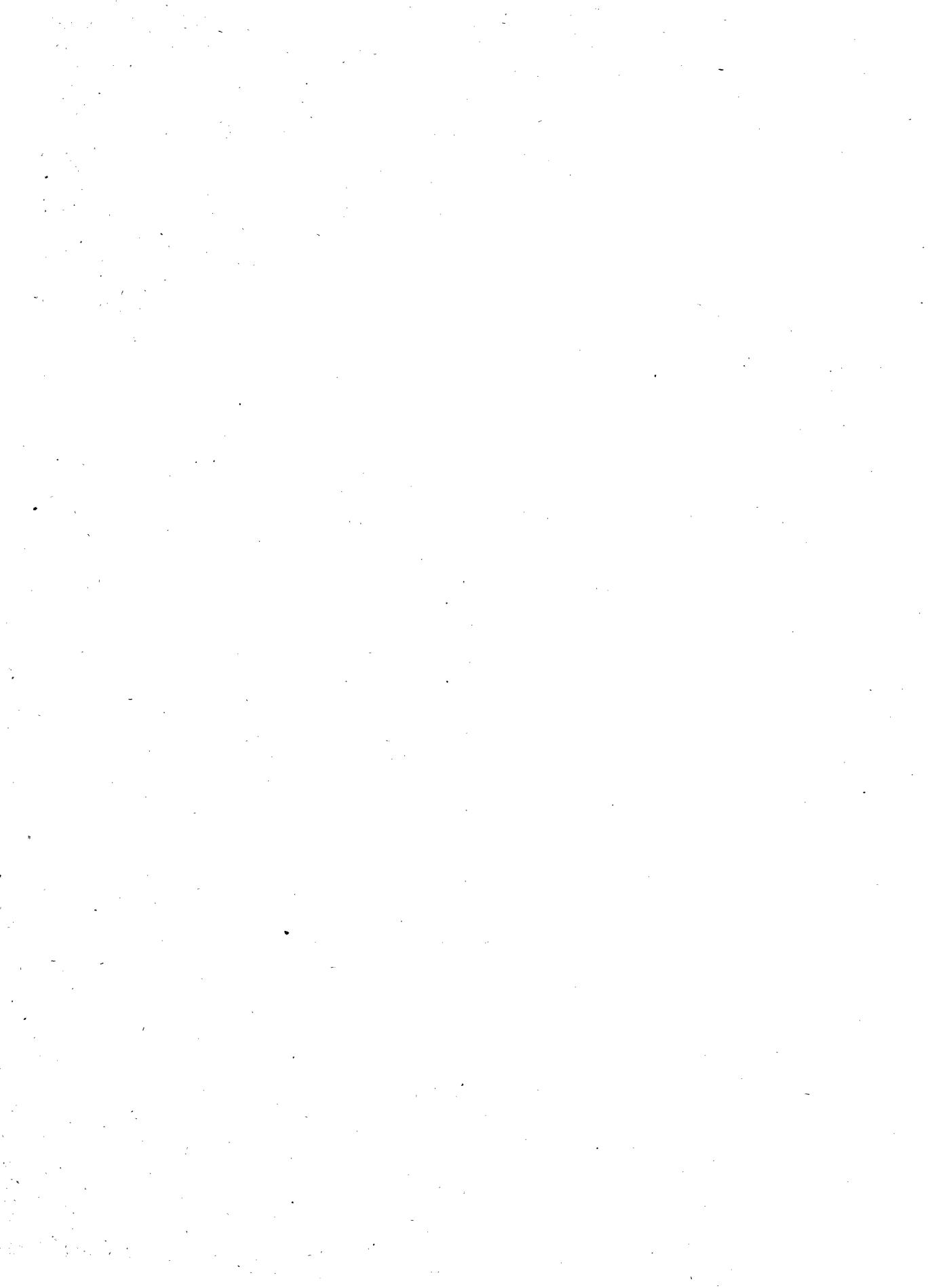

ELEGIA GRAYIANA

GRÆCE.



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GRÆCE,

ACCREDIT ETIAM

EPITAPHIUM IN ECCLESIA EPISCOPALI
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INTERPRETE

EDVARDO TEW, A. M.

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ET TYPOGRAPHEO J. NICHOLS;

VENEUNT APUD R. FAULDER.

MDCCXCV.



L E C T O R I S.

PAUCIS, amice Lector, te præmoneri velim, me neque in exercitationibus hisce versari labores improbantem alienos, neque ineptè inferentem meos. Liceat enim sperare, liberalibus præsertim in studiis, ut certari simul possit & amicè & suaviter.

Si quis forsan existimet, me ad hæc opera paulo seriùs delatum, ex eorum qui antecesserint studiis, melioribus auspiciis accedere, eandemque mihi aliorum vestigiis insistenti faciliùs patere viam, hâc ipsâ ratione & laborari interdum meminerit. Quædam sint, de quibus bene dici nisi semel vix possit: verendum est igitur, ne cautiùs evitando quæ priùs dicta fuerint, ut alieno labore non sim disertus, ea minùs accurate exprimantur; optimisque occupatis, quicquid aliter dixerim, deterrius futurum sit.

Quod ad eorum sententiam attinet, qui Musas nostras Græcæ loquentes neutiquam patientur, & cognitionem ullam adeo non intercedere contendant, ut rem non omnino tractandam esse censeant, paucis deprecari liceat. Est cujusque scilicet Linguæ suum dicendi genus & copia & virtus; quāmque arduum sit sua cuique convenientia reddere nemo non fateatur. Quædam etiam fortasse sint, quæ, ut loci magis propria & morum patrio quasi solo inhærescere videntur, vix quidem neque summo fine periculo aliò transferri possint. In plerisque verò, & quæ in medio & in naturâ posita sunt, & quæ, ut cognitionis jura facilè patiuntur, communi quodam vinculo tenentur, non adeò diverso cœlo aut moribus utimur, ut de iis propriè dicere in quâvis linguâ sit difficile. Et si in vertendo parum profecisse videmur, non est, quòd Lingua nobis deficit, sed quòd ipsi deficimus; & quid cujusque proprium sit, quid variæ loquendi formæ viceisque postulent, planè ne-scimus.

Videant autem ii, ne in conversione plus quām rei natura & ratio patitur, iniquè sibi pollicēantur. Non in mores alienos & ornatus cuivis ita transfire fas sit, ut non de patrio extet ali-

quid, & emineat; non alterius ita ferre personam, ut non prodat suam. Detur igitur, neque enim dissimulandum est, perfectissimæ hujus Elegiæ veros colores non ab ullius vel accuratissimæ interpretationis fide ad vivum exprimi posse, quam in eâ multi non sine laude versati sint: ita tamen eos forsitan adumbrare liceat, ut aliquatenus originem nec in honestè referant; & finon pura ejus & tota effigies, extrema faltem lineamenta clarè perspiciantur. Ne igitur muneri suo & officio parùm satisfecisse existimetur, qui pro ingenio linguæ & naturâ aptè & diligenter retulerit, quantum referri possit; & si non se verè Atheniensem, neque enim profitetur, ostenderit, Interpreti faltem condonetur, quòd non omnino hospes & Athenis insolens esse videatur.

Quod reliquum est, utcunque conatus nostri ceciderint, Interpretationem hanc, fidam satis ut spero, minimè licet pro Carminum venustate ornatam, velim æquo animo accipias. Neque graventur admodum aut ægrè patiantur ii, quibus temerè manus injecisse, & quos peregrino quodam ornatu in publicum ultro protulisse videar. Hæc scilicet eorum est conditio, quorum inter præstantissimos cujuslibet artis magistros

gravis est auctoritas, & exemplum quod sequi velles: quorumque virtutibus immorari dulce adeò & meminisse jucundum est, ut rudi operâ utcunque adumbratas magis adhuc innotescere velimus. Id tamen vereor, ne dum studio meo & observantiae solummodo inservire cupiam, amici parum prudentis partes egisse, & causam eorum, quos maximè honestare vellem, officiosa sedulitate prodidisse inveniar: neque enim, quod harum elegantiarum ratio postulet, me vel modicè assecutum fuisse, aut quod ne nostris quidem placuerit, aliorum votis responsurum esse facile speraverim.

ELEGIA GRAYIANA

GRÆCE.

B

G R A . Y ' S E L E G Y .

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day;
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea;
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such, as wand'ring near her secret bow'r,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Ε Λ Ε Γ Ε Ι Α.

ΤΗΛ' ἥχει κάδων νέον ἡματῷ ανομένοιο·
 Μυκηθμῷ Βοὲς αἰμπεδίον γ' ὑπ' αἱμολυῷ αἰλῶνται
 Ὀκυπρῶς, αἴσοις δὲ καμών οἰκόνδε βαδίζει,
 Κάμοις ἐπερχομένη μούνῳ καταλείπεται ὅρφην.

Ποικίλα τὸν τυθὸν παραφαίνεται εἰδει γαῖης·
 Αἴθετι θεσπεσί σιγὴ μόνον ἐμβασιλεύει·
 Κάιθαρος εἰ μή που βομβῶν κυκλοῦ ἡροφοῖται,
 Χαλκίου ἡ θέλκης κήπος ἔρχεται πώει κοιμᾶ.

"Ενδοθεν εἰ μή που κιστήρεος αὐτόθι πύργου
 Γλαυξὶ μέγ' αὔσε φυγὰς, πότιν τ' ἐπικέιται Μηνὸν
 Αἴν' ὄλοφυρομένη, σκιερῶν γ' ὅτι τις πέλας αὐθεων
 Ἀφεαδέως περιμολῶν παλεώιου ἔκβαλεν αεχῆς.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
 Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
 Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
 The rude Forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
 The swallow twitting from the straw-built shed,
 The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
 Or busy housewife ply her evening care:
 No children run to lisp their fire's return,
 Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to the sickle yield,
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
 How jocund did they drive their team afield!
 How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Τῆςδ' ἄρ' ὑπὸ πιελέας, οὐ συίλαχος αἰμφύκόμων,
Οἰδάνει ὅγκώδης οὐ χώμασιν ἀλλα νεάρτοις,
Συντόμω οἱ προγόνοις καμῆς ἐν μητραθ' ἔκοστος
"Τοῖατ' ὁφειλόμενον κοιμῶνται απήμονες ἕπτον.

Οὐκέτι τὰς θυόεσσ' ήδυπνόθε θέος ιωὴ,
Οὐκέθ' οὐμωρόφιος λιγὺ χωλιλλάσσας χελιδῶν,
Οὐ μέλος ηεροφάνις αλέκιορος αὐθὶ χαμεύνων,
Οὐδὲ κυνηγείκις κέραος πάλιν ἥχοις ἐγείη.

Τοῖσιν ἐπ' εσχαρόφιν φανεῖ οὐκέτ' ἐφέστιος αὐτὸς
Δειλινὸν οὐ κεδνὴ δόξηπον ποιπνύσει ἀκοίπις.
Οὐ προδεαμένη γόστιον παῖεος αὔγειλεῖ, οὐ τραυλίζων
Χαῖρε, παῖς λάβοις ἐν γόνοσι μητρὶ ήδὺ φιλήμα.

Λήιον ως δρεπάνῳ, μόχθῳ γέρας, ἀφθονον ἦμων
Ως αρότρῳ πυκνῷς ἥρεικον αἱμήχανον ὥλκα.
Πρεω̄τι μάλ' ως αὐγρόνδε γεγηθότες ἥγον αἰμάξας
Ως σιβαροῖς πελέκεσσι καθίειπεν αἴσκελος ὑλη.

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r;
And all that beauty, all that wealth, e'er gave;
Await alike th' inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If mem'ry o'er their tombs no trophies raise,
Where, thro' the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery sooth the dull cold ear of death?

Μή τις ἔρως δοξῆς, μηδ' ἀπλούτου βέβεις αὐτὸν
 Τέταρτα θ' ὅμως σκάψαιο, καὶ ὡφέλιμον ἔργα πενήτων
 Μηδ' αὖτε δὲν ὅσσα κάμον, τοιῶνδ' ἐπεὶ φίλος ἐστιν,
 "Οἶκος αὐγηνοεῖται πόλεις κεριομιῆσι διώκοι.

Εὐγείέων προγόνων κλέος, η μεγαλαυχέος αἰχῆς,
 Κάλλεος ὅστα Φέροι, πλεύταιο τοῦ ἐφίμερα δῶρα,
 Οἰκίου ὄμως μίμνει καὶ ἀπασι πεπρωμένου ἥμας·
 Δοξῆς καὶ τέλος ἐστιν αὐτοῦ δός εἰν 'Αιδάο.

Μὴ χαλεπῶς νεκεῖθ' ὑπερέφανοι, εἰ περίσημοι
 Οὐδὲν ὑπομιῆμαρεῖται, φίλοις αὐτοῖς τοῖς οὐρανοῖς
 Ναῷ ἐν εὐτοπίῳ, ὅπτε γενομένες εὐχαὶ
 Ευφήμοις πνείσται συνοίμιον ὑμνον αἰοιδαῖς.

"Η στηλῆς κενοδόξεις αὖτε ὡφελεῖν, οὐτούτης ἀρέτης ἐπαίνοις
 Εἴκονος ἐμψύχοιο, ἐπεὶ θάνον, ὃστε νέεσθαι;
 "Η βαίον τι κλέος ἀπαθῆ κόνιν ἐκκίνησεν;
 "Η μαλάκοις τις ἔθελει πόλις κατακλασθεῖν τοῖς οὐρανοῖς;

Perhaps, in this neglected spot, is laid
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
 Hands, that the reins of empire might have sway'd,
 Or wak'd to ecstacy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
 Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
 Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
 And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,
 The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
 Full many a flower is born to blish unseen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
 The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
 Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
 Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

Τῷδ' ολίγων τυχὸν ἐνὶσς ὄρων τις ἀδόξῳ ιανός,
 Οὗ κάπυξόν τι μένῳ πάλαι ἔπνεεν ἀλκιμον ἥτος;
 "Αξίῳ ιφθιμῶς καὶ ὃν ἐκπρεπέσσιν ἀνάσσειν,
 Ἐνθεον ἦ γε λυρας ταχ' αὐτοῖς ἀώτον ἐγείρειν.

Σκῦλ' αἴχαῖα χρόνες, πρεγόνων τε παλαιόφαλα ἔργα,
 Οὐδὲ καλ' αὖ Σοφίη κειμήλια τοῖσδ' ἐπέτασσεν.
 Ζῆλον ἐλευθερίας Πενία φρενὸς εἰρῆε δυσαής,
 Γενναιᾶς τε γόνου κρυμῷ καλερήτυεν οὔρμης.

"Οσταὶ γ', ἐν βένθεσσιν ἀμάρτυροι ὄκεάνοιο,
 Ἔπιμοι περχέσσι λίθοι σέλας ἀγλαον αὕτως.
 "Αερος ἐς κενένη τέρψιν μόνον ὅσσα φύονται
 "Αιθέ, ἐρημαῖαις ήδη πνείοντ' ἐν βήσσαις.

"Αμδηνός τις αὖ αὐτόθ' ἵσως, ὃς ὑπειρέχω αἴγεων
 Θαεσήσας Φρεσὶν ἦσι τυράννῳ ἐναερίος ἔστη.
 Μυῆματι Μιλῶνός τις ἀμεσῷ οἰκεῖ, πάτρης
 "Αιματῷ εμφύλιος Κερμοήλ τις ἀναίτιος εύδοι.

Th' applause of lift'ning senates to command,
 The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
 To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
 And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbad: nor circumscrib'd alone
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
 Forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne,
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
 To quench the blushes of ingenuons shame,
 Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
 With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
 Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
 Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
 They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Μύθοι αγασταμένων λάϊων Βουλῆς' αγορεύειν,
 "Αλγε' ὄμως, πενίαι τε παθεῖν τετληπότι θυμῷ,
 Ευποείαι πλούτον τε νέμειν, παλὸν αὐτὶς ἐπαυξεῖν
 Παλείδῃ εὐνοιῇ αἱετῶν χαείεσσαν ἀμοιβὴν,

Οὐ φθάνον, οὐδὲ ἔτυχον ἀλλ' εἰ φθονέοιό περ αἴσα
 Τοῖςδ' αείσημα φρεγεῖν, καὶ ἀπέσχεθ' αναιδεῖα γέζειν,
 Οὐ κροτίειν εἶδε τυράννιδῷ, οὐδὲ ἀκλαυτεῖ
 Αιματόεντα τρεπαῖα φέρειν ὀλεσιμβρέγτου ἀλκῆς,

Γιώτον οὐ κεύθειν πάθῳ, ἦ ψεύδεσθαι αληθοῦς
 Γενναῖας τ' ἐρύθημα καλάσθεσσα εὔχερον αἰδοῦς.
 Οὐδὲ ιερῷς στέφανον Μουσῶν αὐθεσσι πλέκοντας
 Έει λέος αἰμωμοῖσι θέμεν κενεαυχέσῳ ὄκνου.

Τῇλ', ἀπάνευθ' ἐρίδων, τῇλ' αἴφρονέοιῳ ὄμίλου
 Εὐσίων, αἴσιη βίον ᾧς ρήστα διῆγον.
 Τοῖςδε μέμηλε μόνον, εἴ πως τύχοι, ὅχλας ἀνευθεν
 "Αψιφον ἥκα τείσον ταμέεν βιότοιο λαθεῖσιν.

Yet even these bones from insult to protect,
 Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
 With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deckt,
 Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unletter'd Muse
 The place of fame and elegy supply ;
 And many a holy text around she strews,
 That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
 This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
 Nor cast one longing lingering look behind ?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies ;
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires :
 Even from the tomb the voice of nature cries ;
 Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.

Αλλ' ἔτι καὶ τοιῶνδε τάφων ἀπαμυνέμεν ὑστερεῖ,
 Αξέστης σημεῖα πλάκων, ἐπίγεαιμα τὸ ἀμυγόν,
 Ή γε λίθῳ τις ἀμορφῷ αναρμόσοις ἐν ρύθμοις
 Μνῆμα φιλοφρεσούντης ὀλίγον παρεόντας ἀπαλεῖ.

Γεράμασιν αὐτὸν ἐλεγείς αἰεικέστιν, αὐτοὶ τὸ ἐπαίνοι
 Οὐνομάτων ἐτέων τε λόγον μόνον ἐφεροσε Μάσα,
 Σύμβολά τὸ εὐσεβίας περιχεύατο ἐνθα καὶ ἐνθα,
 Μορσίμοις ὡς ατῆς πρεγνοῦσι μελεῖσταιν αὐγροίκοι.

Τίς γὰρ αὖ, ὅσσα πάθοι, κεύθεσσιν αὐτωνυμίας ἄδει
 Τλαίνομοις γλυκερῶν τε βίσ, κηδέων τε λαθέσθαι;
 Τίς χαίρειν εἴδετε πανίμερον ἥλις αὐγὴν,
 Καὶ δὲ ἔθελεν, πάλιν ὅσσε τρεπτὰν, μίκρον τι βερεδύνειν;

Οφθαλμὸς δὲ μύων, ψύχη δέ τιν' ἔσθλον ἔταιρον
 Ζητεῖς ἀποπλαμένη, στοργῆς δέ τι λείψανον αἰτεῖ
 Φθέγγεται ἐκ τύμβου φυσέως ἐτὸς ἀμοιβαδίς αὐδὴν,
 Πῦρ δὲ ἀρέτητὸς ἀκάματον σπόδῳ, ὡς παρὸς, ἐμπεδὸν αἴθει.

For thee; who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate ;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate ;

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say :

“ Oft have we seen him, at the peep of dawn,
“ Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
“ To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

“ There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
“ That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
“ His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
“ And pore upon the brook that bubbles by.

“ Him have we seen the greenwood side along
“ While o'er the heath we hied, our labour done,
“ Oft as the woodlark pip'd her farewell song,
“ With wistful eyes pursue the setting sun.

Αλλὰ σύγ' ὁσ μηματικὴ τῶνδ' αἰγεράστις ὄμιλος,
 Οὐ φθονέεις ἐνέργεισι φέρειν ἔνφυμον αἴσιδήν,
 Εἰ μελεῖῶν καὶ ταῦτ' ἀν ἴσως πάλαι ἐξερεεινῆ
 Τίς σοι ὄμοφρουνέων, ποιᾶς τυχὸν ἐλλαχες ἀντης,

Τίς τάχα κωμάτων πολιορκόταφός ποτ' ἀν εἴπη·
 "Πολλάκις ἀμπέδιον πάλαι εἴδομες αὐτὸν ὑπ' αὐτῷ
 "Σπερδῇ ἀπογκέδασαι νοίαν ποδὶ καφῷ ἐέργασαι,
 "Αλίῳ εἰν δ' ὑπάτᾳ φθάνειν χαίροντα κολώνα.

"Ταῦδε ὑπαὶ φαγοῖο, αἰνάμαλον ἀπλοκίοντος
 "Βεβομένα κλάδεσιν ρίζας ανίστιν ἐνερθεν,
 "Αθερά γῦν ἀμελῶς εἴψας χαμαὶ ἐνδιάσκη,
 "Νάμαλος ἐγκύψας αἰτενῶς λαλαγεῦντι ρέεθρῳ.

"Τῆνον δ' αὖ νάέπῳ αἰπὺ ἐσείδομες, εὔτε καμόντας
 "Αλιῷ ὅψε δύων πάλιν αἰγεοθὲν ὥρσε νεέσθαι,
 "Ανικά τ' ἐν θαμνοῖς κόρυδῳ μέλῳ ἐσπερεον ἀστε,
 "Ακίνων πυμάτον σέλας ὅψειοντα δοκεύειν.

“ Hard by yon wood, now smiling, as in scorn,
 “ Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove,
 “ Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
 “ Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

“ One morn, I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
 “ Along the heath, and near his favourite tree :
 “ Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,
 “ Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood, was he.

 “ The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
 “ Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne.
 “ Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,
 “ Graved on the stone, beneath yon aged thorn.”

“ Νῦν γελόων τι σεσαργός ἔνα, πύκα χείλεσι μύσδων
 “ Νῦν ὥχει λεπτός τε, κατηφύσωντι ἐσικώσ,
 “ Φαίνεις γέραφενοντά τιν' ἔμμενας, ήτε παθόντα
 “ Σχέτλιον ἐμπίκες υποκάρδιον ἐλκος ἔξωισθαι.

“ Ήσ δέ αὖτε, τὸν δέ τοικέτ' ἀνεύρομες, γέδε κολωώνε
 “ Οὐδέ τέρπειν εἰδέμεμας, φάγον τούτον ὅπεις αὖτις καθῆσθαι.
 “ Τῷ δέ ἑτέρῳ λειμῶνα καὶ ὡς παρεῖται τοικέτην ἐσίκανεν,
 “ Οὐδέ τέταρτα δέσμωται, ήτοι προνῆστρον ὕδωρ.

“ Οὐδέ τοιδὴν μετέπειτα φίλων καὶ κόσμου ὁδυρμοῖς
 “ Εἴδομες οὖν βαδίνη γοεροῖς νέκυν ἐκφορέεσθαι.
 “ Νῦν δέ τοιγέ, ἀλλ' αὖ ὄρας, ἐπειὴ ξεῖνος σύγερμος,
 “ Ἐν πλάκῃ γεσάπλα μαθῶν, υπὸ σεμνᾶς αὐτοῦ ἀκάνθας.”

E P I T A P H.

Here rests his head, upon the lap of earth,
 A youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown :
 Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth ;
 And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere ;
 Heaven did a recompence as largely send :
 He gave to Misery all he had, a tear,
 He gain'd from Heaven ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose)
 The bosom of his FATHER and his GOD.

Ε Π Ι Τ Α Φ Ι Ο Ν.

Τῇ Νέῳ, ὃ τόδε σῆμα, ἀκληρῷ, αὐτηρῷ, ἐνείδει

Πανδόχῳ ἐν γαίᾳς μητέρῳ αἰγαλίσω·

Καὶ ἀγεντος Μάσαις φίλῳ ἔξοχα, Μελπομένη δὲ

Δυσθυμῶς μελεῖσθ' οὐδὲ ὄνομῆνει ἔον.

Εὔνοος δῆν, καὶ ἀπασι φίλῳ, φιλέοις μάλιστα·

Οὐδὲ μὲν ἐργαζόθεν μέτερον ἔσχε γέρος·

Δυστυχίᾳ, μόνον εἶχε, χαείσσατο δάκρυ, Θεός τε

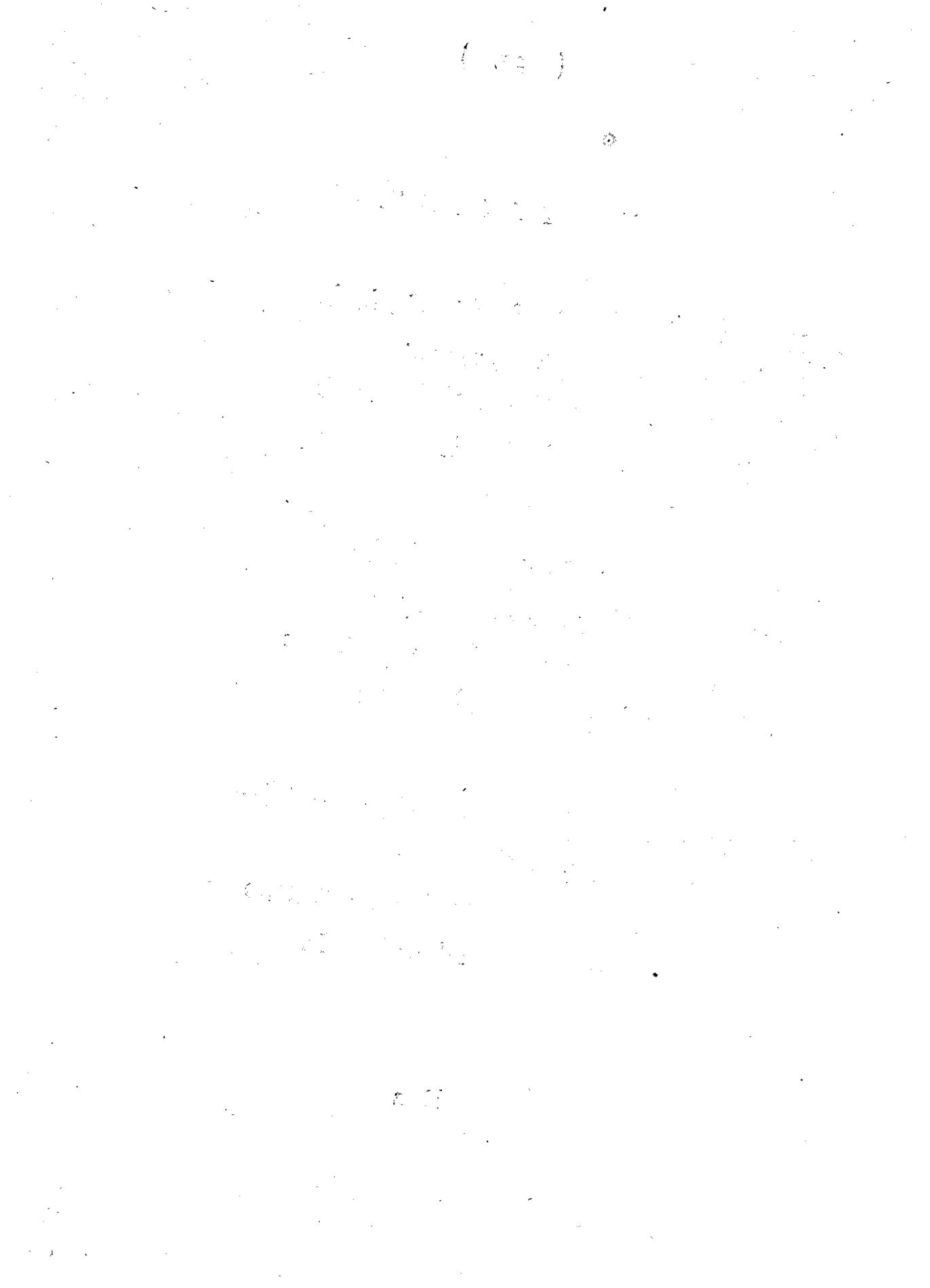
Οἱ πάλι, τῷτ' ἐπόθει μάνον, ἔδωκε φίλον.

Μὴ πέραν—ἀλλ' ἔτι δῆν, τι γ' ἐμήσατο, καὶ μεν ἔσθλον

“Η κακὸν, ἐξ αδύτων αἰδεο ἔξεργειν·

Πάνθ' ὅμοι ἐν κόλποις ΠΑΤΡΟΣ, ἵλας δέ ΘΕΟΙΟ

Κάτθειο, καὶ τρημέων, Ἐλπίδι πειθόμενῳ.



EPI T A P H I U M

I N E C C L E S I A B R I S T O L I E N S I

G R Æ C E R E D D I T U M.

EPITAPH ON MRS. MASON,
IN BRISTOL CATHEDRAL.

TAKE, holy Earth! all that my soul holds dear;
 Take that best gift which Heaven so lately gave.
 To Bristol's fount I bore with trembling care
 Her faded form: she bow'd to taste the wave
 And died. Does Youth, does Beauty read the line?
 Does sympathetic fear their breasts alarm?
 Speak, dead Maria! breathe a strain divine
 Even from the grave thou shalt have power to charm;
 Bid them be chaste, be innocent like thee;
 Bid them in duty's sphere as meekly move,
 And if so fair, from vanity as free;
 As firm in friendship, and sincere in love;
 Tell them, though 'tis an aweful thing to die,
 'Twas e'en to thee; yet, the dread path once trod,
 Heaven lifts its everlasting portals high,
 And bids "the Pure in heart behold their God."

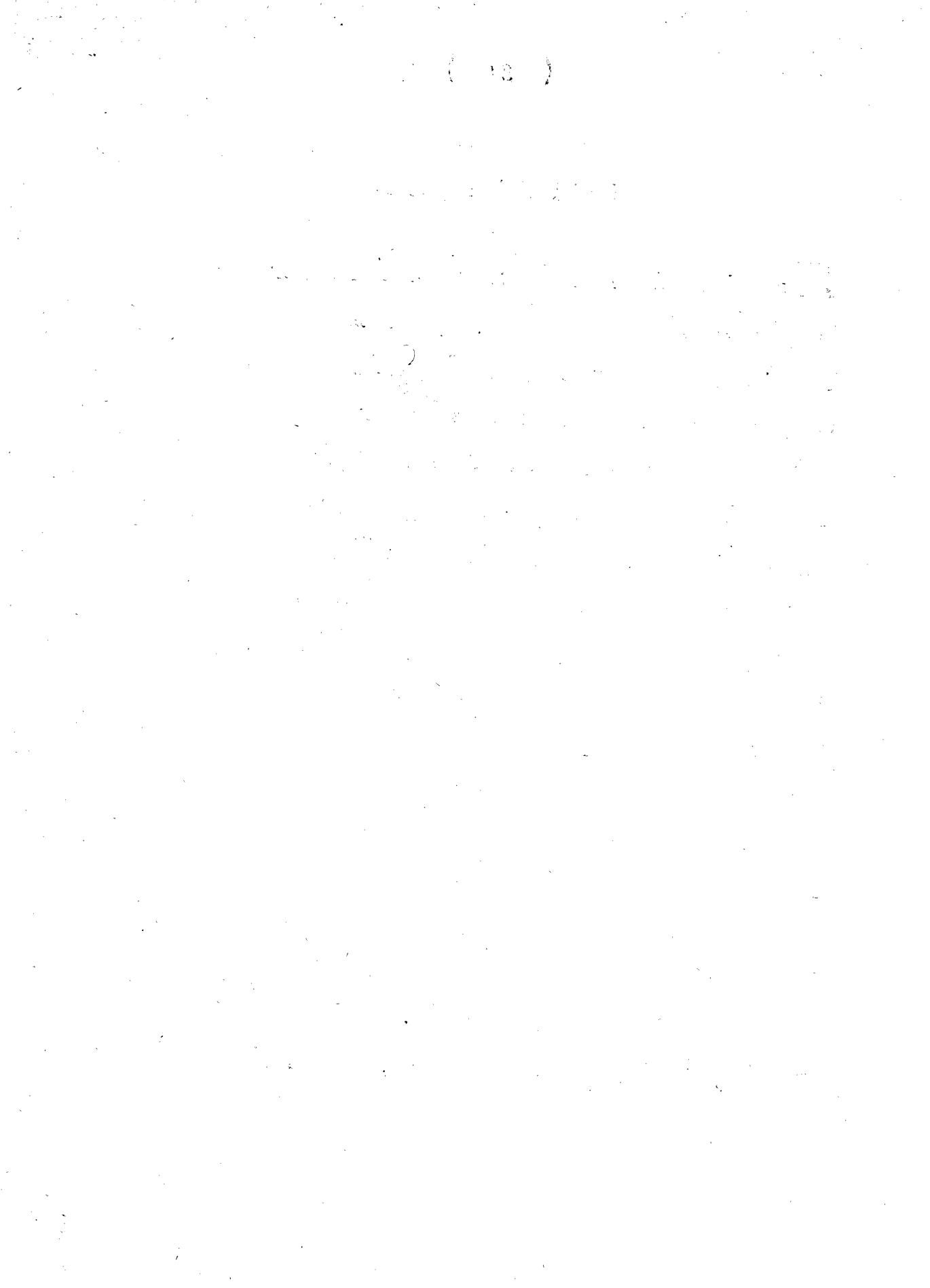
ΕΠΙΤΑΦΙΟΝ.

ΗΡΕΜΑ σοῖς κόλποισί σε λίστομα, Ἰλα^Θ Αἴα,
 Εἰ χάρεις εἰν αἰδάο τό μοι φίλον ἔξοχα πάντων
 Ἡρέμ⁹ ἐναγκάλισαι, κὐ δῶρε πόθεν⁹ ὑπόδεξαι,
 Οὐρανὸς εὐμενεῶς ἀ μίνυνθά περ ὥπασ⁹ ἀξεῖσθα.

Ω κέρνοι πηγαί τ' Αυγούστες, οἵσθε, δυσαλγῆς
 Ἀχροον ὡς ισχνήν τε Φέρον πρὸς ἀκέστορες κείνην.
 Φεῦ μοίρεσις ἀλίων τε πόνων! ωδ⁹ ὡς κακὸν ἥμαρ
 Ἐκφυγε, γενσομένη δ' ἀνάπλησεν ἐφ' ὕδασιν οἵτον.

Η ε' ἀπόλωλε μάτιν; τί πάθοις τυχὸν ἥσθε⁹ αὖν ἥδης;
 Κάλλε^Θ ἥτι χάρεις, μίαν ωδὴν κὐ ἐτερμεν αἴστην;
 Εἶπον ἔνερθε Μαελὰ, ισως γ' ἀπὸ μνήματος αὐδὴ⁹
 Μειλίχιος, τεὸν ἥδη λόγων πείσαι μελος, οἵδας
 Τίς χάρεις ἐστ⁹ ἀρετῆς, οἵδας τις ἀμύμονος αἰδής
 Εἰλικενῶς φιλίας τε, καὶ ἀξιοπίστης ἔρωιος.

Εἶπον δ', εἰ φοβερὸν, σοὶ γὰρ βαρὺ, αἰσιμον ἥμαρ,
 Ἐκιελέστασιν ὅμῶς, ζηλεῖσ⁹ τ' ὅμοια, πυλῶνας
 Οὐρανὸς ἀμπελάσει, κὐ ἀναγκελεῖς υψόθεν αὐδὴ,
 “Δεῦτε, κὐ ὑμέτερον ΘΕΟΝ εἰσοράσθε Δίκαιοι.”



E R R A T A.

- P. 15. 1 ver. pro ἀπλοά ὑέρις αὐ—lege ἀπλοα ὑέρις αὐ
3. pro ἐπει—lege ἐπει
- P. 17. 1. pro ιανόι—lege ιανόι
2. pro ἥτορ—lege ἥτορ
7. pro Πενία—lege Πενίη
10. pro Ἐνίμοι—lege Ἐνίμοι
11. pro Ἀερος—lege Ἀέρος
15. pro ἀεικεῖ—lege ἀεικεῖ
- P. 19. 2. pro τενίαν—lege τενίην
3. pro Ευπορίαν—lege Ευπορίην
pro ἀντίς—lege αντίς
9. pro ἀληθεῖς—lege ἀληθεῖς,
20. pro ταμέεν—lege ταμέειν
- P. 21. 5. pro ἐπαίνις—lege ἐπαίνης,
8. pro ατῆς—lege ἀτης
13. pro Ὁφθαλμὸς—lege Ὁφθαλμὸς
- P. 23. 8. pro ἀμπέδιον—lege ἀμπεδίον
- P. 25. 1. pro μύσδων—lege μύσδων,
2. pro εἰσικῶς,—lege εοικώς
5. pro ὁδε—lege ὁδὲ
6. pro εἰαμέμας—lege εἰαμένας
7. pro ὅκ—lege ὁκ
8. pro ἀπόρρητον—lege ἀπόρρητον
- P. 27. 3. pro ἀγενής—lege ἀγενής
4. pro ἔօν—lege ἔον.
9. pro ἥε—lege ἥε
- P. 31. 9. pro ἥεης ;—lege ἥεης;
10. pro ἥ-τι—lege ἥ τι
12. pro μελος—lege μέλος

