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## Version

Browning and John Sargeaunt

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## VERSION.

SOLILOQUY OF THE SPANISH  
CLOISTER.

GR-R-R—there go my heart's abhorrence !  
 Water your damned flower-pots, do !  
 If hate killed men, Brother Lawrence,  
 God's blood, wouldn't mine kill you ?  
 What ? your myrtle-bush wants trimming ?  
 Oh, that rose has prior claims—  
 Needs its leaden vase filled brimming ?  
 Hell dry you up with its flames !

At the meal we sit together :  
*Salve tibi !* I must hear  
 Wise talk of the kind of weather,  
 Sort of season, time of year :  
*Not a plenteous cork-crop : scarcely*  
*Dare we hope oak-galls, I doubt :*  
*What's the Latin name for 'parsley' ?*  
 What's the Greek name for Swine's Snout ?

Whew ! We'll have our platter burnished,  
 Laid with care on our own shelf !  
 With a fire-new spoon we're furnished,  
 And a goblet for ourself,  
 Rinsed like something sacrificial  
 Ere 'tis fit to touch our chaps—  
 Marked with L for our initial !  
 (He-he ! There his lily snaps !)

*Saint*, forsooth ! While brown Dolores  
 Squats outside the Convent bank  
 With Sanchicha, telling stories,  
 Steeping tresses in the tank,  
 Blue-black, lustrous, thick like horsehairs,  
 Can't I see his dead eye glow  
 Bright as 'twere a Barbary corsair's ?  
 (That is, if he'd let it show !)

When he finishes refection,  
 Knife and fork he never lays  
 Crosswise, to my recollection,  
 As I do in Jesu's praise.

## IDEM LATINE.

[*In piam memoriam sonitus uerborum iam  
 paene obsoleti.*]

Pfui, pecus inuisum, sic pergite pergite, et  
 horti  
 Spargite uasa ista, quod male uertat, aqua.  
 Letiferas odium plagas si infligere possit,  
 Vah, noster, iaceas tu cito, Marce, meo.  
 I nunc, luxuriam myrti sic falce putato ;  
 Attat, cura prior, sic rosa poscit opem :  
 Funde cauom in plumbum, lymphas infunde  
 replentis.  
 Te Phlegethon utinam torreat igne suo.  
 Cenanti ille mihi cubat ad latus ; instat  
 ineptae,  
 'Salue' cum dictumst, garrulitatis homo ;  
 Vt contristet hiemps, aestas ut torreat,  
 annum,  
 Qua pluuiâ uento sole sit hora, crepat.  
 'Suber,' ait, 'uereor tenui ne cortice fallat ;  
 Horna quidem gallas uix, puto, quercus  
 habet :  
 Dic, sodes, apium Graece quid dicitur ?'—  
 Ohe,  
 Dic, quid hyosrhynchus dicitur Hebraice ?  
 Audin' quae garrit ? Poliendast nempe patella  
 Propria et in proprio constituenda loco.  
 'Est mihi,' ait, 'cochleare, recens quod  
 splendet ab igni,  
 Estque calix, at tu tangere parce meam.'  
 Purgat aqua calicem — sacratam credere  
 dicas—  
 Tum demum dignam scilicet ore suo :  
 Nominis inscriptast argento littera prima.  
 (Euax ! sic rupto lilia caule dole.)  
 Tune exemplum hominis ? Fuscus est ubi  
 Thestylis oris  
 Sub ripa nostras assidet ante fores :  
 Fabellas illic cum Nysa auditque refertque,  
 In gelido gaudens tingere fonte comam :  
 Caerula quanta comast, saetis nitet aemula  
 equinis ;  
 Quane acie spectes dissimulare cupis ?  
 Ille hebes ante oculis praedo tunc acre tuere  
 Ceu Libys, hoc prae te si modo ferre  
 uelis.  
 Cena ubi confectast, recte si uisa recorde,  
 Cultello haud cochlear iungere more pio,  
 Haud crucis in speciem meminit componere  
 sanctam,  
 Id quod ego, ut, Iesu, sit tibi dignus  
 honos.

I the Trinity illustrate  
 Drinking watered orange-pulp—  
 In three sips the Arian frustrate,  
 While he drains his at one gulp.  
 Oh, those melons? If he's able  
 We're to have a feast; so nice!  
 One goes to the Abbot's table,  
 All of us get each a slice.  
 How go on your flowers? None double?  
 Not one fruit-sort can you spy?  
 Strange!—and I too at such trouble  
 Keep them close-nipped on the sly.  
 There's a great text in Galatians,  
 Once you trip on it, entails  
 Twenty-nine distinct damnations,  
 One sure, if another fails:  
 If I trip him just a-dying,  
 Sure of heaven as sure can be,  
 Spin him round and send him flying  
 Off to Hell, a Manichee?  
 Or, my scrofulous French novel  
 On grey paper with blunt type!  
 Simply glance at it, you grovel  
 Hand and foot in Belial's gripe:  
 If I double down its pages  
 At the woeful sixteenth print,  
 When he gathers his greengages,  
 Ope a sieve and slip it in 't?  
 Or there's Satan! One might venture  
 Pledge one's soul to him, yet leave  
 Such a flaw in the indenture  
 He would miss till, past retrieve,  
 Blasted lay that rose-acacia  
 We're so proud of! *Hy, Zy, Hine* . . .  
 'St, there's Vespers! Plena gratiâ  
 Ave, Virgo! Gr-r-r—you swine!

BROWNING.

Tundimus in lympha poma aurea; tunc ego  
 potans  
 Testor tergemini numina sancta dei:  
 Ter libans quisquis triplicem negat esse  
 refuto,  
 Exhaustit calicem protinus ille suam.  
 En peponum cultor! Promittit numine  
 dextro—  
 O sapor, o bona lux—gaudia tanta dapis.  
 'Pontificis, fratres, unus compleuerit orbem  
 Sectorum, nulli pars sua deerit,' ait.  
 Quid? Stirpesne uigent istae? Num flos-  
 culus ulli  
 Amplior? in pomum gemma nec una tumet?  
 Id tu miraris? Mea sedula cura meusque  
 Germina furtiuo subsecat ungue labor.  
 Insignem praebet monitum liber ille Sibyllae;  
 Parendumst toti ne mala summa feras;  
 Namque e ter denis si uerbo erraueris uno,  
 Taetra per aeternamst poena luenda  
 diem:  
 Illi si laqueum morienti tendere possim,  
 Spe sibi cum certa praecipit Elysium,  
 Vt iuuat inuerso deiectum impellere cursu;  
 'I, pete Tartareas, dis odium acre, domos.'  
 Siue Priapeis hominem stet perdere—foedi  
 Scriptura obtunsast, charta subalba, libri—  
 Quam leuis ille labor: modo chartam euolue,  
 necessest  
 Aeternum iratos experire deos.  
 Impuram in promptust oculis offerre tabellam;  
 Pictam habet undecimae quae scheda  
 quinta subit:  
 Marcus ubi sua pruna leget, cum fiscina  
 iuxtast,  
 Quin ausim hic passum supposuisse librum?  
 An niger ille deus lege hac orabitur adsit  
 Mortuos ut tenear sub dicione sua?  
 Tum faciam in pacto uerbi sic fallere mendum  
 Vt mihi rem, quamuis non nociturus, agat.  
 Sic decus illorum rubicundis floribus arbor  
 Marcescat uiridem non renouanda comam.  
 Huc, Satana, huc ades, huc—St! Quid sonat?  
 Hora precandist:  
 Sancta dea—i, grunni, sus comitate sues.

JOHN SARGEAUNT.

'Swine's snout finxit poeta: hyosrhynchus, cf. hyoseyamus. St. συλλαβικῶς Ter. Ph. 743.