

**THE ODES  
OF ANACREON**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649021598

The Odes of Anacreon by Anacreon & Thomas Moore

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Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
Cover @ 2017

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**ANACREON & THOMAS MOORE**

**THE ODES  
OF ANACREON**





*The Odes of*  
**Anacreon**

Translated by  
**Thomas Moore**

With Designs by  
**Girodet de Roussy**



**G. P. Putnam's Sons**  
*New York and London*  
The Knickerbocker Press  
1905

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA  
LIBRARY



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83

English

12-15-34

Ames

### AUTHOR'S PREFACE<sup>1</sup>

THE idea of attempting a version of some of the Songs or Odes of Anacreon had very early occurred to me; and a specimen of my first ventures in this undertaking may be found in the *Dublin Magazine*, where, in the number of that work for February, 1794, appeared a "Paraphrase of Anacreon's Fifth Ode, by T. Moore." As it may not be uninteresting to future and better translators of the poet to compare this schoolboy experiment with my later and more laboured version of the same ode, I shall here extract the specimen found in the *Anthologia*—

" Let us, with the clustering vine,  
The rose, Love's blushing flower, entwine,  
Fancy's hand our chaplets wreathing,  
Vernal sweets around us breathing,  
We 'll gaily drink, full goblets quaffing,  
At frightened Care securely laughing.

" Rose! thou balmy-scented flower,  
Rear'd by Spring's most fostering power,  
Thy dewy blossoms, opening bright,  
To gods themselves can give delight;  
And Cypria's child, with roses crown'd,  
Trips with each Grace the mazy round.

<sup>1</sup> Extracted from the Preface of the Collected Edition of the Poetical Works of Thomas Moore. London, 1841.

MS. A. 9. 2. 11. 1. 1  
New York, N. Y. 1841



" Bind my brows,—I'll tune the lyre,  
Love my rapturous strains shall fire,  
Near Bacchus' grape-encircled shrine,  
While roses fresh my brows entwine,  
Led by the winged train of Pleasures,  
I'll dance with nymphs to sportive measures."

In pursuing further this light task, the only object I had for some time in view was to lay before the Board of Trinity College a select number of the odes I had then translated, with a hope—suggested by the kind encouragement I had already received—that they might consider them as deserving of some honour or reward. Having experienced much hospitable attention from Doctor Kearney, one of the senior fellows,<sup>1</sup> a man of most amiable character, as well as of refined scholarship, I submitted to his perusal the manuscript of my translation as far as it had then proceeded, and requested his advice respecting my intention of laying it before the Board. On this latter point his opinion was such as, with a little more thought, I might have anticipated, namely, that he did not see how the Board of the University could lend their sanction, by any public reward, to writings of so convivial and amatory a nature as were almost all those of Anacreon. He very good-naturedly, however,

<sup>1</sup> Appointed Provost of the University in the year 1799, and made afterwards Bishop of Ossory.

lauded my translation, and advised me to complete and publish it. I was also indebted to him for the use, during my task, of Spaletti's curious publication, giving a facsimile of those pages of a MS. in the Vatican Library which contain the Odes, or "Symposiacs," attributed to Anacreon.<sup>1</sup> And here I shall venture to add a few passing words on a point which I once should have thought it profanation to question,—the authenticity of these poems. The cry raised against their genuineness by Robertellus and other enemies of Henry Stephen, when that eminent scholar first introduced them to the learned world, may be thought to have long since entirely subsided, leaving their claim to so ancient a paternity safe and unquestioned. But I am forced to confess, however reluctantly, that there appear to me strong grounds

<sup>1</sup> When the monument to Provost Baldwin, which stands in the hall of the College of Dublin, arrived from Italy, there came in the same packing-case with it two copies of this work of Spaletti, one of which was presented by Dr. Troy, the Roman Catholic archbishop, as a gift from the Pope to the Library of the University, and the other (of which I was subsequently favoured with the use) he presented, in like manner, to my friend, Dr. Kearney. Thus, curiously enough, while Anacreon in English was considered—and, I grant, on no unreasonable grounds—as a work to which grave collegiate authorities could not openly lend their sanction, Anacreon in Greek was thought no unfitting present to be received by a Protestant bishop, through the medium of a Catholic archbishop, from the hands of his Holiness the Pope.

for pronouncing these light and beautiful lyrics to be merely modern fabrications. Some of the reasons that incline me to adopt this unwelcome conclusion are thus clearly stated by the same able scholar, to whom I am indebted for the emendations of my own juvenile Greek ode: "I do not see how it is possible, if Anacreon had written chiefly in iambic dimeter verse, that Horace should have wholly neglected that metre. I may add that, of those fragments of Anacreon of whose genuineness, from internal evidence, there can be no doubt, almost all are written in one or other of the lighter Horatian metres, and scarcely one in iambic dimeter verse. This may be seen by looking through the list in Fischer."

The unskilful attempt at Greek verse from my own pen, which is found prefixed to the Translation, was intended originally to illustrate a picture, representing Anacreon conversing with the Goddess of Wisdom, from which the frontispiece to the first edition of the work was taken. Had I been brought up with a due fear of the laws of prosody before my eyes, I certainly should not have dared to submit so untutored a production to the criticism of the trained prosodians of the English schools. At the same time, I cannot help adding that, as far as music, distinct from metre, is con-