

**ANACREON IN ENGLISH,
ATTEMPTED IN THE
METRES OF THE ORIGINAL**

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Anacreon in English, Attempted in the Metres of the Original by Anacreon & Thomas James Arnold

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ANACREON & THOMAS JAMES ARNOLD

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ATTEMPTED IN THE
METRES OF THE ORIGINAL**

Anacreon in
English, attempted in the
metres of the original

By

Thomas James Arnold

"Nec si quid olim lusit ANACREON,
"Delevit actas."



London

John Camden Hotten, Piccadilly
1869

293. g 23



ANACREON.

I.

ON HIS LYRE.

I WISH to sing th' Atreidæ,
I wish to tell of Kadmus ;
The tones tho' of my harp-strings
Will sound of Eros only.
The chords I lately altered ;
My harp, too, altogether ;
And 'gan to sing the labours
Of Heracles ; my harp tho'
Of loves would only answer.
Farewell, then, for the future,
Ye Heroes ; for my harp-strings
Will sing alone of Eros.

II.

ON WOMEN.

BY nature horns were given
To bulls, and hoofs to horses ;
To hares the speed of swiftness ;
A chasm of teeth to lions ;
To birds the pow'r of flying ;
To fishes that of swimming ;
On men bestowed she spirit.
For women had she nothing.
What does she give them? Beauty—
In lieu of all our bucklers,
In lieu of all our lances.
She who possesses beauty,
Both fire and steel will conquer.

III.

ON EROS.

'T WAS about the midnight season,
When Arktus turns already
To the hand of old Boötes,
And the many tribes of mortals
Are all lying, worn and weary ;
It was then there came young Eros
At my bolted doors a-knocking.
" Who is't knocks," said I, " so loudly ?
Thou my pleasant dreams dost scatter."
But says Eros, " Open, prithee ;
'Tis an infant, be not frighten'd.
I am fairly drench'd, and lonely
In the moonless night I wander."
At his tale I felt some pity ;
So my lamp forthwith I lighted,
And I opened ; and an infant

THE ODES OF

I beheld, a bow who carried,
And a quiver too, and pinions.
Then beside the hearth I set him,
And I warmed his little fingers
In my palms, and from his tresses
Did I wring the dripping water.
From the cold when he recovered,
"Let us," cried he, "make a trial
Of my bow ; the string, I fear me,
May be damaged by the moisture."
And he bends it then and strikes me
In my liver, like a gad-fly.
Up he leapt then, shrilly laughing ;
Said : " My host, let us be joyful ;
For the bow is quite uninjured ;
In thy heart, tho', thou wilt suffer."

IV.

ON HIMSELF.

UPON tender sprigs of myrtle,
Upon pleasant leaves of lotus,
I would wish to drink reclining.
And let Eros gird his tunic
Round his shoulders with papyrus,
Fill my wine, and wait upon me.
For our life doth run as quickly
As a chariot-wheel revolving.
And when once this frame is shatter'd,
We shall lie a heap of ashes.
What avails to 'noint a tombstone?
And to pour out vain libations?
Rather 'noint me while I'm living;
And of roses place a garland
On my head; and call my mistress.
For ere yet I'm forced to mingle
In the dances down in Hades
I would wish to banish sorrow.