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THE
ODES
OF
ANACREON.

BY
JAMES USHER.

LONDON :

SHERWOOD, GILBERT, AND PIPER, PATERNOSTER
ROW; SMITH, AND ELDER, CORNHILL;
SETCHEL, KING-STREET,
COVENT-GARDEN.

1833.

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1833

PREFACE.

ANACREON, even from his own remote antiquity, has constantly been admired for his original elegance and the genuine simplicity of his poetry: numerous, indeed, are the testimonies of authors, who have been either his commentators, or the imitators of his unrivalled compositions; nothing of which is needful to be particularized here, having been sufficiently illustrated by essayists, whose laborious commentaries, indeed, speak volumes in behalf of their exhaustless diligence of research; yet, by way of summing up the reputation of this ancient bard, it may be remarked, that he appears nowhere to more advantage, than beside his avowed imitator, Horace.

“ Princeps Æolium carmen ad Italos

Deduxisse modos.”

B. 3, Ode 30.

“ *Æolic measures first who sung,*

Adapted to th' Italian tongue.”

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And who declares,

“Nec, si quid olim lusit Anacreon,
Delevit Ætas.” B. 4, Ode 9.

“*O'er old Anacreon's lightest strain,
Not Time's long strife shall mastery gain.*”

It may, however, be asked, what room, since the edition of Broome and Fawkes (whose version, it is probable, will never be excelled), is left for the present attempt? The editor, pleading only the common property, which all moderns possess in the productions of illustrious antiquity, is desirous to record the humble testimony of his admiration of this most facetious genius of gone times.

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ANACREON.

ODE I.

ON HIS LYRE.

TH' ATRIDÆ though I'm fain to sing,
To Cadmus long to wake the string ;
The chords th' accustom'd sounds salute,
And love alone responds my lute.

I tear the chords, ev'n change the lyre,
And themes of nobler strain require,
The toils of Hercules to sing—
But love alone replies each string.

Heroes, farewell ! too frail I prove,
My lyre can only thrill of love.

ODE II.

ON WOMEN.

HORNS of oxen prove the force,
Hooves, of nature, claims the horse,
Speed avails the timid hare,
Dreadful fangs grim lions bear,
Fish with rapid fins prevail,
Birds on pinions mount the gale,
Man's prerogative is mind !

Nature stints not womankind :
Gives them countervailing arms,
Panoply of beauty's charms ;
Sheds, o'er them, subduing grace,
Conquests' trophies to displace.

Iron, Fire, and all that's dread,—
Beauty on your might shall tread !

ODE III.

ON CUPID.

JUST when at midnight turns the hour,
And yields the Bear to Böotes power,
Kind sleep for babbling mortals all,
Spreads o'er their couches nature's pall :
My members stretched in sweet repose,
Lo ! Cupid, striking gentle blows,
Salutes the door, importunate,
Beseeching shelter, though so late.
“ Who calls ? who knocks the door ? ” I cry,
“ To bid my blissful visions fly ? ”
“ 'Tis only Cupid, ope, ” he said,
“ I'm but a child, be not afraid ;

“ It pours, I’m in a shocking plight,
“ Have lost my way this moonless night.”

Relenting at his meek demand,
Forthwith I took my lamp in hand :
I op’ned, and, indeed, a child
I saw, with bow and aspect mild ;
His winged back a quiver bore,
Such grace I had not seen before.

I brought him in, as cold as stone,
And rubb’d his hands between my own ;
The water from his locks I prest,
And warmth and vigour cheer’d his breast.

“ We’ll try now,” the sly Archer cried,
“ If this wet string my shaft can guide.”

Such aim direct this urchin sent,
The shaft right through my liver went ;

Stuck like a gad-fly with a pin.

Leaping with joy to see me spin,

“ Rejoice with me, kind host,” he cried,

“ The moisture was not misapplied ;

“ The string for that is none the worse,

“ Thou feelest, at thy heart, its force.”

ODE IV.

ON HIMSELF.

EMBOWER'D in tender myrtle-spray,
'Midst lotus-flowerets blooming gay,
I love at leisure to recline,
Whilst Cupid fills my cup with wine ;
With Tunick o'er his shoulders flung,
With leaf of the Papyrus hung.

For as the chariot wheels in strife,
So swiftly speed our years of life
'Till we're laid up, an ounce of dust,
Our members all dissolv'd in rust.

What's then the bust with garlands crown'd
Libations pour'd upon the ground ?

Me rather give, of life possest,
The cup with wine and kisses blest.
My head anoint, and let the rose
Dispense its fragrance o'er my brows ;
And call the Lass that smiles so gay
To drive pernicious care away.

“ Come, dance my love, 'till mine to go,
“ And flit among the shades below.”

ODE V.

ON THE ROSE.

BRING me Venus' blushing Rose,
Bacchus' cup that lulls our woes,
Let sweet flowers the cup adorn
As upon our temples borne,
We'll the jocund juice imbibe—

Loveliest of the blooming tribe.

Rose, blyth favourite of the Spring,
Grateful ev'n to Gods I sing.

Cupid o'er his roguish brows
Ringlets hung with roses throws ;
When in dance, with frolics gay,
'Mid blithe Graces giv'n to play.

Crown me, therefore, and my lyre,
Bacchus, shall thy praise inspire ;
Crown'd with roses I will sing,
Leap, exult, thy praise shall ring ;
And with me in charms array'd,
Dance the heaving bosom'd maid.

ODE VI.

ON FESTIVITY.

HERE, mates, let wine our cares compose ;
With blushing roses bind your brows ;
Whilst dancing to the lute's sweet sound,
Our Lass, clean-ankled, skips around.
The Thyrsus, ivy-wreathed, she shakes,
And pleasure at each glance awakes ;
Along with her an artless boy,
With lips that carol notes of joy,
Blyth measures to the lute shall sing,
And pleasure thrill on every string ;
Our cups shall jolly Bacchus cheer,
And blooming Venus, too, be near,

And Love's bewitching smile address,
The revel of old boys to bless.

ODE VII.

ON CUPID.

SLY Cupid, with a roguish laugh,
Who limp'd on Hyacinthine staff,
Beheld me hobbling sadly too,
And cried, a race 'twixt me and you.
Through thick and thin our course we took,
Uncheck'd by thicket, rocks, or brook ;
A hydra stung me as I ran,
Convulsions through my frame began,—
My heart was in my mouth at once,
Love's and Life's frolic to renounce.
I shriek'd and fainted, as in Death,
Love with light wings reviv'd my breath ;

And chid, as I began to move,

“ Old boy, 'tis time you'd done with Love.”

ODE VIII.

ON HIS DREAM.

AT night, by jolly Bacchus floor'd
Upon the carpet, once, I snor'd,
And seem'd on tip-toe light to lead
The virgin troop with merriest speed,
Whilst gamesome youths with envy stung,
Though blithe as Bacchus, ever young,
Their spiteful jests against me threw—
Then, as to kiss the girls I flew,
With sleep, the fairy-scene withdrew }
I shut mine eyes, yet vigils keep
To court the visions of my sleep.

ODE IX.

ON A DOVE.

LOVELY porter of the sky,
Tell me whither dost thou fly ;
Whither speed with fragrance charg'd,
Pinions to the gale enlarg'd,
Soaring through the gelid air,
Mission of thy zeal declare.
Anacreon, my duty proves
To the Lady of his Loves ;
Queen of charming Smiles that reigns,
All affections she that gains,
Me, blithe Venus lately sold
For a sonnet, choice as gold ;

At Anacreon's wish to fly
Through the regions of the sky,
Now, to wit, beneath my wing,
Billet-doux of Love I bring ;
He declares, when I have done,
Freedom forthwith shall be won ;
But absolve me when he will,
I'm his faithful servant still.
Why, as once my lot, should I
O'er hills, fields, and forest fly,
Seeking my precarious food
With unblest solicitude ?
Resting upon trees at night,
'Till the morn renews my flight.
From Anacreon's hand I may
Take my portion day to day,

Kiss the cup his lips shall bless,
Whilst my plumes his hands caress ;
Flit about my master gay,
O'er his head my wings display ;
Vigils' till no more I keep,
Perching on his lyre to sleep.
Told thus all I had to tell,
Pay and service like you well ?

ODE X.

ON A WAXEN CUPID.

LOVE, in wax, was put for sale,
Where the public ways prevail.
What's the figure, lad? I cry,
Your'n, in Doric, the reply.
All his tale, that you may know,
Skill in wax I scorn to show;
For I'll never live beside
Love that's never satisfied.

Give us this companion dear,
And I'll give you ninepence clear.

Cupid, set my heart on fire,
Or yourself in flames expire.

ODE XI.

ON HIMSELF.

ANACREON'S old, the women call'd ;
Take your glass, your forehead's bald :
What care I, my locks though fled ?
This I know, the nearer dead ;
Pleasure more shall win my breath,
Till my frolic's up in death.

ODE XII.

ON A SWALLOW.

WHAT'S your choice that I should do,
Chatt'ring Swallow, now, to you ?
Shall I clip your lightsome wings,
Or your tongue cut from its strings,
As by Tereus, once, your doom ?
Wherefore did you then presume
From delightful dreams, the fair
Ideal, by your screams to scare ?

ODE XIII.

ON HIMSELF.

FAME sings that Atys, double-sex'd,
By Love, to madness, when perplex'd,
Went wand'ring o'er the mountain side,
And Cybele, the lovely, cried ;
And some affirm that those who drink
The waters upon Claros' brink,
Where laurell'd Phœbus rules the glade,
Cry lustily, to Rage betray'd :
Thus I, with jolly Bacchus fill'd,
With odours o'er my vest distill'd,
And with the lass my heart that fires,
Excite to madness my desires.

ODE XIV.

ON CUPID.

It was my tender wish to prove
The thrilling ecstasies of love ;
But having a capricious mind,
'Twas not my humour to be kind.
When Cupid, taking bow in hand,
With golden quiver, bade me stand.
A corslet o'er my vest I flung,
And, like Achilles, brave and young,
With length of spear and blazing shield,
Defied the archer in the field.
The shaft he urg'd, at once, I fled ;
And when his arrows all were sped,

He sprang upon me, like a dart,
And fix'd himself within my heart.

Ah ! what avail the spear and shield,
When the heart's weakness is reveal'd !

ODE XV.

ON HIMSELF.

NOR Gyges' wealth, of Sardis King,
Can bid a wish within me spring,
Nor tyrants can I envy more,
Whilst mine upon the beard to pour
Blithe odours, and my brows to crown
With roses just that moment blown.

This day's my own, to-morrow whose?
Whilst calm, let pleasure none refuse;
We'll throw the dice, with wine be gay,
To Bacchus just libations pay,
'Till sickness, which must come at last,
Shall say, your jocund hours are past.

ODE XVI.

ON HIMSELF.

THE wars of Thebes are your delight,
And his the Phrygian shouts in fight—
Whilst I my thraldom fond renew,
Though foot, nor horse, nor fleet pursue ;
But glances from bewitching eyes,
At every turn my heart surprise.

ODE XVII.

ON HIMSELF.

VULCAN working silver bright
Made no panoply for fight,
What have I to do with war ?
My capacious bowl prepare,
Plunge as deep as art is able,
For the honours of the table ;
Carve not on it stars and wain,
Carve not sullen Orion's train,
What are Pleiades to me :
Boötes' menagerie ?
Mould for me the clust'ring grapes,
Venus', Cupid's, Bacchus', shapes ;

Golden ringlets o'er them spread,

Purple clusters let them tread.

ODE XVIII.

ON THE SAME.

ART celestial mine devise,
Spring's blithe cup of mysteries,
Bid the genial season bear
Roses blushing, roses fair ;
Mantling thus the silver bright,
Chase the vessel of delight.
Foreign rites no more describe,
Customs of some savage tribe ;
Bacchus Evius mould thereon,
Jupiter's benignant son.
Venus, priestess of delight,
Dancing at the marriage-rite ;

Cupid's naked, laughing graces,
Through the vine-leaves making faces ;
Youths describe of manly part,
Lasses whom the gods might court.

ODE XIX.

IT BEHOVES US TO DRINK.

EARTH drinks, that all things gives to birth,
And trees imbibe their juice from earth ;
The waves the bathing breeze absorb,
The sun, the sea, the moon his orb.
Dear comrades, why with me dispute,
I'm willing to be drunk and mute ?

ODE XX.

TO A GIRL.

TANTALUS his daughter mourn'd,
Once to Phrygian marble turn'd ;
Pandion's offspring, o'er his head,
Swallow-like, a season, fled.
I would rather prove a glass
Always to behold my lass ;
Or her tunick I would prove,
With her everywhere to move ;
Fain dissolve in water thin,
Thus to bathe her lovely skin ;
Or, as ointment, would I shed
Grateful fragrance o'er her head ;

Or, a zone, her waist would press,
Pearl, her bosom chaste caress ;
Or a sandal even prove,
If but trampled by my love.

ODE XXI.

ON HIMSELF.

Give me, lasses, give to quaff
Bacchus in a bumper off :
Heat exhausts me, how I pant,
His delightful flowers I want.
See my forehead burns with brine
All the wreaths that I entwine.
But what garland shall conceal
Calentures at heart I feel ?

ODE XXII.

TO ELIZA.

SEE, my charmer, broad and high,
Spreads the cedar's canopy ;
Graceful waves each verdant wreath
At the zephyr's gentlest breath,
Close, a fountain from deep stores,
Tenderest persuasion pours.
Who can pass this tempting seat ?
Such a beautiful retreat !

ODE XXIII.

ON GOLD.

If abundant gold, indeed,
Its possessor's life could feed,
Firm I'd grasp it, that when Death
Should his hostile dart unsheathe,
Something he might snatch and fly,
Till it suited me to die.

But since to the mortal crowd
Life, to buy, is not allow'd,
Why should I lament in vain?
What, by grumbling, can I gain?
For, since death is Fate's decree,
What can treasure profit me?

'Tis my choice to quaff sweet wine,
With my friends sweet converse join ;
And, upon the lap of Love,
Pleasure's soft delirium prove.

ODE XXIV.

ON HIMSELF.

SINCE a mortal I was born
On the road of Life's sojourn,
Time that's past I've travell'd well,
Time to come I cannot spell.

Fly me, croaking cares, begone,
You and I have business none,
'Till by Death my spirit's laid,
Sport, laugh, dance, blithe Bacchus aid.

ODE XXV.

ON HIMSELF.

LULL'D with wine my cares repose,
What, for me, are cares and woes ?
Die I must, though Death distaste ;
Why let Life, then, run to waste ?
Come, my friends, the goblet share,
Gift of Lyæus the fair.
We propose, by drinking deep,
Grief and care to lull asleep.

ODE XXVI.

ON HIMSELF.

BACCHUS, ent'ring, lulls all care,
Cræsus' treasures then I share,
Sweetly then desire to sing,
Crown'd with ivy revelling ;
And though on my couch reclin'd,
Ramble kingdoms in my mind.
Haste, my lad, I'm bent on drink,
Fill my goblet to the brink.
How much better on my bed
Sprawling to lie drunk than dead !

ODE XXVII.

ON DIONYSSUS (BACCHUS).

BACCHUS, son of mighty Jove,
Bids the mental powers dissolve ;
Lyæus who gave us wine
Doth my heart to dance incline.
I, then, lover of the bowl,
Pleasure bid possess my soul.
Venus with applause delights,
And with songs to dance excites.

ODE XXVIII.

ON HIS MISTRESS.

PRINCE of Painters, hasten here,
Paint, O painter, without peer,
Of the Rhodian science King.
Here mine absent mistress bring,
Paint her just as I declare,
Paint with black and silken hair ;
And if wax can fragrance give,
Bid the breathing ointment live.
Paint her ivory forehead sleek,
Rising from the full-blown cheek ;
Nor below her hair of jet
Let her eyebrows quite be met ;

Let them just each other greet,
Imperceptibly retreat.
Point the arching lids of light,
Sable as the noon of night.
Bid the living sapphires shine
With intelligence divine ;
Bright as Pallas, Athens' queen,
Moist as kind Cytherea's seen.
On her nose and cheeks of silk
Blend the roses and the milk.
Give her lip persuasion's smile,
Challenging a kiss the while.
Under her delightful chin
Let the Graces flutter thin.
O'er her alabaster neck
Spreading snow without a speck.

Purple bid her limbs invest,
Leave her lovely skin confest,
Blushing through some graceful fold,
That I may her form behold.
See, her charms my passion move,
Wax, methinks you thrill with love.

ODE XXIX.

TO ELIZA.

ELIZA to my sight portray,
Exactly as my words convey.
With hair luxuriant crown her head,
As raven-plumes the tresses spread
And let them shine so glossy bright,
A darkness that shall peer with light ;
In ringlets from her temples flow.
Abundant fall her waist below.
And bid her eyes, intensely dark,
To glisten each a dewy spark.
An ivory arch her forehead rise,
O'er the dark brows that point her eyes.

Compose her countenance serene
Of Pallas and the Cyprian queen:
As thus the lover hope and fear
Alternately deject and cheer.
And like the rosy apple sleek,
Spread the warm blushes of her cheek,
Soft blushes modesty that claim
Confessing tenderness, not shame.
Let her soft swelling lips excite
The kiss of transport exquisite ;
Though silent, to the raptur'd sense,
Excelling kindest eloquence.
Her neck as polish'd ivory trace,
Nor Venus leave superior grace.
Bid her warm heaving bosom swell,
The breasts of Hebe to excel.

Let Pallas graceful hands supply,
Nor Love's blithe queen her shape outvie.
Bid the light blush of beauty glow,
And modesty her grace bestow.
Enough, my charmer lives complete,
I swoon with transport at her feet.
Eliza to my heart shall prove
The Goddess of Delight and Love.
And when to Chelsea yours to go
For Love's blithe queen my charmer show.

ODE XXX.

CUPID, bound with garlands o'er,
Muses led to Beauty's bower,
Cytherea ransoms gave,
Freedom sweet that he might have ;
But should Beauty give release
He 'll no more depart in peace.
Well content to wear his chain ;
Love will rather serve than reign !

ODE XXXI.

ON HIMSELF.

SUFFER me, by all the Powers,
Health to thee to drink for hours ;
It 's my fancy to be mad——
Alcmæon, Orestes bad,
This white-footed : having slain
Both their mothers, craz'd their brain,
Friend nor foe though I have kill'd,
I 'll with rosy wine be fill'd ;
It 's my wish, my fancy queer,
Crazy to become, for cheer,
Hercules, of old, went craz'd,
And his dreadful quiver rais'd

With his Iphitean bow :

Ajax, too, went mad, you know,
Brandishing the sword and shield,
Won from Hector, in the field.

 But a jolly bowl I bear,
And this garland on my hair,
Bow nor sword will take that's bad,
Though my fancy to be mad.

ODE XXXII.

ON HIS AMOURS.

IF your skill so well agrees,
Count the leaves upon the trees,
Count the sands on ocean's shores,
Thence to reckon my amours.

First, of Athens, twenty, note,
Fifteen others on the spot,—
Then from Corinth more and more,
All Achaia's towns before,
Where the women all are fair,—
Then set down my Lesbians rare,
Wide Ionia, Caria, Rhodes,
Sweethearts thousands, by the Gods.

What say you? We're not a-ground,
Wax to wax, add pound to pound.
Syrian maids I have not told,
Those who Canopus behold ;
Nor the lovely girls of Crete,
Those in whom all graces meet.
Where, in cities, through her states,
Love sweet mysteries celebrates.
Why should you their sum demand,
Born beyond the Gadian strand,
Why desire the Bactrian roll :
Indian girls that fire my soul ?

ODE XXXIII.

ON A SWALLOW.

You, indeed, sweet swallow, skill'd,
Snug your nest in summer build,
As your yearly visits need :
But in winter whither speed ?
Is at Memphis, on the Nile,
Your invisible exile ?
But Love always, in my breast,
Builds, and never quits the nest.
If one passion wings displays,
Then her egg another lays :
Just half-hatch'd appears a third,
Gaping, chirping some young bird.

Elder loves the nurslings feed,
These in time produce their seed.
What can remedy my case ?
Loves on loves can I displace ?

ODE XXXIV.

ON A GIRL.

FLY me not ; my locks though grey,
Nor in Spring's blithe beauty gay
O'er your form her blooms while shed
Flout the honours of my head.

Looks, in wreaths, how fair the sight,
Roses twining lilies white !

ODE XXXV.

ON EUROPA.

Boy, this Bull must needs be Jovē
Bearing a Sidonian love ;
Ocean wide behold him brave,
Cleaving with his hooves the wave.
Since no native bull astray
From the herd such prānks would play ;
Sailing on the ocean wide,
But the monarch and his bride.

ODE XXXVI.

THAT WE MUST LIVE GENEROUSLY.

WHY the laws of rhet'ric teach :
Cheerless, heartless forms of speech ?
Rather how thy luscious draught
Blithe Lyæus best is quaff'd,
Sport with golden Venus sped—

Hairs of silver crown my head.

Boy, bring water for my bowl,
Pour sweet wine to cheer my soul,
Soon my frame thou shalt entomb ;
No desires the dead consume !

ODE XXXVII.

ON THE SPRING.

SEE, how Spring's approach to greet,

Graces scatter roses sweet !

How the billows of the sea

Soften to tranquillity !

Active ducks now dive below,

Travelling now the crane shall go.

See, how brightly Titan shines,

How, from clouds the day refines !

Mortals now begin their toil,

Harvests bursting from the soil.

Olives bend with wholesome fruit,

Bacchus shall new wine salute.

See the fruit among the leaves,
Every branch a burthen heaves.

ODE XXXVIII.

ON HIMSELF.

I AN old man am indeed,
Yet in drink the lads exceed ;
When I am requir'd to dance,
Bottle-sceptred I advance.

Nothing since my staff avails,
Let the man who loves to fight,
Stand aside and prove his might.

Bring my bowl, Boy, where prevails
Wine, that mingles luscious mead.
I an old man though indeed,
Yet, Silenus-like, will dance ;
Boys, among you see me prance.

ODE XXXIX.

ON HIMSELF.

WHEN wine I drink, my heart elate,
The Muses prompts to celebrate ;
With wine and song my soul inspir'd,
With Pleasure's raptur'd thrills I'm fir'd.
When wine I drink, advice o'er grave,
Is driven on gales that lash the wave ;
And grief, and all the troop of care,
Are blown as phantoms into air.
When wine I drink, in frolics gay,
Doth Bacchus bear my soul away ;
Cheer'd with his draught, on Fancy's wings,
Upon the scented breeze he flings.

When wine I've drank, and garlands bound
With fragrant flowers my temples crown'd,
I sing, abjuring toil and strife,
The sweet tranquillity of life.

When wine I drink, my frame all o'er,
Rich ointment, breathing sweets, I pour,
And round my fair one cling mine arms,
And sing of Love and Beauty's charms.

When wine I've drank, to bliss resign'd,
With jovial cups have sooth'd my mind,
The chorus of blithe youths excites
My soul to revel in delights.

When wine I drink is joy mine own,
I'll bear my burthen and begone,
Because, with all the sons of Earth,
Shall death be certain as their birth!

ODE XL.

ON CUPID.

CUPID sporting with a rose,
Saw not there a bee repose,
Till his finger sorely stung,
Cried out, as his hands he wrung,
And to charming Venus fled.
Mother, I shall soon be dead,
Soon expire my latest breath,
Perish, and dissolve in death.
By a little asp, you see,
Stung, which rustics call a bee.

 If, said she, such pain be found
From a little insect's wound,

Cupid, what must be their pain,
In whose hearts your shafts remain !

ODE XLI.

ON A BANQUET.

JOLLY comrades, drinking wine,
Praise to Bacchus we'll combine ;
Author blest of dance and sport,
Him in raptur'd chorus court ;
Him by Cupid well approv'd ;
Him by Venus well belov'd ;
Him, that pleasure to complete,
Taught intoxication sweet.
Him all pleasure that excites ;
Him the parent of delights ;
Him the solace of the breast ;
Him that sorrow soothes to rest.

Now, my gentle youths, present
Drink, the spirit's nourishment ;
Sorrow this shall disengage,
Borne amidst the tempest's rage.

Snatch the goblet of delight,
Care and sorrow put to flight;
What avails all earthly good,
Harass'd by solicitude ?
How the future can we know ?
What call certain here below ?

Now of wine I've drank my fill,
I'll in dancing show my skill ;
Charg'd with odours well refin'd,
Sport with lovely womankind ;
All that may be found in care
I'll, for those who love it, spare.

Jolly comrades, drinking wine,
Praise to Bacchus let 's combine.

ODE XLII.

ON HIMSELF.

BACCHUS giv'n to sport I love,
And his revels well approve ;
With gay youths, too, I admire
Drink to mix, and strike the lyre :
But, of all, I love the best,
When with wreaths my brows are drest,
Wreaths with hyacinths entwin'd,
Sport with lovely womankind.
Envy none my heart allows,
Cank'rous envy never knows ;
Shuns the arrows of the tongue
Shafts with slander that are stung.

Drunken squabbles much I hate,
Riotous amusements late.
But, while to the harp I dance,
And with blooming damsels prance,
This, exclaim, is cheer for me,
Pleasure's soft tranquillity.

ODE XLIII.

ON A GRASSHOPPER.

GRASSHOPPER, thy happy state,
We, thy friends, congratulate.
Sipping dew, thou, like a king,
Leap'st on loftiest boughs to sing.
All thou seest is for thy use,
All the seasons can produce.
Since thou art the rustic's friend,
None of them thy course offend.
Mortals deem thy hurt a crime,
Herald of sweet summer time.
Thee, indeed, the Muses love,
Thee, great Phœbus doth approve ;

He, the patron of sweet skill,
Thee endow'd with music shrill.
Age, to thee, doth not belong,
Earth-born lover of sweet song.
Thou'rt impassive, flesh nor blood,
All but kindred of the God.

ODE XLIV.

ON HIS DREAM.

RUNNING, in a dream, methought

Wings upon my shoulders wrought.

Cupid, though a leaden weight,

Clogg'd his lively little feet,

Came at such a spanking rate,

That my capture was complete.

What implies this curious dream ?

But, a thousand frolics past,

Love shall seize my heart's esteem,

One strong passion hold me fast.

ODE XLV.

ON THE ARROWS OF LOVE.

KIND Venus' spouse, at Lemnian fires,
Wrought arrows for the young desires ;
In honey sweet the points she dipt,
Whilst gall mischievous Cupid slipt.
With brandish'd spear stern Mars return'd
From war, and Love's light weapons spurn'd.
'Tis heavy, Cupid said, indeed,
Here try, its weight shall match its speed.
As Mars, incautious, prov'd the shaft,
Fair Venus turn'd her head and laugh'd ;
Mars, deeply groaning, Take it, said,
Heavy, indeed, it feels like lead.

You 're welcome, answer'd Cupid sly,

Another, perhaps, you 'd like to try ?

ODE XLVI.

ON LOVE.

'Tis hard to love, hard not to love,
Hardest Love's hard cross to prove ;
Ancestry, to Love, is nought,
Learning, skill, not worth a thought.
Nought but wealth mankind regard,
Curse him, gold that first ensnar'd ;
Brethren, hence, are one no more,
Parents that were so before.
Plunder, fighting, loss of life,
Worst, in lovers, gend'ring strife.

ODE XLVII.

ON AN OLD MAN.

I LOVE an old man sport that spells,
A youth in dancing that excels ;
When silver locks in sport engage,
'Tis youth in the disguise of age.

ODE XLVIII.

ON HIMSELF.

GREAT HOMER'S lyre, without its blood-stained
string,

And cups of regulated measure bring ;

Bacchus, thy jocund laws I'll promulgate,

And, freely drinking, join the dance elate.

My song the lute's soft measures shall control,

To chant the soothing pleasures of the bowl.

ODE XLIX.

ANOTHER VERSION.

GREAT Homer's lyre, I prithee, bring
Without its blood-polluted string ;
Hand cups of regulated brink
To celebrate the laws of drink.
Then, pledging freely, I'll advance,
And to the lute's soft measures dance.
In peaceful mirth my notes control,
To sing the pleasures of the bowl.

ODE L.

TO AN ARTIST.

PRINCE of artists, let me choose,
Listen to the lyric Muse ;
Cities paint, with revels gay,
Where young Bacchanalians play.

Let their double pipes be seen,
And, if the wax permit,
Love's blithe frolics to the skreen,
With dex'trous art commit.

ODE LI.

ON BACCHUS.

Lo ! The power brisk youth who fires
With insatiable desires ;
Fearless when the wine he sups,
Graceful dancer in his cups.
He a boon to mortals bears,
Philtre to compose all cares ;
He for wine, the vine's produce,
Generates the healthful juice ;
That, amidst the leaves enshrin'd,
Men the gen'rous fruit may find,
Cull the vintage, and maintain
Constitutions free from pain :

Tranquil in their minds appear,
Till the vintage of next year.

ODE LII.

ON A MEDAL REPRESENTING
VENUS.

WHAT hand hath giv'n the waves to shine,
Hath ocean pour'd with skill divine ?
One, from above, with lofty mind,
Hath Venus in her charms enshrin'd.
Fair authoress of all that's blest,
The nature most divine confest.
Her loveliness his art reveals,
Save what the conscious wave conceals.
With tranquil course behold her keep
Majestic floating on the deep.
Her breasts rose-ting'd the billows heave ;
Her neck might ocean's foam deceive.

Venus, amidst the parting streams,
A lily bath'd in violets seems ;
And as she floats in graceful ease,
Her locks are floating on the breeze.
Desire and Love are laughing seen
At what inconstant mortals mean
On sportive dolphins borne along,
That on the silver billows throng.
A sparkling train of fishes glide
In gambols through the tranquil tide,
And play about the Goddess bright,
Who smiles upon the waves of light.

ODE LIII.

ON WINE.

MAIDS and men the labour share,
Baskets on the shoulder bear,
Fill'd with purple clusters large,
In the wine-press to discharge ;
Vig'rous men the clusters tread,
That the grapes their juice may shed.
Grateful high applause they sing
To sweet wine's convivial king ;
For they love blithe Bacchus new,
Working in the casks to view.
Glad old age that this imbibes
Tott'ring dances soon describes,

Shakes his silver locks with joy ;
But the boist'rous drunken boy,
Having caught th' incautious maid
Stretch'd in sleep beneath the shade,
Her, impatient Love betrays,
T' anticipate the nuptial days ;
Though persuasion might not do,
Force, she fears, he should pursue.

Youth when wine and beauty fire,
Frenzy wild succeeds desire.

ODE LIV.

ON THE ROSE.

CROWN'D with flow'rets of the Spring,
I the garland's glory sing,
Kind companions aid my song,
Strains which to the Gods belong.

Rose, the gem of Flora's wreath,
Scented with ambrosial breath ;
Roses bloom of man the joy,
Roses deck the Graces coy,
When all-blooming Love they shine.
Venus loves the Rose divine,
Flower of fables fond the theme,
Plant the Muses that esteem.

Sweet to him whose footsteps stray
Where sharp thorns beset the way ;
Sweet to him whose fingers chaste
Bear the flowers of Love which taste ;
Flower as grateful to the wise,
As at Bacchus' mysteries.
What cannot the Rose adorn ?
Rosy-fing' red is the morn,
Roses tinge the blushing fair,
Venus rosy, bards declare,
Roses make the drooping gay,
And corruption keep at bay ;
Roses, too, when dry no less
Still their vernal sweets possess.
Come, then, listen to the birth,
Roses which produc'd on earth.

Ocean, from the tranquil wave
White with foam blithe Venus gave.
Jove gave warlike Pallas life,
From his brain, to conquer strife.
Likewise then a curious birth,
Exquisite was giv'n on earth ;
For the Gods in council grand,
Nectar sprinkling, gave command
Roses from sharp thorns to grow,
Incorruptible to blow.
Bacchus with new joys elate
Would the favourite consecrate.

ODE LV.

ON HIMSELF.

WHEN I meet a youthful board,
Youth's to me forthwith restor'd ;
Though I 'm old, to dance I fly,
Roses, Cybele, my cry.
Haste my silver locks to crown,
Hoary age aside be thrown.
I, a youth, blithe youths among,
Will the jocund dance prolong,
And let some one bring me strait
Bacchus's ripe pomegranate ;
That an old man he may prove
Skill'd to sing, to dance, and love,

Skill'd to drink with courage glad,
And genteelly to go mad.

.

ODE LVI.

ON LOVERS.

HORSES have their haunches branded,
Parthians wear their turbans banded ;
Lovers, in whate'er disguise,
Instantly I recognise,
Since they bear a presence kind,
Breathing tenderness of mind.

ODE LVII.

AGAINST HIS OLD AGE.

A FEW lorn hairs scarce glean my brows,
And those as white as mountain snows,
Youth's healthful bloom no more shall come,
Teeth stand on my defenceless gum,
No longer appetite is good,
Nor tasted most delicious food.
But few sweet years of life remain.
For this I give myself to pain.
In thought now the Tartarean cave
And Orcus' dark recess I brave.
But who find favour to return
From that unsearchable sojourn ?

Quick the descent, and none retrace

The secrets of that awful place !

SUPPLEMENTARY ODES
OF
ANACREON.

No. I.

**THAT WE SHOULD DRINK BY
RULE.**

BRISK, my boy, the goblet bear,
Draught of joy for me prepare ;
Two-thirds of water, one of wine.
Grateful bev'rage thus combine,
That my thirsty soul among
Bacchus' votaries give the song.

Hasten, therefore, let the bowl
This proportion, just, control,

That no Scythian strife and noise
Desecrate our social joys :
But, whilst pleasure we prolong,
Give between our cups the song.

No. II.

TO LOVE.

To jocund Love let healths go round,
Whose brows with fragrant wreaths are bound.
O'er Earth and Heaven who bears the sway,
As mortals, whom the Gods obey.

No. III.

CUPID'S DRAUGHT.

CUPID, wreath'd with fragrant posies,

Once I found among some roses :

Him strait by the pinions seiz'd,

Plung'd in wine, my thirst appeas'd.

Now his dart my bosom stings,

Now he tickles with his wings.

No. IV.

SUPPLICATION.

DIAN, huntress fleet of deer,
Auburn maid of Jupiter,
Mistress of wild Nature's train,
Queen throughout the green domain,
Now to Lethean streams we come,
Grant us to forget our doom ;
View around, with gracious ken,
Votaries of afflicted men
Ser'd with passion to the core.
Would you have us tortur'd more ?

No. V.

TO A SCORNFUL MAIDEN.

AN ALLEGORY.

THRACIAN filly, why askance,
Why at me disdainful glance?
Thinkest mine no skill remains,
Nothing left within my pains?

Learn, that with a dex'trous hand,
Thee, at pleasure, I command,
Govern with a subtle rein,
Harness'd at my rapid wain.

Though with gambols wild you range,
Prancing through the fragrant grange,

Where's with me the courser fleet

Can your utmost speed defeat ?

No. VI.

EPITHALAMIUM.

VENUS, queen of pow'rs divine,
Love, o'er men the king benign,
Hymen, guardian power of life,
God invok'd by man and wife,
You I celebrate in song,
Worship with my grateful tongue.
Gods, as men, your subjects prove,
Venus, Hymen kind, and Love.

See, my boy, the girl arise,
Thy coy, consenting, captive flies.

Stratocles, by Love approv'd,
Husband of Myrilla lov'd,

Look, how blooms thy beauteous bride,
Blooms of loveliness the pride ;
As the rose all flowers perfumes,
Rose of maids Myrilla blooms,
Pouring on thy couch delight,
As, o'er Nature, sunshine bright,
Thrives as in thy garden bowers,
Thrive the progeny of flowers.
Blest and blessing doth she shine,
Fraught with loveliness divine.

No. VII.

OF ANACREON.

ΤΕΙΟΣ, bard, of praise the theme,
Met me in a blissful dream,
Beck'ning with so kind a grace,
That I sprang to his embrace.
Calm in dignity he mov'd,
Loving, sought to be belov'd
Breath of wine his life supplied,
Infant Love appear'd his guide.
From his brows he pluck'd a wreath,
Breathing of Anacreon's breath.
Heedless bent, the gift I prove,
Listed as the slave of Love.

No. VIII.

HYMN TO APOLLO.

My lyre again I will invoke,
No challenge though my lays provoke.
But a short exercise propose
With one the poet's wreath who shows ;
And sounding, the clear notes require,
On chords of my sweet ivory lyre,
In softest echoes to rejoice,
And emulate the cygnet's voice,
Whose notes, as æry currents blow.
In just responsive cadence flow
The while, sweet muse, the dance excite,
Since lute, wreath, song, are Phœbus' right.

The love of Phœbus madness vain,
My loyal numbers shall maintain ;
Because the maid was chaste indeed,
And fled the spur's impetuous speed,
Abjuring Nature's form, became
A chaplet for the brows of Fame.

But Phœbus, hoping to possess
This girl of virtuous loveliness,
Tore off those boughs of genuine green,
He thought the maid conceal'd between.

Come near, sweet maiden, wherefore spurn,
Why not with happiest frenzy burn ?
Bring the bright spear, and urge with force,
Nor hasten to depart the course,
But leave the shaft of Cupid still,
Wherewith he conquers Gods at will.

Divine Anacreon emulate,

Whose cup the Muses consecrate.

The cup that with delight runs o'er,

The cup of consolation's pow'r.

The star of raging strength resign,

For passion's intellectual wine.

No. IX.

AGAINST GOLD.

WHEREFORE dost thou shun my hold,

Fugitive capricious gold ;

Why escape, with subtle feet,

Swifter than the tempest fleet ?

I will not the chase renew ;

Who should hostile pow'r pursue ?

When from sordid gold I turn,

All my cares the tempests spurn ;

Cheerful then I touch the lyre,

Love can sweetest songs inspire.

Yet when riches I resign'd,

Gold would persecute my mind ;

Brought intoxication wild,
And from lyric strains beguil'd.
Why persist in toils to fold ?
Music spurns perfidious gold !
Love the sordid gewgaw flies,
Blest in his own ecstacies.
Thou, by treach'rous envy's aid,
Love to falter hast betray'd :
And, by gold seduc'd, the lyre
Can the praise of gold inspire ;
Even thy pollutions prove
Kisses from the cup of Love.
Still, when courted, thou dost fly
With malicious energy.

Mak'st at strife the bard and muse,
Lyric measures to refuse.

Hence, begone, I'll never fly
From delicious minstrelsy.
Go, the sordid breast excite,
Stranger to sweet Love's delight,
All thine off'rings I renounce,
Harmless meteor gleam for once.

No. X.

ON SPRING.

WHAT 's delightful as to tread
Where luxuriant meadows spread,
Where the breathing zephyrs bear
Fragrance through the tepid air,
And the swelling clusters spy
As beneath the shade you lie ;
And a damsel kind caress,
Breathing love and loveliness ;
What can joy like this exceed,
Is'n't it blessedness indeed ?

No. XI.

ARTEMON.—THE BEGGAR
MOUNTED.

VILE Artemon, the juggler queer,
To golden Euryple how dear !
A pipe in former life who bore,
And tatters wrapt about him wore ;
With wooden shoes upon his feet,
And a raw hide in dress complete ;
As wrapt o'er shield, fierce darts to quench.
Him butt for fisherman and wench,
Base Artemon of wretched life,
From vice, foul poverty, and strife ;
Among mankind one held disgrac'd,
His neck oft in the pillory plac'd,

And at the wheel as often tied,
His shoulders torn by thongs of hide ;
With matted hair and beard unclean,
Now mounted in a chariot seen,
And privileg'd gold rings to wear,
Confusion's offspring, in his ear.

No. XII.

ON CUPID.

KING Love, that all things dost subdue,
With whom the nymphs with eyes of blue,
And Venus blithe with locks of gold,
Love sport in revels gay to hold,
Why keep aloof in mountains high?—
Propitious with my suit comply ;
O listen, and accept my vows,
Eurypyle, to love dispose.
For I'm assured thou canst impart
The tenderest passions to her heart.

No. XIII.

SAPPHO TO A LASS.

THAT swain, methinks, the Gods may peer,
Who meets your smile, your voice shall hear ;
This gives my heart within my breast
To throb, as with delight opprest.
Soon as your charms my vision hails,
The privilege of utterance fails ;
Upon my tongue the words expire,
And my skin smarts with subtle fire ;
Mine eyes become absorb'd of light,
My tingling ears no sounds excite ;
A chill succeeds, I lose all power,
Am paler than the whitest flower ;

I seem, at length, to lose my breath,
And sink, as yielding unto death ;
But Love no trials must commute,
All venture, or be destitute !

No. XIV.

ALCÆUS.

HYMN TO HARMODIUS AND ARISTOGITON.

SWORDS let 's bear with garlands on,
Harmodius, Aristogiton !
Shades ! Beneath whose conqu'ring sword
Greece to freedom is restor'd !

Sons of Athens ! Are ye dead ?
To the Land of Glory sped !
There, with heroes of gone time,
Seated in repose sublime.

Swords we 'll bear with garlands on,
Chiefs ! our liberty that won !
As when, at Minerva's rite,
Fell the tyrant 'neath your might.

Time throughout your glory's won,
Harmodius, Aristogiton !
Since your patriotic sword
Greece to freedom hath restor'd.

EPIGRAM.

 ANGERIANUS DE CÆLIA.

QUUM dormiret Amor, rapuit clam pulchra
pharetram

Cœlia, surrepta flevit Amor pharetrâ.

Noli (Cypris ait) sic flere, Cupido, pharetram

Pulchra tibi rapuit Cœlia, restituet.

Non opus est illi calamis non ignibus : urit

Voce, manu, gressu, pectore, fronte, oculis !

TRANSLATION.

Whilst Love repos'd, his arms fair Cœlia stole,

He, waking, wept his ravish'd arms of Love.

Weep not so, Cupid (Venus said), for whole

Fair Cœlia shall restore what useless prove.

By flames nor shafts doth she prevail : each foil
she spurns,

With voice, hand, shape, face, eyes, and bosom
burns !

EPITAPHS.

ON TIMOCRITUS.

LET cowards unregarded fly,
 Mars call'd the brave Timocritus to die !

ON AGATHON.

YOUNG Agathon the brave, the pride
 Of Abdera, for his country died.
 Can Mars in blood who seeks delight
 Prostrate the rival of his might ?

ON THE SON OF ARISTOCLES.

THEE, Aristocles, I wait
 Amidst brave friends, who didst not fail,
 But in thy country's cause allied
 The champion of her freedom died.

FRAGMENTS.

THAT man my heart shall never win
 Who talks of strife his cups between,
 And all the dreadful din of wars,
 The pastime of tremendous Mars.
 But he the Muses that invokes,
 And gives his heart to pleasant jokes.

BRING me, lass, a cup of wine,
 Love and pleasure I resign ;
 Crown my temples with a wreath,
 In a kiss absorb my breath.
 Heroes thus who scorn to fly,
 On the field of triumph die.

FINIS.

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