

## VIII.

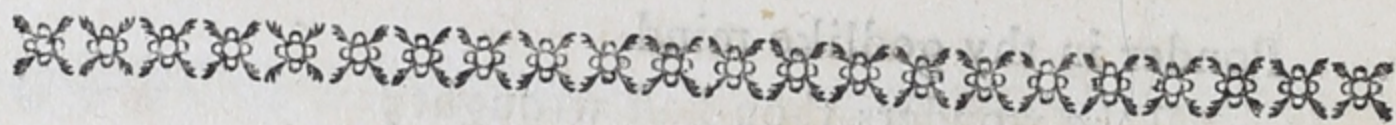
Poets, prophets, heroes, kings,  
 Pleas'd, thy ripe approach foresee ;  
 Men, who acted wond'rous things,  
 Tho' they yield in fame to thee.

## IX.

Foremost, in the patriot-band,  
 Shining with distinguish'd day,  
 See thy friend, Godolphin stand!  
 See! he beckons thee away.

## X.

Yonder seats and fields of light  
 Let thy ravish'd thought explore ;  
 Wishing, panting for thy flight!  
 Half an angel ; man no more.



## TRANSLATIONS from HORACE.

By Mr. MARRIOTT, of Trinity-Hall, Cambridge.

Book I. Ode XVIII. Invitation to his Mistress.

**O**FT Faunus leaves Arcadia's plain,  
 And to the Sabine hill retreats :  
 He guards my flocks from rushing rain,  
 From piercing winds, and scorching heats.

Where lurks the thyme, or shrubs appear,  
 My wanton kids securely play ;  
 My goats no pois'nous serpent fear,  
 Safe wand'ring thro' the woodland way.

No hostile wolf the fold invades ;  
 Ustica's pendent rocks rebound  
 My song ; and all the sylvan shades,  
 By Echo taught, return the sound.

The gods my verse propitious hear,  
 My head from every danger shield :  
 For you, o'erflows the bounteous year,  
 And Plenty's horn hath heap'd my field.

Responsive to the Teian string,  
 Within the sun-defended vale,  
 Here, softly warbling you shall sing  
 Each tender, tuneful, am'rous tale.

No rival, here, shall burst the bands  
 That wreath my charmer's beauteous hair,  
 Nor seize her weakly struggling hands ;  
 But Love and Horace guard the fair.