

**LYRA HELLENICA: OR, TRANSLATIONS
OF PASSAGES FROM BRITISH POETS
INTO VARIOUS KINDS OF GREEK VERSE;
LYRA LATINA, OR TRANSLATIONS INTO
VARIOUS KINDS OF LATIN VERSE**

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Lyra Hellenica: Or, Translations of Passages from British Poets into Various Kinds of Greek Verse; Lyra Latina, or Translations into Various Kinds of Latin Verse by E. R. Humphreys

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E. R. HUMPHREYS

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LYRA HELLENICA:

OR,

TRANSLATIONS OF PASSAGES FROM BRITISH POETS

INTO

VARIOUS KINDS OF GREEK VERSE.

BY

E. R. HUMPHREYS, M.A. LL.D.

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COUNCIL, AND ONE OF THE CLASSICAL EXAMINERS, OF THE COLLEGE
OF PRECEPTORS OF ENGLAND; AUTHOR OF THE
EXERCITATIONES IAMBICÆ, ETC.

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TO THE
Principal, Patrons, and Professors

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH,

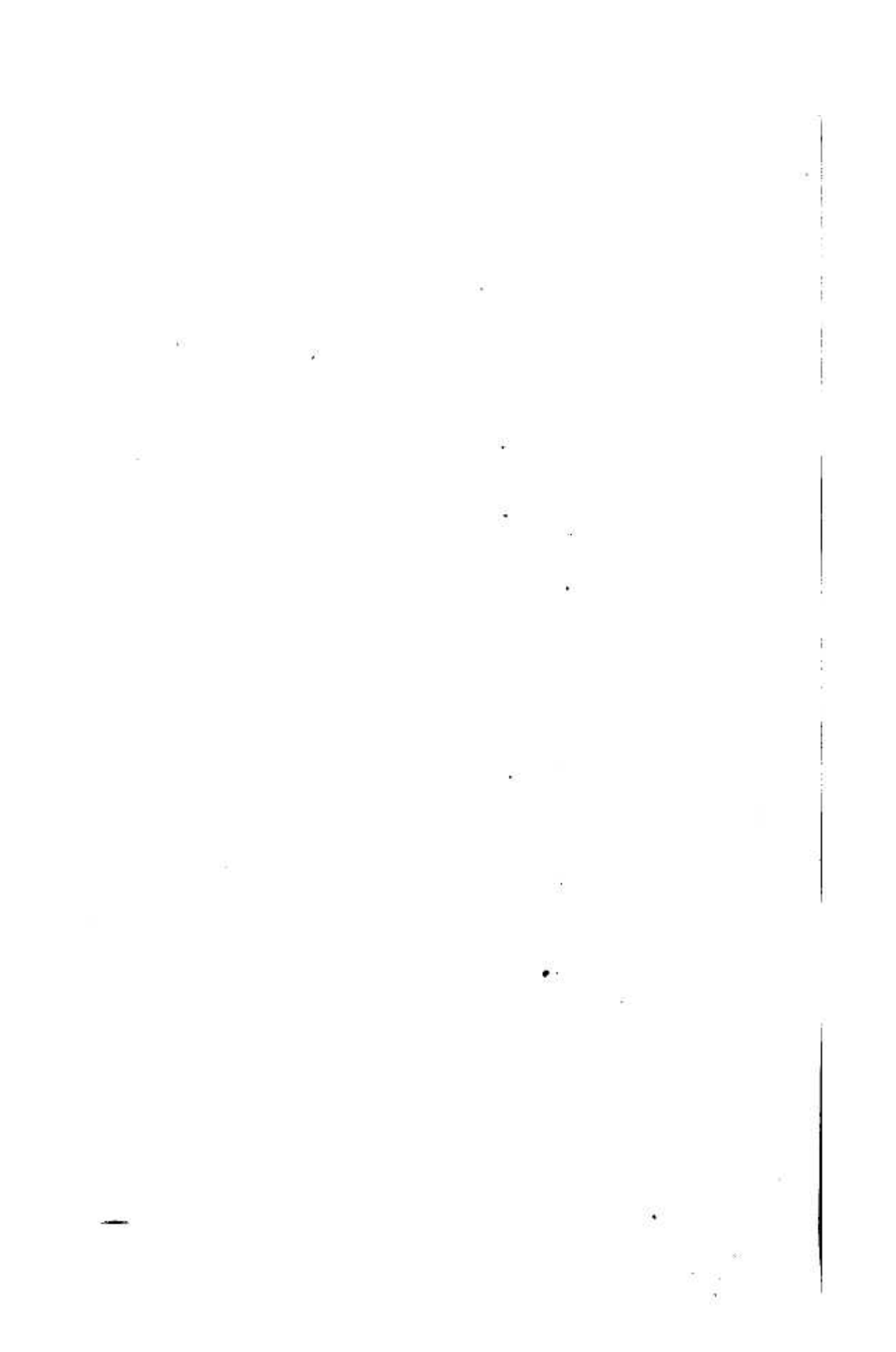
THIS LITTLE WORK

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED AS AN

Offering of Gratitude.

BY

E. R. HUMPHREYS.



PREFATORY NOTE.

THE following Volume contains my own translations of most of the passages given as Exercises in the "*Exercitationes Iambicæ*," together with several other pieces, not yet published.

The Work is unassuming in its nature, and chiefly intended for private circulation ; nor do I doubt that *severe* criticism will detect many faults ; but when I state that nearly all the pieces were composed at a time during which scholastic duties occupied me closely *more than twelve hours a-day*, these may perhaps be viewed with a more indulgent eye.

I do not seek for either fame or profit by the publication, but simply to encourage *by example* the youth of SCOTLAND in the study of GREEK COMPOSITION. If the Work promote that end, its writer will be more than content.

SALISBURY HOUSE,
January 1, 1852.

LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

CANTO V.—Beginning—

Call it not vain ! They do not err
 Who say, that, when the Poet dies,
 Mute Nature mourns her worshipper,
 And celebrates his obsequies ;
 Who say, tall cliff, and cavern lone,
 For the departed Bard make moan ;
 That mountains weep in crystal rill ;
 That flowers in tears of balm distil ;
 Through his loved groves that broccea sigh,
 And oaks in deeper groan reply.
 And rivers teach their rushing wave
 To murmur dirges round his grave.
 Not that, in sooth, o'er mortal urn
 Those things inanimate can mourn :
 But that the stream, the wood, the gale,
 Is vocal with the plaintive wail
 Of those, who, else forgotten long,
 Lived in the Poet's faithful song,
 And with the Poet's parting breath,
 Whose memory feels a second death.
 The maid's pale shade, who wails her lot,
 That love, true love, should be forgot,

LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

TRANSLATED INTO GREEK IAMBICS.

Φύσιν μὲν αὐτῆ, μὴ τῶδ' ἐν κενεῖς λόγους
 Ζεῖσαι νόμιζε, δυσμῆρω πλεγεῖδ' ἄχει,
 τῶν κινεσσωντων κάρτα ποιητῶν ἐν ἄν
 θάνατος ἔλη, κλαυτοῖσιν ἐν κτερίσμασι
 τιμῆ πρεπτότως· ἄντρα δ' ὑψηλαί τ' ἄκραι
 θρηνοῦσι τὸν θανάτου γ'. ὡσαύτως δ' ἄρος
 ξείθροις ἴκαστον ἀργυροῖς ἰδύρεται·
 ἄνθη δ' ἀνίθ' ἤθ' εὐωδῆς ἰπυῖς·
 σποαὶ δὲ φύλλ' ὑψηλὰ σείουσαι νασπῶν
 φωνῆν βαρεῖαν ἐξεγείρουσιν ἠρόαν.
 Ποταμοὶ δὲ κῆδος ἐγγυῖς ἀίσσαντες τάρου
 οἰκτρὸν ποιοῦνται. Ταῦτά γ' ἴσθ' ἄψυχ' ἔμωσ
 ὡς οὐκ ἀληθῶς σπινθίμοις θρηνοῦ γόοις·
 ἄνδρων δὲ μᾶλλον, ὄντινων μοῦσαν πάρα
 μῆμην ἀοιδῶς μέλεσιν ἐντίμοις μακρὰν
 τείνας, τοτ' αὐτοῖς δυσκλειῖ λήθῃ ἀάλιν
 θανῶν ἔμιξε, τῶνδ' ἐ συμφωνεῖν γόοις
 νόμιζε ξείθρα κἀνίμοις θρούας τ' ἄκρους.
 τοίγαρ στένουσι παρθένων οἰκτραὶ σκιαί
 θοῆν ἐραστῶν λῆσιν, εὐωδῶν βάτων
 ἄροσφ ξύδων τε ξυμμιγαῖ τεῦχος βραχύ
 τὸ τοῦ θανάτου σέλομεναι. κλαίοντα δὲ
 πανώλιθροι φαντάσματ' αἰχητῶν κλέος,

From rose and hawthorn shakes the tear
Upon the gentle minstrel's bier.
The phantom-knight, his glory fled,
Mourns o'er the field he heaped with dead :
Mounts the wild blast that sweeps amain,
And shrieks along the battle-plain !
The chief, whose antique crownlet long
Still sparkled in the feudal song,
Now, from the mountain's misty throne,
Sees in the thanedom once his own,
His ashes undistinguished lie,
His place, his power, his memory die.
His groans the lonely caverns fill,
His tears of rage impel the rill :—
All mourn the minstrel's harp unstrung,
Their name unknown, their praise unsung.