

**THE CENTENARY OF MOORE,
MAY 28TH, 1879. AN ODE,
WITH A TRANSLATION INTO
LATIN VERSE**

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The centenary of Moore, May 28th, 1879. An ode, with a translation into Latin Verse by Denis Florence Mac Carthy

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DENIS FLORENCE MAC CARTHY

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The Centenary of Moore.

MAY 28th, 1879.

17.

AN ODE

BY

DENIS FLORENCE MAC CARTHY, M.R.I.A.

WITH

A Translation into Latin Verse

BY THE

REV. JULIUS MAXWELL BLACKER, A.M.



LONDON.

Printed for Private Circulation.

1880.

Arch. Bart. B.
IV 73



ODE.

I.

JOY to Ierné, joy,
This day a deathless crown is won,
Her Child of Song, her glorious son,
Her Minstrel Boy,
Attains his Century of fame,
Completes his time-allotted zone,
And proudly with the world's acclaim
Ascends the Lyric Throne.

II.

Yes, joy to her whose path so long,
Slow journeying to her realm of rest
O'er many a rugged mountain's crest,
He charmed with his enchanting song :

Like his own princess in the tale,
 When he who had her way beguiled
 Through many a bleak and desert wild
 Until she reached Cashmere's bright vale
 Had ceased those notes to play and sing
 To which her heart responsive swelled,
 She looking up, in him beheld
 Her minstrel lover and her king—
 So Erin now, her journey well-nigh o'er,
 Enraptured sees her minstrel king in Moore.

III.

And round that throne whose light to-day
 O'er all the world is cast,
 In words though weak, in hues though faint,
 Congenial Fancy rise and paint
 The spirits of the past
 Who here their homage pay—
 Those who his youthful muse inspired,
 Those who his early genius fired
 To emulate their lay :—
 And as in some phantasmal glass
 Let the immortal spirits pass,
 Let each renew the inspiring strain,
 And fire the poet's soul again.

IV.

First there comes from classic Greece,
Beaming love and breathing peace,
With her pure sweet smiling face,
The glory of the Æolian race,
Beauteous Sappho, violet-crowned,
Shedding joy and rapture round :—
In her hand a harp she bears,
Parent of celestial airs,—
Love leaps trembling from each wire,
Every chord a string of fire :—
How the poet's heart doth beat,
How his lips the notes repeat,
Till in rapture borne along,
The Sapphic lute, the lyrist's song
Blend in one delicious strain,
Never to divide again.

V.

And beside the Æolian Queen
Great Alcæus' form is seen,
He takes up in voice more strong
The dying cadence of the song,
And on loud resounding strings
Hurls his wrath on tyrant kings :—

Like to incandescent coal
On the poet's kindred soul
Fall these words of living flame,
Till their songs become the same,—
The same hate of slavery's night,
The same love of freedom's light—
Scorning aught that stops its way,
Come the black cloud whence it may,
Lift alike the inspired song,
And the liquid notes prolong.

VI

Carolling a livelier measure
Comes the Teian Bard of Pleasure,
Round his brow where joy reposes
Radiant love enweaths his roses,
Rapture in his verse is ringing,
Soft persuasion in his singing :—
'Twas the same melodious ditty
Moved Polycrates to pity,
Made that tyrant heart surrender
Captive to a tone so tender :
To the younger bard inclining,
Round his brow the roses twining,
First the wreath in red wine steeping,
He his cithern to his keeping

Yields, its glorious fate foreseeing,
 From her chains a nation freeing,
 Fetters new around it flinging
 In the flowers of his own singing.

VIL

But who is this that from the misty cloud
 Of immemorial years,
 Wrapped in the vesture of his vaporous shroud
 With solemn step appears ?
 His head with oak-leaves and with ivy crowned
 Lets fall its silken snow,
 While the white billows of his beard unbound
 Athwart his bosom flow :—
 Who is this venerable form
 Whose hands, prelude of the storm
 Across his harp-strings play—
 That harp which trembling in his hand
 Impatient waits its lord's command
 To pour the impassioned lay ?
 Who is it comes with reverential hail
 To greet the Bard who sang his country best ?
 'Tis Ossian—primal poet of the Gael—
 The Homer of the West.