

**LYRICS AND BUCOLICS. THE
ECLOGUES OF VIRGIL, A
SELECTION FROM THE ODES OF
HORACE, AND THE LEGEND OF
THE SIBYLL**

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Lyrics and Bucolics. The Eclogues of Virgil, a Selection from the Odes of Horace, and the Legend of the Sibyll by T. Herbert Noyes

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T. HERBERT NOYES

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AND

THE LEGEND OF THE SIBYLL.

TRANSLATED

By T. HERBERT NOYSE.



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DEDICATION.



VIRGIL to Varus once inscribed his lays,
And deem'd the' illustrious name would lustre lend
To his sweet strains, which needed no such glaze ;
Now Varus lives by virtue of his friend :
Friendship still lingers in our later days—
On whom shall I my little dole expend ?

Unknown to fame, to fortune quite unknown—
The Dame I mean—her daughter knows me well !
I scarce dare hope, that all the wit I own,
Will win for me one whiff of Maro's spell,
Or set me on a footstool by his throne.

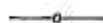
Then why should I engraft upon my page
The name I fain would honor, if my lays
Will lift it to no dais on the stage ?
I'll pay no honest debts with worthless praise.

Then should I rather take some titled name,
And dub it for the nonce "my noble friend,"—
The royal road to cheap and spurious fame,—
And flaunt whatever lustre that can lend ?

So let the ruck : No borrowed plumes for me,—
I'll don my own, or else put up with none :
I scoff at no time-honoured pedigree,
But tinsel gauds, that glitter in the sun,

I spurn them all. Content to bide my time,
I'll grasp the thorns, and trust to find the rose ;
I will not give my friends untested rhyme ;
I'll dedicate this venture to my foes.

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