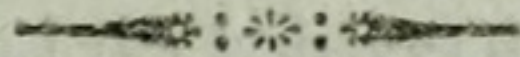


SPECIMENS
OF
TRANSLATION FROM MEDEA.



Σκαιεε δε λεγων, κεδεν τι εοφεε

Τεε περεε βροταε εη αν αμαετοιεε.

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

TELL 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!