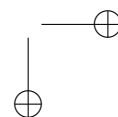
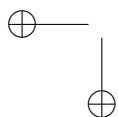
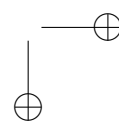
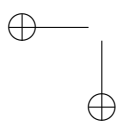
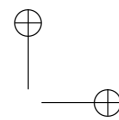
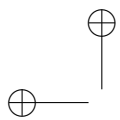
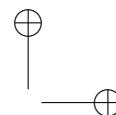
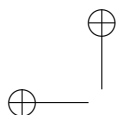


**Horace's Rectius Vives**  
A Collection of Translations







# Horace's *Rectius Vives*

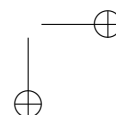
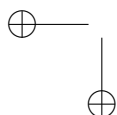
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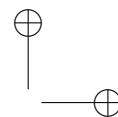
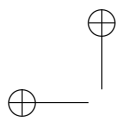
*Isaac Waisberg*

A daring pilot in extremity;  
Pleas'd with the danger, when the waves went high  
He sought the storms; but for a calm unfit,  
Would steer too nigh the sands, to boast his wit.

JOHN DRYDEN, *Absalom and Achitophel*

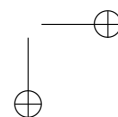
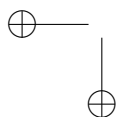
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2023

Selection and Design by Isaac Waisberg





## IN LIEU OF A PREFACE

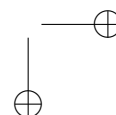
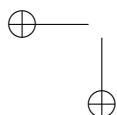
“That a poet should survive two thousand years is not remarkable. Whatever changes two thousand more may bring about, they will not affect the standing of Homer or of Virgil. ‘*Ce n’est que le premier pas qui coûte.*’ If you survive your first thousand, the others will fall into line. But that a poet writing two thousand years ago should today be the helpmate and spokesman of humanity is in the nature of a miracle. It can be accounted for only by the fact that Horace was a man wholly disillusioned, and wholly good-tempered.

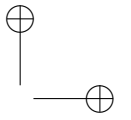
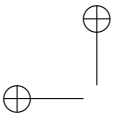
“No word in our language has been so misused in the past nineteen years as the word ‘disillusionment.’ It has come to mean the perpetual grouch of men still deeply resentful that the World War was not in the nature of a garden party, and that the World Peace was not a highway to Utopia. Every crime and every folly have been excused on this ground. Even the kaleidoscopic divorces of Reno, the suspension of privacy, the repeal of reticence, have been accounted for by the disillusionment of youth at the way the world was run when it was too young to run it, as the natural result of a war which saw greater acts of heroism and of supreme self-sacrifice than had ever before purified the souls of men.

“The disillusionment of Horace was not of this order. It meant that he had awakened from the noble dreams of youth to the equally noble realities of manhood. He saw life as a whole, and this educational process taught him that it is not easy to find happiness in ourselves, and that it is not possible to find it elsewhere. Reason, moderation, content, a wide mental horizon, a firm foundation of principle – these were the gifts of the gods (and Horace revered his gods) to men of good purpose and sobriety.” (Agnes Repplier, *Eight Decades*, 1937)



“In the most intimate sense Horace is (of course) without a rival as a companion and comforter of the nightly pillow. This charming Pagan has confessed and will always confess the best minds of the literate Christian world. I know one person who owes his dearest mental joys, his best nocturnal consolations, and the very spring of hope itself to the little great man of Rome. But he *must* be read in the original – a condition which unfortunately disqualifies too many readers. The songs of Horace,





written in the immortal tongue of Rome, can never become antiquated. Though the Pontifex and the Virgin ceased hundreds of years ago to climb the Capitolian hill, though the name of Aufidus is lost where its brawling current hurries down, still that treasure of genius endures, more lasting than brazen column, a joy and a refreshment ever to the jaded souls of men.

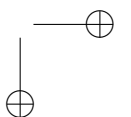
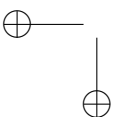
“Horace has the supreme and almost unique fortune to appear always modern, his genius being of the finest quality ever known and happily preserved in an unchanging tongue. He is, for instance, far more modern than Dante and distinctly nearer to us than the Elizabethans. Alone, he constitutes a sufficient reason for the admirable, though sometimes foolishly censured, practice of reading abed.” (Michael Monahan, *An Attic Dreamer*, 1922)

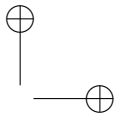
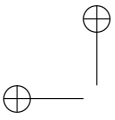


“I put to myself recently a question, with which most people have at some time played: If you were sent into exile and allowed to take with you only one book, what book would you choose? The answer came at once and spontaneously: ‘Horace.’ ... There is an element in Horace that peculiarly charms, uplifts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



“Happily, only a small proportion of Horatian translators have had the hardihood to give their lucubrations to the press. The first to do this extremely hazardous thing was, it would seem, one Thomas Colwell, whose effusions were originally seen in print three hundred and fifteen years ago. What a number of followers that bold man has had! ... And what a variety has been exhibited by these writers both in metre and in merit! To whom shall the palm be given among all the candidates – to Professor Conington, to the first Lord Lytton, or to Sir Theodore Martin? These

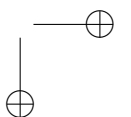
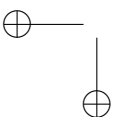


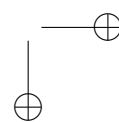
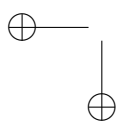
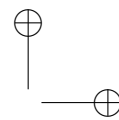
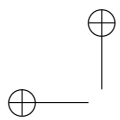


take the lead, the rest being (in comparison) nowhere. Yet can any man lay his hand upon his heart, and say, honestly, that he is satisfied with any one of the three, learned and skilful and enthusiastic as they are? Is it, indeed, in the power of any one man – save he be another Horace, born in English guise, to supply us with ‘Englishings,’ even of any one section of the Works, which should obtain the suffrages of all men? Rather is the successful translation of Horace an affair of co-operation among many – of a lucky hit here, of a happy thought there – of a gradual accumulation of worthy specimens produced by individual effort from time to time. A collection of such specimens has been made, and it is much better worth our notice than any wholesale rendering which anybody, greatly daring, has produced of his own mind and motion.” (William Davenport Adams, *With Poet and Player*, 1891)



“No one could deny that, ever since his own day, Horace has stood along with the ten or the dozen greatest poets on the slopes of Olympus. It is because he fulfills the need of one side of the human heart. We must have – or we die – some figure forever prosperous, forever sunny, forever frugally generous, and we must have, above all, the views of life and the poetry of such a figure to take about with us. The fortunate, however, seldom find the need to express themselves; so it is only by the rarest and most blessed of coincidences that the poet and the happy man are found to inhabit the same skin. It was not merely that Horace, like Browning, held that we fall to rise, are beaten to fight better. It was that Horace established the claim for humanity to live in unruffled felicity or at least in a felicity no more shadowed than by the casting away of one’s little shield at one Battle of Philippi or another. This, Horace appeared to be able to claim as of right; and, if Horace, why not we or some millions or some tens of millions of our compatriots and fellow citizens? Still more, he seems to present us with a picture of a Utopia such as we might find just around the corner if human good will did not lack.” (Ford Madox Ford, *The March of Literature*, 1938)



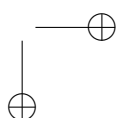
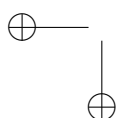






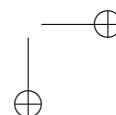
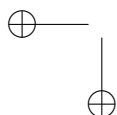
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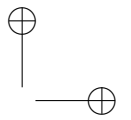
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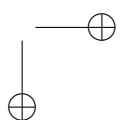
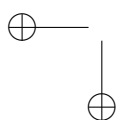


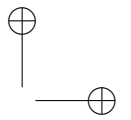
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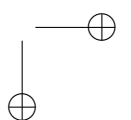
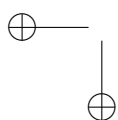


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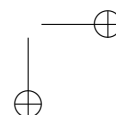
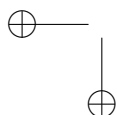


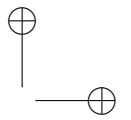
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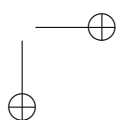
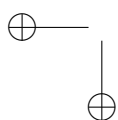


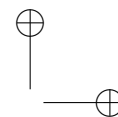
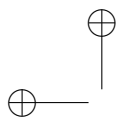
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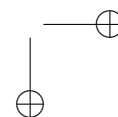
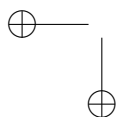


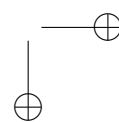
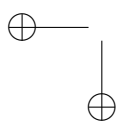
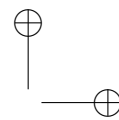
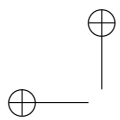
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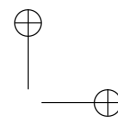
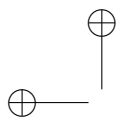


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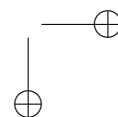
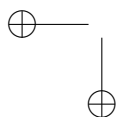


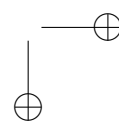
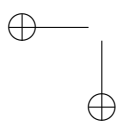
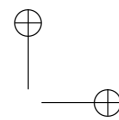
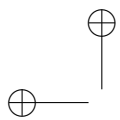


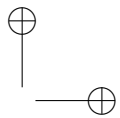


Popular opinion is wrong: it is much easier to go along the sides, where the outer edge serves as a limit and a guide, than by the middle way, wide and open, and to go by art than by nature; but it is also much less noble and less commendable. Greatness of soul is not so much pressing upward and forward as knowing how to set oneself in order and circumscribe oneself. It regards as great whatever is adequate, and shows its elevation by liking moderate things better than eminent ones.

MONTAIGNE, *Essays*







Q. HORATI FLACCI, RECTIUS VIVES, 23 B.C.

*Rectius vives, Licini, neque altum  
semper urgendo neque, dum procellas  
cautus horrescis, nimium premendo  
litus iniquum.*

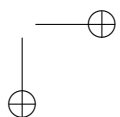
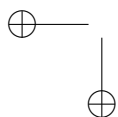
*auream quisquis mediocritatem  
diligat, tutus caret obsoleti  
sordibus tecti, caret invidenda  
sobrius aula.*

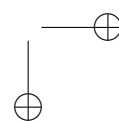
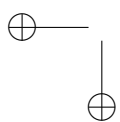
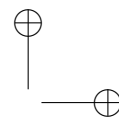
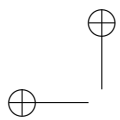
*saepius ventis agitur ingens  
pinus et celsae graviore casu  
decidunt turres feriuntque summos  
fulgura montis*

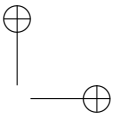
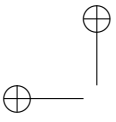
*sperat infestis, metuit secundis  
alteram sortem bene praeparatum  
pectus. informis hiemes reducit  
Iuppiter, idem*

*submovet. non, si male nunc, et olim  
sic erit: quondam cithara tacentem  
suscitat Musam neque semper arcum  
tendit Apollo.*

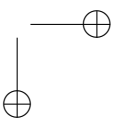
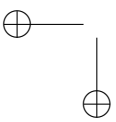
*rebus angustis animosus atque  
fortis adpare: sapienter idem  
contrahes vento nimium secundo  
turgida vela.*

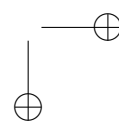
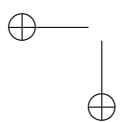
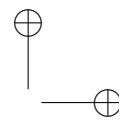
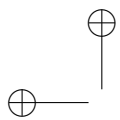


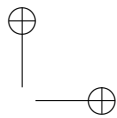




THE TRANSLATIONS



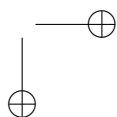
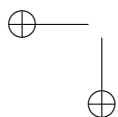




HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY, 1557

(c. 1517–47; British Courtier and Soldier)

Of thy lyfe, Thomas, this compasse well mark:  
Not aye with full sayles the hye seas to beat,  
Ne by coward dred, in shonning stormes dark,  
On shalow shores thy keel in perill freat.  
Who so gladly halseth the golden meane  
Voyde of dangers advisdly hath his home:  
Not with lothsom muck, as a den uncleane,  
Nor palacelyke wherat disdayn may glome.  
The lofty pyne the great winde often rives;  
With violenter swey falne turrets stepe;  
Lightninges assault the hye mountains and clives.  
A hart well stayd, in overthwartes depe  
Hopeth amendes; in swete doth feare the sowre.  
God that sendeth withdrawth winter sharp.  
Now ill, not aye thus. Once Phebus to lowre  
With bow unbent shall cease, and frame to harp  
His voyce. In straite estate appere thou stout;  
And so wisely, when lucky gale of winde  
All thy puft sailes shall fil, loke well about,  
Take in a ryft. Hast is wast, profe doth finde.

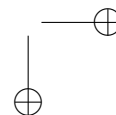
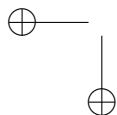




ANONYMOUS, 1557 (1)

(Tottel's *Miscellany*)

The wisest way, thy bote, in wave and winde to guie,  
Is neither still the trade of middle streame to trie:  
Ne (warely shunning wrecke by wether) aye to nie,  
    To presse upon the perillous shore.  
Both clenely flees he filthe: ne wonnes a wretched wight,  
In carlish coate: and carefull court aie thrall to spite,  
With port of proud astate he leues: who doth delight,  
    Of golden meane to hold the lore.  
Stormes rifest rende the sturdy stout pineapple tre.  
Of lofty rising towers the fals the feller be.  
Most fers doth lightenng light, where furthest we do se.  
    The hilles the valey to forsake.  
Well furnisht brest to bide eche chanches changing chear.  
In woe hath chearfull hope, in weal hath warefull fear,  
One self Jove winter makes with lothfull lokes appear,  
    That can by course the same aslake.  
What if into mishap thy case now casten be?  
It forceth not such forme of luck to last to thee.  
Not alway bent is Phebus bow: his harpe and he,  
    Ceast silver sound sometime doth raise.  
In hardest hap use helpe of hardy hopefull hart.  
Seme bold to beare the brunt of fortune overthwart.  
Eke wisely when forewinde to full breathes on thy part,  
    Swage swellyng saile, and doubt decayes.





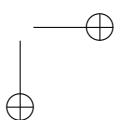
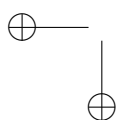


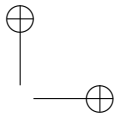
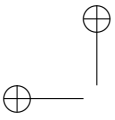
ANONYMOUS, 1557 (2)

(Tottel's *Miscellany*)

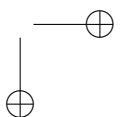
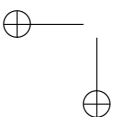
*The meane estate is to be accompted the best*

Who craftly castes to stere his boate  
and safely skoures the flattering flood:  
He cutteth not the greatest waves  
for why that way were nothing good.  
Ne fleteth on the crocked shore  
lest harme him happe awayting lest.  
But wines away betwene them both,  
as who would say the meane is best.  
Who waiteth on the golden meane,  
he put in point of sickernes:  
Hides not his head in sluttishe coates,  
ne shroudes himself in filthines.  
Ne sittes aloft in hye estate,  
where hatefull hartes envie his chance:  
But wisely walkes betwixt them twaine,  
ne proudly doth himself avance.  
The highest tree in all the woode  
is rifest rent with blustring windes:  
The higher hall the greater fall  
such chance have proude and lofty mindes,  
When Jupiter from hie doth threat  
with mortall mace and dint of thunder,  
The highest hilles ben batrid eft  
when they stand still that stoden under.  
The man whose head with wit is fraught  
in welth will feare a worsere tide,  
When fortune failes dispaireth nought  
but constantly doth stil abide.  
For he that sendith grisely stormes  
with whisking windes and bitter blastes  
And fowlth with haile the winter's face  
and frotes the soile with hory frostes,  
Even he adawth the force of colde,





the spring in sendes with somer hote.  
The same full oft to stormy hartes  
is cause of bale: of joye the roote.  
Not always il though so be now  
when cloudes ben driven then rides the racke.  
Phebus the fresh ne shoteth still  
sometime he harpes his muse to wake.  
Stand stif therefore pluck up thy hart  
lose not thy port though fortune faile.  
Againe whan wind doth serve at will,  
take hede to hye to hoyse thy saile.





## SIR PHILIP SIDNEY, 1598

(1554–86; Poet, Scholar, and Soldier)

You better sure shall live, not evermore  
Trying high seas, nor while Sea rage you flee,  
Pressing too much upon ill harbourd shore.

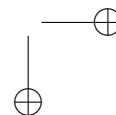
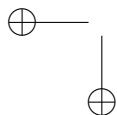
The golden meane who loves, lives safely free  
From filth of foreworne house, and quiet lives,  
Releas from Court, where envie needes must be.

The wynde most oft the hugest Pine-tree greeves:  
The stately towers come downe with greater fall:  
The highest hills the bolt of thunder cleeves:

Evill happes do fill with hope, good happes appall  
With feare of change, the courage well preparte:  
Fowle Winters as they come, away they shall.

Though present times and past with evils be snarde,  
They shall not last: with Citherne silent muse  
Apollo wakes, and bow hath sometime sparde.

In hard estate with stowt shew valor use,  
The same man still in whom wysdome prevailes,  
In too full winde draw in thy swelling sailes.





JOHN ASHMORE, 1621

(First Selection of the Odes Published in English)

Thou shalt *Licinius* better live, if still  
Thy Bark thou doe not force into the Deep;  
Or, ore-much fearing left rough windes should fill  
Thy sailes, too neer the crooked shore do creep.

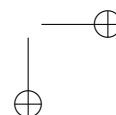
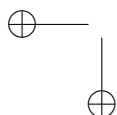
He that regards and loves the golden meane,  
Is not with smoak of his poore house blear-ey'd:  
And, well advis'd, he blends not with the traine  
Of mighty Princes that are most envy'd.

Oft-times, the windes do toss the Cedars tall:  
And stately Towers up-reard into the ayre,  
With greater danger to the earth do fall:  
And thunder-bolts the highest hils doe teare.

In all distress, a well instructed minde  
Hope intertaines: And feares, when fortune smiles,  
That suddenly shee'll tune and prove unkinde.  
*Jove* black fac't winters brings and them exiles.

If now wisht-for success do thee refuse,  
Think not that still it will continue so:  
Sometime *Apollo's* Harp the drooping Muse  
Strikes up; Nor bends he still his angry bowe.

If cloudes of hard mishap ore-cast thy day,  
With beames of thy great courage them expell:  
And when thy Ship doth dance upon the Sea,  
Led down the sails with too proud windes that swell.





## WILLIAM AINSWORTH, C. 1625

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

Thy selfe Lycinius thou shalt safely keepe  
if thou not alwaies sayle upon the deepe  
nor whiles great stormes thou dost for feare avoyd  
upon the rockes thou cause thy selfe annoyde.

Hee that observes a meane in fined gold  
shall never see his house with want wax cold:

& he that loves a meane in every fate  
amidst his riches shall not purchase hate.

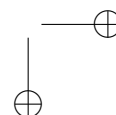
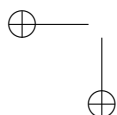
The pine trees crutch with winde, large turrets shake  
& mountaines highe with thunderclaps doe quake.

in his distresse hopes the praepared hearte  
in prosperous state much fearing fortunes start.

The stormy winter comes by Joves strong hand  
not alwayes sufferd to afflicte the lande.

His bowe Apollo doth not alwaies bend  
but makes his muse sometimes on harpe attend:

lift up thy courage in adversity.  
beware praesumption in prosperity.





ANONYMOUS, C. 1630

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

Live well, Licinius, safely steer;  
Neither Rock nor Tempest fear,  
Cut not the Main, nor press too near  
    The shore unequal.

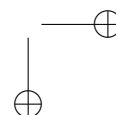
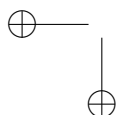
Who golden mediocrity  
Doth love, shall want the beggary  
Of a thatcht house, vanity  
    O'th' Palace royal.

Winds oft'nest shake the Pine tree tall,  
High Towers take the greatest fall,  
And lofty Mountain most of all  
    Feels fiery Thunder.

Minds well dispos'd, in bad estate  
Hope, in good fear, another fate.  
Has Jove heap'd storms upon thy Pate?  
    He'll bring them under.

Goes it ill? 'Twill not still be so;  
Phoebus his Muse, when dull and slow,  
With Harp stirs up, nor is his Bow  
    Ever in bending.

Show Courage in Adversity  
And Strength, but strike Sail warily,  
Swoll'n with too much Prosperity,  
    For fear of rending.





## SIR THOMAS HAWKINS, 1631

(c. 1590–1640; Poet and Translator)

Your safer course (*Licinius*) count,  
Not alwayes on the Maine to mount;  
Nor whilst you (wisely) stormes abhorre,  
Too much to trust the shelfie shore.

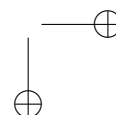
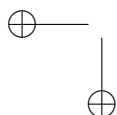
Hee that affects the golden meane,  
Lives safe from Cottages uncleane,  
And (sober) doth as much despise,  
In Envy-breeding Courts to rise.

The blustering wind more often farre,  
'Gainst lofty Pines, doe threaten Warre:  
Brave Towers with greater ruine fall,  
And Thunders highest hills enthrall.

Each Fortune, minds prepar'd doth glad,  
They feare in good, and hope in bad.  
*Love* brings in horrid Winters rage,  
And sodanly doth it asswage.

If with thee now, it be but ill,  
Resolve it cannot be so still.  
Sometimes *Apollo's* silent Muse  
Speakes in his Harpe; nor doth he use,

Alwayes to be his angry Bow;  
In crosses strength, and courage show.  
And let thy sayles with prosperous wind  
Too much advanced, be declin'd.

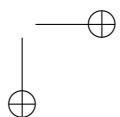
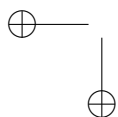




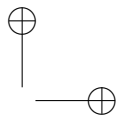
## HENRY RIDER, 1638

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

*Licinius*, thou shalt live more uprightly,  
If thou nor alwayes doe the Ocean try,  
Nor, while you warily the tempests feare,  
Too much along the uneven shore doe steare.  
Who loves the golden meane (secure) is free  
From filth of a foule cell: contented he  
Wants envie-moving towers: The tall pine oft  
Is shooke with winds; and turrets reard a loft  
Doe with the greater ruine downward fall,  
And thunder strikes the highest hils of all.  
The wel-armd breast hopes in his adverse state,  
Feares in faire weather a contrary fate:  
Jove brings rude winters, he doth them remove:  
If it be ill now, 'twill not still so prove.  
Sometime *Apollo* raises his still Muse  
Unto his Lute, nor still his Bow doth use.  
Thy selfe couragious and valiant frame  
In adverse matters, and being still the same,  
Thou very wisely in againe shalt hale  
In a too prosperous wind thy swelling saile.







JOHN SMITH, 1649

(*The Lyrick Poet*)

Thou best *Lycinius* liv'st, if not too deep  
Thou lanchest out: or fearing storms dost keep  
Too near the shoar, where rocks and shelves abound,  
Least unawars thou strikst upon the ground:

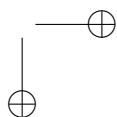
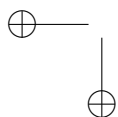
Who so doth love to keep the golden mean,  
And safe would live, poor Cottages unclean  
Let him decline, and soberly to flie  
From Princes Courts, and envied Majestie.

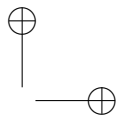
The loftie Pine with winds is often torn,  
And stately Towres with heaviour fall, are born  
Down to the ground, and Mountains that be hie,  
Are blasted with *Joves* lightning from the skie.

As well in wants, as in his prosperous state,  
Let his arm'd breast expect another fate,  
Whether to us great *Jupiter* will send  
Traoublesome winters, or soon will them end.

Nor are things now, as formerly so ill;  
But he will strik his harp that's sometimes still;  
Nor alwayes doth *Apollo* bend his bow,  
But sometimes looketh with a merry brow.

In danger great then shew a valiant mind,  
And still the same, when with too prosperous wind  
The sails do swell, then draw them close to thee,  
And thus thou maist passe safe through every Sea.





MILDMAY FANE, 1623–50

(c. 1600–66; Politician and Writer)

Thou may'st live happy, if thy minde  
Neither aspire too high, nor grind  
Upon the shelf of baseness lowe,  
But in the mid'st 'twixt both delight to goe.

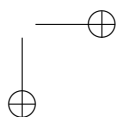
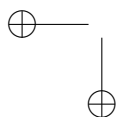
The golden Mediocrity  
Whoe loves is safe, for Poverty  
Is base, and too great Sumptuousness  
Procureth Envy, Cares, and wretchednes.

For oft the higher towers, and Pines  
Have greater falls, when struck with windes,  
And those high mountaines, which aspire  
E'en to the Skies, are soonest struck with fire.

A well form'd minde in miserie  
Hopes that good Fortune will him free,  
And in felicity doth feare  
Least Fortune cast him downe, whoe him did reare.

Jove causeth winters frozen showres  
For to deface the Summer flowers  
He is the cause of both, ne still  
Doth Fortune stand, but turnes from good to ill.

When as hard Fortune frownes, then be  
The more couragious and free;  
But when she smiles, be wise; strike Saile,  
Least thou beest sunk with too too fayre a gale.





SIR RICHARD FANSHAWE, 1652

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

The safest way of life, is neither  
To tempt the deeps, nor whilst foul weather  
You fearfully avoid, too near  
The shore to steer.

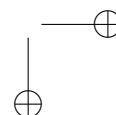
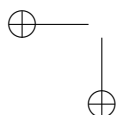
He that affets the *Golden Mean*,  
Will neither want a house that's clean,  
Nor swell unto the place of showers,  
His envy'd Towers.

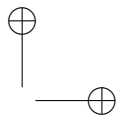
The Tempest doth more often shake  
Huge Pines: and lofty turretstake  
The greatest falls: and Thunder lops  
The mountain tops.

A mind which true proportion bears,  
In adverse hopes, in prosperous fears  
The other lot. *Jove* Winters brings,  
And *Jove* gives Springs.

It may be well, if now 'tis ill:  
Sometimes *Apollo* with his quill,  
Wakes his dull Harp, and doth not ever  
Make use of's Quiver.

In boystrous Fortune ply thy Oar,  
And tug it stoutly to the shore;  
Contract in too auspicious Gales  
Thy swelling sails.

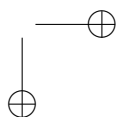
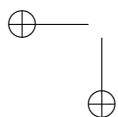


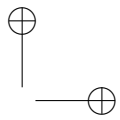


## BARTEN HOLIDAY, 1653

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

'Tis best, if thou not alwayes trusts  
The Deeps, nor shunning stormy gusts  
Rub'st with too-near-approaching Oar  
    O'th' dang'rous shore.  
Who doth the Golden Measure trace,  
Lives free from habitations base:  
And wisely wants the envy'd walls  
    Of Princely Halls.  
Vast Pines are wind-toss'd most of all,  
The stateli'st Towre hath greatest fall:  
And dreadful Thunder smiteth stil  
    The lofty'st Hil.  
Minds well prepar'd both fates can bear,  
In Good they hope, in bad they fear.  
*Jove* can foul Winter bring again,  
    And it restrain.  
Though now't be ill, 'twill not alwayes  
Be so. Sometimes *Apollo* plays  
On's silent Harp, nor's still intent  
    With Bow e'r bent.  
In thralls indue a chearful mind:  
So wasted with too prosperous wind,  
Contract up wisely in fair Gales  
    Thy swelling sails.





SAMUEL WOODFORD, 1666 (PARAPHRASED)

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

Would you a constant fortune keep,  
*Licinius*? Trust not the false Deeps  
And though black storms begin to roar,  
As little trust the *shore*.

The man who loves the *golden mean*,  
Has his earth neat, and house swept clean:  
Below't he envies not the Court,  
Above't he cares not for't.

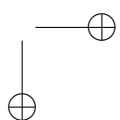
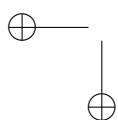
Winds oft'nest tear the lofty *Pine*,  
While its low growth defends the *Vine*;  
Huge *Piles* in greatest ruins fall,  
And *Thunder* levels all;

A *gallant brest* hopes well at worst,  
A change will come, though't belong first;  
And when 'tis come, he fears the best,  
And dares not think of rest.

This Heav'n will teach us every year,  
*Winter* has *Summer* in the rear,  
And when the *Ebbe* doth run most low,  
The Tide ere long will flow.

Though 'tis bad now, 'twill soon bespent,  
*Apollo's* bow's not alwaies bent,  
But sometimes he'l the Muse bid sing,  
And touch a better string.

When Fates are cross, then *courage* show,  
Be wise when *gales* more *prosperous* blow;  
Strike fail, and put not too far out,  
The wind may turn about.

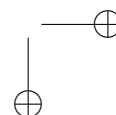
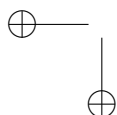




## ALEXANDER RADCLIFFE, 1682

(1608–54; Politician)

That thou mayst steer thy course with greater ease,  
Plunge not far amidst the deepest Seas:  
Or fill'd with horror when the Ocean roars,  
Press not hard upon unequal Shores.  
Who ever does admire the Golden Mean,  
Is not pent up in Cottages unclean;  
Inhabs not obscure and sordid Cells,  
Nor courts the lofty Hall where Envy dwells.  
The Pine Tree's vex'd by winds because 'tis tall;  
The higher the Tower, the greater is its fall.  
By Heavens Artillery are Mountains shook,  
And mightiest Hills are soonest Thunder strook.  
In adverse Times a well prepared Mind  
With reason hopes a better change to find;  
In prosp'rous days wishes no further good,  
But modestly does fear Vicissitude.  
Heaven doth disfigure Earth with Winters Rain,  
And the same Heaven guilds the Earth again.  
If at one instant things succeed not well,  
There follows not an everlasting Ill.  
From Bow and Dart *Apollo* doth retire,  
And sometimes takes in hand his charming Lyre,  
And by soft Notes excites the Female Quire.  
When in some dangerous Straits your Barque shall ride,  
Let never failing Courage be your Guide:  
But if your Fortune blow auspicious Gales,  
Let Wisdom then contrat your strutting Sails.



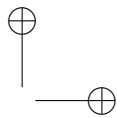


THOMAS CREECH, 1684

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

Wise they, that with a cautious fear  
Not always thro the Ocean Steer,  
Nor, whilst they think the Winds will roar,  
Do thrust too near the rocky Shore:  
To those that choose the golden Mean:  
The Waves are smooth, the Skies serene;  
They want the baseness of the Poors retreat,  
And envy'd Houses of the Great:  
Storms often vex the lofty Oak,  
High Mountains feel the Thunder's stroak;  
And lofty Towers, when Storms prevail,  
Are ruin'd with a greater fall:  
A Breast prepar'd in either State  
Or fears or hopes a change of Fate;  
'Tis *Jove* the same that Winter brings  
And melts the Frost by pleasing Springs:  
Tho Fortune now contracts her Brow,  
And frowns; yet 'twill not still be so:  
*Apollo* sometimes Mirth pursues  
His Harp awakes his sleepy Muse,  
Nor always bends his threatning Bow:  
When Fortune sends a Stormy Wind  
Then show a brave and present Mind,  
And when with too indulgent Gales  
She swells too much, then furl thy Sails.

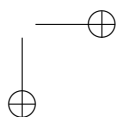
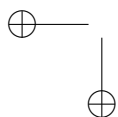




JOHN HARINGTON, 1684

(c. 1627–1700)

You'll better *live*, not still (Ambitious, vain)  
Mounting high Seas; nor wisely goar'd the Main  
(Those stormy Ills) much shelfy *Shore* retain.  
Who seeks the *Gold-mean* (safe) nor proves annoy'd  
With rotten *House* and filth, nor troubled cloy'd  
With pompous *Roof*, much envy'd wealth enjoy'd.  
Tall *Pine-trees* oft through churlish *Winds* be crost;  
Aspiring Tow'rs with grievous *Fall* are tost:  
Proud Hills the *Thunder* strikes, opposes most.  
Well-temper'd *Mind* in Fortune's *Ebb* is taught  
To *hope*, when flowing fears *Change* with weary thought,  
Foul *Winters* JOVE drives hence who hither brought.  
Now *Bad* not always holds; APOLLO uses  
Sometimes well-pleas'd, to awake those silent *Muses*  
With *Citharus* touch, and stern bent *Bow* refuses:  
In straits be *Valiant* strong, whilst want prevails  
More stouttly *Row*; as wise, when fuller *Gales*  
(Prosperous times) contract thy *Swelling* Sails.



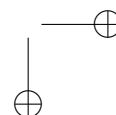
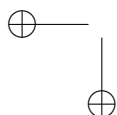


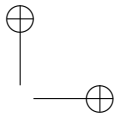
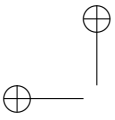


ANONYMOUS, 1685

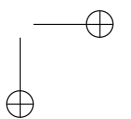
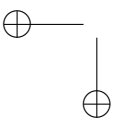
(*Sylva: Second Part of Poetical Miscellanies*, John Dryden, 1685)

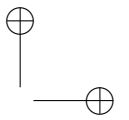
We must all live, and we would all live well,  
But how to do it very few can tell;  
He sure doth best, who a true mean can keep,  
Nor boldly fails too far into the Deep,  
Nor yet too fearfully creeps near the Land,  
And runs the danger of the Rocks and Sand.  
Who to that happy *Medium* can attain,  
“Who neither seeks for nor dispises Gain,  
“Who neither sinks too low, nor aims too high,  
He shuns th’ unwholsome Ills of Poverty;  
And is secure from envy, which attends  
A sumptuous Table, and a croud of Friends.  
Their Treacherous height doth the tall Pines expose,  
To the rude blasts of ev’ry Wind that blows.  
And lofty Towers unfortunately high,  
Are near their ruin as they’re near the Sky;  
And when they fall, what was their pride before;  
Serves only then t’increase their fall the more.  
Who wisely governs and directs his Mind  
Never despairs, through Fortune be unkind;  
He hopes, and though he finds he hop’d in vain,  
He bears it patiently, and hopes again.  
And if at last a kinder Fate conspires;  
To heap upon him more than he desires;  
He then suspects the kindness he enjoys,  
Takes it with thanks, but with such care employs,  
As if that Fate, weary of giving more,  
Would once resume what it bestow’d before.  
He finds Man’s Life, by an Eternal skill,  
Is temper’d equally with good and ill.  
Fate shapes our Lives, as it divides the Years,  
Hopes are our Summer; and our Winter’s Fears;  
And ’tis by an unerring Rule decreed,  
That this shall that alternately succeed.  
Therefore when Fate’s unkind, dear Friend, be wise,





And bear its Ills without the least surprise.  
The more you are oppress'd bear up the more,  
Whether the Tempest 'till its rage be o're.  
But if too prosperous and too strong a gale,  
Should rather ruffle than just fill your Sail,  
Lessen it; and let it take but so much Wind,  
As is proportion'd to the course design'd;  
"For 'tis the greatest part of human skill,  
"To use good Fortune, and to bear our ill.





FRANCIS MANNING, 1701

(c. 1674–1738; Poet and Diplomat)

Wouldst Thou live well and free from Care?  
Trust not the raging Deep too far;  
Nor when black Storms begin to roar,  
Attempt to keep too near the Shore.

The Man who loves the Golden Mean,  
Enjoys a Mansion sweet and clean  
He envies not the Pomp of Kings,  
Secure in all his Fortune brings.

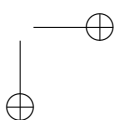
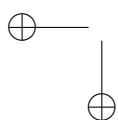
The lofty Pine is soonest torn  
By furious Winds, and headlong born;  
Wille the defenceless Reed, that yields  
To every Blast still keeps the Fields.

A Gallant Mind it self contents,  
Is undisturb'd at all Events:  
No Passions which weak Souls possess,  
No Hopes and Fears can make it less.

What tho' the Winter has been long,  
The Spring will come to claim my Song:  
Each Season is assign'd its Time,  
And duly visits every Clime.

Cross Accidents don't always last,  
Judge not the future by the past;  
*Apollo* in some lucky Hour,  
His Bow unstrung, declines his Power.

Let no ill Chance thy Courage move,  
But rather more unshaken prove:  
And when thou hast a fresher Gale,  
Contract betimes thy swelling Sail.





ELIJAH FENTON, 1708

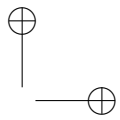
(1683–1730; Poet)

*Licinius*, would you learn from me  
The Arts of living safe and free,  
Trust not too far the faithless Sea,  
Nor treach'rous Winds explore;  
Nor yet solicitous t'avoid  
Th'impetuous Ocean's threatning Pride,  
Your Bark as much too closely guide  
Along the rocky Shore.

Him, who the golden Mean do's praise,  
A sordid Cottage do's not please,  
Nor asks he marble Palaces,  
Th'invidious Scenes of State,  
Lightning on Hills, and raging Winds  
Fall fiercest on the lofty Pines;  
And when a mighty Tow'r declines,  
More dreadful is its Fate.

The true Philosophers, who dare  
Thro' both Presumption and Despair,  
In cloudy Fortune hope, in fair  
Expect a changing Sky;  
The same Almighty Sov'reign Pow'rs,  
That storm to Day in frightful Show'rs,  
To morrow are more Kindly ours,  
And lay their Thunder by.

Fair Weather Time and Patience brings,  
Sometimes the great *Apollo* sings,  
And strikes his golden sounding Strings,  
Nor always plys his Bow.  
Be brave when boist'rous Fate prevails;  
And in her kindest prosp'rous Gales,  
By furling your too bloated Sails,  
The prudent Pilot show.



WILLIAM OLDISWORTH, 1713

(1680–1734; Writer and Translator)

'Tis best the middle way to keep,  
And not decline to either Hand,  
Nor launch too far into the Deep,  
Nor steer your Course too near the Land.

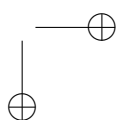
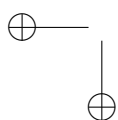
Who neither wants nor wishes more  
Than what befits an even State,  
Avoids the Curse of being Poor,  
The Plague and Torments of the Great;

On the tall Pine, and stately Tow'r.  
Its force the raging Tempest spends;  
When Lightings play, and Thunders roar,  
The highest Mountains soonest bends.

The Man, who arms his steady Breast  
To stand unmov'd the worst of Ills,  
When Fortune frowns, still hopes the best,  
And fears the worst, whene'er she smiles.

The Pow'rs above the Seasons guide;  
Though now it rains 'twill quickly shine,  
*Apollo* lays his Arms aside,  
And tunes his Harp to Lays Divine.

When Clouds grow thick, be bravely wise,  
With Patience guard your constant Mind:  
But if a merry Gale arise,  
Contract your Sails, nor trust the Wind.

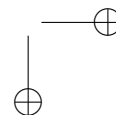
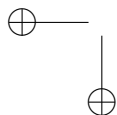


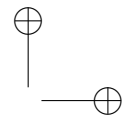
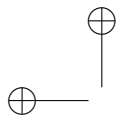


HENRY COXWELL, 1718

(*The Odes of Horace*)

My Friend, if thou would'st rightly guide thine Oar,  
Lanch not too wide, nor pull too near the Shore.  
Those that the Truth of Moderation show  
By sober Living, not profuse, nor low,  
Shall have a clean, and comfortable Seat,  
Not envy'd, nor despised by the Great.  
Tall Cedars oft by Storms are overthrown,  
High Fabricks too, like Grandees of Renown,  
Do still fall heavy when they tumble down.  
A Mind prepar'd 'midst Tempests hopes to see  
The next Day calm, hopes it may Sun-shine be,  
Considers then the Sun may soon dip in,  
And there may soon another Storm begin.  
Great *Jove*, that rules the Day, does understand  
What's best to give, and when to change his Hand;  
If Fortune frowns at present, let her go,  
Hope for the best, she may not still do so,  
*Apollo* does not ever bend his Bow.  
Be bold amidst Misfortunes, in no case  
Let the black Cloud appear upon thy Face,  
And when a Spring-tide Blessing happens, then  
Think with thy self, the Tide will turn agen.

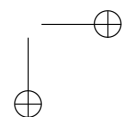
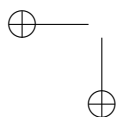


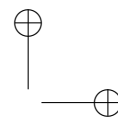
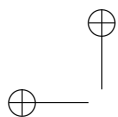


## GILES JACOB, 1718

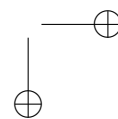
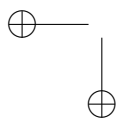
(1686–1744; British Legal Writer)

Live we must all, and all would live well too,  
Tho' the sure Rules are known but to a few;  
'Tis best not far to venture in the deep,  
Nor fearfully near dang'rous Shores to creep;  
Aim not too high (nor basely condescend)  
A sumptuous Table Envy will attend,  
The happy *Mean* a preference commands,  
He that can this attain, securely stands;  
But you'll not to a filthy Cell resign'd,  
Or in a Princely Seat, this Medium find,  
Too Nice for Cot, against the Structure fine,  
Malicious Winds with greater Rage combine,  
As proudest Hills in airy Regions high  
Receive hot Bolts from the red clouded Sky,  
And tow'ring Pines in height still unconfi'd,  
Meet the fierce Blasts of ev'ry blowing Wind;  
The Ruin large, as lofty they or great,  
It only serves to make the Fall compleat.  
The Man who wisely Rules in Station low  
Above Despair, tho' Fortune be his Foe,  
He hopes, and still new Hopes each oth'r survive  
'Till kinder Fate shall him Assistance give;  
If then his Fortune chang'd, be heap'd a store,  
He prudent uses what he miss'd before,  
With thanks he takes the favours now his own  
Suspects th' Enjoyment of the kindness shewn:  
Man' Life in Good or Ill we may compare  
To Summer's Heat, and Winter' frozen Air:  
Happy is he with Resolution blest,  
Nor Hopes, nor Fears, prevail within his Breast.  
By Pow'rs above are Rules unerring made,  
What's there Decreed, here no one can Evade;  
Therefore when Fate's unkind, its Laws fulfills,  
Bear up the more the greater are your Ills,  
The Tempest Weather, till its Rage be past

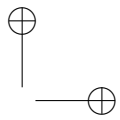




Assur'd ill Fortune will not always last:  
But if a Gale of Wind too prosperous prove,  
Lessen your Sail, in due proportion move.







ELIZABETH TOLLET, 1724 (IMITATED)

(1694–1754; Poet and Translator)

Fondly, my Friend! does proud Ambition soar,  
    And Danger tempt with an unwearied Flight:  
Fondly does Fear still keep the humble Shore,  
    Whom whistling Winds and beating Surges fright.

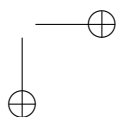
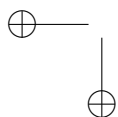
Whoever wisely keeps the golden Mean,  
    Nor he to smoaky Cottages retires,  
Nor he in envied Palaces is seen:  
    Too low he sinks not, nor too high aspires.

But oh! whatever's great, whatever's high,  
    The loftiest Turret, and the stoutest Oak,  
The Mountain Tops, which seem to touch the Sky,  
    Are most obnoxious to the Thunder's Stroak.

The Mind which Constancy for Fate prepares,  
    Which knows how wav'ring Fortune loves to range;  
In adverse Hopes, and in successful Fears:  
    For stormy Seasons oft to milder change.

Ills cannot ever last: *Apollo* so  
    Oft mixes with the Muses tuneful Choir;  
Returning from the Chace, unbends his Bow,  
    And with swift Fingers strikes the golden Lyre.

In adverse Chance resolv'd and bold appear;  
    And so thou best may'st stem the Tide of Fate:  
Lower thy Sail when there's no Danger near,  
    And prosp'rous Gales upon thy Voyage wait.





THOMAS HARE, 1737

(“Master of Blandford School”)

Licinius, as thro' Life you fail,  
    Ne'er brave the open Deep,  
Nor yet too cautious of a Storm  
    The dang'rous Shallows keep.

He that observes the golden Mean  
    Avoids the Cell impure,  
Avoids the Envy of the Court,  
    Still sober and secure.

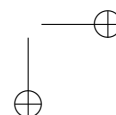
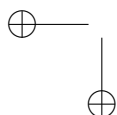
Huge Pines are shock'd the most by Winds;  
    High Tow'rs with greatest Weight  
Fall headlong down; and Thunders rend  
    The loftiest Mountain's Height.

A Breast well-arm'd for either Fate  
    Expects each Fate to know;  
Afflicted hopes a better Lot,  
    And prosp'rous looks for Woe.

*Jove* now deforms the Heav'n with Clouds,  
    Then drives the Storm away;  
Tho' Fortune for the present frown,  
    'Twill smile another Day.

Far-shooting *Phæbus* often wakes  
    The silent Muse to sing,  
And casts his twanging Bow aside  
    To strike the tuneful String.

Be bold in adverse Times, and show  
    A Heart that never fails;  
Be wise, when Winds too prosp'rous blow,  
    And draw your swelling Sails.



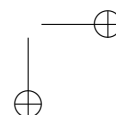
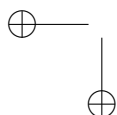


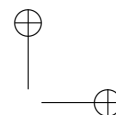
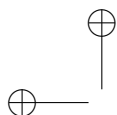
STEPHEN DUCK, 1738 (IMITATED)

(c. 1705–56; Poet)

If we, my Lord, with easy Strife,  
Would pass this fickle Tide of Life;  
We must not always rashly sail  
With ev'ry light, inconstant Gale;  
Nor yet, at ev'ry Surge that roars,  
Too tim'rous, seek the craggy Shores.  
The Man who keeps the *Golden Mean*,  
Where raging Storms are seldom seen,  
Avoids the dang'rous Rocks and Pools,  
That fright the Wise, and swallow Fools:  
He's ne'er despis'd among the Crowd,  
Nor envy'd in the Court;  
But steers between the Base and Proud,  
To gain the peaceful Port.  
While lofty Spires and Cedars fall,  
Storm beaten, to the Plain,  
The lowly Shrub, and humble Wall,  
Are Proof to Wind and Rain;  
And Lightings guiltless o'er the Cottage fly;  
But smite th'ambitious Hills, that, tow'ring, threat the Sky.

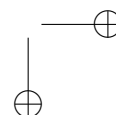
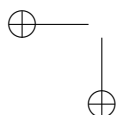
The steady Mind, that's truly great,  
Surveys, unmov'd, the Turns of Fate:  
If Wealth and Fame his Pride increase,  
His Fears their Force controul;  
If adverse Fortune would depress,  
Hope elevates his Soul;  
Because he knows, the Pow'r who brings  
The *Winter* with its dreary Wings,  
Can make the vernal Beauties grow,  
And turn our Woe to Bliss, or Bliss to Woe.  
If now on anxious Cares you feed,  
A Feast of Joy may soon succeed,  
To chear your pensive Mind.  
With Times, our Tempers vary round;





Nothing immutable is found,  
But all to Change inclin'd.  
Tho' POPE with Illness oft complains,  
POPE is not always rack'd with Pains;  
But, warm'd with PHOEBUS Fire,  
Or bids the silent Muses sing,  
And charms us with his Lyre.

Our Life's, at best, a chequer'd Scene,  
Of Health and Sickness, Mirth and Spleen:  
Yet, since we all must stem this Sea,  
Where Calm and Tempest dwell;  
Grieve not to steer the destin'd Way,  
But strive to pass it well:  
If adverse Storms begin to rave,  
Serenely view the foaming Wave,  
Collected in yourself; and resolutely brave.  
Or, if you find indulgent Gales  
Impel the Bark too fast,  
Wisely contract the swelling Sails,  
And check their rapid Haste;  
Lest, in your swift Career, the Ship  
Split on a Rock, and sink beneath the Deep.





ANONYMOUS, 1738

*(The Gentleman's Magazine)*

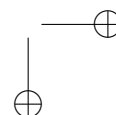
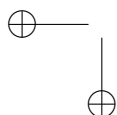
In life, my friend, when rocks appear,  
Too far to trust the main forbear;  
Or loud when winds and billows roar,  
To press too near the shelvy shore.

Above the hamlet's humble scene,  
Below the bustling pomp of state,  
The man who loves the golden mean,  
Escapes at once contempt and hate.

The tallest pine a tempest rends;  
The tow'r in smouldring ruins bends;  
Nor can the mountain's height secure  
Its summit from the lightning's pow'r.

The man collected, firm, and wise,  
No flattery sooths; no straights appall;  
Deprest he hopes again to rise,  
And when exalted, dreads a fall.

The Sun alternate seasons forms,  
Each season fill'd with calms and storms;  
And Phœbus sometimes tunes the lyre  
To melting strains of soft desire.

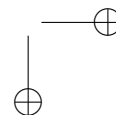
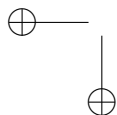


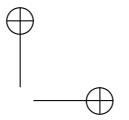


ANONYMOUS, 1741

*(London Magazine)*

Believe me \* \* \* the litte ship,  
That never dares the boundless deep,  
Nor always grazes on the strand,  
Afraid to strike away from land,  
Never in way of danger runs,  
For both extremes it wisely shuns.  
The man who hits the golden mean,  
In cobweb'd roof is never seen,  
Nor, anxious to be counted great,  
Swells in a lofty room of state.  
How oft have storms with crashing sound  
Tore up the pine-tree from the ground?  
How many tow'rs in ruin lie,  
That hid their height amid the sky?  
Say, has not *Jove's* red vengeance struck,  
The stately summit from the rock?  
A soul prepar'd may smile serene,  
When darkness hangs upon the scene;  
And when broad sunshine gilds the skies,  
He waits till other tempests rise.  
Winter, tho' spring may flourish now,  
Stalks close behind with horrid brow;  
And when it closes up its reign,  
The blooming spring rolls back again.  
How oft we spend a world of time  
In spinning out a sheet of rhyme!  
And oft the heav'n-assisted song  
With ease and rapture rolls along.  
Calm and serene the ocean brave,  
When wave rolls headlong after wave;  
And when you meet too full a gale,  
With prudent care contract the sail.





PHILIP FRANCIS, 1743

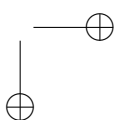
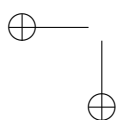
(1708–73; Clergyman and Writer)

Licinius, would You live with Ease,  
Tempt not too far the boundless Seas;  
And when You hear the Tempest roar,  
Press not too near th' unequal Shore.

The Man, within the golden Mean,  
Who can his boldest Wish contain:  
Securely views the ruin'd Cell,  
Where sordid Want and Sorrow dwell,  
And in himself serenely great,  
Declines an envied Room of State.

When high in Air the Pine ascends,  
To every ruder Blast it bends:  
The Palace from its airy Height,  
Down tumbling falls with heavier Weight,  
And when from Heaven the Lightning flies,  
It blasts the Hills which proudest rise.

He who enjoys th' untroubled Breast,  
Of Virtue's awful Lore possest,  
With Hope the gloomy Hour can chear;  
And temper Happiness with Fear.  
If Jove the Winter's Horrors bring,  
Great Jove restores the genial Spring;  
Then let us not of Fate complain,  
For soon shall change the gloomy Scene.  
Apollo sometimes can inspire  
The silent Muse, and wake the Lyre;  
The deathful Bow not always plies,  
Th' unerring Dart not always flies.  
When Fortune, changeful Goddess, lours,  
Collect your Strength, exert your Powers,  
But, when she breathes a kinder Gale,  
Wisely contract your swelling Sail.





THOMAS MARTIN, 1743 (IMITATED)

*(Imitations and Translations of Horace)*

The safest Way thro' Life to steer,  
Is neither still to chuse the Deep,  
Nor, whilst impending Storms we fear,  
Too near the shelfy Shore to creep.

Whoe'er observes the Golden Mean,  
To Wisdom and her Rules attends:  
Small tho' it be, his House is clean;  
Nor raises Envy in his Friends.

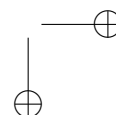
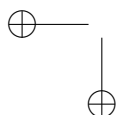
With ev'ry Wind the Cedar tall  
Is seen to bend; the Tower's Height  
Serves only to increase its Fall,  
And Bolts from *Jove* on Mountains light.

The Man prepar'd for Fortune's Wiles,  
Her Frowns thro' Hope disdains to fear;  
But if she change her Face to Smiles,  
'Tis then he thinks some Danger near.

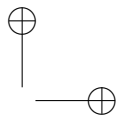
Now stormy Winter *Jove* brings on,  
Obscuring *Phæbus*' chearful Ray;  
Now with his Nod the Clouds are gone,  
The Sun breaks out, and all is gay.

The present Hour may Sorrow bring;  
But therefore must the next do so?  
The *Muses* don't still strike the String,  
Nor fill *Apollo* bend his Bow.

In Times of Danger play the Man;  
If driven by too strong a Gale,  
Make the best Use of it you can,  
And wisely furl your swelling Sail.



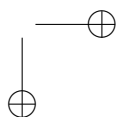
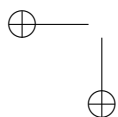


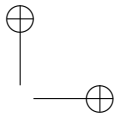
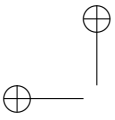


ANONYMOUS, 1748

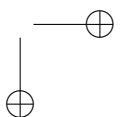
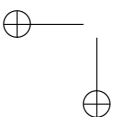
*(New York Gazette)*

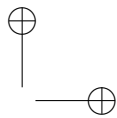
Wou'd you pass thro' Life with Pleasure,  
Shun each dangerous Extreme;  
Seek not Hoards of ill-got Treasure,  
Nor too fondly push for Fame.  
Rash the man whose ruling Passion  
Ever drives where Tempests roar;  
And the Wretch by tim'rous Caution  
Splits upon the Rocky Shore.  
On each Side the Danger presses,  
Here it's bad, and there it's worse.  
Would you 'scape then both Distresses,  
Safely steer the middle Course.  
He that loves the middle Station,  
(Happy State, tho' seldom priz'd!)  
Steers thro' Life without Vexation,  
Neither envied nor despis'd.  
Safe he sits in sweet Contentment,  
From the Woes of Life exempt:  
Much too low for proud Resentment,  
And too high for mean Contempt.  
Tallest Pines high Winds endanger;  
Shrubs are trodden under Foot;  
Middling Trees, to both a Stranger,  
Yield the most delicious Fruit;  
Mountain Tops oft' meet the Thunder,  
Or it strikes the lofty Tower:  
Whilst the Swain secure with Wonder  
Hears it from his lowly Bower.  
Does perplexing Trouble seize you,  
Hope for some more prosp'rous Time;  
And shou'd Fortune's Favours raise you,  
Dread her ever-changing Clime.  
Changing like the Seasons Stages:  
Now the Fields are deck'd with Flowers;  
Now the Frosty Winter rages,





Then it melts with vernal Showers.  
Shou'd you feel some dire Disaster:  
Grief's sad Season cannot last;  
Oft' the Day concludes with Lustre  
When the Morning's overcast,  
Phebus, God of all that's charming,  
Shoots not always scorching Fires;  
Oft' his Ray but gently warming,  
Some harmonious Breast inspires.  
When the Wants of Life oppress you,  
Bravely bear your adverse Fate;  
And shou'd Kings or Court caress you,  
Ne'er forget your lower State.  
Honours gain'd by slow Gradation,  
Some with graceful Ease can wear;  
But unthought of Elevation,  
Few like HAMILTON can bear.  
Go ye Fools, puff up with Grandeur,  
Learn of Him that happy Art,  
How to drop the stern Commander  
Yet to rule, He rules the Heart.

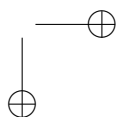
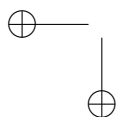




ANONYMOUS, 1748

(*A Choice Collection of Original Essays on Various and Entertaining Subjects*)

Wise they, that with a cautious fear,  
Not always thro' the ocean steer;  
Nor, whilst they think the wind will roar,  
Do thrust too near the rocky shore:  
To those that chuse the golden mean,  
The waves are smooth, the skies serene;  
They want the baseness of the poor's retreat,  
And envy'd houses of the great.  
Storms often vex the lofty oak;  
High mountains feel the thunder's stroke;  
And lofty towers, when forms prevail,  
Are ruin'd with a greater fall.  
A breast prepar'd in either state;  
Or fears or hopes a change of state,  
'T is *Jove* the same that winter brings,  
And melts the frost by pleasing springs;  
Tho' *Fortune* now contracts her brow;  
And frowns; yet 'twill not still be so.  
*Apollo* sometimes mirth pursues,  
His harp awakes the sleepy muse,  
Nor always bends his threat'ning bow.  
When *Fortune* sends a stormy wind,  
Then shew a brave and present mind:  
And when with too indulgent gales  
She swells too much, then furl thy ssails.





ANONYMOUS, 1749

(*The Gentleman's Magazine*)

If thro' life's course you'd rightly steer,  
Nor always tempt the deep,  
Nor stand of storms so much in fear,  
As still your cautious bark too near  
The treach'rous shore to keep.

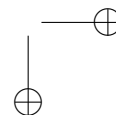
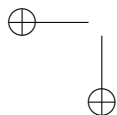
Who in the golden mean delight,  
Both wild extremes will fly;  
The sordid house that shocks the sight,  
The stately palace dazzling bright,  
That strains the envious eye.

The loftiest pines the lowest bend,  
When blust'ring storms assail:  
Tall turrets from vast heights descend,  
Red lightnings cloud-topp'd mountains rend,  
Down rushing to the vale.

When Fortune frowns, the well-taught mind  
On chearing hopes lays hold:  
Suspects her smiles, when she seems kind,  
Knowing how prone to change inclin'd.  
*Jove* brings rough winter's cold;

The same removes. Tho' now in pain,  
'Twill not be always so.  
His Muse, late silent, now again  
*Apollo* wakes with lively strain,  
Nor always bends the bow.

Let manly fortitude prevail,  
Tho' adverse wind and tide:  
But if the too obsequious gale  
Too freely fill, then furl the sail,  
The helm let prudence guide.





WILLIAM POPPLE, C. 1750

(1700–64; Poet and Playwright)

'Tis not safe, tho' fair the breese,  
Still to tempt the open Seas;  
Nor when threatening Tempests roar,  
Creep too near the rocky shore.

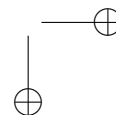
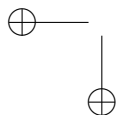
He who loves the golden mean,  
Seldom is in Palace seen;  
Seldom in the humble cell,  
With foul want & rags to dwell.

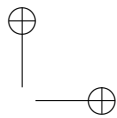
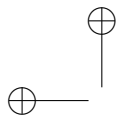
Trees & Tow'rs that highest rise,  
Suffer more from Winds and Skies:  
Greater shocks high Hills sustain,  
Than when Thunder strikes the Plain.

Those who best thro' Life wou'd steer,  
Hope in grief, in pleasure fear;  
Jove who brings rough Winter on,  
Bids it equally begon.

Things when worst must better grow –  
Phœbus often quits his Bow;  
Wakes the Lyre's harmonious strings,  
While the Muse with pleasure sings.

Fortune blowing adverse Wind,  
Bear it Friend with constant mind;  
Blowing with too fresh a Gale,  
Reef in time the swelling Sail.

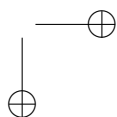
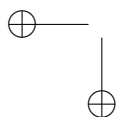


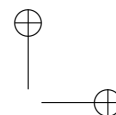
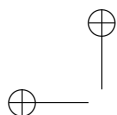


## CYNTHIO, 1750 (PARAPHRASED)

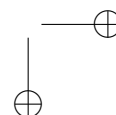
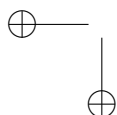
(*The Gentleman's Magazine*)

Bred to commercial arts that bless mankind,  
From port just launching while you court the wind,  
While life's rough sea, with your bold bark, you dare,  
Its toil, its tempest, and its dangers share,  
O let the muse, who joys to call you friend,  
Warm'd for your weal, her moral lectures lend;  
'Twixt life's extremes its happy mean she eyes,  
And gives advice as *Horace* bids advise.  
Wou'd you in safety plough th' inconstant tide,  
The helm let *Prudence* ever watchful guide.  
She shuns the deep where mountain-billows roar,  
And shuns alike the shallows and the shore.  
The few, by precept or experience wise,  
Who know the mean, the golden mean, to prize,  
With equal scorn reject a sordid state,  
And the gilt sorrows of the vainly great.  
Fix'd in that point where all the virtues rest,  
Between th' extremes with peaceful pleasure blest,  
They know to curb irregular desires,  
When *av'rice* tempts them, or *ambition* fires;  
When laughing *Riot* boasts the jovial night,  
Or blushing *Beauty* beckons to delight.  
Whate'er exalted overlooks the low,  
Stands most the mark of fate's destroying blow.  
The pine that waves aloft from far survey'd,  
And proudly glories in its lengthen'd shade,  
Up-rooted flies before the driving blast,  
While the low shrubs scarce felt it as it past,  
The sky-ting'd mountains, and the tow'ring spire,  
Riv'n to the center feel the light'ning's fire;  
While the green hillock, and the straw roof'd cot,  
Untouch'd remain the shepherd's happier lot.  
The mind that steers by Wisdom's guiding ray,  
Thro' storms and calms persues the middle way.  
When *Fortune's* gale in languid murmurs dies,





*Hope* the broad oar with chearful labour plies,  
Again, when fav'ring breezes swell the sheet,  
*Fear* strains the cordage, and suspects deceit.  
What tho' to day oppress'd with various woes  
To morrow's dawn may happier scenes disclose,  
The bounteous pow'r that o'er wide nature reigns,  
Now bids stern winter blast the freezing plains;  
And now recalls the spring, the spring returns,  
Each face now smiles, and ev'ry bosom burns;  
New beauty bursts upon the ravish'd sight,  
And all around is joy, and life, and light.  
Thus heav'n not long afflicts the worthy mind,  
Made strong by trouble, and by pain refin'd,  
With patience then life's varied ills endure,  
To bear with patience is almost to cure.  
The shooting god, as *Horace* sings, you know,  
Did not for ever bend the silver bow.  
Tho' silent long, at length he struck the lyre,  
And touch'd the joyful heart with gay desire.  
Thro' life let manly fortitude prevail;  
Whate'er the current, and whate'er the gale,  
Press forward still, and ev'ry adverse tide  
Let thy slow persevering bark divide:  
But when too strong the fav'ring breeze you find,  
Furl the broad sail, nor trust the faithless wind.





WILLIAM DUNCOMBE, 1757

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

Be wise, *Licinius*, and forbear  
To sail too near the Shore;  
Nor tempt too far the faithless Deep,  
Where Tempests loudly roar.

Who loves the golden Mean, shall live  
From sordid Want secure;  
Nor feel the Tortures, which the Great  
From Envy's Darts endure.

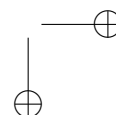
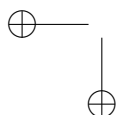
Huge Pines with Winds are oft'nest rock'd:  
The higher they ascend,  
Towers heavier fall; *Jove's* vengeful Bolts  
Aspiring Mountains rend.

A Mind well-disciplin'd is still  
Prepar'd for either State;  
In adverse hopes, in prosperous fears  
Another Turn of Fate.

*Jove* spreads the Heavens with dusky Clouds;  
The Clouds he chides away;  
To-morrow's Sun may shine serene,  
Though Fortune lours To-day.

Sometimes Apollo tunes his Lyre,  
And wakes the Muse to sing;  
Nor deals perpetual Death around  
With his unerring String.

Bravely to bear Afflictions, raise  
And fortify your Mind;  
But wisely furl your Sails, that swell  
With too indulgent Wind.







## JAMES BEATTIE, 1760

(1735–1803; Scottish Poet and Philosopher)

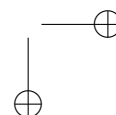
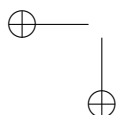
Wouldst thou through life securely glide;  
Nor boundless o'er the ocean ride;  
Nor ply too near th' insidious shore,  
Scar'd at the tempest's threat'ning roar.

The man, who follows Wisdom's voice,  
And makes the golden mean his choice,  
Nor plung'd in antique gloomy cells  
Midst hoary desolation dwells;  
Nor to allure the envious eye  
Rears his proud palace to the sky.

The pine, that all the grove transcends,  
With every blast the tempest rends;  
Totters the tower with thund'rous sound,  
And spreads a mighty ruin round;  
Jove's bolt with desolating blow  
Strikes the ethereal mountains brow.

The man, whose steadfast soul can bear  
Fortune indulgent or severe,  
Hopes when she frowns, and when she smiles  
With cautious fear eludes her wiles.  
Jove with rude winter wastes the plain,  
Jove decks the rosy spring again.  
Life's former ills are overpast,  
Nor will the present always last.  
Now Phœbus wings his shafts, and now  
He lays aside th' unbended bow,  
Strikes into life the trembling string,  
And wakes the silent Muse to sing.

With unabating courage, brave  
Adversity's tumultuous wave;  
When too propitious breezes rise,  
And the light vessel swiftly flies,  
With timid caution catch the gale,  
And shorten the distended sail.





JAMES MACPHERSON, 1760 (IMITATED)

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

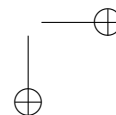
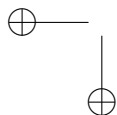
When tempests sweep and billows roll,  
And winds contend along the pole;  
When o'er the deck ascends the sea,  
And half the sheet is torn away;  
Shew me the man among the crew,  
Who would not change his place with you;  
Prefer the quiet of the plain  
To all the riches of the main.

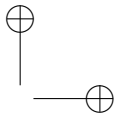
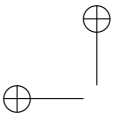
Thrice happy he! and he alone,  
Who makes the golden mean his own  
Whose life is neither ebb or flow,  
Nor rises high nor sinks too low:  
He prides not in the envy'd wall,  
Nor pines in Want's deserted hall;  
His careless eyes with ease behold  
The star, the string, and hoarded gold.

Unlike the venal sons of pow'r;  
They rise, but rise to fall the more.  
When faction rends the public air,  
And Pitt shall tumble from his sphere,  
In privacy secluded, you  
Scarce feel which way the tempest blew.

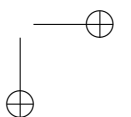
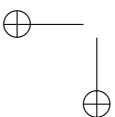
Storms rend the lofty tow'r in twain,  
And bow the poplar to the plain;  
The hills are wrapt in clouds on high,  
And feel th' artillery of the sky;  
When not a breath the valley wakes,  
Or curls the surface of the lakes.

When storms on Fortune's ocean lowr,  
And rolling billows lash the shore;  
When lov'd allies return to clay,  
And paltry riches wing their way;  
The faithless mob, the perjur'd whore,





That hover'd round thy pelf before,  
Fall gradual down the ebbing tide;  
Thy dog, the last, forsakes thy side:  
Retire within; enjoy thy mind;  
There, what they all deny'd thee, find.  
When Fortune threatens to fly, be gay,  
And puff the fickle thing away.  
Nor still it lowrs; the tempest flies,  
The golden sun descends the skies;  
The gale is living in the grass,  
In gentler surges roll the seas.  
But wisely thou contract the sail,  
And catch but half the breathing gale;  
Be cautious still of Fortune's wiles,  
Avoid the Siren when she smiles;  
With prudence laugh her gloom away,  
And trust her least when she looks gay.





ANONYMOUS, 1763

*(St. James Magazine)*

Would'st thou be counsell'd how to tread  
    Upon the world's deceitful stage?  
Spend not thy days at sea, but dread  
    To trust the troubl'd ocean's rage.

A land by dreadful perils press'd,  
    When the fierce waves of faction roar,  
Stay not till thou art quite distress'd,  
    But quit in time the hostile shore.

Those are with fewest ills annoy'd,  
    Who all extreams take care to shun,  
Tho' one destruction fools avoid,  
    They'll be another way undone.

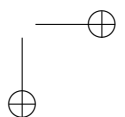
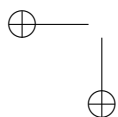
Who loves to keep the golden mean,  
    Of tinsel'd slaves the short-liv'd blaze,  
Will hate; nor less the filth obscene,  
    Which wretched poverty betrays.

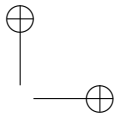
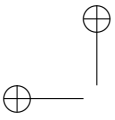
See how the winds, their utmost pow'r  
    To fell the sturdy oaks employ!  
The bulwark huge, and lofty tower,  
    The lightning's blast can soon destroy.

The wise, my friend, with affluence blest,  
    With reason fear a quick decay,  
Or with adversity oppress'd,  
    Expect to see a better day.

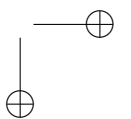
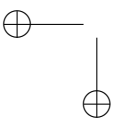
Great Jove, we see, gives up the earth  
    Not long to winter's dreary reign,  
He calls the spring and summer forth,  
    And fields and valleys smile again.

Thus deals he with the human race;  
    This year they strut elate and gay,  
The next foflorn and in disgrace,





To wretched want are left a prey.  
The let not pride thy bosom swell,  
When things put on a happy form,  
But be prepar'd, when they go ill,  
With fortitude to face the storm.

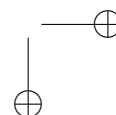
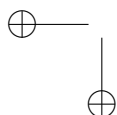




CHRISTOPHER SMART, 1767

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

A Better plan of life you form,  
    Not wholly launching out from land,  
Nor over-jealous of a storm,  
    Too much for shore to stand.  
Whoever loves the golden mean,  
    From sordid want himself supports,  
Nor safe and sober is he seen  
    In envy-moving courts.  
Tall pines are shaken, and the tow'r  
    Comes heaviest from the highest wall,  
And thunderbolts, with greater pow'r,  
    On topmost mountains fall.  
Hearts, well prepar'd, will see a dawn  
    Of hope in woe – in wealth will pray  
'Gainst change – heav'n brings the winter on,  
    And drives the hag away.  
If times are evil, by and by  
    They shall be better – Phoebus plays  
At times upon his minstrelsy,  
    Not always shoots his rays.  
When times are hardest, then a face  
    Of constancy and spirit wear;  
But wise contract your sails apace,  
    When once the wind's too fair.





## BROCKILL NEWBURGH, 1769

(c. 1659–1741; Irish Politician)

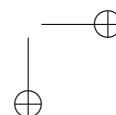
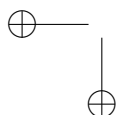
In Life's due Course the Port to gain,  
Launch not too far into the Main:  
Nor Storms and Hurricanes to shun,  
Too near the Shelves and Shallows run.  
Who wisely keeps the Golden Mean,  
Nor swell'd with Pride, nor fow'r'd with Spleen,  
Affects in Palaces to dwell,  
Nor creeps within the sordid Cell.

See how the Hurricanes combine,  
To vex or rend the lofty Pine;  
And when it falls, the Crash how dire,  
Of the stupenduous tow'ring Spire:  
While Mountains that the Skies transcend,  
The Light'nings blast, or Thunders rend.

The well prepar'd, the manly Breast,  
When Fortune frowns, still hopes the best;  
Nor fondly deems her Favours lent,  
When fickle smiling, permanent.

The Seasons of the varying Year  
Teach us to hope, yet when to fear.  
The wintry Storms and hoary Frost,  
In genial, vernal Suns are lost.  
And Phœbus, tho' provok'd, a Foe,  
Appeas'd, suspends the deadly Bow;  
Pleas'd with the Muse's tuneful Choir  
To strike and 'wake the slumb'ring Lyre.

When black'ning Storms deform the Main  
Intrepid, firm, thy Post sustain.  
Nor with a too propitious Gale,  
Indulge an over-swelling Sail.





## JOHN PARKE, 1771

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

Be rul'd, dear friend, and learn from me,  
Not far to dare life's faithless sea;  
Nor yet, when threat'ning billows roar,  
To fail too near the dang'rous shore.

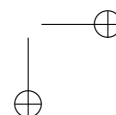
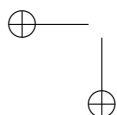
Who wisely courts the golden mean,  
And each extreme alike disdain,  
Lives free from filth of tatter'd cells  
And Courts, where envied greatness dwells.

The stately pine tree's treach'rous height,  
Does but more frequent storms invite:  
The downfall's great of structures high,  
And thunder loftest hills annoy.

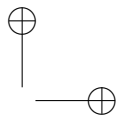
A well pois'd mind, in either state,  
Or hopes or fears a turn of fate:  
The self same power; rough winter brings,  
And thaws its ice with milder springs.

If things at present badly go,  
Yet fear not 'twill be always so;  
Sometimes the lyre, *Apollo* plies,  
And then his bow neglected lies.

If fickle fortune proves unkind,  
Take heart and shew a fearless mind;  
If she sends too indulgent gales,  
Beware and reef your bloated sails.



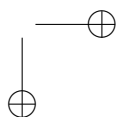
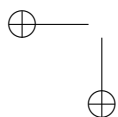




WILLIAM GREEN, 1777

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

A Right, thy course of life to steer,  
Attempt not always the main Deep,  
Nor yet in over cautious fear,  
To shun each rising storm, too near  
Malignant shores, and shalows creep:  
Not high nor low, but both between,  
Who loves this sober golden Mean,  
Above the sordid clownish cell,  
Where poverty and sorrow dwell;  
He *wants* the Lordly Pile of State,  
And *Envies* too – that on it wait.  
Storms ofttest bend the mountain-Oak,  
And rend the Cedar proud and tall,  
With thunders, highest hills are struck,  
And with a heavier ruin shook;  
The Palaces and Towers fall.  
With soul prepar'd, distrust the best,  
Nor yet despond, altho' depress'd  
By Fate, for ever hope and pray,  
The God, who gives the winter's night;  
Shall give alike the summer's day,  
And with a cheerful ray of light,  
Dispel the present cloud of woe;  
Altern, the Horns of Cynthia glow,  
Does Phœbus always beam serene,  
For ever wake the Muses strain,  
Or always ply the bended Bow?  
When Fortune low'rs, call forth thy pow'rs  
And all thy manly spirit show,  
But, if with o'er-benignant gales,  
Before the wind thy Gally go,  
Be wise in time, and reef thy sails,  
Ere yet the tempest dangerous grows.





## MARMADUKE ALINGTON, 1777

(1671–1749; Lawyer and Politician)

Licinius, would you not too much explore  
The roaring Deeps, nor press the crooked Shore;  
Too much, whilst lowring Storms you careful dread,  
And Tempests black impending o'er your Head,  
You'd live more right. Who loves the Golden Mean  
Is not in envied Halls, nor dirty Houses seen.  
By furious Winds is toss'd the lofty Pine;  
Against the Mountains Tops the Lightnings Shine;  
The lofty Tower, the high constructed Wall,  
Falls with a heavier Stroke and greater Fall.  
A Breast well guarded HOPES in bad Affairs  
A better Change; in prosperous State it fears  
A worse; Great Jove brings back the Cold and Rain,  
The fame removes them; cease then to complain,  
Though your Affairs are ill and adverse now,  
It is no Reason they should e'er be so.  
The Harp, does sometimes raise the silent Muse.  
Apollo's Bow's not always bent for Use.  
Be brave, and 'gainst Adversity upheld,  
Constrain your Sails, by too much good luck swell'd.





D. HUGHES, 1780

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

Be wise, my friend, and while you tempt the oar,  
Nor always plow the bosom of the main,  
Nor send too near the rocky-margin'd shore,  
When blackening storms deform the ruffled plain.

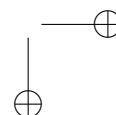
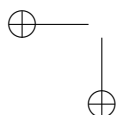
Secure the man, who holds the golden mean,  
Where skies are smooth, nor threat'ning surges beat;  
Far from the cottage of the sordid swain,  
And envied mansions of the haughty great.

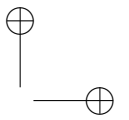
Oft wreakful blasts the stately pine assail;  
The towering mountain feels the thundering ball;  
And airy tow'rs, when muttering winds prevail,  
Are tumbled to the ground, with greater fall.

A patient breast, prepar'd for either state  
Not puff'd with hope, nor weigh'd with anxious fear,  
Dreads not the frowns, nor courts the smiles of Fate:  
Jove winter breathe's; Jove breathes the purple year.

Tho' fortune now her favours should refuse  
And frown disdain 'twill not be always so;  
Apollo sometimes 'wakes the slumbering muse,  
Nor does he always bend the Parthian bow.

When adverse gales thy tottering bark oppose,  
Let courage sway, and present mind prevail;  
And when the summer-breeze indulgent blows  
And swells too much, then furl the floating sail.

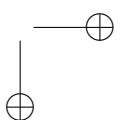
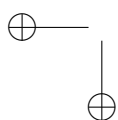


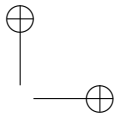
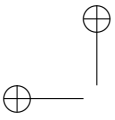


JOHN HOWE, 1780

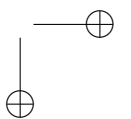
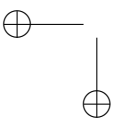
(*A Select Collection of Poems*, John Nichols)

We must all live, and we would all live well,  
But how to do it very few can tell;  
He sure does best, who a true mean can keep,  
Nor boldly fails too far into the deep,  
Nor yet too fearfully creeps near the land,  
And runs the danger of the rocks and sand,  
Who to that happy medium can attain,  
“Who neither seeks for nor despises gain,  
“Who neither sinks too low, nor aims too high,”  
He shuns th’ unwholsome ills of poverty;  
And is secure from envy, which attends  
A sumptuous table and a croud of friends.  
Their treacherous height doth the tall pines expose  
To the rude blast of every wind that blows:  
And lofty towers, unfortunately high,  
Are near, their ruin as they ’re near the skys;  
And when they fall, what was their pride before  
Serves only then t’ increase their fall the more.  
Who wisely governs and directs his mind  
Never despairs, though Fortune be unkind;  
He hopes, and though he finds he hop’d in vain,  
He bears it patiently, and hopes again.  
And if at last a kinder fate conspires,  
To heap upon him more than he desires;  
He then suspects the kindness he enjoys,  
Takes it with thanks, but with such care employs,  
As if that Fate, weary of giving more,  
Would once resume what it bestow’d before.  
He finds man’s life, by an eternal skill,  
Is temper’d equally with good and ill.  
Fate shapes our lives, as it divides the years,  
Hopes are our summer, and our winter’s fears;  
And ’tis by an unerring rule decreed,  
That this shall that alternately succeed.  
Therefore, when Fate’s unkind, dear friend, be wise,





And bear its ills without the least surprize.  
The more you are oppress'd, bear up the more,  
Weather the tempest till its rage be o'er.  
But, if too prosperous and too strong a gale  
Should rather ruffle than just fill your sail,  
Lessen it; and let it take but so much wind,  
As is proportion'd to the course design'd;  
"For 'tis the greatest part of human skill,  
"To use good fortune, and to bear our ill."





WILLIAM COWPER, 1782

(1731–1800; Poet)

Receive, dear friend, the truths I teach,  
So shalt thou live beyond the reach  
    Of adverse Fortune's pow'r;  
Not always tempt the distant deep,  
Nor always timorously creep  
    Along the treach'rous shore.

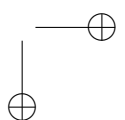
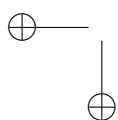
He, that holds fast the golden mean,  
And lives contentedly between  
    The little and the great,  
Feels not the wants that pinch the poor,  
Nor plagues that haunt the rich man's door,  
    Imbitt'ring all his state.

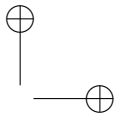
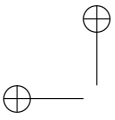
The tallest pines feel most the pow'r  
Of wintry blasts; the loftiest tow'r  
    Comes heaviest to the ground;  
The bolts, that spare the mountain's side,  
His cloud-capt eminence divide,  
    And spread the ruin round.

The well-inform'd philosopher  
Rejoices with an wholesome fear,  
    And hopes, in spite of pain;  
If winter bellow from the north,  
Soon the sweet spring comes dancing forth,  
    And nature laughs again.

What if thine heav'n be overcast,  
The dark appearance will not last;  
    Expect a brighter sky;  
The God that strings the silver bow  
Awakes sometimes the muses too,  
    And lays his arrows by.

If hindrances obstruct thy way,  
Thy magnanimity display

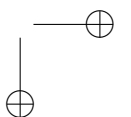
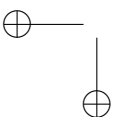


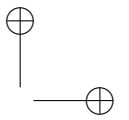


And let thy strength be seen;  
But oh! if Fortune fill thy sail  
With more than a propitious gale,  
Take half thy canvass in.

*A Reflection on the Foregoing Ode*

And is this all? Can reason do no more  
Than bid me shun the deep and dread the shore?  
Sweet moralist! afloat on life's rough sea  
The Christian has an art unknown to thee;  
He holds no parley with unmanly fears,  
Where duty bids he confidently steers,  
Faces a thousand dangers at her call,  
And trusting in his God, surmount's them all.





## WARREN HASTINGS, 1785

(1732–1818; Colonial Administrator)

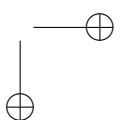
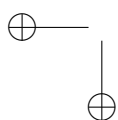
Friend David, let this Maxim be  
Your Guide through Life's unsteady Sea:  
    Your Course prescrib'd to mind:  
If fair, prepar'd against a Gale;  
If foul, to yield a Point, nor sail  
    Too close upon the Wind.

Friend David, let this Maxim be  
Your Guide through Life's unsteady Sea:  
    Your Course prescrib'd to mind:  
If fair, prepar'd against a Gale;  
If foul, to yield a Point, nor sail  
    Too close upon the Wind.

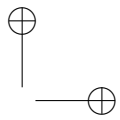
The lordly Pines uprooted lie  
By Storms, which Shrubs unhurt defy;  
    And bow their Honors low:  
The Spires for heavier Ruin rear  
Their Heav'ns Piles; and light'nings sear  
    The Mountain's lofty brow.

When Things go well, the guarded Breast  
Will doubt, not fear, the worst; the best,  
    Or better hope, if ill:  
The Pow'r that swells the Storm, allays:  
Apollo sometimes wears the Bays,  
    Not always arm'd to kill.

When Fortune frowns, collected stand,  
And rule your Helm with steady Hand,  
    Unruffled though she tease:  
Nor trust her, though the Weather mend,  
But trim your Sails, your Halyards tend:  
    Then bend before the Breeze.







WILLIAM BOSCAWEN, 1793

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

Would'st thou life's peaceful tenor keep,  
Licinius, still avoid the deep;  
    Nor, whilst the tempests roar,  
Too fondly bent thy bark to guide  
From the mid sea's devouring tide,  
    Cling to the faithless shore.

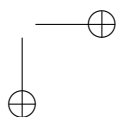
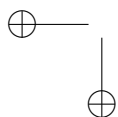
Who cherishes the golden mean  
From time's decay, from filth obscene,  
    Preserves his humble home,  
Dreads not the sad reverse of fate,  
The cares or envy that await  
    The proud imperial dome.

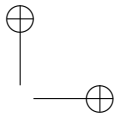
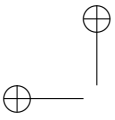
The tallest pine, when storms assail,  
Bends soonest to the driving gale;  
    The lofty cloud-capt tower  
Falls with the most impetuous weight:  
Dread lightning on the proudest height  
    Exerts its fiercest power.

Well-temper'd minds, when ills oppress,  
Yet cherish hope, from joy's excess  
    With prudent care refrain,  
For Jove bids wintery forms arise,  
Then checks the tempest, clears the skies,  
    And gilds the dreary plain:

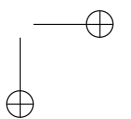
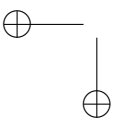
Nor does Apollo's hand refuse  
Full oft to wake the silent Muse,  
    And sweep the silver lyre,  
Nor always bend with deadly art  
The vengeful bow, or wing the dart  
    With desolating ire.

Though now severe misfortunes lower,  
Fate soon may bring a happier hour:





Then, with undaunted mind,  
Firmly resist life's adverse gales;  
But wisely furl thy swelling sails,  
Borne by a prosperous wind.





ANONYMOUS, 1794 (IMITATED)

*(The Gentleman's Magazine)*

Urban, thy days will happy prove,  
If sober and sedate you move,  
    Remote from wishes vain:  
Too near the shore oft dangers rife,  
And frequent are tempestuous skies,  
    If dar'd the open main.

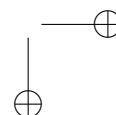
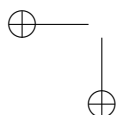
Whom moderation can commend,  
Avoids the ills on either hand,  
    And lives supremely blest:  
Far from the dreary hovel's want,  
Far from Ambition's restless haunt,  
    No cares his peace infest.

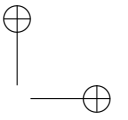
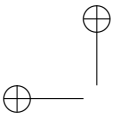
The forest's pride is of'nest torn  
By adverse winds, and Fate forlorn  
    Assails the lofty tow'r,  
The massy ruin yields to Time,  
Combin'd with storms; and, borne sublime,  
    Ev'n rocks confess their pow'r.

Life's varying range, the shock of woe,  
All mortal evils here below,  
    In vain attack the breast;  
Wich, temper'd to the motly scene,  
In affluence fears, in woe serene,  
    Still waits, and hopes the best.

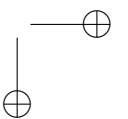
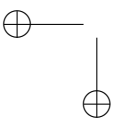
See Nature's universal range;  
Observe her just, alternate change,  
    Jove's sov'reign pow'r obey;  
If storms of evil now molest,  
Yet sunshine soon shall cheer the breast,  
    And brighten into day.

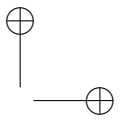
Thus Phœbus oft alternate owns  
The power of music's melting tones,





Or war's superior force.  
In storms of fate, courageous prove,  
In gales of affluence, cautious move,  
And moderate thy course.





GILBERT WAKEFIELD, 1795

(1756–1801; Classical Scholar and Politician)

If thy frail bark nor rashly brave  
The wide-expanding Ocean's Wave,  
    Nor, timorous of the threatening storm,  
The rocks and breakers press too near;  
Nor swelling Pride, nor eddyng Year  
    Will then thy life, my friend! deform.

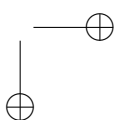
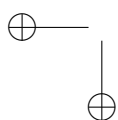
Who loves, well-balanc'd and serene,  
Contentment in the golden mean,  
    Escapes each wild extreme of woe:  
Him nor the cot with sordid fare,  
Nor sumptuous mansion's dazzling glare,  
    Nor Envy, nor Ambition, know.

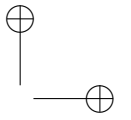
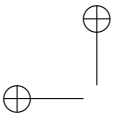
The stately pines, that threat the skies,  
When tempests in loud fury rise,  
    Their ruffling heads more deeply bow:  
High towers in thunder spread the ground;  
The bolts glance o'er the lowly mound,  
    But blast th' aspiring mountain's brow.

The wise, with Hope's all-cheering ray  
Gild black Disaster's lowering day,  
    And Fortune's smile, suspicious, view:  
His all-disposing hand above,  
Which Winter brings, will soon remove,  
    And vernal gales and suns renew.

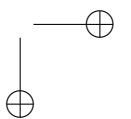
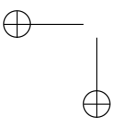
The damps, that chill thy breast to-day,  
To-morrow's dawn will melt away:  
    E'en Phœbus self sweet change requires;  
Aside his fav'rite bow he flings,  
Calls on each Muse, the silent strings,  
    To wake, and animate their lyres.

If crowding ills, a baleful train!  
Invade thy mansion, friend! maintain





A dauntless mien, a soul at ease;  
If on thy bark the swelling gale  
Too proudly wanton, furl thy sail,  
And ride secure the tossing seas.





ANNA SEWARD, 1799

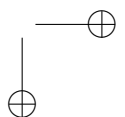
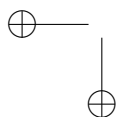
(1747–1809; Poet)

Not always, dear Licinius, is it wise  
On the main Sea to ply the daring Oar;  
Nor is it safe, from dread of angry Skies,  
Closely to press on the insidious Shore.  
To no excess discerning Spirits lean,  
They feel the blessings of the golden mean;  
They will not grovel in the squalid cell,  
Nor seek in princely domes, with envied pomp, to dwell.

The pine, that lifts so high her stately boughs,  
Writhes in the storms, and bends beneath their might,  
Innoxious while the loudest tempest blows  
O'er trees, that boast a less-aspiring height.  
As the wild fury of the whirlwind pours,  
With direst ruin fall the loftiest towers;  
And 't is the mountain's *summit* that, oblique,  
From the dense, lurid clouds, the baleful lightnings strike.

A mind well disciplin'd, when Sorrow lours,  
Not sullenly excludes Hope's smiling rays;  
Nor, when soft Pleasure boasts of lasting powers,  
With boundless trust the Promiser surveys.  
It is the same dread Jove, who thro' the sky  
Hurls the loud storms, that darken as they fly;  
And whose benignant hand withdraws the gloom,  
And spreads rekindling light, in all its living bloom.

To-day the Soul perceives a weight of woe; –  
A brighter Morrow shall gay thoughts inspire.  
Does Phœbus always bend the vengeful bow?  
Wakes he not often the harmonious lyre?  
Be thou, when Danger scowls in every wave,  
Watchful, collected, spirited, and brave;  
But in the sunny sky, the flattering gales,  
Contract, with steady hand, thy too expanded sails.

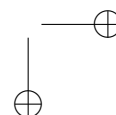
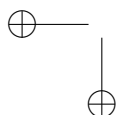




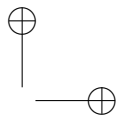
GILBERT THOMPSON, 1801

*(Select Translations from the Works of Homer and Horace)*

Wise is his life, Licinius, who nor dares  
To tempt the distant main; nor, while the storm  
He views with horror, steers his cautious bark  
    Too near the rocky shore.  
Whose rule of conduct is the golden mean,  
Safe from contempt he shuns the sordid cell,  
And safe from envy shuns the princely roof;  
    So temp'rate his desires.  
Oft the huge pine is toss'd by winds, and high-  
Aspiring tow'rs with pond'rous ruin fall;  
Nor spares the thunder to direct its fires  
    Against the mountain tops.  
A mind fore-arm'd adversity sustains  
With hope, and tempers joyous days with fear;  
Tho' Jove with chilling blasts the year deforms,  
    The same celestial pow'r  
Removes the winter and renews the spring:  
Now dark, the scene will change; Apollo's lyre  
Wakes the late-silent song; nor does the god  
    For ever bend his bow.  
The more afflictions press, do thou the more  
Thy courage prove: but when a prosp'rous breeze  
Too fast impels thy course, then, timely wise,  
    Contract thy swelling sails.







## JOHN NOTT, 1803

(1751–1825; Physician and Classical Scholar)

More safe, Licinius, wouldst thou live, by not  
Tempting for ever the wide sea; nor yet  
Hugging too close, while rocks thou cautious dread'st,  
Shores that are dang'rous.

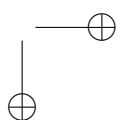
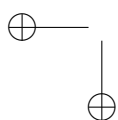
He, who loves golden mediocrity,  
Shares not, secure, the filth of ruin'd roof;  
Shares not the palace that may envy move,  
Guided by temp'rance.

Th' enormous pine most oft is shook by winds;  
With heavier downfal sink exalted tow'rs;  
And the most lofty of the mountain heights  
Thunderbolts shatter.

The soul well fortified a changed lot  
In adverse fortune hopes, in prosp'rous fears:  
The haggard winters Jupiter brings back;  
He too removes them.

If ill now waits, anon 'twill not be thus:  
The Muse when silent sometimes with his lyre  
Apollo stirreth up, nor yet his bow  
Bends he for ever.

Shew thyself resolute, and vigorous,  
In pinching circumstances: prudently  
Contract alike the sails distended with  
Wind too propitious.





MARY WARE, 1809

*(Poems: Consisting of Translations from the Greek, Latin & Italian)*

To steer life's toilsome course aright,  
Licinius, shun ambition's height,  
    Avoid the open seas;  
Nor, while you dread the tempest's roar,  
Too cautious press the treacherous shore,  
    And trust luxurious ease.

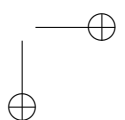
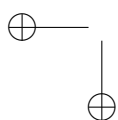
Blest is the man whom favouring fate  
Ordains to love a middling state,  
    And choose the golden mean;  
He shuns the sordid miser's cares,  
The ills that wealth from envy bears,  
    To damp each splendid scene.

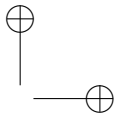
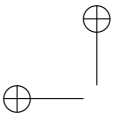
The lofty Pines are forc'd to bend;  
When loud tempestuous storms descend,  
    High towers to-ruin drop;  
The livid lightnings seldom spare,  
But mighty desolation bear,  
    And blast the mountain's top.

The well-inform'd reflecting, mind,  
In dark adversity resign'd,  
    Suffers mild hope to cheer;  
But, when prosperity's full tide  
Leaves not a wish unsatisfied,  
    Then wakes to cautious fear.

The gloom of winter's hideous hour,  
Is order'd by the same dread pow'r  
    That wakes reviving spring;  
Fortune, tho' now our deadly foe,  
May future benefits bestow,  
    And choicest blessings bring.

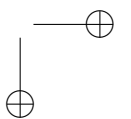
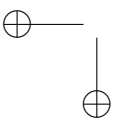
Sometimes the Muses' slumb'ring fire  
Apollo wakes, and tunes his lyre,

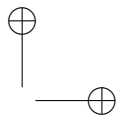




Sometimes his bow's unbent.  
When fortune's frowns are most severe,  
Brave and undaunted still appear,  
    With vigorous intent.

Be wise, contract your eager sails,  
Too prone to swell with prosperous gales,  
    And ride before the wind.  
To Joy's fantastic form we cleave,  
We clasp the shadow, nor perceive  
    What danger lurks behind.





ROBERT TREAT PAINE, JR., 1812

(1773–1811; American Poet)

If o'er life's sea your bark you'd safely guide,  
Trust not the surges of its stormy tide;  
And while you dread the tempest's horrid roar,  
Avoid those shoals, which threaten from the shore.

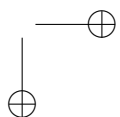
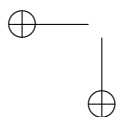
The happy few, who choose the golden mean,  
Free from the tattered garb, the cell obscene,  
From all the world's gay pageantry aloof,  
Spurn the rich trappings of the envied roof.

The stately ship, which cuts the glassy wave,  
Is oftener tossed than skiffs, when tempests rave:  
The tower, whose lofty brow sustains the sky,  
With greater ruin tumbles from on high:  
The lightning's bolt, with forky vengeance red,  
Vents its first fury on the mountain's head.

The mind, where Wisdom deigns her genial light,  
Led by the star of Hope in adverse night,  
Fortune's gay sunshine never can elate –  
Dauntless, prepared to meet the frowns of Fate.

'Tis Jove who bids the dashing tempest swell,  
And the bright sun the stormy clouds dispel.  
If o'er your paths clouds now should cast a gloom,  
Soon will the scene in brighter prospects bloom:  
Apollo does not always strike the lyre,  
Nor bid the arrow from his bow aspire.

When raging grief and poverty appear,  
Strengthen thy sickening heart, and banish fear.  
When you are wafted by a prosperous gale,  
Learn wisely, to contract the swelling sail.





JAMES SMITH AND HORATIO SMITH, 1813 (IMITATED)

(JS 1775–1839, HS 1779–1849)

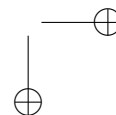
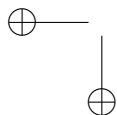
Sound, Romeo, sound a wise retreat,  
For though the town's applause is sweet,  
    It's hiss is dire and horrid:  
Nor when you give the boards the slip,  
And change the truncheon for the whip,  
    Pave Pall Mall with your forehead.

Philosophy nor wastes nor spares,  
Starves not to benefit his heirs,  
    Nor spends his all in riot;  
Dines not at nine a Duke to meet,  
Nor dives at one, in Dyot Street,  
    For *Ordinary* diet.

When ice encrusts the slippery bank,  
The tallest fall with heaviest spank,  
    (The bard who writes has felt it,)  
The bolt that strikes thy dome, Saint Paul,  
Sweeps o'er the cobbler in his stall,  
    And leaves his wax unmelted.

When caution's doublet cloaks the breast,  
We fear the worst, we hope the best;  
    Last Wednesday seem'd a dry day,  
But Jove pour'd down a waterfall  
That spoilt our party to Vauxhall;  
    What then? – We went on Friday!

Would you Contentment's bower approach,  
Walk, or when cloudy, call a coach  
    When Sirius rages, boat it;  
When quizzers roast you, silent sit;  
And when admirers hail your wit,  
    Suspect Joe Miller wrote it.

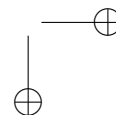
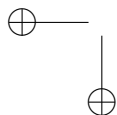




CHARLES ABRAHAM ELTON, 1814

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

Friend! would you safely live, forbear  
To launch amidst the open deep,  
Nor, while you dread the tempests there,  
Along the rough shore closely creep!  
The man who loves the golden mean  
Escapes the sordid hut's distress  
And palace still with envy seen,  
Safe in a sober'd happiness.  
Blasts bend the pines that loftiest rise;  
The highest towers with heavier crash  
Tumble to earth; the lightning flies,  
And mountain summits feel the flash.  
The soul prepared must still maintain  
In misery hope, in gladness fear;  
The power who brings, removes again  
The wintry season's horrors drear.  
He soon shall smile who late has wept,  
And joy shall come though grief be now;  
Apollo wakes the lute that slept,  
Nor always bends the deadly bow.  
Bear strongly up, and boldly meet  
The opposing storm! but when the gale  
Blows fair with favouring breath, discreet  
In foresight, furl the swelling sail!



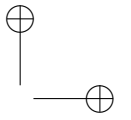
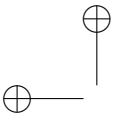


## HANS BUSK, 1814

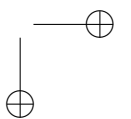
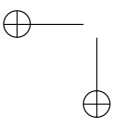
(1772–1862; Welsh Poet)

He who would see his vessel glide  
Securely o'er the swelling tide,  
Must shun the treacherous, rocky shore,  
Where the hoarse surges threatening roar;  
Nor yet too fondly court the gale  
That wanton fills his fluttering sail.  
Ah! wouldst thou pass thy placid life  
Untouched by envy, care, or strife,  
From pride, from passion, malice free,  
Invite content to dwell with thee.  
Let not suspicion's jealous eye  
Aloft thy gilded roof descry;  
Yet sit not down in lowly cot,  
By foes despised, by friends forgot. –  
The lofty pine, the spreading oak,  
Court the fierce lightning's fatal stroke;  
And the proud tower that mocks the sky,  
Threats wider ruin from on high;  
Mountains the aspiring head that rear,  
Are wrapt in clouds and tempests drear. –  
Unmov'd by fear, in adverse fate,  
Still in prosperity sedate,  
May reason ever guide thy soul;  
The God who bids the seasons roll,  
And winter's rugged face deforms  
With piercing blasts and angry storms,  
Sheds o'er the sky th' enlivening ray,  
And breathes the genial warmth of May.  
Showers drop to-day like tears of sorrow,  
Phœbus shall chase these mists to-morrow: –  
Why always dread the cruel blow?  
Since oft unstrung the deadly bow,  
Amidst the sacred Muses quire,  
He tunes to harmony the lyre. –  
If fortune frown, be thou serene,

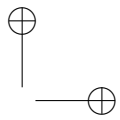




Bold, active, and unshaken seen;  
And when she sends the prosperous gale,  
Be wise in time, and shorten sail.







ANONYMOUS, 1816

*(Moral Odes of Horace)*

Licinius! if thou would'st keep  
Life's course that shall befriend thee most,  
Seek not the wide, unbounded deep,  
Nor, timid, press the treacherous coast.

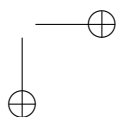
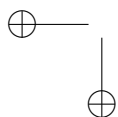
He, whom a moderate life allure,  
Is guarded from each sad extreme;  
From sordid filth alike secure,  
And pomp, malignant Eavy's theme.

Most shaken, is the loftiest pine;  
Most weighty, fall the loftiest spires;  
The loftiest mountains bear the sign  
Most frequent of th' ethereal fires.

The breast, well train'd for either chance,  
If luckless, hopes; if prosperous, fears;  
Since He who bids the storm advance,  
The same the darkened heaven clears.

Think not, because 'tis evil now,  
That evil it must ever be;  
Phœbus oft cheers the drooping brow,  
Oft checks his direful archery.

In adverse fortune, learn to show  
A manly and unshaken soul;  
Thus, when the prosperous winds shall blow,  
Thy swollen sails thou canst control.





J. N. DEBLOIS, 1820

*(The Prize Book of the Publick Latin School of Boston)*

Would you, my friend, true happiness attain,  
Do not too boldly tempt the boist'rous main;  
While on the deep you dread the tempest's roar,  
With equal caution shun the rocky shore.

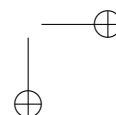
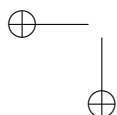
He that's content a middle path to tread,  
A tranquil, and an easy life may lead;  
Exempt from miseries which the poor await,  
And all the envied grandeur of the great.

The lofty pine by each rude blast is bent;  
The highest hills are by the lightening rent;  
The tallest tower but lifts its cloud capt wall,  
To spread a wider ruin by its fall.

He that for changes can his mind prepare,  
With fortitude the ills of life may bear;  
But fears, when fortune smiles with brightest ray,  
The flatt'ring prospects soon may fade away.

For good and ill succeed in constant rounds,  
As cheering spring expels dread winter's frowns;  
Nor does Apollo always bend his bow,  
But from his harp oft bids sweet numbers flow.

When fickle fortune proves to you unkind,  
With greatest courage fortify your mind,  
If on your course, she waits with fav'ring gales,  
Let prudence trim with care your swelling sails.





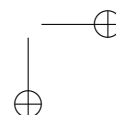
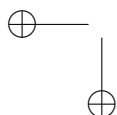
## FRANCIS WRANGHAM, 1821

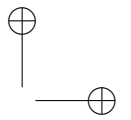
(1769–1842; Archdeacon of the East Riding, Writer, and Translator)

Thy course more wisely wilt thou keep,  
By daring not for aye the deep,  
Licinius; nor, lest storms o'erwhelm,  
Bearing too close ashore thy helm.  
Who loves, sweet Mediocrity,  
Thy golden mean, alike lives he  
Content, from envied hall aloof  
And from the cabin's sordid roof.  
Fiercelier huge pines the tempests tear:  
The turret, towering high in air,  
Topples with heavier crash; and still  
Hot thunders strike the loftiest hill.

A breast, prepared, with hope's bright ray  
Gilds the dark hour; in happier day,  
Dreads change. Grim winter Jove may bring,  
But still he chases it with spring.  
If wretched now, not ever thus  
'Twill be. Full oft the silent Muse  
Apollo wakes; nor always plies,  
With hand unchanged, his archeries.

When Fortune frowns, with constant mind  
Be bravely to her ire resign'd:  
But, when she breathes a kinder gale,  
Discreetly furl thy swelling sail.





CHARLES WEST THOMSON, 1822

(1798–1879; American Poet and Episcopal Priest)

Sure, Licinius, it will be  
    Wisest, when the billows roar,  
Not to press thy bark to sea,  
    Nor yet to near the treacherous shore;

Lest, whilst flying from the shock  
    Of the storm-distracted wave,  
Thou shouldst break upon the rock,  
    And find an unexpected grave.

He who loves the golden mean,  
    Is secure from many an ill;  
Comforts round his path are seen,  
    And delights his bosom fill.

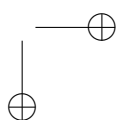
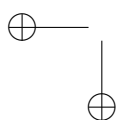
There, it is his happy fate,  
    All the wants of life supplied,  
To attain that peaceful state,  
    To the envied great denied.

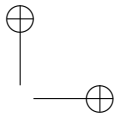
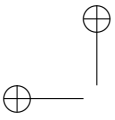
Lofty pines that touch the skies,  
    Most before the tempest bend,  
And the towers that farthest rise,  
    With the heaviest crash descend.

Round the mountain's soaring peak,  
    Fierce the vivid lightning thrills,  
And the loudest thunders break  
    On the most aspiring hills.

Minds prepared for every end,  
    Always the true medium know,  
Hope, when adverse storms descend,  
    Fear, when prosperous breezes blow.

For they know that Jove, whose power  
    Bids the winter sweep the plain,  
Can, in his propitious hour,  
    Bring the smiling spring again.

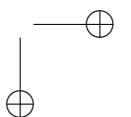
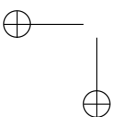




And tho' clouds around them spread,  
And desponding darkness frown,  
Yet Apollo soon will shed  
His refulgent radiance down.

Yes! for he whose matchless bow,  
Wings unerring shafts of fire,  
Sometimes condescends to throw  
Music from his breathing lyre:

Then be brave, tho' storms impend,  
And adversely flap thy sail, –  
Nor too much thy sheet distend  
To the fair and prosperous gale.

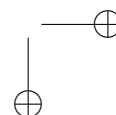
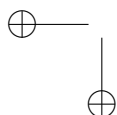


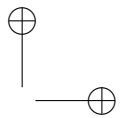


ANONYMOUS, 1824

*(The Odes of Horace)*

Tempt not too far that heaving deep  
On which the restless winds ne'er sleep,  
Nor, timorous of the tempest's roar,  
Press you too near the treacherous shore;  
For he who loves the golden mean,  
Nor seeks the lowly hut unseen,  
Nor dwells enthroned in palace high,  
That draws pale envy's yellow eye.  
The pine which stateliest rears its form,  
Shall soonest fall before the storm;  
The towers which boast the loftiest dome,  
To earth with wider ruin come;  
And heaviest Jove's red bolts are driven  
On mountain peaks that pierce the heaven.  
The virtuous mind, oppressed by fate,  
Looks forward to a better date,  
And though prosperity appear,  
Enjoys her smile with thoughtful fear.  
As winter's blasts proclaim that spring  
Shall hasten soon on dewy wing,  
So mark the deepest bursts of grief,  
That joy is near to bring relief.  
The god who guides the sun's bright car,  
And darts his arrows from afar,  
In gayer mood will oft prolong  
The golden cadence of the song.  
Thus, when by evil fate oppress,  
Oppose the stream with dauntless breast,  
Or if good fortune lend her gale,  
Wisely contract your swelling sail.

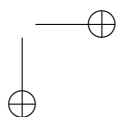
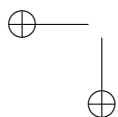


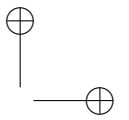


## MOSES BIRNIE, 1834

*(Poems: Consisting of Epistles, Satires, Odes, Tales, Sacred Melodies, &c.)*

Would you Licinius happy be,  
Trust not yourself upon the sea;  
But shun the raging tempest's roar,  
That throws the wreck upon the shore.  
For he who loves the golden mean,  
With caution views the splendid scene,  
The Lordly seat – the pomp of state,  
A mark for envy, or for hate.  
The tempest shakes the lofty tree,  
Nor spares the towers that stately be;  
And thunders rolling far and wide,  
Rend both the rock and mountain's side.  
The wise will hope if fortune frown,  
When fortune smiles, the blessing own,  
Yet fear lest that a change from Heav'n come down;  
The Winter snows are sent by Jove,  
And Summer skies proclaim his love.  
What, if you spend to day in grief,  
May not to-morrow bring relief?  
Apollo strikes at times the Lyre,  
Nor always bends his bow in ire.  
With manly courage store your mind,  
When fortune proves the most unkind;  
And when she smiles soar not too high;  
Thus many ills you will defy.





W. H. CHARLTON, 1834

*(Poems)*

Licinius! whilst along the tide  
Of human life you gently glide,  
    O seek not to explore  
Too far the ocean depths, nor steer  
With timid circumspection near –  
    Too near the treach'rous shore.

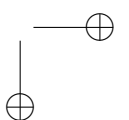
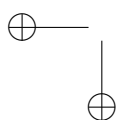
He who the golden mean pursues,  
With steady aim, will neither choose  
    The poor and sordid home;  
Nor yet the prouder mansion prize,  
Where grov'ling envy lifts her eyes  
    To grandeur's stately dome.

The loftiest pine, when storms prevail  
Feels most the fury of the gale:  
    The stateliest tow'r descends  
With widest ruin: angry Jove,  
When fierce he thunders from above,  
    The proudest mountains rends.

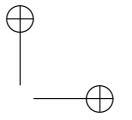
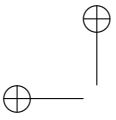
Sweet hope the anxious breast beguiles  
When fortune frowns; but when she smiles,  
    That breast should wisely fear.  
Alternate joys and sorrows rise:  
Now frowns invest the wintry skies,  
    Now spring renews the year.

Apollo with his tuneful lyre,  
Sometimes awakes the silent quire –  
    Not always bent his bow.  
And though the present hour impart  
No solace to thy drooping heart,  
    'Twill not be always so.

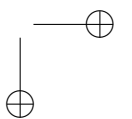
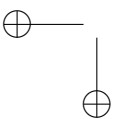
Amid the storms that round thee press,  
Thy soul in constancy possess;







Still, still unmov'd appear;  
But when propitious winds prevail,  
Wisely contract thy swelling sail,  
And check thy swift career.

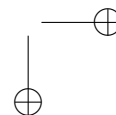
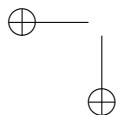




THOMAS BOURNE, 1836

*(The Maid of Skiddaw)*

Would you life's voyage safely keep,  
Trust not too far the faithless deep;  
Nor, though you dread dark storms at hand,  
Too closely coast the dangerous strand.  
The man who loves the golden mean,  
In sordid hut will ne'er be seen;  
Nor will he dwell in palace high,  
Attracting Envy's jaundiced eye.  
The pine which lifts its lofty form,  
More frequent bends beneath the storm;  
The tower, with highest turrets crowned,  
Spreads widest, heaviest ruin round;  
And hills that proudly rise to heav'n,  
Are by the vollied lightnings riven.  
The breast which Virtue makes her seat,  
Each turn of Fate prepared to meet,  
The hours of gloom with Hope will cheer,  
And Fortune's fickle sunshine fear.  
Though Jove brings back stern winter's reign,  
'Tis Jove brings back sweet spring again.  
Though now o'erclouding grief be thine,  
Soon brighter hours of joy shall shine.  
Apollo sometimes wakes the shell,  
And bids the muse her soft notes swell;  
Nor always from the dreadful bow,  
He bids the unerring arrow go.  
In life's dark hours, do you prepare  
With dauntless breast the storm to bear;  
Nor less in Fortune's fav'ring gale,  
Be wise and spread the swelling sail.



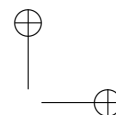
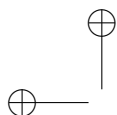


JAMES USHER, 1842

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

Be sure, Licinius, in the mean  
The course of Life is most serene,  
Not always wide at sea to keep  
Nor in-shore timidly to creep,  
And shun the foaming billows more  
Than danger of the leward shore;  
Whoe'er the golden-mean secures  
The sordid cell alike abjures,  
In comfort obsolete; as wise,  
The dome which envy wakes, decries,  
The loftiest pines the winds most try,  
High towers the heaviest ruin lie,  
And thunderbolts are sure to seek,  
The rock's most elevated peak.  
The well-provided breast finds cheer  
In hope, 'midst poverty severe;  
Prosperity as well corrects  
By fear, that change of scene expects;  
'Tis the same Jupiter, we say,  
Stern winter brings, and bears away,  
Not so anon, though hideous now,  
With rigid frost and drifted snow;  
Sometimes Apollo wakes the lyre,  
The bow not always to require  
Drawn taut: when straight becomes your course,  
With spirits boyant onwards force;  
By the same rule, close reef your sail  
Too much at mercy of the gale.





JOHN SCRIVEN, 1843

*(The Odes of Horace)*

Thy safer course, Licinius, keep,  
Not always venturing on the deep,  
Nor – cautious of the tempest's roar –  
Pressing too much the treacherous shore.

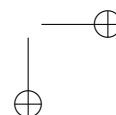
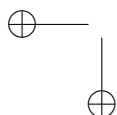
Who loves and woos the golden mean  
Secure from sordid house is seen,  
From squalid roof and ruin'd walls,  
Not less than envy-moving halls.

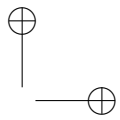
The wind assails the loftiest pine; –  
High towers with heaviest fall decline;  
And mountain peaks, that soar to heaven,  
First by the lightning-flash are riven.

Well-tutor'd minds the changeful morrow  
Still fear in joy – still hope in sorrow;  
The same great Jove who winter brings,  
Smiles on the soft succeeding springs.

Not always will misfortunes lower,  
Because to-day we feel their power;  
For Phœbus oft resigns the bow,  
And bids the lyric Muses glow.

Should plenty cease thy stores to fill,  
Show thyself brave and dauntless still;  
And so contract thy swelling sails,  
'Mid fortune's too propitious gales.





ANONYMOUS, 1844

*(The Evergreen)*

Thy life, O Licinius, would yield thee more pleasure,  
By launching less boldly the broad ocean o'er,  
And though fearful of storms and the loss of thy treasure,  
Ne'er keep thee too close to the perilous shore.

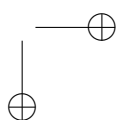
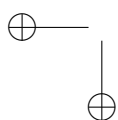
Whoever makes choice of the medium golden,  
From riches and poverty ever secure,  
Is doom'd not to dwell in a hut rude and olden,  
Nor in palaces, envied, yet spurned by the poor.

Tallest pines are more oft by the wild winds assaulted,  
Highest towers too fall with a heavier crash,  
And the sharp mountain summits and cliffs most exalted,  
More oft are exposed to the lightning's dire flash.

A heart rightly cultur'd will ever be cheerful,  
In times of adversity hoping the best,  
And in prosperous seasons will also be fearful,  
Lest changes of fortune should make it unblest.

'Tis the same great Supreme who his drear winters sends us,  
'Tis the same mighty One who drives them away;  
Then whenever ill-fated misfortune attends us,  
Let us gladly remember it lasts but a day.

In depressing affairs be thou firm, ever quelling  
Discontentment and gloom, which thy heart would assail,  
As thou'dst wisely contract thy sails proudly swelling  
Too much by the high and favoring gale.





JOHN PEAT, 1845

(“St. Peter’s College, Cambridge”)

Safely, Licinius, thus you’ll steer; –  
Avoid the main; but when you hear  
The breakers dash, sail not too near  
    The treacherous shore.

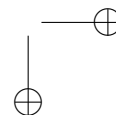
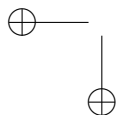
He who enjoys a middle state  
Is free from poverty’s hard fate, –  
Free from those envious crowds who hate  
    The rich man’s store.

Tall pines feel most the winds’ rude power, –  
Heaviest the crash of loftiest tower, –  
When lightnings flash, their fiery shower  
    Strikes mountain-top.

A mind well train’d by thought and years,  
In trouble, hopes; when prosperous, fears;  
Jove, who the clouds of winter steers,  
    Ne’er lets them stop.

If dire misfortunes press you now,  
Let radiant hope adorn your brow;  
Not always Phoebus bends the bow,  
    Nor wakes the muse:

In troublous times be firm and brave:  
But when your bark scuds o’er the wave,  
If wisely then you would behave,  
    Great caution use.





HENRY GEORGE ROBINSON, 1846

*(The Odes of Horace)*

Life's course wilt thou more wisely keep,  
By neither pressing on the deep,  
    Licinius, evermore;  
Nor while with cautious dread you fear  
The tempest, venturing too near  
    The rock-imbedded shore.

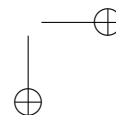
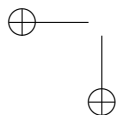
The man that loves the golden mean,  
Is free from all the misery seen  
    In squalor's filthy home;  
And in his wishes moderate,  
Free also from the cares that wait  
    On splendour's envied dome.

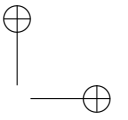
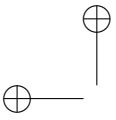
The lofty pine we ever find  
Most agitated by the wind;  
    And with a heavier shock  
Exalted towers in ruin fall,  
While thunderbolts strike, first of all,  
    The highest mountain-rock.

Trust me, a well-condition'd breast,  
As things are at the worst or best,  
    A change will hope or fear.  
Though Jove does haggard winters send;  
Yet 'tis the self-same Jove, my friend,  
    That bids them disappear.

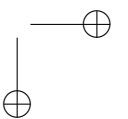
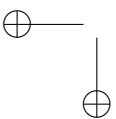
Though now affairs with you and me  
Are running cross, it may not be  
    Hereafter always so.  
At times his lyre Apollo takes,  
And the Muse, hush'd erewhile, awakes;  
    Nor always bends his bow.

And should you through life's narrows steer,  
Then all inspirited appear,





And resolute as well:  
So wisely too contract your sail,  
When'er you find too fair a gale  
Your belying canvass swell.



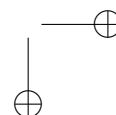
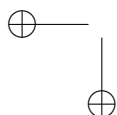




G. J. WHYTE MELVILLE, 1850

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

Licinius, 'tis not well to tempt the deep  
Too far; nor, dreading future squalls in store,  
In over-caution shrinkingly to creep  
    Along the shore.  
He who would hug the safe, the golden mean,  
Would shun the sordid hovel as a home;  
Nor covet, still contented and serene,  
    The stately dome.  
The tallest pine must bear the tempest's brunt;  
The loftiest tower falls with the loudest crash;  
The mighty mountain's haughty crest must front,  
    The lightning-flash.  
The well-schooled heart success must never move –  
Misfortune's blasts a sunnier hour may bring:  
Jove sends us clurlish Winter's frowns; but Jove  
    Calls back the Spring.  
We are ill at ease: 'twill not be always so;  
Apollo's harp once more shall wake the strain;  
Though silent long – if always strung, his bow  
    Would twang in vain.  
In troublous times keep gallant hearts and bold,  
But scudding free before the treacherous gale  
Of favouring Fortune, need not to be told  
    To reef the sail.





WILLIAM SEWELL, 1850

(1804–74; Divine, Tutor, and Writer)

You will live more aright, my Licinius, by neither  
Full sail stretching out to the deep evermore,  
Nor while heedful you shudder at storms [and foul weather],  
By crowding too close on the perilous shore.  
*Whoever is fond of the golden mediety,  
Secure is he free from the scum of a den,  
Out of fashion and slovenly – free in sobriety  
From a mansion but formed to be envied of men.*  
Far often the pine-tree gigantic is dashing  
To and fro with the tempests: and turrets of height  
Tumble down to the earth with a heavier crashing,  
And the crests of the mountains the thunderbolts smite.  
It hopes amidst evil – it fears amidst good,  
For an altered condition – the well-seasoned heart:  
It is Jove who the winters, grim-visaged [and rude],  
Brings back – he the same who doth bid them depart.  
*Not if fortune is now in ill plight, doth it follow  
She will be so hereafter alike: there's an hour,*  
When the muse sitting silent, with harp-string Apollo  
Doth waken, nor straineth his bow evermore.  
In distresses approve thee a *mettlesome soul*  
And brave. Thou wilt wisely, *the very same man,*  
When the wind on thy poop may be blowing too full,  
Furl thy belying sails into narrower span.





WILLIAM GEORGE THOMAS BARTER, 1850

*(Poems)*

Thy course of life will better be,  
Not always stretching for the deep;  
Nor yet, Licinius, cautiously  
From fear of tempests shrinking keep

    The fatal shore too nigh.

Who loves the golden mean, will be  
From squalor of a sordid home  
Safely exempt; exempt too he  
From the all-envied palace home

    In his sobriety.

More oft by winds rock'd to and fro  
The lofty pine. With heavier fall  
Down crashing come the high towers do,  
And batter most the mountains tall

    The thunderbolts withal.

When things are adverse, hope, and still  
When prosperous, fear another state,  
The well-prepared bosom will.

The winters drear disconsolate

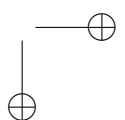
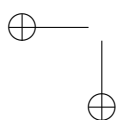
    Jove bringeth on, and straight  
'Tis he removeth them. Though ill  
Be now, yet not hereafter so.

Arouse the muse erst silent will  
With his harp, nor for aye his bow

    Bending be Apollo.

Hard prest and in distressful state  
Then shew thee resolute, nor quail;  
And, with like wisdom moderate,  
When hast too prosperous a gale

    Draw in thy swelling sail.





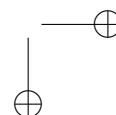
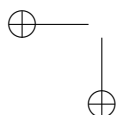
EDMUND HAMILTON SEARS, 1851

(1810–76; American Unitarian Parish Minister and Writer)

While the fierce winds above us sweep,  
Let us, my friend, our vessel keep  
Not on the wide and surging deep,  
    Nor near the treacherous shoals.  
To whom the golden medium falls,  
He dwelleth not in ruined walls,  
Nor proudly walks in splendid halls,  
    The mark of envious souls.

Huge pines by fiercest blasts are blown,  
The loftiest towers come heaviest down,  
On skyward cliffs so bleak and brown  
    The thunderbolt will ring.  
So let us fear 'mid fortune's blaze,  
And let us hope in evil days:  
Winter recedes, and o'er his ways  
    Dance the gay hours of spring.

The ills of life shall then retire:  
Apollo sometimes strikes his lyre  
To joyous notes; nor in his ire  
    Doth always bend his bow.  
Therefore, amid thy troubles here,  
Bear bravely up with lofty cheer;  
And slack thy sails, and wisely fear,  
    When prosperous breezes blow.





FRANCIS WILLIAM NEWMAN, 1853

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

Licinius! wisely wouldst thou voyage,  
Not alway on the wide sea venture,  
Nor, dreading tempests, hug too closely  
    The shore deceitful.

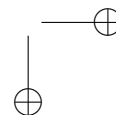
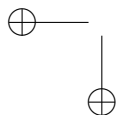
Whoso the Golden Mean embraces,  
He safe and sober shuns the garret  
With dirt dishonor'd, shuns the palace  
    That kindles envy.

Tempestuous blasts more rudely buffet  
The mighty pine: with heavier ruin  
Fall lofty tow'rs: and lightnings shatter  
    The topmost mountains.

A heart well-train'd will hope in adverse  
And fear in happy time – reverses.  
Jove brings again the ugly winters,  
    But soon removes them.

A present ill, lasts not for ever:  
For sometimes with the lyre Apollo  
Awakes the silent Muse, nor alway  
    The bow is straining.

In times of strait show manly spirit  
And active zeal; but when the breezes  
Too gusty waft thee, then be prudent  
    Thy sail to shorten.





THOMAS DENMAN, c. 1854

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

Wisely Licinius live, nor urge  
The open ocean's furious surge;  
Nor, whilst you fear the tempest's roar,  
Too closely hug the treacherous shore.

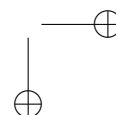
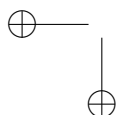
The lover of the golden mean  
Is not in sordid dwelling seen,  
Nor wakes the envy that will fall  
On him who boasts his pompous hall.

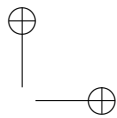
The loftiest pine that scorns the vale  
Must quiver in the wintry gale;  
High towers with heavier ruin break;  
The lightnings smite the highest peak.

In minds well schooled, a fate severe  
Destroys not hope – a kind fate, fear.  
Great Jove, who bids the tempest rage,  
Will smooth with halcyon smiles the wave.

Ill fortune, changing, may relent;  
Not always l'hœbus' bow is bent;  
His happier mood may strike e'er long  
The lyre, and wake the Muse to song.

Bold be your spirit when the blow  
Of Fortune seeks to lay you low,  
And wisely reef the sails that swell  
When prosperous gales too fast impel.





PERCY VERNON GORDON DE MONTGOMERY, 1856

*(Hours of Sun and Shade)*

Through life, Licinius, you will safer steer,  
By neither sailing always on the main,  
Nor keeping to the dangerous coast too near,  
    Dreading the hurricane.

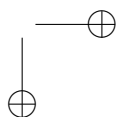
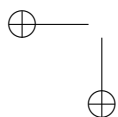
Whoe'er is to the golden mean disposed,  
Would shun the meanness of a crumbling cell,  
Nor in a lordly residence, exposed  
    To envy, would he dwell.

More frequently before the tempest bends,  
The lofty pine; a heavier ruin smites  
The highest tow'rs; the flaming lightning rends  
    The cloud-veil'd mountain-heights.

Hope in distress, fear in prosperity,  
Within a duly-temper'd breast abides.  
The Power that sends us winter's gloom, is He  
    Who summer's light provides.

Ill will depart, though for awhile it makes  
Its stay with us. With accents sweet and low  
The peaceful lyre at times Apollo wakes,  
    Nor always bends his bow.

Amid tempestuous troubles, oh be strong  
And brave of heart: – and so, when prosp'rous gales  
With swollen canvass bear your barque along,  
    Wisely contract the sails!





## WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE, 1858

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

Neither always tempt the deep,  
Nor, Licinius, always keep,  
Fearing storms, the slippery beach:  
Such the rule of life I teach.

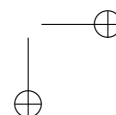
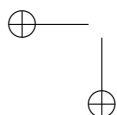
Golden is the middle state;  
Love the middle gifts of fate,  
Not the sloven squalid cot,  
Proud and envied palace not.

Tallest pines must oftenest bend,  
And the tallest towers descend;  
Heaviest fall from loftiest heights:  
'Tis the tops, that lightning smites.

Fear in good times, hope in ill,  
Wise and well-trained bosoms fill;  
Angry winters come from Jove,  
Jove those winters will remove.

Is it ill? It may be well.  
Silent once, a lyre may swell.  
Phoebus stirs the Muse's wings,  
Or his bended bow unstrings.

Show thy spirit, when in straits;  
Courage! If good Fortune waits,  
And thou feel a toward gale,  
Furl in time some swelling sail.







HENRY THOMAS LIDDELL, LORD RAVENSWORTH, 1858

(1797–1878; Statesman and Poet)

True course, Licinius, would'st thou keep,  
    Venture not rashly o'er  
The trackless desert of the deep;  
Nor, shrinking from the whirlwind's sweep,  
    Too closely hug the shore.

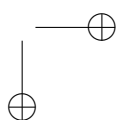
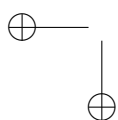
Whoe'er observes the golden mean,  
    Enjoys a quiet home  
In sweet security, between  
The sordid pauper's hearth unclean,  
    And Grandeur's envied dome.

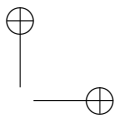
The stately pine or giant ash  
    Most feel the tempest's shock;  
And lofty towers with direr crash  
Fall down, and oft the lightning's flash  
    Shivers the highest rock.

In adverse fortune Hope may cheer  
    The man, whose steadfast thought  
Regards prosperity with fear;  
For Jove Omnipotent can clear  
    The storm himself had brought.

Calamities which threaten now  
    May not afflict thee long;  
Sometimes Apollo smooths his brow,  
And lays aside his slackened bow  
    To court the Muse with song.

In straits both bold and active be,  
    Nor less when favouring gales  
Waft thy light vessel o'er the sea,  
Do thou with prudent augury  
    Reef in thy swelling sails.





SIR THEODORE MARTIN, 1860

(1816–1909; Biographer of the Prince Consort)

If thou wouldst live secure and free,  
Thou wilt not keep far out at sea,  
    Licinius, evermore;  
Nor, fearful of the gales that sweep  
The ocean wide, too closely creep  
    Along the treacherous shore.

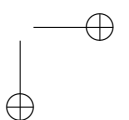
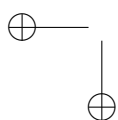
The man, who, with a soul serene,  
Doth cultivate the golden mean,  
    Escapes alike from all  
The squalor of a sordid cot,  
And from the jealousies begot  
    By wealth in lordly hall.

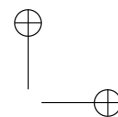
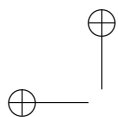
The mighty pine is ever most  
By wild winds sway'd about and toss'd,  
    With most disastrous crash  
Fall high-topp'd towers, and ever, where  
The mountains' summit points in air,  
    Do bolted lightnings flash.

When fortune frowns, a well-train'd mind  
Will hope for change; when she is kind,  
    A change no less will fear:  
If haggard winters o'er the land  
By Jove are spread, at his command  
    In time they disappear.

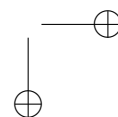
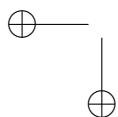
Though now they may, be sure of this,  
Things will not always go amiss;  
    Not always bends in ire  
Apollo his dread bow, but takes  
The lyre, and from her trance awakes  
    The Muse with touch of fire.

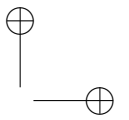
Though sorrows strike, and comrades shrink,  
Yet never let your spirits sink,





But to yourself be true;  
So wisely, when yourself you find  
Scudding before too fair a wind,  
Take in a reef or two.





WILLIAM ROBERT EVANS, 1861

*(Lays of Other Lands)*

Life's barque, Licinius, you will better steer,  
By neither braving always the high seas,  
Nor hugging aye the dangerous shore, in fear  
Of storms at every breeze.

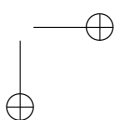
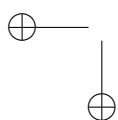
Whoe'er delighteth in the golden mean,  
Would shun a tottering hovel's sordid walls;  
Neither, exposed to envy, would be seen  
To dwell in lordly halls.

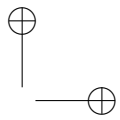
The tall pine oftener feels the tempest's might,  
The lofty tower falls with a heavier crash,  
And on the cloud-enveloped mountain-height  
Descends the lightning's flash.

Hope in adverse, and fear in prosperous days,  
Dwells in a breast well school'd to every fate.  
The selfsame Power doth winter tempests raise,  
And summer reinstate.

Fortune e'er smiles when she hath spent her ire:  
If clouded now, life's sun again will glow:  
Sometimes Apollo wakes the silent lyre,  
Nor always bends the bow.

Amid the storms of life be strong and brave;  
And so, when blest with favourable gales,  
If in security you'd plough the wave,  
Contract your swollen sails.





EDWARD SMITH-STANLEY, EARL OF DERBY, 1862

(1799–1869; Statesman)

Wouldst thou, Licinius, safely steer,  
Tempt not too far th' uncertain deep:  
Nor, while the storm you wisely fear,  
The treach'rous shore too closely keep.

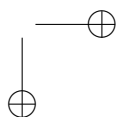
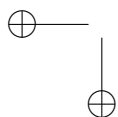
Who loves of life the golden mean,  
Escapes alike the squalid cell,  
And turmoils, that too oft are seen  
In greatness' envied halls to dwell.

The giant pine-trees most invite  
The stormy winds; with heaviest crash  
Fall proudest tow'rs; the mountain height  
The first attracts the lightning's flash.

The balanc'd mind, in weal or woe  
Alike for fortune's change prepares;  
And he, who sends the winter's snow,  
Himself that winter's loss repairs.

If hard thy lot, 'twill sometime mend:  
Not Phœbus self unchang'd remains,  
But ceases now his bow to bend,  
Now wakes the slumb'ring Muses' strains.

Boldly to adverse fate oppose  
A manly courage; when the gale  
With too propitious favour blows,  
Contract in time thy pendent sail.





## JOHN CONINGTON, 1863

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

Licinius, trust a seaman's lore:  
Steer not too boldly to the deep,  
Nor, fearing storms, by treacherous shore  
Too closely creep.

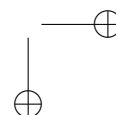
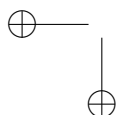
Who makes the golden mean his guide,  
Shuns miser's cabin, foul and dark,  
Shuns gilded roofs, where pomp and pride  
Are envy's mark.

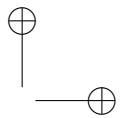
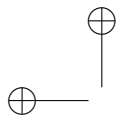
With fiercer blasts the pine's dim height  
Is rock'd; proud towers with heavier fall  
Crash to the ground; and thunders smite  
The mountains tall.

In sadness hope, in gladness fear  
'Gainst coming change will fortify  
Your breast. The storms that Jupiter  
Sweeps o'er the sky

He chases. Why should rain to-day  
Bring rain to-morrow? Python's foe  
Is pleased sometimes his lyre to play,  
Nor bends his bow.

Be brave in trouble; meet distress  
With dauntless front; but when the gale  
Too prosperous blows, be wise no less,  
And shorten sail.





PHILIP STANHOPE WORSLEY, 1863

(1835–66; Poet and Translator)

This is the better life, dear friend,  
Not always in mid sea to wend,  
Nor yet distrustfully portend  
    Storms hourly near,  
And hug, not wisely in the end,  
    Ill shores in fear.

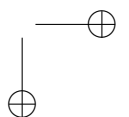
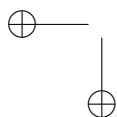
That man who in his soul hath seen  
How lovely is the golden mean,  
He lacks the wretchedness unclean  
    Of used-up walls;  
He lacks, in soberness serene,  
    Wealth's envied halls.

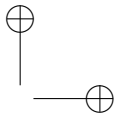
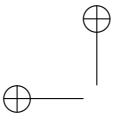
Pines of a stature proud and vast  
Shake oftener when the winds rush past,  
Down to the earth high towers are cast  
    With heavier fall,  
And still the fiery lightnings blast  
    The hill-tops tall.

The breast, that wisdom's rule obeys,  
Hopes for a change in evil days,  
And fears it amid prosperous ways  
    Remote from ill;  
Since God both causes and allays  
    Our storms at will.

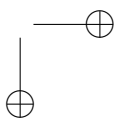
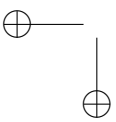
If fortune fail thee now, yet know  
It will not evermore be so;  
Apollo may his lute forego,  
    But not for ever,  
Nor bears he always a strung bow  
    And armèd quiver.

Thou, when adversities ensue,  
Prove thyself constant, brave, and true,





And, when the risks seem far and few,  
Mid favouring gales  
Furl in good hour, with caution due,  
Thy swelling sails.







HUGO NICHOLAS JONES, 1865

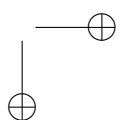
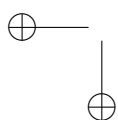
*(The I and II Books of the Odes of Horace)*

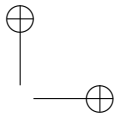
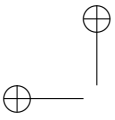
Licinius, the golden  
    Mid course should'st thou steer,  
Let not rashness embolden,  
    Nor yield thou to fear;  
Be thy way o'er life's billows  
    So evenly shaped,  
That its storms and its shallows  
    Alike be escaped.

Let not poverty's dwelling,  
    Nor grandeur's be thine;  
When the tempest is swelling,  
    It rends the tall pine;  
On the mountain, the thunder  
    Most wings its red flash,  
And high towers fall asunder,  
    With deadlier crash.

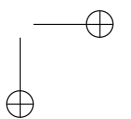
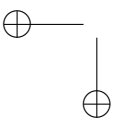
One God rules each variance  
    Of sunshine and storm,  
And the breast that experience  
    Hath taught to conform –  
Prudence shall not forsake it,  
    Tho' fortune seem fair,  
Tho' reverses o'ertake it,  
    It shall not despair.

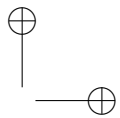
Nor, tho' grieved, doth it follow,  
    'Twill always be so,  
For sometimes Apollo  
    Relaxes his bow;  
Of the lyre, that in slumber  
    And silence hath lain,  
He wakes each wild number,  
    To sweetness again.





In poverty cheerful,  
    Still struggle to be;  
Nor of fortune seem fearful,  
    Whate'er her decree;  
If her frown should prevail,  
    To thy fate be resigned,  
Nor spread too much sail  
    To a prosperous wind.





CHRISTOPHER HUGHES, 1867

*(The Odes and Epodes of Horace)*

Live within reason's bounds, Licinius, nor  
Tempt with your sails the open ocean's war,  
And whilst you wisely dread the tempest's roar  
Hug not the perilous shore.

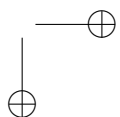
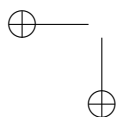
He who delighteth in the golden mean  
Need fear no dwelling ruined and unclean,  
A Court's magnificence he may have seen  
And still unenvious been.

Against great pines the winds more fiercely blow,  
And high towers fall in mightier overthrow,  
And mountains most mid loftiest summits know  
The lightning's scorching blow.

The mind well ordered vieweth Hope through tears,  
But in prosperity changed fortune fears.  
Now bringing winter's tempests Jove appears,  
Now he with summer cheers.

The evil of to-day to-morrow ends;  
Oft Phœbus to the silent muse descends,  
And with his lyre an inspiration lends,  
Nor his bow always bends.

Never in sorrow let your courage fail,  
Be strong, be bold, if poverty prevail,  
And prudently before a prosperous gale  
Reef your too swelling sail.





JAMES WALTER SMITH, 1867

*(The Odes of Horace, Books I and II)*

Life's course, Licinius, would you rightly keep?  
Then make not always for the water deep,  
Nor, while you shrink from billows steep,  
By shores uneven steer:

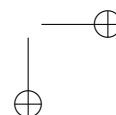
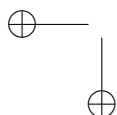
For they who in the golden mean delight  
Avoid the sordid cabin's ruined plight,  
Nor yet in palaces invite  
The neighbour's envious jeer.

The tempests oftener shake the pine full grown;  
With louder crash the taller towers fall down;  
And 'tis the mountain's topmost crown  
That's hit by lightning flame.

'Mid sorrow, hope the seasoned breast will cheer,  
While, in fair fortune, 'twill misfortune fear:  
'Tis Jove makes winter disappear,  
At whose command it came.

If now 'tis ill, 'twill not for ever be;  
Sometimes Apollo's lyre will playfully  
The slumbering Muse awake; for he  
Not always bends his bow.

In straitened case let not your spirit fail;  
Show the courageous front, and never quail;  
But reef the far too turgid sail  
When favoring breezes blow.





E. H. BRODIE, 1868

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

Not always, Licin, fondly strive  
    Along mid ocean’s depths to run,  
Nor yet on friendless lee-shore drive  
    In reckless haste the storm to shun.  
The man who loves the golden mean  
    From sordid household cares lives free,  
And free from sullen envy’s spleen  
    The palace of the great can see.  
The tallest pines winds toss and bend  
    The most, and towers that highest rise  
To earth with loudest crash descend,  
    To loftiest peaks the lightning flies.  
Not too cast down, nor too elate,  
    He’s well prepared in good or ill  
Who’s ready for another fate:  
    Jove pours deforming blasts at will,  
But calms them too; to-morrow breaks  
    More kindly for the gloom to-day;  
His lyre long mute Apollo wakes,  
    Nor always strings the bow to slay.  
In difficulties bold and brave  
    Play manhood’s part, and when the gale  
Of fortune all too blustering rave,  
    Reef wise betimes the swelling sail.





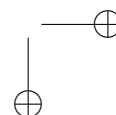
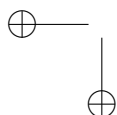
T. HERBERT NOYES, JR., 1868

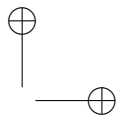
*(An Idyll of the Weald, with Other Lays and Legends)*

My rule of life, Licinius, hear!  
Tempt not for aye the open sea;  
Nor yet, through dread of tempests, steer  
Too close beside the rock-bound lee.  
Whoever loves the golden mean,  
Will keep his roof in good repair,  
Too simple in his tastes, I ween,  
For modern modes to care.

The largest pine in wintry squalls  
Most often rocks; with heaviest crash  
The tallest turret ever falls:  
High peaks attract the lightning's flash.  
With hope, when fortune favours not,  
When fortune smiles, why, then with fear  
The well-trained mind regards its lot,  
For Jupiter is near;

Who, after winter, sends us springs.  
Do not our troubles come and go?  
Apollo takes his harp and sings, –  
And does not always bend his bow.  
What, if your means are narrow; – wear  
A dauntless face, and never quail,  
But if the gales blow fresh and fair,  
Be wise, and shorten sail.





EDWARD YARDLEY, JR., 1869

(1835–1908; Writer)

Licinius, in life beware  
Of storms, nor put too far from land;  
Though prudent, equally forbear  
To hug the dangerous strand.

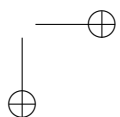
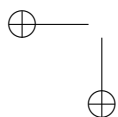
They who the golden mean desire  
Will shun a low degraded state,  
Nor to the dangerous height aspire  
Whereon are placed the great.

The mightiest towers heaviest fall  
And winds the loftiest trees assault;  
Oftmost the highest hills of all  
Receive the thunderbolt.

The well-strung mind will hope and fear  
In sorrow joy, in pleasure pain;  
And Jove takes winter from the year  
And gives it back again.

Though evil now oppress thy days,  
Believe not 'twill be ever so;  
Often the lyre Apollo plays,  
Nor always bends the bow.

Thy spirit keep, be strong and stout,  
However Fortune's favour fail;  
Nor let too much thy canvas out,  
Though prosperous the gale.

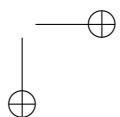
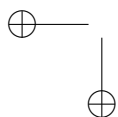




JOHN BENSON ROSE, 1869

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

If you the narrow path of right would keep,  
Licinius, you must fear to tempt the deep;  
Neither from dread of the fell tempest's sweep  
    Hug on a lee shore.  
Who in the golden medium will roam,  
Is safe from poverty and sordid home;  
Nor will the palace and the soaring dome  
    Rouse up his envy.  
The lofty pines are first by tempests rended;  
The turrets high in deeper ruin blended;  
The peaks of mountains as if unbefriended,  
    Shattered by lightning.  
It is adversity that tries man's spirit,  
Nor will prosperity that man discredit;  
Even as Jove sends winter with demerit,  
    And he recalls it.  
Sorrow at night, joy will return with morning.  
Apollo will depose the bow of warning,  
And with the golden lyre himself adorning,  
    Awake the Muses.  
Be bold, when Fortune adversely assails,  
And when the waves curl beneath favoring gales,  
Seize on the moment; but unfurl not sails  
    More than is reason.







EDWARD BULWER-LYTTON, LORD LYTTON, 1870

(1803–73; Politician)

Licinius, wouldst thou steer life's wiser voyage,  
Neither launch always into deep mid-waters,  
Nor hug the shores, and, shrinking from the tempest,  
Hazard the quicksand.

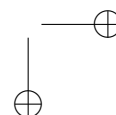
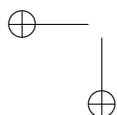
He who elects the golden mean of fortune,  
Nor where dull squalor rots the time-worn hovel,  
Nor where fierce envy storms the new-built palace,  
Makes his safe dwelling.

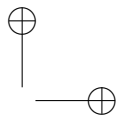
The wildest winds rock most the loftiest pine-trees,  
The heaviest crash is that of falling towers,  
The spots on earth most stricken by the lightning  
Are its high places.

The mind well trained to cope with either fortune,  
Takes hope in adverse things and fear in prosperous.  
Deforming winters are restored or banished  
By the same Father.

If to-day frown, not therefore frowns to-morrow.  
His deadly bow not always bends Apollo,  
His hand at times the silent muse awakens  
With the sweet harpstring.

In life's sore straits brace and display thy courage.  
Boldness is wisdom then: as wisely timid  
When thy sails swell with winds too strongly fav'ring,  
Heed, and contract them.

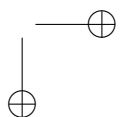
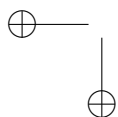


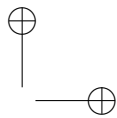


THOMAS CHARLES BARING, 1870

(1831–91; Banker and Politician)

'Twere better living not to steer  
Thy barque aye seaward, nor in fear  
Of storm, Licinius, sail too near  
    The perils of the land.  
The man who loves the golden mean  
Lives safe. With him is never seen  
Foul avarice; nor wastes gay sheen,  
    With Envy by the hand.  
Rude winds rock most the cedars tall,  
The highest house has heaviest fall,  
The hill that towers above them all  
    The red-tongued lightning rends.  
In sorrow hope, in fortune fear,  
Possess the heart for change of cheer  
Aye well prepared; the winter drear  
    The same Jove brings, and sends  
Away. If now thy lot be ill,  
'Twill change anon: Apollo will  
Soon wake his cittern so long still,  
    Nor always bend his bow.  
When means are scant, a dauntless mind  
And bold be thine. If Fate be kind,  
Haul in thy canvas, lest the wind  
    Too favourable blow.





JAMES GRIFFITHS, 1870

*(Leisure Hours: A Series of Poems)*

Licinius, would'st with wisdom keep,  
Do not for ever tempt the deep,  
Nor while the dreaded tempests roar,  
Keep thou too near the perilous shore.

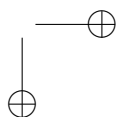
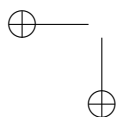
Whoe'er preserves the Golden Mean,  
In sordid hut may ne'er be seen,  
While on the stately palace he  
Can gaze with equanimity.

The giant pine feels most the power  
Of stormy blasts; the lofty tower  
The heavier falls; the lightning's blow  
Can lay the cloud-capt summits low.

For good or ill alike, we find  
Duly prepared the well-train'd mind,  
Since Jove, who brings the wintry gloom,  
Can likewise bid the spring to bloom.

Though Fortune frown, she soon may smile,  
The Muse shall oft thy hours beguile,  
Well-taught Apollo's lyre to know,  
Who does not always bend his bow.

When times go hard, firm courage show,  
But oh! if o'er the ocean blow  
Far more than a propitious gale,  
Be wise; contract thy swelling sail.





MORTIMER HARRIS, 1871

*(A Selection from the Odes of Horace)*

Would you, Licinius, rightly live,  
Attend to the advice I give,  
    And lay it well to heart:  
Neither too rashly tempt the deep,  
Nor yet, inshore, too cautious, creep –  
    But take a middle part.

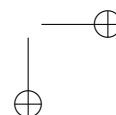
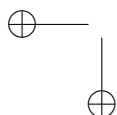
For he who loves the golden mean,  
And steers a steady course between  
    The little and the great,  
Escapes want's misery profound,  
And all the troubles that surround  
    A life of pomp and state.

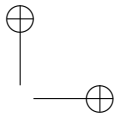
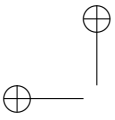
The thunder strikes the mountain's brow  
The loftiest pines are first to bow  
    Before the tempest's blast:  
And those tall towers that proudly rise,  
Story by story, to the skies,  
    Fall heaviest at the last.

The well-prepared and constant breast  
When most afflicted hopes the best –  
    When happiest, dreads the worst:  
Stern winter comes at God's command,  
And by the same Almighty hand  
    Its rigours are dispersed.

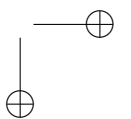
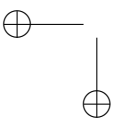
What, though the present darkly lowers,  
A happier future may be ours.  
    At times, when he would wake  
The slumbering Muse – (the whiles, unstrung  
His bow is o'er his shoulder hung) –  
    His lyre will Phœbus take.

Sink not unmanned 'neath Fortune's blows,  
But to adversity oppose





A firm, courageous mind;  
And, heedful of the coming gale,  
Be wise in time – and shorten sail,  
However fair the wind.





JOHN NORRIS, 1871

*(Poems)*

'Tis much the better way, believe me 'tis,  
Not far to venture on the great abyss,  
Nor yet from storms thy vessel to secure;  
To touch too nigh upon the dangerous shore.

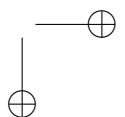
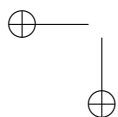
The golden mean, as she's too nice to dwell  
Among the ruins of a filthy cell,  
So is her modesty withall as great  
To baulk the envy of a princely seat.

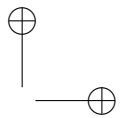
Th' ambitious winds with greater spite combine  
To shock the grandeur of the stately pine.  
The height of structures makes the ruin large,  
And clouds against high hills their hottest bolts discharge.

An even well-pois'd mind, an evil state  
With hope, a good with fear does moderate.  
The Summer's pride, by Winter is brought down,  
And flowers again the conquering season crown.

Take heart, nor of the laws of Fate complain,  
Tho now 'tis cloudy, 'twill clear up again.  
The bow Apollo does not always use  
But with his milder lyre sometimes awakes the Muse.

Be life and spirit, when Fortune proves unkind,  
And summon up the the vigour of thy mind.  
But when thou'rt driven by too officious gales,  
Be wise, and gather in the swelling sails.





N. OR M., 1871

*(Scraps of Verse)*

Nor by bold recklessness in alway steering  
Outward, securest can you sail life's seas o'er;  
Nor to shun winds, too timorously nearing  
Rocks on a lee shore.

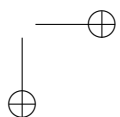
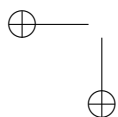
Golden contentment, can a man but love it,  
Safely dispenses with an empty tiring  
Stateliness; palace that a fool may covet  
No way desiring.

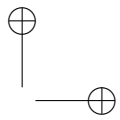
Mark you how storms most agitate the highest  
Pines, and how proudest towers fall with worst crash;  
While upon mountain to the cloud that's highest  
Lights heaven's first flash.

Hopes in ill luck; heeds peril in successes  
Heart that well scans life's variable chances;  
Dismallest winter that our earth oppresses  
Only enhances

Summer, as certain in her turn to follow:  
Worst may mend soonest; yea, a Muse now mute sing,  
And the bow's twanging monotone Apollo  
Change for a lute string.

Grief may assail, and miseries beset you,  
Wear a bold front, and for a hardy man pass;  
Nor with your gale too favouring forget to  
Reef up your canvas.





LOUIS BRAND, 1872

*(Urban Grandier)*

Thou, O Licinius, wilt more safely live  
    If thou wilt cease thy venturous ship to urge  
Toward the wide sea, nor, cautious, fearing storms,  
    Wilt near too much the steep shore's dangerous verge.

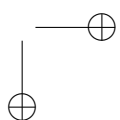
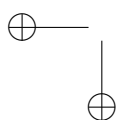
He who this golden moderation loves,  
    Avoids, in safety from its various ills,  
The poor man's humble roof, the while no want  
    Of envied palaces his bosom fills.

The mighty pine bends oftenest in the wind;  
    With heavy fall comes down the lofty tower;  
And when the thunderbolts are flying forth  
    The highest mountain feels their direst power.

In dangerous time he hopes; when all around  
    Is prosperous, then he fears; he ready stands  
For every change: the selfsame Jove who brings  
    Rude winter down, removes it from the lands.

No; not because thy days are evil now  
    Must they hereafter evil be; not so.  
Apollo oft awakes the silent Muse,  
    Touching his lyre, nor always bends his bow.

Then show thyself when comes the straitened time,  
    Both resolute and strong; and, if the gale  
Too prosperously should blow, then quickly furl  
    With the same wisdom thy inflated sail.







ANONYMOUS, 1872

*(St. James Magazine)*

Licinius, safe your course to keep,  
Not always tempt the dangerous deep,  
Nor, fearful of the tempest, creep  
Close to the shore.

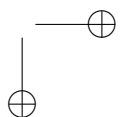
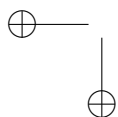
He who reveres the golden mean,  
Fears not that want with visage keen,  
Or envy of more hideous mien  
Will haunt his door.

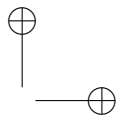
Tall pines feel most the North wind's power,  
With loudest fall descends the tower;  
And lightning-bolts, when tempests lour,  
High mountains tear.

The mind for each event prepared,  
'Gainst pride in prosperous hour will guard,  
And, full of hope, 'midst trials hard,  
Defy despair.

Jove bids bleak winter come and go;  
Though dark, 'twill not be always so;  
Apollo sometimes leaves his bow  
The muse to wake.

Be firm when adverse fate prevails,  
And prudently contract your sails,  
When swift before fair fortune's gales  
Your course you take.

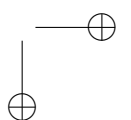
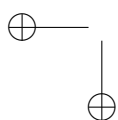




NICHOLAS J. GANNON, 1873

*(Mary Desmond and Other Poems)*

Thou shalt enjoy a happier life  
By wisely shunning ocean's strife,  
Licinius; and while you dread  
The tempest gathering o'er thy head,  
The raving billows round that roar,  
Still cautious shun the dangerous shore.  
For whom the golden mean hath charms,  
He need not rest in misery's arms;  
Nor doth he seek to find a home  
Within some bright court's envied dome.  
The pine more fiercely feels the squall,  
The loftiest turrets heaviest fall;  
The mountain tops the lightning seams,  
Let troubled souls feel Hope's fresh beams.  
At Fortune's feast, when seated high,  
Fear thy approach, Adversity!  
The same great Jove who winters bring,  
Drives them before the advancing spring.  
If now misfortune weighs thee down,  
Thy brows shall soon wear Fortune's crown.  
Euterpe wakes at music's flow,  
Not always Phœbus bends his bow;  
And when before thee bright unrolled,  
Purple is spread, and tempting gold,  
Wisely furl up thy swelling sail  
Before the over-favouring gale.





## JAMES LONSDALE AND SAMUEL LEE, 1873

(JL 1816–92, SL 1837–92)

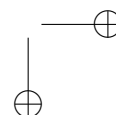
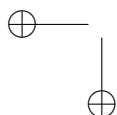
Licinius, you will live more perfectly, by neither always keeping out to sea, nor, while you warily shrink from the storm, too closely pressing on the treacherous shore.

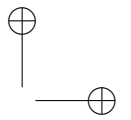
The man who makes the golden mean his choice, in his security is far from the squalor of a ruinous dwelling, in his temperance is far from a palace which envy haunts.

The mighty pine is oftenest tossed by winds, and lofty towers fall with heaviest crash, and lightnings strike the mountain's topmost peak.

A heart well trained beforehand hopes for, when the times are contrary, fears, when they favour, the opposite estate. 'Tis Jove who brings again unsightly Winters, 'tis he who sweeps them away. If 'tis ill now, it will not also be so hereafter; sometimes Apollo with the lyre awakes the silent Muse, and does not always bend his bow.

Show yourself bold and brave when perils press; wisely likewise take in your sails when they swell with too fair a breeze.





ROBERT M. HOVENDEN, 1874

(“Formerly of Trinity College, Cambridge”)

Licinius, would'st thou prosper more,  
Tempt not the wild mid-ocean's roar,  
Nor hug too close the treacherous shore  
    For fear of squalls.

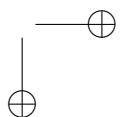
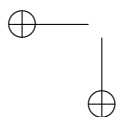
He, who pursues the golden mean,  
Cares little, so his hearth be clean,  
For all the wealth and envied sheen,  
    Of princely halls.

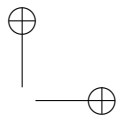
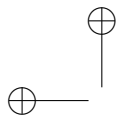
Tall pines the first in tempest bend,  
Proud towers in utter downfall end,  
And forked lightnings first descend  
    On loftiest height.

Brave hearts with good are not elate,  
Nor overwhelm'd by evil fate;  
One Jove, who raiseth, can abate  
    The whirlwind's might.

We sow to-day the morrow's fruit;  
Not always doth Apollo shoot,  
But just as often touch the lute  
    And tune the song.

To adverse fortune never quail:  
But prudence bids thee shorten sail,  
For even a favorable gale  
    May blow too strong.





## KNAPDALE, 1874

*(Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine)*

My friend, you will do wisely not to steer  
Too boldly out to sea – just ruffled o'er  
With favoring breezes; nor, with coward fear,  
When tempests rage, to hug the treacherous shore.

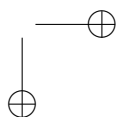
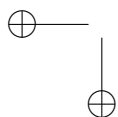
The wise man chooses aye the golden mean;  
Safe from the pinching cares and withering blight  
Of squalid want; safe from the gorgeous sheen  
Of halls that bring more envy than delight.

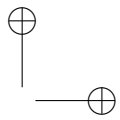
The loftiest pine bends first beneath the blast;  
The loftiest tower in heaviest ruin falls;  
The lightning blasts the loftiest mountain-crest,  
But scorns to strike the shepherd's lowly walls.

The well-schooled mind hopes in the worst of times –  
Fears in the best – some change, or good or bad.  
The same great God who formed earth's various climes –  
The same – sad winter brings and summer glad.

What though the sun of happiness refuse  
To chase thy clouds – 'twill not be always so:  
Apollo rouses oft the slumbering muse,  
Nor always sternly bends the unerring bow.

When tempests lower, be bold and firm of mind,  
But, when skies smile, then reef thy bellying sail –  
Filled with the breath of a too prosperous wind;  
And, wisely cautious, dread the coming gale.





ANONYMOUS, 1875

*(The Yorkshire Magazine)*

Try, friend, the middle course to steer,  
Nor, when the storm begins to roar,  
Stand too far off, nor yet too near  
The per'lous shore.

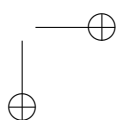
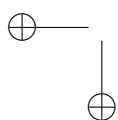
The man who loves the golden mean,  
Will shun the hovel's sordid walls,  
And wisely strive ne'er to be seen  
In lordly halls.

For oft the pine is tempest-torn,  
And oft the lofty tower laid low,  
And oft we see red lightning burn  
The mountain's brow.

When fortune smiles – not too elate,  
Nor when she frowns – too much deprest,  
Alike prepared for either fate  
The manly breast.

Though winter now, yet spring will come,  
Again the vernal breeze will blow,  
Again the god his lyre resume  
And drop the bow.

Be firm beneath the adverse blast  
And, should you drive with fav'ring gales,  
Be prudent then – for then 'tis best  
To back your sails.

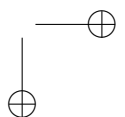
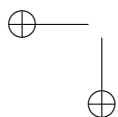


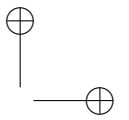


## ARTHUR WAY, 1876

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

Better wilt thou live, Licinius, neither  
By ever pressing seaward, nor, whilst shrinking  
From storms with heed, by all too closely hugging  
    The treacherous lee-shore  
Whoever loves the golden mean is safe  
And free from squalor of a ruinous hovel,  
Free, in his moderation, from the palace  
    A mark for envy.  
More often by the blasts the giant pine-tree  
Is rocked, and with a heavier crash down topple  
The lofty towers, and lightning-flashes strike  
    The mountain summits.  
The heart that's well forearmed in evil fortune  
Hopes, in good fortune fears, another lot;  
'Tis Jove brings back the landscape-blurring tempests,  
    He too dispels them.  
And what though it be ill with thee to-day,  
One day it shall not be. Sometimes Apollo  
Wakes with his harp the muse from silence, nor  
    His bow strains ever.  
In time of hardship bear thee valiantly  
And stoutly. Yet thou wilt do wisely also  
To reef thy sails when bellying before  
    A wind too prosperous.





WILLIAM JOHNSTON HUTCHINSON, 1876

*(Poems of Sentiment and Reflection)*

Licinius, life's ocean you may tempt,  
If you with prudence shall its paths explore.  
Guide not your bark where perils ne'er exempt,  
Nor yet, too timorous, press the threatening shore.

There is a path, in it you safely dwell –  
The placid current twixt the chafing strands;  
The virtuous mean that shuns the hermit's cell, –  
Nor asks the palace envied greatness plans.

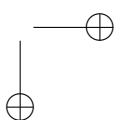
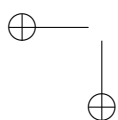
Th' aspiring pine met first the whirlwind's rage;  
The loftiest tower fell heaviest to the dust;  
The tempests first opposing mounts engage,  
And deep within their forked lightnings thrust.

Discerning souls hope on whilst least they may,  
And banish hope when most they hold the right;  
The taper pales its beams before the day, –  
To shine the clearer at the hastening night.

Depressing Winter, with his hoary train,  
Great Jupiter sends forth – to soon recall;  
Though luckless venture now deny you gain,  
No kindred fate your future's may befall.

Apollo lulls him with Euterpe's art,  
And drinks the transports of the modest Muse;  
He flings aside his bow and cruel dart,  
Whilst in his breast her softest strains diffuse.

Bring forth your treasures when you need your friend;  
And happiest be when happiest thoughts avail.  
'Twere best, Licinius, when the sails extend  
To watch for changings of the prosperous gale.







WILLIAM THOMAS THORNTON, 1878

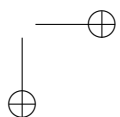
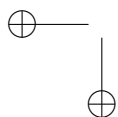
(1813–80; Economist, Civil Servant, and Writer)

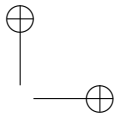
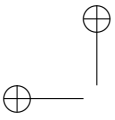
Licinius, more correctly  
Life's voyage would you take,  
Don't at all times directly  
For middle ocean make:  
And, when through caution fearing  
The wind's tempestuous roar,  
Avoid too closely steering  
Beside a dangerous shore.

What man is there pursuing  
Only the golden mean?  
Secure he is, eschewing  
The foul disorder seen  
In old decaying dwelling;  
Calm too, eschewing all  
Ambitious thoughts impelling  
To envied palace hall.

Pine-tree that rises higher,  
The winds more often shake;  
Turrets that most aspire,  
The heaviest downfall make;  
Mountains that nighest heaven  
Their lofty summits raise,  
Are those on which the levin  
With greatest fury plays.

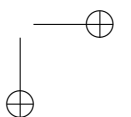
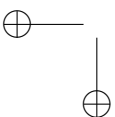
He who by wise tuition  
Has well prepared his mind,  
Looks ever for transition –  
With fear, if fortune's kind;  
With hope, if she disguises  
Her face with frowns; for Jove  
Who winter drear devises  
Doth winter too remove.

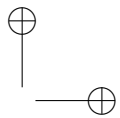




When evil 'tis, does't follow  
That 'twill be always so?  
Nor always does Apollo  
Appear with bended bow.  
Anon the Muse's slumbers  
His inspiration breaks,  
And to melodious numbers  
The silent lyre awakes.

Misfortunes round thee closing  
With gallant heart confront;  
With fortitude opposing,  
Sustain their fiercest brunt.  
When favouring wind excelling  
In strength becomes a gale,  
Regard your canvas swelling,  
And wisely shorten sail.





GEORGE HERBERT TREVOR, 1878

(1840–1927)

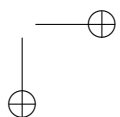
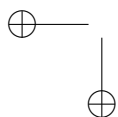
Launch out into the open main,  
Or blindly hug the shore?  
Waste in a year a lifetime's gain,  
Or keep a miser's store?  
Do neither; but with aim serene  
Preserve, my friend, the golden mean.

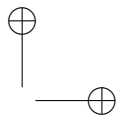
So, free from sordid solitude,  
You shall not vaunt a full-blown state;  
Nor nurse the common envious mood  
That carps at every palace gate.  
The lofty pines, when winds assail,  
Feel most the fury of the gale.

High towers fall heaviest in the squall,  
(A great man's lot is often hard,)  
And when the angry lightnings fall,  
The mountain-tops are ever scarred.  
You see my drift? wise men, I say,  
Fear most when sunned by Fortune's ray.

And adverse times freeze not their hopes,  
For well they know the selfsame Power  
That binds with frost the grassy slopes  
Will bring again the summer flower.  
If now you feel the wintry blast,  
Think this – the hard times will not last.

Though silent now, who knows but what  
A note of joy he soon may sing?  
Shall Fate for ever wound, and not  
At times, my friend, lay by her sling?  
When Fortune lours, show heart and pluck,  
But shorten sail when winds blow luck.





## SIR PHILIP PERRING, 1880

(1828–1920; “Late Scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge”)

Your rule of life, Licinius, be  
Nor always pushing out to sea,  
Nor, cautiously while storms you fear,  
Coasting the dangerous shore too near.

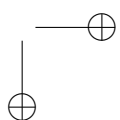
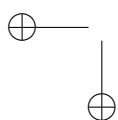
Who in the golden mean delight,  
In safety dwell, in sober plight;  
No squalor theirs of mouldered shed,  
No palace to be envied.

The giant pine winds oftener lash,  
And lofty towers with heavier crash  
Fall to the ground; the lightning bright  
Strikes the o’ertopping mountain-height.

A change of lot the well-primed breast  
Hopes at the worst, fears at the best;  
Unshapely winters Jove anew  
Brings back, and he retires them too.

If *now* ’tis ill, awhile not so:  
Not always bends Apollo’s bow;  
Sometimes he wakes upon the lute  
The muse who heretofore was mute.

In straitened times courageous be,  
And bold thy front; yet wise for thee,  
When blows too high the favouring gale,  
To reef betimes the swelling sail.





HENRY HUBBARD PIERCE, 1884

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

Murena, life will be more wisely planned,  
    To neither always tempt the billowy plain,  
Nor yet, o’er-cautious, hug the dangerous land.  
    The prudent soul who finds the golden mean  
Avoids the squalor of a musty cell;  
    And haply shuns those gilded palace halls  
Where envy points, and few enjoyments dwell.  
    The blast more rudely shakes the stately pine;  
And lofty turrets fall with woful wreck;  
    The flashing bolt when hurled by will divine  
On mountain peaks more oft in wrath descends.  
    The soul, well-ordered, hopes amid the storm,  
And trembles most beneath a tranquil sky.  
    The same kind Jove doth send the summer warm,  
And brings the winter’s dreary season nigh.  
    If gnawing cares beset thy path to-day,  
Be sure the morrow holds unfailing joy.  
    Apollo sometimes tunes the joyous lay;  
To court the Muse unbends his deadly bow.  
    Then be thou strong when earthly treasure fails;  
In troublous hour display a cloudless brow.  
    Ah, wisely furl betimes thy topmost sails,  
Too freely spread when prosperous breezes blow!





HERBERT GRANT, 1885

*(Odes of Horace)*

Licinius! life is not well passed,  
    Whilst ever you invade the deep;  
Nor when, to shun the stormy blast,  
    Too near the dangerous coast you keep:

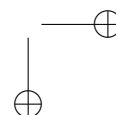
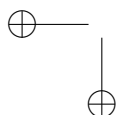
The man who loves the golden mean,  
    Nor want can reach, nor cares enthral;  
For safe, he hits the mark between  
    The squalid roof, and envied hall:

The tall pine courts the ruder gales,  
    High towers fall with more fatal shock;  
The lightning's angriest flash assails  
    The summit of the loftiest rock:

The well-poised mind hopes on through ill,  
    Amidst good luck reverses fears;  
For direful winter at Jove's will  
    Returns again, or disappears.

What if at times misfortunes spring?  
    Not all is suffering here below;  
At times Apollo wakes the string,  
    And lays aside his unstrung bow;

Firm and resolved in all appear,  
    When evil frowns, or riches fail;  
And if too prosperous winds blow near,  
    Wisely take in the swelling sail.





CHARLES WILLIAM DUNCAN, 1886

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

Licinius, thou wilt better fare,  
    Not always traversing the deep;  
Nor, dreading storms with anxious care,  
    Too near the dangerous shore to keep.

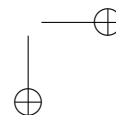
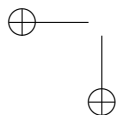
Whoever loves the golden mean,  
    Avoids the squalor of a home  
Decayed; yet, prudent, will abstain  
    To envied palaces to come.

The lofty pine more often still  
    Is tempest-toss'd. With greater crash  
High turrets fall. The loftiest hill  
    Attracts more oft the lightning's flash.

A well-poised mind, if fates averse,  
    Hopes for a change; but fears it when  
Fair fortune smiles. Dread winter's curse  
    The same God brings, and takes again.

If now 'tis ill, it shall not aye  
    Be so. Phoebus sometimes will woo,  
Upon his harp, the Muses shy,  
    Nor doth he always bend his bow.

When poverty your home assails,  
    Courage and patience ever show;  
But wisely then contract your sails,  
    When prosp'ring winds around you blow.





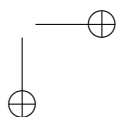
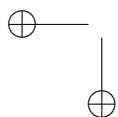
T. RUTHERFURD CLARK, 1887

*(The Odes of Horace)*

Be wise, Licinius: neither steer  
For ever seaward, nor, in fear  
Lest squalls should catch thee, coast too near  
    The breakers where they chafe.  
The golden mean who love it well,  
Nor lurk in foul and crazy cell,  
Nor in the envied palace dwell,  
    Are sober and are safe.

'Tis the tall pine which whirlwinds lash;  
The cottage falls not with the crash  
Of mighty towers: the levin flash  
    Still cleaves the mountain crest.  
Then hope in evil, fear in good,  
Forearmed of heart, vicissitude;  
There is one God of winters rude,  
    To rouse and lay at rest.

The blackest cloud the soonest breaks:  
His harp again Apollo takes,  
Unbends his weary bow, and wakes  
    The Muses, dumb too long.  
So prove thee both a man to meet  
The storms of trouble, and discreet  
To reef the full sail flying fleet  
    From breezes over strong.





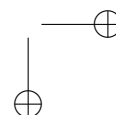
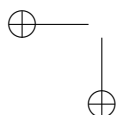


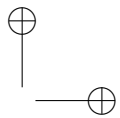
SIR STEPHEN DE VERE, 1888

(1812–1904; Poet and Country Gentleman)

Tempt not the deep; nor, while you fly  
The storm, Licinius, steer too nigh  
The breakers on the rocky shore:  
Hold fast, contented evermore,  
The way of Peace, the Golden Mean: –  
That bounded space which lies between  
The sordid hut and palace hall.  
Tall towers with mightiest ruin fall:  
The giant Pine, wind-shattered, bends;  
On loftiest peaks the bolt descends.

The balanced mind with prophet eye  
Sees tempest in the cloudless sky;  
Nor less when clouds that sky deform  
Descries the rainbow through the storm.  
Jove sends us frost, and winter rain,  
But bids the summer bloom again:  
Repine not for a short-lived sorrow,  
A happier sun shall shine to-morrow:  
Not always Phebus bends his bow;  
Often his harp in accents low  
Awakes the silent Muse. – Beware!  
Beset with danger do and dare!  
But reef betimes thy swelling sail,  
Nor trust too far the flattering gale.





W. E. SURTEES, 1888

*(Seven Odes of Horace)*

In life's long voyage you should not keep  
Your course for ever in the deep;  
Nor, while the tempest's power you fear,  
Close to the shore for ever steer.

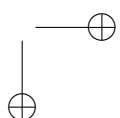
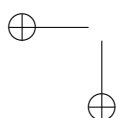
Whoever loves the golden mean  
Ne'er housed in sordid cot is seen,  
Nor (sober man) within the halls  
Of palace proud, where envy falls.

The lofty pine the tempests lash;  
And shatter'd with a heavier crash  
High towers fall down; and lightnings plough  
The cloud-supporting mountain's brow.

Those breasts well ordered do appear,  
That suffering hope, and prosperous fear.  
The stormy winter comes from Jove,  
Who does in turn the same remove.

What! though misfortunes crowd to-day,  
Hereafter they will pass away.  
Sometimes Apollo wakes his lyre,  
Nor always does his bow desire.

Be brave in dangers, though you should not fail  
Your sail to reef in a too-prospering gale.





E. H. STANLEY, 1889

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

Licinius safely would'st thou pass thy days?  
Mistrust the Ocean's depths when calmly sleeping,  
Nor too much fearing shrink should storms arise  
    On to the Quicksand –

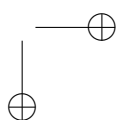
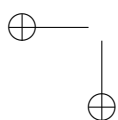
Who craves for safety, seeks a golden mean,  
Nor in the Hovel e'er will choose his dwelling,  
Nor Palace 'neath whose roof crowds envious stand  
    Ready to censure.

The loftiest Pine Trees first the Tempest shivers;  
In direst ruins crash the proudest Towers;  
And first the Light'ning's cruel vengeance striketh  
    Earth's highest mountains.

A mind resolved, at either Fortune smileth –  
In days adverse still hopes – when Fortune favours  
Trusts her not blindly, knowing that in all things  
    Jove still is Ruler.

Though adverse now not always shall it be so,  
Not always holds the Muse a silent Lyre,  
Not strained at full, for ever keeps Apollo  
    His Bow unerring.

In darkest trials show thyself courageous;  
And with like wisdom should fair Fortune's favours  
Swell with bright gales, mayhap thy sails too prosp'rous,  
    Haste Thee to furl them.





J. LEIGH S. HATTON, 1890

(“Late of Worcester College, Oxford”)

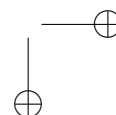
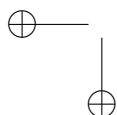
Wiser the voyage of thy life would be  
Didst thou not trust too far the open sea,  
Or, vainly fearful of the tempest’s roar,  
Hug with thy barque too close the rocky shore.

He who through life selects the golden mean,  
His roof no shame and wickedness shall screen,  
Nor yet the grandeur and the pomp disclose,  
That wakes the envy and the hate of foes;  
'Tis on the mighty pine the winds have power,  
With heavier crash descends the lofty tower,  
And on the summit of the lonely hill  
The vivid lightning works its awful will.

The well-trained soul prepared with caution wise  
Changes to meet, if changes should arise,  
When girt with troubles, hopes for better things,  
When happy, fears lest Fortune spread her wings.

Jove lays the hideous winters on our land,  
Jove takes them from us with a kindly hand;  
Now all goes well; now all is dark as night,  
Lift up thy head, behold thy future bright,  
Apollo strikes his lyre, and wakes the strain  
Silent too long; I hear the glad refrain,  
And list no more the twanging of the bow,  
Unbended now in pity for our woe!

O, be thou brave, and show thy bravery too,  
If direst straits thy life is passing through;  
And yet more wisely reef thy spreading sail,  
If bounding onward with a favouring gale!

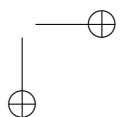
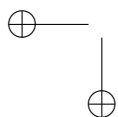


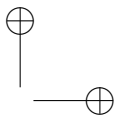


ROBINSON KAY LEATHER, 1891

(Verses)

Who presses ever to the deep,  
or cautiously in fear of storm  
too closely hugs the treacherous shore,  
    his life, my friend, is marred;  
but whoso keeps the golden mean,  
shall own no squalid tumble down abode,  
nor shall the envious  
    misname it palace-see.  
More often with the lofty tree  
the winds are at war, with heavier crash  
high towers do fall, the lightnings play  
    about the highest mountain-peak.  
On either side prepared, receive  
success in fear, adversity  
in hope. The hideous winter comes  
    at nod of God, in turn  
withdraws; nor tho' to-day my lot  
be ill, shall it be so for aye;  
tho' song be hushed, Apollo wrath,  
    he yet shall sing again:  
in poverty courageous be  
and strong, yet (if thou'rt wise, my friend)  
straight, when the wind too strongly blows,  
    reef in the swelling sail.





JOHN B. HAGUE, 1892

*(The Odes and Epodes of Horace)*

Most wise would my Licinius be?  
Nor always tempt the distant sea,  
Nor yet amidst the tempest's roar  
Too closely press the dangerous shore.

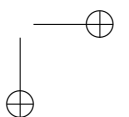
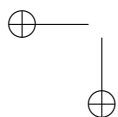
Who in the golden mean shall dwell,  
Peels not the pinched and sordid cell,  
Nor for some envied hall shall sigh,  
Sobered by true philosophy.

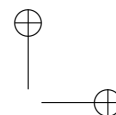
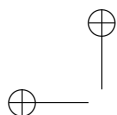
The tall pine feels the tempest's power,  
And heaviest falls the stately tower,  
The mountain peaks that loftiest rise  
First catch the bolts that fire the skies.

Hopeful in grief, thy soul well schooled,  
Sober in joy, thy passions ruled,  
And trustful in the Heavens that bring  
Both winter's storms and flowers of spring.

So shalt thou bear what comes each day,  
And oft Apollo wakes the lay  
With harp long still, nor from the bow  
Th' avenging shaft will always throw.

Be strong amid the ills of life,  
And bear thee bravely in the strife,  
Should fortune send too prosperous gales,  
Wisely reduce thy swelling sails.





T. A. WALKER, 1893

*(The Odes of Horace)*

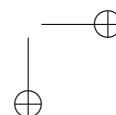
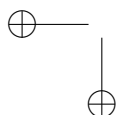
Rightly to live, Licinius, do not keep  
For ever thrusting out upon the deep;  
Nor yet, in dread of storms, for evermore  
Pressing too closely towards the treacherous shore.

Safe is the man, who loves the golden mean,  
From sordid squalor and from envy's spleen,  
Secured by moderate longings from the fate  
Of time-worn roofs and halls of lordly state.

Sooner by wind and storm the fir-tree tall  
Is tossed and shaken. Heavier, too, the fall  
Of lofty tower and turret. Lightnings smite  
With deadliest force hill-top and mountain height.

The prudent hope in trouble, and when things  
Are prosperous fear misfortune. Jove, who brings,  
Himself dispels the storm. If now 'tis ill,  
'Twill not be always so. Apollo will

At times arouse the silent muse to song,  
And doth not ever bend his bow. Be strong,  
Be brave in straits, and wise to shorten sail,  
Lest it expand before too fair a gale.





GEORGE M. DAVIE, 1894

(1848–1900; American Lawyer and Poet)

Thou wilt the happier live, O Licinius,  
Tempting not rashly the crests of the outer sea;  
Nor yet too closely hug, – of the winds timorous, –  
Shores that are dangerous.

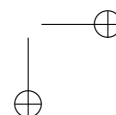
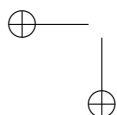
Who loves the golden mean, safely will hold himself  
Free from the stinginess of the decaying home;  
Yet, will live prudently clear of the showy halls, –  
That may breed envy.

By the blast, ever is shaken the lofty pine;  
And the high tower in ruin falls heavier:  
It is the mountain peak that is struck oftenest  
By the dread thunderbolt.

Hearts that are nobly trained, hope in calamity,  
And, in good fortune, remember their other days:  
'Tis the same Jove, who has brought the rude winters on,  
And will dispel them.

If it shall be that the evil days come to thee,  
Thou shouldst be trustful; it will not be always:  
Some day Apollo, who bends now the angry bow,  
Will the lyre waken.

Dauntless and cheerful be thou in adversity:  
With a like wisdom, in days of prosperity  
Take in thy spreading sails: – apt to be swollen by  
Gales too propitious!







WILLIAM WATSON, 1894

(1858–1935; Poet)

Licinius, wouldst thou wisely steer  
The pinnacle of thy soul,  
Not always trust her without fear  
Where deep-sea billows roll;  
Nor, to the sheltered beach too near,  
Risk shipwreck on the shoal.

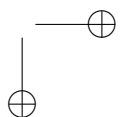
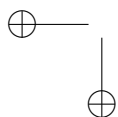
Who sees in fortune's golden mean  
All his desires comprised,  
Midway the cot and court between,  
Hath well his life devised;  
For riches, hath not envied been,  
Nor, for their lack, despised.

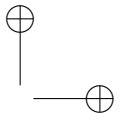
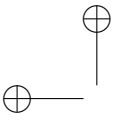
Most rocks the pine that soars afar,  
When leaves are tempest-whirled.  
Direst the crash when turrets are  
In dusty ruin hurled.  
The thunder loveth best to scar  
The bright brows of the world.

The steadfast mind, that to the end  
Is fortune's victor still,  
Hath yet a fear, though Fate befriend,  
A hope, though all seem ill.  
Jove can at will the winter send,  
Or call the spring at will.

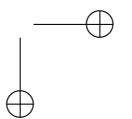
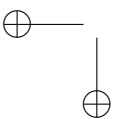
Full oft the darkest day may be  
Of morrows bright the sire.  
His bow not everlastingly  
Apollo bends in ire.  
At times the silent Muses he  
Wakes with his dulcet lyre.

When life's straits roar and hem thee sore,  
Be bold; naught else avails.





But when thy canvas swells before  
    Too proudly prospering gales,  
For once be wise with coward's lore,  
    And timely reef thy sails.





J. HOWARD DEAZELEY, 1895

(“Merton College, Oxford”)

Licinius, the passage of your life will better be,  
If neither always you are bent on making open sea,  
Nor, dreading storms, too closely hug the shore upon your lee.

Whoever with devotion doth pursue the golden mean,  
Avoids secure the hovel with its carelessness unclean,  
Avoids content the palace and the envy of its sheen.

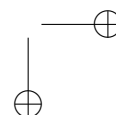
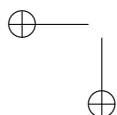
The tallest pine most often is the plaything of the blast,  
The loftiest turret tumbles with the loudest crash at last,  
At highest peaks of mountains are the bolts of thunder cast.

A breast well fortified will hope whenever days are sad  
For change of lot, and change will dread when fate and life  
are glad.

If Jupiter the winter brings in dreary aspect clad,

He too in turn will take away. Because of present woe  
Think not that woe must last. Apollo oft with glow  
Of music stirs the silent muse nor always strings his bow.

When fortunes pinch, let stoutness of a gallant soul prevail  
With courage; and with prudence take in reefs upon a sail  
That bellies to the blowing of an all too lucky gale.





SIR OWEN SEAMAN, 1895 (IMITATED)

(1861–1936; Writer and Poet)

One's better course is, as a rule,  
    To take the golden mean for motto;  
Therefore, my cherished coxswain, you'll  
    Try not to

Call like a penny steamer at  
    Each shore with stolid alternation,  
Rousing antiphonies of flat  
    Damnation;

Nor yet conversely sin a sin,  
    Dull as the after-dinner riddle,  
And cleave the current fairly in  
    The middle.

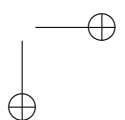
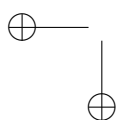
Far sooner would I have you seek  
    Barely to graze the bank at Grassy;  
As when a golfer with his cleek  
    Or brassy,

Taking a deal of pains about  
    His attitude, and saying "This is  
A rather pretty thing," lets out  
    And misses.

Follow not up the zigzag foe,  
    As coursing hounds that hunt the rabbit;  
Speaking from memory I know  
    No habit

More purely fatuous. I contend,  
    (And so would any crossing-sweeper)  
The shorter route is in the end  
    The cheaper.

Adopt the happy medium,  
    (Compare the *Sludge* of Robert Browning;)  
Don't tell your men their time has come  
    For drowning;





Nor do the other thing and let  
    Their feather up too high; it knocks your  
Best crew to pieces when they get  
    Too cocksure.

Remember there are things that sear  
    The soul with sore internal smarting;  
E.g. to cross your steering-gear  
    At starting;

Or imitate the helmsman who,  
    Stop-watch in hand, acutely reckoned  
The pealing of the cannon to  
    A second;

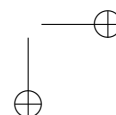
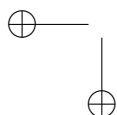
Then dropped it, and himself was shied  
    Over the rudder like a rocket,  
Having secured the bung inside  
    His pocket.

Preserve your priceless head, of all  
    Your other parts the real chef d'œuvre;  
Neglect of this original  
    Manœuvre

Ruined our late king, Charles the First;  
    Accordingly through floods and blizzards  
Keep it, and bid your fellows burst  
    Their gizzards

Round serried Ditton's sinuous bay,  
    Till up the Reach with dancing riggers  
They feel the wash and pound away  
    Like niggers;

Then, even as the crafty cub  
    Closes upon his evening mutton,  
Swiftly apply your indiarub-  
    ber button.





CHARLES L. GRAVES, 1895 (IMITATED)

(1856–1944; *The Hawarden Horace*)

Twould please me greatly, dear Tay Pay,  
If from exaggeration's sway  
    You could be weaned.  
I'm not, although you'd have it so,  
A perfect seraph, nor is 'Joe'  
    A perfect fiend.

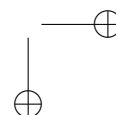
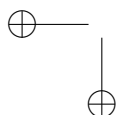
The pressman who in all his prose  
'Conspicuous moderation' shows,  
    Can never fill  
A place upon the Birthday lists,  
Nor sink, 'mid hireling eulogists,  
    To puff a pill.

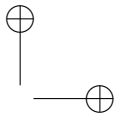
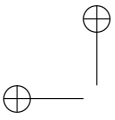
Balloons that soar to heights unknown,  
An ugly way at times have shown  
    Of going pop:  
And you, Sol's charioteer-in-chief,  
Must face, if e'er you come to grief,  
    A long, long drop.

When fickle fortune wears a frown,  
Be not dis-astrously cast down;  
    Nor trust her smile:  
The Sun, we know, can't always shine;  
But then, last June was quite as fine  
    As this is vile.

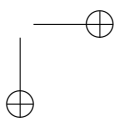
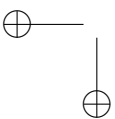
Although the outlook's somewhat black,  
With Rosebery on Ladas' back  
    'Tis bound to mend;  
When Tara's harp is heard anew,  
Your editorial long-bow you  
    May well unbend.

Though our majorities be small,  
And candid friends predict our fall,





Tay Pay, sit tight;  
Refraining, when we gaily glide  
Upon the fair and flowing tide,  
From blatherskite.





OSWALD A. SMITH, 1895

*(Horace in Quantity)*

Rightly will Life's bark, O my friend, be guided,  
If not out always far upon mid-ocean,  
Nor, to keep safer when a storm arises,  
Close to the sea-shore.

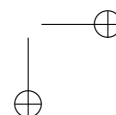
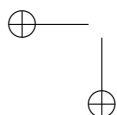
He avoids meanness in a shabby dwelling,  
And palatial luxury, source of envy,  
Whosoe'er contentedly seeks the mean call'd  
Rightly the Golden.

See the vast pine bows to the gale more often;  
Heavier downfall has a lofty tower;  
And the mountain's pinnacle does the lightning's  
Bolt split asunder.

Well prepar'd minds dread a reverse when happy,  
And in adverse fortune a better hope for;  
'Tis the same Jove yearly renews the winters,  
Yearly removes them.

Fate to-day's frownings for a smile to-morrow  
Haply may change; does not Apollo sometimes  
Wake the long silence of his harp, not always  
Known as an archer?

Show when in misfortune a brave demeanour,  
Show thyself high-spirited, and the swelling  
Sails beneath too prosperous airs omit not  
Wisely to shorten.



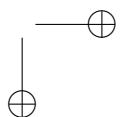
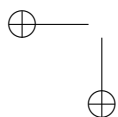


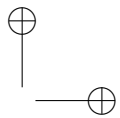


ANONYMOUS, 1895

*(The Illio)*

More wisely you will live, Licinius,  
Neither by constant tempting of the deep,  
Nor, while you cautious dread the direful storm,  
Too closely following the hostile shore.  
He who avoids the grasp of poverty,  
And the deep grandeur of the palace hall,  
With envy's darts, chooses the golden mean.  
The wind more often shakes the stately pine;  
The lofty tower falls with the loudest crash;  
The highest mountains feel the thunder's wrath.  
The well-trained heart still hopes for better things,  
When adverse days press hard with heavy load;  
And fears disaster when the golden sun  
With prosperous beams illuminates the way.  
Great Jupiter in his appointed time  
Brings back unsightly winter. He again  
Bids its departure. Evil cannot last.  
Apollo sometimes with his lyre awakes  
The silent Muse, nor always bends his bow.  
Be firm and brave; then, when the adverse winds  
Blow 'round you, but when sweet prosperity  
Wafts your bark gently, moderate your course.





A. S. AGLLEN, 1896

(“Archdeacon of St. Andrews”)

Licinius, in life’s voyage keep  
The safer course, avoid the deep,  
Shun the lee shore, nor closer creep  
    In dread of squall!

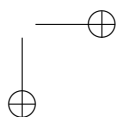
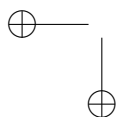
The golden mean! who chooses this,  
All risk of squalid home will miss,  
Nor live an inmate, drunk with bliss,  
    Of envied hall.

Winds rock the pines when they are tall;  
The highest towers have sorest fall;  
The bolt strikes, when it strikes at all,  
    The mountain crest.

The heart that is attempered right  
For either lot, when days are bright  
Will fear, when dark will hope invite.  
    At Jove’s behest

Storms come and go; what’s wrong may mend;  
Apollo can his bow unbend,  
And wake his silent harp to lend  
    A tuneful tale.

Though poor, be brave! Some spirit show!  
And should the breeze too prosperous blow,  
'Tis time, as all wise seamen know,  
    To shorten sail.





PHILIP E. PHELPS, 1897

*(The Odes of Horace)*

Better, Licinius, wilt thou live, by neither  
Tempting the deep for ever, nor, while tempests  
Cautiously shunning, by too closely hugging  
Shores that are treach'rous.

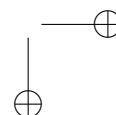
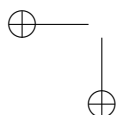
He who the golden mean adopts, is ever  
Free from the sorrows of a squalid dwelling; –  
Free from the cares attending on the envied  
Halls of the wealthy.

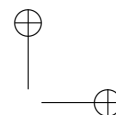
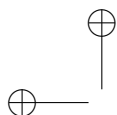
Oftener by the winds the tall and mighty  
Pine trees are shaken; and with heavier ruin  
Lofty tow'rs fall, and bolts of thunder strike the  
Tops of the mountains.

Minds that are well-prepar'd, in adverse seasons  
Hope for a change, and fear it in the prosp'rous,  
'Tis the same Jove who sends, and who removes the  
Storms of the winter.

Not tho' things now are sad, will they hereafter  
Always be so, for great Apollo keeps not  
Ever his bow bent, but the sleeping Muses  
Wakens with lyre-string.

When things are adverse, bear your lot with firmness,  
Brave, and with good heart, like a man of spirit,  
And at the same time furl your swelling canvas  
When the gale heightens.

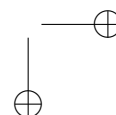
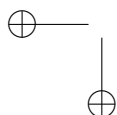




## ALFRED DENIS GODLEY, 1898

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

More rightly wilt thou guide thy life, Licinius, if thou neither darest ever the deep, nor in cautious fear of storms too closely huggest the dangerous shore. Whoe'er loves the golden mean, hath safety that keeps afar from sordid hovels, and discretion that shuns an envied palace. 'Tis the tall pine that oftenest is tossed by winds: lofty towers fall with heaviest crash; lightnings strike the mountain's peak. The breast well-prepared hopes change in adversity, fears it in prosperity. Jupiter brings back yet anon dispels unlovely winters. Think not, if now 'tis ill with thee, that so 'twill be hereafter: full oft Apollo takes his lyre and wakes the Muse to song, nor always bends his bow. In perilous times show a bold courageous front: 'twill be wisdom to reef the sail when swollen by too favouring winds.





BENJAMIN F. MEYERS, 1901

(1833–1918; American Politician)

Would you sail, Licinius, life's bark wisely,  
Do not always launch into deepest waters,  
And, while tempests shunning, press not too closely  
Shores full of peril.

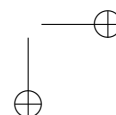
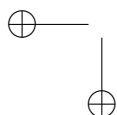
Who selects the golden mean needs not dwell in  
Squalid hut, and, modest in aspiration,  
He shall not require an abode palatial,  
Object of envy.

Tallest pines most often by storms are shaken,  
And with greatest crash fall the highest towers,  
And the lightning's javelin the lofty mountains  
Ever is striking.

When the mind is trained to a change of fortune,  
Hope it takes from trouble and fear from good luck.  
That same Father banishes winters gloomy,  
Who doth create them.

If to-day misfortune come, by to-morrow  
It shall disappear; many times Apollo  
Wakes the silent muse with the lyre, nor always  
Bends his bow fatal.

Bear thyself with courage and resolution  
In sore trials, and, if thy sails be swollen  
By a gale too prosp'rous, do thou wisely  
Shorten and furl them.





W. C. GREEN, 1903

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

Thou’lt rightlier live, Licinius, if thou steer  
Not sea-wards always, nor, from wary fear  
Of storms that vex the offing, hug too near  
    The perilous shore.

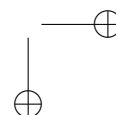
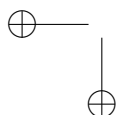
Who loves the golden mean, he – safer so –  
Eschews the hut outworn, begrimed and low,  
Eschews discreet the palace whose brave show  
    Earns envy more.

The giant pine by rocking winds is blown  
Most often, highest towers fall heaviest down,  
Mountains are stricken on their topmost crown  
    By lightning flame.

The heart that can aright for all prepare  
Hopes, when the times are foul; when they are fair,  
Fears change. From Jove come winters blank and bare,  
    But by the same

Are bid begone. What’s bad to-day may mend  
To-morrow. Phoebus makes of silence end,  
Wakes song with harp, nor always wills to bend  
    His sterner bow.

Thou then stand forth alert and stout of mind  
In strait and stress; but wisely reef and bind;  
Thy swelling sails, when gales of following wind  
    Too strongly blow.





## ECCLESTON DU FAUR, 1906

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

Licinius, if the open sea  
Thou dost not always tempt, – nor shore  
In dread of storms, dost hug, – the more  
Thou'lt live consistently.

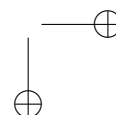
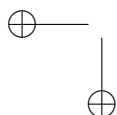
The golden mean will thee assure  
From cares of sordid tenement;  
And, in the middle course, content,  
No envious halls allure.

The loftier pines the further bend,  
To gales; the higher tower, with crash  
The greater, falls; the lightning's flash  
The mountain-top doth rend.

The breast well-armed, in hardest fate,  
Still hopes; when better times improve,  
Still doubts they'll last; fell winters Jove  
Doth bring, and dissipate.

Though now there's gloom, it may not be  
That it will be: the silent Muse  
Apollo wakes; but not in use  
Keeps bow strung constantly.

Let thy mind firm, and strenuous, be,  
When difficulties intervene;  
But wisely watch full sails, when e'en  
Fair breezes blow too free.





EDWARD R. GARNSEY, 1907

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

Licinius, better wilt thou live by neither urging  
Always out to sea, nor, while on guard 'gainst storms  
Thou shudderest, by pressing an evil shore  
Too close.

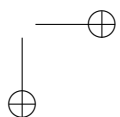
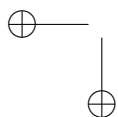
Whoever courts a golden mean is safe  
To escape the squalor of a mouldered roof,  
And shrewd to escape a palace that may  
Be grudged to him.

Most often is the tall pine rocked by winds,  
High turrets fall with greatest crash,  
And 'tis the loftiest mounts that lightnings  
Strike.

A mind well balanced hopes for the opposite lot  
When times are adverse, when they are favourable  
Fears it. Ill-looking winters Jove brings back,  
And eke

Removes them. Not if things go badly now,  
For long will it be so. Apollo sometimes wakes  
The silent Muse within his lyre, nor always bends  
His bow.

In straitened circumstances spirited  
And brave appear. With wisdom thou  
Wilt likewise shorten sail that bellies to  
A gale too favourable.







JOHN MARSHALL, 1907

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

Safer thou’lt sail life’s voyage, if thou steer  
Neither right out to sea, nor yet, when rise  
The threat’ning tempests, hug the shore too near,  
Unwisely wise.

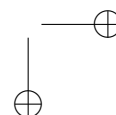
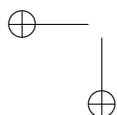
What man soe’er the golden mean doth choose,  
Prudent will shun the hovel’s foul decay;  
But with like sense, a palace will refuse  
And vain display.

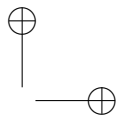
It is the lofty pine that by the storm  
Is oftener tost; towers fall with heavier crash  
Which higher soar; where lifts the mountain’s form,  
There lightnings flash.

A mind well-schooled hopes, when the skies show stern,  
When they show kindly, fears, a change of states;  
For Jove, who leads black storms afield, in turn  
Those storms abates.

Think not if days are gloomy now, that so  
’Twill be ere long. With lyre Apollo wakes  
The Muse at times to song, nor his stern bow  
Forever shakes.

In adverse hours show thee a man of mind  
And mettle. Yet not less thou’lt wisely know  
To reef the prosperous sails, when comes the wind  
Too good to blow.





WILLIAM GREENWOOD, 1907

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

If thou wouldst live secure and free,  
Thou wilt not keep far out at sea,  
    Licinius, evermore;  
Nor, fearful of the gales that sweep  
The ocean wide, too closely creep  
    Along the treacherous shore.

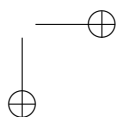
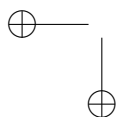
The man, who, with a soul serene,  
Doth cultivate the golden mean,  
    Escapes alike from all  
The squalor of a sordid cot,  
And from the jealousies begot  
    By wealth in lordly hall.

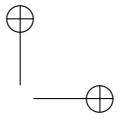
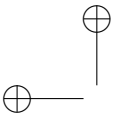
The mighty pine is ever most  
By wild winds swayed about and tossed;  
    With most disastrous crash  
Fall high-topped towers, and ever, where  
The mountains’ summit points in air,  
    Do bolted lightnings fash.

When fortune frowns, a well-trained mind  
Will hope for change: when she is kind,  
    A change no less will fear:  
If haggard winters o’er the land  
By Jove are spread, at his command  
    In time they disappear.

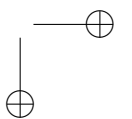
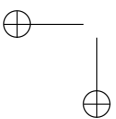
Though now they may, be sure of this,  
Things will not always go amiss;  
    Not always bends in ire  
Apollo his dread bow, but takes  
The lyre, and from her trance awakes  
    The Muse with touch of fire.

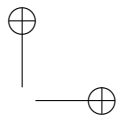
Though sorrows strike, and comrades shrink,  
You never let your spirits sink





But to yourself be true;  
So wisely, when yourself you find  
Scudding before too fair a wind,  
Take in a reef or two.





FRANCIS LAW LATHAM, 1910

(“Brasenose College, Oxford”)

Thy life, Licinius, thou shalt rightly steer  
Not standing out to sea for evermore,  
Nor whilst thou dread'st the storm hugging too near  
The dangerous shore.

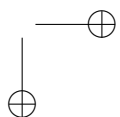
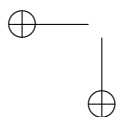
The man enamoured of the golden mean,  
Secure the squalid hovel's poverty  
Will shun, discreet will shun the palace seen  
With envious eye.

Oftener by tempest blasts the pine tree tall  
Is shaken, and in heavier ruin drops  
The lofty tower, and thicker lightnings fall  
On mountain tops.

A heart with due provision fortified  
Hopes in unhappy, fears in happy things  
A change of lot. Jove the foul winter-tide  
In turn now brings,

Now scatters. Present evil shall not so  
Always abide: sometimes Apollo wakes  
With lyre the silent Muse, and his bent bow  
A while forsakes.

In adverse fortune brave and spirited  
Do thou appear; before too favouring gales  
Thou shalt take in, by the same wisdom led,  
Thy swelling sails.





CHARLES RICHARD WILLIAMS, 1910

(1853–1927)

You shall do best if you not alway sail  
The open sea; nor if you caution boast  
And hug too close – for fear of rising gale –  
A treacherous coast!

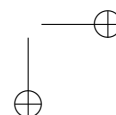
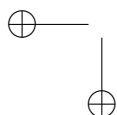
Whoso doth in the golden mean delight,  
His house shall not be shabby and forlorn;  
Nor shall he by a mansion men incite  
To envious scorn.

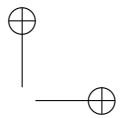
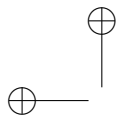
Most oft the wind the mighty pine tree shakes;  
The loftiest towers fall with more grievous crash;  
Round highest peaks the thunder oftenest quakes,  
And lightnings flash.

Expectant there may be reverse, when things  
Go ill or well – so stands the well-schooled heart:  
For the same Jove that bitter winter brings  
Bids it depart!

The ills of life abide not; hence they flee!  
His bow not always doth Apollo use;  
Sometimes the lyre he wakes to melody  
To court the muse!

Brave and undaunted let your breast be still  
In narrow straits; but prudence be not lacked!  
When favouring winds your canvas overfill,  
Let sail be slacked!





SIR WILLIAM S. MARRIS, 1912

(1873–1945; Civil Servant and Classical Scholar)

Friend, steer not always for the deep,  
Nor shrink, when storms pursue,  
Too near false shores: so shalt thou keep  
Thy bearing true.

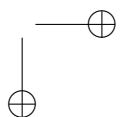
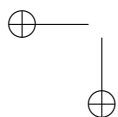
Who loves the golden mean, aloof  
From squalid hut abides,  
And wisely shuns the lordly roof,  
Where Envy hides.

Tall pines are tempest-tossed the worst,  
High towers crash most loud,  
Breaks on the mountain's summit first  
The thundercloud.

In ill, wise hearts hope better things,  
In weal, they fear for worse;  
The ugly snows one Father brings  
And will disperse,

And here and now though all be wrong,  
Not always lasts the woe,  
When Phoebus wakes the Muse to song  
And slacks his bow.

Be brave and strong in trouble's stress;  
Yet wisely have a care  
To reef thy sail before the press  
Of wind too fair.





## GEORGE MURRAY, 1912

(1830–1910; Canadian Educator and Journalist)

Life's course in safety would'st thou steer,  
    Licinius, shun the open deep;  
Nor to the treacherous shore in fear  
    Of storms too closely keep.

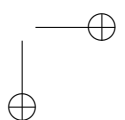
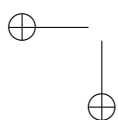
The giant pine by tempest oft  
    Is rent: towers fall with heavy crash  
And mountain peaks that soar aloft  
    Attract the lightning's flash.

He who selects the golden mean  
    Finds in no garret foul his home,  
Nor covets, sober and serene,  
    The envy-stirring dome.

A mind well trained both hopes in woe,  
    And fears in weal a change of fate,  
For love who sends the cheerless snow  
    Withdraws it soon or late.

Tears will be followed by a smile –  
    Apollo, with his lyre, the muse  
Oft wakens, ceasing for a while  
    His deadly bow to use.

When nearly wrecked in times of ill  
    Prove the brave mettle of thy mind,  
And wisely reef thy sails that fill  
    With too propitious wind.





A. L. TAYLOR, 1914

If thou wouldst order well thy days,  
    Licinius, thou must be  
Like the skilled mariner who obeys  
    The warnings of the sea.

He not for ever dares the deep  
    Nor always hugs the shore,  
Where rocks and hidden dangers sleep  
    Worse than he flies before.

Choose thou the golden mean nor know  
    The huts of sordidness  
Where Want's poor wretches still bestow  
    Their shames and vilenesses;

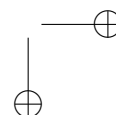
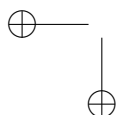
Nor heed the towering of the walls  
    Where dwell the great and proud:  
How oft the splendid palace calls  
    The envy of the crowd.

'Tis the tall pine that bows before  
    The tempest fierce its head,  
The loftiest pinnacles that more  
    By falls are minished;

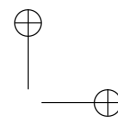
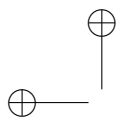
And when the flashing lightning deals  
    Its stroke so swift and dire,  
It is the mountain-top that feels  
    The fierceness of the fire.

The brave, true heart, when Fortune flouts,  
    Her frowning fierce can dare,  
Still hoping on, and wisely doubts  
    Even when her face is fair.

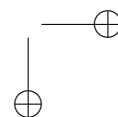
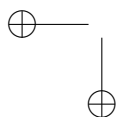
Skies are not always gray: the long  
    Drear winters come and go:  
Apollo wakes the lyre to song,  
    Nor always bends the bow.







Therefore in perils bold and brave,  
Be not too brave or bold,  
But reef the sail when wind and wave  
Invite thee to unfold.





FRANKLIN P. ADAMS, 1917

(1881–1960; American Newspaper Columnist)

Sail not too far to be safe, O Licinius!  
Neither too close to the shore should you steer.  
Rashness is foolish, and how ignominious  
Cowardly fear!

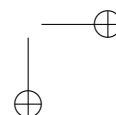
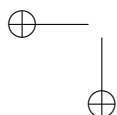
He who possesses neither palace nor hovel  
(My little flat would be half way between)  
Hasn't a house at which paupers must grovel  
Yet it is clean.

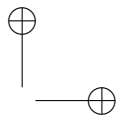
Shaken by winds is the pine that is tallest;  
Ever the summit is bared to the flash;  
The bigger thou art, so the harder thou fallest –  
Cracketty crash!

He who in famine can hope for the manna,  
He who in plenty fears poverty's chafe –  
He is the proper, the true Pollyanna,  
Playing it safe.

Jupiter, bringing the bleak, bitter, raw gust,  
Also remembers to take it away;  
He is the god of December . . . but August –  
April . . . but May.

When you have creditors suing to pay them,  
Four-to-an-ace is the way to invest;  
But when you win every pot, you should play them  
Close to your chest.





WARREN H. CUDWORTH, 1917

(1877–1927)

Licinius, that thy life be safer led,  
Steer not too boldly for the open main,  
Nor hug too closely treacherous shores, thro' dread  
Of stormwinds' blatant reign.

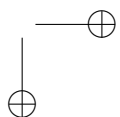
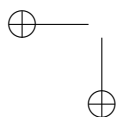
What man soever loves the golden mean  
Safely avoids a squalid, tottering cell,  
Sanely avoids the proud palatial scene  
Where Envy's minions dwell.

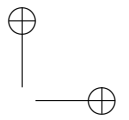
More oft it is the hugest pine that creaks  
When winds are wild, with weightier ruin crash  
The topless towers, and on the mountain peaks  
Descends the levin flash.

The mind well schooled when days are bright will fear,  
When days are dark will hope for, fortune's shift,  
For Jove, who brings the wintry tempests drear,  
Will likewise make them lift

And vanish. Tho' our lot be ill to-day,  
It dures not ever: oft with harpings low  
Apollo wakes the Muse, and not for aye  
He bends his angry bow.

In times of stress approve thyself a man  
Both brave and patient; but when spanking gales  
Too freely blow around thee, wisely plan  
To reef thy bellying sails.





CHARLES MURRAY, 1917 (IMITATED)

Tempt not the far oonchancie main,  
Nor fearin' blufferts, frien',  
Creep roon' fause headlan's; haud your ain  
Tack fair atween.

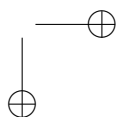
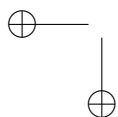
The gowden mids, wha aims at it  
Will shun the tinker's lair,  
Nor gantin' in a castle sit  
Whaur flunkeys stare.

The heichest fir storms aft'nest bow;  
Lums fa' wi' sairest dunt;  
When lightnings rive, bauld Morven's pow  
Drees aye the brunt.

Come weel, come wae, wi' hope or fear  
Prepare your heart for a';  
The same Power sends the rain will clear  
The clouds awa'.

Tho' here the day ye 've waes galore  
The morn may see them gone;  
Fate whiles lays by the dour claymore  
An' tunes the drone.

In trouble bauldly bear yoursel';  
When thrivin', mind the fret –  
'Tho' lang the pig gangs to the well,  
It's ae day's set.'





GERARD FENWICK, 1918

*(Odes of Horace, Book II)*

Licinius, do not always press  
    When fortune favours on the sea,  
Nor yet when sudden storms distress  
    Hug dangerous shores immoderately.

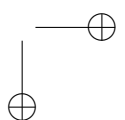
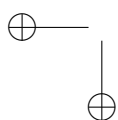
Whoever loves the golden mean  
    Will not regret if straw-roofed shed  
By no one envied, should be seen  
    In place of mansions o'er his head.

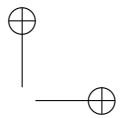
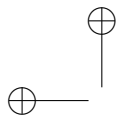
The loftiest pine the wind feels most,  
    The tallest towers loudest fall,  
The lightning's flash when seen does most  
    On highest mountain tops appal.

Hope still, hope on, when times are bad;  
    When fortune favours cautious be,  
Your breast for either fate make glad,  
    And faint not in adversity.

The cold Jove brings, he will remove,  
    Nor will fate always be unkind,  
Phœbus again the Muse will move  
    Not always bent this bow you'll find.

Whatever fate may have in store  
    The consequences boldly face;  
The wise man steers his course no more  
    Than he can easily retrace.





LOUIS UNTERMEYER, 1919

(1885–1977; American Editor and Poet)

Licinius, here's a recipe

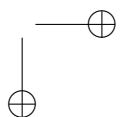
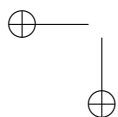
To keep you from undue commotion,  
Remember that the shore can be  
As treacherous as the depths of ocean:

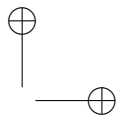
The man who loves the golden mean,  
Avoids the squalor of a hovel;  
And scorns the palaces, serene  
Above the envious ones who grovel.

It is the giant pine that creaks,  
It is the tallest towers that tumble;  
And it is on the mountain peaks  
That lightnings strike and heavens crumble.

The heart forearmed, when times are drear,  
Hopes for the best, and in fair weather  
Allows itself an hour of fear –  
It takes the good and bad together.

Be patient then, and reef your sails;  
Equip your courage with endurance.  
Thus shall you meet the roaring gales  
With laughing wisdom and assurance.





LIONEL LANCELOT SHADWELL, 1920

(1845–1925; Barrister)

Life's bark, Licinius, rightly would you steer,  
Nor aye stand on into the open, nor  
Foul weather to avoid run in too near  
A rocky shore.

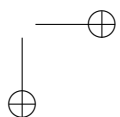
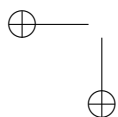
The golden mean who chooses will not know  
For home a squalid hovel's crumbling walls,  
Content the envied splendour to forgo  
Of palace halls.

The fury of the blast more often shakes  
The giant pine, high towers with heavier crash  
Fall down, and on the mountain summit breaks  
The lightning flash.

A change of fortune the well tutored mind  
In weal, in woe, with fear or hope attends.  
Jove brings, and Jove the devastating wind  
Of winter ends.

To-morrow cures the ills that vex to-day.  
Sometimes Apollo will the silent lute  
To music wake, nor with bent bow away  
Stands forth to shoot.

When troubles hem you in, be not downcast,  
But front them boldly; yet 'twere wisdom still  
To shorten sail, if a fair breeze, too fast,  
The canvas fill.





WILLIAM FREDERICK LLOYD, 1920

*(Versions and Perversions)*

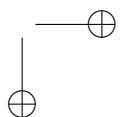
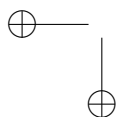
Your better course in life would be  
Neither to tempt the open Sea  
    When storms arise,  
Nor hug the shore, but just between  
The two, you choose the golden mean  
    Where safety lies.

You should not live in sordid cell,  
Nor in a Palace should you dwell,  
    Nor hall nor Den.  
Should be your home. So be more wise  
And don't excite the envious eyes  
    Of jealous men.

The pine tree pointing to the sky  
The gentle breezes can defy,  
    But fears the squall;  
The peaks are struck by lightning dread  
The Towers on high which rear their head  
    In ruin fall.

The man who boasts a well-trained mind  
Should not despair when fates are kind,  
    Nor yet his joy display  
Both Storm and Calm the Gods create,  
So train your heart, an adverse fate  
    To meet without dismay.

The fates are kind to you to-day.  
Apollo on his lute may play,  
    Or else he bends his bow  
In narrow straits, if courage fails,  
You must beware; and furl your sails  
    When stormy breezes blow.







IMAGINARY ANSWER OF LICINIUS

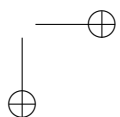
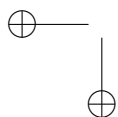
The course of life you plan for me,  
    Oh Horace, I disdain;  
All who are bold in this agree,  
Who never risks the open sea  
    Can never wealth attain.

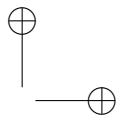
The pine tree points towards the sky  
    And braves the squall,  
I'd rather raise my head on high,  
'Tis nobler far to do or die  
    And risk a fall.

When fortune smiles and your career  
    Is bright and gay,  
You should not mope, for it is clear  
That only cowards face with fear  
    The evil day.

In this I'm glad that I agree  
    With you, my friend,  
That every man should always be  
Undaunted by the stern decree  
    The Gods may send.

For if you always think you'll fail  
    You can't advance.  
So when I find a favouring gale  
I will not furl but spread my sail  
    And take my chance.





HUBERT DYNES ELLIS, 1920

*(Selections from the Odes)*

The higher life, Licinius, would'st attain?  
Then put not ever forth upon the main.  
But while foul weather thou wilt not ignore,  
Hug not too close, my friend, the treacherous shore.

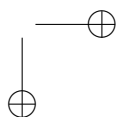
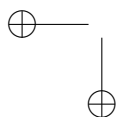
Whoe'er the Golden Mean his rule has made  
Will shun the squalor of a hut decayed:  
Yet, prudently avoiding Envy's gall,  
He will not build a too palatial hall.

The tallest pine bends oftenest to the blast,  
The highest pinnacles are overcast  
With greatest ruin, and the lightning wreaks  
Its fiercest fury on the topmost peaks.

Hopeful when Fate frowns, cautious when she's kind,  
Prepared for change endures the well-trained mind.  
The direful winters sent by mighty Jove  
The same great power doth equally remove.

What if with you just now things are awry?  
'Twill not be so to all eternity!  
One while Dan Phoebus wakes the slumbering muse,  
One while his tightened bowstring he undoes.

When luck is at its worst do thou behave  
Thyself courageously, be strong and brave!  
But, all the same, if full and fair the gale,  
Be wise and do not carry too much sail.



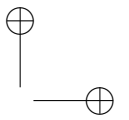


WILLIAM HATHORN MILLS, 1921

(1848–1930; Writer)

Licinius, would you live aright,  
    Tempt not the high seas evermore,  
Nor, fearing tempests, in your fright  
    Too closely hug the dangerous shore.  
Who loves the golden mean is free  
    And safe from grime – the grime a house  
Harbours in eld; his modesty  
    Earns not the envy mansions rouse.  
The mighty pine is oftenest  
    Storm-tossed; the higher a turret's height,  
The worse its fall; it is its crest,  
    The mountain's top, that lightnings smite.  
A well-schooled heart, when things look black,  
    Hopes for a change: when all seems gay,  
Fears change. Jove brings rude winters back;  
    Aye, but he also ends their stay.  
Bad luck today? Well, but how long –  
    How many days – will it be so?  
Phoebus awakes his Muse to song  
    At times, nor always bends his bow.  
In times of straitness manifest  
    A hero's heart; shrink not, nor quail;  
Yet take in sail – safety is best –  
    Before too favouring a gale.





JOHN FINLAYSON, 1921

*(The Odes of Horace)*

If thou life's course wouldst safely row,  
    Then steer not always for the deep,  
Nor warily, lest tempests blow,  
    Along the shore and shallows creep.

Who loves the golden mean need fear  
    No misery of squalid den,  
Nor showy palace will he rear,  
    The envy of his fellow-men.

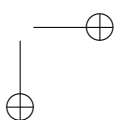
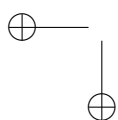
The loftiest pine the gale invites,  
    The stateliest tower hath greatest fall,  
The mountain tops the lightning smites,  
    And spreadeth ruin like a pall.

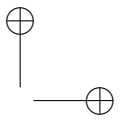
The man whose mind is braced aright  
    Will still have hope in hour of stress:  
Should Fortune's smile on him alight,  
    Will not forget her fickleness.

If Jove decrees us winters fierce,  
    His hand removes their sullen reign;  
The dawn will through the darkness pierce  
    And Summer's sun will shine agar.

Apollo, born of Jove supreme,  
    Not always bends in wrath his bow,  
But sometimes rouses from her dream  
    The Lyric Muse, who lieth low.

So, in the day of darksome fate  
    Let gay undaunted mien prevail  
Borne on too fair a breeze elate,  
    O wisely reef thy swelling sail.





GEOFFREY ROBLEY SAYER, 1922

(1887–1962; Civil Servant and Historian)

Friend, would you the right rule keep,  
Steer not always for the deep,  
    Nor, when ocean tempests roar,  
    Hug too tight a doubtful shore.

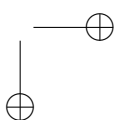
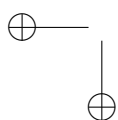
He who loves the Golden Mean  
Steers a careful course between  
    Hovel foul and palace fair,  
    Lest there's envy lurking there.

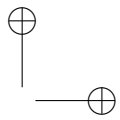
Commonly the lightning seeks  
Mountain ranges' topmost peaks.  
    Winds the tallest pine attack.  
    Heaviest falls the highest stack.

He who's wise, when all is gay  
Guards against a rainy day;  
    Stormbound, trusts the clouds will pass,  
    High his hopes tho low the glass.

Jove who darkens will make clear;  
'Tis not winter all the year.  
    Apollo sometimes stays his dart  
    To wake to song the lyric Art.

In the trough of narrow seas  
Set the jaw and brace the knees.  
    On the crest of fortune's tide  
    Wisely reef your swelling pride.





## EDWARD DOUGLAS ARMOUR, 1922

(1851–1922; Lawyer, Educator and Poet)

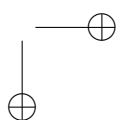
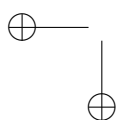
Licinius, you should always keep  
    A middle course; nor cling to shore,  
Nor tempt the vast and treacherous deep,  
    The threatening wave, the tempest's roar.

If you elect the golden mean  
    Of fortune, you shall neither dwell  
In envied palace, nor be seen  
    The tenant of a squalid cell.

The highest tower, the tallest tree,  
    Will fall with most resounding crash;  
The highest mountain ever be  
    The one to draw the lightning's flash.

Great Jove both sends the winter's cold  
    And in his season takes away;  
And so to-morrow may not hold  
    The frowns and sorrows of to-day.

If straitened means should be your fate,  
    Be bold, let not your courage fail;  
If prosperous winds your sails inflate,  
    Steer cautiously before the gale.





## LEONARD CHALMERS-HUNT, 1925

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

Licinius, you would profit reap,  
If you would saner counsels keep!  
Who scorns the reefs that strew the deep  
Safe navigation doth o'er-leap.  
Who unadventurous hugs the shore,  
Will lack of enterprise deplore.  
Who steers a middle course between,  
To him accrues no dwelling mean!  
With blessings that suffice, elate,  
He envies not the halls of state.  
Conscious when roaring tempests rage,  
That loftiest pines their force engage.  
That sky-crowned towers majestic,  
Crash heaviest with o'erwhelming fall.  
When black clouds wield their ponderous flail  
That light'nings strike the ridged fell,  
Philosophy's proportioned mind,  
Hope in the direst straits can find,  
And ripe experience dearly bought,  
Sees lurking change in every lot.  
Jove, who doth bring the frozen rime,  
Doth he not yield spring's warmth sublime?  
Though sadness glooms our present day,  
Shall it for ever with us stay? –  
Apollo, with his gracious lyre,  
Still shall the silent Muse inspire,  
Nor aye bend bow, nor quiver sling,  
Nor fit the feathered shaft to string.  
In straightened lot, let strength prevail,  
When winds are fair, then shorten sail! –





HUGH MACNAGHTEN, 1926

(1862–1929; Vice Provost of Eton College)

Licinius, if you think with me,  
You'll steer not always out to sea,  
Nor hug the treacherous shore, for fear  
    A storm be near.

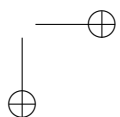
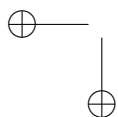
The man, who loves the golden mean,  
A house not weatherproof nor clean  
Shuns, and is safe: shuns, wise withal,  
    The envied hall.

The giant pine feels most of all  
The many winds, high towers that fall  
Fall heaviest, the lightning seeks  
    The mountain peaks.

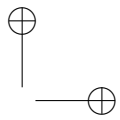
Well-schooled the mind, when troubles press,  
Expects a change; in happiness,  
Knows it may come. God summons here  
    The winter drear,

Then drives it hence. What's ill to-day  
May turn to good. 'Tis Phoebus' way  
Sometimes to wake the Muse, not bend  
    His bow sans end.

In straits of fortune steel your heart  
And smile. 'Tis also wisdom's part,  
Lest that good wind become a gale,  
    To shorten sail.







SAIDI HOLT, 1926

*(Measures and Rhymes of Diverse Times)*

Thou wouldst live, Licinius, more correctly  
Neither pressing always to open ocean,  
Nor in fear of storms to the shore unfriendly  
    Clinging too closely.

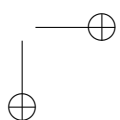
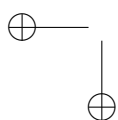
Golden is the middle: whoever loveth  
That secure from squalor of sordid cabin  
Rests and safe in temperateness from owning  
    Coveted palace.

Oftener is shaken by winds the mighty  
Pine and with a graver disaster tumble  
Lofty towers and mountains the lightning-flashes  
    Smite on the summits.

Change of fate he hopeth in days unlucky;  
Favored, feareth it, who hath breast well-steadied;  
Ugly winters Jupiter bringeth round and  
    Likewise removeth.

Nay; though things go ill in the present, henceforth  
Need they not: At times with his lyre the silent  
Muse Apollo wakes nor his bow doth always  
    Keep in extension.

Show in straits of fortune thyself high-mettled,  
Brave appear and if thou art wise, then also  
Reef thy swollen sails when the wind too freely  
    Favors thy voyage.





## ASCOTT ROBERT HOPE MONCRIEFF, 1927

(1846–1927; Scottish Writer)

Take my advice, sir (not that you ask for it!),  
Launch not out rashly into the main stream,  
Nor, on the other hand, creep like a coal barge,  
    Hugging the towpath.

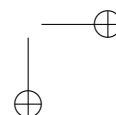
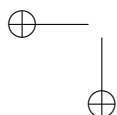
You know my maxim: *est modus in rebus*:  
No one's expected to think too small beer of self,  
All the same, not to be cock-shy for other fools,  
    Never put side on.

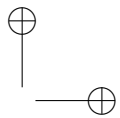
Swelled head is mark for the lightning of laughter,  
Humptiest Dumpty is surest to tumble,  
Like a bubble gone smash, spreading panic and scandal  
    All through the City.

Don't lie in bed when St. Swithin is sulky,  
Nor yet crow too loud if you strut in the sun;  
The Clerk of the Weather's glass seldom stands steady  
    At "Set Fair" or "Rain."

Hope when the stocks go down, hedge when they boom again;  
Just grin and bear an increase in the rates;  
The Chancellor won't always be stretching our taxes  
    In the next Budget.

In short, through all changes and chances, be sensible:  
In June let your fur coat lie titbit for moths,  
But do not in April, no, nor till May is out,  
    Cast off your flannels.

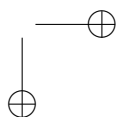
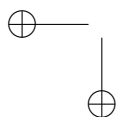




ALEXANDER WILLIAM MAIR, 1929

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

Ah! in the voyage of life, my friend,  
Be wise nor tempt the open ocean  
Too boldly nor, to shun the wind,  
Hug thou the shore with dangerous caution.  
The Golden Mean who still prefers  
Doth neither in a cabin smother  
Nor, in a palace dwelling, stir  
The envy of a humbler brother.  
Upon the soaring pine-tree wreaks  
The storm its fury, sorer tumbles  
The high-built tower, the mountain peaks  
Most suffer when the thunder rumbles.  
When Fortune frowns, the prudent man  
Still nurses hope; when Fortune flatters,  
He fears lest blessing change to ban;  
And when the bitter rainstorm patters,  
He knows that that same God who sent  
To-day the tempest for our sorrow,  
Shall when it pleases him relent,  
The sun may shine again to-morrow,  
And not for evermore in ire  
With bended bow Apollo scourges,  
But takes anon his golden lyre  
And the dumb strings to music urges.  
When things are dark, the wise man shows  
Neath Fortune's blows a front unbending,  
And when the wind too favouring blows  
He shortens sail with timely tending.





## ALEXANDER FALCONER MURISON, 1931

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

The better way of life, Licinius,  
Is neither always to pursue the deep  
Nor, cautious in your horror of the squalls,  
Too near the dangerous shore to creep.

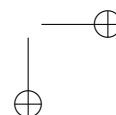
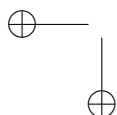
Yea, whosoever loves the golden mean  
Is moderate and safe whenever he  
Keeps clear alike of wretched crazy hovel  
And mansion not from envy free.

More frequently it is the mighty pine  
That's tossed by winds, and fall with heavier crash  
The lofty towers; and it is the summits  
Of mountains that the lightnings lash.

Hopes in adversity, dreads in success,  
The other lot a rightly ordered breast.  
'Tis Juppiter that brings the winter blasts,  
'Tis Juppiter them lulls to rest.

If things go badly now, yet by and by  
The luck will turn again: sometimes, you know,  
Apollo wakes the silent lyric muse,  
He does not always bend his bow.

In straits of fortune keep your spirits up,  
Put on a dauntless front; likewise, you'll mind,  
Furl prudently your sails if they are swollen  
With over-favourable wind.

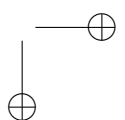
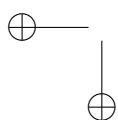


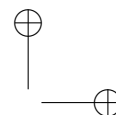
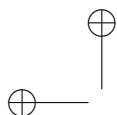


## ATTICUS, 1933

*(Some Odes of Horace)*

Would you, Licinius, rightly live  
To prudence its true value give.  
However fine the weather be,  
Don't stand too boldly out to sea;  
Nor, trembling at old Neptune's roar,  
Unduly hug the rockbound shore.  
Now, he who loves the golden mean  
'Neath squalid roof is seldom seen.  
In garish hall he won't reside;  
For other folks would curse his pride.  
The tallest pines meet fiercest blast.  
The highest towers crash worst, when cast;  
The lightning's stroke doth ever seek  
The topmost crag of mountain peak.  
When times are bad, the well-trained mind  
Calmly awaits a fate more kind;  
Remembers, when affairs seem bright,  
That daylight but precedes the night.  
Though wintry winds our senses rack,  
Just Jove will send sweet summer back.  
If everything seems out of joint  
Perchance the stars to gladness point.  
Though silent now, the lute's soft note  
Will shortly on the zephyrs float;  
And, sometimes, as we all must know,  
Apollo doth unstring his bow.  
Be steadfast, then; when ills befall  
On all your better feelings call.  
Be wise; – when favouring winds prevail.  
Gently draw in your billowing sail.



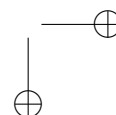
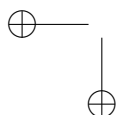


H. B. MAYOR, 1934

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

Rightly would you live, Licinius? Do not always seek the deep,  
Nor in fear of storm too closely to the treacherous shallows keep.  
Who the golden mean preferreth, safe, though modest, is his fate,  
Stranger both to crumbling hovels and to envied halls of state.  
Tallest firs more oft are shaken; lofty towers thunder down  
With a heavier crash, and lightning strikes the mountain’s topmost  
crown.

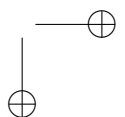
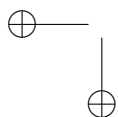
In adversity the spirit well prepared will hopefully  
Look for that reverse of fortune, which in wealth it dreads to see.  
Jove brings back and Jove disperses winter tyrannous and rude;  
What to-day is ill, to-morrow haply will again make good:  
Oft Apollo tunes his lyre and with a sudden ravishment  
Wakes the silent Muse nor always is his bow in anger bent.  
See that in the hour of peril hand and spirit do not fail,  
But before a breeze too friendly reef in time the swelling sail.





MAJOR ALFRED MAITLAND ADDISON, 1935

Would you, Licinius, rightly live  
To prudence its true value give,  
However fine the weather be,  
Don't stand too boldly out to sea;  
Nor, trembling at old Neptune's roar  
Unduly hug the rockbound shore.  
Now, he who loves the golden mean  
'Neath squalid roof is seldom seen;  
In garish hall he won't reside;  
For other folks would curse his pride.  
The tallest pines meet fiercest blast;  
The highest towers crash worst, when cast  
The lightning's stroke doth ever seek  
The topmost crag of mountain peak.  
When times are bad, the well-trained mind  
Calmly awaits a fate more kind;  
Remembers, when affairs seem bright,  
That daylight but precedes the night,  
Though wintry winds our senses rack,  
Just Jove will send sweet summer back.  
If everything seems out of joint  
Perchance the stars to gladness point.  
Though silent now, the lute's soft note  
Will shortly on the zephyrs float;  
And, sometimes, as we all must know,  
Apollo doth unstring his bow,  
Be steadfast, then; when ills befall  
On all your manly feelings call.  
Be wise; – when favouring winds prevail.  
Gently draw in your billowing sail.





GILBERT F. CUNNINGHAM, 1935

*(Horace: An Essay and Some Translations)*

My friend, I venture now to send ye  
some lines my jinglin' muse has penned ye,  
in hope that they some aid may lend ye  
    to steer through life,  
an' frae some hidden shoals defend ye  
    when storms are rife.

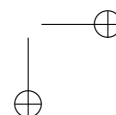
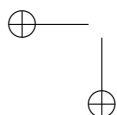
To tempt ower far the distant main  
frae sight o' land may be your bane,  
but mind, it isna' that alane  
    is ships' undoin' –  
on shore-sunk reefs fu' monie an ane  
    has come to ruin.

Enow o' riches to be freed  
frae daily fear is a' ye need,  
for golden hoards o' wealth will breed  
    the canker care,  
while gripin' poverty will lead  
    but to despair.

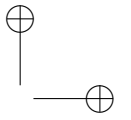
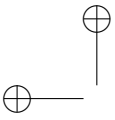
When angry blasts o' winter blaw  
the highest firs shake maist o' a';  
the storm brings down wi' heaviest fa'  
    the proudest palace;  
the thunder rives the peaks in twa'  
    an' spares the valleys.

The wise man's even-balanced mind  
forgets na' fear though Fate is kind,  
an' when she frowns he aye can find  
    o' hope a glimmer;  
God has for every man designed  
    winter an' summer.

He says he will not always chide,  
an' so the sunshine willna' bide

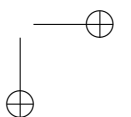
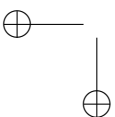






for lang ahint the clouds that hide  
his light awhile;  
wi' cheerfu' sang at mornin' tide  
ye'll hail his smile.

When furious tempests threaten ill,  
then brave them out wi' fearless skill,  
but when ower favourin' breezes fill  
your swellin' sails,  
it's time to reef – there's danger still  
when prudence fails.





JOHN B. QUINN, 1936

(Educator and Translator)

An evener course through life you'll keep  
As warily when the tempests roar,  
You launch not far upon the deep  
Nor hug too close the broken shore.

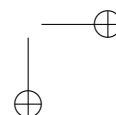
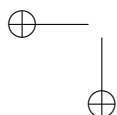
The man that seeks the Golden Mean  
Does well, and sanely shuns the lot  
Of courtiers' shafts of envy keen,  
Or squalid dregs in crumbling cot.

The tallest pines by winds are swayed,  
On highest peaks the lightnings flash  
The most; and greatest wreck is made  
When down the lofty towers crash!

A breast well-trained to undergo  
Alike keen frosts and fortune's play  
Will fear in weal and hope in woe,  
For Jove who brings eke takes away!

The present ills you have, not long  
Will be; anon, Apollo wakes  
The silent Muse with lyric song,  
Whilst he his bended bow forsakes!

When cares of life the mind obsess,  
A brave and cheerful spirit show;  
And wisely swollen sails compress  
When friendly winds too strongly blow!





MARGARET M. FITZGERALD, 1936

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

Live so that you tempt not the sea relentless,  
Neither press too close on the shore forbidding;  
Flee extremes, and choose thou the mean all-golden,  
    Treasure all priceless.

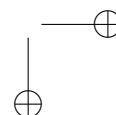
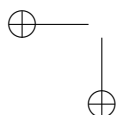
Safe, you dread not poverty's hut repellent;  
Wise, you seek not mansions that men may envy;  
All secure, protected by moderation,  
    Fate cannot harm you.

Tallest pines are soon by the storm blasts shattered,  
Turrets high may fall with the loudest clamor,  
Tow'ring peaks are seared by the lightning's fury,  
    Dangerous, earth's summits.

Lighten grief with hopes of a brighter morrow;  
Temper joy, in fear of a change of fortune;  
Bear the winters, knowing, despite their fury,  
    Jove will recall them.

If, today, misfortune besiege thy pathway,  
Still the future beckons a smiling promise;  
Soon Apollo leaving his arrows dreaded  
    Makes the Muse tuneful.

Thus in stormy days be of heart courageous  
And, when waves are calm, and the danger over,  
Wise man, trim your sails when a gale too prosp'rous  
    Swells out the canvas.





## SIR EDWARD MARSH, 1941

(1872–1953; Scholar and Civil Servant)

He who would steer his course aright  
Must neither crowd all sail to make the deep,  
Nor fearful of foul weather hug too tight  
The shore that rocky waters keep.

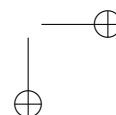
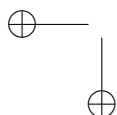
Whoso pursues the golden mean  
Will neither lodge in dingy tumble-down  
Of mouldered walls, nor rouse his neighbour's spleen  
With marbles flaunting in the sun.

'Tis the tall pine the tempest shakes,  
The loftiest towers that fall with heaviest crash,  
The highest hills whereon Jove's levin breaks,  
The proudest backs that feel his lash.

A heart by discipline made firm  
In plenty dreads, but hopes in misery,  
That luck will veer; Heaven dates rude winter's term  
To bind the earth and set it free.

Does all seem dark? One day 'twill not be so.  
The Muse is dumb? Apollo with his lyre  
Wakes her to rapture, and unstrings his bow  
Once he hath slaked his heavenly ire.

In peril, let your front declare  
Mettle and strength to brave the angry gales;  
But when soft favouring zephyrs blow too fair,  
Be warned, take in your swelling sails.





SIR JOHN SEYMOUR BLAKE-REED, 1942

(1882–1966; Judge)

Wisely your bark, Licinius, steer  
Not where the deepest ocean rolls;  
Nor, over-cautious, sail too near  
    The treacherous shoals.

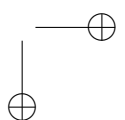
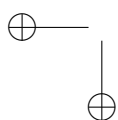
Whoe'er the golden mean pursues,  
To live secure from envy's eye  
Nor sordid hut for home will choose  
    Nor palace high.

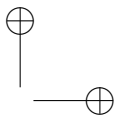
The tallest pines the tempest's might  
Assails; high towers with heavier crash  
Will fall; the loftiest hills invite  
    The lightning flash.

Caution in weal and hope in ill  
The steadfast bosom still will learn;  
Jove sends the gloomy winters, – still  
    The springs return.

Dark days a brighter dawn succeeds;  
Ofttimes Apollo tunes his lyre,  
Unbends his bow and jocund leads  
    The Muses' choir.

Undaunted still by want or grief,  
When Fortune with too prosperous gale  
Your bark impels, be wise and reef  
    Your swelling sail.





FREDERICK CHARLES WILLIAM HILEY, 1944

*(The Odes of Horace)*

Best rule of life, Licinius, not to risk  
Daily on Fate's high seas your fortune; nor  
To fear a storm when'er the breeze is brisk,  
And timorously hug the treacherous shore.

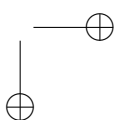
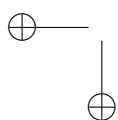
But he who cherishes the golden mean –  
Not his the sordid shack, the miser's way;  
Not his, again, to rouse his neighbour's spleen  
By a pretentious palace's display.

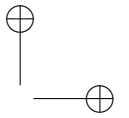
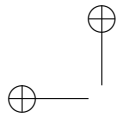
Not seldom 'tis the soaring pine that shakes,  
Rocked by the gale; more ruinous their course  
When tallest towers crash; when thunder breaks,  
It is the topmost peaks that feel its force.

He fears his luck, hopes in adversity,  
The nappy owner of a well-schooled mind;  
Should Jove with ragged clouds blot out the sky,  
'Tis Jove again, who drives them 'fore the wind,

Scudding, and all is clear. If everything  
Is gloomy now, 'twill not be ever so;  
Apollo often wakes the silent string,  
And keeps not ever bent his angry bow.

And if your course be hard, do not despair;  
Shows a bold front, nor let your courage fail;  
But if the breeze of Fortune be too fair,  
Be wise in time, and reef the swelling sail.





## LORD DUNSANY, 1947

(1878–1957; English Writer and Dramatist)

More justly will you live, Licinius,  
Not always pushing out into the deep,  
Nor, while you wisely fear the tempest's sweep,  
Hugging too close the shore so hazardous.

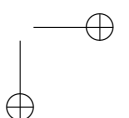
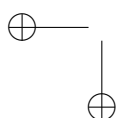
Whoever loves the golden middle way  
Avoids the squalor of a roof outworn,  
And well-advised is he to hold in scorn  
The palace which to envy will be prey.

More often by the gales the mighty pine  
Is shaken, and more heavy is the fall  
Of lofty towers, and the lightnings all  
Strike where the pinnacles of mountains shine.

The well-prepared heart, in an adverse day,  
Hopes on, and fears, as soon as times are fair,  
A change of fortune; winters hard to bear  
Jupiter sends, then takes them all away.

If times are hard, they will not always be.  
Apollo wakens with his lyre from sleep  
Sometimes the Muse: not always does he keep  
Taut-stretched the bow; not always killing he.

In hard times be thou resolute and brave;  
And, when a favorable wind prevails,  
Give not to it thy full and belying sails  
Too readily, but rather prudence have.





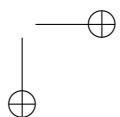
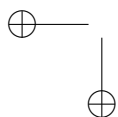
GARDNER WADE EARLE, 1950

*(Moments With (and Without) Horace)*

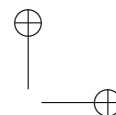
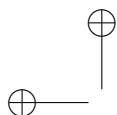
Better will you live, My Friend, by not  
    Advancing far to sea, nor yet in fear  
Retreating to the shoreline's safer spot.  
    The Golden Mean will keep you ever near  
A middle course. Your house should not be rude  
    Nor should it cause a neighbor's envious jeer.

Tall pines are shaken when strong winds are brewed  
    By tempests. Lofty towers sooner fall.  
Men of wealth for larger sums are sued.  
    Be hopeful in the winter; Spring will call  
Again. Be anxious in the summer lest  
    The honey make more bitter autumn's gall.

Avoid the swamp; seek not the stormy crest.





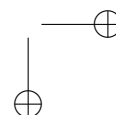
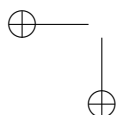


GARDNER WADE EARLE, 1950 (PARAPHRASED)

*(Moments With (and Without) Horace)*

You'll lead a softer life, My Boy, but dull  
    If never you shove out too far t' sea  
Or hug the shoreline like a seasick gull.  
    The easy-weasel way will always be  
More cushy. Keep yer joint not like a dump  
    Or fancy past respectability.

The storm will lay a big tree while a stump  
    Still stands. Lightnin' likes t' hit the top.  
A dizzy peak is bad; so is a slump.  
    In summer, better figger on the drop  
To winter, an' the worst thing in the fall  
    Is worryin' that spring will be a flop.  
Too short? Can't win. Yuh lose if yer too tall.





## LEWIS EVELYN GIELGUD, 1951

(1894–1953; Writer, Intelligence Officer, and Humanitarian Worker)

Your ship will steer a straighter course  
    If not to deepest channels held  
And then, before the tempest's force,  
    To hug unfriendly coasts compelled.

The man that loves the Golden Mean,  
    Will neither take a tumble-down  
Apartment, nor a mansion seen  
    With envious eyes by half the Town.

The lightning strikes the highest peaks;  
    The tallest towers furthest fall;  
The wind that flays the forest seeks  
    The loftiest tree-tops first of all.

Hearts well-conditioned hope in days  
    Of stress – discount, in plenteous years,  
Lean times to come. The scowling face  
    Of Winter shows, and disappears,

As pleases Heaven. If things today  
    Go ill, they will amend. Apollo  
Unstrings at last his bow, to play  
    The pleasant tunes the Muses follow.

Be bold of heart, and strong of mind,  
    When waves run high – but have the wit  
When in your wake a following wind  
    Blows fresh, to trim your sails to it.





SKULI JOHNSON, 1952

(1888–1955; Classical Scholar)

Better, Licinius, will your life be led,  
Should you not always put out on the deep,  
Nor while, o'ercautious, you the storm squalls dread,  
Too near the false shore keep.

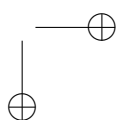
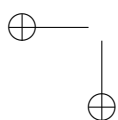
Whoever loves the Golden Mean, lo, he  
Avoids the foul hut tottering to its fall,  
And is secure; and in sobriety  
Shuns the invidious hall.

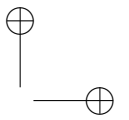
More oft is agitated by the blast  
The lofty pine-tree; turrets towering  
Have heavier fall; 'gainst mountain-crests are cast  
Levin-bolts thundering.

A heart well-warded hopes in fortune dire,  
And fears a change of lot when life goes well.  
The shapeless winters brings the mighty Sire:  
He, too, does them dispel.

'Twill not endure for ever, if now ill  
It fares with you; Apollo will one day  
Awaken strains upon his strings now still,  
Nor bends his bow for aye.

Be mettlesome amid adversity  
And manifest your boldness, but when gales  
Too-favouring follow, then, too, wise you'll be  
And furl your swollen sails.





M. M. SMITH, 1952

(John Osborne Sargent Prize Translation)

Licinius, to be safe from harm,  
Press not forever seaward, nor  
Too closely hug, through fear of storm,  
    The treacherous shore.

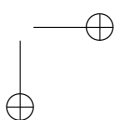
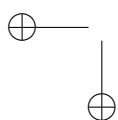
Who makes the golden mean his guide  
Shuns ruined hovels, desolate,  
Avoids the envied rank, beside,  
    Of high estate.

Most oft, when winds are raging, creaks  
The loftiest pine; with deafening crash  
Fall tallest towers; on mountain peaks  
    The lightnings flash.

The heart prepared for weal or woe  
In sadness hopes, in gladness fears.  
Bleak winters which Jove sends below  
    He likewise clears.

Think not one day the next portends:  
At times Apollo, with his lyre,  
Awakes the slumbering Muse, nor bends  
    His bow in ire.

In strife, both bold and valiant show  
Thyself to be; yet do not fail  
To reef, when winds too prosperous blow,  
    Thy swollen sail.





## FRED BATES LUND, 1953

(1865–1950; A Boston Physician)

Right living means, Licinius, not to keep  
Forever sailing where the seas are deep,  
Nor while you, cautious, shun the storm wind's roar,  
Clinging too closely to the treacherous shore.

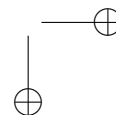
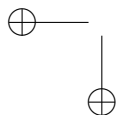
The man who cultivates the golden mean  
Steers a safe course, life's greatest ills between,  
For sordid poverty in humble cot,  
And envy in the palace vex him not.

The tallest pines are shaken most of all  
By storm winds, and with louder crashes fall  
The loftier towers; the highest mountain peaks  
The lightning strikes when Jove mid thunder speaks.

The man whose heart is fit for any fate  
Will hope in evil fortune, nor elate  
Will be in good. And God will send  
The spring which brings the cruel winter's end.

Though evil press thee now, 'twill not be long,  
For soon Apollo will arouse to song  
The sleeping Muse, and strike the silent lyre;  
Nor will he always bend his bow in ire.

In poverty be resolute and brave,  
And it were wiser on the swelling wave  
Of Fortune fair, to reef the bellying sail,  
Distended by too favoring a gale.





R. C. T. MAIR, 1955

(*Voices from the Past*, James & Janet Maclean Todd)

More wise, Licinius, are such  
As not too boldly tempt the deep,  
Nor, fearing tempests overmuch,  
Among the unsafe shallows creep.

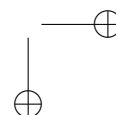
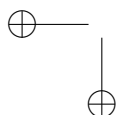
Whoso the golden mean ensues  
Will safely shun the hovel grim  
Nor such pretentious palace choose  
That lesser men need envy him.

On taller trees the storm-winds wreak  
More fury: with more grievous crash  
Tall turrets fall: the mountain peak  
Draws down the lurid lightning flash.

In hardship Hope, in fortune Fear  
To tempered minds foreshadow change;  
For Jove, who sends the winter drear,  
Sends springtime soon: and all things range

Twixt ill and good: no ill endures;  
Anon Apollo's arrows cease  
From troubling, and his lute allures  
Sweet music from the silences.

In storms be resolute, and show  
Courage as in a passing gale:  
No less, when winds too kindly blow,  
Be wise, and reef that swelling sail!





## ARTHUR SALUSBURY MACNALT, 1955

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

O Licinius, cease from sailing  
Where the ocean roars,  
While you dread the storms prevailing,  
Coasting rocky shores.

Lead a life secure and better,  
Happier and serene.  
Whoso wishes ends to fetter,  
Loves the golden mean.

Wise he rests, no risk awaiting  
Of a wretched cell,  
Others who stir envy's hating  
In a palace dwell.

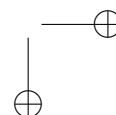
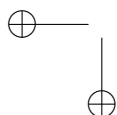
Lofty pines more often sway  
In tempestuous gale,  
High towers fall with more display,  
Ruined without avail.

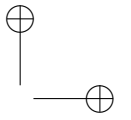
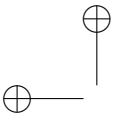
Lightnings strike the mountain high.  
A heart, prepared by years,  
Hopes ever in adversity,  
Prosperity it fears.

The god who brings dire winters back,  
He who to Spring gives claim,  
No different seems on either tack,  
'Tis Jupiter the same.

If it be ill with us to-day,  
To-morrow good will show,  
Apollo sings a silent lay,  
Nor always bends his bow.

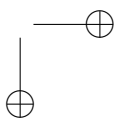
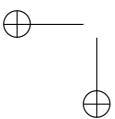
In narrow plight and times of stress  
Appear in spirits high;





Undaunted the occasion bless,  
Nor stay to breathe a sigh.

Again, when voyaging in your ship  
Fanned by propitious gales,  
Wisely let not occasion slip,  
Take in your swelling sails.







JAMES BLAIR LEISHMAN, 1956

(1902–63; Scholar and Translator)

Be shall you live if you neither always  
tempt the open ocean, nor, palely fearing  
coming storms, approach the untrusty shore too  
closely, Licinius.

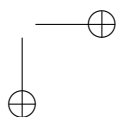
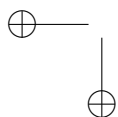
He alone who holds above all the golden  
middle-course, 'scapes safely a too neglectful  
dwelling-place, 'scapes wisely a hall provoking  
envious glances.

Soaring pines are shaken the more in tempests,  
lofty towers collapse with a louder ruin,  
where it rises highest is where the lightning  
strikes at a mountain.

Hearts prepared aright will in days unwelcome  
hope for, no less dread, though, in days propitious,  
other fortune. Bringing again the gloomy  
winters upon us,

Jove removes them. Things that to-day afflict us  
won't be always here. With his lyre the silent  
muse is sometimes roused and the bow unstrung by  
Phoebus Apollo.

Show when things go hardly an undejected,  
all-confronting courage: and yet with prudence  
reef the sails too full and superbly filled with  
favouring breezes.





HELEN ROWE HENZE, 1961

(1899–1973; Poet and Translator)

Wiser shall you live, O Licinius, by  
Neither pressing always toward open water,  
Nor, though heeding storms, hugging too close to the  
    Uneven shore line.

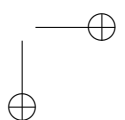
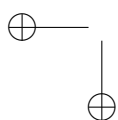
Whosoever chooses the golden mean, that  
Man is safe and free from a squalid roof, and  
Soberly is free of a courtly mansion  
    Apt to rouse envy.

Oftener by winds is the mighty pine tree  
Shaken, lofty palaces fall with harder  
Crash, and bolts of lightning more often strike the  
    Tops of the mountains.

Still the heart, the well-prepared heart keeps hoping  
Change of lot will come to the troubled, fears it  
For the fortunate. Jupiter again brings  
    Hideous winter,

And removes it. Not, if things now go badly,  
Thus will they continue; Apollo sometimes  
Wakes the silent Muse with his lute, not always  
    Bends he his curved bow.

Spirited and brave in adverse conditions  
Show yourself; and you will act wisely also,  
When your sails are swollen by too strong wind, to  
    Take in your canvas.





FREDERICK WILLIAM WALLACE, 1964

(Senior Scholar of Emmanuel College, Cambridge)

Thy life, Licinius, shall be  
More righteous, if always to sea  
Thou drive not, nor in wary fear  
Of storms hug risky coast too near.

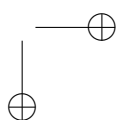
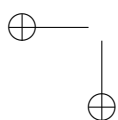
Who doth the golden middle choose  
And safety shall for dwelling use  
No hovel roof, and modest-wise,  
No palace whither envy flies.

More oft the stormy winds will lash  
The mighty pine. With greater crash  
Fall lofty towers. The lightning smites  
The mountains on their topmost heights.

The heart well-schooled will not despair  
At Fortune's frown, yet will beware  
From Fortunes smile a change of things.  
'Tis Jove who ugly winters brings.

Jove moves them onwards. Evil days  
Last not for aye. Apollo's lays  
Sometimes awake the harp that sung,  
Nor is his bow for ever strung.

In straitened days, be bold thy guise  
And valorous. An thou be wise  
When wind astern too much avails,  
Thou shalt reef in thy bellied sails.





ALAN MCNICOLL, 1979

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

More wisely will you live, Licinius,  
By neither sailing the wide ocean o'er,  
Nor, shrinking when the storm is furious,  
Too closely pressing on the treacherous shore.

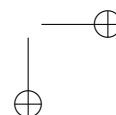
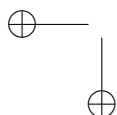
Who chooses by the golden mean to live,  
In his security need never fear  
A ruined roof; nor will unwisely strive  
To dwell in state, with Envy ever near.

The mightiest pine is by ungentle winds  
Most buffeted: the loftiest towers fall  
To earth most heavily: the lightning finds  
And strikes the highest mountain-peak of all.

In bitter times a heart well-trained will hope  
For better, and when happy days abound  
Prepares to face the opposite estate.  
'Tis Jove who brings the hateful winters round

'Tis also he who sweeps them far away.  
Times which are ill will not be always so.  
Sometimes Apollo to the Muse will play  
His lute, and does not always bend the bow.

Show yourself bold and resolute of air  
When peril presses, and the storm prevails;  
And likewise, when the wind is full and fair,  
Prepare for tempests, and take in your sails.





STUART LYONS, 2007

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

Your life would be in better shape  
    If you stopped pressing out to sea  
Or clinging too close to the rocky cape  
    While eyeing storms too warily.

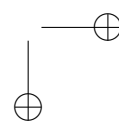
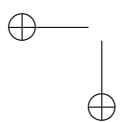
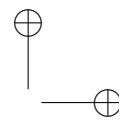
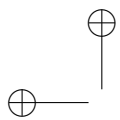
He, who adopts the golden mean,  
    Safely avoids a squalid place  
With a rotten roof, and isn't seen  
    Courting envy in a grand palace.

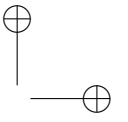
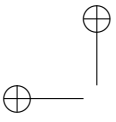
The giant pine shakes most in the winds;  
    The highest towers with the heaviest crash  
Fall to the ground; the thunderstorm finds  
    The topmost peaks with its lightning flash.

A heart that's learnt to anticipate  
    In bad times hopes, in good will fear  
The advent of the contrary fate.  
    God, who brings back the winters drear,  
Also dispels them. Today's bad news  
    Won't last forever. Apollo  
Can with his lyre wake a silent Muse;  
    He does not always bend his bow.

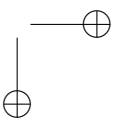
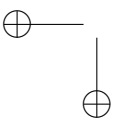
When things are tight, be sure you're seen  
    Spirited and brave! But if you're shrewd,  
You'll draw your swollen sails right in  
    Whenever the following wind's too good.

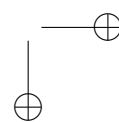
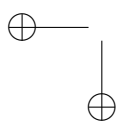
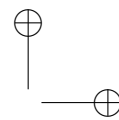
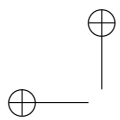






BACK MATTER









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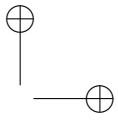
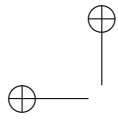
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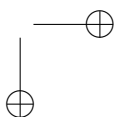
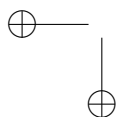
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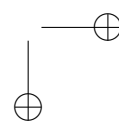
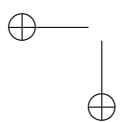
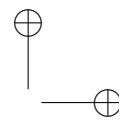
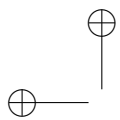
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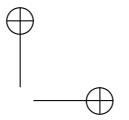
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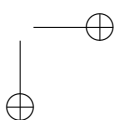
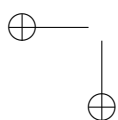






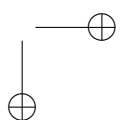
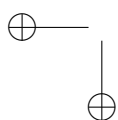
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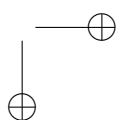
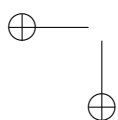
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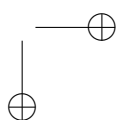
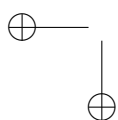


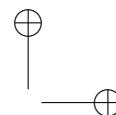
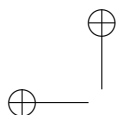


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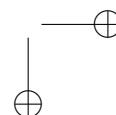
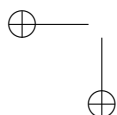
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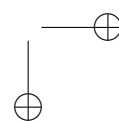
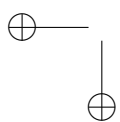
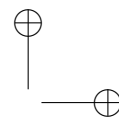
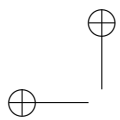




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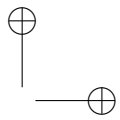
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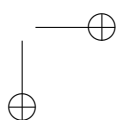
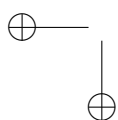


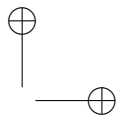
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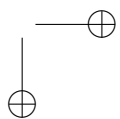
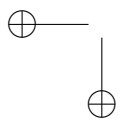


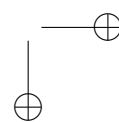
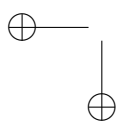
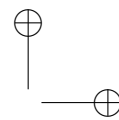
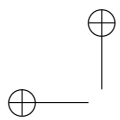
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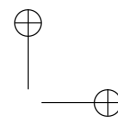
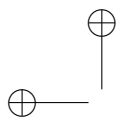


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