[Horace, Lib. I] Ode xxii
[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.

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