Horace's Vixi Puellis

A Collection of Translations

Horace's Vixi Puellis
A Collection of Translations

Isaac Waisberg

I once was a joy to the Ladies,
But, now I am laid on the shelf,
I'd like to see Chloe get Hades
Before I descend there myself!

RUDYARD KIPLING

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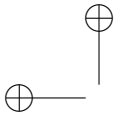
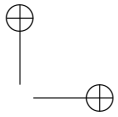

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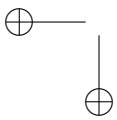
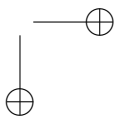

IN LIEU OF A PREFACE

"The young men and women of to-day on the educational side? I am out of conceit of them. Well set-up, athletic, good-looking, young fellows – the girls, too, even better looking and just as good fellows – who do thoroughly and efficiently what they set out to do. I'm not quarrelling with their brains or their executive ability. It's their appalling ignorance concerning the things which every educated person ought to know; which every educated person in my day did know. Have you ever tested them on literature? They own up to Kipling and Stevenson; but what of the rest? Are they intimate – as we were forty years ago – with their Shakespeare, their Bible, their ancient classics, their Gibbon? It's not erudition I'm speaking of. I'm not refering to Thomas à Kempis or Sir Thomas More, but to the primary essentials. Intimate I repeat. Ask, off-hand, the average man or woman of your acquaintance under thirty-five, 'What is the story of Jephtha's daughter?' 'Where exactly do you find the lines, "There is a tide in the affairs of men which taken at the flood leads on to fortune"?' 'What do you know of "Odi profanum vulgus et arceo" or "Vixi puellis nuper idoneus"?' The odds are they would be struck dumb; the certainty is (and here's the real tragedy) they wouldn't be troubled if they were. And as to poetry – can they quote it by the page as I could at their age? Ask one of them to recite Lycidas by rote. Now don't tell me," he protested, looking fiercely round the table, "that poetry is dying out – that there's no poetry written nowadays. It's the old poetry I'm referring to. No, when it comes to civilized social intercourse, I find myself out of touch with the younger generation for the reason that is has ceased to be familiar with and love the things I care about." (Robert Grant, *The Convictions of a Grandfather*, 1912)

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"The Hon. John Hay and myself have been laughing over a little joke which the gifted Secretary of State has lately played on the country. If I let loose the delightful jest now, it is not that I love John Hay less but Horace more – in fact our mutual love for the little Man of Tivoli is the tie that binds John Hay and my unworthiness. Well, in his fine speech before the Peace Congress in Boston, Mr. Hay

cited Horace as an example of the destructive military spirit, and he quoted the line,

> *Et militavi non sine gloria* –
>
> I have fought not without glory.

It is fearful to think that such a solecism as this should have passed unrebuked in classic Boston, under the very shadow of the sacred Codfish and almost within the learned precincts of Harvard! For as every one knows – except the editors of the literary press, and especially the New York Times Saturday Review – Horace was speaking not of the hard military service – *dura militia* – or of the bloody conquests of the Roman arms, but of the soft warfare of love, as the preceding and first line of the Ode clearly set forth and declared:

> *Vixi puellis nuper idoneus*
> *Et militavi non sine gloria.*

There you are – so plain that I have no doubt Mr. Roosevelt himself could make something of it, tho I should be sorry to rouse a case of artistic jealousy between him and the Secretary of State. Let us construe the verses crudely:

> I have been a slick fellow with the girls,
> And have fought with glory in the wars of Venus.

Mr. Hay's bull is the more curious since, from his profound acquaintance with the works of Omar Khayyam, he may be presumed to know very much more about the tender belligerency of love than about that sanguinary warfare which is sometimes reflected in the mental visions of his great Chief and which occasionally peeps out, like a weapon of Tartarin's, in his state papers. And then Mr. Hay is certainly not ignorant that in an earlier and more famous Ode, the poet described how he ran with other sturdy republicans from the field of Philippi, relicia non bene parmula – 'leaving my shield not very decently behind me,' (to give it an Irish twist). Of course Mr. John Hay knew this, for have I not said that our love for Horace is the tie between us? And without a love for Horace, no man could master such a style as Mr. John Hay has acquired. There's no use in keeping back the truth any longer – Mr. Hay loves a joke to-day as much as when he wrote 'Little Breeches,' and he just wanted to have some fun with the literary cognoscenti. Mr. Roosevelt was, of

course, the first man to congratulate him on his telling application of the Horatian line, and then all the literary editors followed suit, trying to make the public believe that they understood it. Mr. Hay is an exquisite jester – and no one knows better than he that a little Latin will go a long way in diplomacy." (Michael Monahan, "John Hay and Horace," 1904)

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"There has been in recent years no shortage of prophets of gloom bewailing the decline in the study of the classics. In fact, of course, the standard of classical education, among those fortunate enough to be given it, is probably as high as it has ever been, and in absolute terms more boys and girls are being taught Greek and Latin in this country than ever before. What is true is that the proportion of the clasically educated to all those who have any form of higher education is smaller than it has ever been, and is likely to become smaller still. This is a legitimate cause for regret, since a knowledge of the classical is not merely the way to a knowledge of classical civilization, but the key to the understanding of the culture, and particularly of the literatures, of Western Europe from the earliest times to the present day. Fortunately this fact is recognized not only by educationists and literary historians; there is a widespread desire among both young and old for a knowledge of the writers and historians of Greece and Rome, even though this knowledge must now be gained by the marjority through translation. But what kind of translation? Ever since the Renaissance, if not earlier, this question has been hotly debated. Is it better to have a literal version of a poem without even elegance to commend it? Or should the translator aim at composing something of poetic merit in his own tongue, even if this means falsifying his original? Is it, for that matter, ever possible to recreate the effect of a poem in a language other than that in which it was originally written, especially when the two languages are as different in structure and 'feel' as English and Latin? No right answer exists: each translator (and each reader) must decide his approach for himself." (J. B. Bamborough, Preface to Doris Rowley's *Carpe Diem*, 1969).

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"Our English lovers of the wise and pleasant Venusian continue to attempt translating him so pertinaciously that we are fairly provoked into inquiring what success has yet been attained in the object by

our national literature, and whether there are any prospects of a perfectly satisfactory achievement of the nice and difficult task? We shall not apply the prosaic test of utility in the matter, for we do not estimate roses by their value for medicinal purposes, and a Horace in English, like Horace in Latin, would be something beyond price. But even on the ground of utility there is a good deal to say. Who knows whether a vernacular Horace may not yet be required for a reformed House of Commons? Who knows what would be the effect of the diffusion of perfectly graceful and accurate versions of the ancients upon a generation which threatens to respect nothing older than 1832? From this point of view, the inquiry becomes important as well as interesting; and the fact that our latest translator is a Peer not unknown in public life acquires a new significance. The truth is, that we cannot help looking upon Horace as a kind of honorary member (along with other ancients) of the British constitution. He and his friends have helped to form our statesmen, polish our oratory, and point our conversation for many ages, and that Lord Ravensworth should be his translator is a fact which we are still happy to be able to characterise as English. Sir Robert Peel loved the little Roman; Lord Plunket learned him by heart; Burke quoted him; Lord North punned upon him; Warren Hastings rendered one of his most famous odes. We shall see presently that there are noblemen, diplomatists, statesmen, and bishops, as well as poets and scholars, among those who have endeavoured to naturalise him in our tongue. . . ." (James Hannway, "Horace and His Translators," 1858)

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"We have a very firm conviction that no one man can translate all of Horace effectively. Each poem requires special study and a peculiar inspiration to give to its English rendering any of the art and spirit of the original. For the average reader, therefore, for one, that is, who is looking chiefly for the pleasure of poetry, a collection of translations by different writers is the best. One also gets in this way a touch of the genius of many of the best English poets, for a large number of them have tried their skill on Horace. Most of the older translations were stilted and lifeless or even silly. The collections of Brome and Hawkins and Francis contain very little poetry. The only successful translators among the earlier men were Milton, Cowley, Dryden and Jonson, and later Cowper, who translated, however, but few pieces. Cowley and Dryden turned Horace into good seventeenth century poetry; but their versions have little of the Roman flavor. Casual efforts have been made by such men as Barry Cornwall, Allan Ramsay, Addison, Pope, Samuel Johnson and Byron; but none was

often successful. The best translations have been made within the last half century, and, with due respect to such others as Howes, Conington and Clark, we place De Vere and Theodore Martin among the first. Indeed, a very satisfactory English version of all of Horace could be made from Martin and De Vere, a few casual writers, and a few of the earlier English poets. It is rather strange that America has contributed so little to the translation or appreciation of our poet. Dr. John Ordronaux has been by far the most successful, but his published work is small. We do not forget the ingenious and painstaking contributions of Clarence Cary or that of Mr. Sargent, or the *Echoes from the Sabine Farm* by the two Fields. In the eighteenth century translations without much merit were made by John Park and Rev. John Adams. Aside from these, the work of American translators has been little more than casual." (Charles Loomis Dana and John Cotton Dana, *QHF: The Roman Poet Presented to Modern Readers*, 1908)

Q. HORATI FLACCI, VIXI PUELLIS, 23 B.C.

Vixi puellis nuper idoneus
et militavi non sine gloria;
nunc arma defunctumque bello
barbiton hic paries habebit,

laevum marinae qui Veneris latus
custodit. hic, hic ponite lucida
funalia et vectis et arcus
oppositis foribus minacis.

o quae beatam diva tenes Cyprum et
Memphin carentem Sithonia nive,
regina, sublimi flagello
tange Chloen semel arrogantem.

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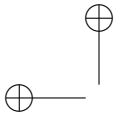
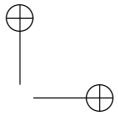

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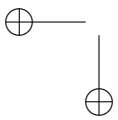
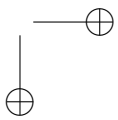



HENRY RIDER, 1638

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

Pleasing to maids I liv'd in former dayes,
And fought my battels too, not without praise:
Now shall the wall that is on the left hand
Of sea-bred *Venus*, all my armes command,
And lute weary of wars; here, here dispose
Your light, artillery, and barres, and bowes,
Which against barred doores did use to threat;
Queene goddesse that rich Cyprus mak'st thy fear,
And Memphis nere vext with Sithonian snow,
Once strike proud *Chloë* with a heavy blow.

JOHN SMITH, 1649

(*The Lyrick Poet*)

When I was young, for Ladies I was fit,
And in that warfare did great honour get.
Now shall this wall my love songs and my Lute
Have and preserve, which long time have been mute.
Which *Venus* Chappels, left side doth sustaine,
Here hang your bowes and all your Ensignes vaine.
O Goddesse! thou that dost blest *Cyprus* hold,
And Queen of *Memphis*, wanting *Thracian* cold,
Scourge thou proud *Chlöe* with whips litted high,
That once shee may her mind to loves apply.

BARTEN HOLIDAY, 1653

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

I lately with young Virgins did comply,
And was in *Cupids* Camp renowned high:
Now my Engins (warrs at end,)
And Lute I'l on this wall supend,
Bord'ring on Sea-born *Venus'es* left hand
Here, here let my enlightning Tapour stand,
With my Leavers, and my Bow;
That barr'd-up doors can open throw.
Thou who dost o'r blest *Cyprus* Isle preside,
And *Memphis* where no *Thracian* snow can bide,
O Queen, with far-fetched stroke,
Once haughty *Chloe's* ire provoke.

T. F., 1666

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

'Tis true, I was a sturdy Souldier once,
And bravely under *Cupid's* banners fought:
Disbanded now, his service I renounce,
My warlike weapons serve for nought.

Here! take my Helmet, sword, and Shield,
My bow, my Quiver, my Artillery;
Chloe has beaten me quite out of th' field,
And leads me in captivity.

Great *Venus*! thou that know'st what l have been,
How able, and how true a friend to Smocks!
Revenge my quarrel on th' imperious Quean,
And pay her with a Pox!

THOMAS CREECH, 1684

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

Once I was gay, and great in Charms,
Success still waited on my Arms,
In *Venus* Battels bravely stout,
I fought, and conquer'd when I fought:
But now my Arms and wanton Lyre,
Whole Tunes could spread Harmonious Fire,
Whole moving stroaks could soon impart
Soft Wishes to the tender Heart,
My Torches, Leavers, Darts and Bows,
That broke the Doors that did oppose,
That did all obstacles remove
Which hinder'd my pursuit of Love,
In *Venus* Shrine unheeded lie
With all my Love's Artillery:
Great Goddess, who o'er *Cyprus* reigns,
And scorching *Memphis* burning Plains,
Let coy and scornful *Chloë* know
The fury of thy *Cupid's* Bow;
And let her smart for her disdain,
Enflame her Breast, and I shall love again.

JOHN HARINGTON, 1684

(c. 1627–1700)

I Late was *Match* for *Maidens* thought,
Nor then without some Glory fought;
But now mine *Arms*, deceased *Lute*
(Through war) this *Temple's* wall shall suit;
Which guards fair VENUSSES left side,
(*Sea-born*) here hang mine Engines ty'd:
Night-walking *Torch*, fierce *Bars* and *Bow*,
Threatning to stout clos'd Doors a blow.
Thou *Goddess* of blest *Cyprus* ground
And *Memphis* Queen (whence banish'd round
Thrace-snows) with high-rais'd *scourg* (to smart)
Once touch proud CHLOE'S hardest heart.

THOMAS BROWNE, 1700

(1662–1704; Translator and Satirist)

'Tis true, while active blood my veins did fire,
And vigorous youth gay thoughts inspire,
(By your leave, courteous reader, be it said)
I cou'd have don't as well as most men did;
But now I am (the more's the pity)
The veriest fumbler in the city.

There, honest harp, that hast of late
So often bore thy sinful master's fate,
Thou a crack'd side, and he a broken pate,
Hang up, and peaceful rest enjoy;
Hang up, while poor dejected I,
Unmusical, unstrung like thee, sit mourning by.

And likewise all ye trusty bars,
With whose assitance heretofore,
When love engag'd me in his wars,
I've batter'd, Heaven forgive me, many a door;
Lie there, 'till some more able hand
Shall you to your old pious use command.

But, oh kind *Phœbus*, lend a pitying ear
To thy old servant's humble prayer;
Let scornful *Chloe* thy resentments feel,
Lash her all o'er with rods of steel;
And when the jilt shall of her smart complain,
This 'tis, then tell her, to disdain
Thy sacred power, and scorn a lover's pain.

WILLIAM OLDISWORTH, 1713

(1680–1734; Writer and Translator)

Once I was fam'd in *Cupid's* War,
And could oblige and serve the Fairs:
But now before this Shrine I've hung
My useless Arms, and Lyre unstrung.

Close by the Sea-born Queen I throw
My smoaking Torch, and flagging Bow,
And the rough Club which once I bore,
To force a haughty Damsel's Door.

O Goddess of the *Cyprian* Grove,
And funny *Memphis*, Queen of Love!
Hear my last Pray'r, and aim a Dart
At *Chloe's* proud disdainful Heart.

HENRY COXWELL, 1718

(*The Odes of Horace*)

I once a Champion was in *Venus* Court,
And purchas'd Honour, and had Trophies for't;
But Age to younger Combatants must yield,
As antiquated Souldiers quit the Field;
And now my Arms are plac'd, for Honour due,
In *Venus* Temple for the Nymphs to view,
That Virgins that come in may see, and praise
The military Acts of former Days.
Here place your Torches, there your Screws and Bows,
That break down stubborn Gates that do oppose.
O *Cyprus* Queen, and *Memphis*, that do'th see
Nought of the Snows, that in *Sithonia* be,
Lay thy Commands on *Chloe*, make her hear,
Touch with thy Wan, or whisper in her Ear.

JOHN HANWAY, 1720

(*Translations of Several Odes of Horace*)

Not long since I was of an Age,
With Girls that's proper to engage,
And in their Service tho' a Slave,
Not without Honour did behave;
But on this Wall, now past my Fire,
I'll hang my Arms and useless Lyre;
Where *Venus* stands, that rules the Tide,
With her left nearest to its Side.
Here place the Flambeaux, Bars, and Bows,
With which I did their Gates oppose.
O Goddess, thou of *Cyprus* Queen,
And *Memphis* where no Snow is seen,
Severely *Chlöe* flog, and make
Her once more humble for my Sake.

THOMAS HARE, 1737

("Master of Blandford School")

Once fit for Feats of Love, I came
With flying Colours from the Game;
But now alas! the Time is o'er,
My Courage flags, I can no more.

Farewell, my Lute, I now can play
No more the tender am'rous Lay;
To thee, O *Venus*, I resign
The Arms that serv'd in Wars of thine:

Within thy Temple I repose
Extinguish'd Torches, Bars and Bows,
By which my Miss I us'd to gain,
And Bolts and Doors oppos'd in vain.

O *Cyprian* Queen, that lov'st to hold
The funny Regions free from Cold,
On scornful *Chloe* lift thy Wand,
And scourge her with unpitying Hand.

PHILIP FRANCIS, 1743

(1708–73; Clergyman and Writer)

I lately was fit to be call'd upon duty,
And gallantly fought in the service of beauty;
But now crown'd with conquest I hang up my arms;
My harp, that campaign'd it in midnight alarms.
Here fix on this wall, here my ensigns of wars;
By the statue of Venus, my torches and bars,
And arrows, which threatened, by Cupid their liege,
War, war on all doors, that dare hold out a siege.
    Oh, goddess of Cyprus, and Memphis, that know
Nor the coldness or weight of love-chilling snow;
With a high-lifted stroke, yet gently severe,
Avenge me on Chloe, the proud and the fair!

WILLIAM DUNKIN, 1746

(c. 1709–65; Irish Schoolmaster and Poet; Friend of Swift)

I lately was fit to be call'd upon Duty,
And gallantly fought in the Service of Beauty;
But now crown'd with Conquest I hang up my Arms,
My Harp, that campaign'd it in midnight Alarms.
Here fix on this Wall, here my Ensigns of Wars,
By the Statue of Venus, my Torches and Bars,
And Arrows, which threaten'd by Cupid their Liege,
War, War on all Doors, that dare hold out a Siege.
    O Goddess of Cyprus, and Memphis, that know
Nor the Coldness or Weight of Love-chilling Snow,
With an high-lifted Stroke, yet gently severe,
Avenge me on Chloe, the proud and the fair.

WILLIAM POPPLE, C. 1750

(1700–64; Poet and Playwright)

Time was gentle Venus, when in the wide field,
Where Love, his gay streamers promiscuously spred,
Thy Horace compell'd, each fond Charmer to yield,
And never gave quarter, to any who fled!

A Veteran now to thy Fame, I resort,
Immortalize Goddess thy Suppliant's name!
Unfit for thy service, yet fond of the sport,
Dismiss thy old Soldier, with honor & fame!

On thy left, place my Lyre, which sweetly has sung,
To Phyllis & Lyddy, & twenty Girls more,
My Bars too, & Levers, so oft that have wrung,
The hinges, & bolts, that secur'd the shut door!

Queen of Cyprus & Memphis, still wanting snow,
Shall Chloe unpunish'd, thy God head disdain?
One touch of thy whip, on the Vixen bestow,
And Horace may yet make another Campaign.

SAMUEL ROGERS, 1762

("Rector of Chellington, Bedfordshire")

I once was a beau, and my person had charms,
My blood beating briskly to Cupid's alarms;
In the service of beauty, a champion of fame,
By vict'ry attended wherever I came:
But now crown'd with conquest, at Venus's shrine,
Love-honours and trophies I freely resign:
Devoted to peace near the billow-born queen,
Suspended my ensigns of war may be seen:
Lac'd hats and queue wigs, with whole suits of rich cloaths,
With ruffles and rollers, the artillery of beaus
And a full English ell of Toledo's best steel
In the tip of the mode that hung down to the heel;
Dire Panoply! threat'ning by Cupid its prince
War, war on all hearts, that should dare a defence.

O goddess, who makest gay LEIC'STER thy care,
And WILLOUGHBY blest with the witty and fair,
My desertion excuse, and believe me, dread power,
Now ROSALIND'S mine, I'll offend thee no more:
If I should, then to punish the breach of my duty,
Confine me for life – in the arms of a beauty.

CHRISTOPHER SMART, 1767

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

Of late an able am'rous swain,
I made full many a great campaign;
But now my harp and arms, of edge bereft,
Shall hang upon this wall, which rising on the left
In sea-born Venus' temple stands –
Here bring the torches and the brands;
Here bring the wrenching-irons and the bows
Against obstructing doors, so big with threats and blows.
Yet, goddess, of rich Cyprus queen,
And Memphis, where no snow is seen,
Once gently, with thy long-extended whip,
Touch my coquettish Chloe, till you make her skip.

JOHN HALL-STEVENSON, 1767

(1718–85; Country Gentleman and Writer; "Eugenius" of *Tristram Shandy*)

Once, tho' not lately, I confess,
I lov'd, and lov'd with some success;
    But now, ay now, 'tis quite provoking,
Now I will hang up my fine cloaths,
Hang up my harp and take to prose,
    And try to turn my pipe to smoking.

Samples of hair, in fine condition,
Surrender'd by fair composition,
    Taken by storm, or won by guile;
Writings, for writing sake, not reading,
Assignments, grants, and special pleading,
    Shall blaze in one funereal pile.

Mountains are hoary oft with snow,
When all the vales are green below,
    Still, Venus, let me cleave to thee;
Let Chloe but a while be kind,
Then, if my Chloe change her mind,
    Chloe will only copy me.

JOHN PARKE, 1773

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

With laurels crown'd and just applause,
A veteran in beauty's cause,
My conquests, arms, and harp I yield,
And ever useless quit the field.
Incapable of amours now,
Before thy shrine, I humbly bow;
Since sprightly manhood, time destroys,
And nips the vigour of our joys; –
Attend sweet Paphian Deity,
O! grant this prayer before I die!
Let haughty *Chloe* feel thy arm,
Disrobe her face of ev'ry charm;
Inflame her soul with lewd desires,
And never quench her letch'rous fires,
Curse her with wantoness in years, –
Distract her mind with hopes and fears:
Humble the coquette to a bawd,
That I thy goodness may applau'd.

ANONYMOUS, 1773

(*Westminster Magazine*)

In feats of Love I used to shine,
The Myrtle Chaplet once was mine;
But wither'd grown of late,
My fiddle, as my nerves, unstrung,
Venus, upon thy shrine be hung!
Sound, Cupid, a retreat.

Here place the arms of wanton Age,
Ovid's and Meursius' sullied page,
And dear Sonata bow;
My hat and feather here shall cleave,
And Ciniflone, by your leave,
My curling irons too.

Venus! I pray'd thee oft to chide
Coy Chloe's arrogance and pride –
Now may the Nymph go free!
Her fair posteriors let alone,
To mine thy chastisement be shewn –
Give all the rod to me.

E. E. E., 1774

(*London Magazine*)

Made for the service of each am'rous dame,
I under Cupid's banner gain'd some fame.
Be now my useless arms and silent lyre
Devoted to the queen of soft desire!
Here, all my military trophies place,
Here let me kneel, and worship beauty's face!
O goddess of all isles, as well as ours,
Who love through the blue veins of beauty pours!
Who the rude Highlander's rough bosom warms,
And gives a faithful Moggie to his arms:
In the most starving spot, you never fail,
To bring him love and *whisky* to his *kale*.
Mother of rosy cheeks, grant his request,
See that disdain which plays in MOLLY'S breast!
High o'er the beauteous flirt extend your rod,
And make her know, that Cupid is her God!
Bring down her haughty arrogance of soul,
And let her know, that you the world controul!
When she is seated with her whisp'ring man,
Snatch from her lily hand the scepter'd fan,
And when he's lull'd upon her silken lap,
Give the pert minx a most disdainful flap.

WILLIAM GREEN, 1777

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

I serv'd in Venus wars of late,
And fought with some renown,
My Barbiton, now out of date,
It's office nobly done,
I'll hang (on *left-hand* of her throne)
By sea-born Venus' side,
My lucid taper's end, I'll throw,
Bow, bars, and military store,
Which, stern to many a bolted door,
The brazen hinge defy'd.

Sweet Queen who rul'st o'er Cyprus Isle,
And snowless Memphis on the Nile,
And softnest hearts of Scythian rock,
Bid Chloé's bosom pant,
Touch with one light correcting stroke,
This naughty arrogant.

WILLIAM GREEN, 1783

(*A New Poetical Translation of the Odes of Horace, Reviewed & Improved*)

O Venus, in thy wars of late
I serv'd, and fought with some renown,
And now with honor I retreat,
And lay (their office nobly done)
My Arms, and my commision down;
And on the left hand of thy throne,
Suspend my military stores,
My lucid Tapers' end, and Bow,
And, dreadful to the bolted doors;
My heavy Club, and wrenching Crow:
O Queen ador'd in Cyprus-Isle,
And snowless Memphis on the Nile,
With one correcting Stroke – *but* light,
Thy arrogant young Chloè smite.

WILLIAM BOSCAWEN, 1793

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

Listed by beauty's conquering charms,
Her banners in the field I bore:
Now, on these walls, my useless arms,
And harp, proclaim love's warfare o'er.

These, on the left of Venus' shrine,
My once resplendent torches wait;
There shall the bows, the bars, recline,
That menac'd oft th' opposing gate.

Goddess of Cyprus' blest abode,
Of Memphis, free from wintery snows,
Once touch with thy uplifted rod
Proud Chloe's heart, and let her feel my woes!

"VISCOUNT MELVILLE," 1807

(*The Spirit of the Public Journals*)

Fu' sax and twenty years I jobb'd,
'Till gawkie Trotter chackt my leebours;
And suith to say, gude Alex. —
Wi' lass discreetion than his neebours.

The face that recks not mocks and geebs
The pro-mise, ever at command,
The bonnie bonuses and breebs
Not S—'s Earl can weel withstand.

These airts of mine be Portland's boast –
Airts! – I am naething loth to teach 'em;
But s'bluid! if Seedmouth rules the roast,
*Oop! Whatbrid! pop mon! and impeach 'en!

*(Tange flagello!)

J., 1808

(*The Poetical Register*)

Of old it form'd my chief delight,
On Saturday's revolving night,
The opera pit to enter –
To praise *Grassini* was my aim,
And – because others did the same,
Cry "*Bravo*," at a venture.

Such sports no longer I pursue;
Farewell Italia's stage! Adieu
Ye grand ballet beholders!
My opera hat, its uses gone,
Some other peg shall hang upon
Than that between my shoulders.

Henceforth, inspir'd with honest rage,
I leave old Rome's degenerate stage,
To *Flavio* and his doxies:
There booby baronets may sit,
Romp with the girls that throng the pit,
And then salute the boxes.

O thou whose impulse rules complete,
From *London Wall* to *Baker Street*;
All mortal cares forgotten:
This *Catalani* fever kill,
Restore the town to sense, or fill
Its ass's ears with cotton.

ANONYMOUS, 1810

(*The Monthly Mirror*)

Tho' late in the haram I sought for relief,
And sported a lusty commander in-chief,
Yet now have I quitted these vanities all,
So my sword and cock'd hat you may hang by the wall!

My sword and cock'd hat on that wall shall be seen.
Which to left-handed Venus devoted has been;
Here! hang up these mettlesome weapons, instead
Of that list which is pinn'd to the head of my bed!

O Venus! thou queen of each alley and row,
From Hackney to Southwark, from Sloane-street to Bow,
With your four-in-hand dove whip chastise, if you can,
That impudent, arrogant, slut, MARY ANN!

FRANCIS WRANGHAM, 1820

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

Of late a swain to maidens known,
In love's soft fields I won renown.
The age of that fond war gone by,
Upon yon wall my enginry
Shall hang, at sea-born Venus' side;
My lyre, my flambeaux flaring wide,
My battering bar, and bow, of yore
Levell'd against th' excluding door.
O thou, of happy Cyprus Queen,
And Memphis with it's snowless green;
Once, Goddess, with thy lifted lash,
Once lightly haughty Chloë dash.

W. P., 1827

(*The Mirror*)

Not without renown was I,
In the ranks of gallantry.
Now, when Love no more will call,
To battle; on this sacred wall,
Venus, where her statue stands,
To hang my arms, and lute commands;
Here the bright torch to hang, and bars,
Which wag'd so oft loud midnight wars.

But, O blessed Cyprian queen!
Blest in Memphian bow'rs serene,
Raise high the lash, and Chloe's be,
All e'er proud Chloe dealt to me!

JOHN SCRIVEN, 1843

(*The Odes of Horace*)

Fit for the girls of late my life!
Campaign of no inglorious strife!
But now my arms and war-tir'd string
To Venus' eastern wall I bring;

Here, where the goddess – sidelong – smiles,
Heap up the torches' glittering piles;
Here bring the bars and bows, no more
To threaten the resisting door.

Goddess! to whom fair Cyprus bows,
And Memphis – free from Thracian snows, –
Great queen! thy high-rais'd lash I call,
On haughty Chloë once to fall!

DAVID REEVE ARNELL, 1844

(*Fruit of Western Life*)

I have lived for the girls – there is truth in my story,
And I think that I've battled with somewhat of glory,
But the arms that I once used, I've hung on the wall,
And I'll hang there myself, ere I'll touch them at all.

My first love was Emily – my second was Sophy,
I've a sweet lock of hair from them both as a trophy,
Though I own I cropp'd one from my own pate to please a
Strange taste in my third, the bewitching Louisa.

Oh! days of my childhood, of "bread and of butter,"
When my sense was a bubble, my heart was a flutter,
Why should I mourn for ye, since Julia Jane
The last of my loves, now despises my chain?

JOHN EAGLES, 1846

(1783–1855; Artist and Author)

For maiden's love I once was fit,
But now those fields of warfare quit,
With all my boast, content to sit
In easy-chair;
And here lay by (a lover's lances)
All poems, novels, and romances.
Ah! well a-day! such idle fancies
I well might spare.

There – on that shelf, behind the door, –
By all those works of Hannah More
And Bishop Porteus – Let a score
Of lectures guard them;
Take Bulwer, Moore, and Sand, and Sue,
The Mysteries, and the Wandering Jew;
May he who gives to all their due,
The Deil, reward them.

And Venus, if thou hast, as whilom,
For parted lovers an asylum,
To punish or to reconcile 'em,
Take Chloe to it;
And lift, if thou hast heart of flint,
Thy lash, and her fair skin imprint –
But ah! forbear – or, take the hint,
And let me do it.

SIR THEODORE MARTIN, 1849

(1816–1909; Biographer of the Prince Consort)

I've been leading of late a sad life of flirtation,
And trophies have won, that I care not to show;
But wooing and winning are only vexation,
I'm heartily sick of the business. Heigho!

My spurs having earn'd, I'll lay down my armour,
And hang up my lyre, ne'er to touch it again,
On this wall by the left hand of Venus the charmer,
Bright Venus Thalasse, that springs from the main.

Quick, quick! Pile them here, while the fit is upon me,
The torches, the tabors, the arrows, the pike,
And the crowbar that oft-time an entrance hath won me
To beauty that only to valour would strike.

Oh! Goddess, o'er Cyprus the sunny that reignest,
Fair queen of soft Memphis, oblige me and touch
With your scourge that minx Chloe – the scornfullest, vainest –
Just so as to frighten, but not hurt her – much!

G. J. WHYTE MELVILLE, 1850

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

Much have I lived for service of the fair;
Not without conquest was the gay campaign:
Now from their warlike task discharged, I bear
My lyre, my useless weapons, to remain
Hung on the wall that guards the left-hand side
Of sea-born Venus' statue. Place ye here
The levers, and the flashing links to guide;
And hewing bills, the well-barred door to clear.
Goddess! in pleasant Cyprus who dost reign
Queen of fair Memphis! free from Thracian snow;
Give haughty Chloë, wrapt in her disdain,
With thine uplifted lash, one stinging blow.

WILLIAM SEWELL, 1850

(1804–74; Divine, Tutor, and Writer)

Form'd for the service of the fair,
I lived of late, and served in war,
    Not without glories; now
My armour and my lyre, which right
Hath done its duty in the fight,
    This temple wall shall owe –
This wall which the left side protects
Of ocean Venus. Here, here fix
    Bright links, and bars, and bows
With menace big 'gainst every door
That barr'd our passage. Heavenly Power!
    O thou that dost repose
At Cyprus, thine own blissful place,
And Memphis, by the snow of Thrace
    Untouch'd; as sovreign reigning,
O with uplifted scourge, (as such,)
Give only once a little touch
    To Chloe, the disdaining.

HENRY T. LIDDELL, LORD RAVENSWORTH, 1851

(1797–1878; Statesman and Poet)

Till lately not unapt for love
From fair to fair I used to rove,
    In amorous conflict bold;
But now I hang upon the wall
My lute unstrung and weapons all
    Grown useless, blunt, and old.

Here in thy temple I resign
Bright Venus, every gift of thine,
    My glory once and joy:
The blazing torch, th' unerring bow,
And clubs that broke with eager blow
    The doors of maidens coy.

Oh, Queen of Cyprus' happy bowers,
And Memphian palaces and towers
    Where suns perpetual shine;
Touch Chloe with thy scourge of fire,
And bid her haughty breast respire
    For once akin to mine.

R. W. HAY, 1851

(*Scraps from Horace*)

From earliest youth, the Fair I've sought
To win, & won them, I may say,
And often in Love's conflicts fought,
Not without credit, in my day.

But now unequal to maintain
"Such cruel Battle here within,"
My Arms I hang in Venus's Fane
My Lyre has hush'd its am'rous din.

Here let the fun'ral Pile be fed
Of letters by the cherish'd store,
The Rings & Tokens of the Dead,
The Ringlets which I priz'd still more.

O Thou! who rul'st o'er Cyprus' Isle!
Though no more subject to thy wil,
Deign on my future Fates to smite,
Teach those who lov'd, to like me still.

FRANCIS WILLIAM NEWMAN, 1853

(1805–97; Professor of Latin, UCL; Brother of Cardinal Newman)

Late I liv'd for damsels fit;
Not inglorious then I warr'd.
My arms, and harp discharg'd from service,
Now upon this wall I offer,

Which, of seaborn Venus' fane
Guards the left approach. O here
Place the bright torches, bars and augers,
Terrors to the trembling pannel.

Goddess ruling Cyprus blest,
Queen of Memphis free from snows
Of chilly Thrace; – with scourge high-lifted
Touch but once disdainful Chloë!

ROBERT M. HOVENDEN, 1859

("Formerly of Trinity College, Cambridge")

I was once a ladies' man,
    Not without my share of glory;
    Now it's quite another story,
Chloë flouts me all she can.
Torches, crow-bars gather dust
    Hanging on the walls of Venus;
    Now, no love is lost between us,
Strings are silent, weapons rust.
If thou wilt avenge my hurt,
    Lift the scourge, O queen of beauty,
    And admonish of her duty
Chloë, the outrageous flirt.

G. CHICHESTER OXENDEN, 1862

(1797–1875; Author of *Railway Horace*)

The ladies played me, O what tricks,
When I was in the army;
But now, against this wall I fix
The harp that used to charm me.

And here I hang my grey-goose quill,
And here my gilt-edged paper,
With envelopes, that gave me hopes
Of winning damsels taper.

O thou, the Queen of Cyprus bright,
And Memphis, never snowy,
With loftiest whip just touch the lip
Of cross and cruel Chloe.

JOHN CONINGTON, 1863

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

For ladies's love I late was fit,
And good success my warfare blest,
But now my arms, my lyre I quit,
And hang them up to rust or rest.
Here, where arising from the sea
Stands Venus, lay the load at last,
Links, crowbars, and artillery,
Threatening all doors that dared be fast.
O Goddess! Cyprus owns thy sway,
And Memphis, far from Thracian snow:
Raise high thy lash, and deal me, pray,
That haughty Chloe just one blow!

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE, 1863

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

Erst the maidens prized me well,
And I warred, and got me gain:
Now my arms and lyre shall dwell,
Seaborn Venus, in thy fane,

By the left-hand wall, disused,
Torches, crowbars, there I lay,
Bows and all, in heap confused,
Once so apt to break my way.

Thou in Cyprus dost preside,
And in Memphis, void of snow:
Lift thy whip; on Chloe's pride
Just one little stroke bestow.

GEORGE HOWLAND, 1865

(1824–92)

I lately lived a ladies' man,
And my career with honor ran;
But now released from woman's thrall,
I hang my harp upon the wall.

And here let Venus to her name,
See "o'er the left," my candle flame;
Here I resign those killing arts
Which have subdued so many hearts.

Yet, Goddess, who as queen dost reign
On ocean isle, as on the main,
Pray give to haughty Chloe yet,
One "cut" that she will not forget.

CHARLES STEPHENS MATHEWS, 1867

("Formerly of Pembroke College, Cambridge")

O' my life I gave the girls their share,
And was adjudged a good recruit,
And made some figure in the war:
Here are my arms, and here my lute,
Suspend me them at Venus' door:
My term is up, their service o'er.

Of the four walls which here enclose
Thee, daughter of the foamy brine,
This to thy left sees me depose
Quiver and arrows, yew and twine,
Crowbar and torch, which lit the way
Or forced it, to the fair at bay.

More partial to the sunny smile
Of Cyprus where no snows remain,
Here come from thy congenial isle,
Here Chloe cold declines thy reign:
Touch her with mild corrective wand,
Once touch her prithee, not beyond.

CHRISTOPHER HUGHES, 1867

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

Among the young damsels I once was victorious,
But now I must hang up my weapons, inglorious,
On the wall to the left of the sea-risen Venus,
With my lyre, which once sung of the wars waged between us.
Here, here place the crowbars which then we were wielding,
The torches, the engines to break doors unyielding,
O goddess! who ever blest Cyprus art shielding,
And Memphis unchilled by Mount Sithon the snowy,
With your uplifted scourge strike the arrogant Chloe.

T. HERBERT NOYES, JR., 1868

(1800–81; Barrister)

I 'have lived a lady's man till now,
And have not served without repute;
But now I have finished with my lute,
I 'will hang up all the kit, I vow,

At Venus' shrine – the left-hand wall;
Yes, that's the place, – come now, my lambs,
Hang there the crowbars, links, and rams
I used to breach the doors withal:

O goddess of the Cyprian isle,
And Memphis never vexed with snow,
Oh raise thy lash for one smart blow,
And punish Chloe for her guile.

CORNELIUS NEALE DALTON, 1868

(1842–1920; Barrister, Civil Servant, and Writer)

Till late of maidens I was a favourite,
Winning renown as warrior in arms for love:
Love's weapons laid by now for ever,
Here to the wall of the temple nail I;
Here on the left wall hang them as offerings
Sacred to Venus. Bear ye me hither now
All that my old threat'ning equipment;
Mattocks and arrows and fiery torches.
Oh! thou, who lovest Cyprus the blessed, and
Memphis by cold snows never yet visited,
O mighty queen, with scourge uplifted
Lay but a stroke on the scornful Chloe.

EDWARD YARDLEY, JR., 1869

(1835–1908; Writer)

I late was fit for girls, nor all
    Ingloriously have I warred,
But now, fixed to her temple wall,
    To Venus be my arms restored.

The torch, extinguished now for ever,
    The harp, too, that will speak no more,
Hang there, together with the lever
    That threatened the opposing door.

Goddess, to whom the Cyprians
    And swarthy Memphians bend in prayer,
Touch Chloe, for her arrogance,
    With thy sharp scourge high-raised in air.

WILLIAM THOMAS MERCER, 1869

(1821–79; Colonial Administrator)

Lately among the girls I strayed,
And my campaigns with honour made,
But these my arms and shatter'd shell
Henceforth on yonder wall shall dwell,
Yon western wall that guards the fane
Where sea-born Venus holds her reign.
Here then the lurid torches bring,
Here bars and bows, and everything
That lent its aid in nights of yore
To threaten the opposing door.
Hail, goddess, on thy radiant throne
In Cyprus, blest thy sway to own!
Hail, Queen, whom they of Memphis know,
Free, Memphis, from Sithonian snow,
Once 'neath thy thong let Chlöe smart,
Chlöe, so fair, so proud of heart.

JOHN BENSON ROSE, 1869

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

I have roamed amidst damsels of beauty,
I have earned a fair fame and some booty;
But I now propose
Arms and lyre to depose,

On the left-hand of Venus, the foam-born,
Torches, crowbars, and levers from home borne;
Which oft have broken
Barred doors and gates open.

O goddess! potent in Cyprus the beautiful;
Queen of fair Memphis, midst zephyrs most dutiful;
Touch Chloë, touch and urge
Her to duty with thy scourge.

A. C. E., 1869

(*College Rhymes*)

Till now I lived a comely swain,
A match for many a maiden fair,
    Right glorious in the fray:
But now my arms, my lyre, again
Are high uphung, now peaceful there,
    Where Venus, child of spray,
With fane of goodly omen overlooks the stormy main.

Uphang ye here your torches bright,
Your clubs lay down, unstring your bows,
    That threaten hindering doors:
O Goddess, royally bedight,
That Memphis rul'st, where Thracian snows
    Ne'er fall in wintry showers,
And wealthy Cyprus: lift thy rod, proud Chloe smite amain.

EDWARD BULWER-LYTTON, LORD LYTTON, 1870

(1803–73; Politician)

I have lived till of late well approved by the fair,
And have, not without glory, made war in their cause;
Now the wall on the left side of Venus shall guard
My arms, and the lute which has done with the service.

Here, here, place the flambeaux which lit the night-march;
Here, the bows and the crowbars – dread weapons of siege,
Carrying menace of doom to the insolent gates
Which refused at my conquering approach to surrender.

Regal goddess who reignest o'er Cyprus the blest,
And o'er Memphis, unchilled by the snow-flakes of Thrace.
Lift on high o'er that arrogant Chloë thy scourge,
And by one smarting touch fright her into submission.

THOMAS CHARLES BARING, 1870

(1831–91; Banker and Politician)

In the lists of the ladies my life to spend
I delighted of late; and with honour I warred.
But now I must hang up my lute and my sword,
For my battles have come to an end.
So here on the wall, close to Venus's side,
The seaborn, her innermost temple to grace,
The torches and crowbars and catapults place,
That resistance were wont to deride.
Oh! goddess! who reignest o'er Cyprus's isle,
And Memphis, where Thracian snows never fall,
With thy queenly lash touch once for all
Proud Chloe, who scorns to smile.

MORTIMER HARRIS, 1871

(*A Selection of the Odes of Horace*)

Once I lived fit for maidens' love,
And not without some glory strove:
Now shall my harp, its warfare done,
And arms, this wall be hung upon,
That guards the left wall of the fane
Of Venus offspring of the main.
Here in this spot the clubs depose,
The burning torches, and the bows
That menaced each resisting door.
Goddess, do thou who rulest o'er
Blest Cyprus, Memphis too that knows
No rigour of Sithonian snows,
But once with lifted whip, O Queen,
Touch Chloe of the haughty mien.

J. M. MERRICK, 1874

(1838–79)

Thus far I have lived a fair match for the girls,
And campaigned with some little renown,
But my arms and my lyre, as from war I retire,
I, vanquished and humble lay down.
The left wall of the temple of Venus shall hold
And shall keep all the tools of my trade;
Here hang my bright torches, my bow and my bars,
That once many doors made afraid.
O goddess who rulest o'er Cyprus the rich
And Memphis free ever from snow,
As with scourge lifted high you pass Chloe by,
Give the arrogant damsel one blow.

W. E. H. FORSYTH, 1876

(1845–81; Lawyer in Bengal)

Of late I lived the squire of dames,
And deftly did my duty;
But now I've ceased those little games,
And left the ranks of beauty.

My arms and lyre make no more stir;
I hang them on the wall
Which guards the left-hand side of her
They sea-born Venus call.

Here quench, my boys, your torches bright,
Here lay aside your bows
And levers strong, which prove of might,
When bolts and bars oppose.

O! Queen of happy Cyprus land,
And Memphis never snowy,
Just take I pray your lash in hand,
And touch up haughty Chloe.

ARTHUR WAY, 1876

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

Erewhile I lived well-suited for the maidens,
And passed through campaigns not devoid of glory.
Now shall this wall receive my weapons
And lyre that hath its warfare ended, –

This wall that guardeth the left side of Venus
The sea-born. Put them here, put here
Bright torches, crowbars, and the bows
That wont to threaten doors opposing!

O goddess, thou who dwell'st in happy Cyprus
And Memphis from Sithonian snows exempted,
O queen, with thy uplifted scourge
Just touch but once the haughty Chloe.

AUSTIN DOBSON, 1877

(1840–1921; Poet and Critic)

We loved of yore, in warfare bold,
Nor laurelless. Now all must go;
Let this left wall of Venus show
The arms, the tuneless lyre of old.

Here let them hang, – the torches cold,
The portal-bursting bar, the bow,
We loved of yore.

But thou, who Cyprus sweet dost hold,
And Memphis free from Thracian snow,
Goddess and queen, with vengeful blow,
Smite, – smite but once that pretty scold
We loved of yore!

SHADWORTH HOLLWAY HODGSON, 1877

(1832–1912; Philosopher)

I've liv'd devoted to the fair,
Fought, too, with credit here and there;
Now shall my arms and lyre unstrung
On Venus' temple-wall be hung.

Here on her left hand fix them high,
Vow'd to the foam-sprung deity,
The lever, the bright torch, the bow,
For laying doors and warders low.

O Thou, whom Cyprus blest enthrones,
And snowless, sun-bath'd, Memphis owns,
Give but – with lifted lash – one touch
To Chloe, scornful overmuch.

E. C. PERKINS, 1877

(*The Crimson*)

I've lived till now a match for girls;
Behold what spoils my bureau shows!
Fans, ribbons, photographs, and curls,
Letters, and bows.

But now these precious souvenirs
Shall serve to feed my hungry fire;
Yet, Venus, grant a victim's tears
One last desire.

Let Chloë feel one little blow –
Yes, just enough to make her smart –
Of that fell shaft which laid so low
My conquered heart!

WILLIAM THOMAS THORNTON, 1878

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

A proper ladies' man of late was I,
And fought love's battles not ingloriously:
    Now, with my arms discharged from fight,
    And cithern, shall this wall be dight,
Which sea-born Venus on the leftward side
Protects. Leave here, let here abide
    Torch, crowbar, bow, which heretofore
    Beleaguered the opposing door.
Goddess, who happy Cyprus own'st, and whose
Is Memphis, lacking the Sithonian snows,
    Ah queen! let by thy scourge upraised
    Just once be haughty Chloe grazed.

MAURICE DAVIES, 1878

(1828–1910; Clergyman and Writer)

Though once for conquests I went in,
And had success in wooing,
I'm giving up the fiddle now,
And all my tootle-tooing.

Farewell, then, to the amorous strife
That once went on between us,
My patron saint henceforth is – well
It isn't now Saint Venus.

Hang up my trophies in the fane,
My latch-key and et-ceteras;
Since, when we're going to be sedate,
Such adjuncts scarce will better us.

Yet, Venus, ere I say good-bye,
Touch up that damsel showy;
My first, if not my only love,
The teasing, tempting Chloe.

MAURICE O'CONNOR MORRIS, 1878

(*Hibernia Venatica*)

I've sung my who-whoop in Kildare:
    I've hunted my last with the Wards.
John, hang up my flannels to air!
    I'll play in the colt's match at Lord's!

My pinks you may now lay aside;
    Let my latchfords and crops line the rack –
No longer they'll tempt me to ride;
    Till the ides of November come back.

Diana, thou queen of fox-hunters,
    Befriend me, thy liegeman, in town;
Protect me from sharpers and punters;
    Teach Chloe to smile, not to frown!

HENRY HUBBARD PIERCE, 1884

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

Ah! once I had a comely form
That pleased the blushing maiden well.
The heights of love I took by storm
Where many a gallant warrior fell.
But now, the amorous warfare done,
My dinted mail I cast aside.
This wall that greets the morning sun,
And guards the fane of Cypria's pride,
Shall claim my harp and midnight arms.
Here, here I nail the blazing torch
That once illumed forbidden charms.
To Venus now in yonder porch
I hang the bar of steel, the file
That menaced once resisting doors.
O queen of Cypria's balmy isle,
Of Memphis, free from Thracian snow,
Rebuke my Chloë's haughty smile;
With threatening whip one lash bestow!

CHARLES WILLIAM DUNCAN, 1886

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

I lately lived a squire of dames,
A victor in the lists of love;
Such contests o'er, the arms I used
And high-strung harp, this wall shall have:

This wall which sea-born Venus guards
Upon her left. Here, here, dispose
The shining torches, crowbars too,
And, doors opposing, threat'ning bows.

Goddess! who holdest Cyprus blest,
And Memphis from Sithonian snow
Aye free! Oh Queen! thy whirling scourge
But once let haughty Chloë know!

T. RUTHERFURD CLARK, 1887

(*The Odes of Horace*)

O woman once confessed my charms,
    On Cupid's field I warred and won;
    Now rest ye, worn with service done,
Thou veteran lute, ye useless arms.

To ocean Venus' temple bring,
    And on the leftward wall bestow
    The torch, the lever, and the bow,
Barred gates of beauty menacing.

O Cyprian Goddess, deified
    In Memphis pure of Thracian snow,
    With lifted lash one single blow
Strike, Queen, to punish Chloë's pride.

E. H. STANLEY, 1889

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

In thy courts once oh Venus too well was I known,
And there not ingloriously long held my own,
But now both my Arms and my Lute I resign
They no longer are fit to be weapons of mine.

On thy left side fair goddess I place them with awe,
A sign I'm too old and too worn out for War –
The Torches – the Weapons, the Bows – aye and all
The Youth which once summoned each fortress to fall.

But Thou oh Great Goddess of Cyprus the Queen,
And of Memphis – where Winter's Snow never is seen,
Avenge me on Chloe that young malapert –
With one touch which may wound her yet not too much hurt.

J. LEIGH S. HATTON, 1890

(Scholar of Hertford College, Oxford)

I have lived in the light of Cupid's flame,
I have warred in the battle of love with fame,
But now my arms and my lyre I lay
On the wall of the temple here to-day,
Where Venus, who sprang from the liquid main,
Defends with her presence her own fair fane,
And here lay the torch and the bar and bow,
That shared in the revels of long ago!

O queenly Goddess of Cyprus bright,
And Memphis that feels not the snowflake light,
O tenderly touch with thy rod on high
My Chloe, who laughs at my lovesick sigh.

MARCUS CLARKE, 1890

(1846–81; Australian Journalist, Poet, and Librarian)

I've lately lived amang the girls,
And fought not wi'oot glory O!
But now nae mair they tug my curls,
My pow is getting hoary O!

Hang up my staff o mickle micht,
My pipes fa' tapsalterie O!
Hang up my lantern, by whose licht,
I clambered to my deary O!

O Venus, dear, I'm fidgin' fain,
Come down and ease my fancy, O!
O' a' the girls I lo'e but ane,
Ah, leeze me on my Nancy O!

EUGENE FIELD, 1891

(1850–95; American Journalist and Poet)

The hero of
Affairs of love
By far too numerous to be mentioned,
And scarred as I'm,
It seemeth time
That I were mustered out and pensioned.

So on this wall
My lute and all
I hang, and dedicate to Venus;
And I implore
But one thing more
Ere all is at an end between us.

O goddess fair
Who reignest where
The weather's seldom bleak and snowy,
This boon I urge:
In anger scourge
My old cantankerous sweetheart, Chloe!

JOHN B. HAGUE, 1892

(*The Odes and Epodes of Horace*)

Encamped till now on love's fair field,
Not without glory, here I yield
The arms for which no duty calls –
The left side of thy temple's walls,

O sea-born Venus, takes my lyre.
No more shall love its strains inspire,
Here, here the torches, swords, and bows.
Threat'ning no more when doors oppose.

Thou who dost o'er fair Cyprus reigm,
And Memphis' warm and snowless plain,
Great Queen, with scourge uplifted high,
Touch once proud Chloe from the sky.

JOHN OSBORNE SARGENT, 1893

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

I lived for the girls and was true to their charms,
And I battled it not without glory;
But discharged from the war with my lute and my arms,
This wall here shall rubric my story:

It guards the left side of the Venus who rose
From the sea, so enchantingly gracious:
Here hang up your torches and crowbars and bows
To the doors shut against them minacious.

Holding Memphis the snowless and Cyprus thine isle,
Venus, goddess, accept the oblation;
The most leal of thy subjects, queen, give me thy smile, –
And proud Chloë – a slight flagellation.

T. A. WALKER, 1893

(*The Odes of Horace*)

I've lately lived a match for girls,
Nor ill campaigned among them;
But now my arms on Venus' wall
At her left hand I've hung them:

And by their side my lute I've hung,
To be by her defended,
My battles fairly fought, and not
Ingloriously ended.

Here place the bows, links, wrenching bars,
That proved of great assistance
To burst the doors that shut me out,
And offered stout resistance.

O goddess, queen of Cyprus blest,
And Memphis never snowy!
Lift up thy whip, and give one lash
To haughty-minded Chloë.

GEORGE M. DAVIE, 1894

(1848–1900; American Lawyer and Poet)

I was a favorite, once, with the women, –
Waging the wars of love, – not without glory: –
Now, shall be hung, on the walls of the temple,
There – to the left of the ocean-born Venus, –
My arms and my lyre: for my battles are over!

Here – here, deposit my once shining torches;
Here, lay my crowbars, for prying of windows;
And here, my cross-bow, for threatening doorways.

Goddess! that rules in voluptuous Cyprus,
And over Egypt, where snows of Sithonia
Never are falling – O, Queen! I implore thee –
Lift high thy hand over Chloe the haughty –
Give her one touch, with the lash of requital!

J. HOWARD DEAZELEY, 1895

("Merton College, Oxford")

With maidens late I found success,
And conquests did my warfare bless:
Now arms and lute, their battles o'er,
Shall sea-born Venus store

On wall that leftward guards her face.
Here, here the flaming torches place
And bars and bows so brave of yore
To threaten bolted door.

O Goddess of blest Cyprian race
And Memphis free from snows of Thrace,
O Queen, uplift thy lash and bring
To Chloë's pride one sting.

A. S. AGLEN, 1896

("Archdeacon of St. Andrews")

I lived, and not so long ago,
For girls, and won renown,
Love's soldier, apt to meet the foe;
But now, my weapons down
I've laid; – sword, spear, and lyre and all,
Their battles done, must line the wall.

On this left wall, here, hang them here,
In sea-born Venus' shrine!
Hang up the torch that burns so clear,
The crowbars that combine
With bows, whene'er they threaten war
To doors that lovers' passage bar.

O Goddess, Queen of Cyprus, blest,
And Memphis free from snow
Sithonian, hear my last request,
With lifted whip one blow
Give Chloe, just one blow; the pain
May cure her of her proud disdain.

PHILIP E. PHELPS, 1897

(*The Odes of Horace*)

Lately I liv'd for Venus's warfare fit,
And in her service fought not ingloriously,
But now my lyre and armour hanging
On the wall, shew me retird from battle; –

That wall, which guards the shrine of the sea-goddess
On the left side. Here lay ye the torches down,
And bows and levers once so pow'rful,
Threat'ning all doors that oppos'd my passage.

O Thou, the Goddess who the blest Cyprian isle
Holdest, and Memphis free from Sithonian snow,
Thou Queen, just once, with scourge uplifted,
Give a slight touch to my haughty Chloë.

ANONYMOUS, 1898

(*Punch*)

I have lived and I have loved,
As I live, I'll love no more.
With a fancy, that has roved,
And a heart but little moved,
Love's attractions have I proved
By the score.

I am sick of billets-doux,
Which have nothing new to say.
And of tender verses too;
Woman, if you want to woo,
To refresh a *blasé*,
Find a way.

But I am embarrassed now,
And my brain in horror whirls.
There will surely be a row –
I have made the self-same vow
To I can't remember how
Many girls.

If the gods but save my pate,
Perilled in this awful mess,
Though the fair may lie in wait,
I will leave them to their fate,
Being sworn to celibate
Happiness.

W. C. GREEN, 1903

("Rector of Hepworth and Formerly Fellow of King's College, Cambridge")

A doughty lover was I once,
    Made havoc 'mid the ladies:
Weapons and lyre I now renounce,
    Such war no more my trade is.

This wall that guards the sea-born queen
    Shall bear my used up battery:
Torches, bars, picklocks, tools to win
    Closed doors by force or flattery.

Venus, whose might rules Cyprus bright
    And Memphis never snowy,
Raise high thy whip, give one smart flip,
    And humble haughty Chloë.

M. JOURDAIN, 1904

(*Translations of the Odes of Horace*)

My lute, my arms, once set before
That foolish fort, a heart,
Time lately spent, in Cupid's war; –
And still I did my part, –

Now lie before thy leftward wall,
Thy batteries, Ocean Queen,
My torch, my bow, and levers all,
As if a siege had been:

Thou Cyprian, thou of Memphis' clime
There where no snows abide,
Touch Chloe with thy rod sublime,
Only to punish pride!

ECCLESTON DU FAUR, 1906

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

Till late the girls seemed pleased with me,
    Not without credit, I've campaigned;
Now arms, and lyre, from love constrained,
        Fixed to this wall shall be,

Which guards the left side of thy fane,
    Venus! sea-born, – place here my bar,
Torches, and swords, which, once, my war,
        'Gainst portals closed, did gain:

Goddess! whom, free from Northern cold,
    Memphis, and pretty Cyprus, claim, –
My Queen! her arrogance to tame,
        Up whip, – should Chloë scold.

JOHN MARSHALL, 1907

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

I've lived my life, a lover with the best,
Nor without glory my love-fights I fought:
    Now arms and war-worn lute I've brought,
        Upon that wall to rest,

Which on her left doth sea-born Venus guard.
Here, ay! just here, the gleaming flambeaux set,
    Crowbars, and bows, which many a threat
        Once hurled at gateways barred!

O thou who art of fertile Cyprus queen
And Memphis, where no Thracian snows can reach,
    Raise thou the whip just once, and teach
        Chloé a milder mien,

EDWARD R. GARNSEY, 1907

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

Lately I lived a proper squire of dames,
And fought not without honour: now
    My weapons, and my harp discharged
        From warfare, this wall shall receive,
That guards the left side of our seaborn Venus.
Here, here, lay down the gleaming brands,
    The crowbars and the bows,
        That menaced the obstructing doors.
O goddess, who possessest blissful Cyprus,
And Memphis, which is free from Thracian snow,
    O queen, with lash aloft
        Touch Chloe once the arrogant.

HAROLD BAILY DIXON, 1910

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

Till late I lived for ladies' love,
And not without success I strove:
But now my war-worn arms I bring
To Venus for an offering.

Here on her left hand lay them by
Vowed to the sea-born Deity: –
My torches, crowbar, culverin
For battering defences in.

O Queen of Cyprus' happy isle,
Who dost on sun-bathed Memphis smile,
Give Chloe with thy lash one touch –
She's surely scornful overmuch!

FRANCIS LAW LATHAM, 1910

("Brasenose College, Oxford")

I lived a match for girls in days of yore,
And not without some glory fought the fray;
My weapons now and all its battles o'er
My cithern shall this wall display,

Which the left side of Venus of the sea
Protects. Here, here our flaring torches store,
Our levers too and our artillery
Which threatened the obstructing door.

Goddess who reign'st o'er Cyprus' happy land,
And Memphis where ne'er falls Sithonian snow,
Queen, with the lash uplifted in thy hand,
Deal saucy Chloe just one blow.

GEORGE M. AND GEORGE F. WHICHER, 1911
(1)

(GMW 1860–1937, GFW 1889–1954)

That late I loved I do repent;
To maids no more bellipotent,
    I now from arms and lyre abstain;
    The leftward wall of Venus' fane
Shall hold the amorous armament.

Here lie the bars, the flambeaux spent,
The pliant bows that once I bent
    Against the gates of her disdain
        That late I loved.

Imperial queen, that dost frequent
Cyprus, and Memphis innocent
    Of Scythian snows, a boon I'd gain:
    Raise once thy lash with might and main
And smite that Chloe (impudent!)
        That late I loved.

GEORGE M. AND GEORGE F. WHICHER, 1911
(2)

(GMW 1860–1937, GFW 1889–1954)

Love, I have lived of late for these thy handmaids not
all unmeet.
Yea, I have warred thy war, nor bitten the bitter bread
of defeat.
Cometh war-weariness now and the woful wane of wild
desire,
Cometh the leaving of arms, and the last long lingering
lift of the lyre.

Fair is thy fane, Aphrodite, thou fairest fruit of the
furrow-less sea!
Yea, and the left wall of it shall hold henceforth the
weapons of me:
Torches of fresh-flown flame, and jimmies that jam, and
the bent bow's bane,
On lintels that lower with locks shall prove their prowess
never again.

Goddess, who holdest Cyprian realms! thou brine-born
Mother of Love!
Whose alone are the Memphian fields and the snowless
acres thereof!
Queen, and the flower of the foam! thou flicker of flames
that flash!
Lift up thy scourge on the scornful Chloe and lessen her
pride with thy lash!

SIR WILLIAM S. MARRIS, 1912

(1873–1945; Civil Servant and Classical Scholar)

Meet for the maidens once was I,
    And warred, and glory won withal;
But now I lay my harness by
    And weary harp, upon this wall

That guards the sea-born goddess' side:
    Here, here throw down the bars and bows
And torches bright that once were plied
    On all the doors that shut so close.

O Queen, who rulest Cyprus fair,
    And Memphis where no snows abide,
Kind Venus, lift thy lash in air,
    To tingle once on Chloe's pride.

J. M. KRAUSE, 1912

(*Love Poems*)

Till late my laurels I have won
    In lovers' lists as warrior bold; –
Now arms and lute whose work is done,
    This temple wall henceforth must hold,

By sea-born Venus on her left;
    So haste and hang the torches bright,
Weapons that oft shut doors have cleft,
    Crow-bars and bows of many a fight.

Queen, who in Cyprus fair dost live,
    In Memphis, far from Thracian snow
Just lift thy whip, I pray, and give
    Disdainful Chloë one small blow!

W. A. R., 1913

(*The Yale Record*)

I have had my slight flirtations
With the maids of many nations,
And I tell you one and all
That my fame's by no means small.

Why, from far-famed Texarkana
To the sun-kissed Indiana,
Just as long as maids don't lack us
I am known – Q. Horace Flaccus.

But now, Venus, hear me, do!
With those things I sure am through.
Noisy ties, the yellow cane,
Ne'er'll be seen on me again.

I am through with all such stuff,
Gad! But Chloe threw me rough.
Venus, I'll be happy yet
If you'll wallop that coquette.

FRANKLIN P. ADAMS, 1914

(1881–1960; American Newspaper Columnist)

Till recently I used to call
    On any frail who would receive me,
I frivoled with them one and all –
    I was some fusser, too, believe me.

But now to Venus I shall give
    My xylophone and tennis racquet.
For me no longer while I live,
    The rôles of Faversham and Hackett

However, Venus, O thou queen,
    Take up thy lash or stick or Bowie.
And let it fall upon the bean
    Of naughty, haughty, beauty Chloë.

A. L. TAYLOR, 1914

(*The Odes of Horace*)

The war is over, Love's long war is done,
    And I for maidens meet not long ago,
I, who in Love's bright battle-field have won
    No mean renown, have dealt my dying blow.
Let the mute lyre and all Love's armoury,
    Torch, crowbar, and the bow still menacing
Opposing doors the fitting guerdon be
    That to Love's shrine our hands unwilling bring.

But as I hang them on the temple wall,
    Here in the nook wherein such gifts are seen,
        O thou that Cyprus rul'st by happy chance,
And Memphis' snowless ways! – Do thou let fall
    Once on the neck of Chloë, beauteous Queen,
        Thine upraised lash for all her arrogance.

ANONYMOUS, 1914

(*The Yale Record*)

Not long ago, I'd have you know,
I spent my nights in gay fandango;
And sought the girls in giddy whirls
Of one-step, Boston, trot and tango.

No more for mine – I've banned each sign
Of terpsichorean endeavor.
My raiment gay is put away;
I'll never dance again – no, never!

Goddess of old, who claim to hold
Such things within your jurisdiction,
Your scourge prepare for Chloe fair.
Its all her fault – and that's no fiction!

FRANKLIN P. ADAMS, 1917

(1881–1960; American Newspaper Columnist)

I used to be one who was frantic for fun;
Than I there was no one insaner.
I used to be keen for a call on a queen...
A hardy campaigner.

No more shall I fall! I shall hang on this wall
My lute and my weapons of warfare;
To Venus I bow as these offerings I vow.
Is anything more fair?

O goddess, one favour I seek as I pray –
No boon ostentatious or showy –
Just once, for my sake, O I beg of thee, take
A wallop at Chloë.

CHARLES E. BENNETT, 1917

(1858–1921; American Classical Scholar)

While late I lived a slave to Beauty's eyes,
No doughtier champion trod the lists of Love;
But now you wayside shrine that smiles above
Fair Venus' image claims my sacrifice.

Farewell, my arms, my lyre! Love's warfare o'er,
With sighs I yield ye to Our Lady's care.
Lie there, my smouldering torch! My bar, lie there,
Thou terror once of many a close-locked door!

O thou in Cyprus' isle who dwell'st apart,
And lands that know no blight of winter's snow,
Deal yet, I pray, one little stinging blow,
And touch, O touch my Chloe's still stubborn heart!

HELEN LEAH REED, 1917

(1864–1926; American Teacher and Writer)

Lately was I to gentle maidens suited,
And not without some glory did contend,
But now my weapons and my lute made useless
For contests, on this wall I will suspend,
That guards the left side of our sea-born Venus;
Here, here, place you my gleaming waxen torch,
My levers and my crow-bars that can threaten
The doors that ought to open on this porch.
Oh, Goddess, thou who blessed Cyprus rulest,
And Memphis ever lacking Thracian snow,
My Queen, in passing, with thy whip uplifted
Give to my haughty Chloe just one blow.

WARREN H. CUDWORTH, 1917

(1877–1927)

I lately lived in fighting trim,
    Not without glory my campaigns;
Now lute is war-worn, arms are dim,
    And these, where sea-born Venus reigns,

Must hang upon her leftward wall.
    Here, here be flaming flambeaus placed,
With bows and levers, too, for all
    Have barricaded doorways faced.

O queen of Cyprus' blissful seat,
    And Memphis, free from Thracian snow,
Goddess, with lash uplifted beat
    Proud Chloe with one single blow.

CHARLES MURRAY, 1917

(*Hamewith*)

O' life an' love I 'm by wi a',
Tho I've had cause o' baith to brag;
Hang dirk an' chanter on the wa',
Nae mair I'll reive or squeeze the bag.

Whaur on the left my lantren gleams
Weel gairdit by the sea-born queen,
I lay my love an' war worn leems,
Hae mony a midnicht tulzie seen.

O Venus, fae your island fair
Wi' snawless mountains, hear an' help,
Rax back your rung, an' ance – nae mair –
Gie saucy Meg a canny skelp.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER, 1919

(1885–1977; American Editor and Poet)

Come Venus, Cnidian-Paphian queen,
Leave Cyprus for a while,
And haste where Glycera may be seen
Invoking thee with incense, e'en
To win thy smile.

Bring Cupid and the Graces three
To fan thy fires,
Ungirdled Nymphs, and Mercury –
And buoyant Youth that, without thee,
No maid desires.

WILLIAM HATHORN MILLS, 1920

(1848–1930; Writer)

Time was when, as a Cupid's knight,
I fought, not all ingloriously,
Love's battles; now my panoply –
Armour and lyre, too tired to fight –

I'll hang upon this temple-wall,
That on her left guards Venus; let
Rope-torches, crowbars, bows, that threat
Closed doors, hang by them, one and all.

Goddess, who rulest Cyprus blest,
And, from Sithonian snow-storms free,
Memphis, with uplift whip, prithee,
Touch, just for once, proud Chloe's breast.

WALTER HERRIES POLLOCK, 1920

(1850–1926; Writer, Poet, and Journalist)

I have lived – for girls fit mate but lately thought,
Nor without fame have in love's conflicts fought,
Now will I hang my war-worn lute, and all
Old gear of gallantry upon the wall

Of Venus' temple, who from Ocean rose,
And on the goddess' left, here, here dispose
The battle-lanterns, siege-bars, and the bows
Whose terror could resisting gates unclose.

O goddess, who blest Cyprus dost posses,
And Memphis that no Thracian snows distress,
Pray, Queen, her arrogance from Chloe strip
With just one stroke of thine uplifted whip!

LIONEL LANCELOT SHADWELL, 1920

(1845–1925; Barrister)

The lasses late I wooed, a favoured swain,
And with some credit served in Cupid's ranks.
Now on this wall in sea-born Venus' fane,
That to the left her statue flanks,

My lyre, its warfare ended, shall repose,
And all my arms. Here, boys, lay down my store
Of torches bright, my crowbars, and my bows,
Tools for the siege of bolted door.

O goddess queen, whose happy rule obey
Cyprus, and Memphis free from Thracian snow,
Lift high thy lash, and one smart touch, I pray,
On Chloe, scornful maid, bestow.

JOHN FINLAYSON, 1921

(*The Odes of Horace*)

But late I lived for love most fit,
And I campaigned without disgrace;
But now my ensigns here must sit,
My silent harp the wall shall grace,

That guards the sea-born Venus' shrine;
Fling down the torch that flamed so well,
The crowbars, axes, that were mine,
Whose blows on doors resisting fell.

O thou whose haunt is Cyprus fair,
And Memphis ever free from snow,
Lift high thy needful lash in air,
And deal proud Chloe one sharp blow.

A. GORDON MITCHELL, 1921

(*The Odes of Horace, Book III*)

Till of recent time was I
Fit to please a maiden's eye;
Not without a share of praise
Did I pass campaigning days.
But my lyre and weapons all,
Now from war discharged, this wall,
Warding on the left the shrine
Of the sea-born Queen divine,
Shall receive. Here, here repose
Shining torches, bars and bows
That were meant to lend assistance
When a doorway made resistance.

Queen that ownest Cyprus blest,
Memphis, too, where never rest
Snows Sithonian, hear my prayer:
Lift thy scourge aloft in air
And forget not to bestow a
Single cut on haughty Chloë.

GEOFFREY ROBLEY SAYER, 1922

(1887–1962; Civil Servant and Historian)

Match for any girl was I
    Not so long ago;
Nor without some gallantry
    Have I faced the foe.
Now my arms return to store
And my lyre shall strive no more.

Crow-bar, battering-ram and torch,
    Venus of the sea,
Threatening once the frowning porch,
    I bequeathe to thee
To the wall to be applied
That protects thy lucky side.

Queen and goddess, that dost hold
    Cyprus' happy vale,
Memphis free from Thracian cold,
    Raise aloft thy flail;
And to Chloe's scornful back
Deal one gentle little smack.

EDWARD DOUGLAS ARMOUR, 1922

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

But lately in the lists of love,
Not without honour, oft I strove.
To Venus, now my loves expire,
I dedicate my torch and lyre.

Oh, Cyprian goddess! in return
Grant me one boon for which I yearn –
Give haughty Chloë, little rip!
One smart reminder with your whip.

ROSELLE MERCIER MONTGOMERY, 1922

(1874–1933; American Poet)

I've lived the life of any bachelor.
Among the maidens
I have waged love's wars.
I have been wounded, but I have my trophies;
I've had my kisses,
Though I bear my scars!

I'm ready now to lay my weapons down!
Or rather, hang them up
Upon the wall
Of sea-born Venus. Here, now, is my lute.
I shall not need it
Any more at all.

Here are my glowing torches; here, my bows
And bars. Ah, take them,
Queen and goddess, thou,
Of sunny Cyprus and of snowless Memphis.
I'm mustered out of
Thy sweet service now!

I've no more use for such accouterments
To break through
Any dear, resisting door –
But ah, who passes? Proud and pretty Chloe!
Come, Venus, strike her,
Aid me – just once more!

STODDARD KING, 1923

(1889–1933; American Writer)

It ain't sour grapes with me, I could of had
Most any jane, when I was steppin' out.
I slung a nasty hoof... but say, that stuff
Don't get a man nowhere, I'll say it don't.
I dressed the part, but that's all over now,
All that swell scenery parking space for moths.
It ain't sour grapes, but if a certain dame
Should sprain her ankle, would I cry? ...
Say, ask me!

LEONARD CHALMERS-HUNT, 1925

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

Susceptible to a maiden's charms,
High service I had sought.
But now I lay aside my arms,
Nor sound lute's amorous note.

Discharged from contests doth it rest,
Upon this further wall,
Which guards the side of Venus blest,
Sea-born and beautiful!

Here let the gleaming torches glow,
The helmet and the shield,
The sword and spear and threat'ning bow,
To which doors hostile yield!

Thou, to whom Cyprus doth belong,
And Memphis free from snow,
On wilful Chloe let thy thong,
Strike one descending blow.

FRANKLIN P. ADAMS, 1925

(1881–1960; American Newspaper Columnist)

Till recently I fought the frays
    Of love as valiantly as any,
For I was thrall to all the fays –
        My skirmishes were many.

But now shall have the wall that guards
    The left of sea-born Aphrodite
The lyre and arms that were this bard's,
        Now done with battles mighty.

O queen of Cyprus full of cash,
    Goddess of Memphis warm, unsnowy.
Swat once with thine uplifted lash
        The supercilious Chloë!

HUGH MACNAGHTEN, 1926

(1862–1929; Vice Provost of Eton College)

I lately lived at ladies' beck and call,
And as love's soldier I have fought, not all
    Ingloriously; now their service done
My lyre and arms shall hang upon this wall

Which on her left shields Venus who, men say,
Rose from the waves. Here, here I bid you lay
    The flaming torch, the crow-bar and the bow
Which, if the door were barred, would force a way.

Goddess, whose presence still has glorified
Cyprus, and Memphis where in wintertide
    Falls no Sithonian snow, with lifted lash
Touch Chloe once, O! queen, to cure her pride.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER, 1926

(1885–1977; American Editor and Poet)

As a militant lover
I've taken to cover;
The lyrics of love – I have sung them all.
My lutes and my armor
Will rouse not a charmer;
In the temple of Venus I've hung them all.

Though aging and hoary,
Yet not without glory
I entered Love's lists when he 'sought me to;
Each maid I enraptured,
I came, saw and captured –
And lo, this is what it has brought me to.

Here, then, lay the crow-bars;
The door now needs no bars
That used to be fastened so tight to me.
Lay down Cupid's arrows –
The thought of them harrows
When girls are no sort of delight to me.

Yet, Goddess, whose feelings
Know not the congealings
Of Winter, the sting and the clutch of it,
Come down where it's snowy,
And give this cold Chloe
The lash – and a generous touch of it!

ASCOTT ROBERT HOPE MONCRIEFF, 1927

(1846–1927; Scottish Writer)

For long have I figured as buck of the ballrooms,
And played the dragoon with the hearts of the fair,
But grey hairs and crow's-feet begin to give warning
That fox-trots and flirting 'tis time to forswear.

Now partners I seek not in couples but foursomes,
Since spooning and cleiking at midnight are "off;"
So the lyre of Apollo and arrows of Cupid
Are changed for the drivers and putters of golf.

But the goddess whose smiles are for youth and for beauty
Now and then on an elderly gentleman winks,
And she may yet grant me to hail the trim ankles
That Chloe displays as she tees on the links.

ALEXANDER FALCONER MURISON, 1931

(1847–1934; Professor of Roman Law, UCL)

I've had my time. But lately I was worth
    A maiden's eye, and I've campaigned
Not all without distinction... Now I'll hang
    My arms and harp, which just has gained

Discharge from service, on this left-hand wall
    Of Venus, Lady of the Sea.
Here, here the torches place, crowbars, and bows
    That threatened doors opposed to me.

O goddess, who o'er happy Cyprus reignest,
    And Memphis free from Sithon snow,
O Queen, uplift thy lash, and just one touch
    On Chloe's arrogance bestow.

H. B. MAYOR, 1934

("Late Scholar of King's College, Cambridge")

Gallant once and debonair
I but lived for ladies fair,
Nor without renown I fought;
Now my arms are hither brought
With my lute, its warfare done,
And shall hang this wall upon,
At the left of foam-begot Venus.
Bring ye to this spot Crow-bar, links and arbalete,
'Gainst opposing doors to beat!
    Goddess, who in Cyprian shrine
Hast thy home, and in divine
Memphis, far from Thracian snow,
Fear of thee let Chloe know;
Only once with upraised whip
Touch her haughty ladyship!

GILBERT F. CUNNINGHAM, 1935

(*Horace: An Essay and Some Translations*)

I have lived and fought like a gallant lover,
and oft in my time a victor been;
and now am I come, my battles over,
to hang in the shrine of the sea-born queen

my discarded arms, and the lyre that now is
to thrill with the music of war no more;
the torches, crowbars and bow, whose prowess
has borne down many an opposing door.

Where the snows of the northland have never drifted
in Memphis, o Cyprian, they honour thee;
hear my prayer too, and with lash uplifted
deal haughty Chloë one blow for me.

MAJOR ALFRED MAITLAND ADDISON, 1935

(1862–1949)

I lately lived for maids a fitting swain;
And in this warfare did some glory gain.
But now my arms, my lute whose service failed,
Shall on the left-hand wall be duly nailed
Of Venus – she the goddess of the shrine;
The beauteous daughter of the Ocean brine.
Here, here, place crowbars, bows, and shining torch,
Those weapons threatening, to opposing porch.
Lady! thy rule o'er happy Cyprus goes;
O'er Memphis, free of those Sithonian snows.
Do thou, O Queen, with thine uplifted whip,
Just once, for me, disdainful Chloe flip.

JOHN B. QUINN, 1936

(Educator and Translator)

Till lately as a lover fit
With fame I fought in love's campaigns,
But now my arms I vow to quit,
In lieu of which my lute's sweet strains

Shall guard my left that Venus sways.
Then ho, here place the wake's bright torch,
My crowbars, and my bows for frays
To storm the uninviting porch.

O Goddess, ruling Cyprus blest,
And Memphis free from Thracian snow,
Touch with your lash her haughty breast,
That Chloe your warm love may know.

SIR EDWARD MARSH, 1941

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

Long time a champion in Love's fierce debate,
Dear foe to many a beauty, I retire,
And in this fane of Venus dedicate
    My arms and veteran lyre.

Look, sea-born Queen, I lay them on thy floor,
My crowbars and my tarry torches bright,
My hooks and crooks that foiled the bolted door
    On many a rascal night.

And in return a last small boon I crave,
Regent of Memphis and the Paphian wave!
Summon the scornful Chloe – raise thy whip –
    And give her just one flip.

SIR JOHN SEYMOUR BLAKE-REED, 1942

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

With many a maid I've urged my suit;
And oft success my arms attended:
But now, alas! my lover's lute
Hangs on the wall; – the game is ended.

The torches, levers, bolts and bows,
That "laughed at locksmiths," now must moulder, –
Hung on the wall where Venus shows
Her chillier, inauspicious shoulder.

One last and final prayer I urge,
O Cyprian, snowless Memphis haunting, –
Give Chloe with thy high-swung scourge
One final cut to cure her vaunting.

FREDERICK CHARLES WILLIAM HILEY, 1944

(British Museum Librarian, Translator, and Writer of Light Verse)

I've lived till now a favourite with the fair,
Nor without honour in the lists of love;
But now my veteran lyre, the arms I'll bear
No more – shall hang high on this wall above

That the left doth loan-born Venus shield;
Hang here the torch that lit me; here array
The wrenches, levers, all the darts I'd wield
Against those stubborn doors that barred my way.

O Queen, whose gracious presence honours oft
Cyprus, and Memphis safe fron Winter's clutch,
Queen, I impore you, raise your whip aloft
And give Disdainful Chloe – just a touch!

LORD DUNSANY, 1947

(1878–1957; Writer and Playwright)

All for the girls I lived of late,
And I have served with some repute.
Now on the wall I hang my lute
And there my arms I consecrate

To Venus, risen from the sea,
Upon her left hand. There, then, place
The gleaming torches, bow and mace
Which threatened doors opposing me.

O, goddess of the happy land
Of Cyprus, and where comes no snow
To Memphis, give a single blow
To Chloë with thy lifted hand.

LEWIS EVELYN GIELGUD, 1951

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

I once was match for any maid,
And carried many a strong position,
But now my notched and dented blade,
My pistol, void of ammunition,
Are Thine to keep. Amid Thy treasures
Preserve them, Queen of Tides and Pleasures!

Away with lures, and lights and shades –
Away with candles, caps and screws,
Which served me in my escapades,
That I should no occasion lose
To undermine and overthrow
The strange resistance of the foe.

But, Lady – Thy Commandments rule
Delicious Isles and Deltas. Queen
Of countries ice can never cool:
My Lady Joan so proud hath been
Raise Thou this once my rod, and let
My Lady Joan her lesson get!

SKULI JOHNSON, 1952

(1888–1955; Classical Scholar)

I pleased the lasses lately with my charms,
    And love-campaigning raised my name on high,
But now, their service ended, harp and arms
    I'll hang upon this temple-wall anigh

The left side of Love's Lady, who arose
    Of yore from sea-foam. Here, here, boys, lay
The gleaming lights, the crowbars and the bows
    So dreadful for the doors that barred their way.

O goddess ruling Cyprus-island blest
    And Memphis, too, from Thracian snowdrifts free!
Lift high thy lash, O queen, and let it rest
    On haughty Chloe only once for me.

ROBERT MONTRAVILLE GREEN, 1953

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

The girls all liked me once; not without glory
    I've lived and played the soldier and the lover.
But now I'm old and that's another story,
    My dancing and my fighting days are over.

Hang up my shield and helmet, lute and lyre,
    In Venus' temple by the timeless ocean;
No more I burn with youth's eternal fire,
    Yet in my heart still lingers one emotion:

O queen divine, who in soft Cyprus singest
    Of Memphis far from regions cold and snowy,
Lift high the cruelest lash which thou swingest,
    Give a good licking to my haughty Chloë!

HELEN ROWE HENZE, 1961

(1899–1973; Poet and Translator)

Till late I lived a favorite with the girls,
And not without some glory my battles waged;
But now this wall will hold my armor,
It and my lute with its service finished,

This wall which guards the left side of Venus, her
The sea-born one. Here, here put the blazing lights,
The torches, crowbars, and the bow which
Threatened the doors that were shut against me.

O goddess, you who dwell in blest Cyprus and
Hold Memphis, too, both free from Sithonian snow,
O queen, with your uplifted lash, touch
Once that disdainful, that haughty Chloe!

FREDERICK WILLIAM WALLACE, 1964

(Senior Scholar of Emmanuel College, Cambridge)

Till of late I have lived quite a passable squire
Of maidens, and famously served under fire.
Now this wall, that for Venus the child of the sea
Doth guard her left flank, shall resting-place be
For mine arms and my lyre from battle released.
Here lay up my torches whose twinkle has ceased,
My battering rams, and my arrows and bows
That threatened all doors that dared me oppose.
Thou Goddess who reigns over Cyprus the blest
And Memphis where Northern snows never rest,
O Queen, to my Chloe give one little smart
With uplifted lash for the pride of her heart.

DORIS ROWLEY, 1969

(*Carpe Diem: Translations from the Latin Classics*)

Many glories I have won
Upon the Battlefield of Love!
But now I lay my weapons down,
And clasp, instead, the peaceful Dove.

Now this wall shall have my lyre,
The wall that sea-born Venus guards.
My heart entreats locked doors no more,
And every artifice discards.

Yet even I have known defeat,
Oh! maid with bosom cold and snowy!
Goddess, Queen of golden Cyprus,
Lift thy lash to haughty Chloë!

ALAN MCNICOLL, 1979

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

Long have I tilted in the lists of love,
and not inglorious has my warfare been.
Now fain would I my lute and shield remove,
and leave the service of the Cyprian queen.

Here on the wall by sea-born Venus close,
are laid aside the implements of war:
the crowbars and the torches and the bows
which once would threaten the confronting door.

Lady, who dost in blissful Cyprus reign,
and Memphis, far from the Sithonian snow,
for one whom haughty Chloë did disdain
scourge her with whips of love before I go.

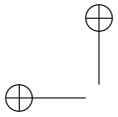
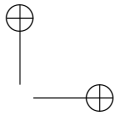
STUART LYONS, 2007

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

Of girls till now I'd never tire,
    I fought campaigns not without glory;
Now I'll hang up my arms, and lyre
    That is exhausted by war's story.

They'll grace these side walls that enclose
    The left of Venus of the Sea;
Here, lay bright torches, crowbars, bows,
    That stormed the opposed gates so proudly!

O goddess, Queen of Cyprus fair,
    O Queen of Memphis, where no snowy
Gusts from Sithone fill the air:
    Raise your whip once, and touch proud Chloe!

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BACK MATTER

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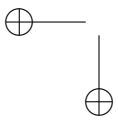
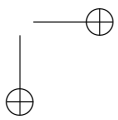

NUMBER OF TRANSLATIONS BY DECADE

		1700–09	1	1800–09	2	1900–09	5
		1710–19	2	1810–19	1	1910–19	16
		1720–29	1	1820–29	2	1920–29	14
1630–39	1	1730–39	1	1830–39	0	1930–39	5
1640–49	1	1740–49	2	1840–49	4	1940–49	4
1650–59	1	1750–59	1	1850–59	6	1950–59	3
1660–69	1	1760–69	3	1860–69	13	1960–	5
1670–79	0	1770–79	4	1870–79	11		
1680–89	2	1780–89	1	1880–89	4		
1690–99	0	1790–99	1	1890–99	11		

Total: 129

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