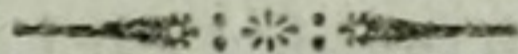


SPECIMENS

OF

TRANSLATION FROM MEDEA.



Σκαιος δὲ λέγων, κεδὲν τί σοφός

Τὸς πρότε βροτῶν, ἔκ' ἐν ἀμαρτοῖς.

Medea, v. 194, p. 33. Glasg. Edit.

**T**ELL me ye bards, whose skill sublime  
First charm'd the ear of youthful Time  
With numbers wrapt in heavn'ly fire,  
Who bade delighted echo swell  
The trembling transports of the lyre,  
The murmur of the shell,—

Why to the burst of Joy alone  
Accords sweet music's soothing tone?  
Why can no bard, with magic strain,  
In slumbers steep the heart of pain? 10  
While varied tones obey your sweep,  
The mild, the plaintive, and the deep,  
Bends not despairing Grief to hear  
Your golden lute with ravish'd ear?  
Oh! has your sweetest shell no power to bind 15  
The fiercer pangs that shake the mind,  
And lull the wrath at whose command  
Murder bares her gory hand?  
When flush'd with joy, the rosy throng  
Weave the light dance, ye swell the song! 20  
Cease, ye vain warblers! cease to charm  
The breast with other raptures warm!  
Cease! till your hand with magic strain  
In slumbers steep the heart of pain!