

PINDAR IN ENGLISH VERSE

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649671779

Pindar in English Verse by Henry Francis Cary

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Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

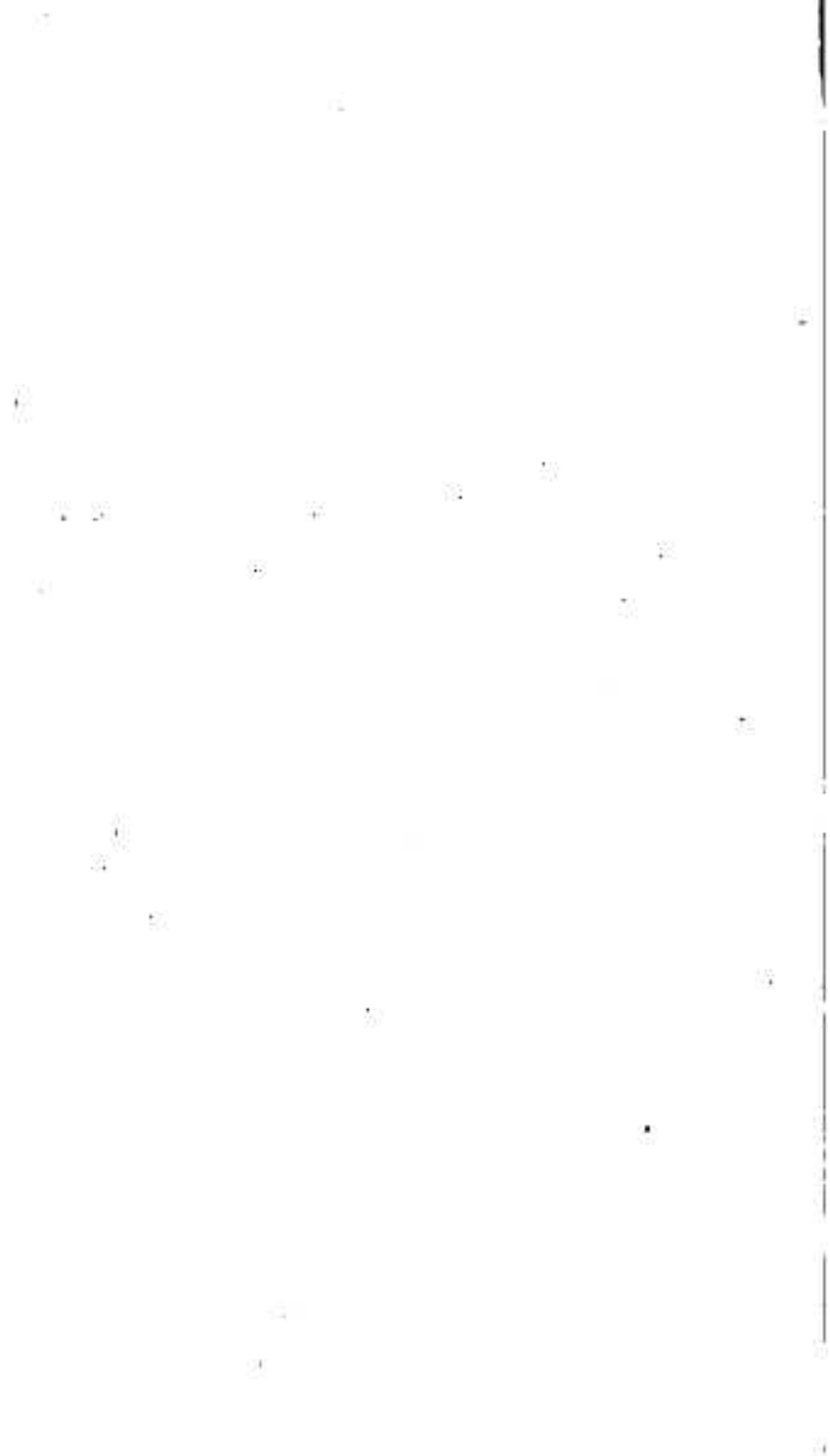
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HENRY FRANCIS CARY

**PINDAR IN
ENGLISH VERSE**

ODES OF PINDAR.



P I N D A R

IN

ENGLISH VERSE.

BY

THE REV. HENRY FRANCIS CARY, A. M.

LONDON:

EDWARD MOXON, DOVER STREET.

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CHISWICK :
PRINTED BY C. WHITTINGHAM.

ODES OF PINDAR,

OLYMPIC I.

With water nought may vie;
And gold, like fire at midnight blazing,
Glittering heaps outshineth far:
But, if thou tell'st of victory,
Soul, through wastes of ether gazing,
Than the sun no brighter star
Seek; nor deem this earth supplies
A nobler than th' Olympic prize.
Thence doth the many-voiced hymn arise,
Which in their thought wise minstrels frame,
To warble forth the great Saturnian's name
Round Hero's blest hearth with plenty stor'd:
Rightful sceptre who retains
O'er Sicilia's pastoral plains;
Culling the top of every flower
That blossometh in Virtue's bower:
Nor less he knows the charms that lie
In the sweet soul of Poesy,

Such music as around his board
By us, who love him, oft is pour'd.

Reach then the Dorian shell,
On yonder nail, suspended;
If in thee, sweet remembrance grateful dwell
Of Pisa, and the steed
Pherenicus, he whose speed,
As with ungoaded side
He rush'd by Alpheus' tide,
With mighty triumph blended
His Syracusan lord, the courser-loving king.

For him a light of glory doth upspring
Amid the land with heroes teeming,
Lydian Pelops' colony,
Whom Neptune chose to be his joy;
When from that cauldron pure,
Clotho did him secure,
Deck'd with an ivory shoulder whitely beaming.

Many a wonder is, in sooth,
But sometimes more than truth,
On man's beguiled thought
Invention will prevail
With a well-woven tale,
In varied colours, quaintly wrought:
And grace, that can a magic throw
On all that charms the sense below,
By lustre not his own reliev'd,
Hath made th' incredible believ'd.
But after-days the best convincers are:
And man, should only fair

Speak of the Gods, and good :
 For so is blame eschew'd.

O son of Tantalus, not as of yore,
 Will I record thy story :
 That when to Gods, invited guests,
 At Sipylus, thy sire
 Spread in return his ample feasts,
 Then, smitten with desire,
 Thee the trident-ruler bore
 Snatch'd up on golden steeds to Jove's high
 consistory ;

Where Ganymede came after thee
 To Jove for equal ministry.
 But when thou vanish'd wert ; nor sought
 Long time, wast to thy mother brought,
 Some envious neighbour whispering said
 That they thy limbs had with a blade,
 In seething water, hewn ; and set
 Upon the board thy sodden flesh, and eat.
 That impious thought be far from me
 To tax a God with gluttony.

Small gain awaits the slanderer's tongue.
 If any, mortal tribes among,
 In honour high advanced to live,
 Th' Olympian watchers e'er did give,
 That Tantalus was he.
 But the great bliss unable to digest,
 And with satiety opprest,
 A direful harm he rued, the stone
 Enormous o'er him hung by Jove,
 Which away from his head