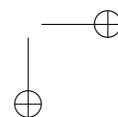
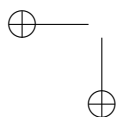
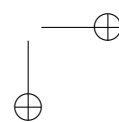
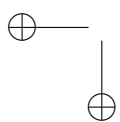
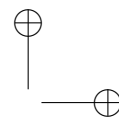
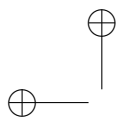
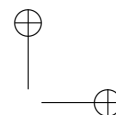
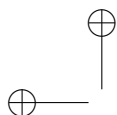


**Horace's Solvitur Acris Hiems**  
A Collection of Translations







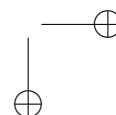
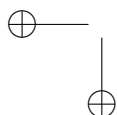
## Horace's Solvitur Acris Hiems A Collection of Translations

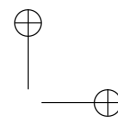
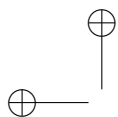
*Isaac Waisberg*

Ah, poet of a darkened time!  
Well might'st thou try to drown in wine  
Thy Future void of love.  
Below thou had'st our sun, our flowers,  
Free winds of health, fresh laughing showers,  
But not our hope above!  
Of things which eye hath never seen,  
The Dream Aideen! – the Dream Aideen!

RICHARD PARKER, *College Rhymes for 1860*

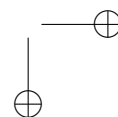
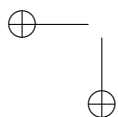
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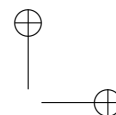
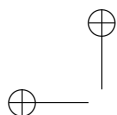




2023

Selection and Design by Isaac Waisberg



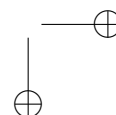
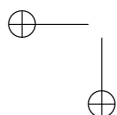


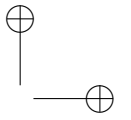
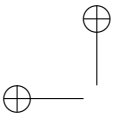
## IN LIEU OF A PREFACE

“What did all those generations who went around quoting Horace and lugging in Horatian tags really think of him? The general opinion, so far as I can make out, is that he was felicitous, curiously felicitous, to quote Petronius, in his language. Nietzsche put this view as well as or better than anyone when he talked about the mosaic of words in a Horatian sentence, the happy collocation of telling verbs, nouns and adjectives in a lapidary phrase or verse. We all, I think, recognize the considerable truth in such an estimate. Much also has been made of Horace’s humanity, his genial humor and wit, his agreeable personality. Some Horatians think with pleasure of his short, fat physique, his sly but easy conversation, his blend of serious philosophy and cheerful skepticism. They think of the amateur farmer with the great friends from whom he took no condescension and to whose strenuous ambition he opposed his own satisfaction with the simple pleasures of each day and hour. Few have taken him seriously as a thinker or even as a very original poet, but they accept his platitudes because they are so neatly phrased and so unpriggishly put. Heaven knows there is nothing new about ‘seizing the day’ or relaxing from business or moderating one’s desires or being philosophic about the future, but we all do fall into the moods that these clichés suggest and, when we do, find Horace just the man for our purposes. He was in short felicitous in his phrasing and charming in his life-style.” (Brooks Otis, *The Relevance of Horace*, 1970)



“No one denies that there are greater poets than Horace; and much has been said in disparagement even of some of the merits most popularly assigned to him, by scholars who have, nevertheless, devoted years of laborious study to the correction of his text or the elucidation of his meaning. But whatever his faults or deficiencies, he has remained unexcelled in that special gift of genius which critics define by the name of charm. No collection of small poems, ancient or modern, has so universally pleased the taste of all nations as Horace’s Odes, or been so steadfastly secure from all the capricious fluctuations of time and fashion. In vain have critics insisted on the superior genius evinced in the scanty relics left to us of the Greek lyrists, and even on the more spontaneous inspiration which

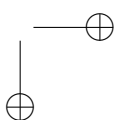
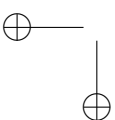


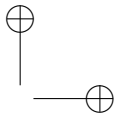
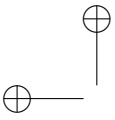


they detect in the exquisite delicacy of form that distinguishes the muse of Catullus. Horace still reigns supreme as the lyrical singer most enthroned in the affections, most congenial to the taste, of the complex multitude of students in every land and in every age. It is an era in the life of the schoolboy when he first commences his acquaintance with Horace. He gets favourite passages by heart with a pleasure which (Homer alone excepted) no other ancient poet inspires. Throughout life the lines so learnt remain on his memory, rising up alike in gay and in grave moments, and applying themselves to varieties of incident and circumstance with the felicitous suppleness of proverbs. Perhaps in the interval between boyhood and matured knowledge of the world, the attractive influence of Horace is suspended in favour of some bolder poet adventuring far beyond the range of his temperate though sunny genius into the extremes of heated passion or frigid metaphysics. . . . But as men advance in years they again return to Horace – again feel the young delight in his healthful wisdom, his manly sense, his exquisite combination of playful irony and cordial earnestness. They then discover in him innumerable beauties before unnoticed, and now enjoyed the more for their general freedom from those very efforts at intense emotion and recondite meaning for which, in the revolutionary period of youth, they admired the writers who appear to them, when reason and fancy adjust their equilibrium in the sober judgment of maturer years, feverishly exaggerated or tediously speculative. That the charm of Horace is thus general and thus imperishable, is a proposition which needs no proof.” (Lord Lytton, *On the Causes of Horace’s Popularity*, 1870)



“That a writer not usually ranked in the first class for sublimity, should, through every age, have been the first in popularity, will not appear surprising, when we reflect on the nature and variety of his excellencies. There is scarcely a subject which he has not treated; there is none of those he has treated which he has not adorned. ‘That which will distinguish his style from all other poets,’ (says Dryden) ‘is the elegance of his words and the numerousness of his verse. There is nothing so delicately turned in all the Roman language. There appears in every part of his diction, or, (to speak English) in all his expressions, a kind of noble and bold purity. His words are chosen with as much exactness as Virgil’s, but there seems to be a greater spirit in them.’ And the same great writer elsewhere says, ‘Virgil himself must yield to him in the delicacy of his turns, his choice of words, and, perhaps, in the purity of his Latin.’ Yet, possibly, not these merits, so often celebrated, not the variety of his subjects, the





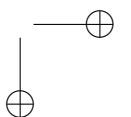
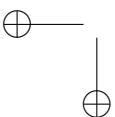
harmony of his numbers, nor even the *curiosa felicitas* of his expressions, will so fully account for the partiality he has experienced from every age of literature, as that character of his writings, which applies more peculiarly to our feelings than to our taste: we mean, the interesting frankness of his manners, the unaffected suavity of his temper, and the honest sensibility of his heart. These qualities, so far as we may judge of the *man* from the writer; he appears to have eminently possessed. He has, perhaps, above all poets, the engaging faculty of communicating his own temper to his readers. We enjoy his pleasures, we enter into his societies, we feel his attachments, we sympathize in his regrets.” (William Boscawen, *The Odes of Horace*, 1793)

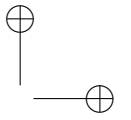
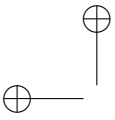


“Others can show thought more profound, feeling more intense, art more ambitious, imagination more sublime. But if we had to select one volume of the ancients, just one, to take to a desert island for the comfort of our souls, or to retain in a warring world to arm us for the stress, I doubt if we could find more aspects of antiquity, more suggestions of the diverse things that the great masters of old have thought and wrought, than the little book of Horace. Let me now venture to express a devout wish that our colleges, my own included, will not be so blind as to bar the road to Horace, to the real and untranslatable Horace, by removing all vestiges of Latin as a fixed part of a liberal education. Many of our Freshmen today are ready to make Horace’s acquaintance at once, and can make it in the courses designed for them. Those whose Latin reaches only through the elementary examination are parted from him only by a year, and even they, if they possess the necessary intelligence and grit, can sit down at once with Horace in studies of their own. Woe to us if we cut away this bridge and leave an ever-widening gulf between. Many will rise up to call us cursed and ask us why we did not make them do what, had they known its meaning, they would have clamored to do for themselves. In this day of freedom, it may seem ludicrous to prescribe a little Latin for entrance to college. But the temporary restraint is all in the interests of freedom, of free delight in the pleasant pastures to which the small path leads.” (Edward Kennard Rand, *A Toast to Horace*, 1937)

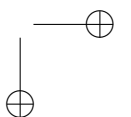
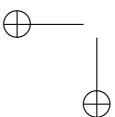


“Unless translation... be proceeding continually and over a very wide range of interests, the unity of our civilization is distorted and its energies become self-destructive; but unless that work of translation is not only

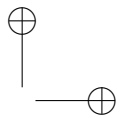
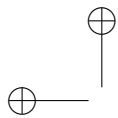




widely done but well done, it may actually do more harm than good. When men were more fully conscious of our cultural unity in the west they clung to the tradition of Latin, which died hard. It is possible that this tradition will be revived, but for the moment it has lost its efficacy and we are like a group of individuals without a common bond of comprehension, with power of speech yet artificially dumb. We need translation today in Europe more than ever we needed it before. We need it materially in the satisfaction of common life, for discovery is common to all our culture and is not of one province. We need it spiritually, in the spreading and comparison of separate cultural efforts more than ever it was needed before, at any rate of recent centuries." (Hillaire Belloc, *On Translation*, 1931)

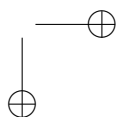
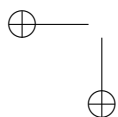


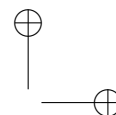
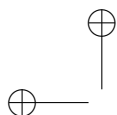




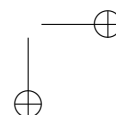
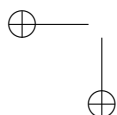
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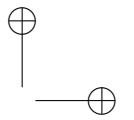
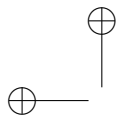
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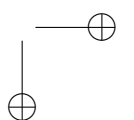
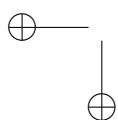


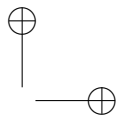
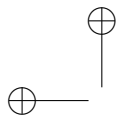
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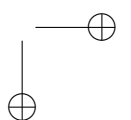
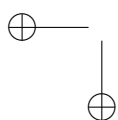


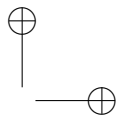
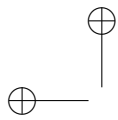
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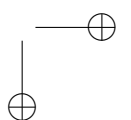
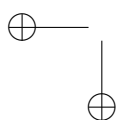


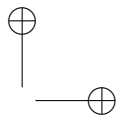
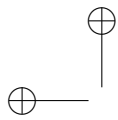
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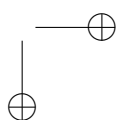
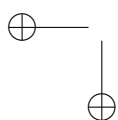


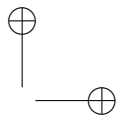
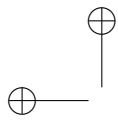
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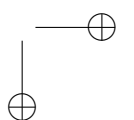
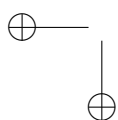


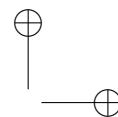
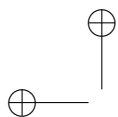
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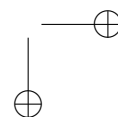
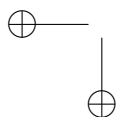


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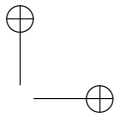
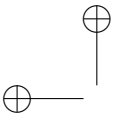




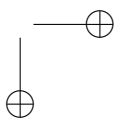
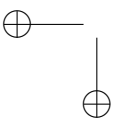
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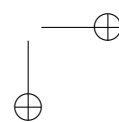
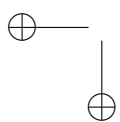
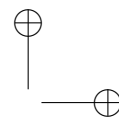
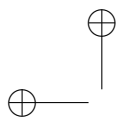


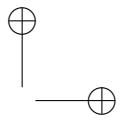
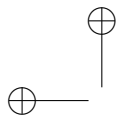




“For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land; The fig tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away.”  
*Song of Solomon, 2, 11-13*







Q. HORATI FLACCI, SOLVITUR ACRIS HIEMS, 23 B.C.

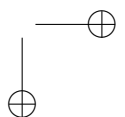
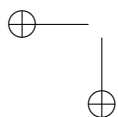
*Solvitur acris hiems grata vice veris et Favoni  
trahuntque siccas machinae carinas  
ac neque iam stabulis gaudet pecus aut arator igni  
nec prata canis albicant pruinis.*

*iam Cytherea choros ducit Venus imminente luna  
iunctaeque Nymphis Gratiae decentes  
alterno terram quatiunt pede, dum gravis Cyclopum  
Volcanus ardens visit officinas.*

*nunc decet aut viridi nitidum caput impedire myrto  
aut flore, terrae quem ferunt solutae,  
nunc et in umbrosis Fauno decet immolare lucis,  
seu poscat agna sive malit haedo.*

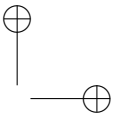
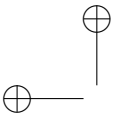
*pallida Mors aequo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas  
regumque turris. o beate Sesti  
vitae summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam;  
iam te premet nox fabulaeque Manes*

*et domus exilis Plutonia; quo simul mearis,  
nec regna vini sortiēre talis  
nec tenerum Lycidan mirabere, quo calet iuventus  
nunc omnis et mox virgines tepebunt.*

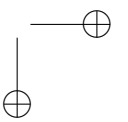
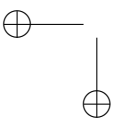


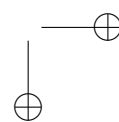
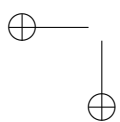
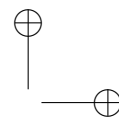
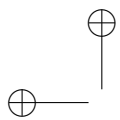


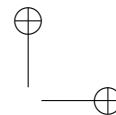
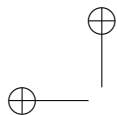
(First Illustrated Edition of Horace, Grüninger, 1498, LOC)



# THE TRANSLATIONS



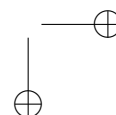
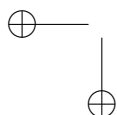


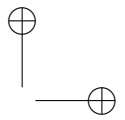
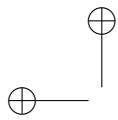


## HENRY RIDER, 1638

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

By Spring and West-winds gentle change about  
Sharpe Winter's gone; the engines now lanch out  
The long-dry keeles, nor doe the beasts desire  
The stable, nor the husband-man the fire,  
Nor doe the fields with hoary frosts looke gray:  
Now Cytherean *Venus* leads the way,  
While the moone'gins to shine, and sweet-fac'd Graces  
Joyn'd with Nymphs, shake the earth with mixed paces:  
While the flame-scattering *Vulcan* now doth fire  
His Cyclops-toiling forges: now to tire  
The head with myrtle green, and with the bud  
Which the earth now unprison'd beares, is good.  
Now fit to sacrifice in groves close hid  
To *Faunus*, whether he crave lambe or kid.  
“Pale death with the same foot knocks at the bowers  
“Of the poore men, and at the Princes towers.  
O happie *Sextius*, this our lives short scope  
Forbids us to conceive a lasting hope.  
Now, now will death, and ghosts held fabulous  
Seize upon thee, and *Plutoes* fairie house;  
Whither being gone, you shan't at dice acquire  
The rule 'oth' wine, nor *Lycidas* smooth admire,  
For whom our Youths now all on fire doe grow,  
And maids ere long in their desire will glow.

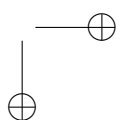
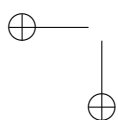




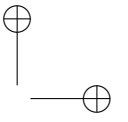
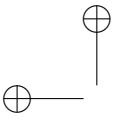
JOHN SMITH, 1649

(*The Lyrick Poet*)

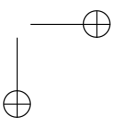
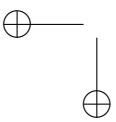
Sharp winter now is past  
With *Zepires* gentle blast,  
The Spring revives againe  
Dry Ships draw to the Maine.  
No cattle stables use,  
The plough-men fire refuse;  
Nor Meadows do look white  
Wich hoary frosts by night.  
*Venus* doth dances lead,  
The Moon shines above head;  
*Nymphs*, *Graces*, tripping round;  
Do lightly tread the ground;  
*Vulcan* with *Cyclops* great  
*Joves* thunder-bolts do heat:  
'Tis comely to be seen  
To bind with Myrtle green  
Thy head, or with such flowers  
As spring with milder showers,  
Now in a shady grove  
As token of thy love.  
To *Faunus* give a Lambe  
Or Kid new falne from dam:  
O *Sextus* do not doubt  
Pale death with equall foot,  
Doth strike at Princes Towers  
As well as poor mens bowers.  
Nor our few years will give  
To us long hope to live.  
Now death is hard at hand  
Thy *Manes* to command,  
And *Plutoes* Court so thin  
Where thou maist enter in,  
Be thy chance most or least  
Thou shalt not rule the least,  
Nor *Lycida* admire

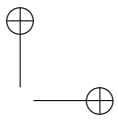
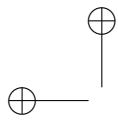






Whom all young-men desire,  
And Virgins in their turne  
Straight with his love shall burn.

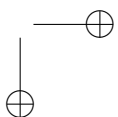
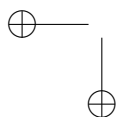


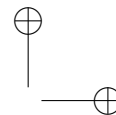
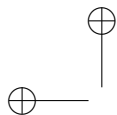


## SIR RICHARD FANSHAWE, 1652

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

Sharp Winter's thawed with spring and Western Gales,  
And Ships drawn up the Engine hales:  
The Clown the Fire, the Beasts their Stalls forgo;  
The Fields have cast their Coats of Snow.  
Fair Venus now by Moon-shine leads a Dance,  
The Graces after comely prance.  
With them the Nymphs the earth alternate beat,  
Whilst Vulcan at his Forge doth sweat.  
Now should we be with lasting Myrtle crown'd,  
Or flowers late Prisners in the Ground.  
Now should We sacrifice a Lambkins Blood  
To Faunus in a gloomie Wood.  
Death knocks as boldly at the Rich mans dore  
As at the Cottage of the poore,  
Rich Sextius: and the shortness of our days  
Fits not with long and rugged ways.  
Swift night will intercept thee, and the Sprights,  
They chat so of on Winter Nights,  
And Pluto's hauntyed Inn. Thou canst not there  
Call for the Musick and good cheere:  
Nor in soft Chloris gaze away thy sight,  
Her sexes envy, our delight.

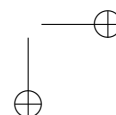
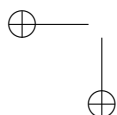


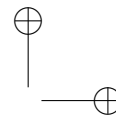
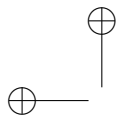


## BARTEN HOLIDAY, 1653

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

Sweet Spring, and *Zephyre's* gentle breath keen Winter thaws,  
And skeller'd Keels from Dock the Engine draws,  
The Ox now quits his stall, the Swain resigns his fire,  
Nor hoary Mantles now the fields attire:  
In splendent *Cynthia's* eye now *Venus* trips a-round  
Nymphs mixt with nitid *Graces* pace the ground  
Alternatly with nimble measures; The *Cyclops*,  
And fire-fac'd *Vulcan* swelting in their shops.  
Let Myrtle-chaplets now encircle radiant Crowns,  
And *Flora's* pride released from the Downs.  
Now unto *Faunus* let us offertories make  
In Sylyan Bowers, Lamb, Kid, or what he'll take.  
*Pale Death snites equaliy, and with impartial Fate,*  
*The Poor man's coltage, and the Palace gate.*  
Blest *Sextius*, our short date must not long Hopes commence:  
Straight Death, & story'd Fiends wil drag thee hence  
Unto th' exile *Plutonian* shades, where thou shalt not  
Be chose Controller of the Cups by lot,  
Nor doat on dainty *Lycidæ*, whose beauty's darts  
Now flame all Young men, and wil Virgins hearts.

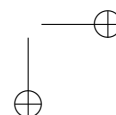
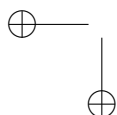


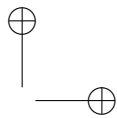
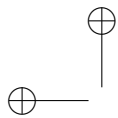


THOMAS CREECH, 1684

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

Sharp Winter melts, *Favonius* spreads his wing,  
A pleasing change, and bears the Spring:  
Dry Ships drawn down from stocks now plow the Main;  
And spread their greedy Sails again:  
Nor Stalls the Ox, nor Fires the Clowns delight,  
And Fields have lost their hoary white:  
The Nymphs and Graces joyn'd, thro' flowry Meads  
By Moon-light dance, and *Venus* leads:  
Whilst labouring *Cyclops* furious *Vulcan* tires,  
And heats their Forge with raging Fires:  
Now crown'd with Myrtle, crown'd with rising Flow'rs  
From loosen'd Fields, drive easie Hours;  
A Lamb to *Faunus*, if he most approves  
A Kid, a Kid must stain the Groves:  
With equal Foot, rich Friend, impartial Fate  
Knocks at the Cottage, and the Palace Gate:  
Life's span forbids Thee to extend thy Cares,  
And stretch thy Hopes beyond thy Years:  
Night soon, will seize, and You must quickly go  
To story's Ghosts, and *Pluto's* House below;  
Where once arriv'd, adieu to Wine and Love,  
And all, the soft Delights above:  
No Feasts, where Thee the happy Lot may place  
The Just Disposer of the Glass:  
No *Lycidas*, no fair surprizing Boy,  
Or to admire, or to enjoy:  
No *Lycidas*, who now our Youth do's charm;  
And soon shall all our Virgins warm.

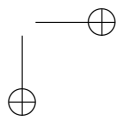
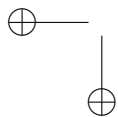


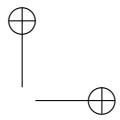
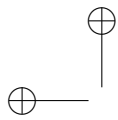


JOHN HARINGTON, 1684

(c. 1627–1700)

Sharp *Winter's* gone, whilst *Spring* and *Zeph'rus* take  
Their welcome turns, *Ships* land forsake:  
Nor *Cattle* now love Stalls, nor *Plough-men* fire,  
Fresh *Meadows* want grey *Frosts* attire:  
Now VENUS *Revels* holds by shining *Moon*,  
And *Graces*; fair joyn'd *Nymphs* in one  
Beat Verdant earth with *Dancing* feet by turns:  
Whilst *Shop* that roasted VULCAN burns  
*Cyclopean* green Myrtle-wreaths become,  
Or *Flow'rs* from Earth's dissolved womb:  
Now's time to sacrifice in shady *Groves*,  
*Kid*, *Lamb* to PAN, which most he loves.  
Pale *Death* doth knock with righteous foot where ere;  
Thatch, *Kingly* Tow'rs, blest SEXTIUS, there:  
*Life's* short account forbids long *hope* to please thee,  
*Night* strait those talk'd of *Ghosts* will seize thee;  
PLUTO'S thin House; whose *walls* if once confine;  
No *Lots* there *Kingship* give for wine.  
Thou shalt not there soft CHLOE admire nor love,  
Whose *charms* th' inflamed *youth* does prove.





## WILLIAM OLDISWORTH, 1713

(1680–1734; Writer and Translator)

The Winter melts away, the Spring takes place:  
Warm Winds the Icy Streams release,  
And Ships re-visit the neglected Seas.

The Cattel range afar, from Stalls let loose.  
No more the Hearth with Ashes glows,  
And snowy Meads their hoary Fleeces lose.

*Venus* in Pairs now calls again  
Her Nymphs and Graces, lovely Train,  
To dance by Moon-shine on the verdant Plain;

There hand in hand they ply their nimble Feet:  
Whilst *Vulcan* and his *Cyclops* sweat,  
And with loud Stroaks their massy Anvils beat.

Now is the proper time to deck the Head,  
And Myrtle round the Temple Spread,  
Or Flow'rs new springing from the Frosty Bed.

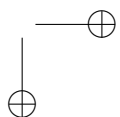
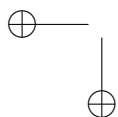
Now is the time, the Swains have so decreed,  
A bleating Lamb or tender Kid  
To *Faunus* in the sacred Grove must bleed.

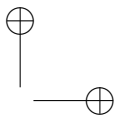
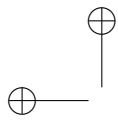
Intruding Death with equal Freedom greets  
The low built Hutt, and stately Gates  
Of lofty Palaces and Royal Seats.

Be wise, O *Sestius!* to prolong forbear,  
Since life is short, thy Hopes and Care:  
The Fabled Shades and gloomy State draw near.

Thou must e'er long, without Redemption, go  
To *Pluto's* dusky Realm below:  
Thy Revels and thy drunken Joys forgoe.

Then *Lycidas* no longer shall be thine,  
Whose Charms our Sex at present win,  
For whom a thousand Virgins soon shall pine.

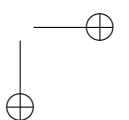
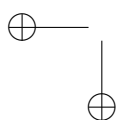


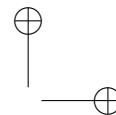
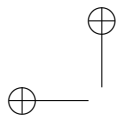


HENRY COXWELL, 1718

(*The Odes of Horace*)

Soft Western Gales do happy Tidings bring,  
Cold Winter's chang'd into a welcome Spring;  
And joyful Seamen, weary of the Land,  
With Engines tow their Shipping from the Sand.  
Now Flocks and Herds of Cattle, great and small,  
Spread o'er the Pastures, and neglect their Stall:  
The Husbandman does to his Plow retire,  
And sits no longer Idle by the Fire;  
The hoary Frosts are vanish'd from the Plain,  
And Meadows cloath'd in flower'd Green again.  
Bright *Venus* Nymphs, now by the Light of Moon,  
Dance Minuets, and some the Rigadoon;  
Whilst *Vulcan*, at his Anvil, melts in Grease,  
And the *Cyclopians*' Sweat runs down their Face.  
Now Myrtle Wreaths will well become thy Brow,  
Or Flowers that in open Fields do grow.  
To *Faunus* Offer now a tender Lamb,  
Or Kid, that's newly taken from the Dam.  
Impartial Death stands nigh at ev'ry Door,  
The Palace, and the Cottage of the Poor.  
O happy *Sextius*, it is all in vain,  
In a short Life long Hopes to entertain.  
Thou to the Shades must go, where once Deceas'd,  
None throw for Governors of Wine, or Feast;  
Nor shalt thou then Fair *Lycidas* admire,  
The Young Men's Love, e'er long the Maid's Desire.



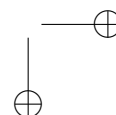
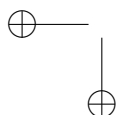


ALLAN RAMSAY, 1720 (IMITATED)

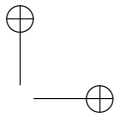
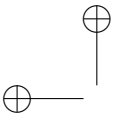
(1686–1758; Scottish Poet, Publisher, and Librarian)

Now Gowans sprout and Lavrocks sing,  
And welcome West Winds warm the Spring,  
O'er Hill and Dale they saftly blow,  
And drive the Winter's Cauld awa.  
The Ships lang gyzen'd at the Peer  
Now spread their Sails and smoothly steer,  
The Nags and Nowt hate wissen'd Strae,  
And frisking to the Fields they gae,  
Nor Hynds wi' Elson and hemp Lingle,  
Sit solling Shoon out o'er the Ingle.  
Now bonny Haughs their Verdure boast,  
That late were clade wi' Snaw and Frost,  
With her gay Train the Paphian Queen  
By Moon-light dances on the Green,  
She leads while Nymphs and Graces sing,  
And trip around the Fairy Ring.  
Mean Time poor Vulcan hard at Thrift,  
Gets mony a sair and heavy Lift,  
Whilst rinnen down, his haff-blind Lads  
Blaw up the Fire, and thump the Gads.

Now leave your Fitsted on the Dew,  
And busk ye'r sell in Habit new.  
Be gratefu' to the guiding Powers,  
And blythly spend your easy Hours.  
O kanny F—! tutor Time,  
And live as lang's ye'r in your Prime;  
That ill bred Death has nae Regard  
To King or Cottar, or a Laird,  
As soon a Castle he'll attack,  
As Waus of Divots roof'd wi' Thack.  
Immediately we'll a' take Flight  
Unto the mirk Realms of Night,  
As Stories gang, with Gaists to roam,  
In gloumie Pluto's gousty Dome;

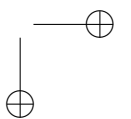
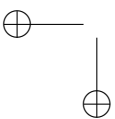






Bid fair Good-day to Pleasure syne  
Of bonny Lasses and red Wine.

Then deem ilk little Care a Crime,  
Dares waste an Hour of precious Time;  
And since our Life's sae unko short,  
Enjoy it a', ye've nae mair for't.

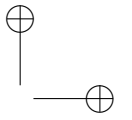
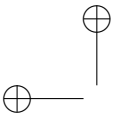




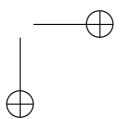
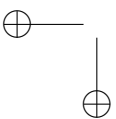
GLOCESTER RIDLEY, C. 1720

(1702–74; Writer)

The Winter melts away apace,  
And Spring more pleasing takes his place.  
Again the dry refitted Ship  
Forsakes the Strand, and steers the Deep;  
Sharp Frosts no longer hoar the Meads,  
The Flock in open Pasture feeds;  
The lab'ring Rustics now retire,  
And shun th' ungrateful warmth of Fire.  
Now Cytherea, with her Train  
Of Nymphs and Graces, trips the Plain,  
And while the Morn affords her Light,  
In sportive Dancing spends the Night;  
Meantime her lab'ring Husband sweats,  
And the loud Anvil restless beats.  
Now let the dark green Myrtle shade  
The fragrant Temples of your head;  
To Faunus now perform your Vows,  
And wreath with odorous Flow'rs your Brows.  
A Lamb or Kid his offering pay,  
And in the Grove the Victim slay.  
Riches, no more than want, can save  
From the dread Monarch of the Grave:  
The longest date of short-liv'd Man  
Is but a somewhat longer Span;  
Ev'n you, my happy Friend, must come  
To Pluto's empty, dreary Dome;  
Already, every fabled Sprite  
Expects you in the Realms of Night.  
Ah, Sestius! When you once come there,  
Adieu to every Pleasure here!  
Adieu to those two things divine,  
The sweets of Love, and Joys of wine!  
No more shall then the lucky cast  
Appoint thee master of the Feast;  
No tender Lycidas shall prove



The object of thy constant Love,  
The Boy whom all our Youth admire,  
And soon our Maidens shall desire.

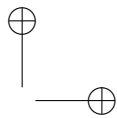
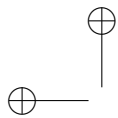




THOMAS HARE, 1737

(“Master of Blandford School”)

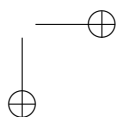
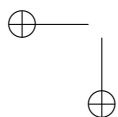
No more of rigid Frost or *Boreal* Snowe;  
Mild Spring appears, and gentle Zephyrs blow.  
Drawn to the Shore the Vessels launch again  
On the soft Bosom of th’ unfrozen Main.  
Now range the wanton Cattle unconfin’d,  
And smoaky Chimneys please no more the Hind.  
On Earth’s fair Face a pleasing Change is seen,  
And hoary White is turn’d to lively Green.  
Now o’er the Mead, when Phoebe lifts her Light  
And cheers with Silver Rays the Gloom of Night;  
See, see! the *Cytherean* Queen advance,  
And Nymphs and Graces join the lovely Dance;  
Whilst for such Joys unfit her swelt’ring God  
Blows *Ætna’s* Forge, and beats the massy Rod.  
'Tis now the Time t’anoint the shining Head,  
And o’er the Brows the Myrtle Wreath to spread,  
Or flow’ry Chaplets breathing Odours round,  
Just blooming recent from the teeming Ground:  
'Tis now the Time a Kid or Lamb be drawn  
Within the sacred Grove, and slain to *Faun*.  
The poor Man’s Cottage, and the Dome of State,  
Must hear alike the Call of lev’ling Fate.  
My prosp’rous *Sestius*, Life’s contracted Line  
Forbids each distant Prospect and Design.  
E’er long you must to Realms of Night away,  
Where fabled Ghosts and airy Spectres stray;  
There you no more shall rule the flowing Bowl;  
No more with *Lycidas* transport your Soul,  
Sweet charming Boy, that now the Youths admire,  
Nor Call the Virgins shun the growing Fire.

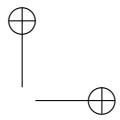
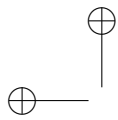


PHILIP FRANCIS, 1743

(1708–73; Clergyman and Writer)

Fierce winter melts in vernal gales,  
And grateful zephyrs fill the spreading sails:  
    No more the ploughman loves his fire,  
No more the lowing herds their stalls desire,  
    While earth her richest verdure yields,  
Nor hoary frosts now whiten o'er the fields.  
    Now joyous through the verdant meads,  
Beneath the rising moon, fair Venus leads  
    Her various dance, and with her train  
Of nymphs and modest graces shakes the plain,  
    While Vulcan's glowing breath inspires  
The toilsome forge, and blows up all its fires.  
    Now crown'd with myrtle, or the flowers  
Which the glad earth from her freebosom pours,  
    We'll offer, in the shady grove,  
Or lamb, or kid, as Pan shall best approve.  
    With equal pace, impartial fate  
Knocks at the palace, as the cottage gate,  
    Nor should our sum of life extend  
Our growing hopes beyond their destined end.  
    When sunk to Pluto's shadowy coasts,  
Oppress'd with darkness, and the fabled ghosts,  
    No more the dice shall there assign  
To thee the jovial monarchy of wine;  
    No more shall you the fair admire,  
The virgin's envy, and the youth's desire.





WILLIAM POPPLE, C. 1750

(1700–64; Poet and Playwright)

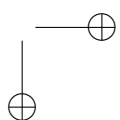
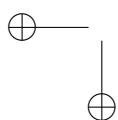
Winter yields, now Zephyr blows;  
Spring its beauteous visage shows;  
Ships once more unfurl their sails;  
Chearful green o'er Hoar prevails:  
Fires no longer please the Swain,  
Herds and shepherd seek the plain.

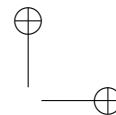
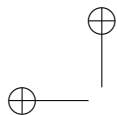
With the *Graces* on the green,  
*Venus* and her *Nymphs* are seen,  
Mix'd in dance, while *Cynthia's* ray  
With her Sight supplies the Day;  
*Cyclops* toil *Jove's* commands,  
Forging Thunders for his hand.

Now with Flow'rs Earth yields untill'd,  
Set the Myrtle wreath be fill'd;  
Now in Grove, where Faun delights,  
Celebrate his sacred Kites;  
And with Kid's, or Lambkin's-gore,  
Now the Shepherd's-god adore.

Equally relentless Fate,  
Strikes the *rich* and *poor* Man's gate;  
Equally remorseless *death*,  
Stops the King's and Peasant's breath –  
*Sestius* know the state of Man,  
Stretch not hope beyond thy span!

Soon shall night and death, my Friend,  
To thy pleasure put an end –  
Enter'd once where *Pluto* reigns,  
Wine no more shall swell thy veins,  
*Lycidas* no more shall charm,  
Who shall soon our *Virgins* warm.

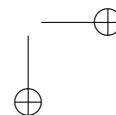
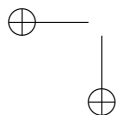


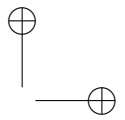
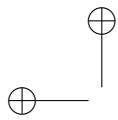


WILLIAM DUNCOMBE, 1757

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

Winter dissolves before the vernal Gale,  
    And Ships new-rigg'd prepare to sail:  
Nor Stalls the Herd, nor Fires the Clown delight;  
    No more the Meads with Frost are white.  
Beneath the rising Moon is *Venus* seen,  
    The decent *Graces* on the Green  
To lead; who, mingling with the Nymphs, advance  
    With Foot alternate in the Dance;  
While *Vulcan*, toiling with the *Cyclops*' Band,  
    Prepares for *Jove* the flaming Brand.  
Now with green Myrtle crown your Brows, or Flowers,  
    Which loosen'd Earth, spontaneous, pours.  
It now becomes us, in the shady Groves  
    To yield the Victim *Pan* approves.  
Impartial Death assaults, with equal Power,  
    The lowly Cot and regal Tower.  
O happy *Sestius*! Life's short fleeting Span  
    Allows no long protracted Plan;  
For soon, too soon! cut off from chearful Light,  
    We must descend to sullen Night,  
And in the Realms of fabled Shades below;  
    Thy pining Ghost no Joy shall know  
No longer by the Die's successful Cast,  
    Shalt thou controul the gay Repast;  
No more the soft and soothing amorous Fire  
    Shall there thy shadowy Form inspire!





LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU, N.D.

(1698–1762; Aristocrat, Medical Pioneer, Writer, and Poet)

Sharp winter now dissolved, the linnets sing,  
The grateful breath of pleasing Zephyrs bring  
The welcome joys of long desired spring.

The gallies now for open sea prepare,  
The herds forsake their stalls for balmy air,  
The fields adorn'd with green th' approaching sun declare.

In shining nights the charming Venus leads  
Her troop of Graces, and her lovely maids  
Who gaily trip the ground in myrtle shades.

The blazing forge her husband Vulcan heats,  
And thunderlike the labouring hammer beats,  
While toiling Cyclops every stroke repeats.

Of myrtle new the chearful wreath compose,  
Or various flowers which opening spring bestows,  
Till coming June presents the blushing rose.

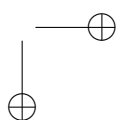
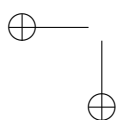
Pay your vow'd offering to God Faunus' bower!  
Then, happy Sestius, seize the present hour,  
'Tis all that nature leaves to mortal power.

The equal hand of strong impartial fate,  
Levels the peasant and th' imperious great,  
Nor will that doom on human projects wait.

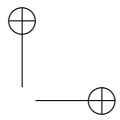
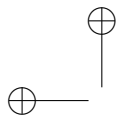
To the dark mansions of the senseless dead,  
With daily steps our destined path we tread,  
Realms still unknown, of which so much is said.

Ended your schemes of pleasure and of pride,  
In joyous feasts no one will there preside,  
Torn from your Lycidas' beloved side;

Whose tender youth does now our eyes engage,  
And soon will give in his maturer age,  
Sighs to our virgins – to our matrons rage.







THOMAS MULSO, 1763 (IMITATED)

(1721–99; Writer)

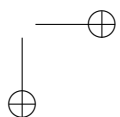
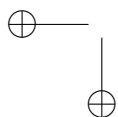
The Skies are clear'd, the Clouds are flown,  
And surly Winter frowns no more;  
No more his hoary Hairs deform  
The verdant Fields and leafy Groves;  
In sweet Vicissitude the *Spring* appears,  
Borne on the tepid Zephyrs Wings.

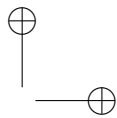
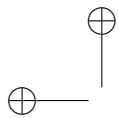
To shelt'ring Sheds and Stables warm,  
The drooping Cattle crowd no more,  
But breathe the soft balsamic Air,  
And Sportful graze the flow'ry Mead;  
The jolly Husbandman contemns the Hearth,  
Courting the rosy matin Breeze.

In Myrtle Shades the Nymphs and Fauns  
With Feet alternate beat the Ground;  
The lovely Graces join the Throng,  
And *Paphian Venus* leads the Choir:  
In gay Festivity they whirl around,  
Dancing beneath the splendent Moon.

The frolick Earth, profuse of Flowers,  
Invites to bind the festal Wreath;  
Let us indulge the genial Joy,  
And Taste of Pleasure whilst we may;  
For gay Felicity abides not long,  
Cheating the distant lingering Hope.

The Time will come, too soon will come!  
When thou shalt be no more the Toast,  
The Theme, the Passion of *our* Sex,  
The Bane and Envy of *thy own*;  
The Fates, insensible to all thy Charms,  
Nor Beauty, Wit, nor Virtue spare!

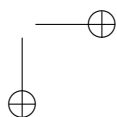
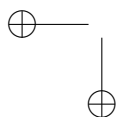


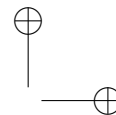
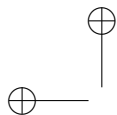


## CHRISTOPHER SMART, 1767

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

A grateful change! Favonius, and the spring  
    To the sharp winter's keener blasts succeed,  
Along the beach, with ropes, the ships they bring,  
    And launch again, their wary way to speed.  
No more the plowmen in their cots delight,  
    Nor cattle are contented in the stall;  
No more the fields with hoary frosts are white,  
    But Cytherean Venus leads the ball.  
She, while the moon attends upon the scene,  
    The Nymphs and decent Graces in the set,  
Shakes with alternate foot the shaven green,  
    While Vulcan's Cyclops at the anvil sweat.  
Now we with myrtle shou'd adorn our brows,  
    Or any flow'r that decks the loosen'd sod;  
In shady groves to Faunus pay our vows,  
    Whether a lamb or kid delight the God.  
Pale death alike knocks at the poor man's door,  
    O happy Sextius, and the royal dome,  
The whole of life forbids our hope to soar,  
    Death and the shades anon shall press thee home.  
And when into the shallow grave you run,  
    You cannot win the monarchy of wine,  
Nor doat on Lycidas, as on a son,  
    Whom for their spouse all little maids design.

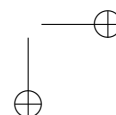
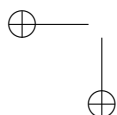




MR. FAWKES, 1767 (IMITATED)

(*The Works of Horace*, W. Duncombe and J. Duncombe)

Now ice-forming Winter is melted away,  
And gentle *Favonius* refreshes the Day;  
*Spring* sweetly in Dimples now smiles on the Streams,  
And Wherries sail light on the Bosom of *Thames*:  
No longer the Cattle warm Cover require;  
The Ploughman no longer hangs over the Fire;  
No longer in Snow the green Meadows are lost,  
And the Fields are disarm'd of their Breast-plate of Frost.  
At Noon the gay Ladies, like so many Graces,  
In the Park, if the Sun shines, display their fair Faces;  
But so languid a Lustre the Sun now supplies,  
'Tis excell'd, far excell'd, by the Ladies bright Eyes  
With Wreaths of fresh Flowers let us cover our Heads,  
Crocus, Snow-drop, and Primrose, that grow in the Meads;  
But if in the Meadows fresh Flowerets are rare;  
Our Soldiers have plenty of Laurels to spare:  
St. *Valentine* bids us be jovial and gay,  
And finish with Wine, Love, and Friendship the Day.  
Fill, fill the large Bowl, and let Enmity cease;  
Let us drink the King's Health, who has crown'd us with Peace.  
Life is short, and grim Death knocks alike at the Door  
Of the Monarch's proud Dome and the Cot of the Poor:  
Let us live, then, nor longer procrastinate Bliss;  
When we're dead we shall drink no such Liquor as this.





ANDREW HERVEY MILLS, 1767 (IMITATED)

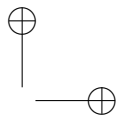
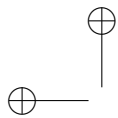
(fl. 1755-67; Poet)

So – bleak winter is gone! and, so, with him, too, flies  
All my Delia's cold looks and disdain;  
And the ships river-lockt, now, so long by the ice,  
Launch themselves, once more, into the main –  
Now, for this we must thank our good brother the south,  
With his friend and ally of the west;  
Who seem rather to breathe, than to blow from their mouth,  
Like those tyrants the *North* and the *East*.

Kitchen fires no longer the ploughman intrall!  
Nor like bleaching-grounds, now, looks the mead –  
See! the flocks and the herds quit their Bastile – the *stall*,  
And you trace them wherever they tread –  
Now the dance comes in vogue by the light of the moon,  
That kind season of delicate clamours;  
And, for want of sweet music, they foot it in tune  
To the strokes of cyclopean hammers –

And now! now is the season (the season of love)  
Here to crop you a garland of myrtle:  
'Tis an emblem to shew that you're consant in love,  
And will give you the name of a *Turtle* –  
But if *myrtles* are scarce, make a crown of some sort,  
With the first sweet productions of spring!  
And be sure kill a lamb (it will make good report)  
On the birth of our excellent king.

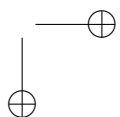
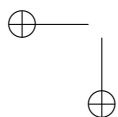
But, amidst all our mirth, how oft Death will step in,  
And inlist the young bride of the day!  
For no season he minds – and no tears can him win,  
E'en to Spare the dear blossom of May –  
Like the blackest of black hussars on still he goes,  
And declares he will never give quarter!  
While the tears of each virgin – the mother's soft throes,  
Are, to him, but a story of laughter –

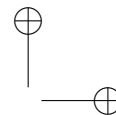
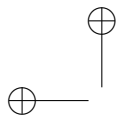


From the king, to the beggar, he knocks at each door,  
And so loud that you cannot but hear him:  
'Tis in vain to pretend that he came just before;  
He will, still, make you feel him and fear him!  
Oh! how blest, then, are you, my dear sensible friend?  
Who have wisht not one moment to stay;  
For your innocent life never fears a sad end,  
And your answer's, *I love and obey.*

Poor man's life is too short a long scheme to propose,  
Or lay plans but from one day to one day:  
Thus, for instance, on Friday he plans him an house;  
And his coffin is built by next Sunday –  
Yes! the night everlasting will drop her sad veil  
O'er those eyes with the lustre of day;  
And no more will earth's objects that dear sense regale,  
Nor that sense know *December* from *May.*

Even *absence* a second-hand death will appear;  
Thus, when — sets off hence, for *Geneva,*  
The objects of *Switzengen* (once held so dear)  
Will be lost – and the groves of your *Jeva*  
Yet! has *absence* this greater advantage o'er fate;  
For in *life* we have, still, recollection!  
'Tis death, only, can make me, then, cease to relate  
Your *virtues* – your *taste* – your *perfection.*





## JOHN PARKE, 1769

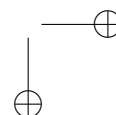
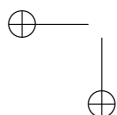
(1754–89, First American Translation, Dedicated to George Washington)

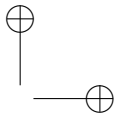
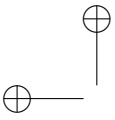
Keen winter now is fled away,  
The spring resumes her chearful sway,  
*Favonius*' Breath revives the plain,  
And engines launch the ships again;  
The joyful cattle leave their stalls,  
To range where soft zephyrus calls:  
The ploughman seeks the hearth no more,  
Nor are the meadows white with hoar.

While busy cyclops heat the dome,  
And sweaty *Vulcan* toils at home –  
Fair *Cytherea* leads her choirs,  
As silver *Cynthia* inspires:  
With lovely nymphs in chorus join'd,  
And charming graces, more refin'd;  
All, all their festive off'rings bring,  
To welcome home returning spring.

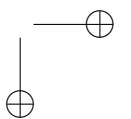
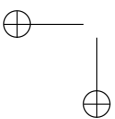
Then let the head with wreaths be crown'd,  
With od'rous flowers bind it round,  
And verdant myrtle, – fav'ry juice,  
Which now the yielding soils produce:  
Let incense rise, as well behoves  
To *Faunus*, in the bow'ry groves; –  
Whether his Deity, most good,  
Would chuse a kid or lambkin's blood.

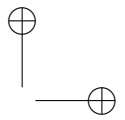
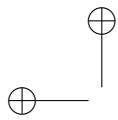
Pale death, with an impartial foot,  
Beats at the palace or the cot;  
Then cease my friend, the foolish strife,  
Nor vainly hope for length of life!  
Soon, – Night, which all things overwhelms,  
Shall snatch you to th' infernal realms  
Of sooty *Pluto*, 'mid the hosts  
Of grizly, ghastly, storied ghosts.





There, when arriv'd, no more, my friend,  
For empire o'er the glass contend  
The melancholy shades, nor try  
For presidency with the die.  
No more shall *Chloe*, e'er inspire  
Within your breast the soft desire,  
For whom our youth are all in arms,  
And virgins sicken at her charms.

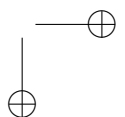
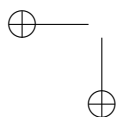




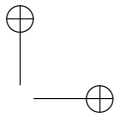
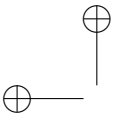
ANONYMOUS, 1772

*(The Return of Spring)*

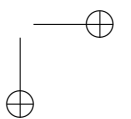
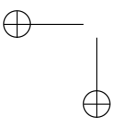
Grim Winter's scene is now withdrawn,  
And beauteous Spring begins to dawn.  
The ships are launch'd into the main;  
And nature decks her form again.  
The fire no more delights the swain,  
But flocks bound o'er th' enamell'd plain.  
The birds frequent the verdant groves;  
And beasts renew their genial loves.  
Phœbus, return'd, his influence yields,  
To chear the glebe, or paint the fields.  
Now, whilst the silver lamp of night  
O'er earth displays her sacred light,  
Bright Venus thro' the blooming meads  
With nymphs her mystic dances leads;  
Their joyful gambols o'er the green  
Adorn the vernal, lively scene;  
Whilst the gay, sportive God of love,  
And modest Graces, round her move;  
And jovial Faunes and Satyrs bound  
With steps alternate o'er the ground. –  
Where, in the caverns deep below,  
The roaring flames of Ætna glow,  
Vulcan the toilsome forge inspires,  
With echoing blows and hissing fires;  
And Cyclops in that dread abode  
New thunder hasten for their God. –  
With myrtle deck'd, 'midst fragrant flow'rs;  
We'll crown our heads with rising flow'rs;  
To mirth's enchantments we'll resign,  
And drown our cares in rosy wine,  
Then shall a grateful sacrifice  
In curling fumes ascend the skies,  
Offer'd to all the sylvan pow'rs  
In their ambrosial sacred bow'rs, –  
Short bounds of life are set to man;

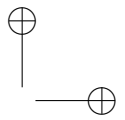
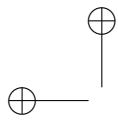






'Tis mirth alone must stretch our span.  
Then, Sextius, live e're 'tis too late;  
For soon, my friend, impartial fate  
Perhaps will strike the mortal blow,  
And snatch thee to the realms below;  
Where once arriv'd no sprightly bowl  
Shall crown thy joy-exalted soul;  
No more shalt thou the fair admire  
With blissful love, or soft desire.





## JOSEPH WISE, 1775

(1652–1725; Clergyman and Political Activist)

Now vernal sun-shine, milder breezes  
Dissipate the winter's cold:  
A cloister'd life no longer pleases,  
Since the rural scenes unfold.

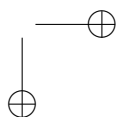
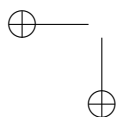
Gay Love leads forth, with song and dancing,  
All the tenants of the plain;  
And Beauty, virgin-like advancing,  
Cheers and charms the soul of man.

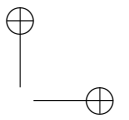
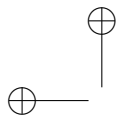
Love, praise and thankful adoration  
To the glorious God are due,  
Who made, sustains, adorns creation,  
Painting Nature's scenes anew.

Grim Death with equal pace approaches  
Cots of clowns and courts of kings:  
The brevity of life reproaches  
Hopes prolong'd in transient things.

What mortal knows, O friend beloved!  
Who Death's victim next shall fall?  
Most happy he, if well approved  
By the Lord and Judge of all.

Be wise, the worst of ills preventing;  
Now the path of life explore!  
When trial's past is no repenting;  
Grace withdraws, and hope's no more.





WILLIAM GREEN, 1777

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

Keen winter's breath dissolves away,  
The gentle zephyrs fly,  
The spring in turn resumes the day,  
And creaking engines hawl to sea,  
The vessels long adry.

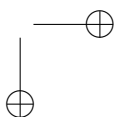
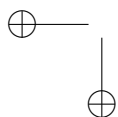
The swains forsake the smoky hall,  
The hoary Frost the field,  
The languid herds the lazy stall,  
And meads their lilies yield.

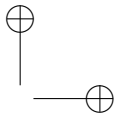
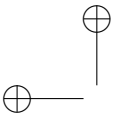
Now Cytherea leads the choir  
With fervid son, to song and lyre  
The decent graces bound,  
To rising horn of moon new born,  
The jocund dance goes round,  
They trip it o'er the verdant stage,  
And beat the sod altern;  
While glowing with Vulcanian rage,  
The Cyclop forges burn.

Now neatly deck thy comely head  
With myrtle green or flowr's dispread,  
The melting earth's new grace,  
Now haunt the groves where Faunus roves,  
The green sod altar raise,  
And give to Pan, or kid or lamb,  
Which ever victim please.

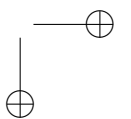
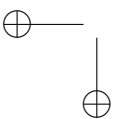
Pale death with equal pace impels  
Alike at every door,  
The castle where the tyrant dwells,  
And cottage of the poor,

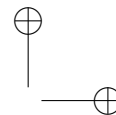
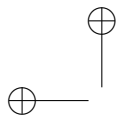
Dear happy Sextius, life of man  
In this contracted narrow span,  
Admits no hope of lengthen'd plan;





Soon will the dark Plutonian cell,  
Inanity and shades of hell,  
And phantoms, fabling poets tell,  
O'erwhelm us all, and there no souls  
Will dice it over kingly bowls,  
No Lycidas beyond the urn,  
With whose bright eye, will Venus try  
Her coldest hearts to burn.





JOHN GRAY, 1778

*(Translations of Some Odes of Horace)*

Hard winter's dissolv'd by the westerly breeze,  
Now returning with spring so desir'd;  
New launch'd trading vessels bounce over the seas;  
With their shelters now cattle are tir'd;

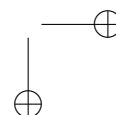
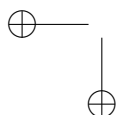
The plowmen no longer chat over their fires;  
And no longer snow whitens the meads;  
Now Venus, by moonshine, in lightfooted choirs,  
With the Graces the fairies up leads,

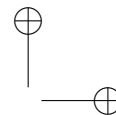
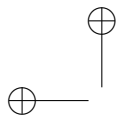
All merrily dancing, while Vulcan has found  
Eager work, making th' anvils to glow;  
Let us with fresh garlands of myrtle be crown'd,  
Or of flowers in soft meadows that grow,

And offer to Faunus, in yon sacred shade,  
Lamb, or kid, as demanded before:  
Grim death rudely knocks, with no difference made;  
At the palace and cottage's door.

Short life, happy Sextius, will not allow  
Any projects for leisure that call;  
To storied ghosts night away hurries you,  
Into Pluto's areal hall!

When thither arrived, no throwing the die  
Will you constitute lord of the feast,  
With charming and witty young company by;  
Ever ready to humour a jest.





## WILLIAM BOSCAWEN, 1793

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

Stern winter yields; with grateful sway  
Soft Spring and blest Favonius reign;  
Refitted vessels take their way  
Once more to cleave the liquid plain.

No more the lowing herd retires  
In shelter'd stalls to seek repose;  
Nor plowmen trim their humble fires;  
Nor plains are silver'd o'er with snows.

By the mild moon's propitious light  
Blithe Venus leads her sportive choir:  
Her graces and gay nymphs unite,  
Weave the light dance, or wake the lyre;

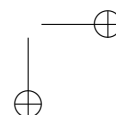
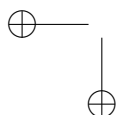
Whilst as their lord commands, the crew  
Who toil in Ætna's caves confin'd,  
Resume their task, their fires renew,  
To forge the bolts that awe mankind.

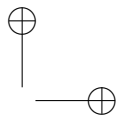
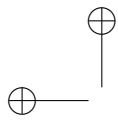
Now be the myrtle crown display'd,  
Or wreath of earth's spontaneous flowers,  
Now in the cool sequester'd shade,  
Propitiate the blest sylvan powers.

Impartial to each mortal state,  
Pale death invades our peaceful home;  
Knocks at the lowly cottage gate,  
And the proud monarch's lofty dome.

Blest Sextius! know, in life's short bound  
Fond hopes and anxious cares are vain:  
Night speeds; the fabled ghosts surround,  
And the drear tyrant's shadowy reign.

In that sad scene the table's lord  
No more shall sportive lots declare;  
No Lycidas shall grace the board,  
Who wakes to rapture every fair.





GILBERT WAKEFIELD, 1795

(1756–1801; Classical Scholar and Politician)

See from yon plains the vernal gale  
    Loose tyrant Winter's icy chain!  
Bid the bold sailor spread the sail,  
    And trust his vessel to the main!

The shivering rustic quits his fire,  
    To pour his fleeces o'er the mead:  
And Spring displays her gay attire,  
    Where Frost his hoary mantle spread.

Lo! Venus leads the sprightly dance;  
    With sister-nymphs the Graces meet:  
And, thwart the moon's pale lustre, glance  
    To cadence brisk their twinkling feet.

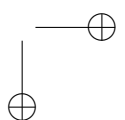
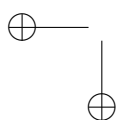
Jove's arms for Summer's sultry beams  
    The lab'ring race of Ætna tire:  
Each blow the thunder's rage inflames,  
    And tips the lightning with fresh fire.

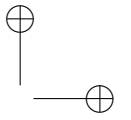
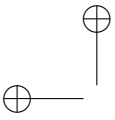
With myrtle-wreaths crown we our brows,  
    And cull each variegated flower,  
That Zephyr scatters as he goes,  
    That Flora suckles in her bower.

For Faunus light the sacred fire,  
    Far-blazing thro' th' umbrageous wood;  
There let th' atoning lamb expire,  
    There pour the kid's devoted blood.

Death hastes with rapid stride to all;  
    He, by no vain distinctions led,  
Invades the monarch's pompous hall,  
    And lowly peasant's straw-built shed.

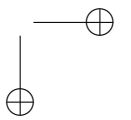
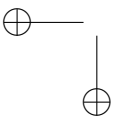
Let no fond hopes, my friend! beguile  
    Thine eyes from life's contracted span;  
Nor, sooth'd by Fortune's flattering smile,  
    Deem long the longest date of man.



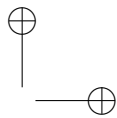
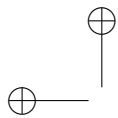


Thy trembling soul must wing her flight  
    To Pluto's dull and dreary shore,  
To shades of everlasting night;  
    And love and pleasure be no more.

No beams of dawning day will cheer  
    That bourn's impenetrable gloom;  
No spring relieve th' unvarying year,  
    Th' eternal winter of the tomb.







JOSIAS LYNDON ARNOLD, 1797 (IMITATED)

(1768–96; Poet and Tutor at Brown University)

Again returns the jolly spring,  
Again Favonus' balmy wing:  
The ice dissolv'd, the storms asleep,  
Again the vessels plough the deep.

No more the herds the stalls desire,  
No more the labourers thron'g the fire;  
The meads are white with frost no more,  
The winter's dreary reign is o'er.

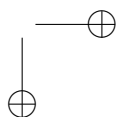
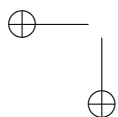
Beneath the shady bowers, at noon,  
Or when serenely shines the moon,  
Ere long, by jovial rustics led,  
The mazy dance the nymphs shall tread.

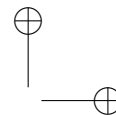
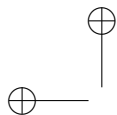
Now sacrifice at Pleasure's shrine,  
And pour for health the sparkling wine.  
Let mirth each social heart inspire,  
And strike the sweetly-sounding lyre.

Death, who an equal message brings  
To rural cots and towers of kings,  
Ere long his fatal dart shall throw,  
And speed you to the shades below.

No more shall sound the pleasing lyre,  
No more the nymphs your bosom fire;  
Not e'en the maid for whom each grove  
Rings vocal with the notes of love.

Then freely pour the sparkling wine,  
And sacrifice at Pleasure's shrine.  
Improve to-day; to-day's your own,  
To-morrow distant and unknown.





JAMES ELLIOT, 1798

(1775–1839; American Politician)

The sweet vicisitudes of spring  
Relax stern winter's rigid reign;  
The zephyrs, on aerial wing,  
Breathe fragrance o'er the verdant plain.

The ships, which useless on the strand  
Remain'd while winter rul'd the seas,  
Stupendous engines hawl from land;  
Each sail is spread to court the breeze.

No longer pleas'd in stalls to stay,  
The swain his flock to pasture leads;  
No more the ploughman wastes the day;  
No robes of frost invest the meads.

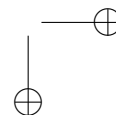
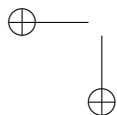
Beneath fair *Cynthia's* grateful beams,  
The graces, nymphs, by VENUS led,  
Alternately, to love's soft themes,  
Dance on fair nature's flowery bed.

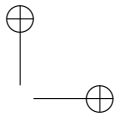
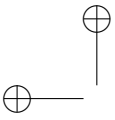
Now should we with the myrtle grace  
The shining honors of the brow;  
Now with fresh flowers intertwine the face;  
And now to *Faunus* pay the vow.

Grim death alike, in fateful hour,  
In cottages and cities reigns;  
Alike displays impartial power  
O'er scepter'd kings and humble swains.

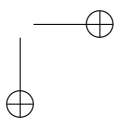
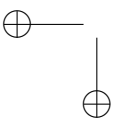
The stream of life so swiftly flows,  
Each year, each hour, so fleetly flies –  
Few, SESTIUS, free like you from woes,  
Their expectations realize!

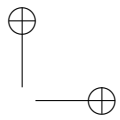
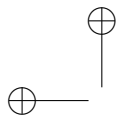
Yet soon shall nights' eternal gloom,  
The ghosts so trumpeted by fame,  
And gloomy PLUTO'S dreary dome,  
Your soul inevocably claim.





Then far remov'd from life's alarms,  
    No more the festive lot you'll throw,  
Or gaze on LYCIDAS's charms,  
    For whom the brightest beauties glow.

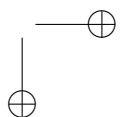
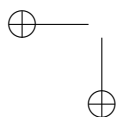


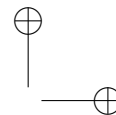
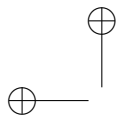


ANONYMOUS, 1799

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

From soft Favonius and the Spring,  
Sweet change! rude Winter spreads his parting wing.  
    Again the vessel seeks the main;  
No silver frosts bestrew the whiten'd plain;  
    No more the ploughman trims his fire,  
Nor drooping cattle to the shed retire:  
    Beneath the soft Moon's trembling rays  
Bright Cytherea leads the festive maze;  
    Light Nymphs and smiling Graces round,  
With feet alternate, shake the echoing ground;  
    While deep in Ætna's thundring caves  
Stern Vulcan toils amid his glowing flaves.  
    With myrtles twine we now our heads,  
Or flow'rs, sweet offspring of the soften'd meads  
    To Faunus, now, be duly paid  
A lamb or kidling in the leafy shade.  
    Pale death assails, with equal pow'r,  
The peasant's cot, – the monarch's regal tow'r.  
    Ah, Sextius! life's uncertain span  
Forbids a distant hope to mortal man.  
    Black night expects you, and the train  
Of fabled ghosts, and Pluto's airy reign.  
    There, never shall the die be cast,  
To chuse the monarch of the genial feast.  
    None there can Lycidas admire,  
Whom maids now envy, but shall soon desire.

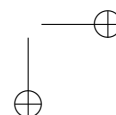
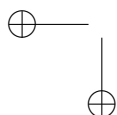


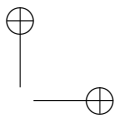
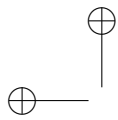


## JOHN NOTT, 1803

(1751–1825; Physician and Classical Scholar)

The west-wind's glad return, and spring sharp winter thaw;  
And engines launch the dry hulks in the wave:  
Nor at his hearth the hind, nor cattle in their stalls  
Now joy; nor whiten with hoar frosts the plains.  
Her choirs now Cytherean Venus leads, the moon  
High beaming; and the modest Graces shake,  
Mingled with Nymphs, the ground with foot alternate; while  
The Cyclops' toilsome forge hot Vulcan fires.  
Our glossy hair we now should wreath with myrtle green,  
Or with the flow'rs which unluck'd earth bestows.  
To Pan in shady groves we now should sacrifice;  
Whether a lamb he asks, or kid prefers.  
Pale-visag'd Death alike at poor men's cottages  
Knocks, and at princes' domes. O, Sextius blest,  
All far-off hopes to form life's short amount forbids!  
Thee soon shall night invade, and storied ghosts,  
And Pluto's realm of shades; where once arriv'd, no more  
Thy die shall cast the regency of wine;  
Nor gentle Lycida shalt thou admire, for whom  
Our youth now burns, and soon all swains shall glow.

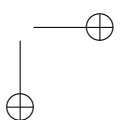
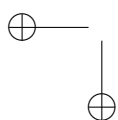


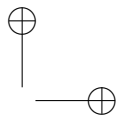
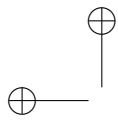


## ARATUS, 1808

*(Lady's Weekly Miscellany)*

Fierce hyems slackens and returns the spring,  
Whose grateful change the cooling zephyrs bring,  
From their dry shores the massy ships are drawn,  
The flocks delight to roam the pleasing lawn;  
His fire the jovial farmer now resigns,  
With glist'ning snow the mead no longer shines,  
Cytherean Venus her fair dancers leads  
By Luna's light to tread the flowery meads;  
Join'd hand in hand the nymphs and graces meet,  
And shake the earth around with quivering feet;  
Whilst his huge forges ardent Vulcan swells,  
Incessant labouring in Cyclopean cells.  
It pleases now the hoary head t'entwine  
With the green myrtle or the fragrant vine.  
Now, too, to sacrifice it us behoves,  
To rural FAUNUS in the shady groves.  
With equal pace pale death relentless drives  
To where the plebian or the monarch lives.  
The space, O Sextius, by envious fate's decree,  
Of mortal life, is short to you and me.  
The dreary night comes on, the fable names  
Tartarian realms, where exiled Pluto reigns.  
This all must see... 'tis not a place to loose  
By gaming dice, or kings of feasts to choose.  
Nor tender Lycidas will you there admire,  
Who once the youths and virgins could inspire.





MARY WARE, 1809

*(Poems)*

Now genial western breezes bring  
The glad vicissitudes of spring,  
    And soften winter's frown;  
The earth dissolves its icy chain,  
And verdant nature blooms again,  
    The grateful change to own.

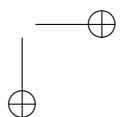
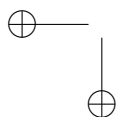
Now art and industry prevail,  
The ship is launch'd to meet the gale,  
    And leaves the certain shore;  
The flock, no more with joy behold  
The friendly shelter of the fold,  
    But liberty implore.

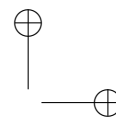
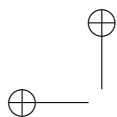
His blazing hearth the Hind disdains,  
No chilling frost deforms the plains,  
    Or nips the budding ear;  
In sports now Venus takes the lead,  
By moonlight dances o'er the mead,  
    With nymphs and graces fair.

And lightly as they move around,  
With step alternate shake the ground,  
    While Vulcan feeds the fire;  
Where the dark labouring Cyclops stand,  
Forging the dart for Jove's dread hand,  
    To execute his ire.

With verdant myrtle chaplets crown'd,  
Or earth's first flow'rets opening round,  
    Encircle every head;  
To Faunus now in shady groves,  
The lamb or kid he most approves  
    To sacrifice be led.

Death's pallid image stalks around  
The lonely cot's unwholesome ground,



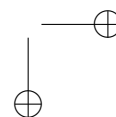
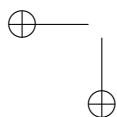


And in the palace dwells;  
The whole of life's uncertain race  
Forbids us distant joys to chase,  
But misery foretells.

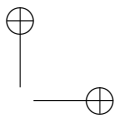
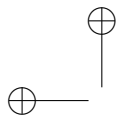
One solemn hour, and dreary grave,  
The rich and poor alike must have;  
One entrance to that night,  
Where gliding ghosts, and spectres rare,  
No more in doubtful forms appear,  
To meet th' astonish'd sight.

In Pluto's shadow'y realm you'll find,  
The cot for peace or woe design'd,  
By an unerring power.  
For these no treach'rous dice decide,  
The battles rule, or chances guide,  
Dominion for an hour.

Nor Lycidas will there appear,  
In blooming youth and beauty fair,  
The wonder of each eye;  
Whom all now envy and approve,  
And maidens soon to court his love,  
Each varying art will try.







ANONYMOUS, 1809

*(The Monthly Anthology)*

Before the sweet season of spring  
    Rough winter dissolves from the plain;  
The zephyr sheds life from its wing;  
    And the ships again plough the vast main.

The herds in the stall now no more,  
    Nor the swain by his fire shall delight  
The meadows, so late silver'd o'er  
    With frost, now no longer are white.

Beneath the clear moon's trembling rays  
    Fair Venus the dance gaily leads;  
Nymphs and Graces, in circling maze,  
    Lightly trip o'er the green velvet meads.

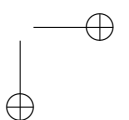
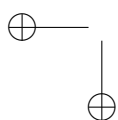
The Cyclops, at Vulcan's command,  
    Mean time the red thunderbolts form,  
Which Jove, with his flaming right hand,  
    Shall hurl from the summer's black storm.

Let garlands of fragrant wild flowers  
    Or myrtle encircle your head;  
To Faunus, within the cool bowers,  
    A kid or a lamb now should bleed.

Alike at the cottage and tover  
    Pale death gives the awful alarm;  
Dear Sestus, in life's little hour,  
    Can hope lend aught distant a charm?

E'en now the dark horrors of night  
    Hang heavily over your head,  
How soon with the shades you'll unite,  
    In the gloomy abodes of the dead!

In those regions so dreary and wide,  
    While spectres around you shall move,  
No more o'er the wine you'll preside,  
    Or taste the soft pleasures of love.



JAMES SMITH AND HORATIO SMITH, 1813 (IMITATED)

(JS 1775–1839, HS 1779–1849)

Now fruitful Autumn lifts his sun-burnt hood,  
The slighted Park few cambric muslins whiten,  
The dry machines revisit Ocean's bed,  
And Horace quits awhile the town for *Brighton*.

The cit foregoes his box at Turnham Green,  
To pick up health and shells with Amphitrite,  
Pleasure's frail daughters trip along the Steyne,  
Led by the dame the Greeks call Aphrodite.

Phœbus the tanner, plies his fiery trade,  
The graceful nymphs ascend Jude's ponies,  
Scale the West Cliff, or visit the Parade,  
While poor Papa in town a patient drone is.

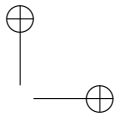
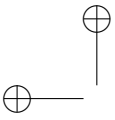
Loose trousers snatch the wreath from pantaloons;  
Nankeen of late were worn the sultry weather in;  
But now, (so will the Prince's Light Dragoons,)  
White jean have triumph'd o'er their Indian brethren.

Here with choice food earth smiles and ocean yawns,  
Intent alike to please the London glutton,  
This, for our breakfast proffers shrimps and prawns,  
That, for our dinner, South-down lambs and mutton.

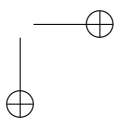
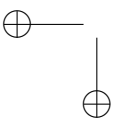
Yet here, as elsewhere, death impartial reigns,  
Visits alike the cot and the *Pavilion*,  
And for a bribe with equal scorn disdains  
My half a crown, and *Baring's* half a million.

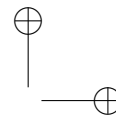
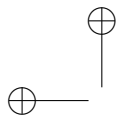
Alas! how short the span of human pride!  
Time flies, and hope's romantic schemes are undone;  
Cosweller's coach, that carries four inside,  
Waits to take back the unwilling bard to London.

Ye circulating novelists, adieu!  
Long envious cords my black portmantean tighten;  
Billiards, begone! avaunt illegal loo!  
Farewell old Ocean's bauble, glittering Brighton!



Long shalt thou laugh thine enemies to scorn,  
Proud as Phœnicia, queen of watering places;  
Boys yet unbreech'd, and virgins yet unborn,  
On thy bleak down shall tan their blooming faces.





ANONYMOUS, 1813

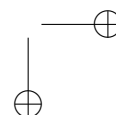
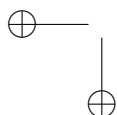
*(Poems by Three Friends)*

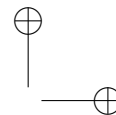
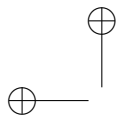
Set hoary winter from our hills retire,  
    And whispering zephyrs fan the vernal plain,  
The plowman leaves his hearth and blazing fire,  
    The cheerful seaman hies him to the main;  
Forth from their fostering stalls the cattle come,  
Pleased o'er the dewy mead again to roam.

Now, whilst the moon illumines the placid scene,  
    Fair Venus bids her lovely train advance;  
Gladly the Nymphs and Graces own their queen,  
    And lightly tripping, join the measured dance;  
Whilst ardent Vulcan in the realms beneath,  
Forges for angry Jove the bolts of death.

Now be your youthful brow with myrtle crown'd,  
    Or fragrant flowers relenting fields bestow,  
To Faunus be the chosen victim bound,  
    Deep in yon grove where cooling breezes blow;  
At every door too soon pale death appears,  
Nor dreads the monarch's frown, nor heeds the rustic's tears.

Seize then the hour, O Sextius, as it flies,  
    Hope's lingering visions we indulge in vain;  
For soon, alas! the fabled ghosts will rise,  
    And you descend to Pluto's drear domain;  
There at the social board no more to move  
The youth to friendship, or the maids to love.

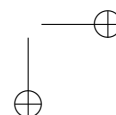
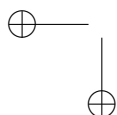


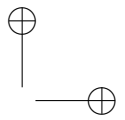
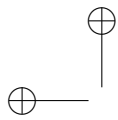


T. H., 1813

*(The European Magazine)*

Stern winter is lost in the breze of the Spring,  
And to launch the dry vessel the sailors begin;  
The cattle no longer delight in the stall,  
Nor the husbandman sighs for his fire in the ball;  
The meadows no longer are whiten'd with frost,  
Nor by moonlight the pairs led by Venus are lost;  
The Nymphs and the Graces together repair,  
And shake with their footsteps, elastic as air,  
The earth, that resounds with their frolic-some games,  
Whilst Vulcan the forge of the Cyclops inflames.  
Yes, now is the time to encircle my head  
With the myrtle, or cowslip, from off its green bed  
And now is the time, at which Faunus requires  
A lamb or a kid, to emblazon his pyres.  
Pale Death, still the same, will appear at the door  
Of the tent of the king, or the hut of the poor.  
Then use well the present, for short is the span  
That the Fates will allow, Oh, my Sestius! to man.  
Yes! soon shall that darkness, those ghosts so much fam'd,  
Oppress you, when shadowy Pluto has claim'd.  
In his regions, you neither shall judge of the wine,  
Nor admire tender Lycidas, now so divine.  
Young Lycidas, now 'midst our youth so much fam'd,  
For whom, too, e'er long, will the fair be enflam'd.





FRANCIS DUKINFIELD ASTLEY, 1819

(1781–1825; Poet)

At length the gloomy Winter flies  
    Before the genial car of Spring,  
And vessels, torn by stormy skies,  
    To shore the powerful engines bring.

And now no more the herd delays  
    To quit the warmth their stables yield;  
And now no more the grateful blaze  
    Invites the ploughman from the field.

Now Venus leads the choral swell  
    With Loves and Graces in her train;  
And, where the pallid moonbeams dwell,  
    With foot alternate, beats the plain.

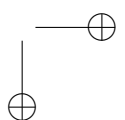
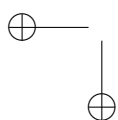
Now let the myrtle's verdant leaf  
    Our well anointed foreheads bind,  
Or flowers, released by Zephyr's breath,  
    Nor more in icy bonds confin'd.

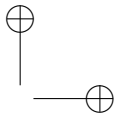
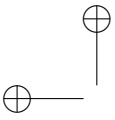
Where tow'ring boughs forbid the light,  
    Deep in the darkness of the wood,  
The lamb or kid, in festal rite,  
    To Faun should yield its sacred blood.

Pale Death, with foot impartial, beats  
    The lonely threshold of the poor;  
Or, dauntless, seeks the royal seats,  
    And thunders at a monarch's door.

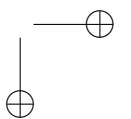
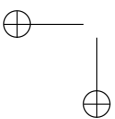
O happy Sextus! life's short span  
    Forbids a long protracted stay;  
Let hope bestow what bliss she can,  
    Too soon the night calls thee away.

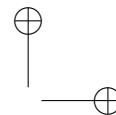
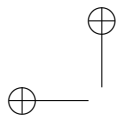
Too soon shall Pluto's gloomy halls  
    And fabled manes thee await;  
Encompass'd once by Stygian walls,  
    Ne'er hope to pass the fatal gate.





No more thou'lt gain the lucky die,  
That crown'd thee sovereign of the board;  
No more for Thais wilt thou sigh,  
Whose beauty fires each youthful lord!





THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY, 1819 (IMITATED)

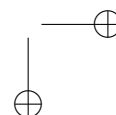
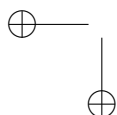
(1797–1839; Poet)

The triumph of winter is o'er,  
    And spring re-illumines the plain  
The breezes are balmy once more;  
    Adieu to the wind and the rain.  
The Pump-Room attraction now ceases,  
    For Fashion no more lingers there;  
The fair ones throw off their pelisses,  
    And cooler apparel prepare.

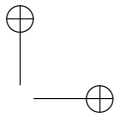
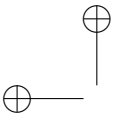
Orlando! let's rove to the Crescent, –  
    Nay, frown not, let's hasten along;  
To you it may surely prove pleasant,  
    Since Lucy enlivens the throng;  
In Sydney Vauxhall, with your Venus,  
    The bustle of Bond-Street we'll shun,  
Whilst pendant laburnums shall screen us  
    Awhile from the heat of the sun.

Death knocks at the door of the cottage,  
    Or shatters the loftier gate,  
And kicks down a pipkin of pottage,  
    As well as a service of plate.  
Then surely, ye gods, 'tis a merit  
    To sing whilst possessing a rag,  
That mortal may soon be a spirit,  
    Who suffers his spirits to flag.

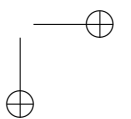
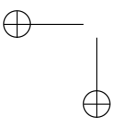
Oh! happy Orlando, remember  
    Our span of existence is brief;  
Soon April gives place to December,  
    And joy yields the sceptre to grief.  
The heat now beginning to heighten,  
    Too soon shall the gay ones repair  
To Scarborough, Weymouth, and Brighton,  
    All dying for want of sea air.

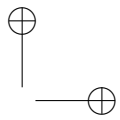
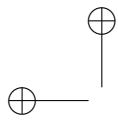






Ah! surely, my friend, 'twill distress you,  
To rove through the city alone:  
How soon will blue devils oppress you,  
When Lucy, your angel, is gone.  
Then do not anticipate sorrow;  
My friend, whilst we can, let's be gay;  
Let us share (since joy leaves us to-morrow)  
A double proportion to-day.





WILLIAM PERSON, 1820

*(Life and Letters)*

Gay spring returns, to nature true;  
Favonian breezes round her play:  
Stern winter sighs a cold adieu,  
And melts in sullen tears away.

The ships unmoored, with swelling sails  
Once more salute the yielding main;  
E'en earth her snow-wrapt face unviels,  
And smiles with vernal grace again.

The herds with transport quit their stalls,  
And gaily seek the verdant plain;  
His cheerful fire and social walls  
No longer lure the rustic swain.

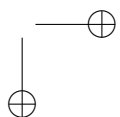
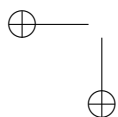
Fair Venus 'neath the moonlight ray  
Leads on the nymphs in merry round;  
The courteous graces join the lay,  
And mingling footsteps shake the ground.

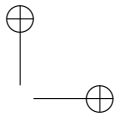
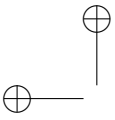
Meanwhile the lemnian god combines  
His one-eyed smiths, a vassal crew;  
His glowing task to each assigns,  
And kindles every forge anew.

With myrtle now your brow entwine  
Or flow'rs, that clothe the softened mead;  
And in the grove at Faunus' shrine,  
Let grateful victims freely bleed.

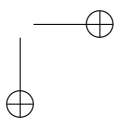
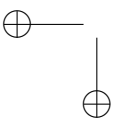
To princes' and to peasants' doors  
Pale death with equal step accedes;  
And life's brief sum of fleeting hours,  
To hope protracted years, forbids.

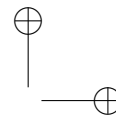
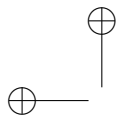
Immured in Pluto's dark domain,  
Where fabled spirits hold dire control,  
'Twill be no more thy lot, to reign  
Lord of the banquet and the bowl.





Then, Sextus, since such doom is thine,  
Ere spring's enchanting beauties fly:  
To pleasure every care resign,  
And life, while full possessed, enjoy.

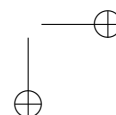
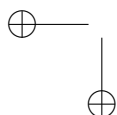


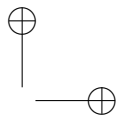
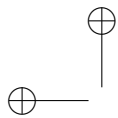


## FRANCIS WRANGHAM, 1821

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

By spring and Zephyr's gladsome sway  
Unloosed, stern Winter hastes away.  
Again the vessel tempts the sea;  
The herds again bound o'er the lea;  
His ingle-nook the hind forsakes,  
And frosts no longer bleach the brakes.  
Beneath the moon, o'er grassy meads  
The sprightly dance soft Venus leads;  
And link'd, the nymphs' and graces' train  
With foot alternate beat the plain;  
While Mulciber, with kindling fires,  
The Cyclops toilsome forge inspires.  
Now round the brow be myrtle twined  
In verdant braid; now chaplets bind  
Of flowers, from earth's freed bosom thrown:  
The sacrifice now lead to Faun,  
Lambkin, or kid, whiche'er he claim,  
In grove deep-hallow'd with his name.  
Pale Death knocks with impartial foot  
At prince's hall and peasant's hut:  
Warn'd, Sestius, by life's brief amount,  
Forbear on distant bliss to count:  
Soon, soon to realms of night away  
Hurried, where fabled spectres play,  
Thou shalt 'neath Pluto's shadowy dome,  
Thyself a shadow, thither come;  
No more shall dice allot to thee  
The banquet's jovial sovereignty;  
Nor Chloe more shalt thou admire,  
The virgin's pride, the youth's desire.





MARY BAILEY, 1822

*(The Months and Other Poems)*

The smiles of Spring once more are seen  
And Winter hides his frowning face;  
Again the fields are cloth'd in green,  
And dewy gems the flow'rets grace.

Again we view the swelling sail  
Bend o'er the main her joyous way,  
And swift before the western gale  
Skim the blue wave with streamers gay.

The fleecy flocks now joy to see  
The pastures white with frost no more;  
The ploughman leaves with heartfelt glee  
His wintry fire and social door.

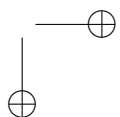
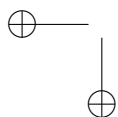
Beneath the silver lamp of Night  
The queen of love her chorus leads  
The Graces, too, with footsteps light,  
Dance o'er the green and flow'ry meads.

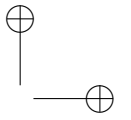
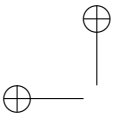
See Vulcan, ardent at his work,  
Strikes his huge forge with thund'ring sound;  
Half hid in smoke the cyclops lurk,  
And echoing anvils groan around.

Now o'er the glossy brow we'll bind  
The dark-green myrtle's fragrant wreath;  
Or on the temples place entwin'd  
Fresh flowers, which sweetest odours breathe.

Now in the green and shady grove  
To mighty Pan the off'ring bear,  
Whether the lamb his wishes move,  
Or the black goat his rites declare.

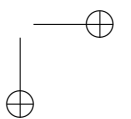
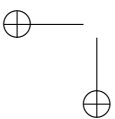
The equal steps of Death invade  
Alike the cot and regal tower;  
Nor wealth, nor rank, nor pomp's parade,  
Can stay his hand one little hour.

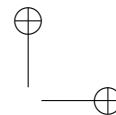
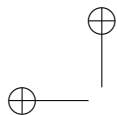




The narrow span of life denies  
To stretch thy hopes with vain delight;  
The fairest distant prospect lies  
In shadows dark half hid from sight.

The Sun, once past his noontide height,  
Soon veils in evening shades his face:  
So Life with youthful colours bright,  
In death's dark gloom soon hides its grace.



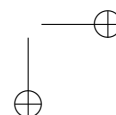
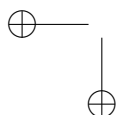


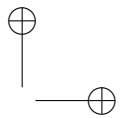
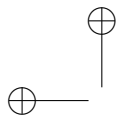
GEORGE FLEMING RICHARDSON, 1825

(c. 1796–1848; Geologist and Poet)

The Spring has burst the wint'ry thrall,  
The ships again pursue the main;  
The herds have left the shelt'ring stall,  
And the glad farmer tills the plain.  
Cheer'd by the pale moon's fav'ring light,  
Fair Venus leads her train at night,  
And joining in alternate dance,  
The Graces with the Nymphs advance;  
While lab'ring 'neath the Cyclops blow,  
The early bolts of thunder glow.

Then taste, my friend, the joys of spring,  
And o'er thy brows rich odours fling;  
And twine thy locks with every flower  
That blooms in Spring's divinest bower.  
And to the wood-god's peaceful reign  
Let lamb or kid be duly slain.  
For death is nigh; the poor man's home  
Lies open to the power of death,  
And kings, within their regal dome,  
Obey the call to yield their breath!  
Life's transient space forbids our hope  
To claim, my friend, too large a scope, –  
E'en now has night's approaching gloom  
Spread all the darkness of the tomb;  
And see how yonder shadowy train  
Are beckoning to their dark domain.  
For there, 'mid sights and sounds of woe,  
No former joys the soul shall prove;  
Nor in the realms of darkness know  
The charms of Friendship, or the joys of Love!





J. R., 1825

*(The Monthly Magazine)*

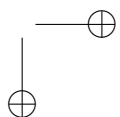
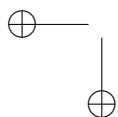
From breath of Spring the wintery clouds retire,  
And our great navy must her work renew.  
The flocks desert their stalls, the clown the fire,  
And hoar-frost, glittering, yields to fragrant dew.

Her choir the Cytherean Venus leads;  
As Cynthia spreads her horns – the nymphs are glad:  
While one-ey'd Vulcan his rough labour heeds,  
Forging dire thunderbolts to crush the bad.

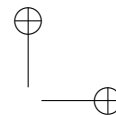
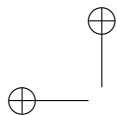
Now must you, with fresh boughs, your forehead grace,  
Of myrtle, or some shrub from Nature's hands;  
And now upon the votive altar place  
A kid or lamb, whiche'er the faun commands.

The foot of Death is heard at every door,  
And high and low his summons must obey,  
O Sextius, Fortune's child! life's stinted hour  
Bids us but stretch our hopes a little way.

Not long will Death the chilling grasp forgo,  
But drag us to grim Pluto's dreaded shore;  
And there when plac'd, the dice we cannot throw,  
Nor praise the girl whom rival youths adore.



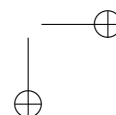
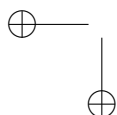


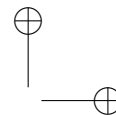
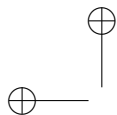


T. E., 1826

*(The Literary Lounger)*

Now glowing Phoebus towards earth descends,  
The air breathes calmly, and the winter ends,  
The creaking docks their useful burthens yield,  
And neighing coursers scour the verdant field;  
The rustic ploughman quits his peaceful hearth,  
And frost no longer whitens every path.  
By moonlight now along the flow'ry meads  
Her blithe companion smiling Venus leads,  
These with the Nymphs the comely Graces meet,  
And shake the grass-plat with alternate feet.  
Whilst limping Vulcan leaves his heav'nly sire,  
And with his Cyclops wakes the lambent fire.  
Let myrtle wreaths adorn your shining brow,  
Or let some fragrant flow'r be gather'd now.  
'Tis time to Faunus through the shady wood  
Some goat, or lambkin, yield it's sacred blood.  
Pale visag'd death possesses equal pow'r,  
To tread the peasant's cot, or regal tow'r.  
Give, dearest friend, to pleasures wider scope,  
Since life's short span forbids protracted hope.  
See, night draws on, the fabled ghosts appear,  
And Pluto's shadowy mansion rises near,  
Which enter'd once, no more you'll play the host,  
Or settle by the dice the coming toast,  
No more behold your Chloe's rip'ning charms,  
Or fold the loving creature in your arms,  
Whose form with envy fills the aged dame,  
And am'rous youths have caught the kindling flame.

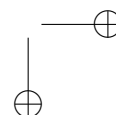
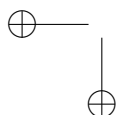


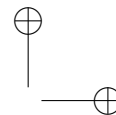
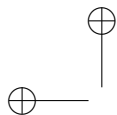


CHARLES WEST THOMSON, 1828

(1798–1879; American Poet and Episcopal Priest)

The balmy spring, with all its zephyrs bland,  
    Once more has ended surly winter's reign, –  
The ships resign their stations on the land,  
    And spread their sheets to skim the distant main.  
Forth from their stalls the flocks delighted hie,  
    The heavy ploughman leaves his fire-side mirth,  
And frosts that used along the fields to lie,  
    No longer glitter o'er the sprouting earth.  
At rising of the moon, fair Venus leads  
    To wanton on the plain her sportive band,  
While nymphs and graces dance along the meads,  
    And Cyclops wait on Vulcan's stern command. –  
Now let us wreath our well-anointed hair  
    With such green garlands as the myrtle yields,  
Or weave a crown of flowrets fresh and fair,  
    The first-fruit offering of the softened fields.  
Now in the groves, his rite to celebrate,  
    For Pan – for Pan a sacrifice prepare. –  
Death strikes as freely at the palace gate,  
    As when he shakes the peasant's humble lair.  
O! happy Sextus! the brief date we own  
    Forbids fond hopes in distant seasons laid.  
Even now perhaps dark night is coming on,  
    When Pluto's drear abode must be surveyed,  
And shades be thy companions. Then no more  
    Shalt thou decide the master of the feast,  
Nor to young Lycidas thy praises pour. –





JAMES STRINGER, 1829

*(A Cantab's Leisure)*

Keen winter yields to zephyr-breathing spring,  
From dock to sea the well-dried ships we bring;  
The ploughman leaves his fire, the ox its stall,  
And snows, to whiten o'er the fields, no longer fall.

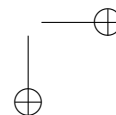
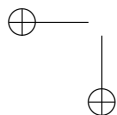
Now Venus, beauty's queen, inspires the dance,  
As on the turf the silvery moon-beams glance,  
And hand in hand with nymphs the Graces round,  
In changing mazes, trip along the springing ground;

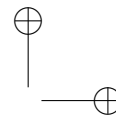
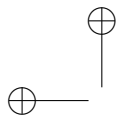
While Vulcan to the Cyclops' forge returns,  
And the hot fire within the furnace burns.  
Now with green myrtle should we crown our heads,  
Or with the flowers, that teeming earth around us sheds:

Now ought we in the grove to sacrifice  
To Faunus, whether lamb or kid he prize.  
Relentless death, with stern impartial power,  
Assaults the rural cottage and the regal tower:

Sextius, the span of life, so short and vain,  
Forbids us lengthen'd hopes to entertain;  
Soon Pluto's shadowy realm will meet thy sight  
With all its fabled shapes, that fit through endless night.

No dice will then elect thee to preside  
At boards convivial, now thy boast and pride;  
Nor will thy Lycidas then feast thine eyes,  
Of whom each youth is fond – for whom each maiden sighs.

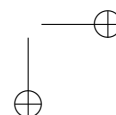
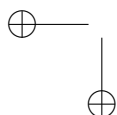


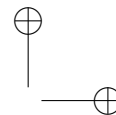
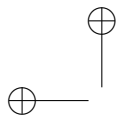


THOMAS ROSE, 1830

*(The Imperial Magazine)*

The gales of spring dissolve the winter's cold,  
    With engines they begin to move the fleet;  
The ploughman leaves the fire, his beast the fold,  
    No more is seen the hoar-frost and the sleet.  
By moon-light Venus leads her joyful choirs,  
    The nypbs and graces dance with nimble feet,  
While glowing Vulcan blows bis fierce red tires,  
    And laboring Cyclops on their anvils beat.  
Now is the time to bind our shining hair  
    With myrtle wreaths or flowers of various hues.  
Now unto Faunus' shady groves repair,  
    And offer lambs or kids as he may chuse.  
With equal foot pale death the palace treads,  
    And shepherd's lowly cot. My dearest friend,  
To cherish distant bope life's space forbids,  
    Thy life e'en now approaches to its end.  
Once within Pluto's realm, no more you'll chose  
    A master for the feast, no more admire  
Young Lycidas, whom each with pleasure views,  
    For whom the girls will shortly feel love's fire.

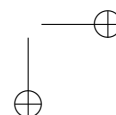
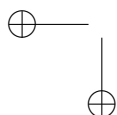


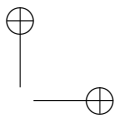
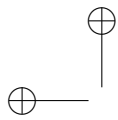


JOHNNY WHISTLECRAFT, 1830 (IMITATED)

(*Fraser's Magazine*)

The streets are dry and warm with vernal gales,  
And sparrows chirp, and joyous cock their tails;  
No more do simpering misses love the fire,  
Nor grumbling dowagers bright suns desire.  
Now spring begins to bloom o'er Richmond fields,  
And Park of Hyde its richest verdure yields.  
Beneath the chandelier's dispensing light  
Fair opera-dancers trip their devious flight,  
With petticoats that scarce their haunches hide,  
Showing their sturdy legs in conscious pride.  
Thou worn-out rake, spit forth thy driveling ire –  
Applaud, mustachio'd dandy, and admire,  
Heave sighs slow-drawn from thy salacious breast,  
And stand of De Varennes the slave confess'd.  
Cabs and landaus stream down gay Regent Street,  
And Beauty walks with silver-tinkling feet,  
To gaze on Howell's rarities; – and now  
Young foplings canter along Rotten Row.  
Oh! be it mine to join in the carouse  
Frequent and full in noble Devon's house,  
Whose livery'd lacquey, like fair-dealing Fate,  
Calls every body to his master's gate,  
Where all the "ton," and each Exclusive blade,  
Frisk through and caricole a galopade,  
And, proud of gaudy dress or cambric shirt,  
Cut capers, ogle, waltz, and laugh and flirt.  
And now at Crockford's, hark! the *doctors* rattle,  
And every noisy swindler there shews battle;  
And now the sporters all, with knowing look,  
Seem to bet odds '*gainst* Gully's Mameluke.  
Make haste, my Alvanley, fan well your fire,  
And quaff the bowl, my venerable sire!  
And take of every thing a quantum suff,  
'Till Death shall make you vanish like a pinch of snuff.





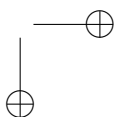
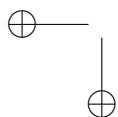
## PATRICK BRANWELL BRONTË, 1840

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

Rough winter melts beneath the breeze of spring,  
Nor shun refitted ships the silenced sea,  
Nor man nor beasts to folds or firesides cling,  
Nor hoar frosts whiten over field and tree;  
But rising moons each balmy evening, see  
Fair Venus with her Nymphs and Graces join,  
In merry dances tripping o'er the lea;  
While Vulcan makes his roaring furnace shine,  
And bids his Cyclops arms in sinewy strength combine.

Now let us, cheerful, crown our heads with flowers,  
Spring's first fruits, offered to the newborn year,  
And sacrifice beneath the budding bowers,  
A lamb, or kid as Faunus may prefer:  
But – pallid Death, an equal visitor,  
Knocks at the poor man's hut, the monarch's tower;  
And the few years we have to linger here  
Forbid vain dreams of happiness and power,  
Beyond what man can crowd into life's fleeting hour.

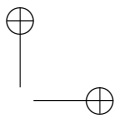
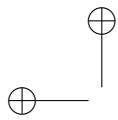
Soon shall the night that knows no morning come,  
And the dim shades that haunt the eternal shore;  
And Pluto's shadowy kingdom of the tomb,  
Where Thee the well thrown dice may never more  
Make monarch, while thy friends the wine cup pour;  
Where never thou mayest woo fair Lycidas,  
Whose loveliness our ardent youth adore;  
Whose faultless limbs all other forms surpass,  
And, lost amid whose beams, unseen all others pass.



LAUGHTON OSBORN, 1841 (PARAPHRASED)

(1809–78; American Poet and Playwright)

Pierc'd by the sun, winter's breast is relaxing;  
    Zephyrs, lightly blowing,  
    Waft down the stream the sloops, no longer ice-bound.  
Sharp-shod no more, stands the steed unblanketed;  
    Useless are the sledges;  
    Glisten soft dews, where sparkled late the hoarfrost.  
Now, 'neath the light that favors love and beauty,  
    Lovers' vows are whisper'd,  
    And village maids, by shepherd swains encircled,  
Twine in the dance their ancles quick-glancing,  
    While their prudent fathers,  
    The field late till'd, assort the grain for sowing.  
Now the coquette may encircle her forehead fair  
    With the virid myrtle,  
    Or early flow'rs, recover'd Nature's bounty.  
Now may the belle too stir out in cities,  
    Fearless of consumption,  
    In chariot whirl'd, or, would she rather, walking.  
Levelling Death wears by turns, impartial,  
    Royalty's furr'd mantle  
    And rags of lazars. O divine RUBETA,  
To thee seasons revolving are Mentors,  
    Bidding thee write faster.  
    Already now Hell's horny-crested devils  
Ramp to replace thy own grim servitors.  
    When they once shall butt thee,  
    Thou wilt not care to lecture on Tobacco,  
Neither will thy fancy paint fair *Dieffendorffs*  
    Stirring up young DUTCHMEN, –  
    Which, ev'n to read, makes —'s mouth to water.



JAMES USHER, 1842

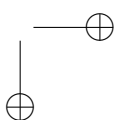
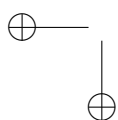
*(Buonaparté, The Royal Exchange, Odes of Horace)*

Stern Winter's mellowing by degrees,  
Through changeful Spring and Western-breeze;  
Huge engines haul the ships from shore;  
The homestead cattle seek no more,  
Nor Ploughman doth his hearth delight,  
Nor frosts invest the meads with white,  
By moonlight, Venus leads the dance,  
The Graces and blythe Nymphs advance,  
The greensward with alternate feet  
To the soft timbrel's measure beat,  
While Vulcan bids the forges glow,  
And Cyclops to their labour go.

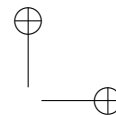
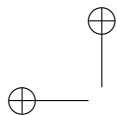
It now behoves the jovial brows  
To deck with fragrant myrtle-boughs,  
Or such gay flowers as doth relent  
Kind earth to give them nourishment.

To faunus, in the grove, devote  
A lamb, or suckling of the goat;  
For ghastly Death, with equal stride,  
Prevails o'er poverty and pride.

O favour'd Sestius, brief the sum  
Fond life admits us to presume;  
Soon darkness waits us, and the ghosts  
Oft talk'd of, Pluto's dreary coasts,  
Where dice no longer shall decide,  
Who must our toast-master preside;  
Soft Lycia you no more admire,  
Whom girls all envy – men desire.



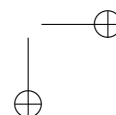
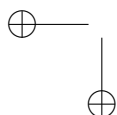


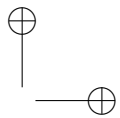
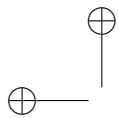


JOHN SCRIVEN, 1843

*(The Odes of Horace)*

Winter severe departs; – the new-born spring,  
And zephyrs mild their grateful contrast bring:  
The cable hauls the vessel from the shore,  
And now the cattle seek their stalls no more;  
No more the ploughman's cheerful fires delight,  
Nor shine the meadows, with the hoar-frost white.  
Now Cytherean Venus leads the dance,  
And Nymphs and Graces by the moon advance;  
With comely feet they beat the ground by turns,  
While Cyclops' forge with ardent Vulcan burns.  
Now with green myrtle bind the shining hair,  
And wreath the flowers the teeming meadows bear.  
Now crown the votive lamb, or tender kid,  
As Faunus from his shadowy grove shall bid.  
Pale death, with equal foot, is wont to beat  
The peasant's cottage, and the prince's seat.  
O happy Sestius! – life's contracted day  
Of lengthen'd hope excludes the distant ray;  
Thee soon dark night – with Manes' fabled train –  
And Pluto's gloomy mansion, shall restrain;  
Where – once arrived – no longer shalt thou know  
The wine's dominion by the dice's throw;  
No longer tender Lycidas admire,  
Whom maids shall soon – as now our youths desire.





H. C., 1843

*(The Literary Garland)*

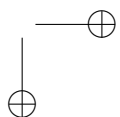
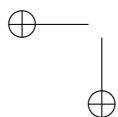
Now the hard winter yields to smiting spring:  
Soft breezes waft the bark across the main;  
No ploughman now, or herds, to shelter cling –  
The meads throw off their whity shroud again.

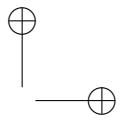
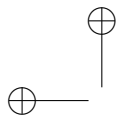
Now wanton Love, his shaft by moonlight plies,  
Whilst youths with graceful nymphs in dances win;  
Or fresh-born flow'rets cull in rich supplies –  
Or fragrant chaplets round their tresses bind.

Grim Mulciber once more lights up the fires,  
Where Jove's dire bolts the busy Cyclops cast;  
And sylvan Faun a votive gift requires,  
Where leafy groves exclude the chilly blast.

Yet, ah! how fleet's the wasting course of Time!  
Still pallid Death stalks on with ruthless state,  
Calling the blithesome cottager away –  
Now thundering at the portals of the great.

Yes, Sextius, know our days decrease apace –  
Let us our hopes of phantom joy restrain;  
Doom'd soon to where sad shades their vigils keep,  
Forego false pleasure, and her riot train.





HENRY GEORGE ROBINSON, 1846

*(The Odes of Horace)*

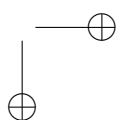
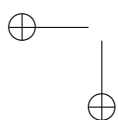
Stern winter is relax'd once more  
    By the pleasant change of spring,  
And soft Favonius; while from shore  
    Machines the land-dried vessels bring.  
And now no more the flocks delight  
    In stalls, or ploughmen in the hearth;  
Nor longer now is growing white  
    With hoary frost the opening earth.

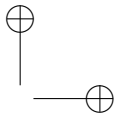
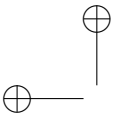
Now Cytherean Venus leads  
    Beneath th' impending moon the dance:  
And the fair Graces o'er the meads,  
    Mingling with the Nymphs, advance,  
And hand in hand alternate urge  
    With lightsome foot the yielding ground;  
While the Cyclops' heavy forge  
    Glowing Vulcan flames around.

'Tis fitting now the shining head  
    To bind again with myrtle green;  
Or flowers that from earth's loosen'd bed,  
    Springing earliest, are seen.

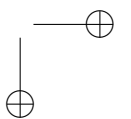
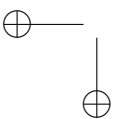
'Tis fitting now to sacrifice  
    To Faunus in the leafy grove;  
Whether a lamb may best suffice,  
    Or he a kid would more approve.

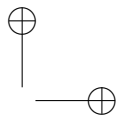
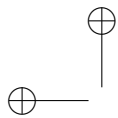
At the poor man's lowly hut,  
    And the lofty towering seats  
Of potentates, with equal foot,  
    Pallid Death impartial beats.  
Oh! happy Sestius, the span  
    Of life, too short, forbids us quite  
Remote expectancies to plan:  
    Thee soon shall fabled Ghosts, and night,





And Pluto's shadowy mansion hide:  
Where, once attain'd that dreary goal,  
No more by dice shalt thou decide  
The sovereignty of the bowl;  
Nor tender Lycidas admire,  
For whom each youth is raging now,  
And for whom with warm desire  
Soon each virgin-breast will glow.





EUGENE LIÉS, 1846

*(The Preludes: A collection of Poems)*

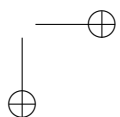
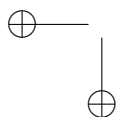
Harsh Winter relents, sighing Spring glads the earth;  
On their rollers our ships seek the waters again;  
The herds leave their stables, the ploughman his hearth,  
Hoar frosts print no more their pale tracks on the plain.

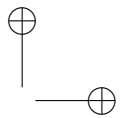
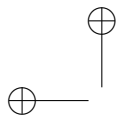
Now Venus, at Luna's high noon, leads her choirs;  
Hand in hand with the Nymphs, the sweet Three strike the heath  
With footsteps alterne, while the ponderous fires  
Of the Cyclops are kindled at Vulcan's hot breath.

Now with myrtle let's fasten our hair's glowing locks,  
Or with flow'rets, the first that Spring wakes in the glade;  
Now to Faunus let's offer the choice of our flocks,  
A lamb or a kid in the woodland's deep shade.

Pale death alike visits the monarch's proud towers  
And the lowliest hovel; brief life has no room,  
Happy Sestius, for Hope's boundless range. Darkness lowers,  
And the wildlings of Fancy that tenant her gloom,

And Pluto's sad dwelling are nigh. There, no more  
For the throne of wine's kingdom the dice thou shalt throw,  
Nor that fair boy admire, whom the maids will adore  
Ere long, and for whom manly bosoms now glow.

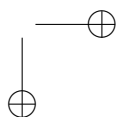
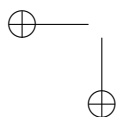


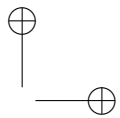
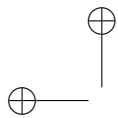


WILLIAM GEORGE THOMAS BARTER, 1850

*(Poems)*

Dissolv'd is winter keen by change so sweet  
Of spring and the western breeze, and the dry  
Keels the machines haul down; nor now delight  
In folds doth the flock, nor the ploughman by  
His fire-side sit, nor with hoar frosts the meads  
Wax white. Now 'neath the over-hanging moon  
Cytherean Venus her bands forth leads;  
And nymphs, with comely graces joined, the ground  
With foot alternate shake. And doth the while  
The pond'rous forges of the Cyclops vast  
Now Vulcan kindle, all a-sweat with toil.  
Now behoves it the glist'ring head invest  
With myrtle green, and flower the freed lands bring.  
Now too behoveth in the shady groves  
To Faunus immolate an offering,  
Asks he a lamb, or a kid rather loves.  
Pallid death, with foot all impartial, smites  
The huts of paupers and the towers of kings.  
Happy Sextius, life's brief sum not permits  
On long protracted hope our entering.  
Already on thee presses night, and those  
The fabled Manes, and Plutonian home  
Of shadows thin; where thou the same dispose  
The wine's empire wilt not, once thither come.

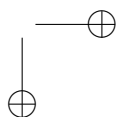
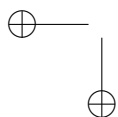


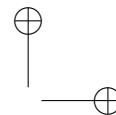
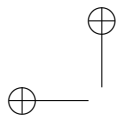


## G. J. WHYTE MELVILLE, 1850

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

Returning spring and western winds now melt stern winter's chain;  
The bark, long stranded high and dry, once more rides on the main,  
The ploughman leaves his fire; the cattle weary of their stalls;  
No more to gem the wintry fields the whitening hoar-frost falls,  
But Venus lends the merry dance, whilst on the joyous band  
The moon looks down where Nymphs and Graces foot it hand in hand,  
And swarthy Cyclops stir the forge at Vulcan's hoarse command.  
Our comely heads 'tis fitting now with myrtle to adorn,  
Or garlands of the opening flowers earth hath so lately borne,  
For Faunus now 'tis right to slay, within his sacred shade,  
A lamb or kid which e'er he will before his altar laid.  
Pale death the threshold treads with step as rapid and as sure  
In kingly halls as in the humble dwellings of the poor;  
Oh happy Sextius! life's span grants no far-distant day,  
Already night is gathering round – ghosts beckon thee away,  
And Pluto's narrow portal lowers: when once that bourne is passed,  
No more for thee in deep carouse the merry die to cast;  
No tender Lycidas for thee, whom all the youths admire,  
And for whose charms the virgins soon shall melt with gentler fire.

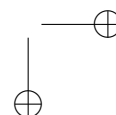
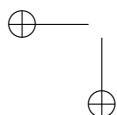




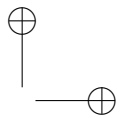
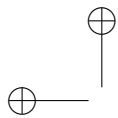
WILLIAM SEWELL, 1850

(1804–74; Divine, Tutor, and Writer)

Melting is winter keen with grateful – change of spring, and western wind,  
    And engines drag the dry keels from the shore;  
And neither now doth flock in stalls – nor hind in hearth their pleasure find;  
    Nor meads with hoary frosts stand silver'd o'er.  
Now Cythera's Venus leads her – choirs, with Luna o'er her head;  
    And hand in hand with Nymphs the Graces fair  
With foot alternate beat the ground, while – Vulcan, glowing hot, doth bid  
    The Cyclops' pond'rous stithies blaze and glare.  
Now 'tis meet our glossy brow – either with green myrtle spray,  
    Or bloom to twine, which leas unfetter'd bear  
Now, too, meet in groves embower'd – to Faun to offer, whether he  
    Ask with a lamb, or with a kid prefer.  
Ghastly Death, with foot impartial, – knocks at cabins of the poor,  
    And monarchs' towers. O Sextius, thou the blest,  
Life's brief span forbids our laying – plans for hopes of distant hour;  
    Thee soon shall Night and fabled shades arrest,  
And the phantom hall of Pluto; – whither, soon as thou hast gone,  
    Neither the wine-throne thou with dice wilt share;  
Nor young Lycides admire, with – whom at present all the town  
    Is charm'd, and soon will glow our maidens fair.



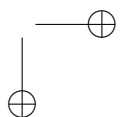
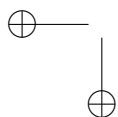


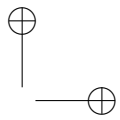
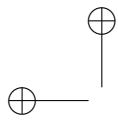


WILLIAM M. NEVIN, 1851

*(The Mercersburg Review)*

Solved is winter severe by the changing of spring and bland Favonus.  
And by machines the dry-keeled ships are drawn down;  
While in the fold now joys not the flock nor the ploughman at the fireside,  
Nor meadows longer are bedight with hoar frost.  
Now Cytherea her dances is leading up 'neath the hanging full moon;  
And joined with Nymphs the Graces all becoming  
Till on the earth their lightest alternate steps; whilst of heavy cyclops  
The glowing Vulcan kindleth up the forges.  
Now 'tis comely to wreath round the glossy head either sprigs of myrtle  
Or flowers which all the loosened lands are bearing.  
Now in the fresh-leaved grove 'tis comely to sacrifice to Faunus,  
If lamb he ask, or kid he would have rather.  
Pale Death beateth with foot impartially 'gainst the poor man's cottage  
And king's proud tower. O my happy Sextius,  
Life's sum soon to be filled forbiddeth our casting forward long hopes.  
Soon night will press thee and the fabled Manes,  
And the Plutonian, exiled dwelling-place; whither when thou once go'st,  
Nor chief at wine shalt thou be made by dices  
Nor shalt thou gaze on thy beautiful Lycidas; pleased with whom the youths are,  
And soon the virgins will be all enamoured.

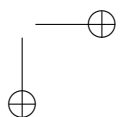
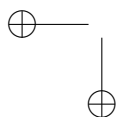


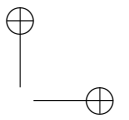
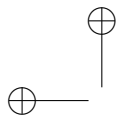


FRANCIS WILLIAM NEWMAN, 1853

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

Now the winter's keenness loosens;  
Spring and Zephyr's pleasing change  
Is come, and engines haul the drykeel'd galleys.  
Now no longer flocks to stables  
Run, nor ploughman hugs the fire:  
Nor more with hoary-frost the meadows glisten.  
Lo! Kythera's Queen the dances  
Leads beneath the gazing moon;  
And with the Nymphs the comely Graces blended  
Spurn the earth with foot alternate,  
Whilst the glowing Vulcan puffs  
To kindle the Cyclopien smithy's nuisance.  
Now with green-entangling myrtle  
Fitting 'tis the head to deck;  
Or with the flow'rs which Earth unshackled scatters.  
Now in shady groves to Faunus  
Duly pay we sacrifice,  
Ask he a lamb or choose a kidling rather.  
Pallid Death with foot impartial  
Comes to knock at poor man's shed  
And towering kingly gate. O happy Sestius!  
Life with brief-dissolving compass  
Lengthen'd hopes forbids to frame.  
Soon shall Night press thee, and the fabled Manes,  
And the meagre hall of Pluto;  
Whither fleeting, ah! my friend!  
Neither with dice shalt thou appoint the Wineking,  
Nor, admiring, eye the stripling  
Lycidas; who all the youth  
Already moves, and soon shall melt the maidens.

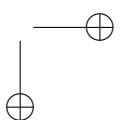
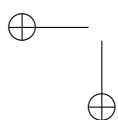


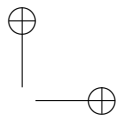
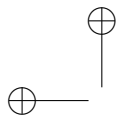


FRANCIS ADAMS, 1853

(1796–1861; Physician and Classical Scholar)

Keen winter thaws with grateful change of spring and western gale,  
    And cranes the leaky keels of vessels hale;  
Nor beasts in stalls, nor in his hearth does ploughman now delight,  
    Nor with the hoary rime are the fields white.  
Cytheran Venus leads her choirs beneath the moon's clear light;  
    And decent Graces, join'd to Nymphs so bright,  
With foot alternate beat the ground; while ardent Vulcan hies  
    To Cyclops' forge, and there his hard work plies.  
It now befits with myrtle green to bind your glossy hair  
    Or with the flower which now the loose sods bear:  
To Faunus it befits to slay within the shady groves  
    A lamb, or else a kid, if such he loves.  
At poor men's hovels pallid Death with equal foot doth beat,  
    And at the towers of kings. O Sextius sweet,  
The brief amount of life forbids long projects to unfold;  
    Thee fabled Manes soon and Night shall hold,  
And the Plutonian airy dome, where once arrived, nor thou  
    For sovereignty of wine the dice shalt throw,  
Nor tender Lycidas admire, for whom each stripling now  
    Is warm, and virgins, too, erewhile shall glow.





MICHAEL A. WALLACE, 1853

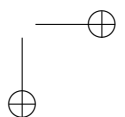
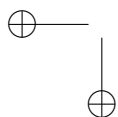
*(Hymns of the Church: The Nativity and Other Poems)*

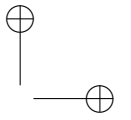
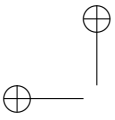
Now genial skies and breezes soft,  
    Proclaim rude winter o'er,  
And ships, on levers borne aloft,  
    Are moving from the shore.  
The hearth no more delights the swain,  
    Nor stall the well-fed steer,  
No more along the level plain  
    Do silver frosts appear.

Now Venus leads her joyous band,  
    'Neath Luna's cloudless sheen,  
And Nymphs and Graces, hand in hand,  
    Alternate trip the green.  
Now Vulcan, too, with flaming light,  
    Far darting from his eyes,  
Within the Cyclop's forges bright  
    The pond'rous hammer plies.

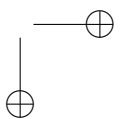
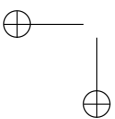
Then let us with the myrtle bough,  
    Or such wild blossoms fair,  
As blow amid the valleys now,  
    Weave garlands for our hair.  
And thus with fitting wreaths arrayed,  
    Go seek the peaceful groves,  
And slay to Faunus, in the shade,  
    The victim that he loves.

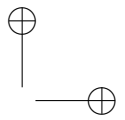
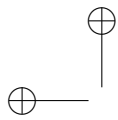
The dread inevitable blow  
    Grim death doth ever strike  
At stately dome and cottage low,  
    Impartially alike.  
O happy Sextus! lo! the term  
    Of life's contracted span  
Affords a basis too unfirm  
    For any noble plan.





Death's everlasting shades ere long  
Will o'er our pathway come,  
And we must join the shadowy throng  
In Pluto's dreary home.  
Where, when thou ro'rst 'twill ne'er be thine  
The doubtful die to throw,  
Nor care how may the rosy wine,  
Around the banquet flow.





J. T. BLACK, 1857

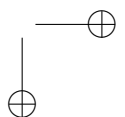
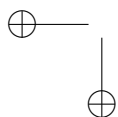
*(Select Odes of Horace)*

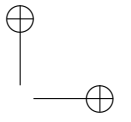
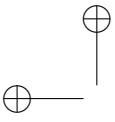
The step of sweetly-breathing Spring  
Hath made stern Winter smile:  
The beach with sailors' shouts doth ring,  
As ships glide off the pile.  
The flocks no more in folds delight:  
No hearth the goodwife plies:  
Nor now in meads the hoar-frost white  
In dazzling brightness lies.

Now Cytherea leads the dance  
'Neath Luna's genial ray,  
And Nymphs, with blushing graces glance  
Their feet in constant play.  
Whilst Vulcan in his fiery hall,  
From forge to furnace goes;  
And loud the Cyclops' hammers fall,  
In quick and sparkling blows.

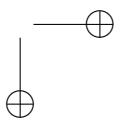
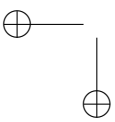
'Tis time to bind the perfumed hair  
With sprig of Myrtle green;  
Or with the flow'ret fresh and fair  
On earth's soft bosom seen.  
To rural gods 'tis time to slay,  
Within the mystic groves,  
The spotless lamb, that loves to play,  
Or kid, that wanton roves.

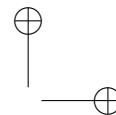
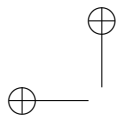
Pale Death, oh! noble Sestius, spares  
Nor opulent nor poor;  
His startling knock the palace scares,  
He seeks the cottage door.  
We hope and live, but life and hope  
Are transient and short;  
E'en now for thee dark spirits cope  
In Pluto's dread resort.





From that forlorn and barren spot  
Thou canst not be restored;  
No casting there of happy lot,  
To rule the festive board.

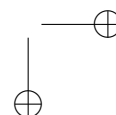
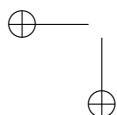




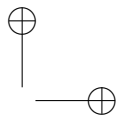
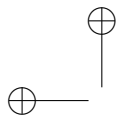
RICHARD W. O'BRIEN, 1857

("Of Trinity College, Dublin")

Now is fierce Winter unfettered by the sweet change of Spring's mild breezes;  
    Vast engines draw down the beach the dry ships;  
Nor doth the ploughman delight in fires now, nor the flock in stables:  
    No more the meads with hoary frost now whiten  
Now the dance leads Cytherean Venus, 'neath the glimm'ring moonbeams;  
    The modest Graces with the Nymphs united  
Now with alternate foot smite the level sward, whilst the glowing Vulcan  
    Lights-up the mighty forges of the Cyclops.  
Now it behoveth to bind the anointed head with the verdant myrtle,  
    Or with the flow'rs which earth unbound produces.  
Now it beseemeth that we to Faunus slay, in grove umbrageous,  
    A lamb or kid, whiche'er the God demandeth.  
Grim-visaged Death with a foot impartial knocks at paupers' hovels,  
    And at the tow'rs of kings. O happy Sextius!  
Life's little span forbids our indulging distant aspirations:  
    Soon Night o'erwhelms thee, and the fabled Manes;  
Soon the dark, shadowy dwelling of Pluto: whither when thou wendest  
    Thou'lt neither be the realms of wine allotted,  
Nor shalt be smitten with tender Lycidas, whom each youth now loveth:  
    Of whom the virgins will be soon enamoured!



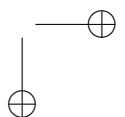
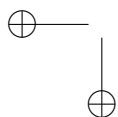


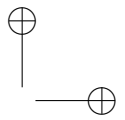
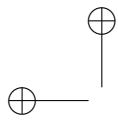


WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE, 1858

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

Hard winter breaks, O happy turn  
to Zephyr and to Spring!  
Dry keels the rollers seaward bring;  
For neither flocks now keep the stall,  
nor fire the ploughman heeds;  
Nor whiten with hoar frost the meads.  
Now Venus from Cythera hies,  
the moonlit dance to twine;  
The Graces and the Nymphs combine  
With rhythmic feet the ground to smite,  
while Vulcan sweats to raise  
Huge Cyclop forges to a blaze.  
With flowers, from soil hard bound no more,  
to gird the gleaming brow  
'T is meet, or with green myrtle now;  
For offering now to Faunus bring,  
beneath the shadowed grove,  
Or lamb, or kid, if kid he love.  
O Sextius, Fortune's favourite,  
the kingly tower alike  
And pauper's hut pale Death will strike.  
Life's narrow space forbids to frame  
large hopes. Thee too the night  
Will vex, thee many a fabled sprite,  
Thee Pluto's cribbing cell: and thou,  
arriving there at last,  
No more shalt rule the feast, by cast  
Of dice, no more wilt gaze on forms  
whose tender beauties move  
At once to wonder and to love.





HENRY THOMAS LIDDELL, LORD RAVENSWORTH, 1858

(1797–1878; Statesman and Poet)

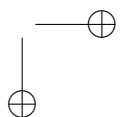
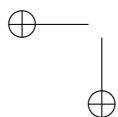
Stern Winter leaves our southern sky,  
And boats whose keels had long lain dry  
    Are launched along the coast;  
The hind forsakes his chimney-nook,  
And cattle browse beside the brook,  
    No longer white with frost.

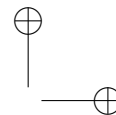
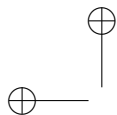
Now Cytherea leads the dance,  
And by the quivering moonbeam's glance  
    The Nymphs and Graces' quire  
With step alternate brush the dew;  
While Vulcan and the Cyclops' crew  
    Stir up their smouldering fire.

'Tis now the time to wreath our brows  
With woodland myrtle's glossy boughs,  
    Or Earth's expanding flower;  
And immolate in shady groves  
The lamb or kid that Faunus loves,  
    As best befits the hour.

Death with the same impartial tread  
Knocks at the beggar's lowly shed,  
    And shakes the palace gate  
Ah, favoured Sextius! life's brief sum  
Forbids long hope of days to come,  
    And warns us of our fate.

The Ghosts in story famed and Night  
Shall soon oppress thy failing sight,  
    And beckon to that road,  
Whither when once thy steps descend,  
All earthly joys and hopes shall end  
    In Pluto's drear abode.





## SIR THEODORE MARTIN, 1860

(1816–1909; Biographer of the Prince Consort)

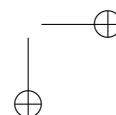
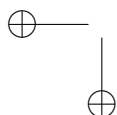
As biting Winter flies, lo, Spring with sunny skies,  
And balmy airs! and barks long dry put out again from shore;  
Now the ox forsakes his byre, and the husbandman his fire,  
And daisy-dappled meadows bloom where winter frosts lay hoar.

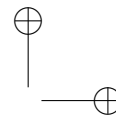
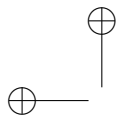
By Cytherea led, while the moon shines overhead,  
The Nymphs and Graces, hand in hand, with alternating feet  
Shake the ground, while swinking Vulcan strikes the sparkles fierce and red  
From the forges of the Cyclops, with reiterated beat.

'Tis the time with myrtle green to bind our glistening locks,  
Or with flowers, wherein the loosened earth herself hath newly dressed,  
And to sacrifice to Faunus in some glade amidst the rocks  
A yearling lamb, or else a kid, if such delight him best.

Death comes alike to all – to the monarch's lordly hall,  
Or the hovel of the beggar, and his summons none shall stay,  
O Sestius, happy Sestius! use the moments as they pass;  
Far-reaching hopes are not for us, the creatures of a day.

Thee soon shall night enshroud; and the Manes' phantom crowd,  
And the starveling house unbeautiful of Pluto shut thee in;  
And thou shalt not banish care by the ruddy wine-cup there,  
Nor woo the gentle Lycidas, whom all are mad to win.

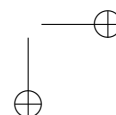
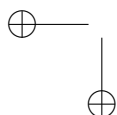


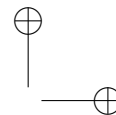
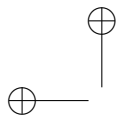


WILLIAM LEE, 1860

*(Translations in English Verse)*

The Spring returns with change of season bland,  
The Zephyr breathes, the vessels quit the strand.  
The ox his stall, the ploughman leaves his fire,  
The hoar-frost melts, the meads in green attire.  
Now Cytherea leads the moonlit round,  
The Nymphs and Graces light alternate bound.  
Swart Vulcan pleased beholds his blooming spouse,  
The Cyclops labours, and his anvil glows.  
Now let the myrtle green our temples crown,  
Or flowers whate'er in softened meadows grown.  
To Faunus now the grateful it behoves,  
A lamb or kid to immolate in groves.  
Pale Death impartial strikes at every door,  
Of royal palace, as of cottage poor.  
O! happy Sestius! short, the life of man  
Forbids far projects, and new schemes to plan.  
Night o'er thy head e'en now extends her shroud,  
With fabled Manes, Pluto's shadowy crowd.  
When theirs; no more the dice shall crown you king,  
Lord of the wine and feast, and merry ring.  
Then from your tender Lycidas must part,  
Lycidas; ere long to win fond maiden's heart.

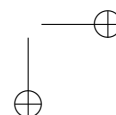
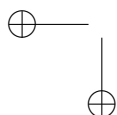


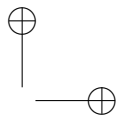
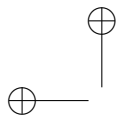


ANONYMOUS, 1861

*(Translations from the Classics)*

Stern winter o'er, see gentle spring at hand!  
Ships, now, no longer left upon the strand,  
Are once more launched; the gladsome herds require  
The stall no longer, nor the ploughman fire;  
No more, by frost, are meadows robed in white,  
But Venus leads the dance by Luna's light:  
And Nymphs, consorting with the comely Graces,  
Make the ground shake 'neath their alternate paces,  
Whilst the smith's forge casts its red glare around.  
Now, with green myrtle should our brows be bound,  
Or with such flowers as deck the well-tilled lawn.  
Now is the time to sacrifice to Faun  
In shady groves, prepared, as we are bid,  
To offer up a lamb, or else a kid.  
Death knocks, impartial, at the palace door,  
And at the humble cottage of the poor.  
Oh happy Sextius! Our brief life defies  
All trust in aught that in the future lies.  
Night comes apace; and thou dost shun in vain  
The shades that dwell in Pluto's dark domain.  
Once there, no more shalt thou, with dice, decide  
Who, at the feast, shall o'er the wine preside.  
No more shalt thou young Lycidas admire,  
Whose ripening beauty sets our youths on fire,  
And who, ere long, will warm with kindred tame,  
The tender heart of many a virgin dame.

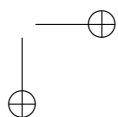
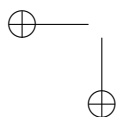


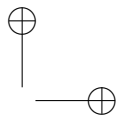
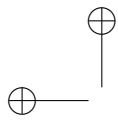


EDWARD SMITH-STANLEY, EARL OF DERBY, 1862

(1799–1869; Statesman)

Stern Winter melts as genial airs the balmy Spring restore,  
     And keels, long dry, are carried to the shore;  
 The ploughman now the fireside leaves, nor herds in stalls remain,  
     Nor hoar-frost glitters o'er the whiten'd plain;  
 And Venus now by moonlight leads her revelry and mirth,  
     And Nymphs, with Graces mingling, make the earth  
 Ring with the music of their feet; while with his Cyclops train,  
     At sweltring forge, stout Vulcan toils amain.  
 Our glossy hair should now with wreaths of myrtle green be found,  
     Or flow'rs new-burst from out the loosen'd ground.  
 And now the wonted sacrifice, beneath the forest's shade,  
     Of lamb or kid, to Faunus should be paid.  
 Pale Death upon the peasant's door and prince's lordly gate  
     Impartial knocks. O Sextius, rich and great!  
 Our life's short span should moderate our lengthen'd hope's excess;  
     Night and unreal ghosts shall round thee press  
 Ere long, and vainly wouldst thou hope, in Pluto's drear domain,  
     By lot the banquet's seeptrre to obtain;  
 Or       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*  
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E. R. W., 1862 (PARAPHRASED)

*(College Rhymes)*

Winter has departed;  
    Swift the rivers run,  
Loosed from icy fetters  
    By the radiant sun.

A change is come o'er all,  
    Brightly shines the day,  
And warm o'er verdant pastures  
    Western breezes play.

Down to the beach the vessels  
    Are hurried by strong men,  
As if they yearned to battle  
    With the rough waves again.

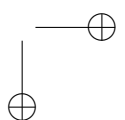
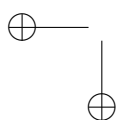
No longer in the stable  
    Cower the shivering kine;  
But a warmth is o'er the meadows,  
    That seems almost divine.

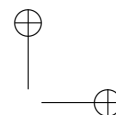
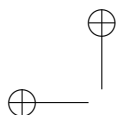
No more the snow is spread  
    Over the meadows green;  
But the glad and smiling visage  
    Of a new spring is seen.

Now Venus leads her dances  
    'Neath the full moon each night,  
And joined unto the Graces  
    Are the nymphs in circles bright.

Now at Cyclopic forges  
    The mighty Vulcan glows,  
And the lofty sides of Etna  
    Re-echo with his blows.

Now we must crown our head  
    With flowers and myrtle green:  
Now must our sacrifice to Pan  
    In shady groves be seen.



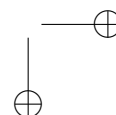
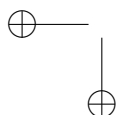


But though 'tis spring yet death is near,  
It will not be denied;  
And no one from its sure pursuit  
Can his frail body hide.

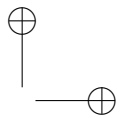
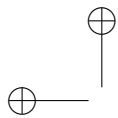
It robs alike the cotter's hut,  
The noble's lofty hall,  
The regal palaces of kings;  
For death is near to all.

Sextius, my friend! while life remains,  
Improve its fleeting hours:  
For in dark Pluto's realm there are  
No dice, no shady bowers,

No wine, no Lycidas to love,  
Whom all the youth adore:  
These cannot enter Pluto's realm,  
They vanish at the door.



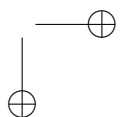
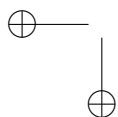


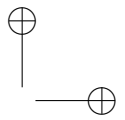
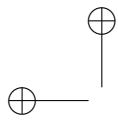


JOHN CONINGTON, 1863

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

The touch of Zephyr and of Spring has loosen'd Winter's thrall;  
The well-dried keels are wheel'd again to sea:  
The ploughman cares not for his fire, nor cattle for their stall,  
And frost no more is whitening all the lea.  
Now Cytherea leads the dance, the bright moon overhead;  
The Graces and the Nymphs, together knit,  
With rhythmic feet the meadow beat, while Vulcan, fiery red,  
Heats the Cyclopien forge in Ætna's pit.  
'Tis now the time to wreath the brow with branch of myrtle green,  
Or flowers, just opening to the vernal breeze;  
Now Faunus claims his sacrifice among the shady treen,  
Lambkin or kidling, which soe'er he please.  
Pale Death, impartial, walks his round: he knocks at cottage-gate  
And palace-portal. Sestius, child of bliss!  
How should a mortal's hopes be long, when short his being's date?  
Lo here! the fabulous ghosts, the dark abyss,  
The void of the Plutonian hall, where soon as e'er you go,  
No more for you shall leap the auspicious die  
To seat you on the throne of wine; no more your breast shall glow  
For Lycidas, the star of every eye.

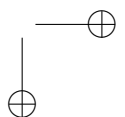
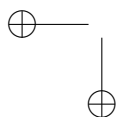


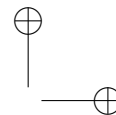
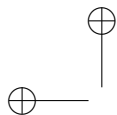


HUGO NICHOLAS JONES, 1865

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

The stormy season is at rest,  
And Spring is breathing from the west;  
The ships new launched, and altogether,  
A pleasant change comes o'er the weather.  
The long pent cattle, with delight  
Their pastures seek, no longer white  
With icy winter, and the hind  
His chimney corner hath resigned.  
The Nymphs, upon the moonlit mead,  
Doth the soft Cytheræan lead,  
Linked with the Graces as they go  
Upon the "light fantastic toe,"  
While, for those ponderous one-eyed fellows,  
Her Lord perspiring blows the bellows.  
Now is the time your glossy hair  
To bind with Myrtle, or whate'er  
The flower may be that claims from earth  
The fragrant season of its birth.  
Let us, at Faunus' choice, devote  
In votive shade, or lamb or goat.  
Pale death with unrespecting malice,  
Knocks at the door of hut and palace.  
Oh pleasant Sextus, life's brief scope  
Gives little room for lengthened hope;  
Night comes with all its goblin crew,  
And hell's dark halls, if tales be true.  
Then shall th' unshaken dice have ceas'd  
To tell the monarch of the feast,  
Nor there shall charm, young Lycidases,  
In turn beloved by lads and lasses.

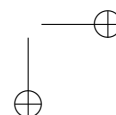
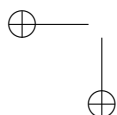


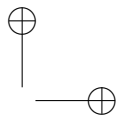
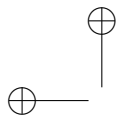


JAMES FRANKLIN FULLER, 1866

(1835–1924; Irish Actor and Architect)

Thanks to returning spring and to the western breeze,  
Winter no more does our dull currents freeze.  
The engines drag the dry ships from the shore,  
In stalls pent up, the kine delight no more.  
The hind no longer by his fire-side sits,  
The hoar frost from the melting meadows flits.  
By moonlight now, Venus leads up the dance,  
The Graces and the Nymphs alternate feet advance,  
While swarthy Vulcan, help of waring foes,  
The forges of the laborious Cyclop's blows.  
Now is the time to crown the shining head  
With myrtle, or with flowers which, till the spring, lay dead.  
To Faunus sacrifice i' the shady groves,  
Whether the tender lamb, or kid, he rather loves.  
With an impartial hand does pale Death ring  
At the peasant's humble cot, the palace of the king.  
Oh happy Sestius! life's allotted span,  
A hope prolonged, forbids to every man.  
Soon must yon darkness meet, and fleeting ghosts,  
Pluto's grim mansion and the Stygian coasts,  
Where once arriv'd no more shall you decide,  
With dice, convivial joys, or cherish guilty pride.

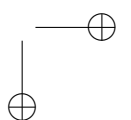
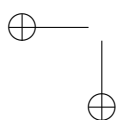


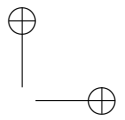
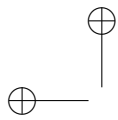


CHRISTOPHER HUGHES, 1867

*(The Odes and Epodes of Horace)*

Bitter Winter, now dissolving,  
    Changes into balmy spring;  
Dry keels glide on logs revolving,  
    Herds no more to stables cling.  
  
Hearths no more the ploughman fancies,  
    Nor with frost are meadows white;  
Cytheren leads the dances  
    By the moon's increasing light.  
  
Nymphs and comely Graces beating,  
    On alternate foot the ground,  
While hot Vulcan's forge is heating  
    For his Cyclops labouring round.  
  
Now your head, with unguents shining,  
    Crown with myrtle or fresh flowers;  
Kid or goat, his life resigning,  
    Faunus asks in shady bowers.  
  
Pale Death's equal foot is pushing  
    Poor men's huts and towers of kings.  
Happy Sextius! Life's quick rushing  
    Little hope of lasting brings: –  
  
Night weighs on you, powers infernal,  
    Pluto's barren mean abode,  
Which once entered is eternal,  
    Never there hath lot bestowed  
  
The revels mastership inspiring,  
    Nor tender Lycidas shall charm,  
Him the youths are now admiring,  
    Soon his love shall maidens warm.





CHARLES STEPHENS MATHEWS, 1867

(“Formerly of Pembroke College, Cambridge”)

Harsh winter’s up! to him succeed  
Ver and Favonius, change indeed  
Agreeable, all the world’s agreed,

The very keels, which stranded high  
With gaping seams, for rollers cry  
And line, to drink to drag them by.

Fireside the ploughman, fold the flock  
Not now delights, nor horned stock  
The littered stall, nor frore-white frock,

Where Venus comes, Cythere’s mead,  
O’erhung with Luna’s silver bead,  
Both feet in air, the choirs to lead.

Lively as her, but not so free,  
The Graces, pleased to stop at three,  
Few for the ferment, ask the tree

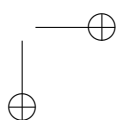
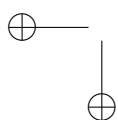
And fountain-nymphs to join, and all  
Together tickle earth with small  
Alternate right and left footfall.

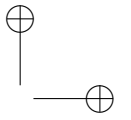
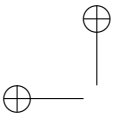
In Ætna Vulcan and the slow  
Cyclops exert the furnace so,  
He reddens and the workshops glow.

Now ’tis becoming to impede  
The flowing honours of the head  
With myrtle trimmed and filleted,

Green restant to the nipping hours,  
Or better band of firstborn flowers  
To loosened earth by tepid showers.

Now ’tis becoming too, in glade,  
Leafed into light precocious shade,  
That immolation should be made





To Faunus, whether he require  
With lamb, or whether more desire  
With kid: as him shall please entire.

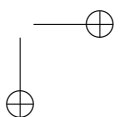
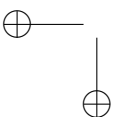
So seasons shift, till an end put  
To life's. Pale death with equal foot  
At palace, Sextius, and hut

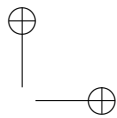
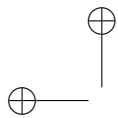
Indifferent knocks. Your happy lot  
Leads you to found long hopes; but what  
Does life's short sum? to found them not.

Myths, as you call them, Nox anon,  
And ghosts to Pluto's mansion gone,  
Impalpable will have you down.

To which arrived you won't expect  
To find convivial tables decked,  
Wine, and the wine-king dice-elect,

With graceful Lycidas to your gaze.  
The Campus warms in that boy's praise,  
As will the girls one of these days.

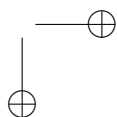
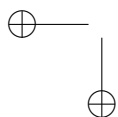


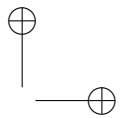
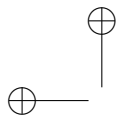


T. W. CULVERWELL, 1867

*(Meditative Hours)*

Stern Winter's rage is softened by the Spring,  
And gentle influence of Western gales;  
By enginery the stiffened ships are launched;  
The cattle now rejoice to leave their stalls;  
The ploughman sits no longer o'er his fire;  
The fields no more are whitened with the frost;  
Venus beneath the moon leads out her choirs;  
The modest graces, with the Nymphs conjoined,  
Alternate strike the ground in even measure;  
Whilst glowing Vulcan heats the Cyclops' forge.  
'Tis graceful now to wreath the shining hair  
With myrtle green, or flowers which the earth,  
Released from frost, profusely lavishes.  
Now it becomes us in umbrageous groves  
To sacrifice to Faunus a young lamb,  
Or if it please him more, a tender kid.  
Pale Death, at cottage doors, and palace gates,  
Impartial knocks. O my loved Sextius!  
The brevity of life forbids our hopes  
To wander in futurity. Soon, night  
Will close around the spirits of the dead  
In Pluto's shadowy dwelling, where, arrived,  
'Twill be your lot no more to rule the wine:  
Nor, then, will you praise Lycidas, whose chaunts  
Inspire our youths with envy, and, ere long,  
Will kindle love in every maiden's breast!

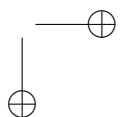
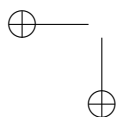




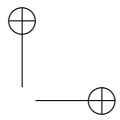
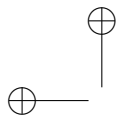
JAMES WALTER SMITH, 1867

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

Spring zephyrs have melted sharp winter away,  
And the windlass draws down the dry ships to the sea,  
And no longer the meadows with hoar-frost are grey;  
The clown leaves the fire, the flock runs to the lea.  
And Venus leads dances in silver moon-light,  
And the nymphs, with the Graces so comely and staid,  
Shake the earth with each foot; while the thunderbolts bright  
In Cyclópean furnace by Vulcan are made.  
Now your tresses anoint, bind with myrtle your brow,  
Or with flowers which were late in the soil lying hid,  
And in cool groves to Faunus we'll immolate now,  
If he pleases, a lamb – if he pleases, a kid.  
Pale Death's tread alike strikes the hall of the king  
And the labourer's cot. Happy Sextus, prepare,  
For life is too short hope's fulfilment to bring,  
And Death and the Manes are waiting you there –  
There in the ghostly Plutonian chambers: no more  
Will you there cast the die for the empire of wine,  
Nor at Lycidas wonder, whom youths now adore,  
And for whom blooming maidens will presently pine.



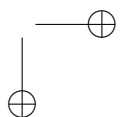
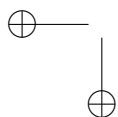


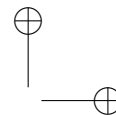
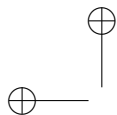


E. H. BRODIE, 1868

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

Sharp Winter, he melts with the warm breath of spring,  
Pleasant change, – see! the dry keels are launched,  
The swains leave their fires and the stalls open fling,  
Nor the meadows with hoar frosts are blanched.  
Venus’ self leads the dance with moon bright on high,  
And the Nymphs and the fair Graces tread  
Their light steps alternate, while grim giants ply  
Round the forge where old Vulcan shines red.  
Now suits with green myrtle to deck each bright brow,  
Or with flowers in thawed fields profuse,  
In shady grove pay to the Faun each his row  
Or a lamb, or a kid, as he choose.  
Pale Death with impartial foot walks round and knocks  
At kings’ gates and the huts of the poor.  
Sweet Sestius, long hopes life’s brief story mocks,  
Gloomy night, fabled ghosts at the door,  
Pluto’s mansion so void! there wander – no die  
Lord of wine shall allot you the throne,  
No Lycidas fire, of our youths the bright eye,  
Whom the maidens shall soon claim their own.





## FATHER PROUT, 1868

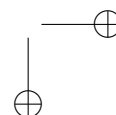
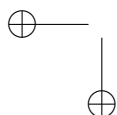
(1804–66; Irish Humorist and Journalist)

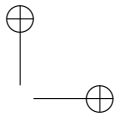
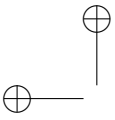
Now Winter melts beneath  
Spring's genial breath,  
And Zephyr  
Back to the water yields  
The stranded bark – back to the fields  
The stabled heifer –  
And the gay rural scene  
The shepherd's foot can wean,  
Forth from his homely hearth, to tread the meadows green.

Now Venus loves to group  
Her merry troop  
Of maidens,  
Who, while the moon peeps out,  
Dance with the Graces round about  
Their queen in cadence;  
While far, 'mid fire and noise,  
Vulcan his forge employs,  
Where Cyclops grim aloft their ponderous sledges poise.

Now maids, with myrtle-bough,  
Garland their brow.  
Each forehead  
Shining with flow'rets deck'd;  
While the glad earth, by frost uncheck'd,  
Buds out all florid;  
Now let the knife devote,  
In some still grove remote,  
A victim-lamb to Faun; or, should he list, a goat.

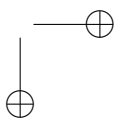
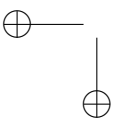
Death, with impartial foot,  
Knocks at the hut  
The lowly  
As the most princely gate.  
O favoured friend! on life's brief date  
To count were folly;

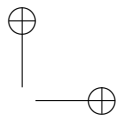
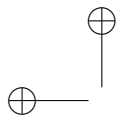




Soon shall, in vapours dark,  
Quenched be thy vital spark,  
And thou, a silent ghost, for Pluto's land embark?

Where at no gay repast,  
By dice's cast  
King chosen,  
Wine-laws shalt thou enforce,  
But weep o'er joy and love's warm source  
For ever frozen  
And tender Lydia lost,  
Of all the town the toast,  
Who then, when thou art gone, will fire all bosoms most!

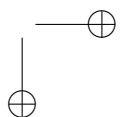
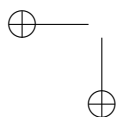




EDWARD YARDLEY, JR., 1869

(1835–1908; Writer)

Winter's icy bands are loosened by the pleasant touch of Spring;  
To the sea land-weary sailors now their shore-drawn vessels bring;  
Ploughmen love the fire no longer, folds no more the flock delight,  
And no more at early morning are with frost the meadows white.  
Venus frisks in frolic measure when the Moon her pale light shows;  
With her in the dance a train of Nymphs and charming Graces goes;  
Now with one foot, now the other, earth they lightly, quickly, beat,  
Whilst their weighty furnace Vulcan and his ready Cyclops heat.  
Now to bind the head with myrtle or with flowers it behoves;  
Now to sacrifice to Faunus kid or lamb in shady groves.  
Death, pale horror, is impartial, and inexorably beats  
At the cottages of peasants and at monarchs' royal seats.  
Hope not far, oh happy Sextius; life, thou know'st is very short;  
Night will close thy eyes and send thee to where Pluto holds his court,  
Where no love is, where no feasting, where no joy of any sort.





CHARLES G. HALPINE, 1869

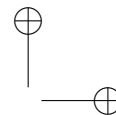
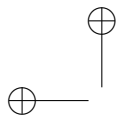
(1829–68; Irish Journalist and Writer)

Once more, thank heaven, the western breeze is sounding,  
And Winter yields to Spring's delightful sway  
The skiffs, long moored in ice, are bounding  
O'er the bright waters of the rippling bay;  
The flocks we stall-fed seek the tender clover,  
The plowman quits his fire and yokes his team,  
The snowy robes that lately covered over  
The swelling uplands melt into the stream.

Now, by sweet moonlight, Venus and the Graces  
O'er the green sod the flying dancers urge;  
The Cyclops toil in their appointed places,  
And fiery Vulcan labors at his forge;  
Now let the myrtle wreath be placed upon us,  
And all the flowers that earliest brave the cold;  
Now let us offer sacrifice to Faunus  
In shady groves, the firstling of our fold.

Pale Death, with equal step, is seen approaching  
The peasant's hut and palace-home sublime,  
And the dark flood of age so fast encroaching,  
Forbids us fix our hope on distant time;  
Darkness and death, oblivion of the spirit,  
Soon from our brow shall tear the shining crown;  
The grave is all from Nature we inherit,  
And Pluto there in silence binds us down.

In that cold mansion, farewell the dominion  
Of jovial cheer, the wine-cup, and the song;  
Love in its gloom ne'er bathes his rosy pinion,  
Nor grants his pleasures to the ghostly throng.  
Nothing can please that erstwhile did excite you,  
Nor from your face remove the heavy frown;  
Not even can Laura's tender glance delight you,  
She now the toast and beauty of the town.

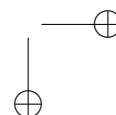
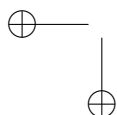


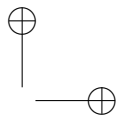
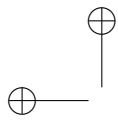
JOHN BENSON ROSE, 1869

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

Winter is passed with all its frost and snow,  
The zephyrs breathe, to seas the vessels glide,  
Flocks are impatient from the fold to go,  
Nor patient at the hearth the rustics bide.  
Now Cythereian Venus leads her maids,  
Linked hand in hand with Graces, to the glades  
To dance in the new moon with flashing feet;  
Whilst Vulcan's Cyclopeian hammers beat.  
With brows enwreathed with the fresh sweets of spring  
The scented youth go forth to dance and sing;  
Or unto Faunus pay, in cavern hid,  
His vow of votive lamb or struggling kid.  
Pale death pursues his silent course alone  
With equal step by hovel or by throne.

O gifted Sextius, deem not that by thee  
He will pass by, or that life's brevity  
Allows to thee a dream of endless days.  
Soon must we visit Pluto's realm, where strays  
The silent spirit – whence is no return.  
No feasts recall one from the marble urn,  
Nor President, nor Lycidas, with song,  
Till love and damsels lure him to their throng.

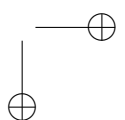
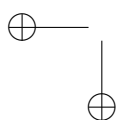


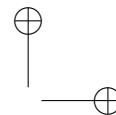
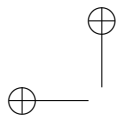


WILLIAM THOMAS MERCER, 1869

(1821–79; Colonial Administrator)

Harsh Winter's dissolved by the kind western breeze,  
And the vessels are launched and prepared for the seas,  
The flocks quit their stalls and the ploughman his hearth,  
No longer the hoar frost conceals the glad earth,  
The dances are led by the goddess of love,  
And the Graces and Nymphs (the moon shining above)  
Tread a measure together, while Vulcan's whole frame  
Is scorched by the heat of the Cyclopes' flame;  
And now let a myrtle thy forehead surround,  
Or a flowret with which the thawed earth may abound,  
To Faunus let now thy devotions be paid,  
And a lamb, or a he-goat the sacrifice made;  
Death visits impartial the hut of the poor,  
And oh, happy Sextius! the proud palace door;  
Then think not the short space of life will allow  
The enjoyment of long expectation; even now  
The grave is at hand, and the shadowy home  
Of the grisly god, Pluto, thine own shall become;  
Ah, when thou art gone to that mansion below,  
The rich joys of Bacchus no more shalt thou know,  
The friendship of Lycidas thou must forswear,  
No much admired Lycidas follows thee there.

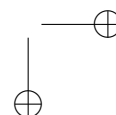
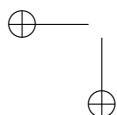




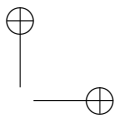
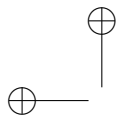
WALTER THORNBURY, 1869 (IMITATED)

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

The snow has melted into flowers;  
In sunny meadows dance the Hours;  
The windlass lowers, with creaking strain,  
Old cracked machines that for the main  
Grow thirsty; no more for the byre  
Do cattle long; the coy fire  
Allures not ploughmen; nor does Night  
Powder the frosty grass-plots white.  
Now Venus, till the day is born,  
Dances by lamplight at Cremorne;  
And nymphs with little twinkling feet  
Waltz after waltz untied repeat;  
While Vulcan, hid by golden blaze  
Of firework tableaux, hears men praise.  
And now it fits youth's comely head  
To wear the boating-cap of red; –  
Then in a shady Greenwich room  
Let's eat a whitebait hecatomb;  
Or for an hour at Richmond dwell,  
Dining on lamb that peas fit well.  
O Sextus, only just remember  
How near one's May is to December;  
For Death's impartial postmen call  
At cottage-door as at the Hall.  
Our span is short, our life is brief,  
Upon Joy's heels tread Care and Grief.  
Soon, soon for both of us, I fear,  
Will come thy chariot, Shillibeer;  
Dust fill our mouths, and not champagne,  
And darkness close on us again.



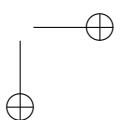
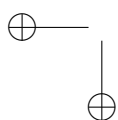


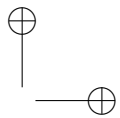
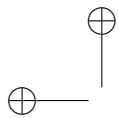


EDWARD BULWER-LYTTON, LORD LYTTON, 1870

(1803–73; Politician)

Keen winter melts in glad return of spring and soft Favonius;  
    And the dry keels the rollers seaward draw;  
No more the pens allure the flock, no more the hearth the ploughman;  
    Nor glint the meadows white with rime-frost hoar –  
Beneath the overhanging moon, now Venus leads her dances,  
    And comely Graces, linked with jocund Nymphs,  
Shake with alternate foot the earth, while ardent Vulcan kindles  
    The awful forge in which the Cyclops toils.  
Now well becomes anointed brows to wreath with verdant myrtle,  
    Or such rath flowers as swards, relaxing, free;  
And well becomes the votive lamb, or kid if more it please him,  
    Offered to Faunus amid shadowy groves.  
But all the while, with equal step, pale Death strides on unpausing,  
    Knocks at the lowly shed and regal tower.  
Long hopes commenced we must not add to life's brief sum, glad Sestius;  
    Even now press on thee Night and mythic ghosts,  
And Pluto's meagre hall, which gained, the wine-king's reign is over –  
    No more the die allots the frolic crown.

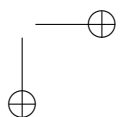
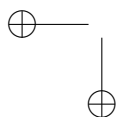


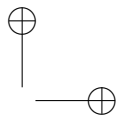
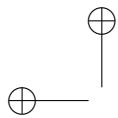


THOMAS CHARLES BARING, 1870

(1831–91; Banker and Politician)

Sharp winter melts with spring's delicious birth;  
    The ships glide down on rollers to the sea;  
The herds forsake their stalls, the hind his hearth;  
    No more with hoar-frost gleams the whitened lea.  
Venus from Cythera the dances leads,  
    And hand in hand the Nymphs and Graces come,  
And tread the moonlit sward; while Vulcan feeds  
    The fires that heat the Cyclops' busy home:  
With myrtle now: 'tis time to wreath our brows,  
    Or flowers up-springing from the earth let loose,  
And in the shady grove to pay our vows  
    With lamb or kid, whichever Faunus choose.  
Pale Death alike knocks at the poor man's house  
    And the king's palace. Happy Sextius! few  
And brief the hopes our little day allows;  
    Dark Night brings on apace the shadowy crew  
Of Pluto's dismal reign; once thou art there,  
    The mastership of toasts thou ne'er wilt get.  
Nor look on Lycidas, whose beauty rare  
    Now the young men, and soon the girls will pet.

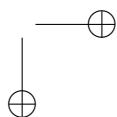
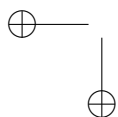


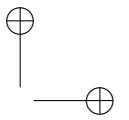
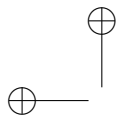


J. O., 1870

*(The Dartmouth)*

Fierce Winter now yields to the breath of Spring,  
And Zephyrs waken every living thing.  
The long-dried ships are hauled into the tide,  
Herds leave their barns, the farmer his fireside,  
While mantling snows, the fields no longer hide.  
Already 'neath the silvery Queen of Night,  
Cytherean Venus leads her chorus light.  
Joined to the Nymphs the comely Graces beat  
The Earth, in measured tread with rythmic feet;  
And Cyclops' forge glows with Vulcanic heat.  
These are the days to deck the graceful head,  
With myrtle fresh from out its winter's bed,  
Or gentle flowers, amid the greensward spread.  
To Faunus, these the days when all are bid  
To offer, at his choice, or lamb or kid.  
Pale Death, with equal step, knocks at the gate  
Of Royal homes, and those of low estate.  
O Sextus blest! Life's most extended span,  
Forbids us to indulge a lengthened plan.  
For, soon will night, and fabled phantoms come,  
To bear thy soul to Pluto's cheerless home.  
Where, once arrived, no longer shalt thou sort  
The dice, and thus decide the vinous sport.  
Nor, with the youth, gloat o'er fair Lycid's form,  
Whose charms will soon the hearts of virgins warm.





JAMES GRIFFITHS, 1870

*(Leisure Hours: A Series of Poems)*

Sweet Spring and Western breezes free  
Us from stern Winter's chain,  
And ships, long stranded dry, we see  
Dragg'd on towards the main.

The beast hath no desire for stalls,  
The ploughman no delight  
For the fireside; no hoar-frost falls,  
To make the meadows white.

Now rings the dance by Venus led,  
The blooming Cyprian queen,  
While Luna beaming full o'erhead,  
Looks out upon the scene.

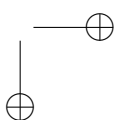
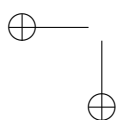
Now shakes the earth, as hand in hand,  
Alternate with their feet  
The Nymphs and Graces: one bright band  
Of loveliness most sweet.

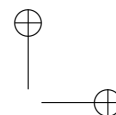
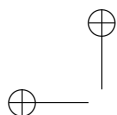
The heavy forge, by Cyclops stirr'd,  
Emits the sounding blow,  
While toiling Vulcan gives the word,  
His features all aglow.

Our shining heads 'tis fitting now  
To crown with myrtle green,  
Or flowers, that on the blooming brow  
Of unbound earth are seen.

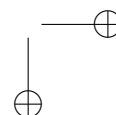
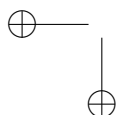
Now in the shady groves 'tis good  
A lamb or kid to slay  
For Faunus, whichsoe'er he would,  
Our wonted thanks to pay.

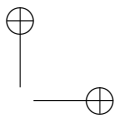
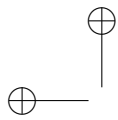
Pale Death his dreadful summons brings,  
With an impartial tread,  
Knocks at the palaces of kings,





As at the lowly shed.  
O happy Sextius, this life's space,  
    Forbids a long delay,  
Already Night draws on apace,  
    Ghosts beckon thee away;  
And waits thee Pluto's narrow house,  
    To which when thou art past,  
No longer thine in deep carouse  
    The telling die to cast;  
No tender Lycidas to love,  
    Whom every youth admires,  
Whose winning charms the Virgins move,  
    Touch'd by Love's gentler fires.





M. C., 1871

*(The Odes of Horace. Book First.)*

Sharp Winter melts away,  
Back comes the sweet Spring day,  
    And west winds softly blow;  
The ships drawn up the beach,  
Out of the tempest's reach,  
Are rolled again into the salt sea-flow.

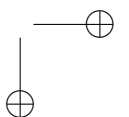
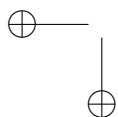
The sheep and oxen all  
Grow weary of the stall,  
    The ploughman leaves the fire;  
Sparkles the frost no more  
Upon the meadows hoar,  
But Venus leads abroad her dancing choir.

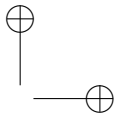
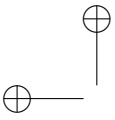
And the still moon instead,  
Hangs shining overhead  
    Upon the comely band,  
As Nymphs and Graces beat,  
With white alternate feet,  
The sward round which they circle hand in hand.

While all the time below,  
Hot Vulcan's forges glow,  
    Lit for the Cyclops' toil;  
And crowns the young man weaves,  
Of glossy myrtle leaves,  
Or early flowers that pierce the loosened soil.

Within his shady groves,  
The ewe-lamb Faunus loves,  
    Or kid must now be paid.  
Ah me! death comes to all,  
Whether in hut or hall,  
With pallid visage and impartial tread.

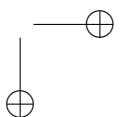
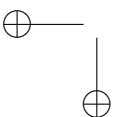
O Sestius! happy man,  
Life has too short a span,

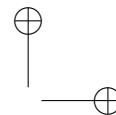
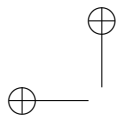




Day is too swift and brief,  
For us to cherish schemes  
That must depart in dreams,  
Dogged by the spectre of a hopeless grief.

The night is at thy back,  
Thy steps the shadows track  
To the lean house of hell;  
There with no lucky fling  
The dice shall crown thee king, –  
To wine, and youth, and love, farewell! farewell!

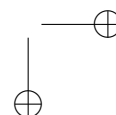
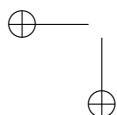




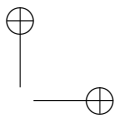
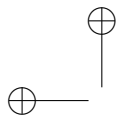
## ROBERT BRUCE BOSWELL, 1873

(1846–1933; Scottish Schoolmaster, Translator, and Folklorist)

Harsh winter melts away, and genial spring  
    Comes in her turn, her herald the west wind;  
Down to the sea the stranded ships they bring,  
    The cattle chafe to be in sheds confined.  
The ploughman leaves his fireside for the meads,  
    Where now no longer lies the hoar frost white;  
The nymphs in dances Cytherea leads  
    Linked with the Graces 'neath the soft moonlight;  
Lightly they trip it, while the Cyclops' fire,  
    Kindled anew, is from the mountain seen:  
Now let us deck our heads in gay attire,  
    With flowers of earth frost-freed, or myrtle green.  
Now let us, as is meet, an offering lay  
    On Faunus' altar, in the woodland hid,  
Where the fresh leaves shut out the glare of day, –  
    A tender lamb, or else a wanton kid.  
Pale Death, impartial guest, must all attend,  
    He knocks for entrance at the poor man's cot,  
As at the castle of the rich. My friend,  
    Brief is man's life, and this our common lot  
Forbids the hope that we would fain renew,  
    From day to day, of years for long in store;  
Night lowers, and storied ghosts thou soon must view,  
    And Pluto's realm by shadows wandered o'er.  
E'er long, my friend, thou must betake thee where  
    No dice may rattle, and no wine may flow,  
No face of youthful beauty shall be there,  
    To feast thy gaze, and make thy bosom glow.



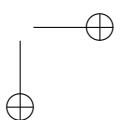
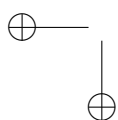


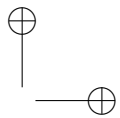
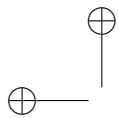


NICHOLAS J. GANNON, 1873

*(Mary Desmond and Other Poems)*

In western gales, and spring's bewitching ray,  
The dreary winter melts itself away.  
Now from the gloomy docks the vessels glide,  
And bound again upon the gladdened tide.  
The ox forsakes the fold, the hind his hearth,  
While hoary snows no longer whiten earth.  
Now Venus, with the matchless nymphs conspire,  
Beneath the moon to lead the tuneful choir.  
Sulphureous flames from Vulcan's furnace flow,  
And heat the Cyclops' forges with their glow.  
Now should green myrtle youthful brows surround,  
Or flowers upspringing from the nursing ground.  
Now to the Faun within the forest shade,  
In lambs or kids should sacrifice be made.  
With equal hand pale Death unrolls his pall,  
In lowly cottage or imperial hall.  
O! happy Sextus, Time's too fleeting span  
Forbids much hope within the breast of man.  
Soon night shall press thee in the dark domain,  
Where Pluto holds his ever gloomy reign.  
Where generous wine thy veins shall never warm,  
Or tender Lycidas display that form,  
Whose witching grace doth all the youths inspire,  
And fills thy bosom with an amorous fire.

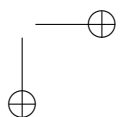
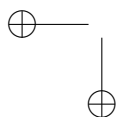


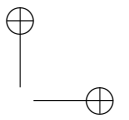
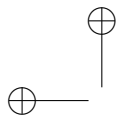


ROBERT M. HOVENDEN, 1874

(“Formerly of Trinity College, Cambridge”)

Now Spring with gentle gales over wintry cold prevails  
    And the capstan warps the bark to the sea;  
The cattle quit their byre and the husbandmen their fire  
    As the hoar-frost melts away from the lea.  
Beneath Diana’s glance Cytherea leads the dance,  
    Nymphs and Graces pairing off in the maze;  
And deep in Ætna’s gorge toil the Cyclops at their forge,  
    While Vulcan keeps the furnace in a blaze.  
Let the myrtle-wreath around every shining head be wound,  
    Or the flowers in the earth lately hid;  
So to Faunus in the shade must our offering be made,  
    Be it lamb or more acceptable kid.  
Pale Death’s impartial foot knocketh at the peasant’s hut  
    And the palace of the king. O my friend,  
Away with scheme and plan when our life is but a span;  
    Like spectres of the night must we end  
In Pluto’s narrow home, whither, Sextius, if thou come,  
    Cast of die names no lord of the wine,  
Nor Lycidas is there driving suitors to despair  
    When the maidens for his love ’gin to pine.

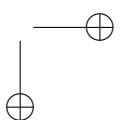
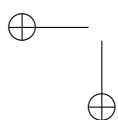


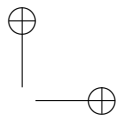
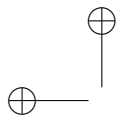


THOMAS ASHE, 1874

(1836–89; Poet)

Bitter winter is fled and thaw'd with grateful touch of spring and the South;  
    Along the shore the waiting keels are drawn:  
Cattle wandering leave their stalls, the rustic creeps no more to his fire;  
    And frosty meads no more gleam in the dawn.  
Cytherea, rejoiced in heart, conducts the dance by the shining moon;  
    Their tripping foot alternate beat the ground: –  
Nymphs together, and Graces, link'd, in order sweet: while the trembling forge  
    Of eager Vulcan rings with hollow sound.  
Fiting is it wreath the brows with wreathed leaves of the myrtle bright,  
    Or with the flowers in ransom'd meads that spring:  
Now a kid, it he will, or lamb, to Faunus, friend of the herds and flocks,  
    In shady grove, congenial, haste and bring.  
Pallid Death with an equal tread invades the hearth of a peasant's hut  
    And floors of kings. O friend, by fortune blest,  
How the trivial sum of years forbids us grasp at a far-off hope!  
    Night nears apace, the fabled shades, last rest,  
And horrid gloom of a homeless home! When thou hast wander'd thither away,  
    Thou wilt not sit the ruler o'er the wine,  
Neither Lycidas in his pride regard again, with a troop of youths  
    And maids that burn with love's keen fame divine.

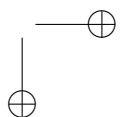
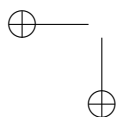


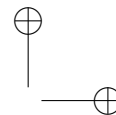
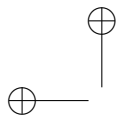


MORTIMER HARRIS, 1874

*(The Odes of Horace)*

Sharp winter by the sweet return of Zephyr and the Spring  
Is now dissolved; and our dry ships to sea the engines bring:  
And now no more within their stalls the cattle find delight,  
Nor ploughmen o'er the fire; nor are the fields with hoar-frost white.  
Now Cytherean Venus leads the dance, while from on high  
The moon looks down: and Graces joined with Nymphs in revelry  
With foot alternate beat the ground, while Vulcan's eager hand  
Lights up the busy forges of the Cyclopean band.  
'Tis fitting now your well-oiled head to wreath with myrtle green,  
Or flowers which earth produces when no frost is longer seen.  
To Faunus we should sacrifice now in umbrageous groves  
A lamb, if such he asks – or kid, if kid he rather loves.  
With foot impartial pallid Death the regal palace gate  
And cottage of the poor man strikes. O Sextius fortunate,  
Life's little span forbids that we should lengthened hopes pursue.  
The fabled Manes are, and Night, already nearing you,  
And Pluto's unsubstantial realm: where, when you once arrive,  
To you the lordship of the feast no more the dice will give:  
Nor tender Lycidas, for whom our youth are all on fire,  
And who ere long our maidens will inflame, shall you admire.





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

*(Exotics)*

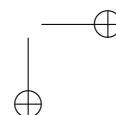
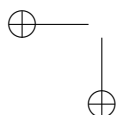
Melts to spring the bitter winter, with glad change from day to day;  
Through the sand the creaking pulleys drag the vessels to the bay;  
Ploughmen leave the chimney-corner; from their stally the cattle go,  
Browsing in the grassy meadow, white no more with frost and snow.

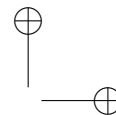
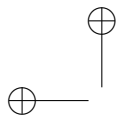
Now, amid the showers of moonlight, on the turf the maidens dance.  
Are they girls? or with the Graces does the Queen of Love advance?  
Hear their feet, with throbs alternate, shake the earth in joyous rhyme!  
Hear, below, the burning Cyclops on their anvils beating time!

Hasten, brothers! bind your foreheads with spring flowers and myrtles green!  
For the frozen sods have crumbled, and the buds appear between.  
Hasten, brothers, to the forest, and within some shady dell  
Offer there a lamb to Faunus, or the kid he loves so well.

Steadily pale Death approaches, bringing each an equal fate,  
Knocking on the cottage-lattice, knocking at the palace-gate.  
Vast ambitions, O my Sextus, do not suit our little day.  
Night and Death are moving toward us; use our sun-light while we may.

Kings of wine will not be chosen at our banquets, when we go  
To the regions unsubstantial and the mighty Powers below!  
Then your little pet will leave you, – he with whom the striplings play,  
And to whom, a little later, all the maidens' hearts shall stray.





ALEXANDER RAE GARVIE, 1875

*(Thistledown)*

Bitter winter's reign is over,  
Spring returns, the sprightly rover  
    With Favonian wind, soft blowing  
Now the mariners in glee  
Draw the dry keels down to sea,  
    Many kine a-field are lowing.

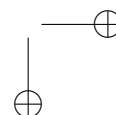
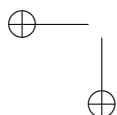
Nor do flocks now need fold shelter,  
Nor near hearth doth rustic swelter,  
    Nor do hoar frosts meadows whiten:  
Now the nymphs in dance are led  
By Queen Venus, while o'erhead,  
    Luna's beams the revel lighten.

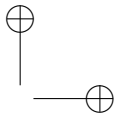
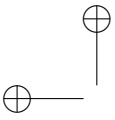
Lo! their feet the bare Earth beating,  
Lo! the Cyclops huge bolts heating,  
    Ardent Vulcan with them working,  
Now 'tis time our brows to twine,  
With the myrtle, Love's sweet sign,  
    And first flowers in low dells lurking.

And now Janus sure deserveth  
Sacrifice, for he preserveth  
    Flocks and herds from dangers often;  
Slay a lamb in shady glade,  
On his altar should be laid  
    Tender kid his heart to soften.

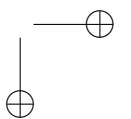
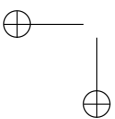
Pallid Death most dread to mortals,  
Knocketh loudly at the portals  
    Of a King's tall-towered mansion,  
And the hovel of a poor one;  
Brief life warns us, friend, to shun  
    Giving hope a wide expansion.

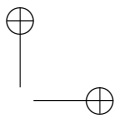
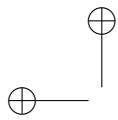
Soon Eternal night will press thee,  
And the manes mute distress thee





In the dark Plutonian dwelling,  
When thy soul hath thither sped  
From wine-mirth thou shalt have fled,  
And the love from warm heart welling.

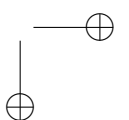
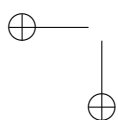




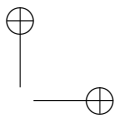
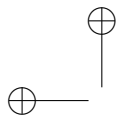
## ARTHUR WAY, 1876

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

Keen winter is melting away with the welcome change of spring and the west wind,  
And the rollers are drawing the dry keels seaward;  
Nor now does the flock find joy in the byre, nor yet the hind by the ingle,  
And with hoary rime are the meadows whitened;  
Now with the moon overhead Cytherean Venus is leading the dances,  
And twined with the Nymphs the lovely Graces,  
With footfall alternate are shaking the ground, the while that flaming Vulcan  
Sets the Cyclops' massy forges a-blazing;  
Now is it meet to entwine the glossy head with the verdant myrtle  
Or the flower that the soil unfettered produces;  
Now too is it meet to do sacrifice in the shady groves unto Faunus  
With a lamb, if he asks, or a kid, if he chooseth.  
Pale Death with an impartial foot doth knock at the hovels of poor men  
And castles of princes. O favoured Sestius  
Life's short span forbids us to make a beginning of hope far-reaching  
Soon night and the bugbear ghosts will be on thee,  
And Pluto's strained abode; and, as soon as thou shalt have thitherward sped thee,  
No sceptre of wine with the dice shalt thou win thee,  
Nor Lycid the dainty wilt thou be adoring, for whom the youths are aflame now  
All, and soon will the maidens be kindling.







W. E. H. FORSYTH, 1876

(1845–81; Lawyer in Bengal)

The bitter winter melts, we feel  
The pleasing change; once more  
Spring's balmy breezes o'er us steal,  
The ships are hauled from shore,

The ploughman can't in fires delight,  
Nor cattle in their shed,  
No meadows now are robed in white,  
The snow and frost have fled.

Venus leads dances as of yore,  
While Luna shines on high;  
The Nymphs and Graces shake the floor  
In footing merrily.

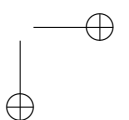
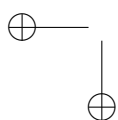
While gloomy Vulcan works away,  
His fiery forge still plying,  
We should the myrtle's verdant spray  
Upon our brows be tying,

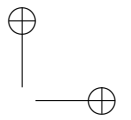
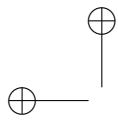
Or some fair flower which earth now yields;  
'Tis fitting, too, to-day,  
To Faunus in the shady fields  
A lamb or kid to slay.

In poor men's huts, in great men's halls,  
Pale Death's no partial guest:  
O Sextius, care not what befalls,  
For life is short at best.

You'll soon to Night and spectres go,  
And Pluto's shadowy hosts;  
And there you'll find no dice to show  
Who's master of the toasts.

There Lycidas you'll cease to admire,  
Him who so finely made is,  
For whom now every youth's on fire,  
As soon will be the ladies.

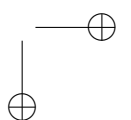
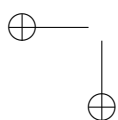


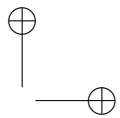
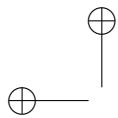


RICHARD TROTT FISHER, 1876

*(Rakings Over Many Seasons)*

Stubborn winter now is molting at the sweet return of Spring and Zephyr;  
The seaman now is hauling down his vessel:  
Now the herd delight no longer in their stalls, nor in his hearth the ploughman;  
Hoar frost no longer glistens in the meadows.  
But the Cytherean Venus leads her revels while the moon is southing,  
And hand in hand the Nymphs and decent Graces  
Lightly with alternate footing trip on earth, while heavy sweating Vulcan  
Still labours on at his Cyclopean furnace.  
Now we must entwine our bright hair, either with a verdant sprig of myrtle  
Or with some flower which the thaw'd earth will furnish.  
Pallid Death with unrespecting foot alike upon the poor man's hovel  
And kingly castle treads. O happy Sextus!  
Life's amount is short and warns us not to feed a hope of late enjoyment;  
At hand e'en now is night with fabled ghost-land,  
And the shadowy house of Pluto, whither once arrived, no more, believe me,  
Wilt thou be free to pass the rosy bottle,  
Nor young Lycidas to cherish, now so fondly loved by his companions;  
On whom the maidens too will soon be smiling.

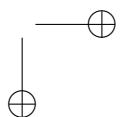
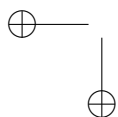


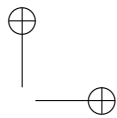
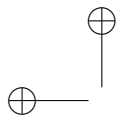


## WILLIAM THOMAS THORNTON, 1878

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

At Spring and Zephyr's glad return, keen winter melts away;  
On sledges, barks are launched, that dry upon the shingle lay;  
And neither does the flock its stall, nor ploughman love the fire,  
Nor longer does the hoary rime the whitened fields attire:  
But Cytherean Venus now leads forth her choral band,  
And (the moon hanging o'er them) Nymphs and Graces, hand in hand,  
In comely union, strike the earth, with alternating feet,  
While the Cyclopes' smithy huge burns with Vulcanian heat.  
Meet is it now that glistening brow should be with myrtle bound  
Or with the flower by vernal power raised from the loosened ground.  
To Faunus, now, to sacrifice, is meet in shady grove,  
Whether an ewe lamb he demand, or ram kid more approve.  
With foot impartial, pallid Death, knocks at the pauper's cot  
And monarch's tower; the sum, so brief, of life permits thee not,  
O favoured Sestius, to begin a far extending hope.  
The storied Manes are at hand, and night's funereal cope,  
And Pluto's narrow domicile, where, after entering,  
No more shall it be thine to throw the dice for festal king,  
Or gaze on tender Lycidas, whom, now, all youths admire,  
And for whom maidens, too, ere long, shall warm with kindling fire.

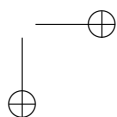
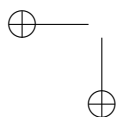


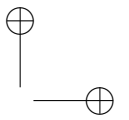
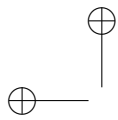


JAMES JOHN LONSDALE, 1879

(1810–86; Judge)

The pleasant change of Spring and Zephyrus unbind  
    Sharp Winter; down are haul'd dry keels once more;  
No longer wants his stall the ox, his fire the hind;  
    Nor with white frost are now the pastures hoar.  
Now Cytherea leads the dance, the moon o'erhead,  
    And with alternate foot the Graces fair  
And Nymphs the meadows strike, while Vulcan, glowing red,  
    Lights up and makes the Cyclops' forges flare.  
The shining head it now with myrtle green behoves  
    To wreathe, or flow'rs the loosen'd soil o'erspread;  
In Faunus' honour, now, amidst the shady groves,  
    A lamb to kill, or kid if wish'd instead.  
Pale death with equal foot knocks at the poor man's cot  
    And kingly tow'r. O! happy Sextius,  
Our life's short span long hope t' indulge allows us not.  
    Soon night and fabled shades shall press on us,  
So too shall Pluto's ghostly house, and when once there,  
    No dice will make you ruler of the wine,  
No tender Lycidas you'll find, to youths now dear,  
    And for whom soon our maids with love will pine.

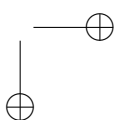
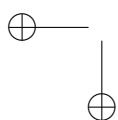


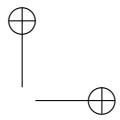
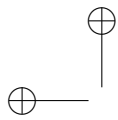


XOC., 1879

*(Weak Moments)*

Stern Winter is unbound by western breeze,  
    And Spring her greeting wings outspreads:  
Dry ships are haul'd from shore: nor does it please  
    The herds to linger in their sheds,  
Nor ploughman at his fire; no more the meads  
    By sparkling hoary frosts are white.  
Now Cytherean Venus gaily leads  
    The joyous dance, by moon's soft light;  
The modest graces with the nymphs join hands  
    And shake the sward with changing feet;  
Whilst glowing Vulcan at his forges stands  
    And toils amid their flaming heat.  
So, now! 'tis meet that bright and glitt'ring brows  
    Be deck'd with verdant myrtle wreath,  
Or with the gayest flow'rs the soil forthshows  
    Earth, just unbosom'd, can bequeath.  
And now to Faunus it is fitting task  
    To sacrifice in shady grove,  
No matter whether he a lamb shall ask,  
    Or of a kid will more approve.  
Pale Death knocks at the poorest cottage door,  
    And at the palaces of kings,  
With stern impartial hand and equal pow'r.  
    Oh, happy Sestius! the strings,  
Alas! so short, which tether us to life,  
    Forbid us forming hopes far off!  
Anon shall overpow'r thee, ghosts so rife,  
    And night and Pluto's shadowy roof:  
Where, when thou com'st, thou neither shalt acquire  
    Dominion of the cup by die,  
Nor shalt thou tender Lycidas admire,  
    Who maketh all the youth to vie  
For her bright smile, and for whom will aspire  
    Ere long the maids now coyly shy!

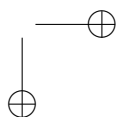
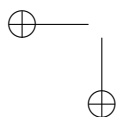


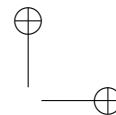
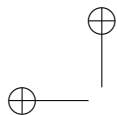


ANONYMOUS, 1880

*(The Fettesian)*

Hard Winter melts beneath the grateful change of Spring;  
The long-moor'd ships are launch'd again;  
Nor loves the flock its stall, nor hind his fireside ring,  
Nor clouds drop hoar-frost o'er the plain.  
Now Venus leads the dance, when Cynthia sheds her light;  
Nymphs hand-in-hand with Graces sing,  
Whilst measured chorus shakes the ground; and Vulcan's might  
Makes Aetna feel his hammer's swing.  
Now fitting 'tis to wreathe our heads with myrtle leaf,  
Or Earth's fresh flow'rs, the frost removed.  
Now fitting too to venerate the silvan chief  
With lamb or kid, whiche'er approved.  
Grim Death, with equal sway devouring, knocks apace  
At peasant's door, or gate of lord.  
Life's span, too short! no distant hope allows our race!  
Night, midst the Shades, thy sure reward  
In Pluto's hungry Hall of Gloom: where once arrive,  
And Thaliarchus' task is done.  
No Lycidas admire, from whom the Youth derive  
All joy, and Love the maidens soon.



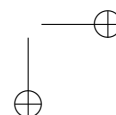
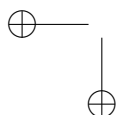


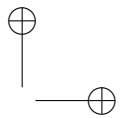
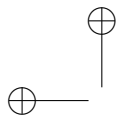
JAMES INNES MINCHIN, 1881

*(The Academy)*

Harsh winter thaws with pleasant change of spring and zephyr,  
The long-dried keels are dragged down the shore:  
In fire and stall no more delight the hind and heifer,  
No longer with the frost the fields are hoar.  
Now Venus 'neath the moon, her choral dances  
The comely Graces, and the Nymphs in choir,  
Trip lightly o'er the earth, while Vulcan, grimly glowing,  
Works with the mighty Cyclops at his fire.  
Now we may round our brow with myrtle wreath adorn us,  
Or any floweret which the thawed earth yields;  
Now we may sacrifice, in darkling groves, to Faunus  
The kid or lamb demanded from our fields.

Pale death, with even tramp advancing, smites, and crieth  
At pauper cottage and at palace tower.  
Fortunate Sextius! life's short span all lengthened hope denieth,  
Night and the fabled Manes on thee lower,  
And Pluto's narrow home: in which, when once you enter,  
No more for lordship of the feast you'll throw,  
Nor gaze on Lycidas, on whom youths' eyes all centre,  
And for whom maidens soon will learn to glow.

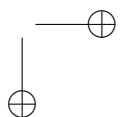
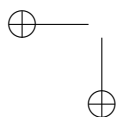




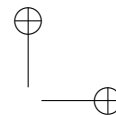
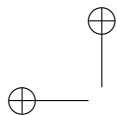
HENRY HUBBARD PIERCE, 1884

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

Now frowning Winter smooths his icy brow  
    Beneath the kisses wanton Spring bestows;  
In grateful round the busy Zephyr hies  
    To waft the fragrance of the blushing rose.  
Now creaking rollers launch the stranded hull:  
    The bleating flock again forsakes the fold;  
The youthful swain no longer loves the hearth;  
    No frosty mantle hides the smiling wold.  
Now lovely Venus leads the choral dance  
    By silvery moonlight round the highland tree;  
The merry wood-nymphs beat the velvet sod  
    In joyful cadence with the Graces three;  
By Vulcan kindled, Cyclops’ forges roar.  
    It’s time to weave our shining locks with green,  
Or twine the flowers that deck the fruitful plain;  
    And pay to Faunus yearly vows, I ween,  
If he demand a kid or lambkin slain.  
    But pallid Death strides on with measured pace  
Through kingly halls and through the beggar’s hut.  
    O happy Sextius, blest beyond thy race,  
Life’s meagre span forbiddeth hope deferred.  
    The truly wise take pleasures as they fly.  
Already Night puts on her sable robe;  
    The deepening shadows of the tomb draw nigh  
Plutonian exile drear awaits thee now.  
    Within the borders of that ghostly land  
The feast is ended, and the dice unthrown;  
    No gentle pressure of the trembling hand.  
Alas, no Daphnis waits thy coming shade,  
    Who fires with love each doting shepherd’s heart;  
Whose arms anon shall tempt the bashful maid!



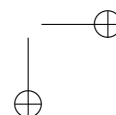
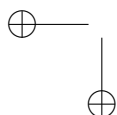


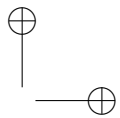
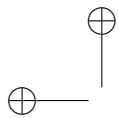


MELVILLE MADISON BIGELOW, 1884

(1846–1921; Barrister)

Sharp winter melts in spring and zephyrs soft,  
And now the seamen launch the well-dried ships;  
Warm cheer of stall the herd no longer needs,  
Nor farmer fire. The hoar frost leaves the plain.  
Now Cytherean Venus leads the dance  
While overhangs the moon; and, hand in hand  
With nymphs, the comely Graces trip the ground  
With rhythmic feet, while Vulcan's glowing arm  
Fires up the one-eyed Titans' ponderous forge.  
Now is the time to wreath the perfumed head  
With freshest myrtle or with fragrant flowers  
Which mother earth, escaped from chill, doth bear;  
And now the time is fit in darksome groves  
To slay to Faunus either goat or kid.  
With an impartial step pale Death e'er knocks  
At lowly homes and palaces of kings.  
Oh, happy Sestius, life's whole span is short,  
And far-off hope to entertain forbids.  
The night of Death e'en now creeps over thee;  
The manes famed and Pluto's shadowy land  
Lay claim. When his dark portals thou hast passed  
Nor sovereignty of wine shall be thy lot,  
Nor gentle Lycidas command admire,  
Of whom no youth but now is warm with praise;  
Nor long shall maids from him their hearts withhold.





A. SUTHERLAND, 1884

*(The Melbourne Review)*

Spring's return now frozen nature loosing,  
Favonius' breath to mirth and love inspires;  
Herds no more to leave their stalls refusing,  
Farmers now desert their ruddy fires.

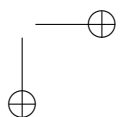
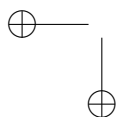
Now no more the meads with snow are hoary,  
Vessels from their sandy bed are drawn;  
Venus, while the moon unveils her glory,  
Leads the dance upon the tender lawn.

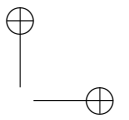
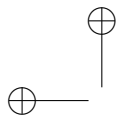
Comely graces, now the woods are shaking  
Hand in hand with nymphs they dance around;  
Vulcan and his cyclops, thunder making,  
Work beneath with sullen rumbling sound.

Now to crown the temple is beseeming;  
O'er the brow the comely myrtle fling,  
And with flowers from loosened lands now teeming  
Hail the joyful advent of the Spring.

For, oh Sestius! pallid death, still calling  
At cot or palace with impartial feet,  
Forbids to hope for future joys befalling,  
From present times commands to take the sweet.

Soon shall night and darkness lie before thee,  
Soon the dreary, sad Plutonian shore;  
Soon shall Hades' gloomy reign be o'er thee,  
Nor the wine-cup cheer thee evermore.

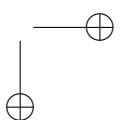
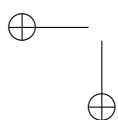


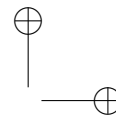
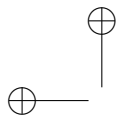


HERBERT GRANT, 1885

*(Odes of Horace)*

Dull winter yields his sullen reign  
To the bright change of spring again;  
No more the cattle crowd the byre,  
The ploughman leaves his cottage fire,  
The boats are drawn adown the shore,  
And fields are white with frost no more;  
Now Venus leads the dance along,  
The nymphs and Graces join the throng,  
Whilst the red fire's incessant glow  
Roars in the Cyclops' forge below;  
Now let the myrtle crown our head,  
Or flow'rets culled from Nature's bed,  
And may the gracious Pan approve  
The ready lamb in yonder grove:  
Pale Death invades with equal power  
The humble cot, and regal tower;  
O happy Sextius! life's decay  
Bids us put distant hopes away;  
Night waits thee – Pluto's meagre home,  
Where sad the fabled Manes roam,  
No banquets rich for thee shall shine,  
Nor dice elect thee King of wine,  
Nor Lycidas thy heart shall move  
E'er maidens kindle at his love.





CHARLES WILLIAM DUNCAN, 1886

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

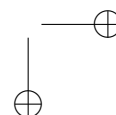
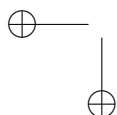
Keen winter melts before the grateful change of spring  
And western winds. Dry keels are drawn to shore  
Nor folds to flocks, nor fire to hinds, now pleasure bring  
Nor fields with glistening frost are whitened o'er.

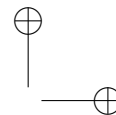
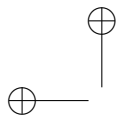
The sprightly dance now Venus leads by soft moonlight,  
The Nymphs and comely Graces hand in hand,  
Now shake the ground with tripping feet. The forges bright  
Now Vulcan lights for the Cyclopean band.

With myrtle green 'tis fit to wreath the glossy head,  
Or with the flowers sprung from the frost-freed land;  
To Faunus now 'tis fit to give in woodland shade  
A skipping lamb, or kid if he demand.

Pale Death in paupers' huts with foot impartial treads  
And palaces of kings. Oh! Sestius blest,  
The little span of life long hope t' indulge forbids,  
By night and ghosts unreal you're now oppressed

And Pluto's far abode; where once when you arrive  
No more for festal kingdoms dice you'll throw,  
Nor yet to tender Lycidas your praise shall give,  
For whom now youths, but soon shall virgins, glow.





FRANCIS WILLIAM REID, 1886

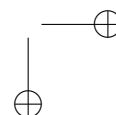
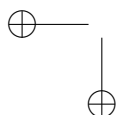
*(Chimes of the Campanile, a Chant-Royal and Other Poems of Berkeley, California)*

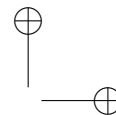
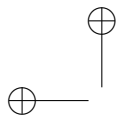
Harsh Winter now yields to goddess of Spring,  
Western-born zephyrs their sweet odors bring,  
Swift row-boats removed from the wintery main  
In the arms of old ocean now nestle again;  
The frolicsome lambkins no shelter desire,  
The plowman abandons his seat by the fire;  
With hoar-frost the meadows no longer are spread,  
All nature awakes from a sleep that seemed dead.

Gay Venus is leading her chorus of love  
Where Luna is shedding her light from above,  
The Nymphs and the Graces, springtime to greet,  
Are treading their dances with swift flying feet;  
The forge of the Cyclops now brilliantly glows,  
Walls of their workshop resounds with the blows.

Then leave warm fireside for mild balmy air,  
On thy handsome brow the green myrtle to wear,  
To pluck the wild blossoms of earliest birth  
That nature brings forth to embellish the earth.  
Forget not to offer in shadowy groves  
A gift unto Faun who in such places roves,  
A kid or a lambkin, the pride of thy lands,  
Whichever the Lord of the Forest demands.

Pale Death with strokes equal in power,  
Soon enters the hovel or royalty's tower;  
O opulent Sestius, abandon false foolish hope  
That this scanty life gives ambition its scope;  
Soon night will oppress and spectres will come,  
For thee, Pluto waits in his desolate home;  
When thou hast entered no more wilt thou shine  
As Lord of the Feast at the Banquet of Mine.





HUGH HALIBURTON, 1886 (IMITATED)

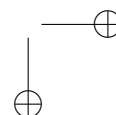
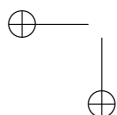
*(Horace in Homespun)*

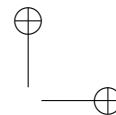
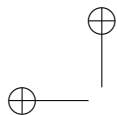
The winter ice is breakin' up,  
The wast wind whistlin' cracks his whup,  
An' noo ye hear their *Hi! woa! h'up!*  
    (Pleasant the hearin'!)  
As plooman-lads wi' steady grup  
    Draw oot their feerin'.

An' now ere lang we'll see the flooers  
Drawn fra the divots by the shooers,  
An' saft winds hing the plantin' booers  
    Wi' leaves that rustle,  
An' lav'rocks to the lift a' 'oors  
    Flee up, an' whistle.

It's braw an' blithesome i' the spring  
To see the joy o' everything:  
Dance, bairns an' bodies! loup an' sing!  
    Ye dae't wi' reason;  
Whatever joyous thocht ye bring,  
    It comes in season.

Dance while ye can, sing while ye may,  
For human life's a short-liv'd day;  
Owre sune, owre sune the gloamin' gray  
    Creeps cauld athort it,  
An' we oor limbs to rest maun lay  
    Whaur late we sportit!





T. RUTHERFURD CLARK, 1887

*(The Odes of Horace)*

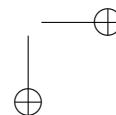
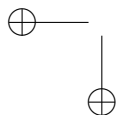
Keen winter melts, and spring obeys,  
    Sweet with soft airs, the law of change;  
Seaward the groaning tackle sways  
    The thirsty hull; the glad herds range  
Abroad; the ploughman quits his fire;  
And green earth doffs her hoar attire.

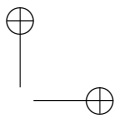
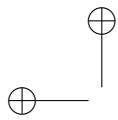
Queen Venus leads the dance; on high  
    Bright Dian marks the twinkling feet,  
Where Graces robed in modesty,  
    And all the nymphs in revel meet  
While fiery Vulcan bids once more  
The Cyclopean furnace roar.

Now round anointed temples coil  
    Green myrtle band or blossom wreath,  
Fresh offspring of a softening soil:  
    Now on his altar underneath  
The shady grove to Faun devote,  
As best shall please him, lamb or goat.

Pale death hath no respect for man;  
    At beggar's cot and prince's tower  
He knocks alike: life's narrow span  
    Forbids us count the distant hour:  
Sestius, for all thy wealth, must come  
Black night, and Pluto's shadow-home;

Where, pent with legendary ghosts,  
    No rattling dice shall win thee rule  
And monarchy of merry toasts,  
    No Lycidas be beautiful,  
The pet of youths a little time,  
The dream of maidens in his prime.





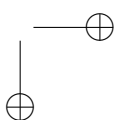
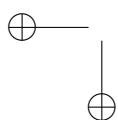
SIR STEPHEN DE VERE, 1888

(1812–1904; Poet and Country Gentleman)

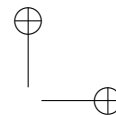
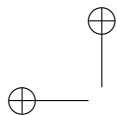
Favonius fans the earth with balmy wing,  
And Winter melts beneath the breath of Spring:  
Herds leave the stall, and flocks desert the fold:  
The ploughman shuns the hearth, and cleaves the mould:  
Dry galleys, engine-drawn, descend the shore:  
Far-glittering hoar-frosts blanch the field no more:  
Beneath the moon fair Venus leads the dance:  
Graces and Nymphs with rhythmic steps advance;  
While Vulcan and the Giant band relume  
Their crimson thunder-forge in Ætna's gloom.

Maidens, with myrtle bind your sun-lit hair,  
Or flowers enfranchised by soft vernal air.  
Youths, in the cool recesses of the wood  
On Faun's green altar shed the victim's blood.

Pale Death with footimpartial tramples down  
The poor man's cot, the kingly tower and throne.  
Thrice-happy Sestius! Life's brief span denies  
Far-reaching hopes, and flattering auguries.  
Long night awaits us all. The ghostly crew,  
And Pluto's gloomy mansions, loom in view.  
Farewell the dance, the dice, the festal hall,  
And gentle Lycidas beloved by all.



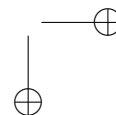
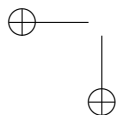


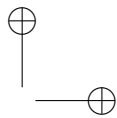
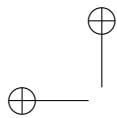


E. H. STANLEY, 1889

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

Fierce Winter melts beneath Spring's glad return,  
The idle keels are launched on Ocean's roar,  
The Flocks and Ploughman homely shelter spurn,  
Nor glint the Fields with Winter's white frost hoar  
Lit by the silent Moon, see Venus fair  
Lead forth the dance, where frolic Nymphs abound,  
And beauteous Graces – whilst the Cyclops share  
The call to toil, and Forges loud resound.  
Now jocund Youths with Myrtle green are crowned,  
And flowery wreaths; young Lambkins gaily rove,  
And sportive Kids are to the Altar bound,  
To Faunus offered mid the dusky grove. –  
Yet still with step unfalt'ring, equal, slow,  
Death stalks advancing towards his destined end;  
Strikes down alike with unrelenting blow:  
To Wealth a terror – to the Poor, a friend!  
Oh, happy Sextus hopes prolonged are vain –  
The mystic Ghosts with Night press on us all,  
In Pluto's realm no festive laws remain,  
And the dies' cast must all unheeded fall;  
There no young Lycidas shall be admired,  
By Youths whose souls with dubious ardours glow;  
No more by him young Virgins be inspired –  
Nor hopes, nor passions reign in realms below!

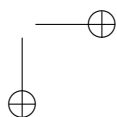
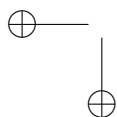


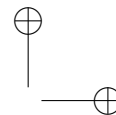
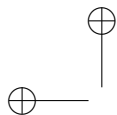


JOSEPH HUDSON YOUNG, 1889

*(Lyrics)*

Spring's glad succession and the western wind  
Dissolve stern Winter and his ice-chains break.  
The ships, dry standing, leave the banks behind,  
Drawn down on groaning trucks to sea and lake.  
No longer now the folded herds delight  
In stalls of thatch, or tasteless husks desire.  
The meads with hoar frost are no longer white;  
And the rude swain ignores the blazing fire.  
Now Cytherea leads her choiring bands,  
The moon meridian looking from her seat.  
The pleasing Graces with the nymphs join hands,  
And strike the earth with ever changing feet;  
While glowing Vulcan lights with thunder brands  
The heavy forges where the Cyclops beat.  
Now it becomes the shining head to wreath  
With the green myrtle, or the early flowers  
That love to blossom on the mellow heath; –  
Now unto Faun to slay, in leafy bowers,  
A lamb or kid, as with his wish agreeth.  
Death, pale of cheek, invades with equal pace  
The rich man's palace and the poor man's shed.  
O Sestius opulent, life's little space  
Forbids us enter on the hope ahead  
Far reaching. Soon the night will press thee on,  
And soon the fabled shades and cheerless hall  
Plutonian. When thither you are gone,  
No more to you the shaken dice will call,  
As master of the merry realms of wine; –  
No more fair Lycidas will you admire,  
For whom each youth now burns with flame divine, –  
For whom the virgins soon will feel love's warm desire.

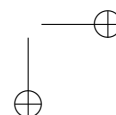
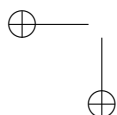


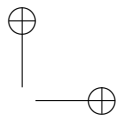
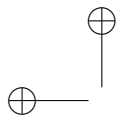


J. LEIGH S. HATTON, 1890

(“Late of Worcester College, Oxford”)

Stern winter dies; how sweet the change, for balmy spring is nigh,  
And seaward now they bear the boats, whose keels have long been dry,  
The ploughman leaves his warm fireside, the ox deserts his stall,  
The frost that made the meadows bright, no longer whitens all,  
And laughing Venus leads the dance when shines the moon o’erhead,  
And Nymphs, with comely Graces linked, their tuneful measures tread;  
While Vulcan of the fiery soul sets all our world aglow,  
As gathered round his flaming forge the Cyclops toil below.  
’Tis now the time with myrtle green to deck thy glossy hair,  
Or wreath the flowers around thy brow the mellow earth can bear;  
And now to Faunus shalt thou slay, within the forest dim,  
The lamb or kid which he shall choose, meet sacrifice for him!  
Impartially pale death attends the peasant’s lowly bower,  
Impartially his foot ascends the monarch’s lofty tower,  
O Sextius! blest and happy one! our life’s short span denies  
These visions of the days to come, that float before our eyes.  
Lo, Night is near, and round thee soon shall fabled spirits roam,  
And thou shalt dwell in Pluto’s halls – a bare and chilly home,  
Where never more to rule the feast the rattling dice shall call,  
Nor yet o’er tender Lycidas thy wandering glances fall,  
Whose beauty now confessed by all, both men and maids approve,  
Who feel within their hearts the glow of friendship or of love.

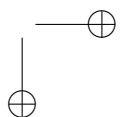
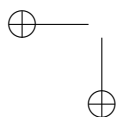


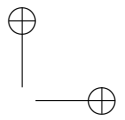
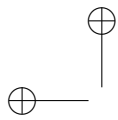


## EDWARD BLACKADDER, 1890

(1874–1922; Canadian Politician, Physician and Professor)

Loosed is the winter so keen, by the genial spring and the west wind,  
Again the vessels tempt the bounding billows.  
No longer the flocks now enjoy their stalls; nor the farmer his fire.  
Dressed now in white no longer gleam the meadows.  
Cytherean Venus now leads forth the dance 'neath the moon o'erhanging,  
And the sweet nymphs have joined the beauteous Graces,  
Shaking with alternate foot the earth, while the fiery Vulcan  
The flames rekindles in Cyclopien forges.  
Becoming the shining head be adorned with green garlands of myrtle,  
Or every flower which the freed earth beareth.  
Becoming in shady groves to Faunus us a sacrifice offered,  
A lamb or tender kid if he desire.  
Pale death with equal foot now knocks at the hut of the pauper  
And monarch's palace. Oh, most happy Sestus,  
Short is the span of our life that forbids us on long hopes relying;  
Soon, night shall claim thee and the fabled Manes  
And Pluto's most dreary domain; when as soon as thou shalt have arrived.





ANONYMOUS, 1890 (IMITATED)

*(Echoes from the Oxford Magazine)*

My Juggins, see the pasture green,  
Obeying Nature's kindly law,  
Renews its mantle; there has been  
A thaw.

The frost-bound earth is free at last,  
That lay 'neath Winter's sullen yoke  
'Till people felt it getting past  
A joke;

And now the Fresher feels the sun  
And gets himself another vest,  
Wherein attired, he seems as one  
Possessed.

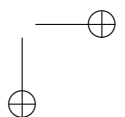
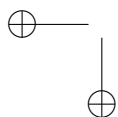
Again the stream suspects the keel;  
Again the shrieking captain drops  
Upon his crew; again the meal  
Of chops

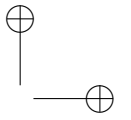
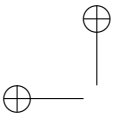
Divides the too-laborious day;  
Again the Student sighs o'er Mods.  
And prompts his enemies to lay  
Long odds.

Again the shopman spreads his wiles;  
Again the organ-pipes, unbound,  
Distract the populace for miles  
Around.

Then, Juggins, ere December's touch  
Once more the wealth of Spring reclaim,  
Since each successive year is much  
The same;

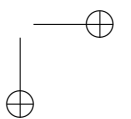
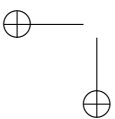
Since too the monarch on his throne  
In purple lapped and frankincense,  
Who from his infancy has blown  
Expense,

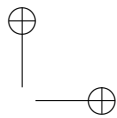
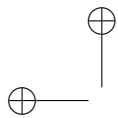




No less than he who barely gets  
The boon of out-of-door relief,  
Must see desuetude, then let's  
Be brief.

At those resolves last New Year's Day  
The kindly gods indulgent wink.  
Then downward, ho! – the shortest way  
Is drink.





## EUGENE FIELD, 1891

(1850–95; American Journalist and Poet)

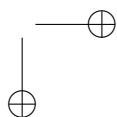
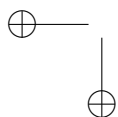
'Tis spring! The boats bound to the sea;  
The breezes, loitering kindly over  
The fields, again bring herds and men  
The grateful cheer of honeyed clover.

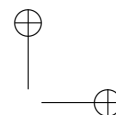
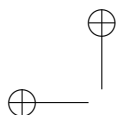
Now Venus hither leads her train;  
The Nymphs and Graces join in orgies;  
The moon is bright, and by her light  
Old Vulcan kindles up his forges.

Bind myrtle now about your brow,  
And weave fair flowers in maiden tresses;  
Appease god Pan, who, kind to man,  
Our fleeting life with affluence blesses;

But let the changing seasons mind us,  
That Death's the certain doom of mortals,  
Grim Death, who waits at humble gates,  
And likewise stalks through kingly portals.

Soon, Sestius, shall Plutonian shades  
Enfold you with their hideous seemings;  
Then love and mirth and joys of earth  
Shall fade away like fevered dreamings.





## ROSWELL MARTIN FIELD, 1891

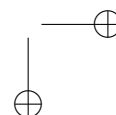
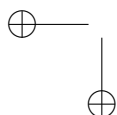
(1807–69; American Lawyer and Politician)

The western breeze is springing up, the ships are in the bay,  
And spring has brought a happy change as winter melts away.  
No more in stall or fire the herd or plowman finds delight;  
No longer with the biting frosts the open fields are white.

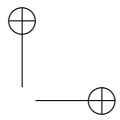
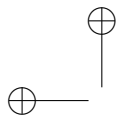
Our Lady of Cythera now prepares to lead the dance,  
While from above the kindly moon gives an approving glance;  
The Nymphs and comely Graces join with Venus and the choir,  
And Vulcan's glowing fancy lightly turns to thoughts of fire.

Now it is time with myrtle green to crown the shining pate,  
And with the early blossoms of the spring to decorate;  
To sacrifice to Faunus, on whose favor we rely,  
A sprightly lamb, mayhap a kid, as he may specify.

Impartially the feet of Death at huts and castles strike;  
The influenza carries off the rich and poor alike.  
O Sestius, though blessed you are beyond the common run,  
Life is too short to cherish e'en a distant hope begun.







EDWARD HENRY PEMBER, 1891 (IMITATED)

(1833–1911; Parliamentary Barrister and Poet)

The south wind holds, the frost departs,  
I feel that Spring is really here;  
The sailors borrow country carts  
To carry down their boats and gear.

The meads have lost their looks of grey,  
The cattle feed a-field again,  
The farmer's people day by day  
Grow busier still with plough and wain.

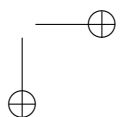
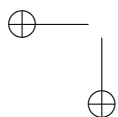
Yon mounting moon infects the sky,  
The evening air breathes warm and bright,  
If I believed in fairies, I  
Should say that they would dance to-night.

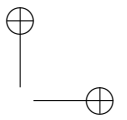
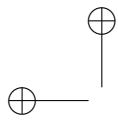
I dream of dinner through the gloom –  
Spring-chicken and a water-cress –  
And, knowing where some wall-flowers bloom,  
I pick a few for Fanny's dress.

The bird, the herb, the flower I chose  
With touch of reverence for the Spring,  
I thought, combined with old La Rose,  
They'd make a vernal offering.

Don't look so serious, Lady mine,  
'Tis not all gluttony, my dear;  
Reflect, you angel, while you dine,  
How that fell season may be near,

When wine and poultry both shall end,  
And o'er our heads shall bloom the flowers  
And later folk than we, sweet friend,  
Shall feast their spring as I feast ours.

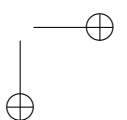
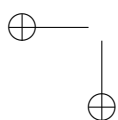


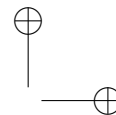
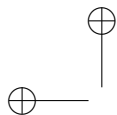


CAROLINE AUGUSTA FURNESS, 1891

(1873–1909; American Ethnologist, Daughter of Horace Howard Furness)

With warm west winds and grateful change to Spring  
The blustering Winter soon must pass away,  
And boats from stocks are moved, while fishers sing  
Of summer skies and of the fair spring day.  
No more in stables will the flocks delight,  
Nor will the fire please the farmer's heart,  
With no hoar-frost shall meadows now grow white,  
But tender grass in every nook will start.  
By Luna's light the chorus Venus leads,  
While Nymphs and Graces join in mazy dance,  
And shake the earth, the while grim Vulcan feeds  
The forges of the Cyclops in advance;  
For sultry Summer soon her mantle spreads,  
And then this God of Fire claims his rest.  
Now is the time to wreath all charming heads  
With glossy myrtle, of all crowns the best;  
The warming Earth for that same purpose brings  
Flowers that, grown in dewy lap of May,  
Are cooled in shady dells by plashing springs;  
Then must we sacrifice, when groves are gay,  
A lamb to Faunus, or perhaps a goat.  
Ah! pale-faced Death impartially will cross  
Both royal thresholds, 'spite the circling moat,  
And sordid hovels thatched with humblest moss.  
Oh! Sestius, happy Sestius, life is short,  
Too short to e'en begin hopes long and fair;  
Alas! eternal night broods o'er the port  
Where floats that bark, thy life, unknown to care;  
And shadowy spirits gather round to guard  
The exiles lodged in Pluto's gloomy home:  
If once that home be thine, thou'rt ever barred  
From being king of feasts, by lot, in Rome;  
And ne'er again can be thy watchful care  
That tender Lycidas whom youths admire,  
Whose charming face and sunny auburn hair  
Will touch all maidens with Love's gentle fire.

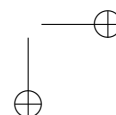
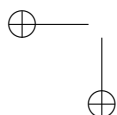


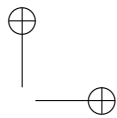
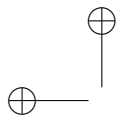


J. R. PRENTER, 1891

*(Kottabos)*

Sharp winter is melting, and spring is at hand;  
The west wind is blowing, and down the sea-sand  
The fishermen haul their dry boats to the sea;  
The steers in their stables are wild to be free!  
No more by his fire doth the ploughman delay;  
No longer the meadows with hoar-frost are gray;  
But Venus, with sweet, winning Nymphs, and the Graces  
Keep rhythmical dance in far moon-flooded places;  
While Vulcan is plying, all red with the blaze,  
His ponderous forges; and now come the days  
To weave for the glossy head garlands of green,  
With myrtle and flowers, that in meadows are seen  
Unbound by the breeze; and in shadowy groves  
Let us offer the lamb or the kid that he loves  
To the Faun of the forest. Pale death, soon or late,  
At the huts of the poor and the towers of the great,  
Comes knocking amain, and the span of our years  
Forbids a long hope to be cherish'd with tears.  
Soon night and the sad world of shadows will fall,  
And soon will your ghost flit in Pluto's dim hall.  
No more will you rule us as king of the wine;  
No more in your sight will young Lycidas shine,  
Whose charms now enrapture eyes other than thine.

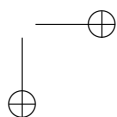
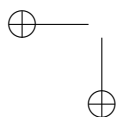


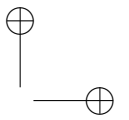
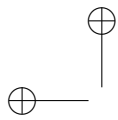


JOHN B. HAGUE, 1892

*(The Odes and Epodes of Horace)*

Stern winter 's gone, sweet spring has come with zephyrs in her train,  
The ships once more desert the shore, and seek the billowy main,  
The sheltering byre and ploughman's fire no longer give delight,  
Frosts lose their power, and plant and flower replace the snowy white.  
Now Venus leads in moonlit mends her Nymphs and Graces gay,  
The beauteous throng in dance and song shall chase the hours away,  
While Vulcan hies with dawning skies, and stirs grent Ætna's fire,  
Hot forges glow, rings Cyclop's blow, and chimneys flames expire.  
Now myrtle green in wreaths be seen, to bind thy head around,  
Or twine thy hair with flowerets fair, plucked from the loosen'd ground;  
If shady dells where Faunus dwells have heard thy prayers to heaven,  
For vows then made, to sacred blade let lamb or kid be given.  
Pale Death shall come to every home with stern impartial tread,  
The cottage poor and regal tower alike give to the dead;  
Then Sextius, live while time shall give the brief, bright day to thee,  
For soon on all the night will fall, and Hades' dimness be.  
Those storied plains where Pluto reigns, that meagre, shadowy home –  
Once thou art there, nor banquets rare, nor mirth, nor wine-kings come,  
Nor love shalt know in worlds below, nor Lycidas admire,  
Whose coming grace of manhood's face shall maidens fair inspire.





BENJAMIN WEST BALL, 1892

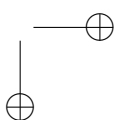
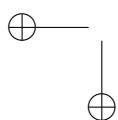
(1823–96)

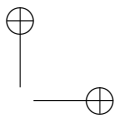
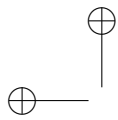
Melts the harsh, chill winter feling,  
    Sweet vicissitude of spring;  
'Neath the west wind softly breathing,  
    Golden wheat is blossoming.  
Shoreward drags his keel the sailor,  
    Flocks in stalls no more delight,  
Quits his fireside now the ploughman,  
    Meads with frost no more are white.

'Neath the overhanging moon now  
    Venus leads her dancing train;  
Hand in hand with nymphs the Graces  
    Tread their mazy round again,  
Glowing Vulcan lights his forges,  
    Wreath of myrtle wears each brow,  
In the groves to jolly Faunus,  
    Lamb or kid is offered now.

Pallid Death with foot impartial  
    Knocks alike at palace, cot;  
Life's brief span vain expectations  
    Clearly bids us cherish not.  
Soon the night will gather round you,  
    Where the fabled Manes be –  
Soon the shadowy house of Pluto  
    'Mong its shadows number thee.

There such wine as here you 're quaffing  
    Shall your spectral lips not know;  
There with sweet desire you ne'er shall  
    As in upper daylight glow.

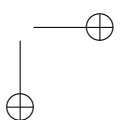
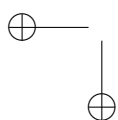


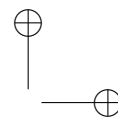
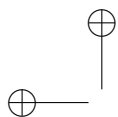


JOHN OSBORNE SARGENT, 1893

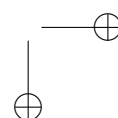
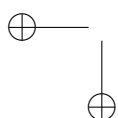
(1811–91; Lawyer and Writer, Friend of Oliver Wendell Holmes)

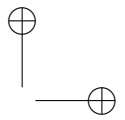
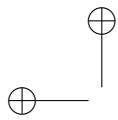
Hard Winter melts; the welcome Spring again  
Comes back, and in her train  
The West wind, and the laid-up keels once more  
Are launched from the dry shore.  
No longer do the herds the stalls desire  
Nor husbandman his fire;  
The meadows that but now were white with frost  
Their pallid hues have lost.  
In dance, by Cytherean Venus led,  
With the moon overhead,  
Joined with the Nymphs the sister Graces beat  
The earth with rhythmic feet,  
While at the Cyclops' ponderous forge the light  
Makes swarthy Vulcan bright.  
Now round the tresses that with unguents shine  
Green myrtles we may twine,  
Or flowers with which from icy fetters freed  
Earth garnishes the mead.  
Now is the time to make in shady groves  
The offerings Pan loves,  
Whether he may demand a lamb or bid  
Oblation of a kid.  
Pale Death before them stalks impartially,  
Whether the portals be  
Of peasant or of prince – hovel or tower –  
Alike all feel his power.  
O happy Sestius! Life's little span  
Forbids long hope to man;  
Thy sunny day impending night invades,  
Thee wait the fabled Shades,  
And Pluto's narrow house; where, once thou go,  
No more by lucky throw  
Of dice wilt thou in banquet hall recline  
King of the realms of wine;





No tender Lycidas will love inspire,  
Whose charms thou dost admire, –  
Whom rival youths regard with jealous eye,  
And maids will by and by.





T. A. WALKER, 1893

*(The Odes of Horace)*

Dissolved is winter's frost by spring  
And zephyrs light and lithe of wing;  
    And dry-keeled ships  
    Down from their slips  
Are hauled once more the seas to range –  
    A welcome change

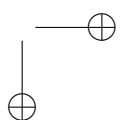
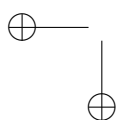
The meadows shine with hoar-frost white,  
The herds in sheltered stalls delight,  
    And hinds abide  
    By the ingle-side,  
Chilled by their labours at the plough,  
    No longer now.

Sweet Venus leads the moonlit dance,  
The graces linked with nymphs advance,  
    The earth they beat  
    With alternate feet,  
And stalwart Vulcan, all aglow  
    For ponderous blow

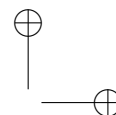
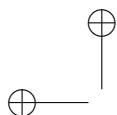
Of Cyclops, lights the smithy fire.  
'Tis pleasant now the head to tire  
    With myrtle bound,  
    And flowerets crowned  
First born of newly-loosened earth  
    Fresh from their birth.

And now with blood of lamb or kid,  
As Faunus, rustic god, may bid,  
    As most will please,  
    Or best appease,  
'Tis well to get good luck conferred  
    On flocks and herd.

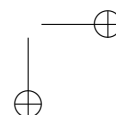
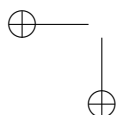
With measured footstep's equal tread  
Pale death, by fate not fancy led,

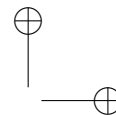
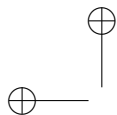






Knocks at the door  
Of rich and poor.  
Blest Sestius! life is far too short  
For serious thought  
Of lengthened sojourn in our state.  
Night presses on, the ghosts await  
Within the walls  
Of Pluto's halls  
Thy presence, where, when once conveyed  
A fabled shade,  
No cast of dice will thee assign  
Thy place at feasts as king of wine,  
Nor all on fire  
Wilt thou admire,  
Now loved by lad, and soon by lass,  
Young Lycidas.





J. HOWARD DEAZELEY, 1894

("Merton College, Oxford")

Share winter yields to Zephyrs and the welcome change of spring.

And the thirsty keels are drawn down from the shore:

And the cattle leave their stalls and the ploughman leaves his fire,

And no longer now the meads with rime are hoar.

Now Venus leads the dances, while the moon shines overhead.

And the Nymphs and Graces foot it turn by turn.

In beauty linked, and Vulcan with the light upon his face

Makes the Cyclops' mighty forges glow and burn.

Now 'tis right with myrtle green glossy tresses to entwine,

Or with blossoms that unfettered fields renew.

Now 'tis right in shady grove to let Faunus victim bleed,

Whether lamb or kid he chooses as his due.

Ghastly Death with equal tread knocks at doors of pauper huts,

Happy Sestius, and where princes hold their state;

Life's short span forbids the birth of an over-reaching hope.

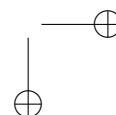
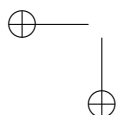
Soon the shades of story and the night of fate

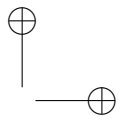
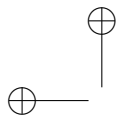
And phantom home of Pluto will be on you; whither gone,

You will dice not for the lordship of the wine;

And if Lycidas be fair you will little reck or care,

Though in maiden's eyes the lovelight soon will shine.





CHARLES H. A. ESLING, 1894

(1815–1907)

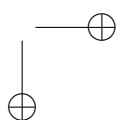
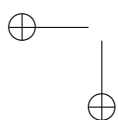
Softened now is Winter's rigor 'neath sweet Spring's Favonian kiss,  
Engines to the water draw again the parched keels,  
No more seeks the flock in stalls, nor by the hearth the ploughman, bliss,  
Nor with hoar frosts longer whitened, glisten now the fields.

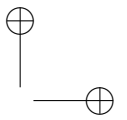
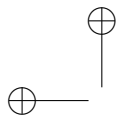
Now Cytherean Venus leads her chorus 'neath the favoring moon,  
While the lovely Graces joined with the Nymphic choirs  
Thrill the earth beneath their footsteps' gaily alternating tune,  
And the flame-souled Vulcan Cyclopean forges fires.

Now with myrtle green let each one his anointed head entwine,  
Or with flower freshly plucked from earth's pregnant breast,  
While in duteous immolation, at each leaf-embowered shrine,  
To Faunus lamb or kid we offer, as it please him best.

Pale death shakes, with foot impartial, paupers' cot and princes' towers.  
Happy Sestius! life's brief span denies our long-lived hope.  
Night already lowers o'er thee, with the fabled shadowy powers,  
Through the cheerless halls Plutonian thou begin'st to grope.

Neither while thou vainly wander'st through those shades of endless gloom,  
Shalt thou by the dice's luck the banquet's garland claim,  
Nor lithe Lycidas admire, charming now with youthful bloom,  
Anon the more with ripening grace he'll maiden bosoms flame.





LEWIS BROCKMAN, 1894

*(Poems)*

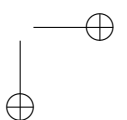
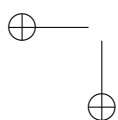
Now Winter melteth into Spring,  
For the moist zephyr shakes his wing,  
    And dry keels kiss the waves that dance along the shore;  
Oxen no longer stalls require,  
Nor hinds cower shivering round the fire,  
    And mead and hedgerow gleam with glittering rime no more.

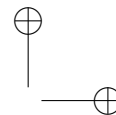
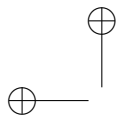
Now Venus leads the mazy ring,  
The choirs of nymphs that dance and sing,  
    The white-limbed Graces 'neath the white moon in the sky;  
Earth laughs, a-tremble, at their mirth,  
While Vulcan warms the unwintered earth,  
    And Cyclops labourers fan the waning embers high.

Now let the shining head be bound  
With garland of green myrtle round,  
    With flowers that fling their praise in smiles from the freed earth's floor:  
To Faunus in his leafy shade  
Be now the accustomed offering made,  
    A lamb or kid, the firstling of the peasant's store.

For pale Death at the poor man's gate  
Knocks, and the sounds reverberate  
    Through kingly halls – know, happy Sestius, thy days  
Too short, alas, to let Hope's light  
Shew a long future, now dread Night  
    Calls to the fabled shades and Pluto's narrow ways;

Where, whensoever thou goest, no more  
Shalt thou with dice-throw, as of yore,  
    Play for the place of him who rules the wine-cup's flow;  
No more fair Lycidas admire  
For whom our youth is all on fire,  
    For whom anon our maidens' breasts must learn to glow.





CYRIL E. F. STARKEY, 1895

*(Verse Translations from Classic Authors)*

Gloomy Winter's chains once more are loosened,  
Once more blows the balmy breath of Spring,  
Keels, long dry, are rolled once more to seaward,  
Once again we hear the windlass ring.

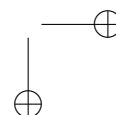
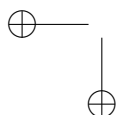
Cowers no more the flock within the sheep-cote,  
Lingers not the hind beside the fire,  
White the fields no longer with the hoar-frost  
Now beneath the moon her winsome choir

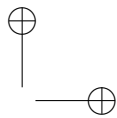
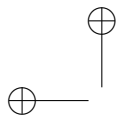
Venus leads, and Nymphs and comely Graces,  
Hand in hand, trip o'er the glimmering sward,  
Sweating Vulcan lights his monstrous smithies,  
Toil the giants for their Fiery Lord.

Wreath your brows with myrtle, or the blossoms  
Earth affords, released from iron band,  
Offer now to Faunus, 'neath the branches,  
Lamb or kid, whiche'er he may demand.

Death, wan ghost, with foot impartial, enters  
Poor man's hut or prince's stately home;  
Life's brief span, my Sestius, forbids us  
Far afield on wings of hope to roam.

Night eternal soon will shroud thee closely,  
Fabled Manes throng around thy head,  
And the shadowy halls of Pluto hold thee,  
Peopled with the unsubstantial dead;  
There no dice shall crown thee Lord of Revel,  
Love and lovers thence are banished.

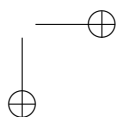
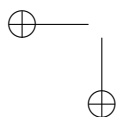


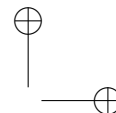
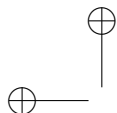


OSWALD A. SMITH, 1895

*(Horace in Quantity)*

Happy the change! Sharp winter again to the breezy spring is yielding,  
Seawards the dry-dock'd ships machines are hauling;  
Herds their stalls quit gladly, the ploughman his hearth detains no longer,  
No longer hoar-frost sparkles on the meadows.  
Now leads out fair Queen Cythere the dance beneath the moonbeams,  
The lovely Graces, join'd by nymphs, the ground shake  
With many-twinkling feet; whilst fiery Vulcan in the workshops,  
Where toil Cyclopes, sets them all a-blazing.  
Let green myrtle be weav'd as a wreath to the glossy curls befitting,  
Or flow'rs, the fruit of earth to life reviving:  
Now, 'tis fit that a lamb, or a kid, if he choose, to Pan be slaughter'd  
Within the woodland's shadiest recesses.  
Pale-fac'd Death at a beggar's door, or a royal house, an entrance  
Alike demands. O Sestius! so favor'd,  
Life's short span forbids us a thought of a long career to nourish:  
Thou must to night and shades be soon descending,  
And to the cheerless abode of Pluto; nor under his dominion  
Shalt thou preside lot-chosen o'er the wine-feast,  
Nor shalt gaze upon your sweet Lycidas, youth ador'd of all youths  
To-day, the maids their turn will have to-morrow.

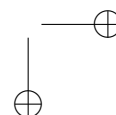
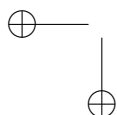


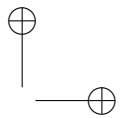
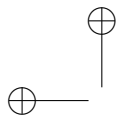


A. S. AGLLEN, 1896

(“Archdeacon of St. Andrews”)

Grateful change the zephyrs bring, winter's chain is loosed by spring,  
And the ships laid high and dry are dragged again to sea;  
Now the flocks forsake the byre, and the ploughman leaves the fire,  
And no longer in the morning is there hoar frost on the lea.  
'Neath the moon's bright countenance Cytherea leads the dance,  
While the nymphs are taking hands with the Graces fair to view,  
Then with graceful rhythmic feet, they the ground in cadence beat,  
While fierce Vulcan fires the workshops of his monstrous Cyclop crew.  
Twine now each shining head with green myrtle, or instead,  
With such flowers as earth, released from her wintry prison, bears,  
And in the woodland shade let a sacrifice be made  
To our Faunus, of a lamb, or a goat if he prefers.  
Pallid Death's impartial feet at the poor man's hovel beat,  
And the rich man's lordly tower. Oh my Sestius, thought so blest,  
Lengthened hope to entertain is forbidden, for in vain  
We look forward in a life-time, which is but short at best.  
Soon the weight of night must fall on your spirit, and the hall,  
The narrow hall of Pluto, hold you fast with fabled shades;  
There the dice will not assign the kingship of the wine,  
And your friend you must abandon to the care of loving maids.

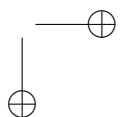
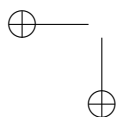




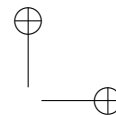
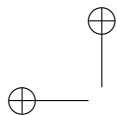
PHILIP E. PHELPS, 1897

*(The Odes of Horace)*

Stern Winter is dissolv'd by the pleasant change of Spring and Favonius,  
And rollers now bring the dry ships to sea-ward  
And neither now does cattle joy in stalls, or ploughman in his hearth-fire,  
Nor are the meadows whiten'd now with hoarfrosts.  
Now Cytherean Venus leads the dance by the light of the moonbeams,  
And, join'd with Nymphs, the band of comely Graces  
Shake the earth with alternate feet, while amid the Cyclops swarthy  
The ardent Vulcan labours at his forges.  
Now fitting is it either to bind the shining head with myrtle garland,  
Or with the flow'rs from Earth no longer frost-bound;  
Now too do sacrifice to Faunus among the shady forests  
Whether he ask the lamb or the kid rather.  
Pale Death with foot impartial knocks at poor men's dwellings,  
And tow'rs of monarchs. O beloved Sestius,  
The short sum of life forbids us to enter upon a length of hope.  
Soon Night will seize thee, and the fabled Manes,  
And Pluto's shadowy home, whither when once thou hast wander'd,  
Nor shalt thou get by lot the banquets' kingdom,  
Nor admire the tender Lycidas, with whom our whole youth of the town  
Is now in love, and soon the Virgins will be.





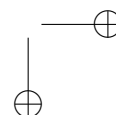
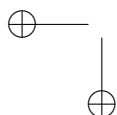


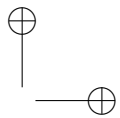
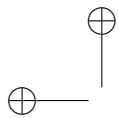
FRANKLIN H. MACKEY, 1897

(1843–1904)

Now yields harsh winter to the western winds,  
And mild vicissitudes of spring. Now turns  
The capstan round, and the dry-keeled ships  
Slide from the shore. No longer now the kine  
Cling to their stalls, nor at his fireside  
Delays the husbandman; nor do the hoary frosts  
Whiten the meadows more. Now leads the dance,  
In the full gaze of the imminent moon,  
The Cythrean Venus, as the soft earth  
Quakes to the alternating feet of nymphs  
And graces fair. The glowing Vulcan, too,  
Lights the while the Cyclopean forges.  
Now is it meet to circle every brow  
With the green myrtle, and the young flowers,  
Fresh born of the unfettered soil. Now, too,  
Is it becoming in the shady groves  
To sacrifice to Pan.

And yet, alas! pale Death  
Soon with impartial hand shall knock alike  
At homes of rich and poor – the peasant's hut,  
And the palaces of kings. Life's brief span  
Forbids to us, O happy Sextius,  
The hope that we may long remain. Not long,  
And night shall enshroud thy soul, and the ghosts  
Of Pluto's dark and gloomy realms of death,  
Shall know thee evermore. Nor shalt thou there  
The sovereign wine enjoy, nor more behold  
Her to whom thou'rt now so tenderly turned

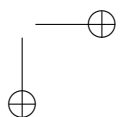
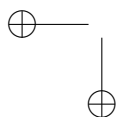


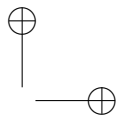
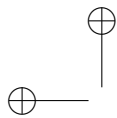


ANONYMOUS, 1897

*(Red and Blue)*

Keen winter is dissolved in welcome favor of Spring and the west wind,  
And engines draw forth the dry keels.  
No longer does the cattle delight in the stable or the plowman in the fire;  
Nor are the meadows whitened with hoary frosts.  
Already Venus Cytherea leads dances under the o'erhanging moon,  
And the comely Graces joined to the nymphs  
With alternating foot press the earth, while the ponderous workshops  
    of the Cyclops  
The fiery Vulcan puts into glow.  
Now it behooves with green myrtle to encircle the shining head,  
Or with flowers which the unbound earth brings forth.  
Now it behooves to sacrifice to Faunus in shady groves,  
Whether he desire a ewe lamb or prefer a kid.  
Pale Death strikes with equal foot the cabins of the poor  
And the castles of kings. O happy Sestius!  
Life's short entirety forbids us to enter on far-reaching hopes;  
Soon night will press around thee, and the fabled shades  
And the lean hall of Pluto, where once thou hast passed,  
Thou wilt not be chosen by the cast of the die to the sovereignty of the wine,  
Nor admire the tender Lycidas, for whom all the youth  
Now burns, and for whom soon all maidens will glow.





ROBERT TILNEY, 1898

*(Gleanings from Poetic Fields)*

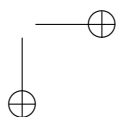
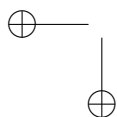
The varying moods of Spring and western winds stern Winter chase away;  
The sailors roll their dry-keeled ships to sea;  
The ploughman leaves his cheerful hearth, and happy herds forsake their stalls,  
And hoar-frosts cease to robe the fields in white.

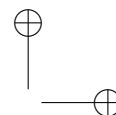
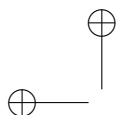
Now Cytherean Venus leads her chorus 'neath the impending moon;  
The comely Graces with the Nymphs unite  
To beat the earth with alternate feet; while Vulcan, reddened by the fames,  
The Cyclops' lab'ring forges fiercely heats.

'Tis fitting now to bind the oil-anointed head with myrtle green,  
Or flowers the out-thawed earth in plenty bears:  
To Faunus, also, thou shouldst sacrifice, in shady groves, a lamb,  
Or, if it better please him, choose a kid.

Pale Death, impartial, knocks with equal feet at poor men's cabin doors  
And kingly halls; O Sextius, richly blest!  
The sum of Life's contracted span forbids us hold far-reaching hopes:  
Soon night will thee oppress, the fabled shades,

And Pluto's narrow realm, wherein, when once thou take thy destined place,  
Thou shalt not win by dice to rule the wine;  
Nor tender Lycidas admire, whose beauty now all youth inspires,  
And maidens too, ere long, will madly love.

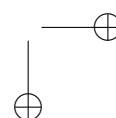
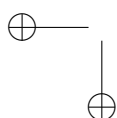


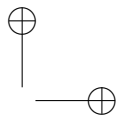
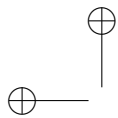


## ALFRED DENIS GODLEY, 1898

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

Keen winter thaws at the pleasant change to spring and the west wind,  
and engines launch the ships' dry keels: and now nor flock loves its fold nor  
hind his fire: nor are meads white with hoary frost. Now while the moon  
hangs high in heaven Cytherean Venus leads the dance: and lovely Graces  
with their companion Nymphs foot it o'er the ground with changing step,  
while glowing Vulcan makes the weary Cyclops' smithies to blaze. Now  
'tis meet to bind sleek locks with myrtle green or flowers that spring from  
thawing earth. Now 'tis meet to sacrifice to Faunus in shady groves,  
whether lamb or kid be the offering of his choice. Pale Death with foot  
impartial knocks alike at poor men's hovels and royal palaces. Fortunate  
Sestius! the shortness of life's sum forbids us essay the hope of distant  
good. Soon, soon shall night and storied shades and Pluto's narrow halls  
imprison thee: once thou art thither gone, no kingship of the feast shall  
dice assign thee: nor shalt thou marvel at tender Lycidas, whom now all  
our youth adore, and maidens presently shall coyly woo.

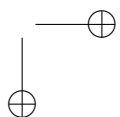
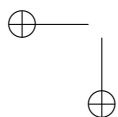


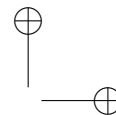
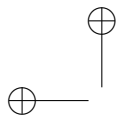


BENJAMIN F. MEYERS, 1901

(1833–1918; American Politician)

Sharp Winter in the grateful change of Spring  
And the West Wind dissolves, and to the sea  
The engines draw down keels dry from disuse.  
The herd no longer find delight in pens,  
The ploughman feels no pleasure by the fire,  
Nor whiten meadows at the hoar frost's touch.  
Now Venus under, the impending moon  
The Cytherean dances leads, and joined  
To the gay nymphs the seemly Graces beat  
The earth with foot alternate, while the forge  
In which the Cyclops strives in awful toil  
The fervid Vulcan brightly kindles. Now  
To circle the anointed shining brows  
With myrtle green or flowers the loosened earth  
Begets, it doth become; to Faunus now  
In shady woods to offer sacrifice  
Of lamb, or kid, if this he should prefer,  
It likewise well becomes. With equal foot  
Pale Death knocks at the poor man's hut  
And at the rich man's towers. The brevity  
Of life, glad Sestius, forbids that we  
A long hope should begin. E'en now  
The night and fabled spirits thee do press  
And Pluto's narrow hall within whose bounds  
When thou art gone thou mayst not for the king  
Of wine such as we here possess cast lots.





W. C. GREEN, 1903

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

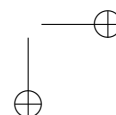
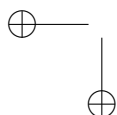
Biting winter melts and flees,  
Spring and Zephyr well his place supplying;  
Windlass hauleth to the seas  
Keels that lay a-drying.  
Flocks no more in folds delight,  
Ingle-nook no more the ploughman pleases;  
Nor to plain of rimy white Grassy meadow freezes.

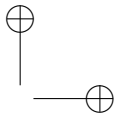
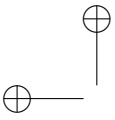
Dances now doth Venus lead  
'Neath the pendent moon above her shining;  
Nymphs with her and Graces tread  
(Comely choir combining)  
Earth that shakes to measured feet;  
While below the ground the Fire-god urges,  
Speeding heavy toil with heat, Cyclopean forges.

Now 'tis meet our brows again  
Wreaths of myrtle green or flowers be wearing,  
Flowers which freed from winter's chain  
Vernal fields are bearing.  
Now 'tis meet in shady groves  
Victim due to Faunus we be slaying,  
Whichsoe'er he better loves, Lamb or kid repaying.

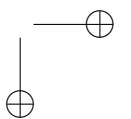
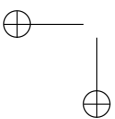
Pallid death all doors alike,  
Hind's and king's with equal foot and stealthy,  
Cot and palace dares to strike.  
Sestius, high and wealthy,  
Life's short sum a hope that's long  
Ev'n in its beginning hath forbidden:  
Soon the fabled ghosts among Night will hold thee hidden.

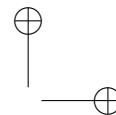
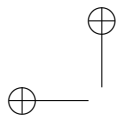
Thou to Pluto's home wilt hie,  
Shadowy home: and when it once shall claim thee,  
Nevermore shall throw of die  
King of winecups name thee.  
Nor wilt praise young Lycidas,





Him for whom our striplings now are burning,  
And more coyly every lass Later will be yearning.

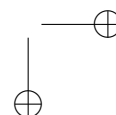
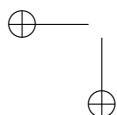




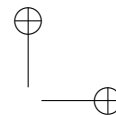
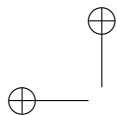
FABIUS MAXIMUS RAY, 1904

(1837–1915)

Cold winter is gone, and the mild west wind  
    Has melted the snows away,  
And the boatman lowers his boat from the beach  
    And launches it on the bay.  
No longer the herds are mewed in the stalls,  
    Nor the plowman sits in his chimney-nook,  
Nor the willows gleam in the white hoar-frost,  
    Beside the meadow brook.  
Now Venus waits 'neath the mellowing moon,  
    Alone with the triple Graces;  
And Vulcan sweats at his Lemnian forge,  
    Intent on the Thunderer's praises.  
'T is the time when myrtle wreaths entwine  
    The rosy locks of youth,  
And wild flowers leap in Flora's lap,  
    And greet the fruitful South.  
And Faunus owns, in shady groves,  
    The tribute of a lamb,  
Or, better still, a bleating kid,  
    The firstling of its dam.  
But alas! pale Death no cottage spares,  
    Nor yet the kingly hall,  
But moweth with relentless scythe,  
    For harvest, each and all.  
O Sextius mine, thou ne'er canst know  
    What hold the Fates in store,  
What dangers in the darkness lurk  
    By the Plutonian shore.  
Thou may'st not win the wine at dice  
    While Charon's boat sails by,  
Nor bask in lovely maidens' eyes  
    When Lycidas is nigh.



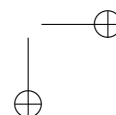
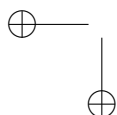


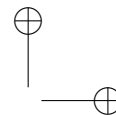
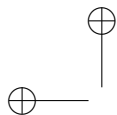


## ECCLESTON DU FAUR, 1906

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

Grim Winter's past, in grateful change, to genial airs of Spring;  
From shore they warp their wind-dried ships to sea;  
No more need stalls their warmth to stock, or hearth to ploughman  
bring;  
No early hoar-frost glistens on the lea.  
Her choirs now Cytherean Venus leads, 'neath the moon's rays,  
And joyous Nymphs with decorous Graces urge,  
In dance, the green-sward, with alternate foot; while Vulcan stays  
Begrimed with heat, Cyclopean bolts to forge.  
Now, at the feast, the myrtle wreath to well-groomed brows we lift,  
Or flowers, in loosened soil no longer rare;  
To Faunus, now, in shady groves, we sacrifice our gift, –  
Or lamb, or kid, as best may aid our prayer.  
Pale Death, with equal foot, at lowly huts of poverty.  
And regal towers doth beat: Oh! my loved friend,  
The shortening span of life forbids us lengthened schemes to try;  
Already night, and fabled ghosts attend, –  
And Pluto's shadowy house: where whensoever thou goest, no care,  
For sovereignty of wine, thy dice can claim;  
Nor youth's fair comeliness attract thine eyes, – to all a snare, –  
And which e'en virgins' blood will soon inflame.

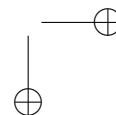
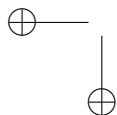


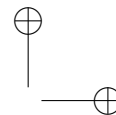
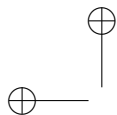


EDWARD R. GARNSEY, 1907

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

Sharp winter melts, with pleasing change, to Spring and Zephyr,  
And bauling are the pulleys on dry keels.  
The flock no longer revels in the stalls, or in his fire the hind:  
Beneath hoar frosts the meadows whiten not:  
Cythera's Venus now leads forth her choirs under the hanging moon,  
And comely Graces, linked with nymphs,  
Strike with alternate foot the earth, and glowing Vulcan  
Makes the great forges of the Cyclops fame.  
Now it beseems to wreath the glossy head with myrtle green,  
Or flower which the loosened earth brings forth,  
And now to Faunus it beseems to sacrifice in shady groves,  
Be it a lamb he ask, – or with a kid if more desired.  
Pale death with foot impartial strikes at the huts of paupers and  
Kings' towers: O Sestius blest, life's short span bids us not  
Begin long hope. Soon upon thee will press  
Night and the fabled shades, and the bare house  
Of Pluto: where when thou comest, thou shalt win with dice  
No rule of wine, admire no dainty Lycidas  
Who now is dear to all our youths, and soon  
Will rouse love's fire among the maids.





JOHN MARSHALL, 1907

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

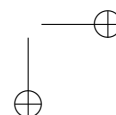
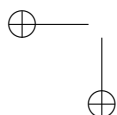
Melts Winter now, his bitter frosts in Spring’s sweet change expire;  
Sleds drag the long-dry keels now to the shore.  
No longer beasts in stall delight, nor ploughman by the fire,  
Nor gleam the lawns with hoar-frost any more.

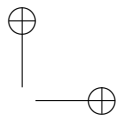
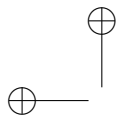
Now Venus ’neath the sailing moon leads forth her dancing bands;  
The dainty Graces sport on twinkling feet  
Adown the lea, linked with the Nymphs; and glowing Vulcan’s hands  
Strain the great Cyclop forges fierce to heat.

Now is the time thy glossy locks with myrtle leaves to twine,  
Or flowers, which earth new-thawed makes haste to bear;  
Now with a lambkin or with kid, as the god’s choice incline,  
In cool groves gift for Faunus to prepare.

With equal foot pale Pluto knocks at hovels of the poor,  
And at the tyrant’s towers. My Sestius dear,  
Brief is thy span, nor may’st thou dream of pleasures far or sure.  
Soon Night, and fabled Shades, and mansion drear

Of ghostly Death, shall close on thee. Thither when thou hast passed,  
No dice thou’lt throw to rule the drinkers’ sport;  
No more on the young Lycidas fond looks of love thou’lt cast, –  
The men’s pet now, whom soon the girls will court.

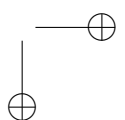
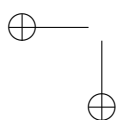


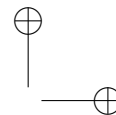
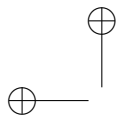


WILLIAM E. MARSHALL, 1908

(1859–1923; Canadian Poet and Lawyer)

At length the long cold winter melts away  
Beneath the wooing spring and western breeze,  
And round the ships the waters leap and play.  
Nor do the cattle longer find their ease  
In fold or stall, nor ploughmen care to loll  
Beside the fire, nor whitened are the leas.  
Now Venus, sprung from foaming waves, her role  
Resumes, and 'neath the splendor of the moon  
Leads off the dance; and comely Graces troll  
With laughing Nymphs, and beat delicious tune  
With dainty feet upon the yielding ground;  
While glowing Vulcan burries, all too soon,  
To fill the air with thunderous echoing sound  
Of his laborious fires. 'Tis fitting now,  
The radiant head of youth be lightly bound,  
Either with myrtle verdant from the bough,  
Or those sweet blushing flowers, all pink and white,  
That with rich favour doth the earth endow.  
And it is fitting Faunus to delight  
With solemn sacrifice of lamb or kid:  
He guards the flocks upon the bills at night.  
Alas! pale Death, from whom no one is hid,  
Knocks at the cottage of the frugal poor  
And at kings' palaces, a guest unbid –  
Yet each shall open unto him the door,  
And give him of their all, or soon, or late.  
O happy Sextius! We ought not to store  
Far distant hopes. For presently shall fate  
Bind you with darkness and seal up the bredth  
Forever, and the phantom ghosts shall wait.  
Upon you in the underworld of death;  
Where, having once arrived, you neither shall  
Toss for the bottle, nor – so Pluto saith –  
Admire the tender Lycidas, whom all  
The youth of Rome pursue with ardent eye,  
And for whom lovelorn maidens soon will sigh.





C. W. HEATHCOTE, 1908

*(Gettysburg in Verse)*

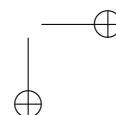
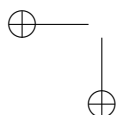
Inclement Winter melts away, lo Spring with sunny skies  
And gentle zephyrs; sailors launch their ships again from shore  
Now cattle leave their stalls, and peasant quits his fire,  
And fields bloom with flowers where laid the snow before.

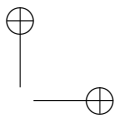
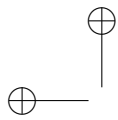
By Venus led, while moon shines over head,  
The comely graces joined hand in hand with alternating feet  
Strike on the ground, while glowing Vulcan scatters fire fierce and red  
From the forges of the Cyclops, with repeated beat.

'Tis fit with myrtle green to crown our head,  
Or with flowers, the earth from the fetters of Winter freed.  
And to sacrifice to Pan in some grassy bed,  
A lamb or kid if he prefers such offering feed.

Death comes alike to all – to the tyrant's lofty mansion  
Or the cottage of the poor – his advances none can stay.  
Oh, happy Sestius, achieve each day some certain action,  
Enjoy thy life to-day with far-reaching hopes away.

Soon shall the grave enshroud thee and the Manes' feeble crowd  
And shadowy home of Pluto shut thee in,  
There shalt not thou cast lot for ruddy wine,  
Nor woo the gentle Lycidas whom all are mad to win.





FRANCIS LAW LATHAM, 1910

(“Brasenose College, Oxford”)

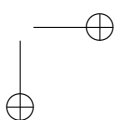
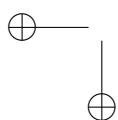
Favonius and the pleasant Spring have loosed the Winter’s thrall,  
The rollers drag the dry keels down the shore;  
No more the ploughman loves the fire nor cattle love the stall,  
Nor are the fields with hoar-frosts whitened o’er.

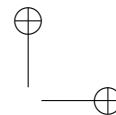
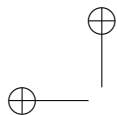
Now Cytheræa leads the dance the hanging moon below,  
And Nymphs and Graces trim in blended choirs  
With foot alternate tramp the earth, while Vulcan all aglow  
The busy forges of the Cyclops fires.

Now is it meet the glossy head with myrtle green to braid  
Or flowers engendered from the loosened land;  
To Faunus now to sacrifice within the shady glade,  
Whether he choose a kid or lamb demand.

Pale Death with foot impartial strikes the poor man’s cottage gate  
And royal towers. Life’s sum so quickly past,  
My favoured Sestius, us forbids long hope to inchoate:  
Soon night and fabled ghosts shall hold thee fast,

And Pluto’s narrow house; when there thy path has found its close,  
No more with dice wine’s kingdom shalt thou part,  
Nor gaze on dainty Lycidas for whom our youth now glows,  
For whom shall soon wax warm each maiden heart.





## HAROLD BAILY DIXON, 1910

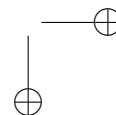
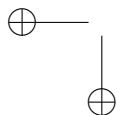
(1852–1930; Sometime Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford)

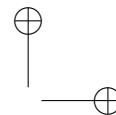
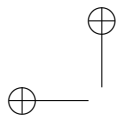
Cruel Winter's cold is going, and the Spring's soft breath is blowing,  
And the straining ropes are towing thirsty vessels to the sea;  
Now the cattle quit their byre, and the ploughman leaves his fire,  
For no more with chill attire frost is whitening all the lea.

Lo! the moonlight floods the scene where the Cytherean Queen  
Leads her Graces in between tripping Nymphs, who beat the soil,  
As the dancers come and go; while the fires of Ætna glow  
Where the mighty Cyclops blow their fierce forge for Vulcan's toil.

Now let myrtle crown our mirth! We must gather at their birth  
What the opening lap of earth gives of blossom and of flower!  
Let our gratitude appear in the offerings we bear  
Of the firstlings of the year to the Wood-God in his bower!

Death, with equal foot and sure, comes alike to rich and poor,  
Knocks at hovel of the boor and at palace of the King:  
Life's too brief and narrow span larger hope forbids to man,  
Night is falling fast, and wan shapes and shades are gathering!





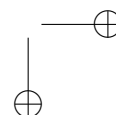
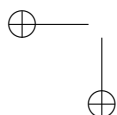
FRANKLIN P. ADAMS, 1912 (IMITATED)

(1881–1960; American Newspaper Columnist)

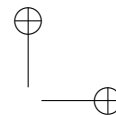
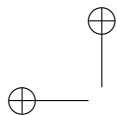
The backbone of winter is shattered to pieces;  
The breezes are balmy that blow from the west;  
The farmer his cows from the stable releases;  
The ploughman gets up from his fireside domestic;  
No more are the meadows all icy and snowy;  
Come columns on Mathewson, Sweeney and Kling;  
The strawberry shortcake is heavy and doughy –  
'Tis Spring!

Now Venus, the w. k. Cytherean,  
Cavorts Isadorably under the moon,  
Assisted by choruses gracile, nympean,  
She dances a measure that's wholly jejune.  
'Tis time to divert one's straying attention  
To bonnets embowered with every old thing –  
Fruits, myrtle and parsley – again I must mention  
'Tis Spring!

'Tis time for the sacrifice sacred to Faunus –  
He may get our lambkin, he may get our goat.  
O Sextius, ere death shall have wholly withdrawn us,  
Take this from Horatius, your favorite pote;  
Soon Pluto will call you, at some unforeseen time,  
You'll go, be you journalist-jester or king,  
You can't get away from it. But, in the meantime,  
'Tis Spring!



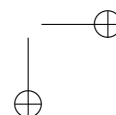
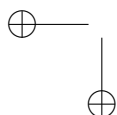


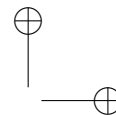
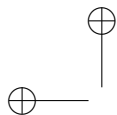


SIR WILLIAM S. MARRIS, 1912

(1873–1945; Civil Servant and Classical Scholar)

Keen Winter thaws, and welcome Spring is come with Western breeze,  
Dry keels are wheeled on rollers to the shore;  
No more the ingle lures the hind, nor stalls the cattle please,  
The meadows gleam with silver frost no more.  
Now overhead the Moon is high, and Venus leads the dance,  
And hand in hand the Nymphs and Graces fair  
Are tripping rhythmic measures, while the fiery Vulcan fans  
The Cyclops' stithy yet to fiercer flare.  
'Tis now the time with myrtle green thy glossy locks to braid,  
And blossoms which the yielding clods unloose,  
To sacrifice to Faunus in the holy coppice' shade  
A tender kid or lamb, whiche'er he choose.  
With even tread the spectre Death strides into pauper's cot  
And prince's hall. Ah, happy Sestius!  
For distant good no man may hope; so short is human lot.  
Soon thou wilt lie in Pluto's scanty house  
'Mid gloom and unsubstantial ghosts: in thy new dwelling there  
Thou'lt dice for kingship of the cups no more,  
Nor languish for young Lycidas, who makes the lads despair  
And soon will make the hearts of maidens sore.





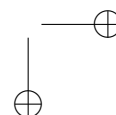
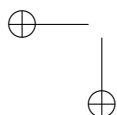
FRANKLIN P. ADAMS, 1914 (IMITATED)

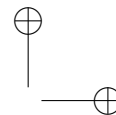
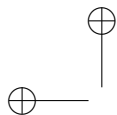
(1881–1960; American Newspaper Columnist)

The backbone of winter is broken;  
The river is running with shad;  
The phrases of baseball are spoken  
In pictures by Briggs or by Tad.  
The cattle come out of the stable;  
The nymphs do the dip and the swing;  
The rhubarb appears on the table;  
In short, it is spring.

In grottoes excessively shady  
We'll offer a lamb or a kid  
To Pan; and to Rosie or Sadie  
A nellygunt two-dollar lid.  
But – pipe to the words of the poet:  
You'll die, be you beggar or king.  
You simply can't beat it, although it  
Appears to be spring.

Though fortune may pamper and pet you  
Though you be bewreathed and bepearled,  
The jolly old Reaper will get you;  
You ain't got a chance in the world.  
No Lycidas, no dice – I give warning –  
In Pluto's domain – not a thing.  
But still – we *are* living this morning,  
And gosh! it is Spring!





A. L. TAYLOR, 1914

*(The Odes of Horace)*

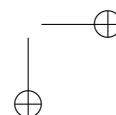
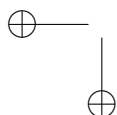
Keen winter flies before the west wind and the spring:  
The windlasses draw down the dry keels to the sea  
The herd forsakes the stalls, no more the ploughmen ring  
The blazing hearth, nor white with frost the meadows be.

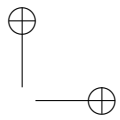
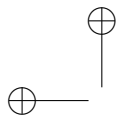
Now Venus leads the dance beneath the moon's pale light,  
Now Nymphs and Graces beat with rhythmic tread the ground,  
While in his mighty forge now Vulcan's face gleams bright  
And Cyclopean blows make earth and air resound.

Now 'tis a comely thing to wreath the shining head  
With myrtle green or flowers that fair in springtime rise:  
Now in the shadowy groves 'tis meet a lamb be led  
Or kid if he prefer, for Faunus' sacrifice.

The pallid form of Death beats with impartial foot  
At huts of humble men and great ones' palaces:  
Remember, Sestius mine, how swift an end doth put  
Brief life to distant hopes for all thy lordliness.

Night and the storied ghosts and Pluto's dread abode  
Shall soon enshroud thy head where thou shalt never see  
The face beloved again, nor have on thee bestowed  
The title proud of chief amid the revelry.





WARREN H. CUDWORTH, 1917

(1877–1927)

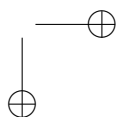
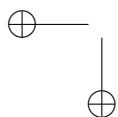
Stern winter gives way to blithe springtide and zephyr,  
Dry keels are rolled down to the shore,  
The hind leaves the hearth, from the stall comes the heifer,  
Meads glisten with hoarfrost no more.

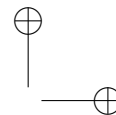
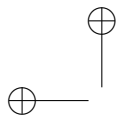
Lo, now, Cytherea by moonshine trips lightly  
With Graces and Nymphs on the green,  
Their merry feet wink, heavy forges glow brightly  
When Vulcan with Cyclops is seen.

Our sleek brows now bind we with green myrtle fillet,  
Or flowerets that burst from the plain;  
To Faun now a lamb, or a kid, if he will it,  
His own bosky grove shall see slain.

Pale Death knocks alike at the cot of the peasant  
And halls of the wealthy. My friend,  
The brief span of life bids us trust but the present;  
Rich Sestius, in night must thou wend,

Mid shadowy Manes, to Pluto's drear dwelling,  
No more to preside at the board,  
No more to see Lycidas, fair beyond telling,  
By youths and by maidens adored.

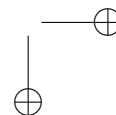
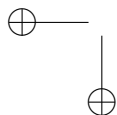


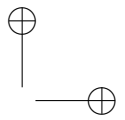
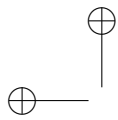


GERARD FENWICK, 1917

*(The Odes of Horace, Book I)*

Now the winter melts away,  
While the springtime breezes play,  
And the long-dry keels are drawn  
On rollers from the upland lawn.  
No longer cattle in the fold  
Shelter from the winter's cold,  
Nor the ploughman seeks the fire,  
And hoar frosts from the ground suspire.  
Now does Venus lead the dance  
Underneath the moonbeam's glance,  
And the Nymphs joined with the Graces  
Strike the ground with rhythmic paces;  
While Vulcan in the smithy tires  
Attending to Cyclopean fires.  
Let ivy or green myrtle now  
With new-born flowers deck each brow.  
To Faunus now in cool grot hid  
We sacrifice a lamb or kid.  
But oh! beloved Sestus, think  
How short is life, how on the brink  
Of endless night we fearful stand,  
The shades and Pluto's house at hand.  
That fearful death insistent beats  
'Gainst humble doors and royal seats,  
Whose gloomy portals once you pass  
You will not circulate the glass  
Among your friends by chance lot ta'en,  
Nor e'en love Lycidas again,  
The cynosure of youthful eye  
For whom soon all the maids will sigh.





LOUIS UNTERMEYER, 1919

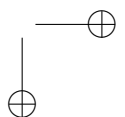
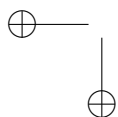
(1885–1977; American Editor and Poet)

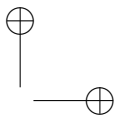
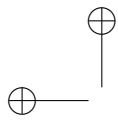
When breezes kiss the lips of Spring,  
    And ships again at anchor ride,  
The plowman leaves his hearth to sing  
    And wander through the countryside,  
        Where daisies glow  
        Like drifts of snow,  
    And fields below are white and wide.

At night the playful moonbeams dance  
    With Venus and her rosy train;  
The kiss of flute and lyre enchants  
    The Nymphs upon each mossy plain,  
        Whose feet repeat  
        The rhythmic beat  
    And help complete the magic strain.

Come then, this is the joyous time,  
    The time beloved by god and man;  
Awake, this is the glad year's prime;  
    Awake and, in the name of Pan,  
        Anoint with wine  
        The sacred shrine  
    Where wreaths entwine the gift we plan.

Live well to-day. Time will not wait,  
    Nor Death the slightest favor show  
At hovel or the castle-gate.  
    And when thine hour striketh – lo,  
        The light shall pass. . .  
        No more the glass  
    Nor lad nor lass for thee shall glow.

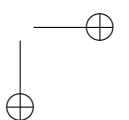
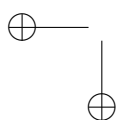


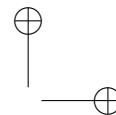
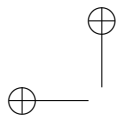


LIONEL LANCELOT SHADWELL, 1920

(1845–1925; Barrister)

Now hard winter's grip relaxes; Zephyr with sweet spring returns;  
    Dry keels are hauled by rollers to the sea.  
For his stall no more the ox, nor for his hearth the ploughman yearns;  
    Nor silvered o'er with hoar-frost is the lea.  
Cytherean Venus leads the Nymphs' and comely Graces' choir,  
    That 'neath the pendent moon with dancing feet  
Tread the ground in rhythmic measure; while relit by Vulcan's fire  
    The huge Cyclopean forges glow with heat.  
Now with fresh green myrtle leaves 'tis time to bind our glistening locks,  
    Or with the flowers from softened soil that spring;  
Now to Faun in shady groves to offer firstlings of the flocks,  
    If lamb, or if a kid he bids to bring.  
At the door pale death alike of pauper's hut and princely hall  
    Comes knocking. Sestius, fortune's favourite,  
Life's brief tale of years forbids far-reaching hope. Night soon will fall,  
    And ghosts around thee, empty shapes, will flit  
In the unsubstantial house of Pluto. Pass but once that way  
    Thee dice no more to rule the feast will choose  
Nor young Lycidas will charm, whose beauty fires all youths to-day,  
    And soon in maidens' breasts will warmth diffuse.





WILLIAM FREDERICK LLOYD, 1920

*(Versions and Perversions)*

The rigid winter's past and gone,  
    And spring comes on once more.  
The engines haul the arid ships  
    Towards the shelving shore.

The ploughman leaves his fire-side  
    The cattle leave their stall.  
No longer on the meadows cold  
    The snows of winter fall.

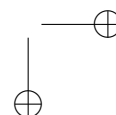
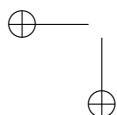
And Venus leads the moonlight dance  
    When Nymphs and Graces meet  
To trip along upon the sward  
    With swiftly moving feet.

And now 'tis time to crown the head  
    With coronets of flowers  
Which Spring produces from the earth  
    When fed by April showers.

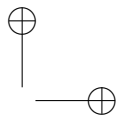
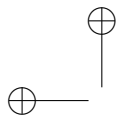
But death at Cottage of the poor  
    Or on the rich may call:  
And deals her destiny and doom  
    Impartially to all.

My Sextus, don't expect too much,  
    Although you may be brave,  
Yet gloomy shadows fit around  
    The darkness of the grave.

For when you've once gone down below  
    Then neither love nor feast  
Can ever cheer your soul again;  
    Your passions all have ceased.



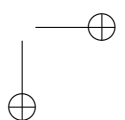
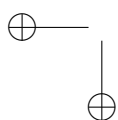


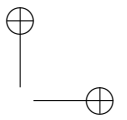
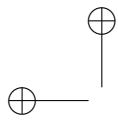


## WILLIAM HATHORN MILLS, 1921

(1848–1930; Writer)

Now loosed is Winter's cruel grip; now Spring and Western wind  
    Bring welcome change; the windlass hauls dry keels down to the sea;  
No longer stalls make glad the herds, no longer fires the hind;  
    No longer stand the meadows white with hoar-frost's argentry.  
Beneath the moon now Cytherean Venus leads her choirs;  
    Graces and Nymphs, a comely troop, ring hand in hand their ring;  
Now this, now that, foot beats the ground; while Cyclops' furnace-fires  
    Glow, as fierce Vulcan fans the fames, and bids the hammers swing.  
Now is it well to twine trim locks with myrtle, or with flowers,  
    Brought forth by the fields, now thawed, as from a store of treasures hid;  
Now is it well to sacrifice to Faunus, in dim bowers  
    Of shady groves, a lamb maybe, or, if he will, a kid.  
Marching with step impartial, Death's pale Presence raps its call  
    At doors of rich and poor alike. Wealth, Sestius, is yours;  
But life's brief span cuts short the range of hope for one and all:  
    And even now a gloom of night and storied Manes lours  
O'er you, and Pluto's shadowy halls expect your shade anon.  
    Once there, no longer shall you cast the dice to settle who  
Shall rule the feast, nor count young Lycidas a paragon,  
    Whom all the lads now envy, and the lasses soon shall woo.





JOHN FINLAYSON, 1921

*(The Odes of Horace)*

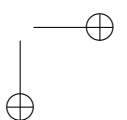
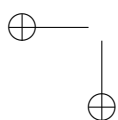
Now melts stern Winter at the touch of Spring,  
    And softer, sweeter airs steal o'er the land:  
Now see the sailor fast is hurrying  
    His long dried keel to draw adown the strand:  
The pent-up herds are pining for the lea,  
From cosy ingle ploughman forth would be.

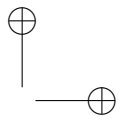
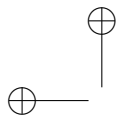
The frost hath freed the meads: beneath the moon  
    Behold fair Venus softly lead the dance:  
The Nymphs and Graces, link'd, do beat in tune  
    Alternate foot upon the green expanse:  
The forge of Vulcan now is all aglow,  
And Cyclops' hammers swing with measured blow.

Now, in the hour of Spring-tide's joyous sway,  
    'Tis meet with weraths to bind the shining brow:  
Green myrtle be thy choice, or if thou may,  
    Such early flowret as the meads allow:  
To Faun devote a lamb in Grove far-hid,  
Or, if it please him more, a yearling kid.

Pale Death's impartial foot unbidden knocks  
    Alike at princely hall and peasant cot:  
O favoured Sestius! life's brief span but mocks  
    Vain hopes of far-off bliss in human lot:  
Full soon the everlasting gloom will fall,  
And thou with shadows flit through Pluto's hall.

And, when its portals grim have closed thee in,  
    No more the chosen "Wine-King" shalt thou be;  
No more the tender Lycidas shall win  
    The praise thou gave to him unstintedly;  
Whose form the Roman youth now all admire,  
Whose beauty soon Rome's maidens will inspire.





## EDWARD DOUGLAS ARMOUR, 1922

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

At last the winter's snow has gone  
    Before the western breeze;  
And dry-hulled ships are slowly drawn  
    By engines to the seas.

No longer do the oxen eat  
    At leisure in the byre;  
And vacant is the ploughman's seat  
    Beside the cosy fire.

Now Venus leads the sportive round  
    Throughout the moonlit spaces,  
And Earth returns the merry sound  
    Of dancing Nymphs and Graces.

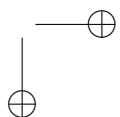
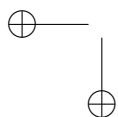
The Cyclops' forges Vulcan lights,  
    And soon will rise the roar  
Of ponderous hammer, as it smites  
    The red and glowing ore.

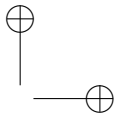
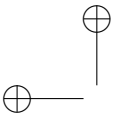
And youth and maidenhood may now  
    Enjoy the shining hours,  
And wreath the smooth and glossy brow  
    With myrtle or with flowers.

To Faunus in the shady grove  
    We'll make our sacrifice –  
A lamb or kid, whichever prove  
    More pleasing in his eyes.

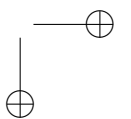
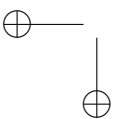
Pale death, with his impartial tread,  
    Knocks at each fated door,  
And summons with his message dread  
    Great kings and lowly poor.

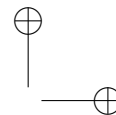
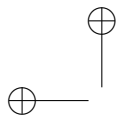
Oh Sestius, the Gods have hid  
    The future from our eyes;  
Short life forewarns us not to bid  
    Long expectations rise.





And when to Pluto's shade, in fine,  
You ghostly shall retire,  
There shall you not indulge in wine,  
Nor Lycidas admire.





FRANKLIN P. ADAMS, 1923 (IMITATED)

(1881–1960; American Newspaper Columnist)

Winter's turned his cold and stony  
    Countenance the other way;  
Bathing has begun at Coney;  
    Blow the zephyrs down the bay.

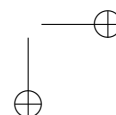
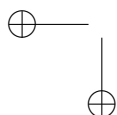
Cattle seek again the pasture,  
    Life no longer is congealed;  
Spring approaches; come and cast your  
    Eye upon the verdant field.

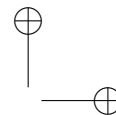
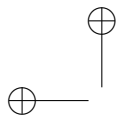
Venus – she of Cytherea –  
    Leads the dance beneath the moon,  
And the Graces tread in glee a  
    Syncopated rigadoun.

“Say it with myrtle!” be your motto;  
    Buy a nobby vernal lid.  
Pray to Faunus in the grotto,  
    Kill for him a lamb or kid.

Be you owner of a fortune  
    Or as poor in kale as I'm,  
Death (the Reaper) will importune  
    You, and get you in your time.

Say “Farewell” – ere Pluto call for  
    You to bear you to his shades –  
“Lycidas, whom the flappers fall for  
    (Not to say the Roman blades).”

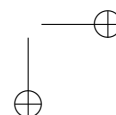
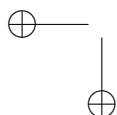


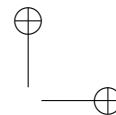
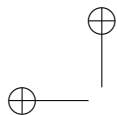


## LEONARD CHALMERS-HUNT, 1925

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

Now spring dissolves the wintry plain,  
And balmy airs blow soft again!  
Dry keels grate on the pebbled floor,  
Drawn by stout pulleys to the shore.  
No more the kine their sheds desire,  
No more the ploughman needs his fire.  
Fields dewy-white but not with frost,  
Have robbed chill winter of his boast.  
Now radiant Venus foots the dance  
The moon around doth palely glance.  
The Graces who in arts exult,  
With Nymphs display the salient cult.  
While Vulcan at his anvil plies,  
And Cyclopean flames arise.  
Our brows with floral wreaths we'll bind,  
Or crown with myrtle sprays entwined.  
To Faun his votive choice we'll pay,  
Younglings of herd and flock display.  
For Death with measured footstep sure,  
Strikes down the magnate with the boor.  
O happy Sextius! blest is he,  
Who prudent, knows life's brevity!  
Soon night will spread its darkling wing,  
And Pluto's halls grim shadows fling!  
Where precedence in mirth and wine,  
Shall dice propitious ne'er assign.  
Nor shall young Lycidas aspire,  
To be youth's envy, maids' desire.

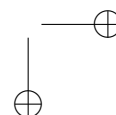
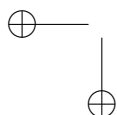


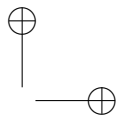
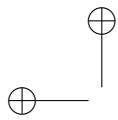


HUGH MACNAGHTEN, 1926

(1862–1929; Vice Provost of Eton College)

Sweet Zephyrs usher in the spring, and earth long bound is free,  
Dry keels upon the rollers reach the sea.  
Nor herdsman loves the inglenook, nor herd the stall to-day,  
The meadows shine, but frosts are far away.  
Cythera's Venus leads the dance: the Nymphs and Graces spring  
From foot to foot in lovely linked ring.  
The moon is watching overhead: swart Vulcan goes the round  
Of sweltering Cyclopes underground.  
Now is the time on glossy locks the myrtle green to twine  
Or flow'rs that in the melting meadow shine,  
And now to offer Faunus in the shadow of the groves  
The idling or the lambkin which he loves.  
Pale Death, impartial, prince or clown from court or cottage haies,  
And, Sestius, no longer wealth avails.  
Life's span is all too short whereon far-reaching hopes to found,  
Anon the storied ghosts will hem you round,  
And Pluto's empty house, and Night. But then you will not use  
The dice as here the revel's lord to choose,  
Nor marvel at young Lycidas whom now the boys admire  
And soon the girls will choose for heart's desire.





## ASCOTT ROBERT HOPE MONCRIEFF, 1927

(1846–1927; Scottish Writer)

Spring and the Season call you back to Town  
The social months in giddy throng to pass,  
For now the West End takes its shutters down,  
While Squires and hunters are turned out to grass.

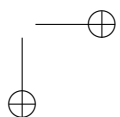
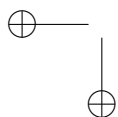
Ploughmen and cows may plod their homeward way  
O'er fields with daisies, not with hoar-frost pied;  
But here no curfew tolls the close of day  
For slaves of toil as pleasure glorified.

The Easter moon now summons Nymphs and Graces  
To enter for the stakes as husband-winners;  
And girls are all agog on frocks and faces,  
As frumps and fogeys rather for the dinners.

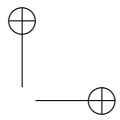
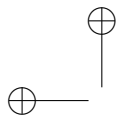
By Venus led, her votaries crowd the shops,  
In search of what the fashion stamps as smart,  
To deck themselves for crushes, shows and hops,  
Where beauty often goes in debt to art.

Wrinkles will come as soon to Berkeley Square  
As to Ball's Pond, so Sestia, my dear,  
Your charms may miss their market in Mayfair,  
By paint and powder cheapened, year by year.

Each Season brings its crop of rival belles  
Eager for ringing; then at feast and ball,  
Round them will buzz the eligible swells,  
As wasps seek fruit, not flowers on the wall.







ALEXANDER FALCONER MURISON, 1931

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

Ho! Winter is loosening his bitter grips,  
Here's Spring and the west wind is blowing –  
A welcome change! – and the dry-keeled ships  
Down the rollers the windlass is towing.

No longer the cattle delight in their stalls  
Or the ploughman to sit by the fire;  
No longer the meadows are white with the falls  
Of snow or with hoar-frost dire.

Now Venus, bright goddess, the dances is leading,  
The moon looking down on the scene;  
And the Graces – those comeliest figures – are speeding  
Hand in hand with Nymphs on the green,

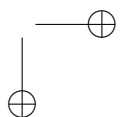
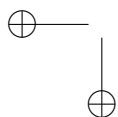
And, treading with one foot and then with the other,  
The earth with their patter they're shaking,  
While flaming Volcanus a terrible pother  
In the Cyclops' smithy is making.

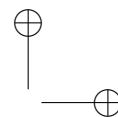
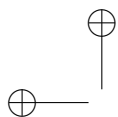
And now's the time to anoint your head  
And to wreath it with myrtle bough  
Or to deck it with flowers, which the bed  
Of the loosened earth bears now.

And now's the time to sacrifice  
To Faunus shade amid,  
Whether a ewe-lamb may suffice  
Or the god prefer a kid.

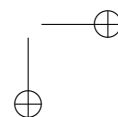
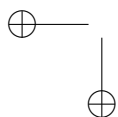
Comes pallid Death with equal tread  
And knocks at every door,  
Be it palace of the crowned head  
Or hovel of the poor.

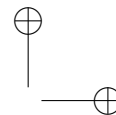
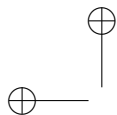
My friend, forbids our life's brief space  
Long views to mortal wight:  
At any moment must thou face  
The phantom Shades and Night,





And ope may Pluto's cheerless door  
For thee; and there if once  
Thou enter in, then never more  
Remains for thee a chance  
To rule the banquet, feast thine eye  
On Lycidas. . . . To-day  
Youths all adore him – presently  
Even maids will cool away.

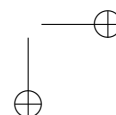
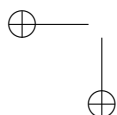




H. B. MAYOR, 1934

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

Now the winter snows are melting; gentler airs and warmer days  
Call us, and the keels are gliding sea-ward down the launching-ways.  
Now in steaming byres the oxen can no longer find delight,  
Nor the ploughman at the ingle, and the fields no more are white.  
Cytherea leads the revels, where the moon-beams light the grove,  
And the Nymphs and comely Graces linked in ordered numbers move.  
Hark! Their feet beat out the measure, while amid the forge’s glow  
Vulcan with the grim Cyclopes labours at his task below.  
Time it is our perfumed tresses to adorn with myrtle green,  
And whatever opening flowerets on the new-sprung turf are seen;  
Time once more in shady woodland firstlings of the flock to bring,  
Lamb or kid, in grateful homage to the kindly god of spring.  
Pale and meagre Death will trample, moving with impartial stride,  
O’er the poor man’s humble cottage and the palaces of pride.  
Wealthy Sestius, fortune’s darling, life’s brief span forbids that we  
Send our fragile hopes far-ranging onward through futurity.  
Soon will endless night enfold thee, Pluto’s unsubstantial home,  
Where the legendary phantoms glimmering through the darkness roam.  
When thou once hast travelled thither, mirth and song no more are thine,  
Nor may cast of dice appoint thee ruler in the realms of wine;  
Lost for thee the charms of Lycid, whom to-day the youths admire,  
And for whom the hearts of maidens soon will glow with softer fire.

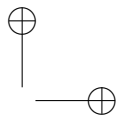
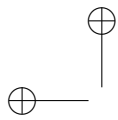




MAJOR ALFRED MAITLAND ADDISON, 1935

(1862–1949)

Now springtime and the Western breeze  
Have driven winter overseas;  
And, once again, the dried up ships  
Are launched, on rollers, from the slips.  
The cows now gladly leave the byre;  
The husbandman forsakes his fire.  
The fields have cast their cloak of white;  
And Venus, in the pale moonlight,  
Leads forth her choirs.  
Sweet nymphs and graces, hand in hand,  
With foot alternate shake the strand  
Whilst ardent Vulcan sets aglow,  
The mighty Cyclops forge below.  
And now that, in the softened ground,  
Both flowers and myrtle green abound,  
'Tis fitting that the comely head  
Should with a fairy wreath be wed.  
To Faunus, too, it now behoves  
We sacrifice in shaded groves;  
That on his altar we should place  
Goat or young lamb – an act of grace.  
Pale Death no rank, no level knows;  
Round and around he deals his blows;  
His foot impartial raps the door  
Of castle proud, of hovel poor.  
O happy Sestius! learn this truth profound,  
That shadowy shapes 'en now thy youth surround;  
That this brief life, this short allotted span,  
Admits no long-drawn thought, no lengthened plan.  
Already Pluto's dull persistent call  
Reverberates along thy vaulted hall.  
And when thou shalt in darkling regions stray,  
No cup of wine shall cheer thee by the way;  
Nor will thy well-loved Lycidas be there;  
Who lures Rome's youth; who charms our maidens fair.



JOHN B. QUINN, 1936

(Educator and Translator)

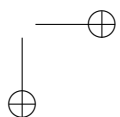
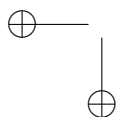
Spring's western breeze dispels the winter cold,  
And from the docks the vessels now are drawn;  
The plowmen leave their fire and sheep their fold,  
And frost no longer glisters on the lawn.

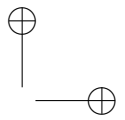
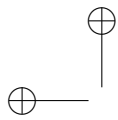
Cytherea leads her choir in Luna's light;  
With Nymphs the Graces tripping band in band  
In modest dances join; while Vulcan bright,  
With flaming forge, incites his Cyclop band.

With beads adorned with wreaths from myrtle wove,  
Or flowers fresh that fertile fields now bear,  
We go to worship Pan in his blest grove –  
The sacrifice of lambs or kids to share!

'Tis certain – Death with stalking stride will deign  
To knock at lowly huts or mansions grand;  
That life is short and hopes remote are vain,  
Except the tomb, the Shades, and Pluto's land.

And, Sestius, when you've reached that destined bourne,  
You ne'er with dice can festal honors claim;  
Then, too, your son beloved by youths, you'll mourn,  
Young Lycidas, who'll soon the maidens' hearts inflame!





## LOUIS MACNEICE, 1938

(1907–63; Irish Poet and Playwright)

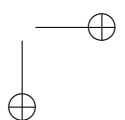
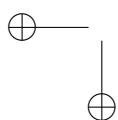
Winter to Spring: the west wind melts the frozen rancour,  
The windlass drags to sea the thirsty hull;  
Byre is no longer welcome to beast or fire to ploughman,  
The field removes the frost-cap from his skull.

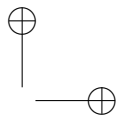
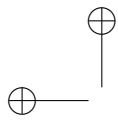
Venus of Cythera leads the dances under the hanging  
Moon and the linked line of Nymphs and Graces  
Beat the ground with measured feet while the busy Fire-God  
Stokes his red-hot mills in volcanic places.

Now is the time to twine the spruce and shining head with myrtle,  
Now with flowers escaped the earthy fetter,  
And sacrifice to the woodland god in shady copses  
A lamb or a kid, whichever he likes better.

Equally heavy is the heel of white-faced Death on the pauper's  
Shack and the towers of kings, and O my dear  
The little sum of life forbids the ravelling of lengthy  
Hopes. Night and the fabled dead are near

And the narrow house of nothing past whose lintel  
You will meet no wine like this, no boy to admire  
Like Lycidas who today makes all young men a furnace  
And whom tomorrow girls will find a fire.





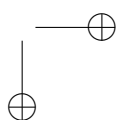
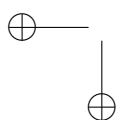
QUINCY BASS, 1940

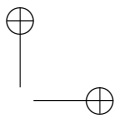
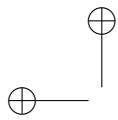
*(My Head is in the Stars)*

Sharp Winter's bonds are broken  
Giving way to welcome Spring  
And the mild Westerly. Winches  
Lower the dried-out boats.  
Flocks no longer in the stables,  
No more ploughman by the fire;  
No longer are the meadows  
Pale with hoar-frost.

Cytherean Venus leads the chorus  
By the moon's face in the evening,  
And gentle graces join with Nymphs  
To tread the dances,  
While burning Vulcan keeps the forges  
Of the busy Cyclops blazing.  
Cover your head with myrtle,  
Or put in your hair a flower  
Which the earth, relaxed, has borne.  
We'll sacrifice to Faunus  
In a shady grove this evening.

Pale Death knocks with the same knuckles  
At the doors of the poor or the porticos of the great.  
My friend Sestius, the total of our short life  
Prevents the hope of remembering anything for long.  
Already Night, and Death, the source of legends,  
The home of waiting Pluto, presses you!  
Here you will have come  
Before they toast you at the banquet,  
Before you have a chance to flatter sweet Lycidas,  
Before you warm with the passion of all youth,  
Before you have seen the virgins  
Begin to glow with love.

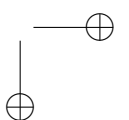
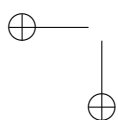




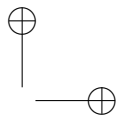
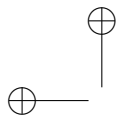
## SIR EDWARD MARSH, 1941

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

Sharp Winter is loosing his grip at the magical touch of Zephyr and Spring,  
And the stout windlass drags the dry keels to the beach.  
No more do the kine in the stalls nor the ploughmen huddle in front of the fire,  
No more the white frost glistens on the thawing fields,  
Venus has flown from Cythera to lead her dancers under the moon,  
And with the Graces knit, the fair Nymphs ring the ground  
With the beat of their feet in rhythm, while Vulcan reddens his cheeks  
in the blaze  
Of anvils where his one-eyed blacksmiths forge the bolts.  
Now is the time to adorn our anointed heads with myrtle green,  
Or else with the first flowers that pierce the softening loam,  
And now in the shade of the groves offer our sacrifice to Faunus,  
White lamb or bleating kid, according to his choice.  
Pale Death with impartial foot beats on the door of the poor man's hut  
And on the king's high portal. Sestius, my friend,  
Brief is the span of life, and long-drawn hopes forbidden to men:  
Soon night will hold you fast, night and the fabled Shades,  
And the unsubstantial house of Pluto, whose gate once you have passed,  
No more the dice shall choose you Master of the Revel,  
No more shall you feast your eyes on Lycidas, now the toast of his comrades,  
Destined ere long to set the wenches' hearts on fire.







SIR JOHN SEYMOUR BLAKE-REED, 1944

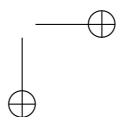
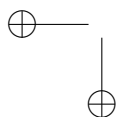
(1882–1966; Sometime Judge of the Egyptian Mixed Courts)

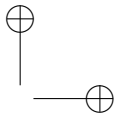
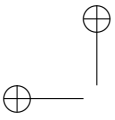
Chill winter's o'er; Favonius  
    and Spring the earth are wooing,  
The ships are on the slip-ways  
    that so long ashore have lain;  
The herd has gone to pasture and  
    the ploughman's out and doing,  
And all the frost has melted and  
    the field is green again.

Now Nymphs and lovely Graces  
    follow Venus in the mazes  
Of the merry dance at evening  
    'Neath Diana's silver beam;  
And Vulcan kindles Etna and  
    the Cyclops' stithy blazes,  
And hammers all are ringing in  
    the forge of Polypheme.

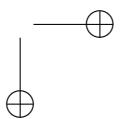
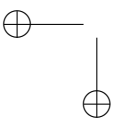
Come, wreath your brow with myrtle, –  
    for the golden days are on us, –  
Or any flower that blossoms now  
    the earth is born anew;  
And in the shady thicket  
    let us sacrifice to Faunus  
The nurseling of the goatherd  
    or the offspring of the ewe.

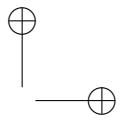
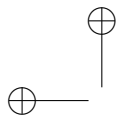
For pallid Death, indifferent,  
    soon knocks upon the portals  
Of the monarch's stately palace or  
    the cotter's humble gate;  
No long-drawn hopes, my Sestius,  
    life cherishes for mortals;  
And us the night is calling and  
    the fabled ghosts await.





In that gloomy house of exile  
    there will be no merry dicing  
To decide who shall be master  
    of the revel and the wine;  
And you'll bid farewell to Lycidas,  
    now all our youth enticing  
And destined with his beauty soon  
    to make the maidens pine.

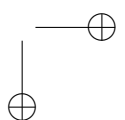
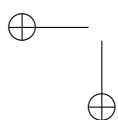


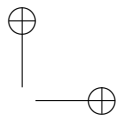
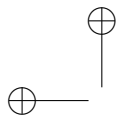


FREDERICK CHARLES WILLIAM HILEY, 1944

*(The Odes of Horace)*

Stern Winter melts; the pleasing reign of Spring and Zephyr comes:  
    Ship-carriages draw down dry galleons to sea:  
No more the ploughman loves his hearth, nor beasts their stable homes;  
    No more the hoary frost be-whitens all the lea.  
And now the Cytherean Queen leads out the moonlight choir;  
    The comely Graces join with Nymphs, and shake the soil  
With beat of foot, now left, now right, while Vulcan fans the fire  
    Aglow, where Cyclops o'er their massy anvils toil.  
Now is the time thy shining locks to bind with myrtle spray,  
    Or early flowers, that Earth's unfrozen womb doth rear;  
Now is the time to Faunus in the shady grove to slay  
    A lamb – or kid, perchance, if to his heart more dear.  
Pale-countenanced Death with foot impartial beats upon  
    The hovel of the poor, the palace of the grand;  
Our little span of life forbids far-reaching hopes to own;  
    Blest Sestius, for thee long night is close at hand,  
And empty names that once were men, and Pluto's ghostly halls;  
    Once there, no more thy dice the festive king shall choose:  
No more thou'lt praise young Lycidas, who now the youth enthral,  
    And soon with Love's warm glow shall maiden hearts suffuse.

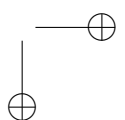
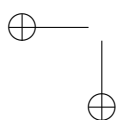


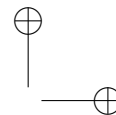
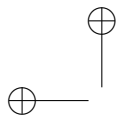


## LORD DUNSANY, 1947

(1878–1957; Writer and Dramatist)

Now from the winter is removed the sting  
    And with a pleasant change the West wind blows  
And tackles drag dry keels, for it is Spring.  
    No longer to its sheds the flock now goes,  
No more the ploughman sits beside his fire,  
    No more the meadows under frost are white.  
Now Cytherean Venus leads the choir,  
    While dance the graces with the nymphs by night,  
And burning Vulcan sets the forge aflare.  
    Now is the time to wreath with myrtle green,  
Or with the freed earth's flowers, the sleek hair,  
    Or sacrifice, where shady branches lean,  
A lamb or kid to Faunus. Towers of kings,  
    Or poor men's huts, are equally Death's mark.  
Fortunate Sestius, brief life bars the things  
    That we long hope for. Even thee the dark  
Is closing in on, and the phantom ghosts  
    And Pluto's cheerless house, wherein when gone  
Thou shalt not care to know who lead the toasts  
    By lot at feasts, nor yet to gaze upon  
The graceful Lycidas young men admire,  
    And for whom presently the girls will be afire.





## LEWIS EVELYN GIELGUD, 1951

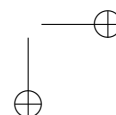
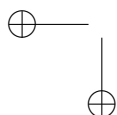
(1894–1953; Writer, Intelligence Officer, and Humanitarian Worker)

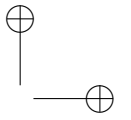
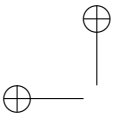
Bitter Winter melts away.  
    Spring's delicious breezes blow.  
    Little ships on rollers go  
Down the beaches to the bay.  
Now the ox disdains the stall,  
    Now the ploughman leaves the fire,  
Now the frosts that whitened all,  
    From the meadowlands retire.

Venus now the dances leads,  
    While the Moon in Heaven stands.  
    Nymphs and Graces, taking hands,  
Step their measures on the meads;  
And the lame Olympian Smith  
    Feeds and fans the awful fires  
In the Thunderer's Forges, with  
    Giants serving him for squires.

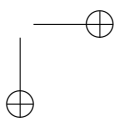
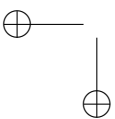
Through the thawing ground appear  
    Crocuses and myrtle sprigs,  
    Meet to sport with masks and wigs  
Now that Carnival is near;  
And the Master of the Glade,  
    Pan, prescribes a roast of lamb  
Now for picnics in the shade,  
    Or a kid with marjoram.

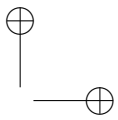
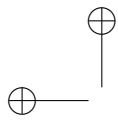
Yes, but pallid Death at your  
    Palace gates at last will beat  
    With the same imperious feet  
As at any cottage door.  
Blest are you – but life is brief.  
    Plans mature – but planners fade.  
Death shall take you like a thief.  
    You shall join the Shades, a Shade.





Yes, and in the Shadow Land,  
Never, never shall the dice  
Roll for you, nor waiters ice  
Dry Moselle at your demand.  
Death will be the end of joy,  
End of all that here began –  
Will, your little wonder boy,  
Soon will be a ladies' man.

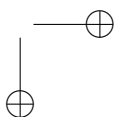
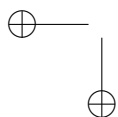


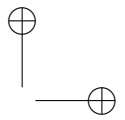
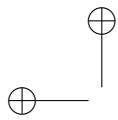


## SKULI JOHNSON, 1952

(1888–1955; Classical Scholar)

Now winter cold that taxed, by charming change relaxed,  
Makes way for springtide blest with breezes from the west.  
The dry keels to the main the windlass draws again;  
The flock and herd the stall delights not now at all;  
The fire and ingle-nook the ploughman does not brook;  
The wintry rime no more the meadowlands makes hoar.  
Now, with the moon o'erhead, are choral-dances led  
By goddess Venus who is Cytherea too;  
With nymphs of stream and wood, in comeliness endued,  
The Graces with their feet the rhythmic measures beat;  
The Fire-god, red of face, and labouring apace  
His Cyclopes inspires to animate their fires.  
Green myrtles now beseem to bind the head agleam,  
Or any flowers afield the earth released may yield.  
Now in the dusky glade should sacrifice be made  
With lamb if Faunus bid, or should he choose, with kid.  
Pale Death impartially pounds every door there be,  
Whether of palace-hall or humble hut withal.  
Life's short span forces us all hopes, blest Sestius,  
Far-reaching to repress. Thee soon will night oppress,  
The fabled phantoms whelm, and Pluto's wretched realm.  
Thither once sped, thou'lt not, by casting of the lot,  
Win chairmanship o'er wine, nor wilt thou there repine  
For Lycidas admired, who all the youths has fired  
With love, and who will all the maidens soon enthrall.





ROBERT MONTRAVILLE GREEN, 1953

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

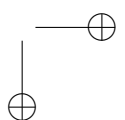
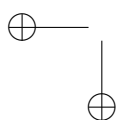
Winter is breaking up at the welcome change  
Of spring, and the fisherman hauls his boat to the shore;  
The flock forsakes the fold for the open range,  
The ploughman his hearth, for the fields are frosty no more.

Now 'neath the crescent moon Cytherea leads  
Her chorus, and Nymphs and Dryads among the trees  
With tripping feet tread the earth, while Hephaestus feeds  
With fire the great forges of the Cyclopes.

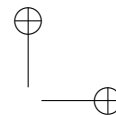
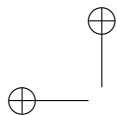
Now 'tis fitting to garland our locks with ties  
Of myrtle or blossoms the unfettered earth brings forth;  
In shady groves 'tis meet to make sacrifice  
Of a kid to Faunus or ewe lamb of spotless worth.

Pale Death, Sestius, beats with impartial doom  
At poor men's cottages and towers of kings;  
And life's short moment forbids us to give room  
To a long hope: soon comes night with her phantom wings.

Soon shall we journey to Pluto's exile home  
Beyond the watery waste of the Stygian shore,  
And never again to the joyous feast shall we come,  
Nor ever shall we love or be loved any more.



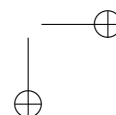
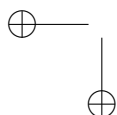


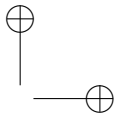
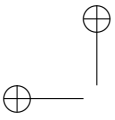


ARTHUR SALUSBURY MACNALT, 1955

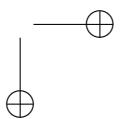
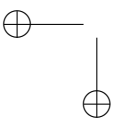
(1880–1969; Medical Scientist and Chief Medical Officer of the UK)

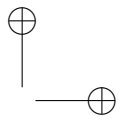
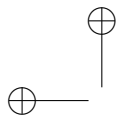
Harsh Winter yields to vernal Spring,  
Soft blows the wind once more,  
Tackle and engines downward bring  
The vessels to the shore.  
The rustic leaves his cottage fire  
To plough the earthy weald,  
The cattle shun the sheltered byre  
To graze unfrozen field.  
The moonlight smiles upon the glade  
Where Venus leads the dance,  
Her nymphs attendant, each fair maid  
With soft alluring glance.  
The Graces follow in her train  
To tread the mazy measure;  
And to their feet the earth again  
Re-echoes in its pleasure.  
Beneath that overhanging gorge  
The glowing Vulcan toils,  
Kindling anew the Cyclops' forge  
To fashion martial spoils.  
With myrtle green our heads we deck,  
Or other vernal flowers.  
Now Spring has come, we little reck  
The passing of the hours.  
Faunus a sacrifice we owe,  
A lamb, perchance a kid,  
A recompense for months of snow,  
When his fair gifts lay hid.  
And yet, my Sextius, one thought more  
Disturbs me as I sing,  
Pale Death comes knocking at the door  
Of peasant and of king.  
Happy thou art to-day, my friend,  
Remote from cares and strife,  
To everything there comes an end,





How short the span of life!  
Too soon among the gathering gloom  
The shadowy ghosts appear,  
For Pluto summons to the tomb,  
His haunted house draws near.  
Once wafted thence, no more the dice  
Shall crown thee King of Wine,  
Pluto will take an ample price  
For all misdeeds of thine.  
Cerberus bays as from his lair  
He marks thee shrink aside;  
And kindly Lycidas, thy heir,  
Finds solace in a bride.





JAMES BLAIR LEISHMAN, 1956

(1902–63; Scholar and Translator)

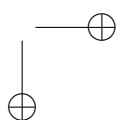
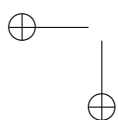
Winter's yielding in welcome change to the melting vernal breezes  
dry hulls hauled with creaking tackle seawards;  
flocks no longer huddle in cotes nor the ploughman by his fire,  
nor meadows whitely gleam with frost a-morning.

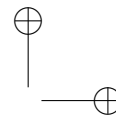
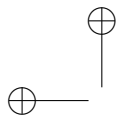
Under the full moon Venus is leading her laughing bands in dancing,  
and, joined with many a nymph, the comely Graces  
beat the reviving earth with rhythmical tread, while glowing Vulcan  
reviews the toiling Cyclopean forges.

Now is the time to inbind each shimmering head in myrtle greenness,  
or any bloom unfettered earth is bearing, –  
time to be bringing in shady groves as a sacrifice to Faunus  
the creature, lamb or kid, he most delights in.

Pale Death kicks with impartial foot at the door of poor men's cabins  
and regal tow'rs. O well-provided Sestius,  
life's brief span forbids the beginning of hopes that reach beyond us.  
Soon night and ghostly names will crowd around you

down in Pluto's shadowy edifice, whither once descended,  
no feast shall you rule over, dice-elect, or  
gaze with admiring eyes on Lycidas all the youths are madly  
inflamed with now and maidens soon will melt for.





HELEN ROWE HENZE, 1961

(1899–1973; Poet and Translator)

With sweet return of the spring and Favonius, winter is relaxing,  
And rollers draw down thirsty ships for launching,  
Now does the herd find no joy in the stalls, nor the plowman in his  
hearth fire.

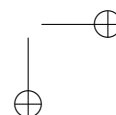
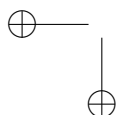
No longer are the meadows white with hoarfrost.  
Under the moon overhanging, Cythera's own Venus leads the dances  
As hand in hand the nymphs and comely Graces  
Stamp on the earth, one foot after the other, while glowing Vulcan visits  
The ponderous forges of the giant Cyclops.  
Now it is fitting to wreath with green myrtle one's shining head – or  
else with

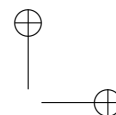
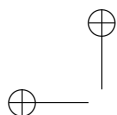
The flowers which the loosened earth is bearing,  
And in the shady groves make now our dutiful sacrifice to Faunus,  
Should he demand a lamb, perchance a kidling.  
Pallid death pounds with impartial foot ports of the poor and rich men's  
mansions.

O Sestius, you blessed son of fortune,  
Life's so brief span thus forbids us to undertake hopes that stretch out  
too long.

Soon night will close on you, the fabled spirits,  
Presently Pluto's bleak kingdom will crowd you; and, once departed  
thither,

You will not cast for sovereignty of revels,  
Nor at the beauty of Lycidas marvel in whom all youth is glowing,  
For whom the maids will soon grow warm a little.

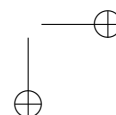
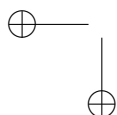


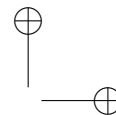
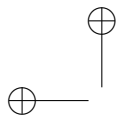


FREDERICK WILLIAM WALLACE, 1964

(Senior Scholar of Emmanuel College, Cambridge)

Sweet change to Spring and Zephyr melts sharp winter's thrall,  
And windlass draws dry keels down the shore.  
The ploughman hates his ingle, oxen hate their stall,  
And no mead whitens under groundfrost hoar.  
Now Venus of Cythera, while the moon beams low,  
Leads dancing. Nymphs in hand with Graces fair  
With rhythmic footing beat the earth, while Vulcan's glow  
Lights Cyclops' toilsome forges to a glare.  
'Tis seemly now sleek head with myrtle green to braid,  
Or flowers that spring from earth now winter-free,  
And sacrifice to Faunus neath a leafy glade  
A lamb, a kid, if such his pleasure be.  
Oh! happy Sestius! with equal foot pale Death  
Strikes paupers' hovels or the monarch's tower.  
Our little span forbids long hopes to draw their breath.  
Soon night and storied shades thee overpower.  
When thou dost pass to Pluto's shadowy den,  
No more thou'lt be toastmaster by the dice,  
Nor marvel at young Lycidas who fires the men,  
And will inflame the maidens in a trice.





## MURIEL SPARK, 1968

(1918–2006; Scottish Writer)

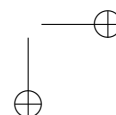
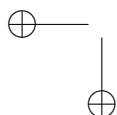
A change in the weather. Winter's edge breaks to the soft west wind.  
Now they are rolling the dry keels down to the sea;  
And the cattle no longer huddle in the stalls, nor the ploughman over his fire,  
Nor the fields blench frozen under a film of rime.

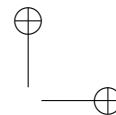
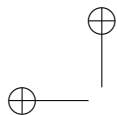
But Cythera (call her Venus if you like) is leading the dance now,  
By the light of the pendulous moon, her girls are linking  
Delectable arms and shaking the earth with their feet, keeping time;  
Ferocious Vulcan's away meanwhile, inspecting his armaments factory.

Now's the time to dress yourself up: bind your brows with myrtle  
Or with your pick of the earth's yield; it's offered unstintingly;  
Now is the time to sacrifice a lamb to the faun in the shadows  
Of the sacred wood – or give him a kid if he prefers it.

Know, Sestius, my luckyone, that paleimpartial death will knock as hard  
At the gates of a royal fortress as he will at a small hut door.  
Remember, there's only a lifetime to measure hope by,  
And night's got you marked already; old legendary ghosts move inward,

And not far below, there's a household of shades: once there, you'll never more  
Throw the dice for the odds of being wine-host,  
Nor marvel at exquisite Lycidas who infatuates all the boys,  
Though the girls will soon begin to warm to him too.



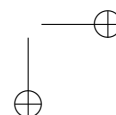
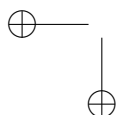


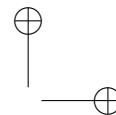
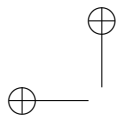
ALAN MCNICOLL, 1979

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

Sharp Winter melts away before the western breeze,  
The rollers draw down the dry keels to the shore,  
The herd leaves the stall, his fire the ploughman leaves,  
And the meadows are green, the hedge no longer hoar.  
Climbing the cloudy stairs the moon looks down;  
The lady of Cythera leads her lovely choirs;  
Linked on the lawn the Nymphs and Graces dance,  
And Vulcan rekindles the Cyclopean fires.  
Now is the season on glossy heads to twine  
Blossoms from unprisoned earth, and myrtle bud.  
Now unto Faunus in the shady grove  
Bring to the sacrifice the lamb or the kid.

Pale death levels with impartial hand  
The poor man's hovel and the prince's tower.  
Blest, O my Sestius, blest though you be,  
Hope not to lengthen out your life's short hour.  
Soon comes the dark, and in Pluto's narrow halls  
Dice are never cast for the monarch of the wine –  
Whom the shades encompass never can admire  
The bloom of young Lycidas, for whom the maidens pine.





## STUART LYONS, 2007

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

Keen winter melts, the pleasant time of spring  
Has come in its due turn, the west wind blows,  
And from the shipyards engines start to bring  
The dry hulls down to where the water flows.

The herd no longer joys in stables warm,  
Nor ploughman in the hot fire's glowing light;  
The hoar-frost settles not upon the farm,  
And pastures green no longer turn to white.

Now Cytherean Venus leads the dance,  
The ascending moon illuminates the sky,  
And comely Graces with the Nymphs advance,  
Joined hand in hand in perfect modesty.

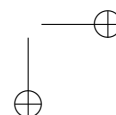
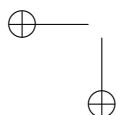
With left foot, then with right, alternately,  
They shake the earth in rhythm to their hymn,  
While ardent Vulcan leaves his home to see  
The Cyclopes at work in factories grim.

Now is the time to crown your shining head  
With heavy leaves from the green myrtle tree  
Or with fresh flowers taken from their bed,  
The flowers that the loosened soils set free.

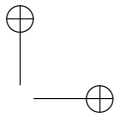
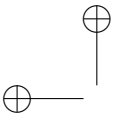
Now also is the time to sacrifice  
In woods that from the sun lie darkly hid  
To Faunus, known as Pan, his stated price,  
A lamb or, if he should prefer, a kid.

Pale death with indiscriminating tread  
Knocks at kings' castles and the poor man's inn,  
And life's brief sum, o blessed friend soon dead,  
Does not allow us long hopes to begin.

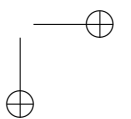
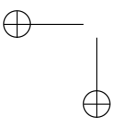
The pressing night will soon upon you come,  
The shades and ghosts that storytellers know,  
And cheerless Pluto's unsubstantial home;  
And once you thither on your journey go

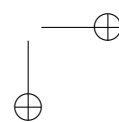
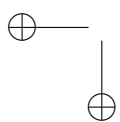
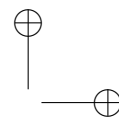
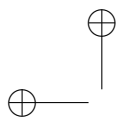


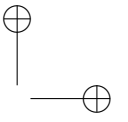
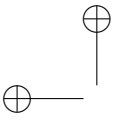




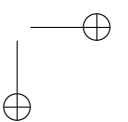
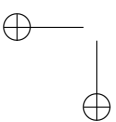
You'll not be chosen King of Wine by lot,  
Nor stop and stare at Lycidas's charm;  
Now he makes all the young men boiling hot,  
And soon the young ladies will grow quite warm!

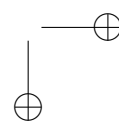
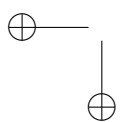
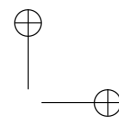
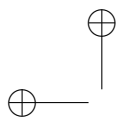






BACK MATTER







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

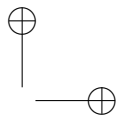
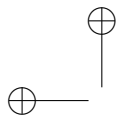
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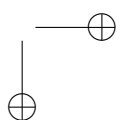
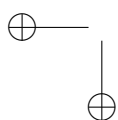
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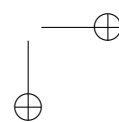
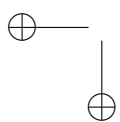
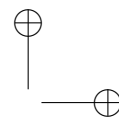
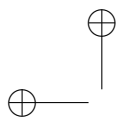
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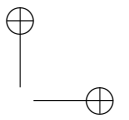
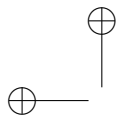




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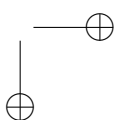
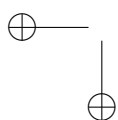


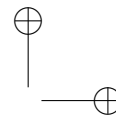
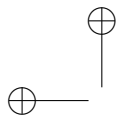




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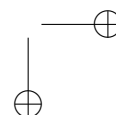
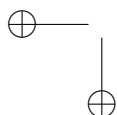
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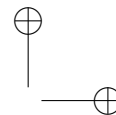
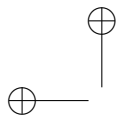
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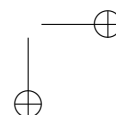
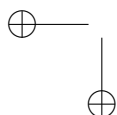
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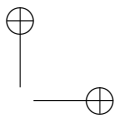
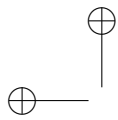
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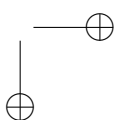
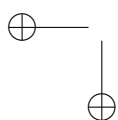
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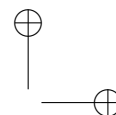
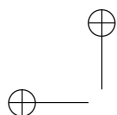




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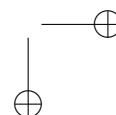
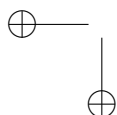
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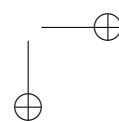
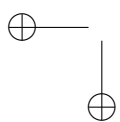
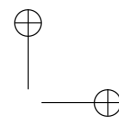
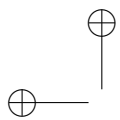




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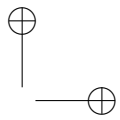
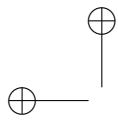




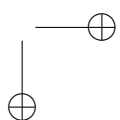
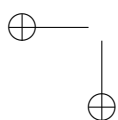


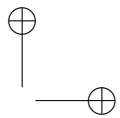
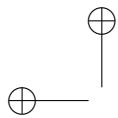
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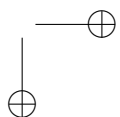
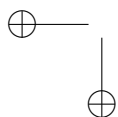


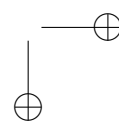
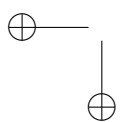
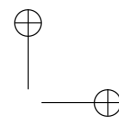
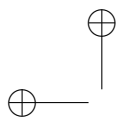
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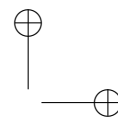
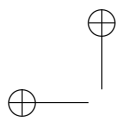




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