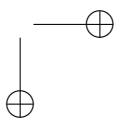
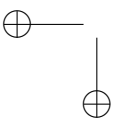
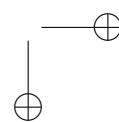
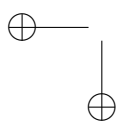
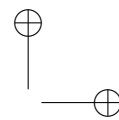
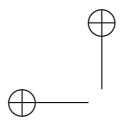
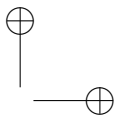
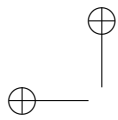


Horace's Donec Gratus Eram
A Collection of Translations







Horace's *Donec Gratus Eram*

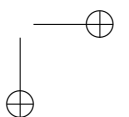
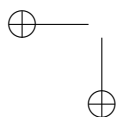
A Collection of Translations

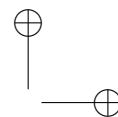
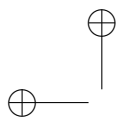
Isaac Waisberg

This is one Ode, and much the best of two,
Fam'd above all for *Scaliger's* Ado
"I rather would have writ so good a Thing
"Than reign," quoth he, "an *Aragonian* King."
Had he been King, and Master of the Vote,
I doubt, the Monarch would have chang'd his Note,
And, loading Verses with an huge Renown,
Would still have kept his *Aragonian* Crown.

JOHN BYROM
Remarks on Passages in Horace

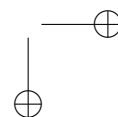
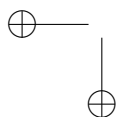
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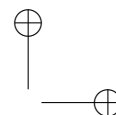
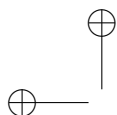




2022

Selection and Design by Isaac Waisberg





IN LIEU OF A PREFACE

“VIRGILIUS. Have you never sighed about your paternal heritage, Venusian or Appulian? I think you have expressed a doubt by which of these names you ought to call it.

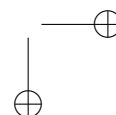
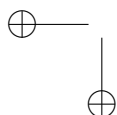
HORATIUS. By Bacchus! a sigh would have blown away all that property. My sighs I reserve for my poetry, as most poets do. I lived in the town; and a dirty town it is. My shoe never shall stick in its mud again. The best of fathers sent me early in life to Athens. There I was wild for freedom, as the most generous and intelligent boys are apt to be; for neither generosity nor intelligence are necessarily prudent, though intelligence may look grave and appear so. Marcus Brutus was my hero. I followed him to battle. Having money in my pouch, I was made a captain. You know the sequence. Looking at me now, you might hardly think I could run away: but remember, Apollo has wings to his shoulders, and Mercury to his feet. Each of them lent me aid.

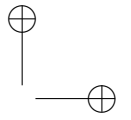
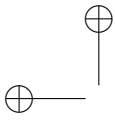
VIRGILIUS. You do not appear to be so tired by our journey as I am.

HORATIUS. Yet I have more weight to carry. However, let me confess to you that I shall be rejoiced at reaching the city. There, when we have rested, we may talk about the vicissitudes of the world, of cities devastated and reduced to mounds of earth, of Thebes and Mycene, of Sybaris and Croton, of nations once opulent, now the haunt of boars and wolves.”
(Walter Savage Landor, *Imaginary Conversations*, 1882)



“Erasmus learnt all Horace (and Terence) by heart as a schoolboy. Luther himself has a strange Horatian echo in a serious passage; forgiveness is indeed a problem, *nodus Deo vindice dignus* (cf. A.P. 191). Ben Jonson translated the Art of Poetry and some of the Odes; Drummond of Hawthornden records how he repeated his version of *Beatus ille*, ‘and admired it’ – the added clause suggests that Drummond felt as we all feel about other people’s translations of Horace, which in itself suggests fresh thought as to our poet’s appeal. Robert Burton in the *Anatomy of Melancholy* steadily quotes Horace; Sir Thomas Browne in his most serious moments turns to him, and Herrick in his lighter moments. Milton writes Sonnets on Petrarch’s model, in which Cyriack Skinner may read his Horace again and find himself almost Maecenas. But, as *The Times* reviewer of Miss Goad’s book said, Horace seems in Queen Anne’s reign to have burst upon the English world as a new and popular author. The urbanity, the quiet satire, the common-sense view of life, all appealed. Addison, Pope and Johnson are steeped in him. Fielding gave to *The History of Tom Jones* the Horatian motto, *Mores hominum multorum vidit* – cut away in the modern reprints. He inspires the light verse of Prior – ‘Horace is always in his mind’; William Cowper with his Classical scholarship, his humour, his grace, comes even nearer him; Burke quotes him to the House of Commons in arguing for conciliation with America,

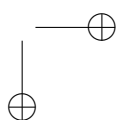
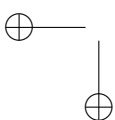


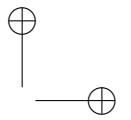
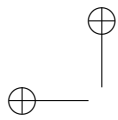


and Pitt for the abolition of the slave trade. Praed's verse, all English light verse where touch and wit have play, goes back to Horace. William Makepeace Thackeray is a born Horatian, more Horatian perhaps than he guessed, *anima naturaliter* Horatiana. I opened the *Roundabout Papers* at random the other day for another purpose and I found three Horatian echoes in one opening, two or three words being enough to remind you. It was No. viii. Thackeray's speech is full of Horace, and his heart; no slight testimony to the worth of Horace. You might say that Horace never lost his seat in Parliament till Gladstone retired and solaced his retirement by translating him. Well, Thackeray is not the fashion of the moment with our modern novelists, nor is Horace. A clerical headmaster has, indeed, lamented that 'the philosophy of the average public school product is still fundamentally Horatian.' To which *The Times* rejoins that one passage of his doctrine remains steadily ours; *aequam memento*, even if we didn't quote it, was an integral part of our lives in the years of the war. A great old English characteristic – but is it also waning today? If the Horatian echo has dropped out of our talk and writing and out of our thought, perhaps we need not at once congratulate ourselves; let us remember that, when Jack Wilkes censured it as pedantry, Dr. Johnson at once rejoined: 'No, Sir, it is a good thing; there is a community of mind in it. Classical quotation is the parole of literary men all over the world.' It is hard to feel sure that Parliament and the press, literature or reviewing, are any the saner for the decline of his influence; extravagance never had a friend in him. Horace belonged to the Augustan age, and perhaps he needs an Augustan age, or something like it, to appreciate him; and that is the last description that will be given of this Twentieth Century." (T. R. Glover, *Horace, A Return to Allegiance*, 1932)



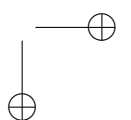
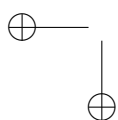
"Admiring at the fact that for two and a half centuries hardly a scholar or man of letters had lived in England who had not once or oftener in his life been moved to try his hand at a translation from Horace, I was long ago inspired, in the days of enthusiastic youth, to compile an anthology of these fugitive efforts. It was not a bad book, nor an uninteresting, though I say it, and I am an unprejudiced judge, for it brought me in nothing – my publisher, with unnecessary prolixity, being careful to demonstrate to me the exact number of pounds, shillings, and pence he had lost by the venture." (Charles Cooper, *Horace in English*, 1896)

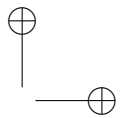
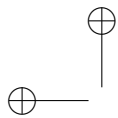




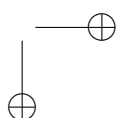
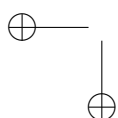
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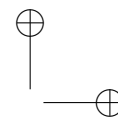
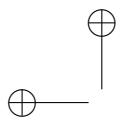
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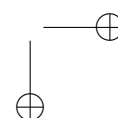
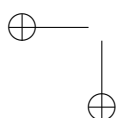


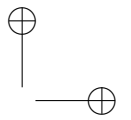
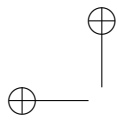
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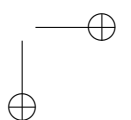
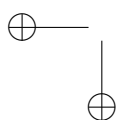


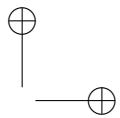
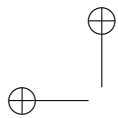
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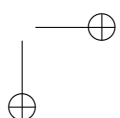
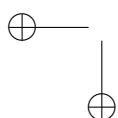


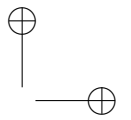
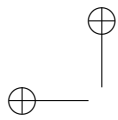
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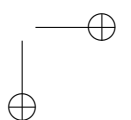
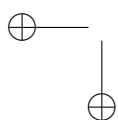


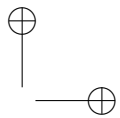
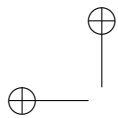
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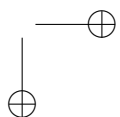
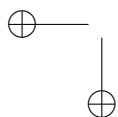


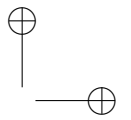
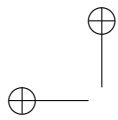
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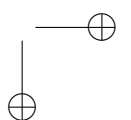
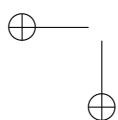


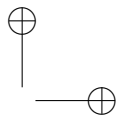
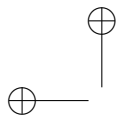
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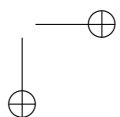
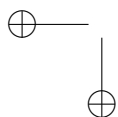


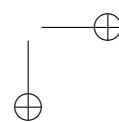
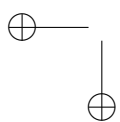
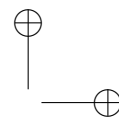
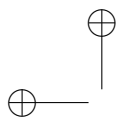


ENTRANCE EXAMINATION PAPERS
Thomason Civil Engineering College, 1871-72
ENGINEER CLASSES

LATIN
Examiner: John Elliott

12. What great Latin writers were contemporary with Horace? Name their principal works.
13. Translate any two of the following: [Text of (I) *Donec Gratus Eram*, (II) *Dulce et Decorum Est*, (III) *Phoebus Volentem Proelia*]





Q. HORATI FLACCI, DONEC GRATUS ERAM, 23 B.C.

*'Donec gratus eram tibi
nec quisquam potior bracchia candidae
cervici iuvenis dabat,
Persarum vigui rege beatior.'*

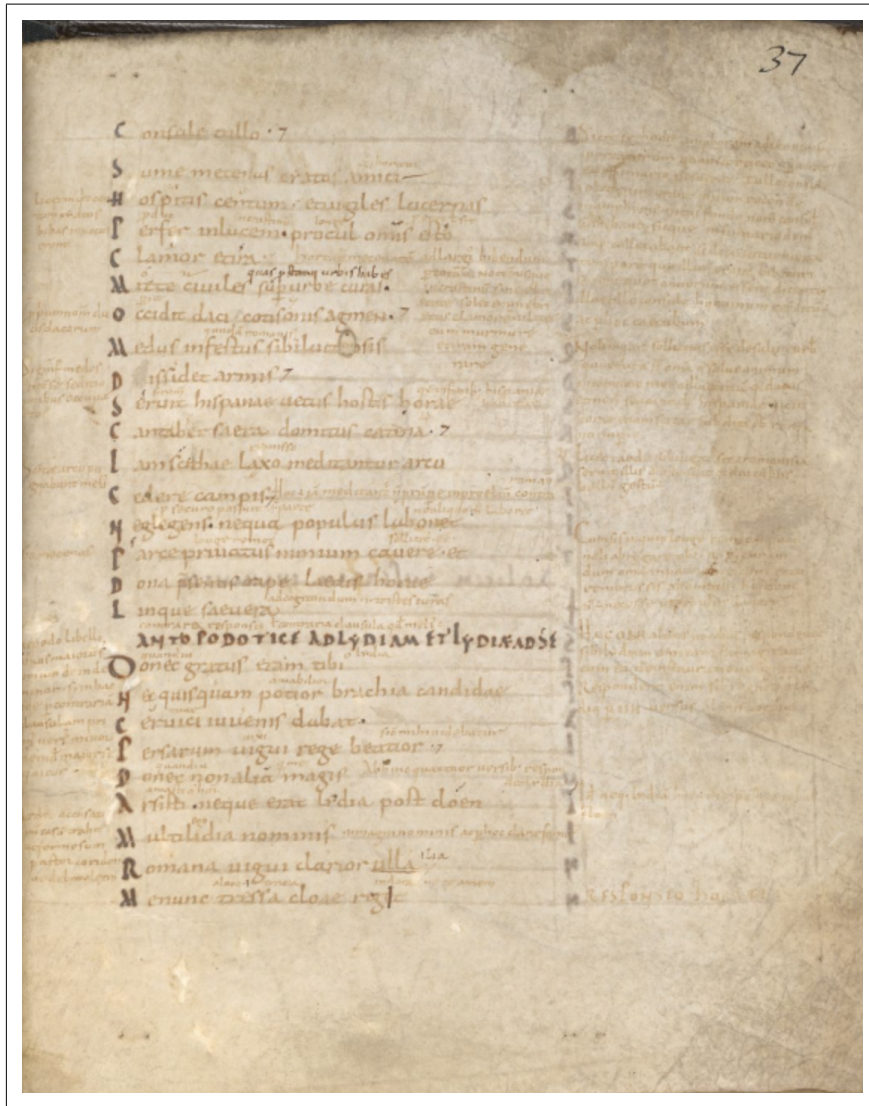
*'Donec non alia magis
arsisti neque erat Lydia post Chloen,
multi Lydia nominis,
Romana vigui clarior Ilia.'*

*'Me nunc Thressa Chloe regit,
dulcis docta modos et citharae sciens,
pro qua non metuum mori,
si parcent animae fata superstiti.'*

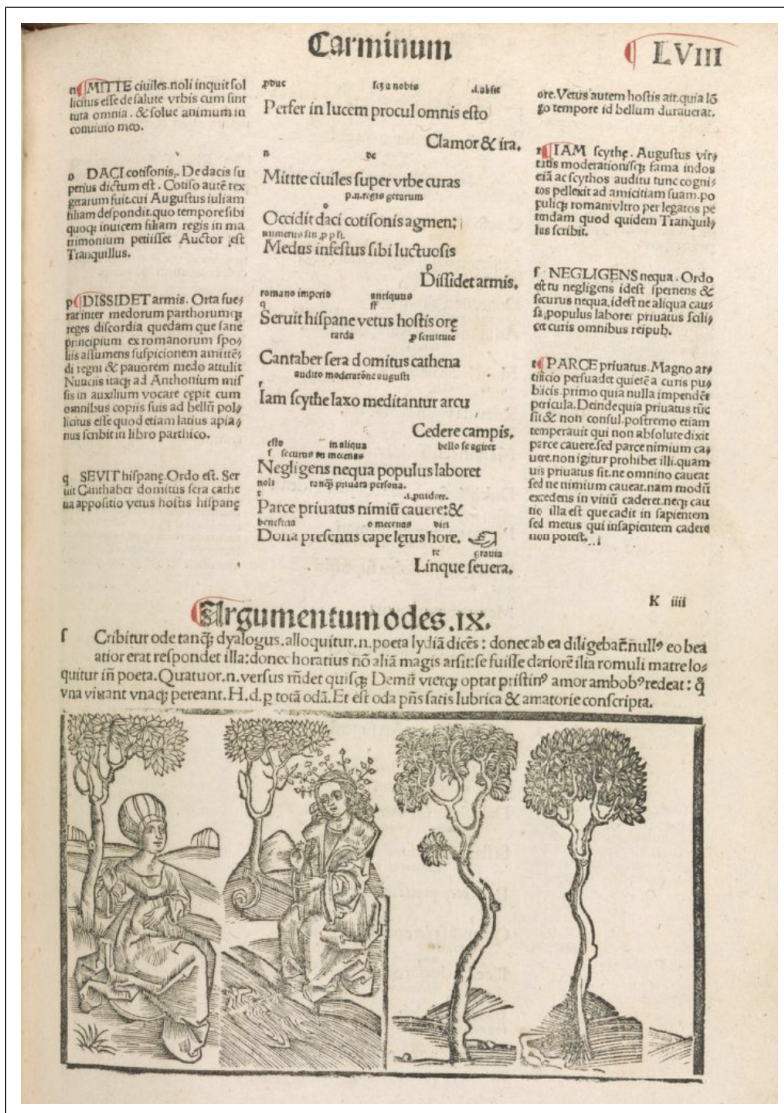
*'Me torret face mutua
Thurini Calais filius Ornyti,
pro quo bis patiar mori,
si parcent puero fata superstiti.'*

*'Quid si prisca redit Venus
diductosque iugo cogit aeneo,
si flava excutitur Chloe
reiectaeque patet ianua Lydiae?'*

*'Quamquam sidere pulchrior
ille est, tu levior cortice et inprobo
iracundior Hadria,
tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam lubens.'*



(Harley Manuscript 2725, 4th Quarter of the 9th Century, British Library)



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

Book 3.rd Ode 9.th

Dialogue between
Horace and Lydia.

Horace.

Whilst none more dear to Lydia's Arms,
Round thy white Neck did twine;
The Crown of PERSIA wanted Charms,
Such Happiness was mine.

Lydia.

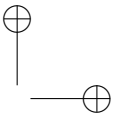
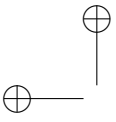
Whilst by no other Maid inflam'd,
No Chloe could delight;
The mighty ^(As) Iliad so much fam'd,
Seem'd little in my sight.

Horace.

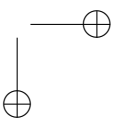
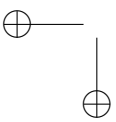
Now Thracian Chloe fills my heart,
Skill'd in the Song & Lyre;
To save her life, with mine I'd part,
And for her sake expire.

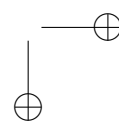
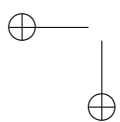
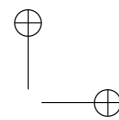
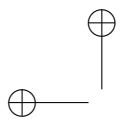
Lydia

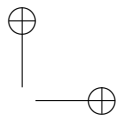
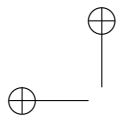
(William Popple, c. 1750; Osborn Collection, Beinecke Library, Yale University)



THE TRANSLATIONS







FRANCIS DAVISON AND WALTER DAVISON, 1608

(FD 1575–1621, WD 1581–1608; Both English Poets)

LOVER

While thou didst love me, and that neck of thine,
More sweet, white, soft than roses, silver, down,
Did wear a necklace of no arms but mine,
I envied not the King of Spain his crown.

LADY

While of thy heart I was sole sovereign,
And thou didst sing none but Melina's name,
Whom for brown Chloe thou dost now disdain,
I envied not the Queen of England's fame.

LOVER

Though Chloe be less fair, she is more kind;
Her graceful dancing doth so please mine eye,
And through mine ears her voice so charms my mind,
That so dear she may live, I'll willing die.

LADY

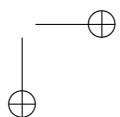
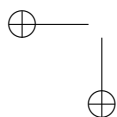
Though Crispus cannot sing my praise in verse,
I love him so for skill in tilting shown,
And graceful managing of coursers fierce,
That his dear life to save I'll lose mine own.

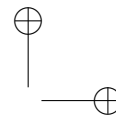
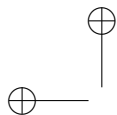
LOVER

What if I sue to thee again for grace,
And sing thy praises sweeter than before,
If out of my heart I blot Chloe's face,
Wilt thou love me again, love him no more?

LADY

Though he be fairer than the morning star;
Though lighter than the floating cork thou be;
And than the Irish sea more angry far;
With thee I wish to live, and die with thee.





JOHN ASHMORE, 1621

(First Selection of the Odes Published in English)

HORACE

While lately *Lydia* thou didst love me,
When thy white neck I in mine arms (then blest) did fold,
And thou no Gallant grac't above me,
I then the *Persian* King more happy was inrould.

LYDIA

While *Horace* thine affections flame
Was firme, and *Lydia* thou then *Chloë* steemd not less,
Thy *Lydia* then, of no meane fame,
I liv'd more honor'd then the *Roman* Emperess.

HORACE

Now *Thracian Chlo'* has my heart sure,
That sweetly bears a part in prick-song, and can play:
For whom I would deaths paine indure,
If so the Dest'nies would put off her dying day.

LYDIA

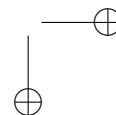
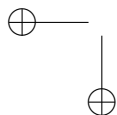
Kinde *Caläis*, and me Love so
Heats with his mutuall fire, dispersing clouds of strife,
That twice I death would undergo
If for my Boy I could renew his lease of life.

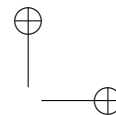
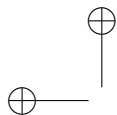
HORACE

What if old Love to us wing make,
And us now severd, in still lasting links do binde?
If gold-haird *Chloë* forsake,
And *Lydia* my door ne'r shut against her finde?

LYDIA

Though he be fairer then a starre,
Thou lighter then the cork that still doth floting lie,
And angrier then enrag'd Seas farre;
I love with thee to live, with thee I wish to die.





PATRICK HANNAY, 1622

(Died c. 1630; Scottish Poet and Courtier)

HORACE

Whilst I was welcome, & thy chiefe delight,
And no youth else more wishedly did bring
His armes about thy necke so lovely white,
I liv'd more happie then the *Persian* King.

LYDIA

Whilst thou didst not burn with the love of other,
And *Lydia* no lesse grace then *Cloe* found:
Lydia was famouser then any other;
Liv'd more then Roman *Ilia* renoun'd.

HORACE

But *Thracian Cloe* now commandeth me,
Skill in sweet Musicke cunning on the Lute;
For whom I would not be afeard to die,
To save her life, so that my death could do't.

LYDIA

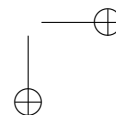
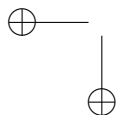
Calais Ornith's somme with living fire
Burnes me, and I affect him with like strife:
For whom I willingly would twice expire,
If so the Fates would spare my younglings life.

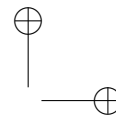
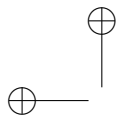
HORACE

What if our ancient love should come about,
And ioyne us iarring with a lasting chaine:
Were faire-hair'd *Cloe* fra my hart cast out,
And cast off *Lydia* receiv'd againe.

LYDIA

Though *Calais* fairer then a blazing starre,
Lighter then fleeting *Corke* although you be:
And then the *Adrian* sea more teastie farre,
With thee I'd love to live and willing die.





ROBERT HERRICK, 1627

(1591–1674; English Poet)

HORACE

While, Lydia, I was lov'd of thee,
Nor any was preferr'd 'fore me
To hug thy whitest neck, then I,
The Persian King liv'd not more happily.

LYDIA

While thou no other didst affect,
Nor Cloe was of more respect,
Then Lydia, far-fam'd Lydia,
I flourisht more then Roman Ilia.

HORACE

Now Thracian Cloe governs me,
Skilfull i' th' harpe and melodie;
For whose affection, Lydia, I,
So fate spares her, am well content to die.

LYDIA

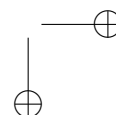
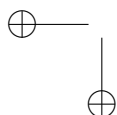
My heart now set on fire is
By Ornithes sonne, young Calais;
For whose commutuell flames here I,
To save his life, twice am content to die.

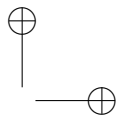
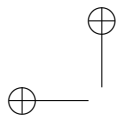
HORACE

Say our first loves we sho'd revoke,
And sever'd joyne in brazen yoke;
Admit I Cloe put away,
And love againe love-cast-off Lydia?

LYDIA

Though mine be brighter then the star,
Thou lighter then the cork by far,
Rough as th' Adratick Sea, yet I
Will live with thee, or else for thee will die.





SIR THOMAS HAWKINS, 1631

(c. 1590–1640; English Poet and Translator)

HORACE

Whilst I was pleasing in thine eye,
Nor any to thy heart more nigh,
Clasp'd, that white neck in amorous ring,
More bless'd I liu'd, then *Persia's* King.

LYDIA

Whilst you no other Fire embrac'd
Nor *Cloe* before *Lydia* plac'd
I *Lydia* then with honour sign'd,
More then the *Roman Ilia* shin'd.

HORACE

Now *Thracian Cloe* I obey
Skilfull, and prompt in Musick's lay:
For whom I will not feare to dy,
So Fate to her the same deny.

LYDIA

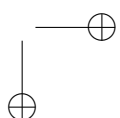
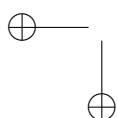
Calais Ornithus sonne doth fire,
My heart with flames of like desire.
For whom I twice to die, will dare,
So Fates, the youth suruiuing spare.

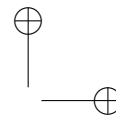
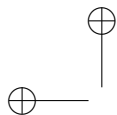
HORACE

But what if ancient Loue returne,
And vs with mutuall passion burne;
If I shake off bright *Cloe's* hope,
And doores to scorned *Lydia* ope?

LYDIA

Though he be brighter then a Starre
And lighter thou, then Corke by farre
More angry, then rough *Adria*; I
With thee wold liue, with thee would die.





HENRY RIDER, 1638

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

HORACE

As long as I was pleasing unto thee,
And not a man, better esteem'd than mee,
His armes about thy ivory neck did fling,
I flourisht braver than the Persian King.

LYDIA

While with another thou wast not more fir'd,
Nor *Lydia* after *Chloë* was desir'd;
I *Lydia* of great fame did beare a sway,
Far brighter than the Roman *Ilia*.

HORACE

The Thracian *Chloë* dos command me now,
Skill'd in sweet songs, and well her Lute dos know,
For whom to suffer death I will not feare,
So fates will her surviving soule forbear.

LYDIA

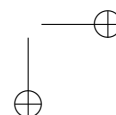
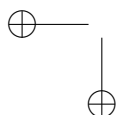
Calais, *Thurine Ornithus* his son,
Inflames me with a like affection;
For whom I will endure ev'n twice to die,
If fates will my surviving boy passe by.

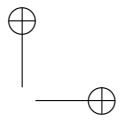
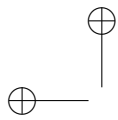
HORACE

What if our ancient love returne againe,
And binds us straglers in a brazen chaine;
If beauteous *Chloë* be cashier'd away,
And doore stands ope for cast-of *Lydia*?

LYDIA

Although that he be brighter than a star,
Thou lighter than a corke, and fiercer far
Than the rude Adriatick sea; yet I
Would love to live with thee, would freely die.





BEN JONSON, 1640

(1572–1637; English Playwright and Poet)

HORACE

Whilst, Lydia, I was lov'd of thee,
And ('bout thy Ivory neck,) no youth did fling
His armes more acceptably free,
I thought me richer than the Persian King.

LYDIA

Whilst Horace lov'd no Mistres more,
Nor after Chloe did his Lydia sound;
In name, I went all names before,
The Roman Ilia was not more renown'd.

HORACE

'Tis true, I'm Thracian Chloes, I,
Who sings so sweet, and with such cunning plaies,
As, for her, I'd not feare to die,
So Fate would give her life, and longer daies.

LYDIA

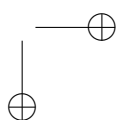
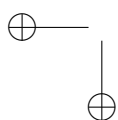
And, I am mutually on fire,
With gentle Calais, Thuringe Orniths sonne;
For whom I doubly would expire,
So Fates would let the boy a long thread run.

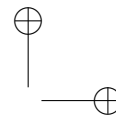
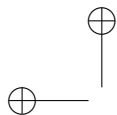
HORACE

But, say old love returne should make,
And us dis-joynd force to her brazen yoke;
That I bright Chloe off should shake;
And to left-Lydia, now the gate stood ope.

LYDIA

Though he be fairer than a Starre;
Thou lighter than the barke of any tree,
And than rough Adria, angrier, farre;
Yet would I wish to love, live, die with thee.





THOMAS STANLEY, 1646

(1625–78; English Author and Translator)

Whilst thy affection I possest,
Nor any youth, before me grac'd,
Thy neck with his fair armes embrac'd,
The Persian King was not so blest.

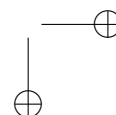
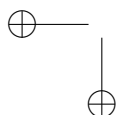
Whilst to no other thou wert kind,
Nor Lydia lesse then Cloe went,
Lydia a name of proud extent;
The Roman Ilia I outshind.

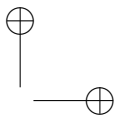
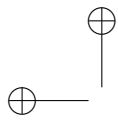
Now Thracian Cloe is my care,
Whose hand and voice alike are sweet;
For whom I death would fearlesse meet,
Would Fates my sould surviving spare.

Me Calais, Thurine Omiths heire,
Kindly consumes in mutuall fire;
For whom I doubly would expire,
Would Fates the boy surviving spare.

What if old Love return and chaine
The severd to his brazen yoak;
If fair-haird Cloe I revoke,
And slighted Lydia entertain?

Though fairer then a star is he,
Lighter then aery cork art thou
Rougher then Adria's stormy brow,
Ide choose to live and dy with thee.





JOHN SMITH, 1649

(*The Lyrick Poet*)

HORACE

Whilst with thy favour I was crown'd
Nor no Corrival with his arms,
Clipping thy snow-white neck procur'd my harms:
No *Persian* King was ever more renown'd.

LYDIA

Whilst thou no other had'st in chase,
Nor *Lydia* after *Chlœ* shar'd
Thy love, for honour *Lydia* was compar'd
To Romane *Ilia*, and of her took place.

HORACE

Now over me doth *Chlœ* raigne,
Whose warbling Lute so charmes mine ear,
That for her sake, to die I would not fear,
If that halfe soul of mine could still remaine.

LYDIA

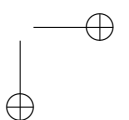
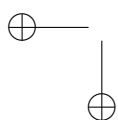
Young *Calais*, *Ornithius* Son
With mutuall love doth me requite,
For whom I twice could die, and take delight,
If that his soul sad destinies might shun.

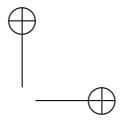
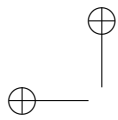
HORACE

What if loves Queen should once more chain,
And yoke in brasse our disjoyn'd souls so fast?
That from my breast bright *Chlœ* I should cast,
And to scorn'd *Lydia*, ope my gates again.

LYDIA

Though *Calais* more fair then skie,
And thou more light then corke, & raging more
Then billowes-lend on th' *Adriatick* shore,
Yet could I wish with thee to live and die.





SIR HENRY WOTTON, 1651

(1568–1639; English Poet and Diplomat, Friend of John Donne and John Milton)

SOUL

Whilst my *Souls* eye beheld no light,
But what stream'd from Thy gracious sight;
To me the world's greatest King
Seem'd but some little vulgar thing.

GOD

Whilst thou prov'dst pure, and that in thee
I could glass al my Deity:
How glad did I from Heaven depart,
To find a lodging in thy heart!

SOUL

Now Fame and Greatness bear the sway;
(’Tis they that hold my prisons Key:)
For whom my Soul would dy, might shee
Leave them her Immortality.

GOD

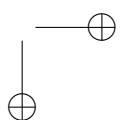
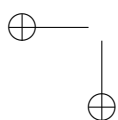
I, and some few pure Souls conspire,
And burne both in a mutual fire,
For whom I’ld dy once more, ere they
Should miss of Heavens eternal day.

SOUL

But, Lord! what if I turn againe,
And with an adamantine chain,
Lock me to Thee? What if I chase
The world away to give thee place?

GOD

Then though these souls in whom I joy
Are *Seraphins*, Thou but a Toy,
A foolish Toy, yet once more I
Would with Thee live, and for thee die.





SIR RICHARD FANSHAWE, 1652

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

HORACE

Whilst I possess thy love, free from alarms
Nor any Youth more acceptable arms
About thy Alabaster neck did fling,
I liv'd more happy than the *Persian King*.

LYDIA

Whilst thou ador'st not more another face,
Nor unto *Chloe Lydia* gave place;
I *Lydia*, soaring on the wings of Fame,
Eclipst the *Roman Ilia* with my name.

HORACE

Me, *Thracian Chloe* now, rules absolute,
Skill'd in sweet Lays, and peerless at her Lute:
For whom to die I would not be afraid,
If Fates would spare me the surviving Maid.

LYDIA

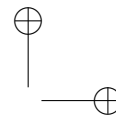
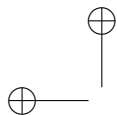
Me, *Cayls* rich *Ornitho's* heir doth scorch
With a reciprocal and equal torch:
For whom I would endure to die twice over,
If Fates would spare me my surviving Lover.

HORACE

What if old *Venus* should her Doves revoke,
And curb us (stubborn) to her Brazen yoke:
If bright trest *Chloe* I would henceforth hate,
And to excluded *Lydia* ope the Gate?

LYDIA

Though he be fairer than the Morning star;
Thou, lighter than a Cork, and madder far
Than the vext Ocean, when it threatens the Skie,
With thee I'de gladly live, I'de willing die.



BARTEN HOLIDAY, 1653

(1593–1661; Dramatist, Translator and Divine)

HORACE

Whilst I was graceful in thy sight,
Nor any young man with more welcom might
Around thy neck with sweet embrace
No *Persian* King enjoy'd a Blester grace.

LYDIA

Whilst no strange fire inflam'd thy blood,
Nor *Lydia's* beauty after *Chloe's* stood,
I *Lydia* far for honour nam'd;
Ev'n than the *Roman Ilia* liv'd more fam'd.

HORACE

Now *Thracian Chloe* sways my heart,
Wel-skill'd in prick-song, & to play her part:
For whom I'l not fear death's arrive,
So Fate will but permit her to survive.

LYDIA

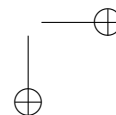
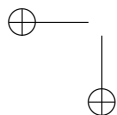
Me, *Calais Thurian Orinth's* son
Enflames with mutual amorous passion:
For whom I twice would death sustain,
So Fate would let the Young man here remain.

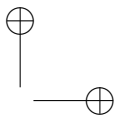
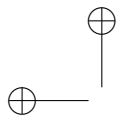
HORACE

What if we our old Loves renew,
And 'gain perfore a brazen yoke indue?
Or if I flaxen *Chloe* quit,
And once excluded *Lydia* re-admit?

LYDIA

Though he than Stars appear more bright,
And thou than floating Cork more vainly light,
And fierce as *Adria* swelling high:
With thee I'l live, with thee I'l gladly dye.





JOHN COLLOP, 1656

(*Poesis Rediviva, or, Poesie Reviv'd*)

While that our souls and arms did twine
In amorous circling like the vine,
Should regal pomp with me but vie,
'Twould prove enameld slavery.

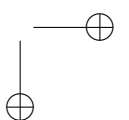
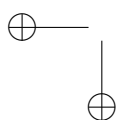
While no fond flames of loose desire,
Did warm thy breast with aliene fire,
Crown'd joys with mine, but plac'd in scale,
No minuits joy could countervail.

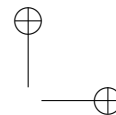
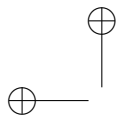
Exotick Chloe rules my heart;
Learn'd to tempt souls to th' ear by art;
For both could one death us suffice,
Love should make death a sacrifice.

An amorous youth with mutual fire,
Meets in complacence my desire,
For whom I once, nay, twice could die,
Could death admit security.

But what if *Venus* should return,
And fires that glow in ashes burn?
While she revokes to yoaks of brasse,
Our Love's more brittle far then glasse.

Though stars are then my love lesse fair,
Cork not so light, as thee, or air,
Rocks not so deaf, or angry Seas,
If true, I'de Court thee a disease.





J. W., 1666

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

HORACE

Whilst I alone was dear to thee,
 And only chief in thy embrace,
No Persian King liv'd life to me,
 Or half so blest or happy was.

LYDIA

Till thy love roul'd and did prefer
 Chloe's new face, 'fore *Lydia*,
In fame, I (far surpassing her)
 Was greater than *Romes Ili*.

HORACE

Chloe's the Saint I pray to now,
 Sweetly she sings, and plays o'th' Lute,
For whom, would Destiny allow,
 My life should be a substitute.

LYDIA

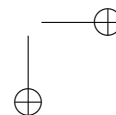
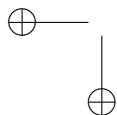
The same's young *Calais* (*Ornithu's* heir)
 To me, for whom I should be glad
If I might die, though twice it were,
 Would the same Fates but spare the Lad.

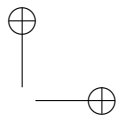
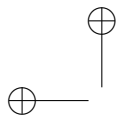
HORACE

But say! if as before I burn?
 Say I once more put on my chain?
Chloe shak'd off, and I return
 To my first *Lydia* again?

LYDIA

Though he's more glorious than a Star,
 Thou than a Cork more fickle be,
Or pettish than the Sea, I sware
 Once more to live and die with thee.





THOMAS FLATMAN, 1666

(1635–88; English Poet and Painter)

HORACE

While I was lovely in thine eye,
And while no soft embrace but mine
Encircled thy fair Ivory neck,
I did the *Persian* King out-shine.

LYDIA

While *Horace* was an honest Lad,
And *Chloe* less than *Lydia* lov'd,
Lydia was then a matchless Lass,
And in a sphere 'bove *Ili*a mov'd.

HORACE

But *Chloe* now has vanquisht me,
That Lute and Voice who could deny?
Methinks might I but save her life,
I could my self even dare to dy.

LYDIA

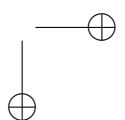
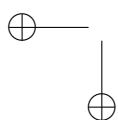
Young *Calais* is my Gallant,
He burns me with his flaming Eye,
To save the pretty villians life,
"Twice over I could dare to dy.

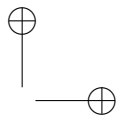
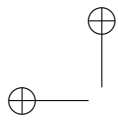
HORACE

But say I *Lydia* lov'd agen,
And would new-braze Loves broken chain?
Say I should turn my *Chloe* off,
And take poor *Lydia* home again?

LYDIA

Why then though He a fixed Star,
Thou lighter than a Cork shouldst be,
Mad, and unquiet as the Sea,
Yet would I live, and die with thee.





FRANCIS ATTERBURY, 1682

(1663–1732; Anglican Bishop, Polemical Writer and Orator)

HORACE

Whilst I was fond, and you were kind,
Nor any dearer youth, reclin'd
On your soft bosom, sunk to rest,
Phraätes was not half so blest.

LYDIA

Whilst you ador'd no other face,
Nor lov'd me in the second place,
My happy celebrated fame
Outshone ev'n Ilia's envy'd flame.

HORACE

Me Chloe now possesses whole,
Her voice and lyre command my soul:
Nor would I death itself decline,
Could her life ransom'd be with mine.

LYDIA

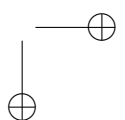
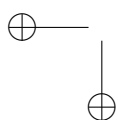
For me young lovely Calais burns,
And warmth for warmth my heart returns:
Twice would I life with ease resign,
Could his be ransom'd once with mine.

HORACE

What if sweet Love, whose bands we broke,
Again should tame us to the yoke;
Should banish'd Chloe cease to reign,
And Lydia her lost power regain?

LYDIA

Though Hesperus be less fair than he,
Thou wilder than the raging sea,
Lighter than down; yet gladly I
With thee would live, with thee would die.





JOHN OLDHAM, 1684

(1653–83; English Poet)

HORACE

While you for me alone had Charms,
And none more welcome fill'd your Arms,
Proud with content, I flighted Crowns,
And pitied Monarchs on their Thrones.

LYDIA

While you thought *Lydia* only fair,
And lov'd no other Nymph but her,
Lydia was happier in your Love,
Than the bless'd Virgins are above.

HORACE

Now *Chloes* charming Voice, and Art
Have gain'd the conquest of my Heart:
For whom, ye Fates, I'd wish to die,
If mine the Nymphs dear Life might buy.

LYDIA

Thyrsis by me has done the same,
The Youth burns me with mutual Flame;
For whom a double Death I'd bear;
Would Fate my dearest *Thyrsis* spare.

HORACE

But say, fair Nymph, if I once more
Become your Captive as before?
Say, I throw off my *Chloes* chain,
And take you to my Breast again?

LYDIA

Why then, tho he more bright appear,
More constant than a fixed Star;
Tho you than Wind more fickle be,
And rougher than the stormy Sea.
By Heav'n, and all its Pow'rs I vow
I'd gladly live, and die with you.

JOHN HARIGTON, 1684

(c. 1627–1700)

HORACE

Whilst I was grateful to thy *Sence*,
Nor other *Youth* more pleasing *Arms* did bring;
Clasp'd round thy purest *Neck*, from thence
More blisful far I shin'd then *Persian King*.

LYDIA

Whilst thou didst with none other *Flame*
More fondly *burn*, nor LYDIA march'd behind
CHLOE, I then (with greatest Name)
That *Roman ILIA* most bright outshin'd.

HORACE

Me *Thracian CHLOE* governs now,
Taught sweetest *Notes*, and learn'd in *Citherus* skill;
For whom I'l *Dye* with fearless Brow,
So *Fates* spare her, my *Soul* surviving still.

LYDIA

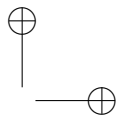
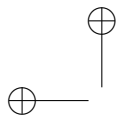
Me scorcheth too with mutual *Fire*
CALAIS Orinthus Son which does revive;
For whom I twice shall gladly expire,
So *Fates* preserve the *Youth*, keep him alive.

HORACE

What if first Appetite return,
And link us both in lasting *Brazen* chain?
If gold-hair'd CLOE scorned burn,
And *Door* stand ope' to LYDIA lov'd again?

LYDIA

Though he's more fair then splendid *Star*,
And thou more *Light* then floating cork, then high
Rough *Adrian* Sea more angry far,
With thee I'l choose to *Live*, with thee to *Dye*.



THOMAS CREECH, 1684

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

HORACE

Whilst I was welcome to your Heart,
In which no happier Youth had part,
And full of more prevailing Charms
Threw round your neck his dearer Arms;
I flourish richer, and more blest
Than the great Monarch of the East.

LYDIA

Whilst all thy Soul with me was fill'd,
Nor *Lydia* did to *Chloe* yield,
Lydia the celebrated Name,
The only Theme of Verse and Fame,
I flourish more than she renown'd
Whose Godlike Son our *Rome* did found:

HORACE

Me *Chloe* now, whom every Muse
And every Grace adorn, subdues;
For whom I'de gladly die to save
Her dearer Beautys from the Grave:

LYDIA

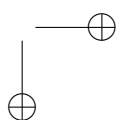
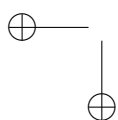
Me lovely *Calais* doth fire
With mutual flames of fierce desire,
For whom I twice would die to save
His Youth more precious from the Grave:

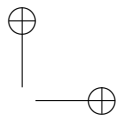
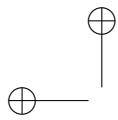
HORACE

What if our former Loves return
And our first fires again should burn,
If *Chloe*'s banisht to make way
For the forsaken *Lydia*?

LYDIA

Tho He is shining as a Star,
Constant, and Kind as he is Fair;
Though light as Cork, rough as the Sea,
Yet I would Live, would Die with Thee.





ANONYMOUS, 1684

(*The Odes of Horace, Done into English by the Most Eminent Hands*, 1715)

HORACE

While I remain'd the Darling of your Heart,
And no encroaching Lover claim'd a Part;
Unrival'd while my longing Arms I cast
About your lovely Neck and slender Waste,
And you to every one but me were chaste;
I scorn'd the lofty *Persian* Monarch's State,
And thought my self more happy, and as great.

LYDIA

While I enjoy'd you, and no fairer She
Had stol'n your wand'ring Heart away from me;
While *Chloe* seem'd not *Lydia* to out-shine,
Nor gain'd a Conquest that before was mine;
Not *Roman Ilia* more renown'd I thought,
Although a God her sweet Embraces sought.

HORACE

Now *Thracian Chloe* has supply'd your Place,
She charms me with her Musick and her Face;
To save her Life I with my own would part,
And freely give it as I gave my Heart.

LYDIA

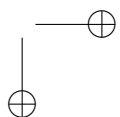
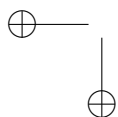
Fair *Calais* now, the sweet *Messenian* Boy,
Loves me, I him as equally enjoy;
If by my dying he might longer live,
I'd give Two Lives, if I had Two to give.

HORACE

What if kind *Venus* should our Hearts unite,
And force us to adore that Love we slight.
If *Chloe* with her Golden Locks should yield,
And banish'd *Lydia* should regain the Field?

LYDIA

If so, tho' you are cruel and unkind,
Less to be trusted than the Seas or Wind;
Tho' he so kind, so charming, and so true:
I willingly wou'd live, wou'd dye with you.





JOHN TUTCHIN, 1685

(c. 1661–1707)

HORACE

When I alone my Mistress did enjoy,
When She was kindly free, not vilely coy,
When no smooth Lad about her Neck did cling;
I vy'd in pleasure with the *Persian King*.

LYDIA

When you no Beauty lov'd but only mine,
And *Lydia* was no slave to *Chloe's* shrine,
Then fairest *Lydia* had a lasting Name,
Preceded *Ili*a in the rank of Fame.

HORACE

The *Thracian Chloe* now has got my Heart,
Sweet at her Lute, excelling in her Art:
For whose dear sake I joyfully would die,
If I might gain the living *Maid* thereby.

LYDIA

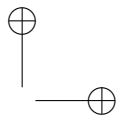
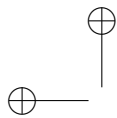
Calys, *Ornitho's* Son, a worthy Name,
Scorches my Heart with no unequal flame:
For whom I would a double Death enjoy,
If Heaven would give me the *surviving Boy*.

HORACE

What now if *Venus* should the game retrieve,
And Marriage bonds betwixt us two should give?
If I should hate fair *Chloes* Aubourn Hair,
And ope' the Gate to *Lydia*, as my Dear?

LYDIA

Though thou wert wilder than the raging Sea,
And he as beauteous as the *Milky-way*;
Thou angry as the Seas that threat the Skie,
In thy lov'd bosom I would live and die.



ANONYMOUS, 1692 (IMITATED)

(*The Gentleman's Journal*, ed. Peter Anthony Motteux)

AMINT.

While in my dearest *Cælia's* Arms
I lay all melting, panting, dying,
Possess of her Celestial Charms,
And the poor Rival World outvying;
Not the *Grand Louis* with his noisy State,
Enjoy'd a sweeter, or a Nobler Fate.

CÆLIA

While kind *Amintor* liked me best,
With Sighs an endless Love professing,
Nor *Phyllis* could invade his Breast,
But I alone enjoy'd the Blessing:
His Muse had rais'd his envy'd *Cælia's* Fame
Above the great *Bunduca's* lofty Name.

AMINT.

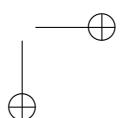
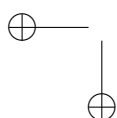
O're me the lovely *Phyllis* reigns,
Her flowing Wit, her Beauty warms me,
Now with her Lutes bewitching Streins,
Now with her heavenly Voice she charms me:
Nor should I tremble at Death's loudest Call,
Might the dear Girl survive the Funeral.

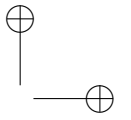
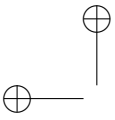
CÆLIA

My Heart for youthful *Daphnis* burns,
Daphnis the Gay, the Brave retains me,
My Flames with kindest Flames returns,
And in Love's softest Fetters chains me;
Had I a thousand Lives I'de lose them all,
Might the sweet Boy survive my Funeral,

AMINT.

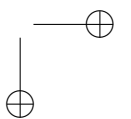
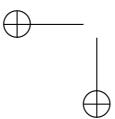
Should my lost heat return again,
The God of Love my Flames renewing;
Should I throw off my Tyrant Chain,
The Witchcraft of her Charms undoing;
Could her Apostate *Cælia's* Heart retrieve?
Could she her perjur'd Prodigal believe?

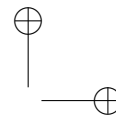
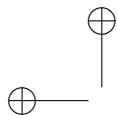




CÆLIA

Too well alas! She loves thee still,
Nor can thy senseless Falshood change her:
And tho' she knows thy various Will,
Thy cold Returns, her certain Danger,
Tho *Daphnis* brighter than fixt Stars should be,
She'd ever Love, and Live, and Die with thee.





LORD RATCLIFF, 1693

(*The Odes of Horace, Done into English by the Most Eminent Hands, 1715*)

HE

While I was Monarch of your Heart,
Crown'd with a Love where none had part,
Each Mortal did with Envy die;
No God but wish'd that he were I.

SHE

While you ador'd no Charms but mine,
And vow'd that they did all out-shine;
More celebrated was my Name
Than that of the bright *Grecian* Dame.

HE

Chloe's the Saint that I implore,
Chloe's the Goddess I adore,
For whom to dye the Gods I pray'd,
If Fates wou'd spare the charming Maid.

SHE

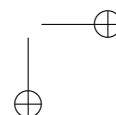
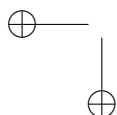
Amyntas is my Lover's Name,
For whom I burn with mutual Flame;
For whom I twice wou'd die with Joy,
If Fates wou'd spare the charming Boy.

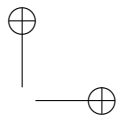
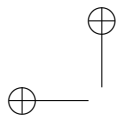
HE

If I once more shou'd wear your Chain,
And take my *Lydia* back again;
If banish *Chloe* from my Breast,
That you might there for ever rest.

SHE

Tho' he is charming as a God,
Serene and gay, divinely good,
You rough as Billows raging high,
Wich you I'd chuse to live and die.





FRANCIS MANNING, 1701

(c. 1674–1738; English Poet and Diplomat)

HORACE

Whilst I was grateful to thy Arms,
And set beyond the rest of Men;
Whilst I alone possess'd thy Charms,
I did the *Persian* King out shine.

LYDIA

Whilst *Horace* lov'd no Woman more
Than *Lydia*, but fair *Chloe* less,
My own I did prefer before
The *Roman Ilia*'s happiness.

HORACE

Now *Chloe* curbs my wandring Eye,
And with her Lute dissolves my Mind;
Chloe, for whom I'd choose to dye,
If Fate would leave her Soul behind.

LYDIA

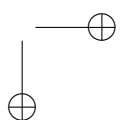
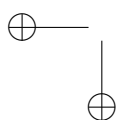
Now *Calais* enjoys my Love,
The youthful *Calais* is he,
For whom I'd twice a Victim prove,
So he might live my Death to see.

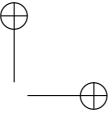
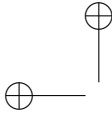
HORACE

What if our first Love should return,
And bind us once more to her Yoke,
If *Chloe* should receive my scorn,
And I fair *Lydia* should revoke.

LYDIA

Tho' He's more shining than a Star,
Thou lighter than the changing Sky,
And fierce as savage Tygers are,
With Thee I'd live, with Thee I'd dye.





NICHOLAS ROWE, 1707 (IMITATED)

(1674–1718; English Writer, Dramatist and Poet)

JACOB TONSON

While at my house in *Fleet-street* once you lay,
How merrily, dear Sir! time pass'd away?
While "I partook your wine, your wit, and mirth,
I was the happiest creature on God's yearth."

MR. CONGREVE

While in your early days of reputation,
You for blew garters had not such a passion;
While yet you did not use (as now your trade is)
To drink with noble lords and toast their ladies;
Thou *Jacob Tonson!* wert, to my conceiving,
The chearfullest, best, honestest fellow living.

JACOB TONSON

I'm in with Captain Vanburg at the present,
A most sweet-natur'd gentleman, and pleasant!
He writes your comedies, draws schemes and models,
And builds dukes' houses upon very odd hills;
For him, so much I doat on him, that I,
If I were sure to go to heav'n, would die.

MR. CONGREVE

Temple and Delaval, are now my party,
Men that are *tam Mercurio*, both *quam Marte*;
And tho' for them I shall scarce go to heaven,
Yet I can drink with them six nights in seven.

JACOB TONSON

What if from Van's dear arms I should retire,
And once more warm my bunnians at your fire?
If I to *Bow-street* should invite you home,
And set a bed up in my dining-room,
Tell me, dear Mr. Congreve! would you come?

MR. CONGREVE

Tho' the gay sailor and the gentle knight,
Were ten times more my joy in heart's delight,
Tho' civil persons they, you ruder were,
And had more humours than a dancing bear;
Yet for your sake I'd bid them both adieu,
And live and die, dear *Cob!* with only you.



WILLIAM OLDISWORTH, 1713

(1680–1734; Author and Translator)

HORACE

When first our Hearts and Arms did join,
When you were Mine, and only Mine,
I thought my self more truly blest
Than all the Monarchs of the *East*.

LYDIA

When only I your Bosom fill'd,
Nor *Lydia* did to *Chloe* yield,
Then *Lydia* might with *Ili*a vie;
None was so Blest so great as I.

HORACE

Now *Chloe*'s Voice, and tuneful Lyre,
And Beauty, set my Soul on Fire;
I'd die to save the gentle Fair,
If Death her dearer Life would spare.

LYDIA

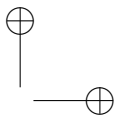
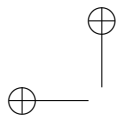
Young *Calais* is all my Joy;
In mutual Flames I meet the Boy:
Had I two Lives, I'd gladly give
Both to the Fates, so he might live.

HORACE

What if my former Love return,
And equally again we burn?
If *Chloe* should resign her Part,
And you once more possess my Heart?

LYDIA

Though He I love is heav'nly fair,
You as the Winds inconstant are;
I'd bid the gentle Youth adieu,
And freely live and die with You.



ANONYMOUS, 1715

(*The Odes of Horace, Done into English by the Most Eminent Hands*, 1715)

HORACE

Whilst I was welcome, and no dearer Lover
His Arms about so white a Neck did fling,
I flourish'd, look'd as high as any other,
Was happy, blest above the Persian King.

LYDIA

Whilst with another you fell not in Love;
And yet I yielded not to *Chloe's* Fame;
I flourish'd highly was renown'd above
The Foundress of the Mighty *Roman* Name.

HORACE

Now *Chloe* rules, *Chloe*, the charming Fair!
Who Sings, and Plays so finely, must controul;
O! I cou'd Dye, so that the Fates wou'd spare
Chloe, the dear Remainder of my Soul.

LYDIA

For *Calais* I burn, he's Young, and Fair,
With mutual Flames he to my Arms does fly;
So that the Fates the hand some Youth wou'd spare
O! I cou'd twice bow down the Head, and Dye.

HORACE

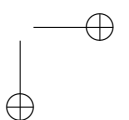
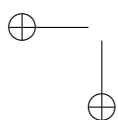
But, what if Love returning now shou'd lay
A stronger Yoke, restraining each wild Rover?
If fairest *Chloe* should be put away,
And flighted *Lydia* come to her old Lover?

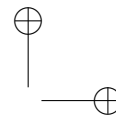
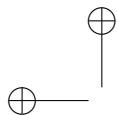
LYDIA

Tho' he is fairer than the Morning Star.
Thou Light as Cork more Passionate than the Sea,
Than *Adria's* Billows, which so furious are,
Yes wou'd I chuse to Live and Dye with thee.

CHORUS

We'll Live, and Love, and Change no more,
We'll Study all endearing Lover's Charms;
We'll do, what none has done before,
We'll Dye together in each other's Arms.





HENRY COXWELL, 1718

(*The Odes of Horace*)

HORACE

Whilst I was blest in *Lydia's* dear Embrace,
E'er any Rival did usurp my Place,
I thought my self, I own, as Glorious full,
As *Persian* Monarch, or the Great *Mogul*.

LYDIA

Whilst thou wast Constant, e'er thy wand'ring Eye
Fix'd upon *Chloe*, and set *Lydia* by,
Beyond the Female Sex I bore the Fame,
Happy as *Iliä* the *Roman* Dame.

HORACE

I must confess that *Chloe's* pleasing Charms
Have bound me fast a Captive to her Arms,
For whom my utmost Breath I'd freely give,
If by that means She might the longer live.

LYDIA

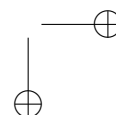
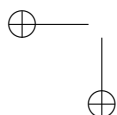
Me *Calais* Love *Ornithus* Son inspires,
And my Affection warms with mutual Fires,
For whom I'd twice surrender up my Breath,
If that would save th' illustrious Youth from Death.

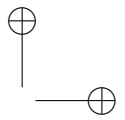
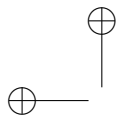
HORACE

What if our old Amours should meet again,
Strictly united in a firmer Chain?
If I should *Chloe* leave, and backward cast
Renewed Love on *Lydia* at the last.

LYDIA

Though *Calais* be as beauteous as a Star,
Thou fals'er than Deceit, more angry far
Than *Adrian* Sea, yet I would choose to be
Companion both in Life, and Death with Thee.





THOMAS PARNELL, 1679–1718

(1679–1718; Irish Poet and Essayist, Friend of Alexander Pope)

HE

When first my Biddy love profest
My rapture ran so high
Not Gentle S—s fondly prest
To beautiful G—s panting breast
Was half so blest as I.

SHE

When first my bard you taught my name
To sound in Song divine
Not S—s exalted fame
Tho S—s a P— aim
I wishd instead of mine.

HE

But now the Muse thy late delight
You See thy rival prove
For night & day & day & night
To write & read & read & write
Is all ye life I love.

SHE

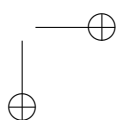
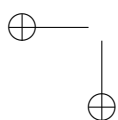
Forlorn yet senceless of ye pain
I to the Mirrour fly
Survey my self am Justly vain
And but I know my self again
For that dear face could dy.

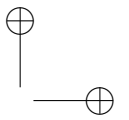
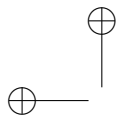
HE

But should thy Bard no longer pore
Wilt thou forsake thy glass
If I admire my works no more
Wilt thou to court thy shade give o're
And all be as it was.

SHE

Since none but we our rivals are
And none the lovers too
Be fond or void of am'rous care
I fond or vain of being fair
Yet both are ever true.





JOHN HANWAY, 1720

(Translations of Several Odes of Horace)

HORACE

While I with Freedom could alone
Rove o'er your snowy Breast;
Not he that fills the *Persian* Throne
E'er thought himself so blest.

LYDIA

While *Lydia* fir'd you with her Charms,
Nor did to *Chloë* yield;
She envied not e'en *Iliä's* Arms,
With *Mars* her Lover fill'd,

HORACE

But now I'm *Chloë's* Slave, who plays
And sings with Voice divine:
For whom I'd die, if I her Days
Could lengthen out with mine.

LYDIA

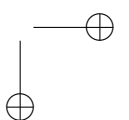
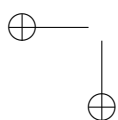
With Kisses *Calais* stops my Breath,
While mutual Joy's the Strife:
For whom I twice would suffer Death,
To save his dearer Life.

HORACE

What if Love should return again,
And Yoke us fast once more?
And when I shake off *Chloë's* Chain,
I fly to *Lydia's* door?

LYDIA

Tho' he's as brilliant as a Star;
Thou rough as *Adria's* Sea,
Or light as Cork; yet I'd prefer
To live and die with thee.





SIR THOMAS BURNET, C. 1721

(1694–1753; English Judge)

HORACE

When I alone of all your train,
Was the belov'd, the happy swain;
While then no other saucy guest
Might press that snowy panting breast,
The Persian Monarch's vaunted store,
To mine compar'd, I thought was poor.

LYDIA

While only to these arms you came
Untainted with another flame,
While *Chloe* was no fav'rite toast
Nor Lydia by your falsehood lost;
Not Ilia; though a Goddess she,
Could merit envy more than me.

HORACE

Amidst a crowd of Thracian swains,
Chloe now holds me in her chains;
Whose tuneful voice receives the prize
Of hearts, the captives of her eyes.
To me she's now so dear, that I,
To save her life, myself would die.

LYDIA

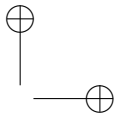
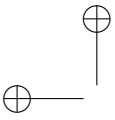
Calais, the glory of the plain,
Has sigh'd for me, nor sigh'd in vain:
Him nature form'd for love and play,
So vers'd in song, and roundelay,
A double death I'd meet with joy,
To add a day to my dear boy.

HORACE

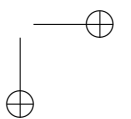
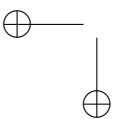
What if my former flame return,
And I no more for *Chloe* burn?
What if I quit her maiden charms,
And rest again in Lydia's arms?
There penitent for what I've done,
Once more I put your fetters on?

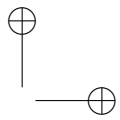
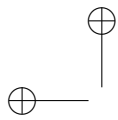
LYDIA

Though fairer he than fixed star,
Thou more than cork art lighter far;
Though not the sea, with storms oppress,



Hath half the tempest in thy breast,
My wanderer's faith again I'll try,
Content with thee to live or die.





THOMAS KEN, 1721 (IMITATED)

(1637–1711; English Cleric, Bishop of Bath and Wells)

LICENTIO

While I was to *Urania* dear,
And felt the Joys of Love sincere;
Of Bliss I then arriv'd at hight,
And Kings seem'd little in my sight,
Had all the World its Charms combin'd,
Urania would have all out-shin'd.

URANIA

While I, *Licentio*, had your Heart;
And saw you with lewd *Flora* part,
I felt Enamourations sweet,
Transported with a Joy so great,
That I engag'd the Pow'rs above
With Harp and Hymn to sing our Love.

LICENTIO

But *Flora* me afresh allures,
No Rival Beauty she endures,
O she enchants my Ear and Eye,
O I with her could live and die,
Die! we of Death abhor the Name,
Which damps our co-endearing Flame.

URANIA

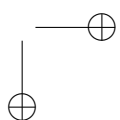
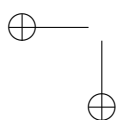
I, since *Licentio* me forsook,
Into my Heart *Constantio* took,
He in my Love will persevere,
And Death we neither of us fear,
We both at Love eternal aim,
And Love which sensual is disclaim.

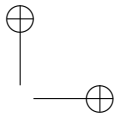
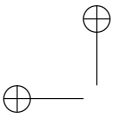
LICENTIO

But should *Licentio* *Flora* leave;
And for his shameful Passion grieve,
Confess how much he was beguil'd,
Beg humbly to be reconcil'd,
Urania's Love entirely own,
And in his Heart her re-enthroned.

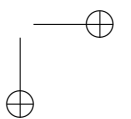
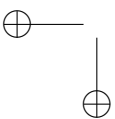
UNANIA

Tho' you than Vanity more light,
Urania's Favours often slight,
Tho' dear *Constantio* for my Sake





Will suffer Rack, or Wheel, or Stake,
Yet should *Licentio Flora* quit,
I'll to my Heart him re-admit.





DAVID LEWIS, 1726

(1682–1760; English Poet)

HORACE

While I was fond, and you were kind,
Nor any dearer Youth, reclin'd
On your soft Bosom, sought to rest;
Phraates was not half so blest.

LYDIA

While you ador'd no other Face,
Nor lov'd me in the second Place;
My happy celebrated Fame
Outshone ev'n *Iliad's* envy'd Name.

HORACE

Me *Cloe* now possesses whole;
Her Voice and Lyre possess my Soul:
Nor would I Death it self decline,
Could hers be respited by mine.

LYDIA

For me young lovely *Calais* burns,
And Warmth for Warmth my Heart returns;
Twice would I Life with ease resign,
Could his be ransom'd once with mine.

HORACE

What if sweet Love, whose Bands we broke,
Again should take us to his Yoke:
Discarded *Cloe* cease to reign,
And *Lydia* her lost Pow'r regain?

LYDIA

Than *Hesperus* tho' brighter He,
Thou wilder than the raging Sea,
Than Air more light; yet gladly I
With Thee would live, with Thee would die.



ANONYMOUS, 1733

(*The London Magazine*)

DAMON

While I with love your breast could warm,
While me alone to please you'd strive;
Cou'd loll upon no other arm,
I was the *happiest* youth alive.

LYDIA

While you could love none more than me,
Nor 'stead of *Lyddy*, *Chloe* boast;
Lyddy was then the *happiest* she,
The *fairest maid*, the *brightest toast*.

DAMON

That *Chloe* charms I'll not deny,
To th' lute who sweetest notes can give:
For whom I wou'd not fear to *die*,
Would dying make my *Chloe* live.

LYDIA

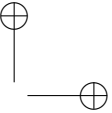
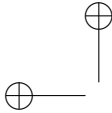
Me *Strephon* charms; who with each breath,
Vows mutual *constancy and truth*:
For whom I *twice* would suffer *death*;
Would *death* but save my lovely youth.

DAMON

But if of love our broken knot,
Venus should kindly tie again?
Should charming *Chloe* be forgot,
And slighted *Lyddy* once more reign?

LYDIA

Then wou'd I chuse, tho' fairer he,
Than fairest planet in the sky,
Though light as *cork*, as rough as *sea*,
With *thee* to live, with *thee* to *die*.



SAMUEL BOYSE, C. 1735 (IMITATED)

(c. 1702–49; Irish Writer and Poet)

ALEXIS

While, Phyllis, transported I lay in your arms,
And, possess'd of your fondness, was bless'd in your charms,
On wealth and ambition with scorn I look'd down,
Nor envy'd great Lewis that bauble, his crown.

PHYLLIS

While faithful with me you delighted at home,
As happy was I, as the Pope is at Rome;
But now new acquaintance your fancy mislead,
And Peter's folk never are out of your head.

ALEXIS

The charge I submit to – I own they're my friends,
Their agreeable converse fair Virtue commends.
With their sense and good humour my woes I relieve,
And with them for an age I unweary'd could live.

PHYLLIS

Miranda's fine voice and good humour for me,
My comrade she is, and my comrade shall be!
In spite of all scandal, I'll live with her still,
And let the world censure, or say what it will.

ALEXIS

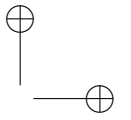
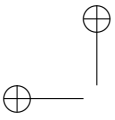
But what if, dear Phyllis, this diff'rence should end,
Suppose, for your sake, I abandon'd my friend,
And, in spite of my judgment, too biass'd my view,
Relinquish'd the world to be bury'd with you.

PHYLLIS

Though Miranda's still constantly pleasing and gay,
Though her notes far exceed all the music of May,
And though you, like old Ocean, look muddy and sour,
Our ancient alliance I'll gladly restore,
And resolve that till death we will differ no more.

ALEXIS

No, Phyllis, though kind, that concession won't take,
I ne'er can consent our joint friends to forsake,
Who in making of treaties forget their allies,
Will never be reckon'd or honest, or wise.

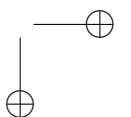
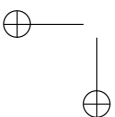


PHYLLIS

Then be judg'd by the rule you 've so gravely laid down,
Nor hope that Miranda my heart shall disown,
With her, gentle Heaven, grant me freedom to rove,
While Friendship shall pay me the interest of Love.

ALEXIS

Beware, charming Phyllis, a fatal mistake,
Where interest 's the motive, there friendship is weak.
'Tis virtue alone can establish the tie,
Through life still unbroken, which holds when we die.
The taste may be modish, yet ne'er can last long,
To lose an old lover, to hear a new song.
If novelty charms you, delighted in change,
From pleasure to pleasure, oh! long may you range.
For me, from henceforth on some quieter shore,
Where Fortune and Love shall disturb me no more,
I'll seek in retirement the noblest of joys,
'Tis time must discover the truth of each choice.





LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU, 1736 (IMITATED)

(1689–1762; English Writer and Poet)

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE

Whilst in each of my schemes you most heartily join'd,
And help'd the worst jobs that I ever design'd,
In pamphlets, in ballads, in senate, at table,
Thy satire was witty, thy counsel was able.

WILLIAM PULTENEY

Whilst with me you divided both profit and care,
And the plunder and glory did equally share;
Assur'd of his place, if my fat friend should die,
The Prince of Wales was not so happy as I.

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE

Harry Pelham is now my support and delight,
Whom we bubble all day, and we joke on at night;
His head is well furnish'd, his lungs have their merit,
I would venture a rope to advance such a spirit.

WILLIAM PULTENEY

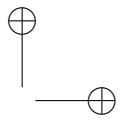
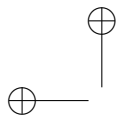
I too have a Harry more useful than yours,
Writes verses like mad, and will talk you whole hours;
I would bleed by the hatchet, or swing by the cord,
To see him once more in his robes, like a lord.

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE

But what if this quarrel was kindly made up,
Would you, my dear Willy, accept of a sup?
If the queen should confess you had long been her choice,
And you knew it was I who had spoke in her voice?

WILLIAM PULTENEY

Though my Harry's so gay, so polite, and so civil,
You rude as a bear, and more proud than the devil,
I gladly would drop him, and laugh in your ear
At the fools we have made for this last dozen year.



THOMAS HARE, 1737

("Master of Blandford School")

HORACE

While, none more welcome to your Charms,
Round your fair Neck I flung my Arms;
I flourish'd, *Lydia*, thus possest
Above the *Persian* Monarch blest.

LYDIA

Your fav'rite Flame whilst *Lydia* reign'd,
Nor yet for *Chloe* was disdain'd,
Lydia was then the glorious Name,
And blest with more than *Iliad's* Fame.

HORACE

I own my *Cretan Chloe* sways,
That sings with Art and sweetly plays;
And dauntless wou'd I die, to save
The beauteous Charmer from the Grave.

LYDIA

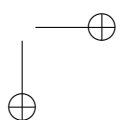
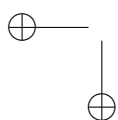
Illustrious *Calais* now inspires
My melting Soul with mutual Fires;
Twice wou'd I dare to yield my Breath,
To save my darling Boy from Death.

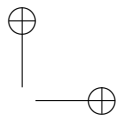
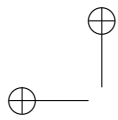
HORACE

But what if Love return again,
And link us in a stronger Chain;
If *Chloe's* Yoke be shook away,
And flighted *Lydia* come in play?

LYDIA

Tho' he beyond the Stars is fair,
Thou more inconstant than the Air,
Thou fiercer than the *Adrian* Sea,
I'd gladly live, and die with thee.





HELENA LITTEWIT, 1737

(*Virginia Gazette*)

HORACE

Whilst I lov'd thee, and thou wer't kind,
Nor any Youth thy Neck entwin'd,
With Arms more welcome, I protest,
Cyrus the Great was n e'er so blest.

LYDIA

Whilst I was Mistress of thy Flame,
Nor Chloe laid a better Claim
To thy false Heart, thy Lydia
Outshin'd the Roman Ilia.

HORACE

Me Chloe wholly does possess,
Her Voice, and Lute, command no less;
For whom to dye I would not grieve,
Might but the pretty Rogue survive.

LYDIA

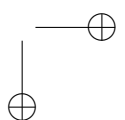
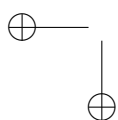
And me young Calais does fire
With a reciprocal Desire,
To dye twice over I'd not grieve,
Might but the pretty Villain live.

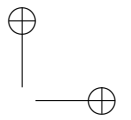
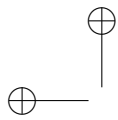
HORACE

But say! old Love returns again,
Say I shou'd braze Love's broken Chain,
Say I shou'd Chloe's Image raze,
And draw poor Lydia's in it's Place.

LYDIA

Though he be fairer than a Star,
Though lighter than a Cork, and far
More peevish than the Adrian Sea,
Yet would I live, and dye with thee.





PHILIP FRANCIS, 1743

(1708–73; English Clergyman and Writer)

HORACE

While I was pleasing to your arms
Nor any youth of happier charms
Thy snowy bosom blissful press'd,
Not Persia's king like me was bless'd.

LYDIA

While for no other fair you burn'd,
Nor Lydia was for Chloe scorn'd,
What maid was then so bless'd as thine?
Not Ilia's fame could equal mine.

HORACE

Now Chloe reigns; her voice and lyre
Melt down the soul to soft desire,
Nor will I fear e'en death, to save
Her dearer beauties from the grave.

LYDIA

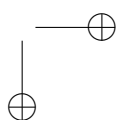
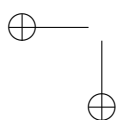
My heart young Calais inspires,
Whose bosom glows with mutual fires,
For whom I twice would die with joy,
If death would spare the charming boy.

HORACE

Yet what if love, whose bands we broke,
Again should tame us to the yoke;
Should I shake off bright Chloe's chain,
And take my Lydia home again?

LYDIA

Though he exceed in beauty far
The rising lustre of a star;
Though light as cork thy fancy strays,
Thy passions wild as angry seas,
When vex'd with storms; yet gladly I
With thee would live, with thee would die.





SOAME JENYNS, 1747

(1704–87; English Writer and Member of Parliament)

H. PELHAM

Whilst I was pleasing in your eyes,
And you was constant, chaste, and wise;
Ere yet you had your favours granted
To ev'ry knave or fool who canted,
In peaceful joy I pass'd each hour,
Nor envy'd *Walpole's* wealth and pow'r.

MADAM POPULARITY

While I possess'd your love alone,
My heart and voice were all your own;
But on my soul 'twou'd vex a faint,
When I've most reason for complaint,
To hear you thus begin to scold:
Think on *Britannia!* proud and old!
Are not her interests all your theme,
Your daily labour, nightly dream?

H. PELHAM

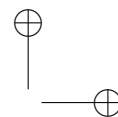
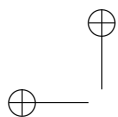
My just regard I can't deny
For her and her prosperity;
Nor am asham'd it is so great,
That, to deliver her from debt,
From foreign wars and civil strife,
I'd freely sacrifice my life.

MADAM POPULARITY

To her your warmest vows are plighted,
For her I ev'ry day am slighted;
Her welfare always is preferr'd,
And my neglected voice unheard:
Examples numerous I cou'd mention,
A peace! bad as the old convention;
Money reduc'd to three per cent,
No pity on the poor who lent;
Armies that must for ever stand,
And still three shillings laid on land.

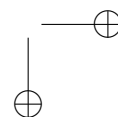
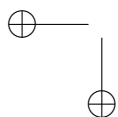
H. PELHAM

Suppose now, Madam, I was willing
For once to bate this grievous shilling,
To humour you – I know 'tis wrong,
But you have such a cursed tongue.



MADAM POPULARITY

Why then, tho' rough as winds or seas,
You scorn all little arts to please,
Yet thou art honest, faith, and I
With thee alone will live and die.





JOSIAH RELPH, 1747

(1712–43; English Poet)

DAMON

Whilst round that ready neck of thine
My welcome arms were wont to twine;
Of every nobler joy possessed,
I pity'd Cæsar poorly blest.

CHLOE

Whilst Chloe was her Damon's care
His fondest wish, his fav'rite Fair;
Not Helen vyed with Chloe's name
Tho' deathless Homer sing the dame.

DAMON

Now Bella's charms my bosom fire,
Bella's harmonious voice and lyre:
This life with ease I cou'd resign;
If this dear maid might ransom thine.

CHLOE

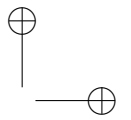
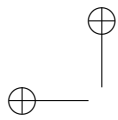
And Strephon has all Chloe now,
Strephon dear object of her vow;
A death, a double death I'd dare,
If pitying Fates wou'd Strephon spare.

DAMON

But what if gentle love shou'd deign
To re-unite the broken chain;
Shou'd Bella from my bosom tear,
And re-establith Chloe there?

CHLOE

Than Phosphorus tho' fairer he,
Thou false and furious as the sea:
Yet trust me, Damon, trust me I,
With thee cou'd live, with thee cou'd dye.



WILLIAM POPPLE, C. 1750

(1700–64; English Poet and Playwright)

HORACE

Whilst none more dear to Lydia's Arms,
Round thy white Neck did twine;
The Crown of Persia wanted charms,
Such Happiness was mine.

LYDIA

Whilst by no other Maid inflam'd,
No Chloe cou'd delight;
The mighty Ilia so much fam'd,
Seem'd little in my sight.

HORACE

Now Thracian Chloe fills my heart,
Skill'd in the Song & Lyre;
To save her life, with mine I'd part,
And for her sake expire.

LYDIA

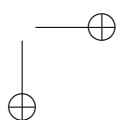
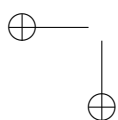
Ornithus' Son, with mutual love,
Gives ev'ry sense of Joy,
For him Death's pangs, I twice wou'd prove,
If twice cou'd save the Boy.

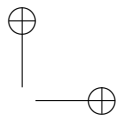
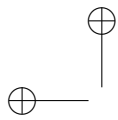
HORACE

What if our antient Love return,
And link us in one chain;
If I for Chloe cease to burn,
Will Lydia love again?

LYDIA

Tho', fairer than the Morning-Star,
He charms each gazing eye;
With thee, (than Seas tho' rougher far,)
With thee, I'd live and dye.





J. MILLER, 1754

(*Poems on Several Occasions*)

DAMON

When *Chloe*! I belov'd by thee,
Reclin'd at Ease upon thy Breast,
E'en Monarchs were but mean to me,
No Mortals e'er was half fo blest!

CHLOE

And *Damon* when thy Heart sincere,
Did wear no other Chain than mine,
Then *Helen's* Charms unenvy'd were,
Nor less than her did *Chloe* shine.

DAMON

But now the lovely *Phyllis* reigns
Unrivall'd Mistress of my Heart!
With Joy I wear her milder Chains,
Well skill'd in every pleasing Art.

CHLOE

Nor less *Alexis* lovely Boy!
Endow'd with every manly Grace,
Does fill my fluttering Heart with Joy,
When lock'd within his soft Embrace.

DAMON

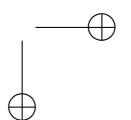
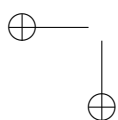
For her a thousand Deaths I'd die,
How happy! if that Sacrifice
Might from the Fates a Respite buy,
And save a Life I so much prize,

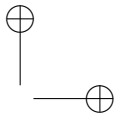
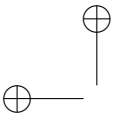
CHLOE

From Harms my much lov'd Youth to free,
With Joy ten thousand Deaths I'd prove,
For what has Life in Store for me,
Depriv'd of him I so much love.

DAMON

But what, if former Love return,
And breaking wanton *Phyllis's* Chain,
For thee again should *Damon* burn,
To *Chloe* sue for Love again?

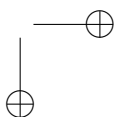
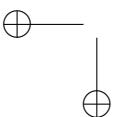


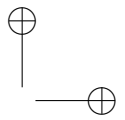
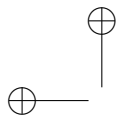


CHLOE

Then, tho' more fair than Noon-day Light
 Alexis is, and thou than Air
More fleeting, his fond Love I'd flight,
 And you alone my Heart should share.

Yes Shepherd! should you constant prove,
 And burn with equal Flame as I,
Contented in my *Damon's* Love,
 With thee I'd live! with thee I'd dye.





SIR JAMES MARRIOTT, 1760

(1730–1803; English Judge, Politician and Scholar)

HORACE

While Horace with Lydy was blest,
You little, coquetish, wild thing,
Your arms had no rival carest,
And I was as great as a King.

LYDIA

While Horace to Lydy was true,
Nor Chloe more charming was seen,
My heart never wander'd from you,
And I was as great as a Queen.

HORACE

But Lydy no longer must sway;
'Tis now for dear Chloe to reign;
She sings, and she dances so gay,
I'd die if but Chloe remain.

LYDIA

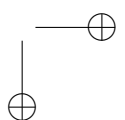
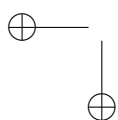
Then know I can scorn such a Rover;
My thoughts other beauties employ,
Let Lydy die over and over,
But long live her loving lov'd boy.

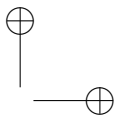
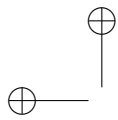
HORACE

Yet suppose my first ardors should burn,
Each effort for freedom be vain;
Should Chloe be scorn'd in her turn,
And Lydy be Charmer again.

LYDIA

Tho' he were as bright as a star,
Thou fickle, and rough as the sea,
Dear Horace, all jealousy far,
I'd live and die loving with thee.





ANONYMOUS, 1763

(St. James Magazine)

HE

While you for me alone reserv'd your charms,
And no youth fondly claspt thee in his arms,
How far more happy was my envy'd fate,
Than the proud monarch's of the Persian state?

SHE

While you ador'd no charms but mine alone,
And vow'd that Delia every nymph outshone;
How far more envy'd, more renown'd was I,
Than each bright goddess of the starry sky?

HE

Now Chloe's charms my amorous soul inspire,
Well skill'd she tunes the sweetly-flowing lyre.
Ye gods! how willingly I'd die to save
The dear, the lovely Chloe from the grave!

SHE

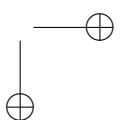
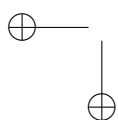
For beauteous Damon now my bosom burns!
The gentle swain the mutual flame returns.
Ye gods! I'd bear a double death with joy,
Would ye but spare the too, too charming boy!

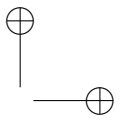
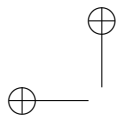
HE

What if our former loves revive again,
And I once more should wear thy pleasing chain,
If I should shun fair Chloe's captive charms,
And take rejected Delia to my arms?

SHE

Tho' blooming smiles sweet Damon's face adorn,
That far transcend the blushes of the morn,
Tho' thou art more inconstant than the wind,
With you I'd live content, with you I'd die resign'd.





RICHARD OWEN CAMBRIDGE, 1763 (IMITATED)

(1717–1802; English Poet)

SIR RICHARD

While fondly I triumph'd alone in your breast,
And none else to your bosom so closely you prest,
No monarch on earth was so happy as I:
I envy'd no king of a land that was dry.

THAMES

While you on my banks was contented to stray,
With the days and the months I roll'd glibly away.
Nor envy'd I then ('tis no treason I hope)
The Tweed her lord Bute, or the Tiber her Pope.

SIR RICHARD

Piccadilly, it must be confest, has its charms:
By the prospect allured I deserted your arms:
Tho' the cielings were damp and the walls hardly dry,
I'd have gone there tho' Burroughs had sworn I should die.

THAMES

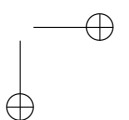
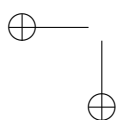
Your neighbour, Sir Charles, has employ'd ev'ry art
With resistless allurements to ravish my heart.
To gaze on his charms with delight I could stay
From morning to night, from December to May.

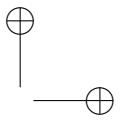
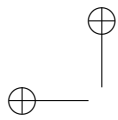
SIR RICHARD

Should your lover prove false and abandon your shore,
Rebuilding his house where 'twas founded before?
Should I, loaded with picture and statue and urn,
To present you the spoils of the Tiber, return?

THAMES

Tho' inconstant in thought you should often be stealing
To your loved Piccadilly, or even to Ealing:
Your walls would I clasp in my amorous arms,
And swell with delight to contemplate your charms.





PHILIP GRIFFIN, 1764

(English Stage Actor)

HORACE

While I was welcome to your Breast;
And no fond Youth was more caress'd,
Permitted in thine Arms to lie;
Not *Persia's* King was blest as I.

LYDIA

While you admir'd no other Fair,
Nor CHLOE did to me prefer,
I thought thy happy LYDIA's Name,
Greater than *Roman ILIA's* Fame.

HORACE

Now own I *Thracian CHLOE's* Sway,
Well skill'd to tune the tender Lay;
For whom I even Death would bear,
Would but the Fates her Beauties spare.

LYDIA

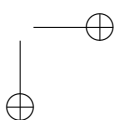
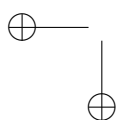
With me young CALAÏS too proves
The tender Sweets of mutual Love;
I'd meet ten thousand Deaths to save
His Charms from the rapacious Grave.

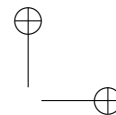
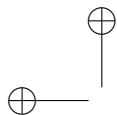
HORACE

What if we join'd the broken Chain,
And now renew'd our Vows again?
If I reject fair CHLOE's Charms,
To LYDIA wide extend my Arms? –

LYDIA

Though he is brighter than a Star;
Though you than Cork are lighter far,
And rougher than the raging Sea,
Yet would I live, would die with thee.





SAMUEL ROGERS, 1764

("Rector of Chellington, Bedfordshire")

STREPHON

While I could please thee, matchless fair,
Nor SYLVIA knew a youth more dear,
Whose fond encircling arms were cast
In wanton folds around thy waist;
Was ever bliss, ye powers divine!
So great, so exquisite as mine?

SYLVIA

While you, dear youth, was mine alone,
And not a fairer virgin known,
Whose brilliant beauties cou'd enslave
That heart I once was proud to have,
Then SYLVIA reign'd an envy'd name,
The MUSE's pride, and life of fame.

STREPHON

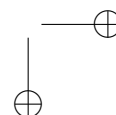
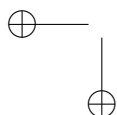
O'er me now blooming CHLOE reigns,
The pride of H—d's happy plains,
Well skill'd to tune the warbling lyre,
And melting melody inspire:
For whom I'd freely die, wou'd fate
Protract, dear maid, thy mortal date.

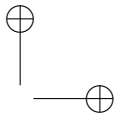
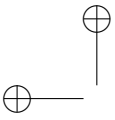
SYLVIA

FLORELLO now inflames my soul,
And mutual fires our hearts controul:
His manly mien and rolling eyes
I view with languishing surprise:
For whom two lives, if two were mine,
I'd give, sweet youth, to purchase thine.

STREPHON

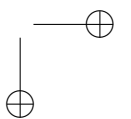
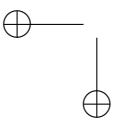
But what if love revives anew,
And each with former passion sue?
If VENUS should our hearts unite
In chains of mutual fond delight?
The blooming CHLOE be remov'd,
And I again by SYLVIA lov'd? —

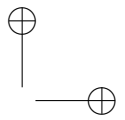
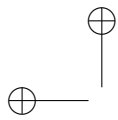




SYLVIA

Tho' he ten thousand charms possest,
With every grace and beauty blest;
Superior to the stars, that roll
In spangled lustre round the pole;
Tho' lighter far than cork your mind,
Vague and uncertain as the wind;
Tho' rougher than the ocean's rage,
When elemental storms engage;
For ever could I (think it true)
Contented live and die with You.





H. BATE., 1766

(*Jester's Magazine*)

HORACE

Whilst I perceiv'd thy tender Flame,
My Joy unrival'd shew'd the same;
No anxious Care my Soul possess'd,
I more than Persia's Prince was bless'd.

LYDIA

While you my tender Vows return'd,
Nor (fighting me) for *Chloe* burn'd,
Extensive flourish'd *Lydia's* Name,
Far more than *Roman Ilia's* Fame.

HORACE

But *Chloe's* Charms my Soul now fire;
How sweet her Voice! aud trembling Lyre!
Ye Gods! to save that Form from Death,
Transported I'd resign my Breath.

LYDIA

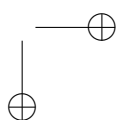
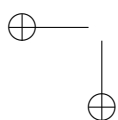
With mutual Love now *Calais* burns,
And *Lydia* ev'ry Sigh returns ;
His gen'rous youthful Lite to save,
Twice I'd descend the silent Grave.

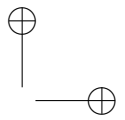
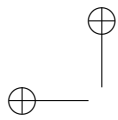
HORACE

Suppose my former Flame returns,
And ev'ry Nerve for *Lydia* burns?
If I forsake fair *Chloe's* Charms,
And feck deserced *Lydia's* Arms?

LYDIA

More beauteous than the Stars was he,
More fickle thou than Wind or Sea;
My tender Suit shou'd reach the Sky,
To live with thee, with thee to die.





CHRISTOPHER SMART, 1767

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

HORACE

Whilst my growing flame you nourish'd,
Spotless of a rival's touch,
Clasp'd within your arms I flourish'd,
Not the Persian king so much.

LYDIA

Ere you languish'd for another,
And with Chloe was inflam'd,
Lydia, greater than the mother
Of the Roman race, was nam'd.

HORACE

Me indeed that Thracian beauty,
Sweet musician, holds her slave;
For whose life I deem it duty
Death, ev'n death itself to brave.

LYDIA

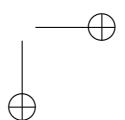
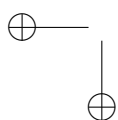
Me my Calais with such ardour
Courts and kisses – him to spare –
Death, or was there aught still harder,
I ten thousand times would bear.

HORACE

What if our old flame recover,
And our hearts again subdue,
While the portal of your lover,
Shut to Chloe, opes to you?

LYDIA

Tho' he be as bright as brightness,
Thou with cork, or with the sea,
Well compar'd for wrath and lightness,
I could live and die with thee.





EDWARD BURNABY GREENE, 1768

(Died 1788; English Poet and Translator)

HORACE

While no fond youth, with dearer arms,
Possess'd the heav'n of *Lydia's* charms,
No monarch was like *Horace* bless'd,
– Sole ruler of thy snowy breast.

LYDIA

While thou, content with *Lydia's* flame.
Avow'dst no fair usurper's claim,
Far richer transports grac'd my love,
Than honor'd *Iliä* e'er could prove.

HORACE

Me – *Chloe's* heav'nly smiles inspire,
So – sweet her voice, so soft her lyre!
For *Chloe* I would die, if fate
Indulg'd my fair a longer date.

LYDIA

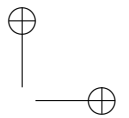
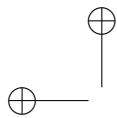
My heart for blooming *Calais* burns,
The constant youth my love returns;
Thrice would I gladly die, to save
My blooming *Calais* from the grave.

HORACE

Say should the God once more restrain
His captives in a mutual chain,
Should I from beauteous *Chloe* turn!
Should I again for *Lydia* burn!

LYDIA

Though *Calais's* charms, divinely bright,
Outvy'd the silver lamp of night,
Thou lighter than the stormy sea,
Yet would I live, would die with thee.



JOHN CUNNINGHAM, 1771 (IMITATED)

(1729–73; Irish Playwright and Poet)

DAMON

When Phillis was faithful, and fond as she's fair,
I twisted young roses in wreaths for my hair,
But ah! the sad willow's a shade for my brows,
For Phillis no longer remembers her vows!
To the groves with young Colin the shepherdess flies,
While Damon disturbs the still plains with his sighs.

PHILLIS

Bethink you, false Damon, before you upbraid
When Phœbe's fair lambkin had yesterday stray'd,
Through the woodlands you wander'd, poor Phillis forgot!
And drove the gay rambler quite home to her cot;
A swain so deceitful no damsel can prize;
'Tis Phœbe, not Phillis, lays claim to your sighs.

DAMON

Like summer's full season young Phœbe is kind,
Her manners are graceful, untainted her mind!
The sweets of contentment her cottage adorn,
She's fair as the rose-bud, and fresh as the morn!
She smiles like Pomona – These smiles I'd resign,
If Phillis were faithful, and deign'd to be mine.

PHILLIS

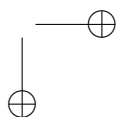
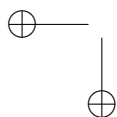
On the tabor young Colin so prettily plays,
He sings me sweet sonnets, and writes in my praise!
He chose me his true-love last Valentine-day,
When birds sat like bridegrooms all pair'd on the spray;
Yet I'd drive the gay shepherd far, far from my mind,
If Damon, the rover, were constant and kind.

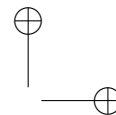
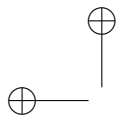
DAMON

Fine folks, my sweet Phillis, may revel and range,
But fleeting's the pleasure that's founded on change!
In the villager's cottage such constancy springs,
That peasants with pity may look down on kings.
To the church then let's hasten, our transports to bind,
And Damon will always prove faithful and kind.

PHILLIS

To the church then let's hasten, our transports to bind,
And Phillis will always prove faithful and kind.





WILLIAM GREEN, 1777

(A New Poetical Translation of All the Odes)

HORACE

While, I was pleasing to thee,
Nor other rival Lydy,
 His winding arms, *too welcome*, prest,
Around thy neck, and snowy breast,
On Persian throne, no king e'er known
 So blest – as I was with thee.

LYDY

Till, by fair other, won,
Forsook, my bosom *snowy*,
 In turtle moan, you left me lone,
And took to black-ey'd Chloé,
Not Venus, on her Paphian throne,
 More bright, and blest, than Lydy shone.

HORACE

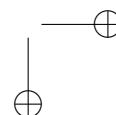
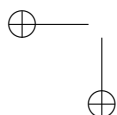
Now, Thressa Chloé rules my heart,
Skill'd in the warbling soft guitar,
 And every tuneful art,
For whom, even death I should not fear,
If Heaven, my better half, the fair
 Supermanent, will spare.

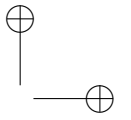
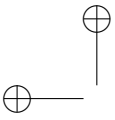
LYDY

I glow in flames of Calais' love,
Sweet unison of heart, and joy,
 For whom, both pains, and chains, I'd prove,
And death, I twice, and twice, would dare,
If fates, my better soul, will spare
 The dear surviving boy.

HORACE

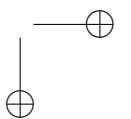
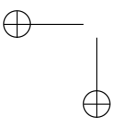
But what, if Venus should return,
And, in her golden braces bind,
 Her couple late disjoin'd,
If I, the black-ey'd Chloé scorn,
And, for *rejected* fair, re-burn,
 And Lydy's once more kind?

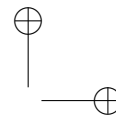
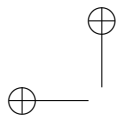




LYDY

Tho' brighter He, than morning star,
Thou light as flitting plume, in air,
 And wrathful, as the Adrian sea,
As wicked winds unsteady;
With thee, O may I ever be,
 And live, and die, thy Lydy.





ANONYMOUS, 1778

(*The London Magazine*)

HORACE

When I of late enjoy'd the envy'd bliss
To taste the nectar of your balmy kiss,
Around my neck your snowy arms went thrown,
'Twas then no other love but me you'd own;
When by your fond caresses sooth'd to rest,
No eastern monarch e'er was half so bless'd!

LYDIA

While you was constant to your Lydia's charms,
Ere faithless Chloe won you from my arms,
You then could find new beauties in my face,
And swore no blooming maid could boast such grace;
Then every roof resounded with my name,
And each applauding city own'd my fame.

HORACE

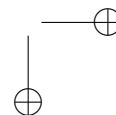
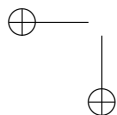
But now another fair excites my praise,
And Chloe charms me with her tuneful lays.
Lift'ning to her, I burn with soft desires,
And her sweet voice my soul with transport fires!
Oh! could my life secure the maid from death,
Ye gods! how freely I'd resign my breath!

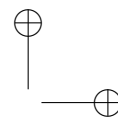
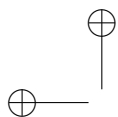
LYDIA

For me young Caloon with ardour burns,
And still from Lydia meets with fond returns;
So may each youth, who thus doth constant prove,
Taste the sweet raptures of a mutual love,
My life for Caloon I'd pleas'd resign,
Could I prolong the lovely youth's, by mine.

HORACE

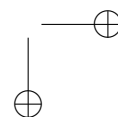
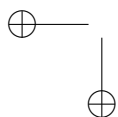
But should returning love, with pow'ful charm
Our hearts unite, and mutual ardour warm?
While every other fair one I disclaim
But Lydia, charming Lydia, dearest name –
Say, could you take me to your panting breast,
Forgive a wand'ring heart, and make me bless'd?

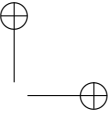
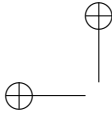




LYDIA

Tho' Caloon's sparkling eyes exceed by far
The glitt'ring brightness of the ev'ning star;
While as a feather light, and rough as wind
In storms, is your inconstant mind,
Bless'd in your love alone, my soul's desire!
With you I'd gladly live, or chearfully expire!





E. SAMUEL, 1785 (IMITATED)

(Poems on Several Occasions)

WILLIAM

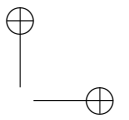
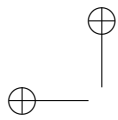
When, SUSAN, I was dear to Thee,
And no One was preferr'd to me;
When mine it was alone to sip
The humid Sweetness off thy Lip:
While no One, more belov'd could cast
His Arms around thy slender Waist;
Both Riches, Titles, e'en a Crown,
Without a Sigh I cou'd disown;
For Riches, Titles, and Degree,
Yes, all were mine – in having Thee;
I priz'd the Joys that thou cou'dst bring
'Bove all – or wish'd to be a King.

SUSAN

While SUSAN was to WILLIAM dear,
And WILLIAM did not ANN prefer;
But for his SUSAN only burn'd,
And all her Tenderness return'd;
Yes, while he priz'd the ardent Kiss,
And call'd her all his Joy, his Bliss.
While thus my WILLIAM us'd to say,
And with my Waist did wanton Play;
What Honour! – what to me was Fame!
I wish'd, – yes, wish'd no better Name;
While SUSAN flourish'd in thy Ee,
Far happier was she than a Queen.

WILLIAM

Now Ann my love-sick Bosom warms,
I fall the Triumph of her Charms:
Nor blooms alone her beauteous Face;
The lovely Girl improves each Grace.
One Day I heard the Syren's Voice,
And Hearing but confirms my Choice;
But when she tunes the rapt'rous Lyre
My Senses they are all on Fire.
Ye Deities, propitious hear!
And grant, Oh! grant a Lover's Pray'r!
Look from your blest Abodes on High,
Save but my ANN, content I'd die.



SUSAN

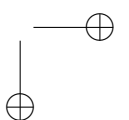
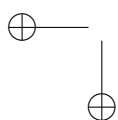
Henry, each Maiden's fond Delight,
Met me the other Moon-light Night;
Then did my HENRY, first declare
I was his best and only Dear;
And as he spake my throbbing Heart
Discover'd how I took his Part;
Such Sweetness did his Words disclose!
Ah me! too sweet for my Repose!
Cou'd I my Charmer's Voice but hear,
All Music else I'd glad forbear;
Ye Gods! allow him but to live,
A Thousand Lives – I'd willing give.

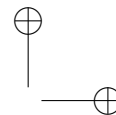
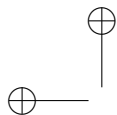
WILLIAM

Shou'd I now prize my SUSAN's Charms,
And take her in these once-lov'd Arms?
Shou'd I to thy blest Arms return,
And burn as I was wont to burn?
Shou'd I the lovely ANN forsake,
And straight my first Love, SUSAN take
Nor let the *Syren's* soothing Strain,
E'er draw me from thy Arms again?
But ever kind and constant prove,
And e'er requite my SUSAN's Love?
Shou'd I do this? – for this I will!
Cou'd you then love your WILLIAM still?

SUSAN

Wou'd WILLIAM do, as he hath said,
Reject that cunning, artful Maid!
And would he take Me to his Breast!
There hush my ev'ry Care to Rest:
Though HENRY is yet brighter far,
And shines as doth the Ev'ning Star,
Though HE is ev'ry Maiden's Pride,
Though you, as hasty as the Tide,
Though you, my William, I shou'd find
As fickle as the changing Wind;
Yet readily, fond Maid! wou'd I,
With you, my WILLIAM, live and die.





ANONYMOUS, 1785 (IMITATED)

(“Criticism on the Rolliad,” *Horace’s Odes*, Charles Cooper, 1880)

KING

While heedless of your birth and name,
For pow’r you bartered future fame,
 On that auspicious day.
Of kings I reign’d supremely blest:
Not Hastings rul’d the plunder’d East
 With more despotic sway.

PITT

When only on my favoured head
Your smiles their royal influence shed,
 Then was the son of Chatham
The nation’s pride, the public care,
Pitt and Prerogative their pray’r,
 While we, Sir, both laugh’d at ’em.

KING

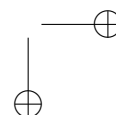
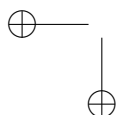
Jenky, I own, divides the heart,
Skill’d in each deep and secret art
 To keep my Commons down:
His views his principles are mine;
For these I’d willingly resign
 My kingdom and my crown.

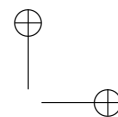
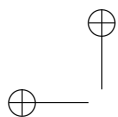
PITT

As much as for the public weal,
My anxious bosom burns with zeal
 For pious parson Wyv—ll;
For him I’ll fret, and fume and spout,
Go every length – except go out,
 For that’s to me the Devil!

KING

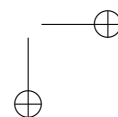
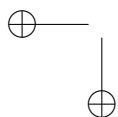
What if our sinking cause to save,
We both our jealous strife should waive,
 And act our former farce on:
If I to Jenky were more stern,
Would you then, generously turn
 Your back upon the parson?

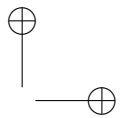
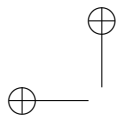




PITT

Tho' to support his patriot plan
I'm pledg'd as Minister and Man,
 This storm I hope to weather;
And since your Royal will is so,
Reforms and the Reformers too
 May all be damn's together!





JOHN PARKE, 1786

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

HORACE

While *Horace* held in thy dear heart
No inconsiderable part;
While none that show-white, lovely breast,
With dearer arms than *Horace* prest;
Not all the monarchs of the east,
Were half so happy, half so blest.

LYDIA

While *Lydia* to your soul was dear,
Nor *Chloe's* charms could interfere;
Who then could boast so great a name
As *Lydia*? – who so bright a flame?
Renown'd in verse, I flourish'd more,
Than she who fam'd *Quirinus* bore.

HORACE

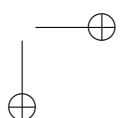
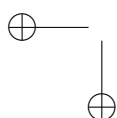
For *Chloe* now I'm all on fire,
Who sings so sweet who strikes the lyre
With grace and skill, whose aspect charms
Our ravish'd souls, whose beauty warms,
Whose precious life to ransom, – I
To death, or Hell, with joy, would fly.

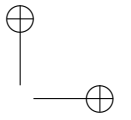
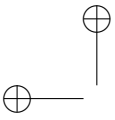
LYDIA

For old *Ornithus'* lovely son
The sprightly *Calais* I burn,
Whose soul, a mutual passion fires,
Whose bosom glows with young desires;
For whom two lives I'd give, to save
His dearer body from the grave.

HORACE

But should I once (more wise) revoke
My former love, and wear thy yoke;
Should I fair *Chloe's* beauties scorn,
And for her person cease to burn: –
Should you once more regain the field,
And Cretan *Chloe* force to yield. –



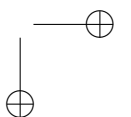
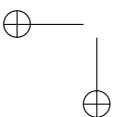


LYDIA

Though he more comely is by far,
More beauteous than the morning star;
Tho' you, – mere cork in levity,
Rougher than stormy *Adria*;
Yet to thy arms, well pleas'd, I'd fly,
And with thee gladly live or die.

CHORUS

Let us then both consent to love,
And taste more bliss than Gods above!
Let cir'cling pleasures crown each night,
Let each new day give new delight;
May cares, and sorrows ne'er intrude,
But peace and joy our lives conclude.





THOMAS DAWSON LAWRENCE, 1789

(Miscellaneous Works)

HORACE

While fondly o'er my LYDIA's charms
I gaz'd, and languish'd in her arms;
Ah! while no happy rival prest
Thy fragrant lips – thy snowy breast;
I'd spurn for thee, and thee alone,
The Persian Lord's imperial throne;
His titles – pomp – his wealth resign,
To keep a heart, so fond as thine.

LYDIA

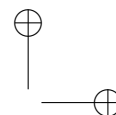
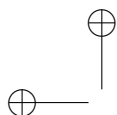
While Lydia reign'd, without controul,
Possess'd of all thy inmost soul;
While thy fond heart consess'd her sway,
Nor lur'd by Chloe, learn'd to stray:
Tow'ring, I soar'd above her fame,
Whose offspring lent great Rome a name;
When first her ramparts rose on high,
And proudly climb'd the vaulted sky.

HORACE

Chloe, sweet Chloe! fair and young,
Though ev'n in snowy Thrace she sprung,
Fills my extatic breast with fire,
As soft she wakes the warbling lyre;
Take, take, ye pow'rs! this life you've given,
And spare my Chloe's – spare her, Heav'n –
My spirit, with a joyful bound,
Shall smiling hail the dark profound.

LYDIA

For Calais – that dear youth so fair,
Of Ornithus the blooming heir,
With love, sweet love, my bosom burns;
My ardent flame the youth returns:
Twice would I meet an early doom,
Twice view with joy the dreary gloom,
To spare him would kind heav'n comply,
For whom I live – for whom I'd die.

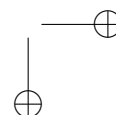
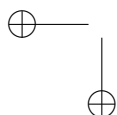


HORACE

Oh! would the queen of soft desire
Our former flame again inspire!
While, pleas'd to hug the captive chain,
We spurn no more her gentle reign;
Should I, unmov'd by Chloe's charms,
Dismiss her coldly from my arms;
Bid each glad portal opening move
For thee – my sole, eternal love –

LYDIA

Did he outshine the golden ray
Of Phœbus – bursting into day;
Wert thou like cork, that to the tide
Obedient, floats from side to side:
Or boist'rous, as the storms that roar,
When Adria's surges lash the shore:
In thy dear arms I'd live – I'd die –
While love should lend my latest sigh.



ANONYMOUS, 1790

(The Lady's Magazine)

HORACE

Whilst I, false maid, possess your golden charms,
 Whilst I alone your golden charms I possess,
Alone was welcome to your joyful arms,
 No Persian monarch sure was half so blest.

LYDIA

Whilst you prov'd constant to your Lydia's flame,
 False youth, nor did for lovely Chloe sigh;
Through all the town resounded Lydia's name,
 Nor Roman Julia was more fam'd than I.

HORACE

Yes, lovely Chloe's now my beauteous choice,
 Who sings so sweetly, and so sweetly plays;
For lovely Chloe I'd to die rejoice,
 Would the kind Fates prolong precious days.

LYDIA

The lovely Calais, that fond beauteous boy,
 With mutual flame new merits all my care,
For lovely Calais twice I'll die with joy,
 So the kind Fates the beauteous boy would spare.

HORACE

What, if our once fond love return,
 And bind us with a stronger lasting chain?
If I no more for charming Chloe burn,
 But to my arms my Lydia take again?

LYDIA

What tho' my Calais's charms the sun outshine,
 What tho' his faith be brighter than his charms,
You false as air – my Calais I'd resign,
 And wish to live and die in your dear arms



WILLIAM BOSCAWEN, 1793

(1752–1811; English Barrister, Author and Translator)

HORACE

Whilst, folded in thy snow-white arms
No dearer youth thy love possest,
Whilst I alone enjoy'd thy charms,
Not Persia's monarch reign'd so blest.

LYDIA

Whilst you no other love desired,
Nor Cloe's rose o'er Lydia's fame,
I bloom'd more honour'd, more admired,
Than Ilia's high illustrious name.

HORACE

O'er my fond heart now Cloe reigns,
Skill'd in sweet song and musick's power;
For whom I'd brave death's keenest pains
To save her at that fatal hour.

LYDIA

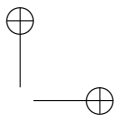
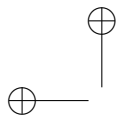
The gentle Calais warms my heart
With mutual love, with equal truth,
Twice would I brave death's fiercest dart,
So fate would spare the dearer youth.

HORACE

What if returning love controul
Our hearts, no more inclin'd to roam?
Drive beauteous Cloe from my soul?
My Lydia find her long-lost home?

LYDIA

Though that lov'd youth be form'd to please,
Bright as the star that gilds the sky,
You, light as cork, and wild as seas,
With you I'd joy to live, with you I'd die.



W. F., 1794

(The Gentleman's Magazine)

HORACE

Blest as I was with power to please,
While yet no happier arms than these
Thy snowy neck had dar'd entwine,
No youth's embrace prefer'd to mine,
Richer I seem'd in thee alone,
Than Persia's lord upon his throne.

LYDIA

While you no other fair admir'd,
Nor Chloe pleas'd, and Lydia tir'd,
I, Lydia, gloried in a name
Brighter than Roman Ilia's fame.

HORACE

To Thracia's Chloe's empire now,
Charm'd with her tuneful strains, I bow,
To Chloe, mistress of the lyre,
For whom, should Fate the pledge require,
My life I would not fear to give,
Joy of my soul, that she might live.

LYDIA

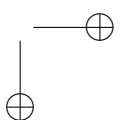
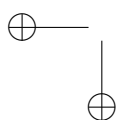
For him I burn, with mutual fire,
The son of Ornithus inspire,
For whom, would Fate but grant my pray'r,
And the dear boy consent to spare,
Twice would I gladly suffer death,
Ere he should yield his parting breath.

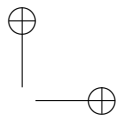
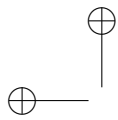
HORACE

What, if our former loves renew'd
And to the yoke again subdu'd,
For Chloe I no longer burn,
And Lydia to my arms return?

LYDIA

Though he is fairer than the star
That gilds the morn, thou, lighter far
Than sapless cork, and passion's slave,
More wild than Adria's furious wave,
Thine only thine will Lydia be,
O let me live and die with thee!





GILBERT WAKEFIELD, 1795

(1756–1801; English Scholar)

HORACE

Whilst I belov'd enjoy'd thy charms,
Nor dar'd a youth more favour'd fling
Round thy fair neck his clasping arms,
I liv'd more bless'd than Persia's king.

LYDIA

While glow'd thy breast with Lydia's flame,
Nor Chloe lur'd thy wandering eye;
Illustrious then was Lydia's name:
Not Ilias' self so fam'd as I.

HORACE

Now Thracian Chloe thralls my heart,
Her lyre, her tongue, enchanting fair!
I e'en from life itself could part,
If Fate my lovely maid would spare.

LYDIA

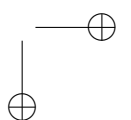
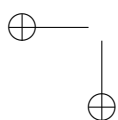
Thurinus now calls me his own,
Bound in soft chains of love and truth:
E'en twice could I my life lay down,
Would Death but spare my charming youth.

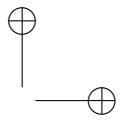
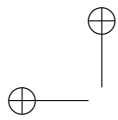
HORACE

Once more should Venus gracious prove?
Should those fond looks and smiles return?
Lie quench'd the torch of Chloe's love,
And Lydia's with fresh vigour burn?

LYDIA

Though brighter he than brightest star,
Thou angrier than the tossing sea,
And passing cork in lightness far;
I fain would live and die with thee!





ANONYMOUS, 1795

(*The Gentleman's Magazine*)

COLIN

Ah! *Susan* when I could alone
 Imprint on that bosom a kiss,
When you deign'd to smile on but one,
KING GEORGE might have envied my bliss.

SUSAN

When I, and no maid of the green
 Beside, on that arm could recline,
QUEEN CHARLOTTE herself might have seen,
And sigh'd for such fortune as mine.

COLIN

Now *Phæbe* 's the lass that I love –
 Ye Gods, how she 'll dance at a wake!
The strength of my passion to prove,
I'd give up my place for her sake.

SUSAN

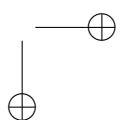
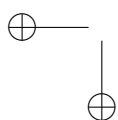
And *Strephon* 's the lad of my heart,
 His actions I freely command;
For him with two places I'd part,
Those places the best in the land.

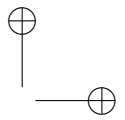
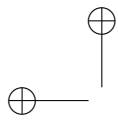
COLIN

Yet what if the days should return,
 When we to each other were true?
For *Phæbe* no more should I burn;
But open my arms to our *Sue*.

SUSAN

Then *Strephon*, tho' sweeter than hay
 You cross as this mastiff; yet I
Through life with my *Colin* would stay,
With Colin would willingly die.





KIRBIÆ-ENSIS, 1795

(*The Stockton Bee*)

HORACE

While round your snow-white neck my arms I threw,
And while no youth was more belov'd by you;
I valued not the miser's shining ore,
Nor could the Persian Monarch flourish more –

LYDIA

As long as Lydia did your heart inflame
Nor any Rival your affections gain,
I, Lydia, of distinguish'd fame was seen,
Flourish more eminent than a Roman Queen.

HORACE

The Cretan Chloe does my mind inspire,
In music skill'd, and mistress of the Lyre;
For whom I freely would resign my breath,
If fate would free her from remorseless Death.

LYDIA

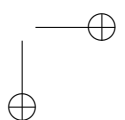
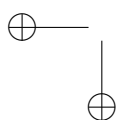
Calais, Ornithus' son my heart does move;
With mutual flames, and captivating Love;
For whom I'd twice eternal sleep enjoy,
If fate, resistless fate, would spare my Boy.

HORACE

Suppose that love unite us both again,
(Tho now at variance) in a brazen chain;
And what if Chloe with her golden charms,
Should be expell'd from my encircling arms,
And Lydia tho' rejected should once more,
Give Horace free access unto her door.

LYDIA

Tho' he be brighter than th' enlighten'd day,
Or new rais'd Phoebus in his morning ray;
Tho' you're impeach'd of insolent disdain,
And tho' more cruel than the impetuous main;
With you'd I'd live until my latest Breath,
Hath freely paid its full arrears to Death.





JAMES ELLIOT, 1798

(1775–1839; American Politician)

HORACE

While LYDIA listen'd to my lays,
Alone I clasp'd that snowy breast;
Joyous and swift revolv'd my days,
More than the *Persian* monarch blest.

LYDIA

While Horace felt a constant flame,
Nor CHLOE's charms my splendor gloom'd,
I, LYDIA, of resplendent fame,
Much fairer than fair ILIA bloom'd.

HORACE

The *Cretan* CHLOE now is mine,
For her the fire of love I feel;
The muses grace her voice divine,
Her lyre dissolves the heart of steel.

The maid is destin'd for my wife –
Her charms are bliss without alloy,
And to preserve her valu'd life
I'd meet the pangs of death with joy.

LYDIA

CALAIS, who roams the *Thulian* heath,
Inflames me with an equal fire;
Could the dear youth survive my death,
For CALAIS I would twice expire.

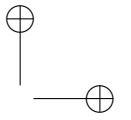
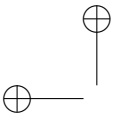
HORACE

But should my former flame return,
Would LYDIA hear my song again?
Or would she my repentance spurn,
And bid me sigh and grieve in vain?

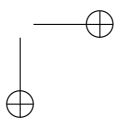
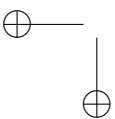
Should my ungen'rous rage be spent,
And from my mind should CHLOE flee,
Say, will thy ftony heart relent?
Again will LYDIA smile on me?

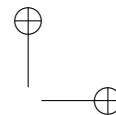
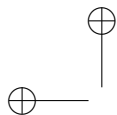
LYDIA

Though brighter he than yonder star,
And thou more fickle than the wind,
Fierce as the waves that roll afar,
Inconstant, cruel, and unkind:



Yet with thee would I wish to live,
Nor from thy warm embraces fly;
With thee each boon of life receive,
And in thy arms with pleasure die.





JOHN JEFFERYS, 1800

(The Pleasures of Retirement)

HORACE

When lov'd by thee I'm truly blest
While round thy neck my arms I fling
Clasping fair Lydia to my breast
I envy not the Persian King.

LYDIA

When I alone thy heart could claim,
Ere Chloe could thy love divide,
I envy'd not the loveliest dame,
And car'd not for the world beside.

HORACE

For Thracian Chloe now I sigh
So sweet the well tun'd harp she play'd;
Nor would I fear for her to die
If fate preserve my darling maid.

LYDIA

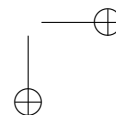
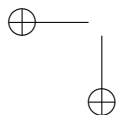
For old Ornithus' son I sigh,
He is my love, my only joy,
And twice for him I'd gladly die
If fate preserve my darling boy.

HORACE

But should my former love return?
What if I break this novel chain?
Should Chloe be repuls'd with scorn
And Lydia be receiv'd again?

LYDIA

Although the youth were twice more bright
Than spangling stars, which deck the sky,
And thou than fickle air more light,
With thee I'd live, with thee I'd die.





ANONYMOUS, 1802

(The Lady's Magazine)

HORACE

While I, fair maid, enjoy'd your lovely charms,
While I alone your lovely charms possess'd,
Nor other youth was welcome to your arms,
No king of Persia sure was half so blest.

LYDIA

While you prov'd constant to your Lydia's fame,
Nor were your vows to bright-hair'd Chloe paid,
Through all the town resounded Lydia's name,
I thought myself by far the happiest maid.

HORACE

Yes, bright-hair'd Chloe's now my beauteous choice,
Who sings so sweetly, and so sweetly plays;
For bright-hair'd Chloe I'd to die rejoice,
Would the kind Fates prolong her precious days.

LYDIA

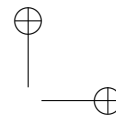
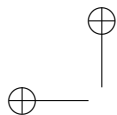
The lovely Calais, that fond beauteous swain,
With mutual flame now merits all my care;
For whose dear sake I'd die and die again,
So the kind Fates the charming boy would spare.

HORACE

What if I bright-hair'd Chloe should forsake,
And scorn the nymph with all her golden charms? –
What if my Lydia I again should take,
And burn once more to wanton in her arms?

LYDIA

Though fairer far is he than rising day,
Who fills with rapture ev'ry virgin's eye;
Though fickler thou than either wind or sea,
With thee I'd live – with thee I'd gladly die.



ANONYMOUS, 1804 (IMITATED)

(*The Spirit of the Public Journals*)

P—T

Whilst I, *sub rosa*, play'd alone,
My counsel, votes, were all your own;
But now, all hopes of favour lost,
By pride, by int'rest, passion, tost,
I, once so great, my fame belie,
To *statue*, now, reduc'd am I.

A—N

Though late, mad Bonaparté bullied,
Hath he, I ask, our honour sullied?
See us, prepar'd to live or fall
With Britain's glory, one and all.

P—T

An equal zeal my bosom fires,
A Ch—m's blood a P—t inspires;
Ten times for England would I fall,
Nor could ten deaths great *Will* appal,
If, *entre nous*, you'd once again
Resign to me both whip and rein.

A—N

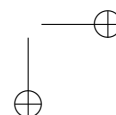
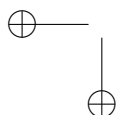
Aye, aye – I see – your pow'r restor'd,
You 'd make your humble friend a – lord –
(St. James's gates once open'd wide,)
And in *great wig* my visage hide.

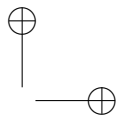
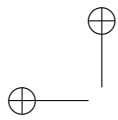
P—T

H—ll! H—ll! detested, baffled, driv'n
From *post* to *pillar* – votes, too, giv'n;
Support! – to sneaking censure chang'd;
– All, all, with G—le is arrang'd!
With him I'll rave – with him I'll vote,
To G—le's key I'll tune my note;
With him in opposition vie,
With him will live, with him will die.

A—N

Whilst I but saw with your bright eyes,
You thought me virtuous, good, and wise;
Nor envied me my seeming pow'r,
Fleeting, possess'd but for the hour.





EDWARD COXE, 1805 (IMITATED)

HORACE

While I, reclin'd in thy fond faithful arms,
Enjoy'd without a rival all thy charms,
Bless'd in thy love, I wish'd not to be great,
Nor envy'd all the Persian Monarch's state!

LYDIA

When with delight thy LYDIA's voice was heard,
Nor haughty CHLOE's charms to mine preferr'd
Rais'd high above her sex, thy LYDIA mov'd,
Nor envy'd ILIA's fame, while HORACE lov'd.

HORACE

Now CHLOE tunes my soul to soft desire,
Skill'd in the song, and mistress of the lyre;
For whom I'd suffer death, if fate would save
The fair survivor from th' untimely grave!

LYDIA

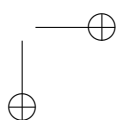
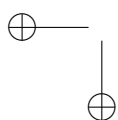
The blooming CALAIS inflames my breast
With rapt'rous warmth, caressing and carest;
For whom I twice would suffer death with joys
If Fate would spare the dear surviving boy!

HORACE

What if our former loves return again,
And re-unite us in a firmer chain?
What if thy rival's short-lived empire cease,
And all our childish quarrels end in peace?

LYDIA

Although my CALAIS is brighter far
Than the mild lustre of the morning star;
THOU, light as air, and fretful as the sea; –
Yet my fond foolish heart would live and die with THEE!





CORNWALL BAYLEY, 1806

(1784–1807)

HORACE

Whilst Horace in his Lydia's arms,
Shar'd, fondly shar'd, her blooming charms,
Nor knew a rival there;
Not all the bliss that monarchs own,
Not all the wealth of Persia's throne,
With Horace could compare.

LYDIA

Whilst you a mutual fondness shew'd,
Nor witha warmer feeling glow'd,
For Chloe than for me;
Not ev'n the Roman Ilia's name
Flourished with half so fair a fame,
As Lydia's bless'd with thee.

HORACE

Me now the Thracian Chloe sways,
And lulls me with the am'rous lays
Her love has taught to flow;
For her, I would not shrink from Death,
Would but the Gods prolong her breath,
And grant her bliss below!

LYDIA

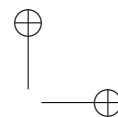
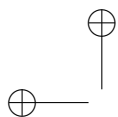
Me the Thurinian Calaïs fires,
And my enraptur'd soul inspires,
With *more* than mutual joy;
Death's fiercest pangs I twice would brave,
Could I but rescue from the grave,
My dearer life – the boy!

HORACE

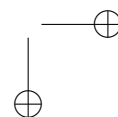
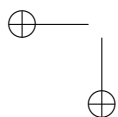
What if our fondness, tho' resign'd,
Ev'n now *renew'd*, our hearts should bind,
In its resistless chain;
If Chloe should be seen no more;
And Horace ope his willing door
To Lydia's arms again?

LYDIA

Tho' *he* is beauteous as a star;
Your faithless bosom lighter far,
Than man's retiring breath;



Still would I wish to nestle there;
With thee the joys of life to share
With thee the pangs of Death!





ANONYMOUS, 1806

(The Port Folio)

HORACE

Whilst I alone enjoy'd thy charms,
Nor any dearer youth
Entwin'd round thy soft neck his arms,
Made me suspect thy truth,
I lived more happy than a Persian king,
With all the joy his wealth and honors bring.

LYDIA

Whilst thou with melting passion burn'd,
For no more charming fair,
Nor Lydia was for Chloe scorn'd,
Abandon'd to despair,
I flourish'd more renown'd, and' honor'd more,
Than she who Rome's illustrious founder bore.

HORACE

Now Cressian Chloe holds me bound
In love's delightful chains,
She, skill'd the warbling lyre to sound
In soft and melting strains.
For her I would not fear even death to dare,
Would the dread Fates her dearer beauties spare.

LYDIA

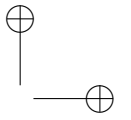
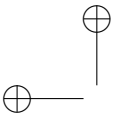
Calais, a fair Thuringian youth,
Warms me with chaste desires,
Love's gentle goddess in us both
A mutual flame inspires.
For him I twice could suffer death with joy,
Would the dire Destinies spare the lovely boy.

HORACE

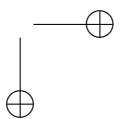
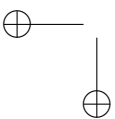
What if my former love again
Returns, and gently moves,
To join in the hymeneal chain
Our separated loves?
What if the beauteous Chloe I desert,
And Lydia reigns sole mistress of my heart?

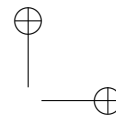
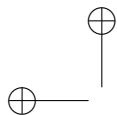
LYDIA

Tho' he outshine the brightest star,
Tho' you indeed should be
Lighter than cork wood, rougher far



Than the tempestuous sea,
His charms would never touch my heart, for I
With thee would wish to live, with thee rejoice to die.





JAMES HORATIO RUDGE, 1808

(The Monthly Magazine, or British Register)

HORACE

While, Lydia, I was lov'd by thee,
No youth was ever priz'd like me;
Soft round thy neck, I threw my arms,
And often kiss'd thy snow white charms:
More bless'd than e'en the Parthian king,
I sweetly passed the hours of spring.

LYDIA

While Lydia did thy bosom fire,
And did with love thy breast inspire;
When Chloë's charms were spurn'd by thee,
And she was not preferr'd to me:
Attractive then was Lydia's name,
More priz'd than e'en the Ilian dame!

HORACE

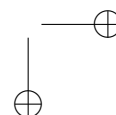
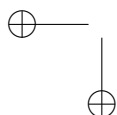
The Thracian girl, by gentle art,
With soft'ning music rules my heart;
Well vers'd th' harmonious harp to string,
Or in melodious strains to sing:
Ah! for my lov'd, my Chloë's sake,
The world this instant I'd forsake!

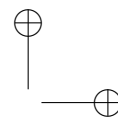
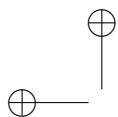
LYDIA

Cataïs too, my breast has fir'd,
And all my soul with love inspir'd;
The Thurian youth, by magic art,
With wanton kisses rules my heart:
For him, my lov'd Cataïs' sake,
Oh! twice the world I would forsake!

HORACE

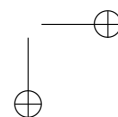
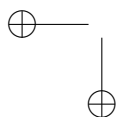
But, ah! should Love once more invoke,
And bind us in his brazen yoke?
Should Horace spurn his Chloë's charms,
And fly once more to Lydia's arms?
Should Love throw ope his gates again,
Ah! what would say my Lydia then?





LYDIA

E'en though Cataïs should display,
More lustre than the orb of day;
And you, my Horace, fickle be,
Inconstant as the Adriatic sea;
Still could I pass with thee my life,
Be e'er thy mistress, or thy wife!





ANONYMOUS, 1808

(The Port Folio)

HORACE

While Lydia's bosom beat for me,
Nor any other youthful he
Had dared his ardent arms entwine
About that snowy neck of thine,
Then happier I – more sweetly blest –

LYDIA

Prithee, rest:
Before your heart inconstant stray'd,
And Chloe lov'd – the Cretan maid:
And Lydia left – for Chloe's fame,
(Lydia, of no ignoble name!)
Then Lydia's bosom beat for thee,
Nor sigh'd for other youthful he.

HORACE

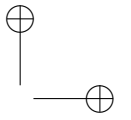
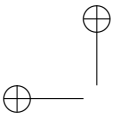
But Cretan Chloe's charms inspire!
Sweet mistress of the trembling lyre!
'Tis she who chants the witching strains
That softly sooth us from the plains,
Ye gods! how willing would I die,
On her sweet breast to heave one sigh!

LYDIA

Calais, blooming Thurian boy,
Oft woo's me to the nuptial joy:
Son of Ornithus – and in sooth,
My eye ne'er view'd a sweeter youth:
Fates! every other bliss destroy
Ere harm my blooming Thurian boy!

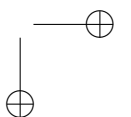
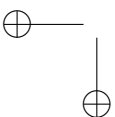
HORACE

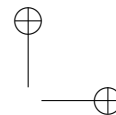
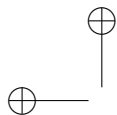
Oh Lydia! gentle Lydia! list!
And turn on me, those eyes I've kiss't,
What if my vagrant heart returns,
And Kindler constant for thee burns?
And Hymen in his rosy bands
(As Love our hearts) shall bind our hands,
And Chloe's love and Chloe's charms
Are all forsaken for thy arms?



LYDIA

Though brighter than the glittering star
That twinkles in the west afar,
Were Calais' charms; and you more light
And fickle than the birds of flight:
And your temper more erratick
Than the blust'ring Adriatick:
In your arms I'd happier lie,
And sweetly live and sweetly die!





FRANCIS HODGSON, 1809

(1781–1852; Provost of Eton, Friend of Byron)

HORACE

When I fancied your heart and your charms were my own,
And foolishly thought I possess'd them alone;
Ere I learnt that my rival your favours might taste,
And throw unreprieved his fond arms round your waist;
What then was to me the Great King's splendid lot?
I was happy myself – and I envied him not.

LYDIA

When to me I imagin'd you stinted your flame,
Ere reluctant to Chloe I yielded my claim;
Of the flattering distinction conceited I grew,
'Twas my glory, my pride, to be courted by you!
For Rome's boasted Ilia I cared not a jot –
In my own foolish fondness I envied her not.

HORACE

But now my fond heart swells with rapture to trace
The features of Chloe, the beauty of Thrace;
While her hands o'er the lyre's varied melodies stray,
And her voice, tuned to tenderness, joins in the lay;
For her ev'ry pain, even death, would I prove;
Contented to live after death in her love.

LYDIA

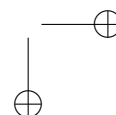
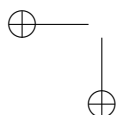
My bosom with love for young Calais burns,
With a flame, which the youth still more fondly returns;
Though his is the boast of an ancient degree,
He yields all to fondness, to rapture, to me!
For him double death – death in torture – I'd prove;
Existing, unalter'd by death, in his love.

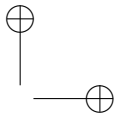
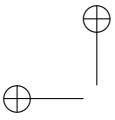
HORACE

But what if the love I once felt should revive,
And proclaim that its fires in my bosom still live;
If again I should bow my proud neck to the chain,
And ask for my yoke, and my fetters again: –
– Should yellow-hair'd Chloe be bid to depart,
And to Lydia re-open'd the gate of my heart: –

LYDIA

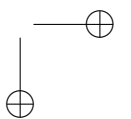
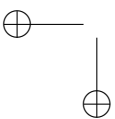
Though he is more fair than the stars of the night;
And you than the chaff more inconstant and light,
Than the winds more uncertain, that sweep thro' the skies,

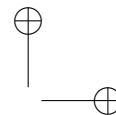
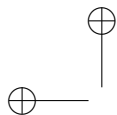




More fierce than the stoyms that in winter arise;
Or the billows that rage upon Adria's sea;
I would live, I would die, my first folly! with thee.

s





ANONYMOUS, 1809 (IMITATED, 1)

(The Poetical Recreations of The Champion)

WILLIAM

As long as I your love possess'd,
And none more favour'd and more blest
Would fondly clasp you to his heart,
Happy I liv'd as Buonaparte.

MATILDA

As long as I engag'd your flame,
Nor Mary veil'd Matilda's name,
O Jupiter! then was my life
More blest than that of Bony's wife.

WILLIAM

Me Devon's Mary now retains,
Skill'd to attune poetic strains;
To die for whom I would not fear,
Would the hard fates my charmer spare.

MATILDA

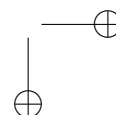
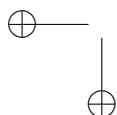
Gaspo does now my heart engage,
Surgeon, philosopher and sage;
For whom I twice would die with joy,
Would the fates spare my lovely boy.

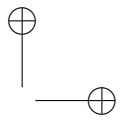
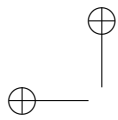
WILLIAM

But should our loves return again,
And join us in a brazen chain –
If I reject dear Mary's charms,
And take Matilda to my arms?

MATILDA

Tho he is more than heavenly fair,
Thou light as cork and wanton air,
And boisterous as the Adrian sea, –
Billy, I'll live and die with thee.





ANONYMOUS, 1809 (IMITATED, 2)

(*The Gentleman's Magazine*)

HE

Before you liv'd in Gloucester plate
I doted on your pretty face:
How you were lov'd, my darling Chicken!
Till you went squand'ring, pawning, tricking.

SHE

Of all that e'er were born and christen'd
I were the happiest (till you listen'd
To Tommy Greenwood's tongue and Adam's)
I was the happiest of all Madams.

HE

Me, Mrs. Carey now delights,
Who does not pin up *lists o' nights*;
She 's frugal, gentle, kind, and true,
And not a tell-tale like to you.

SHE

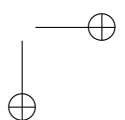
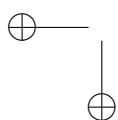
Me, Dowler promises to marry,
Whom you and I made Commissary;
Who often (when you fail'd) supplied
The cash, and what I lack'd beside.

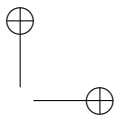
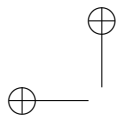
HE

Come now, my sweetest Mary Anne,
What if we make it up again:
Shall I bid Mrs. Carey pack,
And take my naughty Angel back?

SHE

Ah, Frederick! tho' you 're false and cruel,
You are a valuable jewel,
I'll be t' ye buxom, true, and staunch;
But, harkee, I must have *carte blanche*.





J. G., 1810

(*The Poetical Magazine*)

HORATIUS

Whilst ev'ry day some present brought,
And still I prais'd your bosom fair,
You lov'd me, and confess'd you thought
My worth pre-eminently rare:
Then too I swore my joys complete,
And kiss'd (Love's humblest swain) your feet.

C—

True, you were once my only bliss; —
But, when you prais'd Laretta's charms,
And left the girl whose balmy kiss
Had won a thousand to her arms,
I felt my tow'ring nature spurn
The youth for whom 'twas wont to burn!

HORATIUS

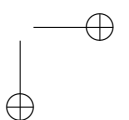
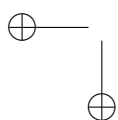
Laretta, matchless nymph! can wake
A tone superlatively wild
On those sweet chords you could not shake
Aught more then yonder puling child:
To spare her life, my own I'd brave, —
Nay, yield, my fair-one's charms to save!

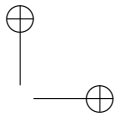
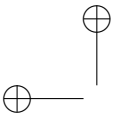
C—

For him, whose wild untutor'd tongue
Made ev'ry neigh'bring wood reply, —
Who fill'd my breast while still too young, —
For him, Horatius! would I die;
For he, unalter'd, claims the heart
From which you long have strove to part.

HORATIUS

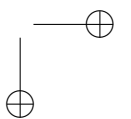
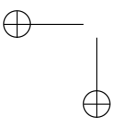
Hold! must our passion ne'er resume
Its ardent fire, and bind us fast?
What if Laretta's rosy bloom
Be left to wither in the blast?
What if within these faithful arms
I clasp your long-forsaken charms?

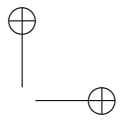
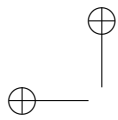




C—

Tho' he be lovelier than the morn,
 Your manly sense and sprightly air,
And *e'en your unexampled scorn*,
 Still makes Horatius passing fair!
With him I only wish to live, —
To die with him, my life I'll give!





ROBERT TREAT PAINE, JR., 1812

(1773–1811; American Poet)

HORACE

When no fond rival's favoured arms
With rapture clasped thy snowy charms;
When but to me thy smile was given
It warmed me like the smile of heaven.
Thus blest, I envied not the state
Of Persia's monarch rich and great.

LYDIA

When Lydia's smile allured thee more
Than Chloe's sweet seducing power,
Then did the cords of love unite
Our hearts in mutual delight;
Then so revered was Lydia's name,
I envied not great Ilia's fame!

HORACE

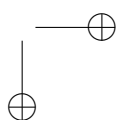
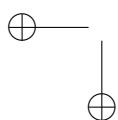
The Cressian Chloe now detains
My soul in fascinating chains:
She tunes the harp's melodious strings,
But with much sweeter musick sings:
Could dying snatch my love from death,
How gladly would I yield my breath!

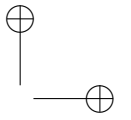
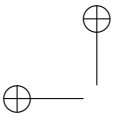
LYDIA

Me, Calais, to love inspires;
Our bosoms glow with gentlest fires.
In him has every graced combined –
But, oh! what charms adorn his mind!
I twice the pangs of death would bear,
If Fate my Calais would spare!

HORACE

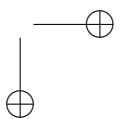
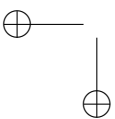
Say, what if former love aspire,
And glow with an intenser fire?
Say, what if Chloe's charms I spurn –
Will Lydia to my arms return,
And bid the Paphian queen again
Unite us with a stronger chain?





LYDIA

Though light as cork, your passions reign,
And rougher than the raging main;
Though Calais by far outvies
The great enlightener of the skies;
Yet from his eager love I fly,
To live with you, with you to die!





J. CONNOR, 1813

(The Monthly Magazine, or British Register)

HORACE

Whilst, Lydia, in that breast of thine,
Love's flame for me alone did glow;
And thou would'st let no arms but mine
Enfold thy neck as white as snow;
O in the joy thy smiles afford,
I liv'd more blest than Persia's lord.

LYDIA

Whilst, Horace, in thy youthful soul
No blooming virgin dwelt but me;
Ere Chloe's charms, with dire controul,
Chas'd Lydia's far away from thee;
O then I envied not the fame
Of Roman Ilia's glorious name.

HORACE

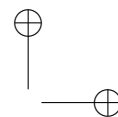
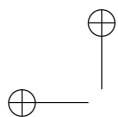
Now Cretan Chloe is my love,
Who often with mellifluous strains,
As o'er the harp her fingers move,
Darts thro' my soul love's sweetest pains;
For her with joy my life I'd give,
If fate would let her longer live.

LYDIA

Now Calais, the young, the fair,
With power resistless sways my heart,
Love has enthron'd his image there,
And never, never, may we part!
Twice for his sake my life I'd give,
If fate would let him longer live.

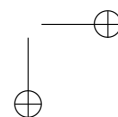
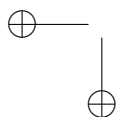
HORACE

But, Lydia, if perchance once more
Love's voice should wake our former bliss,
When with delight one yoke we bore,
And seal'd our union with a kiss; –
If beauteous Chloe I should spurn,
And pant for Lydia's return?



LYDIA

O then, tho' he's like Phosphor's ray,
 And tho' thy light inconstant soul
Now seems a trembling leafy spray,
 Now Adria's waves when tempests roll;
Joyful with thee my days I'd spend,
Joyful those days with thine I'd end.





JOHN EAGLES, 1816

(1783–1855)

HORACE

When I was all in all to you,
Nor yet more favour'd youthful minion
His arms around your fair neck threw;
Not Persia's boasted monarch knew
More bless'd a state, more large dominion.

LYDIA

And whilst you loved but only me,
Nor then your Lydia stood the second,
And Chloe first, in love's degree;
I thought myself a queen to be,
Nor greater Roman Ilia reckon'd.

HORACE

Now Cretan Chloe rules me quite,
Skill'd in the lyre and every measure,
For whom I'd die this very night,
If but the Fates, in death's despite,
Would Chloe spare, my soul's best treasure.

LYDIA

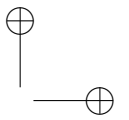
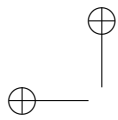
Me Caläis, Ornytus' young heir!
(The flame is mutual *we* discover,)
For whom to die *two* deaths I'd dare,
If the stern Fates would only spare,
And *he could* live, my youthful lover.

HORACE

What – if our former love restore
Our bonds, too firm for aught to sever, –
I shake off Chloe; and the door
To Lydia open flies once more;
Returning Lydia, and for ever.

LYDIA

He, though a beauteous star – you light
As cork, and rough as stormy weather,
That vexes Adria's raging might,
With you to live were my delight,
And willing should we die together.



CORNELIUS NEALE, 1819

(“Late Fellow of St. John’s College, Cambridge”)

HORACE

While in thy love my soul was blest,
Nor one more favoured and more free
Thy neck with wanton fingers prest,
– Oh, Persia’s king was poor to me.

LYDIA

While thou didst burn for me alone,
Nor Chloë sway’d that heart of thine,
No storied name, not Ilia’s own,
Flourish’d and spread itself like mine.

HORACE

Now Thracian Chloë’s slave am I,
And soft her lyre, and sweet her song;
And sure for her I’d dare to die,
Would heaven but that dear life prolong.

LYDIA

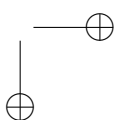
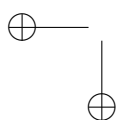
Young Calais sets my soul on fire,
And mutual is the flame I prove;
Death twice died o’er could I desire,
So spare me, Heaven, the boy I love.

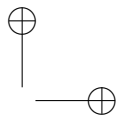
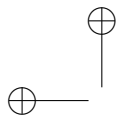
HORACE

What, if our souls, too long apart,
Venus returning yoke once more,
And, shutting Chloë out, my heart
Open to her I left before?

LYDIA

Though Calais fairer than a star,
Thou lighter than a bubble be,
Than the vext sea-wave angrier far, –
With thee I’ll live, – love, die with thee.





AMICUS, 1820 (IMITATED)

(*The Loyalist and Anti-Radical*)

B—RG—MI

Whilst I, thy Courier, pleased thee best,
 (Nor gouty G—ll lay wantoning
Upon thy “unsunned snowy” breast,
 I envied not thy Husband-K—g.

C—R—L—NE

Whilst, with no lawful passion burning,
 My B—rg—mi was all my own,
Nor dreamt of to his *wife* returning,
 The tent was lovelier than a throne.

B—RG—MI

Me another mistress P—no
 Holds, her fond obedient slave,
In whose arms I’d gladly die now,
 Would the fates my charmer save.

C—R—L—NE

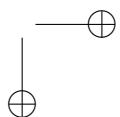
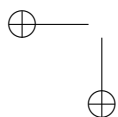
Me the Brewers’ Druggist charms,
 Skill’d in every philter rare;
Thrice I’d expire in Matthew’s arms,
 Would but the hangman Matthew spare.

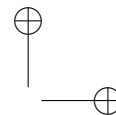
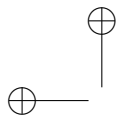
B—RG—MI

What if again the Q—n divine,
 Shouldst hold the —, and she —
Again be wanton C—r—l—ne,
 And I the wanted B—rg—mi!

C—R—L—NE

Though “perfect wisdom” beats thee hollow,
 And all men underneath the sky,
Thee o’er the world thro’ life I’ll follow,
 With thee will live to love, — and love to die.





FRANCIS WRANGHAM, 1821

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

HORACE

While, Lydia, I to thee was dear,
And round that neck – so soft, so fair –
No arm more welcome dared to twine,
More blest than kingly lot was mine.

LYDIA

While, still to me thy love confined,
Thy Chloë left me not behind,
Poor Lydia's glory then stood high;
More famed than Ilia's self was I.

HORACE

Me now the charms of Chloë sway,
Skill'd in sweet sounds of lyre and lay;
For whom stern Death I'd gladly brave,
To snatch the maiden from the grave.

LYDIA

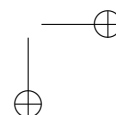
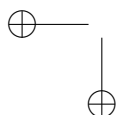
And me young Calais inspires,
Whose bosom burns with mutual fires;
For whom stern Death I'd doubly brave,
To snatch the stripling from the grave.

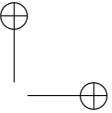
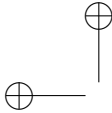
HORACE

What if the yoke, though sunder'd, we
As erst to wear again agree!
Should I shake off sweet Chloë's chain,
And take my Lydia home again! –

LYDIA

Though fairer he than eve's bright star,
Than Adria's gulf thou stormier far,
And light as floating cork – yet I
With thee would live, with thee would die.





EDWARD HOVELL-THURLOW, 1821

(1781–1829; English Poet)

HORACE

While I as yet was dear to thee,
Nor any happier youth could fling
His arms around thy white neck free,
I flourish'd more than Persia's king.

LYDIA

While with no other more you burn'd,
Nor Lydia after Chloë held,
I Lydia, of great name, discern'd
The Roman Ilia then excell'd.

HORACE

Me now the Cretan Chloë, all,
Learn'd in the harp, her rule doth give;
For whom I would not fear to fall,
If fate would let her soul survive.

LYDIA

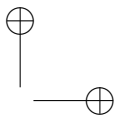
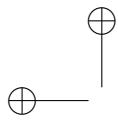
Me Calais burns with mutual fire,
And to my heart his rule doth give,
For whom I twice would death desire,
If fate would let the boy survive.

HORACE

What if our wonted love come back,
And bind us her sharp yoke within?
If golden Chloë go to wrack,
And Lydia with new joy come in?

LYDIA

Though he be fairer than a star,
Thou fiercer than the Adrian sea,
Yea, and than cork too lighter far,
Yet will I live, and die with thee.



HENRY C. KNIGHT, 1821

(1789–1835; American Poet and Cleric)

HORACE

While thou wert pleas'd with Horace' charms,
Nor preference gave some rival youth
To languish on thy panting breast,
With clasping, amorous, envied arms;
Then might I smiling say with truth –
Sure Persia's monarch's not so blest!

LYDIA

While yet no other was preferr'd,
Nor fatal Chlœ caught thine eye;
Then Lydia's name with pride was heard,
Nor Rhea's fame with mine could vie.

HORACE

Now pretty Chlœ wins my love,
Her voice so charming, lyre so sweet;
I'd risk my life would that remove
The slightest harm that she might meet.

LYDIA

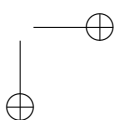
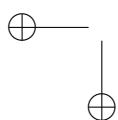
Young Calais hath fir'd my soul
With tenderest love, with mutual flame;
Could double death his fate control,
That sacrifice my heart would claim.

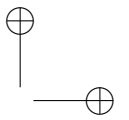
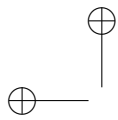
HORACE

Suppose our sever'd zone unite,
And Venus bind with stronger chain;
Sweet Chlœ I discard outright,
And ope my heart to thee again?

LYDIA

Though he outshines the fixed star,
And thou'rt inconstant as the sea,
And light as cork thy fickle heart;
Yet would my life be happier far,
To come again and dwell with thee,
Nor living, dying, ever part.





C., 1821

(*The Kaleidoscope*)

HORACE

“When once within your arms I lay,
Belov’d o’er all the rest,
I envied not the regal sway
That Persia’s monarchies blest.”

LYDIA

“Whilst Lydia yet, adored by thee,
No rival Chloë knew,
Her fame in vig’rous purity
O’er Roman Ilia’s grew.”

HORACE

“Now Chloë, skill’d to touch the lyre,
To me is dearer far;
For her I’d mount the fun’ral pyre,
If fate my soul would spare.”

LYDIA

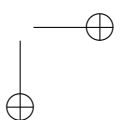
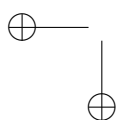
“For Calais now I heave the sigh,
Ornytus’ only joy:
I would not murmur *twice* to die,
If fate would spare the boy.”

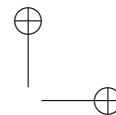
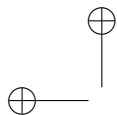
HORACE

“Suppose our ancient love renew’d,
Our hearts entwined once more;
If red-hair’d Chloë I exclude,
And ope for thee my door.”

LYDIA

Then, tho’ he’s brighter than the star,
Thou, falsar than the sea;
Yet, faithless as thou art, I’ll dare
To live – to die with thee.”





LEE GIBBONS, 1821

("Student of Law")

HORACE

As dear as the brothers to sailors storm-driven,
In darkness expecting the first star of heaven,
I once was to Lydia. Thy neck so enchanting,
Thy bosom so melting, with tenderness panting,
No lovelier youth then had press'd, while his lip
Ambrosial nectar from thine dared to sip:
More happy, ah then, was thy lover than he
Who rules Persia's empire, but rules without thee.

LYDIA

Oh yes, while to others thy heart was as frozen,
As Thule, tho' plac'd mid the warm streams of love;
Nor unfaithful to me, thy wild frenzy had chosen
Another thy ravings of passion to sooth.
Thou wast lov'd by thy Lydia, oh words cannot tell
The extent of the fire which then burn'd in this breast;
Not Rome's glorious mother, great Ilia, so well
Lov'd the god who embrac'd her, the child she caress'd.

HORACE

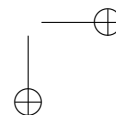
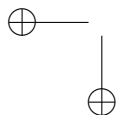
A daughter of Crete, beauteous Chloe, now loves me;
With her harp's sweetest notes she awaken'd my flame;
To save her would I die, and the hour that removes me;
Shall give to my hearing those bless'd sounds again.

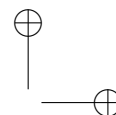
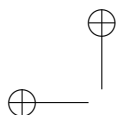
LYDIA

With love that is mutual, Calais and I,
But form one great heart, and for him would I die;
Ay, twenty times o'er, if my death could him save,
From the sleep of the tomb, from the jaws of the grave.

HORACE

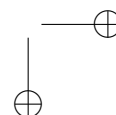
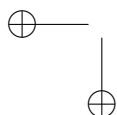
What if again old Love should return,
And former fires should reviving burn?
And lovely Chloe should yield to thee,
My heart, and arms, and liberty?
If my hitherto closed gates should sever,
And Lydia receive for ever and ever?

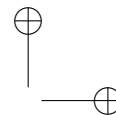
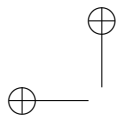




LYDIA

Though fairer Calais than the morning star,
And thou than the cork art lighter far;
Tho' he is as mild as the zephyr of morn,
And thou as rough as the ocean storm;
Yet turn once again, to this bosom fly,
With thee I'll live, with thee I'll die.





JACOB BRETTELL, 1825

(1793–1862; English Unitarian Minister)

HORACE

Whilst I alone was dear to thee,
And, round that snowy neck of thine,
No favor'd youth, preferr'd to me,
His loving arms had dared to twine:
I, fondly hanging on thy breast,
Was more than Persia's monarch blest.

LYDIA

Whilst yet no other flame had burn'd
The torrid region of thy soul,
Nor Lydia was for Chloe spurn'd,
But o'er thee held love's fond control:
Tho' Ilia's lover was divine,
Her fame was not so great as mine.

HORACE

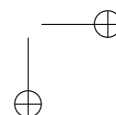
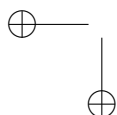
Now Chloe, mistress of the lyre,
Who sings with such entrancing art,
Her strains the dullest spirit fire,
Reigns in my breast, and rules my heart:
E'en death itself my soul would brave,
Her dearer life from death to save!

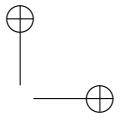
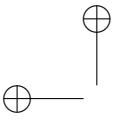
LYDIA

Me Calais now with love inspires,
His charms my warmest passions move,
And, both inflam'd with equal fires,
Our bosoms melt with mutual love:
Dear youth! twice welcome death to me
To lengthen life one hour to thee!

HORACE

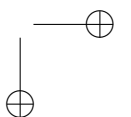
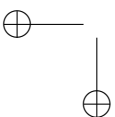
But should our former love return,
Should Venus, in a stronger yoke,
Binding us fast, with chains that burn,
Unite the bonds we rashly broke:
Should Chloe, girl of yellow hair,
Be cast away for Lydia fair?





LYDIA

Tho' Horace thou art fiercer far
 E'en than the Adriatic sea,
And Calais, brighter than a star,
 Nor light, and changeable, like thee:
Ah! yet my heart would fondly sigh,
'With thee I wish to live – with thee to die!'





GEORGE FLEMING RICHARDSON, 1825

(c. 1796–1848; Geologist and Poet)

HORACE

While I could feast on Lydia's kiss,
And knew her charms were mine alone,
I envied not the boasted bliss
Of Persia's monarch on his throne!

LYDIA

While Horace lov'd but Lydia's arms,
Nor Chloe reign'd to Lydia's shame,
I gloried in my simple charms,
Nor envied Ilia's matron fame!

HORACE

But now my Chloe owns my faith,
Well skilled the lyre's sweet strains to move,
And gladly would I welcome death,
To save the beauteous maid I love!

LYDIA

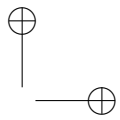
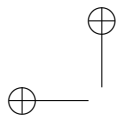
And I confess the mutual fire
I feel for one who owns my truth;
And gladly would I twice expire,
To save from death my charming youth!

HORACE

What, if my former love return'd,
And join'd two hearts that now would sever,
If I the favour'd Chloe spurn'd,
And flew to Lydia's arms for ever?

LYDIA

Though he outshines yon silvery star,
The youth who pledg'd his faith to me,
And thou art lighter, angrier far,
Than buoyant cork, than Adria's sea,
I would but ask, can Love the prayer deny?
With thee alone to live, with thee alone to die!



A. W. BROWNE, 1826

(*Bertram, or, The Crusade*)

HORACE

As long as I was pleasing in your eye,
No care on earth could draw th' unbidden sigh,
No other youth then shar'd your faithful breast,
I flourish'd, more than Persia's monarch blest.

LYDIA

As long as you had not a greater flame,
And Lydia slighted after Chloe came;
I, Lydia, of distinguish'd name,
Envied not Roman Illia's fame.

HORACE

The Cretan Chloe now my heart hath stole,
Skill'd in soft music how to charm the soul;
For whom I would not fear to die the death,
If the Fates spare her my surviving breath.

LYDIA

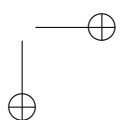
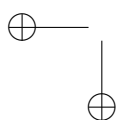
Calais sprung from a Lucanian sire,
Now warms my bosom with a mutual fire,
For whom I'd twice descend to Pluto's gate,
If that would snatch him from impending fate.

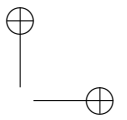
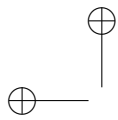
HORACE

What if our former loves that once were broke,
Return, and bind us in a brazen yoke?
If Chloe I abjure for evermore,
Wilt thou then Lydia ope to me thy door?

LYDIA

Though than a star he had a brighter hue,
You light as cork, as fickle and untrue,
More passionate than ocean's blust'ring roar, –
With thee I'd live, with thee I'd part no more.





JAMES HYSLOP, 1798–1827 (IMITATED)

(1798–1827; Scottish Poet)

HYSLOP

When I was thine, no ane ava
Cuddled like me thy neck o' snaw;
When 'midst the gowans on the brae,
My hand amang thy love-locks lay,
I wadnae gi'en ae wee saft curl
For a' the kingdoms o' the warl.

ANNA

When I was thine, an' interwove
Wi' a' your sweetest sangs o' love;
When nae Eliza's name was there,
But Anna wi' the auburn hair;
When envious maids maist grat wi' spleen,
Anna was happier than a queen.

HYSLOP

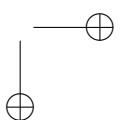
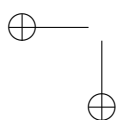
Eliza's prettier far than you;
Her een are o' the saftest blue;
An' sweetly can Eliza sing
To her piano's tremblin' string:
Her breast, her lips – how gladly I
For young Eliza's love could die!

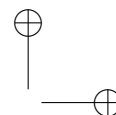
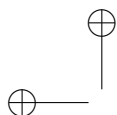
ANNA

I'm glad to hear't, I too have ane,
Wi' many a gold ring on his han',
Would fain mak' Anna a' his own,
And fondly kiss her locks o' brown:
White is his forehead, dark his e'e:
I for his sake could ten times die!

HYSLOP

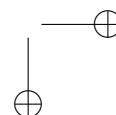
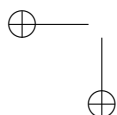
O tell me thy bewitchin' mouth
Speaks na ae single word o' truth.
Eliza's e'en o' saftest blue
Are guid for nocht but teasin' you.
O let thy early lover rest
His lips again upon thy breast!
My dark-eyed maid by Nith's sweet river
Shall mingle in my songs for ever.

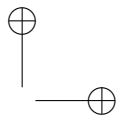
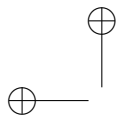




ANNA

Well, Hyslop, this is far too bad:
Your tricks wad drive a maiden mad.
How do you think my heart can bear
Thus to be teas'd by ane sae dear?
But tho' there's tinder in your nature,
You're such a kind, caressing creature,
I ken your fond heart cannot be
Five minutes true to ane but me.
Come to my bosom, for in vain
Frae you it would its love restrain,
In vain my lips would quarrel longer
Wi' yours thus to seal up their anger.





JOHN GILMOUR, 1828

(1810–28; Scottish Poet)

HORACE

While I thy faithful love possess'd
And none more grateful thee caress'd,
Then happier Horace spent his days
Than he who wealthy Persia sways –

LYDIA

While Lydia's, not Chloe's charms
In full possess'd thy constant arms,
Then flourish'd I of more renown
Than Ilia e'er could call her own –

HORACE

Me now the Cretan Chloe burns,
Skilful to sing and harp by turns,
For whom my life I'd freely give,
If fate should suffer her to live.

LYDIA

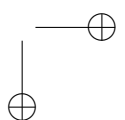
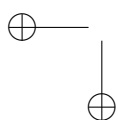
Fair Calais I now admire
And there I meet a mutual fire,
For whom I twice would suffer death
If fate should spare her precious breath.

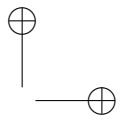
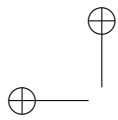
HORACE

What if our former loves return,
And join us thus asunder torn,
If beauteous Chloe I reject
And slighted Lydia respect?

LYDIA

Though lighter than the cork you be –
More boist'rous than the raging sea –
He fairer than a star, yet I,
With thee would live, with thee would die.





LATHAM, 1829

(*Horæ Salisburienses*)

HORACE

Whilst I was pleasing found to thee,
And no more charming youth was free
In bliss to press thy snowy breast,
Not Persia's king was half so blest.

LYDIA

Whilst for no other thou didst burn,
Nor didst for Chloe, Lydia spurn,
I, Lydia, of exalted name,
Not even envied Ilia's fame.

HORACE

Now Cretan Chloe rules, whose art,
In soft sweet measures lulls my heart;
And, oh! that fate might Chloe spare,
To die I'd freely, gladly dare.

LYDIA

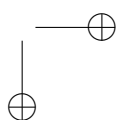
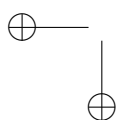
Young Calais now does me inspire,
And warms my heart with mutual fire;
For whom two deaths would be a joy,
If fate would spare the charming boy.

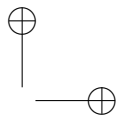
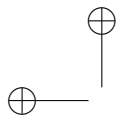
HORACE

But if our love returns again,
And yokes our parted bonds, what then?
Should I 'gainst Chloe shut my door,
And take my Lydia home once more?

LYDIA

Tho' fairer than a star is he,
And lighter thou than cork to me;
Than sea more passionate, yet I
With thee would live, with thee would die.





CHARLES BADHAM, 1831

(*Horace: Translations of Various Odes, v. 2, Philip Francis, 1846*)

HORACE

Whilst I, and none but I was heard,
Nor dwelt in dread of youth preferr'd,
And none but I – thou fickle thing!
I lived more bless'd than Persia's king.

LYDIA

And Lydia, long as Lydia's breast,
Not Chloe's, was thy place of rest:
Ere yet she glowed at Chloe's name,
Lightly she cared for Ilia's fame!

HORACE

The Thracian girl divinely sings,
Forth from the lyre such tones she brings!
Hers, only hers, for her I live,
Content to die – so she survive!

LYDIA

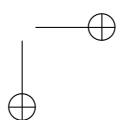
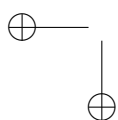
My hours a young Tarentine charms:
We breathe but in each others arms;
And as for dying! I would brave
A thousand deaths his life to save!

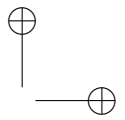
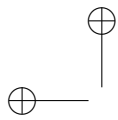
HORACE

Come, Lydia! should a former yoke
One's weakness, after all, provoke
To quit the girl with golden hair –
That yoke, once more – will Lydia wear?

LYDIA

Thou fairer be than morning star,
And thou than winds be lighter far,
And hastier, than the fretful sea;
With thee she lives – she dies with thee!





ANONYMOUS, 1841

(*The Citizen or Dublin Monthly Magazine*)

HORACE

While I was blessed, and Lydia loved,
And no more favoured youth carressed her;
My life a reign of pleasure proved
Beyond the sway of Persia's master.

LYDIA

While thy false heart was all my own,
Nor yet to Chlöe's wiles had bended
My poet's love; my high renown,
With Roman Mlia's pride contended.

HORACE

My Cretan Chlöe sways me now,
Her witching song, and lyre combining;
'Twas life to leave this earth below,
And die for her without repining.

LYDIA

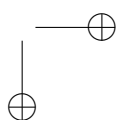
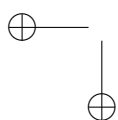
My Calais' heart keeps time with mine,
With sunny Thurian passion beating:
For his my life I'd twice resign,
If fate would stay for my entreating.

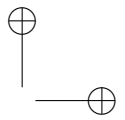
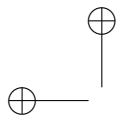
HORACE

What! if our former love return,
Our kindred hearts again enchaining;
And mine for Chlöe cease to burn
To my lost Lydia true remaining?

LYDIA

Tho' he were fair as evening's star,
And thou, than Adria's stormy weather,
Or floating cork, more fickle far;
We'll live, and love, and die together.





ANONYMOUS, 1842 (IMITATED)

(Punch, or, The London Charivari)

PUNCH

While yet I knew thy truth,
And no more lucky youth
Thy wooden arm caress'd,
Than Albert's Royal self I was more blest.

JUDY

While yet you ne'er went arter
That saucy jade Sall Carter,
I, Judy famed in story-ah!
Was happier than Queen Victoria.

PUNCH

Yes, Sarah dear, the chanter,
Is mine, none can supplant her,
Ere death her charms should fix,
Gladly I'd walk my chalks or cut my sticks.

JUDY

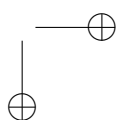
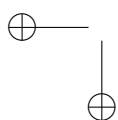
For Joe (his dad's Bill Dwyer),
I burn with mutual fire,
For him the debt o' natur
Twice o'er I'd pay – I would, so help me tatur!

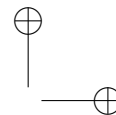
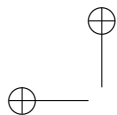
PUNCH

What, if to make things squarer,
I vow to give up Sarah,
And you, my Ju, take back,
Thus giving you my heart and Sal the sack?

JUDY

Tho' Joe's a trump, and taller
Than thee, thou fickle brawler!
Yet henceforth – dash my wig!
I'll live with thee, with thee I'll hop the twig.





JOHN SCRIVEN, 1843

(The Odes of Horace)

HORACE

Whilst I was welcome still to thee,
Nor any youth – preferr'd to me –
Round thy white neck his arms might fling,
I liv'd – more blest than Persia's king.

LYDIA

Whilst thine no other – warmer flame –
Nor Lydia after Chloë came,
Thy Lydia then to fame had grown,
– More than the Roman Ilia known.

HORACE

The Thracian Chloë rules me now,
Skill'd in the lyre's melodious flow;
For whom I'd die; – would Fate but save
Her soul – surviving – from the grave.

LYDIA

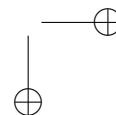
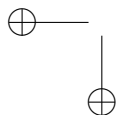
Me now the Thurian Calais fires
With mutual torch of soft desires;
For whom I twice would die, to save
My boy – surviving – from the grave.

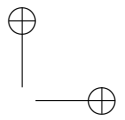
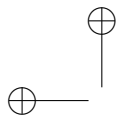
HORACE

But what if Love, with brazen chain,
Unite our sever'd hearts again?
If fair-hair'd Chloë – lov'd no more –
To banish'd Lydia yield the door?

LYDIA

Though he is brighter than a star,
Thou, than the light cork lighter far,
– Wilder than Adria's faithless sea –
I'll live, nay willing, die – with thee!





THOMAS MOORE, 1846

(1779–1852; Irish Writer and Poet)

HE

Lone as I waltz'd with only thee,
Each blissful Wednesday that went by,
Nor stylish Stultz, nor neat Nugee
Adorn'd a youth so blest as I.
Oh! ah! ah! oh!
Those happy days are gone – heigho!

SHE

Long as with thee I skimm'd the ground,
Nor yet was scorn'd for Lady Jane,
No blither nymph tetotum'd round
To Collinet's immortal strain.
Oh! ah! &c.
Those happy days are gone – heigho!

HE

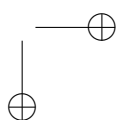
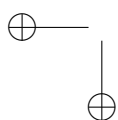
With Lady Jane now whirl'd about,
I know no bounds of time or breath;
And, should the charmer's head bold out,
My heart and heels are hers till death.
Oh! ah! &c.
Still round and round through life we'll go.

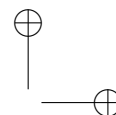
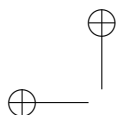
SHE

To Lord Fitznoodle's eldest son,
A youth renown'd for waistcoats smart,
I now have given (excuse the pun)
A vested interest in my heart.
Oh! ah! &c.
Still round and round with him I'll go.

HE

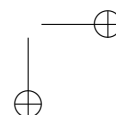
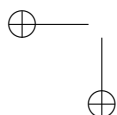
What if, by fond remembrance led
Again to wear our mutual chain,
For me thou cutt'st Fitznoodle dead,
And I *levant* from Lady Jane.
Oh! ah! &c.
Still round and round again we'll go.

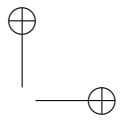
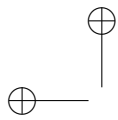




SHE

Though he the Noodle honors give,
And thine, dear youth, are not so high,
With thee in endless waltz I'd live,
With thee, to Weber's Stop-Waltz, die!
Oh! ah! &c.
Thus round and round through life we'll go.





ANONYMOUS, 1849

(The Dublin University Magazine)

HORACE

“Whilst thou wert ever good and kind,
And none but only me might lie
Upon thy snowy breast reclined,
Not Persia’s king so blest as I.

LYDIA

“Whilst I to thee was all in all,
Nor Chloe might with Lydia vie,
Renown’d in Ode or Madrigal,
Not Roman Ilia famed as I.

HORACE

“I now am Thracian Chloe’s slave,
With hand and voice that charms the air.
For whom ev’n death itself I’d brave,
So fate the darling girl would spare!

LYDIA

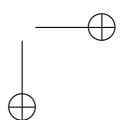
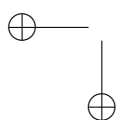
“I dote on Calais – and I
Am all his passion, all his care,
For whom a double death I’d die,
So fate the darling boy would spare.

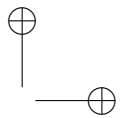
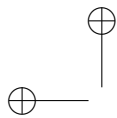
HORACE

“What if the olden love return,
And bind us closer in its chain,
If I the fair-hair’d Chloe spurn,
And welcome Lydia’s charms again?

LYDIA

“Though lovelier than yon star is he,
Thou false, and given to rage more madly
Than Hadria’s gulf – still, still with thee
I’d wish to live – and die, how gladly!”





G. J. WHYTE MELVILLE, 1850

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

HORACE

While I felt that I could please,
 While round thy neck no other arms could twine
More welcome, more beloved than these,
 No Persian monarch's lot was blessed as mine.

LYDIA

Whilst thou didst feed no other flame,
 Nor Lydia was for Chloë's sake forgot –
Poor Lydia! (then an envied name) –
 Brighter than Roman Ilia's was her lot.

HORACE

But Thressian Chloë rules me now;
 Sweetly she sings, sweetly the harp can play;
For her sake would I bare my brow
 To Death, if Fate would spare her but a day.

LYDIA

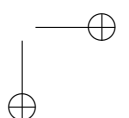
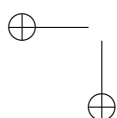
We love each other well, and I
 Confess that Calais is all my joy –
Ornytus' son; twice would I die,
 If Fate would spare the life of that dear boy.

HORACE

What if returning love once more
 Should yoke the long-estranged ones in his chain –
Were Chloë jilted, and the door
 Stood open to fair Lydia once again?

LYDIA

Though he is brighter than a star,
 Thou fickle as a leaf, to wrath as prone
As Adriatic billows are,
 With thee I'd gladly live, with thee I'd die thine own.





WILLIAM SEWELL, 1850

(1804–74; English Divine, Tutor and Author)

HORACE

So long as I was dear to thee,
And not a youth more precious used to fling
His arms around thy neck of snow,
I flourish'd happier far e'en than the Persian's king.

LYDIA

Long as thou burn'dst not for another,
Rather, nor Lydia after Chloe stood,
I, Lydia, maid of high renown,
More famed than Ilia lived, the pride of Roman blood.

HORACE

Me now the Thracian Chloe sways,
Learn'd in sweet measures, and of science rare
To strike the lyre; for whom to die
I will not fear, if Fates will her surviving spare.

LYDIA

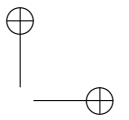
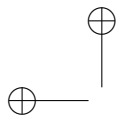
Me Calais burns with mutual fire,
Calais the Thurian Ornytus' child,
For whom I twice will brook to die,
If to the boy surviving fate will be but mild.

HORACE

What if our love of old return,
And sever'd hearts with brazen yoke constrain?
If Chloe fair is shaken off,
And for the jilted Lydia opes the door again?

LYDIA

Though he is fairer than a star,
Thou lighter than a cork, and prone to ire,
More than the wicked Adria –
With thee I'd joy to live – with thee would fain expire.



FRANCIS WILLIAM NEWMAN, 1853

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

HORACE

Whilst with thee I favor found,
Whilst around thy ivory neck no youth
More belov'd his arms entwin'd;
Happier thro' I than the Persian king.

LYDIA

Whilst no rival inly scorch'd
Thee, – nor Lydia after Chloë rank'd,
Then was Lydia great of name:
Brighter I than Roman Ilia thro'.

HORACE

Me now Chloë, Thracian-born,
Sweet of song, with harp melodious rules:
Death for her I bold would meet,
Might the Fates but spare her spirit to live.

LYDIA

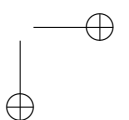
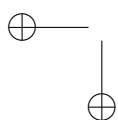
Born of Thurian Ornytus,
Calaïs me with mutual torch has fir'd.
Twofold death for him I'll brave,
Might the Fates but spare the youth to live.

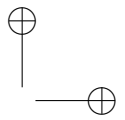
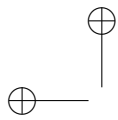
HORACE

What, if ancient Love return,
And with brazen yoke the sunder'd join, –
Auburn Chloë aside be toss'd, –
Jilted Lydia's door to me reope?

LYDIA

Then, tho' starry-bright is he,
Lighter thou than cork, than Adria rude
Gustier, yet would I with thee
Joy to live, with thee would willing die.





THOMAS DENMAN, c. 1854

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

HORACE

While I was loved by thee, as now
 Is loved that favored youth who flings
His arms around thy neck of snow,
 I lived more blest than Persian kings.

LYDIA

Ere Chloe was to me preferred,
 Ere thou hadst felt her warmer flame,
Then Lydia's high renown was heard,
 Surpassing Ilia's honored name.

HORACE

Now Cretan Chloe is my care,
 Skilled in soft lute and airs divine;
Her cherished life, if Fate would spare,
 I, fearless, could my own resign.

LYDIA

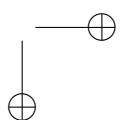
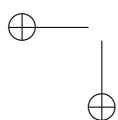
The youthful Calais stirs my breast,
 The Thurian's son, with mutual fire;
Twice would I die to save him, blest
 In double anguish to expire.

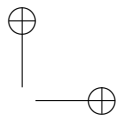
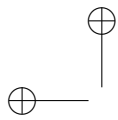
HORACE

What if our ancient love return
 And join the hearts that now are twain;
If I the gold-haired Chloe spurn,
 And woo my Lydia once again.

LYDIA

Though he be fairer than a star,
 Thou light as cork, and than the sea
On Adria's shore more stormy far,
 With thee I'll live, I'll die with thee.





J. M. L., 1855

(Hagar and Ishamel and Other Poems)

HORACE

Whilst I was pleasing unto thee,
Nor yet did any youth with arms enfold
Thy neck so white, preferred to me,
Than I, not Persia's king more blessings told.

LYDIA

Ere yet another fired thee more –
Nor after Chloe prized was Lydia;
Then Lydia's name high honour bore,
More famed lived she than Roman Ilia.

HORACE

Me Cretan Chloe governs now,
In sweet tones versed, and kens the harp to play;
For whom I fear not death to know,
The fates but spare her soul in life to stay.

LYDIA

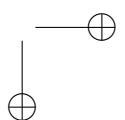
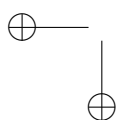
And me, with mutual torch has lit,
Calais, Ornithus of Thuria's son –
For whom I'd twice to death submit,
The fates but spare the youth to still live on.

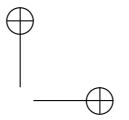
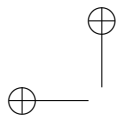
HORACE

What if returns the former love?
The severed joins with brazen yoke once more;
If yellow Chloe I remove
And to rejected Lydia ope the door?

LYDIA

Though brighter than the stars is he,
Thou than cork more light, and more irate
Than cruel Adriatic sea,
With thee I'd live, with thee I'd death await.





WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE, 1858

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

HORACE

While no more welcome arms could twine
Around thy snowy neck, than mine;
Thy smile, thy heart, while I possess,
Not Persia's monarch lived as blest.

LYDIA

While thou didst feel no rival flame,
Nor Lydia next to Chloe came;
O then thy Lydia's echoing name
Exceeded e'en Ilia's Roman fame.

HORACE

Me now Threïcian Chloe sways,
Skilled in soft lyre and softer lays;
My forfeit life I'll freely give,
So she, my better life, may live.

LYDIA

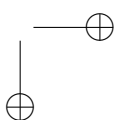
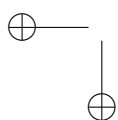
The son of Ornytus inspires
My burning breast with mutual fires;
I'll face two several deaths with joy,
So Fate but spare my Thurian boy.

HORACE

What, if our ancient love awoke,
And bound us with its golden yoke;
If auburn Chloe I resign,
And Lydia once again be mine?

LYDIA

Though brighter than a star is he,
Thou, rougher than the Adrian sea,
And fickle as light bark; yet I
With thee would live, with thee would die.



ANONYMOUS, 1859

(*Harper's Magazine*)

HORACE

While my love was accepted by thee,
While clasped in no other one's arms
That ivory neck; then for me
The Persian's crown had no charms.

LYDIA

While your love for your Lydia was true
Cretan Chloe to Lydia gave place;
And I gave up all lovers for you,
Nor envied even Ilia her grace.

HORACE

Ah, for Chloe alone do I breathe!
How she tunes her sweet lyre to love!
This world would I cheerfully leave
Could I dwell with my charmer above.

LYDIA

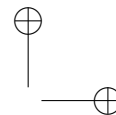
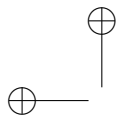
The Thurian Calais and I
Both love with a mutual joy;
Were it possible – *twice* would I die
Could the fates spare my beautiful boy.

HORACE

But suppose my old love should return,
And compel me to bow to your yoke?
Now, if Chloe's bright ringlet I burn,
Will you open your doors to my knock?

LYDIA

What! forgive such a wretch as you are,
Unstable, and testy, and vain?
Well! my Thurian boy *is a star* –
But – I think I will try you again.



ANONYMOUS, 1859 (IMITATED)

(Punch's Pocket Book)

CAPTAIN CHARLES

When you looked at me, Rosa, with love in each glance,
And grudged to all others your waist for the dance,
I was almost as happy, I'm willing to state,
As a king on a throne, or a boy on a gate.

ROSA

When I thought you were faithful and constant to me,
Nor the charms of Miss Fanny Maltravers could see,
From morning to night, Charles, I give you my word,
I was merry and blithe as that dear little bird.

CAPTAIN CHARLES

Well, I own that I'm now Miss Maltravers's slave
She has such a sweet temper, knows how to behave,
With a touch like Miss Goddard's she rattles the keys,
And to please her I'd throw my best horse on his knees.

ROSA

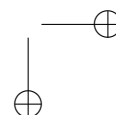
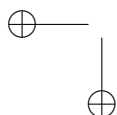
And I, sir, can have my flirtations like you,
Mr. Calvin, our curate, has eyes of deep blue,
His whispers are gentle, his whiskers are trim,
And I'd give up a ball for an evening with him.

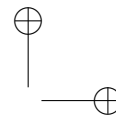
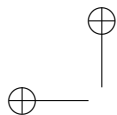
CAPTAIN CHARLES

But supposing things altered, – they shall be, that 's poz,
And as Wright would observe, as they used for to was,
And I dropped Miss Maltravers, touch, temper, and all,
Would your footman say, always, 'At Home,' when I call?

ROSA

Though to give up good, handsome John Calvin's a loss.
For you're rather plain, and a flirt, and so cross,
It would fill foolish Rosa's still fond heart with joy,
If you kissed her once more, and became a good boy.





SIR THEODORE MARTIN, 1860

(1816–1909; Biographer of the Prince Consort)

HORACE

Whilst I was dear and thou wert kind,
And I, and I alone might lie
Upon thy snowy breast reclined,
Not Persia's king so blest as I.

LYDIA

Whilst I to thee was all in all,
Nor Chloë might with Lydia vie,
Renown'd in ode or madrigal,
Not Roman Ilia famed as I.

HORACE

I now am Thracian Chloë's slave,
With hand and voice that charms the air,
For whom ev'n death itself I'd brave,
So fate the darling girl would spare!

LYDIA

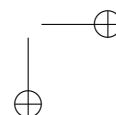
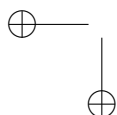
I dote on Calais – and I
Am all his passion, all his care,
For whom a double death I'd die,
So fate the darling boy would spare!

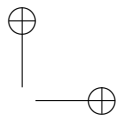
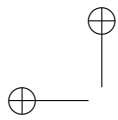
HORACE

What, if our ancient love return,
And bind us with a closer tie,
If I the fair-hair'd Chloë spurn,
And as of old for Lydia sigh?

LYDIA

Though lovelier than yon star is he,
Thou fickle as an April sky,
More churlish, too, than Adria's sea,
With thee I'd live, with thee I'd die!





WILLIAM LEE, 1860

(Translations in English Verse)

HORACE

When I a favorite with thee,
No other youth prefer'd to me,
Round thy white neck his arms might fling;
More happy I than Persia's king.

LYDIA

When thou from other loves wert free,
For Cloe not deserting me,
Triumphant was thy Lydia's name,
In Rome more bright than Ilia's fame.

HORACE

Cloe of Thrace, my mistress now,
Sweet her voice in music's flow;
For whom I would not fear to die,
To snatch her life from destiny.

LYDIA

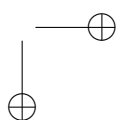
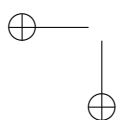
For Thurian Calais I burn,
My love does Calais' return;
My life twice freely would I give,
So that Ornithius' son might live.

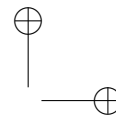
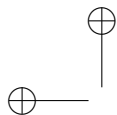
HORACE

What, if Venus to her yoke
Bind us with the cord we broke?
If shaken off fair Cloe's chain,
And Lydia's door ne'er closed again?

LYDIA

Though he be brighter than a star,
And thou than cork art lighter far,
More touchy than the Adrian sea,
Blest would I live, would die, with thee.





C. S. OAKLEY, 1860

(Prolusiones)

HORACE

While yet I kept my Lydia's grace,
Most welcome to the fond embrace;
While yet no rival ventured nigh,
What Persian lord more blessed than I?

LYDIA

While yet my beauty pleased you well,
Nor Chloe reigned whence Lydia fell;
What maid could match thy Lydia's name?
Not Roman Ilia's spotless fame.

HORACE

Now Thracian Chloe rules my breast,
Of sweetest songsters she the best;
For her not death my heart should move
If but the Fates would spare my love.

LYDIA

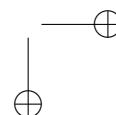
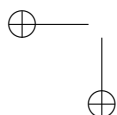
My breast with not unanswered fire
My Thurian Calais' charms inspire:
For him dark death were brightest joy
If but the Fates would spare my boy.

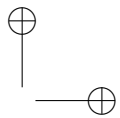
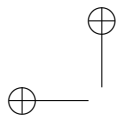
HORACE

What if the old love bind again
Our severed hearts with firmer chain?
If fair-haired Chloe charm no more,
And Lydia triumph as before?

LYDIA

Though he the gleaming stars surpass,
Thou'rt light and angry as the blast;
For him no more my heart shall sigh,
With thee I'll live, with thee I'd die.





ANONYMOUS, 1860

(The Knickerbocker)

HORACE

So long as I was loved by you,
Nor any youth more favored threw
His arms about thy neck so white,
I lived in more than king's delight.

LYDIA

Until you loved another more,
Nor Chloë Lydia went before,
Lydia I lived of noble name,
Than Ilia's clearer rang my fame.

HORACE

Me now the Thracian Chloë sways,
Queen of the lyre, taught sweetest lays:
For whom I will not fear to give
My life, if fate will let her live.

LYDIA

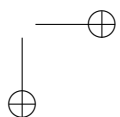
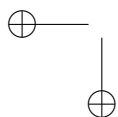
Love's torch the Thurine Calais burns,
My soul the mutual fire returns:
To die for him is double joy,
If only fate will spare the boy.

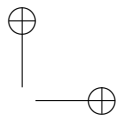
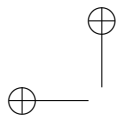
HORACE

But what if our first love again
Binds us long parted in its chain?
If the fair Chloë I will leave,
Will Lydia, spurned, me yet receive?

LYDIA

Although no star is half so bright
As he, and thou than cork more light,
And thy quick temper like the sea:
Loving I'll live and die with thee.





WILLIAM ROBERT EVANS, 1861

(Lays of Other Lands)

HORACE

While I still was beloved by thee,
And no happier man might in affection cling
Round that lily-pale neck of thine,
Then I flourish'd in joy more than the Persian king.

LYDIA

While none yet was preferr'd to me,
And ere Chloë in thee lighted a rival flame,
Then I, Lydia, enjoy'd renown,
Then I flourish'd in love more than the proudest dame.

HORACE

Cretan Chloë commands me now,
Skill'd in musical tones, cunning upon the lyre;
And I, were it to save her life,
Now would, free from alarm, nay with content, expire.

LYDIA

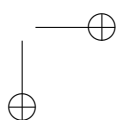
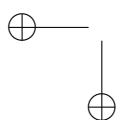
Cálais, fair son of Ornithus,
Now hath lighted in me flame from his am'rous fire;
And I, were it to save his life,
Now would, void of regret, willingly twice expire.

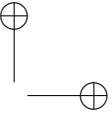
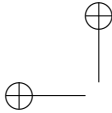
HORACE

But should love as of old return,
Weld all flaws in the chain binding our hearts of yore;
Gold-hair'd Chloë should I discard,
Hold for Lydia expell'd freely the open door?

LYDIA

Though he's fair as a star and true;
Thou e'en light as cork drifting upon the sea,
Prone to rage as the fickle waves;
Yet with thee would I live – yea, and would die with thee!





EDWARD SMITH-STANLEY, EARL OF DERBY, 1862

(1799–1869; English Statesman)

HORACE

While I was dear to thee,
While with encircling arms
No youth, preferr'd to me,
Dar'd to profane thy bosom's snowy charms;
I envied not, by thee ador'd,
The wealth, the bliss of Persia's lord.

LYDIA

While all thy bosom glow'd
With love for me alone,
And Lydia there abode,
Where Chloe now has fix'd her hateful throne;
Well pleas'd, our Roman Ilia's fame
I deem'd eclips'd by Lydia's name.

HORACE

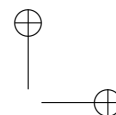
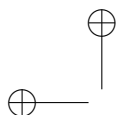
'Tis true, my captive heart
The fair-hair'd Chloe sways,
Skill'd with transcendent art
To touch the lyre, and breathe harmonious lays;
For her my life were gladly paid,
So Heav'n would spare my Cretan maid.

LYDIA

My breast with fond desire
For youthful Calais burns;
Touch'd with a mutual fire
The son of Ornithus my love returns;
For him I'd doubly die with joy,
So Heav'n would spare my Thurian boy.

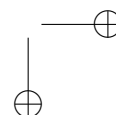
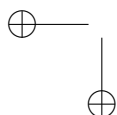
HORACE

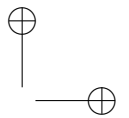
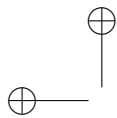
What if the former chain,
That we too rashly broke,
We yet should weave again,
And bow once more beneath th' accustom'd yoke?
If Chloe's sway no more I own,
And Lydia fill the vacant throne?



LYDIA

Though bright as Morning Star
My Calais' beaming brow;
Though more inconstant far,
And easier chaf'd than Adria's billows thou,
With thee my life I'd gladly spend,
Content with thee that life to end.





JOHN CONINGTON, 1863

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

HORACE

While I had power to bless you,
Nor any round that neck his arms did fling
More privileged to caress you,
Happier was Horace than the Persian king.

LYDIA

While you for none were pining
Sorer, nor Lydia after Chloe came,
Lydia, her peers outshining,
Might match her own with Ilia's Roman fame.

HORACE

Now Chloe is my treasure,
Whose voice, whose touch, can make sweet music flow:
For her I'd die with pleasure,
Would Fate but spare the dear survivor so.

LYDIA

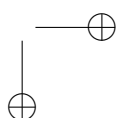
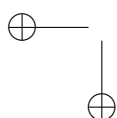
I love my own fond lover,
Young Calais, son of Thurian Ornytus:
For him I'd die twice over,
Would Fate but spare the sweet survivor thus.

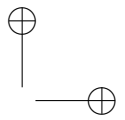
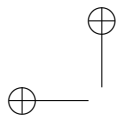
HORACE

What now, if Love returning
Should pair us 'neath his brazen yoke once more,
And, bright-hair'd Chloe spurning,
Horace to off-cast Lydia ope his door?

LYDIA

Though he is fairer, milder,
Than starlight, you lighter than bark of tree,
Than stormy Hadria wilder,
With you to live, to die, were bliss for me.





PHILIP STANHOPE WORSLEY, 1863

(1835–66; English Poet and Translator)

HORACE

While to thee no other name was nearer,
Ere a rival youth aspired to fling
Round thy snow-white neck embraces dearer,
I lived richer than a Persian king.

LYDIA

Ere a new flame to thy false heart beckoned,
When the elder passion seemed divine,
Nor was Lydia yet to Chloë second,
Roman Ilia's glory paled to mine.

HORACE

Now lute-learnèd, skilled in measures tender,
Thracian Chloë doth my heart enslave.
Life for her I dread not to surrender,
If the fates my other soul will save.

LYDIA

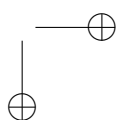
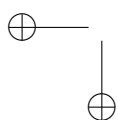
Child of Thurian Ornytus I cherish;
Mutual flames to me doth Calaïs bear.
Twice for him will I consent to perish,
If the fates my darling boy will spare.

HORACE

What if yet the ancient love returning
Re-unite in brazen yoke us twain,
If this door, the gold-haired Chloë spurning,
Welcome cast-off Lydia once again?

LYDIA

He is fairer than a star in heaven,
Thou more fierce than Adria's restive sea,
Light as cork – yet oh! since choice is given,
Let me live and love and die with thee!





SHADWORTH HOLLWAY HODGSON, 1863

(1832–1912; English Philosopher)

HORACE

When I your smiles enjoying
Alone that ivory neck caress'd,
Nor dream'd a rival with you toying,
No monarch liv'd than I more blest.

LYDIA

When you admir'd no other,
And Lydia first, not Chloe, came,
The glory of Rome's royal mother
Eclips'd not Lydia's lowly name.

HORACE

Fair Chloe – sweetly playing
And sweetly singing – hers am I;
To win for her death's brief delaying,
Gladly I'd lay me down and die.

LYDIA

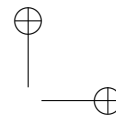
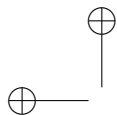
For Calais now I'm sighing,
And he returns me sigh for sigh;
And, would it save my love from dying,
A thousand times I'd gladly die.

HORACE

What, if the old love returning
Firmer the parted pair unite,
What, if thy friend, fair Chloe spurning,
His Lydia open-arm'd invite?

LYDIA

Though he than day were brighter,
And angrier thou than Hadria's sea,
Than Hadria's drifted foam-flakes lighter, –
With thee I'd live, I'd die with thee.



R. ASCOT, 1863 (IMITATED)

(Translations and Imitations)

JAMIE

Oh, Tibbie, whilst thou still wert mine,
Nor e'er a lad mair dear to thee
Round thy white neck his arms could twine,
What King was ever blest like me?

TIBBIE

And, Jamie, whilst thou still wert true,
Nor Jessie Bell had come between,
Where was the lad sae dear as thou –
Where Princess proud as Tibbie Stein?

JAMIE

Now Lothian Jess she rules my heart,
Sweet lassie, amang a' the queen,
Her sangs to lilt, withoutyn art,
Or lightly foot it ow'r the green.

TIBBIE

And Donald Roy my monarch reigns,
The Athole lad, o'er a' the king,
To tune the pipes 'mang Lowlan' swains,
And deftly dance the Hielan' fling.

JAMIE

For Jessie's life I'd forfeit all
That life could ever gi'e to me –

TIBBIE

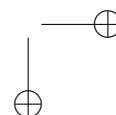
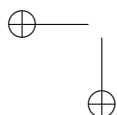
And Donald sae hauds me in thrall,
That twice for him I'd gladly die.

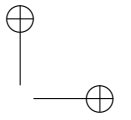
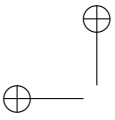
JAMIE

Noo, should I lichtly fair-hair'd Jess,
And gie that lassie the gae-by –

TIBBIE

Hoo hearts may change I canna guess,
But, Jamie, lad, ye can but try.



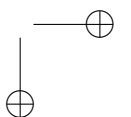
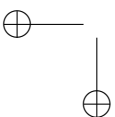


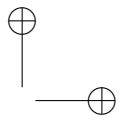
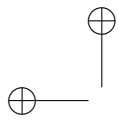
JAMIE

And, Tibbie, should I change my mind,
And be the same as I ha'e been,
Then what acceptance micht I find
Wi' thee, my slichted Tibbie Stein?

TIBBIE

Tho' Donald be a pearl o' worth –
You, ready like a cork to flee,
Whiles stormin' like the Firth o' Forth –
Wi' you I'd live – wi' you I'd die.





GEORGE HOWLAND, 1865

(1824-92)

HORACE

When you to me ne'er wavered,
Nor other youth more favored
 Might place his arms
Around thy fair neck ever,
For Persia's king life never
 Had greater charms.

LYDIA

While you thought noone dearer,
Nor ever Chloe nearer
 Than Lydia deemed,
Of brighter fame to greet her,
Than Roman Ilia's sweeter,
 Your Lydia dreamed.

HORACE

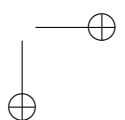
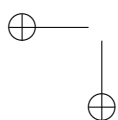
Now Thracian Chloe swayeth,
Who sweetest measures playeth,
 The Lyre her care,
For whom I'd fear not dying,
If Fate, dread Death defying,
 Her life would spare.

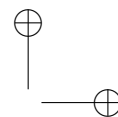
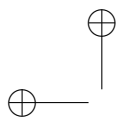
LYDIA

Me, Calais inflameth,
The Thurian's son, and claimeth
 My love to share;
And twice I'd suffer dying,
If Fate, dread Death defying,
 The youth would spare.

HORACE

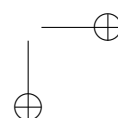
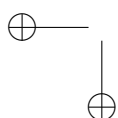
What if returning, Venus
Should form anew between us
 A brazen band?
If, Chloe's charms all vanished,
The door for Lydia banished
 Should open stand?

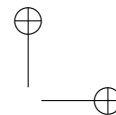
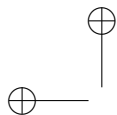




LYDIA

Though he than stars is brighter,
And you than cork are lighter,
 More stormy too,
Than Adria tossing madly,
With you I'd live, or gladly
 Would die with you.





CHRISTOPHER HUGHES, 1867

(The Odes and Epodes of Horace)

HORACE

When I from you a welcome found,
Nor any dearer youth might fling
His arms your snowy neck around,
I lived more blest than Persia's king.

LYDIA

Whilst yon no other flame confest,
Nor Lydia after Chloë came,
I then could well contented rest
With more than Roman Ilia's fame.

HORACE

To Cretan Chloë now I bend,
Nor fear for her my life to give,
(Who harp and verse can sweetly blend)
If only she might longer live.

LYDIA

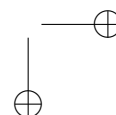
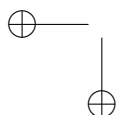
I, with a mutual flame, the son
Of Thracian Ornytus desire;
Could Calais from death be won
I for my boy would twice expire.

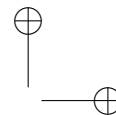
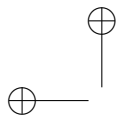
HORACE

What if our former love awake,
Bound in the brazen bonds of yore?
If fair-haired Chloë I forsake,
And Lydia find an open door?

LYDIA

Tho' he be fairer than a star,
Beyond the cork your levity,
Your temper worse than Adria far,
With you I'd live, with you I'd die.





CHARLES STEPHENS MATHEWS, 1867

(“Formerly of Pembroke College, Cambridge”)

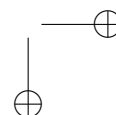
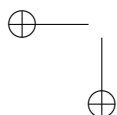
Those glorious days when you could see
Something to like and love in me,
Long as they lasted, and there came
Preferred to mine no youthful flame
To give that neck his amorous fold
As fair as lilies to behold,
I flourished: Persia’s master less,
As far as love is happiness. –

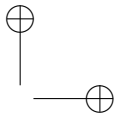
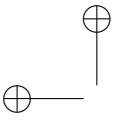
Those glorious days when you could see
Not more to like in her than me,
Long as they lasted, and there came
No Chloë to eclipse my flame,
Your Lydia then, a great renown,
The table-talk all over town,
I flourished: Roman Ilia less,
As far as fame is happiness. –

Yes! Thracian Chloë rules me now,
Th’ accomplished savage I avow:
She sings the very sweetest airs,
And plays the harp with the best players.
If fate will let exchanges be,
In place of her accepting me,
I’ll go, to spare that dulcet breath,
Without a tremor to my death. –

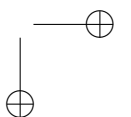
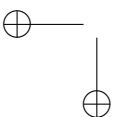
With mutual torch me Calais fires,
He comes of no outlandish sires,
In Thurium born the blooming boy
Makes Ornytus a father’s joy.
If fate would let exchanges be,
In place of him accepting me,
I’d go, that darling life to save,
Through two extinctions to my grave. –

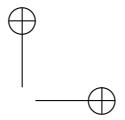
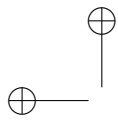
What if the love of former days
To either heart retrace the ways?
If Venus under yoke of brass
The necks we slipped propose to pass?
If, spurning Chloë’s golden hair,
An impudent intrusion there,
To Lydia open, held before
Against her, the repentant door?





Though brighter than a planet he,
You easier chafed than Adria's sea,
In fancy fluctuating still
As cork upon the water will,
With no one sooner than with you
Life and the world would I go through,
With no one hand in hand seek more
Contentedly the silent shore.





T. HERBERT NOYES, JR., 1868

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

HORACE

So long as I thy love possessed,
Nor any dearer youth caressed
With loving arms thy snowy breast,
No Shah of Persia was so blest.

LYDIA

So long you owned no other flame,
Nor Lydia after Chloe came,
Your Lydia's widely bruited name
Surpassed old Ilia's classic fame.

HORACE

'Tis Chloe now I most admire,
Who sings so sweetly to the lyre;
For her sweet sake I'd dare death's ire,
So she escaped the fatal pyre.

LYDIA

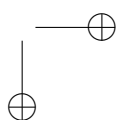
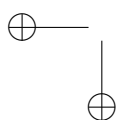
For Calais a mutual fire
Fills all my breast with fond desire;
Twice o'er for him I'd dare death's ire,
So he escaped the fatal pyre.

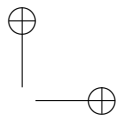
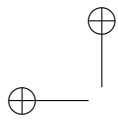
HORACE

What if th' old love resumed its reign,
And knit reft hearts with brazen chain,
What if fair Chloe meet disdain,
And open doors for Lydia crane?

LYDIA

Though brighter than the star is he,
Though lighter than the cork thou be,
More prone to ire than Hadria's sea,
I'd choose to live and die with thee.





E. H. BRODIE, 1868

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

HORACE

While still thy face wore smiles for me,
Nor youth more loved around that neck of snow
Twined his dear arms caressingly,
Not Persia’s king such bliss as mine might know.

LYDIA

Unwarmed by any other flame
Ere Chloe yet to Lydia you preferred,
Thy Lydia with extended name
Of Roman Iliia carelessly I heard.

HORACE

Chloe, fair Thracian, rules me now,
Sweet songs she sings, skilled mistress of the lyre,
For her to death I’d fearless bow,
Might she live on exempted from the pyre.

LYDIA

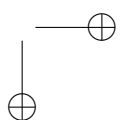
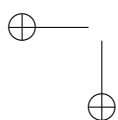
Heat of mutual love I share
For Calais, Thracian Ornytus’ sweet son,
O double death for him I’d bear,
Could from the fates the boy’s reprieve be won.

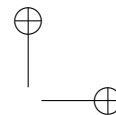
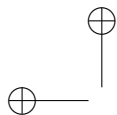
HORACE

What if old love come back again
To join the estranged in brazen yoke once more,
If yellow Chloe I disdain,
And cast-off Lydia find an open door?

LYDIA

Though he be brighter than a star,
Thou light as cork, with rage that swells more high
Than Adria’s watery war,
With thee I’d love to live, with thee glad die.





SIR GEORGE TREVELYAN, 1869

(1838–1928; English Statesman and Author)

HORACE

While still you loved your Horace best
Of all my peers who round you pressed,
(Though not in expurgated versions)
More proud I lived than King of Persians.

LYDIA

And while as yet no other dame
Had kindled in your breast a flame,
(Though Niebuhr her existence doubt)
I cut historic Ilia out.

HORACE

Dark Chloë now my homage owns,
With studied airs, and dulcet tones;
For whom I should not fear to die,
If death would pass my charmer by.

LYDIA

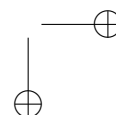
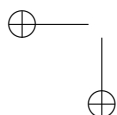
I now am lodging at the rus-
In-urbe of young Decius Mus.
Twice over would I gladly die
To see him hit in either eye.

HORACE

But should the old love come again,
And Lydia her sway retain?
If to my heart once more I take her,
And bid dark Chloë wed the baker?

LYDIA

Though you be treacherous as audit
When at the fire you've lately thawed it,
For Decius Mus no more I'd care
Than for their plate the Dons of Clare.





EDWARD YARDLEY, JR., 1869

(1835–1908; English Writer)

HORACE

When I knew alone your charms,
When no other, more carest,
Round your white neck threw his arms,
I was more than monarch blest.

LYDIA

When you made me all your own,
Ere young Chloë took my place,
I, methought, had more renown
Than the mother of your race.

HORACE

Cretan Chloë rules me now;
Music does her sweet tongue make;
Did the fates but this allow,
I would die for Chloë's sake.

LYDIA

Calaïs has got my heart;
He alone can give me joy;
TWICE from life I would depart
That the fates might spare the boy.

HORACE

What if ancient love returned
And united us again?
What if I for Lydia burned,
Treated Chloë with disdain?

LYDIA

Fairer than a star is he;
Yet, though you have proved untrue
And are stormier than the sea,
I would live and die with you.



GEORGE HOWARD, EARL OF CARSLILE, 1869

(1843–1911; English Aristocrat and Painter)

HORACE

When I was lov'd, and nought beside
Your envied kisses stor'd,
Happier I liv'd by Tiber's side
Than Ilia's fabled lord.

LYDIA

When Lydia could your wishes crown,
Nor Chloe fed your flame,
Not Roman Ilia's fair renown
Could vie with Lydia's name.

HORACE

Me, mistress of the golden lyre,
Her slave has Chloe made,
For whom I'd brave death's vengeful ire,
Would death but spare the maid.

LYDIA

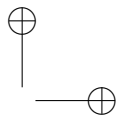
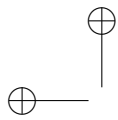
Me fires with mutual ecstasy
Calais my lovely joy,
For whom I twice would dare to die,
Would death but spare the boy.

HORACE

What should my former love return,
And lead me back to you,
For Chloe I no longer burn,
For Lydia pant anew.

LYDIA

Though he, as every star be fair,
Thou fickle as the sea,
Yet still with thee to live I'll dare,
I'd dare to die with thee.



JOHN BENSON ROSE, 1869

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

HORACE

So long as I was pleasing to you,
 Before another youth might fling
His arms around thy neck to sue you,
 I happier was than Persia's king.

LYDIA

So long as you were faithful to me
 And before Chloë, Lydia came,
Her name had immortality
 Before the Roman Ilia's claim.

HORACE

The Cretan Chloë claims me now
 With voice and cithara most rare;
Gladly my soul to Fate would bow,
 If Fates would that sweet damsel spare.

LYDIA

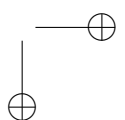
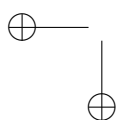
The torch has lighted mutual fires
 In me and Thurian Calaïs,
And twice in death would I expire
 If Fate would spare one day of his.

HORACE

What if the old flame should revive
 And bind us with its brazen chain,
And from my heart should Chloë drive
 And Lydia enter in again?

LYDIA

Though he be brighter than a star,
 Thou lighter than a willow wand,
Not Adria's waves our path should bar
 Through life and death, thus hand in hand.





CHARLES G. HALPINE, 1869

(1829–68; Irish Journalist and Writer)

HORACE

Whilst thou wert mine, and round your bosom tender
 No youth more loved his happy arms might fold,
I envied not the Persian monarch's splendor,
 More proud of thee than he of all his gold.

LYDIA

Whilst thou with warmer fire adored no other,
 Nor Lydia bowed to Chloe's hated name,
I envied not Rome's Ilia, our great mother,
 Proud of thy love as she of her son's fame.

HORACE

The Cretan Chloe now commands my duty,
 Skillful in song, and mistress of the lyre,
For whom, if Fate but spared her shining beauty,
 I would not dread this moment to expire.

LYDIA

Calais, of Thurian Orynthus descended,
 Inflames my passion with love's fiery' breath;
Were his life spared when my brief days were ended,
 Twice, and that gladly, would I suffer death.

HORACE

What if our love returned, and, reunited,
 Our spirits beat in harmony and hope?
If Chloe of the golden locks be slighted,
 Would Lydia's arms to me, repentant, ope?

LYDIA

Though he yon star's rich lustre is excelling,
 You, light as cork, and passionate as the storm,
With you, my love, should be my happy dwelling,
 And in your grave would I resign my form.



EDWARD BULWER-LYTTON, LORD LYTTON, 1870

(1803–73; English Politician)

HE

“While I yet to thee was pleasing,
While no dearer youth bestowed lavish arms round thy white neck,
Happy then, indeed, I flourished,
Never Persian king was blest with such riches as were mine.”

SHE

“While no other more inflamed thee,
And below no Chloë’s rank Lydia in thy heart was placed,
Glorious then did Lydia flourish,
Roman Ilia’s lofty name not so honored as was mine.”

HE

“O’er me now reigns Thracian Chloë,
Skilled in notes of dulcet song and the science of the lute;
If my death her life could lengthen,
So that Fate my darling spared, I without a fear could die.”

SHE

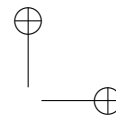
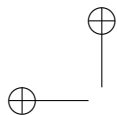
“From a mutual torchlight kindled
Is my flame for Calais, son of Thurian Ornytus,
If my death his life could lengthen,
So that Fate would spare the boy, I a double death would die!”

HE

“What if Venus fled – returning,
Forced us two, dissevered now, back into her brazen yoke;
If I shook off auburn Chloë,
And to Lydia, now shut out, opened once again the door?”

SHE

“Than a star though he be fairer,
Lighter thou than drifted cork – rougher thou than Hadrian wave,
Yet how willingly I answer,
'Tis with thee that I would live – gladly I with thee would die.”



THOMAS CHARLES BARING, 1870

(1831–91; English Banker and Politician)

HORACE

Whilst nobody else's youthful arms
Were suffered to toy with thy neck's fair charms,
Whilst it gave thee pleasure to see me nigh,
No King of the East was as happy as I.

LYDIA

As long as my own was the best-loved face,
Nor Chloe had taken the foremost place;
My name was more honoured in all the town
Than Roman Ilia's old renown.

HORACE

Oh! Cretan Chloe so sweetly sings,
Her fingers touch deftly the cittern's strings;
She rules me now, and I'd gladly die,
If so I could save her a single sigh.

LYDIA

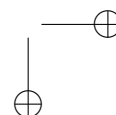
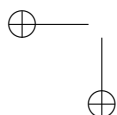
My heart is aglow with a mutual fire
For Calaïs, son of a Thurian squire;
For him, twice over, I'd die with joy,
If the Fates would pardon my darling boy.

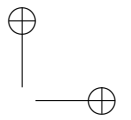
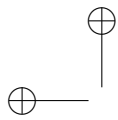
HORACE

And what if the old love come again,
And rivet afresh the broken chain?
If flaxen Chloe be bid go pack,
And my open threshold call Lydia back?

LYDIA

Though he is more lovely than loveliest star,
Thou lighter than cork, more irascible far
Than Adria's waves 'neath a storm-swept sky;
With thee I'd willingly live and die.





ANONYMOUS, 1870

(The Harvard Advocate)

HORACE

While I pleasing was to you,
And used within these arms immerse you,
Which round your snowy neck I threw,
I flourished like the King of Persia.

LYDIA

When Chloe was cut out by me,
And I was not considered sillier;
Then at that time I used to be
As famous as the Roman Ilia.

HORACE

Thracian Chloe rules me now,
Accomplished, skilled, and fair;
For whom I'll gladly die, I vow,
If Fate the girl will spare.

LYDIA

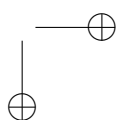
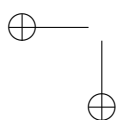
Thurian Calais loves me well,
And all for him I'll give;
I'll die twice over for this swell,
If Fate will let him live.

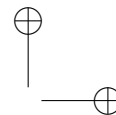
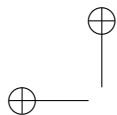
HORACE

'Sposing once more we make a pair,
As in the days when we were giddier;
Cut Chloe, with her yellow hair,
And ope the doors to Lydia

LYDIA

Though he is fairer far than you,
And you're more fickle than the sea,
My love for thee I will renew,
And live and die for thee.





ANONYMOUS, 1870

(The Japan Weekly Mail)

HORACE

As long as thou, sweet girl, for me didst care
And while no other youth could lightly dare
His arms to clasp sround thy neck of snow,
No bliss like mine did Persia's Sovervign know.

LYDIA

Whilst thou by no fair face were more inflamed
And Chlœ's smiles were less than Lydia's claimed,
Thy Lydia lived with yet a brighter name
Than Roman Ilia so renowned by fame.

HORACE

Now Thracian Chlœ rules my fickle heart,
She plays the lute and sings with perfect art –
For whom to die, indeed, I would not fear,
If Fate would save my love – my life – so dear.

LYDIA

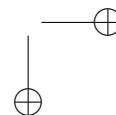
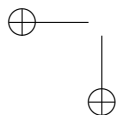
A mutual passion Caldis doth inspire,
(Old Orinthus from Thurium is his sire)
For whom I twice would death most gladly brave,
To keep my lover from an early grave.

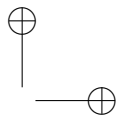
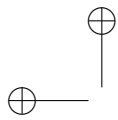
HORACE

Should former love exert his power again,
And bind us firmly with his glittering chain?
Should bright haired Chlœ too forsaken be?
To slighted Lydia were my portals free?

LYDIA

Though he's more bright than any twinkling star!
Lighter than cork thysel, and easier far
Roused than the raging Adriatic sea –
I'd love to live, I fain would die with thee.





MORTIMER HARRIS, 1871

(A Selection from the Odes of Horace)

HORACE

As long as I was dear to you,
Nor any rival, more caressed,
His arms around your white neck threw,
I lived than Persian kings more blest.

LYDIA

Whilst you confessed no second flame,
Nor Chloe before Lydia classed,
I, Lydia, much renowned, in fame
E'en Roman Ilia surpassed.

HORACE

Now Cretan Chloe governs me,
Skilled in the gifts of harp and song;
On whose account I would not flee
From death, would Fate her days prolong.

LYDIA

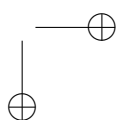
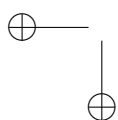
The Thurian Calais, Ornith's heir,
Inspires my breast with mutual joy;
For whom a double death I'd dare,
Would Fate in mercy spare my boy.

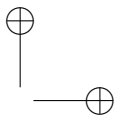
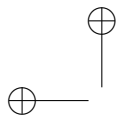
HORACE

What if our ancient love once more
In chains of brass our hearts should bind?
If I to Lydia ope' the door,
And fair-haired Chloe is resigned?

LYDIA

Though he is lovelier than a star,
While you as light as cork may be,
Than Adria's sea more furious far –
I fain would live and die with thee.





EMMA RHODES, 1871

(*Argosy*)

HORACE

When no arm but mine might venture
 Round thy snowy neck to twine;
When thy dear lips' tender kisses
 Still were mine and only mine;
When no other youth was smiled on;
 When you loved but me alone –
I was prouder than the monarch
 Seated on his Persian throne.

LYDIA

Ere young Chloe snared your fancy;
 Whilst from all I reigned apart,
In the glory of your favour –
 Chosen empress of your heart –
I outrivalled with my beauty
 Roman Ilia's wide renown,
All my far-famed graces heightened
 'Neath the radiance of love's crown.

HORACE

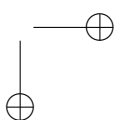
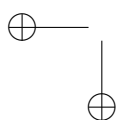
Skilled in all sweet modulations,
 Mistress of the magic lyre,
Cretan Chloe now commands me,
 Kindles sense and soul to fire;
Till in passion's glowing ardour,
 Death's cold steel I'd fearless brave;
Yield myself a cheerful victim,
 If my life her life might save.

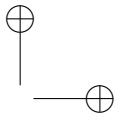
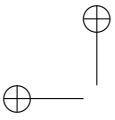
LYDIA

I would give my life twice over,
 If by giving I could gain
Heaven's protection for my darling –
 Life, without life's bitter pain,
For my brave and fair young Calais –
 Old Ornithus' gallant son,
Who, with gentle, trustful fondness,
 All my woman's faith has won.

HORACE

What if our old love, returning,
 Trample down the cruel pride
That now parts us, and enchain us

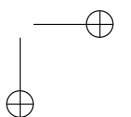
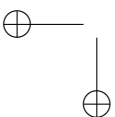


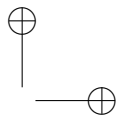
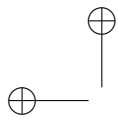


Once more firmly side by side?
What if, with her siren whispers,
And her gleaming, golden hair,
Chloe from this heart be banished,
And your home be ever there?

LYDIA

What were then my Thurian lover!
What were all his charms to me!
Though he shines, a star of brightness –
Thou art as the raging sea –
Thou the mocking spray for lightness –
He serene as summer's sky –
Thee alone I'd choose to live with;
And with thee would love to die.





JOHN STAUNTON, 1871

(St. Nicholas' Hill, Manorbier, The Wanderer, and Other Sketches)

HORACE

While I was dear to thee, e'er yet
More favoured arms than mine beset
That lovely neck, than snow more fair,
No Eastern Prince was happier.

LYDIA

Her Lydia, foremost in thy love,
In vain 'gainst pretty Chloe strove;
Nor Ilia's fame were dearer prize,
Than was thy love, in Lydia's eyes.

HORACE

Yes – my whole soul fair Chloe claims,
Her harp delights, her song inflames,
And cheerfully my life I'd give
To spare the soul, in whom I live.

LYDIA

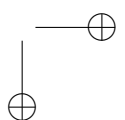
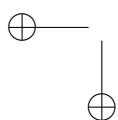
Young Calais now my heart inspires,
And meets my love with mutual fires;
Nor twenty deaths my soul would move,
So Fate will spare the lad I love.

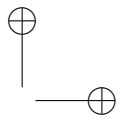
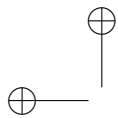
HORACE

What if our early flame re-lighted,
Bind us more firmly, re-united ;
Fair Chloe's yoke be rent amain,
And Lydia be installed again?

LYDIA

Tho' lovelier than light were he,
Thou, fierce and fickle as the sea:
Life-long would I to thee be true,
And death be welcome – if with you.





GEORGE AUGUSTINE STACK, 1872

(The Songs of Ind)

HORACE

When I alone could Lydia please,
And no more welcome arms than these
Around thy snowy neck could twine,
What monarch's lot more blest than mine?

LYDIA

When thou no other passion fed
Ere Chloë reigned in Lydia's stead,
How blest was I, the Roman dame,
Great Ilia owned no prouder fame!

HORACE

Now me the Cretan Chloë sways,
In music skilled and winning ways:
For her I'd die; let fate me take,
And welcome death for Chloë's sake.

LYDIA

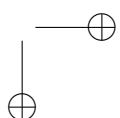
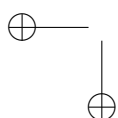
And I in Callais' love doth joy,
Ornithus's son, my Thurian boy,
For whon, if fate protect him, I
A double death would gladly die.

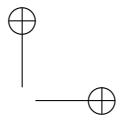
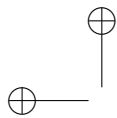
HORACE

Say, Lydia, should we feel the power
Of our dead love return once more,
And free from golden Chloë's chain,
I ope this heart to thee again.

LYDIA

Though bright as some fair star is he,
And rougher thou than Adrian sea,
More light than cork, yet, Horace, I
With thee would live, with thee would die.





THOMAS S. STEIN, 1872

(The Guardian)

HORACE

As long as I was dear to thee,
 And no youth, favored more, did fling
His arms around thy pearly neck,
 I happier lived than Persia's king.

LYDIA

Whilst thou didst burn for no one else,
 And I remained thy only choice,
I, Lydia, of distinguished name,
 Had bliss exceeding Ilia's joys.

HORACE

Me now the Thracian Chloë rules,
 Skilled in sweet measures and the lyre;
For whom I would not fear to die,
 If Fate would keep her soul entire.

LYDIA

For me dear Calais does burn,
 And I return a mutual flame!
For him twice would I suffer death,
 If Fate my boy would not enchain.

HORACE

But what, if our first love returns
 And firmly joins us, long apart?
If flaxen Chloë will spurn,
 And give to thee my entire heart?

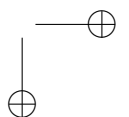
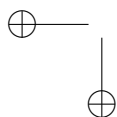
LYDIA

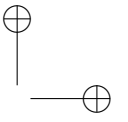
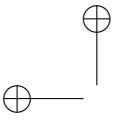
Although my boy's a shining star,
 And thou, a fickle, passionate man;
Yet with thee will spend my years,
 And with thee share death's final ban.

MORAL

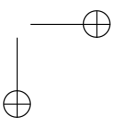
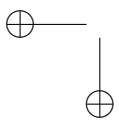
Ye youths and maidens of this age,
 Let this ode you a lesson teach:
Be constant lovers and not vain;
 Nor treacherous as the sandy beach.

But if through human frailty, souls
 From souls be widely drawn apart,





Then, if worth while, be reconciled,
And let one flame fire both your hearts.



MAURICE DAVIES, 1872 (IMITATED)

(*New Monthly Magazine*)

DARBY

Donec gratus eram tibi,
Whilst no lovers, fast but fibby,
Clasped that whitest of all necks,
I, *beatus*,
Lived in *status*
Happy as *Persarum rex*.

JOAN

Donec alia,
Found it failure,
Tempting thy fond heart from me,
Ere her crony
Strayed from Joany,
Who so blessed as Mrs. D.?

DARBY (*provokingly*)

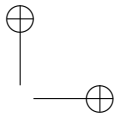
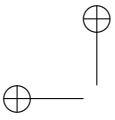
Me nunc Chlōe,
Regit – showy,
Fast, high-kirtled, higher-shod;
Form and feature
Mark a creature
Of the present period.

JOAN (DITTO)

Me too *face*,
Torret, racy,
Young Adonis, mutuâ.
He's not stumpy,
Old, or grumpy,
Him I'd die for any day.

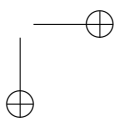
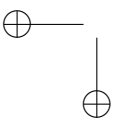
DARBY (*coming round*)

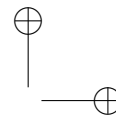
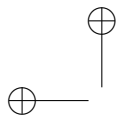
What if *Venus*,
Prisca 'tween us,
Forge her ancient bond once more?
What if Chlōe,
Forced to go, eh?
Open for Joan again Love's door?



JOAN (*subsiding*)

Though so spoony,
Mild and moony,
Young Adonis, *tecum* still –
Tecum, slippery,
Tecum, peppery,
Darby, live and die I will.





JAMES LONSDALE AND SAMUEL LEE, 1873

(JL 1816-92, SL 1837-92)

H. So long as I was dear to you, and no more favoured youth was wont to throw his arms about your spotless neck, I throve more blessed than the Persians' king.

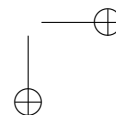
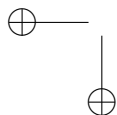
L. So long as you burned for no one more than me, and Lydia was not valued less than Chloe, I, Lydia, of high renown, throve more illustrious than Rome's Ilia.

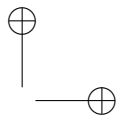
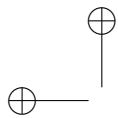
H. 'Tis Thracian Chloe that now governs me, learned in measures sweet, and skilled to play the lyre; for whom I would not fear to die, if Fate would spare that life surviving me.

L. 'Tis Calais, son of Ornytus of Thurium, who is consuming me with mutual torch; for whom I would endure twice to die, if Fate would spare the boy surviving me.

H. What if our ancient love return, and clasp our parted selves with yoke of brass? If Chloe with the auburn hair is spurned, and the door ope to Lydia scorned before?

L. Albeit he is fairer than a star, you more light than cork, and more passionate than the frantic Adrian sea, with you I'd love to live, with you I'd gladly die!





PIPILANS, 1873

(The Wellingtonian)

HORACE

Whilst Horace basked in Lydia's smiles,
And none, by thee more favoured, dared to fling
His arms around that snow-white neck –
More blest was I than Persia's proudest king.

LYDIA

Whilst Horace burned for Lydia's love,
And Lydia's love alone had power to fade
The bloom of Chloë's brightest charm –
More famed was I than Roma's sacred maid.

HORACE

The lovely Chloë is my queen,
Her voice, her touch – 'tis music sweet, and rare:
For Chloë I would happy die,
An' if Fate the darling girl would deign to spare.

LYDIA

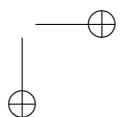
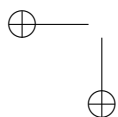
Young Calais burns for Lydia's love,
And Lydia burns for Calais' tender care;
For him a double death I'd brave,
An' Fate the darling boy would deign to spare.

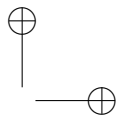
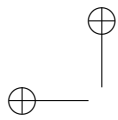
HORACE

What if our cast-off love return,
His revels link 'neath brazen yoke once more,
And, fair-looking Chloë thrust away,
To truant Lydia Horace opes his door?

LYDIA

Though he outshines yon radiant star,
More snappish thou than Hadria's churlish sea,
And lighter thou than cork – ah, why?
With thee to love – to die – 'twere bliss for me.

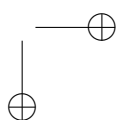
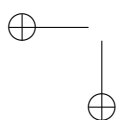


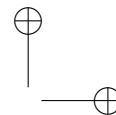
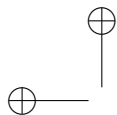


ROBERT M. HOVENDEN, 1874

(“Formerly of Trinity College, Cambridge”)

When I was dear to thee,
 Ere other arms than mine were free
About thy neck to cling,
 More blest was I than Persia's king.
When I was all in all,
 Ere Chloe rose on Lydia's fall,
Thy Lydia's envied name
 Paled not at Roman Ilia's fame.
Now Chloe reigns supreme
 With harp attuned to loving theme,
For whom myself I'd give
 So Fate would let my darling live.
The fire of mutual bliss
 Consumes me and my Calais;
For whom two deaths were joy,
 So Fate would keep alive my boy.
What, if the old love woke
 Recoupling us in Venus' yoke?
If Chloe's reign were o'er
 And Lydia found an open door?
Were he some placid star,
 Thou light as cork and prone to war
As Hadria's fretful sea,
 Come life, come death, I'll dote on thee.





F. A. D., 1875 (IMITATED)

(The Canadian Monthly and National Review)

HE (*regretfully retrospective.*)

Ah, Maggie, when round your white neck
(Because you loved me best by far)
There was no other arm, dear, but mine,
I was happier, aye, than the Shah.

SHE (*meeting him half-way.*)

I'm sure when your sweetheart was I,
And Maggie not loved less than Kate,
There was not a happier girl
In the world, and renowned was my fate.

HE (*finessing.*)

Pretty Katie you know has my heart;
She plays the piano and sings.
I swear, 'pon my word, I should die
To save her from death's cruel stings.

SHE (*quite equal to the occasion.*)

Indeed, Sir. Well, *I'm* not alone.
Fitz-James of the Guards I adore,
And rather than let *him* be harmed,
I would die, ah, twice over and more.

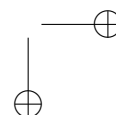
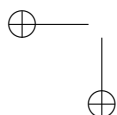
HE (*fairly conquered.*)

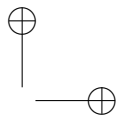
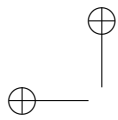
Come, what if the old love return,
And bind us once more with its spell,
Would Maggie come back to my side
If I shake off this golden-haired belle?

SHE (*triumphant and delighted.*)

If Fitz-James were as handsome as Mars,
You, fickle and lighter than cork,
And passionate, too, as the sea,
Why you are my love. – How I talk!

(And she got her own way, and re-hooked her fish of course.)





W. E. H. FORSYTH, 1876

(1845–81; English Lawyer in Bengal)

HE

While I was dear, in days long flown,
And no more welcome wooer vied
For Lydia's kisses, Persia's throne
Had ne'er inspired my soul with pride.

SHE

While you no other flame confessed,
Nor Chloe more than Lydia loved,
Then Lydia, courted and caressed,
Prouder than Roman Ilia moved.

HE

But now for Chloe's charms I sigh,
Who sings and plays with graces rare;
For Chloe gladly will I die,
So Fate her precious life would spare.

SHE

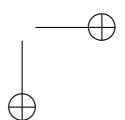
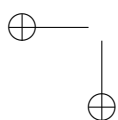
'Tis Calais who enchants me so,
We're both inspired with mutual joy;
A twofold death I'd undergo
If heaven would save the darling boy.

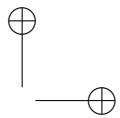
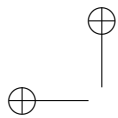
HE

What if the old, old love return,
And bind us two with lasting chain?
If Chloe's auburn locks I spurn,
And Lydia grace my home again?

SHE

Though fairer he than any star,
You light as cork, and wilder too
Than Adria's restless wave – yet, ah!
With you I'll live, and die with you.





ARTHUR WAY, 1876

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

“So long as I was dear to thee,
Nor any youth preferred was wont to fling
His arms around thy radiant neck
Happier throve I than the Persians’ king.”

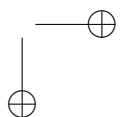
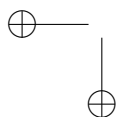
“Whilst you for none beside burned more,
Nor less esteemed was Lydia than Chloe,
I, Lydia of far-reaching fame,
Throve more renownéd than the Roman Ilia.”

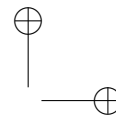
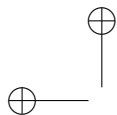
“Now Thracian Chloe queens it o’er me,
Skilled in sweet strains and learnéd on the lyre,
For whom I would not fear to die,
If so the fates would spare the soul surviving.”

“Scorcheth me with mutual torch
Calais, son of Thracian Ornytus,
For whom I’d bear to die twice over
If so the fates would spare the youth surviving.”

“What if the olden love return,
And join the severed ones in brazen yoke,
If gold-tressed Chloe be discarded,
And the door ope to Lydia erst cast off?”

“Although more lovely than a star
Is he, thou more unstable than a cork,
And fierier than boist’rous Hadria,
With thee I’d love to live, with thee die gladly!”





ARTHUR AIKEN BRODRIBB, 1876 (IMITATION)

(Lays from *Latin Lyres*, F. H. Hummel and A. A. Brodrigg)

HE

When I was thought decidedly
 The best of all your swains,
Mine was the arm most often given
To make the waltz seem almost heaven;
Was I not then far happier
 Than any king that reigns,
When I was thought decidedly
 The best of all your swains?

SHE

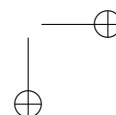
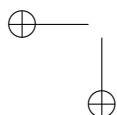
When persons thought it probable
 That I should wed your Grace,
And when I forged each rosy fetter,
Before you liked Miss Bluestock better,
Was not the coming triumph
 Depicted on my face,
When persons thought it probable
 That I should wed your Grace?

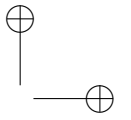
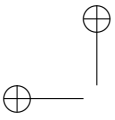
HE

I own I like the sciences,
 Miss Bluestock knows them all;
She's a disciple really fervent,
And I am her most humble servant;
My life I'd gladly sacrifice
 Lest aught to her befall,
Because I like the sciences,
 And she can teach them all.

SHE

I know Lord Fitzplantagenet
 Is looking for a wife,
The richest noble in the nation,
A man who hates a mere flirtation:
Oh, were my lord in jeopardy
 I'd die to save his life,
Because Lord Fitzplantagenet
 Is looking for a wife.



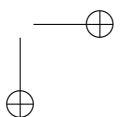
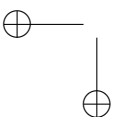


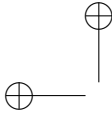
HE

What if the old love between us
Should reassert its sway?
Would loving looks be answered blindly,
Or would the change be taken kindly?
Your rival, were she Venus,
Would seem inferior clay,
If but the old love between us
Should reassert its sway.

SHE

Shall I then make the venture,
And live and die with thee?
Though Fitzplantagenet is brighter
Than any star, and you are lighter
Than driftwood, and your temper
Is as the changing sea;
Oh yes, it would be charming
To live and die with thee.





OXONIAN, 1877 (IMITATION)

(The Island Quarterly)

MR. F.

When I to thee was dear,
Nor every foolish coxcomb in the town
Might pour soft nothings in your ear,
I envied not Beau Brummell his renown.

MISS S.

When me alone you sought,
Nor after married flirts were foolish running,
As highly of myself I thought,
As peerless Countess Coventry, née Gunning.

MR. F.

To Lady Betty's charms
I've fallen a slave, nor do I find her cruel:
To fold that beauty in my arms,
I'd run all risks – I'd even fight a duel.

MISS S.

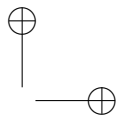
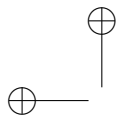
The little Vicompte, now,
Woos me with all the ardour of his nation;
So sprightly in his talk, – I vow
For him I'd hazard life – nay reputation.

MR. F.

I had not thought to wed,
Yet if old flames revive – if I surrender,
If I cut Lady Betty dead,
And unto thee my hand and fortune tender?

MISS S.

The Vicompte 's very nice,
And, Fribble, thou a scamp of the first water,
And yet – I'll not consider twice –
Go ask mamma – I'm an obedient daughter.



WILLIAM THOMAS THORNTON, 1878

(1813–80; English Economist, Civil Servant and Author)

As long as I to thee was dear,
And no more favoured youth drew near,
Round thy white neck his arms to fling,
More blest I lived than Persia's king.

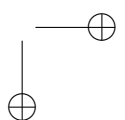
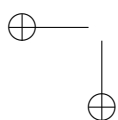
As long as none thou lovedst more,
Nor Chloe, Lydia ranked before,
I, Lydia, lived, of brilliant name,
Outshining Roman Ilia's fame.

Now Cretan Chloe o'er me reigns,
Skilled lyrist, warbler of sweet strains,
For whom I fear not life to give
So the fates let her spirit live.

Me, Calais, son of Thurian sire,
Of Ornith, fires with mutual fire.
A twofold death will I endure
So that boy's life the fates ensure.

What if revived first love again
The severed bind with brazen chain,
And, fair-haired Chloe spurned, my door
Open to Lydia, as before?

Though he is lovelier than a star,
Thou light as cork, and stormier far
Than Adria foul, – with thee will I
Delight to live, consent to die.





GEORGE HERBERT TREVOR, 1878

(1840–1927)

HORACE

While to thee I was sweetheart,
When no other was found
More potent in charms,
To throw loving arms
Thy white neck around,
Than the king of the Persians more blessed was I.

LYDIA

While you burned for no other,
And great was my name;
When Lydia was reckoned
To Chloë not second,
In maidenly fame,
Than Ilia of Rome more renownèd was I.

HORACE

Me Chloë's now queen of;
The girl of sweet strains,
In my bosom she reigns;
For whose sake I swear
To die I'd not fear –
So the Fates to survive me would spare my sweet dear.

LYDIA

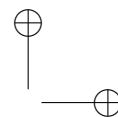
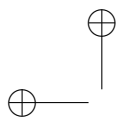
Me Calais is lord of;
The love-flames that shine
In his breast glow in mine;
For whom with love sure
Death *twice* I'd endure –
So the Fates to survive me would spare my sweet *puer*.

HORACE

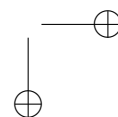
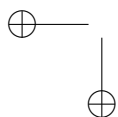
What, if former love come back,
And bind with strong chain
Hearts disjoinèd again?
If to Chloë with hair of gold
This heart again be cold,
And to Lydia rejected its portals unfold?

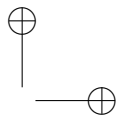
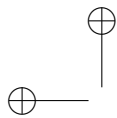
LYDIA

Then, though my Calais is
Star of eve brighter than;
Though thou art lighter than



Down, and thy temper be
Hotter than raging sea –
Yet will I live and die gladly with thee!





AMOS HENRY CHANDLER, 1880

(1837–1919; Canadian Doctor and Poet)

HORATIUS

While I was pleasing yet to thee,
Nor one accepted more than me
Did e'er embrace your snowy breast –
Than Persia's king I lived more blest.

LYDIA

While you had not a greater love,
Nor Chloe Lydia shone above,
A Lydia of distinguished fame
More eminent shone than Ilia's name.

HORATIUS

Now, Thracian Chloe's my desire,
The sweet-skilled mistress of the Lyre,
For whom from life I'd fearless part,
Should her, the Fates, spare but my heart.

LYDIA

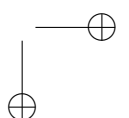
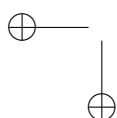
Dear Calais, son of noble sire,
Inflames me with a mutual fire,
For whom twice-suffered death were joy,
Would the Fates spare my Grecian boy.

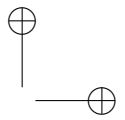
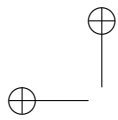
HORATIUS

But what if we past love invoke,
To bind us with a brazen yoke –
I Chloe shake off, and the door
Of Lydia welcome me once more.

LYDIA

Though he is fairer than a star,
You light as cork – more passionate far
Than the Ionian sea, still I
Glad, in thy love, would live – would die!





RUDYARD KIPLING, 1882 (IMITATION)

(1865–1936; English Author and Poet)

HE

So long as 'twuz me alone
An' there wasn't no other chaps,
I was praoud as a King on 'is throne –
Happier tu, per'aps.

SHE

So long as 'twuz only I
An' there wasn't no other she
Yeou cared for so much – *surely*
I was glad as could be.

HE

But now I'm in lovv with Jane Pritt –
She can play the piano, she can;
An' if dyin' 'ud elp 'er a bit
I'd die laike a man.

SHE

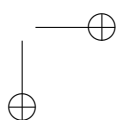
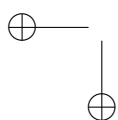
Yeou'm like me. I'm in lovv with young Frye –
Him as lives out tu Appledore Quay;
An' if dyin' 'ud 'elp 'im I'd die –
Twice ovver for he.

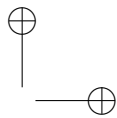
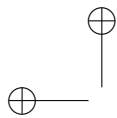
HE

But s'posin' I threued up Jane
An' niver went walkin' with she –
And come back to yeou again –
How 'ud that be?

SHE

Frye's sober. Yeou've allus done badly –
An' yeou shifts like cut net-floats, yeou du:
But – I'd throw that young Frye over gladly
An' lovv 'ee right thru!





GEORGE LUNT, 1883

(1803–85; American Author and Politician)

HORACE

Lydia, while I had your love,
And no other youth could fling
Arms round your white neck, I throve,
Happier than the Persian King.

LYDIA

While you owned no other flame,
Chloe less than Lydia dear,
More, I felt, in all my fame,
Than our Roman Ilia's peer.

HORACE

Thracian Chloe rules my heart,
Queen of all melodious song;
Willingly with life I'd part,
Her dear being to prolong.

LYDIA

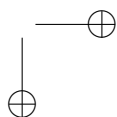
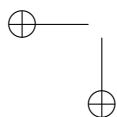
Calais, the youthful Greek,
Shares my love with mutual joy;
Double death the fates may wreak
On me, if they but spare the boy.

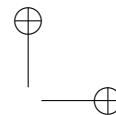
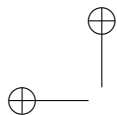
HORACE

What if the old love insist
Parted souls to join once more –
Fair-haired Chloe be dismissed,
Lydia find an open door?

LYDIA

Though he's lovelier than a star –
You light as cork, in ire more high
Than Adrian seas – gladlier by far
With you I'd live, with you I'd die.





HENRY HUBBARD PIERCE, 1884

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

HORACE

Alas, when I was loved alone;
Thy snowy charms no rival pressed;
No monarch sat on Persia’s throne
With life than mine more truly blest!

LYDIA

Ere Lydia knew a rival flame;
To Chloë’s feet her lover strayed;
Ah, then I bloomed of brighter fame
Than Roman Ilia, vestal maid!

HORACE

Now Thracian Chloë rules my heart;
To heavenly lays her strings reply;
With life itself I’d freely part,
If she, my soul, might never die!

LYDIA

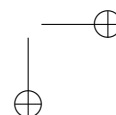
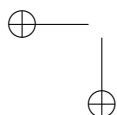
A Thurian lover claims my thought;
His ardent suit I chide in vain.
To perish twice I’d count as naught,
If fates would spare my Thurian swain!

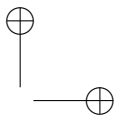
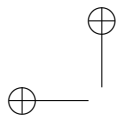
HORACE

If love of other days return
To link our sundered hearts again;
If flaxen Chloë’s arms I spurn
For Lydia’s kiss; what then – what then?

LYDIA

Though *he* outshines the morning star;
And thou more rude than Adria’s sea,
Than dancing cork more false by far;
In life or death I’d choose but thee!





HERBERT GRANT, 1885

(Odes of Horace)

HORACE

Whilst yet I revelled in thy charms,
Whilst no one with more welcome arms
Caressed that snowy neck of thine,
All Persia's wealth I deemed was mine.

LYDIA

Yes; till you sought another flame,
And Lydia after Chloe came,
Than Ilia's self I flourished more,
And prouder was the name I bore.

HORACE

Skilled in the powers of lyric art
Chloe of Thrace enchants my heart,
Her life to save I death would dare
If fate her widowed life would spare.

LYDIA

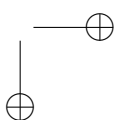
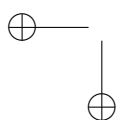
Stronger the passion I embrace
For Calais sprung of Thurian race,
For him I all, and more would give,
Twice suffer death that he might live.

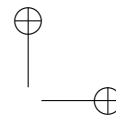
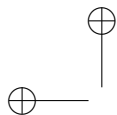
HORACE

What if, to old affection true,
Our hearts their mutual tryst renew?
This breast where Chloe reigns no more
To Lydia opes the long-closed door?

LYDIA

Though brighter he than planets' ray,
And stormier thou than Adria's bay,
Less stable than a float at sea,
I live with thee, and die with thee.





CHARLES WILLIAM DUNCAN, 1886

(The Odes and Saecular Hymn of Quintus Horatius Flaccus)

HORACE

So long as I was dear to thee,
Nor any youth preferred to me
Round thy white neck his arms could fling,
I lived more blest than Persian king!

LYDIA

Whilst no one else did thee inflame,
Nor, after Chloë, Lydia came,
Lydia of high account I found,
Than Roman Ilia more renowned!

HORACE

Now Thracian Chloë o'er me reigns,
Sweet measures taught, and skilled in strains,
For whom to die I'm not afraid,
If Fates spare her, surviving maid!

LYDIA

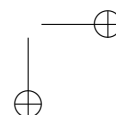
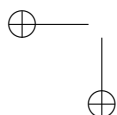
Me Thurian Ornytus' the son,
Calaïs, mutual flame doth burn,
For whom twice I could bear to die,
If Fates spare him, surviving boy!

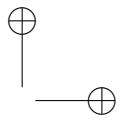
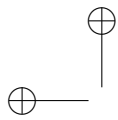
HORACE

What! If our former love revives
In brazen yoke our sundered lives?
If gold-haired Chloë charms no more,
To jilted Lydia opes the door?

LYDIA

Tho' he more beauteous than a star,
Thou light as cork, and angrier far
Than stormy Hadria, gladly I
With thee would live, with thee would die!





G. M. D., 1886

(The Southern Bivouac)

As long as to thee I as yet was agreeable,
Nor any youth, who was dearer than I to thee,
Ever had given his arms to thy snowy neck,
I was more blest than the King of the Persians.

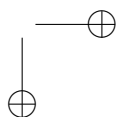
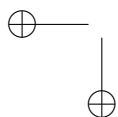
“As long as thou worshiped no other one over me,
“Chloe was in the place that was Lydia’s,
“I, even Lydia – famous then – was as one
“Greater than even the mother of Romulus.”

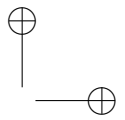
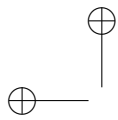
Now I am ruled by fair Chloe, the Thracian,
Skilled in sweet measures, and mistress of minstrelsy;
For her I’d give up my life with tranquility,
Would the Fates spare her – my soul – to live after me!

“Calais, the son of Ornytus, the Thurian,
“My heart inflames with a love that is mutual;
“For him I willingly twice would be sacrificed,
“Would the Fates spare the dear youth to live after me!”

What if the old love should some day come back to us
And, with its yoke as of brass, join the parted ones?
What if the golden-haired Chloe forsaken be,
And my door opened to now estranged Lydia?

“Though he were fairer than stars of the evening;
“Though thou wert lighter than cork, with inconstancy,
“And more perverse than the rough waves of Hadria;
“Then would I live for thee, then would I die for thee!”





F. C. WOODWARD, 1886

(The Southern Bivouac)

So long as I to thee was dear,
Nor other favored youth might fling
His arms about thy gleaming neck,
I lived more blest than Persia's King.

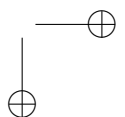
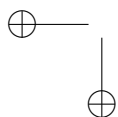
While thou didst love none other more,
Nor Lydia after Chloe placed,
Thy Lydia bore a prouder name
Than that the Roman Ilia graced.

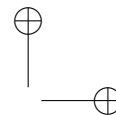
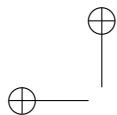
The Thracian Chloe rules me now,
Skilled in soft measures and the lyre;
For whom I should not fear to die,
Might Fate but leave her life entire.

Ornytus' son, a Thurine swain,
Inflames me with a mutual joy,
For whom I'd suffer death twice o'er
To save the dear life of my boy.

What if the old-time love revive
And bind us heart to heart once more!
If, fair-haired Chloe thrust aside,
To Lydia spurned I ope' the door!

Though lovelier than a star is he,
Thou light as cork, and testier, fie!
Than treacherous Adria, yet with thee
I'd love to live, I'd gladly die!





KAMOENA, 1886

(The Lafayette Weekly)

HORACE

As long as I was dear to thee,
Round thy chaste neck none else could fling
His loving arm, then flourished I
Far happier than the Persian King.

LYDIA

As long as thou wast not afire
With Chloe's love, proud Ilia,
The Roman dame, had not the fame
That then enjoyed thy Lydia.

HORACE

Me now the Thracian Chloe rules,
In measures skilled, and sweetest song,
For whom I will not fear to die
If then the Fates her soul prolong.

LYDIA

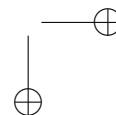
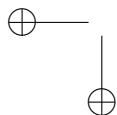
The heart of the Thurian's son and mine
Burn with the torch of mutual love;
For whom I twice will dare to die
If the Fates then leave his soul above.

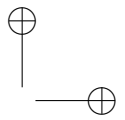
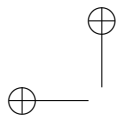
HORACE

What if Venus grant our former flame
And bind us anew with a brazen chain?
If Chloe, the fair, is driven out,
And the heart's door opened for thee again?

LYDIA

Though brighter than the star is he,
Thou light as cork, fickle as the sea,
Yet would I love to live with thee,
With thee would I die most cheerfully.





T. RUTHERFURD CLARK, 1887

(The Odes of Horace)

HE

Ere I had lost the power to charm,
 While round that snowy neck might fold
No happier rival's younger arm,
 I mocked the Persian monarch's gold.

SHE

Ere thou hadst found a newer flame,
 While Lydia had what Chloë has,
The world was full of Lydia's fame,
 I mocked at Roman Ilia's.

HE

Me Chloë rules, my Thracian maid,
 Of harp and song a graduate she;
Dauntless I'd die, so fate were swayed
 To spare my sweetheart aftet me.

SHE

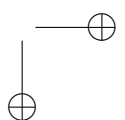
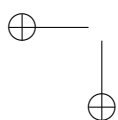
Me Thurian Ornytus's son,
 Young Calais fires with love like his;
Doubly I'd die, so fate were won
 To spare my sweetheart as he is.

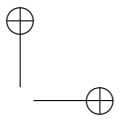
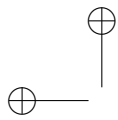
HE

What if the old love now denied
 To yoke our sundered spirits come?
Were golden Chloë thrust aside,
 And outcast Lydia welcomed home?

SHE

He shames the stars, and thou art light
 As cork, as raging Hadria rough;
Yet life with thee were rapture's height,
 Death undivided joy enough.





WILLIAM BRANDON GORDON, 1887

(*A Book of Verses*)

HORACE

Till thy fair bosom's snowy charms
Could lie content in other arms,
Sure of thy love, naught else I sought,
And Persia's monarch envied not.

LYDIA

Till thou couldst from thy Lydia part, –
Ere hated Chloe touched thy heart, –
How blest was I, so loved by thee
That Ilia's fame was naught to me.

HORACE

Fair Chloe now my bosom sways
With touch of lyre and sweetest lays.
For her my life I'd freely give,
Content to die that she might live.

LYDIA

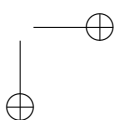
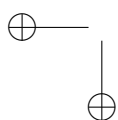
Now youthful Calais loves me well.
With mutual fire our bosoms swell.
Twice would I gladly die to save
My Thurian lover from the grave.

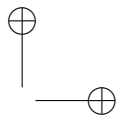
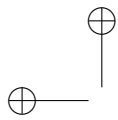
HORACE

What if the love that chained us then
Should bind our willing hearts again?
If fair-haired Chloe now I spurn
And ask my Lydia to return?

LYDIA

Though Calais' brow be fairer far
Than is the brightest morning star, –
Thou rough and fickle as the sea, –
Yet would I live – and die – with thee.





ANONYMOUS, 1887

(The Chronicle)

“Ah, whilst thou round my neck wouldst fling
Soft sweet arms (mine alone), while thy white-gleaming throat
Sought my shoulder and lay nestling,
Then I felt my life blest, blest more than Persia’s king!”

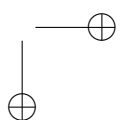
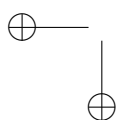
“Ah, whilst nought was to thee more dear
Than thy Lydia’s love, ere Chloe’s praises smote
From thy lyre every listening ear,
Roman Hia’s fame was but thy Lydia’s peer!”

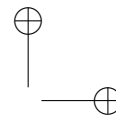
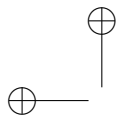
“Now fair Chloe’s fond slave am I,
Her sweet cithern breathes forth numbers melodious;
For her sake were I fain to die,
If to her left in life Ulises could be ever nigh.”

“I love Calais of Thuril,
Calais, noblest of men, son of brave Ornytus;
Twice for him would I joy to die,
If to him left in life bliss could be ever nigh.”

“Lydia, what if the love of yore
Come to us though apart, come with a bond of brass,
Leave the golden-haired Chloe’s door,
Sigh for Lydia’s face, long for her love once more?”

“Then, though fair as a star is he,
Thou as light as is cork, changing as Is a glass,
Swift to wrath as is Hadria’s sea,
Yet with thee would I live, and I would die with thee!”





SIR STEPHEN DE VERE, 1888

(1812–1904; Poet and Country Gentleman)

HORACE

While, Lydia, I was dear to thee,
And none more-favoured dared to throw
His arms around that neck of snow,
Not Persia's King more blest could be.

LYDIA

While thou wast mine, and mine alone,
Ere Chloe lit a livelier flame
In thy false bosom, Lydia's name
More bright than Roman Iliad's shone.

HORACE

Now Thracian Chloe, queen of song,
Skilled in the Harp's sweet harmony,
Reigns in my heart. For her I'd die
Should Fate my darling's life prolong.

LYDIA

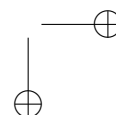
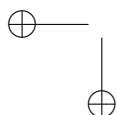
For Thurian Calais I sigh:
He, too, loves me. If Fate would spare
A youth so tender and so fair,
For his dear sake I twice would die.

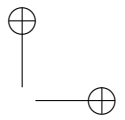
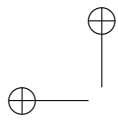
HORACE

What if our love, returned once more,
Should weld anew the severed chain;
If gold-haired Chloe ceased to reign,
And Lydia found an open door?

LYDIA

Though stormier thou than Adria's sea,
And light as cork, – he brighter far
Than Morning's pale but lucid star –
Yet would I live, and die, with thee.





J. R., 1888

(The Cambridge Review)

LIONEL

“There was a time when you were fond of me,
No partner smiled on more, e’er placed his arm
Around thy taper waist in mazy waltz:
Then was I truly happier than a king.”

MABEL

“There was a time when you were not in love
With any other; Mabel was to Maud
Not unpreferred – Mabel the unsurpassed:
Then was I truly happier than a queen.”

LIONEL

“Maud is my sweetheart now, Maud of the North,
With voice so softly sweet and fingers trained
To play with skill; for her I’d gladly die,
If I by dying could prolong her life.”

MABEL

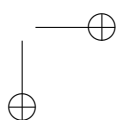
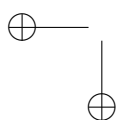
“I am in love with Ralph, and he with me,
Ralph of the Sunny South; for his dear sake.
E’en twice to suffer death I’d ne’er refuse,
Could but my dying save my dear one’s life.”

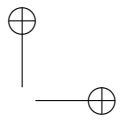
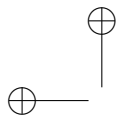
LIONEL

“Suppose the previous passion should return
And bind the parted pair with cords of love;
How if the fair-haired Maud be cast away
And for the ousted Mabel free this heart?”

MABEL

“Tho’ he is handsomer than any man,
And thou more fickle than the buoyant cork,
More prone to anger than the surging sea,
With thee I long to live, to die with thee.”





EDWIN ARNOLD, 1889

(1832–1904; English Poet and Journalist)

HE

As long as I was dear to you, and none –
 Not one, save I –
Dared lock his arms about your neck, the Sun
Saw no King happier underneath the sky.

SHE

As long as you loved Lydia more than all,
 And Chloe's face
Had not made Lydia's nought, men might me call
The happiest girl of all the Roman race.

HE

Well! now, that's past! and Chloe binds my heart
 With lute and voice;
Whom so I love that, if Death's fatal dart,
Aimed at her life, struck mine, I should rejoice.

SHE

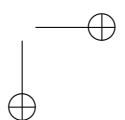
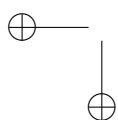
Ah! yes – 'tis past! I love a Thurian boy,
 Who dotes on me;
And for his dear sake I would die with joy,
Nay, or twice over – were the thing to be.

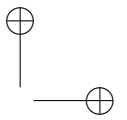
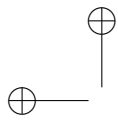
HE

But – just suppose – the old love could come back
 As good as new!
That Chloe with her golden hair should pack,
And my heart open all its gates to you!

SHE

Supposing that – oh! well! – my Thurian's dear,
 And you – alas!
Are wild as Adria, and more light than air,
Yet, Love! with you life and dark Death I'd pass.





E. H. STANLEY, 1889

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

HORACE

When I was of thy Life a part,
Nor others in thy arms might rest,
Nor any else possess thy heart,
No Persian King than me more blest.

LYDIA

When Lydia was not all forgot
For Chloë, now thy latest flame,
Then Lydia's was the proudest lot,
Prouder than old Rome's proudest dame.

HORACE

Of Thracian Chloë now the slave –
Her Lute's soft notes, her dulcet song;
Death for her sake I'd gladly brave
Could my death that dear Life prolong.

LYDIA

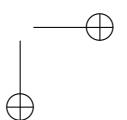
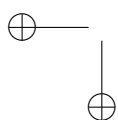
Me, Thurian Calaïs holds in thrall,
In mutual love – who blest as I?
Should Fate decree that life should fall
To save that life, I twice would die!

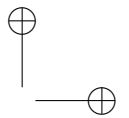
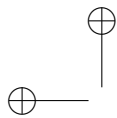
HORACE

What if my former love return
And Venus bind me with *thy* charms,
If gold-haired Chloë I should spurn
And welcome Lydia to my arms –

LYDIA

Though fairer than Night's Star were He –
Thou rough as Night's tempestuous sky,
Lighter than Cork thy love for me –
With Thee I'd live – with Thee would die!





J. LEIGH S. HATTON, 1890

(“Late of Worcester College, Oxford”)

HE

While yet I could please her, and Lydia was nigh,
No king with his riches was happy as I,
While no favoured rival his fond arms could throw
Round the neck of my beauty, as white as the snow!

SHE

While yet in thy bosom my reign was supreme,
And Lydia not Chloë the first in thy dream,
Not the name that we welcome with honours divine,
The name of sweet Ilia was nobler than mine.

HE

Now I bow to bright Chloë, my lady of Thrace,
Who sings me sweet songs with her own native grace;
I should fear not to die if the Fates would but give
The life I resigned for my darling to live.

SHE

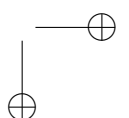
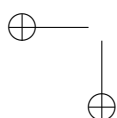
A love that is mutual at last I have won,
And Calais, bold Calais, my heart hath undone;
I would die for him twice, if the Fates would but give
The life I resigned for my darling to live.

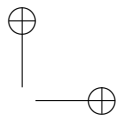
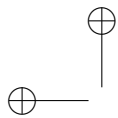
HE

But what if renewing the plight that we broke,
Queen Venus should lead us again to the yoke?
If the gold locks of Chloë could bind me no more,
And my heart oped for Lydia a welcoming door?

SHE

O then, though thy rival be fair as the star,
And thou with thy thoughtlessness ruder by far
Than Adria tossing her waves to the sky,
Yet with thee I would live and with thee I would die.





GOLDWIN SMITH, 1890

(1823–1910)

While thou wert true, while thou wert kind,
Ere round that snowy neck of thine,
A happier youth his arms had twined,
No monarch's lot could match with mine.

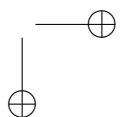
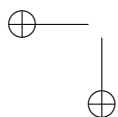
While Lydia was thy only flame,
Ere yet thy heart had learned to rove,
Not Roman Ilia's glorious name
Could match with hers that owned thy love.

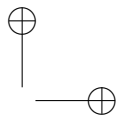
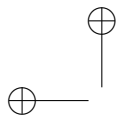
Sweet Chloë is my mistress now,
Queen of the dance, the song, the lyre;
And O! to death I'd lightly go
So fate would spare my heart's desire.

For Calais not in vain I sigh;
His city's pride, his father's joy;
And O! a double death I'd die
So death would spare my Thuriat boy.

What if the banished love return
And link once more the broken chain?
What if this heart sweet Chloë spurn
And welcome Lydia home again?

Though he were lovelier than a star,
Thou fickle as an April sky,
And curst as Adria's waters are, –
With thee I'd live, with thee I'd die.





C. E. STEWART, 1890 (IMITATED)

(*Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin*, Charles Edmonds)

FOX

Since Fox of his Tooke is possest,
No sorrows my bosom can harass;
What Director was ever so blest?
I'm greater, far greater than Barras.

TOOKE

If Fox to his consort is true,
And this blest Coalition sincere,
I'll engage as a private with you,
Nor envy thy fame, Robespierre.

FOX

You once were the worst of my foes,
E'en Pitt I detested not more,
When you dar'd my Election oppose,
And eternal antipathy swore.

TOOKE

Not to you was my hatred confin'd,
Your father I styled "The Defaulter,"
Drew a portrait of both, and consign'd
Both father and son to the halter.

FOX

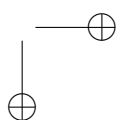
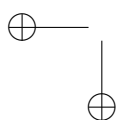
Drive these hated reflections away;
For you I would gladly resign.
Jockey Norfolk, big Bedford, and Grey;
But they answer your purpose and mine.

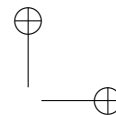
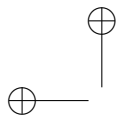
TOOKE

Whate'er you attempt or intend,
I am yours, and will bring at your call,
Binns, Gurney, Scott, Ferguson, Frennd,
Corresponding Society – all.

BOTH

Thus reconcil'd, fond, and delighted,
Together we'll ride in the storm,
While Jacobin Clubs, all united,
Make a radical, perfect Reform.





ANONYMOUS, 1890 (IMITATED)

(*Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin*, Charles Edmonds)

FOX

When erst I coalesced with North
And brought my *Indian bantling* forth
In place – I smiled at faction’s storm,
Nor dreamt of radical reform.

TOOXE

While yet no patriot project pushing,
Content I thump’d old Brentford’s cushion,
I pass’d my life so free and gaily;
Not dreaming of that d—d *Old Bailey*.

FOX

Well! now my favourite preacher’s *Nickle*,
He keeps for PITT a rod in pickle;
His gestures fright th’ astonish’d gazers,
His sarcasms cut like Packwood’s razors.

TOOXE

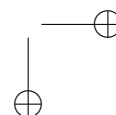
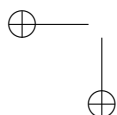
Thekwall’s my man for state alarm;
I love the rebels of *Chalk Farm*;
Rogues that no statutes can subdue,
Who’d bring the French, and head them too.

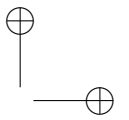
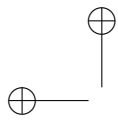
FOX

A whisper in your ear, JOHN HORNE,
For *one great end* we both were born,
Alike we roar, and rant, and bellow –
Give us your hand, my honest fellow.

TOOXE

Charles, for a shuffler long I’ve known thee:
But come – for once, I’ll not disown thee;
And since with patriot zeal thou burnest,
With thee I’ll live – or hang *in earnest*.





OSWALD A. SMITH, 1890

(*Horace "in Quantity"*)

HORACE

Whilst, your welcome adorer, I
Might your ivory throat still put an arm around,
Nor was dearer another one,
Ah! less happy than I Persia's emperor.

LYDIA

Ere your heart had another own'd,
And plac'd Myrrha before Lydia cast away;
In proud dignity Lydia
Surpass'd Ilia, Rome's glorious heroine.

HORACE

I'm now slave to the Thracian
Harpist, Myrrha, the sweet singer of harmonies;
Could she still live on happily
I would sacrifice all, readily die for her.

LYDIA

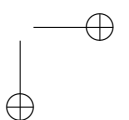
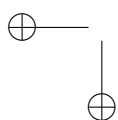
Son of Thurian Ornytus,
My flame's Calais! he warmly my love returns;
Could he still live on happily,
I'd not tremble to die, doubly to die for him.

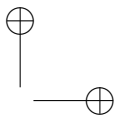
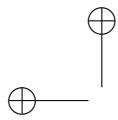
HORACE

How if Love with his iron yoke
Once more should, as of old, couple the parted ones?
If dismiss'd be the golden-hair'd
Maid, and Lydia find welcome in entering?

LYDIA

Though more fair than a star is he,
You more light than a reed, also far hastier
Than tempestuous Hadria;
I'd live gladly with you, readily die with you.





JAMES W. NEWMAN, 1890

(The Sigma Chi Quarterly)

HORACE

When thou looked on me with a loving eye,
And never to more favored arms wast giving
Thy snowy neck in fond embrace, then I
Far happier than the Persian king was living.

LYDIA

While on thy heart there burned no rival flame,
Nor Lydia less than Thracian Chloe nourished
Thy young affections, I, of lofty name,
More proudly than the Roman Ilia flourished.

HORACE

Rules now my heart the Thracian Chloe fair,
Skilled on the lyre, in song and accents tender,
For whom, if her alive the fates would spare,
Most fearlessly would I my life surrender.

LYDIA

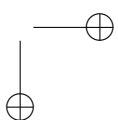
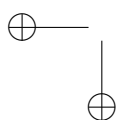
The son of Ornytus now kneels to me,
With mutual torch the flame of love reviving;
Twice would I die for Calais, if he
Would by the cruel fates be spared surviving.

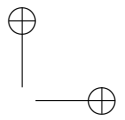
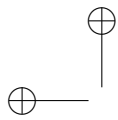
HORACE

What! if our old affection should return,
Our souls to wear its golden yoke compelling,
If my divided heart would Chloe spurn
And spread its portals wide for thy indwelling?

LYDIA

Though he is fairer than the stars above,
Fickle and wrathful thou as waves contending,
Yet gladly with thee would I live and love,
With thee to die would be life's sweetest ending.





EUGENE FIELD, 1891 (IMITATION)

(1850–95; American Journalist and Poet)

HE

When you were mine, in auld lang syne,
And when none else your charms might ogle,
I 'll not deny, fair nymph, that I
Was happier than a heathen mogul.

SHE

Before *she* came, that rival flame
(Had ever mater saucier filia?),
In those good times, bepraised in rhymes,
I was more famed than Mother Ilia.

HE

Chloe of Thrace! With what a grace
Does she at song or harp employ her!
I 'd gladly die, if only I
Could live forever to enjoy her!

SHE

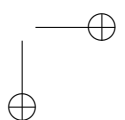
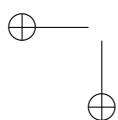
My Sybaris so noble is
That, by the gods, I love him madly!
That I might save him from the grave,
I 'd give my life, and give it gladly!

HE

What if *ma belle* from favor fell,
And I made up my mind to shake her;
Would Lydia then come back again,
And to her quondam love betake her?

SHE

My other beau should surely go,
And you alone should find me gracious;
For no one slings such odes and things
As does the lauriger Horatius!





ROSWELL MARTIN FIELD, 1891

(1851–1919; American Author)

HORACE

While favored by thy smiles no other youth in amorous teasing
 Around thy snowy neck his folding arms was wont to fling;
As long as I remained your love, acceptable and pleasing,
 I lived a life of happiness beyond the Persian king.

LYDIA

While Lydia ranked Chloe in your unreserved opinion,
 And for no other cherished thou a brighter, livelier flame,
I, Lydia, distinguished throughout the whole dominion,
 Surpassed the Roman Ilia in eminence of fame.

HORACE

'T is now the Thracian Chloe whose accomplishments intrall me, –
 So sweet in modulations, such a mistress of the lyre.
In truth the fates, however terrible, could not appall me;
 If they would spare her, sweet my soul, I gladly would expire.

LYDIA

And now the son of Ornytus, young Calais, inflames me
 With mutual, restless passion and an all-consuming fire;
And if the fates, however dread, would spare the youth who claims me,
 Not only once would I face death, but gladly twice expire.

HORACE

What if our early love returns to prove we were mistaken
 And bind with brazen yoke the twain, to part, ah! nevermore?
What if the charming Chloe of the golden locks be shaken
 And slighted Lydia again glide through the open door?

LYDIA

Though he is fairer than the star that shines so far above you,
 Thou lighter than a cork, more stormy than the Adrian Sea,
Still should I long to live with you, to live for you and love you,
 And cheerfully see death's approach if thou wert near to me.



EDWARD HENRY PEMBER, 1891

(1833–1911; English Barrister)

HORACE

Whilst I was pleasant in thine eyes, while yet
Those unsundered lilies of thy neck
No other arm than mine had learned to hem,
I had not bartered my love's coronet
For all the Royal East, nor, sooth, did reck
If Earth held any other diadem.

LYDIA

Ere yet the fever of thy later flame
Its ruinous flicker had begun to fling
Along the truant courses of thy blood,
And cast back Chloe's shadow on my name,
Too fortunate was I and flourishing
To change for Ilia's fame my womanhood.

HORACE

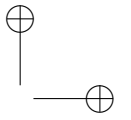
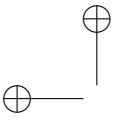
Ah Chloe, Cretan Chloe, music-sweet!
How through my heart thy strain reverberates,
Thou mistress of the Cithern and of me!
Oh cunning little harper out of Crete,
Couldst thou but make thy bargain with the Fates,
I should not fear to die in place of thee!

LYDIA

Deem not in leaving me thou leftst me lone;
Calais and I have long since lived aglow
With love-fires that have made our mutual joy;
And hark, thou traitor, I am free to own,
I'd die twice over if I could but know,
That dying I could save my darling boy!

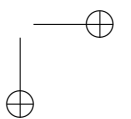
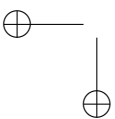
HORACE

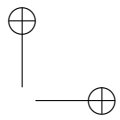
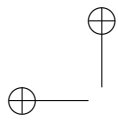
But what if Love, the old Love, came again
Leading her penitents in either hand,
And forged for both the brazen yoke anew?
If Chloe, golden hair and golden strain,
Should vainly on th' unheeding threshold stand
Where Lydia, flouted Lydia, had passed through?



LYDIA

Though He be fairer than a star, and thou
Lighter than foam in thy behaviour art
And rougher than the ever-wrangling sea,
Yet take me, for I love thee, and avow
My dream of life of thine is to form part,
And my best hope in death to die with thee.





JOHN B. HAGUE, 1892

(The Odes and Epodes of Horace)

While my love was all to thee,
And no favored youth had pressed
Form as fair as fair can be,
Persian king lived not so blessed.

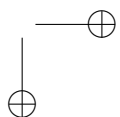
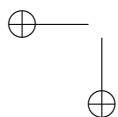
While you burn for me alone,
Nor on Chloe smile so bland,
Lydia's name in verse enthroned,
Roman Ilia not so grand.

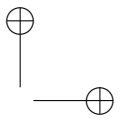
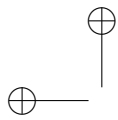
Thracian Chloe rules me now,
Skilled to wake the harp's sweet strain.
To the stroke of death I'd bow,
So my darling girl remain.

Burns my heart with passion's fire,
Thurian Calais wakes my pain,
Twice for him I would expire,
So my darling boy remain.

What if now our former love
Join our severed hearts once more,
Chloe fair no longer move,
Lydia's charms my soul adore.

Fairer he than evening's star,
Stormier thou than Adria's sea,
Than the corkwood lighter far,
Yet I'll live and die with thee.





JOHN OSBORNE SARGENT, 1893

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

HORACE

In old times when thou gav'st me thy heart with thy charms,
And none other encircled thy waist with his arms,
 When the whitest of necks on my bosom reclined,
 There never was kingdom so much to my mind.

LYDIA

When thy heart was on fire with no other she,
And Chloë the charmer was nowhere to me,
 Then Lydia was happy, and Lydia's fame
 In its lustre eclipsed Roman Ilia's name.

HORACE

It is true, Thracian Chloë I fondly admire,
She is versed in sweet measures and skilled on the lyre,
 My life any moment I gladly would give,
 Might the fates only suffer her spirit to live.

LYDIA

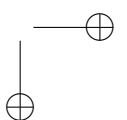
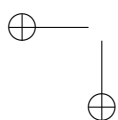
Son of Ornytus, Calaïs, worthy his sire,
And his Lydia burn with a mutual fire;
 Oh, had I two lives I would give them with joy,
 So the fates spare the life of my Thurian boy.

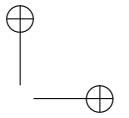
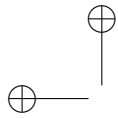
HORACE

But what if our old love should kindle again,
And our lives should be linked in a solider chain?
 If my golden-haired Chloë were shown to the door,
 And the cast-away Lydia queen as before?

LYDIA

Though he were more beauteous and bright than a star,
Thou light as a cork, even lighter by far,
 Wert thou stormy and false as the waves of the sea,
 With thee I would live, I would perish with thee.





T. A. WALKER, 1893

(The Odes of Horace)

To thee so long as I was pleasing found,
And no more favoured youth his arms did fling
Thy neck as white as driven snow around,
More happily I lived than Persian king.

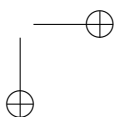
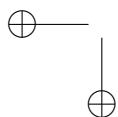
Whilst thou for none with greater love wert fired,
And Lydia did not after Chloë come,
I, Lydia, lived much honoured and admired,
Of more renown than Ilia of Rome.

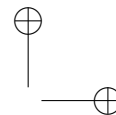
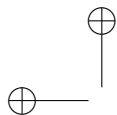
Now Thracian Chloë reigns, a songstress sweet,
Who doth with skill the cithern's chords control,
For whom I would not fear with death to meet,
So Fate but spare her – my surviving soul.

Me Ornith's son, of Thurii, Calais fair,
Burns with a torch of mutual love and joy,
For whom to suffer death I twice will dare,
So Fate but spare him – my surviving boy.

What! if old love return, and bring once more
Our severed hearts beneath her yoke of brass,
And thrust be gold-haired Chloë from the door,
That opes for slighted Lydia to pass?

Though fairer he than radiant star, and thou,
More light than cork, in temper dost outvie
Rough Adria's angry sea, with thee I'm now
Well pleased to live, with thee not loth to die.





GEORGE EARLE MERKLEY, 1893

(Canadian Melodies and Poems)

HORACE

While I could thy soul inflame,
And no other dared thee claim,
Persia's monarch could not be
Half so blest as I with thee.

LYDIA

While I flamed thy soul's first fire,
Ere Chloe could thy soul inspire,
Such heavenly glory then was mine,
As Ilia's fame could not outshine.

HORACE

True, Chloe now does claim a part,
And with her lyre sways my heart;
For her, my soul's loved consort – mine,
All to death would I resign!

LYDIA

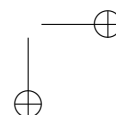
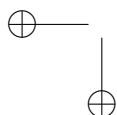
For me sweet Calai's spirit burns,
And love for love *my* soul returns,
Twice would I death's grim terrors dare,
That fates my gentle youth should spare!

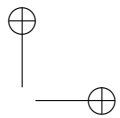
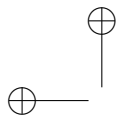
HORACE

Should love's delicious dream again,
Fling round our souls that golden chain,
And Chloe hence depart fore'er,
That chain again would Lydia wear?

LYDIA

Thou, fair as Hesperus of heaven;
Thou, light as is the breath of even,
Yet rasher than the impetuous sea,
I would live and die with thee!





WILLIAM P. TRENT, 1894

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

Whilst I was pleasing unto thee,
And round thy snowy neck no luckier youth
His arms was throwing – I, in sooth,
Happier than Persia's King was wont to be.

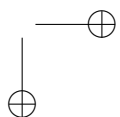
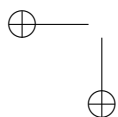
Whilst for no other thou did'st burn
Fiercer, and Chloë after Lydia came,
Then was I, Lydia, of a fame
Greater than Roman Ilia's in my turn.

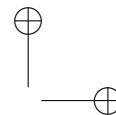
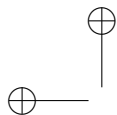
To me doth Thracian Chloë give
Laws now, in cither skilled and harmony,
For whom I shall not fear to die,
If only fate allow her soul to live.

Of Thurian Ornytus the son,
Calais, now doth with the torch we share,
Burn me – for whom I twice could bear
To die, if fate would let the boy live on.

What if the former love once more
Return and yoke the lovers parted wide,
If Chloë, yellow-haired, be cast aside,
And open stand for Lydia the door?

Tho' never star so fair as he,
Thou lighter much than cork and far less mild
Than Adriatic billows wild,
I'd like to live, I'd like to die with thee.





J. HOWARD DEAZELEY, 1894

(“Merton College, Oxford”)

HORACE

While I for you had still my charm,
And no youth better loved than I could throw
Around your snowy neck his arm;
More blest than Persian king's my days did flow.

LYDIA

While for none other more you burned,
And Lydia fell not Chloë's place below;
Through noble name your Lydia earned,
More bright than Ilia's own my days did flow.

HORACE

By Thracian Chloë now I'm led,
A maiden deft to wake the lute's soft strain;
For whom to die I would not dread,
If fate would let my sweet girl's life remain.

LYDIA

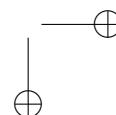
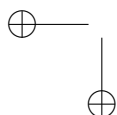
Me Calaïs, son of Ornytus
Consumes with flame that answers flame again;
For whom I twice would die, if thus
The fates would let my sweet boy's life remain.

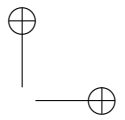
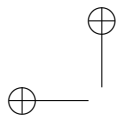
HORACE

But what if love of old return
And join with brazen yoke our parted pride;
If Chloë's golden locks I spurn
And jilted Lydia find my door flung wide?

LYDIA

Although than stars he glitters fairer yet,
And you than cork are lighter, you who fly
To wrath more oft than Hadria's fret;
With you I'd love to live, I'd gladly die.





GEORGE M. DAVIE, 1894

(1848–1900; American Lawyer and Poet)

As long as to thee I was still the dear, favored one,
Nor any youth who was nearer than I to thee
Ever had given his arms to thy snowy neck;
I was more blest than the King of the Persians.

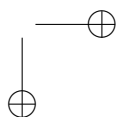
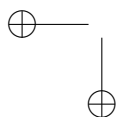
“As long as thou cared for no other one over me,
Ere Chloe was in the place that was Lydia’s,
I, even Lydia, – happy then, – was as one
Greater than even the mother of Romulus.”

Now, I am ruled by fair Chloe the Thracian,
Skilled in sweet measures, and mistress of minstrelsy;
For her I’d give up my life with tranquillity,
Would the Fates spare her – my soul – to live after me.

“Calais, Son of Ornytus the Thurian,
My heart inflames with a love that is mutual;
For him I willingly twice would be sacrificed,
Would the Fates spare the dear youth to live after me.”

What if the old love should one day come back to us,
And, with its yoke as of brass, join the parted ones?
What if the yellow-haired Chloe forsaken be,
And my door open to now-estranged Lydia?

“Though he is fairer than stars of the evening; –
Though thou art lighter than cork with inconstancy,
And more perverse than the rough waves of Hadria; –
Then would I live for thee – then would I die for thee!”





EDWARD WALFORD, 1894

(1823–97; English Editor and Writer)

HORACE

Whiles I was lovely in thine eyes, and yet
None other youth preferred to me did throw
Round thy fair neck his arms, happy I lived:
The Persian monarch no such bliss did know.

LYDIA

Long as none other maiden shared thy heart,
Nor Chloë shone preferred to me, the while,
With name illustrious as the Vestal maid,
Ilia, by thee proud would I sit and smile.

HORACE

Now Thracian Chloë holds me in fond chain,
Fair queen of verse, mistress of melody;
If but the Fates my soul will spare, for her
Fain would I live, for her I fain would die.

LYDIA

I too can love; and Thurian Calais
Inflames my bosom with congenial fire:
If but the Fates will spare the youth I love,
Twice would I mount content the funeral pyre.

HORACE

What if our ancient love once more revive,
And with fond link two hearts rebind amain?
If auburn Chloë from my hearth be spurn'd,
And injur'd Lydia cross my doors again?

LYDIA

Though he is brighter than the noonday sun,
Thou light as cork, and fickle as the sky
That smiles on Adria's waves, with thee alone
Fain would I live, and fain with thee would die.



CHARLES L. GRAVES, 1895 (IMITATED)

(1856–1944)

WILL.

When in the golden days of yore
Thy favour I enjoyed
(Though purely Scottish to the core),
My bliss was unalloyed:
Proud of a love that jealous fate
Methought could never mar,
I envied not the high estate
Of Kaiser or of Czar.

BRIT.

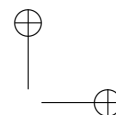
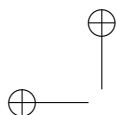
So long, sweet William, as I reigned
Unrivalled in thy breast,
Ere blarneying Hibernia gained
The throne I erst possessed;
Proud of thy genius and thy love,
I candidly confess
I ranked Victoria's realm above
The realm of good Queen Bess.

WILL.

Me now Hibernia holds in thrall,
My crownless harpy Queen!
With her I chant in Tara's Hall
'The Wearing of the Green.'
For her dear sake I'd rant and rail
At every institution,
Although such conduct should entail
A sudden dissolution.

BRIT.

Me Cecil fires with mutual flame;
I love his vast possessions,
His grand Elizabethan name,
His blazing indiscretions!
Two dissolutions in two years
For him I'd undergo,
Provided that the House of Peers
Escaped an overthrow.

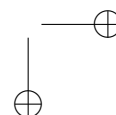
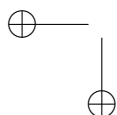


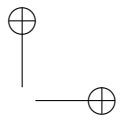
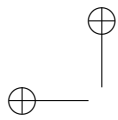
WILL.

Suppose the old familiar fire
 Afresh within me burned?
Suppose the lady and her lyre
 In weariness I spurned?
What if I bowed my Irish bride
 Politely to the door,
And swore unswervingly to bide
 With thee for evermore?

BRIT.

Though fairer than the *Star* were he,
 Than Hottentot thou sabler,
More flighty than Mid-Cork's M.P.,
 Than Channel chops unstabler,
With thee as guardian of my race
 Life's bliss anew would bloom,
With thee unfalteringly I'd face
 The deadly ding of doom.





CYRIL E. F. STARKEY, 1895

(Verse Translations from Classic Authors)

“While I found grace, dear, in thy sight,
And no more favoured one might zone
With eager arms thy neck so white,
No king was happier on his throne.”

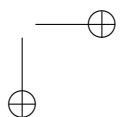
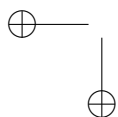
“While that thou knew’st no brighter flame,
And Chloe filled not Lydia’s place,
I, Lydia of immortal fame,
Excelled in glory Ilia’s race.”

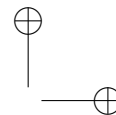
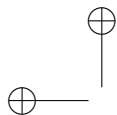
“Now Thracian Chloe sways my heart,
Well versed in song and harper’s skill;
For her I’d dare with life to part,
If Fate would leave her blooming still.”

“We love so fiercely – he and I!
Calais is my dearest joy,
For him *twice* o’er I’d gladly die,
If Fate would spare my darling boy.”

“But what if ancient Love unite
In brazen band our hearts once more?
If auburn Chloe, put to flight,
To banished Lydia ope the door?”

“Tho’ he outshine the starry host,
And thou’rt more fierce than raging sea,
Lighter than cork, I’ll love thee most,
I’ll live, I’ll die in bliss with thee!”





HENRY MONTAGU BUTLER, 1896

(1833–1918; Headmaster of Harrow School)

Madam, while I had the honour of a *bonne entente* with you,
Ere, alas! a luckier rival dearer arms around you threw,
I was happy! Hearts so guileless! Not a cloud in all the sky!
'Pon my soul, the King of Persia wasn't half so blest as I.

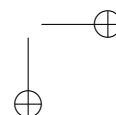
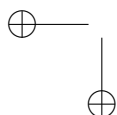
Sir, before a wilier mistress kindled what you call your heart,
Ere that priggish little Chloe played her sly supplanter's part,
I was happy! – not another happier girl in all the town!
Romulus' and Remus' Mother hadn't half your Queen's renown.

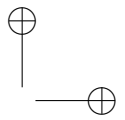
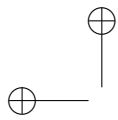
Chloe now, I don't deny it, holds me in her sweet control:
How she fiddles! How she warbles! What a genius! What a soul!
Boldly would I die to save her, die the death for her alone,
So the kindly Fates vouchsafe her length of days when I am gone.

Lydia too has found a lover – ah! we nurse a mutual flame –
Princely son of princely father; Calais is my hero's name.
Calmly would I die to save him, twenty deaths for him alone,
So the kindly Fates vouchsafe him years on years when I am gone.

Dearest! How if Lady Venus, She who yoked our hearts of old,
Somehow stole again between us with her coupling links of gold?
How if all-accomplished Chloe vanished briskly through the door,
And Another, long a stranger, entered in to stray no more?

Wretch! Although my peerless Calais brighter is than any star,
You as light as cork and ruder than your Adria's billows are,
Yet, if love must be out-spoken, and true love can never lie,
Gladly would I live with Horace, and with Horace gladly die.





A. S. AGLLEN, 1896

(“Archdeacon of St. Andrews”)

“As long as I was dear to thee,
And no more favoured youth had right,
Around that neck of snowy white,
A pair of lover’s arms to fling,
I throve, and my felicity
Was more than that of Persian king.”

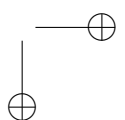
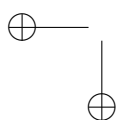
“As long as for no maid but me
Thou wert consumed with inward flame,
And did’st not let thy Lydia’s name
By that of Chloe be displaced,
I throve, and Lydia’s dignity
Was more than Roman Ilia graced.”

“Chloe of Thrace is now my fair,
Who on the lyre so deftly plays,
So sweetly sings her roundelays,
For whom to die I would not dread,
If the three Sisters would but spare
The girl to live when I am dead.”

“Calaïs now, of Thurium, heir
To Ornytus, has lit a torch
Of love, himself and me to scorch;
For him I’d twice to death be led,
If the three Sisters would but spare
The boy to live when I am dead.”

“What if the old love should return,
And those who have been torn apart
Be re-united heart to heart,
In yoke as strong as brass, once more?
And golden Chloe I should spurn,
To jilted Lydia ope the door.”

“Why then, although no star can burn
So bright as he in heaven above;
Though lighter than a cork thy love,
Thy temper worse than raging sea,
To thee my love would all return;
With thee I’d live, I’d die with thee.”





WILLIAM THEODORE PETERS, 1896

(1862–1904; American Poet and Actor)

HORACE

When I alone was near to thee,
And no one else, more dear to thee,
Dared clasp that snowy neck,
I envied not the Persian King.

LYDIA

When thou confessed no claim but mine,
Nor worshipped Chloë's name, but mine,
Not Roman Ilia's renown
Was half so sweet a thing.

HORACE

Now Thracian Chloë rules my heart,
My queen of song, of lyric art,
For whom, if heaven would spare my soul,
I would encounter death.

LYDIA

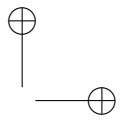
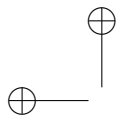
And mine is throbbing high with joy
For Calaïs, the Thurian boy,
For whom, if fate would spare his youth,
I'd twice encounter death.

HORACE

What if our old true love return,
And once forgot more madly burn.
What if there be no charm, no snare,
In Chloë's mesh of golden hair, –
Because to slighted Lydia,
My heart's door open I?

LYDIA

Though lovelier than a star is he,
Though light as bark thy levity,
And thou more passionate may be
Than the fierce Adriatic sea,
With thee 'tis happiness to live,
With thee 'twere bliss to die.



PHILIP E. PHELPS, 1897

(The Odes of Horace)

HORACE

While I was as a friend to thee,
Nor did any more blest lover entwine his arms
Round the charms of thy snowy neck,
I was happier far e'en than the Persian King.

LYDIA

While with none more than Lydia
Wert thou charmèd, nor was Chloë preferr'd to me,
Lydia, famous in character,
Flourish'd nobler than did Rome's famous Ilia.

HORACE

Me now Thracian Chloë rules; –
Skilful she in soft lays, and in the cithara,
For whom willingly would I die,
Did the Fates but preserve her, my surviving soul.

LYDIA

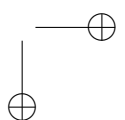
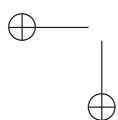
Me with mutual love inflames
Calais, son of my friend, Thurian Ornithus,
For whom twice would I dare to die,
If the Fates would but spare him, my surviving boy –

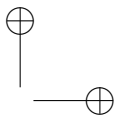
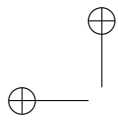
HORACE

What if old love again return,
And, though once sever'd far, join us in lasting bonds,
What if Chloë with golden hair
Shaken off, readmit Lydia, once refus'd? –

LYDIA

Though he fairer than star should shine,
Thou be lighter than cork, angrier far than waves
Of the pitiless Adria,
With thee glad would I live, gladly would die with thee.





EDWARD GEORGE HARMAN, 1897

(Died 1921)

HE

So long as I to thee was pleasing,
And none than I more fondly pressed
Round thy white neck his arms was wreathing,
Than prince or king I lived more blessed.

SHE

So long as thou thoughtst Lydia fairest,
And other girls for her didst fly,
No maid renowned for beauty rarest
Was prouder queen of love than I.

HE

For me now Chloë is the fairer,
She rules me with her sparkling eye –
Ah, if the jealous Fates would spare her,
For her sweet sake I'd gladly die!

SHE

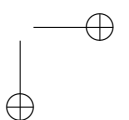
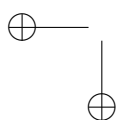
I Phaon love, my heart doth yield him
The vows he asks with ardent breath –
Ah, if the envious Fates would shield him,
Thrice for his sake I'd welcome death!

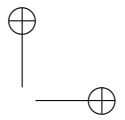
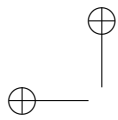
HE

What if the old, old love returning,
Send Lydia back her truant boy,
If he, the fair-haired Chloë spurning,
Should seek again his early joy?

SHE

Though like Jove's star his beauty flashes,
And fickle thou as April sky,
Hasty as flood the north wind lashes –
With thee I'd live, with thee I'd die.





DUDLEY CHARLES BUSHBY, 1897

(The Royal Shepherdess and Other Poems)

HORACE

Wheneas, my Lydia, I was dear to thee,
Nor none had hung,
His arms around thee flung,
Upon thy snowy neck, a flame preferred to me, –
Happier was I than Persia's lord, for all his monarchy!

LYDIA

What time thou thought'st no other maiden fair,
Nor Chloe stood
Where Lydia's image should,
First in thy heart's desire, methought a larger share
Of fame was mine, a prouder name than Roman Ilia bare.

HORACE

Now Chloe, Thracian maid, commands me quite,
Well skilled to make
The love-born Muse awake,
And tune the echoing lyre to graceful numbers light:
Fearless for her sweet sake I'd brave e'en death's relentless
might.

LYDIA

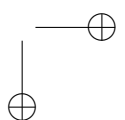
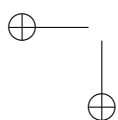
Of Thurian Ornytus the darling son,
Sweet Calais
My chosen lover is,
And mutual ardour melting makes our two hearts one:
Twice o'er for him death's pangs I'd bear before my days were
done.

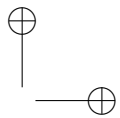
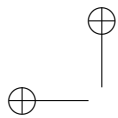
HORACE

What if old love o'ermastering cold disdain,
With deathless bond
Prepared, and fetters fond,
Yoked in a brazen yoke our truant hearts restrain,
Bright Chloe be forgot and Lydia welcomed back again?

LYDIA

Although my love is fairer than a star,
And lighter thou
Than cork, and on thy brow
The clouds more swift to rise than Adria's tempests are,
With thee to live, with thee to die, were bliss that naught
could mar!





OLIVER GREY, 1898 (IMITATED)

(Rhymes and Rhapsodies)

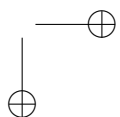
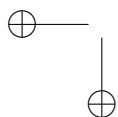
When Winifred upon me smiled,
 What happier heart than mine?
No other maid my love beguiled;
 None else I thought divine.

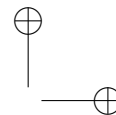
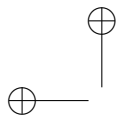
But when for me her fancy changed,
 And cold became her heart,
In search of other Fair I ranged,
 And vowed me glad to part.

First, Millicent the speedwell-eyed
 Close held me with her thrall;
Methought who in her service died
 The happiest knight of all.

Caught next in the embroidered net
 Of Sibyl's golden hair,
I sighed awhile, till Margaret
 Awakened my despair.

But soon as e'er my Winifred
 Repented her disdain,
I left them all, to be instead
 Her leal Love again.





W. C. GREEN, 1903

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

HORACE

While me thy favour graced,
Nor any youth thy neck so fair and bright
With a more welcome arm embraced,
Than Persia’s king I lived a happier wight.

LYDIA

While thee no other flame
Burn’d more, nor Chloë Lydia could outvie,
I Lydia bore a glorious name;
Than Ilia, Rome’s proud mother, nobler I.

HORACE

Now Chloë holds me slave,
Skill’d in sweet music, Thracian harpist rare;
For whom to die I feel me brave,
If her, my life, the Fates will longer spare.

LYDIA

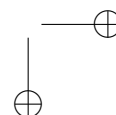
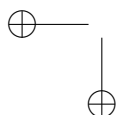
For one who glows I glow,
Calaïs, the Thurian’s son, is all my care:
For whom two deaths I’d undergo,
If my sweet lad the Fates would longer spare.

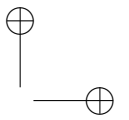
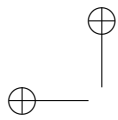
HORACE

What if old love returning
Join parted friends with brazen yoke once more;
If I the golden Chloë spurning
To Lydia whilom banish’d ope the door?

LYDIA

Tho’ bright as star is he,
And thou art light as cork, and quick amain
To rage as Hadria’s wicked sea
With thee I’ll live, with thee to die were fain.





L. E. D., 1903

(*The Vassar Miscellany*)

HE

When I loved you and you loved me,
 Then you loved me and me alone;
 I'd rather you had been my own
Than to have ruled both land and sea,
When you loved only me.

SHE

When it was I you loved, not Chloe,
 What rhymes you used to write to me!
 I was as famed as famed could be; –
Such fame as Ilia might enjoy,
When it was I, not Chloe.

HE

Now Chloe is my only dear;
 What songs she sings, my Thracian Chloe!
 She plays and dances, light and coy.
I'd die for her and would not fear
If fate would spare my dear.

SHE

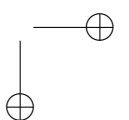
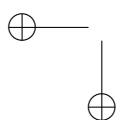
Oh Sybaris, – Sybaris loves me so!
 And I love Sybaris, – that is clear;
 (His family is fine, I hear;)
And twice I'd die for him, you know,
If fate would spare him so.

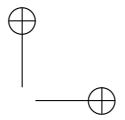
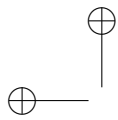
HE

If love renewed the bonds it tied,
 If fair-haired Chloe had to go,
 Could you forget I scorned you so?
Ah, if my door were opened wide
Wouldn't you come inside?

SHE

Oh, it's no matter what you do!
 Though Sybaris is true and tried,
 Though you are false and wanton-eyed,
I'll live and die, love, loving you;
I don't care what you do.





G. A. R. FITZGERALD, 1904

(*Translations of the Odes of Horace*, M. Jourdain)

While I was dear to thee,
And no more favoured youth his arms had flung
Round that white neck, I lived more richly blest
Than Persia's Majesty.

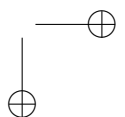
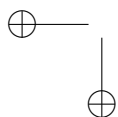
While I was still thy flame,
And Chloe had not taken Lydia's place,
Lydia, renowned among her peers, excelled
Our Roman Illia's fame.

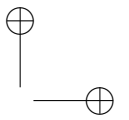
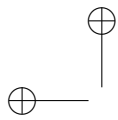
Chloe's my mistress now,
Versed in soft music, and with zither skilled,
For whose dear sake, so Fate would spare her life,
Fearless to death I'd bow.

We burn with mutual joy,
I and the son of Thurine Ornytus;
For his dear sake I'd die a double death,
So Fate would spare my boy.

What if first love returned,
With bonds of brass the severed pair uniting?
If bright-haired Chloe were dismissed, and I
Welcomed my Lydia spurned?

Though no star in the sky
So fair as he, while thou art light as cork,
And passion-tost as Hadria's angry sea, –
With thee I'd live, I'd die.





FABIUS MAXIMUS RAY, 1904

(1837–1915)

HORACE

When I, of swains most fortunate,
 Reclined in thy voluptuous arms,
I envied not the blissful state
 Of Persia's king midst orient palms.

LYDIA

Before thy fickle heart forgot
 To beat for me, and me alone,
I envied not the happy lot
 Of any queen upon her throne,

HORACE

'Twas Chloë, with her dulcet mouth,
 Who kissed my senses all away;
And I had died for her, forsooth,
 So much I lived in one short day.

LYDIA

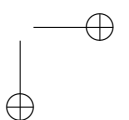
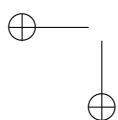
Calaïs with the shining locks,
 He stole my simple heart away;
Such beauty his as only mocks
 The fairest girl's by Ischia's bay.

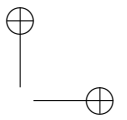
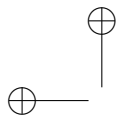
HORACE

What if, as often comes to pass,
 Once more the old love should return,
And I, forsaking Chloë, lass,
 For Lydia's fond embrace should yearn?

LYDIA

My heart beats wildly as the wave,
 When glowing Auster sweeps the main,
And life or death I fain would brave
 To clasp thee to my breast again.





J. R. NEWELL, 1904

(Poems and Songs)

HORACE

While I was loved, nor dared to know
 That some more favored youth would fling
His arm around thy neck of snow,
 I lived more blest than Persia's King.

LYDIA

While thou hadst not another flame,
 Nor Chloe thrust thy Lydia forth,
I, Lydia, was of greater fame
 Than Roman Ilia, queen of earth.

HORACE

The Thracian Chloe rules me now,
 She's skilled in music, plays upon
The harp – for her I'd die, I vow,
 If fate but spare my darling one.

LYDIA

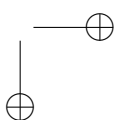
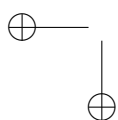
A Thurian youth inflames my breast
 With mutual love, for whom I'd die –
Yes, twice I'd die, I do protest,
 If fate would spare my darling one.

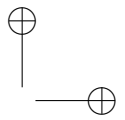
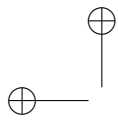
HORACE

What! if our former love return,
 And broken ties be joined once more;
If Chloe's golden hair I scorn,
 And Lydia find an open door – ?

LYDIA

Though he be fairer than a star, –
 Thou light as cork, fierce as the sea,
When Adriatic billows war,
 With thee I'd live, I'd die with thee!





CHARLES ELMER HOLMES, 1905

(1863–1926)

HORACE

As long as our love had charms,
 Ere time had engendered aversions,
With your snowy-soft neck in my arms,
 I was gay as the king of the Persians.

LYDIA

As long as you fondled no other,
 Ere you met Miss Chloe and kissed her,
I was willing to call you a brother,
 And dying to live as a sister,

HORACE

Ah, Chloe plays sweet on the lyre,
 And sings like a full-throated starling:
I would willingly go through hell-fire
 To save the dear life of my darling.

LYDIA

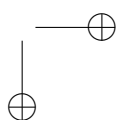
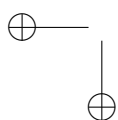
I assure you my sweetheart's as sweet,
 And your saffron-hued girl isn't in it:
I would go through hell-fire and repeat,
 Just to see my Calais a minute.

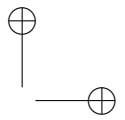
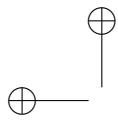
HORACE

Sweet, what if I turn Chloe down,
 And take back the heart that I gave her?
Will you banish that shadowy frown,
 If I open my warm vena cava?

LYDIA

Yes, though he be fairer than Venus,
 High-born and a lord plutocratic,
No billow shall e'er come between us,
 Though you storm like the wild Adriatic.





EDWARD R. GARNSEY, 1907

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

THE MAN

While I was dear to you,
And no more favoured swain folded his arms
About your snowy neck,
I flourished happier than Persia's king.

LYDIA

While you were fired with greater love
For no one else, and Lydia was not after Chloe,
I, Lydia, great of name,
Flourished more bright than Roman Ilia.

THE MAN

Me Thracian Chloe ruleth now,
Learned in sweet songs, and skilful on the harp:
For whom I will not fear to die,
If fate will spare my heart surviving me.

LYDIA

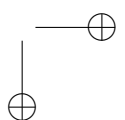
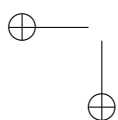
With brand he feels himself
Calais, son of Ornithus of Thurium, burns me:
For whom I will endure death – twice,
If fate will spare my boy surviving me.

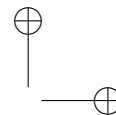
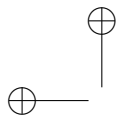
THE MAN

But how if former love return,
And link us parted, with a brazen yoke:
If Chloe fair be shaken off,
And doors be opened wide to off-cast Lydia?

LYDIA

Though he is brighter than a star,
You, lighter than a cork, and quicker
In temper than that wicked Hadria,
With you I'd love to live, with you I'd gladly die.





JOHN MARSHALL, 1907

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

HORACE

“As long as I to thy charmed sight
Was pleasing, and none dearer dared to fling
His arms about thy neck of white,
I flourished, wealthier than Persia’s King.”

LYDIA

“While for no other thou didst sigh,
And Lydia was not after Chloé placed,
A maid of fair renown was I,
Than Roman Ilia more nobly graced.”

HORACE

“Now Thracian Chloé holds my heart.
Sweetly she sings; the lyre she’s skilled to play.
Freely for her with life I’ll part,
If Fate my love spare till a later day.”

LYDIA

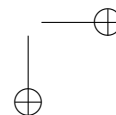
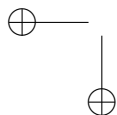
“Thurian Calais, Ornytus’ son,
Warms me with mutual fire naught can allay.
The risk of double death I’ll run,
If Fate my lad spare till a later day.”

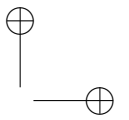
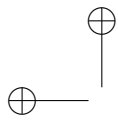
HORACE

“What if the ancient love return,
And parted hearts with yoke of brass rebinds,
If I the fair-haired Chloé spur,
And Lydia scorned the old door open finds?”

LYDIA

“Though fairer than a star is he,
Though lighter thou than cork, more prone to ire
Than the insatiate Hadria’s sea, –
With thee I’d gladly live, with thee expire.”





FRANCIS LAW LATHAM, 1910

(“Brasenose College, Oxford”)

“When I was dear to thee,
Nor dared his arms round thy white neck to fling
A youth preferred to me,
I lived more happy than the Persian king.”

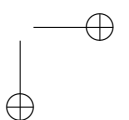
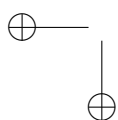
“When with no other flame
Thou burnt and Chloe shamed not Lydia,
I Lydia fair of fame
Lived more renowned than Roman Ilia.”

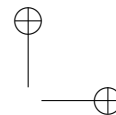
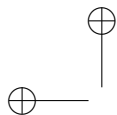
“Now Chloe o’er me reigns,
The Thracian songstress, mistress, of the lyre,
For whom I’d dare death’s pains,
If fate would leave alive my heart’s desire.”

“Calais of Thurii,
Ornytus’ son, fires me with mutual joy,
For whom I twice would die,
If fate would leave alive my darling boy.”

“What if old love returned
With brazen yoke the parted link once more,
And fair haired Chloe spurned
To slighted Lydia wide be thrown the door?”

“Though fairer than the star
He is, thou angrier than fell Hadria’s sea
And than corm lighter far,
With thee I fain would live, fain die with thee.”





HAROLD BAILY DIXON, 1910

(1852–1930; English Chemist)

HORACE

“While I had charm to hold thee mine,
While yet no happier youth might fling
His arms round that white neck of thine,
I reigned more blest than Persia’s King!”

LYDIA

“While thou hadst fanned no rival flame,
Nor Chloe placed on Lydia’s throne,
I, Lydia, gloried in a name
Fairer than Roman Ilia’s own!”

HORACE

“Me Thracian Chloe rules: her breath,
Her touch with music is alive!
For her sweet sake I fear not death –
If Fate but grant that she survive!”

LYDIA

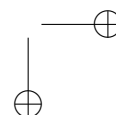
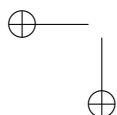
“Me Calais encompasseth
With flames so passionately shared
For him I *twice* would suffer death –
If Fate but grant that he be spared!”

HORACE

“What if the olden Love returned
And forged anew our severed chain?
If Chloe’s golden hair were spurned,
And Lydia welcomed home again?”

LYDIA

“Though thou art rougher than the sea,
He fairer than the star-lit sky,
Thou light and frail as bark, with thee
I’d joyful live, contented die!”





BERT LESTON TAYLOR, 1911 (IMITATED)

(1866–1921; American Poet and Author)

HORACE

What time my Lydia owned me lord
 No Persian king had much on Horace;
And when you blew my bed and board
 I was some sad, believe me, Mawruss.

LYDIA

What time you loved no other She,
 Before this Chloë person signed you,
I flourished like a green bay tree;
 Now I'm the Girl You Left Behind You.

HORACE

This Chloë dame that takes my eye
 Has so peculiar an allurance
I would not hesitate to die
 If she could cop my life insurance.

LYDIA

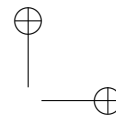
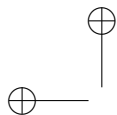
Well, as for that, I know a gent
 With whom it's some delight to dally.
With me he makes an awful dent;
 I'd perish once or twice for Cally.

HORACE

Suppose our former love should go
 Into a new de luxe edition?
Suppose I tie a can to Chlo,
 And let you play your old position?

LYDIA

Why, then, you cork, you butterfly,
 You sweet, philandering, perjured villain,
With you I'd love to live and die,
 Tho' Cally boy were twice as killin'.



FRANKLIN P. ADAMS, 1911 (IMITATED, 1)

(1881–1960; American Newspaper Columnist)

HORACE

When I was your stiddy, my loveliest Lyddy,
And you my embraceable she,
In joys and diversions, the king of the Persians
Had nothing on me.

LYDIA

When I was the person you penned all that verse on,
Ere Chloë had caused you to sigh,
Not she whose cognomen is Ilia the Roman
Was happier than I.

HORACE

Ah, Chloë the Thracian – whose sweet modulation
Of voice as she lilts to the lyre
Is sweeter and fairer? Would but the Fates spare her
I'd love to expire.

LYDIA

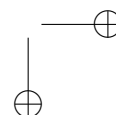
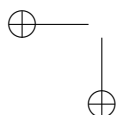
Tush! Calais claims me and wholly inflames me,
He pesters me never with rhymes;
If they should spare Cally, I'd perish *totally*
A couple of times.

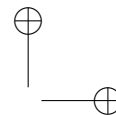
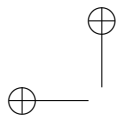
HORACE

Suppose my affection in Lyddy's direction
Returned; that I gave the good-by
To Chloë the golden, and back to the olden? –
I pause for reply.

LYDIA

Cheer up, mine ensnarer! Be Calais fairer
Than stars, be you blustery and base,
I'll love you, adore you; in brief, I am for you
All over the place.





FRANKLIN P. ADAMS, 1911 (IMITATED, 2)

(1881–1960; American Newspaper Columnist)

HORACE

What time I was your one best bet
And no one passed the wire before me,
Dear Lyddy, I cannot forget
How you would – yes, you would – adore me.
To others you would tie the can;
You thought of me with no aversion.
In those days I was happier than
A Persian.

LYDIA

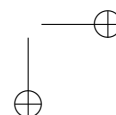
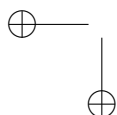
Correct. As long as you were not
So nuts about this Chloë person,
Your flame for me burned pretty hot –
Mine was the door you pinned your verse on.
Your favourite name began with L,
While I thought you surpassed by no man –
Gladder than Ilia, the well-
Known Roman.

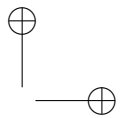
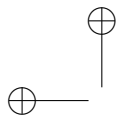
HORACE

On Chloë? Yes, I've got a case;
Her voice is such a sweet soprano;
Her people come from Northern Thrace;
You ought to hear her play piano.
If she would like my suicide –
If she'd want me a dead and dumb thing,
Me for a glass of cyanide,
Or something.

LYDIA

Now Calais, the handsome son
Of old Ornitus, has *me* going;
He says I am his honey bun,
He's mine, however winds are blowing;
I think that he is awful nice,
And, if the gods the signal gave him,
I'd just as lieve die once or twice
To save him.



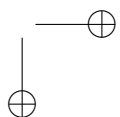
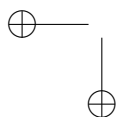


HORACE

Suppose I'm gone on you again,
 Suppose I've got ingrown affection
For you; I sort of wonder, then,
 If you'd have any great objection.
Suppose I pass this Chloë up
 And say: "Go roll your hoop, I'm rid o' ye!"
Would that drop sweetness in your cup?
 Eh, Lydia?

LYDIA

Why, say – though he's fair as a star,
 And you are like a cork, erratic
And light – and though I know you are
 As blustery as the Adriatic,
I think I'd rather live with you
 Or die with you, I swear to gracious.
So I will be your Mrs. Q.
 Horatius.





GEORGE M. WHICHER AND GEORGE F. WHICHER, 1911

(GMW 1860–1937, GFW 1889–1954)

HORACE

While dear to thee I still remained,
Nor any other youth more favored pressed
His arms around thy gleaming neck, more blest
Than any Persian king I reigned.

LYDIA

When thou didst feel no other flame,
Nor Chloe was o'er Lydia preferred,
Not more of Roman Ilia was heard,
And Lydia was the one bright name.

HORACE

'Tis Thracian Chloe rules me now;
Sweet music she hath learned and knows the lyre.
So she might live, I'd gladly mount the pyre,
Would fate but spare her to my vow.

LYDIA

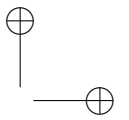
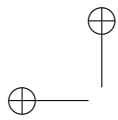
A mutual love inflames me now
And Thurian Calais, born of noble sire;
Twice o'er for him I'd gladly mount the pyre,
Would fate but spare him to my vow.

HORACE

What if our old-time love returned
And joined our sundered hearts with yoke of brass?
If o'er the threshold Lydia might pass
And fair-haired Chloe thence be spurned?

LYDIA

The fairest star in all the sky
Is he; while thou art fickle; Hadria's rage
Less fell. And yet how fain would I engage
To live with thee, with thee to die!



J. M. KRAUSE, 1912

(Love Poems)

HORACE

When I was all to you, and when
 No favour'd rival dared to fling
His arms around your neck, why then
 Happier was I than Persian King!

LYDIA

When you alone for me did glow,
 Nor Lydia gave to Chloë place,
Greater renown did Lydia know
 Than Ilia famed, of Roman race!

HORACE

Now own I Thracian Chloë's sway,
 Mistress of lute and measures sweet;
So Fates prolong my Darling's day,
 I will not fear with death to meet.

LYDIA

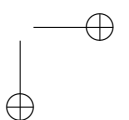
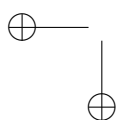
For Thurian Calais I'm aflame
 Ornytus' son, and he for me;
Twice would I die, from Fate to claim
 That longer here my Love might be!

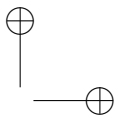
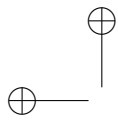
HORACE

What if the old Love should return,
 'Neath brazen yoke join hearts once more,
And I the bright-hair'd Chloë spurn,
 To slighted Lydia ope the door?

LYDIA

Though fairer he than yon bright star,
 You light as cork, to wrath more prone
Than stormy seas of Hadria are, –
 I'd live, I'd die with you alone!





H. W. HUTCHINSON, 1913

(Sonets and Translations)

HE

Whilst I was dear to thee, and none more dear
Flung round thy milk-white neck his favoured arms,
Happier than Persian King my heart took cheer
And daily grew and flourished in thy charms.

SHE

Ere love for someone else thy heart did fire,
Ere Chloë had usurpéd Lydia's place,
My pride to be thy choice grew daily higher,
Than had I Roman Rhea's stately grace.

HE

Now Thracian Chloë governs all my heart,
Skilful the sounding strings of lyre to sweep,
For her I would not fear with life to part,
If but the Fates my darling safe would keep.

SHE

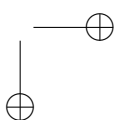
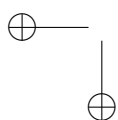
Calaïs, Thurine Ornytus' dear child,
Now fires my heart with Cupid's mutual flame;
My life for him twice over would I yield,
If thereby safety to my sweetheart came.

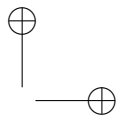
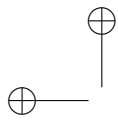
HE

What if our old-time love again should glow,
And join our severed hearts with brazen chain,
If Chloë of the golden locks should go,
And Lydia rejected come again?

SHE

Although his beauty e'en the stars excels,
And thou art frail and fickle as could be,
And though thy rage more high than Hadria swells,
Yet with thee would I live – would die with thee!





FRANKLIN P. ADAMS, 1914 (IMITATED)

(1881–1960; American Newspaper Columnist)

HORACE

Lyddy, am I right or wrong?
Was I there? Did I belong?
Did you not – you know you did –
Call me once the Headline Kid?
I had everybody stopped;
Persian potentates I topped;
Dun and Bradstreet, if you'd love me,
Wouldn't rate a king above me.

LYDIA

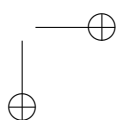
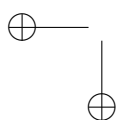
Friend Horatius, all that you
Say is absolutely true.
I was happy as a queen
When – oh, you know what I mean.
When you gave no Chloë praise,
Them, ah, them was happy days!
When you used to coax and con me
Ilia's self had nothing on me.

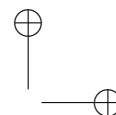
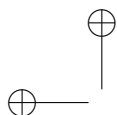
HORACE

Thracian Chloë – she's a bear –
Has Q. H. up in the air;
Her I lamp without fatigue;
Chloë leads the Flaccus League.
Listen: I'm a selfish guy,
But I'd really love to die
If I thought she'd get a giggle
At my mortuary wriggle.

LYDIA

Speaking, as you often do,
Of affection, I'm there, too.
Who is my idea of joy?
Calaïs – and *quantus* boy.
Why, if I believed that he
Could elicit any glee
From the sentence *Lydia non est*,
I'd bichloride. I would, honest.





HORACE

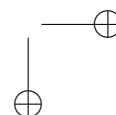
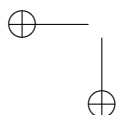
Lyddy, listen, get me right:
Do you think perhaps we might
Sort of start it up again
As 'twas in the glorious When?
If I tell this Chloë that
I am going to leave her, flat,
Do you think that you would let me
Write to you, and? – well, you get me.

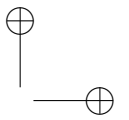
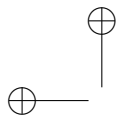
LYDIA

Listen, Horace, though you be
Roaring as the raging sea
Though he be a Broadway sign,
I'm for you – Q. H. for mine.
Whether you're the ocean's roar,
Angry and ferocious; or
Lighter than a cork, and giddy,
I am yours

Sincerely,

LYDDY





A. L. TAYLOR, 1914

HORACE

While thy regard was mine, so true and tender,
 And mine alone thy rapturous caress,
I had not changed that bliss for all the splendour
 And all the pomp of proud Achaemenes.

LYDIA

While thou didst love none else, nor I forsaken
 Saw Chloe found a sweeter, dearer name,
I knew renown for which I had not taken
 The Roman Ilia's fairness or her fame.

HORACE

Yes, Thracian Chloe now my heart enslaveth
 Touching her lyre to melodies so fair,
All, all the shafts of death my spirit braveth,
 If only Fate her dearer life will spare.

LYDIA

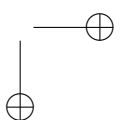
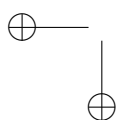
Thurinian Calais is now the lover
 That holds me dear and dear is in my sight,
For whom dark Styx I twice would voyage over
 If but the gods will spare his head so bright.

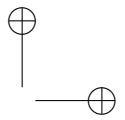
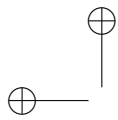
HORACE

What if the old flame burn again still clearer,
 The old bonds bind more firmly than before,
If Chloe's power should pass and Lydia dearer
 Be for those hours of absence than of yore?

LYDIA

Though he is fairer than a star in brightness,
 Thou light as wind and furious as the sea,
With thee I fain would live for all thy lightness,
 For all thy fury fain would die with thee.





WARREN H. CUDWORTH, 1917

(1877–1927)

HE

While I in thee affection stirred,
And round thy snowy neck no youth preferred
Was ever wont his arms to fling,
I flourished wealthier than the Persians' king.

SHE

While for none else thou more hast burned,
And Lydia was not yet for Chloe spurned,
I, Lydia, of illustrious name,
Flourished more fair than Roman Ilia's fame.

HE

Me now the Thracian Chloe sways,
A mistress of the lute, soft strains she plays,
E'en death for her I fain would meet
If kindly Fate will only spare my sweet.

SHE

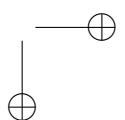
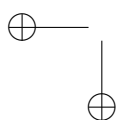
Me Calais burns with mutual fire –
From Thurii he and Ornytus his sire –
For him I twice would die, in sooth,
If kindly Fate will only spare my youth.

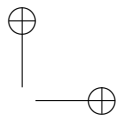
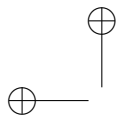
HE

What if old love again shall reign,
And bind with brazen bonds us parted twain,
If flaxen Chloe be denied,
And jilted Lydia see the door ope wide?

SHE

Tho' fairer he than any star,
Tho' lighter thou than cork and wilder far
Than is the stormy Hadrian wave,
With thee I fain would live, would seek the grave.





CHARLES MURRAY, 1917

HAIRRY

‘When Leebie lo’ed me ower them a’,
An’ deil a dearer daured to fling
An airm about her neck o’ snaw,
I struttit crouser than the king.’

LEEbie

‘When I was Hairry’s only care,
Afore he lo’ed me less than Jean,
Wha spak’ o’ love at kirk or fair
Set Leebie aye aboon the queen.’

HAIRRY

‘Noo Hielan’ Jean has witched me sae,
She harps an’ sings wi’ siccan skill,
Cauld Death can streek me on the strae
Gin he but spare my marrow still.’

LEEbie

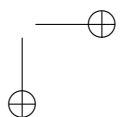
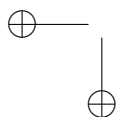
‘For Colin dear, my heart’s alowe
As his for me, Glen Nocht’s heir,
Fate twice at me may shak’ his pow
Gin he will still my laddie spare.’

HAIRRY

‘Gin tinker Love wi’ clinks o’ brass
Bind baith oor hearts, an’ I forget
Red-headit Jean, an’ you my lass –
Lang left – again see wide the yett?’

LEEbie

‘Tho’ steady as a starn is he,
An’ you ’re like bobbin’ cork, it ’s true,
Wi’ temper grumlie as the sea,
I’d love an’ live an’ dee wi’ you.’





CHARLES E. BENNETT, 1917 (IMITATED)

(1858–1921; American Classical Scholar)

HE

“When I was yo’ honey lamb,
An’ no black coon was twinin’
His arms around yo’ neck, yo’ Sam
Des beat de stars a-shinin’.”

SHE

“When I with you was all de go,
An’ not dat hussy Chloe,
Miss Lydia Liza Jackson Snow
Des simply boiled with joy!”

HE

“Mis’ Chloe, she’s ma baby now.
Sing? Laws! dat gal’s a winner!
An’ play de ole pianner – Wow!
Fo’ her I’d lose ma dinner!”

SHE

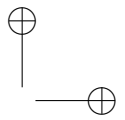
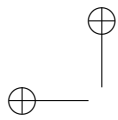
“I’m sweet on Mistah Rastus Brown –
His ole man rolls in money;
An’ fo’ dat boy I sho’ would drown,
If I could save ma honey!”

HE

“But would yo’ really bounce dat boy
An’ be mah chickabiddy,
If I should shake dat triflin’ Chloe,
An’ take back mah own Liddy?”

SHE

“He sho’ am han’some, dat ’ar coon,
An’ you are light as fedder;
But if yo’ want me, I am you’n –
We’ll live an’ die togedder.”



LOUIS UNTERMEYER, 1919

(1885–1977; American Editor and Poet)

HORACE

Once (even twice) your arms to me would cling,
 Before your heart made various excursions;
And I was happier than the happiest king
 Of all the Persians.

LYDIA

So long as I remained your constant flame,
 I was a proud and rather well-sung Lydia,
But now, in spite of all your precious fame,
 I'm glad I'm rid o' ye.

HORACE

Ah well, I've Chloë for my present queen.
 Her voice would thrill the marble bust of Caesar;
And I would exit gladly from the scene
 If it would please her.

LYDIA

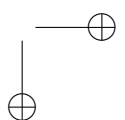
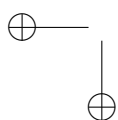
And as for me, with every burning breath,
 I think of Calaïs, my handsome lover,
For him not only would I suffer death,
 But die twice over.

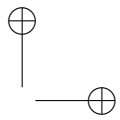
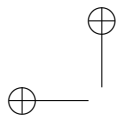
HORACE

What if the old love were to come once more
 With smiling face and understanding tacit;
If Chloë went, and I'd unbar the door,
 Would you – er – pass it?

LYDIA

Though he's a star that's constant, fair and true,
 And you're as light as cork or wild as fever;
With all your faults I'd live and die with you,
 You old deceiver!





FRANCIS COUTTS, 1920

(1852–1923)

So long as thou didst find in me some charm,
Nor any youth, more fancied, was allowed
About thy snowy neck to twine his arm,
No Persian King was happier or more proud.

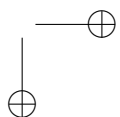
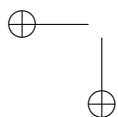
“So long as thou didst passionately love
No other maid, nor Lydia only came
Second to Chloe, I was set above
Exalted Ilia and her Roman fame.”

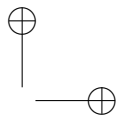
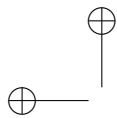
By Chloe, Thracian Chloe, ruled am I,
Who adds to song the cithern’s pleasing tone;
For her I would not be afraid to die,
If for her life the Fates would take my own.

“With mutual passion I and Calais glow,
The son of Ornytus, of Thurian line,
And death twice over I would undergo,
If for his life the Fates accepted mine.”

But what if Venus, vexed when pairs divide,
Join us again beneath her brazen yoke,
Dismiss fair Chloe, set the portals wide
To Lydia, and her banishment revoke?

“He is more lovely than a star, and thou
Art rougher-tempered than the Adrian Sea,
Nor weighs a cork more lightly than thy vow;
Yet would I live with thee and die with thee.”





FRANKLIN P. ADAMS, 1920 (IMITATED)

(1881–1960; American Newspaper Columnist)

HORACE, PVT. –TH INFANTRY, A. E. F., WRITES:

While I was fussing you at home
You put the notion in my dome
That I was the Molasses Kid.
I batted strong. I'll say I did.

LYDIA, ANYBURG, U. S. A., WRITES:

While you were fussing me alone
To other boys my heart was stone.
When I was all that you could see
No girl had anything on me.

HORACE

Well, say, I'm having some romance
With one Babette, of Northern France.
If that girl gave me the command
I'd dance a jig in No Man's Land.

LYDIA

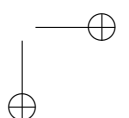
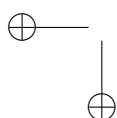
I, too, have got a young affair
With Charley – say, that boy is *there!*
I'd just as soon go out and die
If I thought it'd please that guy.

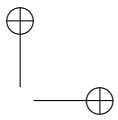
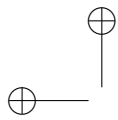
HORACE

Suppose I can this foreign wren
And start things up with you again?
Suppose I promise to be good?
I'd love you, Lyd. I'll say I would.

LYDIA

Though Charley's good and handsome – *oh*, boy!
And you're a stormy, fickle doughboy,
Go give the Hun his final whack,
And I'll marry you when you come back.





HUBERT DYNES ELLIS, 1920

(Selections from the Odes)

HORACE

While in thine heart the highest place
Was mine, and welcomer embrace
No youth around thy neck might fling,
Happier was I than Persia's king.

LYDIA

While none thy heart more warmly stirred
Than I, nor Chloë was preferred,
In every mouth was Lydia's name
Surpassing Roman Ilia's fame.

HORACE

Now Thracian Chloë is my queen,
How sweet her song and mandoline!
I would not be afraid to die
If Fate would pass that dear soul by.

LYDIA

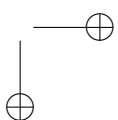
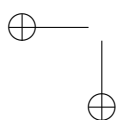
Now I love Ornytus' fair son,
His heart fires mine in unison.
I'd give my life once and again
If Death but dart at him in vain.

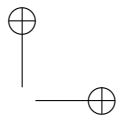
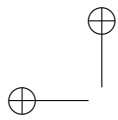
HORACE

What if returning Love with yoke
Of brass rebind the ties we broke?
If closed to Chloë's auburn charms
To slighted Lydia ope my arms?

LYDIA

Although no star can vie with him,
While, light as cork with every whim,
Thou art more rough than Hadria's wave,
In love I'll share thy life, thy grave.





WILLIAM HATHORN MILLS, 1921

(1848–1930; Writer)

HE

While you were happy in my love,
And no more favoured swain might fling
Round your white neck his arms, I throve,
More blest than any Persian king.

SHE

While yet you had no other flame,
Ere Chloe ousted Lydia,
I, Lydia, throve – a maid of fame,
Who outshone Roman Ilia.

HE

Chloe of Thrace is now my queen,
Skilled in the lyre's sweet strains, for whom
I'll never fear to die, I ween,
If but fate lift my true life's doom.

SHE

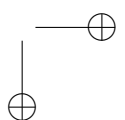
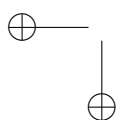
Me, Ornytus' son, Calais,
The Thurine, fires, who am his joy;
For whom I'd die twice o'er, ywis,
If but the fates will spare my boy.

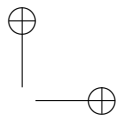
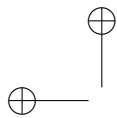
HE

What if with yoke that shall abide
Old love knits sundered hearts once more?
What if blonde Chloe's cast aside,
And Lydia scorned re-opes her door?

SHE

Tho' he is brighter than a star,
And you than cork are lighter – aye,
Than boisterous Hadria rougher far,
With you I'd live; with you I'd die.





JOHN FINLAYSON, 1921

(*The Odes of Horace*)

HORACE

While I was dear to thee alone,
Nor other love with mine could vie,
That snowy neck could deem my own,
Not Persia's King so blest as I.

LYDIA

While thou didst other flames disown,
Nor Lydia after Chloe came,
Than Lydia, none got more renown,
Nor Roman Ilia dimmed her fame.

HORACE

Now Thracian Chloe's slave am I,
She sings so sweet – sweet measures plays:
For her I would not fear to die,
If Fate will stretch my darling's days.

LYDIA

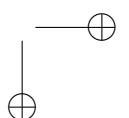
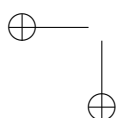
Me Ornith's son adores, and I
Give back the flame – would even dare
For him to suffer *twice* to die
If fate my Thurian boy will spare!

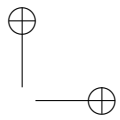
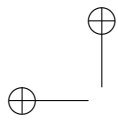
HORACE

What if the old love yet should rise,
And bind the two with brazen chain?
If fair-haired Chloe I despise,
To Lydia spurned – doors ope'd again?

LYDIA

Though fairer than a star is he,
Thou light as cork, of passion high
And fretful more than Adria's sea,
With thee I'd love to live and die.





EDWARD DOUGLAS ARMOUR, 1922 (1)

(1851–1922; Lawyer, Educator and Poet)

When I once pleased, and you were not caressed
By any other youth whose arms he'd fling
Around your snowy neck, I was more blessed,
And happier far, than ever Persian King.

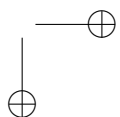
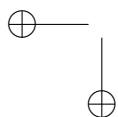
When you for Chloë had no ardent flame,
Nor ranked her first, but loved me then the most,
I, Lydia, then enjoyed a greater fame
Than Ilia of Rome could ever boast.

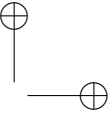
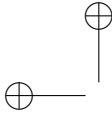
Fair Chloë, skilful mistress of the lyre,
Whose voice accords so sweetly with its tone,
Enchants me now; and gladly I'd expire
If my surviving soul could join her own.

Young Calais of Thuria, gentle swain,
Is he whose rapturous love I now enjoy;
Death, double death, to me would be no pain,
If but the Fates would spare my loving boy.

What if our former love revive again
To bind us in indissoluble bond,
Chloë the golden-haired forsaken – then
Would Lydia, slighted once, again be fond?

Although his beauty make the star-light pale,
Though none with you for levity might vie,
Your passion rage like Adriatic gale,
With you I'd gladly live or gladly die.





EDWARD DOUGLAS ARMOUR, 1922 (2)

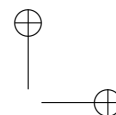
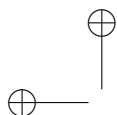
(1851–1922; Lawyer, Educator and Poet)

When no other boy
Could indulge in the joy
Of flinging his arms round your neck,
By Jove! and by Bacchus!
Horatius Flaccus
Had little or nothing to reckon.
Oh, beautiful Lydia!
Whatever you did you
Must know that your wishes were law to me;
I was happier ma'am
Than a jovial clam,
And you couldn't compare the old Shah to me.

Oh, Horace, my lad,
Before ever you had
That silly flirtation with Chloë –
A pert little miss,
Although I'll say this,
That she is a bit dressy and showy –
I, Lydia, by name,
Was a lady of fame,
Distinguished abroad and at home;
And I'd not have changed places
With one of the Graces,
Or even with Ilia of Rome.

Fair Chloë of Thrace,
With her beautiful face,
Now consumes me with amorous fire;
I daresay you've heard
She can sing like a bird,
And play like the deuce on the lyre.
I'd go without dread
To the realms of the dead,
And lie there forever at rest,
If I could contrive
That she should survive,
And live with my soul in her breast.

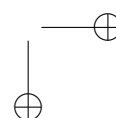
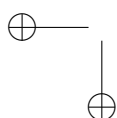
Young Calais now
Is the swain I avow;
A lover he is every bit of him;
He gives me such treats
Of flowers and sweets
That I hope I shall never be quit of him.
You boast that you'd die

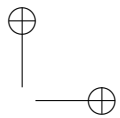
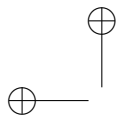


For Chloë, while I
Would consider her cheap at the price;
If the Gods would but spare
My lover, I swear
That I wouldn't mind doing it twice.

Don't let us be stupid;
Suppose now that Cupid
Should harness us under his yoke,
We could seal with a kiss
Our connubial bliss,
And treat all the past as a joke.
I could easily shake
Off Miss Chloë, and take
My Lydia again to my arms;
Though once you were slighted,
I'd just be delighted
To revel again in your charms.

Were Calais fair
As a star, I declare
That, although you were lighter than cork,
Oh, Horace, my boy,
I would wed you with joy,
And not care a hang for the stork.
Though your passion might be
As the turbulent sea –
The one that we call Adriatic –
If you were near by
I could live, I could die,
If it had to be done in an attic.





RICHARD A. ZEREGA, 1924

(1866–1956)

So long as I was dear to thee, and so long as no youth, more favoured than I, was wont to put his arms about thy white neck, I flourished, happier than the king of the Persians.

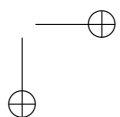
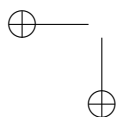
As long as thou didst not burn for another more than for me, and Lydia ranked not after Chloe, I, Lydia, of great renown, throve more illustrious than Roman Iliia.

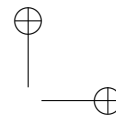
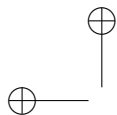
Now Thracian Chloe, learned in sweet measures, and skilled to play the lyre, sways me, and for her sake I should not fear to die if the Fates would spare her soul surviving.

Calais, the son of Thracian Ornithus, fires me with passion that is mutual and for him I would suffer death twice if the Fates would spare that youth unharmed.

But what if our old love returns and joins by brazen bonds, ourselves, now parted; if fair haired Chloe be put away and my door stand open to Lydia, once rejected?

Although he is more beautiful than a star and thou art lighter than cork and more passionate than the raging Adriatic, I would joy to live with thee, with thee, willingly would I die.





LEONARD CHALMERS-HUNT, 1925

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

HORACE

Whilst thou didst cherish love that once was mine
Nor other youth did favoured arms entwine
About thy swan-like neck; then I elate,
Was happier than the Sultan of a state.

LYDIA

Whilst yet no fairer maid thy breast did fire,
Thou, Lydia before Chloe did'st desire,
Rome held no name more envied e'er than mine,
Which Ilia's lustre e'en could not outshine.

HORACE

My vows to Thracian Chloe are devote,
Sweet chantress to the cittern's dulcet note.
For whom e'en Death's dread wings I would invite,
Should her soul live; to speed my spirit's flight.

LYDIA

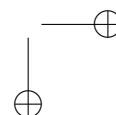
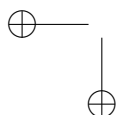
Lit by a torch reciprocal, I now adore
Young Calais, whom Thurine Ornith bore
For whom I'd dare the inevitable shade
Twice o'er, if thus his life my loss would aid.

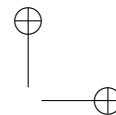
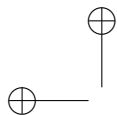
HORACE

Reviving mem'ries oft old loves provoke,
Bring those once parted 'neath a firmer yoke.
E'en Chloe's bonds might fail; the wide-flung door
Might give forsaken Lydia welcome sure.

LYDIA

Though gleams his orbit brighter than a star's,
And thou, as light as cork which a tree bears.
Thy temper changeable e'en as the sea,
'Tis my one hope, to live and die with thee.





FRANKLIN P. ADAMS, 1925 (IMITATED)

(1881–1960; American Newspaper Columnist)

HORACE

In the happier years gone by me,
 In a well-remembered day,
Yours the custom was to eye me
 In a not unflattering way.
When than I none was than-whicher,
 When none other dared to fling
Arms about you, I was richer
 Than the noted Persian king.

LYDIA

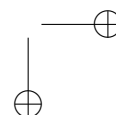
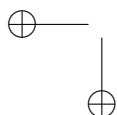
Those the days when sweet the savor
 Of mine overbrimming cup,
When no Chloë found your favor,
 When I was not runner-up.
As I scan my memorabilia,
 I observe with girlish glee
That the famous Roman Ilia
 Hadn't anything on me.

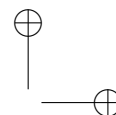
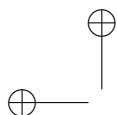
HORACE

Now the roomy heart Horatian,
 Beating loudly in this breast,
By the sweetly singing Thracian
 Chloë's utterly possessed.
If I thought that lovely lass 'd
 Like to see me dead, I'd take
Half a pint of prussic acid
 Gladly for her shining sake.

LYDIA

What a fascinating game is
 Love! My current cause for joy –
Thurian Calais his name is –
 He is Ornytus's boy.
If I thought he'd like to view me
 Moribund; that he would laugh
At my corse, I'd pour into me
 All the poison I could quaff.



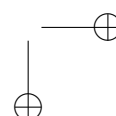
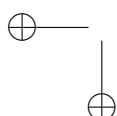


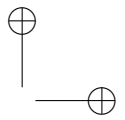
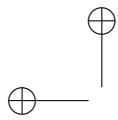
HORACE

If no longer I should find her
 As I used to find her – fair;
If I casually consigned her
 To the celebrated air;
This affair – if I should quit it;
 If I gazed again on you;
Do you think that we could hit it
 Off the way we used to do?

LYDIA

Yes. Though Calais is brighter
 Than a coruscating star;
Madder than the sea, and lighter
 Than a piece of cork you are,
Horace, you're the only guy for
 Me. The others I resign.
You're the one I'd live for, die for –
 And I'll be your Valentine.





HUGH MACNAGHTEN, 1926

(1862–1929; Vice Provost of Eton College)

HE

While I was dear to you,
While round your tender neck no rival threw
His arms, but I was best:
Not Persia's monarch then as I was blest.

SHE

When I was still your flame,
When Lydia first and Chloe second came,
'Twas Lydia had the cry,
And Roman Ilia was less famed than I.

HE

Now Cretan Chloe sways
My soul with her sweet harp and melting lays.
I'll die for her sans fear,
So Fate will leave my love surviving here.

SHE

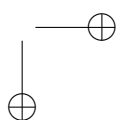
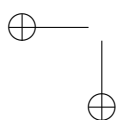
The Thyrian Calais
Is mine, the son of Ornytus; I his.
I'll die for him with joy,
So Fate will leave surviving here my boy.

HE

What if Love turn again
To bind with yoke of brass the severed twain?
If golden Chloe roam
Perforce, and Lydia lorn be welcomed home?

SHE

Though he's the starry lad,
And you as light as cork, as bad and mad
As Hadria's waves, yet I
With you would live, with you would gladly die.





ROSELLE MERCIER MONTGOMERY, 1929

(1874–1933; American Poet)

HORACE

“So long as I still pleased your fancy, sweet,
And no more favored one than I dared fling
His arms about your whitely gleaming neck,
I felt myself more blessed than Persia’s king.”

LYDIA

“And while you sighed for no one else but me,
Before my loving heart had yet been pained
To see blonde Chloe take your Lydia’s place,
More proud than Roman Ilia I reigned.”

HORACE

“Ah, true, the Thracian Chloe holds me now.
So sweet she looks, so sweetly plays the lyre,
That if the cruel fates would but spare her,
I’d gladly now, for love of her, expire!”

LYDIA

“And, Horace, I, who loved you fondly once,
Now burn for young Calais, a comely swain,
The Thurian Ornytus’ son, for whom,
Would death pass him, I’d die, and die again.”

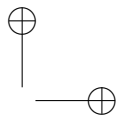
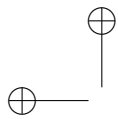
HORACE

“But, Lydia, what if our old love should wake,
What if its one-time binding power returned,
What if you found my heart’s door open wide,
Whence bright, usurping Chloe had been spurned?”

LYDIA

“Oh, Horace, then, though my new love were fair
As yonder star, beyond all other men,
And you, light-loved as cork, as quick to rage
As Hadria’s sea, I’d turn to you again.

“Ah, yes, if you would open your heart’s door,
I’d enter and be yours till death – once more!”



ALEXANDER FALCONER MURISON, 1931

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

HORACE

So long as I was pleasing to your eye,
And you preferred no other youth
To fold you in his arms, in sooth
No Persian King was happier than I.

LYDIA

So long as you did not prefer another,
And Lydia ranked not after Chloe,
Then Lydia's name was fame and joy,
More glorious I than Romulus's mother.

HORACE

Me now enthalls the Thracian Chloe fair,
A mistress of the tuneful lyre;
For her I'd pass through flood and fire,
If her, my very soul, the Fates should spare.

LYDIA

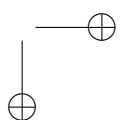
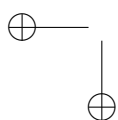
Me Calais inflames with mutual care,
The son of Ornytus of Thuri,
For him I gladly twice would die,
If but the Fates the darling boy should spare.

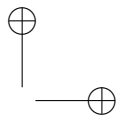
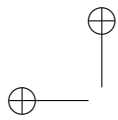
HORACE

What if our former love return once more,
Rejoining us with brazen yoke,
If golden Chloe's empire I revoke,
And ope to slighted Lydia wide my door?

LYDIA

Though fairer Calais than star on high,
Though lighter you than cork, more ireful
Than is the Adriatic direful,
With you I'd love to live, with you to die.





ATTICUS, 1933

(Some Odes of Horace)

HORACE

When I was pleasing in thy sight,
Nor younger arms embraced thee,
No Persian king knew such delight
As I – ere you replaced me.

LYDIA

When Lydia's name held pride of place,
Nor Chloe had you seen,
I felt that I the world could face;
I envied not Rome's Queen.

HORACE

My Thracian Chloe plays the lute;
Her charms my soul ensnared.
My years remaining I'd commute;
Could her dear life be spared.

LYDIA

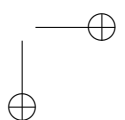
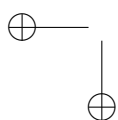
The Thurian Calais is my joy;
Our mutual flame burns bright.
If Fate will spare my darling boy,
My life I twice would plight.

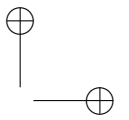
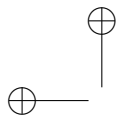
HORACE

What if, remembering former bliss,
Again I ope the door?
If fair-haired Chloe I dismiss,
And Lydia reign once more?

LYDIA

Although the stars his beauty pales,
In wit and verve you shine.
Till breath thy Lydia's bosom fails –
In life, in death, I'm thine.





H. B. MAYOR, 1934

("Late Scholar of King's College, Cambridge")

HORACE

Lydia, whilst I your love retained,
And no false rival's blandishing
Could win your coy embrace, I reigned
More happy than the Persian king.

LYDIA

While Lydia still your heart possessed,
And Chloe was not all your joy,
I lived with fame and honour blessed
And prouder than the Maid of Troy.

HORACE

Now Thracian Chloe rules my heart,
Well-skilled with harp and voice to charm;
For her I'd face death's fatal dart,
If Heaven will keep her safe from harm.

LYDIA

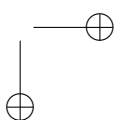
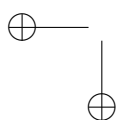
Sweet Calais from Thuri!
What joy our mutual passion gives!
Twice over I would gladly die,
If Heaven will see that Calais lives.

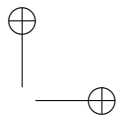
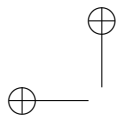
HORACE

What if once more the love that's gone
With its strong yoke our necks constrain?
If Chloe to the door be shown,
And Lydia welcomed home again?

LYDIA

Though he more fair than day, though you
Lighter than cork, more passionate
Than stormy seas, I'll still be true,
In life and death to share your fate.





JOHN B. QUINN, 1936

(Educator and Translator)

HORACE

Whilst, Lydia, I was your darling delight
And none of the youths were so favored to rest
As I, with my arms on your neck snowy white,
I then was more happy than Persian King blest!

LYDIA

Whilst, Horace, no maiden save me was your flame
And myself more charming than Chloe you found
And much did you prattle in Lydia's name,
I then was more famous than Rhea renowned!

HORACE

Now Chloe of Thrace does my spirit control
In singing well-trained and adept on the lyre;
If needed to give a new life to her soul
I gladly would die, if the Fates so desire!

LYDIA

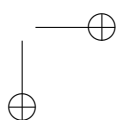
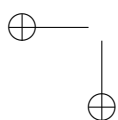
An equal affection do both of us share
Calais, the son of Orinthus and I;
If needed the life of my Thurian to spare
Twice then to the Fates would I suffer to die!

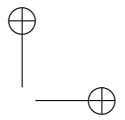
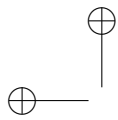
HORACE

What, Lydia, if our old amours return,
And bind us estranged with a brazen-like chain;
If I evermore the blond Chloe shall spurn,
And open the door to fair Lydia again?

LYDIA

More splendent in luster than stars though he be
And you light as cork, and your temper does fly
In frenzy like gales on the Hadrian Sea,
With you would I live and with you would I die!





BAXTER MOX, 1936

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

HE

Whilst yet my love thy favor graced
And no preferred youth embraced
Thy snowy neck, then I to sing
More honored was than Persia's king.

SHE

Whilst thou another hadst not wooed,
Nor Lydia after Chloe stood,
I, through thy verses known to fame
Was honored more than Ilia's name.

HE

Me now deft Chloe captivates,
On lyre sweet melodies creates;
For her I should not fear to die,
If fate would spare my dearest tie.

SHE

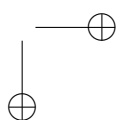
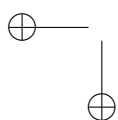
Me noble Calais in turn
With torch of mutual love doth burn.
For him I twice should die with joy,
If fate would spare my charming boy!

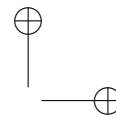
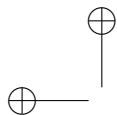
HE

What if our former love revive?
Would parted lovers' prospects thrive?
Wouldst thou, were Chloe bid depart,
Regain the portal of my heart?

SHE

Though he is fairer than a star,
And thou than cork less stable far,
More wrathful than sea billows high,
With thee I choose to live and die.





SIR EDWARD MARSH, 1941

(1872–1953; Scholar and Civil Servant)

“When I found favour in your sight,
And round your neck no arm but mine was thrown,
On Fortune’s peak I stood alone,
And Persian monarchs knew less bliss than I.”

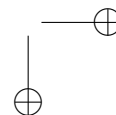
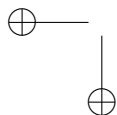
“When Lydia was your sole delight,
And Thracian Chloe spread her nets in vain,
How absolute was Lydia’s reign!
The Roman Ilia knew less fame than I.”

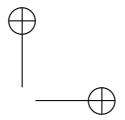
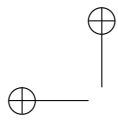
“Now Chloe has me in her thrall,
With skill of lute and voice beyond compare.
Could I prevail on Fate to spare
The charming creature, I would gladly die.”

“Now Calais is my all-in-all,
Such fond devotion each to each we bear.
Could I prevail on Fate to spare
My Thurian boy, twice over I would die.”

“What if our hearts that strayed so far
Resumed the brazen yoke that erst they bore,
Were flaxen Chloe shown the door,
And banished Lydia sealed her lease anew?”

“Though Calais dims the morning star,
And you are fickle as an April breeze
And angrier than the Hadrian seas,
'T were all I ask, to live and die with you.”





SIR JOHN SEYMOUR BLAKE-REED, 1942

(1882–1966; English Judge)

HORACE

While in your favour none could vie
With me and none more loved than I
About your neck his arms could fling,
I envied not the Persian king.

LYDIA

Before your heart unfaithful proved
And Chloe more than Lydia loved,
Known far and wide, poor Lydia's name
Outrivalled Roman Ilia's fame.

HORACE

My heart the Thracian maid doth fire
With sweetest voice and tuneful lyre:
For her sweet sake to die I'd dare,
So Fate my better half would spare.

LYDIA

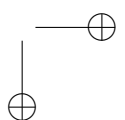
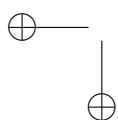
I burn for Thurian Calais;
His heart is mine and mine is his.
For such a lover gladly I,
So he survived me, twice would die.

HORACE

What if the ancient love, recalled,
Our sundered hearts again enthralled? –
If I that golden blonde discard
And leave for you my door unbarred?

LYDIA

Though he is beauteous as a star,
You light as cork and testier far
Than Hadria's billows raging high,
With thee I'll live, with thee I'd die.





FREDERICK CHARLES WILLIAM HILEY, 1944

(The Odes of Horace)

While I was still thy neart's delight
And no more favoured youth his arms would fling
 Around thy neok so dazzling white,
I lived more happy than the Persian King.

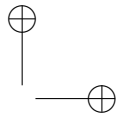
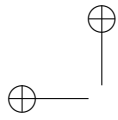
While thou didst burn for me alone,
And Lydia yielded not to Chloë place,
 More high was Lydia's renown
Than lliã's, mother of our Roman race.

'Neath Thracian Chloe spell I lie,
Skilled in the harp, end trained to tuneful song:
 For her I should not fear to die,
Soul of my soul, should Fate her life prolong.

Fair Thurian Calaïs burns sore
For m, and I for him with flame as strong;
 I'd gladly die for him twice o'er,
My darling, should the Fates his life prolong.

What if beneath her iron sway
Our parted souls now Venus yokes once more,
 If, golden Chloë cast away,
Once-slighted Lydia opes again her door?

Though he is fairer than a star,
And thou than cork more light, than th' angry sea
 Of wanton Adria fiercer far,
Gladly I'd live, and gladly die, with thee.



LORD DUNSANY, 1947

(1878–1957; English Writer and Dramatist)

HORACE

When that I was acceptable to thee,
 And round thy white neck never arm would cling
Of any young man luckier than me,
 Then was I prouder than a Persian king.

LYDIA

When that thou burnedst with no other flame,
 Nor Chloe was preferred to Lydia,
Then did I live with a more splendid name
 And more renowned than Roman Iliia.

HORACE

Well, Thracian Chloe is my mistress now,
 Skilled in soft notes, and on the harp to play,
For whom, if the three Sisters would allow,
 I would give up life to prolong her day.

LYDIA

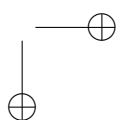
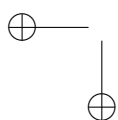
I burn for Calais as he for me,
 The son of Ornytus in Thuri,
And if those Sisters would allow that he
 Should so survive, twice for him would I die.

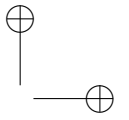
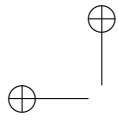
HORACE

What if the old love should come back again
 To bind us once more with its yoke of brass?
Blonde Chloe cast off, what if should remain
 Open those lost doors where I used to pass?

LYDIA

Were he more lovely than the evening star,
 Thou lighter than a cork and more awry
Than billows of the Adriatic are,
 With thee I'd love to live and gladly die.





ALFRED NOYES, 1947

(1880–1958; English Poet and Writer)

HE

Once, ah, when I was loved by thee,
No young impudent arm, over thy shoulder flung,
Found thee whiter than woodland snow.
Persian demi-gods, then, never were happy as I.

SHE

Ah, but others thou hadst not sought!
I, the first of thy loves, ever was first with thee.
Proud as Chloë was Lydia then.
Ilia, mother of Rome, never was proud as I.

HE

Thracian Chloë can sing and sway!
Who so artful in song, deft in touching the lyre?
I would die for her; gladly, too;
If by death I could bring – life to a life more dear.

SHE

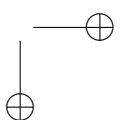
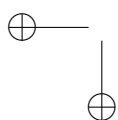
Me, too, Love with a torch more true
Leads ere long to a youth – son of a far-off King.
Diez Yea, laugh at the Fates, could Death
Fling my love at his feet, light as a flower in Spring.

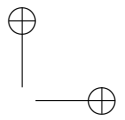
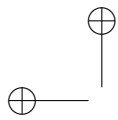
HE

Ah, but what if the old, old love
Woke, like Spring in the heart, seedlings we thought had died?
What if Chloë, her songs all done,
Went her way through the night? what if the door stood wide?

SHE

Ah, then, then, though the stranger's love
Shone like a star, and thine – thine is a stormy sea;
Tempest-torn, to thy love turn I,
Once more, living to love; loving, to die, with thee.





MAJOR ALFRED MAITLAND ADDISON, 1862–1949

HORACE

When I was pleasing in thy sight,
Nor younger arms embraced thee,
No Persian king knew such delight –
Ere rival charms displaced me.

LYDIA

When Lydia's name held pride of place,
Nor Chloe had you seen,
I felt that I the world could face;
I envied not Rome's Queen.

HORACE

My Thracian Chloe plays the lute;
Her grace my soul ensnared.
My years remaining I'd commute;
Could her dear life be spared.

LYDIA

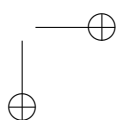
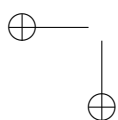
The Thurian Calais is my joy;
Our mutual flame burns bright.
If Fate will spare my darling boy,
My life I twice would plight.

HORACE

What if, remembering former bliss,
Again I ope the door?
If fair-haired Chloe I dismiss,
And Lydia reign once more?

LYDIA

Although the stars his beauty pales,
In wit and verve you shine.
Till breath thy Lydia's bosom fails –
In life, in death, I'm thine.



LEWIS EVELYN GIELGUD, 1951 (IMITATED)

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

When I was Vera's favoured swain
In her white arms my head would lie,
And rivals courted her in vain –
What King was happy then as I?

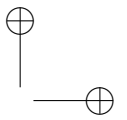
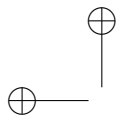
When you no favours sought but mine,
And Vera came not after Joan,
I revelled in a Right Divine
As valid as Victoria's own.

Canadian Joan, my love today,
Can play (by ear) the ukelele.
My life for hers, I beg to say,
I would consent to barter gaily.

I love, and am beloved! My lover
Is Edward Grant, a Lowland Laird,
And I would give my life twice over
That darling Edward should be spared.

But if the old love came again
And clipped us closer than before?
Were Joan expelled, would Vera deign
To grace afresh my open door?

Man ill to cross as Narrow Seas,
Inconstant as a cork! Yet I
Will jilt dear Edward, if you please,
With you to live, with you to die.



SKULI JOHNSON, 1952

(1888–1955; Classical Scholar)

While I your favour found,
Nor any lad, preferred, his arms around
Your snow-fair neck could fling,
I flourished happier than the Persian king.

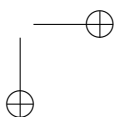
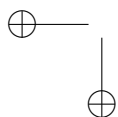
While no lass did inflame
You more, nor Lydia after Chloë came,
I, Lydia of high renown,
Above e'en Roman Ilia bore the crown.

Chloë of Thrace holds me,
She plays the harp and sings so skilfully;
For her e'en death I will not dread to bear
If so the Fates my darling girl will spare.

I love mine amorous
Calaïs son of Thurine Ornytus;
For him death's burden twice I'll gladly bear
If so the Fates my darling boy will spare.

What if our love of yore
Bring us beneath its brazen yoke once more,
And Horace auburn-tressèd Chloë spurn
And ope the door for Lydia's return?

Though he is like a star,
While lighter far than any cork you are,
And into fury worse than Hadria's fly,
With you I'd gladly live and gladly die.





JAMES BLAIR LEISHMAN, 1956

(1902–63; English Scholar and Translator)

‘While I still was the one you loved,
while no happier young rival had yet with his
arms encircled your gleaming neck,
I was living in more bliss than the Persian King.’

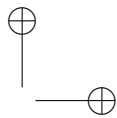
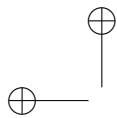
‘While no other had more inflamed
you, and Lydia still occupied Chloe’s place,
I, your Lydia, lived in such
high renown as surpassed Ilia’s Roman fame.’

‘Thracian Chloe commands me now,
skilled in ravishing song, wise in the lyre’s strings,
she for whom I would gladly die,
would Fate leave her, the dear soul of my soul, behind.’

‘Son of Thurian Ornytus,
now it’s Calais burns me with a mutual flame,
he for whom I would doubly die,
would Fate only allow him to remain behind.’

‘What if former desire returned,
joining us the estranged up with a yoke of bronze?
Fair-haired Chloe were shaken off,
long-closed doors were again opened to Lydia?’

‘Though his beauty excels the stars,
though you’re lighter than cork, proner to angriness
than our horrible eastern sea,
I’d choose living with you, gladly with you would die.’



HELEN ROWE HENZE, 1961

(1899–1973; Poet, Translator and Singer)

HE

While I still was your best-beloved,
And when no other youth, favored above myself,
Laid his arms 'round your fair, white neck,
Then I flourished with joy, more than a Persian king.

SHE

While you bumed not for someone else,
Nor did Lydia rank second to Chloe's place,
I was Lydia much-renowned,
I bloomed famous and bright, more than Rome's Ilia.

HE

For me now, Thracian Chloe rules,
Taught in measures most sweet, skilled with the cittern's
strings,
For whose sake I'd not fear to die,
If the Fates would but spare still her surviving soul.

SHE

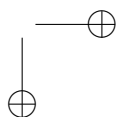
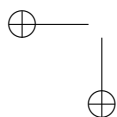
For me, Calais burs with love,
Thurine Orytus' son, burns with an answered fire,
And for him would I perish twice,
If the Fates would spare him, spare still that lad unharmed.

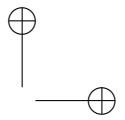
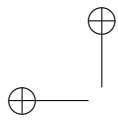
HE

What if olden love comes again
And drives us, now apart, under a yoke of bronze;
Fair-haired Chloe be cast away,
And to Lydia, scorned, now my door opens wide?

SHE

Though more bright than a star is he,
And you lighter than cork and far stormier
Than the fierce Adriatic Sea,
Yet with you would I live, gladly with you I'd die!





FREDERICK WILLIAM WALLACE, 1964

(Senior Scholar of Emmanuel College, Cambridge)

LOVER

While I pleased thee, nor other swain
More favoured in his arms caressed
Thy dazzling neck, no sovereign
Of Persia lived more truly blessed.

LYDIA

While no maid else inflamed thee more,
And Chloe after Lydia came,
I truly lived and Lydia bore
Than Roman Rhea greater name.

LOVER

Now Thracian Chloe is my queen,
That can from lyre sweet music give,
And for her I shall die serene,
If Fate my love shall spare to live.

LYDIA

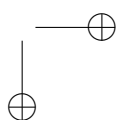
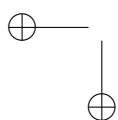
Now Thurian Calais, Ornythus' son
Burns me that equal flame do give.
For him I'll die two deaths, not one,
If Fate my boy shall spare to live.

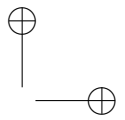
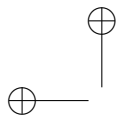
LOVER

What if first love returned unite
With bonds of brass those reft before,
Fair Chloe banished out of sight,
And Lydia spurned have open door?

LYDIA

Though he than star more beauteous, thou
A fickle cork, and passioned high
As seas in tempest, with thee now
I'd love to live, and gladly die.





STUART LYONS, 2007

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

“As long as I was your delight
 And there was no more potent youth to fling
His arms around your neck so white,
 I lived more blessed than a Persian king!”

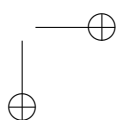
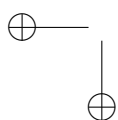
“As long as for none else you burned
 And Lydia was not Chloe's inferior,
Though many other heads I turned,
 I lived more glorious than Rome's Ilia!”

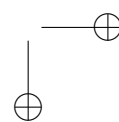
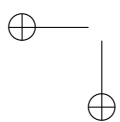
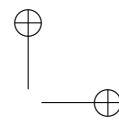
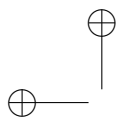
“I'm ruled now by Thracian Chloe,
 Skilled in sweet music, good at the guitar!
For her I'd not be afraid to die,
 If only fate would grant more years to her!”

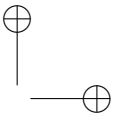
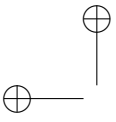
“We blaze with mutual torches, I
 And Calais the boy from Thurium!
For him I'd willingly twice die,
 If only fate would grant more years to him!”

“What if our old Venus returned
 And bound with a bronze yoke two she'd split before;
If flaxen-haired Chloe were spurned
 And jilted Lydia found an open door?”

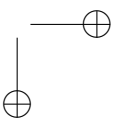
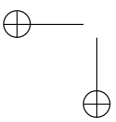
“Though he's more beautiful than a star,
 And you lighter than cork and more angry
Than the rough sea of Hadria,
 With you I'd love to live, and gladly die.”

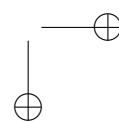
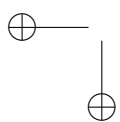
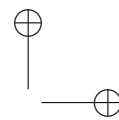
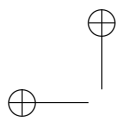






BACK MATTER







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

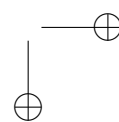
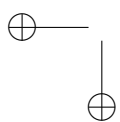
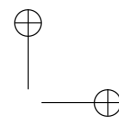
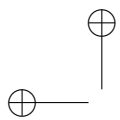
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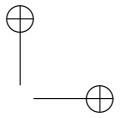
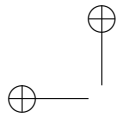
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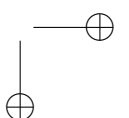
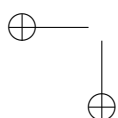
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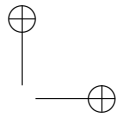
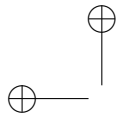




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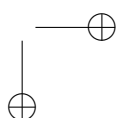
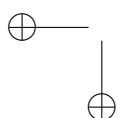




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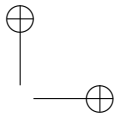
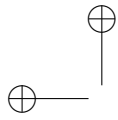
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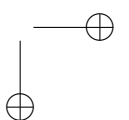
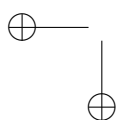


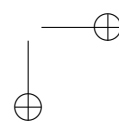
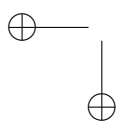
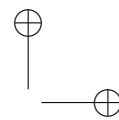
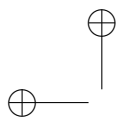
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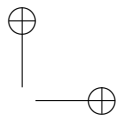
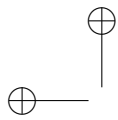
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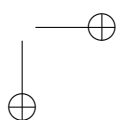
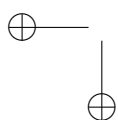
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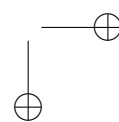
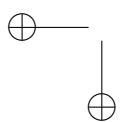
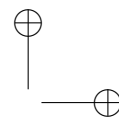
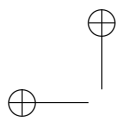
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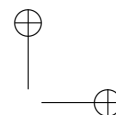
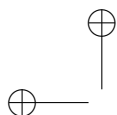
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