

[Horace, Lib. I] Ode xxii¹

[John Wesley]

Integrity needs no defense;
The man who trusts to innocence,
Nor wants the darts Numidians throw,
Nor arrows of the Parthian bow.

Secure o'er Libya's sandy seas
Or hoary Caucasus he strays;
O'er regions scarcely known to fame,
Washed by Hydaspes' fabled stream.

While void of cares, of naught afraid,
Late in the Sabine woods I strayed;
On Sylvia's lips, while pleased I sung,
How love and soft persuasion hung !

A ravenous wolf, intent on food,
Rushed from the covert of the wood;
Yet dared not violate the grove
Secured by innocence and love:

Nor Mauritania's sultry plain
So large a savage does contain;
Nor e'er so huge a monster treads
Warlike Apulia's beechen shades.

Place me where no revolving sun
Does e'er his radiant circle run,
Where clouds and damps alone appear
And poison the unwholesome year:

Place me in that effulgent day
Beneath the sun's directer ray;
No change from its fixed place shall move
The basis of my lasting love.

¹Included in a Letter to Samuel Wesley Jr., March 21, 1726 (*Works* 25:191–92).