

**POEMS AND  
TRANSLATIONS;  
INCLUDING THE FIRST FOUR  
BOOKS OF OVID'S FASTI**

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Poems and Translations; Including the First Four Books of Ovid's Fasti by John Taylor

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**JOHN TAYLOR**

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**POEMS**  
**AND**  
**TRANSLATIONS.**

POEMS  
AND  
TRANSLATIONS;

INCLUDING

THE FIRST FOUR BOOKS OF OVID'S FASTI;

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

THE ANCIENT ROMAN CALENDAR,

WITH

SOLAR AND SIDERIAL TABLES CALCULATED FOR THE THIRTEENTH  
YEAR OF THE CHRISTIAN ERA,

AND

GIVING THE POSITIONS OF TWO HUNDRED AND FIVE PRINCIPAL STARS  
THEN VISIBLE AT ROME.

THE WHOLE ILLUSTRATED BY

HISTORICAL, ASTRONOMICAL, AND MYTHOLOGICAL NOTES.

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By JOHN TAYLOR.



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MDCCCXXXIX.

1270.

**CLAUDIAN SKETCHES.**

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CLAUDIAN SKETCHES,  
ADDRESSED TO  
ELIZABETH TAYLOR;

ON OUR RETURNING TO THEIR OWNER THE THREE VOLUMES OF CLAUDE  
LORDAN'S LIBER VERITATIS.

As when some guest, whom worth and genius grace,  
Whose cheerful converse makes time swiftly pass,  
Summoned away by claims of stronger force,  
Departs regretted on his destined course—  
Though for a while, forgetful of the road,  
He by his presence honoured our abode—  
So must we feel, when now at length we send  
Claude's valued volumes to our courteous friend.

Their magic art o'er nature holds controul ;  
Their potent spell time's stream can backward roll ; 10  
Make distant scenes appear before our eyes,  
And suns long set again in splendour rise ;  
Again soft music charm the vernal gales,  
And Pan's shrill reed sound in Arcadia's vales ;  
Or at Apollo's stern command arise,  
On slow Meander's banks poor Marsyas' cries !  
Once more on Ida's height each heavenly dame  
From Priam's son the envied prize shall claim,  
And he that prize, as full their beauties glow,  
Just, but not wise, on Love's bright queen bestow. 20

See the gay nymphs and fawns, in rustic glee,  
Set out their feast beneath yon spreading tree ;  
Loud sound the pipes, the dancers beat the ground,  
In steps accordant with the timbral's sound ;

Well pleased, old Pan their active feats surveys,  
 And to his fair exultingly displays,  
 Whilst gods and goats and nymphs and satyr throng,  
 Join in the chorus of the festal song.

Far in the east, where the bright god of day  
 Darts from high Lebanon his morning ray, 80  
 On the smooth shore a bull of beauteous mold,  
 Led by a virgin train, our eyes behold ;  
 Of one fair maid, with youthful sport elate,  
 His sinewy back receives the welcome weight :  
 Again we see the conquering power of Love ;  
 'Tis famed Europa and transformed Jove !  
 Around his neck a rosy wreath is twined,  
 Her scarf unloosed floats in the favouring wind ;  
 Filled by the breeze, the snowy garments swell, 40  
 Unheeded signals of a long farewell ;  
 With graceful ease one hand aloft is borne,  
 The other firmly grasps a shining horn :  
 In measured step he paces o'er the plain,  
 And seems to contemplate the boundless main,  
 Whose waves subdned obsequious kiss the shore,  
 And in soft cadence break with chastened roar.  
 Ah, simple maid, whilst yet 'tis time, beware !  
 Think of your father's love, your mother's care !  
 Soon from your sight the lessening land shall flee, 50  
 Dark night awaits you, and a stormy sea.

In devious stream where the Spercheios bends,  
 And from high Pindus to the shore descends,  
 Pelasgic Hellas now displays her reign,  
 In the rich landscape of Thessalia's plain ;  
 And hills and vales and streams, in orient light,  
 With mingled beauty burst upon the sight,  
 Through groves of oaks in pomp the votive train  
 Their offerings bring to Fortune's marble fane :  
 Swelling with pride the minstrels lead the way ;  
 Nor less alert the bull, in garlands gay 60  
 And streaming ribbons drest, with hurried pace  
 Pursues a track he never must retrace.  
 High on her wheel the fickle goddess stands,  
 Wings grace her shoulders, golden gifts her hands ;  
 These from her lap she seems prepared to throw,  
 In lavish bounty on the crowd below,

Who round her image stand in ardent throng,  
 To win her favour with fond prayer and song :  
 Her face in smiles benignant these desery ;  
 From those in scorn she ever seems to fly :  
 In endless whirl the wheel's bright pivot burns,  
 And with its movement still the goddess turns ;  
 As she revoives, their clamours mount the skies,  
 Whilst hopes and fears in quick succession rise.

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Nearer our view, and from the crowd apart,  
 A different scene reveals the painter's art :  
 The regal ornament that binds that brow,  
 The snow-white beard that falls in graceful flow,  
 The reverend form which downward years incline,  
 Denote old Peleus at Apollo's shrine ;  
 Xanthic Apollo, to whose antique dome  
 The Doric tribes in pious homage come.  
 From Pthia comes the venerable sage,  
 A father's cares his anxious thoughts engage ;  
 His much-loved son's return his vows implore,  
 To his fond arms and to his native shore :  
 Rich gifts he proffers to avert his doom,  
 Tripods of brass, with many a hecatomb ;  
 And of Achilles' self shall be bestowed  
 The unshorn locks, on dark Spercheios' flood.  
 In vain !—in offering never shall he bear  
 To dark Spercheios the devoted hair.  
 The yellow-haired Achilles fate commands,  
 To fall war's victim on the Trojan sands,  
 And on that coast which Simois' waters lave,  
 With his Patroclus fill one common grave :  
 Their tomb the Grecian mariner shall hail,  
 A guiding landmark to his passing sail ;  
 And boastful tell, when years on years are gone,  
 Of great Achilles, Peleus' valiant son.

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Well may we prize the work in which we find  
 With pleasing art instructive lore combined :  
 In that uncouth wild olive-tree we own  
 The chastisement of rude Apulia's clown ;  
 His arms contorted as in mockery bend,  
 And in fantastic roots his feet descend ;  
 His fell of hair is stiffen'd into leaves,  
 The spreading bark his mouth of speech bereaves,