

Duquesne University:



Ad Pyrrham



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Liber Primus

Argumentum odes Quinte

¶ Nuectiua ē in meretricē avarā. Sed ridēs illā more suo vexat. Nā oē vafer vitiū ridenti flacc⁹ amico dixit. Postulās a q̄ nā puero sub ātro teneat. cui sese comat mūdicijs et ornatu simplex at aīo fallax. heu q̄tiens flebit ille fidē mutatosq; deos; mirabiturq; eq̄ravētis aspa q̄ quidē ea nūc pulchra culta et mīti fruit crudel⁹. q̄ sp̄ amabilē sperat. & sibi indulgētē nesci⁹ fallacis aure. hoc ē fellacis amoris meretricij. Ait tandē qd' sacer paries vottua tabla indicat se hūida vestimēta maris deo suspēdisse. h. d. p̄ totā odā.



Horatius, *Opera* (1498): Argument and illustration for the Ode to Pyrrha

From: *Horatij flacci Uenusi ni || Poete Lirici opera cū qui- || busdam Annotatōib⁹* [sic] *Imaginibusq; pulcher- || rimis aptisq; ad Odarū concētus & sentētias* [woodcut].

Strassburg, J. Reinhard, called Grüniger, 12 Mar. 1498.

This was the first illustrated edition and the first edition printed in Germany. Edited by the poet laureate Jac. Locher called Philomusus (1471–1528) from a German MS. (all others having been made on Italian MSS.); it may therefore, as

Brunet remarks, be ranked as an *Editio princeps*.

There are also one hundred and sixty composite cuts throughout, each made up of sections placed in different combinations each time: this includes the repetition of the cut from the title-page; a work of ingenuity rather than of art, comparable to a jig-saw puzzle.

Horatius Flaccus, Quintus

Ad Pyrrham

A POLYGLOT COLLECTION OF TRANSLATIONS OF
HORACE'S ODE TO PYRRHA (BOOK I, ODE 5)
ASSEMBLED WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
RONALD STORRS

*Ne te souvient-il pas d'Horace
Qui tant ot de sen e de grace?*

JEAN DE MEUNG
Le Roman de la Rose

Then cause we *Horace* to be read
Which sung or seyde,
A Goblet, to the brim,
Of Lyrick Wine, both swell'd and crown'd,
A Round
We quaffe to him.

ROBERT HERRICK
Ode to Sir Clipesbie Crew

LONDON
OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
NEW YORK TORONTO

1959

Oxford University Press, Amen House, London E.C.4

GLASGOW NEW YORK TORONTO MELBOURNE WELLINGTON

BOMBAY CALCUTTA MADRAS KARACHI KUALA LUMPUR

CAPE TOWN IBADAN NAIROBI ACCRA

Selection, Introduction and editorial matter

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1959

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PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN

DEDICATED TO
THE HORATIAN SOCIETY
AND TO THE MEMORY OF
THOMAS ETHELBERT PAGE
WHOSE EDITIONS HAVE
DONE MORE THAN ANY OTHERS FOR
HORACE IN ENGLAND AND
FOR YOUTHFUL HORATIANS
WHEREVER ENGLISH IS
UNDERSTOOD

SEP 26 1969

Foreword

WHEN Sir Ronald Storrs died on All Saints' Day, 1955, he had collected several hundred verse translations of the Ode to Pyrrha in a considerable number of languages. He had also finished what seemed to be a final draft of his Introduction, and left a general indication of the lines on which he intended to complete the book. Since his death a substantial number of new translations have come to light and from these and Sir Ronald's collection (a total of 451 in all) the selection printed in the following pages has been made.

The English translations, the selection of which has been entrusted to me, include, as Sir Ronald wished, versions made by writers in America and the Commonwealth.

I have tried to make my selection cover as wide a range as possible in country, period, and style, even including one to which Sir Ronald had, in a footnote, awarded 'first prize for vulgarity'. Readers are invited to identify this version for themselves. I am distressed at the number of versions submitted by living authors which I have had to reject. A collection of translations of so short a poem as the Ode to Pyrrha inevitably contains much repetition of rhythm, rhyme, style, and even of language. The need to avoid monotony has been the largest single cause of rejection.

The French and German versions have been chosen by Mr. Richard Graves, a lifelong friend of Sir Ronald's, who is himself a distinguished translator, and Mr. Henry Reed has very kindly chosen the examples in Italian.

To Miss Irene Baker, formerly Sir Ronald's private secretary, warm thanks are due for tireless labour in

FOREWORD

searching, checking, and copying, without which the book could never have been completed.

Cordial thanks are also due to the many scholars and officials who have assisted our researches on both sides of the Atlantic, including Mrs. C. J. Arnold, Mrs. William Tait Barlow, Mr. Alan Davidson, Mr. Iain Fletcher, Señor Manuel Fuentes, Mrs. Juliana M. S. Hill, Dr. G. T. Hughes, Dr. Jane de Jongh, Mr. Kenneth Matthews, Mr. Alan Morton, Mr. G. D. Painter, Mr. Alexander Pallis, Mrs. C. Pietrkiewicz, Professor L. J. D. Richardson, and Mr. Zbynek Zeman.

CHARLES TENNYSON

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*Q. Horati Flacci ad Pyrrham*¹

QUIS multa gracilis te puer in rosa
perfusus liquidis urget odoribus
grato, Pyrrha, sub antro?
cui flavam religas comam,

simplex munditiis? heu quotiens fidem
mutatosque deos flebit et aspera
nigris aequora ventis
emirabitur insolens,

qui nunc te fruitur credulus aurea,
qui semper vacuum, semper amabilem
sperat, nescius aurae
fallacis! miseri, quibus

intemptata nites. me tabula sacer
votiva paries indicat uvida
suspendisse potenti
vestimenta maris deo.

Odes, I. v. Composed between
30 and 23 B.C.

¹ These titles are unauthentic, relatively modern, and variable: thus Matthaeus Bonfinis (Paris, 1519) condemns Pyrrha in advance with '*In Pyrrham meretricem*'.

Horace's Ode to Pyrrha

PYRRHA! what slender youth in perfumes steeped courts thee 'mid circling roses in thy pleasant bower? for whom dost bind thy yellow locks with simple grace? Alas, how oft shall he weep his outraged troth, his fortune changed, and stand amazed at the waves that rise before the blackening squall—poor credulous novice, who dreams thou wilt ever be his alone and meet for love, all ignorant of thy favour's fickle breeze! Hapless they who see thy beauty and know thee not! But I, as yon temple wall's votive tablet declares, have hung up my dripping raiment as a thank-offering to the god who rules the main.¹

ALFRED DENIS GODLEY (1856–1925)
Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford

From *The Odes and Epodes of Horace* (Methuen & Co., London, 1898).

The best 'straight' English crib I could find.—R. S.

¹ See p. 1.

Introduction

MY pursuit of Pyrrha began, though I knew it not, when Maurice Baring showed me the first drafts of his delightful *Have you Anything to Declare?* and I found that he had rendered Horace's *flavam* by 'sun-kist'. I asked him why not 'yellow' hair, as Horace had written for the best of reasons; and, when he persisted, begged him to stand for two minutes at Hyde Park Corner and watch the buses pass. It was a moment when a certain orange was being widely advertised, and he had to endure a double procession of fifty or sixty buses labelled, in twenty-inch lettering, SUNKIST. By luncheon I had received a telegram: 'Printing yellow Maurice'. (I had, by the way, like trouble with T. E. Lawrence over ξανθός, whose eight occurrences in the *Odyssey* he translated by seven different words. Really, these great men should be above 'elegant variation'!¹) Maurice made two translations of this Ode—neither at his best. Soon I found that there were others—many others—in the field, several of whom had translated no other Ode: and I decided to follow them up by appeals for first aid and artificial inspiration in *The Times Literary Supplement* and the *Classical Review*. I haunted the British Museum Library, I bombarded from afar the public libraries and universities of the United Kingdom, Canada, and the United States, and, on my next journey abroad, visited the Estense Library in the Archiginnasio of Bologna, the Classense in Ravenna, and the Ambrosiana in Milan. I spent two mornings each in the Biblioteca Apostolica Vaticana and the Bibliothèque

¹ See the last word of A. D. Godley's rendering on page xi: why 'main' for 'sea'?

INTRODUCTION

Nationale of Paris, discovering everywhere fresh material; copious in all, in Paris terrifying—seventy-odd further versions. Friends and strangers of both sexes have flung themselves into the fray with obliging enthusiasm—and overwhelming results. Creators some as well as contributors, I gratefully salute them all.

I have traced and compiled over 150 verse translations¹ in English including American, Australian, and Canadian; and, generally excluding prose—mere cribs—some fifty-four French, thirty-five Italian, twenty-four German, fourteen Spanish, seven Czech and Dutch, five Mexican, four Danish and Swedish, three Polish, two Greek, Magyar, Portuguese, Venezuelan, and Welsh, one Belgian, Bulgar, Finnish, Guatemalan, Hebrew, Maltese, Norwegian, Roumanian, Sicilian and (prose) Turkish, with two Latin, one prose and the other, a matchless effrontery, in the original metre. Neither the University Library at Geneva nor the Bibliothèque Nationale in Berne registers a version into any of the four official Swiss languages. I could procure none into Erse—the Dublin scholars I consulted were even ‘unaware of the correct Irish form of this name’—the name, not of Pyrrha but of Horace himself: a surprising gap in that rich and interesting culture. My applications to the Eastern European countries have elicited seventeenth- and eighteenth-century versions from Poland, and one, quite new, from Bulgaria; an obliging and encouraging but hitherto infructuous answer from the Soviet Embassy;² a courteous nil return from the Bibliografski Institut F.N.R.J. of Beograd; and from Roumania—nothing. Meanwhile, the

¹ [These numbers have since been consistently exceeded. See Appendix, p. 191. C. T.]

² [A Russian version has since been discovered in the British Museum. See p. 185.]

Roumanian defect has been kindly repaired by the classical and poetic Professor Buescu, of Lisbon.¹

Research is enlivened by helpful and always delightful contacts with librarians, and often by quaint editorial resentments and improbabilities. J. G. T. Graesse, for example, in his admirable *Trésor de livres rares et précieux*² vibrates with conviction. He describes Bentley's translation as 'seulement estimée à cause de ses index', and Bond's as 'défigurée par les corrections arbitraires d'Achaintre'. Of *Horatius ab omni obscenitate Romae expurgatus*, 1589, he remarks 'cette éd. n'est curieuse qu'en fait de l'imbecillité de son éditeur'. Nor is our compatriot spared in 'Ce serait bien difficile de trouver un interprète d'Horace plus dépourvu de goût et de bon sens que Monsieur Baxter.'

Monsieur Isidore Lévy opens his whimsical conjunction of 'Horace, le Deutéronome et l'Évangile de Marc' (*Études Horatiennes, Bimillénaire d'Horace*, Société d'Édition 'Les Belles Lettres', Paris), 'Au cours de ses premières Satires Horace n'a pas ménagé les coups de griffe aux Juifs.'

Very strangely, versions in Chinese script in the *Ho-lat'z'ü-chi-nien-t'ê-k'an* (*Dem Andenken des Horaz*, Tientsin-Peiping, 1935) omit this (one would have thought) congenial Ode altogether, as does the Abbé J.-F. Bergier, 'ancien Vicaire général de Versailles', in his *Horatius Christianus, seu Horatii Odae A scandalis expurgatae, A scopulis expeditae et Sale Christiano conditae*, 1886.

Lastly, the Warburg Institute provided me with two texts of the Ode, set to music.

¹ [A Roumanian version has since been discovered in the British Museum. See p. 191.]

² Dresden, Rudolf Kuntze, 1862, vol. iii, pp. 356, 352, 354.

INTRODUCTION

I confine myself, in this Introduction, mostly to English translators. These began with William Browne of Tavistock, born 1590 or 91, and were continuing briskly in 1953, and into 1954. They include (besides the obvious don, scholar, headmaster, commentator) statesman, Viceroy, Lord Chancellor, Ambassador, General, Bishop, Peer of the Realm; many distinguished names, and two historic world-figures. We find poets: Cowley, Chatterton, Smart, Hood, Baring, Lord Dunsany; prose writers: Theodore Martin (the pious biographer of Prince Albert and joint author with W. E. Aytoun of the entertaining *Bon Gaultier Ballads*), Whyte Melville, Leigh Hunt; Professors: John Conington and Goldwin Smith; an odd pair of women: Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, the blue-stocking, and the assumably stockingless Aphra Behn. There is a political *Ode to the Director Merlin*, by Lord Morpeth, from *The Antijacobin*, 1798; another, *Ad Hiberniam*, from *The Hawarden Horace* by Charles Graves. There is a rendering in the *Daily Mail* by D. B. Wyndham Lewis; in the *New Yorker* by Franklin P. Adams—('I'm through / With polyandrous girls like you'); by Alan McNicoll, of the Royal Australian Navy; and by a Général de Division in Napoleon's Grande Armée. Theodore Martin, M. Harris, and Maurice Baring each translated the Ode twice, and E. D. Armour of Toronto three times. No fewer than six versions have been provided by members of the Horatian Society.

From a remote, and from a nearer, past stand out the figures of Milton and Gladstone. Both discover an intense if subconscious interest in the thesis, for this was the only Ode Milton translated, and Gladstone published his version thirty-three years before his collected edition

appeared.¹ Each seems to have discerned and interpreted 'the cool observation of one who had "seen the folly of it all" and pities the lads who are still believing in Pyrrha, wasting themselves on Lydia, or struggling in the grasp of "Charybdis".'² And indeed 'it is not easy to find in the Three Books [of the Odes] a single poem painting licentious passion in its gay and attractive aspect, to set against those which make it terrible or ugly or ridiculous'.³

And what is the thesis? Reduced to their lowest terms these four highest-wrought quatrains fall into three exactly balanced divisions. 'Who is your present lover?'—four and a half lines; 'What grisly surprises await him!'—seven lines; 'I'm clear, thank God!'—four and a half lines.

'Is *that* all?' A trivial theme: as a French critic observes, 'pour lui faire entendre que si elle l'abandonne il est, de son côté, entièrement détaché d'elle'.

Hence the verse translators, anxious to prove for the modern world the mastery of the antique original; and succeeding of course the less as the need is greater. For the more vital the form (as, supremely, in Horace) the more desperately difficult the metempsychosis which true translation ought to be—until, rising to music, the quintessential art of arts, which is pure form, there is no rendering into any other medium whatever. For Boswell, 'The truth is, it is impossible perfectly to translate poetry. In a different language it may be the same tune, but it has not the same tone. Homer plays it on a bassoon; Pope on a flageolet.'⁴

¹ *The Odes of Horace*, translated by the Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P. (John Murray, 1894).

² A. W. Verrall, *Studies Literary and Historical in the Odes of Horace*, p. 163 (Macmillan, 1884).

³ Ibid. Excepting always the graceful *Donec gratus eram tibi*

⁴ James Boswell, *Life of Dr. Johnson* (Oxford, Clarendon Press, 1953), p. 921

The form of a thought is indeed its very flesh. So that it has been well said by the great American scholar Gildersleeve that 'Horace's muse, like his own Lyde, has her hair gathered into a tidy knot after the Laconic fashion.¹ English copies are either bald or buried under a horse-hair wig.' Indeed Horace remains to this day the type of the untranslatable.

Beyond the thought, the phrasing, and the manner, beyond the ruthless concision of Latin, 'a most severe and compendious language'—lapidary indeed compared with any other in Europe—looms the insoluble problem of the metre. Rhythm and metre are dangerous branches of learning. To re-orchestrate those easy-vowelled metres with our clogging, clustering consonants is at best an unsustainable *tour de force*: as though one should

On saxophones or penny whistles
Seek to recapture an Air of Handel.

Pyrrha has been preserved some two thousand years, for our delight, in the fifth asclepiad² metre. This is a quatrain whose first two lines are asclepiads:

— — — ∪ ∪ — — ∪ ∪ — ∪ ∪ ;

with the last foot usually not a dactyl but a cretic,

— ∪ — ;

¹ . . . in comptum Lacaenae
more comam religata nodum. (II. xi. 23-24)

² Asclepiades of Samos, about 290 B.C., the supposed originator of this metre, was a Greek writer of epigrams and contemporary of Theocritus. He wrote No. 18 of the Palatine Anthology and a number of other extant and excellent epigrams. He did not originate the metres named after him: the line was, in fact, 'invented' long before he was born, e.g. Alcaeus (7th-6th century), fragment 50 [Diehl]:

ἦλθες ἐκ περάτων γᾶς ἐλεφαντίναν
λάβαν τῷ ξίφεος χρυσοδέταν ἔχων . . .

whose third is a pherecratean:¹ spondee, dactyl, and spondee:

— — — ∪ ∪ — — ;

and whose fourth a glyconic,² or spondee and two dactyls:

— — — ∪ ∪ — ∪ ∪ .

Glyconics are found in Sappho, Alcaeus, and Anacreon. The sensitive classical metres—all Greek in origin save the trundling Roman Saturnian—are so clean, rigid, and exact in their rules of prosody, that they cannot be reproduced in English with anything like the precision and finish of their originals. These rules are entirely different and alien to ours. When therefore those eminent scholars Robinson Ellis and Robert Bridges try to apply them to English versification they fail because, as Professor Sonnenschein observes: 'They do not study phonetics; they do not interrogate their own ears. They are content to regard the ancient rule as sacrosanct. And the result is that they draw no distinction between imitating an ancient *metre* and imitating ancient rules of *prosody*; and they fail to see that the only proper method of reproducing the effect of the ancient metres is to adopt the metrical scheme but to measure their syllables as syllables of *English*, not of Greek or Latin, words.'³ This is true. They have dealt so roughly with the English accent that it is only by conscientiously (and rather self-consciously) bearing in mind the Latin metre, that we can derive any satisfaction from their attempts. I remember trying to

¹ Pherecrates: early Greek comic writer, and predecessor of Aristophanes.

² Glycon, a Greek poet of unknown date (v. Hephaestion, *Encheiridion*, 32. 14, ed. Consbruch).

³ E. A. Sonnenschein, *What is Rhythm?* (Basil Blackwell, Oxford, 1925), p. 193.

combine at Cambridge English accent with Latin prosody for that *pes ionicus a minore*¹ (Ode xii, Book III) which in the Greek rushes like Satyrs after Maenads, and in the Latin jogs like a third-class carriage on the Colne Valley line—*Miserarum est neque amori dare ludum*—‘’Tis a poor girl never eager to give access to a loved one’; and thinking how clever I was—until I found that I couldn’t have stepped another foot onwards, to save my life. But the Professor’s own system of measuring classical syllables as English syllables produces no better results. The Greek—and the Latin—line is a succession of vowels separated by consonants introduced sparingly; while the flow of the classically scanned English line, however stressed or accented, is choked by these blocks of consonants. For in English it is the consonants that sound; in Latin the vowels. ‘An’ or ‘at’ would be accepted as a short syllable in Latin provided it came before a vowel; ‘and’ never. No study of phonetics can make either method acceptable to those who have grasped the perfection of the classical prosody, or intelligible to those who have not. Alfred Tennyson ‘thought’ (as did Clough) ‘that quantitative English Hexameters were as a rule only fit for comic subjects’² (indeed, like the unspeakable jingling Limerick, for subjects inexpressible in decent or reverent verse). He further supported his thesis by propounding the following pentameter in quantitative English verse (as afterwards adopted by Bridges and Stone):

¹ See p. 111.

² *Works of Tennyson*, Eversley Edition, *Poems*, ii, p. 325 (Macmillan, 1908), where the lines are quoted in full by Hallam, Lord Tennyson, who writes: ‘Some of the Hexameters in two quantitative experiments, *Jack and the Beanstalk* and *Bluebeard*, published by me anonymously in Miss Thackeray’s *Bluebeard’s Keys*, were made or amended by him. Throughout the Hexameters, by his advice, quantity, except here and there for the sake of variety, coincides with accent.’

'all men alike hate slops, particularly gruel'. In the first half accent and quantity work together, whereas the second half is purely quantitative.

Robert Louis Stevenson's 'Verses written in Davos' tell us that

Brave lads in older musical centuries
Sang night by night adorable choruses

—but clearly not classical alcaics. Swinburne, master of metre and rhythm, in his sapphics, Tennyson in his alcaics and hendecasyllables, evolved out of entire freedom of subject and diction, with obvious effort, brief specimen *tours de force*, but could never have shackled themselves yet closer by having to render another poet's thought.¹ (Why, by the way, has Horace left us naught 'composed in a metre of Catullus'?)²

Once only have I seen the achievement of combining a version with Latin (post-classical) metre, English accentuation *and* English rhyme into the bargain! The rendering is somewhat free—as Horace enjoined: *nec verbo verbum curabis reddere*—and there are but eight lines, probably all that the translator could sustain, of the moving *Vale* of Prudentius.

Hymnus Circa Exsequias Defuncti

Nunc suscipe, terra, fovendum,
 gremioque hunc concipe molli.
hominis tibi membra sequestro,
 generosa et fragmina credo.

¹ I am happy to find myself supported in both these criticisms by the authority of that sensitive, unpedantic scholar, translator, humorist, and poet, C. S. Calverley, whose letter 'On Metrical Translation' to the *London Student*, June 1868, anticipates Sonnenschein rather than Bridges, but cleanly—and wittily—demolishes both systems.

² Tennyson, 'Experiments: In Quantity' (*Poetical Works and Plays*, Oxford Standard Authors ed., p. 226).

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nec si vaga flamina et aurae
vacuum per inane volantes
tulerint cum pulvere nervos
hominem periisse licebit.

Helen Waddell's rhyming truncated Hiawathas—quasi-trochaics—are well done.

The Burial of the Dead

Take him, earth, for cherishing,
To thy tender breast receive him.
Body of a man I bring thee,
Noble even in its ruin.

Not though wandering winds and idle,
Drifting through the empty sky,
Scatter dust was nerve and sinew,
Is it given man to die.¹

But where is the rush and surge of Sir Basil Blackett's

Now, Earth, to thy keeping we send him
In thy fostering bosom we leave him.
'Tis a man: to thy care we commend him:
He is dead, he is noble; receive him.

What if flesh that to atoms is shattered,
And on wind blowing whither it knows not,
Through the empty inane shall be scattered,
That a man be destroyed, God allows not.²

Turning then from this golden exception and from the hopelessness of any translation into classical metre, anglicized or latinized, are there no general principles we may dare to formulate?

English *vers libre* is dull—anyhow diametrically opposed to the art of Horace: we must have some ordered

¹ *Mediaeval Latin Lyrics* (Constable, London, 1929), p. 45.

² Basil Phillott Blackett, *Translations* (printed by Guido Morris at the Latin Press, London, 1937).

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controlling rhyme or rhythm—certainly for lyrics and elegiacs, preferably even for hexameters. Théophile Gautier's *L'Art*:

Point de contraintes fausses!
Mais que pour marcher droit
 Tu chausses,
Muse, un cothurne étroit.

Fi du rythme commode,
Comme un soulier trop grand,
 Du mode
Que tout pied quitte et prend!¹

might have been written by Horace, for Horace. It was finely rendered by George Santayana:

No idle chains endure:
Yet, Muse, to walk aright
 Lace tight
Thy buskin proud and sure.

Fie on a facile measure
A shoe where every lout
 At pleasure
Slips his foot in and out!²

Most will agree, with Conington, that there should be some sort of conformity with the original analogous metre: thus quatrains—sapphic, alcaic, and Pyrrha's fifth asclepiad—must be represented by quatrains; couplets—alcmanic, pythiambic, and archilochian—by couplets; and single lines—first asclepiad (as in first Ode of Book I and last Ode of Book III), second asclepiad and Ionicus a minore, by single lines (sometimes perhaps by couplets). Furthermore, the number of lines in the translation

¹ *Émaux et camées* (Librairie Gründ, Paris, 1947), p. 134.

² *Poems* (Constable, London, 1923), p. 138.

should not exceed that of the original. Lastly, sapphics should be differentiated from alcaics, the short line

— u u — u

being reproduced as, for example, in Tennyson's *Dream of Fair Women*.

What then do we need for Pyrrha? A quatrain, not perhaps of the *Hymns Ancient and Modern* type, but striving to reproduce in an English metre the dying fall of the Latin. This excludes—as somehow too English—Gray's *Elegy*, but would allow *In Memoriam* and, even better, Fitzgerald's *Omar Khayyám* or (a little more difficult) Swinburne's *Laus Veneris*. Herrick is a happy metrical hunting-ground. Marvell's Horatian Ode¹ nobly deserves its proud name and is in its way unsurpassable despite Quiller-Couch's objection: 'In Marvell's stanza we do in sense and sound get the Horatian falling close almost perfectly suggested. Yes: but not quite perfectly, I think. For why? Because the ear is all the while attending for the rhyme—"head", "bed" You are not quite happy till you get it.' Yes (again), but no more than did the original Roman hearers of the alcaic attend the slow spondaic cadence of the third, and the swift dactyls and trochees of the fourth line? 'Q' therefore postulates 'delicate metres divorced from rhyme'. We may, nevertheless, accept, additionally, his recommendation of Collins's *Ode to Evening*:² 'There, if anywhere in English poetry, if he seek, he will find the secret of Horace's falling close.'³

¹ Nor call'd the Gods, with vulgar spite,
To vindicate his helpless right;
But bow'd his comely head
Down, as upon a bed.

² See note 1, p. 13.

³ A. Quiller-Couch, 'The Horatian Model in English Verse', *Studies in Literature* (First Series), pp. 62 sqq. (Oxford University Press, 1927).

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The Collins Ode¹ is in the metre invented by Milton for his version of Pyrrha to accord with 'the Latin measure as near as the language will permit'.² (The hypermeter in Milton's first line—'odours'—may have caused 'Q' to overlook this significant fact.) Nearer still in rhythm and balance to the great alcaic—even to Pyrrha's asclepiad—is the metre of Tennyson's *The Daisy*—in which a friend sent the late Samuel Courtauld³ the following version of Ode ix, Book I:

How dazzling white with drifted snow
Soracte stands! The woods below
Are bowed to breaking with their burden;
The frozen rivers have ceased to flow.

Although Pyrrha herself was doubtless concerned with sexual, rather than with textual, criticism, her Ode may at least be credited with one unique word, the beloved of commentators—*emirabitur*; and is therefore a predestined victim of Richard Bentley, from whose head an emendation (as a fugue from Bach's) leapt fully armed upon the slightest provocation. Bentley is incensed, outraged by this 'unnecessary' Horatian coinage. *Emirabitur* (we can almost hear his *quippe* or 'forsooth'): *Magnopere et valde mirari*—'to wonder greatly and tremendously'—*Si toties emirabitur*, he demands, *quomodo, quaeso, insolens?* (with surprise). His terse anger is ultimately refuted by the unknown translator of his Notes for the edition of 1712, in the 'Notes upon Notes' ('Done in the Bentelean

¹ If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear,
Like thy own solemn springs,
Thy springs and dying gales . . .
(William Collins: 1721-59)

² See p. 35.

³ Original member of the Horatian Society: author of *The Odes of Horace* (Bickers, London, 1908).

Stile and Manner') which he added to his translations.

Emirabitur insolens. [Bentley wrote] Our Books do wonderfully concur to have it so; thus *Donatus*, who in the *Eunuch* of *Terence*, v. 19, produces this very Passage of *Horace*; and yet I cannot but be amaz'd, that no body should use this Word but only our Author, and he too only once. What is the great Vertue and Valour of this same *Emirari*, that it must be hammer'd out, and forg'd on purpose? Why, say Expositors, it signifies to *wonder exceedingly* or very much; and yet there is a common Word, *Demirari*, which signifies all this. See *Donatus* on *Terent.* Hecyra, 4. 1. Was it worth *Horace's* while to make a Word on purpose, which after all is nothing to his purpose? He might easily have clapt in *Demirabitur*; and yet if this was *Horace's* Hand-writing, how is it to be believ'd, that a Word so well known should be falsify'd in so many Books, and another, that does not mend the Sense, and never was heard of before, slip into its room? But after all, neither of these will do; for still there is an Absurdity and Contradiction in the Words. For thus, *How often shall he wonder at so unusual*—but why *so often* wonder if it be unusual? Indeed it may be *unusual* the *first* time: After that he will find it more Customary. So that we are still in the Mire. The *Queen's College* Copy, a most invaluable piece, is the only Book that makes us suspect a Blunder, which plainly reads *Et Mirabitur*, some second Hand having market the Letter *t* with such a Stroak as is usual for *Librarians* to make on their *Delenda*; for they had a mind to correct the place by other Copies. But why should we not read with no great Variation, but such as is very commodious, *ut mirabitur insolens*! We know what *Virgil* says, *ut vidi! ut perii!* See *Catul.* 67. *Et* might easily riggle it self into the place of *ut*; for the first Letter of every Verse was heretofore writ in Vermilion, which the *Librarians* often omitted, and left to be inserted afterwards. Add to this, that in an old Edition of *Donatus*, Argen., MDIII, instead of *Emirabitur*, you find *et mutabitur*, which is a plain footstep of the Ancient Lection.

Notes upon Notes.

Quoties, inquit, *emirabitur insolens!* atqui si toties *emirabitur*, quomodo, quaeso, *insolens*? *Horace* makes a young Fellow, who was

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supposed to be handsomly jilted, *wonder very much at it, as at a thing he was not us'd to*. This is all he means, and perhaps the Fellow being Young, might not be us'd to such Matters, and so wonder the more, which is natural enough. But the Dr. comes and spoils all, by asking this shrewd Question: *If he wonders so much, and so often, how comes it to be so unusual for him at last to wonder at all?* Suppose this were the Case, the thing is not so very strange in the Business of Love; For Lovers will wonder, and wonder, and go on wondering still, as if they had never wonder'd before; And therefore the Dr. needed not to resort to the *Queen's College Copy* for a Solution of this Matter: for *Cassandra, Cleopatra*, or any of the *Love-Classicks*, would have supply'd him with Quotations enough to justify the Inconsistency.

No mention, withal, of *enaviganda* (II. xiv. 11), surely a parallel, and therefore reinforcement, of *emirabitur*.

This not unfair example of the depraved itch for 'emendationeering'—*'pro solita sua infelicitate prava emendaturientis prurigo'*—helps to account for the 260,000 words which Bentley devoted to explaining the 50,000 of Horace; and perhaps to excuse the length of this quaint excursus.

* * *

Who—or rather what, was Pyrrha? Nearer certainly to Thais than to Aspasia but not, I think, to the great *demi-mondaines* of nineteenth-century Paris. Perhaps a Harriette Wilson? (We may at least go so far as to assume, with Horace, that it is her lover, rather than her mother, 'bids her bind her hair'?) Her treatment by commentators softens in succeeding ages. Modern school editions describe her as a flirt, or a coquette. Mr. John B. Hague, of New York, calls her 'one of Horace's female acquaintances . . . living with her *gracilis puer* in marriage relations approved by Roman Law'. 'And very nice, too', we may add. A century earlier she is 'an intriguing woman'.

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Long before we come to the commentator Helenius Acron, at the close of the second century, she has sunk to 'a woman of the town'. Acron, or 'Pseudo-Acron', even attaches a pejorative significance to *sub antro*, remote indeed from 'votre agréable cabinet parsemé de roses'; and elsewhere in the Ode ranges himself consistently with the editor who habitually wrote, *Arridet mihi lectio obscenior*.

Who knows what she'll be next? A facet of Freud? A solar myth, like Moses and Achilles? A message from Marx?

And so I leave Pyrrha in 1954, bluffing *canities* into platinum; and I leave her personality to the more competent handling of scholars and men of the world.

* * *

On the importance of *flavam*, the *bella biondina* or *chioma dorata*, I had wrestled with Maurice Baring as follows. First, remember that *flavus*, which covers all the yellows, was a delectable colour. Lucretius uses it for honey: Virgil for ripe corn—and for the *flaventes comas* of Phoenician Dido.¹ This preference for blondes is, of course, based upon rarity value:

We look before and after
And pine for what is not.

Nordics are on the whole fair: Mediterraneans dark. Hence in England 'the Dark Lady of the Sonnets', and the fictional convention of the chaste ultimate fair bride winning out against the unscrupulous dark rival. So, conversely, Pyrrha: so Chloe. *Si flava excutitur Chloe*, says Horace to a former mistress, Lydia, in the exquisite fencing of Ode ix, Book III, 'what if that yellow-haired

¹ Cf. Virgil, *Ecl.* x. 37-38, defending Amyntas against reproval of being dark.

Chloe were shaken out?'—'flung out', 'slung out', I suppose we would say. ('Old Romans suffered no rebuff/ They took their women by the scruff', as Robert Louis Stevenson observed in one of his rather unpublished lyrics.) Then Horace's door would be ajar for rejected Lydia—wearied in turn of the pearly bite of Telephus, and of her own steady softening-up of Sybaris. Why! The King of the Gods himself turned, for a royal cupbearer, to *Ganymede flavo*.

The very name of Pyrrha is, like all Roman verse but satire, taken from the Greek, Πυρρά, Red-haired. She appeared frequently in the Greek Anthology. Marcus Argentarius¹ dedicated to his Pyrrha an amorous quatrain which the great Lord Cromer appropriated for the fair classic tresses of his beautiful wife:

As over Hesiod's page I pore
Comes tripping in my lovely Katie,
I fling the book upon the floor
And cry, 'Old Hesiod, how I hate ye!'²

There is reason to believe that golden hair in Italy was a fashion introduced by the Roman ladies of quality, who dyed their hair in admiration of the tawny locks of the British gladiators, importing for the purpose a soap-like substance from Germany. 'Now you must put up with captive tresses from Germany'—*nunc tibi captivos mittet Germania crines*³—writes Ovid in ironic consolation to one of his Amores who had crimped and permed and set until *formosae periere comae, quas vellet Apollo*⁴—'gone is the lovely hair which Apollo himself would

¹ J. W. Mackail, *Select Epigrams* (Longmans, Green & Co., London, 1906: revised ed. 1890), p. 97.

² Earl of Cromer, *Paraphrases and Translations from the Greek Anthology* (Macmillan, London, 1903), p. 8.

³ Ovid, *Amores*, I. xiv. 45.

⁴ Ibid. 31.

have envied'. This colour, ranging through the spectrum of auburn, ginger, henna, carrots, peroxide, up to platinum, became, on unscrupulous heads, and has remained, a formidable weapon of the chase. Shakespeare (who knew everything) makes anxious Cleopatra bid the Messenger 'not omit the colour of her hair': too well the dark enchantress realized that in Rome, if anywhere on earth, gentlemen preferred blondes. Gilded wigs were worn by professional women—and by the effeminate Emperor Caligula. The Flavian fashion has gone down the ages in Italy: what about *Non Angli sed angeli*? Petrarch sings of his Laura's *crespe chiome d'or puro lucente* and of her *treccie bionde*. Renaissance ladies were at pains to lighten their hair with sunshine, dye, and even real gold, well before Carpaccio and Palma Vecchio immortalized the dull gold tresses of those sumptuous Venetians who, we may suppose, constituted one of the Republic's leading invisible exports.

Browning's *Andrea del Sarto* bids Lucrezia

Let my hands frame your face in your hair's gold.

D'Annunzio describes his

Foreste bionde come donne bionde,
e taciturne . . .

—the additional attribute doubtless qualifying them for inclusion in the arch-talker's *Poema Paradisiaco*.

Dark Tosca, you will remember, makes a scene with Cavaradossi for painting a Madonna fair, with blue eyes: 'I forgive you this time—but make the eyes dark'; '*ma falle gli occhi neri*'. To this day, the word *bionda* or *biondina* is used in Italy as a term of admiration or endearment so long as the hair in question is not absolutely black. During the war, in 1942, there was a crisis in

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Eritrea among the Asmara ladies who could not get their accustomed supplies of peroxide; creating strange zebra-like effects.

The French, those *sopra-virtuosi* of life, achieve yet again the best of both worlds in an ultra-modern version I once heard of Solomon's Song, where 'I am black but comely' was sublimated into *Je suis brunette, mais blonde*. (She would have received short shrift from the bitterly dark chorus girl who hissed from the wings 'I'd like to tear her blonde hair out by the black roots.')
 * * *

Now for the translators. For *flavam*, 'gold' is most popular—golden 'locks', 'hair', 'tresses'; 'those nets of golden-gloried hair'; and—*optime* by Eddie Marsh, combined with *simplex munditiis*,

. . . wrought upon thy lovely head
 That easy miracle of curling gold,

which won him, to his delight, the tribute of a leaderette in *The Lady*. (Even so, what is left for Horace's *aurea: Venus aurea*?)

Under 'yellow', I find 'yellow hair/Which thou tend'st with taste and care', a drastic dehydration, and 'that yellow tress upon thy head' singularly inadequate. 'Amber tresses' is, of course, lifted from 'Sabrina fair' in *Comus*. 'Lovely mazes' would be all the better for a good combing out; just as the 'simple curls around thy polished brow'—really shouts for the powder puff. While 'the puff and rat and transformation that you bought a year or so ago' is hardly even parody, and poor at that.¹

¹ 'Puff . . . mass formed . . . by rolling in the ends of the hair on the head. "Mrs. Steward, very fine, with her locks done up with puffs, as my wife calls them". Pepys *Diary* 4th Feb. 1666-7.'

'Rat. U.S. A hair pad with tapering ends. "She can't buy coils and braids and two-dollar rats." 1869, Mrs. Whitney, *We Girls*.'

'Transformation. An artificial head of hair worn by women. "Buy

There is a good deal to be learnt here, not only about these same translators, but also about the changing phases and values of the English language. *Gracilis puer* parades as a 'sprightly younker', a 'tender youth', a 'slender youth'; a 'lady-like youth', and (even worse) 'youth genteel'. Now he is a 'fine formed boy'; now a 'handsome lad with girlish face', now a 'slender well-shaped beau'. He sinks to 'pliant as a lath', 'slim, young and essenced', and 'perfumed, posie-dizened sirrah'; and, in ultimate bathos, (as it might be 'Our Lodger') to a 'nice young man'. (In French, a high percentage of *sveltes adolescents*: with many a *gracil garzon* or *giovin delicato* from Italy.)

The renderings of *uvida vestimenta* provide a striking example of the effect of climate upon the language of the native—I mean of course ourselves (the only people to whom we may still venture to apply that expressive term); unlatinized Anglo-Saxon is rich in variants for *uvida*. These are dripping, dropping, dank, drenched, draggled, soaked, oozy, wet, wringing wet—upon all of which the prosaic 'damp' comes as an anticlimax: 'Marmaduke! Take off those damp socks.' *Vestimenta* brings us garb, raiment, garments, robes, weeds, dress, clothes, clothing, vest, shirt, pants, togs, dud and doublet, coupled, in an archaeological wealth of detail, with 'cod-piec't breeches'.

In spite of the beauty of the line, *perfusus liquidis urget¹ odoribus* is more difficult, because the practice itself is obsolete or anyhow obsolescent in northern Europe.

toupées, or even transformations, as these wigs are called which entirely cover the natural hair." 1901. *Daily News*, 12 Jan.'

(All *Oxford English Dictionary*.)

¹ According to M. Dacier et le P. Sanadon (*Œuvres d'Horace*, vol. ii, 1735, Wetstein & G. Smith), p. 87: 'Ce mot comprend les plus secrets mystères de l'amour'—in itself a mystic utterance, even when supported by the *gravitas* of a Reverend Father.

Travelling southward the use and amount increase in direct ratio with the need. How many afternoons have I sat on the little low platforms in the Cairo Scent Bazaar hearing—and sometimes assisting in—the solemn debate between learned merchant and anxious aspirant as to whether narcissus (*nargis*) jasmin (*yasmin*) or *sandal* will best advance his evening ambition. When, before my last audience with the late King Ibn Sa'ud, I asked what gift (excluding the precious metals) would be most acceptable to that much-married monarch, I was earnestly recommended three or four kilograms of the most pervasive unguent procurable.

Here the modern Nordic rarely writes from experience, and is inclined to overplay his hand. The *jeune premier* is bathed, bedewed, bedaubed, bedrenched; he is dripping, dropping, flowing; he is imbued, pomaded with liquid perfumes; reeking, splashed, steeped, suffused, in odorous dews, with barber's scent (on his fragrant limbs). He is even 'redolent of "Jockey Club"', but never (to my surprise) with 'Chypre'—which I had always understood to be a highly tendentious application. But now the palm of 'carefully vile'¹ rendering must be awarded to the Dutchman quoted in *Humphrey Clinker*, comically precise with his civet and musk:

van civet en moschata gestinken

—a monstrosity clearly foreseen by Quintilian's *Horatium nolim in quibusdam interpretari*.

I have reserved *simplex munditiis*, though it comes quite early in the Ode, for my final climax of impossibility; the universal stumbling-block, the translator's despair. Everybody knows, but nobody can say, exactly what it means. Some, pure ineptitudes, miss the mark

¹ [The phrase is Kipling's, in a letter to the late Samuel Courtauld.]

altogether. Among these we may class 'Chastely elegant', 'With such an easy air/Genteelly dress'd'; 'girt in divine simplicity', and 'in nature's simple loveliness arrayed' (two regrettable examples of the nudist heresy); 'most pleasing in thy simplest dress'—the obvious 'husband's verdict'. Much nearer are 'so trimly artless', 'so charming-simple', 'so neat, so simple', 'so trim, so simple', 'so trim, so dainty', 'with careful carelessness', and, perhaps best, 'careless art'. 'That simple hat/So neat but so expensive', is a happy modern paraphrase, but costs eight against Horace's two words. Milton's 'plain in thy neatness' rings so blankly Barebones as to seem hardly worth the two cool lootings to which it has been subjected by subsequent translators.

Compare with Milton's—or Marsh's—felicity Christopher Smart's

So seeming in your cleanly vest
Whose plainness is the pink of taste.

This, pray, from the man who wrote, 'As for me I ever looked on Horace with extreme approbation, but never supposed him to be so wholly inimitable, that a man might not do him some degree of justice'! The absurdity of this rendering is, of course, unintentional, and so to be distinguished from a recent tendency to lapse into the jocular, or even to descend into an arch facetiousness.

What *munditiis* meant to a Roman is twice indicated in Ovid's flawless reckless masterpiece, the *Ars Amatoria*, a copy of which, thumbed, winestained, and underlined with lipstick, surely lay among Pyrrha's lists of eligibles, sketches of Spring Models, and *billets-doux*. The first from Book I (Advice to Men), lines 513–14, runs

Munditiae placeant, fuscentur corpora Campo:
Sit bene conveniens et sine labe toga:

translated by Dryden as

Be not too finical, but yet be clean,
And wear well-fashioned clothes, like other men

and by B. P. Moore¹

Limbs clean and tanned by exercise delight,
And spotless clothes that match the figure right.

The second is from Book III (Advice to Women), lines 133-4,

Munditiis capimur: non sint sine lege capilli:
Admotae formam dantque negantque manus,

which Moore renders

By chic we're charmed; no rebel curl should show;
A finger's touch, and looks will come or go.

Both passages imply not so much ornaments or expensive (-looking) clothes as *soins personnels*.

Rousseau, always more French-Latin than Swiss in such matters, followed the great master in his avowed preference for 'a better preserved complexion, lovelier hands, greater elegance in jewellery, an air of cleanliness and refinement about a woman's whole person, better taste in her way of dressing and expressing herself, a finer and better made gown, a neater pair of shoes, ribbons, lace, better done hair. I should always prefer the less pretty woman of two if she had more of all that. I find this prejudice most absurd myself; but my heart dictates it, in spite of me.'²

The supreme award for curious infelicity must surely be reserved for 'Bright Charmer, nicely clean though plain': praise which would require several decades after the age of consent to be accepted as legal amorous tender.

* * *

¹ *The Art of Love* (Blackie, London, 1935).

² *The Confessions of Jean-Jacques Rousseau*, translated by J. M. Cohen (Penguin Books), p. 132.

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Out of my one hundred-and-fifty-odd English versions I propose to cite here but three: two by British statesmen of this mid-century (both members of the Horatian Society), and the third by a distinguished civil servant of three centuries ago. All are, correctly, in quatrains.

What lovely youth in what rose-scented lair
Now lays his handsome head upon your lap?
For whom now do you comb your yellow hair,
And set with coy simplicity the trap?

How oft will he deplore his wretched fate
Like one who in fair weather sets to sea
And strikes the tempest when it is too late
To win again his lost tranquillity.

Now he believes you golden through and through,
Ever good-humoured, ever kind and sweet,
He cannot find a single fault in you
Nor tell true currency from counterfeit.

Unhappy he who has not known your love,
Unhappier he who has:—and as for me,
That votive slab, these dripping garments prove
I too have suffered shipwreck in that sea.

That notably subtle and effortless rendering was contributed by a Cabinet Minister and emergently successful Ambassador in Paris, the late Duff Cooper, Viscount Norwich, a loved friend; who heard and thanked me for reciting it at the 1953 Horatian Society's Dinner only a few weeks before his untimely death.

My next strikes a sharply modern note:

Who's that new boy, my sweetie,
That's visiting your flat?
Paying for all the roses
And for that simple hat

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So neat, but so expensive.
Well, he's content, I guess.
He thinks he's found the recipe
For life-long happiness
In the radiance of your welcome
And in that smile so wooing.
He little knows how sudden
The squalls that may be brewing.
I've faced them and survived them
And in memory of sweet folly
Have hung up in Love's temple
My mackintosh and brolly.

That interpretation is by a First Lord of the Admiralty, Secretary of State for India and our greatest Colonial Secretary since Joseph Chamberlain: and he wrote it in his eightieth year—Leopold Amery.

My third and last runs as follows:

What slender Youth bedew'd with liquid odours
Courts thee on Roses in some pleasant Cave,
Pyrrha for whom bind'st thou
In wreaths thy golden Hair,

Plain in thy neatness; O how oft shall he
On Faith and changed Gods complain: and Seas
Rough with black winds and storms
Unwonted shall admire:

Who now enjoys thee credulous, all Gold,
Who alwayes vacant, alwayes amiable
Hopes thee; of flattering gales
Unmindfull. Hapless they

To whom thou untry'd seem'st fair. Me in my vow'd
Picture the sacred wall declares t' have hung
My dank and dropping weeds
To the stern God of Sea.

Now; which of these three would give the average un-Latined reader the poorest idea of the general meaning of the original? Surely the last, which, were it not by Cromwell's Latin Secretary, a certain John Milton, most readers would find as difficult to praise as to pronounce. Indeed, his rendering of the Latin, 'almost word for word' (as he calls it), brings us to the supreme paradox of such attempts: for Milton's might be the best translation, if it were not intelligible only to readers already so steeped in accurate knowledge of the Latin original as to have no need of it; which, as Euclid would remind us, is absurd. There is nothing in Milton 'that can be termed a translation unless an English version of Horace's Ode to Pyrrha, which it is probable the author meant as a whimsical experiment of the effect of a strict conformity in English both to the expression and measure of the Latin'.¹

But so it goes on. This silent form, though doubtless far from silent in life, does still tease us out of thought—as doth eternity. And still, as matin bee to gracious flower, as moth to candle, as murderer to the scene of his crime, the translator returns to wreak his admiration upon the inimitable defenceless translatee. Why? Why so many (more than upon any other, so far as I know) on this particular Ode? Pyrrha does not pretend to compare with the grandeur of Regulus or Cleopatra—no, nor with *Diffugere nives*; she is surpassed in some of the lighter—such as *Donec gratus*. 'Ces petites Odes sur de petits sujets, sont plus propres en quelque manière à faire juger d'Horace, que ces Pièces dont les sujets sont grands

¹ Alexander Fraser Tytler (Lord Woodhouselee), *Essay on Principles of Translation* (Archibald Constable & Co., Edinburgh, 1813 ed.), pp. 74-75.

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d'eux-mêmes.'¹ There are indeed finer odes; there is none more finely finished. The thing is perfect of its kind; try moving or replacing one word. Consider the immediate *entrée en matière*; the *multa* enhancing (though not 'qualifying') the *gracilis*; the fourth line—an idyll of the Portland vase; *aurea*, heightening *flavam*—yet itself devalorized by *credulus*; the skill with which *aurae* prepares the final metaphor; the *nites* beckoning like a baleful star; and finally, the massive *suspendisse potenti vestimenta*—gravely Doric as some promontory temple of Poseidon.

The intimate, affectionate irony of Horace, enhanced by his *curiosa*—his indefinable—*felicitas*, admits us to delicious complicity in an ancient racket embracing the whole of the civilized western world; so that we can understand and honour that last word of Maecenas to Augustus: *Horati Flacci, ut mei, esto memor*—'Don't let poor Flaccus starve'.

I, anyhow, have found it a happy πάρεργον to assemble these three or four hundred persons, of various peoples, places, and periods, in concentration upon sixteen two-thousand-year-old lines: and to have made these discursive, unacademic outpourings my small grateful freewill offering to our eponymous hero and tutelary *numen*—Horace.

¹ Dacier et Sanadon, vol. ii, p. 87.

Versions in English

William Browne

1590 or 1591-1643

Author of *Britannia's Pastorales*

TELL me, Pyrrha, what fine youth,
All perfum'd and crown'd with roses,
To thy chamber thee pursu'th,
And thy wanton arm encloses?

What is he thou now hast got,
Whose more long and golden tresses
Into many a curious knot
Thy more curious finger dresses?

How much will he wail his trust,
And, forsook, begin to wonder,
When black winds shall billows thrust,
And break all his hopes in sunder?

Fickleness of winds he knows
Very little that doth love thee;
Miserable are all those
That affect thee ere they prove thee.

I, as one from shipwreck freed,
To the ocean's mighty ranger
Consecrate my dropping weed,
And in freedom think of danger.

Dr. Barton Holyday

1593-1661

Dramatist, translator, and divine

WHAT spritely Younker amongst Beds of Roses,
(Pyrrha) perfum'd with fragrant sent incloses
 Thee skulkt in sweet retire?
 Thy fair locks, at whose desire
Pleat'st thou so up, array'd in homely cloathes?
O, how he'll wail thy oft-chang'd Gods, and oaths,
 And count it wondrous strange
 When storms in thy count'nance range!
To whom thou now vouchsaf'st a Golden Grace,
Hoping thou'lt still find leasures for embrace,
 And constantly be kind,
 Not vers'd in thy crafty mind.
O curst are they who trust thy shining hew!
I hung (as Votive frames in Temples shew)
 Moyst robes up to appease
 Neptune, powerful God of Seas.

Henry Rider

Born c. 1606

'Master of Arts, of Emanuel Colledge in Camebridge'

WHAT tender boy upon a rosie bed,
Being with liquid odours overspred,
Within some pleasant bow'r, doth to thee sue
(O Pyrrha) for thy love? for whom doe you
Bind your gold locks, plain in your ornament?
Alas, how oft shall the proud boy repent
Thy false faith, and contemned deities,
And look with wonderment on those thy seas
Made rough with black winds, who (too credulous Boy)
Does thee now as some golden prize enjoy?
Who hopes thou'lt still be free to him, still faire,
Ignorant of thy all-deluding aire.
Wretched are they to whom untride you shine;
The wall, by sacred tables made divine,
Shewes I have hung my ship-rackt robe on high
Unto the Oceans potent Deitie.

Sir Richard Fanshawe

1608-66

Diplomatist and author

WHAT Stripling now Thee discomposes,
In Woodbine Rooms, on Beds of Roses,
For whom thy Auburn Haire
Is spread, Unpainted Faire?
How will he one day curse thy Oaths
And Heav'n that witness'd your Betroaths!
How will the poor Cuckold,
That deems thee perfect Gold,
Bearing no stamp but his, be mas'd
To see a suddain Tempest rais'd!
He dreams not of the Windes,
And thinks all Gold that shines.
For me my Votive Table showes
That I have hung up my wet Clothes
Upon the Temple Wall
Of Seas great Admirall.

John Milton

1608-74

WHAT slender Youth bedew'd with liquid odours
Courts thee on Roses in some pleasant Cave,
Pyrrha for whom bind'st thou
In wreaths thy golden Hair,

Plain in thy neatness; O how oft shall he
On Faith and changed Gods complain: and Seas
Rough with black winds and storms
Unwonted shall admire:

Who now enjoys thee credulous, all Gold,
Who alwayes vacant, alwayes amiable
Hopes thee; of flattering gales
Unmindfull. Hapless they

To whom thou untry'd seem'st fair. Me in my vow'd
Picture the sacred wall declares t'have hung
My dank and dropping weeds
To the stern God of Sea.

'The Fifth Ode of Horace, Lib. 1.

Quis multa gracilis te puer in Rosa,

Rendred almost word for word without Rhyme according to the
Latin Measure, as near as the Language will permit.'

Abraham Cowley

1618-67

Poet

To whom now Pyrrha art thou kind?
To what Heart-ravisht Lover
Dost thou thy golden locks unbind,
Thy hidden sweets discover,
And with large bounty open set
All the bright stores of thy rich Cabinet?

Ah simple youth, how oft will he
Of thy chang'd faith complain?
And his own fortunes find to be
So airy and so vain,
Of so Camelion-like an hew,
That still their colour changes with it too.

How oft alas, will he admire
The blackness of the skies?
Trembling to hear the winds sound higher,
And see the billows rise,
Poor unexperienc'd he,
Who ne're before alas had been at Sea!

He enjoys thy calmy Sun-shine now,
And no breath stirring hears;
In the clear heaven of thy brow,
No smallest cloud appears;
He sees thee gentle, fair and gay,
And trusts the faithless April of thy May.

Unhappy! thrice unhappy he,
T' whom thou untried dost shine,
But there's no danger now for me,
Since o'er Lorettoes shrine,
In witness of the shipwrack past
My consecrated vessel hangs at last.

Mrs. Aphra Behn

1640-89

Dramatist and novelist

WHAT mean those Amorous Curles of Jet?

For what heart-Ravisht Maid

Dost thou thy Hair in order set,

Thy Wanton Tresses Braid?

And thy vast Store of Beauties open lay,

That the deluded Fancy leads astray.

For pitty hide thy Starry eyes,

Whose Languishments destroy:

And look not on the Slave that dyes

With an Excess of Joy.

Defend thy Coral Lips, thy Amber Breath;

To taste these Sweets lets in a Certain Death.

Forbear, fond Charming Youth, forbear,

Thy words of Melting Love:

Thy Eyes thy Language well may spare

One Dart enough can move.

And she that hears thy voice and sees thy Eyes,

With too much Pleasure, too much Softness dies.

Cease, Cease, with Sighs to warm my Soul,

Or press me with thy Hand:

Who can the kindling fire controul,

The tender force withstand?

Thy Sighs and Touches like wing'd Lightning fly,

And are the God of Loves Artillery.

Thomas Creech

1659-1700

Of Wadham and All Souls Colleges, Oxford

He rejoyces at his deliverance from his bewitching Mistress

WHAT tender Youth upon a Rosy bed,
With Odours flowing round his Head,
Shall ruffle Thee, and lose a heart?
For what fond Youth wilt Thou prepare
The lovely Mazes of thy Hair
And spread Charms neat without the help of Art?

How oft unhappy shall he grieve to find
The fickle Baseness of your Mind?
When he, that ne'er felt storms before,
Shall see black Heaven spread o'er with Clouds,
And threatening Tempests toss the Flouds
Whilst helpless He in vain looks back for Shore.

Now fondly, now He rifles all thy Charms,
He wantons in thy pleasing Arms,
And boasts his happiness compleat:
He thinks that You will always prove
As fair, and constant to his Love;
And knows not how, how soon those smiles may cheat.

Ah! wretched those who love, yet ne'er did try
The smiling treachery of thy Eye!
But I'm secure, my Danger's o'er,
My Table shows the Cloths I vow'd,
When midst the storm, to please the God
I have hung up, and now am safe on shore.

Philip Horneck

1674-1728

Chaplain to Lord Guildford; Solicitor to the Treasury

PYRRHA, what slender well-shap'd Beau,
Perfumed with Essence haunts thee now,
And lures thee to some kind Recess,
To Sport on Rose-Beds sunk in Ease?
Prithee what Youth would'st thou insnare,
Artless and clean, with flowing Hair?
How oft will he have cause to mourn
Thy broken Vows and Cupid's Scorn?
Unskill'd as yet, he'd wondering spy
Fresh tempests raging in that Eye,
From whence he hop'd a Calmer Sky,
Who now poor Gull enjoys the Bliss,
Thinks you divine and solely his:
Born down the Tide with easie Sail,
Little suspects an Adverse Gale.
Thrice wretched they who feel thy Darts,
Whilst Strangers to thy coquet Arts!
My Garments in the Fane display'd,
As Trophies that my vows are paid,
Own the Great Ruler of the Sea
Author of my Delivery.

Henry Coxwell

(1718)¹

WHAT Stripling, Pyrrha, what Perfumed Boy,
Is thy lewd Art contriving to decoy;
Entic'd by thee to some lone Cave, or Grove,
Fit for thy private Purposes of Love?
For whom dost thou in sober Dress appear,
With clean, and modest Tire to thy Hair?
How oft, alas! will the poor Captive grieve,
That does thy promis'd Constancy believe?
When he perceives that pleasant smiling Face
Change, and look Frowning, as the angry Seas,
And Venus, and her Son, depart and fly,
And all the Gods quite Vanish'd that were nigh.
Unhappy, and too Miserable He,
That unexperienc'd sets his Love on Thee!
To Neptune I have offer'd up my Store,
Since I escaped Shipwrack on thy Shore.

¹ Dates in brackets are those of publication, given when dates of the author's birth and death are unknown.

William Oldisworth

1680-1734

Littérateur and translator

WHAT well-shap'd Lover in the Rosie Shade,
With fragrant Limbs and Sweet Address,
Shall to thy warm Embraces press,
In all thy loose Attire and wanton Airs display'd?

Bright Charmer, nicely clean tho' Plain!
How shall the Youth with sad Surprise,
See angry Storms and Tempests rise,
And all this Calm of Love break into fierce Disdain

He doats, he raves with Bliss, whilst thou art kind;
Ah Wretch! undone by Am'rous Smiles,
Who sees thy Charms and not thy Wiles;
For thou art light as Air, inconstant as the Wind.

Learn from my Fate; by Tides and Whirlwinds tost,
I reach'd the shore, half-drown'd in Brine;
My tablet hangs on Neptune's Shrine,
To warn all other Sailors from the dangerous Coast.

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu

1689-1762

Writer and poetess

FOR whom are now your airs put on,
And what new beauty's doom'd to be undone?

That careless elegance of dress,
This essence that perfumes the wind,
Your very motion does confess

Some secret conquest is design'd.

Alas! the poor unhappy maid,
To what a train of ills betray'd!

What fears, what pangs shall rend her breast,
How will her eyes dissolve in tears!

That now with glowing joy is bless'd,
Charm'd with the faithless vows she hears.

So the young sailor on the summer sea,
Gaily pursues his destin'd way:

Fearless and careless on the deck he stands,
Till sudden storms arise and thunders roll;

In vain he casts his eyes to distant lands,
Distracting terror tears his timorous soul.

For me, secure I view the raging main,
Past are my dangers, and forgot my pain:

My votive tablet in the temple shews
The monument of folly past;

I paid the bounteous god my grateful vows,
Who snatch'd from ruin, sav'd me at the last.

William Duncombe

1690-1769

Miscellaneous writer; Clerk in Navy Office; author of
Lucius Junius Brutus

WHAT slender Boy, with Odours sweet,
Shall in a Grotto's cool Retreat,
Thy too-enchancing Form caress,
And on a couch of Roses press?
For whom in Wreaths dost thou prepare,
So simply neat, thy golden Hair?
How oft, of Gods adjur'd in vain,
And broken Vows, shall he complain!
How oft admire, when Winds arise,
To see black Clouds deform the Skies;
New to the Sex, who tastes thy Charms,
And fondly clasps thee in his Arms;
In thee a Mistress ever kind,
And ever lovely, hopes to find;
And thinks, too credulous, the Breeze
Will last; nor Tempests toss the Seas!
Ah wretched they! whom Pyrrha's Smile,
And unsuspected Arts beguile!
For Me, the sacred Tablet shows
That I have hung my dripping Cloaths
At Neptune's Shrine: And now on Shore
Secure, I'll tempt the Deep no more.

Dr. W. P.

(1757)

IN the cooling Grotto's Shade
On the Rose's Bosom laid,
Fair one, say, what slender Boy
Breathing spicy Odors round,
Now may teaze, and sweetly toy,
And with Pyrrha's Smiles be crown'd.

Whom awaits the golden Snare
(Golden Locks of wreathed Hair!)
Charms in simple Neatness drest;
How, alas! shall he repent,
Sigh and silently lament
Griefs too strong to be exprest!

Gods inconstant! Gods estrang'd!
All the Face of Nature chang'd!
Broken Faith and broken Vows!
Boisterous Winds and ruffled Seas!
And a stormy Look, that shows
Thee more cruel still than these.

How shall He admire the Change,
(Unexperienc'd in the Sight),
Who, through Love's enchanted Range,
Revelling in gay Delight,
Thinks Thee now and ever his,
Lovely Pledge of future Bliss!

Trusting the soft-breathing Gale,
Now he spreads a flowing Sail;
But unhappy is the Youth,
Who, confiding in thy Truth,
Launches in the splendid Rays
Of thy fair delusive Face!

I, who lately did arrive,
Safe from Shipwreck, on the Shore,
Sworn to let my Vessel drive
On Love's Ocean never more,
Here this grateful Frame decree
To the God, who rules the Sea!

John Boyle, fifth Earl of Orrery

1707-62

Author of *Remarks on the Life and Writings of Jonathan Swift*

(1) When to that dear, but inauspicious Bow'r,
Fann'd with the Breath of ev'ry fragrant Flow'r,
(Where circling Boughs, in verdant Pomp array'd,
Paint the still Covert with a pleasing Shade)
You, Love dissembling, feign a kind Retreat,
Your Looks all mild and languishingly sweet;
Say, Pyrrha, say, what gay unpractis'd Youth,
Lur'd by that Air of unaffected Truth,
What gaudy Stripling, eager to be blest,
Sinks a glad Victim on thy perjured Breast?
And, while essential Sweets their Odours spread,
Clasps thee with Ardour on the rosy Bed?

(2) O wond'rous Nymph! whose piercing Charms confess
Thy Form resistless, unadorn'd with Dress,
Beauteous by Nature, without Art too fair,
Tell me for whom thy Amber-colour'd Hair
In silken Wreaths its radiant Lustre shews,
Plays in each Motion, and in Ringlets flows:

(3) Ill-fated Youth! undone, who e'er He be.
While You, thus falsely, thus engaging, free,
With specious Innocence your Joys dispense,
And feast with Extasy the ravish'd Sense;
He, lost in Transports, forms an airy Scene
Of vast Delights: the Heav'ns appear serene,
Smooth glides the Surface of the crystal Stream,
And Fancy wantons in the golden Dream,
Still hopes the same, and credulously fond,
Boasts Thee secure in Faith's eternal Bond.
Alas! too soon he'll feel his rash Mistake,
When from the soft Delusion forc'd to wake,
Starting he views the Heav'ns with Clouds o'ercast,
The furrow'd Ocean black'ning to the Blast

Of angry Winds, and all the promis'd Bliss
Sunk in the Tumult of the dread Abyss.
How will he then in wild Despair lament
The wond'rous Change, and curse the sad Event!

(4) Gods! what a Train of Ills those Wretches wait,
Who proudly court their yet untasted Fate;
Gaze on thy Charms, yet not suspect thy Wiles,
And catch at Ruin in ambiguous Smiles.

(5) Once big with Hope, I spread my swelling Sails,
Vainly secure of ever prosp'rous Gales;
Yet scarcely launch'd into the Deep, was met
By warring Winds, and raging Waves beset.
Long on the faithless Ocean rudely tost,
The Sport of Storms, my Bark at length was lost;
When some kind Triton, rushing to my Aid,
Caught me expiring, and to Land convey'd:
Now safe on Shore, by Neptune's great Decree,
With pious Gratitude, I'll quit the Sea;
Passion no more, with all its glitt'ring Train
Of frantick Joys, shall tempt me out again;
But noble Reason shall the Tide controul,
And virtue fix her Empire in my Soul.

Swift, writing to the Earl of Orrery on 19 October 1735, says, 'I think the Ode of Pyrrha is very well translated only some things may be altered a little. . . . I think the whole conveys the very ideas of Horace.' (*Horace in the English Literature of the Eighteenth Century*, by Caroline Goad, Yale U.P., 1918, p. 468.)

Philip Francis

1708-73

Miscellaneous writer

WHILE liquid Odours round him breathe,
What Youth, the rosy Bower beneath,
 Now courts thee to be kind?
Pyrrha, for whose unwary Heart
Do you, thus drest with careless Art,
 Your yellow Tresses bind?

How often shall th' unpractis'd Youth
Of alter'd Gods, and injur'd Truth,
 With Tears, alas! complain?
How soon behold with wondering Eyes
The blackning Winds tempestuous rise
 And scowl along the Main?

While by his easy Faith betray'd,
He now enjoys thee, golden Maid,
 Thus amiable and kind;
He fondly hopes, that you shall prove
Thus ever vacant to his Love,
 Nor heeds the faithless Wind.

Unhappy They, to whom untried
You shine, alas! in Beauty's Pride;
 While I, now safe on Shore,
Will consecrate the pictur'd Storm,
And all my grateful Vows perform
 To Neptune's saving Power.

Christopher Smart

1722-71

Poet

SAY what slim youth, with moist perfumes
 Bedaub'd, now courts thy fond embrace,
There, where the frequent rose-tree blooms,
 And makes the grot so sweet a place?
Pyrrha, for whom with such an air
Do you bind back your golden hair?

So seeming in your cleanly vest,
 Whose plainness is the pink of taste—
Alas! how oft shall he protest
 Against his confidence misplac't,
And love's inconstant pow'rs deplore,
And wondrous winds, which, as they roar,

Throw black upon the alter'd scene—
 Who now so well himself deceives,
And thee all sunshine, all serene
 For want of better skill believes,
And for his pleasure has presag'd
Thee ever dear and disengag'd.

Wretched are all within thy snares,
 The inexperienc'd and the young!
For me the temple witness bears
 Where I my dropping weeds have hung,
And left my votive chart behind
To him that rules both wave and wind.

Anna Seward

1747-1809

'The Swan of Lichfield'

WHERE roses flaunt beneath some pleasant cave,
Too charming Pyrrha, what enamour'd Boy,
Whose shining locks the breathing odors lave,
Woos thee, exulting in a transient joy?
For whom the simple band dost thou prepare,
That lightly fastens back thy golden hair?

Alas! how soon shall this devoted Youth
Love's tyrant sway, and thy chang'd eyes deplore,
Indignant curse thy violated truth,
And count each broken promise o'er and o'er,
Who hopes to meet, unconscious of thy wiles,
Looks ever vacant, ever facile smiles!

He, inexperience'd Mariner! shall gaze
In wild amazement on the stormy deep,
Recall the flattery of those sunny days,
That lull'd each ruder wind to calmest sleep.
'Twas then with jocund hope he spread the sail,
In rash dependence on the faithless gale.

Ah Wretch! to whom untried thou seemest fair!
By me, who late thy halcyon surface sung,
The walls of Neptune's fane inscrib'd declare
That I have dank and dropping garments hung,
Devoted to the God, whose kind decree
Snatch'd me to shore, from an o'erwhelming sea.

John Nott

1751-1825

Physician and classical scholar

PYRRHA, say what fine-form'd boy
Urges thee to am'rous joy,
All on roses sweetly laid,
In some grotto's pleasant shade,
Who with perfumes that so shed
Liquid fragrance is o'erspread?
Say for whom, thus plain and neat,
Thou thy sunny hair dost plait?

Ah, how often shall he wail
Gods that change, and faith that's frail;
Wail, when he, unpractis'd, finds
The seas roughen with dark winds!
Lapt in golden pleasures, who,
Credulous, enjoys thee now;
Hopes thou'lt ever, ever prove
Beauteous, vacant to his love;
While he little seems to know
What deceitful gale may blow?

Wretched they, whom charms so bright
Unexperienc'd shall delight!
As for me, this wall declares,
Which my votive tablet bears,
That my drench'd weeds hang on high
To the sea's great Deity.

Thomas Chatterton

1752-70

Poet

WHAT gentle Youth, my lovely fair one say,
With sweets perfum'd, now courts thee to the bow'r,
Where glows with lustre red the rose of May,
To form thy Couch in Love's enchanting hour?

By Zephyrs wav'd, why does thy loose hair sweep
In simple curls around thy polish'd brow?
The wretch that loves thee now too soon shall weep
Thy faithless beauty and thy broken vow.

Tho' soft the beams of thy delusive eyes,
As the smooth surface of th' untroubled stream;
Yet ah! too soon th' ecstatic vision flies,
Flies like the fairy paintings of a dream.

Unhappy Youth, O shun the warm embrace,
Nor trust too much affection's flattering smile;
Dark poison lurks beneath that charming face,
Those melting eyes but languish to beguile.

Thank heav'n I've broke the sweet but galling chain
Worse than the horrors of the stormy main.

William Boscawen

1752-1811

Writer and translator

WHAT youth bedew'd with moist perfume,
Courts thee, Oh! Pyrrha, graceful maid!
With neat simplicity array'd,
In the sweet bower where roses bloom?

For whom dost thou in ringlets form
Thy golden locks?—Oft shall he wail
Thy truth, swift changing as the gale,
View the wild waves, and shudder at the storm,

Who now, all credulous, all gay,
Enjoys thy smile, on whose vain pride
Thy fickle favour shines untry'd,
And soft deceitful breezes play.

My fate the pictur'd wreck displays;
The dripping garments that remain
In mighty Neptune's sacred fane,
Record my glad escape, my grateful praise.

George Howard, Lord Morpeth,
afterwards sixth Earl of Carlisle

1773-1848

Statesman

ODE TO THE DIRECTOR MERLIN

WHO now from NAPLES, ROME, or BERLIN,
Creeps to thy bloodstain'd den, O MERLIN,
With diplomatic Gold? To whom
Dost thou give Audience *en Costume*?

King-Citizen!—How sure each State,
That bribes thy Love, shall feel thy hate;
Shall see the Democratic Storm
Her Commerce, Laws, and Arts deform.

How credulous, to hope the Bribe
Could purchase Peace from MERLIN's tribe!
Whom, faithless as the waves or wind,
No Oaths restrain, no Treaties bind.

For Us—Beneath yon SACRED ROOF,
The NAVAL FLAGS and Arms of Proof
By British Valour nobly bought,
Shew how *true* safety must be sought!

Dr. G. M. Trevelyan writes: 'I think the person referred to is "Merlin of Douai", who became one of the five Directors after the Coup d'état of Fructidor (5 September 1797).'

Anonymous

(1778)

WHAT youthful swain on roses laid,
Beneath a grotto's am'rous shade,
Now courts thee, Pyrrha, to his arms,
And views with rapture all thy charms?
For whom this wond'rous care to please
And all this artful negligence of dress?

Alas, how oft will he complain,
Of broken vows and harsh disdain!
How oft!—unskilful youth—survey
With wonder, the tempestuous sea?
While winds unusual round him rise,
And dash the billows to the gloomy skies.

He now enjoys thy kindest beams,
And fondly trusts in golden dreams
Of spotless faith; expecting thee,
Forever constant, calm and free:
Nor knows how soon the flatt'ring gales
Will sink the bark, which now but fill the sails.

Ah, hapless they who trust the snare,
And, unexperienc'd, think thee fair!
For me—escap'd the dashing flood,
I consecrate the votive wood,
And vesture dropping from the sea
To that auspicious power who set me free.

The volume in which this version appeared is said by Mrs. William Tait Barlow of New York to be 'The first classical translation brought out in America by subscribers: the Marquis of Lafayette took twelve copies. Many of the translations were written at Valley Forge.' The volume was edited by Colonel John Parke (1754-89) and dedicated to George Washington; most of the translations were Colonel Parke's, but this is by another and unknown hand.

James Smith

1775-1839

Horace Smith

1779-1849

Authors of Rejected Addresses

THE JILT

SAY, Lucy, what enamour'd spark
Now sports thee through the gazing Park
 In new barouche or tandem;
And, as infatuation leads,
Permits his reason and his steeds
 To run their course at random?

Fond youth, those braids of ebon hair,
Which to a face already fair
 Impart a lustre fairer;
Those locks which now invite to love,
Soon unconfin'd and false shall prove,
 And changeful as the wearer.

Unpractised in a woman's guile,
Thou think'st, perchance, her halcyon smile
 Portends unruffled quiet:
That, ever charming, fond and mild,
No wanton thoughts, or passions wild,
 Within her soul can riot.

Alas! how often shalt thou mourn
(If nymphs like her, so soon forsworn,
 Be worth a moment's trouble),
How quickly own, with sad surprise,
The paradise that bless'd thine eyes
 Was painted on a bubble.

In her accommodating creed
A lord will always supersede
 A commoner's embraces:
His lordship's love contents the fair
Until enabled to ensnare
 A nobler prize—his Grace's!

Unhappy are the youths who gaze,
Who feel her beauty's maddening blaze
 And trust to what she utters.
For me, by sad experience wise,
At rosy cheeks or sparkling eyes,
 My heart no longer flutters.

Chamber'd in Albany, I view
On every side a jovial crew
 Of Benedictine neighbours.
I sip my coffee, read the news,
I own no mistress but the muse,
 And she repays my labours.

And should some brat her love bespeak
(Though illegitimate and weak
 As these unpolish'd verses);
A father's joy shall still be mine
Without the fear of parish fine,
 Bills, beadles, quacks, or nurses.

James Henry Leigh Hunt

1784-1859

Poet, essayist, and critic

PYRRHA, what ardent stripling now,
In one of thy embowered retreats,
Would press thee to indulge his vow
Amidst a world of flow'rs and sweets?
For whom are found thy tresses bright
With unconcern so exquisite?

Alas, how oft shall he bewail
His fickle stars and faithless gale,
And stare with unaccustomed eyes,
When the black winds and waters rise,
Though now the sunshine hour beguiles
His bark along thy golden smiles,
Trusting to see thee, for his play,
For ever keep smooth¹ holiday!

Poor dazzled fools, who bask beside thee!
And trust because they never tried thee!
For me, and for my dangers past,
The grateful² picture hangs at last
Within the mighty Neptune's fane,
Who snatched me, dripping, from the main.

¹ 'sweet', 1812.

² 'graceful', 1812.

This translation first appeared in *The Examiner*, when Leigh Hunt was editor, on 27 September 1812; the above text is from his *Works*.

Thomas Hood

1799-1845

Poet, humorist, and miscellaneous writer

TO GOLDENHAIR

AH, Pyrrha, tell me, whose the happy lot
To woo thee on a couch of lavish roses,
Who, bathed in odorous dews, in his fond arms encloses
Thee, in some happy grot?

For whom those nets of golden-gloried hair
Dost thou entwine in cunning carelessnesses?
Alas, poor boy! who thee, in fond belief, caresses,
Deeming thee wholly fair!

How oft shall he thy fickleness bemoan,
When fair to foul shall change; and he unskilful
In pilotage, beholds, with tempest wildly wilful,
The happy calm o'erthrown!

He who now hopes that thou wilt ever prove
All void of care, and full of fond endearing,
Knows not that varies more than Zephyrs ever-veering,
The fickle breath of love.

Ah, hapless he to whom, like seas untried,
Thou seemest fair! That my sea-going's ended
My votive tablet proves, to those dark gods suspended,
Who o'er the waves preside.

Eugene Liés

(Published by C. L. MacArthur, New York, 1846)

WHO is that youth so well perfumed, so slender,
With roses crowned, so pressing and so tender,
 In yonder pleasant spot,
Pyrrha, for whom thy hair in golden knot

Thou bindest thus with artful artlessness?
Alas! how oft he'll weep thy faithlessness,
 And Fortune's low'ring brow,
And wonder at the tide's waked wrath, who now

Thy golden calm enjoys, and hopes to find
His mistress ever constant, loving, kind!
 As yet he little knows
How changeful are the skies: ah! woe to those

Who trust thy beauty; I—the sacred wall
Where hangs my votive record shows to all
 That to great Neptune's shrine
I offer'd up my garments wet with brine.

Henry Thomas Liddell
first Earl of Ravensworth

1797-1878

Poet and politician

WHAT youth, O Pyrrha! blooming fair,
With rose-twined wreath and perfumed hair,
Woos thee beneath yon grotto's shade,
Urgent in prayer and amorous glance?
For whom dost thou thy tresses braid,
Simple in thine elegance?

Alas! full soon shall he deplore

Thy broken faith, thine altered mien:

Like one astonished at the roar

Of breakers on a leeward shore,

Whom gentle airs and skies serene

Had tempted on the treacherous deep,

So he thy perfidy shall weep

Who now enjoys thee fair and kind,

But dreams not of the shifting wind.

Thrice wretched they, deluded and betrayed,

Who trust thy glittering smile and Siren tongue!

I have escaped the shipwreck, and have hung

In Neptune's Fane my dripping vest displayed

With votive tablet on his altar laid,

Thanking the Sea-God for his timely aid.

R. M. Hovenden

Born 1808

'Formerly of Trinity College, Cambridge'

WHAT stripling, Pyrrha, lavish of perfume,
Enamour'd wooes thee, 'mid the rosy bloom
Of some cool grot reclined?
For whom dost neatly bind
Thy tresses unadorn'd? Oft shall the swain
To careless Gods of broken vows complain,
And view in strange surprise
Rough seas and blackening skies.
He hugs the counterfeit as real gold,
And hopes, vain hope, the favouring breeze will hold,
He ever welcome, thou
Serenely kind as now.
Fond dupe, whom specious calm to shipwreck leads!
For me, on Neptune's wall, my draggled weeds
A warning record keep
Of perils in the deep.

William Ewart Gladstone

1809-98

WHAT scented stripling, Pyrrha, wooes thee now
 In pleasant cavern, all with roses fair?
For whom those yellow tresses bindest thou
 With simple care?

Full oft shall he thine altered faith bewail,
 His altered gods; and his unwonted gaze
Shall watch the waters darken to the gale
 In wild amaze.

Who now believing gloats on golden charms;
 Who hopes thee ever kind and ever void;
Nor, hapless! knows the changeful wind's alarms,
 Nor thee, untried.

For me, let Neptune's temple-wall declare
 How, safe-escaped, in votive offering
My dripping garments own, suspended there,
 Him Ocean-King.

John Osborne Sargent

1811-91

Lawyer and author, New York

WHAT slender youth with roses crowned,
With liquid odors perfumed well,
My charming Pyrrha, hast thou found
To woo thee in his pleasant cell,—
For whom dost braid thy yellow hair
And don thy simple robe with care?

Alas, how often shall he weep
For broken vows and gods estranged,
Who, dreaming by the glassy deep,
Beholds amazed its aspect changed,—
Black winds and surging waves arise
For gentle airs and summer skies,—

Who now enjoys thy golden prime
And hopes thou'lt always be his own,
Loving and lovely all the time
As if false winds had never blown.
Ah! wretched they who win thy smiles
And have not proved thy artful wiles.

With me it is a thing gone by;
In Neptune's temple, on the wall,
A votive tablet tells that I
Have met with storms and baffled all,
And hung my vestments dripping wet—
A sign, where they are hanging yet.

To encourage in his college (Harvard) the love of the poet, Sargent offered in 1886 a prize for the best metrical translation of an ode of Horace, which he continued annually during his life, and which has since been endowed by his daughter. A friend writes: 'Mr. Sargent's manner of life seems to have been in many respects what Horace himself regarded most pleasant. He had his house in town, and he had a charming country-seat; he saw much of the world, and he loved it; he loved his friends, and he loved to have them about him; his intellectual life extended to his death,—his studies were pursued to the very last, and in his beloved Horace he found delight, solace, peace, refreshment at all times.'

Sir Theodore Martin

1816-1909

Biographer of the Prince Consort and joint author of
The Bon Gaultier Ballads

PYRRHA, what slender boy, in perfume steep'd,
Doth in the shade of some delightful grot
Caress thee now on couch with roses heap'd?
For whom dost thou thine amber tresses knot

With all thy seeming-artless grace? Ah me,
How oft will he thy perfidy bewail,
And joys all flown, and shudder at the sea
Rough with the chafing of the blust'rous gale,

Who now, fond dreamer, revels in thy charms;
Who all unweeting how the breezes veer,
Hopes still to find a welcome in thine arms,
As warm as now, and thee as loving-dear!

Ah, woe for those, on whom thy spell is flung!
My votive table, in the temple set,
Proclaims that I to ocean's god have hung
The vestments in my shipwreck smirch'd and wet.

Patrick Branwell Brontë

1817-48

Brother of Charlotte, Emily, and Anne Brontë

TELL me Pyrrha, who is he
That with scented locks,
In thy rose bower kisses thee
Neath the shady rocks?
For whom is bound thy golden hair
Sweetly wreathing, void of care?

Oft, alas! shall he deplore
Vows unkept by thee;
Oft, the Gods he would adore
Frowning he shall see;
Oft astonished, see the main
All afoam with wind and rain,

Who believes thou'lt constant prove,
With thy beauty blind;
Heedless, while he lives in love,
Of the faithless wind!
Ah how wretched, all on whom
Unaware, thy beauties bloom!

As for me, experienced well,
Rescued from the main,
And mindful of the tempest's swell,
I'll hang in Neptune's fane
A picture of that stormy sea,
And garments drenched in ocean spray.

G. J. Whyte Melville

1821-78

Novelist and poet

WHAT slender youth, that's stolen the rose's bloom
In odours steeped, urges with thee his prayer
In some cool grot, Pyrrha? for whom
Dost braid thy golden hair
In simple taste? Alas! each broken vow,
Each blighted hope too oft shall he deplore,
Amazed that seas so tranquil now
Can ever chafe and roar.
Heedless he revels in his golden dream,
Believes thee ever loving, ever true;
One fickle breeze he cannot deem
May all his hopes undo.
Alas for those unwarned! thou dazzlest all;
My votive tablet proves the wreck I've braved,
My dripping garments on the wall
Thank the sea-god who saved.

Goldwin Smith

1823-1910

Scholar, historian, and controversialist

WHAT slender youth, with perfumed locks,
In some sweet nook beneath the rocks,
Pyrrha, where clustering roses grow,
Bends to thy fatal beauty now?
For whom is now that golden hair
Wreathed in a band so simply fair?
How often will he weep to find
Thy pledges frail, Love's power unkind,
And start to see the tempest sweep
With angry blast the darkening deep;
Though, sunned by thy entrancing smile
He fears no change, suspects no guile.
A sailor on bright summer seas,
He wots not of the fickle breeze.
For me—yon votive tablet scan;
It tells that I, a shipwrecked man,
Hung my dank weeds in Neptune's fane
And ne'er will tempt those seas again.

Goldwin Smith was Regius Professor of History at Oxford, 1858-66. In 1868 he became Professor of English and Constitutional History at Cornell University, Ithaca, New York. In 1871 he settled in Canada, and was a Member of the Senate of the University of Toronto. He died in Toronto.

John Conington

1825-69

Professor of Latin in Oxford University

WHAT slender youth, besprinkled with perfume,
Courts you on roses in some grotto's shade?
Fair Pyrrha, say, for whom
Your yellow hair you braid,
So trim, so simple! Ah! how oft shall he
Lament that faith can fail, that gods can change,
Viewing the rough black sea
With eyes to tempests strange,
Who now is basking in your golden smile,
And dreams of you still fancy-free, still kind,
Poor fool, nor knows the guile
Of the deceitful wind!
Woe to the eyes you dazzle without cloud
Untried! For me, they show in yonder fane
My dripping garments, vow'd
To Him who curbs the main.

T. Herbert Noyes, Junr.

Born c. 1827

OH, who is the stripling so scented and slim,
Who now in your pleasant grot, Pyrrha, reposes
On litter of roses,
Still cooing and wooing?
Those tresses of gold you have braided for him,

With charming simplicity! ere very long,
For all he is now so confiding a lover,
He will surely discover
Sad treason in season,
The smooth waters ruffled by breezes so strong.

Fond fool! he believes you as sterling as gold,
And trusts he will find you for ever as tender,
As prone to surrender;
Not ruing what's brewing,
Alas! for the wights who've not known thee of old.

The walls of the temple bear witness for me,
Who hung up my raiment just after one dipping,
All soaking and dripping;
My motive was votive;
My thanks they were due to the God of the Sea.

Edward Henry Pember

1833-1911

Parliamentary barrister and poet

GOOD evening, Lady Flora; who's the man?
Forgive my bluntness, but you needn't stare;
You can't be puzzled, tho' I may be rude.
Who, if not I, may claim to know your plan,
The small white rosebuds in your golden hair,
The long black skirt untrimmed? Oh, we grow shrewd

When you've half ruined us! Ah, there he is,
Poor little chap! And from his button-hole,
As once from mine, peeps a white rosebud too.
How he believes in your simplicities!
A creed of brief duration, poor young soul!
Soon will he know his Goddess thro' and thro',

And fret, as we all fretted till we waded
Thro' surf of Knowledge to Salvation's crags!
Under a glass case in my library
I keep a few white rosebuds, very faded,
As rescued sailors once hung up their rags
In token of their gratitude. Goodbye!

Francis Burdett Thomas Coutts-Nevill
fifth Lord Latymer

1852-1923

ONCE BITTEN

PYRRHA, what slim young lad, in perfume bathed,
 Woos thee on roses in some shady grot?
For whom with careful carelessness is swathed
 Thy yellow hair beneath the fillet's knot?

Thou art his golden dream, unmarred by fear
 Lest in thine heart his throne he fail to keep;
Alas, unwarned how many times may veer
 The fickle breeze, how often shall he weep

False faith and altered fortune, and shall stare
 With unaccustomed eyes on surges blown
By the black wind! Unhappily they fare
 Who seek thy brilliance ere thy flame is known,

But as for me, behold the neighbouring shrine,
 Where, on the mural tablet, I record
How there I hung my garments, drenched with brine,
 And dedicate to ocean's mighty lord.

Harold Baily Dixon

1853-?

Sometime Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford

SWEET with perfume
What stripling, Pyrrha, woos tonight,
Thy roses' bloom?
For whom dost bind those tresses bright
In simpleness so exquisite?

Oft shall he wail
That Gods are fickle as the skies,
That faith can fail;
And stare with an amazed surprise
When black with storm the waters rise!

He sees no guile!
But in that golden glamour blind
Basks in thy smile,
And dreams, ah me! that changeful mind
For ever free, for ever kind.

For *my* escape
My garments, dank from Neptune's tide,
His temple drape:
What fools men are whose hearts confide
In loveliness they never tried!

Charles Larcom Graves

1856-1944

Journalist and author

AD HIBERNIAM

REDOLENT of 'Jockey Club',
Pliant as a lath,
Is the boy you now decoy
Down the primrose path.
Him with neatly braided locks
Lovingly you lure,
Clad in green, and in your mien
Studiously demure.

Soon from off the gingerbread
Vanishes the guilt:
Ere the year be spent and sere
You will prove a jilt.
Do I blame him? No, not I;—
Only could a wizard
In your face the symptoms trace
Of the coming blizzard.

Trusting in your halcyon mood
Thinks he, simple chiel,
You will bide, whate'er betide,
Lovable and leal.
When a landsman in a sieve
Braves the Western gales,
Patrick Jones must have his bones—
(Davy works for Wales).

Lamentable is the lot
Of the gilded friend
You bemuse and Hugh Price Hughes
Labours to amend.

I was very nearly wrecked
Rounding Ireland's Eye;
But I swam, and here I am
High and dry and spry.

These verses from *The Hawarden Horace*, a volume of parodies chiefly political, evidently refer to the year 1894, when Gladstone resigned and Rosebery became Prime Minister. The invocation may be to John Morley, who was then Chief Secretary for Ireland; or perhaps to Sir Wm. Harcourt, who had been Rosebery's rival; or to the leader of the Irish National Party.

Jockey Club—Rosebery was one of its principal figures.

the primrose path—Rosebery's family name was Primrose—refers also to the Primrose League, the Conservative Party organization.

clad in green—for Ireland.

The second verse suggests that the Irish Nationalists will promise Rosebery support if he will stand firm for Home Rule (he was never enthusiastic), and then desert him as soon as it suits them.

Patrick Jones—cf. 'Davy Jones's locker'.

gilded friend—Rosebery was a wealthy man, and a member of 'the gilded Chamber'.

Hugh Price Hughes—leader of the Nonconformists who, in general, were Liberal and supported Irish Home Rule.

Anonymous

(1895)

(Pall Mall Gazette)

WHAT nice young man with perfumed hair
And button-holed with florets rare,
Under the arch in the open air—

 Thee, Pyrrha, strives to please?
No doubt he thinks your tidy trim
Is all got up to capture him:
But soon he'll have to sink or swim

 When change the gods and seas.
Poor fool! Who thinks he's got you fast,
That pleasure, leisure, love will last,
Nor hears a whisper on the blast

 Which soon his hopes shall strand.
O luckless wights that trust to thee,
As to a smiling, untried sea;
One bare escape's enough for me;
 Thank God! I'm safe on land.

'Sarotti'

(1908)

WHO the slender stripling, Pyrrha, that woos thee now,
Wreathed profuse with roses under the rock's kind brow,
Fragrant of dewy odours, whilst thou, for his delight,
Decked in a dainty neatness, dost weave thy tresses bright?
Ah! how oft thy faithless faith and the gods unkind
He shall weep, and, wondering, gaze at the angry wind
Blackening the ruffled waters, whom now thy golden grace
Lulls in a sweet delusion to dream thy winsome face
Ever free and fond; unwarned of the changing tide.
Hapless they on whom thou glitterest, yet untried!
I, on the votive tablet beside the sacred shrine,
Tell I have hung dank garments to him that rules the brine.

Published in *T.C.D.* (undergraduate magazine of Trinity College, Dublin), 9 December 1908. 'Sarotti' was probably Stephen Anselm Roche, B.A., LL.B.

Hugh Macnaghten

1862-1929

Vice-Provost of Eton College; sometime Fellow of Trinity College,
Cambridge

'TO PYRRHA, A "LIGHT O' LOVE" LADY' (Gow)

SLIM, young, and essenced, Pyrrha, who
On roses couched is courting you?

Whom charms, in your sweet grot,
The bright hair's single knot,

The choice plain dress? How oft he'll cry
'False gods, false faith' with tears, and eye,
Poor novice, seas that change
Storm-lashed to black and strange,

Who now enjoys you, thinks you gold,
Dreams you will love him still, still hold
No hand but his, nor knows
Winds change. Alas! for those

Who trust your sheen. On temple-wall
My votive tablet proves to all
That Neptune earned his fee,
Those dripping clothes, from me.

Bert Leston Taylor

1866-1921

Humorist and pioneer newspaper columnist

WHAT young tin whistle gent,
Bedaubed with barber's scent,—
What cheapskate waits on you
To woo,
O Pyrrha?

For whom the puff and rat
And transformation that
You bought a year ago
Or so,
O Pyrrha?

Peeved? Not a bit. Not I!
I'm sorry for the guy.
He draws a lovely lime
This time
O Pyrrha!

I've dipped. The wet ain't fine.
Hung on the votive line
My duds. The gods can see
I'm free.
Eh, Pyrrha!

Sir Edward Howard Marsh

1872-1953

Scholar, Civil Servant, patron of art and letters

PYRRHA, what essenced youth with ardours bold
Pursues thee now? for whom hast spread
In thy delicious bower a roseleaf bed,
And wrought upon thy lovely head
That easy miracle of curling gold?
Alas! how soon the hapless boy shall rue
Thy broken faith, the kindly gods gone cold,
And with amazement wake to view
Black sudden winds lash up the seas
Where now, unwitting of the treacherous breeze,
He sails in blinded bliss, and holds thee true,
Deeming thy sweet accommodating mood
Set fair. Poor souls, I bode ye little good
Who know not what those smiling deeps conceal.
For me—my wreck is an old tale:
Long since my votive scroll and garments wet
In Neptune's temple hung, avowed my debt.

Leopold Stennett Amery

1873-1955

Statesman, scholar, historian, and publicist

Who's that new boy, my sweetie,
That's visiting your flat?
Paying for all the roses
And for that simple hat

So neat, but so expensive.
Well, he's content, I guess.
He thinks he's found the recipe
For life-long happiness

In the radiance of your welcome
And in that smile so wooing.
He little knows how sudden
The squalls that may be brewing.

I've faced them and survived them,
And in memory of sweet folly
Have hung up in Love's temple
My mackintosh and brolly.

John Allsebrook Simon, first Viscount Simon

1873-1954

Statesman and Lord Chancellor

PYRRHA, who was that handsome youth
 With roses in his perfumed hair,
Who in the grotto pledged his truth
 And claimed you as his only fair?

You caught him with your golden curls—
 No other gauds were needed then.
He thought you were the best of girls,
 He's now the most deceived of men.

You were so equable and kind
 He never dreamed that storms could rise,
Provoked by fickle change of wind
 To blacken all the summer skies.

Unhappy those who have been caught
 By thy glad eye and winsome mien,
Experience is so dearly bought
 And girls are not all what they seem.

I too was near engulfed; my vest
 Hangs sodden in the sea god's shrine
As votive offering to attest
 How lucky this escape of mine.

Maurice Baring

1874-1945

Poet, novelist, and man of letters

WHAT youth as fresh as any flower,
Pyrrha, is sighing in your bower:
For whom is tied that yellow hair
With careless care?

How often shall he cry, alas!
That faith and truth are frail as glass,
And gasp when gales . . . no seaman he! . . .
Convulse the sea.

He dreams you golden to the end,
Forever fancy-free, his friend,
Nor knows what tricks the zephyrs play—
Most hapless they

For whom as yet untried you shine!
My dripping clothes still salt with brine
(The votive tablet proves the vow)
Are Neptune's now.

Edward John Moreton Drax Plunkett
eighteenth Baron Dunsany

1878-1957

PYRRHA, what graceful youth among the roses,
Sprinkled with liquid unguents, in a cave
Loves thee? For whom thy yellow hair reposes
In simple neatness? Ah, when he shall rave
At the gods changing and thy promise broken,
When he shall wonder newly at sea-storms
Which the dark winds have raggedly awoken,
Who now believes that he enjoys thy charms,
Who sees thee, love on him alone bestowing
Ever, who no deceptive breeze has known.
Unhappy they on whom thou shin'st unknowing.
But, for myself, the temple wall has shown
By votive tablet, and drenched clothes suspended
To the sea's god, my travelling is ended.

Robert Montraville Green

1880-1955

A.B., M.D. (Harvard), of Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

Who's the sleek kid, Pyrrha, with perfume there,
Rushing you at the rose-grown rendezvous,
For whom you've bobbed up your peroxide hair
To play the ingénue?

Now he adores, believing you true gold,
Hoping you fall for him as he for you;
When the wind changes, you will can him cold:
He doesn't know; you do.

Alas, how oft he'll mourn your altered faith,
Looking upon life's ocean all amazed,
Its waters ruffled with the dark winds' breath,
On which guileless he gazed.

Poor fish, on whom your charms untasted shine!
I've had my lesson; I have loved and lost;
Shipwrecked, I worship at another shrine;
I've got my fingers crossed.

Franklin P. Adams

Born 1881

(*The New Yorker*, 7 May 1938)

TO A COQUETTE

WHAT graceful youth, perfumed and slender,
Bids you, O Pyrrha, to surrender,
Embracing you for half an hour
Within the rose-encrusted bower?

Alas! how often will this youth
Sadden at seas no longer smooth!
And oh! how frequently he'll wonder
At waters rough with dark and thunder!

Doomed are the lads who when they meet
You think that you are honey-sweet;
As far as I'm concerned I'm through
With polyandrous girls like you.

Sir John Seymour Blake-Reed

Born 1882

Sometime Judge of the Egyptian Mixed Courts

WHAT slender stripling now
Reclined on roses in some shady cave
With liquid scents imbued, dost thou enslave,
Pyrrha, for whom dost thou

Thy golden hair upbind,
Bewitching in thy simple-seeming dress?
How oft alas! shall he with tears confess
The fickle gods unkind:

And marvel to behold
The storms and tempests of thy angry mood,
Who thinks to find thee ever pure and good
And deems thy heart pure gold.

Ah! 'ware the shifting breeze,
Lover untried! For me, my dripping weeds
In Neptune's fane are hung;—the tablet reads:—
I have escaped the seas.

G. R. Sayer

Born 1887

(Hongkong, 1922)

WHAT sleek young beau perfumed and smart
Amid the roses plies the heart
Of his embowered sweet?
For whom within that pleasant grot
Those golden tresses do you knot,
So exquisitely neat?

Today you 're gold for his delight
And always calm and always bright;
Ah! vain imaginings!
No breath of doubt assails him now,
Poor butterfly that sees the glow
And has not singed its wings!

How oft hereafter will he find
The fickle gods have changed their mind
And weep that faith is vain;
And marvel as the storm-clouds sweep
Black'ning across the ruffled deep,
A landsman on the main!

For me to consecrate the wall
Where hangs a draggled overall
A tablet stands, to mark
My thanks to him whose powerful nod
Secured—I mean the Ocean God—
My rescue from a shark.

Bishop Christopher Storrs

Born 1889

Warden, St. John's College, Morpeth, N.S.W.

WHAT slender Sirrah is after you now
My Pyrrha? In cool shady bowers
Who woos you today with his scent and his flowers?
For whom are you binding your golden tresses?
Who thinks, poor boob, your caresses
Eternal, you innocent minx?
Sure! The heavens smile fair on the smooth sea-face!
In his arms you swear
That your golden charms are his for keeps!
But tomorrow changed are the skies, black and harsh there
 leaps
The treacherous storm-driven billow.
And he, poor fellow, will find
Your mood has veered with the wind.
Pity the innocent youth, who knows not the truth
That experience buys of your lies
And your smiles that beguile.
For me, I have had it, my poppet! Never again!
Half drowned but sane,
Rescued when almost sunk, I have hung my dripping junk
Upon his temple wall, who heard my call:
To show my thanks and my vow
To him, the Great God of the sea:—
This the last voyage for me.

Alfred Duff Cooper, first Viscount Norwich

1890-1953

Statesman and historian

WHAT lovely youth in what rose-scented lair
Now lays his handsome head upon your lap?
For whom now do you comb your yellow hair,
And set with coy simplicity the trap?

How oft will he deplore his wretched fate
Like one who in fair weather sets to sea
And strikes the tempest when it is too late
To win again his lost tranquillity.

Now he believes you golden through and through,
Ever good-humoured, ever kind and sweet,
He cannot find a single fault in you
Nor tell true currency from counterfeit.

Unhappy he who has not known your love,
Unhappier he who has:—and as for me,
That votive slab, these dripping garments prove
I too have suffered shipwreck in that sea.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Born 1891

Author and journalist

BABY, what guy is necking you right now in some alcove? Say, babe, who is that stiff? It's for him, kid, you doll up so neat . . . and say, that blond hair!

Aw, what's the use? He'll get what's coming, the poor dub. It's a cinch. Gee, how many times is that poor cake-eater gointa get a sock in the eye? Look at him now! He thinks he's sure got One Little White Girl. . . . Don't make me laff.

Gosh, babe. I'm real sorry for the boob. Say, I really am. This is no bunk. It gets me sore. Me, I should worry. I'm through. Got that? I'm through. That's my hat on the peg at home. I should worry about you, or any other frail. Huh!

The poor goop!

Lieut.-Col. Lewis Evelyn Gielgud

1894-1953

Novelist, traveller, playwright, Counsellor of the Organization for
European Co-operation

WHAT slender wooer in the roses,
With sleekly parted hair, to Prue
In quiet corners now proposes?
For whom, delicious child, do you

Prink up today your golden curls?
Poor innocent—how he will curse
The fickle way of Gods and girls
When winds and waves his bark reverse.

An unsuspecting novice, he
Who now with you such welcome finds,
Presumes you always kind and free,
And never dreams of changing winds.

Alas for suitors yet untried!
The Law Reports attest that I
Have paid my tribute to the tide—
And hung my garments up to dry.

A. Margaret Ramsay

Tutor in Classics, Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, 1922-31

AH, Pyrrha, 'mid the roses
What perfumed gallant now
His heart to thee discloses
'Neath some cool grotto's brow?
For whom dost thou

Now braid thy tresses golden
With artless grace? Alack,
Though now clear skies embolden,
Soon shall he quail 'neath black
Storm-clouds and wrack,

Who trusts, poor fool, thy favour,
Nor dreams that storms can rise,
Or anger darken ever
The heaven of thine eyes.
Hapless the unwise

On whom thy smiles are squandered!
But I for perils o'er
Thank-offering meet have rendered,
And tempt the seas no more,
Saved and ashore!

Alan McNicoll

Born 1908

Rear-Admiral, Royal Australian Navy

WHAT scented stripling do you walk with now?
And in the dell, among the roses fair
Whose arms enfold you, Pyrrha; and for whom
Bind you your yellow hair

With simple grace? He will, alas, too soon
Bewail your broken troth, and heaven's caprice
That sent him, all unknowing, to embark
On such unfriendly seas.

Now in his eyes you still are purest gold,
And in his dreams you walk faithful and kind.
The seas are calm, the heavens unclouded still,
And gently blows the wind.

Unhappy men who know not yet your worth!
But I alone, against uncounted odds
Survived the storm; and treading the dry earth
Have hung my sea-wet garments to the gods.

H. W. Stubbs

Born 1917

Lecturer in Greek, University of Exeter

WHAT slim young man, with perfumes flowing,
Courts you amid the roses glowing
 In some sweet shadowy lair,
 Pyrrha? Your golden hair
Is decked, with art that looks like nature,
To trap some poor deluded creature
 Who soon will find, to his pain,
 That all your vows are vain,
That storms may rage where now are smiling
Those summer seas, whose calm beguiling
 Leads him to hope that he
 Will always find you free
And always loving . . . hopes the weather
Will stay the same, three hours together!
 Not winds nor seas are true,
 And they that trust in you,
My dear, deserve my heartfelt pity. . . .
The churches in a Southern city
 Show many a seaman's cape
 Which, thankful to escape,
The owner hangs upon a railing
And vows he'll nevermore go sailing,
 But stay ashore . . . keep dry . . .
And so, my dear, do I.

Simon Raven

Born 1927

Captain, King's Shropshire (53rd) Light Infantry

'So who is this wears roses
And all the scents of May?
And what is the road, my lord, my pretty,
You take this day?'

'The road I take, old poet,
Will lead to a bed of down;
For my lady is waiting with tresses of fire
And a plain silk gown.'

'As yet thy love is a summer's sea,
And thy ship rides easy of keel,
But when gods turn, then winds are arisen,
Winds black as steel.

'As yet thy love is calm and kind,
Thy love is the purest gold:
But a wind is stirring, my lord, my pretty,
A wind false and cold.

'For I knew her spring and her winter too,
And scarce escaped from the brine:
I bought hose of worsted and hung my silk
In Neptune's shrine.'

Niall Rudd

Born 1927

Lecturer in Classics, University of Manchester

PYRRHA, what slender boy
sprinkled with soft perfumes,
within some pleasant cave
courts you amid rose blooms?

For whom are you binding back
your hair of silken gold,
graceful though unadorned?
Poor lover! Times untold

he will lament your light
capricious loyalties,
staring in pained surprise
at the dark storm-tossed seas,

who now enjoys the bliss
your golden charms afford,
pictures you ever free,
ever to be adored,

blind, in his trusting love,
to the wind's treachery.
Woe to those innocents
you dazzle! As for me,

a tablet on Neptune's wall
declares that, safe ashore,
I offered up to him
the dripping clothes I wore.

Versions in French

Luc de la Porte

(1584)

'Parisien, Docteur es Droicts & Advocat'

QVEL graile enfant en maintes roses,
De molles odeurs fres-ecloses
Oinct, soubz ton antre gratieux,
O Pyrrhe, ton blanc marbre presse?
A qui ta belle blonde tresse
Tors-tu d'un nœud délicieux,
Simple d'une monde parure?
Las! quante-fois ta foi perjure,
Et les Dieux changez pleurera,
Et ta mer en rage puissante
De noirs orages asprissante
Inusité admirera
Celui, qui maintenant t'agrée,
Qui a ses vœux te tient dorée,
Et apasté de tes plaisirs,
Ignare de l'aure muable,
Tousjours vuide, tousjours aimable
T'espere auoir a ses desirs.
Malheureus, a qui de fallace
Reluit intentée ta face!
De mon tableau en vœu rendu
La paroi sacrée define
Qu'au Dieu puissant de la marine
Ma moite despouille ai pendu.

Robert et Anthoine le Cheuallier d'Agneaux

Died 1590 and 1591 respectively

QVEL mignon entre rose mainte
Frotté de parfuns précieux
Doucement te tient, Pyrrhe, éstrainte
Au fond d'un antre gracieux?
A qui, toy simplement parée,
Serres-tu la tresse dorée?

Hélas! combien la foy faussée,
Combien de fois il pleurera
Les Dieux changés, et courroucée
Par les noirs vents admirera
(Chose à luy nouvelle & étrange)
La mer, qui à tous coups se change:

Luy, qui or iouyt de toy belle,
Crédule, esperant que tou-jour
Ton cueur vers luy stable et fidèle
Ne logera point d'autre amour,
Qui t'espère tou-jours aimable,
Ignorant le vent deceuable.

Mal-heureux, à qui non cogneuë
Tu luis belle & plaisante à voir!
La table au saint mur appenduë
En vœu saint me témoigne auoir
Offert mes vêtemens humides
Au puissant Dieu des champs liquides.

Le Marquis de la Fare

(1727)

DIS-MOI, Pyrrha, quel est cet Amant fortuné,
Tout parfumé d'odeurs et de fleurs couronné;
Pour qui, sans aucun soin de te rendre plus belle,
Ta simplicité naturelle
Laisse flotter tes blonds cheveux;
Et qui dans une grotte, où ton amour l'appelle,
Croit de tous les Mortels être le plus heureux?
Là sur un lit semé de jasmins et de roses,
Où tranquillement tu reposes,
S'abandonnant à ses désirs,
Il aime à se noyer dans les plus doux plaisirs.
Mais si-tôt qu'il verra son Vaisseau trop fragile,
Agité par les vents, prêt à se renverser;
On le verra bientôt pousser
Vers le Ciel sa plainte inutile;
Lui qui par sa crédulité,
Sur la foi de ton cœur voguoit en sûreté.
Malheur, Beauté trop inconstante,
Malheur à qui tu parois si charmante!
Pour moi dans le Port arrivé,
Je suis à l'abri de l'orage:
Et j'offre de bon cœur aux Dieux qui m'ont sauvé
Tout le débris de mon naufrage.

Pierre Didot l'Aîné

(1796)

DANS ses bras quel amant d'essences parfumé,
Au fond d'un antre vert, sous des ombres propices,
Pyrrha, te presse avec délices
Sur un lit amoureux par la rose embaumé?

Pour quel objet nouveau, simple dans ta parure,
Relèves-tu sans art l'or de tes blonds cheveux?
Hélas! pleurant une parjure,
Combien il maudira l'inconstance des Dieux!

Porté sur une mer en orages fertile,
Qu'il va pâlir du choc des Autans frémissants,
Celui qui, sur ton sein tranquille,
Jouit du doux éclat de tes yeux caressants!

Crédule, il pense aimer Pyrrha toujours aimable;
Et seul, et pour jamais, il croit fixer ton cœur;
Il se plaît dans sa douce erreur,
Et laisse enfler sa voile à ce vent favorable.

Pyrrha, que je le plains cet amant trop heureux,
Qui vogue, jeune encore et sans expérience,
Au gré d'un zéphyr amoureux,
Et n'en soupçonne pas la mobile inconstance!

Pour moi, tranquille au port, sauvé des flots amers,
(Les murs sacrés du temple en conservent l'image)
Encor trempé de mon naufrage,
J'offris mes vêtements au Dieu puissant des mers.

*Martin-Marie-Charles de Boulens, Vicomte
de Vanderbourg*

1765-1827

Littérateur

QUEL tendre adolescent, dans ta grotte charmante,
Sur les roses, Pyrrha, tout parfumé de nard,
T'exprime son ardeur brûlante?
Pour qui, sans faste et non sans art,

Prends-tu soin de tresser ta blonde chevelure? . . .
Hélas! combien de fois du sort capricieux,
Combien de fois de ton parjure,
Surpris, se plaindra-t-il aux Dieux!

Il entendra mugir et les vents et l'orage,
Lui qui crédule encor compte sur ton amour,
Sans soupçonner qu'aucun nuage
Puisse ternir un si beau jour!

Il croit à ta douceur, il croit à ta constance . . .
Malheur à qui, touché de ton éclat trompeur,
Se livre sans expérience
Au vent léger de ta faveur!

Grâce à Neptune, enfin j'ai gagné le rivage;
Un tableau dans son temple a rempli mes sermens,
Témoin qu'humide du naufrage
J'y consacrai mes vêtemens.

Pierre Daru

1767-1829

Statesman, littérateur and soldier

QUEL est ce jeune amant à la tresse odorante,
Pyrrha, qui, dans le fond d'une grotte charmante,
Sur un tapis de fleurs, vous presse dans ses bras?
Pour lui vous relevez cette boucle flottante;
Pour lui vous affectez, en ornant vos appas,
Une négligence élégante.

Hélas! qu'il va pleurer quand, trahi par les Dieux,
Abandonné de vous et battu par l'orage,
Pour la première fois il verra le naufrage,
Lui qui, trop jeune encore et déjà trop heureux,
Pense vous voir toujours favorable à ses vœux,
Toujours tendre et jamais volage!

Malheureux le mortel de vos charmes épris,
Qui vous crut un instant sincère autant que belle!
J'en fis moi-même, hélas! l'épreuve trop cruelle;
Mais par mes vœux enfin les cieux furent fléchis,
Et j'ai de mon vaisseau consacré les débris
Au Dieu de cette onde infidèle.

Anonymous

(1822)

POUR qui cette simple parure ?
Pour qui, Pyrrha, dans ce moment
Les flots d'or de ta chevelure
Se relèvent négligemment ?

Sous l'antre, sur un lit de rose
Et baigné de nard en ce jour,
Quel autre près de toi repose,
Te presse et t'enivre d'amour ?

Ah ! qu'il va pleurer sa tendresse,
Quand de ses dieux abandonné,
Surpris, sur cette mer traîtresse
Il va voir l'autan déchaîné.

Lui, qui dans ta faveur nouvelle
Sur la foi d'un air mensonger,
Croit que pour lui, tendre et fidèle,
Tu ne saurais jamais changer.

Malheur à qui sans défiance
S'amorce à des charmes trompeurs !
J'en ai trop fait l'expérience,
Adieu perfides enchanteurs !

Que le tableau de ma fortune,
Que mes humides vêtements,
Appendus aux murs de Neptune
Consacrent mes derniers sermens.

A.-M. Thomeret

(1830)

AU fond de ce réduit charmant,
Quel est, Pyrrha, le jeune amant
Qui t'enlace sur la verdure?
Sa tête exhale un parfum onctueux;
Et toi, dédaignant la parure,
Ta main sans art tressa tes blonds cheveux.

Follement épris de tes charmes,
Novice encore, il croit à tes sermens;
Sans craindre la mer ni les vents
Il s'embarque: ah! combien de larmes
L'imprudent doit verser un jour,
Quand, enivré de tes fausses caresses,
Il te verra, trahissant tes promesses,
Rire de son crédule amour.

Malheur à qui se laisse prendre
Au doux appât de ta beauté!
Hélas! je n'ai su m'en défendre;
Mais dans le port heureusement jeté,
Au Dieu qui conjura l'orage
J'ai consacré les débris du naufrage.

Jules Lacroix

(1848)

O PYRRHA! quel doux enfant,
Triomphant,
Qu'un flot de parfums arrose,
Dans cette grotte, sans bruit,
Te poursuit,
Belle, sur un lit de rose?

Est-ce pour lui que sans art,
Au hasard,
Tu relèves sur ta tête
Ces cheveux longs et dorés,
Adorés,
Fille simple et peu coquette?

Ah! que de pleurs dans ses yeux
Quand les cieux
Vont changer avec ton âme
De ce lac tranquille et sûr
Quand l'azur
Va rouler en sombre lame!

Croyant tes paroles d'or,
Il s'endort,
Calme, et t'espère fidèle:
Il ne sait pas que le vent,
Bien souvent,
Tourne et change d'un coup d'aile!

Malheur à ceux que Pyrrha
Charmera!
Naufragé, mes mains timides
A Neptune ont consacré,
Don sacré,
Mes habits encore humides.

Le Baron Doyen

(1853)

Receveur Général des Finances

Au fond de cette grotte embaumée et discrète,
Quel est ce jeune enfant, d'huiles tout parfumé,
Qui vous presse, Pyrrha, sur son cœur enflammé?
Dans ces simples atours, au sommet de la tête,
Pour qui relevez-vous l'or de vos longs cheveux?
Lancé sur cette mer, qu'agitent tant d'orages,
Que de fois, accusant l'inconstance des dieux,
Il pleurera vos perfides outrages,
Lui qui, novice et trop crédule encor,
Dans vos bras caressants croyait à l'âge d'or,
Et, sans soupçon de la brise changeante,
Vous espérait, dans l'orgueil de son choix,
Toujours libre et toujours aimante!
Malheur à qui vous voit pour la première fois!
Pour moi, loin désormais de ces ondes perfides,
J'ai, de mes mains, à leur terrible dieu,
Dans le tableau qui consacre mon vœu,
Offert mes dépouilles humides.

M. Goupy

(1857)

DIS-NOUS, Pyrrha, quel est l'adolescent
Qui, fou d'amour et de parfums luisant,
Dans un réduit tout parsemé de roses,
Foule avec toi le lit où tu reposes?
L'heureux du jour, pour qui de tes cheveux,
Simple avec art, tu fais si bien les nœuds?
Qu'il pleurera de fois sa confiance,
Ses dieux changés! Avec quelle stupeur
Il verra l'onde et le ciel en fureur,
Lui qui des vents ne sait pas l'inconstance,
Qui te voit d'or, et compte que pour lui
Ton cœur toujours sera comme aujourd'hui?
Malheur à ceux qu'éblouit ton visage!
Moi que Neptune a sauvé du naufrage,
J'ai dans son temple, avec mes vêtements,
De fuir la mer suspendu mes serments

Henry Vesseron

(1864)

Avocat

DANS la grotte charmante où, Pyrrha, tu reposes,
Quel amant parfumé te presse sur des roses?
C'est sans doute pour lui que de tes blonds cheveux,
Sans apprêt et sans art, tu relèves les nœuds.

Qu'il versera de pleurs quand une perfidie
A son tour détruira le bonheur de sa vie;
Quand il verra l'orage ameuter contre lui
Les flots de cette mer si calmes aujourd'hui!

Trompé par les serments que ta bouche profère,
Il croit qu'en ton amour et constante et sincère,
Tu garderas pour lui tes baisers, tes faveurs,
Et vogue sans songer que les vents sont trompeurs.

Malheur à qui s'éprend de toi sans te connaître;
Dans le temple du Dieu que les flots ont pour maître,
Moi, mes habits trempés et mon tableau votif
Témoignent des assauts qu'a subis mon esquif.

Édouard de Linge

(1865)

QUEL jeune et svelte amant, d'essences parfumé,
Te presse dans ses bras sur les touffes de roses,
Pyrrha, dont tes mains ont semé
La grotte où tu reposes?

Simple dans tes atours et douce à ses désirs,
Tu relèves pour lui ta blonde chevelure.
Que les dieux et ta foi parjure
Lui vaudront de soupirs!

Que les vents en fureur sur la plaine azurée
L'étonneront de fois, ce trop crédule amant,
Lui que ta parole dorée
Enivre en ce moment!

Son cœur t'espère aimante et fidèle sans cesse.
Il ignore combien le zéphyr est trompeur.
Malheur à ceux dont ta candeur
Abuse la jeunesse!

Dans ton temple, pour moi, fidèle à mes serments,
Neptune, de mes maux j'ai dédié l'image,
Et suspendu mes vêtements
Tout mouillés du naufrage.

Charles Chautard

(1877)

QUEL amant, parfumé de suaves odeurs,
Te presse entre ses bras sur un doux lit de fleurs,
Pyrrha, dans une grotte obscure?
Pour qui, sous ta simple parure,

Relèves-tu tes blonds cheveux? Qu'il va longtemps
Pleurer sa foi trahie et ses Dieux inconstants,
Cet amant crédule et novice,
Qui des flots verra le caprice;

Qui jouit du trésor de tes jeunes appas,
Qui te croit toujours libre et toujours tendre! hélas!
Les vents sont trompeurs; il l'ignore,
Malheureux qui se fie encore

A ton perfide éclat! Moi, sur un mur sacré,
Par un tableau votif j'ai déjà consacré
Mon vêtement encore humide
Au Dieu de l'empire liquide.

Marie Cornebois et Fernand Maury

(1879)

Sous l'ancre vert où s'effeuille la rose,
Belle Pyrrha, quel est le bien-aimé,
L'enfant gracieux qui repose,
En te serrant de son bras parfumé?

Est-ce pour lui que ta main se contente
De relever l'or de tes blonds cheveux,
Et que ta parure savante
A trouvé l'art d'être modeste aux yeux?

Il va bientôt pleurer la foi reprise
Et blasphémer les dieux indifférents
Alors que sa voile surprise
Redoutera les vagues et les vents.

Peut-il savoir que la brise est changeante,
Si tes baisers lui font croire aujourd'hui
Que tu seras toujours aimante,
Toujours fidèle à n'adorer que lui?

Malheur à ceux que ta beauté captive!
Moi, je consacre au dieu puissant des mers,
Avec cette image votive,
Mes vêtements trempés des flots amers.

Auguste de Bors

(1887)

PYRRHA, quel est l'adolescent,
Couvert de parfums et de roses,
Qui, sous la grotte où tu reposes,
Te presse en ses bras tendrement?
Pour qui donc, simple en ta parure,
Relèves-tu négligemment
Ta fine et blonde chevelure?
Comme il va pleurer, ton amant,
S'il voit cette mer assombrie
Où plein d'ardeur il s'élançait.
Ah! de quel rêve il se berçait
Cet enfant qui croyait sa belle
Toujours tendre et toujours fidèle.
Imprudent, qui se fie, hélas,
A ta candeur, à tes appas.
Pour moi, sauvé de cet orage,
Au dieu qui règne sur les eaux
Je consacre après mon naufrage
Mes habits mouillés par les flots.

Louis Richault

(1879)

DE parfums inondé, quel svelte et jeune amant,
Sur des roses, Pyrrha, dans un antre charmant
Te presse, et, simple en ta parure,
Pour qui relèves-tu ta blonde chevelure?

Cet amant, que de fois, hélas, il pleurera
Sa foi, ses dieux changés! et comme il pâlera
De voir, tempête inattendue,
Sous les noirs aquilons bondir la mer émue!

Naïf, il te croit d'or, il te goûte aujourd'hui,
Et, te rêvant toujours tendre, toujours à lui,
Des vents ne sait la perfidie.
A ton éclat trompeur malheureux qui se fie!

Moi, tel tableau votif, que porte un mur sacré,
Montre qu'au puissant dieu des flots j'ai consacré,
Suspendus dans son sanctuaire,
Mes vêtements mouillés encor de l'onde amère.

Ernest de Champglin

(1881)

QUEL enfant délicat, sur des touffes de fleurs,
Dans ses bras, ô Pyrrha, t'enlace avec délices,
Couvert par des ombres propices,
Et le corps inondé d'enivrantes odeurs ?
Relèves-tu pour lui ta blonde chevelure,
Toi si belle toujours dans ta simple parure ?

Combien il maudira ton infidélité !
Avec quelle stupeur, victime du naufrage,
Il verra battus par l'orage
Ces flots qu'il sillonnait, inexpérimenté !
A ta parole d'or, à tes douces caresses
Il se livre, et les vents emportent tes promesses.

Malheur aux imprudents que séduit ta candeur !
Moi, sauvé des écueils et des vagues perfides,
J'offre mes vêtements humides
A Neptune, des mers puissant dominateur :
Et d'un tableau votif retraçant mon naufrage
Sur ses autels sacrés je dépose l'hommage.

Le Comte de Séguier

(1883)

DIS-NOUS, Pyrrha, quel svelte adolescent,
Tout parfumé de roses, te caresse
 Dans une grotte enchanteresse ?
Pour qui, sans art, vas-tu redressant
Tes blonds cheveux ? Ah ! sur ta foi perdue,
Ses dieux changés, souvent qu'il pleurera,
 Et que surpris il entendra
Gronder la mer, retentir la nue,
Lui qui, crédule, à présent te voit d'or,
Et, des vents noirs ignorant la colère,
 Toujours libre et sage t'espère !
Malheur à ceux que d'emblée encor
Tu séduiras ! Moi, les parois sacrées
De mon naufrage ont l'émouvant tableau :
 J'ai mis mon humide manteau
Aux pieds du dieu des hautes marées.

Fernand Verhesen

Born Brussels 1913

A teacher specializing in Spanish

POUR quel enfant gracieux et couronné de roses,
Tout embaumé de fluides et douces senteurs,
Te hâtes-tu, Pyrrha, vers cette grotte exquise?
Pour qui ta chevelure est-elle dénouée

D'une main si rusée? Combien de fois, hélas
Sa jeune âme confiante va-t-elle pleurer
De l'amour et des Dieux l'éternelle inconstance,
Les soudaines tourmentes d'une onde obscurcie?

Ton éclat en ce jour éblouit sa tendresse
Et, crédule, il t'espère toujours plus aimante . . .
Il ignore les tours de la brise trompeuse.
Malheureux, qui n'a point mis ton cœur à l'épreuve!

Quant à moi, j'en atteste la sainte muraille
Et l'offre que je fis d'une table votive
Où l'on voit mes habits qui ruissellent encore:
J'ai sacrifié au dieu souverain de la mer.

Versions in Spanish

Vicente Espinel

1550-1624

Poet; translator of *Epistola ad Pisones*

¿QUÉ tierno niño en fresca rosa nueva
De líquidos ungüentos perfumado,
Te aqueja (oh, Pirra) en la agradable cueva?
¿Por quién enrizas el vellón dorado,
Simple en sólo el adorno que la ceba?
¡Oh, cuántas veces llorará el cuitado
Los dioses vueltos, y la fé que lleva
El negro viento por el mar airado!
Quien te goza creyendo que eres de oro,
Y siempre afable amiga espera verte
Del favor engañoso poco experto.
¡Miseros los que ven de tu tesoro
La luz exterior sin conocerte!
La sagrada pared del ancho puerto,
Me muestra ya despierto
Mis húmedos vestidos,
Al poderoso Dios del mar rendidos.

Francisco de Medrano

(Palermo, 1617)

¿QUIÉN es, oh Pirra, el mozo delicado
que, en ámbares bañado y entre flores
hoy goza tus amores?

¿Para quién has trenzado

tus rubias hebras con sencillo aseo?

¡Ay, cuántas veces, ay, tu fe y su hado
ya llorará, mudado!

Y admirará el Egeo,

con vientos negros áspero, en la fiera
tormenta nuevo, el que te cree y te adora
por hecha de oro ahora,
el que siempre te espera

de otro cuidado ajena y siempre amable,
no advertido del viento mentiroso,
que le espira amoroso.

Aquel ¡oh miserable!

a quien tu faz de nuevo resplandece.

A mi del mar y la tormenta esquiva

una tabla votiva

libre al templo me ofrece.

Francisco Sánchez de las Brozas

1523-1600

Humanist and professor in the University of Salamanca

¿QUIÉN tiene la cabida
de todos deseada y de ninguno
enteramente habida?

¿Quién es aquél solo uno
que goza de tu amor tan importuno?

Tus tan rubios cabellos,
que al oro con desprecio desdeñaban,
dime, ¿a quién dejas vellos?

¿Aquellos que mataban
a cuantos por su mal los contemplaban?

¡Cuán triste y engañado
está el desventurado, que en amarte
emplea con cuidado
de su vida gran parte,
que piensa que no puedes ya mudarte!

¿Qué será, cuando vea
la mar turbada, y vientos levantados
el triste que desea
remedio a sus cuidados,
que ignora la mudanza de los hados?

De aquellos tengo duelo,
que no conocen tus agudas artes,
que tienen, por consuelo
que seguirás sus partes,
sin que de su querer jamás te apartes.

Ya yo como escapado
de la tormenta donde me anegaba,
tengo ya dedicado
el leño, en que nadaba,
al templo del Señor de la mar brava.

Fray Luis de León

1527-91

Augustinian monk and professor in the University of Salamanca.
One of Spain's greatest poets

¿ QUIÉN es, ò Nise hermosa,
Con aguas olorosas rociado,
El que en lecho de rosa
Te ciñe el tierno lado?
¿ Y a quién con nudos bellos,
Con simple aseo pura los cabellos

Anudas? Cuantas veces
Su dicha llorará, y tu fé mudada,
Y del favor las veces
¡ Ay! y la mar airada,
Sus vientos, su rencilla
Contemplará con nueva maravilla.

El que te goza agora,
Y tiene por de oro, y persuadido
De liviandad te adora,
Y ser de ti querido,
Y siempre y sólo espera,
No satio de tu ley mudable y fiera

Aquél es sin ventura
En cuyos ojos luces no probada.
Yo, como la pintura
Por voto al templo dada
Lo muestra, he ofrecido
Mojado al Dios del mar ya mi vestido.

Lupercio Leonardo de Argensola

1559-1613

Poet, historian, and playwright

¿QUIÉN es el tierno mozo que entre rosas
Y con olores líquidos bañado,
Tienes, Pirra, en tu cueva regalado?
¿Por quién trenzas las hebras de oro hermosas?
¡Ay, cómo llorará a las mentirosas
Promesas, cuando el cielo esté mudado,
Con negro viento el fiero mar hinchado!
Y él, atónito y nuevo en estas cosas,
Tiénete agora, y piensa que continuo
La misma le serás que le pareces,
Del mentiroso viento no advertido.
¡Ay de aquél a quien nueva resplandeces!
Yo pintado en el templo, al Dios marino,
Muestro haber dado el húmedo vestido.

F. J. de Burgos

1778-1849

¿QUIÉN es el rapaz lindo,
Que rociado de esencias,
En lúbrico retrete
A su seño te estrecha?
¿En cuyo obsequio anudas,
Pirra, en galanas trenzas,
Aseada sin pompa
Tu rubia cabellera?
¡ Ah, cuántas veces luego
Llorará tu infidencia,
Y de amor las deidades
Y a sus votos adversas,
El crédulo, a quien ora
Tus gracias embelesan,
Y siempre espera hallarte
Con él amable y tierna,
Sin conocer del viento
La engañosa apariencia !
¡ Cuántas asombraráse,
Cuando de pronto vea
Al mar, por donde ahora
En bonanza navega,
De vientos rugidores
Rizar ráfagas recias !
¡ Mísero aquél y triste
A quien sin experiencia
De tu hermosura, Pirra,
El brillo falaz prenda !
Yo ya en mi templo el cuadro
Colgué de mi tormenta,
Y mi ropa mojada
Es de Neptuno ofrenda.

Federico Baráibar y Zumárraga

(1876)

Professor in the Institute of Spain

¿QUÉ gallardo mancebo
Perfumado te abraza
Sobre un lecho de rosas
En tu agradable estancia?
¿Para quién tus cabellos
Rubios peinas con gracia,
Mostrándote vestida
Con sencilla elegancia?
Ese que de ti goza
Creyendo tus palabras,
Y espera serás siempre
Su fiel enamorada,
¡Ay! triste, cuántas veces
Llorará tu inconstancia,
Porque del aura pérfida
No sabe las mudanzas.
¡Ay! cuántas asombrado,
Verá la mar en calma
Alzarse por los vientos
En fieras oleadas.
¡Miseros los que fían
En tu inocencia falsa!
Yo ya colgué en el templo
Una votiva tabla,
Que al Numen de los mares
Indica se consagran
Mis vestidos, mojados
En reciente borrasca.

M. Menéndez Pelayo

1856-1912

Author of many works of historical and literary investigation

¿QUÉ tierno niño entre purpúreas rosas,
 Bañado en oloroso ungüento,
Te estrecha, Pirra, en regalada gruta,
 Cabe su seño?
¿Por quién sencilla y á la par graciosa
 Enlazas las flexibles trenzas?
¡Ay cuando llore tu mudanza el triste
 Y tu inclemencia!
Mar agitado por los negros vientos
 Serás al confiado amante,
Que siempre alegre y amorosa siempre
 Piensa encontrarte.
¡Mísero aquel á quien propicia mires!
 Yo libre de tormenta brava
Al Dios del mar ya suspendí en ofrenda
 Veste mojada.

Julio Cejador y Frauca

1864-1927

Professor of Latin Language and Literature in the University of
Madrid

¿QUÉ gallardo mancebo entre muchas rosas
bañado en olorosas esencias te estrecha,
Pirra, en regalada cueva?
¿Por quién añudas tu rubio cabello

sencilla sin afeites? ¡ Ah ! cuántas veces tu deslealtad
y los trocados dioses llorará y de las encrespadas
olas con negros huracanes
se maravillará sorprendido

quien ahora confanzudo te goza halagüeña,
quien siempre desocupada y cariñosa siempre
espera hallarte sin saber del viento
embustero. Malaventurados de aquéllos a quienes

desconociéndote, hechizas. Cuanto a mi una tabla
votiva en la pared del templo manifiesta
cómo colgué al poderoso
dios del mar mis mojados vestidos.

Bonifacio Chamorro

Born 1875

Librarian of the Real Academia Española, formerly professor of
Latin in the University of Madrid

¿QUÉ lindo joven, Pirra, perfumado de fragantes esencias,
en tu grato retiro, sobre flores,
su ardiente corazón al tuyo acerca?

¿Es para él para quien ese oro
de tus cabellos, primorosa, trenzas?

¡ Oh, cuántas veces clamará a los dioses
y llorará su fé, luego que vea
removidas, por negros vendavales
en la región ecuórea las tormentas;

el mismo que ahora goza, confiado, tu dorada belleza
y hallarte siempre dulce, siempre libre, para su amor espera,
no consciente del aura tornidaza que tu favor orienta ! . . .

Desgraciados de aquéllos, ¡ ay ! a quienes
tu luz ofusca y tus designios vela.

En cuanto a mi . . ., ya en el sagrado muro
una tablilla cuenta
que consagré a Neptuno mi ropaje
mojado aún del mar de tus contiendas.

Román Torner Soler

(1942)

¿QUIÉN es el tierno joven que, entre muchas rosas,
Inundado de líquidos ungüentos

Te galantes, Pirra, en la gruta amena?

¿Para quién entrenzas tus rubios cabellos

Simple en tu elegancia? ¡Ay, cuántas veces

Llorará trocados tus promesas y dioses,

Y el mar agitado por vientos ceñudos

Con asombro verá, no acostumbrado,

Quién de ti al presente como de oro confiado goza,

Quién fía habrá de hallarte siempre libre, amable siempre

No sabiendo de la sutil falacia

Del mudable viento! Miseros aquellos

A quienes, de ti no expertos, tus gracias deslumbran.

De mi atestigua ya en el sacro muro la tabla votiva

Que colgué en ofrenda al dios rey de los mares

Mis húmedas vestes.

Oswaldo Magnasco

Born 1866

Writer and politician

Argentina

¿QUIÉN el gallardo adolescente es, Pirra,
Que en olorosos líquidos bañado,
Sobre rosas tendido, en riente gruta,
Ardoroso te oprime entre sus brazos?

¿Por qué la rubia cabellera enlazas
Con arte tan sencillo y tan simpático? . . .
¡Ah pobre niño! ¡Cuántas veces triste
Llorará abrumadores desencantos!

¡Siempre fueron volubles las deidades!
Y él, inexperto, encontrará encrespado
Por implacables soplos de borrasca
El mar que otrora contemplara manso.

¡Ahora de oro te vé — y así te anhela,
Crédulo el pobre en su extravío insano,
Y piensa que jamás querrás a otro,
Y espera de tu amor eterno halago!

¡Oh, no conoce la falaz caricia
Del céfiro inconstante y sus amañes!
¡Así infeliz quien candoroso entregue
Sincero amor a tu traidor encanto!

En cuanto á mí, ya tengo suspendida
Una tabla votiva en el santuario,
¡Harto enseña que guardo arrepentido
Mis ropas aún mojadas del naufragio!

José Batres

1809-44

Guatemala

¿QUIÉN es, oh Pirra, el doncel
Que entre perfumes y flores
Te dice blandos amores
En la gruta del vergel?

¿A quién con nardos y rosas
Tejes el blondo cabello?
En qué nueva faz el sello
Del ardiente labio posas?

¡Cuántas veces inocente
Ese que en tu fe confía,
Llorará la boca impía
Que ora acaricia su frente!

Hoy se goza en la beldad
Que tanta dicha le ofrece,
En la calma se adormece
Sin temer la tempestad.

En plácido mar navega,
El aura su sien halaga
Y al soplo del aura vaga
La blanca vela despliega.

¡Pobre niño que no sabe
Cómo se torna improvisa,
En huracán esa brisa
Ahora mansa y süave!

En breve el dormido mar
Alzarse verá tremendo;
Turbias, henchidas hirviendo
Las olas verá rodar.

Yo la tormenta pasé,
Testigo el muro sagrado
En que el vestido mojado
Al dios del mar dediqué.

José Joaquín Pesado

1801-51

Writer and politician
Mexico

SOBRE tu cama de flores,
¿Que delicado mancebo,
Vertiendo aromas,
Te estrecha al seno?
¿Para él, hermosa, te guardas
En retirado aposento,
En simple adorno
Preso el cabello?
¡ Ah, cuántas veces turbado
Verá de repente el cielo,
Los vientos ásperos,
Airado el piélago!
Hora pura como el oro,
Y de bastardos afectos
Exenta y libre,
Te juzga crédulo.
Intacta a sus ojos brillas.
¡ Triste! que ignora indiscreto,
Que eres voluble
Más que los vientos.
De mí la tabla votiva
Que en el santuario presento,
Y al Dios marino
Rendido ofrezco,
Atestigua cómo, salvo
Ya del naufragio postrero,
Mis ropas húmedas
Del templo cuelgo.

Jesús María Morales Marcano

1830-88

Writer and politician
Venezuela

¿QUIÉN es, Pirra, el esbelto adolescente,
Que de aromas y esencias perfumado,
A tu seno se estrecha, en apartado
Sitio en que reina voluptuoso ambiente?

¿Tu cabello por quién rubio y luciente,
Con llaneza gentil llevas trenzado?
¡Ay cuántas veces llorará el cuitado
En breve tu falacia, ante el potente

Dios del Amor, ya indócil a su ruego!
¡Con cuánto asombro encontrará bravía
La mar que hoy surca plácida, él que ignora
Las perfidias del viento y que en tí fía

Extasiado en tu amor! . . . ¡Ay del que ciego
Se rinde a tu beldad deslumbradora!
Yo naufrago, a Neptuno agradecido,
Votivo cuadro suspendí en su templo
Y en ofrenda, de incautos para ejemplo,
Suspendí al par mojado mi vestido.

Versions in German

Karl Heinrich Jördens

1757-1835

Philologist, biographer, and bibliographer

WELCHER zarte Jüngling umarmet, o Pyrrha,
mit wohlriechenden Salben durchbalsamt, auf dem
Rosenlager dich in der lieblichen Grotte?
wem knüpfst du dein blondes Haar auf,

ungekünstelt im Putz? Ach, wie oftmals wird er
deinen Wankelmuth und die getäuschten Götter beweinen,
das von schwarzen Winden empörte Meer,
des Sturmes ungewohnt, anstaunen?

er, der leichtgläubig izt dich gülden wähnt,
der stets dich fremder Liebe leer, stets liebenswerth
zu finden hofft, des trügerischen Wind's
unkundig. O Elende, denen

du ungeprüft glänzt! Daß ich mein triefendes
Gewand dem mächtigen Gotte des Meeres
aufgehngen, des zeugt an der heiligen
Wand die gelobte Tafel.

Ernst Günther

(1830)

O PYRRHA, welcher schlanke Jüngling war
In stiller Grotte, Rosenduft-umflossen
An deiner Seite traulich hingegossen?
Wem scheitelst du das blondgelockte Haar,

Schmucklos, doch schön? Ach weinen wird er oft,
Ob deinem Leichtsinn, und dem Zorn der Götter!
Erstaunen wird er, wenn einst unverhofft
Den klaren Strom empört ein finstres Wetter.

Er, der noch jetzt berauscht von deiner Gunst
Süß träumt, dein Herz gehöre ihm auf immer,
Geblendet von dem trügerischen Dunst,
Weh ihm, vertraut' er unerprobtem Schimmer!

Von mir auch zeugt des Tempels heil'ge Wand,
Und warnend sieht man dort ein Zeichen prangen,
Daß einst auch ich das triefende Gewand
Zum Preise des Neptunus aufgehangen.

G. von Berg

(1847)

WELCH reizende Knab', Pyrrha, liebkosete
Dich, von rosigem Laub duftend und Wohlgeruch
Dort in lieblicher Grotte!
Wem wohl knüpfetest auf das Haar

Ungeschmücket du jetzt? Wehe, wie wird er oft,
Daß sich Götter gewandt und du die Treue brachst,
Weinen, und die vom Sturme
Hohen Wogen verwundert schau'n,

Der dich jetzo genießt, trauend der goldenen,
Der dich immer so frei, immer so lieblich hofft,
Und nicht kennet der Lüfte
Trug. Unglücklicher du, den du

Ungeprüft erfreust! — Daß ich das nasse Kleid
Aufgehngen dem Gott, mächtig des Meeres, zeigt
Die mir heilige Tafel
An des Tempels geweihter Wand.

Wilhelm Christian Binder

(1855)

WELCHER Knabe so hold küsset, o Pyrrha, dich,
Reich mit Rosen bekränzt, duftend von Wohlgeruch,
Im Helldunkel der Grotte?
Welchem knüpfst du das blonde Haar,

Einfach, niedlich geschmückt? Weinen, ach! wird er oft,
Daß die Treue von ihm schied und der Götter Huld,
Wird von Stürmen empörte
Dunkle Fluthen verwundernd schau'n;

Der in deinem Genuß jetzo sich selig dünkt,
Der stets Liebe von dir, Liebe für sich allein
Hofft, nicht kennt er des Lüftchens
Täuschung! Wehe dem Armen, dem

Ungeprüft du glänzt! Mir ist die heilige
Tempelwand der Beweis, daß am geweihten Brett
Ich die triefenden Kleider
Aufgehänget dem Meeresgott.

Wilhelm Osterwald

1820-87

Educator and poet

WELCHER schlanke Gesell sucht dich in Rosen auf,
Pyrrha, wenn ihm die Brust flüssiger Duft umwallt,
Zu der lieblichen Grotte?

Wem machst auf du dein blondes Haar

Einfach auch in dem Putz? Ach, er wird oftmals um
Götteränd' rung und 'Treu' klagen, und, wenn das Meer
Schwarzer Sturm ihm empöret,
Ungewohnet erstaunt aufschaun,

Der dich goldene jetzt gläubigen Sinns genießt,
Der dich immer bereit, immer so liebevoll
Hofft zu finden, die falsche
Gunst nicht kennend. Verloren ist,

Wen als Neuling du blend'st. Ich — an der heiligen
Wand die Tafel bezeugt's, die ich belobte — hing
Meine nassen Gewande
Hier dem mächtigen Meergott auf.

Heinrich Stadelmann

1830-75

Poet and translator

WER hält auf weichem Rosenpfühle,
O Pyrrha, dich an's Herz gedrückt
Dort in der Grotte Dämmerkühle?
Für wen hast du das Haar geschmückt,

Das blondgelockte? Ach, wie lauert
Schon auf den Armen der Verrath!
Von Sturm seh' ich den Kahn umschauert,
Der wohlgemuth die See betrat.

Noch wiegt dein Liebster sich in Wonnen,
Stets zärtlich wähnt er dich und treu,
Stets meint er sich an dir zu sonnen —
Wie bald, wie bald, ach, ist's vorbei!

Weh' denen, die dich ohne Prüfen
Geliebt! Hier an des Tempels Wand
Die Kleider, die von Meerfluth triefen,
Bezeugen, daß ich's — überstand.

Friedrich von Hoff's

(1885)

WER ist jetzt der Galan, der auf dem Rosenpfühl
Balsamduftend mit dir, Pyrrha, des Minnespiels
Pflegt in dämmernder Grotte,
Dem zulieb du so reizend schlicht
Knüpfst dein goldenes Haar? Ach, wie so bald zerrinnt
Glück und Treue! So hör' Jenen ich klagen schon,
Seh' ihn starr auf die plötzlich
Sturmverdunkelten Fluten schaun,
Der jetzt seligen Traum träumet in deinem Arm,
Stete Liebe von dir, Liebe für sich allein
Hofft unahnend, wie bald der
Wind sich wendet. O wehe, wer
Dich Sirene nicht kennt! Ich, wie an heil'ger Wand
Dort die Tafel bezeugt, habe, der Rettung froh,
Meine triefenden Kleider
Aufgehänget dem Meeresgott.

Hermann Leisering

(1885)

WELCH Herrlein, duftend minniglich,
Hält, Pyrrha, voll Verlangen
In lausch'ger Rosengrotte dich
Umfangen?

Wer ist's, für den das blonde Haar
So glatt zurück du streichest,
Daß reinster Unschuld ganz und gar
Du gleichst?

Der Thor! Wer deine Götter sind,
Wobei du schwurst, mit Grausen
Bald merkt er's, wenn ihn Wog' und Wind
Umbrausen.

Er wähnt, du seist ein stilles Meer,
Stets lieblich, stets sein eigen;
Nicht merkt er, wie schon Wetter schwer
Sich zeigen.

O Armer, der die goldne Flut
Nicht kennt in wildem Schäumen!
Ich sah sie unter Sturmeswut
Sich bäumen.

Die Tafel sagt's an Tempels Wand,
Mein Kleid, dem Gott geblieben
Zum Dank, daß lebend ich ans Land
Getrieben.

Eduard Bürger

(1902)

WELCHER Knab' umarmet dich
Jetzt mit Liebeskosen,
Salbenduftend, wonniglich,
Mitten unter Rosen,
Pyrrha, in der Grotte Schutz?
Wen erfreut die Menge
Blonder Locken ohne Putz,
Ohne Schmuckgepränge?
Ach, wie oft wird deiner Treu'
Wandlung er beweinen,
Schwarze Stürme sieht er scheu
Seinem Glück erscheinen.
Er, der an dem süßen Blick
Jetzt sich noch erfreuet,
Hoffend, daß sein Liebesglück,
Ewig sich erneuet.
Ach, er kennt das Lüftchen nicht,
Das ihn schmeichelnd wieget!
Weh dem, den dein Truggesicht
Unerprobt belüget.
Wohl mir! Mein durchnäßt Gewand,
Frei aus Sturm und Wetter,
Weih' ich als ein heilig Pfand
Dir, Neptun, Erretter.

Edm. Bartsch

(1904)

PYRRHA, welcher schlanke Jüngling
drückt dich jetzt voll Liebeslust
in der Grotte salbenduftend
unter Rosen an die Brust?
Wem zu Liebe strahlst du jetzt wohl
deiner Locken liches Gold,
keines fremden Schmucks bedürftig
für den Leib so wunderhold?

Weh, wie wird der Ärmste klagen,
wenn die Götter sich gewandt,
wenn er des geliebten Mädchens
flatterhaften Sinn erkannt,
wenn sein Auge, das dem blauen,
spiegelglatten Meer vertraut,
starren Blickes voll Entsetzen
die empörten Wellen schaut!

Treu wie Gold, so glaubt er heute,
bleibt ihm das geliebte Kind;
doch er hat sein Glück gegründet
nur auf trügerischen Wind.
Mitleidswürdig ist ein jeder,
der an deinen Reizen hängt
und sich, ohne dich zu prüfen,
blind in deinen Netzen fängt.

Gott sei Dank, daß ich dem Schiffbruch
noch entrann zu rechter Zeit!
An geweihter Stätte hab' ich
aufgehängt mein nasses Kleid,
und die Inschrift dicht daneben
preist der Gottheit Huld und Macht,
die mich aus des Meeres Tiefen
glücklich an das Land gebracht.

Rudolf Alexander Schröder

(1935)

WELCHER zierliche Freund herzet dich, Pyrrha, jetzt,
Narde triefend und Duft, über vertraulicher
Ruhstatt, rosengebettet?

Sag, wem knüpfest dein Blondhaar du

Mit einfältiger Kunst? — Armer, die Himmlischen
Schilt er treulos und weint, wenn den Erstaunenden
Sturm auf schwarzen Gewässern

Bald aus linder Gewöhnung schreckt.

Jetzt genießet er dein, Goldene, leicht getäuscht,
Denkt, du bleibest ihm hold, bleibest die Seine, kennt
Nicht der wankelen Windsbraut

Launen. — Wehe, wer ungewarnt

Dein Erglänzen gewahrt! — Tafel gedenkt und Schrift
Längst an heiliger Wand mein, der die triefenden
Dem Gebieter der Wogen,

Rock und Hemde, dort aufgehängt!

Rudolf Helm

(1938)

WELCHER Knabe gar schlank setzt auf dem Rosenpfühl
Jetzt, o Pyrrha, dir zu, tiefend von Nardensaft,
In der lieblichen Grotte?

Wem denn flichtst du das blonde Haar,

Schlicht, wie schmuck du auch bist? Treue und Göttergunst
Wechseln. Ach, wie so oft wird er drum weinen noch,

Staunen, sieht er dann plötzlich

Rauh von finsterem Sturm das Meer,

Er, der gläubig sich dein, Goldige, jetzt erfreut,
Der dich immer ihm hold, immer dich frei für ihn

Hofft, nicht ahnend, wie wendisch

Oft die Lüfte! Die Ärmsten, ach,

Die dein Gleißn nur schau'n! Ich, wie an heil'ger Wand
Laut die Tafel besagt, die ich geweiht, ich hab'

Längst die feuchten Gewänder

Aufgehängt für den Meeresgott.

Eduard Stemplinger

(1912: *Dialect of Upper Bavaria*)

I KENN'S

MEI, Nandei, mei, was für a Bua
Werd iatz in deiner Kammer sitz'n?
Und schmatzt d'r d'Busserln müahsam ab
Und frißt di schier z'sammt deine Litz'n?
Mei Gimp'l, werst as a no g'spür'n!
Werst greina, fluacha wia-r-a Reita,
Hat's s'Wetterdirndl an dir g'nua
Und schickt di wia-r-an Rotzbuam weita.
Du moanst, weil's gar so hitzi tuat,
Hätt's dösmol s'Tratz'n ganz vergess'n?
O Dalk, *mir* hat' sie's grad so g'macht,
I kenn die g'wappelten Finess'n.
Drob'n z'Birkastoa in der Kapell'n,
Da siechst an wachs'ran Gimp'l hänga,
Den hab i g'opfert, wia mi d'Dirn
Hat ausg'haut, nimmer mög'n hat länga.

Versions in Italian

P. Pavolo Gualterio Aretino

Fifteenth century

QUAL bello abbracci, Lolla, or, qual giovane amante?
A cui di purpureo nastro le chiome legghi?
O Sibari, o Sibari, qual pensier folle ti muove
A darti in preda d'una rapace mano?
O Sibari, o Sibari, qual pensier folle ti muove
In sì scoglioso pelago por la nave?
O come spesso fia ch'a dritta ragion ti lamenti
Della mutata fede, de li mutati dèi!
O come spesso fia ch'a dritta ragion ti lamenti
Del vento infido, del variato mare!
Dentro al tempio sacro del gran Nettuno le vesti
Bagnate ho poste, positivi i fatti vóti.

Paolo Abriani

1607-99

Poet

QVAL fanciullo gentil sovra le rose,
Sparso di fluidi odor, nell' antro amato
Lieto t'abbraccia, ò Pirra?
Tu schietta, e monda, à cui
Le bionde chiome intrecci? Ahi quante volte
Pianger dovrà la fede, e i Dei cangiati:
E 'l Mar da foschi venti
Fuor dell' uso inasprito,
Chi grata hora ti gode, e crede, e spera
Sempre à se solo amica, e non comprende
L'aura fallace! ò quanto
Son gli Amanti infelici,
Cui splendi ignota ancor! Sacra parete
In votiva tabella addita intanto,
Ch'io già a Nettun possente
L'humide spoglie hò appese.

Steffano Pallavicini

(1765)

SOVRA letto di rose in chiusa parte
Qual si stringe al tuo lato
Amante profumato,
Pirra, e per chi la bionda chioma errante
Oggi godi raccor linda senz' arte?
O quante volte, o quante!
Piangerà quel meschin la rotta fede,
Ch'or sè beato, e di trovar te crede
Amabil sempre, e d'altro vago sgombra,
Nè sa qual nube, ed ombra
Succeda ai di sereni, e qual gli appreste
La leggerezza tua nembi, e tempeste.
Guai! che bella se' tu, qual bello appare
A chi nol tenta il mare;
Io ne fei prova, e non so come a nuoto
Mi salvai dal naufragio, e appesi il voto.

Giovanni Pezzoli

(1809)

QUAL gentile garzon tutto di rose,
E di fragranze liquide cosperso
Te scorge, o Pirra, sotto l'antro grato?
Per chi semplice tu negli ornamenti
Il biondo crin rannodi? Ahi quante volte
Ne piangerà la fé, e i cangiati Numi,
E non avvezzo stupirà si renda
Esacerbato il mar per neri venti,
Chi di te or bella credulo si gode:
Chi dell' aura fallace essendo ignaro
Te sempre sgombra, sempre amabil spera!
Miseri quei, cui non tentata arridi!
La sacrata parete ben addita
Me già sospese aver con la votiva
Tavola al Dio del mar l'umide vesti.

Vincenzo Sarti

(1906)

QUAL giovin tenero, su letto roseo,
D'odori liquidi diffuso, stringeti,
Pirra, nell' antro grato?
Per chi la bionda chioma

Leghi con semplice grazia? Ah! la fede
Piangerà e i numi mutati, e attonito,
Vedrà da' negri venti
Tutto sconvolto il mare!

Chi, qual tesoro, ti gode or credulo;
Chi sempre libera ti spera, e amabile
Sempre, ignorando l'aura
Fallace! Oh! lui meschino

Cui splendi a un tratto! Votiva tavola,
Alle pareti sacre, che l'umide
Vesti sospesi, attesta
Al Dio del mar potente!

Giuseppe Chiarini

1833-1908

Critic, poet, and educator

CHI è, dimmi, il giovine stillante balsami,
che te sul talamo di rose abbraccia,
Pirra, nel grato speco?
Per chi t'annodi l'aureo

crin monda e semplice? Ah! quanto piangere
dovrà i mutabili Numi e te perfida
oh come stupefatto
vedrà l'onde sconvolgersi.

ei ch'ora credulo di te compiacesi,
che sempre libera, sempre adorabile
ti sogna! e i falsi venti
non sa che sieno. Oh miseri

quei che t'ammirano senza conoscerti!
Io con la tavola votiva l'umide
vesti nel tempio appesi
al Dio del mar terribile.

Guido Francesco Rossi

(1912)

SPARSO di molli odori
qual delicato pargolo
te, Pirra, in mezzo a' fiori
di rosa incalza cupido
nel recesso giocondo?
per chi di foggie semplice
il crin t'annodi biondo?

La fé, gl'iddii mutati
ahi! dovrà spesso piangere,
dovrà de' mar turbati
da neri venti insolito
stupir, chi credul' ora
aurea te gode, e libera
sempre ed amica ognora
spera, de' venti infidi
inconsapevol. Miseri
lor, cui nov' astro arridi!
Votiva appesa tavola
al sacro muro attesta
ch'io già de' mari all' arbitro
offrii l'umida vesta.

P. Pisa

(1926)

CHI molto gracile fanciul, fra rose
d'odori liquidi perfuso, premeti
o Pirra nell' antro tuo grato
per chi rileghi la chioma bionda,

di vesti semplice? oh quanto l'infida
e i ben mutati dei dovrà piangere
e i flutti commossi dal venti
vedrà neri con mesto stupore!

Chi ora godeti, aurea ti crede,
chi sempre libera e sempre amabile
ti spera, è ignaro che è vento
fallace; oh molto miseri quelli

cui splendi ignota! votiva tavola
nel tempio sacro segna che madide
di acqua le vesti ho sospeso
al gran potente nume del mare.

Giuseppe Proli

(Tivoli, 1943)

QUAL giovin delicato, o Pirra, affannasi
per te, pien di profumi, in mezzo a rosee
 corolle, nel fresco antro?
Per chi con cura pettini

la bionda chioma tua, ch'è linda e semplice?
Ahi quanto piangerà la tua perfidia
 e i Numi poi mutati
 mirando il mar che gonfiano

nembosi venti; mentre egli ora crèdulo
ti gode bella e spera averti libera;
 dell' aura tua fallace
 incoscio. Ah! quelli miseri

ai quali splendi ignota! Io, fuor del pelago,
appesi al tempio, in voto, pinta tavola
 del mare al grande Nume,
 insieme alle vesti umide.

F. Sforza

(1952: unpublished)

L'ESIL garzon chi è, che te su folto
Letto di rose preme, di profumi
Unto, o Pirra, nell' antro grato?
Oggi, per lui la chioma acconci
Monda e semplice. Ahimè! Quante fiate
La tua fè ei piangerà e il cangiante umore,
Ammirando stupito l'onde
Da' neri venti sollevate:
Ei ch'or fidente, di te sola gode
E sempre averti pronta e a lui graziosa
Spera, ignaro de la fallace
Aura . . . Ben miseri coloro
Cui fulgi non provata! Di me dice
La tavola che al tempio del potente
Dio del mare, votiva appesi
Insieme a l'inzuppate vesti.

Nicolla Baçigaló

(1899: Genoese dialect)

CHI ë quello zoveno, Pirra, che in morbido
Letto, de gracili rœûse e de balsami
Vunto de dato e sotta,
In fondo d'ûnna grotta,

Ô veddo in fervido abbrasso strenzite?
Per chi, ti dedichi â to belliscima
Bionda capigliatûa,
Tant' arte e tanta cûa?

Quanto, sto zoveno, per a to dûpplice
Fede, e a mûtabile sorte, ö dâ in lagrime!
Comme ö se mäveggiâ,
De vedde insciase ö mâ

Dai neigri tûrbini, lë, pronto a creddisse
I to artifizi, comme ûn vangelio?
Lë che ö te credde bonna,
Amabile e cuggionn-a!

O no s'immagina che ti ti ë înstabile
Ciû ancon di zeffiri! Meschin, chi ae candide,
To artî ö le sedûto!
Mi, misso in salvo e ao sciûto,

A testimonio de sto miracolo
Un quaddro e e ûmide mœ strasse, ao tempio
Dö Dio che ö regna î n mâ,
Ho fæto zâ attaccâ!

Giuseppi Bonura

(1819: Sicilian dialect)

QUALI raguzzu gracili
Sparsu d'oduri, sutta,
O Pirra, di piacevuli
Arcu a burdeddu ammutta
'Ntra rosi in quantità?
Di quali babbu in grazia
Ora li biunni trizzi
Vistuta in modu simplici,
E senza adorni ntrizzi?
Ma oh! quantu voti, oime!
Ssu picciu teddu credulu,
A cui na gioja pari,
Chi sempri fida, e amabili
Ti spera ritruvari,
Oh! quantu chiancirà,
Ca la tò fidi, e in aria
Li smorfj toi jirrannu:
Ca Veneri, e Cupidini
Li spaddi cci darrannu
Cu gran stupuri sò!
E mentri li volubili
Venti 'un canusci, e nenti
Sà di timpesti, in furia
Li niuri unni, e li venti
Surprisù guardirà!
Mischinu cui tu capiti,
E 'un ti pruvau! lu miu
Vagnatu abitu a un tempiu
Pri vutu avi lu Diu
Di stu gran mari già.

Versions in Other Languages

BULGARIAN

Krum Dimitrov

(1931)

Кой момък — хубавец, обсипан с рози нежни,
В ухайна миризма потънал, в хлад блажен,
Сред тази пещера косите ти небрежни
Целува, Пира, тъй забравено встрастен?

Тежко му! Не веднаж измената ти черна
И божията той през сълзи ще кълне,
Несвикнал, щом вълни издути му се мернат,
От ветри яростно надиплени . . . Но, не!

Кой днес доверчиво от теб наслада пие
И в празни ти гърди потърсил би любов,
Не знае, колко зло се в тях под обич крие:
Да лови въздуха нек бъде той готов.

Тежко на тез, кой за теб, коварна, мреха!
Аз в храма сложих веч картина за оброк,
Окачих редом там и влажната си дреха,
Да сочи, че Нептун е моят същи бог.

CZECH

Ot. Jiřání

(1923)

KTERÝ ztepilý hoch, vůněmi dýšící,
v sluji půvabně skryt, poseté růžemi,
tebe objímá, Pyrrho?

Rusý pro koho vážeš vlas,

prostá ozdobou svou? Běda, jak často as
věrnost opláče tvou, bohů též nepřízeň,
žasna nezkušen, jak se
větry chmurnými moře dne,

on, jenž důvěřiv tak, tebe jen, zlato své,
rád má, naděje pln, láskou že jeho jen
blažit budeš a nezná
přízně šálebné. Nebozí,

jimž se neznáma skvíš! Já jsem svůj zvlhlý šat
bohu zasvětil již, moře jenž vládcem jest,
jak to zaslíbená deska
hlásá na svaté chrámu zdi.

DANISH

Anonymous

(1783)

HVAN kielen Ung kan nu vel nyde
Din Omgang, og sig salvet fryde
I Grotte mellem Roserne?
Ja Pyrrha ! siig, for hvem opbinder
Du nu dit gule Haar, og vinder
Nye Glands ved simpel Prydelse?

Hvor ofte vil han ei begræde
Din Troeløshed og Guders Vrede?
Hvor vil dog den Uvidende
Forundres, naar han bange skuer
At sorte Storme Havet truer,
Og Søen reiser Bølgerne !

Han, som lettroende nu nyder
I dig sin Lykke, og sig fryder
I Haabet, at han stedse maae
Dig troefast og elskværdig finde;
Han, som ei veed at Veir og Vinde
Var ingen Tid at stole paa.

O! de elendige, som kiender
Ei Glandsen, hvormed du dem blænder ! —
Du paa indviet Tavle seer,
At jeg de vaade Klæder skienkte
Til Havets store Gud, og hængte
Dem der, hvor Gudens Tempel er.

DUTCH

W. D. Westermann

(1936)

HOE toch heet wel die knaap, die op je rozenbed
Overgoten met geur jou zoo bestormt vol vuur
In die grot daar, o Pyrrha?
Wien gij 't goudene haar ontplooit?
Slechts met 't noodigst bekleed? Ach, hij weent al te dra
Om je trouw en den god, dien je dan dienen zult!
Ziende vol van verbazing
Woeste golven in plaats van het
Zachtkens kabbelend vlak, waarvan hij nu geniet,
Hij, die altijd je trouw, altijd je liefdevol
Hoopt en geenszins beseft den
Ijd'len schijn! O, die dwazen toch!
Die je lokkend bekoort! 'n Plaat in den tempel daar
Geeft 't bewijs op den muur, dat ik mijn natte pak
Heb gewijd aan den macht'gen
God der zee, toen ik redding vond.

FINNISH

Valter Juva

(1916)

KENPÄS poika se nyt
 nuortea, öljypää,
maaten ruusuilla, sun
 riistävi rinnoilleen
luolan turvissa, Pyrrha!
Kelle keltaiset kutris nyt

kiinnät puoleksi vain?
 — Itkeä saa se mies
vaiheit' taivahan sään,
 uskottomuuttas sun!
Hämmästyksin hän katsoo
tuimaa merta, mi tummenee:

Tänään luottaen hän
 nauttivi loistostas,
uskoo saaneensa noin
 suosios ainiaks,
hempes noin, — kun ei tiedä
puuskaa pettävän tuulispään!

Hätää, kurjuutta vain
 päilyvä pintas tuo! —
Äsken itse mä vein,
 aallosta päästyäin,
templiin vaatteeni märjät
uhriks aaltojen valtiaan.

FLEMISH

J. M. Dautzenberg

1808-69

WELK teêrbloeyende knaep geurig van rozenloof
En welriekenden vocht, huldigt dy, Pyrrha, thans
In die lieflike grotte?

Welken vlechts due het blonde haer,

Du, eenvoudig gesmukt? Ach hoe beweent hy eens
Dyn ontrouw en der Goôn wisselend gunstlewys!

Opzien zal in verbazing

Naer zwartduisteren storm op zee,

Die thans licht dy gelooft, zwelgt in dyn gulden schoon,

Die dy immer getrouw, immer bemind zich waent,

En niet weet, hoe bedrieglik

Zefyr aêmt. O beklagenswaerd

Wie onkundig dy mint! Dat ik het natte kleed

Eens ophing voor den God, welke de zee beheerscht,

(Dankbaer wegens de redding)

Dat tuigt's tempels gewijde wand.

GREEK

P. Ch. Dorbarakis

(1941)

Ποιός είναι ὁ ἀδύνατος ὁ νέος πού σ' ἀγκαλιάζει
ρόδα γεμᾶτος καί λουσμένος στά μυρωδικά
μέσ' στό ἄντρο, Πύρρα, τ' ὁμορφο; γιά ποιόνε τά μαλλιά
τά ὀλόξανθά σου σιάζεις

ὠραία μέσ' στήν ἀπλότη σου; ὦϊμέ, πόσες θά κλάψη
φορές τή μάταια πίστη του, τούς ἄστατους θεούς
κι ἐμπρός σέ πέλαο ἄγριο ἀπό καιρούς κακούς
ὁ δόλιος θά τά χάση!

Ὁ ἄμναλος, σέ χαίρεται μέ πίστη “τή χρυσή του”
τώρα, κι ἐλπίζει μοναχή νᾶσαι παντοτινά,
πάντα ἐρωτιάρα. Ἄν ἤξερε ἡ ἀγάπη πῶς γελᾷ!
ὦ δυστυχία σέκείνους

πού λάμπεις ἀδοκίμαστη. Μιά εἰκόνα εἶν' ἀπό μένα
ἀφιερωμένη στόν τρανό τῆς θάλασσας θεό,
τά ροῦχα, πού μέ τύλιγαν στό κῦμα ναυαγό,
στή χάρη του ριγμένα.

HEBREW

Joshua Friedman

(1923)

הוי, פירה, מי דודך העלם, מקטר אהלות ומור,
יחבק, יתרפק עליך, וערשכם—משטח שושנים,
וצאלי המערה שאננים,
ונוצצים זהב ואור

ממחלפות ראשך הפרועות. הוי, קרוב יום-חשך, וקם
הנער וקלל באלים, בלבך לב מרי ומשובה,
ומשמים ישתאה לסופה
כי-תעבר תכלת-הים. . . .

אך שלו עוד ירוה דודיך, עוד יאמין לבו בתם
יפתו, זו תאהב נצח. . . . אבוי, כי לא ידע הנער:
חליפות לרוח, וסער
יתחולל ורגזה התהום.

לי—עדה מזוזת-ההיכל ועד לי הכתל, כי שם
תליתי שמלתי, זו רותה מגלי-הים גם נטבה,
אות-תודה ומנחת-נדבה
למושל בגאות הים.

HUNGARIAN

János Csengery

(1922)

PYRRHA te, ki az a karcsú gyerek,
— Csupa rózsafüzér, csupa drága kenet! —
Aki most a kedves gratta ölén
Úgy éldeli boldogító kegyedet?

Egyszerű, csinos kontyba kinek
Kötöd azt az aranyhajat? Ah be nagyon
Siratja hited s a kegyetlen eget!
Bámul, ha vihar kel a sima habon!

Azt hiszi, szinarany a te szived,
Te csak érte vagy és a szerelmed igaz.
Nem tudja, szegény, szellő hitedet:
Kire ráragyog arcod, veszve van az!

Én idején kikerültem a vészt:
A képe lefestve, — mikép fogadám, —
Mellette ruhám is, azon vizesen,
A tenger urának függ a falán.

LATIN

M. Thomas Sagittarius

(1617)

QUIS te Salaidum Doctor ab aedibus
perfusus* placidis urget amoribus
Margaretha, sub ulnis?
cui praebes facilis labra
felix blanditiis? ô quoties fide
optatoque viro digna faventia
cæcæ murmura noctis
admiraberis insolens,
qui nunc te fruitur virgine, mensibus
exactis solitis cernet amabilem
prolem conscius auræ,
tranquilli thalami, tuo
quâ jam victa places. Te tabulâ sacer
votivâ paries sæpius asseret
adduxisse potenti
testamenta thori Deo.

* The text has 'perfusis', which has here been regarded as a misprint. But the reading is not impossible, although it gives worse sense and worse Latin.

[This curious example of the working of the German academic mind in the Baroque period is of course not a translation, nor is it a parody in the modern sense of a comic imitation or burlesque of an author's style. It is an imitation provided by altering Horace's language to suit a different theme (marital instead of irregular love) and quite seriously intended.—C. T. (with acknowledgements to G. D. P.).]

LETTISH

K. Straubergs

(1936)

PIRRA, kas ir šis zēns, tagad kas iekāro
Eļļām smaržojies, slaidis, tevi, kur rožu daudz,
Alas tīkamā ēnā,
Kam, lai patiktu, dzeltēnos

Matus rātni tu spraud? Raudās, tev ticējis,
Viņš, kad dieviem būs prāts grozījies, brīnīsies
Vētrās bangoto dzīli
Redzot melnu un naidīgu,

Mīlā ticot tik tev tagad, tu gaisīgā,
Cerot, brīva arvien būsi un mīlama
Viņam vienam — viņš vēsmas
Viltus nezin. Ir nelaimīgs,

Ko sev vilini tu. Svētnicā veltījums
Vēsta arī, kā es nesu un atstāju
Jūras varenam dievam
Drēbes mitrās, no viļņiem glābts.

MALTESE

Paul L. Xuereb

LIEMA tfajjel irqiq fuq il-ward
Go xi għar, kollu fwieha milwiema,
Imħabbtu iferragh, o Pirra,
Għalik? Dawk id-dliel qishom deheb

Għal min dfarthom, bil-ħajr izda rzina?
A tassew kemm għad jibki t-tibdil
T'allat u twemmin, għad jistagħheb
Bil-bahar imqalleb b'rih dalmi,

Waqt li issa hu jemmen, jitgħaxxaq
Bik imdiehba, li ħielsa u ħlejja
Kull ħin lilek jitma u bl-irjiegħ
Qarrieqa ma' jafx! Imsejknin

Dawk li sbejha jarawk, mhux imgarrba.
Fuq l-irħama tal-wegħda fil-ħajt
Imqaddes taqraw kif lill-qawwi
Nettunu dendilt l-ilbies niedi.

NORWEGIAN

'P. H.' (*Paul Holmsen*)

(1891)

HVEM kryster til bølgende barm vel nu
under rødmende rosers tag
i kjølige grotte, skjøn Pyrra, du?
hvem er han, den yngling, hvis sind og hu
du dåred for denne dag?

Han aner vist ei, — der i elskovs glød,
uden pynt, men hvor deilig dog,
du vinder om hånden så varm og blød
dine gyldne lokker, som trodsig brød
de fængslende piles åg —

hvor snart han med tårer på blegnet kind
skal føle, hvor dybt han faldt:
se viet til andre guder ind
det altar, hvor nylig, for verden blind,
du ofred til ham dit alt, —

og høre den stemme, der nys så mild
kun hviskede kjæle ord,
som en pidskende uveirsbyge vild
til rædsel ham tolke din elskovs ild
og troskabseden, du svor!

Ja, ve hver den, som blev lokket ud
på din skjønheds svigfulde hav; —
mig frelste fra skibbrud en nådig gud,
og med lov og tak jeg mit våde skrud
hans tempel som offer gav!

POLISH

Adam Naruszewicz

1733-96

Bishop of Łuck

Cóż to za gaszek drogiemi ulany
Wódki, a różą cały osypany,
Z tobą się pieści w cieniu chłodney groty?
Komuż to warkocz kształtnie łamiesz złoty?

O wieleż razy, ładna bez okrasy
Pirro przyprawney będzie klął te czasy;
Kiedy to morze, co go marnie łudzi,
Okropną falą czarny wiatr zabrudzi!

Ze się umizgasz, rozumie niebaczny,
Iz nań nie przyidzie nigdy los opaczny;
Ufa pogodzie zdradney nedzny, który
Płochey twej ieszcze nie doznał natury!

Mnie, żem sie z gubney wydobył powodzi,
Świadkiem ułomek zgruchotaney łodzi;
I to przemokłe na ścianie odzienie,
Com Neptunowi dał na dziękczynienie.

PORTUGUESE

Elpino Duriense

(Antonio Ribeiro dos Sanctos)

(1807)

QUE delicado moço em muitas rosas,
Banhado em cheiros liquidos te afaga,
Ó Pyrrha, sob a bella gruta? A flava
Coma para quem atas,

Singela nos enfeites? Ai que vezes
A fé, e os Deuses chorará mudados,
E estranhará novel de vêr os mares
Co' negro vento irosos,

O que ora de ti bella goza crédulo;
Que d'outro sempre isenta, sempre amável
Te espera, e ignora, quanto a aura engana.
Desgraçados aquelles,

A quem tu brilhas não tratada: sacra
Parede no painel votivo amostra,
Que eu pendurei ao Deus, senhor dos mares,
Os humidos vestidos.

ROUMANIAN

*Victor Buescu**

Born 1911

CE fercheș flăcăiandru o fi drăguțul Pyrrhii?
... Te-o fi strângând acum la pieptu-i de văpaie,
Pe patul nost' de roze, din peștera iubirii ...
Și cui dai, prefăcuto, cosițele bălaie? ...

Ehei, și el va plânge adesea, ca și mine,
Că zeii i-s protivnici, iar tu necredincioasă,
Și, nedeprins cu valul, îl vor uimi, vezi bine,
Vifornițele negre pe marea furtunoasă.

Încrezător, el astăzi te vrea mereu de aur,
Sperându-te de-apururi a lui, și 'ndrăgostită.
... El nu știe că vântul i-amăgitor balaur,
Că-i vai de cine crede'n splendoarea-ți liniștită!

Ci eu, din naufragiu, ca semn al resemnării,
Am dus în sacrul templu udatele-mi veșminte,
Dând zeului puternic și 'ndurător al mării
Ofranda juruinții, sub zidurile-i sfinte.

* Formerly lecturer in Roumanian at the Sorbonne and in the École Nationale des Langues Orientales Vivantes in Paris and now lecturer in Roumanian in the Faculty of Letters in Lisbon.

RUSSIAN

A. Fet

(1856)

Кто этотъ красавецъ, скажи мнѣ, о Пирра!
Чтò въ гротѣ прохладномъ, на ложѣ изъ розъ,
Облить благовоньемъ, тобою пылаеть —
А ты распускаешь небрежно предъ нимъ
Златистую косу? Увы! сколько вѣрность
Твою и боговъ переменчивость тотъ
Оплакивать будетъ, смотря съ удивленьемъ
На волны, подъятыя черной грозой,
Кто нынѣ въ забвеньи горитъ тобой, дѣва,
Надѣясь на вѣрность твою и любовь . . .
Увы! онъ не знаетъ, что вѣтры бываютъ
Порой переменчивы: горе тому,
Предъ кѣмъ ты, коварная, блещешь! А мнѣ ужъ
Доска возвѣщаетъ съ священной стѣны,
Что влажныя ризы пловца, по обѣту,
Повѣшены мной передъ богомъ морей.

SWEDISH

Anonymous

(1872)

HVEM är ynglingen smärt, som, med aromer smord
Och med rosor i hår, smeker dig, Pyrrha! ömt
I den ljufliga grottan?
För hvem smyckas din blonda lock,

Enkel uti din glans? Ack! huru ofta skall
Han ej öfver din tro, ändrade Gudars gunst
Gråta, — stiltjen, af svarta
Ilar bruten, med häpnad se!

Nu han godtroget nog njuter din falska grace
Och tror städse dig huld, städse dig älskvärd tror,
Men vindkastet ej anar. —
Ve hvar yngling, som du, ej känd,

Tjuser! Jag har ock åt mäktige hafvets Gud
Våta kläderna bragt, efter att skeppbrott gjort;
Löftestaflan det visar,
Uppå helgade väggen hängd.

TURKISH

Yakup Kadri

(1931)

VÜCUDÜ sulu kokularla sırsıklam, hangi nazik civan, seni serin pınarın yanında, böyle güller üstünde sıkıştırıyor, ey Pirrha? Kumral saçlarını onun için mi kaldırıyorsun, ey dağınık kadın? Heyhat, senin için yüzçevirdiği, aldattığı ilâhlar arkasından ne kadar gözyaşı dökcekler var; karayellerin dövdüğü dalgalar karşısında, ne kadar şaşıracaklar var! Ne yazık o adama ki, şimdi, sadedil, baştan ayağa kadar yaldızlanmış vücudünü kollarının arasında tutar ve hain bir rüzgâr olduğunu bilmeyip, seni hervakit serbest, hervakit nazik tahayyül eder. Meftun ettiklerin ne bedbahttır, ey kendisi hiç keder görmeyen! Bana gelince, bir adak alâmetile kazılmış olan mukaddes duvar ispat eder ki ben ıslak kaza esvaplarımı denizin kudretli ilâhına adamışım.

WELSH

Thomas Gwynn Jones

1871-1949

Professor of Welsh Literature at the University College of Wales,
Aberystwyth

SERCH A SIOM

Ba fwynaf mab, O feinir,
Hoyw, glân, dan berarogl îr,
Dan frig llwyn sy'n d'orllwyn di —
Llannerch a rhos i'w llenni?
Er rhoi tâl i bwy'r wyt ti
Yn trwsio d'euraid dresi
A'u rhwymo hwy mor wiw, mal
A deheufedr di-ofal?
Och! ba mor fynych y bydd
Ei gwynfan ef pan genfydd
Droi d'air rhydd yn gelwydd gau
A dianc ffafr y duwiau!
Ac ef (gan nas gwybu gynt)
Uthr olwg gantho'r helynt,
A llu y gwyntoedd duon
Ar y môr yn digio'r don.
Ehud a'th fedd di heddiw
Yn fawr dy werth, a'i fryd yw
O'th fodd barhau i'th feddu
Fyth heb ffael a'th gael yn gu,
Heb ganfod ynod un awr
Ystorm wyllt dy ffalster mawr.
Gwae ef a'th welo hefyd

Onid o braw, 'n lân dy bryd!

Ar y mur o'r ystorm hon
E roddais i arwyddion
I minnau offrwm unwaith
Yn y lle huganau llaith;
Yn ei dŷ — adduned oedd
O ddŵr mawr, i dduw'r moroedd!

[The translation is into the 'cywydd' form, rhymed couplets of seven-syllabled lines, with the rhyme-syllable alternately accented and unaccented. The lines obey the laws of 'cynghanedd', that is to say of a fixed internal consonantal pattern.

Thomas Gwynn Jones 'was not only one of the leading scholars of Wales but was one of the greatest of Welsh poets of all time. To true poetic genius he wedded a rare craftsmanship in words. It was said of some of his translations from the *Greek Anthology* that they were as brilliantly epigrammatic as the original'.—C. T. (with acknowledgements to J. J. J.).]

William Saunders

1806-51

O! PYRRHA, pwy yn awr
Yw'r glaslangc teg ei wedd,
Gan olew'n bêr ei sawr,
Tra'n eistedd ar y sedd,
Mewn deildy, rhwng rhosynau cain,
Sy'n serchus wasgu'th ganol main?

Er pwy y trefni 'nawr
Gudynnau'th eurwallt mân,
Dydi o brydferth wawr,
Mewn gwisgoedd cryno, glân?
Gwae ef! pan wel de serch yn ffoi,
A duwiau cariad wedi troi.

Yr ammhrofiadol langc
Yr awrhon a'th fwynhâ,
Gan dybied, hyd ei drangc
Y pery'r hin yn dda,
A synna pan erwino'r môr
Gan gynddeiriogwyllt wyntoedd o'r.

Y mab a dybio, byth
Y byddi'n ddidwyll ferch,
Ni wyr am droion chwith
Anwadal awel serch, —
Y truenusaf yn y byd
Yw'r rhai y deni di eu bryd!

Mae astell ar y mur
Yn nhemel Neptune 'nawr,
A brawf i mi, i dir
'Nol d'od o'r perygl mawr,
Gyssegru'm gwlybion ddillad o'r
Er parch i rymmus dduw y môr.

[‘William Saunders was by occupation a printer and spent the latter part of his life working in a printing-house at Llandovery.’—J. J. J.]

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Total	<u>451</u>

¹ Arrived too late for inclusion.—C. T.

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[*H.* = *Horace*, *Horacio*, *Horaz*; *Q.H.F.* = *Quintus Horatius Flaccus*]

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