

Horace, Lib. I. Ode xix¹

[John Wesley]

The cruel Queen of fierce desires,
While youth and wine assistants prove,
Renews my long-neglected fires
And melts again my mind to love.

On blooming Glycera I gaze,
By too resistless force opprest!
With fond delight my eye surveys
The spotless marble of her breast.

In vain I strive to break my chain;
In vain I heave with anxious sighs;
Her pleasing coyness feeds my pain,
And keeps the conquests of her eyes.

Impetuous tides of joy and pain
By turns my lab'ring bosom tear;
The queen of love, with all her train
Of hopes and fears, inhabits there.

No more the wand'ring Scythian's might
From softer themes my lyre shall move;
No more the Parthian's wily flight:
My lyre shall sing of naught but love.

Haste, grassy altars let us rear;
Haste, wreaths of fragrant myrtle twine;
With Arab sweets perfume the air,
And crown the whole with gen'rous wine.

While we the sacred rites prepare,
The cruel Queen of fierce desires
Will pierce, propitious to my prayer,
Th' obdurate maid with equal fires.

¹Included in a Letter to Samuel Wesley Jr., March 21, 1726 (*Works* 25:190–91).