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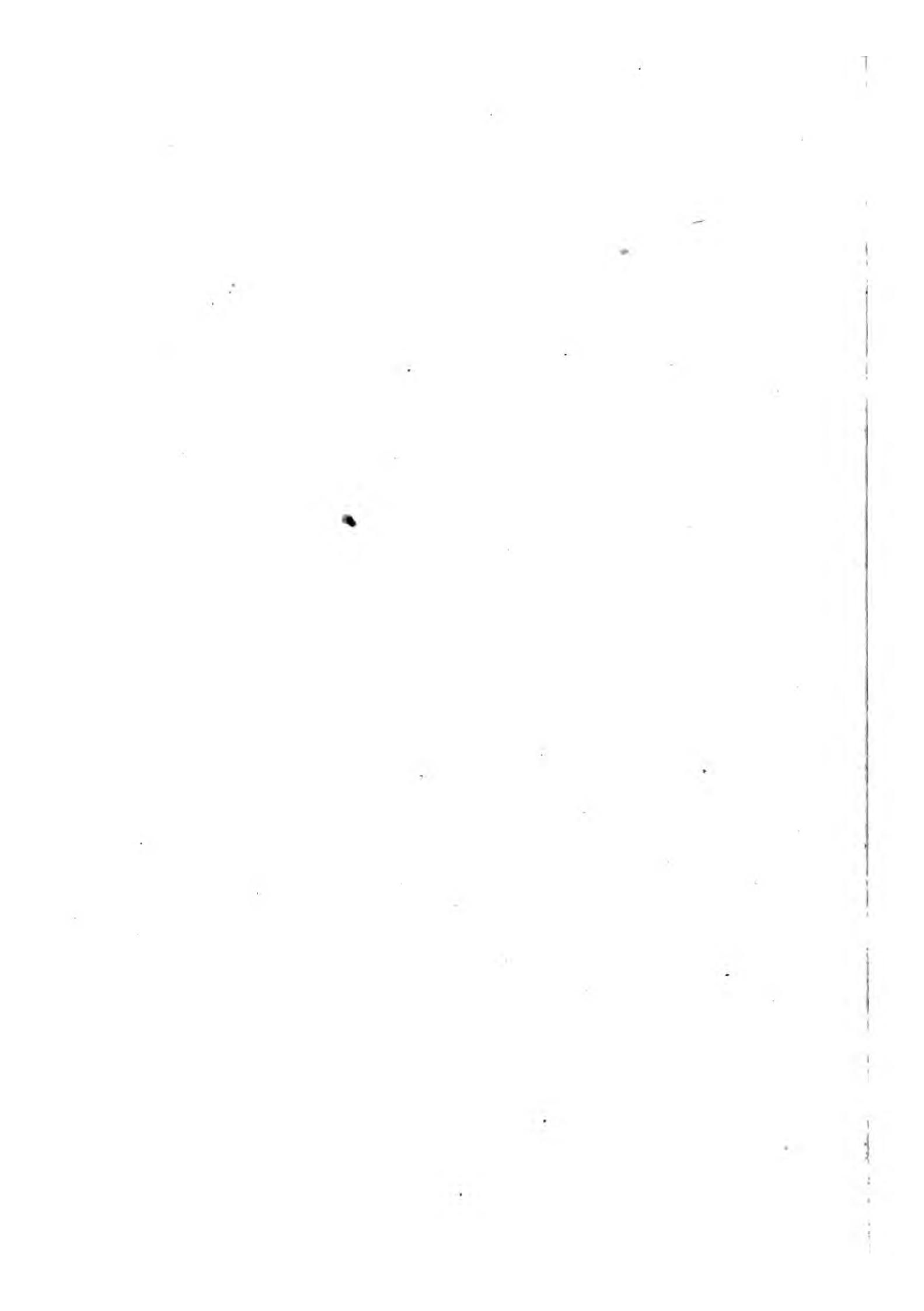


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280.e.357



From the
author.



ΛΩΤΟΦΑΓΟΙ.



1860.

280. e. 357.



Cantabrigia :

PRELI ACADEMICI TYPIS EXUDEBAT

C. J. CLAY, A.M.

HENRICO DRURY

MUSIS AMICO

QUO FAUTORE

NUGÆ HUIJUSMODI NONNULLÆ

QUIBUS HORAS

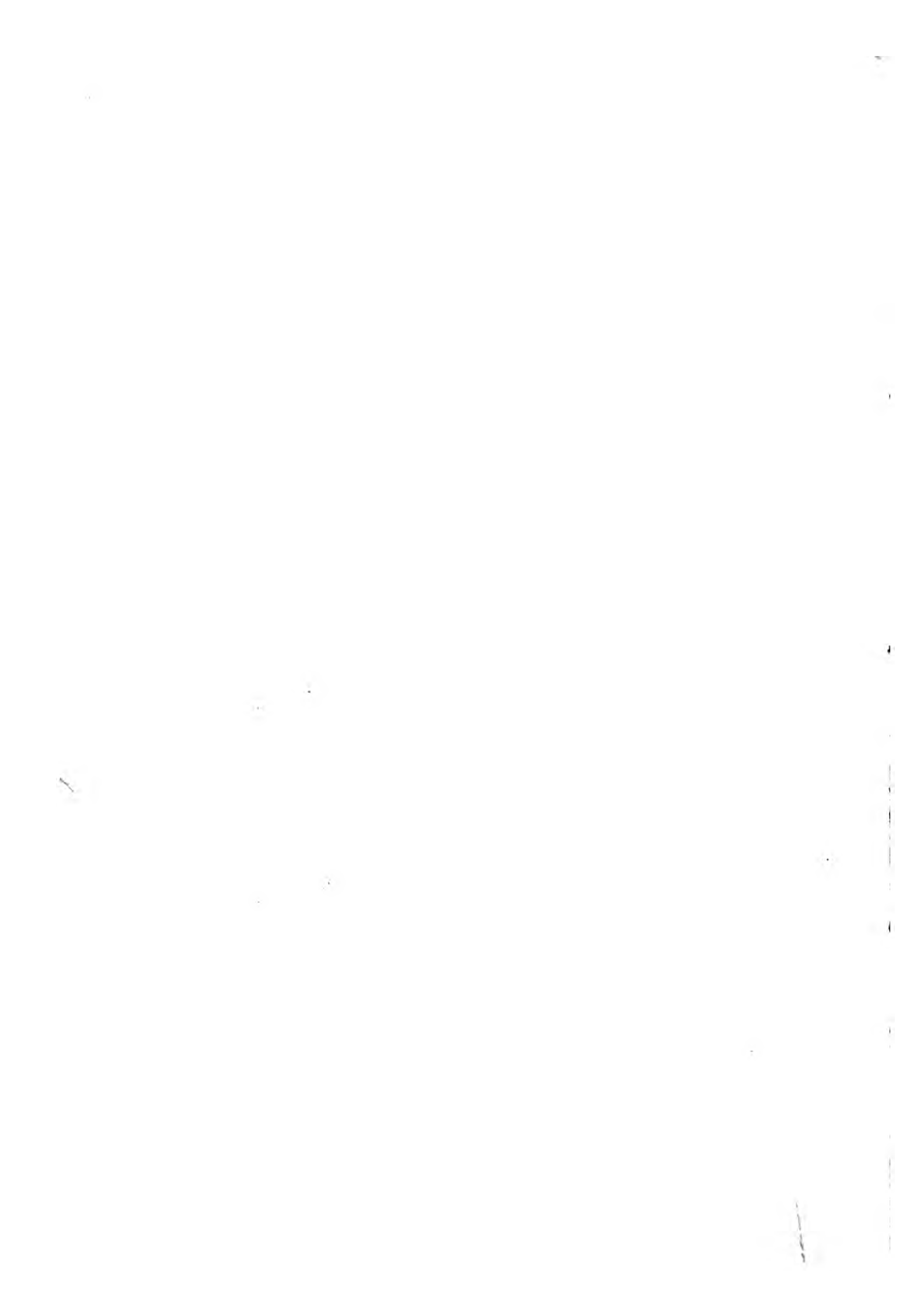
SEU TRISTES SIVE VACUAS

FEFELLERAT

IN PUBLICUM PRODIERUNT

D. D.

L.





"COURAGE!" he said, and pointed toward the land:
 "This mounting wave will roll us shoreward soon."
 In the afternoon they came unto a land,
 In which it seemed always afternoon.
 All round the coast the languid air did swoon,
 Breathing like one that hath a weary dream.
 Full-faced above the valley stood the moon;
 And like a downward smoke, the slender stream
 Along the cliff to fall and pause and fall did seem.

A land of streams! some, like a downward smoke,
 Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did go:
 And some thro' wav'ring lights and shadows broke,
 Rolling a slumb'rous sheet of foam below.
 They saw the gleaming river seaward flow
 From th' inner land: far off, three mountain-tops,
 Three silent pinnacles of aged snow,
 Stood sunset-flush'd: and, dew'd with show'ry drops,
 Up-clomb the shadowy pine above the woven copse.

The charmed sunset linger'd low adown
 In the red West: thro' mountain clefts the dale
 Was seen far inland, and the yellow down
 Border'd with palm, and many a winding vale

“Θάρσος,” ἔφη· καὶ χεῖρας ὀρεξάμενος ποτὶ γαῖαν,
 ἤνχετ’ ἐπ’ ἀκροπόλου ταχέως μάλα κύματος ἤξειν.
 ἔσπεριοι δ’ ἤκουσιν¹, ὅθ’ ἔσπερος αἰδιδίος τις
 φαίνεται· ἀλύεσκεν δ’ ἀκτὴν πέρι νήνεμος ἀήρ,
 δύσπνοον ὡς βρίζοντος ὄναρ· μεγαλωστὶ σελήνη
 στῆ καθύπερθε νάπης· ἐπὶ δ’ οὔρεος, ἤντε καπνός,
 στάζε τε καὶ λῆγεν καὶ στάζεν ἀμοιβαδὶς ὕδωρ.

ρείθρων ἔβρυε γῆ· πρηνῆς τὰ μὲν ἤντε καπνός,
 ἢε λίνου ποτ’ ἄωτον, ἄνωθεν λεπτότατα ψῆ².
 τῶν δ’ ἄπο, μαρμαρυγὰς μεταμειβομένην τε δι’ ἀχλὺν,
 κωφόν³ παφλάζοντα, κατέκλυζ’ οἶδματ’ ἄβυσσον.
 ἀργηστήν ποταμόν, μυχόθεν πελάγοσδε ῥέοντα
 θαύμασαν· ἀρχαίας δὲ νιφὸς κορυφὰς τρικαρῆνους
 ἄψοφα τηλεφανεῖ ῥόδεος βάλεν ἔσπερος ἀνγῆ·
 ἐν δὲ πίτυς πλεκτὴν δροσόεσσ’ ἀνέτελλε καθ’ ὕλην.

ἥλιος, ἀκροτάτοις ξανθῆς ἐπὶ τέρμασι γαίας,
 παύετο δνόμενος, αἰὲν μέλλοντι ἐοικώς⁴.
 πόρρω πουλύγναμπα διὰ πτύχας ἔπρεπ’ ὀρεινὰς
 ἄγκεα καὶ βῆσαι καὶ λειμῶνες κροκόβαπτοι,

¹ *Od.* IX. 336.

² Brunck. *ad Soph.* *Trach.* 678.

³ *Il.* XIV. 16.

⁴ *Od.* IX. 607.

And meadow, set with slender galingale;
 A land where all things always seem'd the same!
 And round about the keel with faces pale,
 Dark faces pale against that rosy flame,
 The mild-eyed melancholy Lotos-eaters came.

Branches they bore of that enchanted stem,
 Laden with flow'r and fruit, whereof they gave
 To each, but whoso did receive of them,
 And taste, to him the gushing of the wave
 Far far away did seem to mourn and rave
 On alien shores: and if his fellow spake,
 His voice was thin, as voices from the grave:
 And deep-asleep he seem'd, yet all awake,
 And music in his ears his beating heart did make.

They sat them down upon the yellow sand,
 Between the sun and moon upon the shore;
 And sweet it was to dream of Fatherland,
 Of child, and wife, and slave: but evermore
 Most weary seem'd the sea, weary the oar,
 Weary the wand'ring fields of barren foam.
 Then some one said, "We will return no more:"
 And all at once they sang, "Our island home
 Is far beyond the wave: we will no longer roam."

εὐστέφανοι πλατάνοις ῥαδινοῖσιν τ' ἀμφὶ κυπείροις·
 φάσμ' ἀστεμφὲς αἰεὶ· περὶ δὲ στείρην κατὰ κῦμα,
 ὠχρὸν ἰδεῖν, φλόγεόν τε μελάγχρωτες παρὰ φέγγος,
 ἠγερέθοντ', ἀγανοῖσι κατηφῆες ὀφθαλμοῖσι,
 Λωτοφάγοι.

τοὶ δὴ κλῶνας φέρον ἀνθεμόεντας,
 καρποφόρον γάνος ἄρρητον, καὶ δῶκαν ἐκάστῳ·
 οἱ δ' ἐπάσαντ', ἀμέτρητον ὑπεῖρ ἄλα κυματοαγῆ
 ἄξιον παρὰ θίνα μινυρόμενον βακχεύειν
 οἶδμ' ἐδόκει βομβῆεν· ἀραιὴ δ' ἴκετο φωνή⁵
 φθεγγομένων, ὥς τις νεκύων ἀμένητος ἀφ' Αἴδου.
 ὕπνος ἔχειν αὐπνους, κραδίης τε παλὶρρόθος ὀρμὴ
 ἠδὲ τι μελπομένῳ ἰνδάλλετο.

οἱ δ' ἐκάθηντο,
 μεσσηγὺς Φοῖβου τε φάους δίας τε Σελήνης,
 ξουθοῦ ἐπὶ ψαμάθου· πέρι τ' ὕσμενοι ἐμνήσαντο
 πατρίδα καὶ δμῶας, φίλα τέκνα, φίλας τε γυναῖκας·
 κῦμα δὲ δυσφόρεον, καὶ ναυστολίην ἀλεγεινὴν,
 καὶ πελάγη⁶ ἀφροῖο πολυπλανῆ ἀτρυγέτοιο.
 ὦδε δέ τις εἶπεσκεν, “Ἄλις πεπλανήμεθ', ἑταῖροι·”
 αὐτίκ' ἄρα ξύμπαντες, “Ἄλιβροχον ἡμέτερον δῶ
 εὖ μάλα μακρὸν ἄπεστιν, ἐκὰς ἐνὶ οἴνοπι πόντῳ·
 ὦδε μένειν ὄχ' ἄριστον· ἄλις πεπλανήμεθ', ἑταῖροι.”

⁵ Theocr. XIII. 59.

⁶ Od. v. 335.

There is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
Or night-dews on still waters between walls
Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass:
Music that gentlier on the spirit lies
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes:
Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful skies.
Here are cool mosses deep,
And thro' the moss the ivies creep,
And in the stream the long-leav'd flowers weep,
And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in sleep.

Why are we weigh'd upon with heaviness,
And utterly consum'd with sharp distress,
While all things else have rest from weariness?
All things have rest: why should we toil alone,
We only toil, who are the first of things,

ἴαδιον μέλος ἐνθάδ', ἢ τις
 ἀφὰ πετάλου, ῥόδων ἐν ἀκμᾷ,
 πόαν ἦκα βαλόντος· ἦ
 νυκτιλαμπές ὑπόσκιον
 θιγοῦσα ψακὰς ἠρεμαῖον
 κρύπτ' ἐνδόμυχον νᾶμ'·
 οὐ τόσον καμάτῳ φίλυπνα
 γλήνη κατέθειλξεν
 κοῦφον ἐπὶ βλεφάρων βάρος ἐμπεσόν·
 ἀκηδέων ἀφ' ἐδρῶν
 ἐπωδαῖς μετεπέμψαθ' ὕπνον.
 πάντῃ δ' ἐνὶ τάκεται⁸ ῥεέθροις
 ναρὸν τανύφυλλον ἔρνος·
 βαθύστρωτον ἄδην διέρπει
 ψυχρὰν στιβάδ' ἀμφὶ κισσός· εὔδει
 προβλήτων σπιλάδων ἄπο
 μάκων σίγα καθημμένος⁹.

στρ.

ἀντιστρ.

αἶ, αἶ, θυμοβόροις πονοῦμεν
 ταλαίφρονες αὐτῶς
 ἀνακεστοτάταις ἀνίαις
 ἡμεῖς· πάρα δ' ἄλλοις
 δια λυγρᾶς ἀνάπαυσις οἴζυος,
 ὅσ' ἔστιν ἢ μόνοισιν
 εἴμαρται καμάτων ἀφεύκτων

⁷ Soph. *Æd. Col.* 668—719 (Dindorf. *Poetæ Scenici Græci.*)

⁸ *Od.* VIII. 522.

⁹ Soph. *Antig.* 1222.

And make perpetual moan,
 Still from one sorrow to another thrown:
 Nor ever fold our wings,
 And cease from wanderings:
 Nor steep our brows in slumber's holy balm;
 Nor hearken what the inner spirit sings,
 "There is no joy but calm!"
 Why should we only toil, the roof and crown of things?

Lo! in the middle of the wood
 The folded leaf is woo'd from out the bud
 With winds upon the branch, and there
 Grows green and broad, and takes no care,
 Sun-steep'd at noon, and in the moon
 Nightly dew-fed: and turning yellow
 Falls, and floats adown the air.
 Lo! sweeten'd with the summer light,
 The full-juic'd apple, waxing over-mellow,
 Drops in a silent autumn night.
 All its allotted length of days,
 The flower ripens in its place,
 Ripens and fades, and falls, and hath no toil,
 Fast-rooted in the fruitful soil.

στένειν ἀλίστα, θεῶν μετ' ἔργοις
 πρωτεῖα μάταν λαχοῦσιν;
 ἡμῖν τοῖς ὑπεράλλοις, χθονίων τοῖς μέγ' ἀρίστοις, στρ.
 ὄρνις ὡς πτερύγων ἀκάματός τις πολυπλάγκτοισιν ἐρετ-
 μοῖς¹⁰,

ὑπνοιο κηληθμὸς ἀμβρότιο
 μὴ πώποτ' ἐμβάψει κάρη;
 πόνων ἄγευστος λέλογχεν ὄλβον,
 ἔναυλον τόδ' ἐφθυμνεῖ ἔν φρεσὶ δαίμων.

φεῦ· ὕλας ἐν ὀμφαλοῖσιν ἀβρότοισι,
 βλάσταν φύλλον ὑπεκδύν, ἀνέμου σαινόμενον κινاثί-
 σμασι,

χλωρὸν εὐρυφυῆς βρύει,
 ἀκτῖνες δ' ἀμέριμνον
 ἔνδιον, νυχία δ' αὐτε σελάνα τρέφειν ἔρσα· ἀντιστρ.
 τέλος δ' ἀλλόχροον ρεῖ, κατὰ δ' οὐρον μετέωρον δια-
 φεύγει.

θέρους ἐν αὐγαῖς πέπον τεθηλὸς,
 ὠραῖον ἔπεσεν ἔννουχον
 ἄκρας ὀπώρας ἄφωνα μᾶλον.
 ζωᾶς μοιρίδιον τέρμα τελείας
 ἀνθέων γένη κατάνυσ' ἀδνόςμων,
 ἀκμάζοντ' ἀπόνως, φρουδα δ' ἔπειτ' ὥχετ' ἐπασσυτέρα
 ῥοπαῖ,

εὐκάρποισι δυσεκλύτως
 ἐρρίζωμέν' ἀρούραις.

¹⁰ Æsch. Agam. 52.

Hateful is the dark-blue sky
 Vaulted o'er the dark-blue sea.
 Death is the end of life: ah, why
 Should life all labour be?
 Let us alone. Time driveth onward fast,
 And in a little while our lips are dumb.
 Let us alone. What is it that will last?
 All things are taken from us, and become
 Portions and parcels of the dreadful Past.
 Let us alone. What pleasure can we have
 To war with evil? Is there any peace
 In ever climbing up the climbing wave?
 All things have rest, and ripen tow'rd the grave
 In silence; ripen, fall and cease.
 Give us long rest or death, dark death, or dreamful ease!

How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream,
 With half-shut eyes ever to seem
 Falling asleep in a half-dream!
 To dream and dream, like yonder amber light,
 Which will not leave the myrrh-bush on the height;
 To hear each other's whisper'd speech;
 Eating the Lotos, day by day,
 To watch the crisping ripples on the beach,
 And tender curving lines of creamy spray:

¹¹ στρυγνὸν πόλου κυάνεον στρ.
 βάθος πάλαι πορφυροειδοῦς
 ὑπερτέταται θαλάττας·
 ζῶσιν θάνατος πέπρωται·
 ζῶντες δ' ἀπαύστῳ πόνῳ ἄλλως βίον ἀντλοῦμεν·
 ἐὰτ' ἔσσυμένων ρίμφ' ἐνιαυτῶν
 σιγὰ τάχ' ἔπεισιν· οὐδὲν
 σταθμὸν ἔχει βέβαιον.
 πάντ' ἐκλέλοιπεν, φοβερῶ ἀντιστρ.
 δὲ τῶν πάλαι σύζυγ' ὀμίλῳ
 φεύγει· τί δ' ἀτερπὲς αἰὲν
 ἀδμητ', ἀμάχου κατ' ἄτας,
 κλύδων' ἔπ' ἀμβαίνομεν; ἔσθ' ἀσυχίας πᾶσιν
 σίγ' εἰσερχομένας μοῖρα καθ' ὥραν·
 τᾶς πουλυπλάνων ὀνείρων,
 ἢ θανάτου τύχοιμεν.

¹² ἢ τερπνὸν μάλα, παγῶν στρ.
 παρ κλιθέντα καταρρόοισιν,
 αἰεὶ βλεφάροις ὑπνῶδες ἡμι-
 κλείστοις ὧδ' ὅσον οὐ καθεύδειν·
 ἠλεκτροφαῆ κατ' αὐγὰν
 ὑψοῦ 'πὶ μυρρίνου
 βάτου μόνιμον· καθ' ἀμέ-
 ραν ψιθυρὸν ἀντιφωνεῖν,
 κυμάτι' αἰγιαλῶ
 κυρτωθένθ' ἀπαλὰ σκοπεῖν, γαλακτώ-
 δη τ' ἀφρὸν πολύκυκλον ἀντιστρ.

¹¹ Soph. *Antig.* 781—800.

¹² Eur. *Hecub.* 444—465.

To lend our hearts and spirits wholly
 To the influence of mild-minded melancholy:
 To muse and brood and live again in memory,
 With those old faces of our infancy
 Heap'd over with a mound of grass,
 Two handfuls of white dust, shut in an urn of brass!

Dear is the mem'ry of our wedded lives,
 And dear the last embraces of our wives
 And their warm tears: but all hath suffer'd change:
 For surely now our household hearths are cold:
 Our sons inherit us: our looks are strange:
 And we should come like ghosts to trouble joy:
 Or else the island-princes over-bold
 Have eat our substance, and the minstrel sings
 Before them of the ten-years' war in Troy,
 And our great deeds, as half-forgotten things.
 Is there confusion in the little isle?
 Let what is broken so remain.
 The Gods are hard to reconcile:
 'Tis hard to settle order once again.
 There *is* confusion worse than death,
 Trouble on trouble, pain on pain,
 Long labour unto aged breath,
 Sore task to hearts worn out with many wars,
 And eyes grown dim with gazing on the pilot-stars.

But, propt on beds of amaranth and moly,
 How sweet, while warm airs lull us, breathing lowly,
 With half-dropt eyelids still,
 Beneath a heaven dark and holy,
 To watch the long bright river drawing slowly
 His waters from the purple hill—
 To hear the dewy echoes calling
 From cave to cave thro' the thick-twined vine—
 To hear the em'rald-colour'd water falling
 Thro' many a wov'n acanthus-wreath divine!
 Only to hear and see the far-off sparkling brine,
 Only to hear were sweet, stretch'd out beneath the pine.

The Lotos blooms below the flow'ry peak :
 The Lotos blows by every winding creek :
 All day the wind breathes low with mellow tone :
 Thro' ev'ry hollow cave and alley lone
 Round and round the spicy downs the yellow Lotos-dust
 is blown.

¹⁵ μῶλυ κάτ', εἴτ' ἀμαραν-
 τιναν στιβάδ' εὔστρωτον,
 ὑπνώσσουσι βλεφάροις,
 λεπτὰ Ζεφύρων πνεόντων,
 ὑπὸ τ' οὐρανοῦ κνέφας
 ἀμβροσίου, δολιχὰς
 ποταμίας ὄρᾱν

στρ.

ἦκα ρεούσας ἀπὸ πορφυρωδῶν
 βούνων ὑπέκ προχοάς· τὰ δ' Ἄχοῡς
 κελεύσμαθ' ὑγρᾶς ἐπάλληλα
 σπέσσειν ἐν ἀντιτύποις
 ὕλαν διὰ καλλίβοτρυν,
 ἣ̄ που κυάνεον ᾧδ'
 ὕδωρ μετ' ἀκανθίνοισι
 πολυδαϊδαλοῖς πλοκαῖς
 θεσπεσίοις κελάρυ-
 ζον, ἀπόνως κλύειν·
 πόρρωθεν ἄλμαν ἐσιδεῖν φαεινὰν,
 ὑψαύχεν' εἴθ' ὑπὸ δένδρ' ἀκούειν·
 τούτοις βίον ἔστι ποιμαίνειν.

ἀντιστρ.

παρὰ τ' εὐανθῶν κορυφὰς πρῶνων
 πορθμῶν τ' ἐσόδους αἰολομόρφων
 λώτου θαλερὸν γάνος ἀκμάζει·
 πνεῖ παννῆμαρ μαλθακὸς ἀήρ·
 κοῖλα κατ' ἄντρα καὶ οἰόπολ' ἄγκη,
 περὶ λειμώνων πλάτος εὐόσμων,
 ξανθοῦ σπέρματα
 λώτου φέρεται πολυδινη̄.

¹⁵ Eur. *Hippol.* 121—140.

We have had enough of action, and of motion we,
 Roll'd to starboard, roll'd to larboard, when the surge
 was seething free,
 Where the wallowing monster spouted his foam-fountains
 in the sea.

Let us swear an oath, and keep it with an equal mind,
 In the hollow Lotos-land to live and lie reclin'd
 On the hills like Gods together, careless of mankind :
 For they lie beside their nectar, and the bolts are hurl'd
 Far below them in the valleys, and the clouds are lightly
 curl'd

Round their golden houses, girdled with the gleaming
 world :

Where they smile in secret, looking over wasted lands,
 Blight and famine, plague and earthquake, roaring deeps
 and fiery sands,

Clanging fights, and flaming towns, and sinking ships,
 and praying hands.

But they smile, they find a music centred in a doleful
 song

Steaming up, a lamentation and an ancient tale of wrong,
 Like a tale of little meaning though the words are strong ;

ἄλις εἶργασται καὶ πεπόνηται
 νῦν ἐπὶ δεξιὰ νῦν ἐπ' ἀριστερὰ
 λαβρῶ κύματι ποντοτινάκτοις,
 ἔνθα πελώριον ὑψόσ' ἐφύσα
 προκυλινδόμενον κῆτος ἀφρώδους
 οἴδατος ἄχναν.

ἄγετ' οὖν ἐχυραῖς ὄρκια βουλαῖς
 θῶμεν, σύμφρονες ὧδε διαζῆν,
 τρόπον ἀθανάτων, οἷτ' ἐν Ὀλύμπῳ
 παρὰ νεκταρέοις κεῖνται πώμασιν
 εἰκῆ χθονίων ἀμελοῦντες·
 τῆλε δ' ἐν οὔρεσι βροντὰ καναχεῖ
 χρύσεια δώματα πρὸς θεοτερπῆ,
 στροφοδινοῦνταί τ' ἀμφὶς νεφελαί,
 περὶ δ' οὐράνιος

στίλβει πόλος ἀστεροφεγγής.
 οἱ δ' ὀρυστάδω γὰν βροτολοίγω
 διαπερθομέναν, βρύχιον πέλαγος,
 χθόνα σεισθεῖσαν, ψάμμον φλογέαν,
 ὄλοᾶ λοιμοῦ λιμὸν ἐπ' ἄτη,
 καταθραυσθείσας ναῦς ἐνὶ κύμασιν,
 ἀστέων ἄμοτον πῦρ καιομένων,
 χεῖράς θ' ἱκετῶν,

λάθρα χαίρουσιν ὀρῶντες.
 τὸ δὲ θρηνώδες μέλος ὠγύγιον
 πέρι τερπομένοις ὧσι δέχονται,
 κούκ ἀλέγουσιν δεινὰ λεγόντων,
 τὸ παρ' ἀνθρώπων αἰκίζομένων
 εἰσαναβαῖνον δώματ' Ὀλίμπου·

Chanted from an ill-us'd race of men that cleave the soil,
Sow the seed, and reap the harvest with enduring toil,
Storing yearly little dues of wheat, and wine, and oil:
Till they perish, and they suffer—some, 'tis whisper'd—
 down in hell

Suffer endless anguish, others in Elysian valleys dwell,
Resting weary limbs at length on beds of asphodel.
Surely, surely, slumber is more sweet than toil, the shore
Than labour in mid-ocean, wind and wave and oar:
Oh rest ye, brother-mariners, we will not wander more.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

τῶν τλασιπόνων, τῶν ἀροτήρων,
 φυτευθείσας οἱ τ' ἀπὸ γαίας
 σῖτον ἐτήσιον, οἶνον, ἔλαιον,
 διασώζουσιν κομίσαντες.
 θανατωθέντες δ' οἱ μὲν ἐν Αἴδου,
 τοιάδε φάμα θρυλεῖ ψιθυρά,
 διακναιόμενοι πῆμ' ἀθλεύουσ'¹⁶,
 οἱ δ' ἐνὶ βάσσαις Ἑλυσιαῖσιν,
 καμάτων ἔσαεὶ παραλυόμενοι,
 κατὰ τ' ἀσφοδέλου
 δέμνι ἄλυποι διάγουσιν.
 ἔστ' ἀναπαύλας, ἔστ' ἐπὶ χερσοῦ
 γέρας ἄδιον, τοῦτο σαφέστατον,
 ἢ ἐβαθύπλοον ὧδε δυσάνεμον
 αἰὲν ἐρετμοῦ κόπον ἔξαντλεῖν.
 λήγετε μόχθων,
 φεῦ μόχθων λήγεθ', ἑταῖροι.

LYTTELTON.

¹⁶ Aesch. *Prom.* 94.



