Horace's Vides Ut Alta

A Collection of Translations

Horace's Vides Ut Alta

A Collection of Translations

Isaac Waisberg

And yet ik have alwey a coltes tooth,
As many a yeer as it is passed henne
Syn that my tappe of lif bigan to renne.
For sikerly, whan I was bore, anon
Deeth drough the tappe of lyf, and leet it gon,
And ever sithe hath so the tappe yronne,
Til that almoost al empty is the tonne.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER, *The Reeve's Prologue*

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IN LIEU OF A PREFACE

"We are living in a demented world. And we know it. It would not come as a surprise to anyone if tomorrow the madness gave way to a frenzy which would leave our poor Europe in a state of distracted stupor, with engines still turning and flags streaming in the breeze, but with the spirit gone. Everywhere there are doubts as to the solidity of our social structure, vague fears of the imminent future, a feeling that our civilization is on the way to ruin. They are not merely the shapeless anxieties which beset us in the small hours of the night when the flame of life burns low. They are considered expectations founded on observation and judgment of an overwhelming multitude of facts. How to avoid the recognition that almost all things which once seemed sacred and immutable have now become unsettled, truth and humanity, justice and reason? We see forms of government no longer capable of functioning, production systems on the verge of collapse, social forces gone wild with power. The roaring engine of this tremendous time seems to be heading for a breakdown. But immediately the antithesis forces itself on our minds. Never has there been a time when men were so clearly conscious of their commanding duty to co-operate in the task of preserving and improving the world's well-being and human civilization. At no time has work been as much honoured as it is to-day. Man was never so ready to apply his full courage and all his powers to a common cause. At least hope has not yet been lost. If, then, this civilization is to be saved, if it is not to be submerged by centuries of barbarism but to secure the treasures of its inheritance on new and more stable foundations, there is indeed need for those now living fully to realise how far the decay has already progressed." (Johan Huizinga, *In the Shadow of Tomorrow*, 1935)

"My long pupilship with Jacques Barzun began when I was a sophomore at Columbia College and he was an instructor teaching a course entitled 'The Historical Background of English Literature.' We students were asked to read a long series of excerpts from notable authors, together with Trevelyan's *History of England*, but the class discussions took an unexpected turn. At the first meeting, as I remember it, Mr. Barzun introduced Byron's irregular sonnet beginning 'She walks in beauty like the night' to illustrate the method of relating a literary work to the historical setting in which it was produced. The class flung itself upon this example with avidity and, with the teacher's encouragement, found so much to consider in the piece that its eighteen lines and their historical background remained our topic for most of the term. The lesson I still retain from that course is that the close, patient and unhurried reading of a single text

is more profitable than the hasty reading of many." (Theodore Caplow, *How Many Books?*, 1976)

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"Translation – of a sort – swarms today on a scale unknown to the past. Our popular press is filled with renderings of things said and written by men of other speech, and though we do not sufficiently translate foreign books into English, at least, not the best foreign books, yet of this work also there is a very great deal. That is because the time in which we live is one in which all men read – whether for their good or their ill let others determine. Now the time in which we live is not only one in which this mass of translation is continually going on, but also one in which it is worse done than ever it was done before. It is worse done today than it was yesterday, and it looks as though it would be worse done tomorrow even than it is today. The bad results of such a state of affairs are manifest. In our own particular province which is but one of many, the province of the English-speaking world, bad translation not only cuts us off from our peers and fellows in a common civilization but what is worse, ministers to isolated pride. For who shall believe that there is great work done in any other tongue than his own if whatever appears in a foreign tongue is put before him inadequately? The cause of this rapid deterioration in translation is not only the huge inflation of reading which today we suffer or enjoy, but also what is in the very blood of our time, the commercial spirit: the motive of gain. And coupled with this the vast increase of what may be called the 'intellectual proletariat,' of whom we may say that their intellectual quality is relative, but their proletarian quality positive and certain. Under this combination arises a state of affairs where thousands think they know enough of a foreign tongue to translate into their own, and where those thousands are equally confident that, because they can write in one sense, they can write in another. Everyone is taught to write, and most think that the setting down of words on paper is a sufficient definition of the art of writing. Hence a sort of translation can be had for next to nothing. Hence does the owner of a newspaper – and even the editor thereof, who is commonly a better educated man – accept almost anything by way of translation; hence does the publisher make out his costs for a translation upon a lower scale than he would ever allow for even the meanest of original work. There are places called Translation Bureaux where you can take any piece of French, German, Russian, or Japanese (but not, I am glad to say, Latin), and get an English rendering of it neatly type-written in a few hours. And the spirit of the translation bureau is upon the whole trade. There is only one remedy, and like the remedy for every department of our modern disease, it must be slight in its effect and probably fail if it be attempted; that remedy is to create a social consciousness of what translation means; to aim – at least in important cases – at real translation, and with that object to pay translation at better rates and to give that other half of the writer's wages, which is fame, to the translator as well as to the original writer." (Hillaire Belloc, *On Translation*, 1931)

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"I strongly favor regarding translation, like scholarship, as a cumulative undertaking, and therefore borrowing – or stealing – whenever you see that your own best solution to a problem is clearly inferior to someone else's.... Why shouldn't translation be like scholarship in this respect, that X is a bad scholar if his findings ignore or neglect the valuable earlier ones of scholar Y? My reasons are obvious, I think: translations are legion and prolifeating; most are mediocre, many very poor; but to check them carefully takes much time and some expertise. This being so, it is inhumane, to put it mildly, to bring out a translation which even you, as translator, know is inferior to another in important points. (Of course there are exceptional situations; for example, in rhyming couplets you must often sacrifice something in one line for the sake of its mate and the couplet.) To this shameless confession about borrowing I hasten to add two points: (1) Unless you believe you can markedly improve on all existing translations, and do that without anthologizing (combining everyone else's best parts), I don't think you should translate for publication. There are more honest ways to spend time and seek recognition, including, as Swift might say, teaching, stealing, public service, arson, hijacking, scholarship, and pimping. But how to be sure the improvement you have made is marked? That is often very hard indeed to say. (2) If you accept this notion that translation should be cumulative, you must of course be ready to be pillaged yourself by any new translator who generally likes your work but thinks he can improve on parts of it." (Donald Frame, *Pleasures and Problems of Translation*, 1989)

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"Horace has, perhaps, attracted more English translators than any other Latin poet. Few indeed are his readers (even those of the class-room) who do not feel at some time a voluntary impulse toward making a written version of a favorite ode. Persons of every class and temperament have not only succumbed to this impulse, but have even entrusted to print its results. Among their numerous ranks may be found famous literati so diverse as Sir Philip Sidney and Dean Swift, Ben Jonson and William Cowper; famous statesmen, such as Gladstone and Warren Hastings; men not famous at all. They present an interesting example of the tendency of humankind to fly in the face of principles which it freely accepts and acknowledges. Every one of them, probably, would agree to the dictum of Shelley (himself an offender) concerning 'the vanity of translation' – a dictum which states wisely and beautifully the idea we express blunderingly and on the whole untruthfully when we say that it is impossible to dissociate form and content. Nay, they will go farther, and, if they write prefaces to their translations, will almost inevitably declare that Horace is, owing to certain characteristics, even more untranslatable than most poets. I suppose any translator would admit this fact; indeed, he usually takes it into account in his preface, if he have one, and gives it as his reason for adopting some particular method of procedure. And in the vast majority of cases it leads

him to translate Horace into verse. Conington, for example, frequently said to be on the whole the most successful renderer of Horace, sets down as the first requisite of a translation 'some kind of metrical conformity to [the] original.'" (Mary Rebecca Thayer, *On Translating Horace*, 1918)

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"The hazards of war landed me among the crags of occupied Crete with a band of Cretan guerrillas and a captive German general whom we had waylaid and carried off into the mountains three days before. The German garrison of the island were in hot, but luckily temporarily misdirected, chase. It was a time of anxiety and danger; and for our captive, of hardship and distress. During a lull in the pursuit, we woke up among the rocks just as a brilliant dawn was breaking over the crest of Mount Ida. We had been toiling over it, through snow and then rain, for the last two days. Looking across the valley at this flashing mountain-crest, the general murmured to himself: '*Vides ut alta stet nive candidum Soracte*...' It was one of the ones I knew! I continued from where he had broken off:

> *nec jam sustineant onus*
> *Silvae laborantes, geluque*
> *Flumina constiterint acuto*,

and so on, through the remaining five stanzas to the end. The general's blue eyes had swivelled away from the mountain-top to mine – and when I'd finished, after a long silence, he said: '*Ach so, Herr Major*!' It was very strange. As though, for a long moment, the war had ceased to exist. We had both drunk at the same fountains long before; and things were different between us for the rest of our time together." (Patrick Leigh Fermor, *A Time of Gifts*, 1977)

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"Anyone brought up in the Alps and taking trips among them knows that 'a mountain' is never twice the same – in shape, color, and 'character.' It is 'one thing' by a fiat helped by a name." (Jacques Barzun, *A Stroll with William James*, 1983)

Q. HORATI FLACCI, VIDES UT ALTA, 23 B.C.

Vides ut alta stet nive candidum
Soracte nec iam sustineant onus
silvae laborantes geluque
flumina constiterint acuto?

dissolve frigus ligna super foco
large reponens atque benignius
deprome quadrimum Sabina,
o Thaliarche, merum diota.

permitte divis cetera, qui simul
stravere ventos aequore fervido
deproeliantis, nec cupressi
nec veteres agitantur orni.

quid sit futurum cras, fuge quarere et
quem Fors dierum cumque dabit, lucro
adpone nec dulcis amores
sperne puer neque tu choreas,

donec virenti canities abest
morosa. nunc et campus et areae,
lenesque sub noctem susurri
composita repetantur hora,

nunc et latentis proditor intumo
gratus puellae risus ab angulo
pignusque dereptum lacertis
aut digito male pertinaci.

NOTE: "Thou seest how Soracte rises clear, all white with deep snow, nor can the straining woods bear their burden, and streams are stayed by piercing frost. Dispel the cold: heap plenteous logs on the fire: and with more bounteous hand draw four-year-old wine from the twy-eared Sabine jar, thou master of the feast. Leave all else to the gods: soon as they have stilled the winds that battle with the boiling sea, no cypress shakes nor aged ash. Seek not to know what the morrow shall bring: whatever day chance allots thee, count as gain: nor spurn in youth sweet love, nor spurn the dance, ere crabbed age hath marred thy bloom. Now be thine to haunt the Plain, the public squares: to hear soft whispers at twilight's trysted hour,—to hear the silvery tell-tale laughter from the far corner where lurks thy love, and steal some pledge from her arm or unresisting finger." Translated by Alfred Denis Godley (1898).

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THE TRANSLATIONS

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HENRY RIDER, 1638

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

See'st thou Soracte white with a deepe snow?
How the bow'd trees their weight can't undergoe?
And how the streames bound with sharpe ice, doe stand?
Dissolve the frost, laying with bounteous hand
Wood on the fire, and with a courage bold
Draw, *Thaliarch*, thy wine of foure yeares old,
Out of thy Sabine two-ear'd pot: the rest
Leave to the gods, who when they have supprest
The winds on the rude sea maintaining warre,
Nor Cypres, nor old Ash-trees shaken are.
"Enquire thou not what shall to morrow bee,
"And whatsoere day fortune giveth thee,
"Put it upon thy gaines; nor sweet love-glances
Doe thou abhorre, O boy, nor yet our dances.
While crabbed age forbeares thy youth a space,
Let both the martiall field and wrestling place,
And softly-whispers when the night comes in,
At a fit season be reviv'd agin;
And the maids pleasant laugh that her betraid
Within some private corner closely laid,
Or favour being snatched from her arme
Or finger having done some trifling harme.

JOHN SMITH, 1649

(*The Lyrick Poet*)

Thou seest white Soracts head
With deep snows overspread,
The ore-charg'd woods to bow,
And greatest flouds run slow:
Now shut could out of door
By burning wood good store.
Let *Sabine* wines now swim,
With bowles fild to the brim,
And think it *Thaliarck* best
To th' Gods to leave the rest:
Who soon loud winds appease
Within the ragging Seas,
Nor Cypresse 'gainst the Ash
They 'ile suffer once to dash;
Shun thou to pray or see
What may to morrow be,
What change each day doth send
To profit it commend.
Nor scorne (my boy,) sweet love,
Nor daunces for to move,
Whilst to thy tender years
No froward age appears
Broad Allies, open fields,
By night sweet whispering yields,
And in an hour once set
These things thou maist repeat:
Now in a corner nigh
A maid thou maist espie,
Though hid, yet willing shee
That laughter makes thee see,
And from her a pluckt chaine
Shee'l poorely snatch againe.

MILDMAY FANE, 1623–50

(c. 1600–66; Politician and Writer)

Dos't thou not see how in one night
The fields grow aged, and turn white?
The ofspring of the Forrest now
Putts on a night-capp, and doth bow.
The sharper frost lays an arrest
Upon faire Avons Liquid brest.

Why should we shivring turne with these to ice,
When an increase of fire, with Ale and spice
May thaugh us througly? double then thy pains
Thou blinking Ned; lett Leonard fill our vaines
With the Sunns last-years Nectar, better farre
Than the Diota, or Sabinian starre.

Putt we the rest to God; who makes
A warr at Sea with windes, yet shakes
Neither the Ash, nor Cypress tree;
Leave to Curiosity
What shall the morrow-work be, and
The Guifts of Fortune lett's command.

Nor whilst the rising sapp proclaimes us young,
And free from crooked Ages peivish toung
Lett us refuse to sport, to daunce or sing,
Sheltered under Cupids golden wing:
Now on the Plaines with Hound, or Hawke
Wee'll spend the day; at Even the walk

Shall our retreat be, where we may discover
The whisp'ring repetitions of some Lover?
Or heare the inward pretty giglings, beene
From a wench in a corner, and not seene?
Or see one runn away half madd for joy
Hed gott a Ring from's Mistress, or some toy?

Thus, though both woods and fields seeme olde,
And Avon's frozen up with colde,
Whilst there is fire in Venus court
We shall not want for heat and sport.

SIR EDWARD SHERBURNE, 1651

(1618–1702; Poet and Translator)

Seest thou not, how Soractes Head,
(For all it's Height) stands covered
With a white Perriwigg of Snow?
Whilst the labouring Woods below
Are hardly able to sustain
The Weight of Winters feather'd Rain;
And the arrested Rivers stand
Imprison'd in an Icy Band?
Dispell the Cold; and to the Fire
Add fuell, large as it's Desire;
And from the Sabine Casque let fly
(As free as Liberality)
The Grapes rich blood, kept since the sun
His Annuall Course foure times hath run.
Leave to the Gods the rest, who have
Allay'd the Winds, did fiercely rave
In Battail on the Billowy main,
Where they did blustring tug for Raign.
So that no slender Cypress now,
It's Spirelike Crown does tott'ring, bow:
Nor aged Ashtrees, with the shock
Of Blasts impetuous, doe rock.
Seek not to morrow's Fate to know;
But what day Fortune shall bestow,
Put to a discreet Usurie.
Nor (gentle youth!) so rigid be
With froward scorn to disapprove
The sweeter Blandishments of Love.
Nor mirthfull Revels shun, whilst yet
Hoary Austerity is set
Far from thy greener years; the Field
Or Cirque should now thy Pastime yield:
Now nightly at the Howre select,
And pointed Place, Loves Dialect,
Soft whispers, should repeated be;
And that kind Laughters Treacherie,
By which some Virgin closely layd
In dark Confinement, is betrayd:

And now from some soft Arm, or Wrist,
A silken Braid, or silver Twist,
Or Ring from Finger, should be gain'd,
By that too nicely not retain'd.

SIR RICHARD FANSHAWE, 1652

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

Thou seest the Hills candied with Snow
Which groaning Woods scarce undergo,
    And a stiff Ice those veins
    Congeals which Branch the Plains.
Dissolve the Frost with Logs pil'd up
To th' Mantle-tree; let the great Cup
    Out of a larger Sluice
    Pour the reviving Juice.
Trust *Jove* with other things; when he
The fighting Winds takes up at Sea,
    Nor speared Cypress shakes,
    Nor aged Elm-tree quakes.
Upon to Morrow reckon not,
Then if it comes 'tis clearly got:
    Nor being young despise
    Or Dancings, or Loves Joys.
Till testy Age gray Hairs shall Snow
Upon thy Head, lose Masque, nor Show:
    Soft whispers now delight
    At a set hour by Night:
And Maids that giggle to discover
Where they are hidden to a Lover;
    And Bracelets, or some Toy
    Snatcht from the willing Coy.

BARTEN HOLIDAY, 1653

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

Thou seest *Soracte's* lofty summit show,
All Candyed or with profound drifts of Snow:
    How th' Woods scarce their loads sustain,
        And Ice the fluent streams restrain,
Make larger pil'd-up fires, dissolve the Cold:
And let delicious liquors four years old
    Broached be from *Sabin* Tun,
        And (*Thaliarchus*) freely run.
All other cares be to the Gods assign'd;
Who when th'ave once becalm'd the strugling Wind
    On fierce seas: nor Cypress-tree,
        Nor aged Elm-tree shaken be.
Enquire not what shall be to Morrow's Fate;
And what e'r Fortune shall attend thy date,
    Count it gain: Love's pleasant Joy,
        Nor Dances shun, while thou'rt a Boy:
Til crab'd Old-age thy fresh Complexion stain
With hoar hair. Now let *Mars* his Camp and Plain,
    And 'bout Twilight, whispers soft
        Be at set houres rehearsed oft.
Now tell how Maidens pleasant laughter use
When they're disclosed from some dark Recluse;
    And of Bracelets snarcht from wrists,
        Or Rings from unresisting fists.

THOMAS CREECH, 1684

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

See how the Hills are white with snow,
The Seas are tough, the Woods are tost,
The Trees beneath their Burthen bow,
And purling Streams are bound in Frost.

Dissolve the Cold with noble Wine,
Dear Friend, and make a rouzing Fire;
'Gainst Cold without, and Care within,
Let both with equal force conspire.

With all things else, come, trust the Gods,
Who when they shall a Calm restore,
And still the Storms that toss the Floods,
Old Oaks and Ashes shake no more.

All Cares and Fears are fond and vain,
Fly vexing Thoughts of dark to-morrow;
What Chance scores up, count perfect Gain,
And banish Business, banish Sorrow.

Whilst Thou art Green, and Gay, and Young,
E'er dull Age comes, and Strength decays,
Let Mirth, and Humour, Dance, and Song
Be all the Trouble of thy Days.

The Court, the Mall, the Park, and Stage,
With eager Thoughts of Love pursue;
Gay Evening Whispers fit thy Age,
And be to Assignation true.

Now love to hear the hiding Maid,
Whom Youth hath fir'd, and Beauty charms,
By her own tittering Laugh betray'd,
And forc'd into her Lover's Arms.

Go dally with thy wanton Miss,
And from the Willing seeming Coy
Or force a Ring, or steal a Kiss,
For Age will come, and then farewell to Joy.

JOHN HARIGNTON, 1684

(c. 1627–1700)

View'st how *Soracte* white does wear
Deep Shrouds of snow? and Woods appear
    Through surcharged *Branch* opprest?
    Congealed *Streams* do rest.
Come THALIARCH, banish cold, throw on
Large piles to th' *Sabine* cask anon?
    Four years *Wine* thence freely draw,
    'T will *Winter* help to thaw.
Leave th' rest to *Gods*, who when shall please
To 'hush warring *Winds* and boyling *Seas*,
    Nor the old *Ash*, nor *Cypress* shall
    Be tost disturb'd at all.
To morrow's *Fates* neglect, esteem
Each new day gain'd; nor nicer seem
    Young sweet, pleasing *Loves* t'advance;
    Joyn'd hands in *Virgin*-dance.
Ere testy *Age* befrost thine head,
Now *Manly* fields for *Action* tread:
    Twilights whispering talk (set hour)
    Oft steal: now from close *Bower*.
Dark nook fine tittering *Noise* betrays
Some *Female* Wag, in skulking *Maze*;
    Pledg from Wrist of Finger taken:
    Forc'd though with *ease* forsaken.

JOHN DRYDEN, 1685

(1631–1700; Poet)

Behold yon' Mountains hoary height
    Made higher with new Mounts of Snow;
Again behold the Winters weight
    Oppress the lab'ring Woods below:
And streams with Icy fetters bound,
Benum'd and crampt to solid ground.

With well heap'd Logs dissolve the cold,
    And feed the genial hearth with fires;
Produce the Wine, that makes us bold,
    And sprightly Wit and Love inspires:
For what hereafter shall betide,
God, if 'tis worth his care, provide.

Let him alone with what he made,
    To toss and turn the World below;
At his command the storms invade;
    The winds by his Commission blow
Till with a Nod he bids 'em cease,
And then the Calm returns, and all is peace.

To morrow and her works defie,
    Lay hold upon the present hour,
And snatch the pleasures passing by,
    To put them out of Fortunes pow'r:
Nor love, nor love's delights disdain,
What e're thou get'st to day is gain.

Secure those golden early joyes,
    That Youth unsowr'd with sorrow bears,
E're with'ring time the taste destroyes,
    With sickness and unwieldy years!
For active sports, for pleasing rest,
This is the time to be possest;
The best is but in season best.

The pointed hour of promis'd bliss,
The pleasing whisper in the dark,
The half unwilling willing kiss,
The laugh that guides thee to the mark,
When the kind Nymph wou'd coyness feign,
And hides but to be found again,
These, these are joyes the Gods for Youth ordain.

THOMAS BROWN, 1692

(1662–1704; Translator and Satirist)

Since the Hills all around us do penance in Snow,
And Winters cold blasts have benumm'd us below;
Since the Rivers chain'd up, flow with the same speed
As Prisoners advance towards the Psalm that can't read,
Throw whole Oaks at a time, nay, Groves on the fire,
They shall be our Sobriety's funeral pyre.

Never wast the dull time in impertinent thinking,
But urge & pursue the great business of drinking;
Come pierce your old Hogsheads, ne'r stint us in Sherry,
This this is the season to drink and be merry:
Then reviv'd by our Liquor, and Billets together;
We'll out-roar the loud storms, and defy the cold weather.

Damn your *Gadbury*, *Partridge* & *Salmon* together
What a puling discourse have we here of the weather.
Nay, no more of that busines, but, Friend, as you love us,
Leave it all to the care of the good folks above us.
Your Orchards and Groves will be shatter'd no more,
If, to hush the rough winds, they forbid them to roar.

Send a Bumper about, and cease this debate
Of the tricks of the Court, & designs of the State,
Whether *Brandon*, or *Offly*, or *Booth* go to pot,
Ne'r trouble your Brains, let 'em take their own lot,
Thank the Gods you can safely sit under your Vine,
And enjoy your old friends, and drink off your own Wine.

While your Appetite's strong, and good humor remains,
And active fresh blood does enliven your veins,
Improve the fleet minutes in scenes of delight,
Let your Friend have the day, and your Mistress the night.
In the dark you may try whether *Phyllis* is kind,
The night for Intreaguing was ever design'd.

Tho she runs from your arms, & retires in the shade
Some friendly kind sign will betray the coy Maid;
All trembling you'll find the modest poor sinner,
'Tis a venial trespass in a beginner:
But remember this counsel, when once you have met her,
Get a Ring from the Nymph, or something that's better.

WILLIAM CONGREVE, 1710

(1670–1729; Playwright, Poet, and Politician)

Bless me, 'tis cold! how chill the Air!
How naked does the World appear!
But see (big with the Off-spring of the North)
The teeming Clouds bring forth:
A Show'r of soft and fleecy Rain
Falls, to new-cloath the Earth again.
Behold the Mountain-Tops, around,
As if with Fur of Ermine crown'd;
And lo! how by Degrees
The universal Mantle hides the Trees,
In hoary Flakes, which downward fly,
As if it were the Autumn of the Sky:
Trembling, the Groves sustain the Weight, and bow
Like aged Limbs, which feebly go
Beneath a venerable Head of Snow.

Diffusive Cold does the whole Earth invade,
Like a Disease, through all its Veins 'tis spread,
And each late living Stream is numb'd and dead.
Let's melt the frozen Hours, make warm the Air;
Let chearful Fires Sol's feeble Beams repair;
Fill the large Bowl with sparkling Wine;
Let's drink, 'till our own Faces shine,
'Till we like Suns appear,
To light and warm the Hemisphere.
Wine can dispense to all both Light and Heat,
They are with Wine incorporate:
That pow'rful Juice, with which no Cold dares mix,
Which still is fluid, and no Frost can fix;
Let that but in Abundance flow,
And let it Storm and Thunder, Hail and Snow,
'Tis Heav'n's Concern; and let it be
The Care of Heav'n still, for me:
These Winds, which rend the Oaks and plough the Seas,
Great Jove can, if he please,
With one commanding Nod appease.

Seek not to know to Morrow's Doom;
That is not ours, which is to come.
The present Moment's all our Store:
The next, should Heav'n allow,
Then this will be no more:
So all our Life is but one Instant Now.
Look on each Day you've past
To be a mighty Treasure won:
And lay each Moment out in haste;
We're sure to live too fast,
And cannot live too soon.
Youth does a Thousand Pleasures bring,
Which from decrepid Age will fly;
The Flow'rs that flourish in the Spring,
In Winter's cold Embraces die.

Now Love, that everlasting Boy, invites
To revel while you may, in soft Delights:
Now the kind Nymph yields all her Charms,
Nor yields in vain to youthful Arms.
Slowly she promises at Night to meet,
But eagerly prevents the Hour with swifter Feet.
To gloomy Groves and obscure Shades she flies,
There vails the bright Confession of her Eyes.
Unwillingly she stays,
Would more unwillingly depart,
And in soft Sighs conveys
The Whispers of her Heart.
Still she invites and still denies,
And vows she'll leave you if you're rude;
Then from her Ravisher she flies,
But flies to be pursu'd:
If from his Sight she does her self convey,
With a feign'd Laugh she will her self betray,
And cunningly instruct him in the Way.

WILLIAM OLDISWORTH, 1713

(1680–1734; Writer and Translator)

See how *Soracte's* Mountain scarce sustains
Her hoary Load! what Frosts congeal the Woods,
Bind fast the waving Seas in Icy Chains,
And stop the rapid Current of the Floods!

Now let your Hearth with Piles of Billets glow,
The *Sabine* Casks their mellow Charge diffuse:
Dissolve the crystal Ice, melt down the Snow
With never-ceasing Fires and sparkling Juice.

Leave all the rest to *Jove*, at whose Command
The warring Winds their rough Contentions end,
No more the Waves in curling Ridges stand,
Nor Ash, nor Cypress to the Tempest bend.

Nought Future, no To-morrows Thee employ,
The present Hour is thine, and this improve,
Now in the Youth the Gift of Heaven enjoy,
In Sportive Dance, in Revels, and in Love.

Remove far off Old-age and late Decay;
Now to the Walks and to the Ring repair:
At Night the lucky Moment calls away,
The gentle Whisper, and the yielding Fair.

In vain she flies to hide, but laughing shows
How you may find her out, and hold her fast:
And when you snatch some Favour, clap it close,
Struggles a-while, but – lets it go at last.

HENRY COXWELL, 1718

(*The Odes of Horace*)

Look yonder see *Soracte* clad in Snow,
How cold and comfortless the Mountains show!
The Groves, that with becoming Greens are spread,
Under their Snowy Burthen hang the Head;
And Rivers, that congealing Frosts do bind,
Within an Icy Prison are confin'd.
Then, *Thaliarchus*, draw the Wine that's Old,
And make good Fires to keep out the Cold:
Leave to the Gods the rest; who, when they please,
Can calm the Winds, that ruffle on the Seas,
And then th' unshaken Woods will be at ease.
Ne'er think on what to Morrow shall produce,
But of the present Day and Hour make use,
The Gods to thee another may refuse.
With kind Embrace thy pleasant Mistress greet,
Frequent the Balls where jolly Dancers meet;
Whist Youth does hold, be merry, brisk, and gay,
'Twill all be over when thy Hairs are grey.
Use martial Exercise whilst in thy Pow'r,
And meet at Night to whisper thy Amour;
With sportly Maidens play at hide and seek,
That tell their Hiding-places by a Squeak;
Snatch off their Bracelets, Rings, and Gloves, and then
They know those Trinkets thee engage agen.

JOHN THEOBALD, 1719

(d. 1760; Physician, Poet, and Translator)

How the Woods all Abroad
Groan under the Load
    Of insupportable Mountains of Snow!
While the Murmuring Streams
Of the Musical *Thames*
    Are silenc'd, and can no more flow.

But what's this to me,,
Or, my Dear *Ned*! to Thee?
    Let us throw on whole Cart-loads of Timber.
Thus, my Boy! we'll expell
The Cold that shall Chill,
    And a Midsummer make in December.

But 'tis Wine must impart
Fresh Warmth to our Heart,
    And with Life the numm'd Vitals inspire:
For I pray, how can Wood
Set flowing chill'd Blood?
    No! Blood won't be thaw'd by a Fire.

Therefore Boy! get us Bowls,
As large as our Souls
    With a Hogshead of sparkling *Falernum*.
While Bus'ness and Care
(That frenzical Pair)
    Are banish'd from hence *in æternum*.

Give the Rest to Great Jove,
And Their Godships above,
    To order as they Shall Think fitting.
Let them Calm the Seas,
And rough Tempests appease,
    While we are here unconcern'd Sitting.

'Tis the Part of a Fool
To perplex his weak Scull
    With what may chance happen to Morrow.
Let our whole Design
Be how to decline,
    And cut off Occasions of Sorrow.

Soon enough to be Grave,
When we've spent all we have;
Or old Age puts Mirth out of our Pow'rs.
While we've Cash, and are Young,
Love, a Dance, and a Song,
I'm sure lay best Claim to our Hours.

Who can find in his Heart
To resist *Cupid's* Dart,
When a Whisper from *Chloe's* so sweet!
When we've spent the long Day
O'er a Glass, or in Play,
At Night oh! 'tis Heav'n to meet!

Then be sure the Coy Maid
By a Laugh is betray'd:
But kiss me not, no! for your Life!
For I vow, if you do,
Long hate shall ensue,
And whenever you come, Jars and Strife.

Then heedless we catch
At a Ring or a Watch
Which She by all Means takes amiss:
Tho' the Girl wou'd not rest
Thought we not Her in jest,
For there's none, of 'em all, but will Kiss.

ALLAN RAMSAY, 1720

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

Look up to Pentland's tow'ring top,
Buried beneath great wreaths of snaw,
O'er ilka cleugh, ilk scar, and flap,
As high as ony Roman wa'.

Driving their baws frae whins or tee,
There 's no nae gowfer to be seen,
Nor douffer fowk wysing a-jee
The byast bouls on Tamson's green.

Then fling on coals, and ripe the ribs,
And beek the house baith but and ben,
That mutchkin stoup it hads but dribs,
Then let 's get in the tappit hen.

Good claret best keeps out the cauld,
And drives away the winter soon;
It makes a man baith gash and bauld,
And heaves his saul beyond the moon.

Leave to the gods your ilka care,
If that they think us worth their while,
They can a' rowth of blessings spare,
Which will our fasheous fears beguile.

For what they have a mind to do,
That will they do, should we gang wood;
If they command the storms to blaw,
Then upo' fight the hailstains thud.

But soon as e'er they cry, "Be quiet,"
The blatt'ring winds dare nae mair move,
But cour into their caves, and wait
The high command of supreme Jove.

Let neist day come as it thinks fit,
The present minute's only ours;
On pleasure let's employ our wit,
And laugh at fortune's feckless powers.

Be sure ye dinna quat the grip
Of ilka joy when ye are young,
Before auld age your vitals nip,
And lay ye twafald o'er a rung.

Sweet youth 's a blyth and heartsome time;
Then, lads and lasses, while it's May,
Gae pou the gowan in its prime,
Before it wither and decay.

Watch the fast minutes of delyte,
When Jenny speaks beneath her breath,
And kisses, laying a' the wyte
On you, if the keap ony skaith.

"Haith, ye 're ill-bred," she 'll smiling say,
"Ye 'll worry me, you greedy rook;"
Syne frae your arms she 'll rin away,
And hide hersell in some dark nook.

Her laugh will lead you to the place
Where lies the happiness you want,
And plainly tells you to your face,
Nineteen nay says are haff a grant.

Now to her heaving bosom cling,
And sweetly toolie for a kiss,
Frae her fair finger whop a ring,
As taiken of a future bliss.

These bennisons, I'm very sure,
Are of the gods' indulgent grant;
Then, surly carles, whisht, forbear
To plague us with your whining cant.

JAMES ARBUCKLE, 1720

(c. 1700–42; Irish Poet and Critic)

The Moutain of the *Delphian* God
    You see is wrapt in Sheets of Snow;
The Trees, sustaining scarce their Load,
    Their hoary Heads dejected bow;
And, glew'd with Ice unto the Shore,
The active Streams can roll no more.

With rousing Fires the Cold destroy,
    And set about the flowing Bowl;
Bled e'ery Grape to give us Joy,
    To cherish and exalt the Soul.
Hereafter to the Gods resign;
Be theirs the Care, Enjoyment thine.

To them this Earth, their Foot-ball leave
    To kick and tumble as they please;
From them the Storms Permission have
    To box about the tasty Seas;
Yet, still subjected to their Will,
If they but nod, are hush and still.

To Morrow, and its Cares despise;
    The present Moment is thine own;
Then snatch it quickly ere it flies,
    And score it up as clearly won;
Nor scruple to indulge the Fire
Of youthful Love, and gay Desire.

Old Age will quickly pall the Taste,
    And blunt the Edge of sprightly Joys,
With dozing Sadness fill the Breast,
    And give no Relish but for Toys.
Youth is alone the Time can prove
Delights of Exercise, or Love.

The gentle Talk, the soft Embrace
    In some retir'd, and dusky Shade;
The feigning hidden Maid to trace,
    By her own treach'rous Sneer betray'd;
Be these thy Care, thy Business still;
Such Pleasures Youth alone can feel.

And when with struggling in your Arms,
    The leering little roguish Thing
Is rous'd, and flushing all with Charms,
    Secure her Hand, and snatch her Ring;
Then all her Frowns are but a Blind;
'Tis Pledge enough that she'll be kind.

THOMAS HARE, 1737

("Master of Blandford School")

See, see, the Hills are heap'd with Snow,
The Forests bend beneath their Load,
The Rivers now forget to flow,
And turn'd to Chrystal stands the Flood.

Be gen'rous, Friend, and melt away
The Rigour of the Winter's Cold;
High on the Hearth your Billets lay,
And broach your Wine of four Years old.

Leave all things to the Gods beside,
Disposers of Affairs below,
Who give the Word, and Waves subside,
And furious Tempests cease to blow.

Ne'er, Boy, on dull To-morrow think,
But live To-day, and call it Gain;
And love and dance, as well as drink,
Whilst Youth and blooming Beauty reign.

In the great Field of *Mars* appear,
And thine in publick Walks by Day;
Make Assignations with the Fair,
And pass the Night in am'rous Play.

Soon from the Corner, where she lies,
Her Titt'ring will the Nymph disclose;
Then make her Chain or Ring your Prize,
With coming Coyness she'll oppose.

PHILIP FRANCIS, 1743

(1708–73; Clergyman and Writer)

Behold Soracte's airy height,
    See how it stands a heap of snow;
Behold the winter's hoary weight
    Oppress the labouring woods below;
And by the season's icy hand
Congeal'd, the lazy rivers stand.

Now melt away the winter's cold,
    And larger pile the cheerful fire;
Bring down the vintage four years old,
    Whose mellow'd heat can mirth inspire;
Then to the guardian powers divine
Careless the rest of life resign;

For when the warring winds arise,
    And o'er the fervid ocean sweep,
They speak – and lo! the tempest dies
    On the smooth bosom of the deep;
Unshaken stands the aged grove,
And feels the providence of Jove.

To-morrow with its cares despise,
    And make the present hour your own,
Be swift to catch it as it flies,
    And score it up as clearly won;
Nor let your youth disdain to prove
The joys of dancing and of love.

Now let the grateful evening shade,
    The public walks, the public park,
An assignation sweetly made
    With gentle whispers in the dark:
While age morose thy vigour spares,
Be these thy pleasures, these thy cares.

The laugh that from the corner flies,
    The sportive fair one shall betray;
Then boldly snatch the joyful prize;
    A ring or bracelet tear away,
While she, not too severely coy,
Struggling shall yield the willing toy.

WILLIAM POPPLE, c. 1750

(1700–64; Poet and Playwright)

See how white the Hills with Snow!
Hardly Trees their weight sustain!
Rapid Rivers cease to flow,
Bound by Winter's icy chain!

Break this Cold, with piles of Wood,
Bring the joy-inspiring Flask;
Freely draw the gen'rous flood,
Four years standing in the Cask.

Leave to Heav'n its proper care,
Heav'n can still Winds & Sea;
When it please, no breath of air,
Wags the Ash or Cypress-tree!

All your care – the present now –
Let to morrow come or not –
Ev'ry year the Fates allow –
(Few or many) is your lot.

Dance I revel, sing & love,
Nor from those soft pleasures fly –
While cold-age shall not reprove,
Nor gay-youth its strength deny –

Now to private walks repair,
Am'rous Girls in such delight –
Short-breath'd murm'rings fill the air,
Whisper's sounds to Love invite.

Hid in some dark corner, They
Titt'ring see you search about
And indulging wanton play,
By their laughing are found out.

Strugling now for some light Joy –
Which they mean not to refuse –
Gentle force you now emply –
Force enough – for an excuse.

THOMAS MULSO, 1757

(1721–99; Registrar of Peterborough and Commissioner of Bankrupts)

No more the Jess'min shades our naked Bowers;
No more the Groves, nor Meadows, green appear;
Behold, my Friend, the Tyrant Winter lours;
The shivering God descends in fleecy Showers,
And desolates the Year.
New Hills of Snow upon the Mountains rise,
A hideous Height
Of barren White,
That glares amidst the gloomy Skies!
The lifeless Floods forget to flow,
And stiff with Cold and Horror grow.
Come, let us thaw the freezing Blood,
Pile up the sprightly-blazing Wood;
See that the life-recruiting Board
With hospitable Plenty's stor'd
Of racy Wines, and generous Food.
Preserve a free and chearful Mind,
Trust to the Gods for all behind;
And anxious Fears,
And eating Cares,
O give 'em to the restless Wind!
Winter *will* come, and Storms *will* rage,
And often vex the troubled Sea;
But Heaven their Fury will asswage;
And many a Tempest-beaten Tree
Stands to a quiet healthy Age.
Let us be merry whilst we can;
To-day is all that's given to Man;
And why anticipate To-morrow?
'Twill come too soon, if fraught with Sorrow:
O! rather the dear Hour prolong
With jocund Mirth, and Dance, and Song;
Alas! Youth will not last too long!
Whilst we have vigorous Limbs, the hunted Field,
And Mining Stage, their various Joys will yield;
Insipid Age will come too soon, and damp
The lazy Flame of Life's expiring Lamp.
But Love's the Quintessence of all, my Friend!

Love, like the Western Pine-apple, will blend
All Tastes delicious, Pleasures without End!
Think that the wish'd-for Hour is near,
When we shall meet the willing Fair,
And whisper Love-tales in her glowing Ear:
Think that she hides, yet would not be conceal'd,
By luring Laughs designedly reveal'd:
A thousand Kisses welcome when we meet,
A thousand more to punish the Deceit;
Or in Revenge, in amorous Play,
(Love's mystic Seal,)
The Ring from her dear taper Finger steal;
She struggles hard, but struggles it away.
Her Smiles belye the Anger of her Words,
Which wound like Players with their pointless Swords.

SAMUEL ROGERS, 1764

(1732–90; Clergyman and Rector of Chellington, Bedfordshire)

See, see around HOLT'S hoary brow
Heaps pil'd on heaps of shining snow!
O'ercharg'd with its enormous load,
The lab'ring forest seems to nod;
And staunch'd by winter's magic breath,
Streams feel a temporary death.

Then load the hearth with lib'ral hand,
And bid the cold at distance stand;
While from the mellow flask, my friend,
Large bumpers of old wine descend.

Wisely all other thoughts forbear;
Indulgent JOVE makes them his care;
Indulgent JOVE, who bids to sleep
The boist'rous storms that vex the deep.
He nods, and not a single breeze
Is heard to whisper thro' the trees.

To fortune's wild caprice resign'd,
With MORROW'S cares ne'er charge the mind;
But wisely make TO-DAY your own,
And as neat profit put it down.

While youth permit it, gaily prove
The pleasing mysteries of love:
Blest with a blooming fair, advance
Thro' all the mazes of the dance.
Full soon, alas! will pevish age
The curtain drop, and clear the stage.

Now is the season of resort
To parks and malls for am'rous sport:
Now favour'd by the dusk of night,
To form new scenes of gay delight;
And in soft wispers there impart
The tender story of the heart.

And now the laugh betrays the maid
Half hid in some convenient shade;
Where, in the wanton strife of love,
The youth attempts or ring or glove;
Which, tho' pretending to deny
In compliment to modesty,
She wishes his; and hopes the boy
Will not regard her being coy.

CHRISTOPHER SMART, 1767

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

See high Soracte, white with snow,
Still more and more a mountain grow,
Nor can the lab'ring woods their weight sustain,
And motionless with frost the sharpen'd streams remain.
Dissolve the cold, a rousing fire
Upon the social hearth aspire,
And four years old with bountiful design
Bring in the Sabine jar the long-expected wine.
Leave to th' immortal Gods the rest,
For when they shall have once supprest
The winds, that on the boiling surge contend,
Nor cypress shakes a leaf, nor yon old ash-trees bend.
Enquire not of to-morrow's fate,
And whatsoever chance await,
Turn to account, nor fly from sweet amours,
Nor let the dance be shunn'd by such address as yours.
While yet your vig'rous years are green,
Nor peevish age brings on the spleen,
By turns the field, the tenis-court repeat,
And whispers soft at night for assignations meet.
Now glad to hear the damsel raise
The laugh, that her retreat betrays,
Steal from her arm the pledge for theft dispos'd,
Or from her finger force, with sham-resistance clos'd.

WILLIAM GREEN, 1777

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

See where Soracte, deep in snow,
Erects his hoary lofty brow,
The labouring forests scarce sustain
    The silver load, the floods below
        Forbid to flow,
    Fast bound in icy chain.

Dissolve the cold, and piling high,
O Thaliarch, thy wood log dry,
Thy ample bowl, of richest juice
    Falerny, rising four produce;
    Warm well thy breast, and leave the rest
        To providence's care,
To quell at will the fervid seas,
Bid battling Aquilonians cease,
    The placid deep, and forests sleep,
        And thaw the freezing air.

Think not of sorrow, or to-morrow,
Whatever more the gods bestow
As so much honest gain allow;
    Nor scorn the dance and choral lays,
    In flow'ry youth, e'er surly grow
    All-marring age with wither'd brow,
        The evening breeze, the waving trees,
    The assignation in the park,
    The breathing whisper in the dark,
        The happy minute seize.

When corner'd close, the latent maid
Is by her titt'ring laugh betray'd;
    And snatch the bracelet of the coy,
        In wily disport bold,
    Reluctant press'd to yield the toy
        She never meant to hold.

JOHN GRAY, 1778

(*Translations of Some Odes of Horace*)

See there how the Lomonds, thick cover'd with snow
Stand like fleecy clouds on the valley below,
How Melvel and Rankeilor woods bend down,
And, with the snow o'erloaded, groan!

How Eden's meanders cold shivering look,
Incrusted all over, immovable rock!
Come in, come in! Such prospects quickly tire;
More coals; make a resplendent fire!

A brace of old claret and rum quickly here!
A bowl of punch royal our spirits will chear;
We'll with a thorough thaw within be bless'd,
And leave to Providence the rest.

Whenever it pleases th' ALMIGHTY to lay
The boisterous tempests that ravage the sea,
No longer forests agitated quake,
Nor lofty pines and alders shake.

What may be to-morrow's events never mind
Think every day's chance for advantage design'd:
Nor you, Sir, in your youthful prime despise
Th' inchanting ball and ladies' eyes.

While peevish old age not approaching you see,
And both town and country invite you to glee,
And th' assignation whisper'd soft, "At night,"
Th' inviting minutes of delight,

Precisely attend. In a corner there, hark!
A tittering laugh her betrays in the dark:
Quick snatch the sweet reluctant yielded kiss,
And some kind token of your bliss.

JOHN PARKE, 1779

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

Behold, opprest with heaps of snow,
Soracte shews his tow'ring height;
The lab'ring trees, rang'd far below,
Can scarce sustain their shining weight:
The streams in icy chains are bound,
And toss'd with raging forms, the seas resound.

Dispel the cold with chearful fire,
And tap, my friend the farthest cask;
The drooping soul with wine inspire,
And drown all sorrows in a flask.
No more at cares of life repine,
But leave events to fate and pow'r divine.

The cypress on the mountain brow,
The winds that o'er the ocean sweep,
The bellowing tempests cease to blow,
And peaceful rests the surging deep:
Quiet remains the silent grove,
And all confess the providence of Jove.

Tomorrow's coming cares disdain,
And freely use the present hour!
The Joys we've known are certain gain,
We'll taste the pleasures in our power:
Let drink and dance, and mirth consume
Our days, while health invites and youth's in bloom.

From park to play, we joys pursue,
And bless the evening's happy shade;
To love and assignation true,
With vig'rous youth we press the maid:
Uncheck'd by impotence or age,
In soft intrigues and gallantries engage.

The sportive lass, pretending shame,
Within the Covert veils her face;
A titt'ring laugh, reveals her flame,
And courts you to the secret place;
Fly to her arms, an haven of bliss,
Steal from the half-coy maid a ring, or snatch a kiss.

JOHN STAGG, 1790

(1770–1823; Poet)

Thither, O *Thaliarchus*, turn your eyes,
And view at once with wonder and surprize!
Look yonder, where the drifts of rigid snow
Lie scatter'd thick on bleak *Soracte's* brow!
Or see you not those trees which downward bend,
With the white flakes that on their boughs depend?
The rapid running rivers now are staid,
Arrested by the frost, asleep they're laid. –
May the northern evils far retire,
Recruit with faggots the consuming fire,
Pour forth the produce of the gen'rous vine,
And make the sabine cask it's store resign;
Leave all the rest to the celestial pow'rs,
Who rule, just as they will, this world of ours;
Who now like mountains toss the foaming seas,
And the next moment all is hush'd in peace. –
Let not the future time thy peace annoy,
But what to-day affords, content enjoy,
Nor with a shy simplicity evade,
A sweet amour, or pleasing masquerade,
Until moross old age thy strength envade.
Now should the field and place of public shew,
And dark intrigues where midnight lovers go,
Where sighs unnumber'd mix with common air,
Be all attended with exactest care;
And now the youth detects the hiding maid,
By her own titt'ring laughter soon betray'd;
And now the jocund nymph the pledge resigns,
Which from her yielding arms her lover twines.

WILLIAM BOSCAWEN, 1793

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

Lo, on Soracte's dreary height
The snow with silver mantle gleams;
The forests bend beneath its weight,
And frost binds up the rapid streams.

With high pil'd wood profusely stow
Your hearth, and melt stern winter's rage
Let sabine casks benignly flow
With juice that owns the power of age.

Trust to the Gods the rest, whose care
Can bid fierce nature's conflict cease;
When the rude winds the forest tear,
Can hush the elements to peace.

Seek not to know the bliss or pain
That from to-morrow takes its birth;
But count each day a present gain;
Enjoy sweet love and festal mirth.

Ere hoary age your temper sour,
Now let the martial plain delight;
Let love's appointments claim their hour,
And with soft whispers charm the night.

Then, whilst in darkness lurks the fair,
Soon by her tittering laugh betray'd,
Do thou the shining bracelet bear,
Won from the struggling, willing maid.

J. C. WELLS, 1796

(*The Gentleman's Magazine*)

Soon will trees, dear Friend, around
With isicles bow low,
The frozen earth, like iron bound,
Forbid the streams to flow.

Fill then the glass, stir up the fire,
And chase the cold away;
Let wit and chearful mirth conspire
To cheat the tedious day.

The rest to Providente submit;
Nor ask if France or Spain
Will treat with Malmesbury or Pitt
(Enquiries made in vain).

Brave Gardaer's ships, as tempests roar,
In port new shelter find;
And now regain the Gallic shore,
As Neptune proves more kind.

'Tis Heav'n alone can look into
Futurity's dark night;
'Tis not my Friend, for me or you
To dare the curious light.

Let others venture, if they will;
And future lots divine;
So you have Wealth and Beauty still,
So calm Content is mine.

JAMES ELLIOT, 1798

(1775–1839; American Politician)

Behold *Soracte's*, distant height
Clad with resplendent robes of snow;
Behold the winter's frosty weight
Frown o'er the nodding groves below!

Each liquid stream, by frost congeal'd,
Extends an icy plain afar:
The zephyrs now to Boreas yield,
And nature groans in wintry war.

Increase the fire, disperse the cold;
And from the jar, my dearest boy,
Pour generous wine of four years old,
To gladden every heart with joy.

Let angry Gods on tempests ride
In conflict with the fervid seas;
Or bid the furious storm subside,
And still the tumult of the trees.

Unanxious for tomorrow's doom,
Count all your present joys for gain;
And while your youth preserves its bloom,
Nor dances, love, or wine, disdain.

Oft let the martial field invite,
And oft the public walks survey;
And punctually attend at night
The assignations of the day:

The secret laugh, delightful charm,
Will oft betray the skulking dame;
Then snatch the token from her arm,
Which, with a kiss, she'll soon reclaim.

ANNA SEWARD, 1799

(1747–1809; Poet)

In dazzling whiteness, lo! Soracte towers,
As all the mountain were one heap of snow!
Rush from the loaded woods the glittering showers;
The frost-bound waters can no longer flow.

Let plenteous billets, on the glowing hearth,
Dissolve the ice-dart ere it reach thy veins;
Bring mellow wines to prompt convivial mirth,
Nor heed th' arrested streams, or slippery plains.

High Heaven, resistless in his varied sway,
Speaks! – The wild elements contend no more;
Nor then, from raging seas, the foamy spray
Climbs the dark rocks, or curls upon the shore.

And peaceful then yon aged ash shall stand;
In breathless calm the dusky cypress rise;
To-morrow's destiny the Gods command,
To-day is thine; – enjoy it, and be wise!

Youth's radiant tide too swiftly rolls away;
Now, in its flow, let pleasures round thee bloom;
Join the gay dance, awake the melting lay,
Ere hoary tresses blossom for the tomb!

Spears, and the Stred, in busy camps impel;
And, when the early darkness veils the groves,
Amid the leafless boughs let whispers steal,
While frolic Beauty seeks the near alcoves.

Soft as thy tip-toe steps the mazes rove,
A laugh, half-mother'd, thy pleas'd ear shall meet,
And, sportive in the charming wiles of love,
Betray the artifice of coy retreat;

And then the ring, or, from her snowy arm,
The promis'd bracelet may thy force employ;
Her feign'd reluctance, height'ning every charm,
Shall add new value to the ravish'd toy.

ANONYMOUS, 1799

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

See, Thaliarchus! cloth'd in snow,
Soracte rises white in air;
Keen frost forbids the stream to flow,
And scarce the woods their plumy burden bear.

Haste! cheer the piercing season's cold,
Pile high with wood the blazing hearth;
Let gen'rous wine, four summers old,
Flame from the cask, and crown the board with mirth.

To heav'n permit the rest: whose will,
When wild winds war with wintry seas,
Can lull them to a calm – so still,
That not a murmur waves the trembling trees.

Inquire not of to morrow's doom:
To-day account a certain gain:
While time yet spares thy youthful bloom,
Nor scorn sweet love, nor shun the choral train.

By day let martial fields delight,
Where youth th' athletic contest prove;
And, through the silent hours of night,
Soft whisper'd sounds, and sighs of murm'ring love.

The laugh, that, bursting from the shade,
Betrays the fair-one's secret stand,
The love-pledge from her arm convey'd,
Or snatch'd, half-yielded, from her struggling hand.

JOHN NOTT, 1803

(1751–1825; Physician and Classical Scholar)

Behold where stands Soracte's height,
With rising heaps of snow grown white!
Behold the lab'ring woods;
Whose lofty branches can of late
Hardly sustain their icy weight!
And sharp frost binds the floods.

Then largely bring thy faggots forth,
High pile them on the blazing hearth,
The winter's cold to thaw;
And from thy Sabine two-ear'd jars
The wine four summers which declares,
Kind Thaliarchus, draw!

Be other cares to heav'n consign'd,
Heav'n that can still the warring wind
Scourging the foamy sea!
Then not the aged wild ash moves
Its boughs, nor do the cypress groves
A trembling leaf display.

What hap shall from to-morrow spring
Ask not: the days which fate may bring
As so much profit prize:
Thy minutes scorn not, happy boy,
In dance and sweet love to employ,
While stern hoar-age youth flies.

Now to the Martial Field oft bend
Thy steps, now public walks attend;
Of, at th' approach of night,
Freely indulge the whispers soft
When love appoints the hour, and oft
Repeat such dear delight.

Now let the nymph's sweet laugh reveal
What secret corner may conceal
The frolic fugitive;
Some love-pledge from her arm convey,
Or from her finger snatch away,
Struggling for what 't will give.

CHARLES ABRAHAM ELTON, 1804

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

Seest thou uprear'd with heights of wintry snow
Yon mountain whitening o'er the plains below?
    That burthen'd droop the lab'ring woods
    And rigid ice congeals the floods? –
O Friend! dissolve th' immitigable sky;
Pile the glad hearth and rouze the flame on high;
    And let a more benignant bowl
    Dilate to mirth the mellowing soul.
Submit the rest to Heav'n: whose awful sway
The waves enchas'd and warring winds obey:
    And groves that rock'd beneath the blast
    No more their hoary honours cast.
Let no to-morrow's doubtful cares employ,
But score as gain each moment giv'n to joy;
    Nor from the dance in youth refrain,
    Nor thou the sweets of love disdain,
While sullen age thy bloom of manhood spare
Now to the mall and to the ring repair:
    And now at promis'd midnight sweet,
    The love-stol'n whisper soft repeat:
Nor less the traitor laugh delight thine ear
That welcome speaks the lurking fair-one near:
    Whose pleas'd perverseness faint denies
    The facile yet reluctant prize.

EDWARD COXE, 1805

(*Miscellaneous Poetry*)

Hark! how the Northern whirlwinds blow!
And see! what drifted heaps of snow
On Snowdon rise in awful state!
The forests bend beneath their weight;
And hoary frost, with icy chains,
Old Conway's flowing pride restrains.
Raise, then, my friend, the genial fire,
And heap the blazing billets higher;
With plenty let thy board be crown'd
And briskly pass thy claret round,
And let the pipe and tabor sound:
So shall, well-pleas'd, each sex adore thee,
And winter melt away before thee!

Thus blest in what kind fate has given,
Rejoice – and leave the rest to heaven;
Who bids the tempests cease to roar,
And lo! the wild woods wave no more.

Nor strive with vain prophetic sorrow,
To trace the secrets of to-morrow;
But driving restless thought away,
Be thankful thou hast liv'd to-day:
For care morose, and anxious fears,
Suit only the cold frost of years;
And while youth's swelling passions move
Thy bosom, give a loose to love.

Haste then to town, where he invites
His votaries to *new* delights;
And the kind masquerade prepares,
Propitious to their am'rous prayers;
Thither to meet thy mistress go,
Unnoticed in a domino;
With her th' appointed hour agree,
And softly whisper, when you see
The fav'rite mask, "Do you know me?"

Or if a secret wish prevails
To toy the winter months in Wales;
As you for romping may prefer
The daughters of Cadwallader;
With Christmas gambols pray remember,
To cheer the gloom that clouds December.
Then while at blind-man's buff you're playing,
And in the dark at random straying;
When CELIA'S well-known laugh reveals
The corner that the nymph conceals;
From the fond bosom of the fair
Snatch the bright cross that glitters there;
(While faintly calling for assistance,
She feigns, and only feigns, resistance;)
Or slyly from her arm remove
Her bracelet, as a pledge of love.

ANTHONY HARRISON, 1806

(1773–1827; Attorney in Penrith)

See proud HELVELLYN'S stormy brow
Is cloth'd with chilling snow;
Dishonour'd hangs the leafless bough,
The rills forget to flow!
Dispel, my friend, the cheerless cold,
With faggots trim the fire!
Now quaff your ale both stout and old!
Around let merry tales be told!
To wake the soul to Joy, and kindle gay Desire.

Tho' angry storms obscure the skies,
And swell the foaming main,
Stern Winter's scowling blast despise
Till Spring returns again!
Regardless whether weal or woe
To-morrow's dawn await,
This hour, convivial joyance know!
Let from the cup libations flow;
Nor heed the future frowns of unrelenting Fate!

O, seize the blissful hour of Love,
Whilst active Youth remains, –
While from the heart gay currents move,
And revel thro' the veins.
Ere Age his snowy flakes has shed
Around your youthful brows,
By you be festive dances led,
By you the social board be spread,
Nor Nature's present joys fastidiously refuse!

Now Night her sable curtain draws,
And now the blooming maid
Will fearless all her love disclose,
Beneath its secret shade;
The covert, where conceal'd she lies,
Her titt'ring laugh reveals,
And there you snatch the balmy prize,
Her half averted lip denies,
When Night's propitious veil the am'rous theft conceals.

VALERIUS, 1806

(*The Port Folio*)

Ah! see my friend, how white with falling snow
The "cloud-capt mountain" tow'rs above the plain;
See where the lazy stream has ceas'd to flow,
Fast bound in frozen Winter's icy chain.

Oppress'd with weight the bending forests groan;
In rattling volleys pours the driving hail;
And thro' the leafless grove, with sullen moan,
On eddying pinions sweeps the furious gale.

Now while the raging storm obscures the sky,
And nature mourns her blooming honors waste;
While swift the tim'rous herds for shelter fly,
And happy peasants to the hamlet haste;

In joyous mirth the circling hours we'll pass;
Nor rail at fortune, nor at fate repine;
With rich Falernian fill the sparkling glass,
And chaunt to Bacchus as we quaff the wine.

In ruddy flames while heaps of fuel blaze,
Let not keen winter freeze the mantling blood;
But wake the slumbering lyre to beauty's praise,
And take with grateful heart the offer'd good.

What tho' the tempest sweeps the swelling deep,
And fearful sailors shrink with chilling dread:
Soon shall the stormy winds be hush'd in sleep,
And not a willow wave its verdant head.

Let not to-morrow's cares your mind annoy,
Nor fancied ills disturb your anxious breast;
So shall you gladly taste the present joy,
Nor sour misfortune e'er your peace molest.

Now, while you yet enjoy youth's golden prime,
Weave the gay dance – swell high the festive song;
For nought can stay the fleeting foot of time,
Nor human care our measur'd date prolong.

When evening's friendly gloom enwraps the sky,
Haste with impatient steps the Fair to meet;
And while love dances in her beaming eye,
In amorous whispers all your vows repeat.

Fear not to pass the hours in sportive play;
Mid troops of damsels innocently gay.
From the sly corner, where she lies conceal'd,
Draw forth the titt'ring maid, by her own laugh reveal'd.

Then snatch the bracelet from her yielding army
While she, her joy dissembling, feigns alarm:
Or from her tap'ring finger, feebly closed,
Wrest thou the glitt'ring ring, "for theft dispos'd."

CARL THEODOR, BARON D'UKLANSKI, 1806

(1771–1816; Prussian Official and Travel Writer)

See Soracte's lofty brow,
    How it glitters in the clouds;
See how silver-beaming snow
    All its forests whelming shrouds;
See how e'en the vocal rill,
By the frost congeal'd, stands still:

Now, the piercing cold to tame,
    Thaliarchus, let the fire,
Pil'd with fagots, cheerful flame;
    And, the genius to inspire,
Sparkling wine of generous glow,
Large from Sabine goblets flow.

To the gods the rest resign;
    For when, darting from the skies,
Roaring tempests lash the brine,
    See, they nod – the tumult dies;
And, secure from storm and flash,
Tow'rs the cypress, smiles the ash.

All to-morrow's care forego,
    Only catch the sweets of life;
Every day the Fates allow,
    Taste, belov'd, love's blissful strife:
Stray through walks, wrest sport and dance,
Ere old age morose advance.

And when from a fragrant bow'r,
    In the moon-enlighten'd shade,
At a fair appointed hour
    Titters sweet the gentle maid,
O then snatch, however coy,
From her arm the golden toy.

ANONYMOUS, 1806

(*The Emerald*)

I see the lofty mountain now,
All white with heaps of frozen rain,
And oaks of many an age below
Their pond'rous load can scarce sustain.

The streamlet, which, in murmurs mild,
Meander'd thro' the mead before,
By winter's iron finger chill'd,
In murmurs now is heard no more.

To drive away the brumal air,
And warm my soul with thoughts divine,
The gladd'ning blaze aloft I rear,
And quaff in cups of racy wine.

But trust me Flaccus, all is vain
To drive from out her caverns rude,
Grim melancholy, grief, and pain,
Sad imps of green-ey'd solitude.

Let him, consum'd by inward rage,
Or whom false love has taught to pine,
His rage forget, his love assuage,
By all the mystic powers of wine.

Unanswer'd love and rage within,
I know ye not, vile sadd'ning brood,
But pangs beyond the power of wine
I know, the pangs of solitude.

The friend alone of kindred mould,
(Vain is the sparkling racy flood,)
Can drive away that inward cold,
The chill of wintry solitude.

ROBERT BRADSTREET, 1810

(1766–1836; Poet)

See the mountain Soracte! how dazzling bright!
How deep is he cover'd with snow!
See his labouring woods their vast burden of white
Scarcely bear: while the floods that in motion delight,
Stand in sharp icy fetters below.

On the fair blazing hearth now the fresh billet fling,
High pil'd, til it melt all the cold:
And in two handled faggon more bounteously bring,
Thaliarchus! the liquor that makes the heart sing:
From the Sabine cask four witters old.

Leave the rest, my good friend, to the gods gracious will;
For as soon as their mandates assuage
The wild warring winds of the deep, they are still:
The cypress, and old mountain-ash on the hill,
Rock no more with the element's rage.

Then cease to inquire what to morrow may prove:
But each added day offer'd by chance,
To thy profit still turn; (nor life's blessings above)
Disdain in thy youth the sweet pleasures of love,
Nor to join in the gay festive dance.

Now, ere peevish old age turn thy dark tresses white,
By day let the field, and the square,
To each pastime and exercise manly invite;
And ever, with love's gentle whisper, at night,
To the dear assignation repair.

Let the Virgin's sweet titter, with grateful alarms,
From the corner her ambush disclose;
Now with rapture invade her soft-struggling charms
Nor tear the fond token of love from her arms,
Or her fingers that feebly oppose.

EDWARD LYSAGHT, 1811

(1763–1809; Irish Barrister, Songwriter and Wit)

See, Howth's towering summit is mantled with snow,
The boughs of the wild ash are bent with its flakes;
The frost-fettered rivers no longer can flow;
The skating boys glide o'er the smooth solid lakes.

Around the glad fire let us cheerfully sit,
With many a *magnum* of mellow old wine,
Bright, generous and rosy, and sparkling like wit,
Persuading to hope, and forbidding to pine.

The hour that is present enjoy ere it glides;
Dejection's a folly – self-torment a crime:
Ah seek not the woes that futurity hides,
Nor the sorrows that brood in the womb of old time.

That Power which rules o'er the wind and the wave,
Who masters the motions of worlds at his will,
Dooms man to a throne, to a cottage, or grave,
Dispensing our portions of good or of ill.

How flutter the pinions of human delight!
Each day it endures is a favor sublime,
And care on his dull sluggish wings must take flight,
Th' intruder's allowed but a limited time.

Then bask in the sunshine that brightens the earth,
Ere the light shall our vital existence forsake,
Enliven the dance with the vot'ries of mirth,
And join the blithe chorus sweet music shall wake.

By tender endearment you'll win from the fair,
In a delicate struggle, some elegant toy,
Or token more precious, a lock of her hair,
The pledge and the sanction of truth and of joy.

Divine is the source of the pleasure which flows
From faithful impassioned unvarying love,
It's a rapturous happiness Heaven bestows
As a foretaste of bliss in the regions above.

JOHN STRANG, 1812

(*The Cruise: With Other Poems*)

Behold Soracte's tow'ring head
Buried beneath the drifting snow!
That o'er its bending forests spread,
Forbids its ice bound streams to flow.

Then bring more wood, and rouse the fire,
And fill once more the sabine bowl,
That sees each carking care expire,
And cheers to smiles the anxious soul!

Leave to the gods each future care!
For they command whate'er they please,
The storm that lays the forest bare,
Or breeze, that scarcely stirs the trees!

Ne'er let the fear of coming woe
With anxious doubt your thoughts engage;
For soon the charms of youth will go,
And sink amidst the gloom of age.

While youthful joys and sports invite,
O catch the moments as they roll!
Or, shelter'd by the shade of night,
Breathe in love's ear th' impassioned soul.

A titt'ring laugh your steps will bring,
Where ill conceal'd the fair one lyes;
There, struggling coyly, seize her ring,
While she with blushes yields the prize!

JAMES SMITH AND HORATIO SMITH, 1813

(JS 1775–1839, HS 1779–1849)

See Richmond is clad in a mantle of snow;
The woods that o'ershadow'd the hill,
Now bend with their load, while the river below,
In musical murmurs forgetting to flow,
Stands mournfully frozen and still.

Who cares for the winter! my sun-beams shall shine
Serene from a register stove;
With two or three jolly companions to dine,
And two or three bottles of generous wine,
The rest I relinquish to Jove.

The oak bows its head in the hurricane's swell,
Condemn'd in its glory to fall:
The marigold dies unperceiv'd in the dell,
Unable alike to retard or impel,
The crisis assign'd to us all.

Then banish to-morrow, its hopes and its fears;
To-day is the prize we have won:
Ere surly old age in its wrinkles appears,
With laughter and love, in your juvenile years
Make sure of the days as they run.

The park and the playhouse my presence shall greet,
The opera yield its delight;
Catalani may charm me, but ten times more sweet,
The musical voice of Laurette when we meet
In tête-à-tête concert at night.

False looks of denial in vain would she fling,
In vain to some corner be gone;
And if in our kisses I snatch off her ring,
It is, to my fancy, a much better thing
Than a kiss after putting one on!

M. A. CLERICUS, 1813

(*The Gentleman's Magazine*)

See, see, the woods are clad with snow,
The lagging streams have ceas'd to flow:
Then come, my jolly host,
Ring for some coals, for in these days
I love to see a cheerful blaze
To calm the ungenial frost.

And Hal, since now once more, my friend,
We're met, a jovial hour to spend,
From out your richest hoard,
Let's have some generous Port (which there
In sawdust's moulder'd many a year)
To grace your social board,

With such delight-inspiring cheer,
We'll to the winds each trivial care,
Each boding sorrow throw
And whilst to-night we joyous sing,
On what the morrow's dawn may bring
We'll not a thought bestow.

For now's the time, ere youth is fled,
To join the dance with airy tread,
And hail fair Pleasure's birth
Ere fretful age, with tottering knee
Frowns on these scenes of revelry,
These transient hours of mirth,

New too, our ardent youth conspires
To fan the flame of soft desires,
Rais'd by the dart of Love;
To snatch the short extatic bliss
Found in the ardent stolen kiss
A gentle frown reproves.

WILLIAM COWPER, 1815

(1731–1800; Poet)

See'st thou yon mountain laden with deep snow,
The groves beneath their fleecy burthen bow,
    The streams congeal'd forget to flow;
Come, thaw the cold, and lay a cheerful pile
    Of fuel on the hearth;
Broach the best cask, and make old Winter smile
    With seasonable mirth.
This be our part – let heaven dispose the rest;
    If Jove command, the winds shall sleep,
    That now wage war upon the foamy deep,
And gentle gales spring from the balmy west.
    E'en let us shift to-morrow as we may,
    When to-morrow's past away,
    We at least shall have to say,
    We have liv'd another day;
Your auburn locks will soon be silver'd o'er,
Old age is at our heels, and youth returns no more.

L. W., 1817

(*The Jewish Expositor and Friend of Israel*)

See, how the deep and driven snow
Compels the Courland pines to bow,
With more than Alpine weight;
And Winder's bridge that *floats no more*,
With icy chain on either shore,
Sustains our passing freight.

We stem the cold with Russian fur,
And soon the German stove we'll stir,
For see the Post-house near;
Some Thaliarchus' choicest wine,
The vintage of the rapid Rhine,
Our fainting hearts shall cheer.

To Providence the future leave,
Nor at the present trouble grieve,
Though bleak the wintry blast;
For soon shall every tempest cease,
The Saviour speak eternal peace,
And endless summer last.

Seek not the morrow's lot to know,
The good the fleeting hours bestow
Let not mistrust alloy;
The mercy that each moment brings,
On Love's unwearied rapid wings,
Skould fill our hearts with joy.

While now the sweet impressions last,
Nor yet our day of grace be past,
Let morning incense rise;
Let duty occupy the day,
And meet each Sun's declining ray
With evening Sacrifice.

Who fears an evil deed to do
The secret of the Lord shall know,
Nor fear his chast'ning rod;
Receive the pledge of sov'reign grace,
In every Providence shall trace
THE FINGER OF HIS GOD.

ANONYMOUS, 1817

(*The North-American Review*)

The hills are white with new fall'n snow,
Beneath its weight the forests bow;
The ice-clad streams can scarcely flow,
Constrained by hoary winter.
Haste, to the cheerful parlour fly,
And heap the generous fuel high,
And then – whenever thou art dry,
Why, broach the bright decanter.

To Providence resign the rein,
Nor vex with idle care thy brain,
To know if thou shalt go to Maine,
Ohio, or Kentucky.
Nor give to moping dread thy mind; –
The man to gloomy dreams inclin'd,
The ills he fears will always find,
And always be unlucky.

Submit, if troubles cross thy way –
Smooth up thy brow – enjoy the day –
For age steals on without delay –
Repress thy wish for roving.
The man who thinks – (whate'er his case)
To cure life's-ills by changing place,
Will find it but a "*wild goose chase*,"
And ever be removing.

Fortune may frown and friends desert,
Domestick sorrows wring the heart –
Yet surely 'tis the wisest part
To yield without repining.
Enjoy the good, kind heav'n bestows –
Leave sullen discontent to those,
Who fear a *thorn* in every rose,
To God thy all resigning.

FRANCIS DUKINFIELD ASTLEY, 1819

(1781–1825; Poet)

Seest thou Soracte white with snow?
The ice-bound streams no longer low,
    The labouring woods resound.
Let high-piled faggots drive the cold,
And Sabine wine, four winters old,
    More cheerfully abound.

O, Thaliarchus, leave the rest
To mighty Jove's unerring breast –
    He bids the storm to cease:
No longer then, in angry mood,
The winds shall battle with the flood,
    And groves shall rest in peace.

Seek not to know to-morrow's fate;
The present day, with heart elate,
    Consider as a gain –
Nor Dance, nor jocund Loves despise,
Till peevish, snowy locks arise,
    And age begins his reign.

Now camps and theatres delight,
And gentle whispers to the night
    The hours appointed bring;
Now from the finger of the fair,
Who flies, but laughs, and tells you where,
    Is snatch'd the willing ring.

ANONYMOUS, 1819

(*The Gentleman's Magazine*)

Seest thou, Taliarchus, the waving brow
Of huge Soracte, stiff with circling snow,
The woods that groaning bend 'neath winter's force,
And the sharp ice that stays the streamlet's course?
Then, let thy hearth its cheering warmth expand,
And heap the hoarded log with lib'ral hand,
In Sabine cup bring forth th' enliv'ning wine,
Which four revolving years has caus'd to shine;
And since the gods have lull'd the whirl-wind's roar,
That urg'd the foaming wave against the shore,
And given the aged elm and cypress rest,
Submit all else to them – with this be blest;
Think every day a gift the gods bestow,
What the dark future hides, seek not to know;
And chiefly while old age delays to spread
His silv'ry honours o'er thy youthful head,
Court the inspiring Muse's sacred fire,
And thread the mazes to the warbling lyre.
Display in martial sports thy active power,
And breathe soft whispers at eve's chosen hour.

FRANCIS WRANGHAM, 1821

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

See'st thou, my friend, how white with snow
Towers in mid air Soracte's brow;
How with their load the forests bend,
And frost the torrent's force has chain'd!
The season's chilling cold to chase,
Bid on thy hearth huge fagots blaze;
And from the twin-ear'd pitcher pour
Thy inmost bin's time-mellow'd store.
Leave to the Gods all cares beside:
Soon as their voice has quell'd the pride
Of storms wild-howling o'er the sea,
Stirs not a breath the aspen-tree.
To trace to morrow's doom forego,
And count as gain each granted Now:
Nor thou the joys of Love's young morn,
Or dance of sprightly damsels scorn,
While still with gray unstain'd thine hair –
Now to the public mall repair,
Assiduous; in th' appointed bower
Now breathe thy tale at eve's soft hour.
Dear now the titter arch, which tells
What nook the ambush'd maid conceals;
Sweet from the struggling yielding fair
The ring, or bracelet-pledge, to tear.

MORGAN ODOHERTY, 1821

(*Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*)

Look out, and see old Arthur's Seat,
Dress'd in a perriwig of snow,
Cold sweeps the blast down Niddry Street,
And through the Netherbow.

Sharp frost, begone! haste send the maid,
With coals two shovels-full and more;
Fill up your rummers, why afraid,
And bolt the parlour door. –

Leave all to Fortune, Dr. Scott,
Though tempests growl amid the trees,
While we have rum-punch smoking hot,
We sha'n't most likely freeze.

A fig about to-morrow's fare!
A twenty thousand prize, my buck,
(Nay, do not laugh,) may be my share,
Wont that be rare good luck?

Doctor, I'm sure you'll toast the fair;
Shame to the tongue would say me nay;
You'll toast them, till the very hair
Of your peruke turn grey.

St. Giles's spire with snow is white,
And every roof seems overgrown;
Sharp winds not come, at fall of night,
Down High Street closes moan;

There, battering police officers,
Hark! how the mad jades curse and ban
While Polly cuffs some spoonie's ears,
And cries, "Sir, I'm your man!" –

MARY ELIZABETH WALKER, 1822

(b. 1792; Poet and Translator)

Soracte, clad in Winter's snow,
Lifts high his silv'ry head;
See rivers frozen cease to flow,
And trees their leaves have shed.
Now Thaliarchus stir the fire,
Heap high the wood upon the hearth;
Let Bacchus ev'ry breast inspire,
And banish cold with pleasing mirth.

Leave to the gods with quiet mind
What else may thee betide;
Whose word can still the stormy wind.
Which swells the waters wide.
At whose command the lofty ash,
And noble cypress spreading far,
No more with angry murmur clash,
Nor leave their shaken branches bare.

Seek not to know with anxious care
How long thy life may be!
What future days may be thy share,
Those days 'count gain to thee.
In the bright glowing morn of youth,
Let pleasures gay employ thy hours;
Ere cruel Time's relentless tooth
Hath deaden'd all thy vig'rous powers.

Oft in the field of Mars display
Thy strength and polish'd limbs;
Then to the theatre thy way
Exulting take betimes.
Seek too the dulcet voice of Love,
Which soft is as the evening breeze,
Whose soothing hush can scarcely move
The gently-agitated trees.

Full oft the merry laugh betrays
The playful hidden girl;
Whose bracelet then the forfeit pays,
Or ring of shining pearl.
With feign'd regret the blushing Maid
On her rapt bracelet seems to look,
And "much she grieves the laugh betray'd
Her hiding in the darksome nook."

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, C. 1822

(1809–92; Poet)

See! how Soracte's hoary brow
And melancholy crags uprear
Their weight of venerable snow:
And scarce the groaning forests bear
The burthen of the gloomy year
And motionless the stream remains
Beneath the weight of icy chains.
Thou of the social banquet King,
Now store of welcome faggots bring,
Now bid a brighter flame arise,
Now let the rich and rosy wine
Within the joyful goblets shine,
That wine whose age hath seen the ray
Of four long summers roll away
Along yon wintry skies.
Leave to the Gods the rest – whose force
Can stay the whirlwind's wasting course;
When they have soothed the maddening jar
Of mingled elemental war,
Nor those tall ash-trees dread the storm
Nor cypress bows his shadowy form.
Why should we fear tomorrow's woe?
Whatever day the Powers above
Have given, rejoice: nor, while the flow
Of joy and golden youth delight
Thy soul – while age avoids thee – slight
The mazy dance – the power of love.

JEREMIAH FELLOWES, 1824

(1791–1865)

Behold, my friend, Monadnock's height
With snow is clad, while on the plains,
The bending trees with frost are bright,
The streams are held in icy chains.

To drive away the cold, my boy,
Pile many a faggot on the hearth,
Uncork the wine of least alloy,
And seize the pipe, and welcome mirth:

Trust all the rest with heart resign'd,
To him who so abates the storm,
Nor ash, nor cypress feels the wind,
Nor gales the tranquil deep deform.

Careless of what a day may yield,
Calmly rely on Heaven above,
Seek pleasure's bud and beauty's bloom,
But give thy sweetest hours to love.

And while the tittering maid so bland,
Struggles half yielding with delight,
Win, win the pledge from off her hand,
And let soft whispers charm the night.

ANONYMOUS, 1824

(*The Odes of Horace*)

'Tis winter now – how cold and chill!
See, how the loads of snow
Have wreathed the top of yonder hill,
And bent the forest bough;

And murmuring streams, which o'er the green
Sent liquid melody,
Now silenced by the winter keen,
In icy calmness lie.

But, heedless of the bitter cold,
Come, gather round the fire,
And see if Sabine, four years old,
Can jollier thoughts inspire:

For only such as spring from drinking
Are worthy of our love;
Then leave all dull and needless thinking
To those who dwell above:

They swell the storm – but when again
They would its rage recall,
No more is tossed the hoary main,
Nor rent the cypress tall.

Then, while yon can, with generous wine
Defend your heart 'gainst sorrow,
Nor e'er bestow one thought of thine
Upon the coming morrow.

And while the bloom is on thy cheek,
And auburn is thy hair,
The merry dance at evening seek,
By night thy mistress fair.

Then, at the hour to Cupid dear,
Fly to th' appointed spot,
And while the careless jilt you fear
May have her love forgot –

Then the sly laugh, from your dear maid,
Shall tell where she's concealed:
And from her arm take 'neath the shade,
The pledge she half would yield.

GEORGE FLEMING RICHARDSON, 1825

(c. 1796–1848; Geologist and Poet)

See Mount Soracte crown'd with snows,
    Whose weight its woods can scarce sustain,
The gelid stream no longer flows,
    And Nature owns the wintry reign!

Come chase the cold, and heap the hearth,
Give loose to joy, give loose to mirth,
And let the goblet's copious brim
With wines of richest vintage swim;
And leave, my friend, the rest to heaven,
Who this congenial calm has given,
And stills the winds that swept the seas,
And soothes to rest th' unmoving trees.
Nor let the future give thee sorrow,
How to provide the coming morrow;
But now, while age yet lingers late,
And health and youth are all elate,
Indulge what joys to youth belong,
And taste the charms of love and song;
For courts and fields become thee now,
And whisper'd sound of lover's vow,
And gentlest laugh of sportive maid,
In corner hid, and thus betrayed;
And pilfered ring, scarce known to linger
On playful Beauty's yielding finger.

THOMAS LYLE, 1827

(1792–1859; Scottish Surgeon, Poet, and Collector of Songs)

Bleak Soracte meets my sight,
Clothed in a robe of virgin white;
The olives in the vale below,
Groan beneath a load of snow,
While bound in strongest bands of frost,
The currents of the streams are lost,
One solid sheet of ice spreads o'er,
Fair Tyber's banks from shore to shore.

Dispel the cold, the friendly blaze,
To warm and cheer your poet, raise;
With wood the blazing ingle crown,
Till every object shine around.

From Sabine cask thy nectar pour,
To beguile the weary hour,
Cause the sparkling goblets shine,
With four years old Falernian wine.

The cares of life, the pangs of love,
Leave them to the gods above,
Who calm the storm, and still the breeze,
Contending with the stormy seas,
When the dark cypress groves are still,
And the old beeches 'neath the hill.

What cares sit on to-morrow's brow,
Leave off to seek the sequel now;
What length of days to thee are given,
Contented wait the will of heaven.

Fond youth, disdain not love's advances,
When proffer'd thee, nor yet the dances,
Till crabbed age above thee hover,
And thy hey-days of youth are over.

Now Campus Martius, and the streets
Of ancient Rome (where each whisper meets
The ear, when evening shadows lower),
Are sought again at the appointed hour;
And the coy maid's light-hearted smile,
Her feign'd retreats too soon beguile. –
On her arms the bracelets feebly linger,
And the ring on her gently resisting finger.

JOHN TAYLOR, 1827

(1757–1832; Journalist, Theatre Critic, and Poet)

Lo! on the mountain's awful brow,
A vast augmenting mass of snow,
    The woods can scarce their load sustain;
The streams no more pursue their course,
But, held by Winter's griping force,
    Are fix'd within his icy chain.

Pile faggots on thy blazing hearth,
Devote the passing hours to mirth,
    Nor heed, oh! friend, the season's war;
Still better to subdue the cold,
Bring gen'rous wines four summers' old,
    And let us drain the Sabine jar.

Trust to the gods the rest: when they
Shall drive the boist'rous winds away,
    That range along the foaming main,
No longer then the Cypress grove,
Nor aged ash, in storms shall move,
    But Peace o'er all resume her reign.

Seek not to scan, with curious eye,
What in to-morrow's fate may lie,
    But count as gain the present day,
Nor, while the fires of youth remain,
Refuse to join the dancing train,
    Or with the smiling loves to play.

Now to the martial field remove,
Or public walk, or private grove,
    When night her mantle spreads around,
While, gentle as the vernal airs,
Soft whispers speak enamour'd pairs
    Before th' expected signal's found.

Now, too, the charming laugh to hear
That proves the partial damsel near,
    Who seems to fly, with anxious care,
Affecting to resent with scorn
What fondly from her arm was torn,
    And hides, yet laughs to tell thee where.

ROBERT MONTGOMERY, 1831

(1807–55; Poet and Clergyman)

See! whiten'd into whelming snow,
Begirt with crouching woods below,
    Soracte's mountain form;
And, lock'd by winter's icy hand,
How currentless the rivers stand!

Then heap the hearth with blazing piles!
Let winter melt amid their smiles,
    And generously bring
Your mellow'd wine, the best by far
That flourisheth in Sabine jar.

My Thaliarchus, trust the god
Who rules the ocean with his rod,
    And lays the winds asleep;
Till, in one leafy slumber bound,
The warring trees are hush'd around!

Whate'er to-morrow's hue may be,
The living day is life to thee;
    A treasure for the soul:
Enjoy the reign of laugh and love,
And all that virgin dances prove.

While yet unworn by wintry years
Thy cheek a blooming manhood wears,
    The martial plain be thine!
Or haunted path, or twilight seat,
Where faltering lips their love repeat:

For now the laugh's delicious wile
From lurking damsel, hid a while
    In some betrayful nook;
And pretty theft of token charms
When forced from her forgiving arms.

ANONYMOUS, 1833

(*New Monthly Magazine*)

Behold how, on the lofty brow
Of lone Soracte, stands the lustrous snow!
Ill bears its load the labouring wood,
And creeps the sharp ice through the halting flood.
Dissolve the cold! – the hearth shall smile,
Heaped – largely heaped – with many a blazing pile!
Come, Thaliarchus, bid the wine,
Some four years old, in Sabine goblets shine!
Leave to the Gods the rest, who still
Loud winds with waters battling, at their will;
So that at last no angrier breeze
Stirs the wild ash, or waves the cypress-trees.
The future of the morrow shun,
But count true gain with each revolving sun,
Nor spurn, till age green joy
Makes chill – soft love, or choral dance, fair boy!
Thee shall blithe sports please now,
And blandest whispers, nightly murmured low;
And the glad laugh from coyish maid
Hid in some nook, (that laugh the nook betrayed;)
And Love's dear pledge – the armlet band,
Or ring, hard won from dear, reluctant hand!

JOHN HERMAN MERIVALE, 1838

(1779–1844; Barrister and Man of Letters)

See tall Soracte white with snow!
The forests groan beneath their load;
The imprison'd streams no longer flow,
Through crystal caverns working slow
Their hollow winding road.

Stern winter's call, my friend, obey!
Pile high thy blazing hearth with wood;
And, more to drive the cold away,
Let thine old Sabine cask to-day
Pour forth a nobler flood.

Be this thy care! the rest resign
To heaven, that stills the tempest's roar,
That bids the winds their rage confine,
And the tall ash and mountain pine
Toss their proud heads no more.

Repress the fondly curious glance
That fain would scan the future hour!
Improve each day's revolving chance,
Nor shun the soul-enlivening dance,
Nor love's enchanting power.

Be thine – while age yet spares to blight
The verdure of thy youthful bloom –
The chase by day, the ball by night,
And amorous whispers, warm and light,
Soft stealing through the gloom.

The laugh, too ready to betray
The lurking girl who fain would hide;
The bracelet gaily snatch'd away,
Which, half in earnest, half in play,
Her struggling arm denied.

PATRICK BRANWELL BRONTË, 1840

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

See'st thou not amid the skies,
White with snow, Soracte rise?
While the forests on the plain
Scarce their hoary weight sustain,
And congealed the waters stand
Neath the frost's arresting hand.
Drive away the winter wild;
On the hearth be fuel piled;
And, from out its inmost cell
Kept in Sabine vase so well,
Generous, bring thy four years wine;
Brightest source of song divine!
Wisely leave the rest to heaven,
Who, when warring winds have striven
With the forests of the main,
Bids theit ragings rest again.
Be not ever pondering
Over what the morn may bring;
Whether it be joy or pain
Wisely count it all as gain;
And, while age forbears to shed
Snows, or sorrows o'er thy head,
Do not scorn the dancers' feet,
Not thy lovers dear retreat.
Hasten to the plan or square;
List the voice that whispers where,
While the calm night rules above,
Thou may'st meet thy constant love;
While the laugh round corner sly
May instruct thee where to spy;
While the wanton's feigned retreating
Still may leave some pledge of meeting;
Perhaps a ring or bracelet bright
Snatched from arm or finger white.

LAUGHTON OSBORN, 1841

(1809–78; American Poet and Playwright)

Lo, where the streets the deep snow has crusted o'er;
Thick is the air with flakes that are falling yet;
The wind blows frore, and on the casement
Stiffens the warm breath in shapes fantastic.

Heap on more coals, to lessen the chilliness,
Heap with bold hand, and, prompt to enliven us,
While sings the kettle on the footman,
Bring out, my B—R, thy best Glenlivet.

Care leave to HEAVEN, whose fiat dispersing the
Wild-warring clouds that ride on the thunder-gust,
Peers out the sun, and, singing blithely,
Sparkle the rivers, in light exulting.

What brings the morrow, shun to anticipate;
Enough that Fortune kindly has given thee
This one day more; and while thy pulses
Throb with the vigor that age shall lessen,

Disdain not mirth, nor passion's deliciousness.
Let now the dance delight thee, and horsemanship,
And gentle whispers, when the nightfall
Bringeth the moment of assignation:

Now too the silvery laugh, that delightfully
Tells where the dear girl hideth impatient, and
The token from her round arm ravish'd,
Or from the finger but ill resisting.

LAWRENCE PEEL, 1841

(1799–1884; Judge, Chief Justice of Bengal, Cousin of Robert Peel)

How white Soracte stands, behold,
With lofty snows! Its labouring trees
Groan 'neath the weight. The rivers freeze
And flow no more, congeal'd by cold.

Replenish largely from your store
The fire with logs, dispel the chill;
And wine, the cherish'd four-year old,
From Sabine cask more freely fill.

Leave to the gods the rest: whose word,
Soon as it lulls the boiling seas
Battling with winds, the cypress trees,
And aged elms, no more are stirr'd.

Ask not, to-morrow what may chance,
Count it for gain whate'er betide;
Nor spurn, to peevish age denied,
Soft loves, my boy, nor yet the dance:

Whilst hoary age, morose and sour,
Spares thy green spring, youth's pastimes light
By day, soft whisperings by night,
Be thine, at the appointed hour,

The hiding maid's forced laugh, dear sound,
From secret nook, love's fond alarm;
The pledge, which beauty's plunder'd arm,
On irretentive finger bound.

JAMES USHER, 1842

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

You see Soracte's alpine-height,
With gath'ring snows stands clad in white,
Nor labouring woods the weight can bear,
Streams stagnate in the gelid air.
Dissolve the frost of winter's dearth,
With billets pile the social hearth,
Free Thaliarchus, now draw forth
Rich Sabine juice of four years' birth,
Leave to the guardian powers the rest,
Who gusts tempestuous have suppress'd
With fervid ocean late which strove,
Nor cypress now, nor ash-trees move.
Avoid to-morrow's luck t' enquire
What fortune shall bestow, admire,
Count it a token sure for gain;
Nor, since a jocund youth, disdain
In love's delightful sports t' engage,
While hoariness shuns blooming age
To Horse-guards and the Mall repair,
Soft whisp'rings with th' appointed fair;
Let the delightful laugh betray
The damsel hiding for your play;
With token from her finger won,
She vows t' have set her heart upon.

JOHN SCRIVEN, 1843

(*The Odes of Horace*)

See, with the deepening flakes, how white
Soracte stands! – the woodland height
Can scarce sustain the weight of snow,
While ice-bound rivers cease to flow.

Dissolve the cold: – with logs pil'd high
Now plenteously the fire supply;
And from thy Sabine cask produce
– Now four years old – the mellow'd juice.

Leave to the gods the rest: – when they
The battling winds and waves allay,
Nor ancient ash, nor cypress more
Shall dread the tempest's angry roar.

Unsought the morrow's fate remain,
But count the accorded day as gain;
Nor spurn the dance, nor love's sweet vows,
While whiteness spares thy youthful brows.

Now for the Campus, and the park!
The gentle whisperings after dark!
The assignation! – Now the maid,
By laughter's merriest peal betray'd,

Quits the sly corner where she watch'd:
See, from her arm the pledge is snatch'd!
While now her finger yields the prize,
She half accords – yet half denies.

HENRY GEORGE ROBINSON, 1844

(*The Odes of Horace*)

See, how old Soracte's height
Stands with snowy mantle white,
How the forest's labouring bough
Scarce sustains its burden now,
And the river's flow is lost,
Stiffen'd with the icy frost.

Dissolve the cold; upon the fire
Pile the ample faggot higher:
And in thy two-ear'd Sabine bowl,
O Thaliarch, with liberal soul,
From thy cellars draw profuse
The four-year-old's emmellow'd juice.

Leave unto the Gods the rest:
They, as soon as their behest
Has lull'd the tempest winds to sleep,
Struggling with the boiling deep;
Nor aged ash nor cypresses
Are longer shaken by the breeze.

What to-morrow may transpire,
Seek, oh! seek not to inquire;
Every day that we obtain
From Fortune, set it down as gain;
Nor, my boy, disdain to prove
The joys of dancing, or of love,

While old age, morose and gray,
Keeps from thy green youth away.
Now oft and oft frequent again
The public walks, the Martial plain,
And whisper'd vows at night repeat,
When at the chosen hour you meet.

And let there oft repeated be
The giggling laugh of maiden glee,
Betraying where the damsel lies
In yonder nook, while love's sweet prize
Is from her arm or finger reft,
Which ill resents the wish'd-for theft.

ANONYMOUS, 1846

(*Bedford Street Budget*)

Thou seest how Mount Soracte stands,
    Its summit white with glistening snow;
And how the laboring forests seem
    Under their pressing load in bow
And held by winter's icy hand
All motionless the rivers stand.

By heaping wood upon the fire
    Dissolve the season's piercing cold;
And freely from the Sabine jar
    Draw out the pure wine four years old;
And, Thaliarchus, thus the day
Careless in pleasure pass away.

And to the gods give up the rest;
    For when upon the stormy deep
The warring winds by them are calmed,
    Nor ash trees on the mountain steep,
Nor yet the lofty cypress trees
Are moved by e'en the slightest breeze.

And what the morrow's fate shall be,
    Seek not with anxious heart to know;
But every day which fortune gives,
    Enjoy before its hours shall go.
Nor shun, while young, the joyous dance;
Nor spurn the Muses' favoring glance;

As long as hoary age morose
    Is absent from thy blooming years,
Now seek the public squares again
    Again frequent the field of Mars;
At eve, the appointed time, oft meet
Thy love, and whispers soft repeat.

G. J. WHYTE MELVILLE, 1850

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

Canst thou not see Soracte's whitening crest
And feathered forests bending to the snow,
While bitter frosts the onward course arrest
Of streams no longer rippling as they flow?
Dispel the cold, heap logs upon the flame;
And, Thaliarchus, push around the board,
Plenty of mellow Sabine wine – the same,
The two-eared cask, four ripening years hath stored.
The rest leave to the Gods; it is for them
To lull the winds that lash the boiling seas
When calmed, no leaf upon the cypress stem,
No ashen twig, shall quiver in the breeze.
What shall to-morrow bring, forbear to ask;
Place to the good the pleasures of to-day;
And, youthful still, spurn not love's gentle task,
Nor merry dance to while the hours away.
Ere hoary age hath ploughed thine ivory brow,
While still the public walks thou'rt fit to grace,
And breathe in listening ear the whispered vow,
And punctual seek the nightly trysting place;
Whilst "hide and seek" with laughing maids can charm,
And forfeits from the willing to demand,
The bracelet loath to leave the snowy arm,
The ring much pressed to quit the yielding hand.

WILLIAM SEWELL, 1850

(1804–74; Divine, Tutor, and Writer)

Thou seest how Soracte stands,
    Glass'd over with its depth of snow;
Nor may the groaning labouring woods
    Hold up beneath their burden now;
And streams in masses 'neath the force
Of the sharp frost have stopp'd their course.

Thaw thou the cold; with bounteous hand
    The logs upon thy hearth-fire heaping;
And kindlier draw from Sabine jar
    Thy luscious wine of four years' keeping;
O Thaliarchus! all beside
Surrender to the gods to guide.

For, soon as they have laid the winds,
    That battle fierce with seething ocean,
Nor cypresses, nor mountain ash
    Timeworn are toss'd in wild commotion.
What on to-morrow there shall be,
Eschew from searching curiously.

And what amount of days thy lot
    Shall grant thee, set it down to gain;
Nor do thou sweet delicious loves,
    Nor dances, thou a boy, disdain;
While from thee, in thy spring-tide gay,
Hoar churlish eld afar doth stay.

FRANCIS WILLIAM NEWMAN, 1853

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

See how white Soracte stands
Deep of snow! the staggering trees
No more support the load: the rivers
Halt, in frosty stiffness fetter'd.

Melt the cold: with plenteous logs
Heap the hearth: from Sabine jar,
O Thaliarchus, largely grant me
Wine that four full years have mellow'd.

Leave the gods to guide the rest.
Gales contend; and Ocean boils:
But when the gods rebuke the turmoil,
Mountain-ash nor cypress quivers.

Shun to ask the morrow's lot:
Every day bestow'd by fate
Compute as gain; and, fresh in boyhood,
Scorn not tender loves and dances.

Hoary sternness soon will come
Now the field, the course, the mall,
Demand thee: now let gentle whispers
Find thee true to hours appointed;

Or the hidden damsel's laugh,
Telltale sweet, from deep recess;
And pledges torn from arm or finger
Little grieved to lose its treasure.

FRANCIS ADAMS, 1853

("A Scotch Physician")

You see Soracte with deep snow
Stands white, nor labouring forests now
Sustain their load; each running rill,
Arrested in its course by the keen frost stands still.
To thaw the cold the faggots pile
Upon your hearth; more free the while,
O Thaliarchus, bring us up
Your wine, now four-year-old, in two-ear'd Sabine cup.
Leave to the gods the rest; for when
The winds at war with the chaf'd main
They have appeased, the cypress grove
Is tossed no longer then, nor ancient roan-trees move.
What shall be next seek not to know,
But each day's product score up thou
As present gain; nor, yet a boy,
Disdain the sweets of love and dances to enjoy,
While blooming still, nor o'er thy head
The peevish hoar of age is spread.
At eve's concerted hour, the Plain,
The squares, and whispers soft, be sought by thee again;
And welcome laughter of the maid,
Thus in her inmost nook betray'd,
Where waiting thee concealed she lingers,
The pledge snatch'd from her arms and ill-reluctant fingers.

MICHAEL A. WALLACE, 1853

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

Behold old Soracte, his brow is o'erspread
With the chill veil of winter, the fleecy white snow;
The woodland is bowing its wearisome head,
And the ice-fettered rivers have long ceased to flow.

Crown thy hearth, Thaliarchus! with brilliant fires high,
Till the chill airs of night shall have fled from thy dome,
Then the sabine vase fill with a richer supply,
And around the glad board let the racy wines foam.

Leave the rest to the Gods, at whose will the loud blast
As it howls in its wrath o'er the ocean's rough breast,
Is hushed; while the ash and the cypress that cast
Their boughs to the skies, find a season for rest.

O care not to know, my old Friend! what the morn
Of tomorrow may bring, but still deem thyself blest,
For each day fate bestows, nor look on, as in scorn,
The gay festive dance, nor the ones we love best.

While thy youth, strength, and beauty, are all in their bloom,
On the wide open field, or within the dark lane
While the slow shades of Ev'ning are spreading their gloom,
Breathe the lover's soft whisper again and again.

And still hear the laugh that betrays the wild fair,
As away from her lover she wantonly flies,
And the love-token seize, which, with lov'liest air,
Her willing heart yields, tho' her sweet voice denies.

THOMAS DENMAN, C. 1854

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

Dost thou not see Soracte's height
With depth of snow is dazzling white?
The woods no more their weight sustain,
The streams are bound in icy chain.

Dissolve the cold, while on the dogs
With lavish hand you fling the logs,
And, Thaliarchus, from your store
The four years' wine more freely pour.

Trust with the gods the rest, whose will
Can bid the warring winds be still,
Cypress and ancient ash tree cease
Their strife, and lift their heads in peace.

Seek not the morrow to foresee,
And each fresh day, whate'er it be,
Deem so much gained, nor, madly wise,
Oh, Boy, the dame of love despise.

Ere hoary Age, morose, uncouth,
Check the free sports of blooming youth,
Let gentle whispers, low yet clear,
Breathe in soft Twilight's secret ear:

While shrilling forth from darkened shade
The laugh betrays the lurking maid,
Then from white arms be bracelets torn,
From fingers rings too loosely worn.

J. M. L., 1855

(*Hagar and Ishmael*)

Seest thou Soracte, deep in snow, stands white,
The labouring woods can scarce sustain their weight,
And sharp the frost arrests the river's flight.

Let logs in plenty on the fire combine
The cold to scare, with free-drawn four year wine,
O Thaliarchus! from the jar Sabine.

To gods the rest! who making calm to be,
The winds contending with the boiling sea,
Nor mountain ash shall shake, nor cypress tree.

From seeking what to-morrow haps abstain,
The days that fortune gives, place thou to gain,
Nor gentle loves, my boy, nor dance, disdain.

White age afar, and thou robust, review
The Campus Martius and the halls anew,
And whispers soft at night's fixed hour renew.

Now also seek, by pleasant laugh betrayed,
In spot remote, to snatch from hiding maid
The pledge, from arm or finger, shamly staid.

RICHARD W. O'BRIEN, 1857

("Of Trinity College, Dublin")

Behold how whitened with the deep snow remains
Soracte; nor more lab'ring the wood sustains
Its weight incumbent; and congealed
Stands ev'ry stream by the hard frost sealed!

The cold dispel thou, bounteous with many a brand
The hearth up-piling: then with a lib'ral hand
Bring thou the four-years'-vintage wine forth,
O Thaliarchus, from jar Sabine forth!

The rest resign thou unto the Deities:
When they the wind calm, as with the boiling seas
It struggles, nor the aged ashes
Then, nor the cypress it longer lashes.

To-morrow's fortune ever to seek refrain:
The day that Fate grants ever account as gain:
Nor, while a boy, of love's sweet pleasures
Heedless be thou, or the dance's measures,

As long as grim age from thy green youth abstains.
'Tis now the time for parks, and for martial plains;
At night-fall, too, the whispered greeting
At the appointed hour oft repeating.

And now the pleasing laugh of some youthful maid
Hath her retired nook where she was hid betrayed
And from her arms a pledge she loses,
Or from her finger that scarce refuses.

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE, 1858

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

Behold Soracte, white with snow,
Its laden woods are bending low,
Keen frost arrests the river's flow;
    Melt, Thaliarchus, melt the cold.

Heap freely logs upon the fire.
Nay, more and better I desire,
And from that Sabine jar require
    Its wine, that reckons four years old.

The rest is Heav'n's: which can at will
Bid all the battling winds be still
Upon the seething main; until
    Nor veteran ash nor cypress quake.

Pry not, the morrow's chance to learn:
Set down to gain whatever turn
The wheel may take. Youth must not spurn
    Sweet loves, nor yet the dance forsake,

While grudging Age thy prime shall spare.
The Plain, the Squares, be now thy care,
And lounges, dear at nightfall, where
    By concert love may whisper "Hist!"

From inner nook a winsome smile
Betrays the girl that sculks the while,
And keepsakes, deftly filched by guile
    From yielding finger, or from wrist.

HENRY THOMAS LIDDELL, LORD RAVENSWORTH, 1858

(1797–1878; Statesman and Poet)

See how the storm-drifts glimmer white
On far Soracte's craggy height,
    And scarce the labouring woods
Sustain th' unwonted load of snow,
While icy fetters in their flow
    Arrest the silent floods!

Oh, Thaliarchus, pile up higher
The blazing logs upon the fire,
    And thaw this wintry cold!
Then from thy cellar's inmost shrine
Bring freely forth thy choicest wine,
    In jars of Sabine mould!

We'll drink, and leave the rest to Heaven,
Whose mandate is no sooner given
    To calm the raging seas,
Than straight the winds have ceased to pour
Their fury on the sounding shore –
    Have ceased to rend the trees!

Ask not too curiously if sorrow
Perhaps await thee on the morrow,
    But each successive chance
Convert to profit; nor remove
From thy young heart the sweets of love,
    Nor shun the festive dance.

But while morose Old Age may spare
Thy blooming cheek and flowing hair,
    Now let the sunny plain,
Or public square or serenade,
In honour of some blushing maid,
    At eve be sought again.

The girl's low laugh, by which we trace
The secret of her hiding-place,
    Delights the youthful ear;
Nor less the ring or bracelet ta'en
From hands that struggle but to feign,
    To youthful hearts are dear.

WILLIAM BOWNAS, 1858

(*Arundines Bostonienses*)

Soracte's summit's white with snow:
Huge loads depress the groaning woods:
And keen and lasting frosts have now
Congealed the rapid rippling floods.

Dissolve, my friend, the piercing cold:
With faggots light a cheering fire:
Bring forth thy wine of four years old,
To raise thy drooping spirits higher.

Commit the rest to almighty Jove;
And, when he's hushed the winds that brave
The fury of the main, the grove
Will cease its shivered arms to wave.

Beware of brooding on to-morrow:
The span that fate allows enjoy:
Nor e'er refuse to banish sorrow,
By love and pleasure, blithesome boy.

Ere age begin thy mind to sour,
Now wrestle on the martial plain;
Now, at a fixed nocturnal hour,
With gentle whispers soothe thy pain.

The laugh, betrayer of some coy
Fair spinster, in a nook concealed, –
The pilfering of some pledge, enjoy,
From her affecting not to yield.

ANONYMOUS, 1859

(*Amherst College Magazine*)

Seest white Soracte! How he stands,
Thick-clad in robes of snow
Thrown round him from the world above,
As he guards the world below!

Seest how the woods are laboring
To bear their burden up?
And how the streams have staid their course
And drank the Circe cup?

Then heap the wood upon the hearth,
And keep away the cold;
Draw freely Thaliarchus
The wine both good and old.

Take from the shelf the Sabine jar,
Sealed full four years ago;
'Tis time to break its fountain up,
And drain its crimson flow.

Leave to the gods omnipotent
All things below that be;
The gods, who smooth the winds which wage
War on the seething sea.

They make the widest storm a calm;
The swaying cypress still;
And the old ash on the mountain
In silence waits their will.

Then what shall be on the morrow
Cease asking: count as gain
The day which Fortune grants to thee
Though dark with clouds and rain.

Despise not in thy boyhood
Ringed dance and sweet amour;
The flowers bloom in the Spring-time,
Then trip the Zephyrs pure.

Old age is distant now: but soon,
Morose, with hoary head,
He sows the verdant fields of youth
With ice and snow instead.

Now to the Campus Martius,
And games of valor choose.
And, on the public walks of Rome,
Learn life and hear the news.

When night prepares her starry robe
And droops day's fading flower,
Seek and repeat soft whisperings
At love's appointed hour.

And later join the social game,
When the laugh so good to hear,
Reveals the distant hiding place
Of the damsel feigning fear.

Then from white arm or lily hand
Draw the token, as she waits,
And rev'rent bend to the passion fire
Which glows at the ruby gates.

For love feeds life in the youthful breast,
As the fount, in grotto fair.
And more: it opes its hidden depths
To the fostering light and air.

SIR THEODORE MARTIN, 1860

(1816–1909; Biographer of the Prince Consort)

Behold, Soracte's peak is crown'd,
My Thaliarch, with snow!
The drooping branches sweep the ground,
And, fast in icy fetters bound,
The streams have ceased to flow.

Pile up fresh logs upon the hearth,
To thaw the nipping cold,
And forth from Sabine jar, to wing
Our mirth, the ruddy vine-juice bring
Four mellowing summers old.

Leave to the Gods what else may be;
When they have still'd the roar
Of winds that with the yeasty sea
Conflict and brawl, the cypress tree,
The old ash shake no more.

Let not to-morrow's change or chance
Perplex thee, but as gain
Count each new day! Let beauty's glance
Engage thee, and the merry dance,
Nor deem such pleasures vain!

Gloom is for age. Young hearts should glow
With fancies bright and free,
Should court the crowded walk, the show,
And at dim eve love's murmurs low
Beneath the trysting tree.

The laugh from the sly corner, where
Our girl is hiding fast,
The struggle for the lock of hair,
The half well pleased, half angry air,
The yielded kiss at last.

ROBERT M. HOVENDEN, 1860

(c. 1808–85; "Formerly of Trinity College, Cambridge")

See, Thaliarch, how deep in snow
    Soracte stands, the labouring woods
    Bend with their load, and wintry floods,
Benumb'd with frost, forget to flow.

Heap log on log the spell to thaw:
    Shall winter's frown our banquet mar,
    Or from thy raciest Sabine jar
Brimful the generous magnum draw?

Commit the rest to Jove's high hand:
    At the first bidding of his will
    The wave and brawling wind are still,
Erect the ash and cypress stand.

Why, curious, turn the morrow's page?
    Set down as gain whatever chance
    The day affords; enjoy the dance,
Make love; full soon will peevish age

Put such toys by. Now let us go
    Where open square and public walk
    Buzz all around with whisper'd talk
And sighs at nightfall breathing low:

Thence track the scarce reluctant maid
    By laughter to her form, and snatch
    From arm or hand the ring to match,
Whereon sweet forfeit must be paid.

WILLIAM LEE, 1860

(*Translations in English Verse*)

Seest thou Soracte, glistening with snow,
The loaded woods, the rivers ceased to flow?
Be warm at home; with logs heap high the fire,
Freely let wine mirth, Thaliarch, inspire.
Trust in the gods; when pleaseth them, the seas,
The winds are hush'd, nor rock'd the forest trees.
Think not the ill to-morrow may bring forth,
Of present joy appreciate the worth.
Strike up the dance, the viol and the song;
Youth, snatch the pleasures that to youth belong!
The course, the chase, may spring-time hours delight,
The social feast, but most the rapturous night.
Nut-brown thy locks, in softer sports engage,
Far yet awhile the peevishness of age.
In corner sly the damsel's treacherous laugh
Her fearful joy betrays, consenting half.
Dare then to loose her bracelet's yielding spring,
Or spoil, love's pledge, the finger of its ring.

WILLIAM PAYNE BLAKE, 1860

(1846–1922; Lawyer, Musician, and Arts Patron)

Soracte's peak is white with snow,
The trees yield to its force,
The river now has ceased to flow,
Arrested in its course.

Then heap the logs upon the fire,
Its influence is benign;
Grant, Thaliarchus, our desire,
And pour out Sabine wine.

Let none reflect or seek to know
About their future state,
But join the dance and games of chance,
While it is not too late.

Through the delightful days of youth
Be happy while you may,
Too soon gray hairs and carking cares
Will tell of your decay.

Then take a ring from the gentle hand,
A bracelet from the arm,
Or steal a kiss, far greater bliss,
Despite their feigned alarm.

Heap on more wood, the storm is fierce,
The tempest rages higher,
But we'll not mind the storm and wind
While sitting 'round the fire.

C. S. CALVERLEY, 1861

(1831–84; Poet)

One dazzling mass of solid snow
    Soracte stands; the bent woods fret
    Beneath their load; and, sharpest-set
With frost, the streams have ceased to flow.

Pile on great faggots and break up
    The ice: let influence more benign
    Enter with four-years-treasured wine,
Fetched in the ponderous Sabine cup:

Leave to the gods all else. When they
    Have once bid rest the winds that war
    Over the passionate seas, no more
Grey ash and cypress rock and sway.

Ask not what future suns shall bring.
    Count to-day gain, whate'er it chance
    To be: nor, young man, scorn the dance,
Nor deem sweet Love an idle thing,

Ere Time thy April youth hath changed
    To sourness. Park and public walk
    Attract thee now, and whispered talk
At twilight meetings pre-arranged;

Hear now the pretty laugh that tells
    In what dim corner lurks thy love;
    And snatch a bracelet or a glove
From wrist or hand that scarce rebels.

W. S. A., 1861

(*Temple Bar*)

Harsk! 'tis the moan of bending woods.
See! how Soracté crown'd with snow
Is white and glist'ning, and the floods
In icy fetters cease to flow.

Pile high the fagots on the hearth;
Drive all these chilling frosts afar;
Pour forth the wine that bringeth mirth—
'Tis four years old—from Sabine jar.

Leave to the Gods the rest;—the roar
Of winds, that with the seething main
Are fiercely battling, soon is o'er;
See ash and cypress calm again.

Heed not to-morrow's doom, O boy;
Sufficient to have gained to-day;
Sport with thy love,—she is not coy,—
And wreathe the dance in festive play.

Now hie thee to the Plain of Mars,
Ere age's frost destroys youth's flower.
Soft whispers fall beneath the stars:
Be punctual at the trysting hour.

If in the corner where she's hidden
The girl's sweet laugh ring out, pursue;
Snatch ring and bracelet, though forbidden:
She'll struggle and will yield it too.

ANONYMOUS, 1861

(*Translations from the Classics*)

Lo, white Soracte, deep in snow,
The streams all bound in icy chains,
The loaded forest, bowing low,
Its frozen burthen scarce sustains.
Shut out the cold – and quick prepare
Wood, largely, on thy hearth to throw;
Then, bring out, in a Sabine jar,
Wine that was press'd four years ago.
All else trust to the Gods: for they
Can make the winds and waves be still,
And not one leaf can go astray,
From oak or cypress, if they will.
What chance to-morrow has in store,
Seek not to know: but let it be
Suflicient that thou mayest score
To-day, as so much gained by thee:
Whilst yet a youth, frequent the dance,
Cast not the joys of love away;
Wait not the eve of life's advance,
Nor till thy head is tinged with gray.
Now, sports, and public walks attend,
And when th'appointed hour is near,
To meet, at eve, some gentle friend,
Go, whisper softly in her ear:
'Tis now the merry laugh assists
The hidden maiden to betray,
When, from her hand, that scarce resists,
Some trinket you can snatch away.

EDWARD SMITH-STANLEY, EARL OF DERBY, 1862

(1799–1869; Statesman)

Mark how upon Soracte's height
The snow lies deep; how lab'ring woods
Beneath th' unwonted burthen bow;
How stay their course th' imprison'd floods.

Pile, Thaliarchus, pile on high
The blazing logs, and mock at cold:
This gen'rous flagon freely ply
Of Sabine vintage four years old.

Leave to the Gods all else: when they
Compose the warring winds and seas,
The cypress bough, the ashen spray,
No longer quiver in the breeze.

Think for the morrow nought; enjoy
Each day the boons bestow'd by chance;
Nor rudely spurn, too happy boy,
Or love's delights, or joyous dance,

While crabbed age is far away.
Now manly sports beseem thy years,
And whispers soft, at close of day,
How sweetly breath'd in willing ears

And tell-tale laugh of merry maid
In corner hid; and slender wrist
Of bracelet spoil'd, or ring convey'd
From fingers that but half resist.

G. CHICHESTER OXENDEN, 1862

(1797–1875; *Railway Horace*)

Just see how white the Grampians gleam
Beneath their snowy burden,
How bright the pines with hoar-frost beam,
And brooks no sound is heard in.

Chase we the cold with many a log,
Old wine, and old-wives' stories;
Call to the hearth the old house-dog,
Nought heeding Whigs nor Tories.

Leave to the gods the rest; who, when
They tire of wintry riot,
Calm the tall cypress in the glen,
And bid the elm be quiet.

For aught beyond forbear to seek;
Life yields its own good treasure,
The friends we love, health's ruddy cheek,
And Music's brightest measure,

Whilst yet grey hairs are far away:
Yes, now the chase be ours,
The heathery mountain-side each day,
Each eve, dance, song, and flowers;

And as the diamond-flash of mirth
Still brighter glows, and brighter,
O where, on this wide, weary earth,
Beat merrier hearts, or lighter?

JOHN CONINGTON, 1863

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

See, how it stands, one pile of snow,
    Soracte! 'neath the pressure yield
Its groaning woods; the torrents' flow
    With clear sharp ice is all congeal'd.
Heap high the logs, and melt the cold,
    Good Thaliarch; draw the wine we ask,
That mellower vintage, four-year-old,
    From out the cellar'd Sabine cask.
The future trust with Jove; when He
    Has still'd the warring tempests' roar
On the vex'd deep, the cypress-tree
    And aged ash are rock'd no more.
O, ask not what the morn will bring,
    But count as gain each day that chance
May give you; sport in life's young spring,
    Nor scorn sweet love, nor merry dance,
While years are green, while sullen eld
    Is distant. Now the walk, the game,
The whisper'd talk at sunset held,
    Each in its hour, prefer their claim.
Sweet too the laugh, whose feign'd alarm
    The hiding-place of beauty tells,
The token, ravish'd from the arm
    Or finger, that but ill rebels.

ELLINOR J. S. MAITLAND, 1863

(*Poems*)

Behold! where white Soracte's crest
Is wreathed with fallen snow,
The woods are with their load opprest,
And streams forbear to flow!

With blazing logs heap up the fire,
To melt the piercing cold,
And, from the Sabine cask, require
The wine that's four years old!

Leave to the gods the rest, who bid
The winds to lull the deep,
Nor vex the cypress where she's hid,
Or through the old elms sweep.

What may thy morrow be, seek not!
Each day the fates advance
Count as thy gain, and soothe thy lot
With love and choral dance,

While yet thy youth defies sad age!
The camp now calls away!
And eve's soft hours thy breast assuage,
When gentle whispers play.

Hark! where the music of her laugh
Reveals the hidden maid;
Snatch from her arm the pledge she half,
With coyish hands, betrayed.

A. R., 1864

(*Northampton Mercury*)

Soracte clothed with deep white snow behold;
The woods no longer can sustain the weight;
Rivers stand still, constrained by icy cold;
So heap the mighty logs, the cold abate.
Now, Thaliarchus, from two-handled jar
The four years Sabine wine more amply spill,
Leave to the Gods the rest; who calmed the war
Of winds and waves; cypress and ash are still.
What future times shall bring seek not to know;
But every added day consider gain;
Boy, spurn not dances then, or love's sweet glow,
While cross grey hairs at distance far remain.
Now seek wide grounds and squares, 'neath mighty skies
Be in the silent hour love's whisper told.
Now pleasant laughs from lurking girls shall rise,
Rings pulled from arms, or finger's feeble hold.

HUGO NICHOLAS JONES, 1865

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

Behold Soracte's hoary height. The woods
Droop with their snowy burden, while their cold
And slippery surface stills the slumb'ring floods;
Bring faggots, Thaliarchus, nor withhold
The cask of mellow Sabine, four years old.
Leave warring winds and waters to the will
That can control their tumults, and can fold
The pinions of the hurricane, until
The Cypress cease to wave, and the old ash be still.

Heed not to-morrow: catch the fleeting pleasure,
As so much gained to life, while yet 'tis new,
The whispering promenade, the mazy measure,
And love, and night; the nook conceal'd from view
Which the light laugh's betrayal leads you to,
When furtive beauty veils the twilight tryste;
Those soft assaults that soothingly subdue
The frail resistance of the ravish'd wrist,
Or jewel'd hands that all so yieldingly resist.

ANONYMOUS, 1865

(*Fun*)

By JOVE, how the snow has been falling,
And loading the trees in the squares;
We'll look out our skates for to-morrow,
I know that the Serpentine bears.
I call this uncommonly cozy,
Put coals on, we'll have up "one more;"
Ah, JOHN, will you bring up another,
The red seal. – You like '34?

We leave all the rest to Dame Fortune,
You know my philosophy well,
What care we for storms on the ocean
For penny-a-liners to tell;
And little we'll reek of to-morrow
As long as it brings us the dance,
And keeps the grey hair from our whiskers,
And gives us the maiden's soft glance.

We'll ride in the Row that's called Rotten,
When spring brings the season once more
And wander in Kensington Gardens,
And whisper of love told before;
And then at the ball in the evening,
Pretending to treasure the flower,
We'll gain one more trophy of conquest,
And throw it away in an hour.

JAMES FRANKLIN FULLER, 1866

(1835–1924; Irish Actor and Architect)

See how Soracte stands a towering mass of snow,
The laboring trees beneath their burden bow.
Pent up in thick-rib's ice the streams no longer flow.
Pile up the billets on the glowing hearth;
Produce, O Thaliarch! the more gen'rous wine,
Full four years mellow'd in the Sabine jars;
Submit the rest unto the will Divine,
Which having once allay'd the wind's and ocean's wars,
Neither the cypresses nor aged ashes mars,
Seek not to know the fate awaits to-morrow;
The day that fortune gives, count you for gain:
While now you're in your prime yield not to gnawing
Your hair unmix'd with grey, not pleasure's call disdain.
Frequent the Campus and the public walks,
Let whispers soft at even be repeated:
Snatch from her hand the token while she talks;
Let not the bold endeavour be defeated.

CHRISTOPHER HUGHES, 1867

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

White, with deep snow, behold Soracte stands
    Nor can the labouring woods the burden bear;
Rivers cease flowing, tied in sharp ice bands.
    Dispel the cold, and let your hearth appear
Heaped high with logs. O! Thaliarchus, pour
    More gladly from the Sabine two-eared vase
    Wine four years old. Leave to the gods the laws
Which rule the rest: who calm at once the roar
    Of winds contending with the raging sea;
    Nor let them shake old ash or cypress tree.
What will to-morrow bring seek not to know,
And count for gain each day the Fates bestow.
    Spurn not sweet love, my boy, nor dances spurn
While sour grey hairs are absent from your youth;
    Now to the fields of warlike contests turn,
Or in night's still hour pour love's whispered truth;
    Now let the grateful laugh, from secret nook,
Of merry girl, betray what you may gain:
    She would not frown though love's fond pledge you took
From her fair arm, or finger closed in vain.

CHARLES STEPHENS MATHEWS, 1867

("Formerly of Pembroke College, Cambridge")

Look, Thaliarchus! all in white
    Soracte stands, so deep the snow;
Scarce hold the labouring woods upright
    Their fleecy burdens; huddled flow
The brooks, or quite refuse the route:
'Tis no dull frost brings that about.

Logs on the hearth replacing large,
    First to relax compel the cold,
And then the cellar to discharge
    A Sabine diot four years old,
And then yourself to be benign
A point or so beyond in wine.

All else permit the gods to guide:
    All else perceives them at the helm.
At rest yon tufts of cypress ride,
    And those two lines of aged elm,
Soon as the gods send to their pillows
The battling winds with fervid billows.

What morrows bring to pry abstain:
    The chance to live, whene'er a dawn
Presents it, count for so much gain:
    You're just upon the verge of man,
Spurn neither in the dance to move,
Nor you the sweet emprize to love,

While in the vigour of your prime,
    Remote from peevish-tempered eld,
They press improvement of their time.
    Mars' exercises, games afield,
And gentle whispers under cloke
Of dusk, at hour and place bespoke,

Be these repeated when shall fall
    The season: now, long nights to charm,
The traitor laugh from cornered wall
    Of lurking maiden, and from arm
Or finger, rape of token-gold
Let go with faintest show to hold.

JAMES WALTER SMITH, 1867

(1830–1917; Barrister, Writer, and Journalist)

The snow on bleak Soracte's steep
And on the labouring woods lies deep,
And bears them down; while winter's force
Has stayed the rivers in their course.

This frost, my Thaliarchus, thaw.
Heap logs upon the hearth, and draw
Wine four years old – benignant task! –
And pour it from the Sabine flask.

The gods will do the rest, and lay
The winds which war with Ocean spray;
Their power, which raised the waves but now,
Scarce flutters ash or cypress bough.

Ask not the morrow's fate. Each day,
While life lasts, count for gain alway;
Nor yet when young the dance despise,
Nor loving looks from tender eyes.

Sour age will not for ever spare
Your bloom; so to the plain repair,
And terrace, and at nightfall meet,
Love's gentle whispers to repeat.

See, by her happy laugh betrayed,
From corner comes the hiding maid;
The souvenir's snatched from off her wrist
Or finger, feigning to resist.

E. H. BRODIE, 1868

(c. 1832–1906; "One of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools")

See under what a weight of snow
Soracte stands with baried brow,
    Bend all the straining woods
Beneath the load, with icy chains
Frost every prisoned stream detains,
    And locks the nimble foods.

Scatter the cold, and high and higher
Pile blazing logs above the fire,
    And Thaliarchus friend –
The Sabine bottle with two ears
Broach ripe with luscious juice that cheers,
    A merry night we'll spend.

Leave to the gods all else, who best
Can bush the warring winds to rest,
    And calm the boiling seas, –
For when they give the word 'tis peace,
The cypress and old ash-tree cease
    To quiver in the breeze.

To-morrow's fates aside be thrown,
But gladly count to-day thine own,
    And take the luck it brings:
Slight not the sweets of love, nor scorn
The jocund dance in manhood's morn,
    Ere filed on hasty wings

Green youth depart, and sullen age
Whiten thy hairs; the plain, the stage,
    Be these thy pleasures now,
And by thy gentle mistress' bower,
Soft whispering at the appointed hour,
    Repeat thy lover's row.

Light laughter falling on the ear
Betrays to thee where she is near
    Hid in yon close recess;
Haste from arm, finger take the spoil,
Poorly dissembling to recoil,
    And the dear pledge possess.

T. HERBERT NOYES, JR., 1868

(1827–1909; Home Office Civil Servant)

See how Soracte's towering crest
    Gleams white with snow, and the laden trees
How they creak and groan with the weight oppressed!
    See how the torrents freeze!

Consume the cold! here, logs of pine –
    Come, heap up the hearth with good dry wood!
Bring up, if you please, the Sabine wine,
    The four-year old – the good!

Leave all the rest to heaven, for when
    The Gods have allayed the fierce Siroc
That wars with the waves, no cypress then,
    Or mountain ash will rock.

Seek not to dip in the well of time,
    Each day that the fates accord, set down
As so much gain, nor in youth's glad prime
    Despise sweet love, nor frown

Upon the dance while the sap is green,
    And surly age keeps aloof; but now
For sports and pastimes, sweet seventeen,
    The twilight-whispered vow; –

The tell-tale laugh of the girl we love,
    From the nook she has made her lair –
Come, wrest from her hand a scarf or glove,
    In spite of her feigned "forbear."

FATHER PROUT, 1868

(1804–66; Irish Humorist and Journalist)

See how the winter blanches
    SORACTAY'S giant brow!
Hear how the forest-branches
    Groan for the weight of snow
While the fix'd ice impanels
Rivers within their channels.

Out with the frost! expel her!
    Pile up the fuel-block,
And from thy hoary cellar
    Produce a SABINE crock:
O THALIARCK! remember
It count a fourth December.

Give to the gods the guidance
    Of earth's arrangements. List!
The blasts at their high biddance
    From the vex'd deep desist,
Nor 'mid the cypress riot;
And the old elms are quiet.

Enjoy, without foreboding,
    Life as the moments run
Away with Care corroding,
    Youth of my soul! nor shun
LOVE, for whose smile thou'rt suited;
And 'mid the dancers foot it.

While youth's hour lasts, beguile it;
    Follow the field, the camp,
Each manly sport, till twilight
    Brings on the vesper-lamp;
Then let thy loved one lisp her
Fond feelings in a whisper.

Or in a nook hide furtive,
    Till by her laugh betrayed,
And drawn, with struggle sportive,
    Forth from her ambuscade;
Bracelet or ring th' offender
In forfeit sweet surrender!

ANONYMOUS, 1868

(*Trinity Tablet*)

Seest thou proud Soracte's brow
Whitened o'er with drifted snow;
While the fir tree's groaning bough
'Neath its wintry load droops low?
And the mountain torrent stands
Crystalline in icy bands.

Conquer Winter! Let the hearth,
Piled with fire-wood, brightly burn.
Thaliarchus, come, with mirth,
Reaching down the Sabine urn,
Fill an overflowing measure,
Now's the time for wine and pleasure.

To the gods resign the rest,
For, when they have lulled the storm
Raging fierce o'er ocean's breast,
Not the ash-tree's giant form,
Nor the holm-oak, rooted fast,
Groans before the northern blast.

Be the morrow what it may,
Still, with grateful heart, enjoy
What kind fortune grants to-day.
Nor shouldst thou disdain, O boy,
Cupid's soft and flowery chain,
And the dance's winding train.

Since no hateful thread of white
Mars thy wealth of curling brown,
Seek the rendezvous, when Night
Spreads her mantle o'er the town;
Listening through the silent hours
To the fountain's plashing showers.

Happy to be sweetly chid,
When the laughing shrieks betray
Where some merry girl lies bid,
Snatch the forfeit pledge away
From her hands or dainty wrists,
While she playfully resists.

EDWARD YARDLEY, JR., 1869

(1835–1908; Writer)

See you not how the rivers freeze,
    How white is grown Soracte's crown,
And how the overburdened trees
    Beneath their snowy load bend down!

The cold, oh Thaliarchus, thaw,
    Fresh logs upon the embers throw,
And from the cask profusely draw
    The wine laid in four years ago.

The rest leave to the gods who quell
    The winds that war against the seas,
And have performed their task so well
    That not a breath now stirs the trees.

Ask not what may to-morrow be,
    But count each day you live as gain,
And, whilst from crabbed age you're free,
    Nor from the dance nor love refrain:

Frequent the promenade or field
    And, whispering love at even-tide
To girls who feign to be concealed,
    The keepsake snatch but half denied.

JOHN BENSON ROSE, 1869

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

See, Thaliarchus, how the snow descending,
Covers Soracte; trees and branches bending
Under their burden, and floods slowly wending
        Frozen by winter.
Come, Thaliarchus, let us baulk the weather,
Heap on the wood, throw on the tufts of heather,
Open the wine vaults, let us quaff together
        Four-year Sabinan.
And leave the rest to the great gods of heaven,
For they will lull the storm o'er ocean driven,
And holy pines and elms shall stand unriven;
        It is their pleasure.
And shun to ask what will occur to-morrow,
Count as a gain each day you beg or borrow,
Slur not your boyhood, free from grief and sorrow,
        Chant with the Muses.
And in your youth time mingle with sweet faces,
Rush to the Campus and the public places,
Join in the converse which the silence graces
        Of the soft evening.
And woo the damsel slily thee beguiling,
She will betray herself by merry smiling,
Then snatch the ring or bracelet, undefiling,
        She will resign it.

WILLIAM THOMAS MERCER, 1869

(1821–79; Colonial Administrator)

See'st thou not how
Soracte's brow
With whitening snow is covered o'er,
And how the woods
And frozen floods
Feel Winter's icy touch once more?

Give cold no place,
Increase the blaze
By heaping logs upon the fire,
And Thaliarch,
I prythee, mark,
The choicest wine is our desire.

For aught beside
The gods provide,
And when they've lulled the stormy seas,
Silence profound
Prevails around,
Nor ash nor cypress fears the breeze.

A thankless task
It were to ask
What fate to-morrow's sun may give;
Content remain
And count as gain
Each day that fortune lets thee live –

Now then to love
Obedient prove,
And in the dance thy limbs employ,
For soon indeed
Old age shall speed,
And all the hopes of youth destroy.

Now stroll along
The fields among
And court the unyielding fair the while;
Soon shall she feel
Thine eager zeal,
Soon on thy suit propitious smile;

Or should the maid
From yonder shade
Laugh, and betray her lurking place,
Then snatch in play
The ring away
Was wont her willing hand to grace.

R. B., 1869

(*London Scotsman*)

See how Benlomond's swathed in snow;
The frozen streams have ceased to flow;
The groaning woods are bending low
    Beneath their wintry load.
With peats from moss, or coal from mine,
Make grate to glow, make hearth to shine,
And from the cellars inmost shrine,
    For long four twelve months stowed.

Bring forth the beverage, clear and strong
Was brewed Glenlivet's moors among,
Despite the gaugers' prying throng,
    The genuine barley bree!
The battling blasts that sweep the plain,
And tear the woods and toss the main,
Shall soon be laid, and Spring again
    Shall smile on lift and lee.

Bid truce to care, bid truce to sorrow,
Plague not thy pate about to-morrow,
But from each day some pleasure borrow
    Ere cankered age do reive it: –
And for the sour, tea-bibbing classes,
That ban the cup, and shy the lasses,
Just set them down for oafs and asses,
    And toss off thy Glenlivet!

EDWARD BULWER-LYTTON, LORD LYTTON, 1870

(1803–73; Politician)

See how white in the deep-fallen snow stands Soracte!
Laboring forests no longer can bear up their burden;
And the rush of the rivers is locked,
Halting mute in the gripe of the frost.

Thaw the cold; more and more on the hearth heap the fagots –
More and more bringing bounteously out, Thaliarchus,
The good wine that has mellowed four years
In the great Sabine two-handled jar.

Leave the rest to the gods, who can strike into quiet
Angry winds in their war with the turbulent waters,
Till the cypress stand calm in the sky –
Till there stir not a leaf on the ash.

Shun to seek what is hid in the womb of the morrow;
Count the lot of each day as clear gain in life's ledger;
Spurn not, thou, who art young, dulcet loves;
Spurn not, thou, choral dances and song

While the hoar-frost morose keeps aloof from thy verdure.
Thine the sports of the Campus, the gay public gardens;
Thine at twilight the words whispered low;
Each in turn has its own happy hour:

And thine the sweet laugh of the girl – which betrays her
Hiding slyly within the dim nook of the threshold,
And the love-token snatched from the wrist,
Or the finger's not obstinate hold.

THOMAS CHARLES BARING, 1870

(1831–91; Banker and Politician)

Don't you see how Soracte gleams white with deep snow?
How the labouring woods cannot bear
Its weight? and the rivers no longer can flow
For the frost that is keen in the air?
Come, toast-master, thaw us the cold; bid them bring
Bigger logs to pile up on the fire;
And fill with good liquor that's seen its fourth spring
Yonder jug that we Sabines admire.
Leave the rest to the gods; they have hushed with a word
The winds, that were fighting the deep
Till it seethed in its wrath; not a cypress is stirred,
And the ash-trees have trembled to sleep.
Never trouble thy head what the morrow may prove,
Make the most of each day as it flies.
'Twere a pity that boyhood the pleasures of love
And the joy of the dance should despise.
Grey hairs with their crotchets will soon be thine own;
Whilst young, let the field and the lists
Be thy joy, and the murmurs in soft undertone
At the carefully-planned twilight trysts;
And the clear-ringing laugh, from a corner just near,
That thy sweetheart in hiding betrays,
And the gage deftly snatched from an arm that is dear,
Or a finger that coyly delays.

MORTIMER HARRIS, 1871

(*A Selection from the Odes of Horace*)

See'st thou not how Soracte now
Stands white beneath the drifted snow?
That laboring woods sustain no more
Their load, and rivers frozen o'er
No longer flow?

Dissolve, my Thaliarch, the cold.
Heaping the fire with logs untold
And freely let the wine be poured,
That in its Sabine vase lies stored,
Now four years old.

Let the Gods manage as they please
All else: when they the winds appease
That the wild waves to fury lash,
Then nor the cypress nor the ash
Shake in the breeze.

Seek not to know tomorrow's lot;
Each day Fate grants count something got:
And the light dance, yet but a boy,
Or love, producing deeper joy,
Despise thou not,

Whilst crabbed age your youth may spare.
In manly sports your part to bear,
And at the trysting hour, by night,
In whispers low your troth to plight,
Be now your care

Now, too, the merry laugh reveals
Where the dear maid herself conceals
In corner close: while from her coy
Half-willing hand, or arm, her boy
Some token steals.

EMMA RHODES, 1871

(*The Argosy*)

Silver-shrouded lies Soracte;
All the earth is clothed in snow;
And the ladened forest-branches
Sweep the whitened ground below.

Frost has chilled the sunny rivers,
Warbling on their happy way,
Sternly stopped their merry laughter,
Silenced every joyous lay.

Cold and gloom are all around us;
But dissolve the cold with heat,
Heaping high the blazing billets
On the hearth-stone at our feet.

With the sparkling ruby nectar,
Flowing from the Sabine jar,
Fire the languid blood and spirit,
Banish hateful gloom afar.

Leave the rest, O Thaliarchus,
To the wiser powers on high
Powers by whom our life is given
Who decree when we must die:

Who the tempest having silenced –
Raging wind and dashing rain –
Not a trembling wave of ocean
Dares to lift its crest again:

Not a solemn forest cypress
Ventures now its boughs to sway,
And the ash-tree's quivering leaflets
Fear the gods to disobey.

Shun to ask to-morrow's mission;
Let it bring or joy or pain,
Meet it so that it shall render
Something still to store as gain.

Nor, being young, disdain the pleasures
Which belong to youth's bright hour –
Tender loves – the joyful meeting
In the sheltered ivy-bower:

Manly sports of Campus Martius –
Riding, wrestling, rivalry
In the guiding of the chariot –
For the glance of beauty's eye:

Public walks: the gay excitement
Of the festive song and dance:
Gentle whisp'rings in the twilight,
Plaintive sighs, and pleading glance:

Saucy laughter, whose soft cadence
Rings as music on the ear,
Telling where the playful maiden
Hides away in mocking fear:

The dear token, boldly ravished
From her yielding lady-hand –
Yielding half, and half denying –
Jewelled ring or golden band.

Scorn not these – Spring's rosy blossoms,
Sweetest that shall ever flower
On life's tree – the fair enchantments,
Fading with each fading hour;

Till the frost of age approaching
Grimly, and with biting breath,
Quench the glowing sense and spirit
Soon to sink asleep in death.

M. C., 1871

(*The Odes of Horace. Book First*)

See how Soracte stands,
    Wrapped in the deep white snow,
And the trees out there can hardly bear
    The weight that has bowed them so;
And the brooks have lost, in the biting frost,
    Their summer ripple and flow.

So bring in plenty of logs,
    And let us thaw the cold,
And heap the fire hotter and higher,
    To loosen its icy hold;
And stint not the cup, but fill it up,
    With the wine that is four years old.

For the rest, why, let it rest!
    The winds are hushed on high,
They have ceased to fight with the strong sea's might,
    And as they wander by,
They scarcely stir the whispering fir,
    Or make the old ash sigh.

For to-morrow take no thought,
    It is sure for itself to care;
Why should it be a cloud to thee,
    In thy sunny spring-time there?
Love and joy go best with the boy,
    Sorrow with silver hair.

Go, then, in the twilight hour,
    And join the whispering crowd,
Where youth and maid, – she half afraid,
    And he so brave and proud, –
Have kept true time, by the faithful chime
    Of hearts that are beating loud.

Now in the dusky square,
    Lurking in bashful play,
She waits for him in the angle dim,
    With a laugh herself to betray,
And the gem she has kissed, on finger or wrist,
    For him to snatch it away.

W. B. BLISS, 1872

(1795–1874; Nova Scotian Judge and Politician)

Soracte see is white with snow,
The forests scarce their load sustain;
While every stream has ceased to flow,
Fast bound in Winter's icy chain.

Heap on the blazing hearth more wood,
Dispel, my friend, this bitter cold:
And broach your two-eared jar, of good
Well ripened wine of four years old.

Leave to the gods all else; their word
Calms the wild winds and stormy sea;
That not a branch nor leaf is stirred
On veteran ash or cypress tree.

Seek not to-morrow's fate to know;
Count every day you live as gain;
Nor love's delicious dreams forego,
Nor thou the choral dance disdain.

Till age shall come, grey-haired and sour,
The Campus, thine, the public walk:
And often at the appointed hour
Of dusky eve, the whispered talk.

Thine, when her merry laugh within,
Tells where the maiden lies concealed,
Love's token from her arm to win,
Or finger, nothing loath to yield.

J. O., 1872

(*The Dartmouth*)

Behold how white Soracte lifts
Her head with sorrow, beneath whose drifts,
The burthened woods can scarcely stand;
While mighty streams throughout the land,
Are bound by Winter's icy band?

With wealth of wood the hearth then pile,
To soften Winter's breath awhile;
And Thaliarchus, now produce
From Sabine jars, with hand profuse,
The four years', deeply mellowed juice!

Trust to the Gods for all beside;
Who, when they have rebuked the pride
Of winds that vex the Ocean's tide,
Will give the aged Ash distressed,
And cypress trees, a welcome rest.

Seek not to know to-morrow's Fate;
Whatever day on thee may wait,
By Fortune sent for joy or praise,
Turn it alike to noble gain.

Nor wantonly despise the joy
Of Love or Melody, thou boy!
Because morose old Age, forsooth,
Is distant from thy blooming youth.
Hence seek the public walk – the park,
Where gentle whispers in the dark,
Repeat, at the appointed hour,
The homage due to Cupid's power.
There shall the ringing laugh betray,
The furtive damsel hid away,
Where in a corner sly concealed,
She feigns reluctantly to yield
Some token, by her lover snatched,
From fingers willingly o'ermatched.

JOHN TUNNARD, 1874

(*Some Odes of Horace*)

Seest thou, how stands Soracte's height
With deep o'erlying snowdrifts white
Scarcely their burden bear the woods;
Ice-bound are all the wintry floods.
Dissolve the cold; upon the grate
Largely heap logs; and kinder yet,
O Thaliarchus, four-year wine
Draw from that Sabine cask of thine.
Leave to the Gods the rest: they mind
The boiling sea and raging wind;
They guard from agitating breeze
The cypresses and old ash trees.
Forbear to seek to-morrow's fate,
Or what may be thy future state;
Put down to gain th' allotted days,
And whilst old age morose delays
To turn, O youth, thy tresses white,
Spurn not sweet loves, nor dances light.
Now seek the Campus Martius, and
The spaces cleared for athlete band;
Now challenge oft the whispers light
Agreed upon at hour of night;
And grateful laugh some corner in,
Betraying her concealed within.
Now snatch the pledge from arm or finger,
On which they care not it should linger.

KNAPDALE, 1874

(*Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*)

Look you, how deep the snow is lying
On old Shichallion's side;
The woods ne'er felt a load so trying
By Tummel's frozen tide.

On with the Yule-log – no half measures –
Pile high the blazing hearth;
Let the oldest bin bring forth her treasures –
Two magnums at a birth.

Now don't be planning for the morrow;
Time flies our joys to steal;
Let's join the ladies; – out with sorrow –
The pipes! – a reel! – a reel!

Despise not thou love's gentle pleading –
The timid, tender glance –
That joy all other joys exceeding –
Nor shun the merry dance.

For youth flies fast with his thousand blisses,
The best of life's short day;
Now is the time for love and kisses –
Then take them while you may.

At night, o'er her sweet accents linger –
Her last, soft, parting glance –
The glove from her half-reluctant finger,
In memory of the dance.

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

(*Exotics*)

See how, at last, even old Soracte's covered
Up to its summit with deep-fallen snow!
The bending woods beneath the drifts are smothered;
And rivers stand, held fast by ice, below.

But in our house let winter be a fable!
Pile up the logs, and drive the frost afar,
And bring, O Thaliarchus, to our table,
Wine four years old, within its two-eared jar.

And, for the rest, leave all to those High Powers
Who, when the storm-lashed surges rise and fall,
And the old trees rock in their leafy bowers,
Speak, and a sudden silence comes to all.

Do thou, dear boy, indulge no wintry sorrow,
But give to dance and song youth's happy day;
Ask not what darker fate may come to-morrow;
Count as clear gain all good you find to-day.

Let youth, light-hearted, have its hour of joy,
Its manly games, its long day's tramp and walk,
And tender whispers when the girl and boy
Meet with shy footsteps for their twilight talk.

For then the child, within her corner hidden,
Is by her stifled laughter soon betrayed
To him who boldly dares, but half forbidden,
Kiss on her arm the unreluctant maid.

ARTHUR WAY, 1876

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

Thou seest how stands Soracte radiant-white
With the deep snow, nor can the straining forests
    Longer bear up their load, and rivers
    Through the keen frost have stayed their flowing
Thaw thou the cold, upon the hearth uppiling
The faggots bounteously, and bring thou forth
    Right generously the four-year wine,
    O banquet-prince, in Sabine pitcher
Leave to the gods all else, for soon as they
Have lulled the winds that with the seething ocean
    Battle, no more do cypresses
    Nor ashes old rock to and fro.
Spare to enquire what shall to-morrow be,
And whatsoever days fortune shall give thee,
    Count it thy gain, and do not thou
    Despise while young sweet love nor dances,
While churlish hoary hairs are far away
From thy green spring. Now let the Plain, the parks,
    And whispering soft beneath the gloaming,
    Be sought again at trysting hour.
Now too that welcome laugh from secret nook,
Betray of the lassie hiding there,
    The forfeit, too, snatched from the wrists,
    Or from the all-too-wilful finger.

W. E. H. FORSYTH, 1876

(1845–81; Lawyer in Bengal)

You see Soracte's white with snow,
    Woods groan beneath their weight;
The running streams no longer flow,
    For frost has changed their state.

Let's drive away the cold and heap
    The blazing hearth with wood,
And broach, my friend, the wine you keep
    In Sabine jars so good.

Leave to the gods the rest – 'tis they
    Who calm the raging blast,
The rustling of the leaves allay,
    And still the trees at last.

Ask not your future fate – enjoy
    Each day as so much gain,
And don't despise the girls, my boy,
    Nor think the dance is vain.

Now ere the frost has nipped your bower
    Frequent both grove and park,
How sweet at the appointed hour,
    A whisper after dark!

Now, too, the maiden's laughter charms,
    Betraying where she's hidden;
Go snatch some token from her arms
    Or hand – you'll scarce be chidden.

RICHARD TROTT FISHER, 1876

(1805–85; *Rakings Over Many Seasons*)

See – the snow lies deep upon Soracte,
And the labouring trees bewray their burden;
While the river-streams are stay'd and cumber'd
With rocky ice.

On your hearth the cold-dissolving faggots
Freely pile, and from the inner cellar
Fetch a larger flask of your old Sabine,
O Thaliarch!

To the Gods all else may well be trusted;
They the stormy wind can loose or fetter,
As they will the aged ash and cypress
Or stand or fall.

Care not thou for what may be to-morrow;
Place to gain each day that passes over:
But, my boy, the sweets of love despise not,
Nor yet the dance.

While morose grey hairs hold off thy temples,
Now thy day is due to camps and gatherings;
And the nightfall claims a tender whisper
At promised hour.

Now a pleasant laugh from some sly corner
Oft betrays a damsel close in ambush,
Who may make you free to snatch the token
She will not give.

W. P. DOLE, 1876

(*The Canadian Monthly*)

You see that now Soracte steep
Resplendent stands, enveloped deep
In shining snow;
Nor struggling woods the load can bear,
And sharp frost stays the rivers where
They used to flow.

O, Thaliarchus! kindle mirth
Heap high the logs upon the hearth;
Dispel the cold;
From Sabine jar more freely draw,
The rigorous season's chill to thaw,
Wine four years old.

To the Gods leave the rest; when they
Once will the warring winds to lay
And boiling seas,
Tall cypresses no longer quake,
Nor, bending their strong branches, shake
The aged ash trees.

Ask not – What may to-morrow give?
Each day that Fortune grants to live,
Count it as gain;
Nor spurn the sweet delights of love,
Nor through the merry dance to move
In youth disdain.

While sour, hoar age your bloom yet spares,
Let now Mars' Field and public squares
Be your delight;
And at appointed evening hour
Let whispers soft have gentle power
Still to invite.

Now, too, enjoy in romping plays
The pleasant laughter that betrays
The maiden hid
In closest nook, and the pledge caught
From arm or finger that scarce sought
Theft to forbid.

EDGAR S. VAN WINKLE, 1876

(1847–82; Lawyer)

Oh Thaliarchus, see'st thou how
The deep snow whitens old Soractes' brow,
The trees their weight of ice can scarce sustain,
And the deep rivers groan, bound by a frozen chain.
– Dissolve the cold, throw wood upon the hearth
And cheerfully bring forth the Sabian wine:
Oh Thaliarchus yield thy soul to mirth,
And leave all carking cares to Jove divine,
Who when the winds fight with the fervid waves,
Can still their raging by a single word,
So that the cypress nor the elm tree's leaves
E'en by a single zephyr shall be stirr'd.
What care to-morrow brings forget, forget,
The present pleasure, count it as thy gain;
Do not despise the gentle loves, nor yet
The dance, while peevish age far off remains.
And now the fields and open squares are sought
By gentle whisperers at the appointed hour,
And the wild girls' betraying laugh is brought
From the dark corner of some ancient tow'r,
The pledge is snatch'd, the bracelet, ring or chain,
While the pleased girls a slight resistance feign.

GEORGE ABRAHAM THOMAS, C. 1876

(1847–1913; American Lawyer, Newspaper Editor, and Writer)

Dost see Socrate rear its head,
With drift-snow whitely shining?
Dost see by frost the streams are bound –
The giant pines crouch like a hound
From weight of snow inclining?

Dispel the cold, pile on the hearth
The back logs, hotly glowing;
O, Thaliarchus! bring the wine
That in the Sabine jars doth shine –
The dust its seasons showing.

We'll trust all else unto the gods;
For when the sea is boiling,
They've but to lull the winds to sleep,
And motionless each leaf doth keep,
And nature ceases toiling.

What may come forth tomorrow, then,
'Tis best to stop inquiring –
Whatever days the fates may give
Put down as gain; and while you live
Disdain not Love's inspiring.

So long as old age keeps away,
Nor on thy youth's encroaching,
Score not the dance; nor let the walks
Forget at all the lovers' talks
When evening time's approaching.

Let laughter, only half repressed,
But show to you, insisting,
The maiden hiding but in play,
Whose kisses you can snatch away,
Despite her slight resisting.

ANONYMOUS, 1876

(*The Oracle*)

Soracte, as thou seest, stands white with snow;
The groaning boughs sweep towards the earth below
Bent by their snowy load; the river's flow
Is stayed by piercing frost.

O Thaliarchus, to the hearth draw nigh,
Heap on the logs, stern winter's rage defy,
And from the Sabine jar fill every beaker high
With wines which four years boast.

Leave all else to the gods; at whose behest
The winds are still which late the sea oppressed,
The cypress and the ancient ash have rest,
No longer tossed and torn.

Seek not to know the future; 'twill be vain;
Should chance thy days prolong, count it a gain.
Nor do thou, boy, from the gay dance abstain
Nor love's sweet pleasure scorn,

While white locks and old age are far away.
Now seek the Campus with its sports and play,
The promenades, and at the close of day
Soft whispers and love's trysts,

And the coy girl, whom hid in some alcove
Her charming laugh discovers to her love
Who takes an armlet or a ring her love to prove;
She roguishly resists.

WILLIAM THOMAS THORNTON, 1878

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

Seest thou how whitened with deep-lying snow
Soracte stands? and how the forests bow,
Straining beneath the weight? and how the force
Of piercing frost stays rivers in their course?
Heap logs upon the fire, to thaw the cold;
Heap freely; and of wine, the four-year old,
Be liberal, O Thaliarch, and produce
A two-eared Sabine flagon of the juice.
The rest leave to the gods, at whose decree
The winds that battled with the foaming sea
Were at the instant hushed, and motionless
Are the old ash-trees now, and cypresses.
From asking what to-morrow brings, refrain;
What day soe'er thy lot may give, as gain
Account; and look not, boy, askance
On sweet amours, nor on the circling dance.
As long as from thy strength morose old age
Still stands aloof, in martial sports engage,
And let soft whispers, oftentimes, at night
In the still hours, thy whisperings requite,
When welcome laughter from her inner lair
Has told thee of the hoyden hiding there,
And fondling arms of love-pledge are divested
From fingers, that but feign to hold it, wrested.

GEORGE HERBERT TREVOR, 1878

(1840–1927; Army Officer and Administrator in India)

I picture you burning your yule-log in Wales;
Mount Snowdon stands by, clad in thickly wreathed snow,
And the snowdrifts are heavy on woods and in dales,
While the frost is so hard the rivers won't flow.

Well, keep out the cold; pile the logs up on high;
Produce the old port, and be jovial to-night:
Leave the rest to the gods, who, when tempests sweep by,
And war with the sea till he boils in his might,

Lull them softly to rest, so that cypress and ash
Stir never a leaf: why, then I maintain
You need not inquire what to-morrow may flash,
But score up each day as it comes for a gain.

While you're young, sir, and blooming, make the most of your time;
Eat, drink, and be seen every night on the Mall.
Play blindman's-buff with the girls; their laughter's sweet chime
Is delightful – mistletoe shrieks above all;

When you pounce on them suddenly under the bough,
And snatch in the struggle a glove or a kiss;
They pretend you shan't have it, but really allow
The pleasant effrontery's not much amiss.

H. B. BAILDON, 1878

(*The Scotsman*)

See'st thou, friend, Soracte shining
Deep with snow,
And the woods beneath their burden
Bending low,
While the rivers, firmly frozen,
Cease to flow?
Drive the cold out, Thaliarchus,
From within.
Higher pile the blazing faggots,
'Twere a sin
Now to leave that mellow Sabine
In the bin!
To the gods the rest relinquish!
Who have willed
That the warring winds of ocean
Should be stilled,
And no more the ash or cypress
Stirred or thrilled!
Leave to-morrow's thought and burden
To the chances,
Deem that every day Luck gives thee
Life enhances,
Nor despise the joys of loving,
Or the dances,
Ere frosty age descendeth
On thy hair!
Now at eve about the Campus
And the square;
Go the whispers of the lovers
Trysting there;
Now the maiden's silvery laughter
Has betrayed,
Her far hiding in the inmost
Nook of shade,
And her sport with light won kisses
Is repaid.

JAMES JOHN LONSDALE, 1879

(1810–86; Judge)

See how, all white, Soracte deep in snow
Stands out; nor can the labouring woods sustain
The weight; the rivers too no longer flow,
Bound by the sharp frost's icy chain.
Logs on thy hearth to drive away the cold
Heap plentifully; and more freely still
Draw wine, O Thaliarchus, four years old
From Sabine jar thy cup to fill:
The rest leave to the Gods, who, when they quell
The winds fierce battling with the boiling sea,
The cypress and old ash quick feel the spell,
And agitated cease to be.
What shall to-morrow be, ask not to know,
And count each day that chance shall give as gain:
Nor, youthful still, the graceful dance forego;
Nor love's delicious sweets disdain,
While spared thy strength by white old age and sour.
'Tis now the time the Field and Mall t' enjoy,
And when the night arrives th' appointed hour
In gentle whispers to employ.
Now too, her pleasant laugh the girl betrays
In secret corner hid; and steals her swain
The pledge, on arm or finger she displays
Faint struggle only to retain.

C. P. CRANCH, 1879

(*Dwight's Journal of Music*)

Thou seest how on Soracte's lofty brow
The white snow gleams
The laboring forests bend, and scarcely now
Sustain their lolad. Sharp ice hath stopped the streams.
– Disolve the frosty cold, heap high the wood
Upon the fire, and with a cheerier mood,
O Thaliarchus, draw
The four year vintage front its Sabine jar
Leave to the gods all else, by whose great law
The warring winds upon the seas afar
Are lulled, and ancient ash and cypress tree
Remain unscathed and free.
Seek not to know what lot the morrow brings;
And what to thee thy daily fortune grants,
Place to thy gain. Spurn not love's dallyings
O youth, nor shun the dance.
While crabbed age is far, and hath no power
To touch thy bloom, now let the field and park,
With soft low whispers in the dark,
Be sought again at the appointed hour;
Or in some secret nook the hiding maid
Be by her merry laugh betrayed,
Yielding from finger or from dainty wrist
The forfeit jewel, feigning to resist.

SIR PHILIP PERRING, 1880

(1828–1920; Clergyman and Poet)

Seest thou upon Soracte's height
How the deep snow is glistening bright?
The labouring woods scarce bear their load,
Sharp frost has stopped the rivers' flood

Dispel the cold; pile higher still
Logs on the hearth, and with a will
Draw forth from jar of Sabine mould,
Thaliarchus, wine full four years old.

Leave to the Gods the rest; when they
Upon the boiling main allay
The battling winds, nor cypress, nor
Old mountain ash is battered more.

Seek not what shall to-morrow be:
What day soever chance gives thee,
Set down as gain, nor love's delight,
Nor thou the dance in boyhood slight,

Whilst in thy green sour age is far;
Now seek the park, and seek the square,
And whispers soft at fall of night
In trysted hour be thy delight;

The merry laugh, too, which betrays
Yon nook the damsel's hiding-place,
And token snatched from off her wrists
Or finger which but ill resists.

ROBERT RICHARDSON, 1880

(*The Dublin University Magazine*)

Soracte's height stands gleaming white,
Knee-deep in drifting snows;
The straining wood bends 'neath its load,
The stream no longer flows.

Up, up, old friend! cold blows the wind,
But warm and snug within,
Still higher raise the crackling blaze,
And broach thine oldest bin.

To Jove 'tis best to leave the rest,
Who rules the winds and seas;
When he shall will, the oaks are still
Erst rocking in the breeze.

Fret not nor 'plain, count each day gain,
Take all the joys that chance;
Each pleasure prove, turn not from love,
And blithely join the dance.

No thought of age need thee engage,
Thy youth is in its flower;
At night repair to meet thy fair,
When comes the trysting hour.

From some dark street her laughter sweet
Tells where she biding stands;
Won't she reveal? – Some token steal
From her coquettish hands.

BANISTER LUPTON, 1881

(*The English Household Magazine*)

Soractes' sides, shrouded in snow, thou beholdest;
Trees bending, can scarcely sustain their white load,
The rivers are hid by a covering – the coldest –
Where frost, sharp and bitter, takes up its abode.

Thaw, then, the keen chill, by repeatedly heating
Thy hearth with unsparing supplies of dry wood.
And, oh, Thaliarchus! bring forth, with kind greeting,
The wine, which, in Sabine jar, four years, has stood.

To the Gods leave the rest, whose power represses
The winds in their conflicts with white seething seas;
Not shaken by breezes are stately cypresses
Or old mountain ashes, except as THEY please,

What to-morrow may bring forbear from enquiring:
Consider whatever each day gives as gain.
In youth spurn not pleasures which love is inspiring:
Nor, till old and peevish, from dances abstain.

Now, on the wide Campus, the people are meeting;
Friends gather in places of public resort:
Soft whispers, at hours agreed, night is repeating,
As swains, to young maidens, are paying their court.

A low, silvery laugh from a corner is sounding,
The titter discovers the coy, lurking maid;
Who feigns to escape, from the grasp quickly bounding,
And who faintly resists till the forfeit is paid.

ANONYMOUS, 1883

(*The Michigan Argonaut*)

You behold how high Soracte
Stands forth, glittering white with snow:
While the trees bend 'neath their burdens,
And the icy streams scarce flow.

Thaw the cold, O Thaliarchus!
Pile the hearth with wood right high,
Draw from Sabine jars profusely
Wine that's seen four years go by.

Leave all else to the immortals:
Soon as they the winds have staid
Battling with the boist'rous waters,
Oak nor cypress will be swayed.

Seek not what shall be to-morrow;
Each new day that fortune grants,
Count that gain; in youth, pray, spurn not
Sweet love's pleasures nor the dance.

While morose old age is distant,
Now for campus and for square,
At the trysting hour of evening,
And the whispered converse there.

Now, too, for the winsome laughter
That betrays the hidden maid,
And the pledge from wrist or Anger
Snatched, while she resistance played.

HENRY HUBBARD PIERCE, 1884

(1834–83; "Erudite Mathematician and Latin Scholar")

Soracte's brow is white with drifting snow;
The groaning trees beneath their burdens bend;
Behold the river stays its onward flow,
Such chilling mandates doth the frost-king send.
O Thaliarchus! drive the cold away
By piling high the hearth with needful wood.
From Sabine jar bring forth the sparkling wine;
Four blooming Springs have made it clear and good.
To gods above then trust thine every care,
At whose behest the winds their fury stay
In direful warfare with the raging brine;
The awe-struck cypress stands in calm array,
And ancient ash-trees hush their trembling leaves.
The morrow's mission question not, I pray.
Each gift of fortune is a present gain.
In fleeting youth, ah, prize the maiden's kiss;
The joyous dance by moonlight on the lea;
Ere hoary age hath frowned upon thy bliss,
And stole the bloom that paints thy polished brow!
When evening shadows dim the flowery plain,
On Campus Martius at the tryst appear;
In shady walks repeat the tender vows
In whispered accents only lovers hear.
Rejoice I bid thee in the merry laugh
Behind the roses in some secret nook,
That oft betrays the lurking damsel's place.
Ah, prize the token ravished from her clasp;
Held fast, though yielded to thy fond embrace!

MELVILLE MADISON BIGELOW, 1884

(1846–1921; Barrister)

Oh, see how high Soracte stands, snow-white!
The laboring grove can scarce hold up its load.
How sharp the frost! The rivers stay their course.
Heap on the hearth your logs; dispel the North;
The genial wine-cask tap; of old Sabine
The mellow wine, O Thaliarch, draw out.

The rest leave to the gods; the struggling winds
In battle with the boiling deep they still, –
The heaving cypress and the hoary ash.

Seek not the morrow's hidden things to know;
Count gain such days as chance may give to thee;
Hold not thyself in youth from love and song, –
Hold not while peevish Age his distance keeps.
Now is the time the field of Mars to seek, –
The walks where whispers at the edge of night
Are softly breathed; the busy Hours are still.
Hear ringing laughter from the dark retreat;
The hiding maid betrays her secret nook,
The forfeit claimed resists, then coyly yields.

HERBERT GRANT, 1885

(*Odes of Horace*)

Soracte's heights are white with snow,
The frost retards the river's flow,
The woods can scarce their burden bear:
Away with cold, and chilly air,
Heap kindlier logs upon the bar,
And broach the oldest Sabine jar:
Trust to the gods, at whose behest
The battling winds and billows rest,
And wintry storms no longer dash
On cypress dark, and aged ash:
Whate'er to-morrow may betide
Forbear to ask, but fate abide;
Nor spurn, fond youth! the joys of love,
Nor in the mazy dance to move,
Whilst you verge not on hoary age;
But thee let martial sports engage,
And whispers soft beneath the bower
Beguile full many a twilight hour;
Or from some nook may laughter gay
The fair one's hiding-place betray,
And the bright forfeit be thy gain
Rapt from her hand pretending to retain.

CHARLES WILLIAM DUNCAN, 1886

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

See white Soracte's summit rise,
Whereon the snow, deep drifted, lies;
Low droop the boughs with weight of snow,
The frost hath stayed the river's flow.

Drive out the cold. The logs pile high.
Oh, Thaliarchus, gen'rously,
Bring out that wine of four years' old
Which the rough Sabine jar doth hold.

To Providence leave all the rest,
Whose power, by warring winds confessed,
Stills the deep ocean's angry tide,
Whilst storm-tossed trees in calm subside.

To-morrow's fate seek not to know,
Regard as gain what chance bestow
Shun not the mazy dance, my boy,
Nor sweetly with your love to toy.

Whilst youth is far from grumbling age,
Now is the time in sport t' engage;
In exercise of mimic fight,
Or whispered love in shelt'ring night.

Now, captured in sly corner's shade,
Hear the sweet laugh of hiding maid,
As, finger pointing at her charms,
You snatch the forfeit from her arms.

HUGH HALIBURTON, 1886

(Pen Name of the Scottish Poet James Logie Robertson, 1846–1922)

Fra whaur ye hing, my cauldrife frien',
Your blue neb owre the lowe,
A snawy nichtcap may be seen
Upon Benarty's pow;
An' snaw upon the auld gean stump,
Whas' frostit branches hang
Oot-owre the dyke abune the pump
That's gane clean aff the fang.
The pump that half the toun's folk ser'd,
It winna gie a jaw,
An' rouch, I ken, sall be your beard
Until there comes a thaw!

Come, reenge the ribs, an' let the heat
Doun to oor tinglin' taes;
Clap on a gude Kinaskit peat
An' let us see a blaze.
An' since o' watter we are scant
Fess ben the barley-bree –
A nebfu' baith we sanna want
To wet oor whistles wi'!
Noo let the winds o' Winter blaw
Owre Scotland's hills an' plains,
It matters nocht to us ava –
We've simmer in oor veins!

The pooers o' Nature, wind an' snaw,
Are far abune oor fit,
But while we scoog them, let them blaw;
We'll aye hae simmer yet.
An' sae wi' Fortune's blasts, my frien', –
They'll come an' bide at will,
But we can scoog ahint a screen
An' jook their fury still.
Then happy ilka day that comes,
An' glorious ilka nicht;
The present doesna fash or thooms,
The future needna fricht!

The future! – man, there's joys in store,
An' joys ye little ken,
The warld has prov'd them sweet afore,
The warld will again!
The lasses, min! the dearest gift
An' treasure time can gie –
Here's to the love that lichts the lift
O' woman's witchin' ee!
An' vainly till that licht expire
Should storm or winter low'r –
It's sune aneuch to seek the fire
When simmer days are owre!

T. RUTHERFURD CLARK, 1887

(d. 1912; Scottish Advocate)

See, see the drifted snow that gleams
On white Soracte! Tried too much
The forest falters; winter's touch
Hath armed in ice the standing streams.

Pile on the fagots; thaw the cold,
My Thaliarchus; freely pour
The mellow wine of summers four
Sabinum's twin-eared flagons hold.

All else is Heaven's; and Heaven can chain
Wild winds at war with angry seas,
Till the chafed cypress sleeps in peace,
And aged ash-trees rest again.

Shun question of to-morrow's chance;
Each day allowed thee count for gain;
Nor in the Spring of life disdain
Delightful love, or joyous dance,

Ere sullen age shall frost thy brows:
Now stroll the street, the Campus scour,
And meet at preconcerted hour
For interchange of whispered vows.

Betraying beauty's dark retreat,
That soft alluring laughter list:
From opening finger, yielding wrist,
Be bold to snatch a token sweet.

SIR STEPHEN DE VERE, 1888

(1812–1904; Poet and Country Gentleman)

A spectral form Soracte stands, snow-crowned;
His shrouded pines beneath their burthen bending;
Not now, his rifts descending,
Leap the wild streams, in icy fetters bound.

Heap high the logs! Pour forth with lavish hand,
O Thaliarchus, draughts of long-stored wine,
Blood of the Sabine vine!
To-day be ours: the rest the Gods command.

When storms lie quelled at their rebuke, no more
Shall the old ash her shattered foliage shed,
The cypress bow her head,
The bursting billow whiten on the shore.

Scan not the future: count as gain each day
That Fortune gives thee; and despise not, boy,
Or love, or dance, or joy
Of martial games, ere yet thy locks be grey.

Thine be the twilight vow from faltering tongue;
The joyous laugh that self-betraying guides
To where the maiden hides;
The ring from finger half-resisting wrung.

DEXTER CARLETON WASHBURN, 1888

(1861–1941; American Poet)

See Soracte's dazzling glow,
Covered deep in virgin snow!
While the laboring forests stand
Bowing to the grateful land;
And the river's glistening band
Is congealed.

Banish cold! and on the hearth
Pile the logs with social mirth:
Thaliarchus, draw the wine,
Mellowed on the Sabine vine;
And in ancient jar of thine
Long concealed.

Trust the gods with all thy cares:
They the storm-winds, waging wars
With the billows dark and cold,
Will control, and safe withhold,
Cypress tall nor ashes old
To disturb.

What to-morrow's grief shall be
Strive not ere the time to see:
If to Fortune thou should'st climb
Count it so much gained of Time;
Neither Youth's romantic rhyme
Try to curb.

Ere old age comes, all too soon,
Beat the dance to jovial tune:
Seek the green, and gayly rove
Midst soft murmurings of love,
While the twilight stars above
Mark the hour.

Hear the maid's betraying laugh,
By the wall concealed but half!
Seize a love-pledge from her hand.
Or her white arm's golden band:
See her, laughing, coyly stand
In your power!

A. HAMMOND MARSHALL, 1888

(*The Centennial Magazine*)

Mark you how yon tall mountain stands!
    Flash from his head the gleaming snows;
    See how the burdened forest bows,
How still the streams in winter's bands!

With piled up logs defeat the cold,
    Bring out the Sabine loving-cup,
    And let the wine flow brimming up,
A mellow treasure, four years old!

Trust to the gods! When they command
    The winds to leave the troubled sea,
    The rowan and the cypress tree
Murmur, by gentle zephyrs fann'd.

Heed not the morrow; count it gain
    Whate'er of good to-day may bring!
    A fair maid loves you; dance and sing
Youth was not given you in vain.

Too soon comes creeping sullen eld;
    A stolen kiss will do no harm.
    Whisper soft words, and from her arm
Snatch a love token, scarce withheld.

EDMUND HILL STANLEY, 1889

(1822–1913; Financial Agent and Merchant's Clerk)

See how with snow o'erwhelmed Soracte stands
The very woods beneath their burdens groan,
The frozen streams fast knit with icy bands,
Are chilled to silence, numbed in every tone!

What ho! Thaliarchus; drive out the cold,
Heap high the fires, hospitably grand!
Bring forth the Wine – the wine of four years old,
From Sabine jar – pour out with liberal hand!

Leave to the Gods the rest – 'tis theirs to strike,
The Winds and Waves to silence at their will;
So calm – the Cypress and the Oak alike,
Sink motionless, becalmed, and all is still.

Seek not to know the morrow's coming care,
Whate'er of good it brings count thou as gain,
Proud of thy Youth, Youth's pleasures nobly share
To Love – to Pleasure faithful still remain!

So long as that hoar frost which Age must bring,
Remains aloof the public sports are thine;
The whispered words at twilight by the spring,
The happy hours – the feelings half divine!

Where innocently gay the shrinking maid
Hides how unwilling! by the mother's door
Glad by her merry laugh to be betrayed,
And lose the ring, she knows thou wilt restore.

HORACE SMITH, 1889

(1836–1922; Barrister, Magistrate, and Poet)

The roofs are white with glittering snow,
Swift flies the huddling cloud,
And round about the chimneys blow
The wintry breezes loud.
Pile up the coal, draw near the hearth,
Bring forth the generous wine,
And let us share the joys of earth,
While yet they're thine and mine,
Let not the shades of future care
Obscure the noon-day light;
The twilight drear will soon be here,
Forerunner of the night.
But, while the sun of youth is high,
Well laugh, and dance, and sing;
Avoiding Age's evil eye,
And Sorrow's poignant sting.
Now let the sports be used, that make
Both mind and body strong,
And let the yellow morning break
On feasting loud and long.
And let the jovial laugh resound,
The clash of varied wits;
And let the merry jest go round,
That hurts not where it hits.
Now let the youthful lovers walk
Along sequestered glades,
And steal sweet kisses, 'mid their talk,
From half reluctant maids,
Whose lips and eyes, half pout, half smile –
Half love, and half disdain, –
Pretending anger, laugh the while,
And coax to kiss again.

J. LEIGH S. HATTON, 1890

(c. 1836–94; Rector of West Barkwith, Lincolnshire)

See you how deep stands the snow on Soracte,
And see you the woods how they bow
To the burden they bear, while the stream that flowed fair
Is enchained by the keen frost now.

Come, drive out the cold, let us pile up the fire,
And bring forth, like a kindly soul,
The old wine that has been for its four years, I ween,
Growing ripe for the sparkling bowl.

Let us give all our cares to the Gods to-night,
And when they shall have laid the wind,
The rough waves of the sea, and the aged ash tree,
And the cypress repose shall find.

Why seek to inquire what to-morrow may bring,
And each day that is won from chance,
Why not count it as gain, nor thy young life restrain
From love, and the song, and the dance?

Ere age shall have frosted the verdure of youth,
O thine be the game and the stroll,
And the soft whispered word, that at nightfall is heard,
As each shall appeal to thy soul.

Now sweet girlish laughter from yon secret nook
Betrays where the maid is immured,
And from finger and wrist, that refuse to resist,
The token of love is secured.

GEORGE WHYTE, 1890

(*Time*)

See how Soracte tow'rs o'er the neighbouring
Hills, white with snow! No longer the labouring
Woods may sustain their load, and brawling
Streams have stood still in the frost enthralling.

Drive out the cold! Let faggots with yellowest
Glare fill the hearth; and pour out the mellowest
Old wine matured by four long summers,
Friend Thaliarchus, in Sabine rummers.

Leave all the rest to heaven which all-quieting
Has stilled the winds o'er stormy seas rioting;
And aged ash and cypress hoary
Motionless stand in their robes of glory.

What comes to-morrow, banish the thought of it!
What time fate grants you, cast away nought of it;
Nor spurn – for youth is not enduring –
Love and the dance with their soft alluring.

While grim, morose, grey hairs from your vigorous
Youth still are distant, rush to your rigorous
Field sports and games, and in the gloaming
Love to the tryst will direct your roaming.

Lo! where a merry laugh is revealing her
In inmost corner, dark and concealing her,
A dainty pledge, to make her linger,
Snatch from her arm or her toying finger.

EUGENE FIELD, 1891

(1850–95; American Journalist and Poet)

See, Thalach mine, how, white with snow,
    Soracte mocks the sullen sky;
How, groaning loud, the woods are bowed,
    And chained with frost the rivers lie.

Pile, pile the logs upon the hearth;
    We'll melt away the envious cold:
And, better yet, sweet friend, we'll wet
    Our whistles with some four-year-old.

Commit all else unto the gods,
    Who, when it pleaseth them, shall bring
To fretful deeps and wooded steeps
    The mild, persuasive grace of Spring.

Let not To-morrow, but To-day,
    Your ever active thoughts engage;
Frisk, dance, and sing, and have your fling,
    Unharmed, unawed of crabbed Age.

Let's steal content from Winter's wrath,
    And glory in the artful theft,
That years from now folks shall allow
    'T was cold indeed when we got left.

So where the whisperings and the mirth
    Of girls invite a sportive chap,
Let's fare awhile, – aha, you smile;
    You guess my meaning, – *verbum sap.*

ROSWELL MARTIN FIELD, 1891

(1807–69; American Lawyer and Politician)

Now stands Soracte white with snow, now bend the laboring trees,
And with the sharpness of the frost the stagnant rivers freeze.
Pile up the billets on the hearth, to warmer cheer incline,
And draw, my Thaliarchus, from the Sabine jar the wine.

The rest leave to the gods, who still the fiercely warring wind,
And to the morrow's store of good or evil give no mind.
Whatever day your fortune grants, that day mark up for gain;
And in your youthful bloom do not the sweet amours disdain.

Now on the Campus and the squares, when evening shades descend,
Soft whisperings again are heard, and loving voices blend;
And now the low delightful laugh betrays the lurking maid,
While from her slowly yielding arms the forfeiture is paid.

EDWARD HENRY PEMBER, 1891

(1833–1911; Parliamentary Barrister and Poet)

White towers the Lomond 'neath the snow,
The spent woods bend and break below,
By bristling bands of frost beleaguered
The mountain rivulets cease to flow.

To drive this damned cold out of door
With great logs make the chimney roar;
And get us up, Convivial William,
One Magnum, say, of your "'64."

All else be their's, whose late decrees
Have stilled the wrangling winds and seas;
Mark, how yon veterans of Ashes
And Cypress sentinels stand at ease!

To-morrow's forecast fling away,
And thank your stars you've got to-day,
And stick to dancing and flirtation
Until you come to be sour and grey.

Now is your time for sports and games;
Now somehow certain persons' names
Are apt to find themselves repeated
Over the teacups of certain dames;

Now in dark corners should you stray,
A laugh some presence will betray,
And if you snatch at arm or finger,
Some *gage d'amitié* comes away.

JOHN B. HAGUE, 1892

(*The Odes and Epodes of Horace*)

See how the white Soracte stands
Piled deep with snow by winter's hands;
Scarce bear their loads the laboring woods,
And the sharp frosts have stilled the floods

Heap on the logs, dispel the cold,
That Sabine jar of four years old
Draw, Thaliarchus, from its cell,
And yield thee to its kindly spell.

To Gods above leave all the rest,
Whose power hath struggling winds repressed,
The boiling wave dies on the sand,
And ash and cypress peaceful stand.

What shall the morrow be, ask not,
Enjoy the good to-day, thy lot,
Nor shun, O boy, the blissful chance
That brings sweet love, and song, and dance,

For envious age now far away,
Will frost thy shining locks some day.
Now comes the walk in park and bower,
The whispers low of twilight's hour,

The secret nook, and lurking maid
Who yields, by merry laugh betrayed,
With feigned resistance, jewelled hands,
And fair wrists decked with golden bands.

BENJAMIN WEST BALL, 1892

(1823–96; Newspaper Editor and Writer)

Seest thou yon snow-heaped mountain whitely gleaming,
And woods that vainly strive their burden to uphold,
And silent rivers that, no longer streaming,
Stand motionless, transfixed with keenest cold?
Now let the genial hearth with piled wood glowing

Dissolve the frost and shed a cheerful gleam,
And from its two-eared Sabine jar a-flowing
Let generous wine of four years' ripeness stream,
No watered draught, but such as seasoned heads esteem.

Thus armed with cheer, both cold and gloom dispelling,
Leave, Thaliarchus, to the gods the rest;
For they, the war of winds and ocean quelling,
Hush, too, the ash-tree on the mountain's crest.

Into the morrow's chance be thou ne'er prying;
Score every day which fate may give as gain;
And while, far off, hoar Age morose is lying,
Let not thy youth the joys of love disdain.

When park and walk the twilight shades are hiding,
And all around are heard love's whispers low,
And ambushed maiden's laugh your step is guiding,
Wouldst thou the sweet hour's secret bliss forego?

JOHN OSBORNE SARGENT, 1893

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

Lo! looming through the frosty air,
    Soracte's summit crowned with snow!
Woods labor with the load they bear,
    And rivers, ice bound, cease to flow.

Come now, my genial host, with fire
    And Sabine wine dispel this cold;
Pile fagots in the chimney higher,
    And tap a cask of four-year-old.

Leave to the Gods the rest, whose will
    Subdues the tumult of the seas:
The waves subside, the winds are still,
    Nor shake old ash and cypress trees.

The future never seek to learn;
    Count every sort of day a gain,
Nor dulcet loves nor dances spurn
    While youth and youth's desires remain.

And never, till your hair is white,
    Fly from the favors of the fair –
The gentle whispers heard at night,
    The trysting-place of park or square,

When, by her merry laugh betrayed,
    She half consents and half resists,
While you enfold the hiding maid,
    And rob her finger and her wrists.

T. A. WALKER, 1893

(*The Odes of Horace*)

Behold how white Soracte stands
Deep buried in the snow!
The drooping woods no longer can
Sustain their burden now;
And solid ice with grasping vice
Arrests the water's flow.

Heap up the fire with many a log
To thaw the frosty cold
Unseal a jar of Sabine wine
Covered with earthy mould,
Laid in the dark, my Thaliarch,
And labelled four years old.

Leave all things else to other hands,
The gods of wave and breeze,
Who calm the winds in conflict with
The surface of the seas
Nor let the ash with cypress clash,
Those old and sturdy trees.

To ask the things that may befall
Tomorrow's dawn refrain:
What days soever chance allot,
Account them all as gain,
While hoary hairs are free from cares
And old age green remain.

Oh, spurn not thou love's sweet embrace,
Scorn not, dear youth, the dance,
The training-ground, the tennis court,
The throw of quoit and lance;
Nor gentle sighs as daylight dies,
And the hours of tryst advance.

Act o'er again the bygone scenes,
The search with laughter greeted
For girls betraying thus the place
Wherein they crouch secreted;
The ring let go with coy make-show
Of struggles counterfeited.

GEORGE M. DAVIE, 1894

(1848–1900; American Lawyer and Poet)

See, how Soracte stands white with the drifted snows,
And how the laden woods bend with their burdening
Look, how the frozen streams rest without motion, there,
Under the bitter sky

O Thaliarchus! to drive out the winter cold,
Pile up the crackling logs high on thy hearthstone;
And from thy Sabine jar pour free the mellow wine,
Four years a-ripening

Leave to the gods the rest: by whom the battling winds,
Warring with angry waves, are stilled and quieted
Until the cypress boughs and aged ashen leaves
Rest, without trembling.

Seek not to know, to-day, what shall to-morrow be
What days the Fates may give, count them thy profiting:
And, in thy youthful bloom, ere sullen snows of age
Burden and chill thee, –

Shun not the sweets of love, nor choral dance and song;
But, on the pleasure-grounds, and in the walks at eve,
Let softly whispered words lengthen the trysting hour
Deep into twilight; –

Till, from the sheltered nook, soft laughter, sweet and low,
Tells where the hiding girl, playfully lingering,
From arm or finger-tip, loses the pledge of love,
Struggling, – but yielding.

J. HOWARD DEAZELEY, 1894

(1854–1924; Teacher of Classics and Clergyman)

You see how crowned aloft with spotless snow
Soracte stands, and how their load below
    The burdened trees are groaning,
How sharp frost's grasp is on the river's flow.

Away with cold, pile up the hearth with wood,
Its due unstinted, and in lavish mood
    Bring wine, my Thaliarchus,
That hath in Sabine jar for four years stood.

Then leave the rest to heaven: when to sleep
It lays the storm-gusts battling with the deep,
    No more need cypress tremble
Or hoary ash be tost by tempest's sweep.

Forbear to wonder what shall be to-morrow,
Whatever Fate lends yours the gain to borrow,
    And while your life's green summer
Still lacks grey hairs and age's peevish sorrow,

Scorn not the youthful joys of love and dance.
When evening falls let gentle sigh entrance
    Full oft at hour of trysting,
In playing-field and ring try oft your chance.

Now let the tuneful laugh betray the maid
Who lurks where dim nook lends its deepest shade,
    From arm now snatch love's token
Or finger that resists but ill the raid.

HARRIS RACKHAM, 1894

(1868–1944; Classicist and Loeb Translator)

How dazzling white with drifted snow
Soracte stands! The woods below
    Are bowed to breaking with their burden;
The frozen rivers have ceased to flow.

Come, friend, let's drive away the cold:
Pile the logs high as hearth will hold,
    And bring me forth a flask of Sabine,
The strong, the mellow, the four years old.

All else entrust to heaven's will,
Which bids the battling winds be still –
    And waves grow calm, and peace possesses
The ash and cypress upon the hill.

No matter what the morrow prove:
Count each day gain the Powers above
    May grant us. Take what boyhood offers,
The fun and dancing and making love.

Leave gloom for when your hair is grey;
Youth is the time for sport and play –
    Then off to keep your tryst at twilight
And softly prattle an hour away,

Or by a tell-tale laugh to trace
The saucy charmer's hiding-place,
    And snatch a pledge from wrist or finger,
Surrendered with but a feign'd ill grace.

CYRIL E. F. STARKEY, 1895

(c. 1863–1937; Scholar at Pembroke College, Oxford)

See! capt with snow Soracte stands,
    O'erburdened groan the trees,
Beneath stern Winter's icy touch
    Rivers and streamlets freeze.

Away with cold! Pile up the logs,
    And, Master of the board,
Bring freely out your Sabine store,
    Give us your four-year hoard!

Jove guards the rest. Does he not check
    The winds that lash the main?
No more the cypress shakes its crest,
    The ash is still again.

What boots to-morrow? Since to-day
    Fate grants you, bless your fate!
When young, spurn not the merry dance,
    Fear not to choose a mate

Ere envious Time has stolen your bloom;
    Let all the squares around
At twilight, the appointed hour,
    With whispered love resound;

The hidden girl her nook betray
    With laugh low-murmuring,
The pledge be wrested from her hand
    That feebly guards her ring.

CHARLES NEWTON-ROBINSON, 1895

(1853–1913; Barrister and Writer)

Look! deep in snows, all white and hoar
Soracte looms: the woods, astrain,
Their load no longer can sustain,
And, locked in ice, rills leap no more.

Pile up the hearth! dispel the cold
With log on log; and, Thaliarch, tip
The Sabine jar, and ease its lip
Freely of wine four winters old!

In all else trust the gods' goodwill!
When once they strew the winds to sleep,
From warring with the angry deep,
Cypress and ancient ash are still.

Be coy of guessing what will chance
To-morrow; and account as gain
Each morrow Fate allows! disdain
No light flirtation, lad! nor dance,

While youth is quit of sad grey hairs!
Oft, at the hour of given plight,
For tender whisperings by night,
Tryst in the fields, the city squares!

To inner nooks bright laughs pursue,
The hidden damsel that betray;
Some token from her neck to fray,
Or finger bent on foiling you!

OSWALD A. SMITH, 1895

(1826–1902; Banker and Owner of Hammerwood Park, Sussex)

Look at the deep snow's mantle, so white upon
Soracte! Tree tops heavily bend beneath
    Their burden, and, congeal'd by sharp frost,
        Streams are as hard as a beaten highway.
Shut out the winter's blast, with a liberal
Arm heap the logs, bring, O Thaliarchus, up
    The Sabine ear'd-jar, where, by four years
        Rested, a mellower wine reposes.
All else the gods may care for, at whose behest
Old elms no longer feel the mad hurricane;
    Nor sways the cypress, and the wild winds
        Sink to repose on a troubled ocean.
Seek not to gaze forth into futurity,
Each day the Fates grant reckon a gain to thee;
    Love's tender endearments omit not,
        Neither, O youth, be the dance neglected,
Whilst still thy bright curls show not a silver hair
Of fretful old age. Now to the park, the squares,
    Resort; let whispers in the gloaming
        Softly be breath'd at an hour agreed on.
Sweet 'tis to listen now to the maiden, whom
Conceal'd in inmost corner a laugh betrays;
    'Tis sweet a love-token to snatch from
        Finger or arm that is half resisting.

A. S. AGLEN, 1896

(1836–1908; Archdeacon of St. Andrews)

Look at Soracte standing there
So white, so deep in snow!
Look how the branches strain to bear
The weight that bends them low!
The frost "bites shrewdly," and with force
To stay the downward rivers' course.

Go thaw the cold by piling up
Fresh logs to burn, and pour
From out the two-eared Sabine cup,
More freely than before;
The wine is four years old, and may
Be largely, Thaliarch, quaff'd to-day.

Leave to the Gods all else! When they
The winds have laid to sleep,
And calmed the fury of the fray
Upon the boiling deep,
No more the ancient ash will rock,
The cypress own the tempest's shock.

To-morrow's fate ask not to know!
Each day's a gain from chance;
Then be content, and count it so,
And give it to the dance;
With dance and love the hours employ,
Nor scorn the pleasures of a boy.

For youth's fresh bloom will turn to grey;
And age is hard to please;
The wrestling-ground, the field for play,
Now is the time for these;
Now as eve falls, let whisper sweet
Oft tell how lovers planned to meet.

Now try from secret nook to catch
The laugh that will betray
Some sweet girl, hiding till you snatch
A pledge of love away,
From arm, or finger which pretends
To grudge the ring it ill defends.

PHILIP E. PHELPS, 1897

(*The Odes of Horace*)

See how Soracte stands, white with deep'ning snow,
Nor can the lab'ring forests sustain the load
That presses on them, while the rivers
Stand all congeal'd into icy masses.

Dissolve the cold, and pile the logs plenteously
Over the hearth, and with liberality
Draw forth the Sabine four-year-old wine,
O Thaliarchus, from out the pitcher.

Leave to the Gods the rest, who, when once they have
Lull'd stormy winds contending with ocean-waves,
Nor shakes the cypress e'er so gently,
Nor does the ash of the mountain quiver –

What brings to-morrow care not to ask, and what
Fortune each day may bring, set it down as gain,
Nor, while thy vigour lasts, despise thou
Pleasures of love, nor the joys of dancing.

While the moroseness due to advancing age
Whitens not yet thy head, let the walks and park
And gentle whispers heard at nightfall
Each be repeated at fitting seasons.

Now, too, the pleasant laughter be heard, that tells
How lurking beauty hides in the corner-nook,
And token ravish'd from the arm, or
Finger, that daintily seems unwilling.

EDWARD GEORGE HARMAN, 1897

(1862–1921; British Civil Servant and Writer)

Goon heavens, what cold! The snow is down
On all the hills; the woods are lost;
The streams are blocked with ice. 'Tis clear
We're in for something like a frost!

Draw up your chair and stir the fire;
Pile all the logs the hearth will hold;
We'll have a pint of Sabine wine
To help us to keep out the cold.

There – now we'll talk, and leave the world
To the good care of Providence,
Nor vex our souls o'ermuch to probe
The Why, the Whither, and the Whence.

Look at that cypress and those elms,
So still against the frosty sky;
How tossed and wracked their mighty limbs,
When God so wills and winds are high!

Man's a small thing – he has his hour –
Things, after all, are not so bad:
Enjoy the present while you may,
Leave to the future what is sad.

Tut, tut, you talk! Too soon the years
Will fleck your golden locks with grey,
Bring crabbed age for frolic youth,
Steal all your pretty loves away.

You smile! when there are lips to kiss,
And nymphs who beckon as they fly –
Be wise in time; you'll never have
Such games when you're as old as I.

R. G. A., 1899

(*The Triangle*)

See how Soracte towers snow-crowned,
And burdened branches touch the ground.
The rivers on the snowy plains
Are bound with bitter, icy chains.

Dispel the cold: on rosy hearth
Heap high the logs with jovial mirth.
Fill with the ancient Sabine wine
The goblets, Thaliarchus mine.

All care to the gods, for they restrain
The whirlwinds coursing on the main;
The ancient ash and cypress trees
No more are tossing in the breeze.

Seek not to know the coming morrow;
Improve each day, and cease from sorrow;
Nor spurn in youth the graceful measures.
Oh, do no scorn love's sweetest treasures,

Until the silver streaks thy hair,
And querulous old age; come, repair
To vale or street in murmuring eve,
To tryst, the pleasant hours retrieve.

The maids, betrayed by sweetest laughter,
Hiding in dusky corners. After,
From wrist or hand the bracelet wrest;
The maid, I ween, will scarce protest.

CLELAND KERNESTAFFE, 1899

(*Pebbles and Pearls*)

Soracte stands sheeted in snow, and the forest – stripped of leafage – gleams gray,
The river – ice-fettered below – is surgeless and silent to-day:
Heap the hearth with the fagots that blaze, brim the bowl from the generous jars,
That have held for a thousand glad days, the wine that now sparkles like stars.

Leave the storms to the Gods, who can still wild waters and winds – if they list,
'Till the pine stir no leaf on the bill, and the ripples but pout to be kissed;
Take no thought for the cares of to-morrow, and forget to-day's griefs if you can,
Let Hope bear the half of life's sorrow, and Love lighten the labors of man.

The Furies perhaps are behind us, and surely – the Fates are before:
But today, Thaliarchus, we'll wind us such wreathes as the Sybarites wore;
Whilst the winter still keeps under cover the blossoms that May shall give birth,
Friendly firesides offer the lover – full measure of pleasure and mirth.

As the fire woos warmly the air 'till it glow like a tropical calm,
Love's ardors shall melt the cold fair 'till her lips bloom in kisses of balm;
All times have their pleasures and pains, yet the darkest nights still leave us stars
To guide us: – all losses have gains, but Victories too bring thelr scars.

Thaliarchus, the skies are o'er cast, and the bitter cold winds bleakly blow,
But the haven is near us at last, and the beacon-light reddens the snow;
On no grating binges the door opens harshly, but welcoming wide:
A shadow glides over the floor –, and a Dream of Love stands at my side.

Say, what is this? Fancy or Fairy? Half hidden in shadowy gloom?
'Tis Chloe, of charms not too chary, whose lips are like rosebuds in bloom;
In the dim nook near the threshold she stands, slyly laughing, and feigns she would fly,
But I fetter her fast with fond hands, and the rest you may guess, if you try.

WILLIAM CHARLES GREEN, 1903

(1832–1914; Clergyman, Schoolmaster, and Classical Scholar)

See how Soracte standing gleams
White with deep snow, nor can the lab'ring wood
Longer upbear its load,
And with keen frost still lie the sleeping streams.

Logs without stint, the cold to thaw,
Heap on the hearth-fire, and with cheer more kind
Wine by four winters fined
From Sabine jar, my prince of revels, draw.

Leave to the gods all else: when they
Have lull'd the winds that fight in wild uproar
With seething waves, no more
Cypress and aged ash-trees rocking sway.

What will be on the morrow's morn
Shun to inquire; count gain what day soe'er
Chance give thee to thy share:
Nor, lad, do thou sweet loves or dances scorn,

While yet thou'rt green, nor grey hairs sour
Thy mood. To games, to public gatherings go;
Seek nightly whispers low,
True to thy tryst, when comes th' appointed hour:

From nook where hidden she hath lain
Let now sweet traitor-laugh the maid reveal,
And lover forfeit steal
From arm or scarce-resisting finger ta'en.

CLYDE ROBE MEREDITH, 1903

(*Rosemary*)

See where Soracte stands enrobed
In white, and deepening snow;
And how, beneath their burden, cold,
The trees are bending low.

And clear Digentia's busy stream;
How smooth it is, and still:
Fast bound by icy chains hurled down
From yonder distant hill.

But come! Pile high the glowing hearth
With logs of Alban pine;
And draw, my Thaliarchus, from
The Sabine jar of wine.

Leave cruel Winter with its storms
Unto the gods whose care
It is to calm the ocean wild,
And thaw the frosty air.

Inquire not of Tomorrow what
It holds in store for thee;
But what of good each day may bring –
Rejoice that good to see.

And while thy youthful blood glows warm,
Taste of gay Pleasure's store: –
Sweet loves, the dance, – enjoy them all
Past youth returns no more,

Soon to the fields and quiet lanes
Will evening bring a throng
Of joyous, care-free girls, and boys,
Each with a merry song.

Then will the happy vows be paid
In stolen kisses sweet;
And soft, delighted whispers mark
Where youth and beauty meet.

CLARENCE CARY, 1904

(1845–1911; American Lawyer and Sportsman)

Look you, how stands there, by deep snows a-whiten'd,
Soracte: nor scarce may sustain they, their burden,
The forests, thus lab'ring! In frost, too,
How keen, are stagnated the rivers!
Dispel we the chill, with the logs on the hearth-pile,
Freely replenish'd; alike bring, benignant,
Sabine from the four-year-old wine jar.
Ah! Thaliarchus, t'were best to accept these;
Leaving the rest to the gods e'er – for, once they
Appease but the winds that the raging old ocean
Now vex with their struggles, the cypress
And aged wild ashes, may rest too, unshaken.
Nay, what the tomorrow may bring thee, 'ware asking:
What days fate may grant, aye take score of
As profit. Nor yet love's sweet follies
May'st spurn, Boy, or shun e'er the dances,
Whilst blooming youth lingers, and gray age awaits thee
Morosely, Lo, soon, both afield and in campus,
Soft sounds, in the night-time, the whisper
Of meetings aloof at the trysting:
Or comes, from some nook of an ivy-crown'd angle,
The laugh of a girl who has lurked there, half-hidden,
Till snatched from her white arm, or finger,
The pledge is that's feebly defended.

ANONYMOUS, 1905

(*Wellesley Magazine*)

Lo how Soracte straightly towers
White shining; deep th' unyielding snow
Bears down the forests till they groan,
And with reluctant sudden moan
The frost-bound river checks its flow.

Right generously upon the hearth
Heave the great logs and break the cold
My Thaliarchus, cheerly tip
Thy Sabine jug and let us sip
The wine that thrice the year hath told.

Leave to the gods all things beside;
With gods is power – they briefly speak,
And winds on troubled waters rest;
Cypress and ash at their behest
From troubled wrath shamed silence keep.

O flee to-morrow's questioning!
What chance it yields set down as gain.
Come, thou art young, love and the dance
Acclaiming call; nay, yield thy glance
And scorn not, while the time-born pain

And heavy head of age are hid
From thy glad springing youth, and flower
The field and open for thy feet.
At twilight time let night breeze greet
With tuning grace thy trysting hour.

Accepted suitor of thy love,
Joy that the maiden round the edge
Of deep hid alcove wantonly
Holds out her ring. Nay, bolder be
And seize the sweet half yielded pledge.

ECCLESTON DU FAUR, 1906

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

See'st thou, how white with heavy snow
    Soracte stands; the labouring woods
    Scarce still the load can bear; and floods,
Checked by keen frost, have ceased to flow?

Dispel the cold: heap up the more
    Thy hearth: and, Thaliarchus mine!
    With freer hand the mellowed wine,
From Sabine jar, thou yet might'st pour.

Leave to the gods the rest: when next
    They've lulled the blasts which now combine
    In strife with fervid seas, – nor pine,
Nor aged elm, shall more be vexed.

What brings to-morrow? Ask not this:
    Such further days as fate may give,
    Set down to credit: Live! boy, live!
And love despise not: while the bliss

Of youth remains, dance! – distant yet
    Dull age. For thee, the Camp, the Park,
    And the soft whispers, after dark,
At hour appointed, don't forget:

Now, stifled laughter from near by
    Betrays the girl in corner missed;
    And forfeit, snatched from hand or wrist,
Is given, – not too reluctantly.

THERESA HELBURN, 1906

(1887–1959; American Playwright and Theatrical Producer)

Soracte stands thick robed in whitest snow,
Beneath their wintry load the trees bend low,
And bitter frost hath stopped the river's flow.

Pile high the friendly fire and banish cold,
And thou, Thaliarchus, pour with hand more bold
From Sabine jars the vintage four years old.

Leave all else to the gods; when they've allayed
The war by wind on restless waters made,
No breath shall stir the oak or cypress shade.

Seek not to ask what chance to-morrow brings,
Count each day fortune gives among the things
You've gained. Scorn not the dancing rings,

Nor sweet amours, while youth leads in life's race.
Now is the time to seek the trysting place,
In campus or in courtyard and to trace

By traitorous laugh, the maiden coyly hidden
To snatch the pledge from off her arm unbidden
And for your boldness to be lightly chidden.

CHARLES EDMUND MERRILL, 1906

(*The Morningside*)

When mountain-tops are white with snow
And on Soracte's crest vou see
The laden beeches bending low,
And when the frost with icy key
Locks tight each little rivulet,
Come, Thaliarchus, and with me
Old cares forget.

The fire invites us; take thine ease,
Nor seek to fathom from afar
The hearts of the Eumenides;
Leave to the gods the unending war
Of wind and wave; this, too, shall cease
When they from whom all counsels are
Shall counsel peace.

To-morrow? Shall the fleeting years
Abide our questioning? They go
All heedless of our hopes and fears.
To-morrow? 'Tis not ours to know
That we again shall see the flowers.
To-morrow is the gods' – but oh!
To-day is ours.

FRANKLIN P. ADAMS, 1907

(1881–1960; American Newspaper Columnist)

White with the snows of the winter, Soracte stands in isolation.
    Gaze on the laboring trees deep in the heart of the woods,
See how the ice and the snow conspire to stop navigation –
    Some of that four-year-old booze, Thaliarchus, old chap – that's the goods!

Turn on the steam, O friend! My, but the weather is coolish!
    Press thou the button divine, letting be gods do the rest.
Don't give a thought to to-morrow. Worry is terribly foolish
    Where there is love to be made and where there are lips to be pressed.

The Campus of Mars resounds with words that are lovingly spoken,
    Main Street is crowded with girls; hurry, before they are gone;
Now from the lips of a maid a ravishing youth steals a token –
    Come, Thaliarchus, old chap. It sounds pretty good. Are you on?

EDWARD R. GARNSEY, 1907

(1864–1935; Barrister and Classical Scholar)

You see how stands Soracte, white with its depth of snow,
Nor longer may its burdened trees sustain
    The weight, and how the rivers' flow
        Has been arrested by the sharp set frost:
Dissolve the cold by piling freely logs
Upon the hearth: more lavishly give forth
    The wine – the four-year-old –
        O Thaliarchus, from its Sabine ewer:
Leave to the gods all else, for soon as they
Have laid the strife 'twixt winds and surging sea;
    No more the cypresses are buffeted,
        No more the ancient mountain-ash,
What is to be to-morrow do not ask: appraise
As gain the course of days Fortune will yield:
    Being but yet a youth, contemn
        Neither the sweets of love nor of the dance,
While from your bloom crabbed greyness holds aloof.
Now let the Campus and the city squares,
    And whispers low, be sought at nightfall,
        On the appointed hour of tryst;
And now the fascinating laugh from some recess
Secluded, the bewrayer of a maid
    In hiding, and the pledge snatched off
        An arm or finger ill retaining it.

WILLIAM GREENWOOD, 1907

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

See, Thaliarch, see, across the plain
    Soracte white with snow.
Scarce may the laboring woods sustain
Their load, and locked in icy chain
    The streams have ceased to flow.

Logs on the fire, your biggest, fling,
    To thaw the pinching cold,
And from the time to take its sting
A pipkin forth of Sabine bring
    Four mellowing summers old

All else unto the Gods leave we;
    When they have stilled the roar
Of winds that with the yeasty sea
Conflict and brawl, the cypress-tree,
    The old ash shakes no more.

What with tomorrow comes forbear
    To ask, and count as gain
Each day fate grants, ere time and care
Have chilled thy blood and thinned thy hair
    Love's sweets do not disdain;

Nor, boy, disdain the dance. For, mark,
    Now is thy time to take
Joy in the play, the crowded park,
And those low whispers in the dark,
    Which trysting lovers make;

In the sweet laugh, that marks the spot
    Where hid the fair one lies,
The token from the wrist besought,
Or from the finger wrung, that not
    Too cruelly denies.

JOHN MARSHALL, 1907

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

Thou see'st how whitely fair Soracte stands
In snow-wreaths clad, and how the labouring woods
    Their load sustain not; how the floods
        Are gripped in frozen bands.

Melt me this cold, freely the firelogs throwing
On hearth, my Thaliarchus! And from crock
    Two-eared, of Sabine make, unlock
        Wine, with four years a-glowing!

All else leave to the gods! Once they assuage
The storms that over boiling seas did roar,
    Old ash or cypress shakes no more
        From tempests' fiery rage.

What next morn's sun may bring, forbear to ask;
But count each day that comes by gift of chance
    So much to the good. Spurn not the dance,
        Or in sweet loves to bask,

While surly age mars not thy morning's flower.
Seek now the athlete's training field or court;
    Seek gentle lovers' whispered sport,
        At nightfall's trysted hour;

Seek the gay laugh that from her ambush borne
Betrays the merry maiden huddled warm,
    And forfeit from her hand or arm
        Half given, half playful torn.

GRANT SHOWERMAN, 1908

(1870–1935; American Classical Scholar)

You see how, deep with gleaming snow,
Soracte stands, while bending low
The branches droop beneath their burden,
And streams o'erfrozen have ceased their flow.

Away with cold! the hearth pile high
With blazing logs; the goblet ply
With cheering Sabine, Thaliarchus,
Drawn from the vintage of years gone by!

All else the gods entrust to keep,
Whose nod can lull the winds to sleep
That vex the ash and cypress aged,
Or battle over the boiling deep.

Seek not to pierce the morrow's haze,
But for the moment render praise;
Nor spurn the dance nor love's sweet passion
Ere age draws on with its joyless days.

Now should the campus be your joy,
And whispered loves your lips employ,
What time the twilight shadows gather
And tryst is kept with the maiden coy;

From near-by nook her laugh makes plain
Where she had thought to hide, in vain;
How arch her struggles o'er the token
From yielding which she can scarce refrain!

G. COURTAULD, 1908

(*The Odes and Epodes of Horace*, S. A. Courtauld)

See! where Soracte's lofty brow
Is mantled o'er with glistening snow;
How with the weight the forests bow,
And clogged with ice the rivers flow!

Pile, Thaliarchus, pile high up
The blazing logs-keep out the cold;
Nor grudge, from Sabine jar, a cup,
A brimming cup, of four-years-old!

And to the gods leave all the rest –
The winds that fight the boisterous seas
Are silent at their high behest,
Nor stir the ash or cypress trees.

But how to-morrow's hours shall run,
Or to what span thy years advance,
Ask not! Take all for good; nor shun
The pleasant loves, and festive dance.

Now, when remote is peevish age,
And in the veins youth's ardour springs,
Prompt at the evening's tryst, engage
In walks and tender whisperings.

While from the nook the laughter tells
Where hiding maid, in feigned alarm,
Feebly the sportive snatch repels
Of token from her hand or arm.

FRANCIS DERRICK, 1908

(*Notre Dame Scholastic*)

Behold how, white with drifts of snow
    Soracte stands. The weary trees
Can not endure the weight; below
    See how the streamlets begin to freeze.

Heap up the wood. Dispel the cold,
    And brightly let our fireside shine,
We'll drink deep draughts of four-year old;
    Come, Thaliarchus, the Sabine wine.

The gods may guard the rest, obeyed
    By raging winds and foaming sea.
Old oaks and ash trees too, they've made
    Cease from their restless activity.

Don't worry o'er to-morrow's care;
    Esteem to-day, however bad,
A gain; try, as a youth, to fare,
    Happy with joy's sweet loves, e'en though sad.

Old age still seems so far away.
    For then both field and public street
Echo soft sighs at close of day,
    Then is the hour when the lovers meet.

In yon recess some favored swain
    With smothered laughter keeps his tryst,
And begs a gift for love to gain
    Snatched from a hand or yielding wrist.

FRANKLIN P. ADAMS, 1910

(1881–1960; American Newspaper Columnist)

See how Mount Soracte, snowy
    With the drift of winter stands!
Br-r-r! It's blustery and blowy!
    Light the fire and warm your hands.

Thaliarchus, pass the bottle –
    Sabine four-year old – the best...
Thanks, old top. It helps to throttle
    Care. The gods will do the rest.

Down around the Martian Campus
    Girls are pining for our glance.
Come, before the people stamp us
    As a pair without romance.

Vanish, Care! and exit, Sorrow!
    Worry never, always hope.
Take To-day, forget To-morrow –
    That's the Q. H. Flaccan dope.

FRANCIS LAW LATHAM, 1910

(1837–1923; "Brasenose College, Oxford")

Thou see'st how dazzling white with its deep snow
Soracte stands, nor can the labouring woods
Sustain their burden, and with icy hand
Keen frost has stayed the floods.

Disperse the cold, and on the hearth pile high
The faggots, and the fourth year's mellow store,
Lord of the revel, yet more lavishly
From Sabine pitcher pour.

Leave to the Gods the rest; when they have laid
The winds that battle with the seething seas,
No more the cypress nor the old ash shade
Is shaken by the breeze.

What may to-morrow be shun thou to prove,
And whatsoever day is given by Chance
Set down to gain; nor the delights of love
Slight, boy, nor thou the dance,

So long as churlish age and hoary hairs
Spare thy green leaf. Now let the tryst repeat
The pleasures of the park and of the squares
And evening's whispers sweet;

Now too the merry laugh that doth betray
The damsel lurking in the secret nook,
And from her arm the token snatched away
Or finger's half-feigned crook.

HAROLD BAILY DIXON, 1910

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

White stands Soracte deep in snow,
Bent by their load the trees are filled
With groans, and lo! the torrent's flow
The sharp-set grip of frost has stilled:
Come, tend thy fire-side, and be bold
To pile the logs! Drive out the cold!

For greater cheer thou hast a wine
Of Sabine grape-juice four years pressed,
Bring forth a cask! The Gods divine
Will do all else: at *their* behest
The winds, at war with wild waves, cease
And give the battered rowans peace.

Why seek to know the unborn day,
Or what To-morrow's chance may bring?
While spring keeps wintry age at bay
Deem not sweet love an empty thing,
Nor dances nor youth's joys disdain:
Whate'er To-day gives – count it gain!

Thine be the tryst in Walk or Park,
The low sweet vows at twilight spoken,
The laugh that leads thee to the mark
At hide-and-seek, the ravished token
From half unwilling willing wrist,
Or finger that could ill resist.

CHARLES RICHARD WILLIAMS, 1910

(1853–1927; Editor of the Diaries and Letters of President Rutherford B. Hayes)

See, deep in drifts Soracte gleams!
Beneath the weight of snow
The forests labour, and the streams,
Ice-bound, have ceased to flow.

Expel the cold! The hearth heap up!
And with your Sabine wine,
By four years mellowed, fill your cup,
O Thaliarchus mine!

The gods trust wholly! Storms that lash
The raging sea they lay,
Till cypress tree and ancient ash
No breath of air doth sway.

To-morrow? Why give that a care?
Each day bestowed by Chance
Count gain. In love's sweet dreams have share,
Nor spurn the song and dance!

Till grey hairs come, which come too soon,
Let fields and groves invite,
Where gentle whispers 'neath the moon
The trysting hour delight;

Or joyous laugh from maid you catch,
Which tells you where she's hid,
A love-pledge from her hand to snatch,
Though granting she forbid!

B. W. MITCHELL, 1910

(*Classical Weekly*)

Vast white Soracte towering now I see
In snow thick-mantled: nor can each bending tree
    Sustain its crystal load, and streamlets
        Halt in their flow at the frost's sharp bidding.
Dispel the bleakness, heaping upon the hearth
Great logs in plenty, and with unstinted mirth
    Broach now that jar of strong old Sabine,
        O Thaliarchus – the double lipped one.
All else to Gods leave; they who can swift restrain
The wild winds warring with the tumultuous main;
    Nor cypresses nor ancient ash trees
        Toss in the blast their gaunt leafless branches.
Cease then to question, "What will the morrow bring?"
Count up for profit what the day's chance shall fling
    Before thee; nor sweet love nor dances
        Spurn thou, O Youth, in the bloom of living,
Ere age's whiteness show in thy saddened look.
Now let the park shades, let sweet secluded nook
    And gentle whispering at nightfall
        Call thee, my boy, at the hour of trysting.
Now let gay laughter ring from some deep recess
Betraying maiden hiding from thy caress:
    Now catch the kiss in playful wrestle:
        Catch it twixt fingers resisting coyly.

GEORGE M. WHICHER AND GEORGE F. WHICHER, 1911

(GMW 1860–1937, GFW 1889–1954)

O yonder see how clearly gleams
    Soracte, white with snow;
How the fir-trees stagger beneath their load,
    Bowing to let it go;
And the river, numbed by the piercing cold,
    At length has ceased to flow.

Dissolve the rigor of the frost,
    Bright let the embers shine,
With liberal hand heap on the logs,
    And, Thaliarchus mine,
Bring forth the Sabine amphora
    Of four-years-mellowed wine.

All else abandon to the gods;
    Whatever time they will
They drive the winds from the tossing sea
    And cause them to be still,
Till never a lowland cypress stirs
    Nor old ash on the hill.

Pry not into the morrow's store;
    Thy profit doth advance
By every day that fate allots,
    So, lad, improve thy chance, –
Ere stiff old age replace thy youth, –
    To love and tread the dance.

Now in the Campus and the squares
    At the appointed hour
Let gentle whispers oft be heard
    From many a twilight bower,
Or the laugh of a lurking lass betray
    The theft of a ring or flower.

RUSSELL LEE DAVISON, 1911

(*The Tuftonian*)

Look on Soracte's snow-piled top,
The laden trees their burdens scarce can prop,
And now, behold, the ice-chilled rivers stop.

Dissolve the cold and stop the fierce wind's whine,
O Thaliarchus, heap the burning pine,
And warm the soul with cups of mellow wine.

Leave to the gods the rest, for well can they
The wrath of struggling winds and sea allay,
Whose follies neither ash nor oak obey.

Seek not to-morrow's wrongs, do not presage,
But join the merry dance, nor fume nor rage.
Enjoy God-given youth till comes old age.

Now let sweet whisp'rings at the trysting hour,
Sweet girlish laughs, and sighs from every bower
On path and plain, confess to Cupid's power.

ALEXANDER HYND-LINDSAY, 1912

(*Sweet June*)

Oh, Thaliarchus, see'st thou how
The deep snow whitens old Soractes' brow?
The trees their weight of ice can scarce sustain,
And the deep rivers groan, bound by a frozen chain.
Dissolve the cold, throw wood upon the hearth
And cheerfully bring forth the Sabine wine;
Oh, Thaliarchus, yield thy soul to mirth,
And leave all carking cares to Jove divine,
Who, when the wind fights with the fervid waves,
Can still their raging by a single word,
So that the cypress, nor the elm tree's leaves
E'en by a single zephyr shall be stirred.
What care to-morrow brings forget, forget
The present pleasure, count it as thy gain
Do not despise the gentle loves, nor yet
The dance while peevish age far off remains.
And now the fields and open squares are sought
By gentle whispers at the appointed hour,
And the wild girls' betraying laugh is brought
From the dark corner of some ancient tower.
The pledge is snatched, the bracelet, ring or chain,
While the pleased girls a slight resistance feign.

J. M. KRAUSE, 1912

(*Love Poems*)

See, white with snow Soracte gleams!
The forests neath their burden bow
And motionless the rushing streams
Are held in icy fetters now.

Pile on the logs, dispel the cold;
Feastmaster, come and freely pour
The mellow vintage four years old
From Sabine jar, our treasured store;

The rest leave to the gods above;
When they have hushed on boiling seas
The warring winds, no gale shall move
The ancient ash or cypress-trees.

Why seek to know to-morrow's lot?
What day is thine by gift of Chance
Count that for gain. O Youth, spurn not
Sweet loves, nor scorn the merry dance.

While crabbed aged still distant lies!
Be thine the field, the playground wide,
The whispered words, and soft replies
At trysting hour of eventide.

From inmost nook the laugh of charm
That hiding sweetheart doth betray,
The pledge snatched from the rounded arm,
Or finger that resists in play!

SIR WILLIAM S. MARRIS, 1912

(1873–1945; Civil Servant and Classical Scholar)

How deep the snows upon Soracte glisten!
The groaning forests yield
Beneath their load, and fast in icy prison
The streams are pent and sealed.

Come, Thaliarchus, heap the logs on thicker,
To melt this bitter cold,
And draw me freely of yon Sabine liquor;
The jar is four years old.

Leave all the rest to Jove; the winds that riot
With Ocean, at his will
Are laid; the ancient ash-trees all are quiet,
The cypresses are still.

What matter of To-morrow and its chances?
Count each To-day among
Thy gains, and make the most of loves and dances
Now while thy heart is young,

And crabbed age is far: and get thee roaming
By city-square and mead,
To catch a gentle whisper in the gloaming
At hour and place agreed;

A merry laugh that tells the maid who lingers
Hid in some corner deep;
A token plundered from the wrist or fingers
That feign so fast to keep.

FRANKLIN P. ADAMS, 1913

(1881–1960; American Newspaper Columnist)

White with snow Soracte stands;
Thaliarchus, warm your hands;
File the logs and pour the wine –
Leave the rest to those divine!

Seek no future to foresay;
Pluck the present, take To-day;
Let senescence be forgot;
Smile, and do the turkey-trot!

On the Field of Mars at night
Boys are gay and girls are bright.
Rome is rife with life and hurry –
Life is short, but we should worry!

H. W. HUTCHINSON, 1913

(*Sonets and Translations*)

Behold Soracte clad in snows;
The woods their leafy burdens cast;
Nor longer on the river flows –
Frost's icy sharpness binds it fast.
Dispute the cold: pile high the blazing boughs!
O Thaliarchus, forget not your vows!
To cheer the coming youths afar
The cheerful flames now upward twine.
Now, Thaliarchus, from the jar
Pour out the generous, ruby wine.
Leave to the gods the vexious ills of life:
Think you no more must mingle in the strife.
When winds the fervid ocean lash
The vales in peace repose,
The cypress and the aged ash
Forget their coming woes.

To ask the morrow's hap forbear:
Treasure this hour's unquestioned gain: –
Come, fill the cup, – nor think to share
This drought with any future pain.
Joys of the young, O pleasant love and dances,
Abide with us, affrighting Time's mischances!
As on the mellow hours glide,
The song and whisper oft repeat –
As in the hour of eventide
Where Tiber laves our Martius' feet.
Give you no heed whence sweetest echo wends, –
Well with the mirth coy damsel's laughter blends.
He'd seize some token from her arm, –
Since eye in vain appeal'd, –
What hour so fit to win a charm,
Contending love would yield?

A. L. TAYLOR, 1914

(*The Odes of Horace*)

Soracte's brow
Gleams in the distance white with snow:
The labouring woods are freighted so,
Bends every bough,
And the keen frost now binds each stream,
Holden as in a dream.

Pile the logs high,
O Thaliarchus, and bring down
The jar of four-year-old renown:
The frost shall fly
To see the Sabine vintage quaffed
In the long, glorious draught.

The rest to heaven:
The gods, out on the angry sea,
Quell the wild winds that furiously
So long have striven,
And ancient ash and cypress rest
Then that were so distrest.

Tomorrow's fate
Seek not to know, and whatsoe'er
The hours heaven sends thee, count thou fair
And fortunate:
And while sad age is far away
From youth's so joyous day,

Scorn not the dance,
Scorn not thou love's delights so dear:
At night let square and Campus hear,
As happy chance
Brings round the hour when lovers meet,
The whispers low and sweet.

O joys supreme! –
From hidden nook the laughter fair
That tells of maiden lurking there;
And arms a-gleam
And roguish fingers that allure
To win their forfeiture.

HELEN EMMA WIEAND, 1914

(*Spring Moods and Fancies*)

Behold Soracte gleaming white with snow;
The trees beneath their burden bending low;
The rivers, bound in ice, have ceased to flow;
'Tis Winter.

The wood upon the cheerful hearth pile high;
Dispel the cold, and stand the wine-jar nigh;
Fair master of the revels, let's defy
Chill Winter.

Away with care; leave all that with the gods
Who hush the blasts and calm the struggling floods.
They too will care for us, so what's the odds?
Trust Fortune.

And let the morrow bring what task it may,
As gain account whate'er the stern Fates say;
Come, join the merry lovers dancing gay!
Life's Springtime.

Too soon the silver mid the gold locks gleam;
Now is the time for love's sweet twilit dream.
And whispers low, and meetings well beseem
The lover.

Hark! now a rippling laugh betrays her hiding,
Your steps to that dark corner surely guiding;
Pursue, and snatch a pledge from her, with chiding.
She waits you.

FRANKLIN P. ADAMS, 1917

(1881–1960; American Newspaper Columnist)

It is cold, O Thaliarchus, and Soracte's crest is white;
There is skating on the Tiber; there is No Relief in Sight.
Tell the janitor the radiator's absolutely cold...
Let us crack a quart of Sabine; I've a case of four-year old.

Here's to Folly, Thaliarchus! Here is "Banzai!," "Pros't!," and "How!"
We should fret about the future! We should corrugate the brow!
Any joy is so much velvet; Age impinges soon enough.
Why resolve to can the frivol? Why decide to chop the fluff?

On the well-known Campus Martius, as the shade of night descends,
There are ladies castlewalking with their unplatonic friends;
Many a sweetly smiling damsel – need I fill up further space?
Hurry, O my Thaliarchus, let us go that to there place.

HELEN LEAH REED, 1917

(1864–1926; American Teacher and Writer)

You see how our Soracte now is standing
    Hoary with heavy snow, and now its weight
To bear the struggling woods are hardly able,
    And with the bitter cold the streams stagnate.
The cold melt thou away, oh, Thaliarchus,
    By heaping logs upon thy fire, again
Replenishing, and from a Sabine flagon
    Wine of a four years' vintage draw thou then.
Leave to the gods the rest; for at the moment
    They felled the winds upon the boiling sea
That battled fiercely, then there was not stirring
    Or mountain-ash, or ancient cypress tree.
Cease thou to ask what is to be to-morrow,
    The day that Fortune gives, score thou as gain
As when a boy, thou shalt not scorn love's sweetness,
    Nor smoothly moving dancers shalt disdain
While crabbed age from thy fresh youth is distant.
    Now in the Field and in the Public Square
All the soft whisperings that come at night-fall
    Shall at the trysting be repeated there.
Now, too, the tempting laugh from a far corner
    That must the maiden lurking there betray!
Also the pledge that she in feigned resistance,
    Lets from her arm or hand be taken away!

WARREN H. CUDWORTH, 1917

(1877–1927; Proofreader and Army Librarian)

See how Soracte's jutting crown
    Looms white and deep with drifted snow;
Ice sags the laboring forests down;
    Keen frost arrests the rivers' flow.

Heap high the hearth with logs to bar
    The coldness out and, Thaliarch, pour
From out the two-eared Sabine jar
    The mellower wine of seasons four.

Leave all with God: tho' first he lash
    The yeasty seas with battling shock,
He lays his winds, and aged ash
    And cypress tree no longer rock.

Seek not to-morrow's hap to learn,
    Each shift of fortune count for gain,
And, while a youngster, neither spurn
    Nor sweets of love nor choral train

While hoary Age with testy air
    Shuns thy green youth: in park and bower
With whispered words accost the fair
    By twilight at the trysting hour;

Espy, concealed in secret nook,
    The laughing maiden, nearly missed,
Who yields, while feigning angry look,
    The forfeit snatched from hand or wrist.

GERARD FENWICK, 1917

(*The Odes of Horace, Book I*)

How deep Soracte stands in snow,
The very trees bowed to the ground
By winter's weight, while river's flow
In ice is bound.

Pile up the logs, bring out the wine,
In two-eared cups just four years old,
So pleasantly we'll pass the time
And keep out cold.

Leave all things to the Gods who both
Now vex with storm the restless seas,
Then neither elm nor cypress shake
With gentle breeze.

Oh, do not ask what fate will give
Or what the future has in store,
Take what she brings with thankfulness
And ask no more.

And neither gentle loves despise,
Let cheerful dances be a joy
To you, so long as age keeps off,
My gentle boy.

Now in the parks and squares are heard
The merry sounds of maidens' mirth
As the appointed hour comes on
To give them birth.

Hark! from the darkest corner comes
The scream of maiden fairly caught,
As from her arm or hand is torn
The pledge long sought.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER, 1919

(1885–1977; American Editor and Poet)

Shrouded with ice and snow
Soracte stands in splendor.
The rivers freeze; the slender
Branches are weighted low.

Oh Thaliarchus mine,
Come, set the fagots flaming
And then, with rapt acclaiming,
Bring in the Sabine wine.

The rest leave to the gods
Who rule the warring thunders,
Whose hands shape Life's deep wonders
And Death's more puzzling odds.

We only live to-day;
Youth knows no dull to-morrow.
We who have buried Sorrow
May dance when we are gray.

Look, – now the maidens seek
Dim walks, and breathe soft whispers
To scented youths, and this spurs
The love that fears to speak.

Coy smiles and feigned alarms
The maiden, half-resisting,
Yields of a sudden, twisting
The token from her arms.

One hears a plaintive tune;
A snatch of distant laughter...
Vague murmurs pass, and after
Is silence – and the moon.

LIONEL LANCELOT SHADWELL, 1920

(1845–1925; Barrister)

Deep in white snow Soracte gleams,
The woods with wintry load opprest
To breaking-point are bowed, the streams
By piercing frost are held at rest.

Pile high the fire with logs to thaw
The numbing cold, and, Thaliarch mine,
In jugs of ampler measure draw
From Sabine jar the seasoned wine.

Leave to the gods all else. Whene'er
Their word the battling winds allays
Or seething main, no truant air
Cypress or aged rowan sways.

Ask not to-morrow's secret. Treat
As gain each day that dawns for you
Nor grudge, my boy, to dalliance sweet
Nor to the dance the season due,

While crabbed age keeps far away.
Your prime let manly sports amuse,
And whispers low when fading day
The twilight hour of tryst renews.

For silvery laugh at corner list,
That hiding girl betrays, nor scorn
To win the pledge of love from wrist
Or coyly clinging finger torn.

WILLIAM STEBBING, 1920

(1831–1926; Journalist)

Day closes fast; Soracte, deep in snow,
Looks down upon a wide, white plain below;
    Forests stagger beneath their load;
    Streams halt, paralysed as they flowed.

War on frost; warm, dissolve it into mirth;
Pile large and larger logs upon the hearth.
    Tap our mellowest wine; a guest
    This night must drink our modest best.

Weather is Heaven's concern; winds will cease
At its choice to fight; and there shall be peace.
    'Tis not our affair that they lash
    That cypress and old mountain ash.

Avoid prying; foreseeing ill is vain;
Count a good day from Fortune so much gain.
    Blithe Thaliark, grey hairs will grow;
    Ev'n your temper breed sourness too.

Now is your Spring; refuse not in youth's day
That happy season's sweets, frolic and play.
    They are aye ready; need no art
    But what's native to a young heart,

Have you never caught, in a soft June eve's
Hush, your name murmured from a bower's leaves?
    Not Summer's this hour, but austere
    December's, yet I think I hear

Feminine voices – my friend's girls, you know,
From the next farmstead, under the hill brow.
    They are at hide-and-seek, and claim
    You for a partner in their game.

Hark! the gay tell-tale laugh, if half suppressed,
To guide looked-for intruders to the nest!
    Not too fast! though she will not mind
    You snatch the forfeit when you find!

HUBERT DYNES ELLIS, 1920

(1841–1925; Antiquarian and Collector of Early English Silver Spoons)

Look how white stands Soracte in deep-fallen snow,
See the groaning woods under their load can scarce stand,
    And the rivers are curbed in their flow
    By the grip of the frost's icy hand!

Let us heap up the hearth then, and keep out the cold
With fresh faggots piled high: while to buzz round the wine
    In its Sabine jar now four years old,
    Thaliarchus, the task shall be thine!

Leave the rest to the Gods: they no sooner have stayed
The wild winds that wage war with the fierce boiling tide,
    Than the cypress no longer is swayed
    And to rest the old ash will subside.

Let to-morrow alone: ask not what it may bring,
Count the lot of each day as clear gain in life's journal,
    In love and in dance take thy fling
    Without scorn, as though Youth were eternal!

WILLIAM FREDERICK LLOYD, 1920

(*Versions and Perversions*)

The hail bears down the labouring trees,
Soracte's peak is white with snow,
So sharp's the frost that rivers freeze
And cease to flow.

My friend, 'tis time to broach the cask
And pile the hearth with logs of pine,
Then from the ancient Sabine flask
Pour out the wine;

Then leave the rest to Jove, who makes
The winds and waters meet and clash,
Then lulls the storm; nor cypress shakes,
Nor aged ash.

You seize the chances of to-day,
Nor vainly hope what time may bring,
And now, before you're old and grey
You have your fling.

Go! Meet your girl in public park,
Or to the trysting place repair,
And whisper softly in the dark
That she is fair.

And when you hear the laugh that charms,
You'll never think that vows are broken,
But quickly, take her in your arms
And snatch a token.

ARTHUR L. KEITH, 1920

(*The Sewanee Review*)

"When mountain tops are white with snow,
And on Soracte's crest you see
The laden beeches bending low,
And when the frost with icy key
Locks tight each little rivulet,
Come, Thaliarchus, and with me
Old cares forget.
The fire invites us; take thine ease,
Nor seek to fathom from afar
The hearts of the Eumenides;
Leave to the gods the unending war
Of wind and wave. This too shall cease
When they from whom all counsels are
Shall counsel peace.
To-morrow? Shall the fleeting years
Abide our questioning? They go
All heedless of our hopes and fears.
To-morrow? 'T is not ours to know
That we again shall see the flowers.
To-morrow is the gods'; but oh!
To-day is ours."

JOHN FINLAYSON, 1921

(*The Odes of Horace*)

See how Soracte stands so fair
Beneath her crown of deepest snow!
And scarce the groaning woods can bear
The load that bends their branches low:
The brooks and rivers silent all,
Sealed up in Winter's icy thrall.

Drive out the frost! and freely pile
The fagots on thy cheery fire:
Draw from thy cellar's darkest aisle
That Sabine wine of heart's desire,
Which, Thaliarch, – 'tis years quite four –
So carefully thou laidst in store.

Leave to the gods the rest, I pray,
Who order all by wisest will,
Who loudest blasts of tempest lay,
And angry seas do quickly still:
The cypresses no more are bent,
Nor the old ash-trees sorely rent.

Why question what may hap to-morrow.
What length of days the gods will lend?
Be it a meed of joy or sorrow,
Count it for gain whate'er they send;
While young, nor love nor dances bar,
And crabbed age lies still afar.

Oh prize the joys of youthful day,
Be found in busy mart, or field
That calls for manly part in fray,
To love, when comes the gloaming, yield:
The trysting-hour, and none attend her,
Thy fair breathes low the heart's surrender.

Or lurking in some nook obscure,
By coy, delightful laugh betrayed,
The artful damsel thou secure,
And draw reluctant from the shade;
Snatching a ring or armlet rare,
Feigning to keep – this playful fair!

WILLIAM HATHORN MILLS, 1921

(1848–1930; Writer)

See you how white Soracte's hill
Stands in deep snow: how forests bow,
Strained by their burden; how the chill
Of frost has stayed the rivers' flow?
Break up the cold; pile more and more
Logs on the hearth; from your Sabine
Jar's depths, O Thaliarchus, pour
More generous draughts of ripe old wine.
Leave to the Gods all else; when they
Have lulled the storms whose battles thresh
The ocean into boiling spray
Naught frets cypress and aged ash.
Ask not the morrow's good or ill;
Reckon it gain however chance
May shape each day; scorn not, while still
A boy, sweet loves; scorn not the dance.
Life in its Spring, and crebbed eld
Far off – that is the time; then hey
For Park, Square, whispered concerts held
At a set hour at close of day:
For the sweet laugh whose soft alarm
Tells in what nook the maid lies hid:
For the love-token snatched from arm,
Of fingers that but half-forbid.

GEOFFREY ROBLEY SAYER, 1922

(1887–1962; Civil Servant and Historian)

See how white Soracte stands
    Mantled deep in snow,
How the frost with icy bands
    Holds the rivers' flow,
While in vain the woods do strain
Their hoary burden to sustain.

Fetch me logs. Drive out the cold.
    Pile aloft the fire.
Find the Sabine four-year-old;
    Broach it, trusty squire.
Stint it not; a brimming tot
From the double-handled pot!

Trust to God for what remains
    Though the ocean quivers
Hot with battling hurricanes
    And the cypress shivers;
Though to-day the ashes sway
He will soon His wrath allay.

Brings the morrow joy or pain
    Question not the fates;
Rather set it down as gain
    Whatsoe'er awaits.
Love is sweet and youth is fleet;
Dancing is for nimble feet.

Ere old age white-haired and sour
    Turns your strength to sadness,
Haste to fix the trysting hour;
    Youth's the time for gladness.
Lover, hark! by square and park
Gentle whisperings in the dark!

Hark to where the merry snigger
    Gives you the direction
Where the lurking girlish figure
    Coyly waits detection.
Wherefore linger? Snatch the ring or
Bracelet from the yielding finger.

EDWARD DOUGLAS ARMOUR, 1922

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

Fast bound in winter's icy bands,
Soracte in his grandeur stands,
    Enshrouded deep in snow;
The labouring branches of the trees
Groan with its weight; the rivers freeze,
    Stagnate, and cease to flow.

Pile up the hearth and fan the fire,
Till flames leap higher still, and higher,
    And drive away the cold.
Now, Thaliarchus, bring the wine,
The richest juices of the vine,
    Mellow and ripe and old.

Seek not to know what hath the morrow
In store for mortals – whether sorrow,
    Meed of joy, or pain.
Enjoy the day with temperate zest,
And to the gods leave all the rest,
    And count each day a gain.

Treat not your pleasures with disdain
While youth and youthful joys remain,
    And love and dance delight;
While age and hoariness delay
And, lingering still, await the day
    To wreathe your head in white.

And now discourse of lovers' bliss,
The ravished token, stolen kiss,
    And maidens' coy advances;
The prattle of the public way,
Soft whispers at the close of day;
    And sing of love's romances.

FRANKLIN P. ADAMS, 1923 (1)

(1881–1960; American Newspaper Columnist)

Soracte's crest is snowy, Thaliarchus;
The weather bureau says, "Continued Cold."
Let's sit around the heater and – in any merry metre –
Imbibe a little stuff that isn't sold.

Why fret about the future, Thaliarchus?
Gather ye roses (Herrick) while ye may!
There's nothing quite so pleasant as the brimming, vivid present;
The time to do your living is Today.

It's evening on the Campus, Thaliarchus;
The girls are out in couples – yes, in twelves –
I'd make a tidy gamble if we took a little amble
We might run into merriment ourselves.

FRANKLIN P. ADAMS, 1923 (2)

(1881–1960; American Newspaper Columnist)

How shining white Soracte shines!
Ice are the streams, the woods are snowy
Decant the best of Sabine wines!
Fill up the grate, the night is blowy.

As to the rest, leave that to them
Who keep the cypresses from shaking.
The sunrise of the next a.m.
Is not a thing of human making.

Youth yet is yours! Scorn not the dance!
Your daily exercise continue;
And don't say there is no Romance
As long as there is breath within you.

Come, Thaliarchus, let us go
And take a walk upon the Campus,
And give the girls the double-o,
And let them, Thaliarchus, vamp us.

J. R. MCKELDIN, 1924

(*The Virginia Spectator*)

See how white Soracte stands
In her pall,
From the bending trees the flakes
Slowly fall;
Ice holds all the silent streams
Deep in thrall.

Thaliarchus, melt the cold,
Wood bestowing
Generously to the blaze,
Then, glowing
With the heat of four long years,
From the old jug with the ears
Start the wine going.

Other things the gods may have.
When they keep
Winds from battling furiously
On the deep
Even cypress and old ash
Well may sleep.

What to-morrow's fate may be,
Ask it not,
Count for good whatever time
Fates allot;
Nor let dancing and sweet love
Be forgot

While decrepitude remains
Far away.
Seek in meadows, courtyards, too,
For your play;
Whisper in the evening tryst
Gently, pray.

To the secret corner-place
Where she hides,
A girl's laughter at the joke
Safely guides.
Take your forfeit boldly then
While she chides.

LEONARD CHALMERS-HUNT, 1925

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

Yon mountain's peak is all aglow,
With towering splendour of the snow.
The woods 'neath glist'ning burdens bow,
Their laden branches bending low.
Irriguous streams with ice-bound chain,
No more meander through the plain.
Pile logs, the winter's cold abate,
With liberal cups your hearts elate!
Close-ringed about the hearth, your kin,
Shall praise the wine well-aged in bin. –
To Heav'n commend your anxious care,
Who calms the sea, brings genial air.
Who stills the elms in swaying stress.
The ash and ancient cypress-trees. –
Whate'er the morrow's lot may be,
Await with equanimity.
And every day that Fate may give,
Count Fortune's boon, and thine to live!
Let sportive youth rejoice in youth,
To comely charms be ne'er uncouth.
Do not the sprightly dance disdain,
While strength and mind to enjoy, remain.
Now let the common and the park,
Resound with whispers in the dark!
Where hid in some remote recess,
Her laugh betrays the stolen kiss,
Or clasping of a yielding arm,
Or fingers held, to snatch a charm.

B. H. FARRAR, 1925

(*The Rhodian*)

Thou see'st how clear with lofty snow enshrouded
Soracte stands, nor now their burden bear
The laden woods, how the keen thong
Of cold binds fast the flowing streams.

Thrust forth chill clime, logs high upon the hearth
With lavish hand set due, and more than wont
Ungrudging, Thaliarchus, mete
The four-year wine from Sabine jar.

Leave to the gods the rest: as soon as they
Have stilled the winds that on the yesty sea
Implacate strive, nor cypress-tree
Nor tossed is time-worn mountain-ash.

What of the morrow shun to ask, and count
Whate'er of days chance shall thee give, thy gain,
Nor void love's sweetness, nor do thou
A boy, the tuneful dance misprize,

While to thy sap-green youth crabbed white old age
Comes not. Now let the plain, the village sward
Be thy desire, and ere night fall
Soft whispers at the hour of tryst.

Now too from inmost nook, the laugh that gives
Delight, betrayer of the lurking maid,
And troth-pledge snatched away from arm.
Or finger, wanton to resist.

HUGH MACNAGHTEN, 1926

(1862–1929; Vice Provost of Eton College)

You see how on Soracte piled the snow
Is white and shining: how their burdens grow
    Too heavy for the groaning oaks, and how
Stayed by sharp frost no more the rivers flow.

To thaw the winter's cold those faggots are
Too few and feeble: pile them higher far:
    More liberally wine four autumns old
Draw, Thaliarchus, from the Sabine jar.

Leave to the gods all else. It lies with these
To still the winds that on the boiling seas
    Fight out the battle. If their will be peace
Nor aged rowans toss nor cypress-trees.

Friend, think not of the morrow anxiously,
But count whatever kind of day it be
    As profit. While you are a boy, and while
Peevish old age is distant, and life's tree

Is green, nor dances nor sweet love refuse:
Play-ground and square are yours, yours now to use;
    Now every night-fall at the trysted hour
Love's soft repeated whispers do not lose.

Sweetly the laugh betrays the girl you missed
Hid in the niche, and gaily from her wrist
    The forfeit of the game is snatched away
Or from her finger feigning to resist.

SAIDI HOLT, 1926

(*Measures and Rhymes of Diverse Times*)

Now see, she towers lofty and white with snow
Soracte! Hardly can they support the weight
    Her woods agroaning; rivers, too, are
        Held in the grip of the ice quiescent.

Let's melt the coldness, heaping our hearth with wood,
Replenish largely; now from the Sabine jar
    Draw out the wine full four years mellowed,
        Pour it more freely, O Thaliarchus.

Enough for us, we'll leave to the gods the rest,
When they have lain the wind and the tossing sea
    Restrained from warring, then not even
        Cypress nor ash that is aged quivers.

So do not ask to know what tomorrow brings,
Each day that Fortune gives to you call it gain,
    And while you're young, my boy, be sure you
        Spurn not the sweetness of love and dances.

Your blooming youth is distant from hoary age
Grown fretful; now the time for the campus life,
    The crowded ways and nightfall whisper,
        Meeting of maiden at tryst demanded.

You'll hear the laugh delightful betraying her
When hidden, hunted, off in a corner spied,
    You'll snatch from off her arm or finger
        Token she's not very keen on keeping.

N., 1926

(*The Conning Tower Book*, Franklin P. Adams)

See how the snow lies white on high Soracte;
Scarcely the groaning trees support their burden,
And in its grasp the sharp frost holds the waters.
Keep out the cold, pile logs upon the fireplace;
Bring out the Sabine, four years old, and pour it
Into the loving cup, Master of the Revels!
Leave to the gods the rest; the stormy ocean
Quieted now, the warring winds are silent;
Stir not the cypress, nor the ancient ash-trees.
Cease then from asking what may come to-morrow;
Whatever joys to-day may bring, enjoy them.
Spurn not the games, delight of boys, nor dances,
Till youth is over, and the white hairs gather.
Now in the lanes, and in the public gardens
At evenfall soft murmurs are repeated,
And the young fellow, at the hour appointed,
Darts on the damsel lurking in the corner,
From her fair arm the bracelet bright detaches,
Or draws the ring from not unwilling fingers.

ASCOTT ROBERT HOPE MONCRIEFF, 1927 (1)

(1846–1927; Scottish Writer)

Behold, how clear in unstained snow
Stands forth Soracte's sacred crest,
How all the loaded branches bend,
And frozen waters lie at rest.

But banish from your heart the cold
That chills the face of mother earth,
Oh friend, and with no miser hand
Heap logs upon the glowing hearth.

From out the cellar's dusty depths
Where it has ripened many a year
Bring forth a jar of generous wine,
Our blood to warm, our souls to cheer.

Leave other cares to kindly gods,
Who now have bid the storm to cease
Its howling winds and raging waves,
And given shuddering forests peace.

Scan not the future's wrinkled face,
But catch the present's boon of joy,
To taste of love's and pleasure's sweets,
Whilst thou art yet at heart a boy.

Thee, blushing beauty still can charm,
Thee, gentle whispers still allure;
For thee the morning sky of life
Is still in dewy brightness pure.

No bristling winter yet has laid
Its hand upon thy glossy hair,
So by the firelight snatch a kiss
And laugh away all frosty care.

ASCOTT ROBERT HOPE MONCRIEFF, 1927 (2)

(1846–1927; Scottish Writer)

Look out to see how, smudged with snow
Drip all the roofs on Notting Hill,
That send out streams of buttoners-up
The early trams and tubes to fill.

Switch on the light, turn up the stove
Whose gas supplies a steady glow;
Then ring for cheering tea and toast,
With which a cigarette will go.

The Borough Council's job it is
To cleanse those slushy thoroughfares,
Where City-folk fare sneezing forth
To face the raw rheumatic airs.

Scan not the weather prophecy:
"It may not thaw, and yet it may";
With news and novels, lunch and *Punch*,
One can get through a dismal day,

A chance to study billiard scores,
Or ponder o'er the price of stocks,
Shuddering to read how out of doors
Men kick a ball or chase a fox.

But come! my knees are not yet stiff,
Nor aches my light fantastic toe,
So, after dinner, by and by,
A taxi whirls me through the snow.

To halls that smile at dark and cold;
Then, from some whispering, giggling Miss,
Under the shade of hot-house palms
My luck may be to steal a kiss.

ALEXANDER WILLIAM MAIR, 1929

(1875–1928; Professor of Greek, University of Edinburgh)

Deep lies the snow on Benachie,
Beneath their load the trees are bent,
The sea-ward streams forget the sea,
In winter's icy clutches pent.

Heap high the logs to thaw the air:
Let fireside warmth mend outer cold:
Bring ben the bottle – see it bear
No lying legend, "Very Old."

Lippen the lave to One above
Who lulls the wild winds' angry clash
To zephyr airs that hardly move
The cypress or the aged ash.

Seek not to probe To-morrow's fate,
But count To-day for happy chance,
And timely, ere it be too late,
Enjoy the daffing and the dance.

Soon on your brow, that now is brent,
Will prints of crusty age be seen;
Golf, shoot, or fish – then, well content,
Hie to the trysting-tree at e'en.

The tell-tale laugh will guide you where
She hides who, willing, still says "won't."
So angry if a kiss you dare,
But aiblins angrier if you don't.

PATRICK LEIGH FERMOR, 1930

(1915–2011; Writer, Scholar, and Soldier)

See Soracte's mighty peak stands deep in virgin snow
And soon the heavy-laden trees their white load will not know,
When the swiftly rushing rivers with the ice have ceased to flow.
Pile, O Thaliarchus, pile the good logs on the fire!
Fetch up some crusty four-year wine in cobwebbed Sabine jar!
Thus we'll drive away Jack Frost, with his biting cold so dire!
Care-free, all other matters among the gods we'll keep
They when they've checked the battling wind upon the boiling deep
Untossed about the cypress and the old ash tree may sleep.
Seek not to know what changes to-morrow may be found
But count as gain whatever lot the change of days brings round;
Spurn not, young friend, sweet love-making, nor yet the dances round,
While withered age is distant from thy youth frequent the plain,
The thronged lawns, each fashionable haunt, a crowded lane,
And at the trysting hour, e'en night-fall, softly whispered love's refrain.
Now doth a roguish laugh our hiding girl betray
From her dark cover, where love's token, perforce, is snatched away,
And her ill-withstanding finger but feebly bids him nay.

ALEXANDER FALCONER MURISON, 1931

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

Lo! white stands out Soracte deep in snow;
No longer may the straining trees
Support the burden; under piercing frost
The rivers freeze.

Come, thaw the cold, pile faggots on the hearth,
Fetch out, my prince of cheer divine,
In brimming bowls the mellow four-year old,
The Sabine wine.

The rest leave to the gods: for, once have they
Allayed the winds that vex the sea
In fierce contention, waves nor ancient ash
Nor cypress tree.

Seek not to know what is to be to-morrow:
Count every day you get from Chance
As so much gain, nor let your young heart scorn
Or love or dance,

While youth is yours nor yet does crabbed age
Prevent you. Now take oft and oft
To pleasant games and walks and gloaming trysts
With whispers soft.

Now, too, the time for laugh from inmost nook
A hidden maid betraying, pleasing:
Now, too, for token reft from arm or finger
Resisting, teasing.

ROSE KORALEWSKY, 1933

(*Latin Notes*)

Hark! how the wind rushes down from the moutain,
Shrouded in white;
Oak and ash groan as it tosses their branches,
Fierce in its might.

Come, pile more logs on our bright cheerful fire.
Comrade of mine,
Draw from the Sabine jar – stint thyself not, pray –
Mellow old wine.

Take we delight in our humble enjoyments,
Let us be gay:
Leave to the gods all the cares of tomorrow:
Live in today.

Still in the blosom of thy youth and thy beauty,
Fortunate, thou!
Shun not the squares, nor the even-tide trysts, nor
Soft-whispered vow.

There in darkest nook, ripples light laughter –
Sly little maid!
Catch her, nor free those small fingers until her
Forteit is paid.

H. B. MAYOR, 1934

("Late Scholar of King's College, Cambridge")

There stands Soracte, white with snow;
The groaning woods can scarcely bear
Their burden in the frozen air,
And ice has checked the torrent's flow.

Pile on the logs with generous hand,
And hither from the cellar cold
Bring jars of Sabine four years old
To gladden this our festive band!

Leave to the gods all else, whose will
Alone can hush the gale that stirs
The raging seas, and straight the firs
And ancient cypresses are still.

Think not too much of what shall be
'To-morrow; count as gain each morn
That fortune gives, and do not scorn
The sweets of love and revelry.

Ere surly age has chilled the blood,
While youth is green, seek day by day
The Tiber's bank to ride and play,
And cheer your soul in sportive mood.

How sweet the whispered words at eve!
How sweet the merry laugh to trace
That shows the maiden's hiding-place,
But half intended to deceive;

To catch her by the slender wrist,
And snatch a ribbon or a ring,
The pretty forfeit ravishing,
While she makes semblance to resist!

MAJOR ALFRED MAITLAND ADDISON, 1935

(1862–1949)

Behold Socrate swathed in snow;
The streams with rigour freeze;
The bending boughs scarce bear the load –
The burdens on the trees.
Dissolve the cold, my Thaliarch!
Heap logs upon the fire;
Bring forth the four-year's Sabine jar –
The wine of our desire.
Unto the gods all other cares,
All other troubles, yield;
'Tis theirs to still the raging blast;
The ancient elms to shield.
What the to-morrow has in store
Do not, O boy, inquire,
And count as gain, and Fortune's gift,
Each day that may transpire.
Whilst crabbed old age is yet afar,
And youth is still abloom,
Despise not love's entrancing hour;
With dances chase the gloom.
In country lane, or city square,
When evening shadows fall,
Let lover's tryst and gentle sighs
With happiness enthrall.
And at this hour let maiden coy
In hidden corner stand –
A gentle laugh, and Cupid's pledge
So plucked from yielding hand.

GILBERT F. CUNNINGHAM, 1935 (1)

(*Horace: An Essay and Some Translations*)

In glittering white Soracte's peak is decked;
the labouring trees beneath their load of snow
are bowed, and winter's icy breath has checked
the river's ceaseless flow.

Defy the cold, my Thaliarch; heap up
the hearth with logs, and from our treasured store
the four-year Sabine vintage in each cup
with liberal measure pour.

Leave all else to the gods; when they restrain
the winds that war upon the raging deep,
the cypress and the aged ash again
in silent peace shall sleep.

Question not what to-morrow may befall;
whate'er to-day is granted thee by Chance,
reckon as gain; despise not pleasure's call,
spurn not the joyous dance.

While crabbed age mars not thy youthful power,
seek thou by day the field, the manly sport,
and, as night falls, at the appointed hour
to lovers' haunts resort.

There let a happy laugh the maid betray
who, hiding, seeks her love's pursuit to shun,
till from her hand, resisting halt in play,
the envied pledge is won.

GILBERT F. CUNNINGHAM, 1935 (2)

(*Horace: An Essay and Some Translations*)

See Soracte's lofty summit circled with a glittering wreath
white against the azure; while the woods that clothe the slopes beneath
bow their hoary branches, overweighted with a load of snow,
and the biting frost has checked the wanton river in its flow.
Here at least the cold we banish, Thaliarchus, heaping high
pine logs where the cheerful hearth is blazing brightly, and defy
piercing nature, as in ample draughts from cobwebbed task we pour
this four-wintered Sabine vintage wherewith Jove has blessed our store.
Trust in him, for when his might has stilled the winds that lash the main,
shall the ancient ash and cypress wave their boughs in peace again.
What shall be to-morrow, ask not; but what Fortune gives to-day
gather with a grateful heart, and use it gladly while you may.
Scorn not love nor joyous frolic, while your youth has strength to spare,
ere the winter of our age lay snowy fingers on your hair.
Daily let the athletes' course, the manly circus, know your power,
and when evening's whispers waken, shun not then the trysting-hour,
but from arm or hand of ambushed maiden, whom her laugh betrays,
only half resisted, snatch the token which a kiss repays.

MARGARET MORROW, 1935

(*Prairie Schooner*)

Oh, see how white Soracte stands with snow
And how the forests lab'ring bear no more
Their burdens which so long have borne them down.
And how the rivers freeze with ice so sharp.
O Thaliarchus, drive away the cold;
Pile bounteously the logs upon the hearth;
Pour out from jar, two-handled, Sabine wine
Now mellow with the years of growing age.
The rest, O mighty one, leave to the gods.
When they have calmed wild winds on seething sea,
Both cypress tree and ash will be at peace.
Seek not what future days will hold for thee.
What fortune gives, place thou in well-earned gain.
Scorn not in youth the dances or young loves.
While you are young, old age seems far away.
Now in the night soft whispers rise from fields,
And oft the appointed hour is murmured o'er;
Now from secluded spot gay laughter comes,
Betrayer of some shyly lurking maid
From whose fair arm or finger, slow to yield,
The forfeit she there keeps is snatched away.

JOHN B. QUINN, 1936

(Educator and Translator)

How white Soracte stands! How deep the snow!
And mark from trees that labor 'neath the strain,
The burdened branches crashing strike the plain,
And streams, in frost's keen clasp, have ceased to flow!

You, Thaliarchus, may dispel the cold,
By heaping high the fuel on the fire;
And freely draw from jars that joys inspire
Your native Sabine wine now four years old.

For other things, upon the gods depend,
Who will the warring winds no sooner quell,
That struggle with the surging ocean's swell,
Than ash and cypress old shall shaking end.

What will the morrow bring, do not presage,
But treasure Fortune's daily gifts with care;
Let buoyant youth sweet love and dances share
Till hoar frost's blight has nipped your virile age.

You may awhile in campus games delight,
Or, in the pleasant park's sweet-scented air,
Or, in the fragrant grot, with loved one fair,
Your gentle whispers breathe in tryst at night.

Or yet, anon, enjoy the laughing strains,
Betraying damsel hid in arbor's shade,
And wrest from arms or fingers of the maid,
Some charm, while coyly she resists your pains.

VICTOR CHARLES LE FANU, 1939

(1865–1939; Rugby Player and Land Agent)

Thou seest how bright Soracte gleams,
White with the deeply drifted snow
The bitter frost has checked the streams,
The woods their load let go.

Pile up the fireplace, thaw the cold
With plenteous logs; draw out the wine,
Sabinum's vintage four years old,
O Thaliarchus mine.

Trust in the gods; when they withhold
Winds battling o'er the boiling main,
The cypresses and ashes old
Are motionless again.

Tomorrow's fortune shun to know
Set down to gain whate'er may chance,
Spurn not sweet love in boyhoods glow
Nor, now thou'rt young, the dance.

While crabbed age still spares thy prime,
Forth to the Courts or Campus go;
Thou'lt hear at the appointed time,
At night-fall whispers low,

Go seek with all its tell-tale charm,
Her laugh, who hides from thy pursuit,
A love-pledge snatch from hand or arm
Still slily resolute.

QUINCY BASS, 1940

(*My Head is in the Stars*)

You see how the snow stands white on Soracte's peak,
And the groaning branches do not bear their load,
And the rivers are chained in a prison of dazzling ice.

Then scatter the cold, pile logs lavishly
On the hearth, and with special warmth
Bring out the four-year-old Sabina wine,
O Thaliarcus, in its two-eared jar!

Trust everything outside to the gods;
Now they have quieted the winds on the angry seas,
Which were fighting each other furiously;
Now they have left the cypresses and ancient ash-trees
Calm and at peace.

You ask what the future holds,
And what Fortune will add to your profits?
Forget it! You are young –
Don't scorn the sweetness of love,
Don't scorn the dances,
So long as you are not cursed with selfish gray hair.

Now is the time when gentle whispers
Are repeated under the shadows of night
At the secret meeting-place;
Now is the time when a girl's pleasant laugh
Betrays her in the inmost dark corner,
As she resists someone
Snatching sometimes from her arms
Or out of her fingers,
While she struggles
Mischievously.

SIR EDWARD MARSH, 1941

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

Look, where Soracte tears his gleaming top
    Snow-quilted, and the stricken woods
    O'erloaded vail their boughs, the floods
By gripping frost constrained run slow and stop.

Pile high the hearth with logs to rout the cold,
    Young Thaliarchus, neither spare
    To broach yon tall twin-handled Sabine jar
For the good wine four seasons old.

All else let Heaven dispose, whose ruling will
    First sets uproarious winds to wage
    Strife with fierce seas, then checks their rage,
And bids tossed cypresses and elms be still.

What chance tomorrow brings, ask not nor care,
    But thank thy stars for any day
    They list to send thee; love and dance and play
Pursue, nor till sad blanching hair

Turn thy fresh sap to gall, deny their power.
    Now for the playing-field, the park,
    Soft whispers in the gathering dark
That calls young lovers to the trysting hour,

When from a shadow'd nook the maiden's laugh
    Betrays her ambush to the boy,
    And he from guarding arm or finger coy
Wrests the shared token's other half.

SIR JOHN SEYMOUR BLAKE-REED, 1942

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

White in the snow Soracte stands,
The trees beneath their burden hoar
To earth are bowed; through all the lands
The frozen rivers flow no more.

Pile up the pine-wood logs upon
The blazing hearth; drive out the cold;
Broach the capacious demijohn
Of Sabine vintage, four years old.

All that's to come the gods decree;
At their command the tempests cease,
The seas subside and cypress tree
And mountain ash will rest in peace.

Ask not what may to-morrow chance;
Count every day a respite earned;
While life is young enjoy the dance
Nor let the sweets of love be spurned.

Ere youth to moody age must yield
And whitening hairs invade the brow,
Enjoy the course, the track, the field
And twilight tryst and whispered vow.

A sweet and sudden laugh betrays
Your lurking charmer's hiding-place:
You snatch your forfeit – and she pays, –
And struggles but to save her face.

FREDERICK CHARLES WILLIAM HILEY, 1944

(British Museum Librarian, Translator, and Writer of Light Verse)

How sparkles in his robe of snow
Soracte! How the branches bowed
Scarce bear their weight of rime! How slow
The streams, beneath their icy shroud!

Good Thaliarch, heap the logs, and thaw
The frozen air with generous glow;
Go, broach the Sabine crock, and draw
That wine laid down four years ago.

Leave all the rest to God, who lays
The battling winds and foaming main;
Till the hoar ash no longer sways,
And cypresses are still again:

Nor ask "what will to-morrow bring?"
Count it as gain, each added morn
That Fate allows; Love's dallying,
The dance – not yours, my boy, to scorn

While you are young, and crabbed age
Far distant. Now's the time for play,
For whispered vows, and mutual gage
Exchanged, as fades the dying day.

For girlish laugh that doth betray
The secret corner where she's hiding:
For forfeit snatched from hand away
That scarce resists, for all her chiding.

LORD DUNSANY, 1947

(1878–1957; Writer and Dramatist)

See how Soracte's head is white with snow,
And how the troubled woods scarce bear the weight,
And by sharp frost is gripped the rivers' flow.
Drive out the cold by heaping on the grate
Plenty of logs; and wine in plenty too
Bring out, O Thaliarchus, four years old,
From Sabine jars; and to the gods do you
Leave all the rest; who when they have controlled
The winds that war against the boiling sea,
Will leave the cypress and the mountain-ash
Untroubled. What tomorrow there may be
Never enquire, but rather treat as cash
In hand whatever days you get from Fate.
And fall in love, young man, and go to balls,
While fretful gray hairs are not on your pate,
To the parade-ground and the public halls,
And seek the whispering places of the night
At trysting-time: go where her laughs discover
The girl that hides, who after struggles slight
Will lose a ring or bracelet to her lover.

GARDNER WADE EARLE, 1950 (1)

(1892–1968; High-School Principal and Teacher)

Stands now Soracte mantled deep with snow
And trees have yielded to the strain, to drop
Their burden every time the bleak winds blow.
Streams are silent, thickly sheathed on top
With crystal armor to the biting air.
The winter harvest shows a frigid crop.

Within – pile high the hearth with wood and dare
The chill to enter. Then bring forth that jar
Of four-year Sabine wine to banish care.
The gods will soothe the storm-tossed waves afar
And quiet shaking trees; have no concern.
Make merry in your youth cold cannot mar –

The winter of Old Age is at the turn.

GARDNER WADE EARLE, 1950 (2)

(1892–1968; High-School Principal and Teacher)

Look out there at the mountain, Boy! you'll see
    Just one big pile of froze-up snow an' ice.
The wind is shakin' white from ev'ry tree.
    An' bathin' in the crick would NOT be nice,
As the feller says, (I quote) "It's cold as hell."
    "Don't clip yer wool too close" is my advice.

But in the shack it's like a summer spell
    With cord-wood cracklin' up the chimbley flue
An' a jug o' ripened stuff t' ring yer bell.
    Unlax an' let the Weather-Man be blue –
He'll twiddle the controls an' get things straight.
    It's better dancin' while yer feet are new:

Old Age is Winter–an' IT'S GETTIN' LATE!

J. V. CUNNINGHAM, 1950

(1911–85; Poet, Literary Critic, and Teacher)

See how resplendent in deep snow
Soracte stands, how straining trees
    Scarce can sustain their burden
        Now that the rivers congeal and freeze.

Thaw out the chill, still heaping more
Wood on the hearth; ungrudgingly
    Pour forth from Sabine flagons,
        O Thaliarchus, the ripened wine.

Leave all else to the gods. They soon
Will level on the yeasty deep
    Th' embattled tempests, stirring
        Cypress no more, nor aged ash.

Tomorrow may no man divine.
This day that Fortune gives set down
    As profit, nor while young still
        Scorn the rewards of sweet dancing love,

So long as from your flowering days
Crabbed age delays. Now through the parks
    Soft whispering toward nightfall
        Visit again at the trysting hour;

Now from her bower comes the charmed laugh,
Betrayer of the hiding girl;
    Now from her arm the forfeit
        Plundered, her fingers resisting not.

D. WOOLF, 1950

(*The Philologian*)

See mid her glittering snow Soracte stands!
Yon snow beneath whose ponderous weight
The forest bows his head. Hard by neath icy hands
The turbulent streams no longer flow.

The hearth now stands with logs o'erloaded
The wine, Thaliarchus, now must flow;
Bring forth the twin-eared Sabine flask,
Thaw frost! beneath its four-year glow.

All else to the Gods in faith submit,
Who stilled the ravenous winds of late
That o'er the seething deep in battle strove
To grant the greying ash a calmer fate.

Be calm! crave not the yet forbidden morrow
Inscribe thy name i' the book of joy, not sorrow!
The fruits of love spurn not while young,
Spurn not the joyous dance and song.

While eager youth ill-tempered age
Rebukes. The hour is set! away and hear
Soft whispers wafted by the gentle breeze
From darkening field to sultry square.

And guilty giggles that disclose a girl
Till now unveiled in porch and shadow;
The lover's token, wrested from her wrist
Or finger – scarce able to resist.

LEWIS EVELYN GIELGUD, 1951

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

Snow on the Grampians glistens deep.
The gallant forests strain and quiver
Beneath their load, and every river
So stiff is frozen, it seems asleep.

Bring logs, more logs, to feed the fire
And drive away the winter cold!
With Highland whiskey, ten years old,
Fill up! Fill up a little higher –

And leave the rest to Heaven, whose Will
Shall stem the gale that galls and lashes
The hissing seas, and mountain ashes
And swaying cedars shall be still.

"What will tomorrow bring?" Forebear
To ask, and count for gain the things,
Whate'er they be, tomorrow brings!
To revelling and love repair

While griefs and greying hairs remain
Undreamed-of ills – to court and field
And whispered words by night concealed,
Betake you, often and again.

Look in the corner, lad, where lingers
The Puss's tell-tale titter – twist
The forfeit from a wriggling wrist,
Or wrest the ring from yielding fingers!

SKULI JOHNSON, 1952

(1888–1955; Classical Scholar)

You see how stands Soracte hoar
Mid heavy snows, whose weight no more
Bear labouring woods, and how o'erlaid
With ice, the streams keen frosts have stayed.

Heap high the logs, with right good will,
Upon your hearth, and kindlier still,
Feast-master, broach wine four years old
From Sabine cask and melt the cold.

Leave to the gods all else: when they
The warring of the winds allay
On the vexed main, no longer quakes
The aged ash, nor cypress shakes.

To ask what morrow brings, refrain:
Whate'er of days Chance gives, as gain
Assign, nor when you're young, to learn
The joys of love and dancing spurn,

While in your prime of life no share
Has peevish eld. Now field and square
Be duly sought, and ere the night,
At trysting-time, love-whisperings light.

Now in the inmost nook the maid
By her sweet laughter be betrayed,
And snatched the token from her wrist
Or finger feigning to resist.

FRED BATES LUND, 1953

(1865–1950; A Boston Physician)

Behold how lofty, clad in snowy shroud,
Soracte stands, while bends beneath its load
The groaning forest, and the winter's chill
Hath hushed in silence every murmuring rill.

Pile high the hearth with logs, drive out the cold,
Thaliarchus, and from the four year old
Two-handled jar, pour out the Sabine wine
With liberal hand for cheer to me and mine.

Leave to the gods the rest, for they can quell
The warring winds above the boiling seas
Till the branches of the ancient oaks are still
And quiet are the waving cypress trees.

Whate'er the morrow bring, cease thou to care.
The fortune each day gives thee, count it gain,
Nor love's sweet blandishments spurn thou, my boy,
Nor dancing with the maidens on the plain.

While yet from thy young strength old age is far,
At evening in the campus and the park
The soft and murmuring whispers thou may'st hear
Of maids and lovers trysting after dark.

Now from the shady hiding place, the cry
Of laughing maidens thou may'st hear, who cry
Halfheartedly their lovers to resist
As they pluck the bracelet from reluctant wrist.

ROBERT MONTRAVILLE GREEN, 1953

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

See how Soracte stands deep white in snow;
The bending woods no longer bear their weight
Of ice; and in the grip of the keen cold
The rivers all are dumb.

Dissolve the frost, generously piling high
The hearth with logs, my Thaliachus, pour
From Sabine flagon in abundant draught
The rich Falernian wine.

All else leave to the gods: when they have stilled
The war of strident winds with the turbulent
Ocean, nor cypress nor the ancient beech
Longer shall be at strife.

Seek not to know the morrow's fate, and count
As gain whatever day fortune may give;
Nor spurn sweet love, my lad, nor shun the dance
While the snow-white of age

Spares yet thy youth from its congealing touch.
Now let the sports of field and town prevail;
And let soft whispers be renewed at night
At the appointed hour,

The happy laughter that betrays the maid
In cosy covert hiding, the love-gage
Snatched from the hand reluctant, the fond kiss
On lips not loth to yield.

ARTHUR SALUSBURY MACNALTY, 1955

(1880–1969; Medical Scientist and Chief Medical Officer)

White, white with snow Soracte stands;
Snow overcomes the forest's force,
Chill lies the frost upon the lands
And stems the river in its course.
Dear friend, anew for me and mine
Pile on more logs, and, by thy star,
Bring out thy best, thy four years' wine,
Treasured within the Sabine jar.

The gods allayed the furious gales,
Which warred with a tempestuous sea.
The wind not any more avails
To stir the cypress on the lea.
The ancient ash trees stand like rods,
Unmoved amid the winter's sway,
So we can leave care to the gods,
And taste the pleasures of to-day.

Inquire not of to-morrow's pain,
What Fortune brings you, now embrace,
And score the gift for present gain,
Nor meet it with lugubrious face.
For thou art young, nor need disdain
Thy pleasant loves and dancing hours,
Till frosty age has chilled thy brain,
And withered all thy garden's flowers.

The Campus Martius and the glades
Can whisper yet of plighted troth,
And still as falls the evening shades,
You come a lover, nothing loth.
From bosky thicket notes of mirth
Reveal the maid who hides her charms;
And, as the dryad leaps to earth,
You snatch the token from her arms.

JAMES BLAIR LEISHMAN, 1956

(1902–63; Scholar and Translator)

Look how Soracte, gleaming in lofty snow,
commands the landscape, look how the labouring
woods bow beneath their load and binding
frost has arrested the watercourses.

Dispel the chillness, freely replenishing
the hearth with faggots, draw from the Sabine jar,
unwatered, that four years maturing
wine, Thaliarchus, with no begrudgement.

Resign the gods all else, at the hands of whom,
when winds contending over the whitened sea
have once been silenced, neither youthful
cypress are shaken nor ancient ashes.

Not taking anxious heed for to-morrow, count
each single day dark Fortune allots to us
as purest gain, nor leave unproved the
beckoning sweetness of love and dancing

while yet from Youth's green flourish the snowy touch
of gloomy Age hangs distant. The Field of Mars,
the squares, the low nocturnal whispers,
breathed as the hour of tryst approaches,

should now be what concern you, – the welcomely
betraying sound from innermost lurking place
of girlish laugh, the forfeit snatched from
arm or but faintly resisting finger.

HELEN ROWE HENZE, 1961

(1899–1973; Poet and Translator)

Behold how tall Soracte looms, and how white!
No longer can the laboring forests hold
Their snowy burden; streams are frozen,
Locked in the grip of the piercing coldness.

Dispel the chill air, piling the great logs high
Upon the hearth; unstintingly now bring forth
And pour the mellow, four-year vintage,
O Thaliarchus, from Sabine wine jar.

Leave to the gods the rest, for when they have stilled
The warring winds that battle upon the sea
The cypress is no longer shaken,
No longer vexed are the aged ash trees.

Whate'er tomorrow holds, shun to question now,
And what the day will bring, what of chance or gain,
Set down to profit; now in boyhood
Spurn not sweet loves or the youthful dances,

While from your bloom cantankerous age stands off.
Now 'neath the falling dusk, at the trysting hour
Again, again through field and courtyard
Let the soft whispers be still repeated.

Now from a secret corner a teasing laugh
Betrays a hidden girl, from whose slender wrists
A lover's pledge is snatched away, or
Else from a finger resisting faintly.

FREDERICK WILLIAM WALLACE, 1964

(Senior Scholar of Emmanuel College, Cambridge)

See how Soracte stands
Pure white in heavy snow,
And woodlands stretch and strain
Their burthen to sustain
And stopped is rivers' flow
By Winter's gripping hands.
On hearth and pile still more,
And four-year vintage wine,
O Thaliarchus mine,
From Sabine beaker pour
In more than gen'rous mood.
To Gods leave all the rest.
Once they the winds have laid
That fight o'er yeasty sea
Neither the cypress-tree
Nor elm trees old and staid
Will toss a leafy crest.
What will tomorrow bring,
Shun thou the wish to know.
However Chance thee bless
With days, as gain assess.
Scorn not thou love's sweet glow
Nor thou the dancing-ring.
While thou art young and green
Nor crabbed age is near,
Now lovers should repair
To park and city-square
And low the whisper hear
At trysting-hour of e'en.
Nor be the laughter missed
Betraying maid's alarm
In cosy hiding-place,
And rip thy pledge of grace
From finger or from arm
That teasingly resist.

MURIEL SPARK, 1968

(1918–2006; Scottish Writer)

Look up at Mount Soracte's dazzling snow
Piling along the branches that can barely
    Withstand its weight, while piercing ice
        Impedes the river's flowing!

So, Thaliarch, let's dissolve the cold, stacking
The hearth with logs, and with a rash indulgence
    Fetch up the four-year vintage jars
        Of undiluted Sabine wine.

The rest leave to the gods at whose command
Contending winds and seething seas desist
    Until the sacred cypress-tree
        And ancient ash no longer quake.

Then cast aside this contemplation of
The future. Better reckon the random day's
    Advantage, child, and don't despise
        Parties and love and those sweet things.

While boyhood still forestalls cantankerous age,
Now is the time appropriate to whispered
    Seductive twilight messages
        In city courts and empty lots.

And now's your time for secret pleasantries
With a girl-friend mocking from her corner ambush –
    The time to steal a token from
        Her arm, or half-protesting finger.

ALAN MCNICOLL, 1979

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

You see how stands Soracte, white with snow?
The laden branches in the groaning wood
No longer can support their heavy load,
And biting frosts set fast the river's flood.

Be lavish with the logs upon the hearth
My Thaliarch, and melt away the cold.
Bring forth a warmer cheer, and from the jar
Draw now the Sabine vintage four years old.

The rest is with the gods, and when they lay
To rest the gales that fiercely battle now
Upon the boiling deep, the mountain-ash
No longer sways, nor stirs the cypress-bough.

What may befall tomorrow, do not ask.
Each day that Fortune gives you, count as gain
And scorn not, in the springtime of your life,
Love and his pleasures, and the dance's strain.

While crabbed greyness touches not your bloom.
Now is the season ripe, in field and bower
For tender whispering as twilight falls,
And lovers' meeting at the trysting hour.

Now is the time for voices in the glade:
For laughter that betrays the nymph concealed,
And forfeit pilfered from a rounded arm...
And hands that feign to stay, and fain would yield.

CEDRIC WHITMAN, 1980

(1916–79; American Poet and Academic)

You see how deep Soracte stands in snow,
A hoary blaze, the laboring forests cringing
    Under the load, the rivers standing
    Pinned in their course by piercing ice.

Heap logs in plenty on the grate, melt off
The cold, and tilt the crock up by both handles,
    Good revel master, pour the four year
    Vintage out with freer hand.

Leave all the rest to the gods; once they have laid
Asleep these winds that now go brawling over
    The boiling sea, no more will cypress
    Shiver and flail, nor aged ash.

Let be what comes tomorrow, reckoning
Pure gain whatever gift of days your fortune
    Yields, and in youth be not disdainful
    Of love in all its sweetness; dance,

While yet no sorry white head nods upon
Your springtime shoulders; look to the piazza,
    The pleasure walks, the hushed whisper
    By nightfall at the trysting hour;

When a girl's laughter happily betrays
Her hiding place, lurked in a secret corner;
    Then plunder a trinket from her finger,
    Or languidly protesting arm.

STUART LYONS, 2007

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

Soracte stands before your eyes
White with deep snow, the labouring woods
Can't hold their burden, and the floods
Are stilled, set fast with jagged ice.

So come and melt away the cold,
Pile the logs high upon the fire,
And generously from a Sabine jar
Draw off a vintage four years old.

The rest leave to the gods! They make
The winds that battle on raging sea
At once grow calm, and instantly
Cypress and old ash cease to shake.

Don't ask what will tomorrow bring!
Count every day, that Chance above
Shall grant, a plus! Shun not sweet love
Or, while you're young, to dance and sing!

For now you are green, and grey hair sour
Is far off. Sports field and the square,
Smooth whispers in the twilight air
Must be claimed now at the appointed hour, –

Soft laughter that betrays a girl
Who in some deep nook hides her charms,
And a pledge stolen from her arms
Or finger that will just uncurl!

❄❄❄

BACK MATTER

❄❄❄

NUMBER OF TRANSLATIONS BY DECADE

		1700–09	0	1800–09	7	1900–09	14
		1710–19	4	1810–19	10	1910–19	19
		1720–29	2	1820–29	9	1920–29	20
1630–39	1	1730–39	1	1830–39	3	1930–39	10
1640–49	1	1740–49	1	1840–49	7	1940–49	5
1650–59	4	1750–59	2	1850–59	12	1950–59	10
1660–69	0	1760–69	2	1860–69	26	1960–	6
1670–79	0	1770–79	3	1870–79	22		
1680–89	3	1780–89	0	1880–89	15		
1690–99	1	1790–99	6	1890–99	21		

Total: 247

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