yon SACRED ROOF,
The NAVAL FLAGS and Arms of Proof
By British Valour nobly bought,
Shew how *true* safety must be sought!





JAMES ELLIOT, 1798

(1775–1839; American Politician)

What youth, perfum'd with liquid dews
Distill'd from the ambrosial rose,
Shall, PYRRHA, in your grot recluse,
To you his ardent flame disclose!

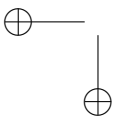
For whom those eyes with radiance glow?
For whom those golden ringlets shine?
Unhappy youth! a scene of woe,
Unalterable woe, is thine!

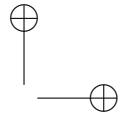
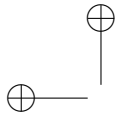
As when the gentle breezes rise,
And calm the wat'ry realms appear;
Anon the tempest rends the skies,
And fills the sailor's heart with fear:

Alike *his* fate – condemn'd to burn
For you, but never to prevail;
Anon his lovelorn heart must mourn
The alter'd gods and faithless gale!

How wretched those who view that face
Where every feature seems divine,
Where every beauty, every grace,
To gild that treach'rous soul combine!

The temple of old ocean's God
Can witness to my faith sincere;
That I those sacred walls have *trod*,
And paid my votive offering there.





* ANNA SEWARD, 1799

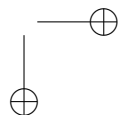
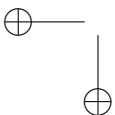
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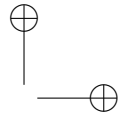
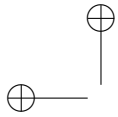
Where roses flaunt beneath some pleasant cave,
Too charming PYRRHA, what enamour'd boy,
Whose shining locks the breathing odours lave,
Woos thee, exulting in a transient joy?
For whom the simple band dost thou prepare,
That slightly fastens back thy golden hair?

Alas! how soon shall this devoted youth
Love's tyrant sway, and thy chang'd eyes deplore,
Indignant curse thy violated truth,
And count each broken promise o'er and o'er,
Who hopes to meet, unconscious of thy wiles,
Ingenuous looks, and ever facile smiles!

He, in experienc'd mariner! shall gaze
In wild amazement on the stormy deep,
Recall the flattery of those sunny days,
That lull'd each ruder wind to calmest sleep.
'Twas then, with jocund hope, he spread the sail,
In rash dependence on the faithless gale.

Ah wretch! to whom untried thou seemest fair!
By me, who late thy halcyon surface sung,
The walls of Neptune's fane inscrib'd, declare
That I have dank and dropping garments hung,
Devoted to the GOD, whose kind decree
Snatch'd me to shore, from an o'erwhelming sea.



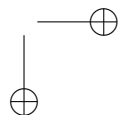
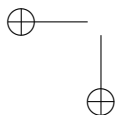


JOHN DAVIS, 1799

(1774–1853; American Writer)

What essenc'd youth, on bed of blushing roses,
Dissolves away within thy glowing arms?
Or with soft languor on thy breast reposes,
Deeply enamor'd of thy witching charms?
For whom do now, with wantonness and care,
Thy golden locks in graceful ringlets wave?
What swain now listens to thy vows of air?
For whom doth now thy fragrant bosom heave?
Alas! how often shall he curse the hour,
Who, all-confiding in thy winning wiles,
With sudden darkness views the heavens low'r,
And finds, too late, the treach'ry of thy smiles.
Wretched are they, who, by thy beauty won,
Believe thee not less amiable than kind:
No more deluded, I thy charms disown,
And give thy vows, indignant, to the wind.

NOTE: Joseph Dennie, founder of *The Port Folio*, wrote, in a review of the translation: "There is . . . no Ode of Horace more difficult to render into English than the Ode to Pyrrha; and many are the versions that have been attempted without success, by writers distinguished for their classical attainments, and liveliness of imagination. We, therefore, rejoice to find the task performed with felicity on a soil where genius sickens, and where fancy dies!"

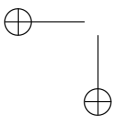


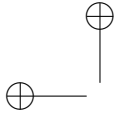


ANONYMOUS, 1799

(The First and Fourth Books of the Odes)

What graceful youth, in liquid odours drest,
 Beneath some Caverns grateful shade,
 On beds of fresh-blown roses laid,
Inconstant Pyrrha! with thy charms is blest?
For whom thy radiant tresses dost thou twine
 In simple elegance array'd?
 Too lovely, too bewitching maid!
Ah luckless they to whom untry'd you shine!
How little recks he of the faithless wind,
 Who now enjoys thy golden smile,
 And, fondly credulous the while,
Still free, still constant, hopes thy love to find!
How is he doom'd to mourn, unhappy youth!
 And gaze with looks aghast, and weep;
 While blackning tempests ride the deep,
His alter'd Gods and ill-requited truth!
Thus must the lost unwary youth complain; –
 Long since escap'd the billows, I
 My votive tablet hung on high,
And dripping weeds, in Neptune's sacred fane.





ANONYMOUS, 1800

(Gazette of the United States)

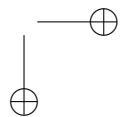
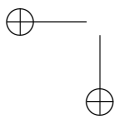
What gentle youth, in flow'rs and fragrance drest,
Now clasps thee, PYRRHA, in his glowing arms?
With touch of am'rous fire unzoes thy breast,
And riots, *lisens'd*, o'er its heaving charms?

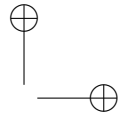
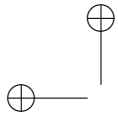
For whom is fludy'd now that simple grace
Which plaits thy robe in many a careless fold?
For whom, with blushing radiance lights thy face,
And float those wavy curls of threaded gold?

Alas, for him! too soft confiding youth,
Who trusts the transient summer of thy smile,
Receives thy easy vows for tests of truth,
Nor dreams how foully fair is women's guile.

Infatuate Dupe! too *soon*, yet, ah! too *late*
Thee perjur'd, and, himself undone, he'll find;
Then with availless curses brand his fate,
Upbraid the world, and call the Gods unkind!

This heart a stoic shield of caution saves,
And lets me view, uncharm'd, thy Circe-form;
So Ocean's soft, clear front, and sun-lit waves –
The CALM invites but then I dread the STORM!



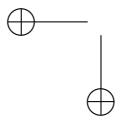


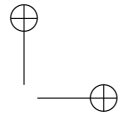
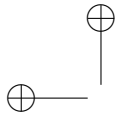
WILLIAM ISAAC ROBERTS, c. 1801

(1786–1806)

ROSA! in yonder pleasant cave,
Where murmurs sweet the streamlet wave,
What graceful youth invites thy soul,
To smile on Circe's nectar bowl?
And say for whom with blushing care,
You twine in braids your golden hair;
Maid, in whose beauteous form we see,
The spirit of Simplicity!
Fond youth beware! tho' now you lie,
Secure beneath a cloudless sky;
And dream that every smile will prove,
A herald of eternal love:
The warning of the Eolian shell,
Sounds with a more tempestuous swell;
And thro' that sky so clear, so warm,
Will rush the demon of the storm;
And rouse thee from thy raptured sleep,
To wonder at the change, and weep!

Lured by the bright and sunny beam,
That warm'd the bosom of the stream;
I launch'd my little bark from shore,
I launch'd it – to return no more!
Escaped the dark and whelming wave,
My grateful vows to Heaven I gave;
And dripping with the foamy brine,
My garment hangs on Neptune's shrine;
To warn whom sunny skies beguile,
Or ROSA'S more deceitful smile!

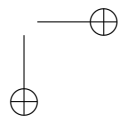
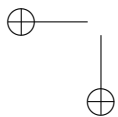


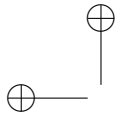


* JOHN NOTT, 1803

(1751–1825; Physician and Classical Scholar)

Pyrrha, say what fine-form'd boy
Urges thee to am'rous joy,
All on roses sweetly laid,
In some grotto's pleasant shade,
Who with perfumes that so shed
Liquid fragrance is o'erspread?
Say for whom, thus plain and neat,
Thou thy sunny hair dost plait?
 Ah, how often shall he wail
Gods that change, and faith that's frail;
Wail, when he, unpractis'd, finds
The seas roughen with dark winds!
Lapt in golden pleasures, who,
Credulous, enjoys thee now;
Hopes thould ever, ever prove
Beauteous, vacant to his love;
While he little seems to know
What deceitful gale may blow?
 Wretched they, whom charms so bright
Unexperienc'd shall delight!
As for me, this wall declares,
Which my votive tablet bears,
That my drench'd weeds hang on high
To the sea's great Deity.

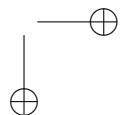
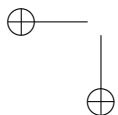




* THOMAS CHATTERTON, 1803

(1752–70; Poet)

What gentle youth, my lovely fair one, say,
 With sweets perfum'd now courts thee to the bow'r,
Where glows with lustre red the rose of May,
 To form thy couch in love's enchanting hour?
By zephyrs wav'd, why does thy loose hair sweep
 In simple curls around thy polish'd brow?
The wretch that loves thee now too soon shall weep
 Thy faithless beauty and thy broken vow.
Though soft the beams of thy delusive eyes
 As the smooth surface of th' untroubled stream;
Yet, ah! too soon th' extatic vision flies –
 Flies like the fairy paintings of a dream.
Unhappy youth, oh, shun the warm embrace,
 Nor trust too much affection's flattering smile;
Dark poison lurks beneath that charming face,
 Those melting eyes but languish to beguile.
Thank heaven, I've broke the sweet but galling chain,
Worse than the horrors of the stormy main!

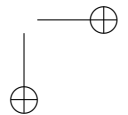
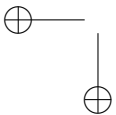


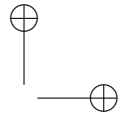
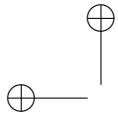


E. L. SWIFT, 1803

(The Poetical Register)

What slender youth, all-odor'd, presses
Thee, Pyrrha, in the roseate shade?
Fow whom thine auburn-flowing tresses,
Simply becoming, dost thou braid?
How oft, alas, by thee forsaken,
Shall he his alter'd fate deplore;
View the dark deep, that storms awaken,
And wonder at th' unwonted roar;
Who *now* enjoys, too fond believer,
Thy golden charms; who always kind
And lovely deems his dear deceiver,
Forgetful of the faithless wind.
Ah wretch, by whom untried thy beauty!
My votive tablet on his fane
Shews my dank weeds, with grateful duty
Hung to the Ruler of the Main.

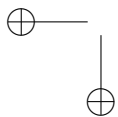




CHARLES ABRAHAM ELTON, 1804

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

With liquid fragrancy bedew'd
In some cave's grateful solitude,
What Youth on many a rose reclin'd
Now woos thee, Pyrrha! coyly kind?
And say, for whose unguarded eye
In thy adorn'd simplicity,
Upbind'st thou with lascivious care
The loose gold of thy flowing hair?
How oft shall he, alas! in vain,
Thy perjur'd faith and Heav'n arraign;
And wond'ring view the whirlwind sweep
Turbid and dark the ruffling deep!
Tho now too credulous he prize
Thy favour's golden witcheries;
And deem thou wilt for ever prove
Thus amiable and free to love:
Nor heeds the gale's fallacious rest
That flatt'ring smooths the billow's breast.
Ah! wretched who unknowing try
"The smiling treach'ry" of thine eye!
Me late escap'd the ocean swell
The tablet-pictur'd wreck may tell;
Suspended on the solemn fane
Drop my dank vestments from the main;
Votive to Him who stills the wave,
Mighty and merciful to save!



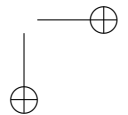
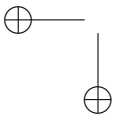


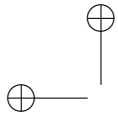
ANDREWS NORTON, 1805

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

What slender youth around thy charms,
Perfumed with odours, twines his arms,
On blushing roses loosely laid,
Deep in some grotto's grateful shade?
Who bids thee bind thy auburn hair,
Thou Charmer negligently fair?
Alas! how soon will he deplore
Thy altered kindness, his no more.
The unskilful boy amazed will weep,
That storms deform the changeful deep.
What youth, now favored, hopes to find
Thee always lovely, always kind?
Deceitful fair one, he shall prove
The wind less wavering, than thy love.
Unhappy they, whose hearts you charm,
Who know not of your power to harm.
For me, escaping from the wave,
Favored by Neptune strong to save,
I in the temple of the god
A votive tablet have bestowed,
And the wet garments, which I wore,
When shuddering I attained the shore.

NOTE: "I find in Mr. Norton's copy *perfumed* stricken out and *bedewed* restored, as in the margin, in his own handwriting, and with no comment. This is the better reading. The substituted reading is too nearly tautological." (Sidney Willard, *Memories of Youth and Manhood*, 1855)



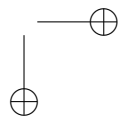
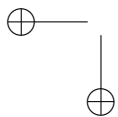


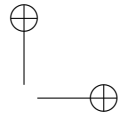
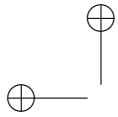
† JOHN HERMAN MERIVALE, 1806

(1779–1844; Barrister and Man of Letters)

Pyrrha, the slender youth who courts thy love,
 Bath'd in rich odours, on fresh roses laid,
 Beneath the grateful shade
Of some cool cavern or embowering grove, –
For whom thy golden hair thou dost unbind,
 (Simple in elegance) tho' now most blest,
 Of thy whole heart possest,
He hopes thee always free and always kind,
Alas poor wretch! how oft shall he deplore
 Thy false love, changing with the changing skies,
 And stormy seas, that rise
Black with rude winds, and bear him from the shore,
(Too weakly trusting to the treacherous gale!)
 Ah hapless they on whom thy untried smile
 Beams only to beguile;
Who see thee fair, but know not yet how frail!
My votive tablet still records the hour
 When, rescued from the vex'd and stormy wave,
 My dripping weeds I gave,
A grateful offering to the watery Power.

NOTE: In 1838, Merivale published a slightly revised version of the ode. Line 4: "Of mossy cavern or . . ." Line 5: "For whom those sun-bright tresses thou dost bind." Line 8: "He hopes thee ever free, and ever kind."





* JAMES AND HORATIO SMITH, 1808

(JS 1775–1839, HS 1779–1849)

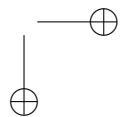
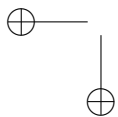
Say, Lucy, what enamour'd spark
Now sports thee through the gazing Park
 In new barouche or tandem;
And as infatuation leads,
Permits his reason and his steeds
 To run their course at random?

Fond youth, those braids of ebon hair,
Which to a face already fair
 Impart a lustre fairer;
Those locks which now invite to love,
Soon unconfin'd and false shall prove,
 And changeful as the wearer.

Unpractised in a woman's guile,
Thou think'st, perchance, her halcyon smile
 Portends unruffled quiet;
That, ever charming, fond and mild,
No wanton thoughts, or passions wild,
 Within her soul can riot.

Alas! how often shalt thou mourn,
(If nymphs like her, so soon forsworn,
 Be worth a moment's trouble).
How quickly own, with sad surprise,
The paradise that bless'd thine eyes
 Was painted on a bubble.

In her accommodating creed
A lord will always supersede
 A commoner's embraces:
His lordship's love contents the fair
Until enabled to ensnare
 A nobler prize – his grace's!

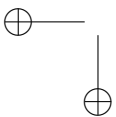


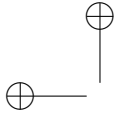


Unhappy are the youths who gaze,
Who feel her beauty's maddening blaze,
 And trust to what she utters.
For me, by sad experience wise,
At rosy cheeks or sparkling eyes,
 My heart no longer flutters.

Chamber'd in Albany, I view
On every side a jovial crew
 Of Benedictine neighbours.
I sip my coffee, read the news,
I own no mistress but the Muse,
 And she repays my labours.

And should some brat her love bespeak,
(Though illegitimate and weak
 As these unpolish'd verses:)
A father's joy shall still be mine
Without the fear of parish fine,
 Bills, beadles, quacks, or nurses.





J. P. C., 1809

(*The Poetical Magazine*)

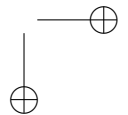
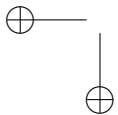
What graceful youth, on roses soft reclined,
Bedew'd with liquid perfumes, Pyrrha fair!
Caresses thee, beneath
The cavern's cooling shade?

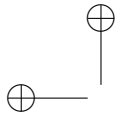
For whom dost thou in simple neatness bind
The golden locks that wave around thy brows?
Alas! how he will mourn
The alter'd gods' decrees!

Unconscious he will wonder at the storm,
Who now too credulous enjoys thy smiles,
And dread the black'ning clouds
That lour above his head.

Alas! for him to whom untried thou seem'st
Splendid in charms, great Neptune's sacred walls
My dripping robes display,
A votive offering.

NOTE: Probably John Payne Collier (1789–1883): Reporter for *The Times*,
Barrister, Scholar of Elizabethan Poets, Librarian to the Duke of Devonshire,
Founder of the Shakespeare Society, 1840.





MR. VAUGHAM, 1810

(The Poetical Magazine)

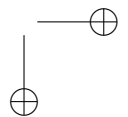
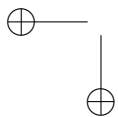
Impart, my fair-one! and with truth,
What well-shap'd beau, in bloom of youth,
With roses deck'd, and odours sweet,
Invites you to some cool retreat?

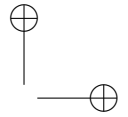
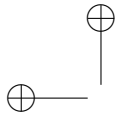
Or say, thou fairest of the fair,
For whom you bind your locks of hair,
Or dress so elegantly plain,
To bless with love some happier swain?

And yet, alas! in time to come,
He'll have to mourn his wayward doom,
And view with horror and surprise
The storms of jealousy arise.

For he who now enjoys your care,
Incautious of your flatt'ring air,
Will think your love for him secure
As his for you – sincere and pure.

But, wretched they! to whom untry'd
Your beauty charms in all its pride;
While I, escap'd your witching pow'r,
Will thank kind Neptune ev'ry hour.





T. S. M., 1812

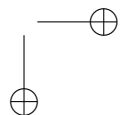
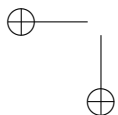
(The Theatrical Inquisitor)

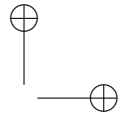
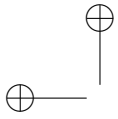
O say, where all-propitious Love
Hallows with shade the deep alcove,
Where roses all their sweets exhale
And perfume ev'ry passing gale,
What graceful boy, in these gay bow'rs,
Profusely spends his languid hours;
Clasps to his heart its dearest treasure,
And fondly tempts the roving pleasure?
For whom you let those tresses flow
Along that cheek's delicious glow,
And all the charms of dress dispense
In easy, artful negligence.

Unhappy youth! these moments flown,
Thy bonds of love the fates will sever;
And she, who now is all thy own,
Destroy thy dream of bliss for ever!

For, ah! thou can'st not see the art
That lurks beneath that radiant eye
And little dost thou know the heart
That laughs at frequent perjury.

Lais! the breast which lately beat
With ardent and tumultuous heat,
Has now escaped from ev'ry pain,
And gain'd its tranquil throb again;
Doom'd never more to feel the sigh,
That speaks the pow'r of beauty's eye;
Nor, with unceasing pain, to prove
The pangs of unrequited love.
Taught to be cold, its hopes and fears
Are buried in the lapse of years;
And, all its former passion dead,
Its cares and pleasures both are fled.

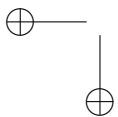




ROBERT MOREHEAD, 1813

(1777–1842; Scottish Clergyman and Poet)

What graceful youth whose dewy ringlets breathe
Their essenc'd sweets, Pyrrha, mid roses laid
Lascivious by thy side, seeks to persuade
Thy melting charms, some blissful bower beneath?
Whom now to please, thy bright locks dost thou wreath
Easy in simple grace? Ah! soon to fade
Thy faith and all his joys, while storms invade
The blackening waves which little he foreseeeth!
Who trusting to thy soft and golden hour
Ever unoccupied and kind as now,
Hopes thee, nor doubts the fair and flattering breeze
New victim of thy false smile's magic power.
For me, the pictur'd wall declares my vow,
Wet from the wreck, no more to tempt the seas.

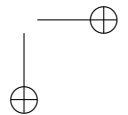
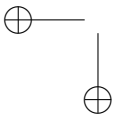


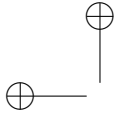


E. W., 1813

(The Gentleman's Magazine)

What airy youth, whose locks exhale
The liquid odour's balmy gale,
Beside thee, Pyrrha, now reposes
Within the favourite bower of roses?
Tell me for whom that golden pride,
Thy hair, with graceful ease is tied,
And all thy vesture, flowing free,
Is rich in sweet simplicity.
Alas! the fondly-trusting boy
Who hails thee now his heav'n of joy,
Nor, all-unpractis'd, e'er foresees
The veering of the faithless breeze,
But paints thee still to fancy's view
Enchanting ever – ever true;
How will he start, when first he finds
His ocean toss'd by angry winds?
How will he wonder! – how bewail
His easy faith in one so frail!
How oft accuse the fickle Powers
That turn'd to thorns his couch of flowers!
Ah! wretched he, the fond believer
Who knows thee not, thou sad deceiver!
But I have 'scap'd that wreck of love; –
And long shall grateful offerings prove
The mercy of the Power that bore
A struggling, sinking youth to shore.





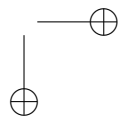
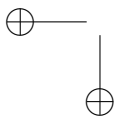
* LEIGH HUNT, 1814

(1784–1859; Poet and Essayist)

Pyrrha, what ardent stripling now,
In one of thy embowered retreats,
Would press thee to indulge his vow
Amidst a world of flow'rs and sweets?
For whom are found thy tresses bright
With unconcern so exquisite?

Alas, how oft shall he bewail
His fickle stars and faithless gale,
And stare with unaccustomed eyes,
When the black winds and waters rise,
Though now the sunshine hour beguiles
His bark along thy golden smiles,
Trusting to see thee, for his play,
For ever keep smooth holiday!

Poor dazzled fools, who bask beside thee!
And trust because they never tried thee!
For me, and for my dangers past,
The grateful picture hangs at last
Within the mighty Neptune's fane,
Who snatched me, dripping, from the main.

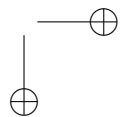
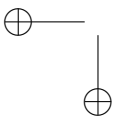


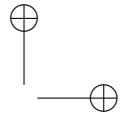
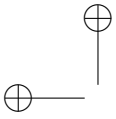


CHARLES ABRAHAM ELTON, 1814

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

What shapely youth, on heaps of roses laid,
And bathed with dropping odours, woos thee now
In gloom of pleasant grot? for whom dost thou
Thy yellow locks, oh Pyrrha, backward braid
So simply elegant? how oft shall he
On woman's faith, and changed Gods bewail;
And view, with unaccustom'd wonder pale,
The winds scowl dark upon the troubled sea!
Who, credulous, in thy gilded beauty blest,
Now fondly deems thou shalt for ever prove
Thus amiable, thus open to his love;
Unweeting of the gale's fallacious rest.
Ah wretches! that with inexperienced eye
Gaze that serenest brow! I, shipwreck'd, flee,
With painted storm, to the strong God of sea,
And hang my dank weeds in his temple high.





ANONYMOUS, 1816

(The New Monthly Magazine)

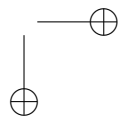
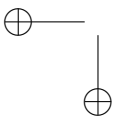
Pyrrha! what youth with odours crown'd,
On rosy beds shall thee caress;
In shady grots with myrtle crown'd,
What youth wilt thou vouchsafe to bless?

For whom dost thou thy golden hair
In flowing tresses loosely bind,
Genteelly plain, with easy air,
Say unto whom wilt thou be kind.

Alas! poor youth, he'll oft bewail,
The plighted vow that's broke by you,
His prayers to Cupid wont prevail,
Venus is deaf to all his woe.

A stranger to thy faithless mind,
He thinks he is for ever blest,
Deceiv'd, forgot, he'll shortly find,
The waves are ruffled in thy breast.

Unhappy those whom you detain,
Enamour'd with your faultless shape,
My drooping clothes in Neptune's fane
Declare to all my hard escape.

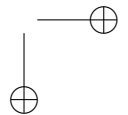
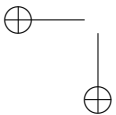


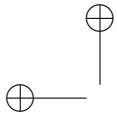


S., 1817

(Morning Herald)

What slender youth, with liquid fragrance dew'd,
Wooes the now, PYRRHA! in some pleasant grot,
Thron'd in some pleasant bow'r, with roses strewed?
For whom thine amber tresses do'st thou knot,
Simple in Elegance? How oft
Shall he, who hopes thee still thus soft,
Still lovely, thus in golden temper gay,
Of the false gods, and his fond faith complain,
As, unsuspecting of the changeful day,
Aghast he sees black whirlwind sweep the main?
Ah! hapless they, to whom, yet new,
Thou shin'st without a cloud in view!
The votive tablet and the dripping vest,
Hung to the Monarch of the Sea,
Proclaim me landed from wild Ocean's breast,
Escaped from wrecking storm and thee.





ANONYMOUS, 1817

(The Gentleman's Magazine)

What fair youth, 'mong roses lying,
Courts thee, Pyrrha, to the grove,
Where fresh odours round him sighing,
Seem to whisper – sweet is Love?

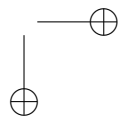
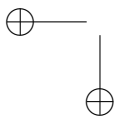
Grace is in thy neatness smiling,
Golden tresses round thee flow;
Say for whom, the breeze beguiling,
Bid'st thou them in wreaths to glow?

Oft on faith, and Jove's displeasure,
Shall the hapless youth complain,
And dark winds in horrid pleasure
See to mountains swell the main!

Thoughtless who is now enjoying
Thee in sunny charms untold;
Who, nor heeds the storm destroying,
Hopes thy constant smile of gold?

They shall sink in deepest sorrow,
Who, unknowing all the wiles
Thy too-treach'rous heart can borrow,
Glory in thy transient smiles!

Quick, for so the vow was framed,
On the holy wall shall be
Dank and dropping weeds unnamed,
Offerings to the god of sea.

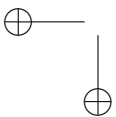


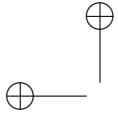


ANONYMOUS, 1817

(The Repository of Arts, Literature, Fashions, Manufactures, &c)

Who, in the grotto's pleasing gloom,
Extended 'neath the rosy bower,
Breathing Arabia's soft perfume,
Trifles with thee the happy hour?
For whom, in artless beauties drest,
Do those soft ringlets shade thy face?
For whom enrobes the flowing vest,
That form so fair, in simple grace?
How oft, unused the storm to bear,
Shall he thy fickle faith deplore,
When angry tempests cloud the air,
And swept by winds the billows roar?
Who now enjoys thy smiles alone,
(Ah! ignorant of the changeful wind,)
Who fondly deems thee all his own,
Thus ever pleasing, ever kind?
The form in votive urn express'd,
Tells, that escaped the raging wave,
Suspended high my dripping rest,
To Ocean's powerful God I gave.





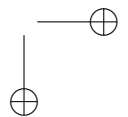
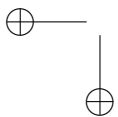
THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY, 1819

(1797–1839; Poet)

Laura! what youth with passion warm
Now madly gazes on thy form,
 And loads thee with caresses?
Who now adores those locks of gold,
And thinks thee not of mortal mould,
Whilst paying his addresses?

Alas! how soon shall he deplore,
When these fair features smile no more,
 And jealous cares environ,
Thy perfidy which caused his fall;
For locks of gold can sure enthrall,
As well as locks of iron.

Fond youth! you think her kind and true;
Alas! these thoughts will prove to you
 But unsubstantial bubbles;
From dimpled cheeks no smiles I crave,
For well I know that passion's wave
Oft proves a sea of troubles.

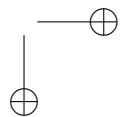
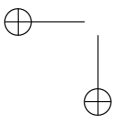




ANONYMOUS, 1819

(The Gentleman's Magazine)

What graceful boy in rosy bowers,
Bath'd in sweets of dewy flowers,
Circles thee, Pyrrha, in his arms?
Maid of the amber hair, and snowy charms.
Finely form'd and simply clad,
Alas, amaz'd and wildly sad,
He shall see dark storms arise,
Ruffled seas and low'ring skies.
Securely now entranced in blisses,
Brief as thy insidious kisses,
Swift as his image from thine eyes,
Fleet all his amorous revelries.
Wretches, who thoughtless embark with thee,
Prophetic learn your fate of me,
Where tablets on yon shrine display,
My vests suffus'd with the foamy spray.





JAMES HYSLOP, 1820

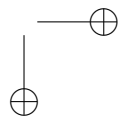
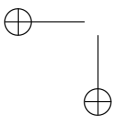
(1798–1827; Scottish Poet)

That gracefu' youth, wi' sweet perfumes
Cuddles thee, Annie, 'mong the blooms
Of roses, in the lone green cave?
For whom thy yellow tresses wave
In ringlets, snudit artlessly?

He who, unwittin' o' thy art,
Thinks fondly he has a' thy heart,
Presses thee, sweetness a', an' love,
Thinks nocht will e'er thy kindness move.

How often, in some distant year,
He'll weep to think on hours sae dear
When ye were kind – an' sigh to see
Ye changed, like the simmer sea
When rude winds blow tempestuously!

Unhappy, whom your untried charms
Shinin' allure – but my alarms
Frae them are over. I've escap'd
Frae shipwreck, wi' my garments dipp'd
In Love's salt wave, an' on the wall
I've hung them drippin', to recall
The vows an' offerings due by me
To the Great Ruler o' the Sea.



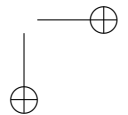
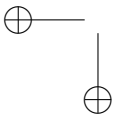


† FRANCIS WRANGHAM, 1821

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

What slender youth, all essenced o'er,
In sweet alcove or rosy bower
Now woos thee, Pyrrha, to be kind?
For whom those tresses dost thou bind,
Thus simply neat? O how shall he,
Poor youth! bewail the boisterous sea,
Rough with black tempests! How accuse
Capricious Gods, and broken vows!
Fond dupe! he hopes – so sweet that kiss!
Thou'lt still be witching, still be his.
What treacherous gales beset his way,
Ah! little knows he! Hapless they,
Who ne'er thy faithless smiles have tried!
– That I have 'scaped the whelming tide,
A tablet and my dripping vest,
Hung up in Neptune's fane, attest.

NOTE: Slightly revised version of one published by Wrangham a year earlier.
Line 6: "... untraverssed sea." Line 7: "Rough with black storms! How oft
accuse." Line 10: "Thou'lt still be love's alone, and his." Line 13: "Who deem
that face can ne'er beguile." Line 14: "That I have 'scaped its faithless smile."



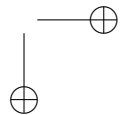
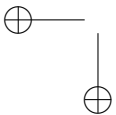


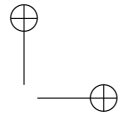
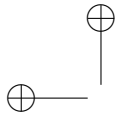
“MORGAN ODOHERTY,” 1821

(*Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*)

What exquisite, tell me, besprinkled with civet,
With bergamot, and *l'huile antique a la rose*,
Now presses thee, Molly (I scarce can believe it),
To march to the parson, and finish his woes?
For whom do ye comb, brush, and fillet your tresses?
Whoever he be has not sorrows to seek;
Thou daily shalt bring him a peck of distresses;
Then kick him, and kiss a new gallant next week.
He trusts that you'll love him, and doat on him
And thinks you a goddess reserved for himself:
But, Molly, there's too much red blood in your liver,
And antlers shall soon grace the poor silly elf.
To some Johnny Raw thou wilt shine like a planet,
For lecturing Magnus has left thee behind;
And since I have escaped thee (oh! blessings be on it),
I will hang up an old coat in St. Mary's Wynd.

NOTE: According to Ralph M. Wardle: “Morgan Odoherly, the mythical Irishman who contributed to *Blackwood's Magazine* in its salad days, is usually – and correctly – acknowledged to have been the creation of Captain Thomas Hamilton.”





MARY BAILEY, 1822

(The Months and Other Poems)

What slender youth, O Pyrrha fair!
Courts thee 'mid roses sweet?
For whom bind'st thou thy yellow hair
So elegantly neat?

Alas, alas, how oft shall he
Of fickle gods complain,
And, unaccustom'd, wond'ring see
The ragings of the main.

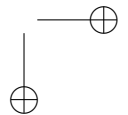
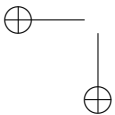
Who now enjoys thy faithless smiles
And thee all-lovely sees;
Nor knows thy false alluring wiles,
Nor fears the treach'rous breeze.

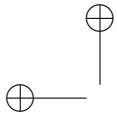
Unhappy they, to whom untried
Thou seem'st so passing fair;
Sweet Hope now sparkles o'er the tide,
Soon follow'd by Despair.

Like others I, with keen delight,
Beheld thy witching smiles;
Thou seem'dst so lovely in my sight,
I thought not on thy wiles.

When whelm'd beneath the foaming tide,
When hope of life seem'd vain,
On Neptune's mighty pow'r I cried
To save me from the main.

My vestments dripping from the wave
To Ocean's god I give,
And on the votive stone engrave,
"By Neptune's hand I live."





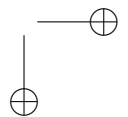
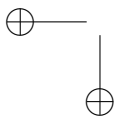
JAMES USHER, 1824

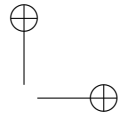
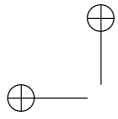
(The Gentleman's Magazine)

What youth genteel, bedew'd with sweets,
In bowers delightful Pyrrha greets,
 Where roses shed perfume!
For whom you braid your auburn hair,
And ev'ry blandishment prepare,
 To best ensure his doom!

Alas! how oft thy faithless love
And changeful pow'rs he'll surely prove,
 And treach'rous seas declaim,
Who, credulous, with ardent joys
Your constancy, he thinks, employs,
 And inexperienced flame.

Like him who trusts the Ocean's calm,
And thinks th' inconstant winds to charm,
 And on the waves repose;
My shipwreck lately undergone,
My garments drench'd in tempests, own,
 Sacred to Neptune's Laws!





IZAAK MARLOWE, 1824

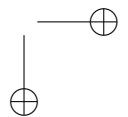
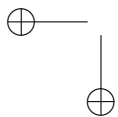
(The Seven Laras: Miscellaneous Poems and Translations)

Whose the vows that breathe so tender
 Through yon grotto's clustering roses?
Whose the form so soft and slender,
 That on Pyrrha's breast reposes?
Ha! why with such neatness now
Shade those glossy locks her brow?

He who now enjoys thy smiles,
 Thoughtless mortal, soon shall rue,
Soon shall mourn thy luring wiles,
 Marvelling that he thought thee true,
As the waves, which calmly slept,
By the blackening storms are swept.

Though he think thy bosom glows
 With a passion pure as lasting,
Ah! too soon a tempest blows,
 All his dreams of rapture blasting.
Woe's me for that hapless wight
Knowing but thy beauty bright.

Now to shew the deadly spell,
 High within the sacred fane
Shall the votive tablet tell
 All my perils on the main,
And that, 'scaped, I grateful bring
My sea-drenched robes to ocean's King.

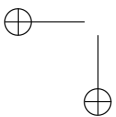


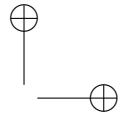
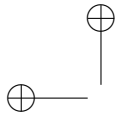


G. C., 1824

(The North Devon Magazine)

What slender youth, pretty Flambeau! I crave,
With lavender sprinkled, courts you in the Cave?
 For whom are those ringlets tucked under your cap,
 Like a young quaker beauty, concealing her trap?
 Ah! how he will stare and lament his mishap!
He who now safely whispers soft love in your ear,
To whom, for the present, pure gold you appear,
While he hopes, thus at leisure, you'll ever be dear:
 Little thinking the wind is an emblem of thee:
 Yes – wretched of all men the lovers must be
 Why your beauty-baits tempt yet untried, as for Me
 In my almanac marked, is the day I got free,
 And flung all your false billets-doux into the sea.





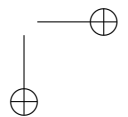
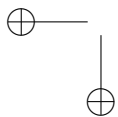
GEORGE FLEMING RICHARDSON, 1825

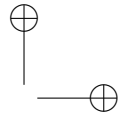
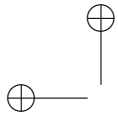
(c. 1796–1848; Geologist and Poet)

Come tell me, Pyrrha, what fair boy
 Perfumed with sweets of gentlest power,
Was pleading Love's delicious joy,
 Within yon fav'ring rosy bower?
O! say for whom, seductive girl,
Your golden locks, you gently curl,
Nymph, whose sweet face and form might be
A temple for simplicity!

Alas! how oft shall he deplore
False vows, and oaths that bind no more;
And witness, with unknown emotion,
The storms of Love's deceitful ocean –
Who, won with bliss, so fond, so new,
Hears thy false vows, and thinks them true,
Whom, now, thy potent charms allure,
And thinks such frailty can endure.

I, too, in love's young, ardent dream,
Launch'd my frail bark upon the stream,
But soon before the tempest driven,
I gave my grateful vows to Heaven.
And lo! on Neptune's temple wall,
 My garments, dripping with the sea,
Proclaim how I escaped the thrall
 Of frail inconstancy and thee!

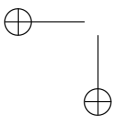


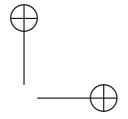
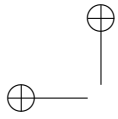


ANONYMOUS, 1825

(The Parthenon)

What lovely youth in roseate bower
Shares with thee the present hour,
 Shedding perfume round?
For whom, fair Pyrrha, lovely maid,
Are all thy native charms displayed,
 And golden tresses bound?
Alas! poor youth, too soon he'll find
Thy faithless vows and fickle mind,
 And mourn his alter'd fate!
Too soon the winds in boisterous measure,
Will ruffle o'er his sea of pleasure
 And change his happy state;
Though now he fondly thinks those charms
Can never bless another's arms,
 Nor sees the lurking storm!
What pangs are they not doomed to prove,
Who knowing not thy changeful love
 Gaze on that heav'nly form!
For me – too happy to escape with life,
When, mid the waves and tempests' strife,
 I've struggled through the flood,
In Neptune's sacred Dome I set
My garments, pictured dripping wet,
 To mark my gratitude.





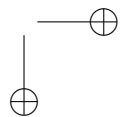
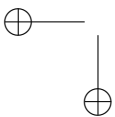
JAMES NACK, 1827

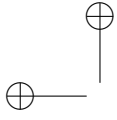
(1809–79; American Poet)

For whom in undulating tresses
Does Pyrrha wreath her golden hair?
What slender youth, who lightly presses
A bed of roses, courts thee there?
Bedew'd with an ambrosial river,
The credulous lover little dreams
The bark of pleasure storms shall shiver,
Now dancing o'er those fragrant streams.

Alas! how oft of changeful heaven
And broken faith, shall he complain,
Who now, to thy delusions given,
Enjoys a dream so bright, so vain!
When he beholds the face of ocean
Roughen'd with black'ning winds, and views
The storms unwonted, whose commotion
His paradise in ruin strews!

Unhappy all to thee a stranger
Who think that thou art fair! for me, –
Escap'd from their impending danger,
The stern controller of the sea
Beholds upon his shrine suspended
My garments, dripping from the main,
The wreck, whose perils now are ended,
To call to memory again.

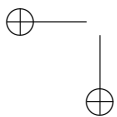


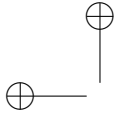


W. P. SMITH, 1827

(The Pocket Magazine)

What tender stripling, on luxuriant roses,
Now clasps thee Pyrrha? Laved with soft perfume,
What dainty boy upon thy breast reposes
Beneath the twilight of thy grotto's gloom?
Still, delicately neat, thy finger closes
In wreathes thy sunny hair – but ah! for whom?
Alas! how oft, in agony, will he
Faith and the changed gods lament: how oft,
In strange astonishment, behold the sea
Rough with black storms, in billows hurled aloft;
Who now, too fondly, basking there may be,
On its bright bosom, beautiful and soft!
Who, ever free and constant, ever kind,
Expects to see thee, since he sees thee now: –
To treacherous tempests credulously blind,
Aye brooding 'neath the sunlight of thy brow.
Oh, wretched they, who hope in thee to find,
The calm of love, and love's unbroken vow!





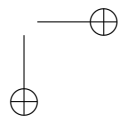
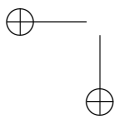
JAMES STRINGER, 1829

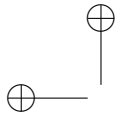
(A Cantab's Leisure)

Pyrrha! what slender stripling now,
In some retired and sweet alcove,
While liquid odours round him glow,
Entreats thee to indulge his love?
For whom bind'st thou in wreaths thy golden hair,
With unobtrusive elegance and care?

Alas! how oft shall *he* complain
Of alter'd faith and deities,
And look upon the ruffled main
And blacken'd sky with strange surprise,
Who now enjoys thy smiles, and hopes thou'lt be
From change and cruelty for ever free!

Ah, hapless they whom thou, untried,
Allur'st with fatal loveliness!
For my safe rescue from the tide
I have hung up my dripping dress,
As on the wall my votive picture tells,
To HIM, through whom the ocean sinks or swells.





WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED, 1831

(1802–1839; Politician and Poet)

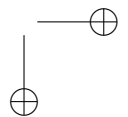
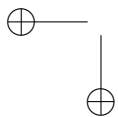
Oh! fondest, and oh! frailest fair,
That ever made a poet swear,
 Bewitching Popularity!
Oh! patroness of songs and scents,
Of budgets and disfranchisements,
 Of treason and vulgarity, –

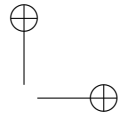
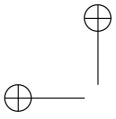
Tell me whom your fickle pen
Pronounces first of mortal men,
 In magazine and journal; –
For whom the golden lute you make,
And whose renown you mean to make
 For just nine weeks eternal?

Dote you on GREY'S experienced brow,
Because he's quite as silly now
 As erst our fathers found him?
Or do you lead the approving cheer
When Baron BROUGHAM, the peerless peer
 Is flinging dirt around him?

Does soft Sir JAMES, by talking big,
Of rope and cable, sloop and brig,
 Persuade you he's a hero?
Or does Sir THOMAS please you more,
By telling, as he told before,
 The history of NERO?

Oh Waterloo! you used to say,
You never would forget the day
 That cracked the French cuirasses;
But Wednesday last, at half-past ten,
You let the ragged gentlemen
 Smash all his Grace's glasses.

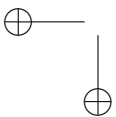




You know you've jilted St. John Long,
And bidden Southwark's noisy throng
 Send poor Sir Robert packing; –
You know, without a reason why,
You're burning Hunt in effigy,
 And leaving off his blacking.

Happy on whom untried you smile!
He dreams not for how short a while
 You solemnize the wedding; –
How soon you jump from wreaths to stones,
From Wellington to Colonel Jones,
 From kissing to beheading.

Such stormy waves are not for me!
As Graham says, I've seen the sea
 Suck down the struggling packet;
And I renounce the sail and oar,
And hang, to dry upon the shore,
 My trowsers and my jacket.





ANONYMOUS, 1831

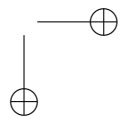
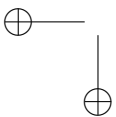
(Kerry Evening Post)

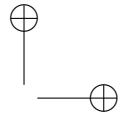
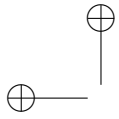
How cans't thou look so good and fair,
Maid of the perjured vow,
For whom will you braid your golden hair
In tresses o'er that placid brow?

Thou whisper'dst love one fatal hour
Which stole away my senses quite;
But ah! that love was like the low'r,
That blooms at morn and dies at night.

Unhappy they whose hearts you win,
Who see thee deck'd in beauty's pride,
And think that all is pure within.
Since thou art angel-like outside.

Away! thy beauty's dead to me,
Resistless once – the charm is o'er,
I well escap'd thy treachery
Away! I'll see thy face no more.





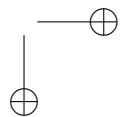
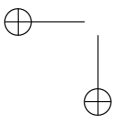
MARTIN F. TUPPER, 1833

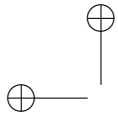
(1810–89; Poet and Novelist)

What slender youth on bed of roses,
Pyrrha, by the side reposes,
 With odours perfum'd sweet,
 In shady grot reclined?
And when her waving auburn tresses
Plain in her neatness Pyrrha dresses,
 O whom is it to meet? –
 For whom art thou so kind?

Alas, how oft will that fond boy,
Who now so blindly can enjoy
 Thy venal beauties, weep
 Thy broken vows of love,
When all thy perjury he finds?
And, wond'ring at the rough'ning winds
 That brush the darkling deep,
 Will woman's anger prove!

He hopes, unconscious of thy wiles,
To bask for ever in thy smiles,
 And have thee his alone.
 Yet more are those unblest
Who all untried thy charms admire;
In token, then, of my desire
 Before great Neptune's throne
 I hang my dripping vest.





ANONYMOUS, 1833

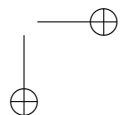
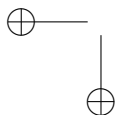
(The New Monthly Magazine)

On many a rose reclined,
All odour-bathed, in some cave's grateful lair, –
Say for what slender youth shall Pyrrha bind,
Simple in simplest garb, her amber hair?

How of the broken vow,
And the changed Gods, the credulous dupe shall weep,
As o'er thy mind's smooth calm, so halcyon now,
Wond'ring he views the dark winds, roughening, sweep!

He now thy golden charms
Enjoys, and hopes thee aye as prompt to please;
Nor dreams, unconscious lapped within thine arms,
Of all that waits him in the faithless breeze.

Ah! hapless they for whom
Thou glow'st – untried, as yet, thy treacherous love;
But *I* am one escaped the watery tomb,
And hang my robes the Sea-God's shrine above!

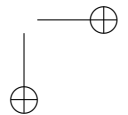
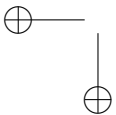


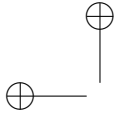


ANONYMOUS, 1835

(The Southern Literary Messenger)

What slender youth whom liquid odors late,
Courts thee on roses in some pleasant cave
 Pyrrha? – for whom with care
 Bind'st thou thy yellow hair
Plain in thy neatness? Oft alas! shall he
On faith and changed Gods complain, and sea
 Rough with black tempests ire
 Unwonted shall admire!
Who now enjoys thee credulous – all gold –
For him still vacant, lovely to behold
 Hopes thee: of treacherous breeze
 Unmindful. Hapless these
To whom untried thou seemest dazzling fair.
Me Neptune's walls, with tablet vowed, declare
 My shipwrecked weeds unwrung
 To the sea's potent God to have hung.





† FRANCIS SYLVESTER MAHONY, 1836

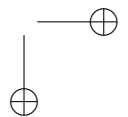
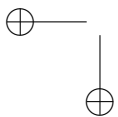
(1804–66; Irish Humorist and Journalist; Known as “Father Prout”)

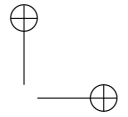
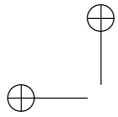
Pyrrha, who now, mayhap,
Pours on thy perfumed lap,
With rosy wreath, fair youth, his fond addresses?
Beneath thy charming grot,
For whom, in gay love-knot,
Playfully dost thou bind thy yellow tresses?

So simple in thy neatness!
Alas! that so much sweetness
Should ever prove the prelude of deception!
Must he bewail too late
His sadly altered fate,
Chilled by a bleak tempestuous reception,

Who now, to fondness prone,
Deeming thee all his own,
Revels in a long dream of future favour;
So bright thy beauty glows,
Still fascinating those
Who have not learnt how apt thou art to waver.

I the false light forswear,
A shipwreck'd mariner,
Who hangs the painted story of his suffering
Aloft o'er Neptune's shrine;
There shall I hang up mine,
And of my dripping robes the votive offering!





W. H. BUDDEN, 1836

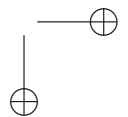
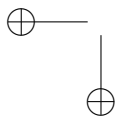
(Poems)

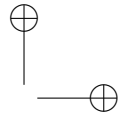
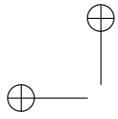
Pyrrha! what graceful boy
Woos thee in bower of joy
Steep'd in moist fragrance, amidst many roses?
For whom, O witching fair!
Braid'st thou thy yellow hair,
Simple in elegance, as he reposes?

Alas! how oft the fleetness
Of thine enchanting sweetness,
Thy different aspect, thy most brief faith-keeping –
Like Ocean dark with gales
That rend the unreef'd sails –
Must that poor Youth, unus'd to thee, be weeping!

Ah, credulous! he deems,
Thou art all gold, and dreams,
Thou shalt be ever listless, ever smiling;
Nor thinks the fickle breeze
Will change, and lash the seas
To tempest, those who know thee not, beguiling.

Hapless that dazzled crowd!
For me, my picture vow'd,
High on the sacred wall sets forth my story;
How I, from storms to rest
Escap'd, have hung my vest
All dripping, to the potent Sea-God's glory.





H. HALLORAN, 1836

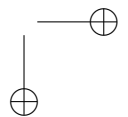
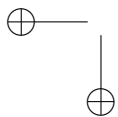
(The Australian)

What graceful youth perfumed with liquid sweets,
On roses couched, enjoys thy soft caresses?
Within a pleasing grot, thee, Pyrrha! greets
For whom do'st thou adorn thy golden tresses

In simple elegance? alas how oft
He'll mourn his altered gods, thy faithless soul,
With gaze unwonted see black storms aloft,
And seas which darkly with the tempest roll.

Fond fool! he now enjoys thee bright and gay,
And hopes to find thee his, and lovely still;
Ah! faithless breeze of hope; ah! wretched they,
Who in thy beauty will not dream of ill.

A votive tablet on a sacred shrine
Will shew that I, escaped a dangerous sea,
Have hung my garments moist with ocean brine
An offering mighty sea-god unto thee.

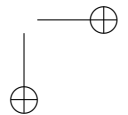
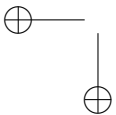


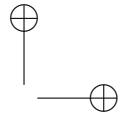
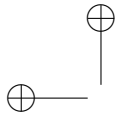


H. L. CLARK, 1837

(Miscellaneous Poems, Original and Translated)

Pyrrha, what youth, with liquid odours sweet,
Courts thee on roses in that cool retreat?
O say, for whom thou bindest thy golden hair,
More lovely plain, than decked with jewels rare. —
Alas! how oft will he in tears bemoan
The gods no longer kind, thy vows foregone;
And, unaccustomed to the stormy deep,
Affrighted quail when winds its bosom sweep.
He, who enjoys thee now all smiles and love,
And hopes, with fond simplicity, thou'lt prove
For ever amiable, for ever free,
As well might wish the gale should changeless be.
Oh wretched they, to whom thou shinest untried
Like placid ocean's sun-lit dancing tide!
Yon votive tablet in the sacred fane,
And those my vestments dripping from the main,
Are grateful tributes to the potent god
Who sways the sea-storm in its fiercest mood.

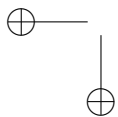


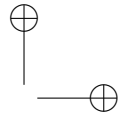
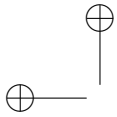


ROBERT JAMES, 1838

(Poems)

What perfum'd boy, with rosy wreath,
Now blandishes with thee beneath
 Some pleasant bow'r?
For whom, my Pyrrha, do you dress
Your hair, in winning simpleness?
 How soon the hour
When he shall mourn o'er thy deceit,
And rail at his how alter'd fate;
 And wond'ring prove
The waters rough with black'ning storm,
Who now enjoys thy golden form
 In dreaming love;
Who blindly, fondly, hopes to find
Thee ever constant, ever kind;
Nor fears, nor knows the treach'rous wind –
 Thrice wretched he
Who loves, but knows thee not! For me
The votive tablet will attest
I've offer'd up my dripping vest
 To Neptune, God o' th' sea.





* PATRICK BRANWELL BRONTË, 1840

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

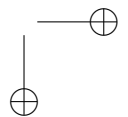
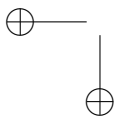
Tell me Pyrrha, who is he
That, with scented locks,
In thy rose bower kisses thee
Neath the shady rocks?
For whom is bound thy golden hair
Sweetly wreathing, void of care?

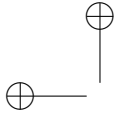
Oft, the Gods he would adore
Vows unkept by thee;
Oft, the Gods he would adore
Frowning, he shall see;
Oft, astonished, see the main
All afoam with wind and rain,

Who believes thou'lt constant prove,
With thy beauty blind;
Heedless, while he lives in love,
Of the faithless wind!
Ah how wretched, all on whom
Unaware, thy beauties bloom!

As for me, experienced well,
Rescued from the main,
And mindful of the tempest's swell,
I'll hang in Neptune's fane
A picture of that stormy sea,
And garments drenched in ocean spray.

NOTE: John Drinkwater considered the translations by Branwell Brontë to be his best work as a poet: "They are unequal, and they have many of the bad tricks of writing that come out of some deeply rooted defect of character. But they also have a great many passages of clear lyrical beauty, and they have something of the style that comes from a spiritual understanding, as apart from merely formal knowledge, of great models."





† LAUGHTON OSBORN, 1841

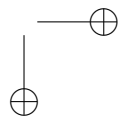
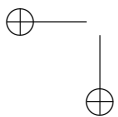
(1809–78; American Poet and Playwright)

What shallow youth, at the bottom of Helicon,
Larded with metaphors, hid beneath epithets,
Courts now, rhyming, thy favor?
Which way does thy fancy waver,

Barren in judgment? How often thy fickleness
Will he deplore, and his stars, and, poor innocent!
Stare at thy coldness, meeting
Nothing of warmth in thy greeting,

Who with thy blandishments feeds his credulity,
Hoping one day to grow fat on thy graciousness,
Unconscious thy tongue's election
Had never a brain's direction.

Wo, where it falls overvalu'd! My verses, which
Waltz not like SHELLEY'S, nor trudge with the *Wagoner*,
Show thee what estimation
I put on thy approbation.

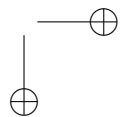
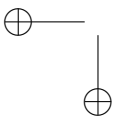




† SIR LAWRENCE PEEL, 1841

(1799–1884; Chief Justice of Calcutta; Cousin of Sir Robert Peel)

What slender youth, whom many roses crown,
Whose hair rich liquid unguents steal adown,
Wooes thee, coy Pyrrha, in some pleasant grot?
For whom dost thou thy golden tresses knot
Neat in thine elegance? How oft he'll weep
Thy faith and gods as mutable! The deep
How oft, poor simple novice, he'll admire
Blackening beneath the savage tempest's ire,
Who now enjoys thee in thy golden days,
Unconscious how the changing wind betrays;
Ah, credulous! and fondly hopes to find
Thee his for ever, and for ever kind.
Woe unto whom thou glitterest untried!
My votive picture, in his temple, tells
I've hung my garments, reeking from the tide,
Before the God, whose power the ocean quells.



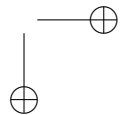
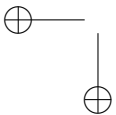


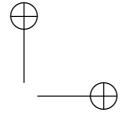
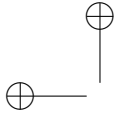
† JAMES USHER, 1842 (1)

(Buonaparteé, The Royal Exchange, Odes of Horace)

What youth genteel, bedew'd with sweets
In roseate-bowers, blythe Pyrrha greets,
For whom your auburn locks you bind
With simplest grace, love's toils design'd?
Alas! how oft shall broken vows,
And changeful powers, his heart oppose;
How shall he gaze on raging seas,
The placid stream who sails at ease,
And hopes kind constancy to prove,
No storm to cross the course of love!

Devoted youth! Thy woe's to come.
I have already met my doom.
In Neptune's fane, a votive-plate
Shews whence my dropping robes I date.





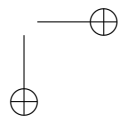
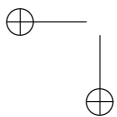
† JAMES USHER, 1842 (2)

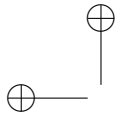
(Buonaparteé, The Royal Exchange, Odes of Horace)

What youth genteel, whom odours dew,
Delightful Pyrrha, sports with you,
 Where roses breathe perfume?
With simplest grace your auburn hair,
Each toil for passion fond, prepare
 To best ensure his doom.

Alas! How oft perfidious love,
And changeful powers, he'll surely prove,
 And treach'rous seas declaim:
Who, credulous, with ardent joys,
Your constancy, he thinks, employs,
 Fond love's ingenuous flame!

Like him who trusts the ocean's calm,
And thinks th' inconstant winds to qualm,
 And on the waves repose;
My shipwreck, undergone of late,
My dropping vest, my votive-plate,
 Dread Neptune's walls disclose.

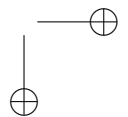
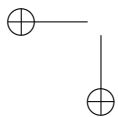




BARNEY BRALLAGHAN, 1842

(Bentley's Miscellany)

What graceful youth, with liquid perfume glowing
On beds of roses in some charming grot,
Clings, Pyrrha, on the honey of thy kisses? –
For whom with winning heart those tresses flowing
In auburn clusters bind'st thou in a knot? –
Alas! how oft he'll ponder o'er past blisses
And fickle Cupids; and with simple heart
Gaze on the swellings of the once calm sea!
He – who now basks beneath thy sunny smiles,
And hopes thee aye to be what now thou art,
A lovely child of nature, guileless, free:
He knows not of thy soft bewitching wiles!
Unhappy they who love and know thee not.
I, when with shipwreck'd bark I 'scaped the main,
(So tells yon sacred tablet,) humbly brought
My votive garment to the Neptunian fane.

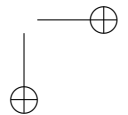
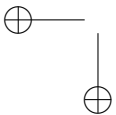


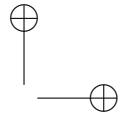
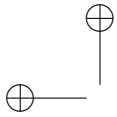


R. B., 1842

(Lloyd's Companion to the Penny Sunday Times)

What dainty youth with liquid perfume sweet
 Bedewed, caresses you, O Pyrrha! hid
In some dark grotto, prostrate at your feet,
 Profusion of the odorous roses 'mid?
For whom do you now fillet up your hair –
 That golden hair so delicate and fine?
Alas! how often will that youth despair,
 And at your perfidy and falsehood pine.
Deploring the estrang'd gods, and trough
 His inexperience be amazed with seas
Which rough and blackening storms will quickly brew,
 Who, credulous, now enjoys the precious breeze;
And ignorant of the faithless gale, believes
 That you will ever unto him be true.
Wretched is he who thus himself deceives.
 The sacred wall of Neptune's fane doth show –
By votive tablet, consecrated there –
 Unto the potent god wet garments are.

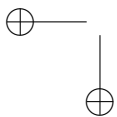




THOMAS D'OYLY, 1843

(Poems)

Pyrrha, say why with such care
Braidedst thou thy yellow hair;
In some grotto's cool retreat,
Shelter'd from the sun's fierce heat,
What trim-waisted, perfumed youth,
Now believes thy faith and truth?
Ah! how often will he mourn
The gods averse, thyself forsworn!
He who loves but thee alone,
Fondly fancies thee his own;
Soon will he his idol find
False as waves or changing wind.
Hapless they, on whom, from far,
Thou dost shine – a guiding star;
Offer'd on great Neptune's shrine,
Ingratitude's no sin of mine;
Me my dripping garments shew,
'Scaped from such a sea of woe.





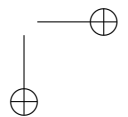
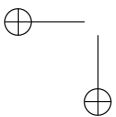
† JOHN SCRIVEN, 1843

(The Odes of Horace)

What graceful youth, where roses bloom,
– Besprinkled o'er with rich perfume –
Engages thee in pleasant grot?
Say, Pyrrha, say for whom the knot
To which those golden locks you braid,
In nature's simple loveliness array'd?

Alas! how oft will he deplore
Faith, and the gods – the same no more!
Whose inexperience – wondering – eyes
The stormy waves, and blacken'd skies;
Who clasps thee – credulous to find
A treasure ever free and ever kind,

Nor dreams of the inconstant breeze.
Ah, hapless! whom – untried – you please!
The sacred wall – the sea-god's care –
Shows, by a votive tablet there,
My dripping vest suspended high
– An offering to the ocean-deity!

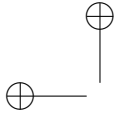




WILLIAM CALDWELL ROSCOE, 1844

(1823–59; Poet and Essayist)

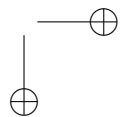
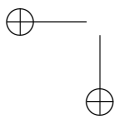
What slender youth, with sweets besprent,
And crowned with rosy flowers,
Pyrrha, sues thy coy consent
Within the pleasant bowers?
For whom dost thou with simple art
Bind up thy yellow hair?
Ah! oft will he deplore the heart
He trusted to thy care,
And the changed gods, but late so kind;
And stand amazed to see,
Poor novice, how the cloudy wind
Stirs up the bristling sea!
Who now, too much believing boy,
Enjoys thy golden charms,
Expects a heart without alloy,
And ever open arms;
Expects, – nor knows the treacherous air; –
Oh, hapless men are they,
On whom, an unattempted fair,
Thou shinest to betray.
The sacred wall can show for me,
By votive slab expressed,
How I to th' saving God of Sea
Have hung my dripping vest.



HENRY JOHN URQUHART, 1845

(Poems Sacred and Classical)

With liquid odours dripping,
What all-impassion'd stripling,
In grotto cool, 'mid many a rose,
His arms around thee, Pyrrha, throws?
For whom, in simplest, neatest fold,
Are backward bound those locks of gold?
Alas! how oft shall grieve him now,
The Gods estrang'd, thy broken vow;
How him unwonted shall surprise,
On temper's wave as black winds rise,
Who reaps thy golden charms, secure
Thy love for him will aye endure!
Vacant for him thy heart, nor sees
How soon will shift thy favour's breeze;
How wretched they by whom thy tide
Of fickle love shines yet untried.
Me the votive tablet shows
Safe from drowning; dripping clothes
On the wall to Neptune hang,
Type of rescued shipwreck's pang.

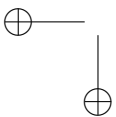


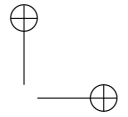
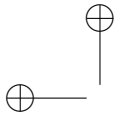


ARTHUR SIMKINS, 1845

(Godey's Magazine and Lady's Book)

What slender youth, perfumed with liquid odours,
Woos thee, oh Pyrrha, 'neath some grateful bower,
Where roses languish round? For whom dost thou,
With simple neatness, bind thine auburn hair?
Alas! how often will he mourn thy falseness
And rail against the Gods! how soon behold,
With ignorant surprise, the placid lake
Changed to an angry sea by scowling winds!
Now he enjoys thee, golden girl, too credulous,
And, all unmindful of the fickle breeze,
(That is thine emblem,) deems that you will be
Forever free for him, forever loving.
As for myself, the picture on the wall
Of Neptune's temple, shows where Horace paid
His holiest thanks that his frail barque was rescued
From this enticing mermaid of life's ocean.

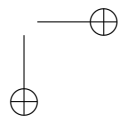
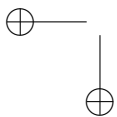


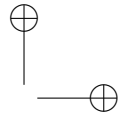
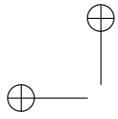


* EUGENE LIÉS, 1846

(The Preludes: A collection of Poems)

Who is that youth so well perfumed – so slender,
With roses crowned, so pressing and so tender,
 In yonder pleasant spot,
Pyrrha, for whom thy hair in golden knot
Thou bindest thus with artful artlessness?
Alas! how oft he'll weep thy faithlessness,
 And Fortune's low'ring brow,
And wonder at the tide's waked wrath, who now
Thy golden calm enjoys, and hopes to find
His mistress ever constant, loving, kind!
 As yet he little knows
How changeful are the skies: ah! wo to those
Who trust thy beauty; I – the sacred wall
Where hangs my votive record shows to all
 That to great Neptune's shrine
I offer'd up my garments wet with brine.





† HENRY GEORGE ROBINSON, 1846

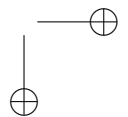
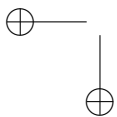
(The Odes of Horace)

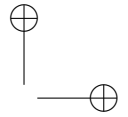
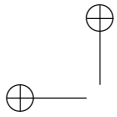
Pyrrha, what slender youth, bedew'd
 With liquid odours, courts thee now,
In yonder pleasant grotto, strew'd
 With many a rose? For whom dost thou
In braids thine amber tresses rein,
So elegant, yet simply plain?

How oft, alas! thy perfidy,
 And the chang'd Gods, will he deplore,
And stand amaz'd, unus'd to see
 The waves by tempests roughen'd o'er,
Who, fondly trusting to thy vow,
Enjoyeth thee, all golden now;

Who hopes thee ever his alone,
 Thee ever amiable to find!
Alas! how little has he known
 The varying of the fickle wind!
How hapless is the lot they share
To whom untried thou seem'st so fair!

Against the sacred wall on high
 My votive tablet duly set,
Proclaims to all that even I
 Have erst my vestments dank and wet
Suspended to the deity
Who rules omnipotent the sea.

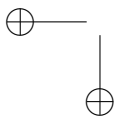


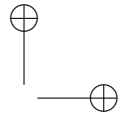
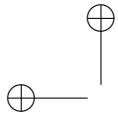


ANONYMOUS, 1846

(Hereford Journal)

Prithee! what youth, with posy and perfume
Pressing his suit, apart from all the room,
Has now thy ear – Oh say for whom dost braid
Thy bright brown tresses, soft, seductive maid?
Plain, but with all the witchery and grace
That loveliness can lend to form or face,
Alas! how he his hapless stars shall rue
Who sees thee glisten and believes thee true,
Who thinks those smiles will last, not dreaming he
How that bland air is fraught with treachery.
How shall he view, unused, with wondering eyes
O'er the smooth surface the black billows rise!
While passing suddenly from fair to foul,
The Heaven of mildness gathers to a scowl.
Poor innocents! ah founder sure they must
Who without trial take thee upon trust.
Me just escaped, and such dark perils o'er,
Thy sheeny softness can engulf no more;
Riding, thank Heaven, with some remains of sense,
Safe in the harbour of indifference.

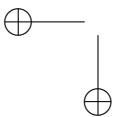




ANONYMOUS, 1848

(The Southern Literary Messenger)

O, Pyrrha, say, what slender boy
Of those whose locks sweet odours lave,
Embraces thee so fair and coy,
Amid the roses of a cave?
For whom hind'st thou thy yellow hair
Flowing and free from jewels rare?
Alas! how often will he weep
Thy faithless love, thy broken gage
And trembling gaze upon the deep
Where waves roll high and tempests rage!
What simple youth enjoys thy charms
And clasps thee willing in his arms –
Who, ignorant of the changeful wind
That lashes the inconstant sea,
With fond reliance hopes to find
A heart forever true in thee?
Unhappy he whose eyes behold
Thy charming face, thy locks of gold.
Behold upon the sacred wall
My garments dripping from the wave,
A votive gift they speak to all,
Of safety from a watery grave,
Yet more than from the cruel sea
They tell of my escape from thee!

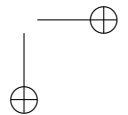
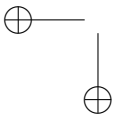


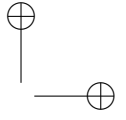


† SIR THEODORE MARTIN, 1849

(1816–1909; Biographer of the Prince Consort)

Say, Pyrrha, say, what slender boy,
With locks all dropping balm, on roses laid,
Doth now with thee in pleasant grotto toy?
For whom dost thou thine amber tresses braid,
Array'd with simple elegance?
Alas! alas! How oft shall he deplore
The alter'd gods, and thy perfidious glance,
And, new to danger, shrink, when sea-waves roar
Chafed by the surly winds, who now
Enjoyeth thee, all golden as thou art;
And hopes, fond fool! through every change, that thou
Wilt welcome him as fondly to thy heart,
Nor doth not know, how shift the while
The fairest gales beneath the sunniest skies!
Unhappy he, who, weeting not thy guile,
Basks in the sunshine of thy flattering eyes!
My votive tablet, duly set
Against the temple's wall, doth witness keep,
That I, whilere, my vestments dank and wet
Hung at the shrine of Him that rules the deep.

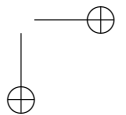
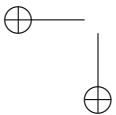




ISAAC WILLIAMS, 1849

(1802–65; Rhetoric Lecturer, Trinity College, Oxford)

What youth now courts, with sweets bedew'd,
The World so seeming fair,
Where in some cave with roses strew'd
She binds her golden hair,
Now plain and guileless? he full soon
The fatal change shall weep,
And see aghast the coming on
Of black and stormy deep.
All gold, fond youth, he hopes her now,
And thinks that ne'er will fail
The heart at ease and lovely brow;
Nor knows the treacherous gale.
Ah, hapless they who deem her fair!
Sav'd from a watery grave,
I vow me in His house of prayer
To Him that walk'd the wave.

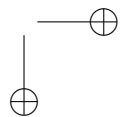
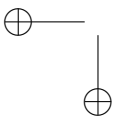




* G. J. WHYTE MELVILLE, 1850

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

What slender youth, that's stolen the rose's bloom
In odours steeped, urges with thee his prayer
 In some cool grot, Pyrrha? for whom
 Dost braid thy golden hair
In simple taste? Alas! each broken vow,
Each blighted hope too oft shall he deplore,
 Amazed that seas so tranquil now
 Can ever chafe and roar.
Heedless he revels in his golden dream,
Believes thee ever loving, ever true;
 One fickle breeze he cannot deem
 May all his hopes undo.
Alas for those unwarned! thou dazzlest all;
My votive tablet proves the wreck I've braved,
 My dripping garments on the wall
 Thank the sea-god who saved.

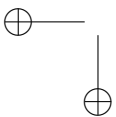


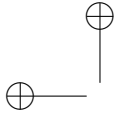


† WILLIAM SEWELL, 1850

(1804–74; Divine, Tutor, and Writer)

What stripling slim, on beds of roses,
Bathed in liquid odours, wooes thee,
 Pyrrha, in some delicious grot?
 For whose pleasure art thou binding
Back thy flowing locks of gold,
Artless in graceful niceties?
 Woe! how oft shall he be wailing
 Thy honour, and his alter'd gods!
And on seas with murky tempests
Rough, shall marvel to his fill,
 All unused to such a sight.
 He who now too fondly trusting,
Enjoys thee in thy golden hour;
Who still disengaged, still lovely,
 Hopes to find thee, recking nought
 Of the treacherous breeze. O hapless
They, to whom untried thou shinest!
As for me, with votive tablet,
 The hallow'd wall doth show that I
 Have my dripping garb suspended
 Unto the god who rules the sea.

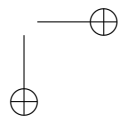
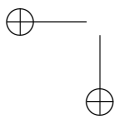




WILLIAM GEORGE THOMAS BARTER, 1850

(Poems)

What slender youth store roses wreath,
 Bathed in liquid odours presses,
Pyrrha, thee the sweet grot beneath?
 For whom bind'st thy golden tresses,
Simple in thine adornings? How
 Faith and changed gods oft weep will he,
And seas with black winds rough'ning so,
 Unused in blank amazement see,
Who credulous enjoys thee now,
 Golden: who hopes thee always free,
And always kind, nor aught doth know
 Of the treach'rous gale! Wretched they
To whom thou dost unproved shine!
 The sacred wall doth speak for me,
I've hung those dripping garments mine,
 Vowed to the potent god of sea.





J. A. TURNER, 1850

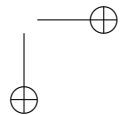
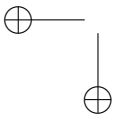
(Southern Literary Messenger)

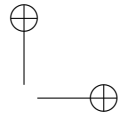
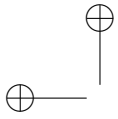
Oh! Pyrrha, nymph of pleasant caves
Reclining on a couch of roses,
What youth, bedewed in spicy waves,
Close by thy wanton side reposes,

Doth some lover, steeped in wine,
Mid thy golden tresses twine
Wreath of dowers, with rosy fingers,
While his lip mid nectar lingers?

He knows thee not, thou heartless one,
Inconstant as the changing sea,
But fondly hopes the smiling sun
Will ever mark thy constancy.

Wretched they who know thee not
Pity on their hopeless lot –
Wo to him who first hath met
Thee, the heartless and coquette.

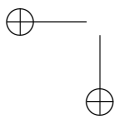




ANONYMOUS, 1850

(The Gamester)

What slender youth, with softest odours laved,
Seeks thee, on roses, in pleasant cave's retreat?
For whom, Pyrrha! say, thy golden tresses waved,
Now bindest thou, in simple order neat?
Ah! say, how oft shall he lament with tears,
False faith, and varying gods, and strange, shall see
Seas, rough with darkest winds, and, with sad fears,
Shall wonder, beauteous, who now trusts in thee?
Enraptured with thy charms, and fondly still,
Hopes that thy loveliness and truth shall last,
Ever unchanging, as the constant rill;
Nor knows he yet thy wavering feelings past.
Unhappy they, to whom, untried, unknown,
Thou brightest seems. On sacred wall for me,
Hang dedicate, with votive tablet shewn,
My vestments damp, to potent god of sea.





GEORGE BEDDOW, 1851

(Lauline)

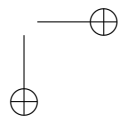
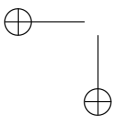
Pyrrha, in thy pleasant bower,
Where the clustering roses flower,
Say, what youth with rich perfumes
Seeks thy grot amid the blooms.

Say, for whom, with simple air,
Bind you thus your golden hair, –
Oh! how often shall the tear
Fall for changing fortune here?

He who too confiding lies
In the sunshine of thine eyes,
Soon must wail, when o'er the wave
Dark the angry stormwinds rave.

Hapless if he dreams thou'lt be
Still so lovely, still as free, –
Inexperience deems thee fair,
Yet deceptive gales are there.

I my dripping vestments place
Where the votive tablets grace
Neptune's fane, – as glad to be
From Pyrrha as from shipwreck free.





J. A. C. B., 1852

(Newry Telegraph)

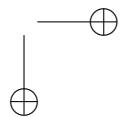
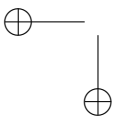
What dainty youth bedewed with perfumes,
Pyrrha enjoys thy favoring smile?
Reclining on a bed of roses
He fondly deems thee his the while.

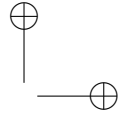
For whom fair maid are those fair tresses
Bound by thy hand with special care,
“Thy homely neatness” courts caresses:
Enraptured youth beware, beware!

How soon, alas! with altered fortune
Shall he thy perfidy deplore,
When round him blackening storms shall gather,
Where all was peace and calm before.

He blindly deems thee his for ever –
Hopes thou wilt still be always kind;
Experience, with its iron fetter,
Shall teach new wonder to his mind.

Unhappy those who, charmed by beauty,
Fall victims to thy treacherous love –
Escaped, I’ll raise a votive tablet
A tribute to the gods above.





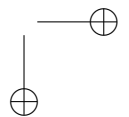
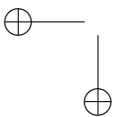
ANONYMOUS, 1852

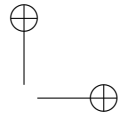
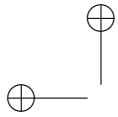
(Tablet)

What slender youth perfused with fresh macassar
Wooes thee, O England, in St. Stephen's bower!
For whom unlockest thou the chest that holds thy dower?

Simple as ever! Is there a deluder
Thou hast not listen'd to, thou hast not changed,
Laughing at one and all o'er whom thy fancy ranged!

While the big waves against the rocks are breaking,
And small ones toss and tumble, fume and fret,
Along the sunny wall I have hung up my net.





ANONYMOUS, 1852

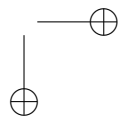
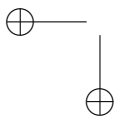
(Newcastle Journal)

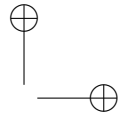
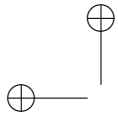
What muzzy youth, O Sister, hast thou found,
With wiskey drench'd, and rolling on the ground,
His brain-pan crack'd by sacerdotal sticks?
For him dost wave that gilded crucifix,
 With paws unwash'd and robes all fusty!

A Christian now, how oft will he deplore
The hour he listened to the scarlet *gentlewoman*?
Whose love is hate, when found he's short of tin
For that with her's the greatest mortal sin,
 And bishops, priests, and nuns makes crusty.

While unsuspected, he by thee is courted,
With promise into bliss to be transported;
He'll think you folks are all that fancy paints,
Of devotees your hundred thousand saints,
 Martyrs, and consecrated wenches.

My word take for it, he's the veriest goose,
Who trusts to knaves that still from laws are loose,
Escap'd, my hat hung up, th' old pray'rs I say,
Await in gospel faith the judgment day,
 And laugh, with Horace, on our benches.

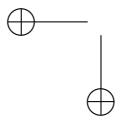




† FRANCIS WILLIAM NEWMAN, 1853

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

Who's the stripling slim with liquid scents
Drench'd, on plenteous rose, that sues thee hard
 In pleasant grot? for whom
 Tiest thou, Pyrrha, thy auburn hair
Simple in grace? How oft, alas! will he
Faith and changed gods lament, and soon
 In strange surprise behold
 Black winds sweep on a ruffled sea!
Now he joys to eye thee golden-bright,
Hopes thee alway vacant, alway kind;
 Fond fool! of shifting breeze
 Thoughtless. Woe for the hearts, to which
New thou glitt'rest. Me the sacred wall
Shows on votive board, when high I hung
 My dripping weeds; – a gift
 Gladly paid to the Seagod's might.

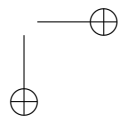
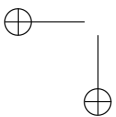


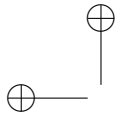


J. M. L., 1855

(Hagar and Ishmael)

What slender youth, 'midst roses soft,
All scent suffused, O Pyrrha fair,
In pleasant cave woos thee? with care
For whom bind'st thou thy yellow hair,
So simply neat? Of faith, how oft,
And changeful gods, will he complain,
And shall, rough with black winds, the main
His wonder, unaccustomed, gain,
Who now charmed, trusts thee, golden all;
Who hopes thee ever free and kind,
Unknowing of the treacherous wind!
Unhappy those thy splendours blind,
As yet untried! The sacred wall
Declares, in votive picture, me
To have my dripping robes to thee
Hung up, O potent god of sea!





ANONYMOUS, 1855

(Knickerbocker)

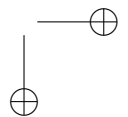
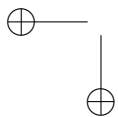
What graceful boy, with rose-crowned brow
All sprinkled o'er with fragrant dews,
Pressing his suit to PYRRHA now,
In shadowy grot his love renews
With eager vow?

With simple charm of braided hair,
For whom does PYRRHA weave a lure?
Poor Heart! that hopes thee true as fair;
Poor Heart! that in thy love secure
Forgets all care.

Too soon, for smiles shall be all tears,
And prayers unheard, and hopes all wasted:
The tempest, with fast-gathering fears,
To dash the joy-cup down ere tasted,
Already nears.

Ah! hapless they, for whom untried
Thy wanton, mocking graces shine!
A ship-wrecked sailor from the tide,
I've sought the Saviour-Sea-God's shrine;
Its walls beside,

My wave-drenched garments have I flung;
And gladder for the sorrow past,
The votive tablets all among,
To the fierce RULER of the blast,
My offering hung.

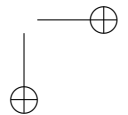
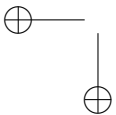


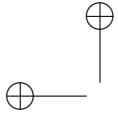


MICHAEL JOSEPH BARRY, 1856

(1817-89; Irish Writer and Poet)

What tender youth, with perfumed hair,
 On couch of roses thee caresses,
In pleasant grotto, Pyrrha fair?
 For whom thou bind'st thy yellow tresses,
With simple neatness. Ah! how oft
 False faith and fickle Gods he'll weep
And wind-lashed billows, tossed aloft,
 Will marvel at – deceitful deep!
Who now enjoys thee beauteous there,
 Who hopes to find thee always free –
Unless on'd in the treacherous air –
 And always lovely? Hapless he
For whom, unknown, you shine! For me,
 The sacred tablet notes that I
Have hung my dripping garments high,
 Votive to him who rules the sea.

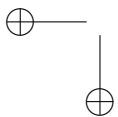




† RICHARD W. O'BRIEN, 1857

("Of Trinity College, Dublin")

What youth, slender of form, decked with full many a rose,
And bathed with a sweet stream, doth his fond suit propose,
 Pyrrha, under some cool grot?
 For whom locks of pure gold dost knot,
Simply, yet with such grace? How shall he mourn, ah me!
Thy faith broken, and mourn each averse Deity, –
 And seas, rough with black storms' ire,
 Unused, how shall he oft admire, –
Who, enjoying thee once, lured by thy golden sheen,
Hoped that aye free to love and to be loved thou'dst been:
 Knowing nought of the false wind!
 Hapless they upon whom thou'st shined,
Thy arts ere they had learned: for in the pictured vow
Is shown how I devote, dripping, my garments now,
 On the wall of his own fane,
 To the God who commands the main!





* WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE, 1858

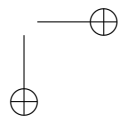
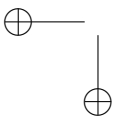
(1809–98; Statesman, Four Times Liberal Prime Minister)

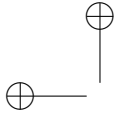
What scented stripling, Pyrrha, woos thee now,
 In pleasant grotto, all with roses fair?
For whom those auburn tresses bindest thou
 With simple care?

Full oft shall he thine altered faith bewail,
 His altered gods: and his unwonted gaze
Shall watch the waters darkening to the gale
 In wild amaze:

Who now believing gloats on golden charms;
 Who hopes thee ever void, and ever kind;
Nor knows thy changeful heart, nor the alarms
 Of changeful wind.

For me, let Neptune's temple-wall declare
 How, safe-escaped, in votive offering,
My dripping garments own, suspended there,
 Him Ocean-King.

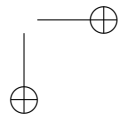
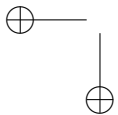


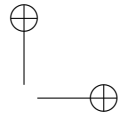
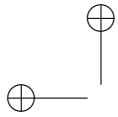


* HENRY T. LIDDELL, LORD RAVENSWORTH, 1858

(1797–1878; Statesman and Poet)

What youth, O Pyrrha! blooming fair,
With rose-twined wreath and perfumed hair,
Woos thee beneath yon grotto's shade,
 Urgent in prayer and amorous glance?
For whom dost thou thy tresses braid,
 Simple in thine elegance?
Alas! full soon shall he deplore
 Thy broken faith, thine altered mien:
Like one astonished at the roar
Of breakers on a leeward shore,
 Whom gentle airs and skies serene
Had tempted on the treacherous deep,
So he thy perfidy shall weep
Who now enjoys thee fair and kind,
But dreams not of the shifting wind.
 Thrice wretched they, deluded and betrayed,
Who trust thy glittering smile and Siren tongue!
I have escaped the shipwreck, and have hung
 In Neptune's Fane my dripping vest displayed
 With votive tablet on his altar laid,
 Thanking the Sea-God for his timely aid.





RICHARD ROWE, 1858

(1828–79; Writer)

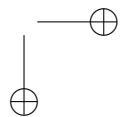
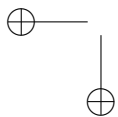
What slim youth, whose love-locks flow
Wet with unguents, courteth thee,
Pyrrha, where the roses blow,
And the rocks cool shadows throw
On the grotto-floor below?

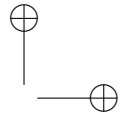
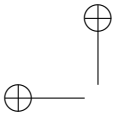
Tell me, tell me, who is he
For whom now thou bind'st thine hair –
Hair of gold, no witchingly,
With that artful careless air!

Ah, how oft he shall bewail
Broken vow and gods estranged! –
Unaccustomed to the gale
Blackening the erst sunny sea, –
Marvel that the sea is changed! –

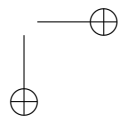
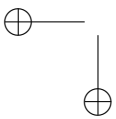
He who now so trustingly
Finds in thee a golden joy, –
Ever lovely, ever free, –
From love of all save him for ever –
Poor silly boy! –
Hopes that thou – that *thou* – wilt be;
And thinketh never
How soon arise
Fiercest storms in fairest skies!

Wretched they, to whom thou seemest
Bright for aye, as now thou gleamest! –
Thou no more hast power o'er me –
Votive slab on sacred wall
Tells how I most gratefully,
To the God who rules the sea,





Hung my dripping garments there;
For he listened to my call,
Ere I sank, he heard my prayer –
I no longer think thee fair!





J. A. TURNER, 1858

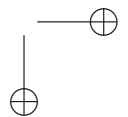
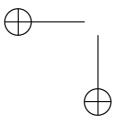
(The Discovery of Sir John Franklin and Other Poems)

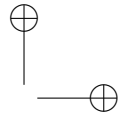
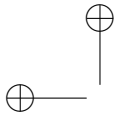
Oh! Pyrrha, in some grotto hid,
Both lying on a couch of roses,
Who sports thy wanton charms amid,
What amorous youth with thee reposes?

What poor fellow, steeped in wine,
Mid thy golden curls doth twine
Wreaths of flowers, with dainty fingers,
While his lip mid nectar lingers?

Why so deceive him, heartless one,
Inconstant as the fickle sea,
Whose charms a thousand beaux have won, –
Why make him thus confide in thee?

Wretched they who know thee not,
Theirs a most unhappy lot –
Wo to him who first hath met
Thee, the heartless, and coquette!

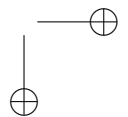
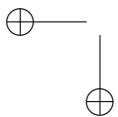


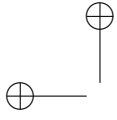


ROBERT M. HOVENDEN, 1859

(“Formerly of Trinity College, Cambridge”)

What stripling, Pyrrha, lavish of perfume,
Enraptured woos thee, mid the rosy bloom
Of thy delicious grot?
For whom that braided knot,
That simple, crisp attire? How oft the youth
Shall weep thy alter'd mood and broken troth,
Shall dread, when storms arise,
The fury of thine eyes.
Who hugs the counterfeit as real gold,
And hopes, vain hope, the favoring breeze will hold,
He ever welcome, thou
Serenely kind as now.
Fond dupe, whom treacherous calm to shipwreck leads!
Long since, on Neptune's wall, my draggled weeds
And votive scroll record
The power of ocean's Lord.





CHARLES WILLIAM SHIRLEY BROOKS, 1859

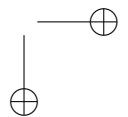
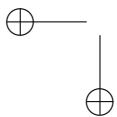
(1816–74; Journalist and Novelist; Editor of *Punch*)

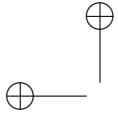
With what handsome swell who serves the Queen
Are you flirting, widow, now;
And for whom does the fragrant bandoline
Hold down those braids of glossy sheen
Beside that ivory brow?

With whom do you sit in the pleasant gloom
Of your crimson opera-box,
For whom by your side is there always room,
And a look of vexation you assume
When some other dandy knocks?

Poor young officer, faultless swell,
Lad with embroidered shirt,
One of these days you'll know too well
That it's a most unpleasant sell
To be spoons on that heartless flirt.

Hangs in my hall a hat, once gay,
Which I had not worn a month
When I ran in the rain to buy a bouquet,
That, as soon as I'd gone, she gave away
To Brooks of the Onety-Oneth.

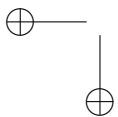




* SIR THEODORE MARTIN, 1860

(1816–1909; Biographer of the Prince Consort)

Pyrrha, what slender boy, in perfume steep'd,
Doth in the shade of some delightful grot
Caress thee now on couch with roses heap'd?
For whom dost thou thine amber tresses knot
With all thy seeming-artless grace? Ah me,
How oft will he thy perfidy bewail,
And joys all flown, and shudder at the sea
Rough with the chafing of the blust'rous gale,
Who now, fond dreamer, revels in thy charms;
Who all unweeting how the breezes veer,
Hopes still to find a welcome in thine arms,
As warm as now, and thee as loving-dear!
Ah, woe for those, on whom thy spell is flung!
My votive tablet, in the temple set,
Proclaims that I to ocean's god have hung
The vestments in my shipwreck smirch'd and wet.





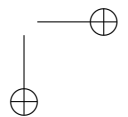
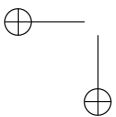
† CHRISTOPHER HUGHES, 1860

(1815–77; Clerk of the Peace, Borough of Northampton)

Pyrrha, what tender youth may now
With odours sprinkled, urge the vow
'Mid roses in some pleasant cave?
For whom is bound your yellow hair
With your own neat and simple care?
Oft will he view the cruel wave
By black winds raised, oft wondering mourn
For Faith and Love without return.

Who now has won you, trusting boy,
Believes you, golden in his joy:
Hopes, ignorant of storms, to find
You ever his and ever kind.

Hapless are they for whom you shine
Untried. The mighty Sea-god's shrine
Shews, in my votive tablet there,
My dripping clothes suspended were.

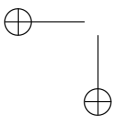


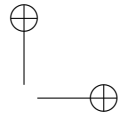
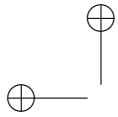


† WILLIAM LEE, 1860

(Translations in English Verse from Ovid, Horace, &c)

What tender youth thee presses in his arms,
Perfumed, on roses, revels in your charms,
Pyrrha? for whom bind'st up thy tresses sheen,
In cooling grot, so simply neat and plain?
How oft that youth your fickleness shall weep,
Wonder, his joys what angry whirlwinds sweep,
Who blest in fond credulity of love,
Hopes thou shalt always amiable prove!
Ah! wretched they, for whom thou shinest so fair,
Beneath the rose a dangerous serpent there.
My votive offering in Neptune's cell,
Shows I've escaped your witcheries – farewell.





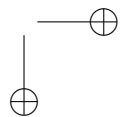
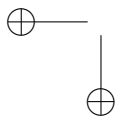
GEORGE HERBERT TREVOR, 1860

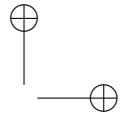
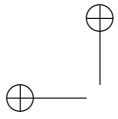
(1840–1927; Chief Commissioner of Ajmir)

What slip of youth is wooing thee,
Bedewed in rose-perfumery,
Sacred that hair to whom –
 Simple in golden bloom –
 Syren with artlessness?
 Ah! he who clasps thee fondly now,
Shall often mourn thy broken vow,
With tearful eye a-grieving;
 Gazing on stormy sea,
 Wailing the Fates' decree,
Fool for believing!

Fool not to know the fickle breeze,
But ever think to love and please.
Ah Pyrrha, thy sweet devilries,
 Beguile the young untried:
 I, who fell in Love's sea,
 Swam out full speedily.

Lo! within the Sea-god's shrine
Hang those dripping clothes of mine –
 Sign that the world may see
 How, of Pyrrha's witchery,
'Scaped I the tide!

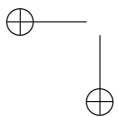


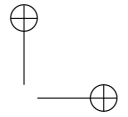
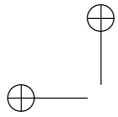


E. J., 1860

(Kendal Mercury)

What Youth, 'mid roses' lavish sweets reclining,
Now courts Thee, Pyrrha, 'neath some pleasant shade;
For whom dost Thou, those locks of gold confining,
In simple beauty bind the circling braid?
Alas! how oft of fickle Faith complaining,
And Gods inconstant, shall he view, aghast,
Those waters, late a halcyon calmness feigning,
Now black with storms and raging with the blast;
Who, dupe to joys that crown thy first possession,
Familiar only with Love's golden hour,
Sees peace and pleasure reign in bright succession,
Heedless how soon the fav'ring gale may lour!
Ah! hapless they Thy syren smiles believing! –
A votive tablet decks the sacred Fane,
And speaks the danger whence the God relieving,
I hung my garments reeking from the main.





* THOMAS HOOD, 1861

(1835–74; Writer and Humorist)

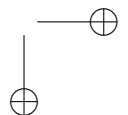
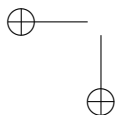
Ah, Pyrrha – tell me, whose the happy lot
To clip thee on a couch of lavish roses –
Who, bathed in odorous dews, in his fond arms encloses
Thee, in some happy grot?

For whom those nets of golden-gloried hair
Dost thou entwine in cunning carelessnesses?
Alas, poor boy! – who thee, in fond belief, caresses,
Deeming thee wholly fair?

How oft shall he thy fickleness bemoan
When fair to foul shall change – and he, unskilful
In pilotage, beholds – with tempests wildly wilful –
The happy calm o'erthrown!

He, who now hopes that thou wilt ever prove
All void of care, and full of fond endearing,
Knows not that varies more, than Zephyrs everveering,
The fickle breath of Love.

Ah, hapless he, to whom – like seas untried –
Thou seemest fair! That *my* sea-going's ended
My votive tablet shows, to those dark Gods suspended,
Who o'er the waves preside.

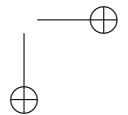
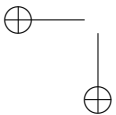


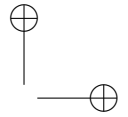
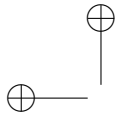


“AN IDLER,” 1861

(Translations from the Classics)

Now tell me, Pyrrha, tell me sooth,
Who is the dainty, perfumed youth
Who in that grot, with thee reposes,
Upon a bed bestrew'd with roses?
For whom braid'st thou thy golden hair,
In bright simplicity so fair!
Alas! how oft, will he deplore
The perfidies thou hast in store!
What storms may come, he little knows,
When the wild gust of passion blows!
Nor dreams of anger, rage, and riot,
While he enjoys thee, here, in quiet.
He thinks that thou'lt prove, ever, kind,
Nor change like the inconstant wind!
Ah! woe to those who, thus, confide
In beauties they have never tried!
I, as a votive offering, made
To the great Sea-God, here have laid
My dripping robe to indicate
That I've escaped so sad a fate.





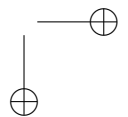
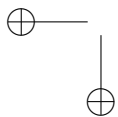
ANONYMOUS, 1861

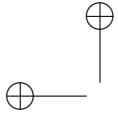
(The Harvard Magazine)

What graceful boy thy form caresses,
 In the cave so cool, O Pyrrha,
With the fresh perfume on thy tresses,
White shoulders bathed in yellow hair,
On thy couch all blushing with roses rare,
 Chaste in modest adornment, Pyrrha?

Alas! how oft shall his tears deplore,
 God's averted and dusky sea,
Perfidious flight, desertion sore,
Who trustingly thy golden shape embraces,
Credulous, all fear away now chases,
 In passionate clasp now holdeth thee!

Thanks to the kind gods, my heart is free:
 My dripping garment hanging yet
On Neptune's fane by the sounding sea,
With votive tablet many a wretch now tells,
Whose lovesick soul still soundeth weary knells,
 Safe I fled the syren's luring net.





EDWARD SMITH-STANLEY, EARL OF DERBY, 1862

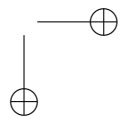
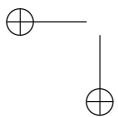
(1799–1869; Statesman)

What slender youth, on rosy couch reclining,
Breathing sweet odours, courts thee, Pyrrha, now
Beneath some pleasant grot? For whom dost thou,
With simple grace thy golden tresses twining,

Put forth thy beauty? Ah, how oft shall he
Thy broken faith, and Gods estranged, bewail;
And see, aghast, beneath the darkling gale,
The unwonted ruffle of the angry sea,

Who now, confiding, revels in thy charms,
Deeming thee purest gold! and hopes that thou
Shalt still remain as he beholds thee now,
As kind, as open to his longing arms,

Nor knows the breeze how fickle! Hapless those
On whom thou shin'st untried! To Ocean's King
How I, escaped, my dripping garments bring,
On Neptune's wall my votive tablet shows.





† G. CHICHESTER OXENDEN, 1862

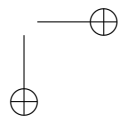
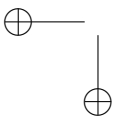
(1797–1875; Author of *Railway Horace*)

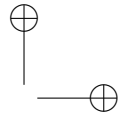
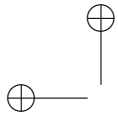
Pyrrha, in some sequestered grot,
Where roses fall around thee,
And on thy cheek are kisses hot,
What boyish love hath bound thee,

His own dark hyacinthine locks
With thy fair tresses blended?
Ah! quickly come the varying shocks
That tell of passion ended,

And he will mourn vows light as air,
And Pyrrha's troth departed,
Ill-starred, to love a girl so fair,
And yet, so faithless-hearted.

And I, who watch his ruin, I,
Thank Heaven, at Neptune's door
That I have hung *My* Hat to dry,
And tempt the waves no more.

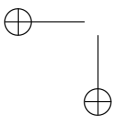


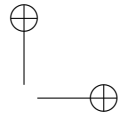
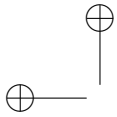


WILLIAM BLACK, 1862

(1841–98; Scottish Writer)

Now, Pyrrha! say what graceful youth
 Importunes thee amid the roses,
The while with liquid odours bless'd,
 He all thy gentle charms discloses?
For whom dost thou, so simply neat,
 Bind up thy wealth of yellow treasures;
Or in the coolness of the cave
 Enrich him with thy soft caresses?
Alas! the sailor in *that* sea
 Will mourn thy faith so lightly plighted;
Will wonder at the rising storms,
 By blackening winds at once benighted.
Who now enjoys thee, golden maid!
 And hopes to find thee always willing.
Oh! luckless they on whom thou smill'st
 With studied art, so sweetly killing!
Unhappy they! more happy me,
 Who now am safe from being stranded –
I hang my garments on the bank –
 And thank the gods who have me landed!





* JOHN CONINGTON, 1863

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

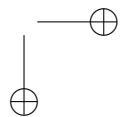
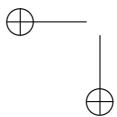
What slender youth, besprinkled with perfume,
Courts you on roses in some grotto's shade?
Fair Pyrrha, say, for whom
Your yellow hair you braid,

So trim, so simple! Ah! how oft shall he
Lament that faith can fail, that gods can change,
Viewing the rough black sea
With eyes to tempests strange,

Who now is basking in your golden smile,
And dreams of you still fancy-free, still kind,
Poor fool, nor knows the guile
Of the deceitful wind!

Woe to the eyes you dazzle without cloud
Untried! For me, they show in yonder fane
My dripping garments, vow'd
To Him who curbs the main.

NOTE: A. E. Housman, in a letter to John Drinkwater: "There are only two complete translations of Horace's Odes which I have done more than glance at, and of those I think Conington's better, though less showy, than Theodore Martin's: closer to the sense, and nearer, though of course not near enough, to Horace's manner." (Dec. 25, 1922)

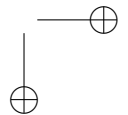
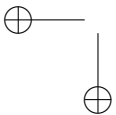


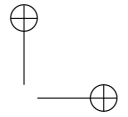
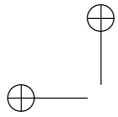


† WILLIAM LEE, 1863

(Translations in English Verse from Virgil and Horace)

For what slight youth on roses laid,
In cool grot, dost thy fair hair braid, Pyrrha?
Who perfum'd folds thy waist,
Robed in simple neatness chaste?
Amaz'd, he bitterly shall weep,
To find thee angry as the deep.
Who now fond credulous in love,
Hopes thou wilt always gentle prove.
Siren, wrecking all you lure,
Unsuspicious, to your bower,
My offering, in Neptune's cell,
Shows I have 'scap'd your guile – Farewell.





ANONYMOUS, 1863

(The St. Andrews University Magazine)

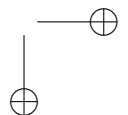
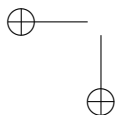
What slender stripling courts thee now
On roses, 'neath the hanging rocks,
For whom, oh Pyrrha! bindest thou,
With artless art, thine amber locks?

Ah me! how oft shall he deplore
Fickle gods and veering truth,
Who now is fondly counting o'er
Thy charms, all gold, – deluded youth!

With what amazement shall he see
The waters rough with blackening wind,
Who dreams that thou wilt ever be,
As now, accessible and kind.

Poor souls! they little know their doom,
They reckon not of the breeze to be,
The inexperienced wights for whom
Thou shinest like a summer sea.

For me, – my votive garments, hung
On Father Neptune's dripping walls,
Proclaim that I, when very young,
Nigh perished in those fatal squalls.

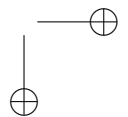
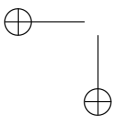


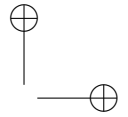
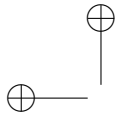


GEORGE HOWLAND, 1865

(1824-92)

What graceful youth with roses crowned,
And sweet with perfumes rare,
His suit prefers? For whom hast bound
Thy braids of golden hair,
With simple neatness clad? Ah, me!
How often changing skies,
And gathering storms he'll weeping see,
With wonder and surprise,
Who now enjoys the golden year,
Nor fitful breezes knows,
But ever free and ever dear
Expects thee! Woe to those,
On whom thy sweetest smiles are cast;
This votive offering given,
Plainly declares for me at last,
The danger's o'er, thank Heaven.

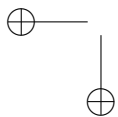




JAMES NETHERBY, 1865

(Songs and Poems)

What graceful youth caresses thee,
 Pyrrha, within thy grot's cool shade;
Thy rosy couch spread lavishly,
 Thy flowing perfumes round him shed?
For whom bind'st thou thy golden hair
 In elegant simplicity?
Alas! how oft will he forswear
 His faith, and fickle deity!
For raging storms shall lash the sea,
 'Wildering the unaccustom'd youth
Who now, all fondly trusting thee,
 So fair, so bright, believes thy truth –
Knowing no faithless gale in store,
 Enjoys thee, hoping thou wilt be
As now thou art, for evermore,
 For him still lovely, and still free.
Wretched is he to whom thus seems
 The untried deep so tempting fair!
The mighty Sea God's shrine proclaims,
 By votive tablet, hung up there
As a remembrance against thee,
 Of shipwreck suffered so by me.

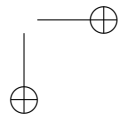
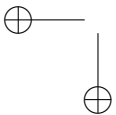


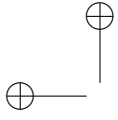


† HUGO NICHOLAS JONES, 1865 (1)

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

What stripling, in ambrosial grot,
Mid rosy wreaths, that form caresses,
For whom fair Pyrrha's fingers knot
In simple charm, those sunny tresses?
Alas, how many a tear he'll shed,
When guardian Gods shall faithless flee,
And storms unlooked for, overspread
The dark ware of his destiny.
When she, he deem'd the softest-souled,
And truest-hearted, leaves him lonely,
To learn that all he prized as gold,
Was but the glittering surface only.
Ill-fated they who see thee fair,
With reckless trust believe thee true,
Then find the heart that others share,
The sport of every wind that blew.
To Neptune's sacred fane did we
With votive step the tablet bring,
Where all, the pictured garb, may see
A saturated offering.





† HUGO NICHOLAS JONES, 1865 (2)

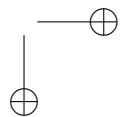
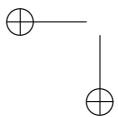
(The I and II Books of the Odes of Horace)

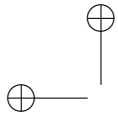
In pleasant grot, oh, say by what
 Young birkie slim, and a' that,
Is Pyrrha woo'd whase bonnie snood,
 She binds for him and a' that;
For a' that an' a' that,
 Sae simple, neat, an' a' that,
Around his pow the roses glow,
 Wi' odours sweet an' a' that.

'Twill gar him greet sie faith to meet,
 The fickle Powers an' a' that,
When waters smooth no longer soothe
 Love's gliding hours an' a' that;
For a' that an' a' that,
 The storm an' cloud an' a' that,
Alas he thought that heart was naught
 But sterling gowd an' a' that.

He fondly deemed her all she seemed,
 Sae constant, kind, an' a' that,
The faithless girl whose heart could whirl
 Wi' every wind an' a' that.
For a' that an' a' that,
 Her charms an' wiles an' a' that,
The tentless heart will learn to smart,
 That trusts her smiles an' a' that.

Great Neptune's shrine, whase power divine
 Rules o'er the wave an' a' that,
Doth witness bear that I did there
 A tablet grave an' a' that;
For a' that an' a' that,
 The stormy floods an' a' that,
Snatch'd from the sea, hang votively
 My drippin' duds an' a' that.



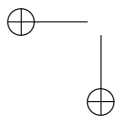


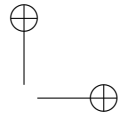
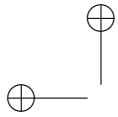
† HUGO NICHOLAS JONES, 1865 (3)

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

Pyrrha say, for what stripling, so scented and slender,
In thy grot, strewn with roses, all blessing, and blest,
Are those ringlets of thine, in the sunniest splendour
Of Nature's embellishment, simply drest:
How oft shall he rue
The Gods untrue,
Love's gentle horizon, with clouds o'er cast,
O'er its waters, alas,
That the storm should pass –
That the girl, in whose faith, like pure gold from the mine,
By no falsehood alloy'd, he believed to the last,
Where affection and constancy seem'd to entwine,
Should be fickle and false, as the shifting blast!

Alas for the peace of the ill-fated lover,
Whose heart those untoward enchantments have won,
Who thus, when too late, shall be doom'd to discover,
How false was the charm that had lured him on:
No longer to glide
O'er love's calm tide,
O'er the wreck of whose hopes, the dark wave flows,
As drifting o'er
Life's dreary shore –
A tablet of mine, to the God of the ocean,
On the wall of his temple, now votively shows
The off'ring I've hung, in my grateful devotion,
To hallow his shrine with my streaming clothes.





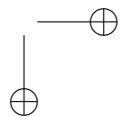
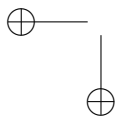
† HUGO NICHOLAS JONES, 1865 (4)

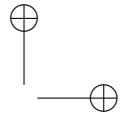
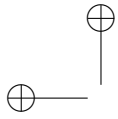
(The I and II Books of the Odes of Horace)

What youth crown'd with roses,
 And bathed in perfume,
In thy grotto reposes,
 Oh Pyrrha! for whom,
With a charm all so artless,
 Those bright locks are twined,
Soon to mourn thee all heartless,
 And false as the wind.

By the Gods when forsaken,
 'Twill burst, like the roar
Of dark storms, when they break on
 Seas, tranquil before;
Then, alas! for the lover
 That trusts to thy smile,
Ere his bosom discover
 How yours could beguile.

In thee, he deem'd ever,
 True gold he should find –
That that heart should be never
 Untrue or unkind.
To the sea's mighty master,
 Votive garments of mine,
Record my disaster,
 All dropping with brine.

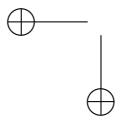


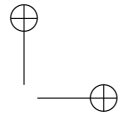
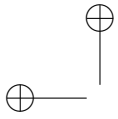


† HUGO NICHOLAS JONES, 1865 (5)

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

Say who is that slim little fellow,
That clings with such urgent embrace,
For whom, Pyrrha, those ringlets of yellow
Are twined with so simple a grace,
In that grotto, where brightest of roses
Around him have lavish'd their bloom,
In whose dreamy seclusion, reposes
The fond youth, bedew'd with perfume.
Alas! for the Gods that could alter,
The heart whose affection could fail,
How he'll weep for the faith that could falter,
The love that could veer like the gale,
"When winds are at war with the ocean,"
As that bosom (oh! strange to behold,)
With the one, whose confiding devotion
Mistook all that glitter'd for gold.
From the wreck, which the wild wave hath drifted,
Thus much is he fated to find,
That the love, he thought ne'er could have shifted,
Hath left but its sorrows behind.
In the temple, a tablet is showing
My vows to the God of the sea,
And the brine, from my wearables flowing,
That speaks of my peril and thee.

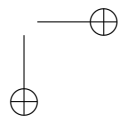
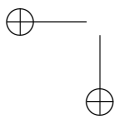


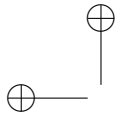


ANONYMOUS, 1866

(The Orchestra)

In goodly grot, mid roses rare,
 What dainty lover Pyrrha presses?
For whom dost bind thy golden hair
 With happy artlessnesses?
Thy falseness shall he yet deplore,
 Thee and the changed godlike forms:
His inexperience marvelling more
 At the rough rising storms,
Who, credulous, believes thee good,
 And, heedless of the sudden gale,
Holds thee immutable of mood,
 The fairest of the frail.
They are accursed in thy thrall
 That deem thee true because untried,
But I have 'scaped the shipwreck all,
 Who trusted to the tide.
My dripping garments one and all
 I give the great god of the sea:
A tablet on the holy wall
 I gratefully decree.





† CHARLES STEPHENS MATHEWS, 1867

(“Formerly of Pembroke College, Cambridge”)

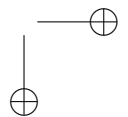
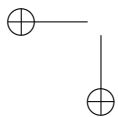
The slim beperfumed boy in store
Of roses laid along the floor
 Of cool inviting grot,
Who is he, Pyrrha? for 'tis you
He urges to the rendezvous,
 And asks – Why come you not?

Meanwhile for whom give you – for him? –
Those sunny locks their careless trim,
 The backward toss and tie?
Whose eyes are to be ravished? – his? –
By that new dress, simplicity's
 And neatness' type, you try?

Poor innocent! how oft he'll weep
That gods to kindness cannot keep,
 Nor you to word you passed:
At heaving sea, at whistling loud
The winds, and blackening all with cloud,
 How stand and stare aghast,

Who hoped because the prize of gold
Was for a moment his to hold,
 To have you vacant aye,
Aye amiable: not aware
How like a thing to change is air,
 And beauty false to play.

Mis'erable they to whom you shine
Without experience of the brine!
 The ruler of the sea
Has on his wall suspended yet
The votive tablet and the wet
 Habiliments from me.

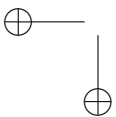


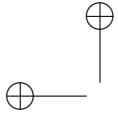


† JAMES WALTER SMITH, 1867

(The Odes of Horace, Books I and II)

What slender stripling in your rosy grot,
His locks with liquid perfume shining,
Embraces Pyrrha? Say for whom that knot
Her golden tresses is confining,
Enrichment shunning? but how oft, alack,
He'll mourn her troth and gods invoked forsaken,
And stand astounded, by the storm-cloud black
And angry billows sudden overtaken.
He dotes confiding in your glittering charms,
And hopes that, disengaged and still engaging,
You'll always bid him welcome to your arms,
Nor thinks the storm will soon be raging.
Ill luck for those you dazzle unawares!
For I – 'tis on the votive tablet noted –
In Neptune's temple, rescued from your snares,
My shipwrecked rags, in thanks, devoted.





D. A. C., 1867

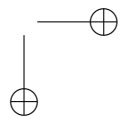
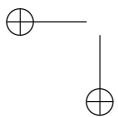
(The Round Table)

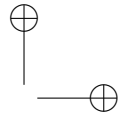
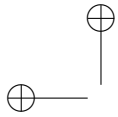
In thy grotto's cool recesses,
Dripping perfumes, lapped in roses,
Say, what slender youth reposes,
Pyrrha, wooing thy embrace?
Braid'st for whom those tawny tresses
Simple in thy grace?

Ah! how oft averted heaven
Will he weep, and thy dissembling,
And, poor novice! view with trembling
O'er the erewhile tranquil deep,
By the angry tempest driven,
Billowy tumult sweep,

Now who in thy smile endearing
Basks, with foolish fondness hoping
To his love thou'lt e'er be open,
To his wooing ever kind,
Knowing not the fitful veering
Of the faithless wind.

Hapless they, rash troth who plight thee!
On the sacred wall my votive
Picture, set with pious motive,
Shows I hung in Neptune's fane
My wet garments to the mighty
Monarch of the main!

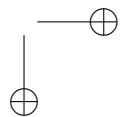
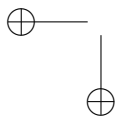


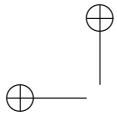


ANONYMOUS, 1867

(The Australasian)

What comely youth 'mid many a row, bestrewed
With dripping perfumes, plies his suit to thee,
Pyrrha, beneath some pleasing grotto's shade?
For whom dost thou, in artless neatness clad,
Uploop thy tawny hair? Ah me! how oft
Thy broken vows, and deities estranged,
Shall he bewail, and wonder, all-unused,
To see the level beauty of thy face
Ploughed deep with passion, as the ocean glooms
In darkened ridges when the tempest blows,
Who now enjoys thee at thy golden time,
Too fondly trustful of thy untried worth,
And all unconscious of thy wheedling airs,
Whole-hearted ever, lovable for aye,
Hopes thou wilt be. Ah! pitiable they
On whom, unknown, thy beauty glitters keen.
For me, vowed tablets with my dangers writ,
The sacred wall with dripping garments hung,
Proclaim my worship to the mighty God
Who saved my youth from shipwreck on thy charms.

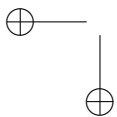




ANONYMOUS, 1867

(Melbourne Punch)

Ah! Pyrrha darlint, is it you that's in it?
What clane boy now is scented all for you,
Watchin' and waitin' for the precious minute
That brings convaynient rose-bush, moonlight dew?
Bedad you do look nait! A mortal sin it
Is to curl the hair in graisey tapers,
Or twist or rowl it up in curlin' papers
(As 'tis yourself that knows some fair ones do!).
But you are wise, and do not cut such capers –
You know a thrick worth two o' that, by Japers!
Who is the boy at presint afther you?
Is he a greenhorn? Open? Trusting? Whew!
He sees not yet the thundher-cloud, for blue
The sky is now; and when he sets his eyes on
The firmamint he sees a fair horizon,
And thinks the world all good and Pyrrha throe.
Yet – as you know, and I – the storm will brew;
For throth and sure at length you will desaiive him,
And when you get him dhrunk with love you'll lave him,
Remorseless, to intoxicate a new
Young man! While he? The winds around will rave him;
The say itself will mock; he'll foam, and rue
The evil day he first clapped eyes on you;
And, though a say o' grief engulph to grave him,
A straw o' hope you will not throw to save him!



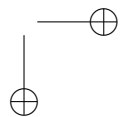
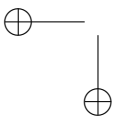


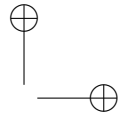
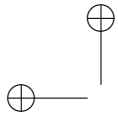
ANONYMOUS, 1867

(*Fun*)

Mæcenas, dear knight, one thing presses
 Upon me and troubles me sore;
That PYRRHA will wear such low dresses,
 Nor heeds though I scold evermore.
In everything else to my wish she is
 Kind, but will artfully say,
I meant by my "Simplex Munditis,"
 Girls should be *décolletée*.

I wish I'd not written that poem;
 She's always repeating it now;
Girls ever were torments, you know 'em,
 So come with a wreath on your brow –
The classical sign of much jollity –
 Come then, I fervently pray;
We'll swig without fear of frivolity, –
 Pyrrha, my poppet's away!

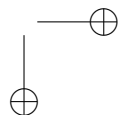
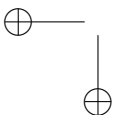


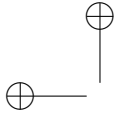


* T. HERBERT NOYES, JR., 1868

(1800-81; Barrister)

Oh, who is the stripling so scented and slim,
Who now in your pleasant grot, Pyrrha, reposes
 On litter of roses,
 Still cooing and wooing?
Those tresses of gold you have braided for him,
With charming simplicity! ere very long,
For all he is now so confiding a lover,
 He 'will surely discover
 Sad treason in season,
The smooth waters ruffled by breezes so strong.
Fond fool! he believes you as sterling as gold,
And trusts he will find you for ever as tender,
 As prone to surrender;
 Not ruing what's brewing,
Alas! for the wights who have not known thee of old.
The walls of the temple bear witness for me,
Who hung up my raiment just after one dipping,
 All soaking and dripping;
 My motive was votive;
My thanks they were due to the God of the Sea.





† E. H. BRODIE, 1868

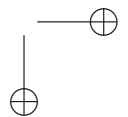
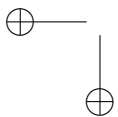
(“One of Her Majesty’s Inspectors of Schools”)

What graceful youth, in thickest roses’ bower,
Wet with his scents woos now free Pyrrha’s hour
In pleasant cave’s retreat?
For whom so simply neat

Braid’st auburn hair? alas! how oft shall he
Mourn altered vows and altered gods, and see
With blank amazement strange
Rough winds the dark seas change, –

Who now, all trust, enjoys thy golden smile!
And thee still vacant, thee still kind the while
Dreams, for he never knew
The fickle breeze; fond crew,

To whom thou shin’st all untried! Me my board
Votive, on sacred wall to ocean’s lord
With vestments hung, portrays
Yet dripping from the sprays.

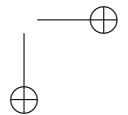
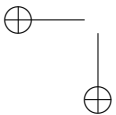




WILMOT., 1868

(The Dublin University Magazine)

What graceful youth, with odours sweet
Bedewed, in some rose-bower's retreat,
Thee, Pyrrha, where its roses meet
Caresses? Looking modestly,
In fairest rare simplicity,
For whom is bound thy golden hair?
Alas! how often, in despair,
Shall he bewail his destiny,
And mourn thy broken faith; and high,
When sweeps the tempest o'er the sky,
Shall marvel at the raging seas,
Who, only used to summer breeze,
Enjoys thy seeming priceless love; –
And, trusting treacherous skies above,
Still hopes that thou wilt ever be
As kind and gentle, frank and free.
Oh wretched! – yet untried thy wiles –
Whom thy fair sunny face beguiles.
A votive tablet shows in Neptune's fane
That, 'scaped the perils of a stormy main,
Dank garments, dripping as with briny rain,
I've hung, in homage to the sea-god's reign.





† EDWARD YARDLEY, JR., 1869

(1835–1908; Writer)

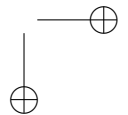
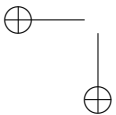
Pyrrha, with the yellow hair
Which thou tend'st with taste and care,
Dressing simply what is fair,

What youth, perfumed, lapt in flowers,
In the pleasantest of bowers
Courts thee through the love-led hours?

Fondly thinking thou must please
Golden ever, he foresees
Not the shortly coming breeze.

When foul weather follows fair,
How will he astonished stare,
How lament thy altered air!

Wretched must thy lovers be:
Long ago I quitted thee
And gave thanks for being free.

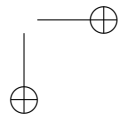
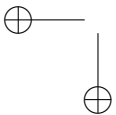




† JOHN BENSON ROSE, 1869

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

What ardent youth, now scented and unguented
Stretched amidst roses, strewn on the grateful bed,
 Clasps thee, O Pyrrha, in his arms?
Thou unadorned in sweetest simplicity
Binding the golden locks, bursting their silken tie,
 He must, awakened, curse those charms.
As the fond mariner, launched on a placid sea,
Thinks it will ever so bright and so gracious be,
 He ignorant of hostile gales.
I, shipwrecked mariner, my votive offering hangs
With my wet garments where Neptune's temple stands
 High hung on wall, with shipwrecked sails.

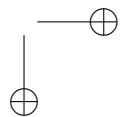
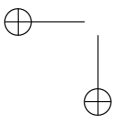


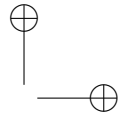
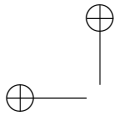


I. A. J., 1869

(The Maritime Monthly)

What graceful boy, while fragrance flows,
In rippling breaths, from many a rose,
Courts thee, O Pyrrha, 'neath the grateful grot,
Thy yellow hair entwined in simple knot?
Ah me! Alas! with weary tears,
For broken faith he'll mourn in future years,
And sorrowing, wonder when he finds
The beaming waters lashed by storm clad winds.
Poor fool, he fondly trusts the summer air,
And thinks the breezes hushed, the prospect fair
Always, nor dreads the treach'rous smiles
On heaven's sweet face. O heedless of thy wiles,
Thy bright and glittering snares! O happy me,
Free from the dangers of that storm-tossed sea;
With wave-drench'd garments hung to dry,
I place my votive tablets now on high.





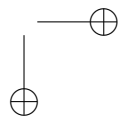
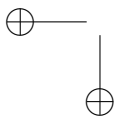
ANONYMOUS, 1869

(Echoes)

What youth Poole-coated, wearing Jouvin's best,
 Woos thee, O Pyrrha, with a languid air?
For whom do you with white enamelled breast,
 So subtly dye that golden-tangled hair?

How oft will he taste bismuth on your cheek,
 And wonder why your lips the kiss should fear;
Is it because your pretty back is weak,
 Your dress in "Pannier"-bundled, looks so queer?

Unhappy he who fancies, when his arm
 Encircles horse-hair padding, that you're true;
For me, I know the secret of each charm,
 And long have ceased adoring such as you.





† EDWARD BULWER-LYTTON, LORD LYTTON, 1870

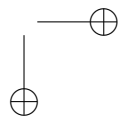
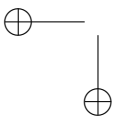
(1803–73; Politician)

What slender youth, bedewed with liquid odors,
Courts thee on roses in some pleasant cave,
 Pyrrha? for whom bind'st thou
 In wreaths thy golden hair,

Plain in thy neatness? O, how oft shall he
On faith and changed gods complain, and seas
 Rough with black winds and storms
 Unwonted shall admire!

Who now enjoys thee credulous, all gold,
Who always vacant, always amiable
 Hopes thee, of flattering gales
 Unmindful. Hapless they

T' whom thou untried seem'st fair! Me, in my vowed
Picture, the sacred wall declares t' have hung
 My dank and dropping weeds
 To the stern god of sea.

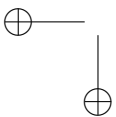




† THOMAS CHARLES BARING, 1870

(1831–91; Banker and Politician)

What slim youth dripping with perfume,
In pleasant grot where roses bloom,
Woos Pyrrha now to love? For whom
 Bind'st thou thy auburn hair
In simple loveliness? Ah! me,
False gods, faith broken, speedily
He'll mourn, black winds and stormy sea,
 Who does not look to bear.
He now takes all thy coin for gold;
He hopes thy whim for aye to hold;
Nor dreams of being in the cold.
 Oh! how I pity all
Who know not thy false glitter; I,
From shipwreck saved, in memory,
A picture and my clothes to dry
 Have hung on Neptune's wall.





JAMES GRIFFITHS, 1870

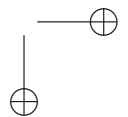
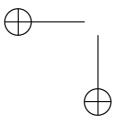
(Leisure Hours: A Series of Poems)

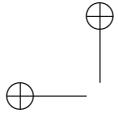
What graceful youth, moist odours breathing,
 'Neath some sweet grot with roses fair,
Woos thee Pyrrha? For whom art wreathing,
 With simple taste, thy golden hair?

Ah! many a time thy guile deploring,
 And gods estranged, he shall be seen
To view with wonder tempests roaring
 O'er seas that once so bright have been.

Now in thy loveliness confiding,
 Unheeding thy deceptive breath,
He trusts thou wilt be his, abiding
 Beautiful and true till death.

Alas for those unwarn'd! Thy splendour
 Is ever but a fickle thing.
Lo, on his sacred wall I tender
 My dripping garb to ocean's king.

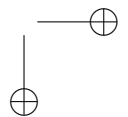
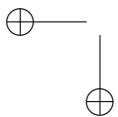


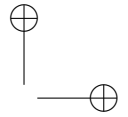
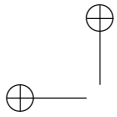


J. O., 1870

(The Dartmouth)

Pyrrha! what stripling nard-bedewed,
Courts thee, in groves with roses strewed?
 Artless of wordly trick or snare,
 For whom bind'st thou thy golden hair?
Alas! how oft that youth shall mourn
Thy broken faith, and gods forsworn!
 Who, when black storms upheave our seas,
 All inexperienced, praises these!
Who blindly fondles thee as gold,
Trusting no rival to behold;
 While hoping thou may'st faithful prove,
 Unconscious he, of fickle love!
Hapless those lovers everywhere,
To whom, untried, thou seemest fair!
 The sacred wall declares that here,
 My dripping garments all appear,
As votive tablets hung by me,
To grace the Ruler of the Sea.





† MORTIMER HARRIS, 1871 (1)

(A Selection of the Odes of Horace)

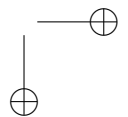
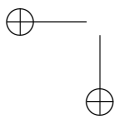
Pyrrha, what slender youth is he
 Who now reposes,
In some delightful cave with thee
 On beds of roses?
For whom, with careless grace arrayed,
Dost thou thy golden tresses braid?

How oft thy faith will he deplore
 No longer true,
And Gods, alas! the same no more –
 And wondering view,
To such a sight unused, the seas
Rough with a dark and threatening breeze;

Who now most credulously blind
 Enjoyeth thee
Above all price, and hopes to find
 Thee ever free
And ever pleasing, unaware
Of winds deceitful. Wretched are

Those upon whom thou shin'st unknown,
 The sacred wall
With votive tablet thereon shown,
 Proclaims to all
That I on Ocean's mighty God
My dripping garments have bestowed.

NOTE: In 1874, Harris published the ode with the first stanza revised: "What slim much-scented youth is he \ Who now reposes, \ Pyrrha, in some cool grot with thee \ On beds of roses? \ For whom, with careless grace arrayed, \ Dost thou thy golden tresses braid?"

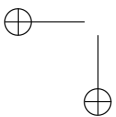


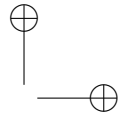
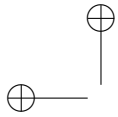


† MORTIMER HARRIS, 1871 (2)

(A Selection of the Odes of Horace)

With liquid odours all bedewed,
In some sweet grot, with roses strewed,
What slender youth, O Pyrrha, now
With thee reclines? For whom dost thou,
With careless elegance arrayed,
Thy lovely golden tresses braid?
Alas how oft thy faith will he
And altered Gods weep bitterly;
And, ignorant, wonder at the seas
Ruffled by an unfavoring breeze,
Who now, with credulous fondness filled,
Enjoys thee priceless; and unskilled
In falsehood's breath hopes still to find
Thee ever free, and ever kind!
Ah! wretched they on whom untried
Thou shin'st. The sacred wall supplied
With votive tablet shows that I
Have hung my garments not yet dry
To Ocean's potent Deity.





† M. C., 1871

(The Odes of Horace. Book First.)

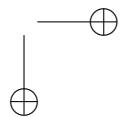
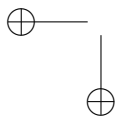
O Pyrrha! decked with roses,
 What slender, perfumed boy
His eager suit discloses,
And all his trust reposes,
 And all his new-born joy,
 On you, so sweetly coy!

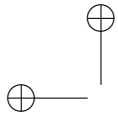
You bind your sunny tresses
 With artless art for him;
Alas! he little guesses
The fickle faith that presses,
 Instant, and rude, and grim,
 Your seeming gold to dim.

The roughening waters round him,
 He neither sees nor hears;
How will the winds astound him!
The strong black winds that found him,
 With murmurs in his ears,
 That boded not of tears.

He thinks her his for ever,
 With store of love for both;
Alas! for those who never
Distrust, until they quiver
 With broken heart and troth,
 And many a shattered oath.

He thinks that nought can change her;
 My dripping garments see,
Which I, a shipwrecked stranger,
But snatched from death and danger,
 Vow to the god of sea,
 Whose strong hand rescued me.



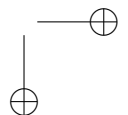
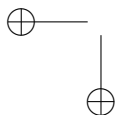


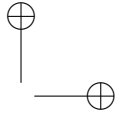
G. G. M'C., 1871

(The Australasian)

Ah! Pyrrha! say what slender boy
Is this thy fleet young form pursuing?
Helter skelter in his joy
O'er myriad roses to thy wooing;
All drenched in fragrance, limbs, and head,
With dews from shaken rose cups shed,
And whom thou sooth'st to calmer bliss,
In yon cool cavern with a kiss;
For whom bind'st thou thy yellow hair
So artless! in these homely braids?
For whom? alas! all wrung with care;
He oft must mourn a faith that fades,
And gods estranged, yet still admire
The fitful fury of the sea;
Storm-lashed, and pale with foaming ire,
And praise the wind so wildly free;
'Tis he, the same, whose boyish faith
Grows great with thee his golden dream,
And, unsuspecting, fondly saith;
"She is – all other maids but seem!"

Unhappy they that worship thee!
To whom untried thou'rt falsely fair,
Ah! bid them view yon wall and see
My votive tablet hanging there,
Which tells in grateful words of mine,
How, saved from shipwreck on her shore,
I hung those garments wet with brine,
Vowed to the Sea-God ever more.





D. C. L., 1871

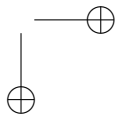
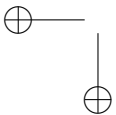
(The St. James's Magazine)

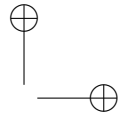
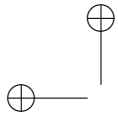
Ah! tell me, sweet Pyrrha, what beautiful boy
This evening shall feast on your charms,
In some bower 'mid the roses, the scene of your joy,
In the raptured embrace of your arms.

For whom are you binding your gold-gleaming hair,
And so simply adorning your dress?
Shall this lord of your fond love be doom'd to despair
When a shipwreck his barque shall oppress?

Shall he who believes you the best of the best,
And dreams not of change and deceit,
Shall he who reposes his head on your breast
Find all your endearments a cheat?

How I pity the wretch who descries not the snare
That beams from your eye and your brow!
Escaped from the wreck of my peace, now, I swear,
A fit offering to Heaven I'll vow.

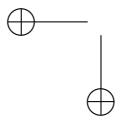


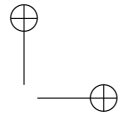
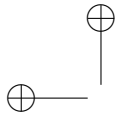


GEORGE AUGUSTINE STACK, 1872

(The Songs of Ind)

Amid the roses in pleasant shade,
 What youth is he
Who, Pyrrha, steeped in odours sweet
 Caresses thee?
For him you bind your golden hair
 So neatly plain.
Alas! how he shall mourn thee lost,
 And mourn in vain;
And mourn the Gods for ever changed
 And thee forsworn,
And see anon the roughening seas
 With tempests torn,
Who now in bliss, believing thee
 In bliss, remains –
Thinks thee all gold, thy pure heart free
 From other chains.
Oh, Neptune! in thy briny halls
 Beneath the sea
My votive tablet I have hung,
 Great God, to thee.





LOUISA BIGG, 1872

(Urban Grandier)

What youth with rose-crowned brow,
O Pyrrha, woos thee now,
Sprinkled with odours sweet
In some cool retreat?

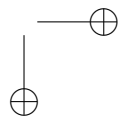
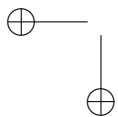
For whom thy yellow hair
Dost thou bind with care
And simple grace? alas,
He through storms must pass.

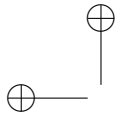
How oft in blank amaze,
He to his gods must raise
Plaints of thy false vows
And their clouded brows,

Who now thy heart doth hold
Thinking it pure gold,
Hoping thee to find
Ever true and kind!

Ah! little does he know
How the winds will blow;
Most unhappy he
Who trusts that sparkling sea.

For me, my pictured woe
The sacred walls may show;
My dripping robes I bring,
The sea-god's offering.





H. E. MADDELING, 1873

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

Who is he, that long lean curate,
Garbed in lanky; threadbare coat,
Knocking at those doors obdurate,
Doors, whereon smug chaplains doat?

Why so blandly rise, to greet him,
From thy rosy cosy chair?
Bishop, why so briskly seat him
On the only stool that's there?

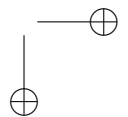
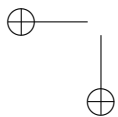
Why dost thou, so pure and simple,
With thy wily, winning ways,
Quiz, with unbelieving dimple,
Every word of all he says?

Now he holds thy speech all golden,
(Taking all thy brass for gold!)
Now thy smiles his tongue embolden,
Till his humble tale be told.

And he deems that thou with pleasure
Hast his modest statement heard,
Liberal of thy learned leisure,
Not to miss a single word.

And he feels him much beholden
To the pastor of the fold,
Thinking, never in the olden
Time was man of such a mould!

Why permit him still to blunder,
Blind to how he gives offence,
Till his head is split asunder
By that lip of insolence?





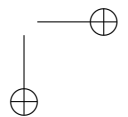
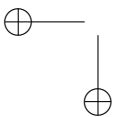
Lips so lamb-like – well he wondered
How such lip could roar so loud;
Brow so bright – “right well it thundered
For a sky without a cloud!”

Promptly – for he needs no pressing –
Springs he from his stool and starts;
Blows the Bishop one short blessing,
Ducks, and through the doorway darts:

Leaves upon the floor his castor,
Drops his stick upon the fair,
Shouting, “Now I know my master,
For I’ve fed on curates’ fare;
Never lad learned lesson faster,
Now I know what bishops are!”

Me Sir Fisher once to catch meant,
But I fidled from his charms;
Hence in Bilberry Church that hatchment
(Blazoned with his coat-of-arms)

Tells – how Fortune crowned the endeavour
Of a freeman to be free,
Bearing on its scroll for ever,
“TO THE TYRANT OF THE SEE.”

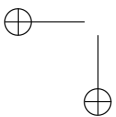




* ROBERT M. HOVENDEN, 1874

("Formerly of Trinity College, Cambridge")

What stripling, Pyrrha, lavish of perfume,
Enamour'd woos thee, mid the rosy bloom
Of some cool grot reclined?
For whom dost neatly bind
Thy tresses unadorn'd? Oft shall the swain
To careless Gods of broken vows complain,
And view in strange surprise
Rough seas and blackening skies.
He hugs the counterfeit as real gold,
And hopes, vain hope, the favouring breeze will hold,
He ever welcome, thou
Serenely kind as now.
Fond dupe, whom specious calm to shipwreck leads!
For me, on Neptune's wall, my draggled weeds
A warning record keep
Of perils in the deep.

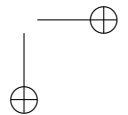
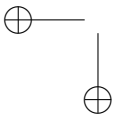


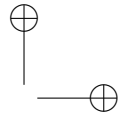
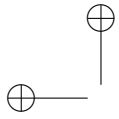


† THOMAS ASHE, 1874

(1836–89; Poet)

Say, Pyrrha, what fine youth it is,
With roses crown'd, loves you to kiss,
 His Pyrrha, in some grot?
 For whom is it you knot,
So sweetly neat, your yellow hair?
Ah, well, to him the skies seem fair!
 But how long will they seem?
 It is a pleasant dream
He dreams, no doubt: he deems you true:
No doubt he finds a world in you
 Of love and that! – How strange,
 If fickle winds should change,
It all will seem to him! – For me,
I think I must most lucky be,
 So barely I escaped
 A Circe goddess-shaped!

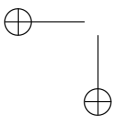




MARTIN F. TUPPER, 1874

(1810–89; Poet and Novelist)

What slender youth on bed of roses,
Pyrrha, by thy side reposes,
 With odours perfum'd sweet
 In shady grot reclin'd?
And when her waving auburn tresses
With neat simplicity she dresses,
 Oh, whom is it to greet?
 For whom art thou so kind?
Alas, how oft will that fond boy
Who now so blindly can enjoy
 Thy venal beauties, weep
 Thy broken vows of love,
When all thy perjury he finds;
And wondering at the roughening winds,
 That brush the darkling deep,
 Will woman's folly prove:
Hapless, – he knoweth not thy wiles,
But hopes to bask in all thy smiles,
 And have thee his alone; –
 Still, those are more unblest,
Who all in vain thy charms approve;
For me half-drown'd in Pyrrha's love
 Before Old Neptune's throne
 I hang my votive vest.





CHARLES H. HOOLE, 1875

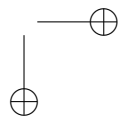
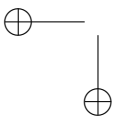
(1836–1902; Schoolmaster)

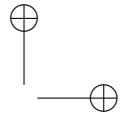
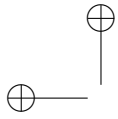
What slender youth on beds of roses,
Drenched with many a perfume sweet,
Embraces Pyrrha in a cave?
But she her yellow hair disposes

With all the neatness that is meet.
How oft the gods who will not save,
And change of faith, will he lament,
And wonder at the blackening wave.

He stormy, and she insolent,
Who loves you thinks you best of all;
Hopes you will true and kind remain,
Unconscious of the faithless breeze;

Unhappy in whose way you fall
Untried, behold, in Neptune's fane
My garments, dripping from the seas,
Suspended on the sacred wall.





EDMUND LENTHAL SWIFTE, 1875

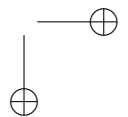
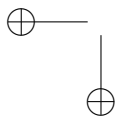
(1777–1875; Lawyer, Poet, and Writer)

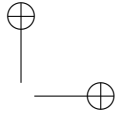
What dainty youth, with dewy odours spent,
'Neath many a rose within some pleasant bower,
Lady, solicits thee: – For whom
Braided is thy bright hair?

Nice in its negligence! – how oft, alas!
Shall he of mutable faith and fate complain;
And wonder at the darkness strange
Of the storm-fretted deep; –

He, who now revels in thy wealth of love,
Deeming thee all his own, and ever kind;
Unconscious of the fitful gales –
Ill-fortuned they, on whom

Untried they smile! – For me, the chapel wall
Suspended on a votive tablet shows
My sea-drenched garments, dedicate
To Him who rules the main.

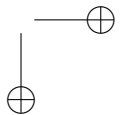
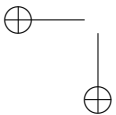


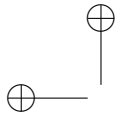


J. F. C. AND L. C., 1875

(Exotics)

What perfumed boy beside you now reposes
 In some cool shade, with eager, mad caresses;
While you, to please him, 'mid the dropping roses,
 Let fall your golden tresses?
Artfully artless! how the child will wonder,
 When this fair day of love, so bright, so warm,
With black clouds overcast, and bursting thunder,
 Shall change to sudden storm!
Facile and tender when her whim it pleases,
 He thinks, fond fool, this golden hour will last;
But sooner hope to fix the faithless breezes
 Than hold her to her past!
But I, experienced in each subtle motive
 Which brings such shifting gales o'er love's wild sky,
Hang in the Temple, as an offering votive,
 My sea-drenched panoply.





R. D. F. S., 1875

(The New Monthly Magazine)

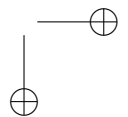
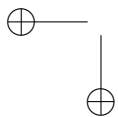
Say, Pyrrha, lovely maid,
What tender youth reclining at thy feet
Fragrant with liquid odours sweet,
 Basks in thine eyes' soft lustre,
 In that cool grotto's shade
Where roses cling and cluster?

For whose enraptured eye
Dost thou those sweet neglectful fingers ply,
That into careless plait have braided
 Each golden yellow tress –
 Thine own unstudied loveliness,
Which no false art has aided?

Alas! how oft he'll weep
Thy broken vows, and fickle gods bemoan,
Propitious once, now hostile grown!
How oft (yet new to unrepaid devotion),
 He'll wonder at the storms that sweep
O'er Love's once-tranquil ocean!

Who, finding thee all fair,
All smiles to-day, still hopes – ah, too confiding!
Thy love, thy charms will prove abiding, –
 Nor dreams that ere the morrow
 Will veer the changeful air,
And turn his joy to sorrow!

Alas! unhappy they
For whom Love's surface smiles, and smiles untried!
That *I've* escaped the fickle tide
The temple-wall with votive slab declareth;
 Where, dripping from the fatal spray,
 Hang dedicate, a lover's trappings gay
To that dread Power which Ocean's sceptre beareth.





ANONYMOUS, 1875

(*Love Lyrics*)

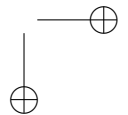
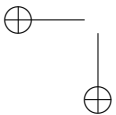
What youngster, *multâ gracilis in rosâ*,
Ambitions Pyrrha as his *cara sposa*?

For whom arranges she, with choice aroma,
In killing kiss-me-quicks, her *flava coma*?

Poor spoon! How oft he'll mourn, with passion burning,
Mutatos Deos, calm to tempest turning!

He deems thee *vacua*. Ere from thee parted,
He'll find thee empty-headed, empty-hearted.

He'll learn the truth we two once conn'd between us,
When I got jilted – years ago, thank Venus!

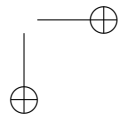
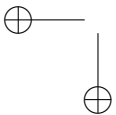


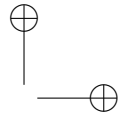
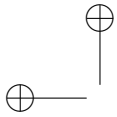


† ARTHUR WAY, 1876

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

What slender youth, all bathed in streaming perfumes
Presses his suit to thee on piles of roses
 Pyrrha, beneath some lovely grotto?
 For whom bindst thou thy golden tresses,
Artless in elegance? Ah me, how often
Shall he thy falsehood weep, and gods estranged,
 And gaze with inexperienced wonder
 On waters rough with storm winds gloomy,
Who now, poor dupe, enjoys thee golden-gay,
Who hopes that thou wilt aye be fancy-free,
 Aye charming, knowing not the breeze
 How faithless! Hapless they, to whom
Thou art a radiancy – untried! For me,
The consecrated wall by votive-picture
 Proclaims I've hung my drenched raiment
 Unto the god that rules the sea.

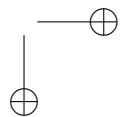
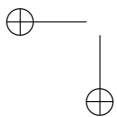




† W. E. H. FORSYTH, 1876

(1845–81; Lawyer in Bengal)

Who is the slender youth bedewed
 With perfumes, decked with roses,
Who last fair Pyrrha's charms has wooed,
 And in some grot reposes?
For whom dost bind thy yellow hair
 So simply and so neatly?
How oft at fickle faith he'll swear,
 And curse his gods completely!
How oft he'll see – unwonted sight –
 His ocean all o'ercast,
Who for a while basks in thy light,
 And thinks that light will last.
He deems thou ever wilt be dear,
 Thy favours aye the same,
Forgetting how the wind may veer –
 Poor moth, unused to flame!
For me, I've shipwreck 'scaped; the wall
 And votive brass declare,
I've hung my dripping garments all
 In Neptune's honour there.

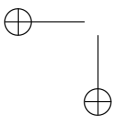


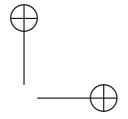
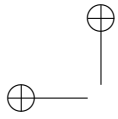


S. W. LANGSTON PARKER, 1876

(1803–71; Professor of Anatomy, Queen's College, Birmingham)

What youth now seeks thy roseate bed,
Beneath some time-worn grotto spread?
For whom, fair Pyrrha, braid you now
Your golden hair across your ivory brow?
Alas! how often shall he weep
Thy broken faith, thy passion dead?
As he has mourn'd when morning's tranquil deep
Rose to the evening's storm, and all its beauty fled.
For me: my shipwreck's vow is paid,
And, on the votive tablet laid,
My storm-drenched garments rest above,
A grateful offering to the sea-god's love.

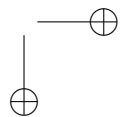
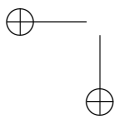




WILLIAM JOHNSTON HUTCHINSON, 1876

(Poems of Sentiment and Reflection)

Where myriad roses bloom,
Bedewed with rich perfume,
What slender boy now woos thee with his pray'r
In some fair bower's shade?
Say, Pyrrha, wanton maid,
For whom dost thou array thy golden hair
With neat simplicity?
How many a time, ay me!
Will he bewail the gods who look away,
Thy fickleness as well,
And wonder at the swell
(Poor fool!) of the angry waters lashed to spray,
Who now with trusting breast
Enjoys thee at thy best;
Who hopes (unknowing how the wind may turn)
That thou wilt ever be
All amiable and free!
O hapless those who inexperienced burn
With longing after thee!
But I have sailed the sea,
And safely come through tempest home to port!
The temple walls declare,
With votive picture there,
My dripping weeds to Neptune I have brought!

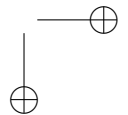
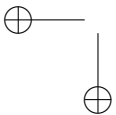




† F. J. NEWMAN, 1876

(The Odes of Horace)

Who, on plenteous roses – stripling slim,
Drench'd with liquid odour, – sues thee hard
 In pleasant grot? for whom
Tiest thou, Pyrrha, thy auburn hair
Simple in grace? How oft, alas! will he
Faith and changed gods lament, and soon
 In strange surprize behold
Black winds sweep on a ruffled sea!
Now he joys to eye thee golden-bright,
Hopes thee alway open, alway kind;
 Fond fool! of shifting breeze
Thoughtless. Woe for the hearts, to which
New thou glitt'rest. Me the sacred wall
Shows on votive board, when high I hung
 My dripping weeds; – a gift
Gladly paid to the Seagod's might.



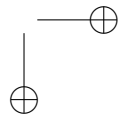
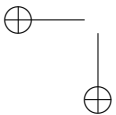


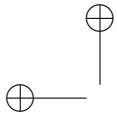
† THOMAS CHALMERS MCCORVEY, 1877

(1851–1932; Historian)

What slender youth, with liquid perfumes sweet,
In rosy nook, now worships at your feet?
For whom is bound that wealth of golden hair
Which waves with simple folds in beauty rare?
How oft will he who tastes your favors now
Bemoan the fates – bewail your broken vow –
Amazed will be, when darkening clouds arise
Who now rejoices in your love-lit eyes –
Who dreams, before the treacherous gale, that you
Will be to him forever fond and true!

Unhappy he who, knowing not your wiles,
Basks in the glory of your witching smiles.
Though calm the sea beneath and clear the sky,
The storm will come and billows roll on high.
The offerings made at Neptune's sacred shrine
Attest that *I* have escaped the raging brine!





† CASKIE HARRISON, 1877

(1848–1902; Professor of Ancient Languages, University of the South)

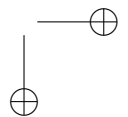
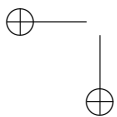
What slender boy, bedewed with moist perfume,
Is wooing thee midst many a rose's bloom,
Pyrrha, 'neath the pleasant grot?
For whom thy yellow hair dost knot

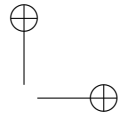
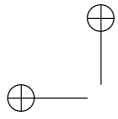
In simple sweetness? Ah! how oft shall he
Thy troth bewail and chang'd gods, and the sea,
Roughened by the gloomy wind,
Behold with rapt, unwonted mind,

Who trustful now enjoys thy golden hue,
Who hopes thee ever free and ever true,
Heedless of the treacherous air:
O wretched they to whom so fair

Thou seem'st, untried; but I, with tablet vowed,
The sacred wall declares, my dripping shroud
Have suspended in his fane
Unto the god who rules the main.

NOTE: Harrison's was the first American translation of all the odes in Book I since that of John Parke, 1786; the first American translation of all the odes (since Parke's) was that of Henry Hubbard Pierce, 1884.





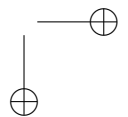
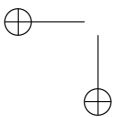
CHARLES W. DRURY, 1877

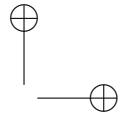
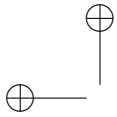
(Kottabos)

Well, who is this youth you have lured to his doom,
Your latest poor victim and minion?
For whom are you powder'd and perfumed, for whom
Have you mounted your very best chignon?
Your dress is, of course, in most elegant taste,
(I know what it cost – to my sorrow,)
The lad feels in Eden when clasping your waist –
He'll find out his error to-morrow.

But now he imagines you constant, poor boy!
Is a prisoner adoring his prison,
Thinks pressing your hand is the acme of joy,
And fancies you Gretchen re-risen.
I picture him shortly in jealous despair,
His rage vainly striving to master;
For, Lottie, you're much like the sea, now so fair,
Yet anon bringing death and disaster.

Yes – “Quibus ignota nites miseri!”
Said a poet I studied at college,
Let them pay your bill at the milliner's, I
Have gained a more practical knowledge.
I feel like a man who has all but been drown'd,
But now reclines safe and contented,
And thanks his good luck, as he views strewn around
The garments that BOYTON invented.

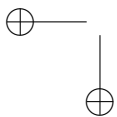


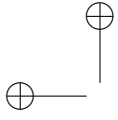


ANONYMOUS, 1877

(Kent & Sussex Courier)

Who is the graceful polished wight
Who now the perfumed kiss may pour
On Pyrrha's lip through half the night
Within her pleasant rose-deck'd bower?
For whom dost thou thine auburn tresses
So simply, yet with art, arrange?
Dreams he how soon those hot caresses,
Like tropic gales, will veer and change?
Little, fond fool! his heart forebodes
The prompt wreck of that plighted troth –
Troth sealed and sworn by all the gods
With perjured tongue and brittle oath!
Too well he trusts, poor credulous youth!
Thy golden-sometime gold-bought-smile;
Reliant on thy steadfast truth
So innocent of wrong or guile.
The gleam that in thy false eye dances,
Now worshipped without doubt or fear –
The sun-light of those amorous glances,
In what dark clouds t'will disappear!
Alas for those who'll yet discover
The falsehood of thy practised charms!
I'm thankful-for my pains are over –
To scape with no severer harms.





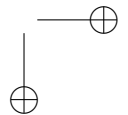
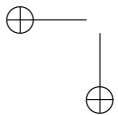
† WILLIAM THOMAS THORNTON, 1878

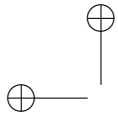
(1813–80; Economist, Civil Servant, and Writer)

Pyrrha, what slender youth, bedewed
With liquid fragrance, t'ward thee presses,
In pleasant grot, with roses strewed?
For whom, at thy neat toilet wooed,
Dost thou bind up thy golden tresses?

Alas! how oftentimes will he,
Who, full of trust, now fondles thee,
And, dreaming not of treacherous wind,
Pictures thee ever fair and kind, –
How often will he mourn at last
Thine and the gods' inconstancy!
How, unaccustomed, stare aghast
Upon a dark, storm-roughened sea!

Woe will abide
With them on whom thou shin'st untried!
But that to ocean's sovereign
I have hung up my dripping dress,
My tablet in his holy fane,
My votive tablet witnesses.





† WILLIAM KNOLLYS, 1878

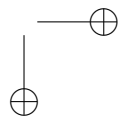
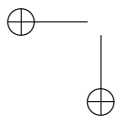
(Odes from Horace)

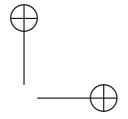
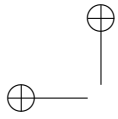
Who, Pyrrha, now thy favour shares?
What slender youth for thee prepares
The cool and pleasant grot?
What scents and roses 'strew'd around,
For whom hast thou thy tresses bound
Into its golden knot?

Most pleasing in thy simplest dress,
Alas! how often will distress,
From changing humours flow!
With wonder at the sudden rise
Of tempests from o'erclouded skies,
Whilst gales, unlook'd for, blow.

He who now seeks thy love to gain
Thinks thou wilt ever true remain,
And docile to his sway:
Unconscious of his fate, poor fool!
He little knows thy treacherous school
Or thy deceitful way.

Unproven thou! unhappy they!
Who live on smiles and die thy prey,
Whilst I, from damage free,
Will votive hang on Neptune's wall
My garments tattered by the squall,
And dripping from the sea.



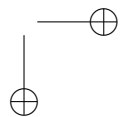
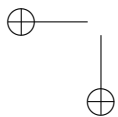


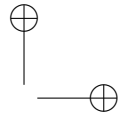
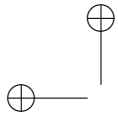
GEORGE HERBERT TREVOR, 1878

(1840–1927; Chief Commissioner of Ajmir)

What slip of youth is wooing thee,
Bedewed in rose perfumery,
 In ball-room's cool recess?
Sacred that hair to whom –
Wanton in golden bloom,
 Siren of artlessness?
Ah! he who woos thee fondly now
Shall often mourn thy broken vow,
 With tearful eye a-grieving;
Gazing on stormy sea,
Wailing the Fates' decree –
 Fool for believing!

Fool, not to know the fickle breeze,
But ever think to love and please;
Ah! Helen, thy soft witcheries
 Beguile the young untried:
I who fell in Love's sea
Swam out full speedily;
Now as dry as any bone,
With a wife of fourteen stone,
And a fortune of her own,
Bid I my neighbours see
How of Helen's witchery
 'Scaped I the tide.

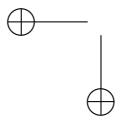




ANONYMOUS, 1878

(*Sporting Times*)

What swell have you now with Ess Bouguet perfuming
The garden where you 'mid your roses are blooming?
Who comes to the Grotto, your cottage *ornée*,
To bask in your beauty at eve of each day?
Does he bid you bind up those long golden tresses?
Does his taste dictate all those neat modest dresses
In which you, discarding *la grande dame française*,
Appear in a new part – *l'ingénue anglaise*?
Alas, for that youth! all too soon he'll discover
That every fresh summer brings you a fresh lover;
And vow, as you veer with each light breath that blows,
Things are not at "Rose Grot" quite *couleur de rose*.
"You love him – him only!" of course, 'tis "forever!"
"Your love's golden links cruel change can ne'er sever!"
That old strain I've learned, and list to it no more,
But pity the victim whose lesson's in store.
I've hanged up the jacket, once wet with Thames water
I plunged in for love of fair Brittany's daughter;
And bless the good fortune that brought me safe home,
To rest on my oars and watch other fools roam.

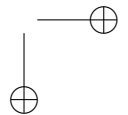
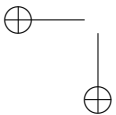


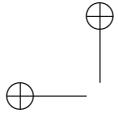


† JAMES JOHN LONSDALE, 1879

(1810–86; Judge)

What slender stripling, bathed in perfumes sweet
 'Midst roses thick, thee Pyrrha presses,
Within some pleasant cave, for lovers' meet?
 For whom bind'st thou thy yellow tresses,
So simply neat? Alas! how oft will he
 Faith and the fickle Gods lament,
And tempest-toss'd by the black winds the sea,
 Unused, behold with wonderment,
Who now possesses thee, all golden thought,
 Who ever loving, ever true,
Hopes thee to find, of breeze fallacious naught
 Conceiving! O! what woe's their due
On whom thou shin'st untried! On sacred wall,
 The votive picture shows by me
My garments have been hung up, dripping all,
 Unto the God who rules the sea.

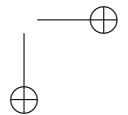
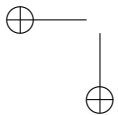


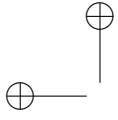


XOC., 1879

(Weak Moments)

What graceful youth perfum'd with liquids sweet,
Midst show'rs of roses, in some cool retreat,
 Woos thee, O Pyrrha? And for whom
 Dost bind thy hair of golden bloom
So plainly neat? Alas! how oft shall he
Deplore thy faith and Gods so changed! and be,
 All in experienc'd, amaz'd
 At seas, rough with black storms, uprais'd,
Who, credulous, enjoys thy precious charms:
Who, trusting in thy love, hath no alarms,
 All ignorant of the fickle wind,
 That thou could'st ever prove unkind!
Curst those to whom thou, all untried, shin'st fair!
But votive tablets on the sacred walls declare
 That I my dripping robes decree
 To Neptune, God who rules the sea.

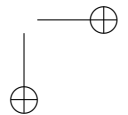
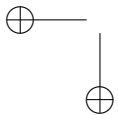


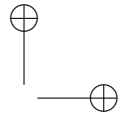
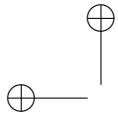


GEORGE MOREY RICHARDSON, 1880

(*A Walk to Horace's Farm*, Edward Kennard Rand)

Sweet Pyrrha, maid of Harvard Square,
Dear damsel, excellently fair.
What conquest hast thou made this fall, —
What perfume-scented freshman small
Goes ev'ry afternoon to meet
Thee walking out on Brattle Street,
Eyes thee askance, and longs to sip
The honeyed nectar of thy lip?
For whom dost thou, with dainty care,
Curl, frizz, and braid, and bang thy hair,
To make more charmingly intense
Thy elegant magnificence?
Poor fellow, he believes thee true,
Unconscious what a girl can do.
Alas! full soon will he declare
That thou art false as thou art fair:
For, when he calls some day, no doubt
He'll find thee in and find thee out.
Thou hast been taught the way to flirt
For seasons three, at Mt. Desert;
And I have known thy wiles before.
For I am now a sophomore.
And, grateful to have saved my heart
From Pyrrha's fascinating art,
I've sacrificed with outlay mighty
A PAIR OF KIDS to Aphrodite.





THEODORE TILTON, 1880

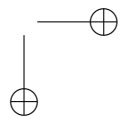
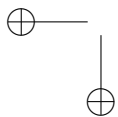
(1835–1907; American Newspaper Editor and Poet)

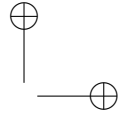
What youth, with roses round his brow,
And sweetly-scented drops bedewed,
Makes love to thee, O Pyrrha, now,
Within thy shady solitude?

What victim is it to ensnare
That thou dost bind thy yellow hair
In braids so simple yet so fair?

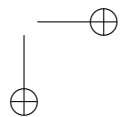
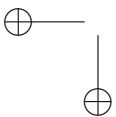
The fool, whoever he may be,
Who sets his silly heart on thee
Shall find that never wooer wooed
A maid of such a fickle mood;
For thou art changeful as the skies:
At first he sees them azure-hued,
But then, before he is aware,
The elements are all at feud, –
Wild mists and flying fogs arise, –
A tempest suddenly is brewed,
And thunder hurtles through the air! –
While he, fond wretch, stands shivering there,
With hopes storm-pelted and subdued,
And nothing left him but despair!

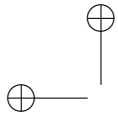
O luckless is the love-sick wight
Who trusts the troth which thou dost plight,
And whom thou flatterest to delude!
No sooner hath he knelt and sued,
And found thee gentle for a day,
Than he goes credulous away,
Till, with the next returning morn,
He hies him back to find thee rude.
And full of woman's wrath and scorn,
And boisterous as when Capricorn
Roars through his stormiest latitude!





I too thy sunny smiles have viewed;
I too have seen thy lightnings flash;
I too have heard thy thunders crash;
I too have felt thy wild waves dash;
But I (more blest by fate than he!) –
From out the depth of that deep sea
Came safe (yet dripping) from the main, –
To hang in Neptune's sacred fane
My votive-offering on the wall, –
With thanks that I escaped at all!

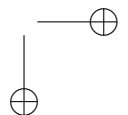
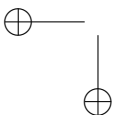


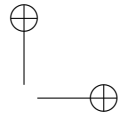
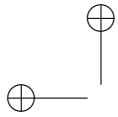


ANONYMOUS, 1880

(Punch)

Oh, PYRRHA, say what Youth, so wan and worn,
 Woos thee with many a whisper heard at e'en?
For whom do you so curiously adorn –
 A subtle symphony in sad sage-green?
How oft will he your waywardness deplore,
 And miss the smiles that once were all for him;
When this asthetic mania is o'er,
 And you're perchance engrossed in some new whim!
But as for me, my first love is the last;
 New fancies and new faces charm no more;
And, even were my youthful days not past,
 You're not the sort of girl I should adore.
For whom do you, so vert tightly laced,
 With well-furred shoulders promenade the street?
Your hat a Gainsborough Beauty might have graced,
 A Chinese lady envied those small feet.
What youth admires that figure so pinched in?
 Who loves the fashions as they are just now?
What wonder that you grow so pale and thin,
 With interesting furrows on your brow.
When to your natural grace will you give play?
 'Tis better thus than crinoline and hoop.
"She stoops to conquer." Pretty PYRRHA, say
 Now, if you want to conquer, can you stoop?

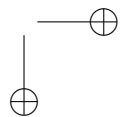
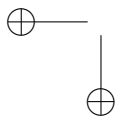


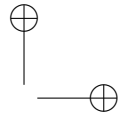
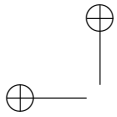


JOHN CUTLER, 1881

(Psyche and Miscellaneous Poems)

What youth, slenderly built, dewy with liquid scents,
Courts thee, Pyrrha, amid roses so numerous,
 In some favorite grotto?
 For whom braidest thy flaxen hair
Thou thro' neatness so plain? Ah! but how often faith
And gods changeable he'll grieve o'er, and oceans vast
 Roughed by blackening cyclones
 He too greatly will wonder at,
Who now joys him in thee, golden believing thee,
Who expects thee to be ever free, ever thus
 Love-like, not scenting guile on
 Love's sweet breath; How forlorn, for whom
Thou, set, seemest to shine! By votive-tablet borne,
This wall, sacred, declares me to have hung thereon
 Vestments dank to the potent
 God – feared god of the ocean!





BANISTER LUPTON, 1881

(The English Household Magazine)

What slender dainty youth is he,
Oh, Pyrrha! who his suit, to thee,
Urges with eager fervency?

Sweet essences perfume his dress;
Whilst you a couch of roses press,
Within a grotto's cool recess.

For whom dost thou thy locks confine,
Or in soft golden folds entwine;
And neatness plain with grace combine?

Alas! how oft will he bewail
The changeful gods, when he shall fail
To prove thee true. When storms prevail,

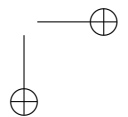
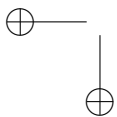
Unknown before, with wonder he
Swift o'er the sky sees black clouds flee –
Hears ocean maging furiously:

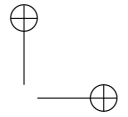
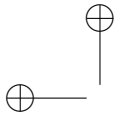
Who, credulous, each peerless charm
Enjoys; and whom no fears alarm,
Lest other suitors round thee swarm

As rivals. Who hoped thee to find
Still free – still loveable and kind,
Not knowing thy false fickle mind.

Unhappy they, before whose sight,
Untried, thou seem'st a dazzling light,
Deceiving by thy splendour bright.

The sea god's temple wall now shows
I have hung up my dripping clothes:
And, saved from shipwreck, found repose.

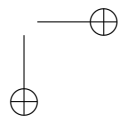
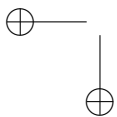


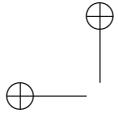


JOHN AUGUSTUS MILES, 1882

(Poems and Chess Problems)

What slender youth with liquid scents bedewed
Now courts thee, Pyrrha, in some grot's cool shade,
Upon a couch with rosy garlands strewed?
For whom dost thou thy golden tresses braid,
Arrayed in simple elegance? How oft,
Alas! shall he thy fickleness bewail,
Who now, fond fool, exchanges kisses soft;
And at rough seas, stirred up by passion's gale,
Shall marvel greatly, who hopes thee to find
Ever in sweet abandonment as now;
Himself unmindful of the fickle wind
Which, springing up, may ruffle Ocean's brow.
Unhappy they, who, by thy smile allured,
Have suffered shipwreck. I no more essay
The treacherous deep; but, safety now secured,
To the Sea-god my willing vows I pay.





JUSTIN H. MCCARTHY, 1883

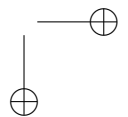
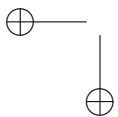
(1859–1936; Irish Writer, Historian, and Politician)

What dainty lover steeped in scented air
Among the roses scattered everywhere,
Shall woo you, Pyrrha, in the grateful cave?
Tell me for whom you bind your yellow hair

Simple in neatness? Ah! how often he
Shall learn to weep for your fidelity
And the changed gods, and wondering behold
How the black breezes rouse the writhing sea!

Alas, poor fool! whose fond and faithful mind
Believes you all his own, and always kind –
Yea, deems you purer than the purest gold,
Who are as false and fleeting as the wind.

Most wretched he to whom untried you shine;
My votive tablet on the wall divine
Proclaims for me that long ago I gave
My dripping garments to the Sea-God's shrine.

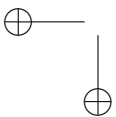




JACOB GUY COLLINS, 1883

(Poems)

What slender youth perfume bedewed,
Courts thee 'mid roses many hued?
O Pyrrha, thou art divinely fair.
For whom so wreath thy golden hair,
In beauty plain? Oh! how should we
Mourn yon faithless gods to see,
And wild waters rudely tempest-tossed,
Admiring thee, indeed, till lost!
Ah, heedless they, all credulous,
Who see thee turn and sorrow thus,
Unmindful of the rising gale,
Hapless and direful in its wail;
Untried by time you seem so frail,
My tablet's vow shall yet declare,
My dank and dripping weeds to be
Given to the sable goddess of the sea.

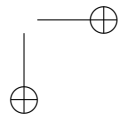
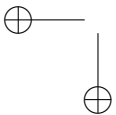




† HENRY HUBBARD PIERCE, 1884

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

What delicate youth, fickle Pyrrha, enfolds thee,
 Caresses thy charms in the vine-covered grot,
Where many a rose in its fragrance upholds thee,
 And sprinkles the dew as a gift o’er the spot?
Thy tresses of gold, ah! for whom dost thou braid them,
 So neatly arrayed in thine ornaments few?
This credulous boy who believes in thee, maiden,
 As fancy-free, always thus lovely to view;
Nor dreams that the vows thou hast breathed may be broken;
 That promise of gold may be dross in the hand;
That sometimes the sigh of the zephyr, false token,
 May tell of the gale and of wreck on the strand;
How often he’ll weep o’er the hope that is faded;
 The pledge on thy lip as the dew that is fled;
And blame the false gods when the storm heavy-laded
 Hangs over the deep, as a pall o’er the dead!
Ah, pity the heart by thy charms lately smitten!
 In yonder proud fane is a tablet for me;
My garments all dank – as a tale that is written –
 A vow to the god who rules over the sea.

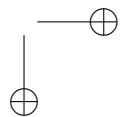
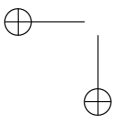


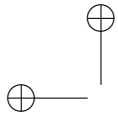


† HERBERT GRANT, 1885

(Odes of Horace)

What perfum'd youth on flowers reclined
Courts thee within some lov'd retreat?
For whom dost now thy tresses bind
Pyrrha! so dainty and so sweet?
How oft o'er broken vows he'll weep,
And, cruel fate! amazed, behold
Seas dark with winds around him sweep,
Who erst believed thee true as gold;
Who deems you still so fond and free,
Unconscious of the fitful gale,
Like others, wretched soon shall be,
And mourn you fickle, false, and frail,
My storm-drenched garments on the wall,
And votive tablet fixed above,
The mighty sea-god's power recall,
Who saved me, well nigh wrecked through love.





† CHARLES WILLIAM DUNCAN, 1886

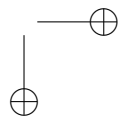
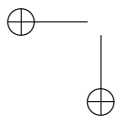
(The Odes and Saecular Hymn of Quintus Horatius Flaccus)

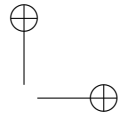
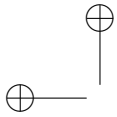
With scents bedewed, what silly boy
Pyrrha, now seeks your love t' enjoy,
'Neath pleasant grot with roses twined,
For whom your yellow hair you bind

So simply neat? He soon will curse
Your broken faith and Gods averse;
Artless, he'll soon astounded be
At darksome winds and raging sea;

Who, trustful now, enjoys your charms,
And hopes that only in his arms
You free and loving he shall find,
Unconscious of the faithless wind.

Hapless are they for whom you shine
So bright, untried! The sacred shrine
By tablet vowed, suspended shows
The sea-god's gift, – my dripping clothes!





WILLIAM PRESTON JOHNSTON, 1886

(1831–99; Lawyer, Scholar, and Poet)

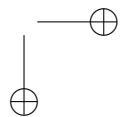
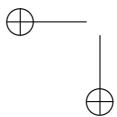
What lissome lad, perfumed with dripping otto,
Woos thee, on roses, in thy pleasant grotto,
Pyrrha? For whose caresses
Dost bind thy yellow tresses,

Simple in neatness? Alas, how often
Thy fickle love and gods he'll try to soften
In vain, and watch with wonder
Thy wind-tost waves and thunder –

That greenhorn – who, thy golden youth enjoying,
Hopes still to find thee fancy free, nor cloying
Of amorous sweets, unheeding
Thy tricky gusts. But needing

Pity are they whom thou untried hast dazzled.
The sacred wall's vowed picture shows my frazzled,
Soaked suit, to thee suspended,
Strong Sea God – folly ended.

NOTE: In 1894, Johnston published the ode with the fourth quatrain revised:
“Pity are they whom thou untried deceivest. \ O strong Sea God, who on thy
wall receivest, \ My sodden suit suspended, \ Behold my folly ended.”

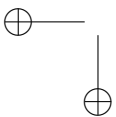


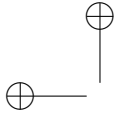


ANONYMOUS, 1886

(Homeward Mail from India)

What gentle youth in cool verandah seats
Where sweet exotics weave a grateful shade,
Sits sighing at thy feet?
For whom are charms so prettily displayed
In coy simplicity?
Daisy, how soon shall he pause mournfully
To gaze on shattered idols, and deplore
The tempest's ravages, unfelt before;
Who now contented in the golden blaze
Of summer gladness, ever trusts to find
Thy fickle heart ingenuous and kind,
Unhappy they who love but know thee not!
My heart has one bright spot
Filled with sweet memories – not small their cost –
All that survived when all beside was lost.

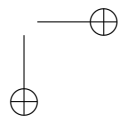
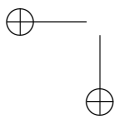


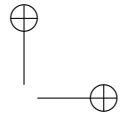
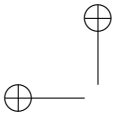


ANONYMOUS, 1886

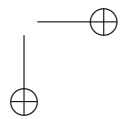
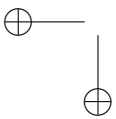
(Glasgow Weekly Herald)

What dandy youth, O Pyrrha fair,
Bedew'd with liquid odours rare,
Caressees you in yon sweet grove
Enchanted with your smiles and love!
Who in your lap supinely doses
In midst of jessamines and roses;
For whom do you with so much care
Thus fillet up your golden hair,
Sincerely delicate and pleasing,
Nor shy, nor coquettishly teasing!
Alas! how frequently shall he
Deplore your vile inconstancy,
Your perfidy and treacherous dealing,
With want of all religions feeling!
Through inexperience shall he
Astonished at your conduct be –
To see the sea with storms arise
And darkening clouds o'erspread the sides.
The simple youth who in thy smile
Basks, and believes thee void of guile,
Shall yet meet with a great surprise
When he sees through the slim disguise.
He who expects you still to be
Aye disengaged and always free,
In love and beauty still increasing
To please and charm him never ceasing,
In danger is. He spreads his sail
Unconscious of the faithless pale.
All such poor silly wretches are
For whom you shine so bright afar
But as for me, you surely know
I 'scaped such shipwreck long ago.





To show that I've escaped the squall,
I've hung on Neptune's temple wall
This votive tablet, there to tell
That storms and dangers me befell,
And that, with gratitude elate,
I, therefore, here do consecrate
The dripping garments worn by me
Unto the god who rules the sea.

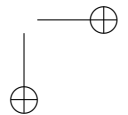
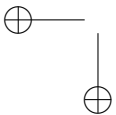


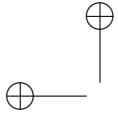


† T. RUTHERFURD CLARK, 1887

(The Odes of Horace)

What dainty boy, in rosy wreath
And dewed with perfume, dreams an hour,
Fair Pyrrha, at thy side beneath
The shade of some luxurious bower?
For whom that yellow hair dost bind
So subtly simple? Oft his eyes
Shall weep false faith and Gods unkind,
And watch with innocent surprise
Black winds o'er roughening ocean swirl,
Who clasps, fond fool, his golden girl;
Who, witless of the treacherous squall,
As open ever and as kind
Believes thee. Miserable all
On whom thy loveliness hath shined,
Yet unessayed! And men may see
The marble of the holy shrine
On votive tablet picture me
Plucked from the perils of the brine,
And hanging dripping robes to be
Thanks-offering to its deity.





FRED B. LAKE, 1887

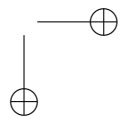
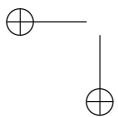
(The Overland Monthly)

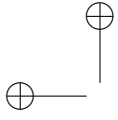
What youthful exquisite implores a dance,
Clings to your skirt and never leaves,
Smiles when you smile, grows joyous at your glance
And only when you're absent grieves?

For whom do you your yellow tresses bind.
Display your foot, compress your waist?
Alas, how soon, too credulous, he'll find
The diamond of your heart is paste.

Whom do you pet, who calls on you the must,
Who thinks you'll be forever gay
With him at least? – He makes an idle boast,
You're nothing but a flirt, my fay.

Unhappy they on whom you shine untried,
Against their peace your mind is steeled.
'Tis years ago since first you hurt my pride,
I'm older now. The wound is healed.





T. M., 1887 (1)

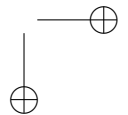
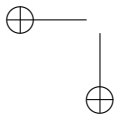
(The Bookmart)

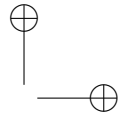
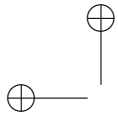
Bedewed with odorous balms, what pretty boy,
On heaps of roses in some pleasant grot,
 Pyrrha, with thee doth hotly toy?
 For whom dost backward knot

Thy yellow hair, bewitching simple? Oh.
How will he mourn changed gods and broken troth,
 And stare amazed, when bleak winds blow,
 And roughened seas are wroth,

Who now, fond fool, enjoys thee, deems thee gold,
Who, never having known a treacherous breeze,
 Hopes thee still his, all his to hold,
 Still loving! Woe for these,

On whom thy wiles are newly flung!
A votive tablet in his temple shows,
 I've to the sea's great god uphung
 My brine-bedabbled clothes.

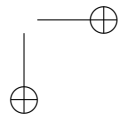
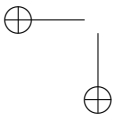


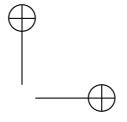
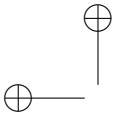


T. M., 1887 (2)

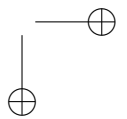
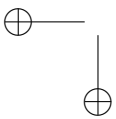
(The Bookmart)

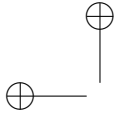
Who may the favored youngster be,
 Fair Coralie,
Who in thy velvet cushioned bower
 Doth now devour
With hungry eyes those charms of thine,
 That once were mine?
For whom, with all-consummate grace,
 Back from thy face
Dost thou thine amber tresses plait
 Trimly sedate
How oft' when thou hast played him out,
 Will he, poor lout,
Bewail his cruel destiny, and rail
 At woman frail,
And open wide his eyes, to hear
 Rough gibe and jeer
From lips that erst were wreathed with smiles.
 And all sweet wiles,
Who now, when in thine arms he lies,
 Sees in thine eyes
A true soul raying out such golden gleams
 As bless our dreams;
Who hopes to find thee always free and gay,
 Call when he may,
And always with a passion in thy kiss
 To crown his bliss!
Oh, how I pity those whose knew thee not
 Till they are caught,
And, in thy toils Circean, all too late
 Must dree their tate!
I, lucky dog, some time ago broke loose.
 Now, play the deuce





With whom thou mayst, I, secure in port,
To see thee sport
With other gulls, smile, as along they drift
To ruin swift.

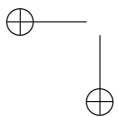




† SIR STEPHEN DE VERE, 1888

(1812–1904; Poet and Country Gentleman)

What graceful boy, dripping with rich perfume
Wooes thee 'mong roses in some grotto's shade?
 Pyrrha! for whom
 Dost thou thy yellow tresses braid
In simple neatness artlessly arrayed?
Alas, how oft shall he who credulous dreams
 That all is Truth that truthful seems,
Basks in thy sun, nor doubts that he alone
Shall ever call thy golden grace his own,
Heedless of treacherous gales, and love not tried, –
How oft bewail thy broken faith, and chide
The changeful Gods, and stare with wondering eye
On rough seas blackening 'neath a cloud-swept sky!
 Most miserable they
Whom, falsely fair, thou glitterest to betray!
I, too, have hung on Neptune's hallowed shrine
My picture vowed, and garments dark with brine
To that all-powerful God whom winds and waves obey.

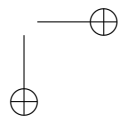
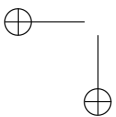


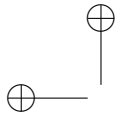


† W. E. SURTEES, 1888

(Seven Odes of Horace)

Pyrrha! What graceful youth, declare,
Suffused with liquid perfumes rare,
Now you in some cool grot caresses,
For whom you plait your amber tresses?
Ah! Oft shall he with dread surprise,
See ocean rough as tempests rise,
And for changed Gods and faith shall grieve,
Who fondly doth in thee believe,
And hopes thou wilt for ever be
To him unoccupied and free,
In happy ignorance of mind
That ne'er forebodes the change of wind.
But a sad fate doth them abide
To whom, on trust, you shine untried.
In Neptune's fane a tablet shews
I there hung up my dripping clothes,
A votive warning thence to be
Of shipwreck on that treacherous sea.





EDWARD JENKINS, 1888

(1838–1910; Barrister, Writer, and Politician)

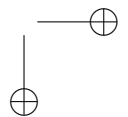
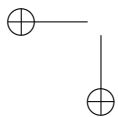
What swain superb in youthful graces
 With scented dewes embalmed and shining
Courts thee, fair maid, with fond embraces
 On roses in some grot reclining.

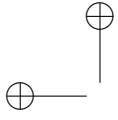
For whom so coy in plain adorning
 Dost bind those tantalising tresses
Bright as the golden hues of morning?
 Alas! fond youth, he little guesses.

O'er altered fates and pledges weeping,
 How oft he'll view with artless wonder
The black squall o'er the calmness sweeping
 The sunny heaven grow dark with thunder.

So bright to him the outlook seems
 Who recks not of the fickle zephyr,
And sees nought but thy golden beams,
 And deems the true and fast forever.

Ah! fools the shining harbour seeking,
 The hidden shoals they'll soon discover!
At Neptune's shrine those garments reeking,
 Proclaim my toils and perils over.





T. M. LEE, 1888

(North Carolina University Magazine)

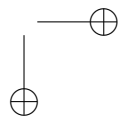
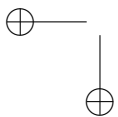
What graceful youth on many a rosy bed,
With liquid perfumes breathing round his head,
For whom thou hast thy locks in simple neatness laid,
Embraces thee, O Pyrrha, neath the grateful shade?

How oft shall he thy fickle heart deplore,
And changed gods! He, at old ocean's roar,
When white-capped waves by blackening storms are tossed,
Untaught, shall stand amazed and gaze in rapture lost.

He credulous, thy qualities all gold
Enjoys, and since of faithless winds untold,
Still hopes that in the future thou may'st always be
As now, in love so loving and in fancy free.

How wretched he whom passion tempts to sip
The nectar sparkling on thy ruby lip,
Or seek thy other charms: for soon thou'lt heartless prove
And show thyself most scornful of his love.

Behold in Neptune's Fane, the sacred wall
By votive tablet indicates to all,
How I my garments, wet with ocean's wildering spray,
Have hung a sacrifice of love's lone cast-a-way.





† E. H. STANLEY, 1889

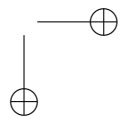
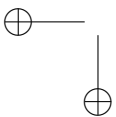
(A Metrical Version of the Odes of Horace)

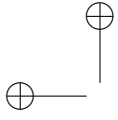
What favoured Youth dost thou fair Pyrrha own?
Who courts thy smile midst odorous roses fair,
In Grotto privileged to thee alone;
For whom in wreaths dost bind thy golden hair?

Gracefully simple – ah, on changed faith,
How long shall he to Sea and Gods complain!
With shuddering awe look back on that rude storm
Which wrecked his hopes on a too treacherous main.

Who trusts thee now? holds thee than gold more pure,
Thee! fickle, changeful, weak in loving vain;
Heedless of flattering gales and winds which lure,
To dash his tossed bark on the strand again.

Unhappy they, to whom thou seemest fair,
As yet unknown – so art thou not to me;
My dank and dripping weeds hung up declare,
That peril 'scaped from Neptune and from thee.

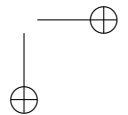
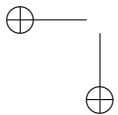


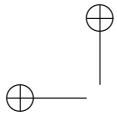


E. HAMILTON IRVING, 1889

(The Centennial Magazine)

What radiant youth, with perfumes rare
Besprinkled, now in pleasant bowers
Pays court to Pyrrha, crowned with flowers?
For whom unbindest thou thy hair
In neatness charming? Ah, the tears
For broken faith and gods unkind!
When billows raised by stormy wind
O'erwhelm him, strange shall be his fears
Who, credulous, enjoys to-day
Thy peerless beauty – thinks thee his,
And free for him alone, nor is
Of storm impending conscious! They
Are lost who trust thee! Neptune's shrine,
With votive tablet deck'd, displays,
Suspended to the sea-god's praise,
My garments dripping from the brine.

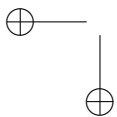




M. F. H., 1889

(Liverpool Echo)

What graceful youth with waxed moustache,
And on his head pomade,
Takes thee, oh Pyrrha, out at night
To walk the promenade?
Who is the gallant youth for whom
Thou deck'st thyself so gay?
Who is the mighty swell whom thou
So fascinatest to-day?
Some day those high and lofty hopes,
Which fill his youthful mind
(That thou wilt once be his), alas!
Will fly before the wind.
And he'll lament that e'er he saw
Thy outward witching form;
And never dreamt that from within
Would spring a deadly storm;
But 'tis the case, for I myself
Once loved a lassie fair,
A prettier girl I never saw,
With downy dark-brown hair,
And hazel eyes, and such a chin!
But I have had my share!

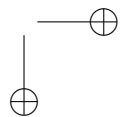
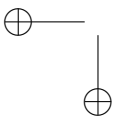


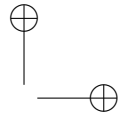
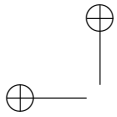


* GOLDWIN SMITH, 1890

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

What slender youth, with perfumed locks,
In some sweet nook beneath the rocks,
Pyrrha, where clustering roses grow,
Bends to thy fatal beauty now?
For whom is now that golden hair
Wreathed in a band so simply fair?
How often will he weep to find
Thy pledges frail, Love's power unkind?
And start to see the tempest sweep
With angry blast the darkening deep;
Though sunned by thy entrancing smile
He fears no change, suspects no guile.
A sailor on bright summer seas,
He wots not of the fickle breeze.
For me – yon votive tablet scan;
It tells that I, a shipwrecked man,
Hung my dank weeds in Neptune's fane
And ne'er will tempt those seas again.





† J. LEIGH S. HATTON, 1890

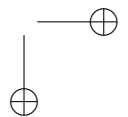
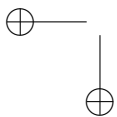
(“Late of Worcester College, Oxford”)

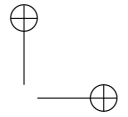
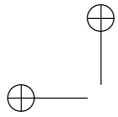
What slender boy, with perfumes sweet,
In thine own grotto's blest retreat,
 Beneath the rose's shade,
Woos thee, O Pyrrha? for what swain
Dost thou thy yellow locks restrain,
 In simple grace arrayed?

Alas! how often shall he weep
The plighted faith thou wilt not keep,
 The Gods themselves grown strange,
And gaze with wonder on the deep,
By rough winds wakened from its sleep,
 And marvel at the change!

He who enjoys thy golden prime,
And trusts, poor fool! in future time
 To find thee kind and free,
Knows not how fickle is the wind,
Nor yet how sad a fate they find,
 Who blindly worship thee!

The temple's sacred wall declares
How I, escaped from all thy snares,
 In votive offering gave,
As sailor saved from stormy sea,
My dripping raiment up to thee,
 Great Monarch of the wave!





G. W. BURTON, 1890

(Los Angeles Herald)

What dapper youth with unguents sweet,
Oh! Pyrrha urges now his suit,
Beneath the shadow of some grot
Where roses hang in many a wreath?

Thou bind'st up now thy golden hair
In simple form, yet charming still,
Expecting what poor silly dupe
To press thy hand oh! faithless fair?

Alas! how oft he'll rue the day,
When first he met thee, fickle girl,
And view aghast his ruined hopes
And all the debts he'll have to pay!

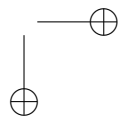
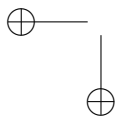
As who embarks upon the deep
When all the waves are laid at rest,
And sunbeams dance upon the sea.
When every wind is hushed asleep;

Beholds the skies so changed in hue,
The winds all waked from out their cave –
The landsman hears the breakers roar,
And thinks his hours of life are few.

Yes, who now trustful, by thy side
Gazes into tender eyes,
And thinks that always thou'lt be so
Devoted still whate'er betide?

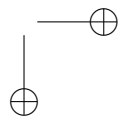
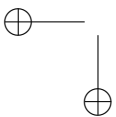
For him thou'lt always be at home,
Alone, whatever hour he calls,
Caressing with thy amorous touch,
As if thy thoughts could never roam.

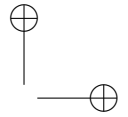
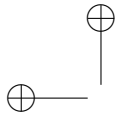
When he must find thee out at last,
And learn thou didst not love at all –
His money spent – his soul will fill
With bitter memories of the past.





Poor fool! his cash has all been spent;
And thou art cold beneath his gaze,
And having found one newly rich,
Thy mind with him can be content!
Nay, turn those eyes not upon me!
For I was born some time ago.
I had my day; I sowed wild oats;
The fruit you would not care to see!
Like shipwrecked sailor cast ashore,
I will not tempt again the waves.
'Tis better seek the callow boy.
Once schooled, I can not twice adore.
The burned child will dread the fire,
Although the sore no longer pains;
My heart is whole, it did not break;
But will not love and can't admire!





J. M. HARPER, 1890

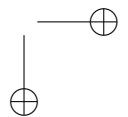
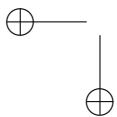
(The Scots Magazine)

'Mang flowers enow, what weel-faured chiel,
Bedewed with liquid odours weel,
Now urgeth ye your love reveal
 In cosy grot?
Why bind your auburn locks wi' zeal
 In winsome knot?

Alas! he'll no hae lang to wait
To mourn owre fickle faith and fate;
The waters ruffled, rough, ingrate
 By glooming gales,
He'll wonder at, unused and blate
 To see sic squalls.

Puir dupe! he still enjoys, 'tis true,
Your golden smiles, and thinks to woo
Ye by yoursel', aye blythe to lo'e –
 To fause airs blin';
O feckless fools, for whom anew
 Untried ye shine!

To me a votive fresco shows,
As Neptune's temple can disclose,
How I hae hung my dreepin' hose
 On sacred wa'
To potent god that frae the woes
 O' sea men draw.





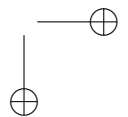
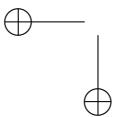
ANONYMOUS, 1890

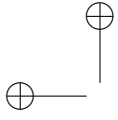
(Monmouthshire Beacon)

O Pyrrha! says what youth in “blazer” drest,
 Woos you on pleasant Thames these summer eyes;
For whom do you put on that dainty vest,
 That sky-blue ribbon and those gigot sleeves.

“*Simplex munditiis*,” as Horace wrote,
 And yet, poor lad, he’ll find that he is rash;
To-morrow you’ll adorn some other boat,
 And smile as kindly on another “mash.”

As for myself – I’m old, and look askance
 At flaunels flirtation; not for me
Youth’s idiotic rapture at a glance
 From maiden eyes; although it comes from thee.

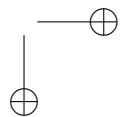
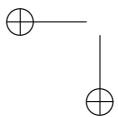


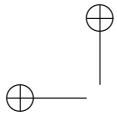


* EDWARD HENRY PEMBER, 1891

(1833–1911; Parliamentary Barrister and Poet)

Good evening, Lady Flora; who's the man?
 Forgive my bluntness, but you needn't stare;
 You can't be puzzled, tho' I may be rude.
Who, if not I, may claim to know your plan,
 The small white rosebuds in your golden hair,
 The long black skirt untrimmed? Oh, we grow shrewd
When you've half ruined us! Ah, there he is,
 Poor little chap! And from his button-hole,
 As once from mine, peeps a white rosebud too.
How he believes in your simplicities!
 A creed of brief duration, poor young soul!
 Soon will he know his Goddess thro' and thro',
And fret, as we all fretted, till we waded
 Thro' surf of Knowledge to Salvation's crags!
 Under a glass case in my library
I keep a few white rosebuds, very faded,
 As rescued sailors once hung up their rags
 In token of their gratitude. Goodbye!



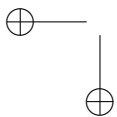


† EUGENE FIELD, 1891

(1850–95; American Journalist and Poet)

What perfumed, posie-dizened sirrah,
 With smiles for diet,
Clasps you, O fair but faithless Pyrrha,
 On the quiet?
For whom do you bind up your tresses,
 As spun-gold yellow, –
Meshes that go with your caresses,
 To snare a fellow?

How will he rail at fate capricious,
 And curse you duly,
Yet now he deems your wiles delicious, –
 You perfect, truly!
Pyrrha, your love's a treacherous ocean;
 He 'll soon fall in there!
Then shall I gloat on his commotion,
 For *I* have been there!





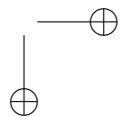
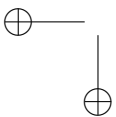
† ROSWELL MARTIN FIELD, 1891

(1807–69; American Lawyer and Politician)

What dainty boy with sweet perfumes bedewed
Has lavished kisses, Pyrrha, in the cave?
For whom amid the roses, many-hued,
Do you bind back your tresses' yellow wave?

How oft will he deplore your fickle whim,
And wonder at the storm and roughening deeps,
Who now enjoys you, all in all to him,
And dreams of you, whose only thoughts he keeps.

Wretched are they to whom you seem so fair; –
That I escaped the storms, the gods be praised!
My dripping garments, offered with a prayer,
Stand as a tablet to the sea-god raised.





JAMES A. TUCKER, 1891

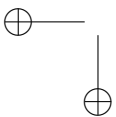
(Toronto Daily Mail)

Pyrrha, what beauteous boy bedecked with roses,
 And dewed with liquid perfumes sweet and rare,
In the sweet cave to you his love discloses?
 For whom do you array your golden hair!

Simple its charms! But he – alas! How often
 Must moan your broken troth and Fate's cruel doom,
And wondering stare on seas that ne'er will soften
 From their wild rage beneath fierce heaven's gloom!

He now enjoys as gold your soft caresses,
 And dreams you are still faithful and still kind:
He knows not of the treachery of your kisses,
 False as the fondling of the fickle wind.

Wretched are they who trust to thy wild motion!
 But thankful to the Ruler of the Brine,
I, who was wrecked upon this self-same ocean,
 Have hung my dripping garments at his shrine.





D. M. MACR., 1891

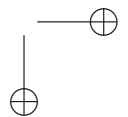
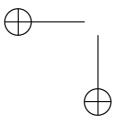
(Oban Times)

What dainty boy, with roses crowned,
And steeped in perfume crystal clear;
His arms thy lovely form around,
Breathes love into thy list'ning ear?

For whom, within the pleasant caves,
Secluded in thy grassy bed,
Bind up thy hair – those golden waves
That cluster round thy lovely head?

Alas! how oft will he bewail
Thy troth, and Heaven's baneful eye
Will list; a novice to the gale,
And to the tempest's angry sigh.

Who, pure in hope, basks in thy love,
Nor dreams of thee as still unkind –
But unestranged – until he prove
The wayward essence of thy mind.





† JOHN B. HAGUE, 1892

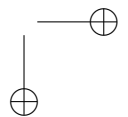
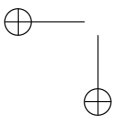
(The Odes and Epodes of Horace)

What youth sighs in thy rose-heaped bowers,
His locks perfumed with breath of flowers,
For whom with simple grace and air,
Does Pyrrha bind her golden hair?

Alas! when o'er thy broken vows
And Gods unkind, in grief he bows –
He sees not in that treacherous deep
Rough waves to come, dark storms to sweep.

Trustful he hopes these golden hours
Will last, and always bloom these bowers;
Changeful as air you but beguile,
Unhappy they on whom you smile.

I once a dismal wreck became,
The sacred tablet bears my name,
The powerful Sea-God hears my call,
My garments grace his temple's wall.





† H. SMITH WRIGHT, 1892

(*Sir Ronald Storrs Papers*, Pembroke College Library, Cambridge)

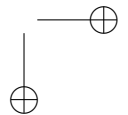
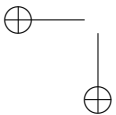
What slender youth, sprinkled with perfumes rare,
Courteth thee, Pyrrha, 'neath some rose-strewn grot?
For whom dost thou unite the envious knot
That binds thy sunny hair,

Neat in thy comeliness? How oft shall he
Changed luck, alas, and broken fate bewail,
And waters ruffled by the dark-winged gale,
Who now delights in thee?

Too trustful boy! He deems thee golden all;
Still fondly hoping he may ever find
Thee all his own; as now, and ever kind,
Nor reeks of treacherous squall.

Unhappy they on whom thy splendours shine
Untried! Yon wall and votive tablet show
My dripping garments offered long ago
Before the sea-god's shrine.

NOTE: With two exceptions, I was able to locate all the translations (that have appeared in print) collected by Storrs and Tennyson. The two exceptions are the translations by Wright and W. (p. 272).





† WILLIAM J. IBBETT, 1892

(*Sir Ronald Storrs Papers*, Pembroke College Library, Cambridge)

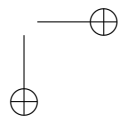
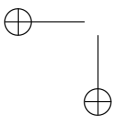
What stripling now his suit upon thee presses,
drencht with his scent, and roses brow o'er-winding,
on the cavern-floor? O Pyrrha, those blonde tresses
for what man art thou binding,

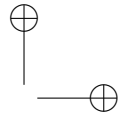
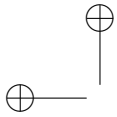
simple and sweet? What curses shall he heave
at promises and shifty gods! What wonder
shail fill his heart as dark winds strive to cleave
the angry waves asunder!

He thinks a lady golden-fair he has got,
believes thee ever free and loving truly:
thy treacherous gale he knows not. Sad their lot
on whom thou shinest newly!

A tablet shows within the sacred fane
that there my dripping garments I suspended,
a tribute to the God who rules the main
where my life nearly ended.

NOTE: The translation, as far as I can ascertain published here for the first time, appears in a manuscript dated 1892, and was supplied to Storrs by Iain Fletcher.





ANONYMOUS, 1892

(Punch)

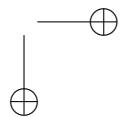
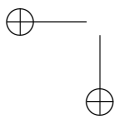
What stripling, flowered and scent-bedewed,
Now courts thee in what solitude?
For whom dost thou in order set
Thy tresses' aureole, Coquette.

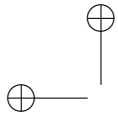
“Neat, but not gaudy”? – Soon Despond
(Too soon!) at flouted faith and fond,
Soon tempests halcyon tides above
Shall wreck this raw recruit of Love;

Who counts for gold each tinsel whim,
And hopes thee always, all for him,
And trusts thee, smiling, spite of doom
And traitorous breezes! Hapless, whom

Thy glamour holds untried. For me,
I've dared enough that fitful sea;
Its “breach of promise” grim hath curst
Both purse and person with its worst.

My “dripping weeds” are doffed; and I
Sit “landed,” like my wine, and “dry;”
What “weeds” survive I smoke, and rub
My hands in harbour at my Club!





* JOHN OSBORNE SARGENT, 1893

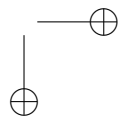
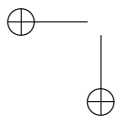
(1811–91; Lawyer and Writer; Friend of Oliver Wendell Holmes)

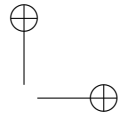
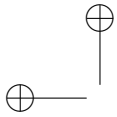
What slender youth with roses crowned,
 With liquid odors perfumed well,
My charming Pyrrha, hast thou found
 To woo thee in his pleasant cell, –
For whom dost braid thy yellow hair
 And don thy simple robe with care?

Alas! how often shall he weep
 For broken vows and gods estranged,
Who, dreaming by the glassy deep,
 Beholds amazed its aspect changed, –
Black winds and surging waves arise
 For gentle airs and summer skies, –

Who now enjoys thy golden prime
 And hopes thou'lt always be his own,
Loving and lovely all the time
 As if false winds had never blown.
Ah, wretched they who win thy smiles
 And have not proved thy artful wiles.

With me it is a thing gone by;
 In Neptune's temple, on the wall,
A votive tablet tells that I
 Have met with storms and baffled all,
And hung my vestments dripping wet –
 A sign, – where they are hanging yet.

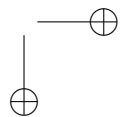
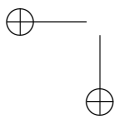




† T. A. WALKER, 1893

(The Odes of Horace)

What slender youth bedewed with perfumes sweet
 Woos thee on roses in a pleasant grot?
For whom so simple, Pyrrha, and so neat
 Bind'st thou thy flaxen tresses in a knot?
Alas! how oft will he with tears deplore
 Thy broken troth, the gods' inconstancy,
And wonder at the gloom unseen before
 Cast o'er the ruffled surface of thy sea!
Thou, precious prize, at present art his own,
 No other swains, he hopes, his treasure share,
Thy loving smiles are all for him alone,
 As yet of treacherous breezes unaware.
Wretched, on whom thy love untried doth shine!
A votive slab, and garments drenched with brine,
Hung on the wall of Neptune's temple, show
To whose strong arm my safe escape I owe.





† J. HOWARD DEAZELEY, 1894

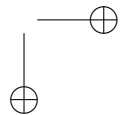
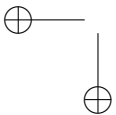
(“Merton College, Oxford”)

What slender youth 'mid many a rose,
From whom a stream of fragrance flows,
In cool grot, Pyrrha, wooes thee?
For whom dost twine thy golden hair

So trimly artless? Broken troth
He oft will mourn and gods grown wroth,
And waves 'neath tempests curling
He'll view aghast in his despair,

Who now, bewitched by golden wiles
And bent on hope of unshared smiles
For ever, fickle breezes
Suspects not. Hapless they will be

On whom thy glamour untried glows.
Yon temple's votive tablet shows
That I with dripping raiment
Have dowered the god who rules the sea.





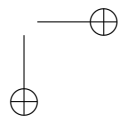
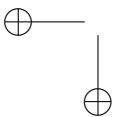
† W., 1894

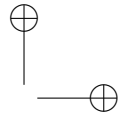
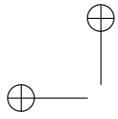
(*Sir Ronald Storrs Papers*, Pembroke College Library, Cambridge)

What graceful youth, O Pyrrha, found
In odours steep'd, with roses crown'd
Thy fancy now hath caught?
For whom, with simple charm array'd
Dost thou thy yellow tresses braid
In some delightful grot?

Alas, how oft will he bewail
Thy shifty faith – the sudden gale
The darkling waters rue!
Though you are golden, he is blind,
Trusting that you'll be always kind,
That you'll be always true!

Oh, wretched they for whom you shine
A sea untried! The votive shrine
Is now the place for *me*;
Lost on the waves no longer now,
My garments dripping brine I vow
To Him that rules the sea!





GEORGE M. DAVIE, 1894

(1848–1900; American Lawyer and Poet)

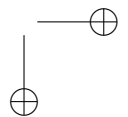
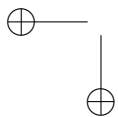
What youth so elegant, faint with perfumery,
Presses thee tenderly, now, on the roses,
In the cool shade of thy grotto, O Pyrrha?
And now, for whom dost thou bind up thy yellow hair
Simple and daintily?

Ah, but how often yet
He shall sigh bitterly over thy faithlessness, –
And fickle deities!

He who delights in thee,
Thinking thou'lt ever be placidly beautiful:
What will his wonder be when the rough seas arise,
Dark with the hurricane!

When he now, credulous,
Deems thou wilt ever be gentle and lovable;
Of the winds treacherous, he is unmindful.

Woe to the novice, who finds thee alluring!
My votive tablet there, – high on the temple wall, –
Tells I have gratefully hung my wet garments up,
To the god consecrate, ruling that Sea!





WILLIAM P. TRENT, 1894

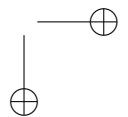
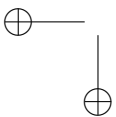
(1862–1939; Professor of English Literature, Columbia University)

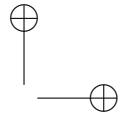
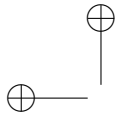
What graceful, perfumed youth on many a rose,
'Neath pleasant grotto, doth with thee repose,
 Pyrrha? For whom thy tawny hair
 Dost bind – so simply fair

In thy adornment? Ah! how oft shall he
Weep his changed gods and faith, and at the sea
 Wonder – which, all unused, he finds
 Ruffled with angry winds –

Who, fond, enjoys the golden prize of thee,
And hopes thee ever loving, ever free
 To have – of breeze deceitful aye
 Unweeting. Wretched they

For whom thou shin'st untried! Yon tablet set
On sacred wall proclaims that garments wet
 I have suspended there to please
 The god that rules the seas.





ANONYMOUS, 1894

(Punch)

What if I send you trinkets, flowers, and gloves;
GRUNDY herself must grant we've known each other
So long that I emerge through furnace-loves
A negligeeable sort of distant brother.

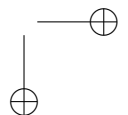
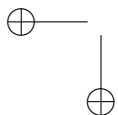
Where is the harm, since in soft, level tones,
While lavishly my floral gifts you scatter,
You say "How pretty! They're from MR. JONES.
He does these things, you know; it doesn't matter."

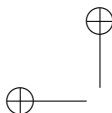
Those little hands were never made to spurn
The floral symphonies from Covent Garden,
The dainty gloves that fit them to a turn,
And plead the unromantic donor's pardon.

E'en when the small glove holds that tiny hand
We truly may declare there's nothing in it;
Such royal tribute all may understand –
But all would change if others should begin it.

With them indeed you'd rightly look austere,
Chillingly check their offertory zealous;
Not that I deem I really am more dear,
Not that I claim the right of being jealous.

Yet if presumptuous posies offered be,
Howe'er their worth and beauty may commend them,
Remembering that they do not come from me,
Turn like a pearl at bay, and rend the swine who send them.





* CHARLES L. GRAVES, 1895

(1856–1944; Author of *The Hawarden Horace*)

Redolent of “Jockey Club,”
 Pliant as a lath,
Is the boy you now decoy
 Down the primrose path.
Him with neatly braided locks
 Lovingly you lure,
Clad in green, and in your mien
 Studiously demure.

Soon from off the gingerbread
 Vanishes the guilt:
Ere the year be spent and sere
 You will prove a jilt.
Do I blame him? No, not I; –
 Only could a wizard
In your face the symptoms trace
 Of the coming blizzard.

Trusting in your halcyon mood
 Thinks he, simple chiel,
You will bide, whate’er betide,
 Lovable and leal.
When a landsman in a sieve
 Braves the Western gales,
Patrick Jones must have his bones —
 (Davy works for Wales).

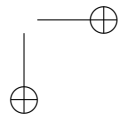
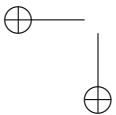
Lamentable is the lot
 Of the gilded friend
You bemuse and Hugh Price Hughes
 Labours to amend.
I was very nearly wrecked
 Rounding Ireland’s Eye;
But I swam, and here I am
 High and dry and spry.

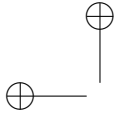


* ANONYMOUS, 1895

(Pall Mall Gazette)

What nice young man with perfumed hair
And button-holed with florets rare,
Under the arch in the open air –
 Thee, Pyrrha, strives to please?
No doubt he thinks your tidy trim
Is all got up to capture him:
But soon he'll have to sink or swim
 When change the gods and seas.
Poor fool! Who thinks he's got you fast,
That pleasure, leisure, love will last,
Nor hears a whisper on the blast
 Which soon his hopes shall strand.
O luckless wights that trust to thee,
As to a smiling, untried sea;
One bare escape's enough for me;
 Thank God! I'm safe on land.

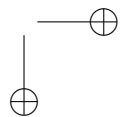
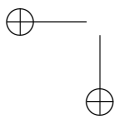




† CYRIL E. F. STARKEY, 1895

(Verse Translations from Classic Authors)

What slender youth with liquid perfumes fair,
Pyrrha, 'mid lavish roses wooeth thee?
For whom *now* bindest thou thine amber hair,
Adorned yet unadorned simplicity,
In some cool grot? How soon, alas! will he
Thy broken troth and slighted pledge deplore,
And in amaze will gaze upon the sea
Blackening 'neath stormy winds and calm no more.
Now basks he fondly in thy golden smile,
Trusting that loyal thou wilt ever prove,
And loving ever; knows he not the guile
Of woman's heart, the shifting breeze of Love?
Sudden thou smilest on him! sad his fate!
But I, from shipwreck 'scaped, to Ocean's king
A votive tablet duly dedicate,
And dripping garments as thank-offering bring.

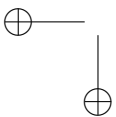




CHARLES NEWTON-ROBINSON, 1895 (1)

(1853–1913; Barrister and Writer)

What handsome boy, besprayed with liquid odours,
Pyrrha, now courts thee in some pleasant grot,
'Mid many a rose? For whom, with simple grace
Is twined thy golden hair? How oft, alas!
Will he bemoan bad faith and gods estranged,
And innocently wonder at the seas
Rough with a darkling storm; who still confiding,
Enjoys thy golden calm, and puts his trust
In thee, imagined always kind and true:
So little dreams he of the treacherous blast!
Ah! wretched those, for whom thou glitterest yet,
Untried! But as for me, the sacred fane
Shows by the votive picture on the wall
That I have hung my dripping garments there
An offering to the ocean's mighty god!





CHARLES NEWTON-ROBINSON, 1895 (2)

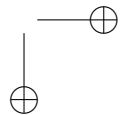
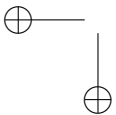
(1853–1913; Barrister and Writer)

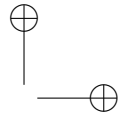
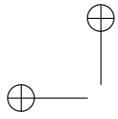
Pyrrha! the wan, the golden-tressed!
For what bright boy are you waiting, dressed
So witchingly, in your simple best?

Yes! like a witch in her cave, you sit
In the gilded midnight, rosy-lit;
While snares for souls of men you knit.

The boy shall wonder, the boy shall rue
Like me, that ever he deemed you true!
Mine is another tale of you!

For I have known that sea-calm brow
Dark with treacherous gusts ere now,
And saved myself, I know not how!

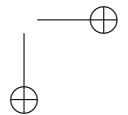
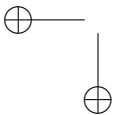




OSWALD A. SMITH, 1895

(Horace in Quantity)

Say, what beautiful youth, with body scent-bedew'd,
On your flowery couch, Pyrrha, caresses you
'Neath that grotto delightful?
Deck'd thus simply for whom do you
Braid your golden-hued hair? oft, alas! he'll bewail
Troth and destiny chang'd, and alas! oft upon
Dark storm-winds of a rough sea
Gaze with wonder, unus'd to them,
Who now trustful adores beauty so glittering,
And, not knowing a breeze oft to be fickle, trusts
Always gentle to find you,
Always fancy-free. Woe to those
Whom your charms unaware dazzle! The temple-wall
With slab votive adorn'd is the memorial,
That drench'd clothes to the Sea-god's
Pow'r I've hung as an offering.





SIR OWEN SEAMAN, 1895

(1861–1936; Writer and Poet)

What slender stripling in his primal year,
His lip bedewed with “Tricholina,”
Amid your flower-pots with alluring leer
Woos you, Georgina?

Across the counter leans his blazered arms,
And, plying you with laboured sallies
Of amorous wit, around your waning charms
Heavily dallies?

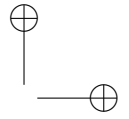
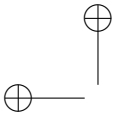
Who bids you bind your bun, I want to know,
As once, my ever-verdant mignon,
For my sweet sake some thirty years ago
You bound your chignon,

Simply mendacious in its artful dye,
All golden as the daffodilly
To which you pinned my swelling chest, while I
Looked really silly?

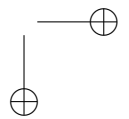
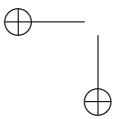
Alas! poor boy, he has a lot to learn
Outside the Little-Go prospectus,
Things that will give him quite a nasty turn
In Love’s *Delectus*;

Who fancies, never having known a doubt,
Your hair is naturally yellow;
Nor dreams you ever cared a bit about
Another fellow.

For me, of course, I’ve had my little fling,
And been lovesick on many an ocean,
And cease to feel about this kind of thing
The least emotion.



And yet a touch of nature marks me kin
To him, that budding young apprentice;
Besides, it's possibly my son that's in
Loco parentis.

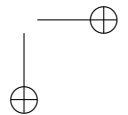
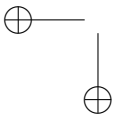


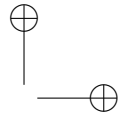
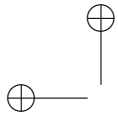


† A. S. AGLLEN, 1896

(“Archdeacon of St. Andrews”)

What slender youth with liquid scents bedew'd
Is courting you on roses thickly strew'd,
 Pyrrha, in pleasant grot?
For whom twist you that golden hair in knot
So charming-simple? Ah! how oft he'll weep
For heaven's changed looks, the troth you would not keep,
 And wonder, slow to learn,
How rough in murky winds Love's sea can turn.
Now, lapped in golden joys, he fondly sees
You always pleasing, always free to please;
 Poor fool! he little knows
The fickle breeze that now so softly blows.
The wretch is lost on whom you smile untried;
My votive tablet on that wall, inside
 The mighty Sea-God's shrine,
Shows where I've hung my garments dripping brine.

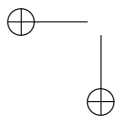


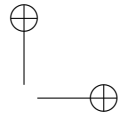
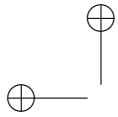


JOHN G. FREEZE, 1896

(1825–1913; American Lawyer and Writer)

What silly boy perfumed with liquid unguents,
Within thy sweet retreat, 'mid many roses,
 Urges his suit, O Pyrrha!
 For whom dost dress thy yellow hair
So simply beautiful? Oft, alas! thy faith
And changing gods unkind shall he bemoan,
 And gaze in wonder on the seas
 Rough with black winds tempestuous,
Who now enjoys thee, thinking thee all golden,
And always gay, with welcome to his wooing
 Hopes thee – change unsuspecting.
 O most unhappy are those youths
To whom thou, unessayed, art fair. But for me,
The sacred wall, by votive tablet, shows my robes
 Still dripping, there suspended
 To the powerful God of Sea.





RICHARD FENWICK ELY, 1896

(1874–1920)

That dainty youth, bedewed with sweet perfume,
Pyrrha, caresses thee, where roses bloom
 Beneath thy pleasant bower?

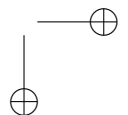
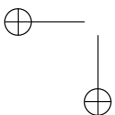
For whom dost thou now bind thy golden hair
In neat simplicity and fashion rare,
 To give thee witching power?

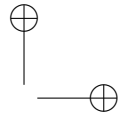
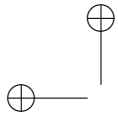
How often shall he, fool that he must be,
Wonder at changed fates, at troubled sea,
 And weep thy broken faith?

He who all precious thee does now enjoy;
Who deems thee fancy free, without alloy, –
 Poor blinded, storm tossed wraith.

Wretched are those whom, knowing not thy wiles,
Thy beauty and simplicity beguiles,
 To shipwreck make of each.

My dripping garments, hung in Neptune's shrine,
For my escape vowed to the god divine,
 May they a lesson teach.

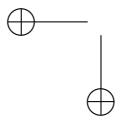


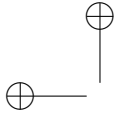


† PHILIP E. PHELPS, 1897

(The Odes of Horace)

What youth, slender and fair, 'mid the thick rosebushes,
All with odours besprent, Pyrrha, caresses thee
'Neath thy grotto delightful?
For whom bind'st thou thy golden hair,
In simplicity neat? Ah me! how oft shall he
Mourn thy perfidy, and skies, that were once so fair,
Clouded over with tempests –
And the change of the Gods to him,
Who enjoys thee, poor fool! now in thy golden hour!
Hoping thou wilt be all-loving, all fancy-free,
Knowing not the deceitful
Breeze. O! wretched are they to whom
All untried thou art fair! Me! Neptune's holy wall
Shews, on tablet devote, to have hung up aloft
Garments dripping with Ocean,
Sacred to the strong God of sea!





† EDWARD GEORGE HARMAN, 1897

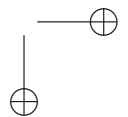
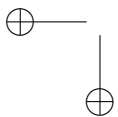
(1862–1921)

What slender youth, on scattered roses lying,
Woos thee, fair Pyrrha, in some cool sequestered place?
For whom bind'st thou thy yellow hair
With artless grace?

Ah, hapless boy! how soon, how soon to tears
Will his young golden dream be turned, when clouds arise
On that bright sea, and changed gods
Avert their eyes!

Who now has all thy love, nor dreams that thou
Could'st change, could'st ever cease to love him, or the day
Could come when love and faith would fail –
Ah, wretched they,

For whom thy beauty shines! My dripping weeds,
Hung on great Neptune's votive wall, proclaim for me
To all, how I erewhile escaped
That cruel sea.



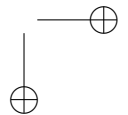
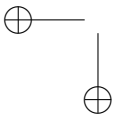


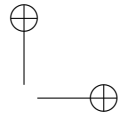
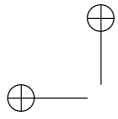
ALFRED DENIS GODLEY, 1898

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

Pyrrha! what slender youth in perfumes steeped courts thee 'mid
circling roses in thy pleasant bower? for whom dost bind thy yellow
locks with simple grace? Alas, how oft shall he weep his outraged
troth, his fortune changed, and stand amazed at the waves that rise
before the blackening squall – poor credulous novice, who dreams
thou wilt ever be his alone and meet for love, all ignorant of thy
favour's fickle breeze! Hapless they who see thy beauty and know
thee not! But I, as yon temple wall's votive tablet declares, have
hung up my dripping raiment as a thank-offering to the god who
rules the main.

NOTE: "The best 'straight' English crib," according to Storrs.

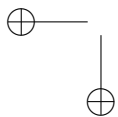




W. A. HEIDEL, 1899

(1868–1941; American Scholar)

What spruce young lad with roses garlanded,
Distilling sweets from Araby the Blest,
Courts thee, my Pyrrha, in a grot's kind shade?
For whom hast thou thine amber tresses drest
So simply sweet? Ah me, how oft will he
Make moan on broken troth and gods averse.
And marvel helpless at the storm-tost sea
And fickle gales, untutored of their course,
Who now, too credulous, thinks thee pure gold,
Hopes thou wilt ever welcome him, wilt love
And be beloved, not versed like me of old
To read the moods that flit thy brows above.
Ah, hapless wights, who trust thy treacherous face!
The chapel wall; with painted shipwreck, tells
How there I gave my dripping garments place
To Neptune hallowed, victim of thy spells.





PAUL R. WRIGHT, 1899

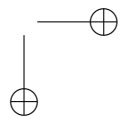
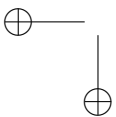
(The Badger, Prize Translation)

Pyrrha, pray, what perfumed stripling woos thee now?
For whom, beneath thy rosied grotto, dost thou bind
Thy golden hair, in artful sweet simplicity?

Alas, full frequent will he weep, dear innocent,
His former faith and changeful gods, and marvel how
The cruel waters rage, 'neath black and wrathful winds.

Thy charms he now enjoys, and dreams thou art all gold,
And ever free of heart and ever kind, he hopes,
Nor knows that fitful breeze, thy fancy's fickleness.

Unhappy they on whom thy bright eyes gleam untried –
The sea I've fled, and to Poseidon consecrate
On temple wall these lines and garments stained by storm.





W. K. G., 1900

(The University of Virginia Magazine)

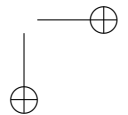
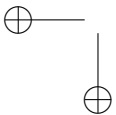
What slender stripling, charming girl,
 Woos thee in rosy bowers,
Who wantons with thy golden curl
 Mid beds of lovely flowers?

For whom dost bind thy golden hair,
 Who thinks thee ever true?
Thou tempting yet delusive snare,
 Alas! This day he'll rue –

The winds will change, the youth will find
That tender chords not always bind,
The sea that now so gently glides,
Will soon be all o'ercast with tides –

Oft will he deprecate his fate,
Repent, – but 'tis one day too late,
With tears deplore her heart untrue,
This glittering jewel loves the new –

These lines I consecrate on land,
I too was ship-wrecked on that strand.

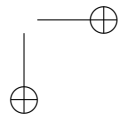
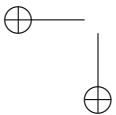


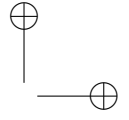


C. G., 1900

(Dublin Weekly Nation)

What graceful youth, with roses crowned,
Bedewed with liquid perfumes rare
In some sweet grotto's sacred ground,
Pours forth to thee his ardent pray'r?
For whom dost thou thy golden hair
In simple tresses careless bind?
Alas! how oft shall his despair
Blame thy false faith, and gods unkind?
Whose young and inexperienced mind,
Now awed by storms that lash the main,
Now fondly credulous and blind,
And, too confiding, trusts in vain,
That from all other fondness free,
Thou true to him shalt ever be.
Ah! wretched they to whom, as yet
Untried, thou seemest fair!
This votive tablet which I've set
Against the wall of Neptune's fane,
Tells how my garments, dripping wet,
I've vowed to him who rules the main.

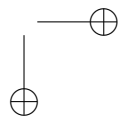
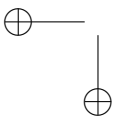




† FREDERICK WILLIAM HASLUCK, 1901

(1878–1920; Antiquarian, Historian, and Archaeologist)

Bright is her hair as burnish'd Gold
Blue as the Sea her eyes,
As Coral red her lips that smile
The wisdom from the wise.
'Tis the red Gold that eggs man on
To trust the faithless Sea,
The Coral reef his galleon wrecks:
O fell complotters three!

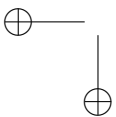




BENJAMIN F. MEYERS, 1901

(1833–1918; American Politician)

What tender youth with liquid scents perfumed,
In pleasing grot, with many a rose adorned,
Pyrrha, to thee makes his impassioned suit?
For whom, with plain and simple elegance
Thy golden tresses braidest thou? Alas!
How oft shall he bewail thy faith unkept,
His gods estranged, and, to the sight unused,
Wonder at seas with blackening tempests rough,
Who, foolish now, delights in thee as pure,
True gold; who, ignorant of fickle gales
Thee always vacant hopes and always kind.
Unhappy they to whom thou yet unproved
Art lovely! Me the sacred wall proclaims,
By votive tablet, to the god that rules
The sea my dripping garments to have hung.





THOMAS EWING SMILEY, 1902

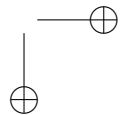
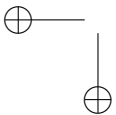
(1866–1910)

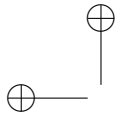
Pyrrha, what slender youth, with perfumes moist bestrewn,
Doth midst a bank of roses claim thee for his own
Beneath some cavern roof?
Thy yellow hair is tied for whose behoof?

Such plainness marks thy beauty strong; and oft with pain,
Thy lovers moan for broken troths, for worships vain:
When thy wrath meets their gaze,
Its buffets cruel strike with sore amaze.

Who trusting now thinks thee all-perfect as fine gold,
And deems in undisputed sway thy charms to hold,
Ignores the coquette's whim;
Deceiving others, she deceiveth him.

How fares the wretch who, on thy favors, would repose
Yon sacred wall with painted, votive offering shows:
My dripping garments see
Hung up for Neptune; I am saved from thee.





† ERNEST EDWARD KELLETT, 1903

(1864–1950; Schoolmaster and Writer)

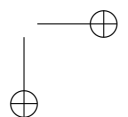
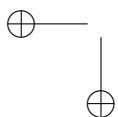
What slender youth, strong coffee sipping,
The moistened towel round his brow,
Smit with the sacred love of Tripping,
Deceitful Knowledge, courts thee now?
True daughter of thy mother Eve,
Well art thou practised to deceive.

Though now thy neat apparel pleases
The youth unskilled to shun thy snare,
Though sweeter than Sabaeen breezes
The odours of thy perfumed hair, –
Yet ah! to ripe discretion grown,
Sad will he rue thy favours flown.

O hapless they whose childlike fancies
Invest thee in a false array!
Nor dream how Time's prosaic chances
Will strip thy borrowed gauds away!
Thou dost but love them for a while,
And lure them with a harlot smile.

I too, when youth her airy splendour
Before my dazzled gaze revealed,
Like them in innocent surrender
To thee my heart's devotion sealed;
But now, with Time's enlightened eyes,
I see thee, Knowledge, and despise.

Whate'er, deceived by thy caresses,
Of learning's store I claimed as mine,
Now, sunk in sweet forgetfulnesses,
I dedicate at Lethe's shrine:
For Knowledge, whom I courted so,
Has ploughed me in the Little-Go.

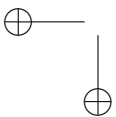




† W. C. GREEN, 1903

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

What slim boy woos in pleasant grot
With liquid odours round him shed
Thee, Pyrrha, on rosy bed?
For whom thy yellow hair dost knot,
Plain in thy daintiness? Ah me!
How oft lost faith and gods that change
He’ll weep, with wonder strange
At the black winds that fret the sea!
Who credulous now thinks thee gold,
Hopes thee still dear, still all his own;
Thy changeful breeze unknown,
How false. Poor dupes, who real hold
Such untried sheen! I, as the board
Limn’d on the temple wall doth show,
My wet weeds long ago
Hung up in thanks to ocean’s lord.

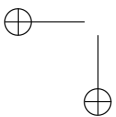


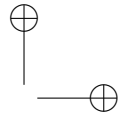
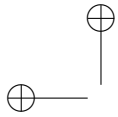


R. C. D., 1903

(The Round Table)

What dainty youth, O Pyrrha fair,
Bedewed with liquid perfumes rare,
Embraces you in pleasant grot,
In some sweet, rose embowered spot?
For whom dost thou thy locks of gold
So simply bind, so neatly fold?
Alas! How oft shall he deplore
Thy perfidy and gods no more
Auspicious! Inexperienced, he
Shall wonder greatly at the sea,
So roughened by the blackening storms,
Who now, in thee believing, warms
His heart with thee, O precious fair;
Who, ignorant of the faithless air,
Now hopes to find you always free,
Always good-natured as can be.
O wretched ones, to whom, untried,
Thou seemest fair! The sacred side
Of Neptune's temple shows to all
By votive tablet, – not too small –
That I my wet clothes consecrate
To the sea-god of powerful state.





R. T., 1903

(Montrose Standard)

Pyrrha, what toom, lang-leggit loon,
His heid creished wi' pimatim,
Hae ye got noo, vice me resigned,
Shootin' your arrows at him?

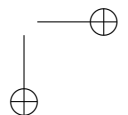
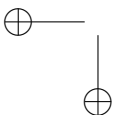
Whe plays, noo, wi' your bonny hair,
(Eh, me! I mind me o't –
It set ye best when it was down),
Enchantit wi' his lot?

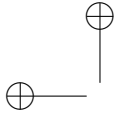
Puir ouif! It's little that he kens.
(I hae been there, ye see).
How aft he'll wonder at your moods,
Juist like the cheengin' sea.

Noo saft, an' donce, an' complaisant,
Noo gurly, mirky, grown;
Ae day, a' wreathed wi' sunny smiles,
The neist wi' angry frown.

Wha, noo, your pinchcheck, taks for gowd?
The puir love-doited fule,
The mair he dauts on ye the day
The waur'll be his dule!

For me: yon saxpence that we bent,
Mair in thankfu'ness nor wrath,
I plunkit i' the elder's plate,
Nae langer syne than Sawbath.





ANONYMOUS, 1903

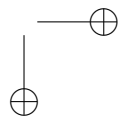
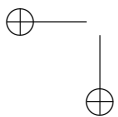
(Montrose Standard)

Ah! what fresh victim of thy charms,
Fair Maggie, hugs you in his arms
In some sweet nook while none is near
And pours his love-tale in thine ear,
And draughts of heavenly rapture sips
Unchallenged from those tempting lips?

Short-sighted fool! tho' now for him
Those graceful locks of gold you trim
With 'witching art, he little deems
How soon shall fade his golden dreams,
When other arms than his shall press
His treasure with as fond caress.

He guides his bark o'er summer seas
And sport, him with the friendly breeze,
Nor dreams of change or danger near,
While waves and skies are calm and clear;
Soon shall his cloudless heaven grow dark,
And storms engulf his feeble bark.

Ah, hapless youth! be warned by me,
I, too, have tried that dangerous sea,
But 'whelmed beneath its treacherous wave
My hopes and peace have found a grave:
A shattered wreck, I reached the shore
But ne'er shall tempt its perils more.

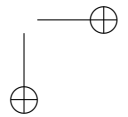
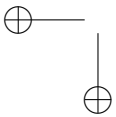




† CLARENCE CARY, 1904 (1)

(1845–1911; American Lawyer)

What slender young stripling, amidst many roses,
Be-perfum'd with odorous liquids, pursues thee,
 O Pyrrha; in grotto delightful,
 For whom thy fair tresses entwin'd are
With art of the simplest? Alas, how oft faith, and
Mutations of gods – when his erstwhile calm ocean
 Is roughened by blackest of storm winds –
 Amazed, he'll deplore soon!
Who, credulous, precious as gold now enjoys thee,
And aye free and faithful believes, in his hope, too;
 Ignoring thus ever the tempests
 Deceitful. Ah, wretched are those who
Untried hold thee fair! Lo, my own votive tablet
The sacred-wall shows, with my still-dripping off'ring
 Suspended beneath it to him that is potent –
 My robes – to the Sea-god!

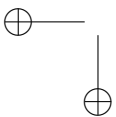




† CLARENCE CARY, 1904 (2)

(1845–1911; American Lawyer)

What slender youth, aloof, where dew-star'd roses shed
Their perfumed balm within thy grotto, woos thee hence,
 O Pyrrha, of the golden braided head,
 And studied innocence?
Alas, how oft, lost faith; the frown of changing gods,
Shall he deplore, when his erst placid, favoring sea,
 May, whilst he wantons dreamingly, and nods,
 Darkened with tempests be!
Thy dross, he, witless, holds all golden in emprise,
Nor heeds the brooding storm, nor idle hope gives o'er,
 That all the wondrous love-lights of thine eyes
 Are his – for evermore.
Thus hapless, who, untried, believe thy worth. But lo!
My votive tablet on yon temple-wall shines fair –
 To ocean's god, who, from wreck'd overthrow,
 Saves mortals, here and there.

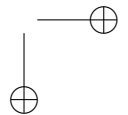
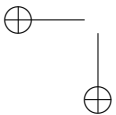


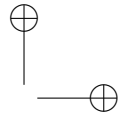
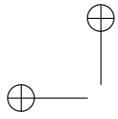


† M. JOURDAIN, 1904

(Translations of the Odes of Horace)

What slender youth with odours dewed is he
Courts thee within the pleasant cave reclined,
Pyrrha, with many a rose? For whom dost bind
Thy golden hair in the artless subtilty
Of thy adornings? Oh, how oft on thee
Shall he complain, and the changed gods unkind
And waves, unwonted, rough with blackening wind,
Who now all credulous of thy golden sea,
Thus always vacant, always amiable,
Hopes thee, of the fair-seeming gales untried.
Ah, hapless they, on whom has shined thy tide
Yet unessayed! For me the wall may tell
In my vowed picture to have bestowed in fee
My dropping weeds to Ocean's deity.





FABIUS MAXIMUS RAY, 1904

(1837–1915)

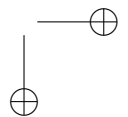
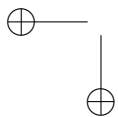
In thy pleasant grotto, Pyrrha
Dense with odors of the forest,
And the fragrance of fresh roses,
Who upon thy breast reposes?
Who this last youth thou adorest?

Deck thy dewy locks, O damsel,
For this latest, lealest lover,
With the amaranth and laurel;
While these last, may lovers' quarrel
Ne'er thy heartlessness discover!

While the wave the wild wind tosses,
And the white crests crown the billow,
Do not with his young heart trifle,
Nor thine own affection stifle;
Yield thy breast a willing pillow.

So he'll never know how changeful
Is thy love, prone to transition;
How, if one have ceased to please thee,
Other lover can appease thee
With a new love's sweet fruition.

In the temple of the sea-god,
Down beside the surging ocean,
I have hung my wet apparel;
From this time, O maiden, farewell!
Neptune claims my heart's devotion.





WILLIAM J. HENDERSON, 1905

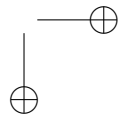
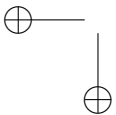
(1855–1937; American Musical Critic and Scholar)

What slender youth with flaxen hair
Is he that now thou smilest on,
O Pyrrha? Are his senses gone,
To hope thy mood is always fair?

My faith! When o'er thy lips and eyes
The lightning smile of mirthful scorn,
That comes so soon, is swiftly born,
He'll think the sun has left the skies.

He has my pity, hapless youth,
Who knows thee not as other men;
Alas, poor lad! He'll learn and then
He'll see the gulf 'twixt thee and truth.

I know thee! I have saved my neck
From death by drowning in love's deep,
And smiling Neptune long will keep
His memory of my stranded wreck.

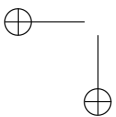


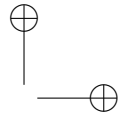
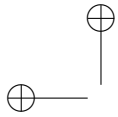


† ECCLESTON DU FAUR, 1906

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

What graceful youth, with roses crown'd,
And scented locks, by soft caress
Controls thee, girl; for him unbound
In shady grot, each auburn tress?
Simple in elegance! alas!
How oft at changing skies he'll rave
And, unaccustomed, watch as pass
The darkening clouds, and surging wave;
Who now, in perfect faith, thy loves
As golden deems; as his alone;
And ever amiable: which proves
The treacherous breeze to him unknown.
Unhappy those, on whom, untried,
Thou shinest – for me, the sea-god's fane,
As votive offering, shows, half dried,
My garments hung; to these remain.

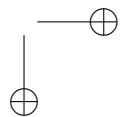
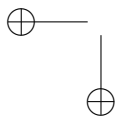


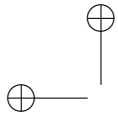


† EDWARD R. GARNSEY, 1907

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

'Mid many a rose, what slender youth bedrenched
With liquid odours, wooes you, Pyrrha,
 Within a pleasant grot? For whom
 Do you braid your yellow hair with art
That apes simplicity? Ah fie! how oft
Shall he bewail your faith, and changed gods,
 And upon seas enruffled with
 Black winds astonied gaze?
Who now enjoys you credulous all gold,
Whose hope conceives you ever free and fond,
 In ignorance of your fickle airs!
 Misfortunate they on whom,
Untried, you shine! A sacred wall
By votive tablet indicates that I
 Have hung wet garments to the god
 Who dominates the sea.

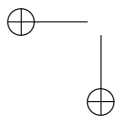




† JOHN MARSHALL, 1907

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

What slender youth, with wealth of roses sheen
And with sweet essences besprent, pursues thee,
 In cool grot, Pyrrha, woos thee?
 For whom thy yellow hair dost preen,
Simple yet exquisite? How oft, ah me!
Vows broken he'll deplore and gods that change;
 And, to thy whimsies strange,
 Shall gaze where glooms a wind-swept sea;
Who credulous now dotes on thy tinsel gold,
And dreams thee ever willing ever kind,
 To thy fair falseness blind!
 O hapless, who untried behold
Thy glitter! Lo, my dripping weeds I place,
With picture vowed, on Neptune's temple wall,
 My saving to recall
 From shipwreck by thy siren face.



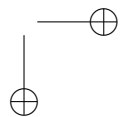
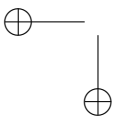


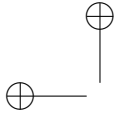
DOWELL O'REILLY, 1907

(1865–1923; Australian Poet and Politician)

What fine laddie is he, bending all odorous
O'er thee Pyrrha, his own, crushing in ecstasy
Love's rose couch in the grotto,
O'er what heart's wretched destiny
Falls that glittering web? Piteous credulity,
He'll soon swear at the Fates, gazing with terror on
Such wild hurricanes raging.
Such rough gales ever threatening!

Who now basks in Love's golden variety.
Thinks thee ever his own! ever his loving one.
Notes not tremulous rippings.
Notes not hovering misery.
Love towards Pyrrha incurs bitter experience.
My wet vesture adorns – hung as an offering –
That to all sacred for aye, to
Storm-tossed ocean's great Deity.

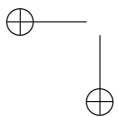




EUGENE PARSONS, 1907

(The Chicago Alumni Magazine)

What slender youth, I pray, with odors sweet bedewed,
On mossy, shady bank with many roses strewed,
 Now woos thee, Pyrrha, and caresses?
 For whom braid'st thou those shining tresses,
In ornaments so neat? How oft will he complain
Of broken faith and cruel gods, at stormy main
 And black clouds sweeping through the skies
 Unwonted gaze with sad surprise,
Who fondly trusts thee now while sunning in thy smiles,
Imagines thee pure gold, unused to maidens' wiles,
 Hopes winds will always softly blow.
 That bring, alas, but frost and snow
To unsuspecting wights who on thy glances hung!
I, on the sacred wall, my vestments drenched have flung.
 By pictured tablet raised to thee,
 O mighty ruler of the sea!





J. A. SALMON-MACLEAN, 1908

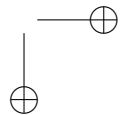
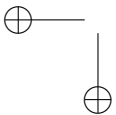
(Leisure Moments)

What youth, with many roses, slim,
With liquid odours sweet, o'er him,
Woos thee, Pyrrha, beneath some rock's
Cool grot? For whom bind'st thou thy locks;

Thou simply neat? Ah! oft, trust lost
And changed gods he'll weep, and [toss'd]
Waves, stirr'd by darkling winds, t' his eyes
All new, will hold his long surprise,

Who, now thee golden deeming, thee
Enjoys, who hopes thee always free,
E'er lovable – he mindful not
O' the treach'rous gale. To those hard lot,

Thou shin'st on new. The sacred wall
On votive tablet doth install
My garments wet, as hung by me,
Tithes to the god, who rules the sea.

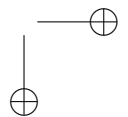
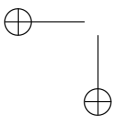


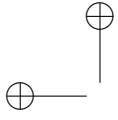


*“SAROTTI,” 1908

(T.C.D: A College Miscellany)

Who the slender stripling, Pyrrha, that woos thee now,
Wreathed profuse with roses under the rock's kind brow,
Fragrant of dewy odours, whilst thou, for his delight,
Decked in a dainty neatness, dost weave thy tresses bright?
Ah! how oft thy faithless faith and the gods unkind
He shall weep, and, wondering, gaze at the angry wind
Blackening the ruffled waters, whom now thy golden grace
Lulls in a sweet delusion to dream thy winsome face
Ever free and fond; unwarned of the changing tide.
Hapless they on whom thou glitterest, yet untried!
I, on the votive tablet beside the sacred shrine,
Tell I have hung dank garments to him that rules the brine.





ANONYMOUS, 1908

(The Lone Hand)

Who in the light of your beauty reposes,
Drenched with the odors of flowers that are sweet?
Who is the swain in your garden of roses,
Breathing his vows at your exquisite feet?

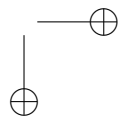
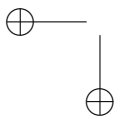
Weaving your passionate spells un beholden;
Twining each band for a glittering snare;
Daintily coiled and deliciously golden;
Pyrrha, for whom have you braided your hair?

Ah! for the lover whose trusting devotion
Hears not the far-away tempests that roar,
Heeds not the wrath of the terrible ocean,
Sailing so smoothly away from the shore.

Ah! for the shallows where brave ships have foundered,
Washed by the white waters seething above.

Ah! for the depths where the doom'd ones have foundered,
Under the waves of your pitiless love.

I, on the beach where the billows have toss'd me,
Sorrowing still for the treasures they keep,
Wreck'd in the ruin of dreams they have cost me,
Pity those others who steer for the deep.





* A. MARGARET RAMSAY, 1909

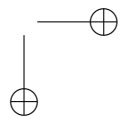
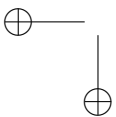
(Tutor in Classics, Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford)

Ah, Pyrrha, 'mid the roses
What perfumed gallant now
His heart to thee discloses
'Neath some cool grotto's brow?
For whom dost thou

Now braid thy tresses golden
With artless grace? Alack,
Though now clear skies embolden,
Soon shall he quail 'neath black
Storm-clouds and wrack,

Who trusts, poor fool, thy favour,
Nor dreams that storms can rise,
Or anger darken ever
The heaven of thine eyes.
Hapless the unwise

On whom thy smiles are squandered!
But I for perils o'er
Thank-offering meet have rendered,
And tempt the seas no more,
Saved and ashore!





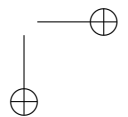
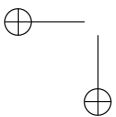
ELIZABETH H. DU BOIS, 1909

(The Bookman)

What slender boy with curling, perfumed hair
'Mid clustering roses, woos you, Pyrrha fair,
In your sweet bower? Tell me for whose delight
Are bound and bound again those tresses bright?
How seeming simple is your daintiness!

Yet soon, alas! he'll mourn your fickleness,
The gods estranged. As when the sailor pale
Sees billows roughen 'neath the black'ning gale
Where all was fair; so he, unconscious, blind,
Believes you always loving, always kind;
Enjoys your smiles nor fears the changing wind.

Poor hapless fools, for whom, untried, you shine!
Well, let them learn their lesson, – but for mine,
My sea-soaked garments, with a thankful prayer,
I'll dedicate to Neptune for his care.





* HAROLD BAILY DIXON, 1910

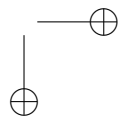
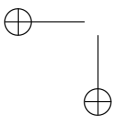
(1852–1930; Sometime Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford)

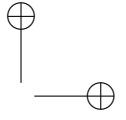
Pyrrha, what stripling woos your loveliness?
What gallant brings his perfumed grace to press
Your roses' sweetness?
For what new victim do you deck your lair,
Pyrrha? For whom bind back that golden hair;
In witching neatness?

How oft, alas, shall he, poor novice, find
With weeping eyes nor plighted troth shall bind
Nor Gods shall harken,
When he – how little skilled or weather-wise –
Amazed shall watch the angry waters rise
And heavens darken;

Who now enjoys you on a golden sea,
Who dreaming you still fond, still fancy-free,
Now basks beside you.

I thank the Gods *I* swam ashore: time was
I sailed like him a trusting fool – because
I had not tried you.





† FRANCIS LAW LATHAM, 1910

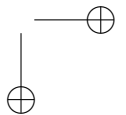
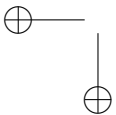
(“Brasenose College, Oxford”)

What dainty stripling scent bedewed
Woos thee on bank with roses strewed,
 Pyrrha, 'neath pleasant grot?
For whom dost bind thy yellow hair
In unbedizened neatness fair?

How oft the promise kept no more,
And Gods estranged shall he deplore,
 And in unwonted lot
Watch wondering the black squalls that sweep
To angry surge the roughened deep;

Who revels in thy golden charm,
Too credulous, nor knows the harm
 Of winds that wax and wane;
Who hopes thee evermore to find
Obedient to his beck and kind.

Ill-starred for whom thy beauty glows
Untried: but I, the tablet shows
 Nailed to the holy fane,
Have hung my dripping weeds on high
A gift to Ocean's deity.

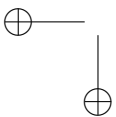




† J. H. HALLARD, 1910

(*Westminster Gazette*)

What slender boy besprent with wet perfume
Pleads with thee, Pyrrha, on a rosy bed
In pleasant bower? For whom
That yellow tress upon thy head,
Thine artless art? Alas, how oft in vain
Shall be thy troth and gods forsworn lament,
Gazing in wonderment
Upon that dark, wind-ruffled main,
Who now, poor fool, enjoys thy golden youth,
And hopes thou'lt aye be constant, aye be kind,
Nor wots of fickle wind.
Alack for those who trust thy truth
And see thee glittering fair! On holy shrine
A votive pannel vouches that by me
My vesture wet with brine
Hangs offered to the lord of sea.





* BERT LESTON TAYLOR, 1911

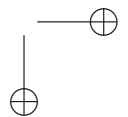
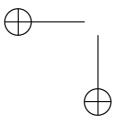
(1866–1921; American Humorist and Newspaper Columnist)

What young tin whistle gent,
Bedaubed with barber's scent, –
 What cheapskate waits on you
 To woo,
 O Pyrrha?

For whom the puff and rat
And transformation that
 You bought a year ago
 Or so,
 O Pyrrha?

Peeved? Not a bit. Not I!
I'm sorry for the guy.
 He draws a lovely lime
 This time
 O Pyrrha!

I've dipped. The wet ain't fine.
Hung on the votive line
 My duds. The gods can see
 I'm free.
 Eh, Pyrrha!





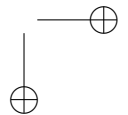
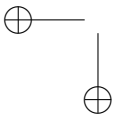
† FRANKLIN P. ADAMS, 1911

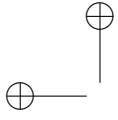
(1881–1960; American Newspaper Columnist)

What lady-like youth in his wild aberrations
Is putting cologne on his brow?
For whom are the puffs and the blond transformations?
I wonder who's kissing you now.

Tee hee! I must laugh when I think of his finish,
Not wise to your ways and your rep.
Ha! ha! how his fancy for you will diminish!
I know, for I'm Jonathan Hep.

NOTE: "In those days of wildly competing newspapers and hired girls, no New York City name was better known than Franklin Pierce Adams, no printed space more coveted than the top of his column, *The Conning Tower* . . ." The column ran from 1904 to 1937, and "no other by-line before or since has matched that record of thirty-three straight years; F.P.A. was the Lou Gehrig of newspaper columnists, and while his column at its height was syndicated in only six papers, everybody read it." (Sally Ashley, *Franklin Pierce Adams*, 1986) I have traced eight translations of the Ode to Pyrrha by F.P.A, and three by other authors (pp. 332, 333, 348) published in *The Conning Tower*.

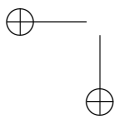


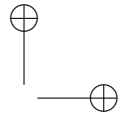
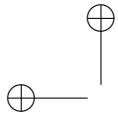


GEORGE M. AND GEORGE F. WHICHER, 1911 (1)

(GMW 1860–1937, GFW 1889–1954)

What slim youth now, bedewed with soft perfume,
On banks of roses thee caresses,
O Pyrrha, hid in some cool cavern's gloom?
For whom dost bind thy golden tresses
In graceful neatness? Ah, how oft will he
His misplaced confidence bewail,
Who, inexperienced, wonders at the sea
Aroused and darkened by the gale!
Yet thou as gold delectable dost seem
To his too easily bedazzled eyes,
Who thinks thee ever true, without a dream
That storms may take him by surprise.
Unfortunates, to whom thou like a sea
Untried, dost yet alluring shine!
A tablet hung on Neptune's wall by me
Shows what a shipwreck late was mine.





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

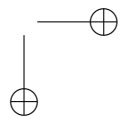
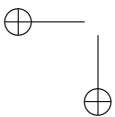
(GMW 1860–1937, GFW 1889–1954)

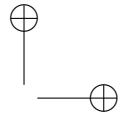
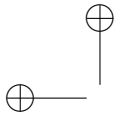
What slim youth in shady grotto
Filled with sweet enticing otto
 From his bouquet,
Woos thee, fickle Pyrrha, *sotto*
 Voce?

Dress thy yellow locks! His error
He will soon in sudden terror
 Start bewailing,
Tossed by seas that late seemed fairer
 Sailing.

Now he deems thee gold the purest,
Calls thee tenderest, demurest –
 Ignoramus!
But can one whom thou allurest
 Blame us?

Yes, a robe I'm consecrating
My escape commemorating –
 Was I iron
To resist thee, captivating
 Siren!





MYRA POLLARD, 1911

(Cap and Gown)

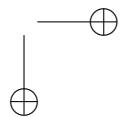
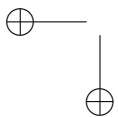
What slight youth at thy feet, Pyrrha, doth sue, I crave,
Bathed in odors so sweet, under a rose-strewn cave?

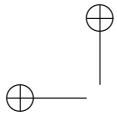
Pray, for whom is that twining,
Simple fair, of thy golden hair?

Ah, how oft shall he weep over thy lealty changed,
Oft with shudderings deep over the gods estranged,
And, unwonted, repining,
Startled be at the wind-tossed sea.

Golden pure dost thou seem. Trusting, he joys in thee.
Thou, he fondly doth dream, e'er for his love art free,
Not the fickle wind knowing,
Wretched they in whose luckless way.

Thou, unproven, dost shine. Now from the sacred wall
This vowed tablet of mine, my dripping garments all,
Wreck-delivered, is showing,
Consecrate to the sea god great.





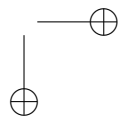
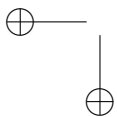
HOWARD JAMES SAVAGE, 1911

(The Tuftonian)

What graceful youth, bedewed with sweet perfume,
Caressees thee on beds of rosy bloom,
 Within this grotto fair?
 For whom thine auburn hair
Dost thou in simply knotted neatness groom?

How often shall he weep the gods aloud,
And stand amazed before their thunder cloud,
 Who now enjoys thee, gold!
 He prays that, as of old,
Thou wilt be free – unsought for by the crowd.

Wretched are they for whom thou shin'st, untried.
Come, as a goddess who hast long defied
 My tender offerings,
 Ease thou my sufferings,
Accept my votive, I have braved thy tide.





† SIR WILLIAM S. MARRIS, 1912

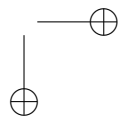
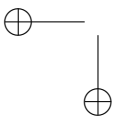
(1873–1945; Civil Servant and Classical Scholar)

What scented stripling woos thee lying,
Pyrrha, in grotto fair,
'Mid many a rose? for whom art trying
Thy auburn hair

With simple grace? Poor boy, how often
Thine and the gods' caprice
Shall wilder him, like squalls that roughen
His sunny seas!

He thinks thee gold, he hopes that ever
Thou wilt be free and kind,
Nor dreams of veering winds. Ah, never
Were folk as blind

As they who've proved thee not! my payment
In yonder fane is stored:
A tablet vows my dripping raiment
To Ocean's lord.





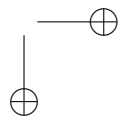
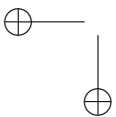
FRANKLIN P. ADAMS, 1912

(1881–1960; American Newspaper Columnist)

O pretty Pyrrha, false as fair,
For whom dost thou do up thy hair,
Thy crown of gold, thy shining tresses?
What gracile youth gives thee caresses?

Alas! How often shall he find
The faithlessness of womankind!
As who should say, in utter wonder,
“How fair it was! Who thought of thunder?”

Ah – wretched they that think thee fair,
Enmeshed in thy seductive snare!
I vow, by Neptune, ne’er to woo thee
Again, for I am jerry to thee.

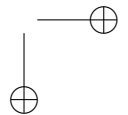
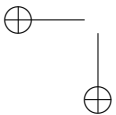


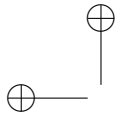


J. M. KRAUSE, 1912

(Love Poems)

What scented slender youth 'mid roses fair
In pleasant grotto, Pyrrha, courts thee now?
 For whom that red-gold hair
 Dost simply bind from brow
With graceful art? Ah, often will he weep
O'er faith and gods that change, and, new as yet,
 Marvel when placid deep
 Black winds to roughness fret.
Too trusting, now as gold he joys in thee,
Hopes thou wilt ever be heart-free and sweet,
 Nor knows how breezes be
 Inconstant. Woe who meet
Thy bright gleams, thee untried! For me, all wet
My garments I have hung to God who sways
 The sea; the tablet set
 In temple shows my praise!

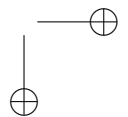
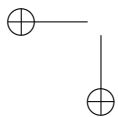


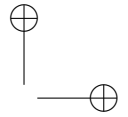
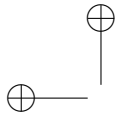


J. WELLS THATCHER, 1913

(1856–1946; Charity Worker)

Who is that handsome boy, O Pyrra fair,
 With perfumed locks who, seeking, thee discloses,
And, fervent, woos thee of the golden hair
 In yonder grot, entwined with blushing roses?
And dost thou bind the yellow tress for him
 In simple neatness, giving him no notion
That he will weep thy ever changeful whim
 Which breaks, like squalls upon the summer ocean?
He now enjoys, fond fool, thy glorious youth,
 He hopes thee ever leisured, ever gracious,
Nor knows, unconscious, that thy seeming truth
 Is, like the fickle sea and wind, fallacious.
Unhappy victims of thy smiling guile!
 Of such am I; my votive gift suspended,
Marks my escape from shipwreck on Love's isle,
 Whose altar takes my sodden clothes, unmended.





† A. L. TAYLOR, 1914

(The Odes of Horace)

What graceful youth now woos thee there
In pleasing grotto, Pyrrha fair,
 In liquid perfumes steeped
 His hands with roses heaped? –

For whom dost thou so seeming-kind
Thy golden locks in beauty bind,
 Holding him in amaze
 With all thy charming ways?

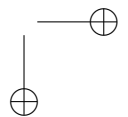
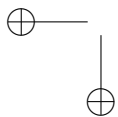
Alas, how often shall he mourn
The fickle gods, the faith forsworn,
 And all astonied be
 To mark the wind-vexed sea! –

Who now enjoys the golden hour
Nor thinks, poor wretch, of clouds that lower,
 Of door that opens not,
 Thy love now quite forgot.

Hapless are those who gaze on thee
As men upon a shining sea,
 And credulously dare
 The untried waters fair.

But I, escaped those billows rude,
Do thus with solemn gratitude
 That voyaging recall,
 And on the sacred wall

The votive tablet now have set
That tells of garments dripping wet
 Hung in his shrine whose sway
 All ocean's waves obey.





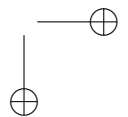
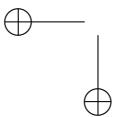
FRANKLIN P. ADAMS, 1914

(1881–1960; American Newspaper Columnist)

Who is the arrowcollar kid
You're playing in the grot with?
For whom the zippy Leghorn lid?
Whom do you do the trot with?

Ha! Get me giggling, while I think
How smooth appears the ocean
To him, the unsuspecting gink –
But oh! that wavy motion!

I weep for them that are not joe,
That think you sweet and clever.
Spear it from one who's in the know:
I'm off your lay forever.





HARVEY W. WILEY, 1914

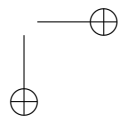
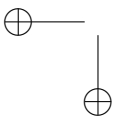
(The Conning Tower)

What slender stripling all adorned with roses,
And hair oil dripping from his odorous locks,
Woos thee, O Pyrrha, and his love discloses,
'Neath the cool shadows of o'erhanging rocks?

For whom, pray, dost thou bang thy yellow tresses
In simple swirls? Alas! How soon he'll learn
Capricious Cupid's and thy false caresses,
Astonished somewhat, when thou call'st the turn.

At surging seas and at night so pitchy,
In present bliss he thinks thee solid gold
And free of flirting. Mercy! 'tis this which he
Hopes, knowing not that he is badly sold.

Unhappy they on whom thou sweetly smilest!
The bath house walls bear witness now for me;
I've hung my dripping shirt from bath the vilest,
A tribute to the monarch of the sea.

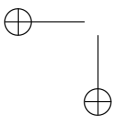




EDITH., 1914

(The Conning Tower)

What chap is this, so slim and young,
Who smells of perfume and is hung
With roses; who makes love to you
In shady corners just for two? –
Unfileted your yellow hair,
Yet lots of folks will up and swear
At your false words and fickleness:
And he who now enjoys your “Yes”
And thinks you always gay and sweet –
He’ll find out soon that your deceit
Is like soft airs that blow, but soon
Develop into a typhoon
Disclosing depths of waters dark –
Where navigating is no lark!
Myself, I’ve rained a tablet to
The ocean god who pulled me through.
And there, close to my dripping cape,
It tells to all my narrow escape.





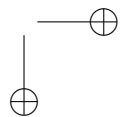
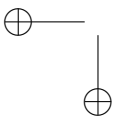
FRANKLIN P. ADAMS, 1915

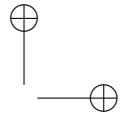
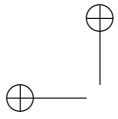
(1881–1960; American Newspaper Columnist)

What graceful youth is led to think
 He charms you by his lyric passion?
For whom, O Pyrrha, do you prink,
 And do your hair to fit the fashion?

Alas, those changing seas I know,
 Their sudden storms I well remember;
And all you want of this new beau
 Is just his vote for next November.

He thinks you kind. Unhappy he!
 He'll feel it worse when he's deserted;
He'd better learn by watching me
 To be more gradually converted.





† WARREN H. CUDWORTH, 1917

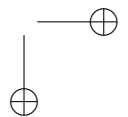
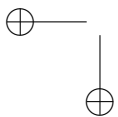
(1877–1927)

What stripling boy, with fragrant dewes besprent,
Clasps thee mid many a rose in pleasant grot?
For whom, O Pyrrha, art thou bent
Thy yellow tresses now to knot

In studied artlessness? How oft, alack!
Will he deplore changed faith and gods untrue,
And, while downswoop the tempests black,
The roughened seas appalled will view,

Who now, bewitched beneath thy golden spell,
Hopes thee for aye his own, lovely for aye,
Unweeting of the stormwind fell
So soon to blow! Most wretched they

Who trust, unproved, thy dazzling loveliness!
I know; yon sacred wall my picture keeps
In witness that my brine-soaked dress
Is vowed to Him who rules the deeps.

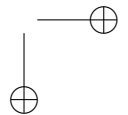
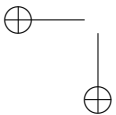


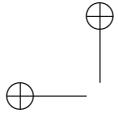


† GERARD FENWICK, 1917

(The Odes of Horace, Book I)

Who is this stripling,
Whose hair is rippling,
Rich with unguents
And roses gay?
Is he lover, or not,
Whom you meet in cool grot,
With your hair in a knot
In the simplest way,
Say, Pyrrha, say.
I am sorry for him.
How his eyes, too, will swim,
And the sea will look grim,
In the dark evening breeze
When he tries you to please.
He believes your hair gold,
And I suppose you have told
Him you're always at leisure
And ready for pleasure,
So he thinks it is true.
Oh! listen, boy, listen,
In vain you will strive,
I once was alive,
And thought, too, to wive;
But I found I was wrong,
And my arms, too, are hung
Her trophies among,
For I once was young, too.

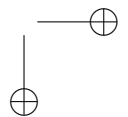
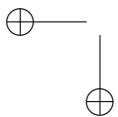




EDNA WORTHLEY UNDERWOOD, 1917

(1873–1961; American Writer, Poet, and Translator)

What dainty youth with perfumes rare bedewed
Caressees thee within that rose-sweet cave,
 O Pyrrha! for whom now thou
 Dost bind back thy yellow hair
In girlish neatness? Alas how many times
He will bemoan thy perfidy, and since
 Innocent, wonder at seas
 Wind black and rough with storms,
Who loving well thy glad gold moods, dost fondly
Dream thee ever kind and disengaged,
 Naught knowing of treachery.
 Oh! wretched, indeed, are they
To whom untried thou shinest fair afar!
Now I on Neptune's silent temple wall
 My out-worn garments have hung up
 To honor the Sea God.





J. CAREY THOMAS, 1917

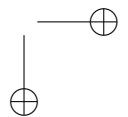
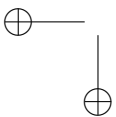
(Seven Sonnets and Other Poems)

I ask you, Pyrrha, is there any slender boy,
Perfumed with sweetest waters, who can still enjoy
To wreath your head with roses in some sheltered grot,
That you so bind your flaxen tresses in a knot?

Alas, how oft will he lament your faith untrue,
And fickle Destiny! Alas, how he will view
And wonder at the sea deep-stirred by every breeze,
For that he did not know that maids love as maids please!

Alas for him, too trusting in your fickle love,
Who holds you as a priceless blessing from above;
Who, ignorant how the fleeting storm has waged,
Expects at all times he will find you disengaged!

Alas for him who knows you not, so deems you fair!
That is a garment I have ceased for long to wear.
A votive tablet on the sacred wall shall be
A sign I offer it, a tribute, to the sea.





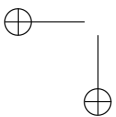
LOUIS UNTERMEYER, 1919

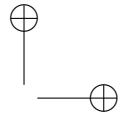
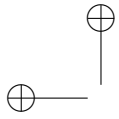
(1885–1977; American Editor and Poet)

What dainty, perfume-scented youth, whenever he proposes,
 Caresses you, oh Pyrrha, in a pleasant grot and fair;
For whom do you reveal your charms among a thousand roses?
 For whom do you bedew your eyes and bind your shining hair?

Alas, how soon shall he deplore your perfidy, when lonely
 He shall behold the altered gods, invisible to us,
Who now believes you his alone and who enjoys you only,
 Who hopes (so credulous is he) things will be always thus.

Oh woe to those, the luckless ones, who cling to you, not knowing
 Your faithlessness and folly – and to whom you seem so fair.
Lo, on the wall of Neptune's temple is a tablet showing
 My votive offering tendered to the Sea-God with a prayer.





KEITH PRESTON, 1919

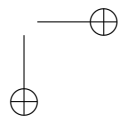
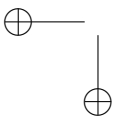
(1884–1927; American Literary Critic)

Here's a slap for fickle Pyrrha
And the thorns her roses wear,
Pity for the lad that's tangled
In the meshes of her hair.

Doting fool, his hopes will founder
As the winds awake that sleep,
Now the catspaw that caresses,
Then the black and angry deep.

Happy thou, to sit in safety
High and dry upon the shore,
Fling thy dripping weeds to Neptune,
Chase the golden girl no more,

Yet, I fear me, should she sparkle,
Should she smile again for thee,
Thou wouldst trim thy shattered pinnace
And put out again to sea.





T. C. C., 1919

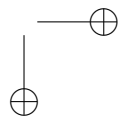
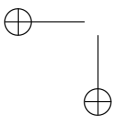
(The Yale Record)

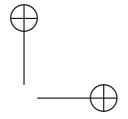
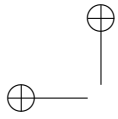
What poor youth has thou captured now,
Bearing thee fragrance and roses fair,
Maid of the lightly murmured vow,
With thy graceful arm and thine amber hair?

What, what words didst thou whisper him?
Was it the touch of thy lily face?
Dear is thy hand when the night is dim,
And the moon burns low o'er the trysting place.

Yes I know that thou hast a charm
And thy lips pressed close are divinely sweet –
Where the honey is, there the bees will swarm –
And thy kiss for the very gods is meet;

But I pity him. I have drunk the wine
Of thy changeful favor most bitterly;
Tell me false maiden, half divine:
Wilt thou do with him, as thou didst with me?





* FRANCIS COUTTS, LORD LATYMER, 1920

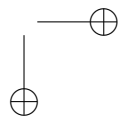
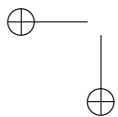
(1852–1923)

Pyrrha, what slim young lad, in perfume bathed,
 Woos thee on roses in some shady grot?
For whom with careful carelessness is swathed
 Thy yellow hair beneath the fillet's knot?

Thou art his golden dream, unmarred by fear
 Lest in thine heart his throne he fail to keep;
Alas, unwarned how many times may veer
 The fickle breeze, how often shall he weep

False faith and altered fortune, and shall stare
 With unaccustomed eyes on surges blown
By the black wind! Unhappily they fare
 Who seek thy brilliance ere thy flame is known.

But as for me, behold the neighbouring shrine,
 Where, on the mural tablet, I record
How there I hung my garments, drenched with brine
 And dedicate to ocean's mighty lord.

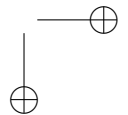
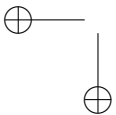




† WILLIAM HATHORN MILLS, 1920

(1848–1930; Writer)

What scent-besprinkled stripling lad,
 Pyrrha, would win your favour, where
Some grotto smiles with roses clad?
 For whom bind you your golden hair,
Simple, yet dainty? Soon he'll weep,
 How oft! changed troth, changed deities,
And marvel, as the wind-lashed deep
 Darkens, and threats his startled eyes,
Who in his folly counts you now
 All gold, and hopes that free for aye
And kind you'll be, unwitting how
 Your favours cheat. Unhappy they
On whom you smile untried. For me,
 His temple-wall and tablet show
That to the God, who rules the sea,
 I hung my drenched robes long ago.





† WILLIAM STEBBING, 1920

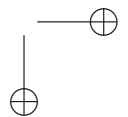
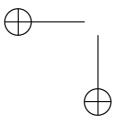
(1831–1926; Journalist)

In your rose garden, Pyrrha, false and fair,
I wonder who – you're not alone, I swear –
 It is for whom within the kindly grot
You bind, unbind, that wealth of sunny hair.

Artless elegance! Can there be alarms,
For any folded in those clinging arms,
 Of knitted brows, sharp words, and stormy eyes,
Where late were none but smiles, and honeyed charms?

Unknowing he how fast a wind can turn,
And golden girls, as skies, now freeze, now burn,
 Deny their door, once never closed to him –
Poor innocent! how much he has to learn!

Faithful for aye, he thinks. And I thought so,
Ere I was cast adrift. "Envy?" Oh no!
 Joy to have 'scaped with life a Siren's wiles.
See, my clothes drip; 'twas not so long ago.





† LIONEL LANCELOT SHADWELL, 1920

(1845–1925; Barrister)

Pyrrha, what stripling slim, in use
Of perfumed essences profuse,
Wooes thee on roses laid
In some cool grotto's shade?

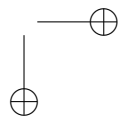
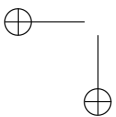
Say for whose eye thou hast designed,
That knot thy auburn hair to bind
And curb each errant tress,
Thy neat but simple dress,

How oft will he for vows forsworn
And heaven's regard averted mourn,
How often with amaze
On squally sea will gaze!

Whom now, fond dupe, dost thou decoy,
Thy golden sunshine to enjoy,
Who hopes aye kind thou'lt be,
From rival lovers free,

Nor reckons aught of treacherous gale.
Ah, luckless wights who spread their sail
Of perils unaware
Hid 'neath that surface fair!

For me on Neptune's temple wall
A votive tablet's lines recall
My dripping garments brought
To pay for rescue wrought.





† WILLIAM FREDERICK LLOYD, 1920

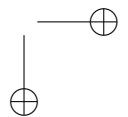
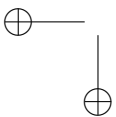
(Versions and Perversions)

What dainty youth, Oh, Pyrrha fair,
 Makes love to you so ardently.
For whom d'you bind your golden hair
 So gracefully.

He gets to love you more and more,
 Yet when he finds that frequently
You're false to him, he'll then deplore
 Your perfidy.

And when he knows you only meant
 To flaunt and treat him scurvily,
He'll feel a wreck, and then resent
 Your treachery.

And I, though often tempest tossed,
 Yet thank the Gods most fervently
That through love's turmoil, I have crossed
 Successfully.

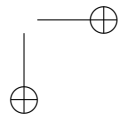
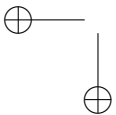




† HUBERT DYNES ELLIS, 1920

(Selections from the Odes of Horace)

Tell me, my Pyrrha, in some cool alcove
What slender scented stripling on thee presses
Mid roses rife his ardent tale of love?
For whom dost thou entwine those golden tresses
Artlessly neat? Alas, how oft, deploring
Woman's inconstancy and fate unkind,
Shall he survey the ocean tempest roaring
And there a charm all unsuspected find,
Who now enjoys thee, dross for gold mistaking,
Thinking thy favour will for aye endure,
Nor fears the fickle breeze's rude awaking?
Hapless are they who fall within thy lure
Untried! For me, – the wall of yonder shrine,
Where hangs my votive tablet, shall relate
How that my raiment dank with dripping brine
To bring Ocean's god is consecrate.





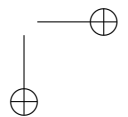
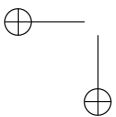
PAN., 1920

(The Conning Tower)

Pyrrha, who is that lad so dapper
For whom you play the loving flapper?
Ah, goldilocks, who is your pet?
Who finds you fair in tricolette;
Your hair done in that simple do?
Neat, but not gaudy, girl, that's you?

Well, some day soon that lad will tumble
Who finds you now so sweet, so humble,
Who thinks life one grand shimmy now,
Trust you, my dear, to show him how,
With little ladies on the make,
The shimmy comes before the shake.

Yes, you and I have had some times;
Where he spends nickels I spent dimes;
But many a pay day has gone by
Since you and I were stepping high.
Now, I am happy to confess;
My stepping clothes are out of press.

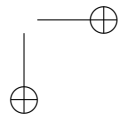
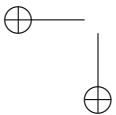




† JOHN FINLAYSON, 1921

(The Odes of Horace)

What gallant youth, my Pyrrha now,
All perfumed o'er, caresses thee,
In rosy dell? For whom braidst thou
Thy yellow hair so lovingly,
With simple grace? Alas! the day
When perjured vows he'll oft bewail,
That gods have changed, and him affray
Will angry seas and blust'ring gale;
Who, lulled beneath thy golden spell,
Hopes thou will aye be free and kind,
Nor other swain could'st love so well,
But soon who'll rue the change of wind!
Ah, wretched whom thy gleam ensnares,
Untried! I've hung in Neptune's fane
My dank robes, as the tablet bears,
My debt to him who rules the main.





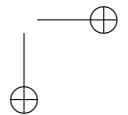
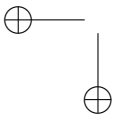
FRANKLIN P. ADAMS, 1921

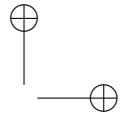
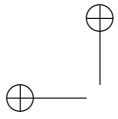
(1881–1960; American Newspaper Columnist)

Who is the devil-may-care, harum-scarum boy,
Pyrrha, philandering with you in the cave?
Tell me for what supertalcumed and bay rum boy
Wear you your hair in a permanent wave?

Often he'll wail at your promise perfidious,
Often he'll weep at your treacherous vow,
Finding your falseness as fair as insidious,
Learning the wisdom that I possess now.

Here on the wall of the shrine of Poseidon
Hang I my weeds that are dripping and damp;
Witnesses they of the tricks that were tried on
Your correspondent by Pyrrha the vamp.





MORRIE RYSKIND, 1921

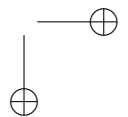
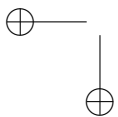
(1895–1985; American Dramatist, Screenwriter, and Newspaper Columnist)

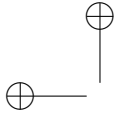
Oh, Pyrrha, tell me who's the guy,
The boob, the simp you've got a date with?
(Well I recall what time 'twas *I*
You'd tête-à-tête with!)

I saw him in the barber's chair:
His face perfumed with scented water,
And oil upon his shoes and hair –
Dressed for the slaughter!

I do not know this kid whose goat
You've got by saying you adore him.
But, take it from this famous pote,
I'm sorry for him!

The fates deal kindly with the lad!
This crush of his – how he will rue it!
He'll call you everything that's Bad –
Ain't *I* been through it?





LEWIS F. MOTT, 1921

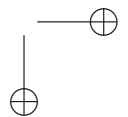
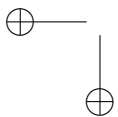
(1863–1941; American Scholar)

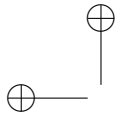
What slim, unthinking youth amid the roses
Under the maple where the hedge is thickest
Pants, Pyrrha, smitten silly by your glances,
Vamped by your purring?

Who is it now for whom your frocks are rustling,
Tastefully swell? Soon he, alas! poor booby,
Will wail and curse and raise the very devil
Because he's jilted;

Because his train, which ran along so smoothly,
Slam-bang! plunged off the track and hurled the dreamer
Into a corn field on his head amongst the
Other fat pumpkins.

And I? – I've dropped such nonsense now, thank Fortune!
Smash-ups are past for me. Grateful for safety,
I'll will my spare change to the broken-hearted
To build a mad-house.

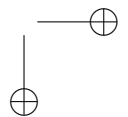
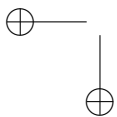


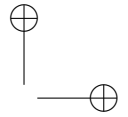
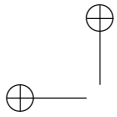


ANONYMOUS, 1921

(Morning Herald)

What slender boy, fragrant with perfumed dews,
On many a rose, thee, Pyrrha fondly sues,
 Under some pleasant cave?
 For whom confine thy wave
Of amber tresses, in thy neatness plain?
With tears, alas! how oft shall he complain
 Of adverse deities,
 And broken vows: and seas
Rough with black blasts shall he, unused to ill,
Wond'ring behold, who now, fond fool! his fill
 Takes, golden toy, of thee;
 Who thinks thee always free,
And always kind, nor knows the fitful breeze.
Hapless whoe'er untried thy beauties please!
 My life is all I boast,
 'Scaped from that dang'rous coast; –
The plank, last refuge from the stormy wave,
Sinking, I vowed to Nereus – strong to save. –
 Saved by his pow'r divine,
 I've fixed it on his shrine:
There, too, yet dripping from the boist'rous sea;
Hung my wet garments, monuments of thee!





* GEOFFREY ROBLEY SAYER, 1922

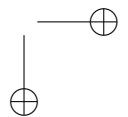
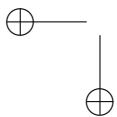
(1887–1962; Civil Servant and Historian)

What sleek young beau perfumed and smart
Amid the roses plies the heart
Of his embowered sweet?
For whom within that pleasant grot
Those golden tresses do you knot,
So exquisitely neat?

Today you're gold for his delight
And always calm and always bright;
Ah! vain imaginings!
No breath of doubt assails him now,
Poor butterfly that sees the glow
And has not singed its wings!

How oft hereafter will he find
The fickle gods have changed their mind
And weep that faith is vain;
And marvel as the storm-clouds sweep
Black'ning across the ruffled deep,
A landsman on the main!

For me to consecrate the wall
Where hangs a draggled overall
A tablet stands, to mark
My thanks to him whose powerful nod
Secured – I mean the Ocean God –
My rescue from a shark.





† EDWARD DOUGLAS ARMOUR, 1922 (1)

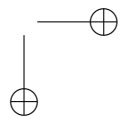
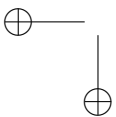
(1851–1922; Lawyer, Educator, and Poet)

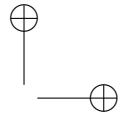
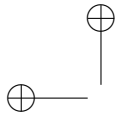
Pyrrha, who is the perfumed youth who poses
Beneath the pleasant grot, amid the roses,
And courts you now; for whom you dress, with care
And simple elegance, your golden hair?

How oft will he, so credulous, be slighted
By vows as lightly broke as lightly plighted?
How oft deplore it that the Gods have changed,
Withheld their favour, and become estranged?

Shall he who fondly trusts you now be shocked
By passion's storms, supplanting smiles that mocked?
As when the treacherous and uncertain breeze
Swells to a gale and frets the summer seas.

Oh wretched he, untried, who deems you fair!
The sacred wall of Neptune's fane shall bear
A tablet, which shall my escape relate,
And how my dripping garb I dedicate.





† EDWARD DOUGLAS ARMOUR, 1922 (2)

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

Pyrrha, who is the dainty youth,
 With liquid perfumes reeking,
Who now caresses you, forsooth,
 Your gracious favour seeking?

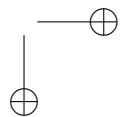
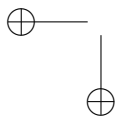
For whom do you demurely wait
 Beneath the pleasant grot,
With golden hair drawn smooth and straight,
 And coiled in simple knot?

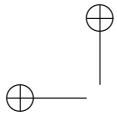
How often will you break the troth
 By you so lightly plighted?
How often vent your senseless wrath
 So easily excited?

As he who trusts the placid sea
 And gaily spreads his sails,
Encounters unexpectedly
 Dark waves and furious gales,

So, Pyrrha, he who trusts you fair,
 Inveigled by your glances,
Poor wretch! will find he has to bear
 With shrewish whims and fancies.

A votive tablet shall relate
 How I escaped the sea,
And dripping garments dedicate,
 Oh Neptune, unto thee.





† EDWARD DOUGLAS ARMOUR, 1922 (3)

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

Pyrrha, I sniff the air, and shrewdly guess
That some well-perfumed scion of noblesse
Is dallying with you among the roses,
And winning your regard – as he supposes.

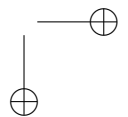
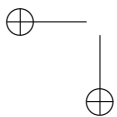
While he disports himself within the grotto,
I more than half suspect he's trying not to
Commit a breach of etiquette, and stare
At the perfection of your golden hair.

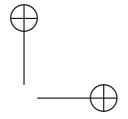
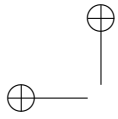
How he must marvel at the care and toil
Expended to produce that simple coil!
How wonder whether all that glorious sheen
Is due to nature, or to brilliantine!

Do you purpose to lead him such a dance
That even Deities will look askance;
To make him stand amazed that vows and oaths
You break as often as you change your clothes?

Oh Pyrrha, you remind me of the sea,
Deceitful in its calm placidity;
For he who trusts in you will never fail
To find himself the sport of storm and gale.

The toga which I wore when courting thee
I dedicate to Neptune of the sea;
And in his fane a tablet made of brass
Shall show how I escaped a fickle lass.





GRANT SHOWERMAN, 1922

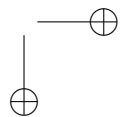
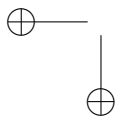
(1870–1935; American Classical Scholar)

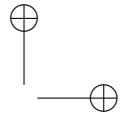
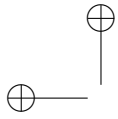
What scented youth now pays you court,
 Pyrrha, in shady rose-strewn spot
Dallying in love's sweet sport?
 For whom that innocent-seeming knot
In which your golden strands you dress
With all the art of artlessness?

Deluded lad! How oft he'll weep
 O'er changed gods! How oft, when dark
The billows roughen on the deep,
 Storm-tossed he'll see his wretched bark!
Unused to Cupid's quick mutations,
In store for him what tribulations!

But now his joy is all in you;
 He thinks your heart is purest gold;
Expects you'll always be love-true,
 And never, never, will grow cold.
Poor mariner on summer seas,
Untaught to fear the treacherous breeze!

Ah, wretched whom your Siren call
 Deludes and brings to watery woes!
For me – yon plaque on Neptune's wall
 Shows I've endured the seaman's throes.
My drenched garments hang there, too:
Henceforth I shun the enticing blue.





ROSELLE MERCIER MONTGOMERY, 1922

(1874–1933; American Poet)

What perfumed gallant now pursues
And hotly woos
You, Pyrrha, where your roses bloom
Or in your grotto's grateful gloom?

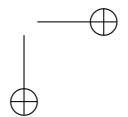
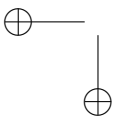
For whom do you now bind your hair,
O blonde, O fair –
Those bright, gold braids, so smooth and neat,
Deceitfully demure and sweet?

Your love is now a tranquil sea,
And on it, he
A little hour serenely sails –
O changing gods! O mounting gales!

Who thinks you'll be forever kind
Will change his mind,
Will learn to wonder and to guess
At fickle seas – and faithlessness.

All who before him sailed that sea
As trustingly,
As he who, happy, trusts you yet,
Are shipwrecked now; their garments, wet.

One fate your lovers suffer, all.
On Neptune's wall
My tablet and wet garments prove
I, too, have sailed that sea of love.





FRANKLIN P. ADAMS, 1923

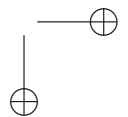
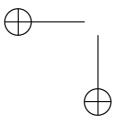
(1881–1960; American Newspaper Columnist)

Tell me, my Pyrrha, what youth is now chasing thee?
Who is thy flowered and redolent slave?
Where's the cool grotto in which he's embracing thee?
Who is the cause of thy permanent wave?

Often, how often, he'll call thee perfidious!
Frequently rail at the mutable gods!
He who is thrall to thy graces insidious,
Playing a game against terrible odds!

Who for thy favour is eager and sedulous,
Thinking thee pliable, deeming thee kind,
Loving and worshiping thee – the poor, credulous
Fish, to thy falsity utterly blind!

Here in the temple of Neptune, dedicate
Weeds that are dripping with warning, and damp.
DANGER! LOOK OUT FOR THE SIREN! I'll predicate
Pyrrha's a plausible, beautiful vamp.





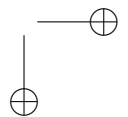
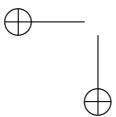
STODDARD KING, 1923

(1889–1933; American Writer)

Who was the guy I seen you with to-day?
Oh, yes, I did, you might as well crash through.
I bet he had perfum'ry on him – say,
I know that kind, I'll tell the world I do.

Well, let him suffer. . . if he likes your line,
And it's some line, I got to grant you that,
I'll never tell him diff'rent; I got mine.
Wait till he hears you sayin': "Here's your hat."

I guess I'm lucky, for I might have took
You serious, with your blue-eyed baby stares.
Now I'll be thankful every time I look
And see those other dumbbells getting theirs.





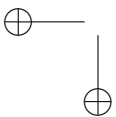
ANONYMOUS, 1923

(The Gargoyle)

What sheik with a garb and a kiss Valentinian
 Will you fuss on the Huron tonight?
What cave-man believes you his amorous minion?
 Whose lips do you now choose to bite?

For whom are you sporting a hair-band, in place of
 The fragile and tearable net?
For whom is the May-Breath you've just bought a case of?
 In short, who is mama's new pet?

Ha! ha! That lad thinks he's the berries, unwitting
 How soon he'll be laid on the shelf,
His little palm clasping a boreal mitting.
 I know, for I've been there myself!





† LEONARD CHALMERS-HUNT, 1925

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

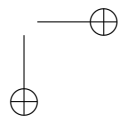
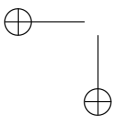
Pyrrha! who is the youth whom you inspire,
Where sheds the odorous rose its liquid fire?
Who now in yon sequestered garden-plot,
Pours in your ear his exigent desire?

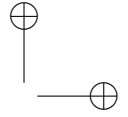
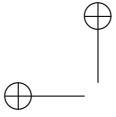
Do you for him your bright gold tresses bind?
Can swathes so coiled forswear a gentle mind?
Him, your feigned smile your glance demure have led,
To wreck his happiness through folly blind.

Your mien decorous oft shall he lament,
Bewail changed deities and fortune spent.
Regardless now, black winds he soon shall seek,
Brave the wild surf and darkling firmament.

His reason, thrall to your alluring smile,
His hope, the hours more amiable beguile!
His expectation reckons not the gale,
Nor doubts his blissful heedlessness assail!

Lost they, who blindly doting on your face.
Prove at their cost your callous lack of grace!
Ye gods! to whom I once wet garment hung,
A mural slab now marks the sacred place!





* HUGH MACNAGHTEN, 1926

(1862–1929; Vice Provost of Eton College)

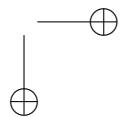
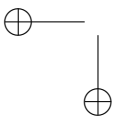
Slim, young, and essenced, Pyrrha, who
On roses couched is courting you?

Whom charms, in your sweet grot,
The bright hair's single knot,

The choice plain dress? How oft he'll cry
"False gods, false faith" with tears, and eye,
Poor novice, seas that change
Storm-lashed to black and strange,

Who now enjoys you, thinks you gold,
Dreams you will love him still, still hold
No hand but his, nor knows
Winds change. Alas! for those

Who trust your sheen. On temple-wall
My votive tablet proves to all
That Neptune earned his fee,
Those dripping clothes, from me.





† ASCOTT ROBERT HOPE MONCRIEFF, 1927

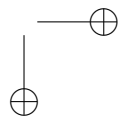
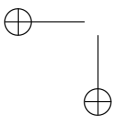
(1846–1927; Scottish Writer)

What beardless boy have you now in tow
His pay for bangles and bouquets to owe,
For whom your hair afresh you dye,
And stain your lips to give smile for sigh?

As simple as smart he takes you to be;
But sooner or later that smiling sea
Will change its face to cloudy and cold;
And the glances he fondly took for gold

Will turn out sham, as all of them find
Who on such a Circe have gone it blind,
Till, one by one, the deluded team
Come down to the cheat beneath what you seem.

But on me, those arts it was vain to try:
No such spider entraps this fly,
For I span into copy the web of your tricks,
Brought out as a novel at 7s. 6d.





* D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS, 1928

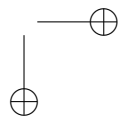
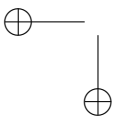
(1882–1957; Writer and Journalist)

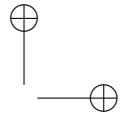
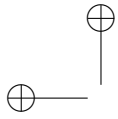
Baby, what guy is necking you right now in some alcove? Say, babe, who is that stiff? It's for him, kid, you doll up so neat... and say, that blond hair!

Aw, what's the use? He'll get what's coming, the poor dub. It's a cinch. Gee, how many times is that poor cake-eater gointa get a sock in the eye? Look at him now! He thinks he's sure got One Little White Girl... Don't make me laff.

Gosh, babe. I'm real sorry for the boob. Say, I really am. This is no bunk. It gets me sore. Me, I should worry. I'm through. Got that? I'm through. That's my hat on the peg at home. I should worry about you, or any other frail. Huh!

The poor goop!

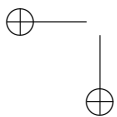


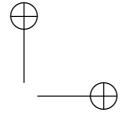
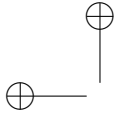


GEORGE CURRY, 1929

(Bachelor's Apology)

What strip of a boy with well oiled pompadour,
Tanned shoes, sport socks, golf pants, and red necktie,
 Bedewed with showers of perfume
 Fall'n from clouds of smoke near by
Of cigarettes, pours out his worthless love
To you, O Pyrrha, in some hidden nook
 With roses 'round in blossom?
 For whom is your bewitching face
Crowned with a radiant wealth of dark brown hair
Done up in simple neatness? O ye gods!
 How often tears unmanly
 Shall soothe his broken heart, when odds
Against him go, and gods keep faith no more
Than you, and he shall wonder, innocent soul.
 At boisterous seas of troubles
 When waves with darkening winds shall roll.
He now enjoys you, believing you all gold,
And for his love he hopes you'll e'er be free,
 All other youths excluded,
 And you will ever loving be.
Alas poor fool, the breeze now blows his way,
But if a handsomer love your soul should burn,
 You'd pass him by unnoticed
 Nor brown-eyed glances towards him turn.
Unhappy they to whom your untried charms
Still glitter. As for me, the temple walls
 Declare in ocean pictures
 Of voyaging lovers' dreadful falls
That I have hung my dripping garments up
To Neptune, ruler of the restless sea,
 As thanks that I am living
 And lover's scarecrow e'er to be.

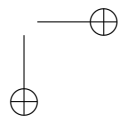
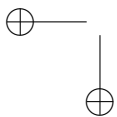




† ALEXANDER FALCONER MURISON, 1931

(1847–1934; Professor of Roman Law, UCL)

Who is he, Pyrrha? Who the slender youth,
The essenced lad, that now reposes
A-courting thee amid the roses
Within the pleasant grot? For whom, in sooth,
Bindst thou thy golden hair,
Artless yet trim? . . . Ah me! how oft shall he
Deplore thy faith, the gods deplore,
Alike inconstant both, and sore
Astonished view – new sight! – the raging sea
By murky winds convulsed! –
He that thee holds the Queen of Hearts to-day,
Poor innocent, who nothing knows
Of shifting gales, whose hopes suppose
Thou wilt be always free, true love always!
Alas! alas! for men
That know thee not but see thee dazzling fair!
Me? On the temple's sacred wall
A votive tablet shows to all
That I have hung my dripping clothes up there
To the god that rules the sea.

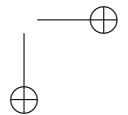
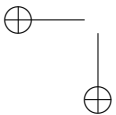




† CHARLES REGINALD HAINES, 1933

(1856–1935; Classical Scholar)

In liquid odours steep'd, what slender boy
Courts thee mid roses nestling sweet and coy,
 My Pyrrha, in some pleasant grot?
 For whom thy golden hair dost knot,
So neat, so simple? Ah! how oft shall he
Troth chang'd, and gods, bewail, and watch the sea
 In wonder with black squalls disguised,
 Poor novice, disillusionized;
Who holds, fond heart, thy love so golden dear,
Nor dreams how soon the treacherous breeze can veer;
 Hopes thee for ever fancy-free,
 For ever kind. Ah! wretches be
They whom, untried, thou dazzlest. As for me,
A votive tablet shews for all to see,
 That I have hung in Neptune's shrine,
 My garments drencht with brine.

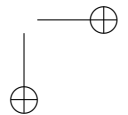
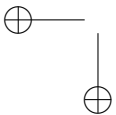




† H. B. MAYOR, 1934

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

What lad with perfumed locks to-day
Courts you amid the roses gay,
Beneath some pleasant grotto’s shade?
For whom, fair Pyrrha, do you braid,
Simple and neat, your yellow hair?
How oft full soon in wild despair
On broken faith he will exclaim,
And Heaven’s deluding favours blame;
Perplexed and wondering will mark
The rising gale and waters dark,
Who now enjoys your golden mood,
Trusting to find you kind and good
For evermore and fancy-free.
Poor simple youth! Unwitting he
Of that tempestuous blast malign!
Ill-fated those, for whom you shine
Smooth and serene, as yet untried!
For me, these sea-drenched clothes beside
The votive painting on the wall
My late escape from death recall:
This offering due I make to thee,
Great Neptune, ruler of the sea.





A. F. T. CHORLTON, 1934

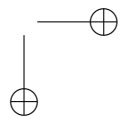
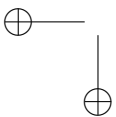
(Victoria University College Review)

What scented stripling thee doth woo
In cosy corner at the dance?
For whom dost thou thy tresses do,
So artless in thy elegance?

Laura, how oft will he bewail
Thy fickle faith and fortune's change,
And wonder at the sullen gale,
Unused the stormy seas to range?

Who basks now in thy golden sun,
And fondly dreams thee ever kind,
With heart-room for no other one,
He little knows the treacherous wind.

Poor wretches, they to whom afar
An eldorado thou dost loom; for me,
I thank my lucky star,
That I have just escaped their doom.

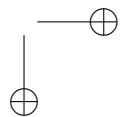
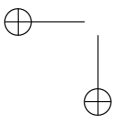


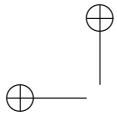


† MAJOR ALFRED MAITLAND ADDISON, 1935

(1862–1949)

What graceful youth, mid roses rich and rare,
Whilst liquid scents perfume the ambient air,
Now courts thee, Pyrrha, in thy grottoed lair?
For whom dost thou now bind those auburn locks?
Their simple neatness all their charm evokes.
Ah me! How soon, in raging flood immersed,
Will he, in tears, bemoan his fate accursed;
His fond hopes blighted, and his life reversed.
He who, at present, basks beneath thy smiles;
Who thinks thee loving, knowing not thy wiles.
Alas! for those whom thine allure beguiles.
But Horace, now defended from the gale,
Has hung Love's dripping garment on the pale.
A votive tablet in the Seagod's fane
Shows he will ne'er launch forth to sea again.





GILBERT F. CUNNINGHAM, 1935

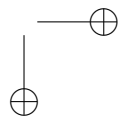
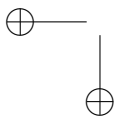
(Horace: An Essay and Some Translations)

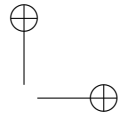
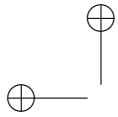
Pyrrha, what slender, scent-besprinkled youth
now in your rose-decked bower with his whole heart
worships you, while your flaxen locks you smooth
with all the sweet simplicity of art?

How often in the days to come shall he
the perjured faith of fickle gods deplore,
poor innocent, when o'er his placid sea
wild billows lashed by sullen tempests roar!

Trustful he revels in your golden beams,
thinking you all unfettered, all his own,
gentle and kind; nor for a moment dreams
that cloudless skies with treacherous storms may frown.

Unhappy victims, dazzled by your rays!
Long since have I adorned with votive sign
the sacred wall, and hung in grateful praise
my dripping garments at the sea-god's shrine.





ANNE THORBURN CLEVELAND, 1935

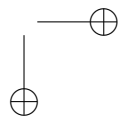
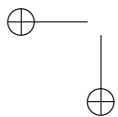
(Vassar Journal of Undergraduate Studies)

What slender boy with sleekly perfumed head
Now courts you, Pyrrha, soft on rose leaves lying
 In some deep-shadowed cave?
For whose sake do you smooth your auburn hair,
So lovely in your cool simplicity?

Alas, how often will he soon regret
Your broken faith and his changed destiny,
 And tremble, unprepared,
When first the dark winds rage across the sea,
Stirring the rough-tipped waves to sudden foam.

Now he enjoys your golden smiles, believing,
In fatuous hope, that he alone is loved
 And you will always smile –
Not knowing yet how fickle is that breeze.
Unhappy men, whom that bright sea allures!

To them those untried waves seem smooth and clear,
But as for me, my dripping garments hang
 Within the sea god's shrine,
And I have placed a votive tablet there
That proves my gratitude to Neptune's power.



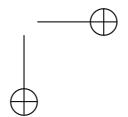
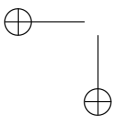


J. W., 1935

(The Canberran)

What lovely lad bedewed with liquid scents
Now courts you, Pyrrha, under pleasant cave
'Midst frequent flowers? In your excellence
So natural, your golden locks you swathe
Behind for whom? How oft his trusting mind
And alienated gods will he bewail,
And at the ocean, stirred by gloomy wind,
Unused to such a pageant, will he quail.

But now, too trustful, he enjoys the days
Of love with you, and ignorant that the gale
Is fickle, wants you calm and quiet always;
For those on whom you shine untried are pale.
The temple wall by votive tablet shows
My dripping clothes to god of sea repose.





* MAURICE BARING, 1936 (1)

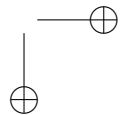
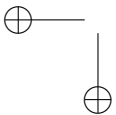
(1874–1945; Poet, Novelist, and Man of Letters)

What youth as fresh as any flower,
Pyrrha, is sighing in your bower:
For whom is tied that yellow hair
With careless care?

How often shall he cry, alas!
That faith and truth are frail as glass,
And gasp when gales... no seaman he!...
Convulse the sea.

He dreams you golden to the end,
Forever fancy-free, his friend,
Nor knows what tricks the zephyrs play –
Most hapless they

For whom as yet untried you shine!
My dripping clothes still salt with brine
(The votive tablet proves the vow)
Are Neptune's now.





† MAURICE BARING, 1936 (2)

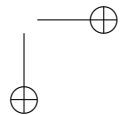
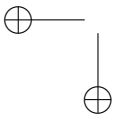
(1874–1945; Poet, Novelist, and Man of Letters)

What blue-eyed boy is wooing you
Amongst the roses and the dew
Of some delicious grot,
Pyrrha? For whom, Oh! dazzling snare!
So carelessly you twist your hair
In any simple knot?

Alas! How often will he cry
That fair is foul and gods can lie,
And stare in wild dismay;
When the black storm-clouds blot the skies,
And blind his inexperienced eyes
With bitter spray.

He thinks you golden to the core
And fancy-free for evermore,
(Poor boy!) forever true!
How lightly comes, how lightly goes
The breeze of love he little knows!
Poor boy, I pity you

Who nothing know yet of that sea
Save that it glitters. As for me,
Neptune can testify
My votive tablet decks his shrine;
My clothes still dripping with the brine: –
Once bitten is twice shy.

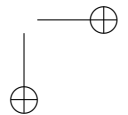
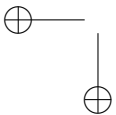




† ARTHUR WAY, 1936

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

What lissom lad, besprent with limpid perfumes,
Mid roses – roses for your love pleads hard
 Pyrrha, 'neath some sweet grot? For whom
 Now loop you back your golden tresses
So dainty-simple? Well-a-day! how oft
Shall he wail troth forsworn, mourn Gods estranged,
 And stare with inexperienced wonder
 At waters rough with lowering storms
Who finds you sweet now – duped! – “his golden girl”
Who hopes that you will be aye untrespassed on,
 Will be a darling aye nor knows
 The breeze how faithless! Woe to them
To whom you are a sunshine sea – untried!
For me the temple-wall by votive picture
 Tells I have hung my weeds of shipwreck
 There to the God who rules the Sea.





† JOHN B. QUINN, 1936

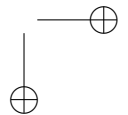
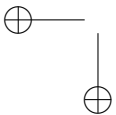
(Educator and Translator)

What graceful youth, whose bath with perfumes made,
Now woos you in your rosy-bowered shade,
For whom, you, Pyrrha, braid your golden hair
And, unadorned, your garb so coyly wear?

Your broken faith, and gods besought in vain,
Alas, will often wring his heart with pain,
And when with rage your stormy mind is raised,
Unused to such a scene, he'll stand amazed;

He, trusting, now enjoys your sunny smile
And deems you ever fond and free from guile,
To whom your fitful moods are still unknown –
Ah, wrecks! on whom your tempting eyes have shone!

Behold within the Sea-god's temple set
My votive scroll and clothes all dripping wet,
That will a grateful testimonial bear,
Of life redeemed from wreck through Neptune's care.





† JUSTIN LOOMIS VAN GUNDY, 1936

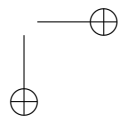
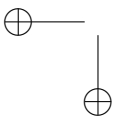
(The Odes of Quintus Horatius Flaccus)

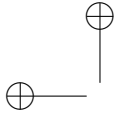
Who's that slip of a youth, covered with roses and
Bathed with liquid perfume, urging hid suit with you,
Pyrrha, under yon pleasing bower?
Why do you tie up your golden locks,

Pretty enough as you are? Ah me, how oft will he
Grieve that you're without faith, and that his gods have changed!
Does that innocent soul, who
Now enjoys you and thinkes you gold,

Hope you'll always be free: hope you will always be
Lovely? Poor fellow, not knowing the tricky gale!
How he'll gasp when he sees the main
Rough and stormy! Unhappy they who

Don't know you and still think you a gem. A votive
Tablet, placed on the holy sanctuary well, proclaims
I've devoted my wet clothes
To the powerful god of the sea.

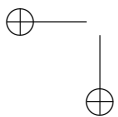




HERBERT O. WILLIAMS, 1936

(1873–1979; American Public Servant)

Pyrrha of the golden hair,
Dressed with elegance and care,
What youth now, with perfumed tresses,
Is enjoying your caresses
In some cave with roses strewn?
Well I know that all too soon
He will find his Pyrrha cold,
All her kisses fairy gold.
Drifting trustful, sails untrimmed,
Soon he'll feel a shifting wind.
Pyrrha of the golden locks
Drives his bark upon the rocks.
Foolish, inexperienced youth,
Thinks that you are his, forsooth!
All are hapless whom your smiles
Gladden ere they learn your wiles.
Once I followed, fool as he.
Out on Cupid's untried sea:
Shipwrecked too. Now on the wall
Of Love's fane, in sight of all,
I have hung my garments dripping,
Like a votive tablet, fitting
Pledge that I'll hereafter be
Ware your siren witchery.

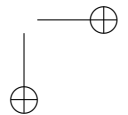
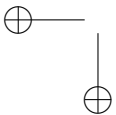




FRANKLIN P. ADAMS, 1936

(1881–1960; American Newspaper Columnist)

What slender lad, reeking with scent,
Now gives thee roseate embraces,
For whom dost thou, in blandishment,
Bind thy gold locks in simple graces?
Alas, how frequently he'll rue
Thy heart so hard, thy soul so dowdy!
His heaven that seems forever blue
Tomorrow will be blackly cloudy.
Forlorn are they who see thee shine;
Blinded who gaze at thee unloathing.
I've hung upon the temple's line
To dry, my sadly dripping clothing.





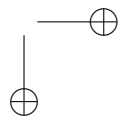
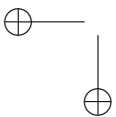
*FRANKLIN P. ADAMS, 1938

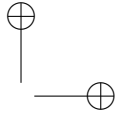
(1881–1960; American Newspaper Columnist)

What graceful youth, perfumed and slender,
Bids you, O Pyrrha, to surrender,
Embracing you for half an hour
Within the rose-encrusted bower?

Alas! how often will this youth
Sadden at seas no longer smooth!
And oh! how frequently he'll wonder
At waters rough with dark and thunder!

Doomed are the lads who when they meet
You think that you are honey-sweet;
As far as I'm concerned I'm through
With polyandrous girls like you.





† J. LEE PULLING, 1939

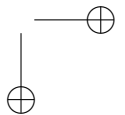
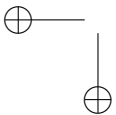
(Barbitos: Experiments in Verse Translation)

Who the young Adonis now,
Wealth of roses on his brow,
All besprent with attar-dew,
 Pleads his passion true
Neath the grotto's cool retreat?
 Ah! whose eye to greet,
Braidedst thou each golden tress,
Simple in thy daintiness?

Oft, alas, he'll weeping learn
Heaven's smiles to frowns may turn,
Troth be broken: oft will stare
 Wilder'd, unaware
How black lowering storms can comb
 Waters into foam:
While thy golden smiles entice,
Fool in folly's paradise.

Hoping thou wilt ever be
From all other fancy free;
Hoping thou wilt ever prove
 Worthy of his love;
Knowing naught of veering breeze.
 O'er uncharted seas
Sail those hapless ones who be
Dazzled by thy radiancy.

Let the holy wall declare
By the pictured tablet there
Offer'd with thanksgiving vow
 This my story, how
Once my raiment dripping wet,
 Pyrrha, there I set
Hanging high, a rescue-fee
To the mighty God of sea.

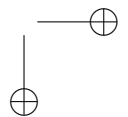
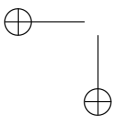




† KEITH DOUGLAS, 1940

(1920–1944; Poet and Soldier)

What lissom boy among the roses,
Sprinkled with liquid scents, proposes
To court you in your grotto, fair
Pyrrha? For whom is your blond hair
Bound, with plain art? Alas, how often
Will he bid changed gods to soften,
Till, poor landlubber, he finds
The sea so rough with inky winds:
Who now, poor gull, enjoys you gold
And always careless, always bold
To love, hopes on and never knows
The gold is tinsel. Sad are those
For whom you shine, untried. For me,
Beholden to the great god of the sea
A votive tablet will recall
Drenched garments on his temple wall.





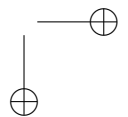
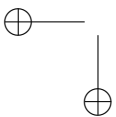
† QUINCY BASS, 1940

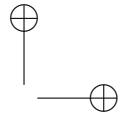
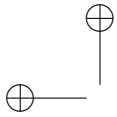
(My Head is in the Stars)

What graceful boy, suffused with liquid scents
Makes love to you among the roses now? –
Who, Pyrrha, who, in a pleasant forest glade?
For whom do you do your auburn hair
In elegance so exquisitely plain?

Today, perhaps, he mourns for Faithfulness
And for the gods who have deserted him;
And like a country lad who's gone to sea
For the first time in his life, his eyes are wide,
Marvelling at oceans bitter with black winds.

Too trusting in the golden hours is he
Who now enjoys you; how he longs for you,
Faithless and lovable one! Little knows he
How fickle is the breeze. Unhappy those untried
On whom you blow! And as for me –
Look on the temple wall where the tablets are,
And you will see my damp clothes hanging there
As thanks to the God who is Master of the Sea.



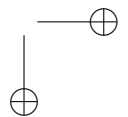
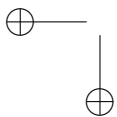


* SIR EDWARD MARSH, 1941

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

Pyrrha, what essenced youth with ardours bold
Pursues thee now? for whom hast spread
In thy delicious bower a roseleaf bed,
And wrought mean thy lovely head
That easy miracle of curling gold?
Alas! how soon the hapless boy shall rue
Thy broken faith, the kindly gods gone cold,
And with amazement wake to view
Black sudden winds lash up the seas
Where now, unwitting of the treacherous breeze,
He sails in blinded bliss, and holds thee true,
Deeming thy sweet accommodating mood
Set fair. Poor souls, I bode ye little good
Who know not what those smiling deeps conceal.
For me – my wreck is an old tale:
Long since my votive scroll and garments wet,
In Neptune's temple hung, avowed my debt.

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE: "The fifth line does duty for the famous and exquisite phrase – its own best epithet – *simplex munditiis*, which Milton translated word for word, but not quite grace for grace, 'plain in thy neatness.' I believe it to be impregnable by frontal attack."





* SIR JOHN SEYMOUR BLAKE-REED, 1944

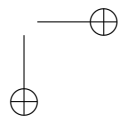
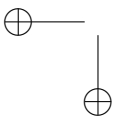
(1882–1966; Sometime Judge of the Egyptian Mixed Courts)

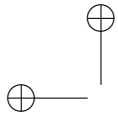
What slender stripling now
Reclined on roses in some shady cave,
With liquid scents imbued, dost thou enslave,
 Pyrrha, for whom dost thou

Thy golden hair upbind,
Bewitching in thy simple-seeming dress?
How oft alas! shall he with tears confess
 The fickle gods unkind:

And marvel to behold
The storms and tempests of thy angry mood,
Who thinks to find thee ever kind and good
 And deems thy heart pure gold.

Ah! 'ware the shifting breeze,
Lover untried! For me, my dripping weeds
In Neptune's fane are hung; – the tablet reads: –
 I have escaped the seas.





† G. S. FRASER, 1944

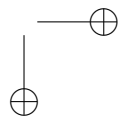
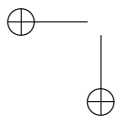
(1915–80; Scottish Poet and Literary Critic)

Pyrrha, what graceful boy now to your rosy
Couch besprinkled with liquid odours
Under your cave are you tying?
For whom sprucely, but simply

Curls that gold head? . . . Ah, how many tear-drops
For that too volatile heart of yours he'll be shedding
And for the changed Fates!
Like as the waves unstable

I admire astonished him who still credulous
Takes joy in you as golden pure, and amiable,
Hopes so to prove you ever,
Of winds' misfaith unwitting!

But O what grief will blast him unawares!
Already my dank garments with a votive
Tablet upon the holy wall
I've hung up to the ruler of the sea. . .

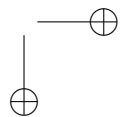
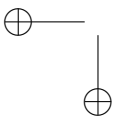


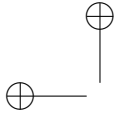


FREDERICK CHARLES WILLIAM HILEY, 1944

(The Odes of Horace)

What slim nard-scented youth, in rosy bower
 'Neath some cool grot,
Pyrrha with hair of gold, on thee doth shower
 His kisses hot?
Sure, 'tis for him, those seeming-simple locks
 With art new-twined!
Soon thee and fate both false, when in thy toils
 Poor wretch, he'll find,
As on a sea darkened with sudden gusts,
 Who art to-day
All sun and smiles, all free, and so, he trusts,
 Will ever stay.
Poor fools, who know thee not! My dripping gear
 Hung up of late
In Neptune's fane, in picture, shows how near
 I met my fate.





ELLA H. THOMPSON, 1944

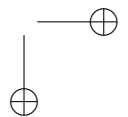
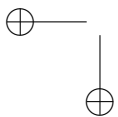
(The Classical Outlook)

What slender youth with perfumes all bedewed
Amid the roses courts you, Pyrrha, now
 In pleasant grotto's shade? For whom
 Do you arrange your hair

In simple elegance? Alas, how much
He will lament your changed faith, and fate,
 And marvel oft in great surprise
 At stormy seas of love,

He who believes you now a golden lass
And hopes, not minding favor's fickle breeze,
 That always fancy-free you'll be
 And always lovable.

O wretched they for whom you shine, untried!
For me, my votive gift on temple wall
 Is proof that I to Neptune have
 My dripping garments hung.

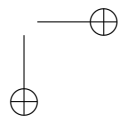
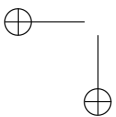




* LORD DUNSANY, 1947

(1878–1957; Writer and Playwright)

Pyrrha, what graceful youth among the roses,
 Sprinkled with liquid unguents, in a cave
Loves thee? For whom thy yellow hair reposes
 In simple neatness? Ah, when he shall rave
At the gods changing and thy promise broken,
 When he shall wonder newly at sea-storms
Which the dark winds have raggedly awoken,
 Who now believes that he enjoys thy charms,
Who sees thee, love on him alone bestowing
 Ever, who no deceptive breeze has known.
Unhappy they on whom thou shin'st unknowing.
 But, for myself, the temple wall has shown
By votive tablet, and drenched clothes suspended
 To the sea's god, my travelling is ended.





GARDNER WADE EARLE, 1949 (1)

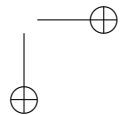
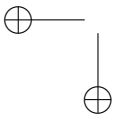
(Moments With (and Without) Horace)

For whom, O Pyrrha, do you bind your hair?
What dainty youth enjoys your perfumed grace?
Who now caresses you as his most fair?

Once I remember to have held his place,
And, credulous, believed you purest gold,
But learned that no one ever won that race.

How soon that hapless wight, however bold,
Will find the sweetest dew congealed to frost,
The warm encircling air grown strangely cold!

His barque of love will then be rudely tossed
In tempests whereof now he never dreams.
Foredoomed is he, I've learned at sorry cost,
Who takes your untried warmth as love's own beams.





GARDNER WADE EARLE, 1949 (2)

(Moments With (and Without) Horace)

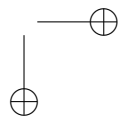
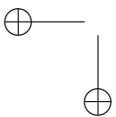
What boob, O Cuddles, is your boy-friend now?
What sweet patootie fell for you today?
Who sniffs a little scent and buys your chow?

Oh yes, I know, I once felt very gay
To take your line – bait, sinker, hook, and all.
I trailed along and had my little say.

But what a cropper when that guy does fall!
And finds the Sea of Love is full of mud!
Who flies on wings with you must later crawl.

When mama drops her daddy with a thud,
He'll find you're just a stove without the heat.
His stream of troubles sure will be a flood

Whoever takes you blind as something neat!

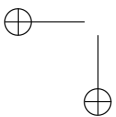




* LEWIS EVELYN GIELGUD, 1951

(1894–1953; Writer, Intelligence Officer, and Humanitarian Worker)

What slender wooer in the roses,
 With sleekly parted hair, to Prue
In quiet corners now proposes?
 For whom, delicious child, do you
Prink up today your golden curls?
 Poor innocent – how he will curse
The fickle way of Gods and girls
 When winds and waves his bark reverse.
An unsuspecting novice, he
 Who now with you such welcome finds,
Presumes you always kind and free,
 And never dreams of changing winds.
Alas for suitors yet untried!
 The Law Reports attest that I
Have paid my tribute to the tide –
 And hung my garments up to dry.





† SKULI JOHNSON, 1952

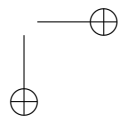
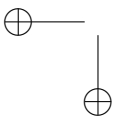
(1888–1955; Classical Scholar)

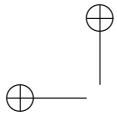
What slender boy, with perfumes pure besprent,
On couch of roses courts you, Pyrrha fair,
In pleasant grotto pent?
For whom your auburn hair,

Bind you in artless neatness? Oft will he
Bewail gods changed and good-faith gone awry,
And, novice awed, the sea
By lowering winds lashed eye,

Who trustful finds you golden for the while,
And hopes you'll be as loving-fond for aye,
Nor knows the breeze of guile.
Ah, wretched men are they

For whom you gleam, untried! A tablet slung
On sacred shrine-wall does for me maintain
That my wet weeds I've hung
For Him who holds the main.





* ROBERT MONTRAVILLE GREEN, 1953

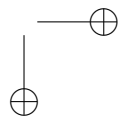
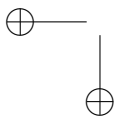
(1880–1955; Anatomist, Classicist, Poet, and Translator)

Who's the sleek kid, Pyrrha, with perfume there,
Rushing you at the rose-grown rendezvous,
For whom you've bobbed up your peroxide hair
To play the ingenue?

Now he adores, believing you true gold,
Hoping you fall for him as he for you;
When the wind changes, you will can him cold:
He doesn't know; you do.

Alas, how oft he'll mourn your altered faith,
Looking upon life's ocean all amazed,
Its waters ruffled with the dark winds' breath,
On which guileless he gazed.

Poor fish, on whom your charms untasted shine!
I've had my lesson; I have loved and lost;
Shipwrecked, I worship at another shrine;
I've got my fingers crossed.





† FRED BATES LUND, 1953

(1865–1950; A Boston Physician)

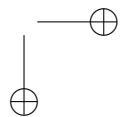
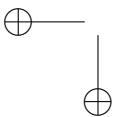
What slender boy with perfumes rare
In rose-decked grot doth woo thee now,
For whom bindst thou thy golden hair,
O Pyrrha, on thy lovely brow,

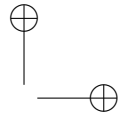
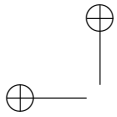
With sweet simplicity? Alack,
How often shall he weep for woe,
And curse his gods when seas are black
And waves beat high and storm winds blow,

And wonder how so sweet and fair
And golden thou didst seem to be
When loving, trusting, free from care,
He dreamed of no deceit in thee.

Ah, woe to those on whom the glow
Of thy fair face hath cast its thrall
Unknowing thy deceit I know.
I've hung, O Neptune, on the wall,

My dripping garments
In thy shrine
And votive tablet too to show
How narrow an escape was mine!





† JOHN WALLER, 1953

(*Sir Ronald Storrs Papers*, Pembroke College Library, Cambridge)

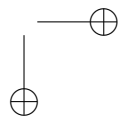
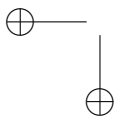
Hullo, Pyrrha,
What dilly fruit have you got now,
Scented so sweet
As he makes vain love to you
Among the ridiculous rosy
Walls of your bedroom?

For what creature
Are you now doing up your hair
So simply
As if you were a young fair
Sailor boy? Alas, Pyrrha,
He'll feel the lash of your scorn

When he cannot perform
Who now finds you so marvellous
A golden angel –
The poor simple baby!
He thinks maybe
You're not wanton, but you'll change!

And when all your lists range
He'll regret this unusual exchange –
I pity him. But not again, Pyrrha,
Will you get me on the rack –
I've got a better job
That puts clothes on my back!

NOTE: The translations on pp. 399–415 were supplied to Storrs by the translators, and, to my knowledge, appear here in print for the first time.





† AUGUSTUS RALLI, 1953

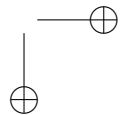
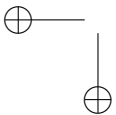
(*Sir Ronald Storrs Papers*, Pembroke College Library, Cambridge)

What slender youth with perfume showered
Woos thee in arches dim embowered?
Pyrrha, for whom dost thou repair
The admired disorder of thy hair?

When nearer to life's later bourn,
How oft changed fortune shall he mourn!
When at hard brow and mind's rough gale
His hopes of thee all-golden fail.

Ill-starred for whom thou dost out-shine!
He knows his thought, he knows not thine.
Himself he deems thy life's love-stay, –
No rival's lure, no passion's way. –

For me, that joy and strife of love
Are past, doth that same tablet prove,
Set in the wall of yonder shrine,
A gift to the sea's lord divine.

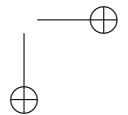
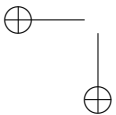




† K. E. MACKENZIE, 1953

(Sir Ronald Storrs Papers, Pembroke College Library, Cambridge)

What handsome lad with girlish face,
Courts thee, fair Lady,
Who, captivated by thy grace
Low at thy feet has ta'en his place
In grotto shady?
For whom dost thou thy tresses bind
In simple neatness?
Alas, poor lad! He soon will find
The fairest maid may prove unkind
For all her sweetness
At eve the ocean calm he viewed,
He ne'er expected
At morn to see a tempest rude.
He oft will rue thy fickle mood
When he's rejected.
Sad is the lot of all whose hearts
By thee are smitten
Impervious I to Cupid's darts
For twice they're shy of Beauty's arts
Who've once been bitten.





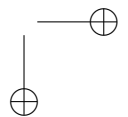
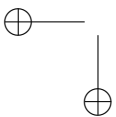
† J. C. SAUNDERS, 1953

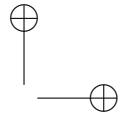
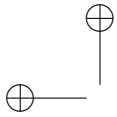
(*Sir Ronald Storrs Papers*, Pembroke College Library, Cambridge)

What sleek and scented boy with roses flecked
Importunes you within your pleasure-dome?
For whom those golden tresses do you comb,
Pyrrha so richly plain, demurely decked?

Poor fool, he looks for love and constancy:
How he will weep your Janus-smile, your trust!
And mark, poor landsman, with what fearful wonder
The blackening skies, the whirlwinds and the thunder!
Poor innocent, he robs your treasury:
How could he fancy that *your* gold would rust?

Dupes whom you beacon over the uncharted foam!
Here at the Storm-God's shrine, I recollect,
I paid my own thank-offering, lately wrecked;
I hung my dripping clothes; I draggled home.





† WILLIAM KEEN SEYMOUR, 1953

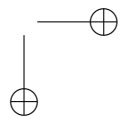
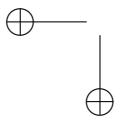
(Sir Ronald Storrs Papers, Pembroke College Library, Cambridge)

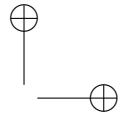
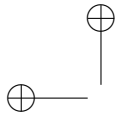
Tell me, fair Pyrrha, in what bower of ease
 Deep strewn with roses you recline this hour;
And who the scented youth you please and tease
 With lip and limb as fragrant as the flower?

Whose the rapt gaze that falters as you tie
 That gold-spun hair in careless elegance,
Snaring his heart with slow deceitful eye
 So that he lies your bonds slave as in trance?

Alas, how often shall the lad lament
 The faithless music of a breeze that blew
To ravening gales of doubt and discontent,
 Who now finds all his gold of life in you.

Poor dazzled fool, still thinking he's the One!
 But I, delivered by the cleansing sea,
Haste into Neptune's temple from the sun
 To hang my dripping garments and be free.





† J. K. RICHMOND, 1953

(Sir Ronald Storrs Papers, Pembroke College Library, Cambridge)

Who is the boy who still so fair
In some cool cave beneath the ground
Midst scents and roses strewn around
Now woos thee Pyrrha flower crown'd

For whom yet ignorant of care
With simple art thou dost prepare
To bind and braid thy golden hair.

Poor boy, how bitterly he'll weep
Who too believing thinks to hold
Thy faith, thy love as pure as gold
For ever, never to grow cold.

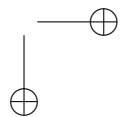
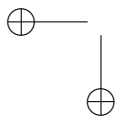
When wandering he shall wake from sleep
To see dark clouds the waters sweep
And whitening waves upon the deep.

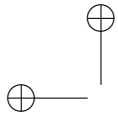
He thinks to find thee ever free
And kind and gentle as the day
Unconscious of the storms that may
Lurk in soft airs, which round thee play.

How they too rise relentlessly
Poor fool, alas to look on thee
But as an untried sparkling sea.

The picture which in thankfulness
When saved from deathly Neptune's nod
I vowed to that old watery God
Now hangs aloft upon a rod.

High in his temple with my dress
Draggled and wet in my distress
In token of your faithlessness.





† N. C. ARMITAGE, 1953

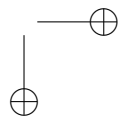
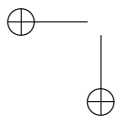
(*Sir Ronald Storrs Papers*, Pembroke College Library, Cambridge)

Who's the slim youth that, where the roses spread,
Perfumed with essences, woos thee to-day
'Neath the cool grotto, Pyrrha?
For him thou braid'st thy golden hair

Neat and demure. How oft will he bewail
The loss of faith, the loss of Heaven's favour
And see with wild surprise
The black storm ruffling all the calm.

Now he enjoys thee and the golden prime
And thinks, poor fool, his girl will ever be
So fancy-free and kind,
Not knowing how the breeze betrays,

How the bright star proves false. I too have been
Wrecked in those waves but lived to dedicate
My votive, dripping garments
To fickle Ocean's mighty god.





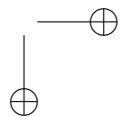
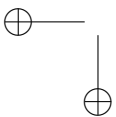
† R. W. LEE, 1953

(Sir Ronald Storrs Papers, Pembroke College Library, Cambridge)

What perfumed dandy, Pyrrha, crowned with roses,
Urgently woos thee in some pleasant grot?
For whom dost bind thy auburn hair a-knot
Sweet simple creature? Time too soon discloses

Changed gods, rough blackened seas, and faith astray.
He'll weep amazed, who now enjoys thee, blind
To gathering storm, who sees thee true and kind.
To whom thou shine'st untried, unhappy they!

Poor trusting fool, who thinks thou still wilt be
His golden girl, incomparable she.
Shipwrecked, not drowned, thank God, I'm safe ashore.
Let others drown. I'll set to sea no more.

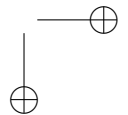
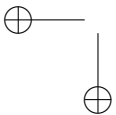




† HAROLD MATTINGLY, 1953

(*Sir Ronald Storrs Papers*, Pembroke College Library, Cambridge)

What slender lad, scented and sleek,
 Woos Pyrrha in her pleasant grot,
Rose-bestrewn? For whom does she
 Her yellow tresses knot,
So dainty plain? How oft shall he
 Of change of faith and gods complain,
Wondering strangely at black winds
 That ruffle all his main?
But now you're golden, all his own –
 Hope paints you as you've always been,
Lovely, free – but breezes shift.
 Poor wretches, whom your sheen
Untried allures! on temple wall
 The votive tablet tells of me
Hanging up my dripping weeds
 To him who rules the sea.

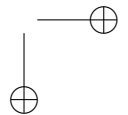
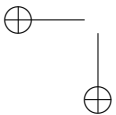




† R. N. GREEN-ARMYTAGE, 1953

(*Sir Ronald Storrs Papers*, Pembroke College Library, Cambridge)

What comely youth, pomaded with the scent
Of many a rose, entreats you, Pyrrha, now
Within some welcome grotto? And for whom
Do you, so gently graced, bind radiant hair?
Alas! How oft his troth and fickle gods
Shall he, untried, bemoan; and be amazed,
Encount'ring rough seas and blackening storms,
Who, trustful now, your golden self enjoys;
And hopes, of changeful breezes unaware,
That you will e'er be free and loving too.
Unhappy they for whom you freshly shine!
The temple by a votive tablet shows
That for the Ocean God I have hung up
My own wet garments to His Mightiness.





† ADRIAN COLLINS, 1953

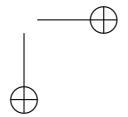
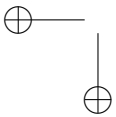
(Sir Ronald Storrs Papers, Pembroke College Library, Cambridge)

What pretty little boy
 With roses round his head,
And perfume splashed all over him
Insists upon your love for him,
 In the cool grotto's shade?

You bind your yellow hair
 With neat simplicity;
But it's your broken faith he'll weep,
His changed luck, the black winds that beat
 On the tormented sea,

Poor wide-eyed innocent,
 Who thinks true gold is there,
Hopes you'll give all your time to him,
And never be unkind to him;
 There's treachery in the air!

Those wretched novices
 That first see Pyrrha shine!
A plaque on Neptune's sacred wall
Shows I've escaped, and hung up all
 My wet clothes at his shrine.





† F. R. DALE, 1953

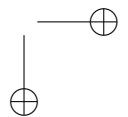
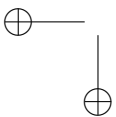
(Sir Ronald Storrs Papers, Pembroke College Library, Cambridge)

Who now, slender and young, deep in a charming bower
Where wreathed roses abound, scents in his glist'ning hair,
Begs thy favour? For whom dost
Thou bright locks, Pyrrha, now array,

All so daintily plain? Often, alas shall he
Mourn how faith is estranged, gods are against him turned;
Then he'll face with amazement
Storm-winds dark on a raging sea,

Who now joys in the calm, trusting the golden mood,
Sure thou'lt stay evermore kindly, and free for him,
Nor sees how the deceiving
Airs change. Sad is that the fate of those

Who thy shining allure know not. A temple wall
Bears my thanks to the Powers, pictured escape from wreck;
There I've hung for an off'ring
My wet clothes to the ocean god.





† JOHN MAVROGORDATO, 1953 (1)

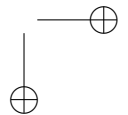
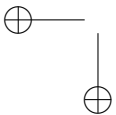
(*Sir Ronald Storrs Papers*, Pembroke College Library, Cambridge)

Pyrrha, what new and slender boy
Scented with roses and with joy
Is at you now in some green shade –
For whom your yellow hair you braid

So sweet and simple? When he hears
Vows broken, Gods unkind, what tears!
Won't they just take him by surprise
Those rougher seas and blacker skies!

Enjoying now your golden mood
He trusts you always fond and good,
And nothing knows of airs that change –
Unhappy boys: your charm is strange

And dazzles them. I dared the gale
And swam and lived to tell the tale.
My dripping shirt hung up for me
Shall thank the Ruler of the Sea.





† JOHN MAVROGORDATO, 1953 (2)

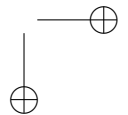
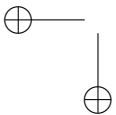
(*Sir Ronald Storrs Papers*, Pembroke College Library, Cambridge)

Pyrrha, what new and slender boy
With scent, with roses, and with joy,
Is at you now in some green shade, –
For whom your yellow hair you braid

So sweet and simple? When he hears
Vow broken, gods unkind – what tears!
Won't they just take him by surprise
Those rougher seas and blacker skies!

Now he enjoys your golden mood,
Thinking you always fond and good,
And little knows the sky's alarms.
Poor boys, still dazzled by your charms.

They haven't tried. I tried the gale,
And swam, and lived to tell the tale;
My dripping shirt, hung up for me,
Shall thank the Ruler of the sea.





† E. H. WHISHAW, 1953 (1)

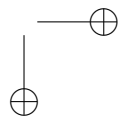
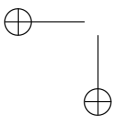
(Sir Ronald Storrs Papers, Pembroke College Library, Cambridge)

What slender youth 'mongst roses all abloom
Comes courting thee, bedewed with perfumes rare
O Pyrrha, in some pleasant cave? For whon
Dost bind, so daintily, thy red-gold hair?

Alas! how oft will he have cause to weep
For changed gods, and faith and vows untrue,
And wondering gaze, when sudden storm winds sweep
With angry waves across the waters blue.

Who fondly now enjoys thy golden hours
Hoping thou still serene and kind wilt be
As now, nor knows the fickle zephyrs' powers
The memory to beguile with flattery? –

Unhappy, sure, will be the fate of those
On whom thou yet untried dost smile! For me
The temple wall with dripping raiment shows
My votive scroll to him who rules the sea!

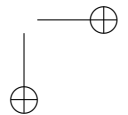
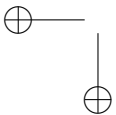




† E. H. WHISHAW, 1953 (2)

(*Sir Ronald Storrs Papers*, Pembroke College Library, Cambridge)

What slender youth, bedewed with perfumes rare
And crowned with roses, Pyrrha, courts thee now
In some secluded cave? For whom dost thou,
So daintily bind up thy auburn hair?
Alas! how often shall he weep to find
That vows are broken, altered gods unkind,
And all unlooked-for, in surprised amaze
On waters rough with sudden storm winds gaze,
Who now enjoys thy golden hours with thee,
And proudly hopes that ever tempest free
And ever lovely thou wilt be, nor knows
How fickle is the fairest wind that blows!
Unhappy they, as yet unversed in guile,
For whom with passing favour thou dost smile,
On calm and sunlit days! What woe befell
The tablet on the temple wall can tell,
With dripping garments hung up piously
In honour of the god who rules the sea.





†“NATHEUS,” 1953

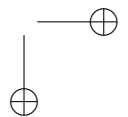
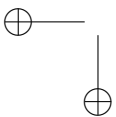
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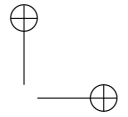
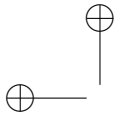
What stripling slim, all-drenched in pungent perfumes,
Who woos you, Pyrrha, in some happy nook
Festooned with clust'ring roses?
For whom be those golden tresses.

So trim so dainty? Ah how oft shall he bewail
Reverse of fortune and plighted troth betrayed
And wonder at smooth waters
Billowing to winds and gales.

He, who now is beaming beneath your sunny smiles,
Who deems you ever loving, for ever loyal,
Knows naught of changing breezes,
Dear unsuspecting innocence!

Ill-fated, whom your charms decoy an untried sea.
A tablet set by me high on the temple wall
Has vowed my sea-soaked garments
Unto the god who rules the waves.





ARTHUR SALUSBURY MACNALT, 1955

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

Pyrrha in a dainty grot,
Overhung with roses.
Who's that youth, whose happy lot
Is to bring you posies?

Scented youth, he seeks your charms,
Strokes your golden tresses,
Holds you fast within his arms,
Smothered with caresses.

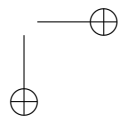
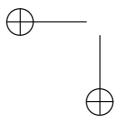
Ah, too often in the years,
Will he rate Time's sickle,
Ask the gods with bitter tears,
Why they made you fickle.

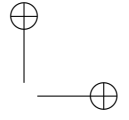
As the sea is calm and blue,
So the callow lover
Hopes you will be ever true,
Never love another.

Now the sky is black with rain,
And the sea surprises,
Tempest tossed the troubled main,
Furious gale arises.

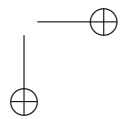
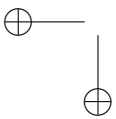
Wretches lured by Pyrrha's wiles,
As she binds her hair,
Find destruction in her smiles,
And their end despair.

Unto Neptune vows I pay
For my preservation,
Stand the tablets there to-day,
With no reservation.





The votive tablets indicate
My garments, dripping free,
I here now duly consecrate
To the great god of sea.
So a tablet on my stairs
Might reveal this story:
“I escaped from Pyrrha’s snares,
To the gods the glory.”

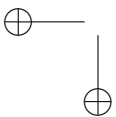


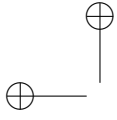


† JAMES BLAIR LEISHMAN, 1956

(1902–63; Scholar and Translator)

Who, where clusters of rose guard, is the slender youth
clasps you now with a sweet-scented embrace in cool
grotto? Who's it being wreathed for,
this time, Pyrrha, the golden hair,
chastely elegant? – One born to exclaim against
faith and gods that have changed, fated to gaze upon
waters billowing under
dark'ning tempests in wild surprise, –
he who guilelessly now takes you for purest gold,
thinks you'll always be his, always adorable,
still to learn how alluring
breezes alter. Alas for those
you, untrusted as yet, brightly illude! For me,
yonder sanctified wall's picturing tablet shows
I survived to uphang there
oozy garments to Ocean's god.



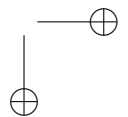
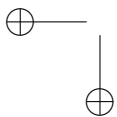


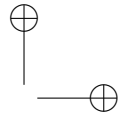
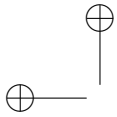
GILBERT HIGHET, 1957

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

What slim elegant youth, drenched in effusive scent,
now sits close to your side, Pyrrha, in some recess
rich with many a rosebloom?
Who loves smoothing your yellow hair,
chic yet daintily plain? How many gods profaned,
what indelible vows he will lament, and oh,
what dark hurricane-lashed seas
he will watch with a pallid cheek!
Poor fool, golden he thinks you will for ever be,
heart-free always, he hopes, always adorable –
yet knows not the deceitful
offshore squalls. To a novice, you
shine too temptingly bright. Here on the temple wall
one small tablet of mine, offering up my clothes
(all I saved from a shipwreck),
says Thank God, that I just escaped.

NOTE: “The care with which Horace placed words and managed rhythms reminds me most frequently of the extreme, the all but incredible grace with which Chopin or Brahms will touch and develop a single cadence, or Bach vary a deceptively simple theme, or Wolf create a piano setting which is actually more expressive than the poem it is intended to accompany. Similar effects are being attempted by modern poets, although none has so far reached the mastery displayed by Horace.” (Gilbert Highet, *Poets in a Landscape*, 1957)



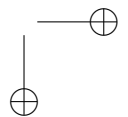
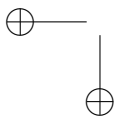


* ALFRED DUFF COOPER, VISCOUNT NORWICH, 1959

(1890–1953; Statesman and Historian)

What lovely youth in what rose-scented lair
Now lays his handsome head upon your lap?
For whom now do you comb your yellow hair,
And set with coy simplicity the trap?
How oft will he deplore his wretched fate
Like one who in fair weather sets to sea
And strikes the tempest when it is too late
To win again his lost tranquillity.
Now he believes you golden through and through,
Ever good-humoured, ever kind and sweet,
He cannot find a single fault in you
Nor tell true currency from counterfeit.
Unhappy he who has not known your love,
Unhappier he who has: – and as for me,
That votive slab, these dripping garments prove
I too have suffered shipwreck in that sea.

NOTE: The translations on pp. 420–426 were supplied to Storrs by the translators. They were published in *Ad Pyrrham* in 1959, but, as far as I can ascertain, not elsewhere.





* LEOPOLD STENNETT AMERY, 1959

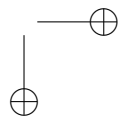
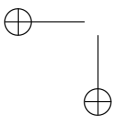
(1873–1955; Statesman, Scholar, Historian, and Publicist)

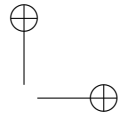
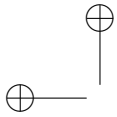
Who's that new boy, my sweetie,
That's visiting your flat?
Paying for all the roses
And for that simple hat

So neat, but so expensive.
Well, he's content, I guess.
He thinks he's found the recipe
For life-long happiness

In the radiance of your welcome
And in that smile so wooing.
He little knows how sudden
The squalls that may be brewing.

I've faced them and survived them,
And in memory of sweet folly
Have hung up in Love's temple
My mackintosh and broolly.





* JOHN ALLSEBROOK SIMON, VISCOUNT SIMON, 1959

(1873–1954; Statesman and Lord Chancellor)

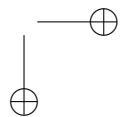
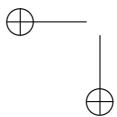
Pyrrha, who was that handsome youth
 With roses in his perfumed hair,
Who in the grotto pledged his truth
 And claimed you as his only fair?

You caught him with your golden curls –
 No other gauds were needed then.
He thought you were the best of girls,
 He's now the most deceived of men.

You were so equable and kind
 He never dreamed that storms could rise,
Provoked by fickle change of wind
 To blacken all the summer skies.

Unhappy those who have been caught
 By thy glad eye and winsome mien,
Experience is so dearly bought
 And girls are not all what they seem.

I too was near engulfed; my vest
 Hangs sodden in the sea god's shrine
As votive offering to attest
 How lucky this escape of mine.

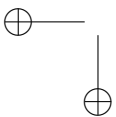


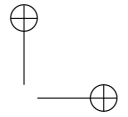
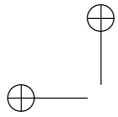


* BISHOP CHRISTOPHER STORRS, 1959

(1889–1977; Warden, St. John's College, Morpeth, N.S.W.)

What slender Sirrah is after you now
My Pyrrha? In cool shady bowers
Who woos you today with his scent and his flowers?
For whom are you binding your golden tresses?
Who thinks, poor boob, your caresses
Eternal, you innocent minx?
Sure! The heavens smile fair on the smooth sea-face!
In his arms you swear
That your golden charms are his for keeps!
But tomorrow changed are the skies, black and harsh there leaps
The treacherous storm-driven billow.
And he, poor fellow, will find
Your mood has veered with the wind.
Pity the innocent youth, who knows not the truth
That experience buys of your lies
And your smiles that beguile.
For me, I have had it, my poppet! Never again!
Half drowned but sane,
Rescued when almost sunk, I have hung my dripping junk
Upon his temple wall, who heard my call:
To show my thanks and my vow
To him, the Great God of the sea: –
This the last voyage for me.

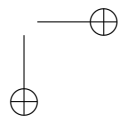
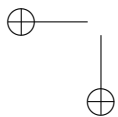


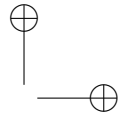
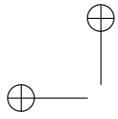


* H. W. STUBBS, 1959

(Lecturer in Greek, University of Exeter)

What slim young man, with perfumes flowing,
Courts you amid the roses glowing
 In some sweet shadowy lair,
 Pyrrha? Your golden hair
Is decked, with art that looks like nature,
To trap some poor deluded creature
 Who soon will find, to his pain,
 That all your vows are vain,
That storms may rage where now are smiling
Those summer seas, whose calm beguiling
 Leads him to hope that he
 Will always find you free
And always loving... hopes the weather
Will stay the same, three hours together!
 Not winds nor seas are true,
 And they that trust in you,
My dear, deserve my heartfelt pity...
The churches in a Southern city
 Show many a seaman's cape
 Which, thankful to escape,
The owner hangs upon a railing
And vows he'll nevermore go sailing,
 But stay ashore... keep dry...
 And so, my dear, do I.





* SIMON RAVEN, 1959

(1927–2001; Writer)

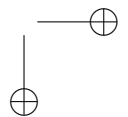
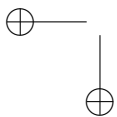
So who is this wears roses
And all the scents of May?
And what is the road, my lord, my pretty,
You take this day?

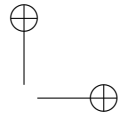
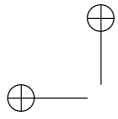
The road I take, old poet,
Will lead to a bed of down;
For my lady is waiting with tresses of fire
And a plain silk gown.

As yet thy love is a summer's sea,
And thy ship rides easy of keel,
But when gods turn, then winds are arisen,
Winds black as steel.

As yet thy love is calm and kind,
Thy love is the purest gold:
But a wind is stirring, my lord, my pretty,
A wind false and cold.

For I knew her spring and her winter too,
And scarce escaped from the brine:
I bought hose of worsted and hung my silk
In Neptune's shrine.





* NIALL RUDD, 1959

(1927–2015; Classical Scholar)

Pyrrha, what slender boy
sprinkled with soft perfumes,
within some pleasant cave
courts you amid rose blooms?

For whom are you binding back
your hair of silken gold,
graceful though unadorned?
Poor lover! Times untold

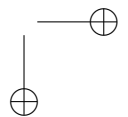
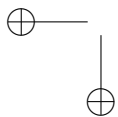
he will lament your light
capricious loyalties,
staring in pained surprise
at the dark storm-tossed seas,

who now enjoys the bliss
your golden charms afford,
pictures you ever free,
ever to be adored,

blind, in his trusting love,
to the wind's treachery.

Woe to those innocents
you dazzle! As for me,

a tablet on Neptune's wall
declares that, safe ashore,
I offered up to him
the dripping clothes I wore.





* ALAN MCNICOLL, 1959

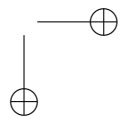
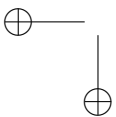
(1908–87; Rear Admiral, Royal Australian Navy)

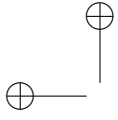
What scented stripling do you walk with now?
And in the dell, among the roses fair,
Whose arms enfold you, Pyrrha: and for whom
Bind you your yellow hair

With simple grace? He will, alas, too soon
Bewail your broken troth, and heaven's caprice
That sent him, all unknowing, to embark
On such unfriendly seas.

Now in his eyes you still are purest gold,
And in his dreams you walk faithful and kind.
The seas are calm, the heavens unclouded still,
And gently blows the wind.

Unhappy men who know not yet your worth.
But I, engulfed, against uncounted odds
Survived the storm, and treading the dry earth
Have hung my seawet garments to the gods.

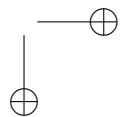
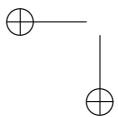


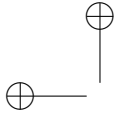


HELEN ROWE HENZE, 1961

(1899–1973; Poet and Translator)

Ah, what delicate lad sprinkled with liquid scents
Now on many a rose pleads with you, Pyrrha, there
 In some favorite grotto?
 Now for whom do you bind, so trim,
Your bright red-golden hair? How oft, alas! will he
Weep your changed faith, changed gods! Marveling, he will gaze
 At seas roughened by black winds,
 Staring, stunned by the strange, new sight,
Who, believing you gold, feels now but joy in you,
Who now hopes you'll be sweet, pleasant, and fancy-free;
 He knows naught of your false breeze,
 Shifting, treacherous! Wretched, they
For whom, untried, you shine. Me – well, the sacred wall
In a votive scene shows, plain on my tablet, that
 To the sea's mighty god, long
 Since I hung up my dripping clothes.





JOHN CROSSETT, 1963 (1)

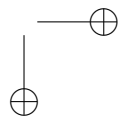
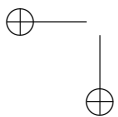
(Arion)

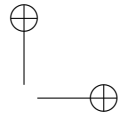
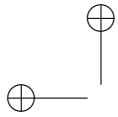
What perfumed youth pursues thee now
Amid the lovely roses' scent?
O Pyrrha, what protested vow
Does he in budding groves invent,
For whom your golden coiffure's tou-
sled – simply elegant –?

Too often will the lad lament
Frail faith and alternating vow;
And, unaccustomed to repent,
He will repent his eager prow
That swam your sea, turned vehement
With black and bitter breezes now;

Who now takes gullible delight
In thinking you the purest gold,
With him by day, alone by night,
Available, yet single-souled,
Who cannot see you for the light
Of love, the fool's gold.

Unhappy they for whom you hold
The charm of unexplored sight.
My votive plaque, in pew enscrolled,
Shows hanging on the trident bright
My hat and coat, still dank and cold,
To drip my praise of Neptune's might.





JOHN CROSSETT, 1963 (2)

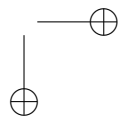
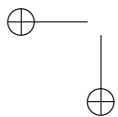
(Arion)

What lightfoot lad pursues you now
 With sweet bouquets of roses?
O Pyrrha, what protested vow
 Is that which he encloses?
 For when you picnic in the wood,
 Your golden hair tied in a snood,
Your summer frock – O tell me how –
 Conceals what it exposes.

Poor boy, how soon from every tear
 He'll take perpetual notion
Of faith that's false, of vows that veer
 On Love's Pacific Ocean;
 And those black squalls of cruelty
 Which wrinkle on your silken sea
Will leave him, who has yet to hear
 Them, sick from their cross-motion.

He takes incredible delight
 In credulous reflections
That you are ready, day and night,
 To share your blonde affections.
 Observe how hopefully he smiles,
 So unaware your golden wiles
Can put in such beguiling light
 Your various imperfections.

I pity them who follow you
 And dare attempt temptation,
In ignorance that they pursue
 A bright hallucination.
 There is a chapel by the sea,
 Within a shrine, paid for by me,
Where often, from my votive pew,
 I murmur my oblation.

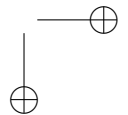
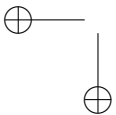




FREDERICK WILLIAM WALLACE, 1964

(Senior Scholar of Emmanuel College, Cambridge)

What graceful lad with lavish crown
Of rose, and perfumes dripping down
Beneath thy grotto's loveliness
With passion, Pyrrha, doth thee press?
For whom thy golden hair dost braid,
Thine elegance so simply made?
Alas! How oft will he bewail
Thy fickle faith and gods that fail
And stare aghast, untried in these,
At thy black gusts and stormy seas,
Whose now thy golden favour is,
Who hopes thee dear and wholly his,
For ever! Fool! He cannot know
What cheating winds from Pyrrha blow.
For whom thou art uncharted sea,
Thou hast a glamour, wretched he!
My seascape hung near temple door
Shows, after shipwreck now on shore.
That my damp rags I thankful gave
To Neptune, monarch of the wave.

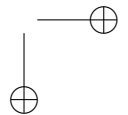
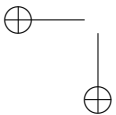


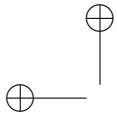


CLARENCE W. MENDELL, 1965

(1883–1970; Latin Scholar)

What scrawny boy bedecked with roses
Whose smell humiliates our noses
Is wooing you, my peerless Pyrrha
While you consult your favorite mirror?
For whom that beauty-parlor job?
Simple? Indeed, at twenty bob!
He'll weep his eyes out when he knows
The fickle way your fancy goes.
For now the simple idiot's singing
Of you, pure joy and sunshine bringing,
So true and faithful. Bah, poor fool
That never studied in your school.
Poseidon's temple on its wall
Displays the trophies of *my* fall;
I sailed those seas and evermore
I'll watch in safety from the shore.





J. M. COUPER, 1966

(1914–2003; Australian Writer and Poet)

What cheerful bastard
reeking of sun-tan
goes for you, Angela,
flat on the sand?

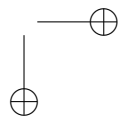
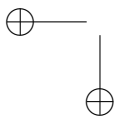
Just the old boy-friend
writing to ask you
who cops the hair-do,
coolest of bitches?

My, but he's in for a
tough old time there,
tossing the seas of your
greedy libido.

Won't know it yet, though,
now he enjoys you,
always plain sailing,
so easy always.

Sucker, like all of us,
silly at the sight of
that dropping lee shore, your
sunsmitten bottom.

Here am I writing this
thankful tribute and
drying my wings like a
shag on a rock.

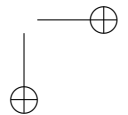
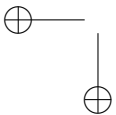




EDWIN WATKINS, 1967

(Arion)

Bedded on roses, in a cave of pleasure
What smooth boy, hair wet with sweet odors,
 Plies you with his need, Pyrrha?
Tie back the loose gold treasure of your hair,
Simple in your riches. Soon he will cry
The changing gods and your inconstancy
 Like a new sailor finding out the sea's
Incontinence, and the black winds' embrace
Who thinks that all your gold is his, the pure
Maiden's gift of her first hopeful ardor.
 Fools mindless of the wind
Try the trick currents where you beckon them,
New fruit untasted on a distant shore.
You can read on the temple wall the oath I swore
 When I nailed up, years ago,
My dripping sailor suit on that locked door.





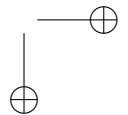
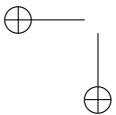
TIMOSHENKO ASLANIDES, 1977

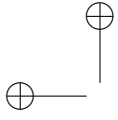
(1943–2020; Australian Poet)

What chic chick, her hair clipped short, makes long hot
love to you now, Sara, shackled-up in your bed-
sitter? Soon she'll prowls back around the bars, whose
promise, like yours, failed.

Meanwhile, she's still credulous, stroking breasts, she
thinks are all hers. Ah! Silly girl! since it's dead
certain you're as faithless as Autumn rain, choos-
ing just to shower

Your affection randomly 'round the city.
Well, I still wear some of those clothes I got soaked
in, not long ago – though the Winter wind woos
now, through the worn rags.





CEDRIC WHITMAN, 1980

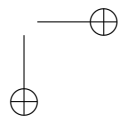
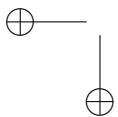
(1916–79; American Poet and Academic)

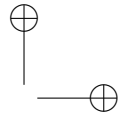
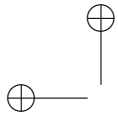
What slim youth, Pyrrha, drenched in perfumed oils,
Lying in an easy grotto among roses, roses,
 Now woos, and watches you
 Gathering back your golden hair,

With artless elegance? How many a time
Will he cry out, seeing all changed, the gods, your promise,
 And stare in wondering shock
 At winds gone wild on blackening seas!

Now fondling you, his hope, his perfect gold,
He leans on love's inviolable constancy, not dreaming
 How false the breeze can blow.
 Ah, pity all those who have not found

Your glossy sweetness out! My shipwreck's tale
Hangs, told in colors, on Neptune's temple wall, a votive
 Plaque, with salvaged clothes
 Still damp, vowed to the sea's rough lord.





STUART LYONS, 2007

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

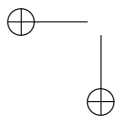
Who's the slim boy pressing on you
 Among the rose petals, Pyrrha,
Soaked with perfumes his body through
 In a secluded cave somewhere?

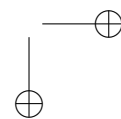
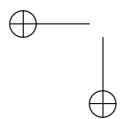
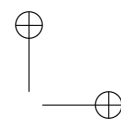
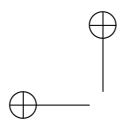
Now you tie back your flaxen hair,
 Simple and neat beneath his gaze;
Ah, but in tears he soon will swear
 Faith and the gods have changed their ways.

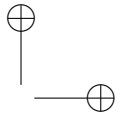
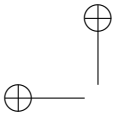
He will stare out and watch the sea
 Boil at black winds. How raw he is,
Who now enjoys you credulously,
 Hoping your golden self is his,

Free to be loved, single, untied
 Always; not knowing the false breeze!
I pity those who have not tried
 Your shining waters. Through with the seas,

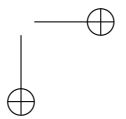
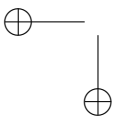
My plaque on Neptune's temple wall
 Shows that in dedication I
Have hung my sodden garments all
 In honour of his potency!

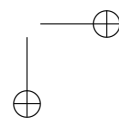
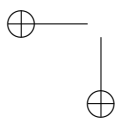
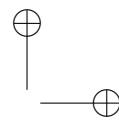
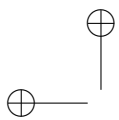


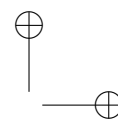
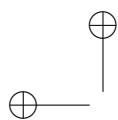




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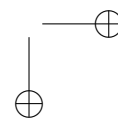
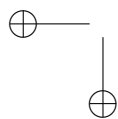


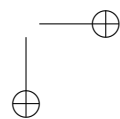
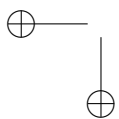
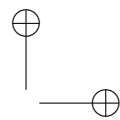
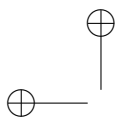


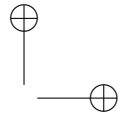
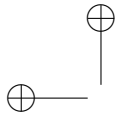
NUMBER OF TRANSLATIONS BY DECADE

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		1710-19	2	1810-19	12	1910-19	25
1620-29	2	1720-29	8	1820-29	12	1920-29	25
1630-39	1	1730-39	4	1830-39	10	1930-39	18
1640-49	2	1740-49	6	1840-49	18	1940-49	10
1650-59	2	1750-59	7	1850-59	20	1950-59	32
1660-69	1	1760-69	4	1860-69	35	1960-	10
1670-79	1	1770-79	2	1870-79	35		
1680-89	3	1780-89	5	1880-89	25		
1690-99	0	1790-99	12	1890-99	36		

Total: 422



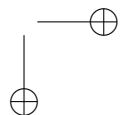
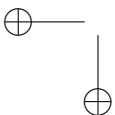


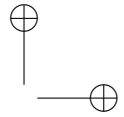
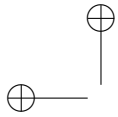


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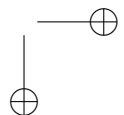
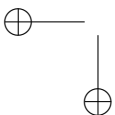
(*H* = Horace; *QHF* = Quintus Horatius Flaccus)

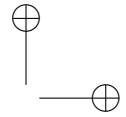
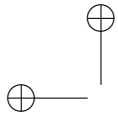
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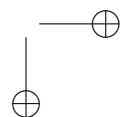
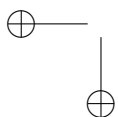


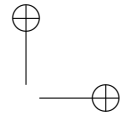
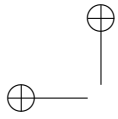
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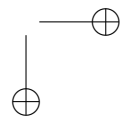
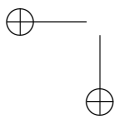


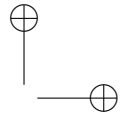
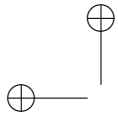
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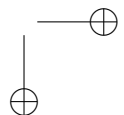
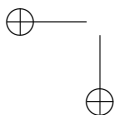


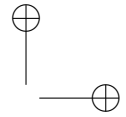
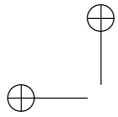
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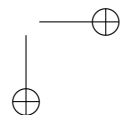
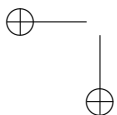


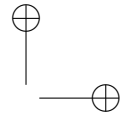
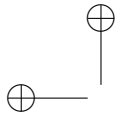
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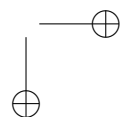
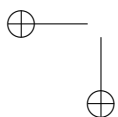


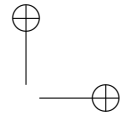
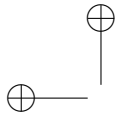
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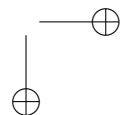
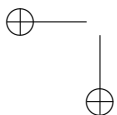


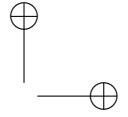
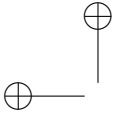
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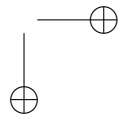
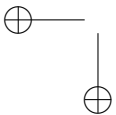


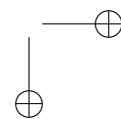
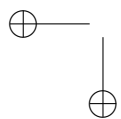
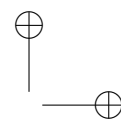
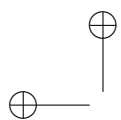
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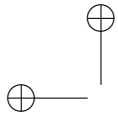




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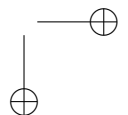
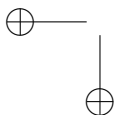


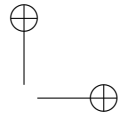
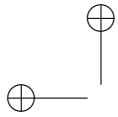




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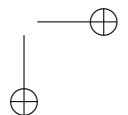
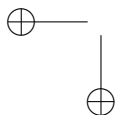


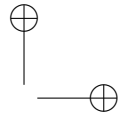
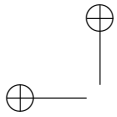
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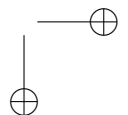
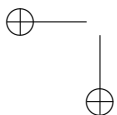
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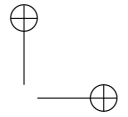
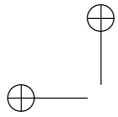
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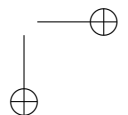
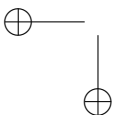
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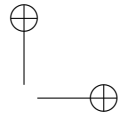
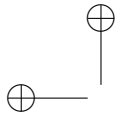
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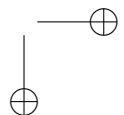
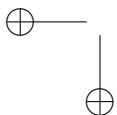


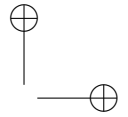
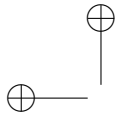
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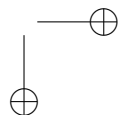
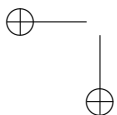


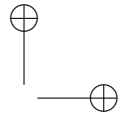
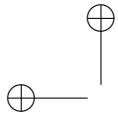
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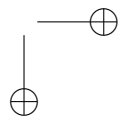
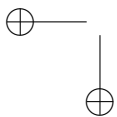


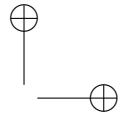
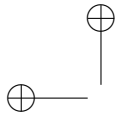
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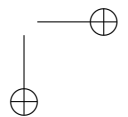
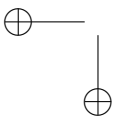


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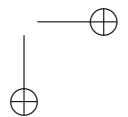
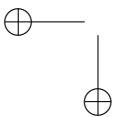


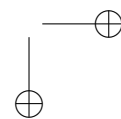
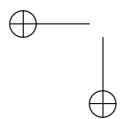
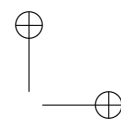
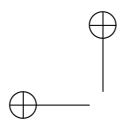
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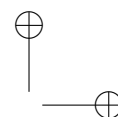
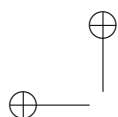
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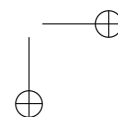
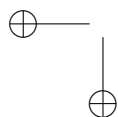


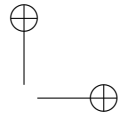
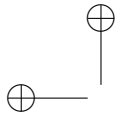
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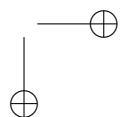
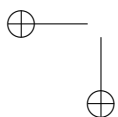


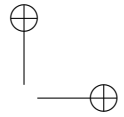
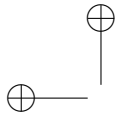
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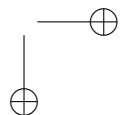
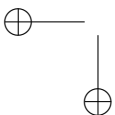


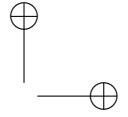
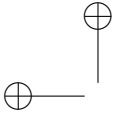
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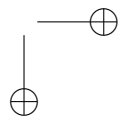
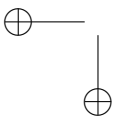


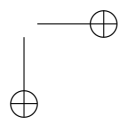
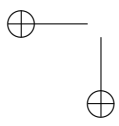
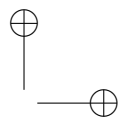
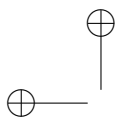
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