



DRAWN BY J. R. WEGELIN.

TO FAUNUS

[Horace, Book III., Ode XVIII.
(See page 32.)]

ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.



HORACE, BOOK III., ODE XVIII.

TO FAUNUS.

[Faune Nympharum fugientum amator.]

Henry Herbert's Translation.—Reprinted with Mr. Weguelin's drawing [frontispiece].

WALK lightly o'er my sunny fields and round my little farm,
And spare the firstlings of my flock from blight or wasting harm ;
Dear Faun, who know'st the flying nymphs to follow and to charm.

We'll slay a kid, a tender kid of one full year, well grown,
And with the wine which Venus loves, the brimming cups we'll crown,
And round the ancient altar's horns the incense shall be strown.

And when December's nones come round, the nones beloved of thee,
In the long grass the herds and flocks shall sport upon the lea ;
And man and beast in idleness the livelong day shall be.

For thee the very wolves shall play the fearless lambs among ;
For thee the very trees shall shed their leaves so fresh and strong ;
And the plowman shall adore thee with rustic dance and song.

