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978-1-108-00255-4 - Cambridge Compositions: Greek and Latin

Edited by Richard Dacre Archer-Hind and Robert Drew Hicks

Excerpt

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TRANSLATIONS
INTO LATIN VERSE

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FEAR no more the heat o' the sun,
 Nor the furious winter's rages ;
 Thou thy worldly task hast done,
 Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages :
 Golden lads and girls all must,
 As chimney-sweepers come to dust.
 Fear no more the frown o' the great ;
 Thou art past the tyrant's stroke ;
 Care no more to clothe and eat ;
 To thee the reed is as the oak :
 The sceptre, learning, physic, must
 All follow this, and come to dust.
 Fear no more the lightning-flash,
 Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone ;
 Fear not slander, censure rash ;
 Thou hast finish'd joy and moan :
 All lovers young, all lovers must
 Consign to thee, and come to dust.
 No exorciser harm thee !
 Nor no witchcraft charm thee !
 Ghost unlaid forbear thee !
 Nothing ill come near thee !
 Quiet consummation have ;
 And renowned be thy grave !

SHAKESPEARE. *Cymbeline*, Act iv. Scene ii.

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IMMODICUM solis fuge formidare calorem
 nec faciat brumae vis furibunda metum :
 omne peregisti pensum mortale larique
 reddita mercedem sedulitatis habes.
 aureus ipse puer, par a fuligine furvis,
 et virgo fati foedere pulvis erit.
 triste supercilium fuge formidare potentum,
 in te praeventast plaga minacis eri.
 desine vestitum curare et desine victum,
 robor harundinibus iam tibi praestat idem.
 hanc sceptrum doctrina viam medicina sequentur
 omniaque haec certo foedere pulvis erunt.
 fulgura cum telo fuge formidare trisulco,
 cuius ad horrisonas cor pavet omne minas ;
 nil hominum linguas, temeraria probra timeto,
 quod placeat superest displiceatve nihil.
 consignabit amans pariter tibi floridus omnis,
 omnis amans certo foedere pulvis erit.
 nulla tuos ausit mala saga lacessere manes,
 nemo veneficiis illaqueare velit,
 impacata vagis simulacra meatibus a te
 abstineant, a te sit procul omne malum.
 tranquilla sic pace tibi requiescere detur
 et detur tumulo nomen habere tuo.

H. A. J. M.

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OTHERS, with vast Typhœan rage more fell,
 Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air
 In whirlwind; Hell scarce holds the wild uproar:
 As when Alcides, from Æchalia crowned
 With conquest, felt the envenomed robe, and tore
 Through pain up by the roots Thessalian pines,
 And Lichas from the top of Æta threw
 Into the Euboic sea. Others more mild,
 Retreated in a silent valley, sing
 With notes angelical to many a harp
 Their own heroic deeds and hapless fall
 By doom of battle; and complain that Fate
 Free Virtue should enthrall to Force or Chance.
 Their song was partial, but the harmony
 (What could it less when Spirits immortal sing?)
 Suspended Hell, and took with ravishment
 The thronging audience.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*, II. 539.

TO my true king I offered free from stain
 Courage and faith; vain faith and courage vain.
 For him I threw lands, honours, wealth away,
 And one dear hope that was more prized than they.
 For him I languished in a foreign clime
 Grey-haired with sorrow in my manhood's prime;
 Beheld each night my home in fevered sleep,
 Each morning started from the dream to weep;
 Till God, who saw me tried too sorely, gave
 The resting-place I asked, an early grave.

MACAULAY. *Epitaph on a Jacobite*.

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PARS alia immanes rabieque Typhoide saevi
 iam scopulos rapere et colles, ferrique per auras
 turbine; bacchantum furias vix Tartara claudunt:
 qualis ab Oechalia victrici fronde decorus
 Alcides rediens fertur sensisse veneno
 imbutam vestem, et pinus angore coactus
 Thessalicas volsisse, Oetaeque a vertice in aequor
 Euboicum iniecisse Lichan. pars mitior illis
 quaesivere locos tacitos vallemque reductam,
 caelestique sono (nec fila canentibus absunt)
 se dextra illustres memorant, Martisque sinistro
 lapsos arbitrio; plorantque per invida Fata
 virtutem indomitam seu vi seu forte domari.
 laus fit iniqua sui; sed vox numerosa canentum
 (concentus quid enim credas non posse deorum?)
 corripit intentum volgus: stupor occupat Oreum.

C. W. M.

FORTEM animum et regi fidum sine crimine gessi,
 vana tamen virtus vana erat illa fides;
 sic et opes et fama et agri cessere paterni,
 et, misero pluris qui stetit unus, amor.
 sic mihi canities iuvenilibus ingruit annis
 dum longo infelix maceror exilio.
 in somnis trepido patriae se semper imago
 obtulit, at lacrimas rettulit orta dies:
 donec adhuc iuveni nimium miserata laborem
 optatos precibus fata dedere rogos.

C. E. H.

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AS ships, becalmed at eve, that lay
 With canvas drooping, side by side,
 Two towers of sail at dawn of day
 Are scarce long leagues apart descried;

When fell the night, upsprung the breeze,
 And all the darkling hours they plied,
 Nor dreamt but each the self-same seas
 By each was cleaving, side by side:

E'en so—but why the tale reveal
 Of those, whom year by year unchanged,
 Brief absence joined anew to feel,
 Astounded, soul from soul estranged.

At dead of night their sails were filled,
 And onward each rejoicing steered—
 Ah, neither blame, for neither willed,
 Or wist, what first with dawn appeared!

To veer, how vain! On, onward strain,
 Brave barks! In light, in darkness too,
 Through winds and tides one compass guides—
 To that, and your own selves, be true.

But O blithe breeze! and O great seas,
 Though ne'er, that earliest parting past,
 On your wide plain they join again,
 Together lead them home at last.

One port, methought, alike they sought,
 One purpose hold where'er they fare,—
 O bounding breeze, O rushing seas!
 At last, at last, unite them there!

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

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VESPERE ceu navi navis vicina quiescit,
 flamine vix lentos sollicitante sinus;
 quae tamen, alta procul rediens ubi vela nitere
 sol videt, immensis dissociantur aquis;
 maior enim veniens, umbris venientibus, aura
 iuvat adurgentes per freta noctis iter,
 scilicet haud dubias eadem quin semper ararent
 aquora, communem perficerentque viam:
 sic, modo quae refero sit fas aperire, sodales
 longa dies aequo viderat ire gradu;
 in breve digressi tempus, stupueré reversi;
 non hodie est animis copula, qualis heri.
 nocte super media gaudens utriusque magister
 vela dabat zephyro, iam tumefacta, ratis;
 neuter id optarat quod primum aurora retexit;
 neve sit hic fraudis, neve sit ille reus.
 quid trepidare valet? fortes o pergite nautae,
 pergite, securi lux sit an umbra comes;
 sidus idem vobis dux est per flabra, per aestus;
 huic eat et menti fidus uterque suae.
 sin cursum in liquidis iterum coniungere campis
 iam nequeant, postquam dissiluerit semel,
 ut tamen extremo coeant sub fine laborum
 da mare, da vasti mobilis aura maris!
 credo equidem, quacunq̄ue vagi regione ferantur,
 spes eadem, portus unius urget amor;
 o mare da rapidum, da flaminis ala marini,
 ultima divisas coniuget hora vias!

R. C. J.

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SO threatened he : but Satan to no threats
 Gave heed, but, waxing more in rage, replied :
 “Then, when I am thy captive, talk of chains,
 Proud liminary cherub ! but ere then
 Far heavier load thyself expect to feel
 From my prevailing arm, though heaven’s King
 Ride on thy wings, and thou with thy compeers,
 Used to the yoke, draw’st his triumphant wheels
 In progress through the road of heaven star-paved.”
 While thus he spake, the angelic squadron bright
 Turn’d fiery red, sharp’ning in mooned horns
 Their phalanx, and began to hem him round
 With ported spears, as thick as when a field
 Of Ceres, ripe for harvest, waving bends
 Her bearded grove of ears, which way the wind
 Sways them ; the careful ploughman doubting stands,
 Lest on the threshing-floor his hopeful sheaves
 Prove chaff. On the other side, Satan, alarm’d,
 Collecting all his might, dilated stood,
 Like Teneriff or Atlas, unremoved :
 His stature reached the sky, and on his crest
 Sat horror plumed, nor wanted in his grasp
 What seemed both spear and shield.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*, iv. 968.

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SIC ait ore minans ; sed nec cura ulla minarum
 Encelado, contraque iris ardentior infit.
 ‘capto, claustrorum qui iactas munera, capto
 uincla crepa ; prius at multo grauiora reuictum
 spera te nostrae sensurum pondera dextrae,
 regem ipsum superum quamuis tua uexerit ala
 tuque tuique simul passi iuga nota trahatis
 per cliuum aethereum substrata per astra triumphos.’
 sic fanti superum candens rubor igneus agmen
 mutat, et extenuans lunata cornua fronte
 paulatim erectis hinc atque hinc circuit hastis.
 non tam densa Ceres messi matura per agros
 fluctuat incerta quo flectunt flamina silua,
 hirta comis ; haeret curis suspensus arator,
 ne sibi culmorum spes area prodat inanes.
 at contra trepidi et conlecto robore uasti
 Enceladi adsurgens et nota maior imago,
 qualis Atlans uel quale Aetnes immobile saxum,
 uertice tangebatur caelum : formidinis alis
 horret apex : hastae et clipei dextra quatit umbram.

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FOR that cold region was the lov'd abode,
 And sovereign mansion of the warrior god.
 The landscape was a forest wide and bare ;
 Where neither beast, nor human kind repair ;
 The fowl, that scent afar, the borders fly,
 And shun the bitter blast, and wheel about the sky.
 A cake of scurf lies baking on the ground,
 And prickly stubs, instead of trees, are found ;
 Or woods with knots and knares deform'd and old ;
 Headless the most, and hideous to behold :
 A rattling tempest through the branches went,
 That stripp'd 'em bare, and one sole way they bent.
 Heaven froze above, severe, the clouds congeal,
 And through the chrystal vault appear'd the standing hail.

DRYDEN. *Palamon and Arcite.*

OFt let me range the gloomy aisles alone,
 Sad luxury ! to vulgar minds unknown,
 Along the walls where speaking marbles shew
 What worthies form the hallowed mould below ;
 Proud names, who once the reins of empire held,
 In arms who triumphed, or in arts excelled ;
 Chiefs, graced with scars, and prodigal of blood ;
 Stern patriots, who for sacred freedom stood ;
 Just men, by whom impartial laws were given ;
 And saints, who taught, and led, the way to heaven.
 Ne'er to these chambers where the mighty rest,
 Since their foundation, came a nobler guest ;
 Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss conveyed
 A fairer spirit or more welcome shade.

TICKELL. *On the death of Addison.*