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Excerpt  
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J. T.

I

## ABT VOGLER.

WOULD that the structure brave, the manifold music I build,  
    Bidding my organ obey, calling its keys to their work,  
Claiming each slave of the sound, at a touch, as when  
    Solomon willed  
    Armies of angels that soar, legions of demons that lurk,  
Man, brute, reptile, fly,—alien of end and of aim,  
    Adverse, each from the other heaven-high, hell-deep re-  
    moved,—  
Should rush into sight at once as he named the ineffable  
    Name,  
And pile him a palace straight, to pleasure the princess  
    he loved!

## Υ Μ Ν Ο Σ.

εἴθε μίμνοι ποικιλόφωνον ἔδος, στροφή.  
 δῶμ' ὃ τεύχω δαιδαλέην, καλέσαις αὐλῶν κλυτὰν πειθάνορ' ὑπη-  
 ρεσίαν,  
 πρόσπολ' ὄρσαις φθέγμαθ' ἔτοιμα θιγῶν, ὡς δαιμόνων ὄρσεν  
 ποτανὰν  
 οὐρανίων τε βίαν Σολόμων καὶ ταρταρείων,  
 ἄνδρα τε θῆρά τε μυῖαν θ' ἔρπετόν τ', ἐναντίους  
 ἔργον ἀλλάλοις μέριμνάν τ', οὐρανὸς ὡς ἐρέβευς, προθορεῖν,  
 ὡς κρέοντ' αὐδασ' ἀναύδατον, φίλας αἰρέμεν  
 δόμον ἄφαρ μείλιγμ' ἀνάσσας·

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Would it might tarry like his, the beautiful building of mine,  
This which my keys in a crowd pressed and importuned  
to raise!  
Ah, one and all, how they helped, would dispart now and  
now combine,  
Zealous to hasten the work, heighten their master his praise!  
And one would bury his brow with a blind plunge down  
to hell,  
Burrow awhile and build, broad on the roots of things,  
Then up again swim into sight, having based me my  
palace well,  
Founded it, fearless of flame, flat on the nether springs.

And another would mount and march, like the excellent  
minion he was,  
Ay, another and yet another, one crowd but with many  
a crest,  
Raising my rampired walls of gold as transparent as glass,  
Eager to do and die, yield each his place to the rest:  
For higher still and higher (as a runner tips with fire,  
When a great illumination surprises a festal night—  
Outlining round and round Rome's dome from space to spire)  
Up, the pinnacled glory reached, and the pride of my  
soul was in sight.

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*ABT VOGLER.*

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5

εἴθε μοι τοῖον μένοι ἡμερόεν ἀντιστροφή.

δῶμ' ὃ παμφώνοισιν ἀολλέες ἠπείγονθ' ἀμίλλαις χόρδαι ἐποικο-  
 δομεῖν·

ὡς ἕκασται συμπόνεον, σποράδαν εἴτ' ἰλαδόν, πρόθυμοι

δεσπότης ἔργον ἐπουρίσαι εὐκλειάν τ' ἐπαίρειν·

καθ' ὃ μὲν ἐς δνοφερὸν πρανῆς κολυμβῶν Τάρταρον

γάς πλατείας ἀμφὶ ρίζας σκάπτε τέως πονέων κέλαδος,

εἴτ' ἀνάσσει, εὖ δῶμά μοι παγᾶν κτίσας νερετρᾶν

πυρὸς ἀθίκοις ἐν θεμέθοις·

ἄλλος αὖ σὺν τ' ἄλλος ἄνω βεβαῶς, θαυμαστὰ λατρεύων

στρατὸς

ἐπφδός.

εἷς ἑκατογκεφάλας, πάγχρυσον ἦρεν λαμπροτέρων ὑάλου

ἔρμα πύργων, δρᾶν τι πᾶς τις καὶ θανέμεν μεμαῶς,

τῷ πέλας εἰκων· ὡς γὰρ εὐτ' ἔκρηξ' ἀφράστου φέγγεα παννυχίδος,

θεῖ τις πυρὶ βυσσόθεν ἐς κορυφᾶν τηλαυγὲς ἱρὸν

ἐκστέφων Ῥώμας ἄωτον, τοῖον αἰεὶ

καλλιπύργου θαύματος αἰρομένου χάσμα μοι ψυχᾶς ἐφάνθη·

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In sight? Not half! for it seemed, it was certain, to match  
man's birth,  
Nature in turn conceived, obeying an impulse as I;  
And the emulous heaven yearned down, made effort to  
reach the earth,  
As the earth had done her best, in my passion, to scale  
the sky:  
Novel splendours burst forth, grew familiar and dwelt with mine,  
Not a point nor peak but found and fixed its wandering star;  
Meteor-moons, balls of blaze: and they did not pale nor pine,  
For earth had attained to heaven, there was no more  
near nor far.

Nay more; for there wanted not who walked in the glare  
and glow,  
Presences plain in the place; or, fresh from the Protoplast,  
Furnished for ages to come, when a kindlier wind should blow,  
Lured now to begin and live, in a house to their liking at last;  
Or else the wonderful Dead who have passed through the  
body and gone,  
But were back once more to breathe in an old world  
worth their new:  
What never had been, was now; what was, as it shall be anon;  
And what is,—shall I say, matched both? for I was  
made perfect too.

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ABT VOGLER.

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7

ἀλλὰ μὰν οὐδ' ἄμισύ πω κάτιδον· στροφή.  
 τίκτε γὰρ δὴ χά Φύσις ἀντιπάλους θναταῖσι βλαστὰς ἴσ' ἐμοὶ  
 αὐτόματος,  
 καὶ χθόν' αἰθήρ προσκύσαι ἀντεράων ὠρέξατ' ὄργαινων ἄνωθεν,  
 οἶα καὶ αἰθέρ' ἐμαῖς ἀναβᾶμεν γαί' ἐν ὄρμαῖς·  
 φέγγεα δ' ἀμετέροις ἀλλοῖα μίχθη συντρόφως,  
 πᾶν τ' ἀκρὸν μήνας τε λάμπας τ', ἄστρα πλανήτ', ἔχ' ἐφεζομένας·  
 οὐδ' ἐτείρουθ'. ὡς γὰρ ἤδη γᾶς πόλονδ' ἰγμένας  
 τό τε πρόσω ταυτὸν τό τ' ἐγγύς.

ἦν δὲ καὶ πρὸς τοῖσδέ τιν' εἰσοράαν ἀντιστροφή.  
 ἐντόπων πάμπρεπτα πρόσωπα πυριφλέκτοις ἀναστρωφόμεν' ἐν  
 ἀγλαιταῖς·  
 εἴτ' ἐπ' αἰῶν' οὔρια πνευσόμενον θείοις νεοκτίστους τύποισιν  
 καινίσαι ἄρτι βίον δόμος ἄρμοι θέλξ' ἐαδώς·  
 εἴτε διαπταμένων σεμνὰν νεκρῶν ὁμήγυριν  
 πέισ' ἀνελθεῖν τάνθ' ἴσα τοῖς ἐκεῖ· ἦν γὰρ ἂ πρὶν μὲν ἀπῆν,  
 πρὶν δ' ὄσ' ἦν, ἦν οἶ' ἔτ' ἔσται· τοῖς δ', ὄσ' ἔστ', ἦρισε·  
 τέλεα γὰρ καὶ τὰμάγ', εἰπεῖν.

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All through my keys that gave their sounds to a wish of  
my soul,

All through my soul that praised as its wish flowed  
visibly forth,

All through music and me! For think, had I painted the whole,  
Why, there it had stood, to see, nor the process so wonder-  
der-worth :

Had I written the same, made verse—still, effect proceeds  
from cause,

Ye know why the forms are fair, ye hear how the tale is told ;  
It is all triumphant art, but art in obedience to laws,  
Painter and poet are proud in the artist-list enrolled :—

But here is the finger of God, a flash of the will that can,  
Existent behind all laws, that made them and, lo, they are!  
And I know not if, save in this, such gift be allowed to man,  
That out of three sounds he frame, not a fourth sound,  
but a star.

Consider it well: each tone of our scale in itself is nought ;  
It is everywhere in the world—loud, soft, and all is said :  
Give it to me to use! I mix it with two in my thought  
And, there! Ye have heard and seen : consider and bow  
the head!



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ABT VOGLER.

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9

πᾶν τόδ' αὐλῶν τ' ἔργον, ἐμᾶς κελαδησάντων κατ' εὐχολὰν  
 φρενός, ἐπωδός.  
 καὶ φρενὸς ἅ νοέιοις εὐχὰν ἀνευφάμασ' ἐπιτελλομέναν,  
 χάρμ' ἐμοὶ κείνοισί τ'. εἰ γὰρ τεύξα γραφαῖς τάδ', ἰδὼν  
 τίς κεν ἀγάσθη μαχανάν; εἰ δ' ἐν πτυχαῖς ὤκισ' ὕμνων, ὃ τε δρῶν  
 δῆλος τό τε δρᾶμ'. ὅθεν ἐστὶ καλὸν σχῆμ', ἴσθ', ὃ τ' αἶνος  
 οἶα λέξ'. ὠρισμένας ταῦτ' ἄθλα τέχνας·  
 ἐς τεχνίτας γὰρ τελείν, τόδ' ἀοιδοῖς κλέος καὶ ζωγράφουσιν·

νῦν δὲ δαίμων ἐξεκάλυψε βίαν, στροφή.  
 ἀστραπὴν ὥς, παντοπόρου κραδίας, θεσμῶν κνεφαῖον τέκτον'  
 ἀριπρεπέων·  
 ποῦ γὰρ ἐξῆν ἄλλο βροτοῖς τι τοιόνδ', οἶον κτύπους τρεῖς συμ-  
 πλάσαντι  
 μὴ τέτρατον κτύπον ἀλλὰ σέλας πάμφλεκτον αἴρειν;  
 αὐτό τοι ἁρμονίας φώναμ' ἕκαστον εὐτελές,  
 δαμόθρον, μέγ' εἴτε λεπτόν, ῥῆμ' ἀπλόον· τὸ δ' ἐγὼ κεράσας  
 σὺν δυοῖν ἄλλοις τί τεύξ'; ἠκούσατ', εἶδετε·  
 θέσκελον θαυμάζετ' ἀλκάν.

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Well, it is gone at last, the palace of music I reared ;  
Gone! and the good tears start, the praises that come  
too slow ;  
For one is assured at first, one scarce can say that he feared,  
That he even gave it a thought, the gone thing was to go.  
Never to be again! But many more of the kind  
As good, nay, better perchance : is this your comfort to me?  
To me, who must be saved because I cling with my mind  
To the same, same self, same love, same God : ay, what  
was, shall be.

Therefore to whom turn I but to Thee, the ineffable Name?  
Builder and maker, Thou, of houses not made with hands!  
What, have fear of change from Thee who art ever the same?  
Doubt that Thy power can fill the heart that Thy power  
expands?  
There shall never be one lost good! What was, shall live  
as before ;  
The evil is null, is nought, is silence implying sound ;  
What was good, shall be good, with, for evil, so much  
good more ;  
On the earth, the broken arcs ; in the heaven, a perfect  
round.